When Summer Comes

When summer comes,
Ah, so we longing sigh,
When summer winds are nigh, When winter comes; Our pulses, like the ril! That now lies cold and still Beneath the snow, Will joyous flow

When summer comes A messenger will bring New life to everything, When summer comes; And unto you and me, Now parted, there may be A moment sweet. What time we meet, When summer comes.

When summer comes.

When summer comes, Ah, the sweet, longed-for day May be, yet pass away, When summer comes; And our sad feet have missed The long expected tryst; What shall we know Of joy or woe When summer comes?

When summer comes, Alas, our hearts may yearn For winter to return, When summer comes; The future we forcast We dream its joy shall last-To-day is fraught With but one thought, When summer comes.

### JACOB AND POLLY.

Jacob Cattley was a messenger to Messrs. Perkinson, Goldchest & Co., the rich bankers in Lombard street. At least he always considered himself attached to the establishment as a messenger, though he had neither "signed articles" with the principals, and was her little attic where she made up her just barely tolerated outside on the pavement, at an acute angle of the building and three feet from the street doors, where customers and clerks were not likely to tumble over him. He had been hanging outside this big bank for many years now, and it had become the custom of late days to send him on little twice in the hard times which will turn errands which were not within the pro- up to the hard-workers. Still she fought which the clerks' of Perkinson, Gold- read and write of late days, and to find chest & Co., would have scorned to perform at any price whatever. If anybody required a cab, Jacob was sent for much surprise to what they told her one; if a country gentleman with a big balance on the books wanted to be shown the way to the Bank of England, or Billingsgate, or the Tower, Jacob was told off as a guide; if something was wanted surreptiously by the clerks, in the shape of a newspaper or a ham filtered a little through the darksandwitch, Jacob was sent for it, and there had been times when it was even considered safe to trust him with a tele-

Jacob received no salary, but was suphospital, and what those contributions man who probably had not much to amounted to in the year there had been spend on the minor luxuries of life. much speculation concerning, at the And so regular a customer, too, thought bank, amongst the clerks. It was set Polly, with a sigh again. down, by young and imiginative minds, as a "pretty penny, take it altogether!" Eut taking Jacob Cattley altogether, weeks or two months after everybody was, to the ordinary observer, to set him thought he was dead. It was like a down as a poor, half-starved, ill-clad, ghost rising up in Lombard street, and miserable old man, struggling hard to even Mr. Goldchest, taken unawares by live, and always on the brink of failing this re-appearance at his carriage-door, not to be found; but he was never in ped one foot in the gutter in his first rags, and he always boasted a clean face surprise. He was even a little curious under his rusty-brown top hat which he for so great a man, and said: poised at the extreme back of his grey head. He did not appear to flourish on his contributions, but grew thinner and more pinched with every week of his men in Lombard street; "Cranky Jaoutdoor service there.

Still he had what the clerks called his "tips;" and Mr. Goldchest, every Sat- chest." urday morning, when he left the bank, and before he stepped into his carriage, the door of which Mr. Catteley always opened for him, gave him something, it rusty hatband wrapped around the rusty was noticed, but whether a sovereign or hat of his humble dependent; there was a threepenny-piece was a matter of un- a fugitive fear even that there might be certainty, the claw-like hand of Jacob something "catching" from Mr. Baxclosing so quickly on the gift. The ter's close proximity, and he stepped junior clerks thought it would be a with alacrity into his carriage and drew a liberal paymaster, in their humble ward Jacob on that occasion; he gave opinion, forcibly expressed each quarter- no thought to arrears which might have day, but Jacob, probably of a reticent accumulated during Jacob's absence disposition, never let them know, and, from his duties, and the old man walkat all events, he did not wax fat on his ed home very thoughtfully, and with a emoluments, and in the rainy and frosty downcast expression of countenance. seasons caught many a cold and cough, On his way home he encountered Polly and wore, winter and summer, the Baxter, who also was disposed to take same suit of gray threadbare clothes, to him for a ghost, and nearly dropped which, in very inclement weather, a red her basket into the London mud at the cotton neckerchief, relieved by white first sight of him. lozenges and tied in a strange knot was added, by way of protection, to a giraffelike throat.

