

seen during those days of stress and trial, saying his beads with the same devotion as the simple, illiterate peasant.

The assistance to the Rosary in Church, and its daily recitation at home, shall be the garland of mystical flowers wherewith we—rich and poor, learned and ignorant—will entwine the throne of Mary during the beautiful spring days of October.—*Truth*, N.Y.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A groom was giving his master's son some lessons in riding, and teaching him how to handle a hunter when taking a fence.

The young man was a very apt pupil, and the obstacles he encountered were so easily surmounted that the groom became lavish in his praise of the fine horsemanship displayed.

Fired with ambition, the novice essayed a very difficult fence, with the result that horse and rider parted company.

The groom, wishing to soothe wounded pride, remarked in tones of admiration, "That was a very fine jump, sir, and just the way I do it myself, sir." Then, after a pause, he added: "Only I always manage to take the horse with me!"

HOW HE FELT.

One summer afternoon a man was seated in the rear of an open tram car quietly smoking his pipe.

An elderly lady, sour-faced and sharp-featured, boarded the car. Taking a seat beside him, she noticed he was smoking and requested him to stop.

"Indeed, I'll not. These last few seats are reserved for smokers."

"Well, you're no gentleman to smoke in the presence of a lady, and if I were your wife I would give you a dose of poison."

"Sure, and if I were unlucky enough to be your husband—I'd take it," he retorted.

SMILE RAISERS.

A teacher in a school asked the other day: "How many kinds of flowers are there?"

Three pupils held up their hands. She chose one to reply.

"Well, Jack, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed? And what are they?"

"Wild, tame, and collie."

Irate Visitor: "I call this a downright fraud. You advertise on your bills, 'The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World,' and he turns out to be 5ft 5in high.

Showman: "Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He is the tallest dwarf on record."

A Sunday-school teacher asked a small girl why Ananias was so severely punished.

The little one thought a minute, then answered: "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days!"

"Now, Professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice, and I want you to tell me frankly to what it is best adapted."

Without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician replied, "Coals."

Young James was disturbed by the almost incessant yells of his baby brother.

"What is the baby crying for?" asked a kind-faced, motherly woman, bending over the perambulator.

"Oh, I dunno; he's always cryin'." "I never knew any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as he does," rejoined James, bitterly.

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

BENEFIT OF WALKING ON TIPTOE.

Walking on tiptoe a few minutes daily is the form of exercise prescribed by Dr. Gautiez, a French physician. It brings into action little used muscles of back and abdomen as well as those of calf and thigh, stiffens the spinal column and neck, and promotes chest breathing in place of the abdominal breathing common from constant walking on the heels. It gives the benefit of gymnastic running without the useless heart fatigue and loss of breath. It is pronounced the most convenient form of physical culture and is easily tested. But it must not be assumed that the deforming practice of wearing high-heeled shoes has the advantage of the few-minutes-a-day-exercise.

NATURE'S PLAN OF PERPETUATING FORESTS.

An old-time Arizona (U.S.A.) woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pine trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with a companion, when one of the birds flew to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth, and quickly fled away. When told what had happened his companion was sceptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out the sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that Nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.

A FOREST OF GEMS.

Among the many wonders of the far South-west of America, the Petrified Forest of Arizona must ever take high rank. On the maps it is called Chalcedony Park, but the people of Arizona always speak of it as the "Petrified Forest," says *Popular Science Siftings*. Neither name is very descriptive. It is not a forest, and it is not a park; nor are the trees petrified, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Almost everyone has seen specimens of common petrified wood. The wood of Chalcedony Park bears very little resemblance to this; for, instead of having been changed into ordinary stone, it has been agatised. The Petrified Forest—if a wilderness of prostrate tree-trunks may be any allowable figure of speech be called a forest—lies in a region of desolation, of sage-brush, drifting sand, alkali wastes, and lava. All about bare rocks blister under the fierce Arizona sun. The lake-like illusions of a desert country are to be seen, and mirage expanses, in which distant hills and stony buttes seem to waver and swim as if upborne on a misty, restless sea. It is probable that the forest once covered hundreds of square miles, for agatised trunks, logs, and bits of wood are found throughout a great radius of country. It occupies now about a thousand acres. None of the trees is standing. Very few remain intact. They have been broken into log-like lengths, broken short off, so that the forest resembles a vast logging camp with the logs scattered about ready for hauling. The lengths vary from discs like cart-wheels to logs 20ft and 30ft long. Many of the trees, when standing, were fully 200ft in height. Trunks may be seen that are 10ft in diameter, and there are also little twigs no thicker than one's thumb. They lie in every position, and at every conceivable angle. Some are in groups, and others alone. They are on the tops of the ridges and down in the hollows—in fact, everywhere throughout the forest's whole extent. And the strangest thing about them is that every one is composed of semi-precious stones. There are literally millions of amethysts; and there is chalcedony of every hue, red and yellow, jasper, topaz, carnelian, onyx, and every imaginable variety of agate. Singular as it may seem, no log is limited to a single kind of stone. There may be in it all of the above; in fact, every log is a mosaic of brilliant gems more beautiful than any mosaic ever formed by human hands. There are no true precious stones to be found in Chalcedony Park—no diamonds, rubies, or sapphires, but the chips and bits of wood covering the ground are as brilliant and shining as if they were really precious gems, and the specimen hunter is bewildered by the rich display.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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