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FICTION AND TOURISTS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE LUCKY ROSEBUD.

In a distant country once dwelt a woman who was very rich. She owned a magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful gardens in which grew every flower known to that clime. She had servants to wait upon her, and her whole life seemed planned by an indulgent Creator, who desired that she should possess more than an abundance of the good things of this world.

Yet in spite of all these blessings, she was not happy. Whenever she looked into her mirror she saw a long, sour face of a sallow hue and a mouth with the corner turned down instead of up.

"I'm very ugly looking," she told herself; and as she said this her face seemed to elongate. "Every day I am growing older I shall only become the homelier. In spite of all my riches, I have never gained love. Here am I, surrounded by beautiful things, and yet not beautiful myself."

These thoughts made her very unhappy; and unhappiness is certainly not a beautifier. One day as she was riding through the country, she passed a small cottage. Flowers grew all about it in the greatest profusion; and between the pickets to the fence straggled a rose bush upon which bloomed such large and perfect roses that the lady bade her coachman stop the carriage that she might inquire the variety.

As she entered the gate an old man stepped forth upon the porch to the little cottage, and bade her enter. His face was so cheerful and he smiled so pleasantly, that she could not help smiling, too.

"Good morning," she said. "Will you please to tell me the name of that rose bush yonder? If you will sell it to me I should like to purchase it. I never before saw such large perfect flowers."

"They are fine roses," said the old man. "I call it the lucky rose bush. It is not for sale; it was sent to me as a present from a lady whom I succeeded in making beautiful."

"Indeed," said the rich woman. "Can you be the old alchemist I have heard so much about? People declare you are near a hundred years old and yet how hale and hearty you look! Is it true that your famous pellets make women beautiful? Would they do me any good? You can see how homely I am."

The old man looked at her critically. "I have seen plainer women," he said. "Your eyes are good, your nose straight, your hair is abundant. To be sure you have a sallow complexion and your mouth certainly needs improving. I should not call you a hopeless case by any means."

The lady looked gratified. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "if you could only make me beautiful I would give you anything I possess."

"I shall not require much," said the alchemist; "only if you take my famous pellets you must observe the rules that go with them. I never take a patient who is not willing to follow exactly the instructions I lay down."

"Ah," said the lady, "did you ever see a woman who was not willing to go through fire and water to become beautiful? I will try your pellets, and I promise to abide by the rules."

"Very well, then," returned the old man. "Come tonight at sunset, and I will have a jar of them prepared for you, and the rules written down. Here is a rose off the lucky rose bush to take home with you."

The lady went away and all day long her mind dwelt upon the alchemist's words. Promptly at sunset she appeared at the little cottage and received from the old man a small white earthen jar, filled with brown pellets, that smelled like dried rose leaves.

"These pellets," he said, "are very powerful. Taken in the right manner they promote good health and the best of digestion. You may begin by taking one each hour in the day—omitting them at night; but be sure to remember this. Whenever you place a pellet upon your tongue you must have your mind free from evil thought. You must not feel angry, malicious or envious; on the contrary, you must smile and be good tempered. It is of the highest importance that you smile and feel pleasant; otherwise the pellets will do you no earthly good. The secret of their charm is the manner in which you take them. After you have swallowed a pellet, place your hand before your eyes and concentrate your mind upon the pleasantest thought you can summon up. A very efficacious thought," continued the old man, "is to plan some good you can do to another. I have written down these rules which I now give to you. I promise, if you follow my instructions, that at the end of one year, you will not only have become a beautiful woman, but a happy woman. When the pellets are gone, come and report to me. I will give you more."

Next morning the rich woman awoke feeling very ill-natured. Beside her bed stood a maid with the jar of pellets. "Here my mistress, is your medicine," she said.

The lady remembered the old man's warning and tried to smile. She tried again and again but to no better purpose. She grew so cross over her failure that she sat up in bed and scolded the maid for some trifling neglect, until the tears came into that poor domestic's eyes.

"I shall be obliged to wait until after breakfast before I take a pellet," thought the lady to herself; but the meal did not please her; so she threatened to dismiss the cook, and fell into such a temper that finally she shut herself up in her boudoir and determined to have it out.