Jacob was considered a poor hangeron; but Jacob had his hangers-on too, and people whom in his turn he took upon himself to patronize. There are always depths below depths in this eccentric world of ours, and always some poor brother and sister to whom a hand can be held out, or a little kindness rendered, and Jacob Cattley had his dependent in the background, and one who waited and watched for him as regularly after banking hours on Saturdays, as he waited and watched for Mr. Goldchest about noon; and this dependent on Mr. Cattley was a dark-eyed purveyor of penny "button-holes" and twopenny bouquets, a poor flower-girl who to have any flowers toregarded Mr. Cattley as a regular always good for a penny, sometimes even twopence, when he had been extra fortunate in the city.

Jacob, it may be said, never purchased his flowers in Lombard street; no one in exceedingly red in the face, and short that busy center had seen Jacob Cattley of breath. spend a penny-piece upon anything, but once away from the city proper, and hurrying on towards Blackfriars bridge -on the Surrey side of "which he lived and which he crossed regularly twice a day to and from "his place of business,"
--any one who had taken the trouble to watch him-which no one ever hadwould have seen Jacob somewhere in the neighborhood of Ludgate hill bargaining with Polly Baxter for a nosegay every Saturday afternoon.

Jacob Cattley would even condescend to patronize Polly Baxter, and to occasionally pass a remark upon the weather, or the extent of her stock in trade; but all this was done in an austere, standoffish way, which did not encourage conversation in return, and which was a washed-out copy of the great Goldchest manner, when the big banker skated across the pavement to his carriage. Polly Baxter did not know this, and thought it was very kind of the old gentleman in the queer-looking comforter

ness, had a little ring in them of interest

Suddenly Jacob Cattley was missed from Lombard street, and from the neighborhood of Ludgate hill; and Polly Baxter's basket blushed with flowers in vain for him. Every day Polly Baxter had been accustomed to see him between 4 and 5 trotting homewards, with his sharp face set due south; every day he had said "Good-morning," grave, fatherly way, and with a solemn bend of his long neck; and on Saturdays, as we have intimated, he always stopped to bargain with her for her gayest pennyworth. And now Jacob was missing; and no one knew where Jacob lived, so that the mystery of his disappearance might have been solved by a friendly call.

"He's dead, for sixpence, poor old cove," said one of the junior clerks, a pert and slangy and over-dressed youth, whom Jacob had in his heart disliked, despite the offer of a penny now and then. "He's off, depend upon it. I'm sorry I was so deuced hard on him last week."

Polly Baxter wondered more about him than the rest of the community aware of his existence. She did not know why she should "bother about the old man," but she did. He was a something removed from her life, a regular customer gone, and that was to be regretted when regular customers were scarce. When she had bought her flowers at Covent Garden market in the early morning, and had taken them to penny bunches for the day, she caught herself thinking of the "funny little bloke," and of his grave, old-fashioned Polly Baxter earned her own ways. hving honestly, and made the best of her position by thrift and industry, coming very close to starvation once or vince of a regular clerks duty, and on, and had begun to teach herself to her way on Sundays to a little chapel down a back street, and listen with there, and to wonder why it had been kept from her all these years, and why no one in the highways and byways of her life had said a word about it.

Possibly thinking of this had made her think of other folk as the light ness of Polly Baxter's life, but she did think a great deal of the poor old-fashioned little man who seemed to have vanished like a ghost, and it became a hurriedly, "if-" matter of speculation why he had ever ported by voluntary contribution, like a bought flowers of her at all, being a

"bless my soul!" and slip-

"Have you been ill, Jacob?" He did not know his other name. 'Old Jacob'' was Mr. Baxter's cognocob" sometimes.

"No, sir. I've had a loss, Mr. Gold-

"O, indeed." Mr. Goldchest did not ask what or whom he had lost; he glanced at the big 'threepenny," Mr. Goldchest not being up his window sharply. He did not re-

> "Why, lor,' sir, who'd have thought of it?" she exclaimed. "Thought of what?" he asked, a little curiously.

