

CURIOUS FOSSIL FORESTS.

Twelve Towers, One Above the Other, in Yellowstone Park.

In the Yellowstone National park twelve successive forests, one on top of another, have been buried by outflows of lava and petrified, according to a government pamphlet entitled "Fossil Forests of the Yellowstone National Park" by F. H. Knowlton.

The area within which the fossil forests are now found was apparently in the beginning an irregular but relatively flat basin, on the floor of which, after a time, there grew the first forest. Then there came from some of the volcanoes, probably those to the north, an outpouring of ashes, sand flows and other material which entirely buried the forest, but so gradually that the trees were simply submerged by the incoming material, few of them being prostrated. On the raised floor of the basin, after a time, the next forest came into existence, only to be in turn engulfed as the first had been, and so on through the period represented by the 2,000 feet or more of similar beds.

The whole history of the manner in which these forests were fossilized is not fully understood, but it is undoubtedly dependent on or at least greatly facilitated by the presence of volcanic and hydrothermal activity, which was doubtless then, as it is to some extent now, a marked feature of the park region. The fossil forests are surrounded by a matrix that is known as an acidic lava, which contains abundant silica in solution. The first part of the process of fossilization may well have been that silica would be deposited in all the cells and vessels of the wood, making an accurate cast of all open spaces. Then, while the slow process of decay went on, as each particle of organic matter was removed its place was taken by the silica, until finally all the wood substance had disappeared and the place, atom by atom, had been taken by silica.

SAVE THE SOIL.

Don't Let the Rains Wash the Valuable Plant Food Away.

If you knew that it takes nature 10,000 years to form a foot of soil, maybe you would have a higher opinion of Mother Earth and be more careful how you drain your garden or field.

If you saw a granary full of potatoes you would suspect a careless farmer. But a field left to wash away by the unchecked rush of surface water after a downpour is fully as wasteful. The only difference is that here the waste is of plant food before it gets into the grain.

If your garden or field is on a slope, terrace it; if on a level, plant it not in straight rows, but in circles. And in both cases the drain is for the stuff that washes away is precisely the stuff that your crops most need. Once gone it is expensive to replace.

When you stop to think that everything depends on the soil, clearly the soil is worth saving.—Seattle Star.

A Dog Story.

We brought from Scotland a colt about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time," seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.—London Spectator.

Red Sea Heat.

At certain seasons of the year the Red sea is almost unbearable. The water taken from seventy to eighty feet below the surface at 6 o'clock in the morning will often register a temperature as high as 70 degrees. If, in addition, a sandstorm thinks fit to blow the whole air is full of a mist of innumerable particles of fine, hot sand, which blind and suffocate at the same time.

Striking at the Cause.

Mr. Litterest—Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness? Medic—We strike at the cause or the origin of the trouble. Mr. Litterest—You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room. Only don't strike at him too hard.—New York Globe.

Squaring It.

Mr. Shoddy—Yes, that's the armah used by my ancestor who came oah with the Conqueror. Young Lady—(after examining the armor carefully)—It says "Made in Germany" on the gauntlet. Mr. Shoddy—Oh, yes; my ancestor—er—started from there, don't yer know.—London Telegraph.

Contemptible.

Grace—If it was a secret why in the world did you tell that girl? Gwendolyn—It won't do her any good, my dear. I'd already telephoned it to all the girls she knew.—Puck.

Human Nature.

Eddie—Pa, what's human nature? Pa—That's the thing that always catches it when a fellow can't blame it on anybody else.—London Mail.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

AFRICAN ENGLISH.

An extraordinary jargon, which is claimed to be the English language, is spoken by many of the natives on the African continent. Mrs. Mary Gouss in her book "Alone in West Africa" says:

"Listening very carefully, it took a great deal of persuasion to make me believe the words were English. When I bought bananas from a woman sitting under the shade of a spreading cotton tree and the man behind her came forward and held out his hand, saying, 'Make you give me been, woman oppa all.' I grasped the fact that he intended to have the money long before I understood that he had said in the only English and probably in the only speech he knew, 'Give me her money.'

"Some of the words, of course, become commonplace of everyday life, and I am sure the next time I call on a friend who is rich enough to have a manservant association of ideas will take me back, and I shall ask quite naturally, 'Mama Mb? instead of the customary 'Is Mrs. Jones at home?'"