She took a pellet from the jar and laid it upon the table. "Now," said she, "I will fight it out. I fear, that taking these pellets will not prove such an easy matter after all. Can it be I am such an unpleasant person that I find it hard work to smile and to feel good tempered?"

Presently, her eyes fell upon the rose from the "lucky rosebush," which she had placed in a silver vase upon the mantel. "How beautiful that rose is," she thought. In a moment her ill temper was gone; she smiled and swallowed the pellet. She put her hand over her eyes and tried to think of some good act she could do. Nothing presented itself, unless it was to give the maid the half holiday which she had been longing for.

She called her and said: "Letty, you may go home for a half day."

The maid was so pleased and thanked her so gratefully that her mistress felt quite repaid.

However when night came, the lady found she had taken but three pellets in all the day. She had found it impossible to feel good tempered oftner than that.

Next day she tried again; but it did seem as if the hours just flew by; it was always time to take a pellet. "At this rate," she told herself, "I shall never have any time to be ill tempered." She felt herself like a soldier, ever on the battlefield, fighting against evil jealousy and malice.

Her foes seemed so strong and so able to cope with her good resolutions, that she began to fear she should not take all the pellets in the jar, during her lifetime; but she was a resolute woman, and having undertaken to "overcome," she kept at it. Then it really did seem as if every pellet helped her. At the end of a week she thought her skin looked a shade less sallow and (did she imagine it?) the corners of her mouth had lost a little of the droop. Once in a while she caught herself smiling between medicine time.

Now a wonderful change began to work in this woman's surroundings. She first noticed it in her servants; they became more attentive, more eager to serve her, and she felt herself beginning to sympathize with their troubles and little trials in a manner quite foreign to herself.

Before this, the flowers in her garden had often run to seed. (She had so many of them.) It had never occurred to her to give them away; but now, she found it so convenient when she took a pellet, to think of a sick or poor person who would enjoy having some flowers. Then when her fruit was ripe, she sent it forth to gladden others, and yet there was more than enough left. "Why I do believe," she thought, "giving away only increases one's abundance."

One day, as she was taking a pellet, an idea suddenly struck her. "There are a great many people I meet that do not need my gifts; now why can't I smile on them and give them a good thought?" She was so pleased with this idea that the pellet slipped gently down her throat, almost before she knew it.

She rode out that afternoon and all the people she met she smiled upon and gave them a good thought. She was surprised to see how kindly they looked at her.

At the end of two months she went to the old alchemist's. "I've taken the last pellet," she said, "and I want some more. Why ,I feel like a new woman. I never knew before there was so much pleasure in life."

"And you begin to look like a new woman," said the old man. "Only take my pellets for a year, and I'll guarantee you will be made over."

At the end of six months people began to talk of the change in their rich neighbor. Isn't it strange," they said, "we used to think her such a plain, ill-tempered woman! but now we've gotten acquainted with her we think her beautiful! She smiles so pleasantly when she passes one, and somehow you feel as if she were thinking good about you."

These compliments began to reach the ears of the rich lady. She looked into her mirror and found satisfaction. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks rosy and her mouth curved with a smile.

"Oh, those wonderful pellets!" she cried. "How can I ever repay that old man?"

At last the year was up. So much had happened to the lady that she could scarcely believe it was she who had once been counted plain and ill-tempered. Happiness and joy had come into her life and love; for a prince among men had wooed and won her.

"It is not for my wealth, you would wed me?" she asked tremulously. And he replied: "No; it is for very love of you. You are so sweet and beautiful. You do not give the world frowns but smiles; and smiles are what we all need, dearest."

In her joy that night she drove to the alchemist's cottage.

The old man met her.

"The year is up," she said, "and your wonderful medicine has brought me everything to be desired. As you told me, I am no longer plain and sad I feel joyous and young. It is no longer an effort for me to smile, or to plan good for others. I will take your pellets as long as I live. Come, tell me what I can do to repay you?"

"Do?" said the old man smiling; "Oh, you can bring me down a rosebud or two for my business is increasing.

"The pellets you took were only dried rose leaves from the lucky rosebush. You seasoned them with your smiles, dear lady, overcame your ill temper. When evil is really vanquished, (it is a law of the universe), good always surrounds us. You have fought a grand battle and overcome the enemy."