> "Of your being alive and moving about like this again. I'm so glad, Where have you been sir? Laid up?" This was Mr. Goldchest's inquiry also, but not conveyed with so much interest. And his answer was the same as before.

"I've had a loss."

"Not-not money?" "I've lost my daughter; all I had in the world to me; all I cared for, child, Good day," he said, with an excitement for which Polly was wholly unprepared. "Yes; but here, hold hard, old un." she cried, inelegantly; "ain't you agoing

The "old un" hurried away from her, customer on Saturdays, one who was darted across the road under horses' heads and omnibus wheels, with almost the alacrity of youth. Reaching Gravel lane he was astonished and discomfited again to find Polly Baxter at his elbow,

> "Well, you jest can stump out, guy" nor, and no flies," she said. "What do you want with me?" he asked testily now; "what is it?"

"I only want to say I'm sorry like," she blurted forth. "I didn't think, all at once, about the flowers, and that you wanted them for her, of course, who's gone now, and who was fond of flowers. I twig, I see; you won't mind what I say—will you now?"

Jacob Cattley stared at her, but he croaked forth, "No."

"I'll never ax you again-I'll never look your way again; but take this, please, for this once, won't you?"

And Polly held out his usual-sized bunch of flowers, at which the old man shrunk as though it had been a pistol Poli

levelled at him. "It isn't for the money," said Polly, excited now herself; "I don't want any money—ketch 'old, please do. Jest to make believe you're taking them to her ful heart keeps his memory green.

the same as ever, sir." to say a word or two to her now and The old man stretched out a tremb-

suggestion, and Polly thrust them into or sympathy, or something not easy to his grasp and fairly ran across the comprehend, and which the flower-girl bridge again, leaving him looking after did not attempt in any way to account her open-mouthed, and with some salt tears brimming over his blinking eyelids and making their way down the deep

furrows in his cheeks. On Monday Jacob passed her as usual on his homeward route, and with his old patronizing bow, and with a steadier stare at her too, as if no longer afraid to face her. But Polly looked the other way and would not see him-fell into the habit of hiding from him even-and her unawares by a flank movement.

"Let me have a good bdnch to-day— a twopenny bunch," he said, in quite a business-like manner.

Polly Baxter was surprised, but she gave him the flowers he required, and he dropped the money into her basket. "But you don't want 'em now-do you?" she murmured.

"Yes, of course I do. That was a good thought of yours, child, last week. And I took the flowers to her.' "Oh!" ejaculated Polly. "And shall do so every week, making

believe, as you say, that she's waiting for them. It's not a bad thought at all," he muttered; "she was so very fond of flowers." "How old was your gal?" asked

Polly. "About your age, I should say." "And ailing allers was she?"

"For the last three or four years, yes. Good day," and then Jacob hurried away, and this time she did not attempt to follow him.

It was from this time that Jacob contrived to be as regular a customer to Polly Baxter as he had ever been, and had any one had the curiosity to follow the movements of the old man, he or she would have seen him every Sunday in fair weather or foul, plodding on to Tosting cemetery to lay his little offering on the grave of the daughter who had always been fond of flowers. When the winter time came on, and flowers grew very scare and dear, and Polly was compelled to raise her prices, the old man looked very pale and pinched with cold, and did not move along with his customary alacrity-on the contrary, limped painfully at times with the rheumatism which had seized him. One very cold Sunday she said to him,

suddenly: "You ain't well?" "Well, not quite as well as I might e, perhaps," he answered cautiously. "I don't mind you paying for these some other time, yod know," she added

"If what?" he asked, as she came to a full stop. "If you're hard up. It won't make much difference to me, and she might

miss 'em now.' "Thankee," he said gently, and he looked very hard at her from under his tangled, wiry eyebrows; "that's a kind on we had observed salmon earlier in the ancient lead coffins dug out of the done with her yet," he added under his thought child. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," she answered, surprised in her turn; "but it's Polly Bax- ful air even in daytime, but when indis- tion equals the French in converting the

"St. James' row," she answered, "at the back there. But why?" "Good day."