Bush Negroes of Guinea.

The bush negroes (Dah negroes) of French Guiana are magnificent specimens of physical manhood. To the numerous cues of their braided hair are often attached nickel clips and to their ears rings of gold. Gaudy colored breeches, "made in Germany" are practically their only clothing. They are pagans and worship the cotton tree to propitiate a bad spirit. Obash is the name they give to anything about which they may be superstitious, applying it to all evil influences, to their fetiches or charms in general. Many resented a camera as a bad omen.

Their language, called tak-taki (talk-talk) is a most remarkable linguistic compound of their original Creole and coast dialects, with a good measure of pidgin English and Dutch and a sprinkling of French and Spanish.

Dilemmas of Welsh Pastors.

The postal departments of certain districts in Wales are in a well nigh chaotic condition owing to the preponderance of families bearing the name of Jones. For example, the poor, unfortunate Swansea Valley postman is to be pelted when he finds that he has to deliver correctly seventeen letters, all addressed confidentially to "Mr. Jones," where there are nine different families of the name within a radius of 500 yards in a district where the houses are erratically numbered and most of the streets are nameless. So numerous are the Joneses in this part of the principality and so rapid is the growth of the places in the valley that it is now almost impossible for a postman—probably a Jones himself—to give the right letters to the right Joneses every time.—London Cor. Washington Post.

A Thundering Yarn.

A year or two ago, in a North of England city, writes Mr. J. H. Eiger, Jr., A. S., in the Yorkshire Weekly Post, a man told me that during a very violent thunderstorm all the windows of his club were thrown wide open. "Not exactly," he replied, "but to let it out again it did get in." As a fact, it accepted the invitation to enter the club with alacrity, and though it magnanimously spared the foolhardy people responsible for the invitation, it wrecked a large safe in an adjoining room. The person who related this to me said he would give after look upon lightning as the "cutest thing in creation." It is the flash that murders; the poor thunder never harms a head.

England's Oldest Theater.

The village theater at Little Banton may be the oldest theater in use in England, but it is not the oldest in existence. Visitors in Dorchester can find there a wonderfully preserved Roman theater, designed, it has been estimated, to seat about 13,000 people and artfully arranged to have the sun behind the majority of them for the greater part of the day. And this theater has been used in comparatively modern times, for in 1705 10,000 people (alleged to be civilized) gathered there to witness the burning of a woman who had poisoned her husband.—London Spectator.

To Lambasts.

"Lambasts" is a slangy, heroic word. We prefer it to its variant "lambast." And it is a word of respectable age. "Stand off awhile and see how I'll lambast him" was written in 1637. It comes from the word "lam," to beat soundly, and "baste," which means the same thing. The tautology is here only intensive. But the word should always be spelled with a final "s"—London Standard.

Food of the Ruby Crowned Kinglet.

The ruby crowned kinglet is very small and seemingly insignificant, but this bird attacks and helps to hold in check such insidious foes of horticulture as treehoppers, leafhoppers and jumping plant lice and feeds considerably on the seeds of poison ivy.

Stream Speed.

A stream runs most rapidly one-fifth of the depth below the surface, and its average speed is that of the current two-fifths of its depth above the bottom.

Helps Some.

"What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?" "A small appetite."—Boston Times.

What helps back is a lack of watching for opportunities.—Cherwell.

VENOMOUS WEAPONS.

Weapons of the Mangeronians and Their Poisoned Arrows.

The symmetrical poison with which some of the South American tribes smear the points of their arrows is a thick, sticky mass by holding together parts of the Stychonox tentoria vine and other plants and a number of the leechy venomous black ants of the Amazon region.

Instead of a bow the Mangeronians use a blowgun, a very ingenious weapon. It is made from a tall, hollow reed that grows near the river banks, and at one end it has a mouthpiece made from the hollowed half of the fruit of the Amazon palm. When the hunter sees a monkey or bird in the top of a tree, often 100 feet above him, he puts a poisoned arrow in the tube and raises the mouthpiece to his lips. With his left hand he holds the necessary elevation. His right hand with air and blows into the tube with no apparent exertion. The arrow flies out swiftly and silently. Almost as soon as the animal is struck it drops to the ground paralyzed.