"Oh, to think, "said the lady as she rode homeward; "Every woman in the world might take dried rose leaf pellets and learn to smile—and to be happy."

MARY E. STONE BASSETT,
Carbondale, Pa.

NOTES OF A HAPPY SUMMER TRIP.

(By Mrs. William Connell.)

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
like the rooks that round them throng."

One who visits Nuremburg cannot but be reminded of Longfellow's sweet memorial of the ancient city, so full is it of the relics and memories of the past. We of America felt strangely new and unlearned in the lore of the world as we walked the narrow streets and gazed at the towers so old that even the sky and the sunshine seemed young. The spell of other centuries settle upon us as we climbed the staircases of the grim old castle, within which still remain in horrid silence the awful relics of medieval torture—the spiked cradle, the cruel chair, and the devices of inquisition,such as turned the brain with faintness and made us glad to rush out into the light and warmth of the August day.

Bright indeed was the contrast in seeking the memorials of Albrecht Durer and dear old Hans Sachs, whose memories seemed youthful compared with the old city.

• • •

It seemed to us that nowhere was the sunshine so bright, the earth so green as in Switzerland. We shall never forget the loveliness of the valleys, the brilliance of the skies and the glory of the mountains. The scrupulous neatness of the plots about the little chalets, the marvelous industry of the people and the never ending splendor of the scenery made us believe Switzerland the most fascinating foreign land we visited.

We expected to find swarms of goats; at least flocks of them, and began looking to see them clambering up impossible precipices and feeding at miraculous angles as soon as we crossed the Swiss borders. But we all decided that more goats could be seen every time we went through Pine Brook, in dear old Scranton, than in all the realm of goats—the famous Switzerland of our dreams.

It was in Geneva that an overwhelming desire for pie attacked one of our number, and it was in a Geneva street, in the broad light of day, when that particular person was seen munching a strange looking tart, the nearest approach to the great American pie that could be procured by another member of the party, who had previously stipulated that it must be devoured in public.

• • •

The pleasantest recollection of Germany is that glorious day on the Rhine. The castles were tumble down enough to satisfy the most romantic. The river was blue as the skies and the ivy over the crumbling walls on the banks was as green as our dreams of ivy mantled castles could possibly be. Down the stream came numberless crafts of every sort, and from the mastheads were flung the flags of nations—the Union Jack, the tri-color of France, the German eagles, and even the Roman pennant fluttered in the summer breeze. The scene made our pulses leap, but they quickly subsided as we eagerly scanned the gay processional and saw no stars and stripes. There were beautiful flags, silken and brilliant, but alas! no American Banner drifted down the current. We were homesick at once, and one of our party hurriedly turned her face aside, almost to hide the tears of disappointment. Just then another of our number nearly fell overboard in wild enthusiasm, for there, far above the finest boat on the Rhine, floated the red, white and blue, our bonnie, bonnie flag. Perhaps we did not cheer!

• • •

But after all, the greenness of the earth that rivals a Swiss valley, fed by the glacier streams of the great mountain peaks; the clearness of the sky that outshines that of France; the loveliness of scenery that equals Italian beauty, are found in the little country dear to many a Scrantonian's heart—the Wales of the Welshman. The beautiful quiet country places, the noble trees and the splendid mountains leave pictures never to be effaced from the mind.

Cardiff, Caernavon, Bettws-y-coed. What memories they leave with the visitor.

ANNIE LAWRENCE CONNELL.

THE PAZZI CAR.

Florence is the city of legends. Music you may find in Naples and history in Rome, but the last graceful touch that gives such an indescribable charm to the "City of Flowers" is the story that clings to every spire and dome, campanile and quaint gateway, while the frowning palaces on each narrow street are peopled with ghosts of the by-gone days. We are all but "children of a larger growth" and nothing is dearer to our hearts than the fable which begins, "once upon a time." It is this, which throws such a glamour of romance over all the highways and byways of this mediaeval town and puts a gilded halo on the heads of imps and hobgoblins as well as of saints and meek-eyed Madonnas. For these legends are so nearly history as to give rise to quaint old customs and ceremonies, so that no one cares whether they are true, so long as they are picturesque.

