

The Coconut Palm.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL TREE OF A HUNDRED USES.

The coconut palm is indigenous to the tropical countries. Its branchless trunk grows to a height of from sixty to ninety feet, and bears on its summit a crown of pinnate leaves that are from twelve to twenty feet in length. It is essentially littoral, and "loves to bend over the rolling surf and drop its fruit into the tidal wave." The thick husk and the hard shell of the coconut are well adapted to preserve its germinating power while it is being carried by the winds and the waves to some distant shore. Hence the coconut palm waves its graceful fronds over the emerald islands of the Pacific, fringes the West Indian shores, and, from the Philippines to Madagascar, crowns the atolls or girds the seaboard of the Indian ocean. It is a beautiful tree and "a joy forever," because it yields a large variety of useful products. To the inhabitants of tropical countries the coconut is an important article of food. It is eaten both ripe and unripe, the young, unripe nut containing a milky fluid that is very palatable. When fully matured, the nut yields a fixed oil that is used for culinary purposes, in lamps, and for manufacturing stearin candles and marine soap. By compression in cold, the oil is separated into a liquid called "oleine" and a more solid part called "cocosine." The hard shell of the nut is fashioned into cups, ladles, spoons, beads, bottles, knife handles and other articles, and is often beautifully polished and elaborately carved.

The terminal bud, or "palm cabbage," is an excellent vegetable when cooked; indeed, it is considered a delicacy, but it is seldom used, because its removal necessarily causes the death of the tree. From the trunk of this wonderful palm is obtained a saccharine sap called "toddy," which is esteemed a pleasant, refreshing drink. The dried palm leaves serve for thatching houses, for making mats and baskets, and for cattle fodder. Coir is the most important product of the tree. It is the fibre or husk of the immature nut. It is prepared for use by being soaked several months in water, and then beaten until the fibres have entirely separated. Coir is a valuable material for ropes, brushes, carpets, mats, beds, cushions and nets. It is excellent for cables, because it combines elasticity, lightness and strength. The long foot stalks of the fronds are used for fences, yokes and fishing rods. After the tree ceases to bear fruit it is cut down and its wood is used for many purposes. It is a reddish wood, is beautifully veined, admits of a high polish, and is imported for ornamental joinery under the name of "porcupine wood." It is said that no other tree or no other plant contributes in so many ways to the wants and the comforts of man as does this "tree of one hundred uses"—the coconut palm.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Forests Beneath the Water.

Many years ago there was a vast upheaval on the shores of Lake Samamish that sent a portion of the hills down into the lake, with its tall evergreen forest intact, and there it is to this day. About this time of the year the waters are at their lowest, and the tops of the tallest of these big trees are out of the water, but never more than ten or twelve inches. At this time one can see down into the mirror-like depths of the lake for thirty feet or more. Near the banks the trees are interlaced at various angles, but farther out in the deep water they stand straight, erect, limbless and barkless, a hundred feet tall. They are three feet through, some of them, and so firm in texture as to be scarcely affected by a knife-blade. There is a place in Tumwater Canon, on the line of the Great Northern, near Leavenworth, in some respects similar. At some early time a portion of the great mountain-side came rushing down and buried itself at the bottom. Now there is a considerable lake, and in the centre stand tall, limbless trees, different in species from those growing along the canon. At Green lake, near George town, Colorado—a lake which is 10,000 feet above the sea level—is a submerged forest of pine trees, some hundred feet tall.

The Nose as a Microbe Destroyer.

According to some recent experiments there are in each particular pint of air which the adult takes in with inspiration about 15,000 microbes. In some localities, to be sure, the number reaches up to a million, but the average city number is about as stated. This microbe-laden air is taken into the air passages and when thrown out it is quite sterile. The air has further been found to be sterile in the naso-pharyngeal cavity. The inference is, therefore, that the nose is a most powerful microbe destroyer, and also that, in order to destroy the individual 15,000 microbes, it is important to draw the air through the nasal passages.

Forgot Their Own Language.

THEY HAD BEEN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE FOR OVER THREE YEARS.

Albert's father and mother left him when he was ten years old for an extensive tour through Europe. After three years spent abroad they returned a few mornings ago, says the New York Journal, and, in their eagerness to know how things had been going on in their absence, they dragged that young gentleman from his bed, where he was calmly sleeping the morning away, and, after commenting upon his growth and apparent good health, they began to catechise him, and the conversation was about as follows:

"Why were you not down at the wharf to meet us?" asked his father.

"Well, I did intend to come down and give you the glad hand, but I suppose I overslept myself."

A look of astonishment swept over the faces of his parents; but the mother was too eager for news to pay any attention to slang, and asked:

"What has become of Mr. Smith who used to live next door, Albert?"

"Oh, he took to the long-draw-off, got wheels, and they pinched him."

"The what?" sternly asked his father.

"The long-draw-off—hitting the pipe—smoking dope; went daft, and they locked him up. See?"

"The poor man!" said his mother; "who would have ever thought that of him? But I notice you have a new house girl, Albert. What has become of Molly?"

"Flew the coop."

"What?"

"Jumped the game."

"Look here, young man, explain yourself!" said the exasperated father.

"I mean she took a skate, and I haven't seen her since."

"Did she drown?" anxiously asked his mother.

"Naw, just sloped."

"How singular," said the mother.

"But what has become of dear little Puggy?"

"Croaked."

"What?"

"He croaked, I said," answered the young hopeful.

"This thing has gone far enough," said the now thoroughly aroused father.

"Tell your mother what become of her dog."

"The dog died. Can't you understand?" disgustedly asked the boy.

"Oh, me, I knew it would happen," sobbed his mother. "Where is that stable boy, William?" I told him to take good care of poor little Puggy."

"Bill joined the white wings."

"Oh, do you mean that he is dead, too?" asked the mother, softening her tone.

"Naw. I mean he joined Waring's white wings. He got the dinky-dink for rushing the duck, and he's on the hog now."

"I don't understand what the boy means at all," said the father, growing alarmed. "I think"

"Say!" put in Albert, "you people have been in them dago countries so long that you have forgotten your own language. I am going to chase myself back to bed. So long!" and the young man hurried to his room.

After his departure his father and mother looked at each other and wondered if it were so.

A Vegetarian Under Fire.

Some young men have an idea that their views should be obtruded whenever there is an opening. There was an illustration of this want of tact given on a Woodward avenue car the other evening. After a thin, pale man and a big, florid man had been engaged in a warm discussion for some little time, the smaller and more peppery of the two made it apparent that he wanted all those present for an audience. He was averse to hiding his light under a bushel.

"I am a vegetarian," he shouted at the top of his voice. "I never saw one of your beef-eaters yet who could think clearly or reason intelligently." Then some of the indignant passengers who did not agree with him and resented his sweeping assertions came in with their voluntables.

"Hair's just the color of a carrot," said the fat man with a wheeze.

"Nose is a little 'reddish,'" said the young man in a box overcoat and evening dress.

"And something of a 'turnup,'" tittered the pretty girl hanging to the same strap.

"Bet he's a 'beat'" snorted the butcher.

"Regular 'punkin' 'ead'" growled the Englishman who had eaten many an ox, and everybody expected a fight.

Then, when the vanquished vegetarian raised a parsnip-shaped finger to the conductor, the parson in the corner murmured, "Lutuce have peas," and the tittering girl ended the fusillade by asking the little man not to "squash" her as he wedged his way to the rear platform.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publishers lays himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.