That was the last time Polly Baxter met Jacob Cattley in the London streets, for Jacob disappeared again, and Lombard street and the flower girl on Ludgate hill missed him altogether. "He must be dead this time, poor old cove!" thought Polly.

But Polly was again deceived. One morning a short, red-faced woman with a market basket on her arm, and a key in her hand, looked hard at her, and

'Is your name Polly Baxter?"

"Yes, that's it." "You're wanted in George street, My lodger, the old man who used to buy flowers of you, wants to see you precious bad." "He ain't dead then," cried Polly;

well, I am glad." "Don't see what you've got to be glad about," said the woman sharply; "but no, he ain't dead yet. He's looking it off though, sharp enuff."

Polly Baxter trudged away at once to George street, and to No. 29, where on the top floor, she found poor Jacob Cattley, very much down in the world, and with very little life in him. The rheumatics had got an iron grip of him at | When he drew the spear back by means last, and fever had followed, and this was very nearly the last of him, as the beautiful fish writhing on the weapon. red-faced woman had prophesied.

As Polly entered the room, he smiled at her, as at an old friend. "Polly," he said, speaking with great

difficulty, "I wish to put you in mind of an old offer to me." 'What's that sir?"

"I want you to open a credit account | spear thrust destroyed? with me." "And come and tell me regularly what they tell you there; will you, child?

I should like to know. "To be sure I will, sir." "When you come back from her." Then he gave his directions, which Polly Baxter carried out faithfully, until the end came, and Jacob Cattley was

buried with his daughter. After his death, Polly Baxter went | five minutes. regularly to the cemetery just the same, and laid her little bunch of flowers on the grave of him who had said kind words to her in life. That was the end of him, and of the story, she thought, until one day, a week or two afterwards, a prim lets, and, you may rely upon it, there little gentleman in black called upon her, and asked her many questions, and made perfectly sure that she was the genuine and only Polly Baxter, flower vender, before he surprised her with his

Jacob Cattley had been a bit of a miser, after all, and had scraped together, by his faithful and humble services in Lombard street, the sum of £150. He had died without a relation in the world to care for him, and he had left his money to "Polly Baxter, of 39, St. James' Row, City, E. C.," in re-membrance of her kindness, and "in settlement of his credit account with

greengrocer's shop and are doing very

Spearing the Fish by Torchlight --- An Effective Charge of Shot.

"Well, what's up, now, Adam?"
Adam had suddenly ceased paddling forward and began to back water vigorously, at the same time keeping his eyes fixed on a white object floating in the water at the edge of the stream. Without answering the question he swung the canoe shoreward, and in a moment leaped out and held the white object up tire of the scene, but they discovered on the following Saturday would also for inspection. It was a female salmon have eluded him, had he not come up of about 10 pounds' weight, which from the reverse way of the street, and taken its appearauce could not have been dead more than a few hours. Some sharp object had gashed her right side from like callas, only they were three and man that I shan't take in enough off spine to belly, making a wound in which Adam thrust two of his thick fingers. "What did it?"

"Poachers." "When?" Canadian settlers will persist in burning the pot. It was insignificant enough the water during the spawning season, beside these queens of the western although they know that if caught they slopes. Suddenly one of the women are likely to go to the penitentiary for

"Burning the water?" "Yes, that's what they call it. It is thing about it. nothing but pulling over the spawning beds in a light canoe, with a pitch-pine torch in the bow, and spearing the fish as they lie quietly on the bottom. About every third throw wounds a fish instead of killing it, and the poor beast swims away to die, just as this one has

done. "Certainly; we shall put a stop to that kind of thing. Lets go into camp right