There is one narrow street in Florence that always fills one with longing "for the wings of a dove," not for flying away, but for soaring upward, where the facades of the tall old palaces show such a bewildering array of Medici balls, Strozzi crescents and Pazzi dolphins, where there are such hosts of sculptured bats and demons, vases of fire and garlands of stones, shrines and escutcheons, that to pass on the pavement below and look up, is like taking a hasty glance thro' a book of fairy tales. Not far from

DANTE'S HOME,

or the court where on that lovely May day he first saw Beatrice, begins this famous "Via degli Albruzzi." No part of the city is richer in legends. Here is the great palace called for three hundred years the "Unfinished," with its tale of a demon builder—here is the "House of the Ugly Face," and the vast pile of the Alessandri, with their double headed sheep as watch dog—here is the tablet of the famous miracle of Saint Zenobi, whose prayer restored a dead child to life, in passing which the newly made bishops, going in procession to the cathedral, always walked barefoot, but above all, here are the great palaces of the Pazzi, to which all the city makes a pilgrimage once a year. The whole street once belonged to this, the wealthiest of the Florentine families, but the name is best known by "Pazzi Corner," where the famous car comes on Easter Eve to fire off its last bombs. Wealth and fashion have deserted the street now, but its romantic charm will never fade; what although a Swiss baker has set up his ovens in the smaller Pazzi palace and a tailor sells his cloth in the larger; what although the "Unfinished" now harbors telegraph operators instead of goblins; the bats over the windows and the dolphins above the doors are as "cinquecento" as ever and smile serenely at men's efforts to tarnish their fame. The Medici have left their name stamped forever on Florence and Florentine art, but their great rivals, the Pazzi, have joined theirs to a strange mediaeval ceremony that will keep it bright in peoples' memories as long as the city lasts. It is a tale of the First Crusade, and like other legends, has had time to take on many phrases. As we just heard it, it ran thus: "In 1099 a Florentine of the name of Raniero led 2,500 Tuscans to support Godfrey de Bouillon in his attempt to recover the Holy Land. Raniero planted the first Christian standard on the walls of Jerusalem, and in requital Godfrey permitted him to carry back to Florence a light kindled at the sacred fire on the Saviour's tomb.

Raniero started on horseback to return home, but finding that the wind, as he rode, would soon extinguish the light, he changed his position and sitting with his face to the horse's tail, conveyed the sacred relic safely to Florence. As he passed along all who met him called out that he was pazzo, or "mad," and thence arose the family name of the Pazzi. The light was placed in the church of San Biagio and ever since on Saturday in Passion Week, a coal, which is kindled there, is borne on the Carroccio to the Canto del Pazzi before it is taken to the cathedral and in both places an artificial dove, symbolical of the Holy Spirit, by some mechanical contrivance, is made to light a lamp before the sacred image at this corner and on the high altar of the cathedral."

Other authorities will tell you that besides the torch he brought from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, some pieces of flint stone from Christ's tomb, the gift of Godfrey de Bouillon, for his great progess, and these stones were also deposited in San Biagio. When this was dismantled, they were moved to the oldest church in Florence, the Santissini Apostoli, where they are kept to this day. Here in the Holy of Holies are treasured those small irregular bits of flint, which on the morning of Holy Saturday are carried in state to the cathedral. In memory of this, over the windows of the Pazzi palace and on the capitals of the pillars in this once beautiful courtyard are garlands of stones and vases of fire, guarded by dolphins and busts of Pazzi, long since dead, in circular niches framed in triple rows of egg-shaped stones.

For hundreds of years, the fires throughout the whole city were extinguished on Holy Saturday and the archbishop taking these sacred stones, struck from them a new fire, which was carried to all the dwellings, each family sending a member to the church with a torch, a "facellina" or little candle to be kindled. Gradually there came to be great contentions as to who should get the first spark from the altar, and when in 1399 a Pazzi was the victor, the family went mad with joy. They made a grand festival, and year after year celebrated the anniversary, until they had made it one of the grand ceremonies of the year. A great car was built, and, laden with fireworks, it was drawn to the cathedral door, where it was lighted by an artificial dove sent down from the High Altar, and after most of the bombs were exploded the car was taken to Pazzi's Corner, where the rest were sent off. Curiously enough there arose a superstition among the peasants that the flight of this dove was a prophecy of the year's harvest. If it went straight, there were to be good crops, but if, like many a naughty American pin-wheel, it stuck fast, woe to the unhappy contadino! He had little to hope from that summer's work.

