

**Trees that do not Die.**

THEY SURVIVE HACKING, HEWING, BURNING AND UPROOTING.

There are some trees and plants which it is exceedingly difficult to kill. An example is a tree found in South Africa, called the baobab tree, that is most useful to the natives. No matter what sort of treatment it receives it never seems to be the worse for it. The natives make a strong cord that lasts for years out of the fibres contained in the pounded bark, and for this purpose the whole of the trunk, as far as they can possibly reach it, is barked, a course of treatment which, if applied to any other tree, would undoubtedly ruin it if not kill it. The only effect, however, upon the extraordinary baobab tree is to make it throw out a new bark, apparently as capable of answering the natives' purposes as the old one. No external injury, not even fire, appears to be able to injure this tough tree to any extent. If an axe be driven in with a hard blow, it can only with great difficulty be extracted, on account of the soft, spongy wood closing upon it. Neither can any injury be done to the tree from within, and even cutting it down does not exterminate it; it continues to grow after it is lying on the ground.

The nullah tree of the East Indies is also almost impossible to kill. It can be cut and hacked in any shape, and although uprooted and allowed to lie on the sandy plains for months an upright branch or new trunk will grow. At Umballa, Bengal, India, there is a large tree that has had an experience. It is situated on the camping ground used for regiments passing through Umballa, or for the infantry regiments which come down from the hill stations in winter for drill on the plains. The canteen tent is pitched near it, and the soldiers derive a great benefit from this curious tree, as the prostrate portion answers the purpose of two long seats and the upright part serves as a shade from the hot sun. Another strange plant, belonging somewhat to this species, is the devil plant, found near Lake Nicaragua. It is of such a deadly nature that it destroys all insects and vegetable life in its vicinity. Nothing seems to be able to kill it, and though it has been burned down several times, it springs up again in vigorous life, without any loss of vitality.

In Jamaica there is to be found the life-plant, also almost impossible to kill. The writer knows it to be a fact that when a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string to dry or wither, it sends out white threadlike roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves. And still further, when it is pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium it has really been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way known to kill it is by applying a red-hot iron to it, or by steeping it in boiling water.

These few examples give some idea of the extraordinary creations of the vegetable world, many of which must appear incredible to the unscientific. They do not realize that there is an infinitely greater variety of species in the vegetable world than in that part of the animal world visible to their eyes. The trees and plants mentioned are among those whose extraordinary qualities are well authenticated. There have been many reports of still more remarkable vegetables, which, while they are not clearly verified by scientific works, cannot be proved to be untrue. For instance, there is the plant which feeds on meat, and which, while it ordinarily nourishes itself on small birds and mice, shows a fondness for raw beef when it is placed in its way. Another has the power of coating itself with copper extracted from the soil in which it grows. Various persons have reported the discovery of plants similar to the devil plant of Nicaragua already mentioned, but possessing still more deadly powers, even to the endangering of human life.

**A Woman's Good Name.**

Many people would recoil with horror from cutting a human creature's throat, which really does not hurt much and only lasts a moment, but will murder a woman's good name without remorse or compunction; and that hurts worse than death for a lifetime. It is a meaner crime than murder, writes Robert J. Burdette, in his department in the April Ladies' Home Journal. We cry out, and rightly, too, against the sensational and depraving habit of making heroes of robbers and cut throats. It is a horrible thing to do. And yet I have less of hatred and loathing for the late Jesse James than I have for some people who have never been convicted of a capital crime, but whose tongues, we know, are worse than any knife that ever severed a human jugular.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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**Going Home to Hannah.**

HER PREDICTION ABOUT HIS LITTLE OUTING IN NEW YORK CAME TRUE.

When he had asked me the way to the Forty-second street ferry and added that he wanted to catch a West Shore train, he said:

"Hanner was purty nigh right about New York."

"Who is Hannah, and what did she tell you?" I asked.

"Hanner's my old woman. I'd bin wantin' to come down to New York fur ten y'ars, but suthin' was allus happenin'. I finally made up my mind to cum arter the corn had been hood out, and I got here last Thursday. Hanner said I'd be robbed of my watch."

"And were you?"

"I was. Yes, sir, I lost it the first day I got here. Somebody stole it while I was gawpin' around. Hanner will grin when I have to tell her about it. She also said I'd be robbed of my money."

"And did that happen?"

"She did. Yes, sir, a feller got my wallet while I was ridin' on a street car, and I never knowed it till he was gone. Hanner will laugh herself to death when I tell her about it. She also told me I'd get lost."

"And did you?"

"Got lost over a dozen times, sir. Yes, sir, got reg'rlly turned around and was scart most to death. Hanner will throw up both hands and shout over that. She also said I'd git run over and killed."

"But you still live."

"Yes, kinder live, but I've bin run over five times and purty badly bruised. Hanner will almost bust when I show her my bruises. She also said I'd git into a fight and git licked."

"But you didn't?" I asked.

"Didn't I! Waal, but I did! I had two fights, and got licked in both of 'em. Hanner will lay down and roll over on the floor when she sees this skinned nose."

"And so you are on your way home?" I asked.

"Yes, goin' hum. Met a feller I knowed, and borrowed money 'nuff to git hum on. I've bin down here and had fun and a good time, and now I'm goin' to see Hanner. She'll be standin' at the gate an' lookin' fur me, and as I git along up to her she'll look me up and down and all over and say: 'Now, then, Samuel, if you've made a fule o' yerself long 'nuff cum in here and git a piece o' blackberry pie and a glass o' milk, and then tend to them hogs and calves and corn an' taters, and ask the Lord ter fergive you fur bein' the reckless critter ye are!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

**He Couldn't Say "I Don't Know."**

It takes moral courage to say "I don't know," and, whether the following anecdote is true or not, it illustrates a phase of character that is not uncommon. "Father," said a young Hibernian, "what's a gondola?"

"A gondola, is it?"

"Yes."

"It's a kind of vigitable that grows in Italy and it tastes something like a puttater."

"Yes, father; and what's a Sultan?"

"A Sooltan, is it?"

"Yes."

"A Sooltan is a musical instrument that performs loike a hand organ."

"Thank ye, father. An' what's a giraffe?"

"A giraffe, did ye say?"

"Yes, a giraffe."

"A giraffe? Well, now, Jimmy, it's a good while since I studied aljabry; but if I remember it's one of them things that the haythens sit down on whin they drink their tay."

**From a Realistic Novel.**

"Heloise," said the fierce old man; "Heloise!"—he gazed upon her as she stood before him, palpitating with the calm joy of a maiden who has successfully sat up all night with a clerk in the cotton goods department and has come down to breakfast at 11 o'clock. "Heloise, when that young man—"

"Stop, papa!" and she strode forward. "You may tear me limb from limb, incarcerate me in prison, banish me from home, but such love as mine and Walter's—"

"Shut up!" roared the parental tyrant. "What I was about to say is this—when that young man comes next Sunday night and you go nosing around at three o'clock in the morning to find pie for him, do not leave the dining-room door open so that the cat can get in and break the milk pitcher!"

With a low, sad wail she passed out of the door and sank \$10 50 that afternoon for a new bonnet.

"Dr. Reilly's discovery of the dangers involved in kissing is very alarming, isn't it?" said the young man. "Very," said the young woman, "but then you know women admire courage in a man above every other quality."