The flesh of the game is not injured by the poison. Like the venom of snakes, it is dangerous when introduced into the vascular system, but harmless when taken into the stomach. The action of the drug on birds culminates in from three to four minutes; a monkey died in five minutes and a three-toed sloth expired in seven minutes. A human being cannot survive more than fifteen minutes. The slightest scratch means inevitable death. Even the Indians know no antidote.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Diagnosing Disease.

A Plea for Annual Medical Examinations For Every One.

We have heard too much about the fitness of the individual; (he) know more about his duties. Too much stress has been laid on the sacredness of private property and too little on the duty of all to contribute to the welfare of the whole. Preventive medicine has demonstrated in a practical way the force of the Biblical statements that no man liveth to himself alone and that every man is his brother's keeper.

If preventive medicine is to bestow on man its richest service the time must come when every citizen will submit himself to a thorough medical examination once a year or oftener. The benefits which would result from such a service are so evident to medical men that detail is not desirable. When recognized in their early stages most of the diseases which now prevail are amenable to treatment.

The early recognition of tuberculosis, cancer and heart disease, with the elimination of the more acute infectious diseases, would add something like fifteen years to the average life, besides saving much in invalidism and suffering. The ultimate goal of science in the domination of the forces of nature and their utilization in promoting the welfare of mankind. Science must discover the facts and medicine must make the application for either cure or prevention.—Victor C. Vaughan, M. D., in Journal of American Medical Association.

An Odd Problem.

Can you place ten lumps of sugar in three teacups so that there is an odd number of lumps in each cup? A statistician to whom this problem was once propounded declared it was impossible to accomplish such a feat, but the following explanation shows that it is not only possible, but very easy to accomplish: Put one lump in one cup, two lumps in another cup and seven lumps in the third cup, and then put the cup with one lump in the cup that holds two lumps. It can be correctly stated that every cup contains an odd number of lumps, for if a cup contains another cup it also contains the contents of that second cup.

Censuring.

Noticing that his lady cashier was weeping copiously and sucking her finger, the proprietor asked her what was the matter.

Sobbingly she told him she had p-p-punched her finger in the cash register.

"Never mind, little girl," he said. "A great many more cashiers got p-p-punched before there were any cash registers."—Indianapolis Star.

The Worm Turned.

"Is any one waiting on you?" finally asked the haughty saleslady, condescending at last to notice the shopping person.

"I'm afraid not," replied the latter.

"My husband was—I left him outside—but my friend has become disgusted and gone home."—Toledo Blade.

Woman, Lovely Woman.

Every time a new young man calls the girl who wouldn't know a waffle griddle from a nutmeg grater gets terribly domestic in the trend of her conversation.—Florida Times-Union.

To Make Them Smart.

"Mr. Pedagog is an old time teacher. He believes in the rod to brighten up dull boys."

"Well, isn't that the natural way to make them smart?"

Elephants.

In India elephants over twelve and up to forty-five years of age are deemed the best to purchase and will generally work until eighty years old.

War With Many Phases Shown.

The gull and heron and red and blue herons, and other birds and two And proto-society had seen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mother—Gerald, a little bird has just told me that you have been a very naughty little boy this afternoon.

Gerald—Don't you believe that woman. I'm not but she's the one that steals our raspberries.—Punch.

Sometimes the people give applause because a man has made a hit; sometimes they say these things because they are glad to hear him do so.

—Washington Star.

"Do you suffer with the heat in summer?"

"Yes, indeed, more than in any other season."—Baltimore American.

"I've," the wife said to the man, "I'll bring out all there is in you—I traveled for the honeymoon."

It brought out all there was in him.—Spartan Union.

Willie—Faw, what is an impossibility?

Faw—Anything a woman can't do with a halpita, my son.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The woman who only the other day was accused for being fat because she was in her boots and play because she has a past.

—Judge.

Mrs. Bacon—Don't you like to see a man pay his wife homage?

Mrs. Egbert—Yes, either that or all money.—Yorker Statesman.

The grunting ripples about the sand. The little waves danced on the strand. The copper ran them in.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They are going to put your resolution on the table."

"I'm not surprised. I expected it to be dashed."—Baltimore American.