On the morning of Holy Saturday this spring, as we crossed the cathedral square, there in the brilliant sunshine stood the famous "Car," a vast construction, about thirty feet high, of dark brown wood, its wheels hidden by a brown curtain, adorned with the Florentine lily. On top were the Pazzi dolphins, standing on their heads for joy, and supporting by their tails a crown, above which was what looked to be a circular chandelier, containing the fireworks. There were other brackets with bombs about the lower part and over all the sides were strung the national colors, red white and green tissue papers, cut in scalloped pieces about as large as your hand. Just such as you may see strung on many a restaurant chandelier to keep away the flies. The car stood in the open space midway between the Baptistery and the cathedral, the great western doors of which were wide open. Fastened to the car was a rope, stretched about a dozen feet from the ground, which went into the church and up the whole length of the nave to the High Altar. It was only supported once, just at the edge of the altar steps, where it rested on a pillar, on which, with a ladder, the emblem of the Passion had been placed there on Good Friday. Now as Santa Maria del Fiore is 556 feet long, the "columbina," or little dove had no mean journey before him. They had made an aisle in the church directly under the rope by placing three rows of chairs, facing three other rows, with a space of six feet between. Otherwise the great empty nave was filled with a crowd of peasants, standing silent and anxious, with care written in every line of their faces, watching eagerly for the flight of the dove. It was about a quarter before twelve. The procession, which had first gone across to the Baptistery to bestow the yearly blessing on the font where all Florentine babies are baptized, now returning entered the great doorway and passed up the aisle—archbishop, priests and acolytes all dressed in faded old purple vestments, ancient enough to have been an offering from the very first Pazzi. It went slowly up to the high altar and mass began, when just as the "Gloria in Excelsis" was reached, the clock struck twelve, and with a sharp crack like the explosion of a bomb, down the rope came the columbina, scattering a shower of sparks. He sped straight through the open door, touched the car, then turned and flew back to the altar. So rapid was his flight that all one could see was a white form like a bird outlined against the glittering sparks. It was a picturesque sight, the vast, dark church, with its beautiful rose-color and golden windows, the tall candles blazing at the altar, far away the sunlight shining on the great doorway and bringing out its wonderful marbles—everywhere within and without the patient, anxious throng of watchers, and at last this fleeting vision of fire. There came a heavy booming sound and one by one all the bombs on the car exploded, the little wheel on top revolving and the red, white and green papers flying in the breeze. Oh! what a din it made! Shut in between the buildings the sound was intensified until it seemed as if Santa Maria, with all her statues and mosaics, as well as the "gates of Paradise" across the way, were all going skyward together. They must be made of stern stuff to stand this every year for centuries. The din outside was great, but the din inside was greater, for had not the dove flown straight as an arrow, and such smiles of delight, such faces of ecstasy and such a babel of sound arose! Out of the door they all went in a mad rush to congratulate the crowd ouside and the mass was left to take care of itself. After a short time large white oxen, with gilded horns and gay placques of flowers on their heads and brilliant trappings, were yoked to the car and it passed, creaking and groaning around the corner, seeming every minute as if it would topple over, but determined while there was life in it to honor the Pazzi. Down the street it traveled on its way to the old palace, where it blew up the rest of its bombs to the great delight of the dolphins on the facade, which are in a perpetual grin of joy. This is not the original car for many have been worn out in the service, but as one by one they have crumbled to dust, they have handed on their glories to a successor. The whole ceremony is paid for out of a Pazzi legacy, so that they will probably do this as long as time shall last. We went to pay our parting respects to the car at its little house, for it owns a mansion, where it spends the 364 days of its retirement from the world. Up near the quaint old gateway, the Porta del Prato, you will find wedged in between other houses, a queer looking building of stucco. It comes nearly to the top of the second story windows of the Corsini Palace, its near neighbor, and has for a front great wooden doors like a barn opening, one above the other, so that the car need never stoop its proud head. They are painted gray and as we looked across the wide Pia del Prato, the lower ones seemed ornamented with pictures. Trusting to find something heraldic, or at least mediaeval, we crossed for a nearer view and found

"Buy the Columbia Bicycle
The Best in the whole World."