It was the afternoon of the 13th, Sunday.) A party of three of us had leased the right to fish one of the little salmon rivers just south of the Sague-dressed dolls, tricked out in all the restudy it. nay, paying \$250 for the privilege for finements of the latest fashion, and the season, and myself and the Major which fetch incredible prices on this side were making a preliminary survey of of the Atlantic, are frequently costumed fully five minutes before she confided to the water, as it were, from source to from the cast-off stage clothes of ac- the patient waiter her wants. He was mouth, in order to get some idea of the tresses in the theatres, purchased for a back in less than three with her lunch (?) sport awaiting us when we came up to mere song, or from the useless garments -a bowl of consomme for herself and a mile limit imposed on United States a play has had a long run. The covercoast fishermen by the Canadian Govings of old purses and pocketbooks soup, and the two have made a slow and ernment made us particularly sore fished out of the gutters by sharp-eyed hearty lunch. She finished a few minagainst the Canadian poachers, who ragpickers, furnish the material for the utes ago, ordered a finger bowl, took one were not only fishing a river paid for in doll bootmaker. Old sardine boxes of the napkins, and dipping it in water, good United States silver dollars, but yield their plate to the manufacture of scrubbed the boy's face and hands, inhuman manner.

declared that the light charge of pow- industry in which articles having circu- the tablecloth is plentifully sprinkled der upon which he rammed home a lar openings are made. French cruet with milk and soup-she fed the boybut just heavy enough to send the little for bottles, provide thousands of such off at once. She has used three large pelletts through the thick hide of disk, removed in making the apertures. dinner napkins, has occupied two more

water over the stones, they are funereal. | ducts. dle in and out of the water to point toward a couple of sparks on the left bank. They glistened for a moment and then went out.

"That was a deer." whispered Adam. 'If the Frenchmen saw it they would try a shot at it, in season or not. Those fellows have no bowels at all, and canof birdshot. They know that means that their company is not wanted."

soon resolved itself into a brightly burning fire, and, by keeping closely to the weed-fringed bank, we managed to steal up close enough not only to see that the fire was burning in the canoe of a "habitant," but to watch him at his unholy work. The circle of light in which he sat made the surrounding darkness impenetrable, and his absorption in the work at hand closed his ears.

The canoe was floating gently with the current, a touch of the paddle keep-ing its head right, and the Canuck was gazing with all his eyes into the water over the side. Suddenly he lifted himself to his feet, and like the lunge of a steel bow, his right arm shot out and sent a spear hissing into the river. It was strung half way down the spear handle. The "sportsman's" aim had been true, and the fish was struck fairly in the back. An average female salmon will deposit 10,000 eggs in a single season. How many unborn fry of the noblest fish that swims had that single

I was asking myself that question when the report of Adam's shot gun rang out over the water. There was a howl from the fire canoe, and then the habitant sat down so suddenly that the frail shell turned under him, and Moses -his name, probably, was Baptiste-and the light went out simultaneously. We heard him splashing about and swearing in the darkness for the next

quite as well as we do, and, more, he will tell his friends, who are as much in fear of birdshot as they are of bulwill be no more burning of this river this season,"

# The Fate of a Calla Lilly.

There was just a touch of the pathetic as well as humorous side to a story told me recently by Col. J. H. Woodward, of San Francisco. It was an occurrence of his last trip from New York to the Pacific coast, 'n December, 1885. In the car were two ladies from Boston— "old maids" of the New England school—that is, charming, educated, and refined women. They were going out to the coast to teach school or get married, Polly Baxter is married now, and she and her husband have a flourishing little greengrocer's shop and are doing very well. There are fresh flowers on the old man's grave at Tooting, and one grateful heart keeps his memory green.

Great needs demand a great Saviour.

Great needs demand a great Saviour.

He coast to teach school or get married, and it probably had not occurred to them which they would prefer. Among their baggage was a little pot with a cella lily in full bloom. The plant was not above eight or ten inches in height. They cared for the flower as tenderly as if it were a first-born baby. It was bitter cold in the east and there was snow.

