

Faded the last faint blush of evening's rose,
And shadows gather in the sleeping vale,
Where silent now, the rippling streamlet flows

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Ethel Haggood was pacing the long
conservatory paths, gazing idly through
the steamy windows. An imaginative
observer might have classed Ethel as a
hot-house flower.

But Ethel bore great resemblance to
her father—a sturdy man, who,
working with his own hands, had laid
the foundations of the present large
family possessions—a man of energy,
originality, fine qualities.

Sometimes Ethel, with all her delicate
beauty, looked oddly like him. She did
not.

“What would poor mamma think!”
she murmured, guiltily. “She has done
everything for me. Why am I dissatisfied?
What ails me?”

And then she went on recklessly to
answer the question.

“I'm worn out—that is all. I've
danced all winter, and gone to concerts
and the opera and the theatre, and
bowled with two clubs, and—

Ethel nodded vaguely.
“Well, I'll be awfully obliged to you.
Roses and pinks, please, and valley
lilies—anything. As big and nice a
bunch as you can fix.”

Assuredly her mischievous plot had its
drawbacks. To be taken for the
daughter of a country florist! to be
ordered about like any serving-maid! She,
Ethel Haggood! Yet, why was it so far
from being disagreeable? Was it that
this man was so oddly to her taste, with
his hardy young strength, his keen gaze,
his careless, rough country suit—so like
a flesh-and-blood embodiment of her late
wild imaginings?

“Very well,” she said, gently. “Our
choicest flowers are beyond the palms
there.”

She led the way. When a great cactus
leaf threatened to brush her face he
pushed it aside, and then they smiled at
each other in friendly fashion.

“I'm not long in these parts,” he
ventured. “We're here for the summer,
my mother and I. We've rented the
Flagg place. You know it?”

Oh, yes, Ethel knew the Flagg place!
She did not; but she was in the spirit of
it now, and enjoying it. She felt equal
to any needed mendacity.

“Right up among the hills,” she
observed—every place in West Bedford
being right up among the hills.

“Yes, do you know anything about
the shooting?” asked the young man,
anxiously. “Is there any?”

gardner—I mean, pay to-morrow—any-
thing!”

She felt she could not be self-controlled
much longer, and she all but flew along
the narrow walk to the door, turning for
a parting nod then swiftly disappearing.

He stared after her wide-eyed. For
the first time he saw how graceful she
was, how fair-faced, and crowned by
what a mass of yellow hair! Then he
took himself and his flowers slowly
away.

Ethel ran to the house, to an upper
room and to a window.

Yes, she could see him plainly as he
went. What a stride he had, and how
he carried himself! Strength, simplicity,
energy—that was what she read.

“Yes, he was every inch a man. She
had believed, in her foolish pride, that
no such one existed, or that none such
would cross her path. Yet he had.

Yes, that was quite the phrase—he had
crossed her path, and would not be
likely to recross it. Or, if he should,
there would be his schoolmate's sister,
on whom he was to call to-morrow,
and to whom the flowers would go.

The Herkimer House parlors were well
filled that evening, and the gathering
was select and brilliant.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF SWEET APPLES.
Wherever apples are plentiful sweet
apples are neglected and scarcely salable.
They are not good for pies, but for baking
whole are superior to sour apples. If
their excellence thus cooked were better
known it would cause increased demand,
and inure to the advantage of consumer
as well as the producer.

COLOR IN HORSES AND CATTLE.
According to the Western Agriculturist
the white color of horses and cattle
has been developed from tropical re-
sources, and it is clearly shown by the
superiority of the white horses of the
desert and the tendency of horses and
cattle taken from the colder climates of
the North to the hot climates of South
America and our Southern States that
the gray colors increase and withstand
the heat better.

THE CULTURE OF ASPARAGUS.
Asparagus may be grown from seed
and will reproduce itself true to the
variety. But the better way is to procure
one-year-old plants from the seed-
men and set these out in beds. The soil
should be made rich and deeply worked.

PATTENING CHICKENS FOR THE TABLE.
The three prime rules to be observed
are: Sound and varied foods, warmth,
and cleanliness. There is nothing that
a fattening fowl grows so fastidious about
as his water. If water anyway foul be
offered him, he will not drink it, but
sulk with his food and pine, and you all
the while wondering the reason why.

USES OF LEAVES.
According to the health and vigor of
the foliage of any plant, writes Josiah
Hoopes, will be its usefulness; the direct
bearing on fruit and flowers is incalculable.

FALL PASTURING OF MEADOWS.
It is a common practice in many parts
of the country to turn the cattle, horses
and sheep upon the hay fields after the
crop of hay has been gathered, and the
second crop, or “rown,” has appeared
in luxuriant growth.

PERFUME FROM ORANGE BLOSSOMS.
It is now proposed to utilize our
orange blossoms for toilet perfumes and
the only wonder is that our people have
not done it before.

An Old Word Revived.
A tendency to revive the old Anglo-
Saxon term “road” is seen in the names
which are now being given to the high-
ways in Brooklyn and other suburbs as
well as in certain parts of the city proper.

Moreover, it is the habit of grass plants
to form a thick mat or carpet over the
ground, which serves as protection for
the roots against the washing of heavy
rains, the alternate thawing and freezing
of early spring, and the scorching heat
of late summer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
When two limbs cross out the weaker.
Give the fowls green feed every day.
Every boy likes fruit. Teach him to
cultivate it.

When a fowl ceases to give a good
return for the feed given, it is time to
plan for his disposal.

It is very desirable to keep the breeding
stock in a good, thrifty condition.

It is better to pasture them on
clover.

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Milk in a Paper Bag.

A merry-hearted lad, who is often sent
on errands of household needs and necessities,
discovers a new method of “bringing
home groceries and such.”

The Man-Faced Crab.
One of the most singular-looking
creatures that ever walked the earth
or “swam the waters under the earth” is
the world-famous man-faced crab of
Japan.

Bismarck's Gallantry.
In spite of his old age, Prince Bismarck
has lost none of his gallantry. To a
young lady who lately asked to be allowed
to kiss his hand, he replied, “Oh, no!
That is not good enough for so charming
a damsel!”

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA
The best blood purifier, the best nerve helper,
the best strength builder.

EVERY MOTHER
Should Have it in the House.
Ely's Cream Balm
THE CURE FOR CATARRH

RADWAY'S PILLS
The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy
Perfect Digestion
SICK HEADACHE