Shades of the Pazzi! To what base uses are ye come?

HELEN MACARTNEY.
Florence, April 10, 1896.

About the Right Size.

"Haven't you made Mr. Bulger's portrait a good deal more than life-size?" said one artist to another.

"Perhaps. You see, that's as big as he thinks he is."—Tid-Bits.

IN EVANGELINE'S LAND.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minos.
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre' lay in the fruitful valley."

• • •

The most interesting part of Nova Scotia, the spot where the quintessence of her charm lies, is the region about Grand-Pre', the district immortalized by Longfellow.

The spirit of the poet still pervades this part of the country, even the engines on the Dominion Atlantic railroad bear the names of Gabriel, St. Eulalie and Basil. The little steamer on the Minas Basin, is named Evangeline, and the charming shore of Long Island is known as Evangeline Beach.

The most popular headquarters for visitors and one of the most attractive summer resorts is Wolfville. This pretty little town lies on one side of the ridge which divides the valleys of the Gaspereau and the Cornwallis. Embowered in apple orchards, facing the restless Minos Basin,sentinelled by majestic Blomidon, where the "sea fogs pitched their tents and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended," it combines the charms of seashore and pastoral beauty. The air has an invigorating quality which is ignorant of malaria and guiltless of hay fever. The town is not without its intellectual atmosphere. Here is Acadia College, a Baptist institution for men. The main building bears a strong resemblance to our national capitol. This college maintains a good standing, its graduates entering without examination, the senior class at Harvard. There is a manual training school, and Academy and a Young Ladies' Seminary.

There are several ways by which the distance of three miles between Wolfville and Grand-Pre may be accomplished. By railroad, by carriage and on foot.

The first method accommodates the tourist who wishes to "do" Grand-Pre' in a few hours. He is satisfied with flying glimpses from the car windows, with the few minutes at the station where the courteous officials give all the information possible in so limited a time. So satisfied that he is even unmindful of the irony of the wag who adds to his comments on rapid transit, the kindly suggestion to "look out for Evangeline when the bell rings!" Suppose, however, one visitor to be one not too worldly, whose heart still beats a trifle faster when he steps on soil hallowed by poet's verse and we will stroll with him through the shady lanes on the more attractive of the two roads that lead to Grand-Pre.'

As we ascend the slope to gain the ridge, the beauty of the landscape is spread out before us. A pale green expanse of marshland, the stretches of red beach, which the tide as it retreats, leaves uncovered, the silvery winding of the Gaspereau, the clumps of grey-green willows, the sparkle of the waters of the Basin, now red, purple or green according to the sky and home and the wide-spreading orchards which make famous "the apple lands of Acadia." Imagine the beauty of sixty thousand apple trees in blossom on one place.

Then the more tangible charms of the wayside. In few places has nature scattered her gifts with more lavish hand, Emerson's "worst wounds" would have been here quickly cured by "a wildr ose or a rock loving columbine," only the columbines are a little more domestic in their tastes. They are found usually by the fences and often hanging around, so to speak, the homesteads, from whose gardens they no doubt escaped. They are of all colors, pale pink, rose color, purple, pale lavender, white and blue, larger than ours and frequently double. The wild rose is larger, of many shades of pink and of delicious fragrance, and the sweet brier, with Aldrich we wonder "What mortal knows whence come the tint and odor of the rose." Hue in the shade is a bit of charming carpeting made by the dainty foliage of the wood sorrel and there are banks of partridge vine perfuming the air with its delicate odor. In the enjoyment of Nature's largess he almost fought, we are on an historical pilgrimage until we find ourselves at the quaint old church of the Covenanters, which was built by the settlers who came to replace the banished Acadians. Of course,t his building has nothing to do with Evangeline's times, but it is the oldest edifice in this locality. It is small, has the old box pews, a sounding board and such a very high pulpit that as some one suggested, the minister could easily in laying down his notes, mistake the railing of the gallery for the top of his desk. Now we reach our goal. It is nearly literally true that "naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre'!" Still there are to be found some traces of French occupation. The modern village stands back a little on the hillside, but the station is very nearly in the heart of the village, where the Acadians lived and loved. Some years ago a well was discovered by some gold digger, which is now known as Evangeline's well. It is to be regretted that instead of the graceful sweep with its moss-grown bucket, the well is incongrouously fitted up with a modern, bright red pump.