then-words which, with all their cold- ling hand towards the flowers at this CANADIAN SALMON POACHERS. on the ground. The calla made a bright spot in the car, and they were proud of The train sped along day after day, until one night when they retired the

were told that the next morning would bring them into the beautiful San Joaquin valley. When morning broke the train seemed to have been transported and balmy. The face of nature was entirely changed. The bleakness of winter had given place to the warmth and bloom of spring. The Boston maidsomething that called them together in hurried consultation. They observed every few miles great growths of tall white flowers. They were strangely four feet tall and the flowers were simply enormous. They whispered more peachblow jugs? This is the time o' day than once over this spectacle, and it was finally understood that they recognized to lunch with me, and except the pleasthe flowers as callas. Then they began "Last night. These infernal French- to look furtively at their little plant in raised the window, while the other with it, and nothing but a dose of lead will a quick movement seized the pot and stop them. Suppose we lay over to-night and fill their hides with bird-It was all done in an instant, and no one too much feeling for them to say any-

### How Parisian Toys are Made.

camp out in earnest in July. The three- remaining in theatrical wardrobes after glass of milk for sonny. who were doing so illegally and in an barrels for toy guns. The little wooden wiped them with the other napkin, or metal wheels which support moveable and is now pulling and settling herself Adam knew what he was about and toys are made from the refuse of any for departure. I can see from here that handful of No. 8 shot was not too heavy, stands usually of wood and having holes some of that too-and must be taken any poacher whom he might come All the solder and pewter that can be places than she pays for, sat in the resextracted from old rooffing and water taurant nearly an hour, and her check It was about 8 o'clock and dark as a spouts, or workshop scraps, is pressed is-30 cents.' black cat when we began moving up into service for the manufacture of dolls' which form the mass of the forests French toy-maker utilizes in the manu- with parcels and leading a 3 year-old along Canadian streams have a mourn-facture of lead soldiers. No other na-boy by the hand.

'That's just the change. I believe, so prosperous.

# Near Sightedness.

Near-sightedness is increasing in our country to an alarming extent. It was not understand anything but a dose of birdshot. They know that means children in our public schools. It is one of the evils created by civilization, and A large spark directly ahead of us is almost unknown in savage life, An official inquiry in Germany indicates that this evil is more common there than in the United States, and that it is

the direct result of bad habits of study. The physicians who made the examination report to the government that in children of 5 years old the vision is generally perfect. During the school age the defect increases steadily; in the lower schools from 15 to 20 per cent, of the scholars are affected; in the higher schools the proportion reaches 40 to 50 per cent.

It is far worse in the professional schools, reaching fully 70 per cent. of theological students and over 90 per cent of medical students.

The physicians ascribe the trouble to the poor print of the text books, and to of a cord fastened to the shaft we saw a the general habit of holding books too near the eyes. It might be well to make a similar examination in our own country in order that public attention be aroused to provide, if possible, a cure for this growing evil. It is a grave misfortune if public education creates a near-sighted nation.

# A Taxpayer.

"Please, sir," said a man at the station who said he was a farmer, but who looked more like a tramp; "please, mister, won't you lend me a dime? I live out in the country a piece, and will give it to you when I come in again. Ye see, I have come to town to pay my taxes, and I find myself just ten cents short. My brother owns a farm just at the edge over there 'fore my train goes. Give produces a highly flavored and valuable "We may go now," remarked Adam. over there 'fore my train goes. Give pro 'He will understand what that was for me a dime and I'll bring you in the big- oil. gest watermelon grown on my farm when they get ripe." The Station Agent listened to the old chap's request and finally passed over the dime. But he didn't seem satisfied. He kept watch of the farmer, who had started of brisk- railways and given up. The lamps were ly toward the Court House. The Station Agent watched him. He slipped into a saloon. The Agent quickly folhis mouth. "Here, you," cried the indignant Agent; "I thought you wanted that dime to pay your taxes?" "That's what I did," replied the tramp; "just paid the last instalment. Bin payin' annoyed the eyesight, and in some cases paid the last instalment. Bin payin' all my taxes that way for good many years. I wonder what the country is coming to—it keeps me poor to pay my taxes. Will you—" But the Station

seed dropped from Heaven to bear flowers or thorns, as the soil and climate into which it shall fall shall determine?"

The consequence was that ships frequently anchored far out in the channel and in the paths of passing vessels, sa that collisions frequently occurred.

NICE, BUT NOT PROFITABLE.

The Patronage of Ladies in the Res taurant-A Case in Point.