The ocean swimmer and his "pencil." Don't swim the way they enter. They do the dip upon the beach. But don't dip in the water.

—New York Mail.

"If I were she I wouldn't laugh so much with such poor teeth."

"Yes, but look at her glorious complexion."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She wore a skirt of thinnest gauze. Did Miss Amanda deem. Yet wondered why the man would pause To rubber at her about.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Blissina tells me he has the smartest boy he ever saw."

"And he tells me he is a firm believer in heredity."—Washington Star.

Why he has passed the allotted span. Alas how perfectly cool. Didn't mix with a woman's electric fan. Or the beam of a carmine moon.

—Atlanta Constitution.

"He wants a place where he won't have anything to do."

"Then why doesn't he enlist in the swim navy?"—Baltimore American.

My friend got sore and riled the rear. That all the world's against him. I told him that he had no sense. And that was what annoyed him.

—New York Mail.

"What is your favorite musical instrument?" asked the old fogey.

"The cash register," replied the grocer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Said Ned to Tom, "The sleep to wed. Or he'd seek another wed. I know," said Tom, "but look here, Ned. There may be one or more to wed."

—Boston Record.

Wiggin and What.

His wiggin was a wiggin, really. An' made a wiggin, really. The wiggin's wiggin, wiggin, wiggin. An' wiggin was a wiggin.

—That wiggin was a wiggin for wiggin.

My mother set me to be a doctor and then went out and street a man. I traveled for the honeymoon."

It brought out all there was in him.—Spartan Union.

One Good Point.

"My mother set me to be a doctor and then went out and street a man. I traveled for the honeymoon."

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There's trouble for the most discreet. There's trouble for the best. There's trouble in the burning street. And in the swimming pool.

There's trouble for the whitest. As well as for the black. There's trouble to be in a column. But here's the way I stay.

I sing the path of reading through. A time of little sense. A theme which in a line or two. The poet could condense.

—New York Mail.

Explained.

Willie—Faw, in the Mississippi the father of waters?

Faw—Yes, my son.

Willie—Then why don't they call it the Mississippi?

Faw—Because Mississippi might show his mouth once in awhile, my son.

Maw—You go to bed, Willie.

Good Eaters.

A hungry young man in Kay West. He ate without stopping. He ate without stopping. He ate without stopping. He ate without stopping.

—Washington Star.

A hungry young man from Old Pitt. Two feet from the table would sit. He would eat and eat—well. Till his stomach did swell. When his feet hit the table he'd quit.

—Yorker Statesman.

Made a Difference.

"Isn't there anything you can do to stop that horrible yapping of that family dog?"

"Why, Harry! That's our little dog, the side yard barking."

"That's not our dog, but the girl got some lyric soprano voice, though?"

—Indianapolis Star.

Put.

It takes a lot more to amuse. The traps for husbands baited. For when the women see his shape. They're not impressed.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yet if he happen to possess. A party person, why, then, do, he's not, despite his possession. More such than other men do.

—Boston Transcript.

Different Gorge.

"How about the beautiful gorge you advertised?"

"Wonder it is," said the landlady. "Did you ever see a more wonderful ravine?"

"Silly! I thought a gorge meant a great big meal!"—Kansas City Journal.

Good Dope.

"Life is how we take it." "Life is how we take it." "Life is how we take it." "Life is how we take it."

—Chicago News.

Natural Curiosity.

Folly—He actually begged me to kiss him!

Dolly—What did you say?

Folly—I told him I might be sorry for it afterward.

Dolly—And were you?—Judge.

No Age Limit.

Extreme youth need to be the best. Or so I was. A woman used to be her best. At every station.

But now we have another plan. As I cope. And looking is more charming than sweet thirty-three.

—Kansas City Journal.

Not All Sunshine.

Mrs. Flattie—Didn't you say if you married me it would be all sunshine? Mr. Flattie—Yes, I did.

"Well, I suppose you realize that I've got a lot of rain checks coming to me?"

—Yorker Statesman.

Always Is It Thus.

To buy her presents she must be spent. And her words of thanks were sweet. That honey. But when he had squandered his last cent she married a youth who saved his money.

—London Globe.

Admission.

Admission to the park. Admission to the park. Admission to the park. Admission to the park.

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