Nearby the foundations of a building supposed to be the chapel where the Acadians were imprisoned, have been discovered, and here, too, we locate by the finding of tools, the smithy of Basil. Just beyond is the long line of French willows that marks the single street. Old and gnarled are the willows! Had we the ears of Melampus or could we like Rhoecus of old some service render what might we not learn from these willows of Evangeline and her people!

The story of the great tragedy needs no repetition, but while we yield ourselves to the pathos of the poet it is well to keep undistorted the history point of view. One should take his Parkman as well as his Longfellow to Evangeline's land.

It is not only in song and story that the Arcadians survive. An interesting monument to their patient, unceasing toil remains in the wide, rich meadows which stretch like a pale green island across the country. These lands were all reclaimed from the sea. Here the waters of Minos have a rise and fall of fifty feet, and these mighty tides were fenced into their channels by the long rampart of dikes. Eternal vigilance is the price of this possession and today the land owner works as did the Frenchmen nearly two hundred years ago.

LOUISE H. C. BUELL.

RESURGAM.

I enter my garden this fair May day,
And I find a rose that last year gave
Of beauty and fragrance a wealth of joy,
Though long it lay in its winter grave.
Oh, glad is the flower that cheers the sight,
And graces the wakening days of spring,
Which sends the world with its golden light,
And sets the fields ablossoming.

I gaze at the rose in my garden fair,
And my thoughts fly upward towards the sky,
Where faith reveals a garden rare,
Perennial in its ecstasy.
I walk the lanes where my dear ones lie,
Like flowers asleep in the Winter's gloom,
And my garden rose is a prophecy,
And a halo is spread above the tomb.

GRACE NIVEN.
Wilkes-Barre, May 12, 1896.

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A GIRL'S ADVICE ON FLOWER GARDENING.

What to Plant and How, By a Practical Florist.

When the bright sunshine days of spring come and Dame Nature is attiring herself in all the fashionable shades of green, then it is that the heart of all womankind plunges deeply into the intricacies of cleaning and renovating, and in these days her thoughts do not confine themselves to the interior of her domain, but extend to the exterior as well, for wise woman that she is, she is well aware that no matter how beautiful the architecture of her house may be, it is indeed a barren and forlorn looking place without the refining and softening effect of vines and flowers about it.

If wealth reigns in the home the solution of her problem is an easy one; all she has to do is to go to her favorite florist, issue an order for her flowers and for a man to come and trim, prune, plant, transplant, weed, etc., etc., then she can enjoy the results; or if not satisfactory, can relieve her mind by scolding the florist; but, to the majority of women the question looms forth with a more difficult aspect, and it is to this majority these few hints are addressed.

THE WOMAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

If you cannot hire your work done, you can at least do it yourself, with the occasional helping hand of the sometimes useful man, useful even in these days of advanced woman—and you will find an enjoyment, one too that will add to your health in cultivating your flowers, besides the added charm to their beauty and fragrance will be all the greater from your close association with them.

First, take into consideration the amount of ground you will have to use and all the spots and nooks you wish brightened, then carefully select the flowers that will be suited to the different places. Beware of attempting too much. A few varieties well grown and cared for are much more effective than a heterogenous mass of a little of everything, which will result in not much of anything. Don't make the mistake of taking a seed catalogue and selecting all the flowers with long names, accompanied by highly colored representations, for in some cases they grow to

A FAR BETTER DEGREE ON PAPER.

than they do in nature, and in other cases they require the care of an experienced gardener with the aid of glass to bring them to perfection; so be content with the old-fashioned flowers of our grandmothers, which, like the grandmothers themselves, are tried and true and you will be sure of success, that is provided you don't think that all you have to do is to plant the seed and your work ends there. Your garden will need a constant daily care, it is not the fitful work of hours or a day once in two or three weeks, that makes a success of anything, much less a garden, it is the moments spent every day that will bring the results.

WHAT TO PLANT.