The tinkle of glasses and the subdued clatter of dishes such as are heard in a well-conducted restaurant were keeping up a certain rhythmic movement in a fashionable lunching room of the shopping district, when a reporter stopped a moment at the desk.

"You seem to be doing a thriving business." he remarked, indicating as he spoke, the rows of occupied tables

before him. "H-m," replied the proprietor, let ting his eye wonder judiciously in the same direction; "do you know young that crowd to buy one of Macy's little when the ladies, God bless 'em, come ure of their tiny faces and soft speeches, my reward must be treasured up in heaven, for certainly I don't get it

"Is this a straight tip?" queried the experienced reporter.

"I'm telling you sober truth," the restaurant man replied with much earnestness of manner. "Take that lady but Col. Woodward saw it, and he had over there, for instance, pointing to one sitting about halfway down the room, and she is only one of dozens like her every day. She came in here threequarters of an hour ago by the clock, she and her little boy; she walked through until she found a table unoc-Any one who has ever walked through | cupied and took possession. The table one of the great toy-importing houses accommodates four, but Lord love you, in N. Y. at holiday time, and perhaps it barely holds one like her, comfortably. wondered at the taste and ingenuity | She had the waiter bring a high chair displayed by the French workman in for young chub, took off his hat and devising many of the most beautiful coat, used one big dinner napkin to pin playthings would hardly imagine that around his neck and another to lay waste and refuse materials, very odd over his lap, filled the other two chairs ones too, sometimes are largely used in with her bundles, cloak, etc., then

> "I could have told you what she would order at once, but it took her

> "Bread of course, is served with the

"Will she fee the waiters? That's too stream toward the gravelly beds where- knives and forks, tea sets, &c., and even silly a question to answer. I'm not the day. The ragged birches and pines old cemeteries of Nuremberg, the breath, as the lady approached laden

tinctly seen at night, and when nothing ordinary refuse of the street and work- she remarked, dropping three 10-cent is heard but the lipping of the black shop into useful and ornamental pro-water over the stones, they are funereal. ducts. It is this characteristic for will you be good enough to check these Once Adam stopped slipping his pad- saving which makes the French nation parcels and this umbrella for me. I shan't be going up-town for a couple of hours yet," she added, explanatorily.

"Certainly, madam." "Thank you very much. Oh, by the way, you may give me back that largest parcel. I want to send it by express. Yes, that one. Thank you. comparatively rare a century ago, but Do you think that sufficiently secure for

an express parcel?" "I think so; but I can tie it in another wrapper if you wish." "It might be better; I shall be much

obliged. Come, Dickie. Oh," return-"I may send a messenger for the parcels, will there be any charge?" "Certainly not, madam.

"Oh, thank you. Come, Dickie." The proprietor and the reporter each drew a long breath and looked at one another.

# Olive Trees in Flower.

The olive tree, when in flower, is an object of rare beauty, and we think that even as an ornamental tree the olive should be planted everywhere. Fresno, or indeed California, is exceedingly well adapted to olive culture, provided the right variety is placed in the right place. The olive trees in our immediate vicinity are now in full blossom and are setting fruit. In the olive orchard of the Fancher Creek Nursery some twenty varieties are grown, and of these ten or more are now blooming. Some varieties only two years old are literally covered with bloom, and the olives are setting freely. This speaks volumes for the success of olive culture, the profits of which are so large and so regular that in Europe a very few trees suffice for the sustainment of a family the whole year round. The olives now promising the most are the Nevadillo Blanco and the Manzanillo, both the best varieties of Spain, the former for oil and the latter for pickled fruit. The Mission does not produce a highly flavored oil, and is in this respect very inferior even to the of town, but I hain't got time to run Picholine, which, though small-fruited,

# An Objection to Electric Lights.

Electric head-lights for locomotives have been tried on some of the Russian powerful throwing a beam of light a lowed. The farmer was just wiping was concerned, the locomotive drivers "Whence comes the pure, untainted flower of love? From the germ of a pure, untainted nature only? or is the seed dropped from Heaven to have