Now a few words as to your choice of flowers. Of course you will want sweet peas, their variety of color and fairylike blossoms making them a general favorite, these can be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground, up to the last of May, and by keeping the blossoms well cut, not allowing any seed pods to form, you will have flowers until frost comes. Plant thickly in a trench about six or seven inches deep, in good rich soil, covering at first to the depth of about two inches, then as they grow you can gradually fill up the trench until the roots are the six inches below the surface and your vines are insured against dying out with the first hot weather. The wire netting purchased at any hardware store will afford excellent support for them and can be used year after year. Nasturtiums can be sown where you wish them to grow. Plant about two inches deep in a not very rich soil and you will have a wealth of blossoms, which with their delicate green leaves form an excellent cut flower for your house, filling it with a spicy odor. For another vine the morning glory is too well known to need any mention. In the remainder of your garden you can have verbenas, whose bright colors against the deep green leaves, form a bed of Persian effect. Phlox,both star and drummonde, marguerites, carnations, dianthus, pinks, these deserve special mention for a packet of mixed seeds will prove a daily surprise to you in the variety of blossoms and coloring, lasting until fall, and with a light covering will stand our winters, welcoming you in the spring. Asters you will need for late blossoms, coming when your summer flowers have gone. Calendulas, marigolds, zinnas will each give you a brightness that will prove as attractive in its way as the more delicate blossoms. Poppies, with their reminders of Oriental glories, in their gorgeous colors; pansies, whose bright little faces are well known and loved, can be given a shady little nook; nicotiana, with its tall spikes of graceful fragrant white flowers, opening in the afternoon, must not be forgotten, for they are delightful cut for evening use, being then at their perfection.

Mignonette, sweet alyssum and lobelia will be needed for bordering. Cosmoss, candy tuft, stocks balsams, petunias and many others can be added to this list, the only question being that of room.

SEED SOWING.

And now a few words as to the sowing of seeds. So many failures are laid to poor seed, which probably were the result of too deep planting. A very satisfactory way is to pulverize the soil where the seed is to be planted as finely as possible, making a surface smooth and free from lumps of dirt. On this sow your seed; have at hand more fine dirt, this scatter lightly over the seed, just covering the finest and the larger from an eighth to a half inch, then pack the soil down firmly to prevent the rains from washing, which would result were the dirt left loose.

To transplant take a cloudy day, if you can, and when the plants have three or four leaves, choose the place where they are to grow, and having loosened and softened the soil, make a hole the depth you wish to put the plant and fill it to the top with water, into this miniature well put the plant and firmly pack the earth around it. Plants set out in this way, and it applies to large ones equally as well, do not readily wilt, even where the sun comes out upon them, although it is better to protect them with a light covering and you will find this plan wonderfully successful.

The most arduous part of your work is now done, the most required will be a vigilant watch over the weeds, a weekly loosening of the soil about the plants, to give them the benefit of fresh air and the dews, refreshing them with plenty of water during the dry season, and your work and care will be amply rewarded by the attractiveness of your surroundings and the pleasure you will have in not alone enjoying them yourself, but in the contributions you can make in brightening the paths of others less fortunate than you, who, perhaps, have no homes to beautify. Don't be afraid to cut and give, the more you cut the more you will have. Flowers are very typical of unselfishness.

They will, also, doubtless prove a magnet to the various small urchins, promenading our streets and they too will probably make many a demand for. "Please missus, gimme a flower," or may astonish you, as one did a lady, who, in response to a ring, opened the door and was confronted with the request, "Please, ma'am, will you give me some flowers to put on a corpse what's dead."

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ARBUTUS.

Ere thou fadest, Queen of Spring,
I'll tell thee why thy blossoms bring
Such grief that never bloom of thine,
Can cheer this aching heart of mine,
And though thy fragrance freights the air,
Naught comes to me but blank despair.

For one bright day in sunny May,
When birds sang sweetest roundelay,
And Spring, from out her burial place,
Had hastened forth with wondrous grace,
My dear one lay in coffined bed,
With thy sweet blossoms round him spread.

And now its web arbutus weaves,
And lovers find thee 'neath the leaves
And forests feel thy fragrant breath;
—I think not of thee, but of death.
And yet as thou didst sleep and wake
My love may live at morning's break.

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