THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'.

BY AUSTON DOBSON.

The ladies of St. James'
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James'
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at Ombre,
With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
She dons her russet gown
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James',
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and forge,
When breezes blow at morning
Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James',
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
Their red it never dies;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her color comes and goes
It trembles to a lily,
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James',
With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"
They season all their speeches
(They come from noble blood);
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are sweet, as after rain-drops,
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James',
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds;
They frown on you for weeks;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove tide unto Shrove tide
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! My Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James',
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

The Fate of "Miss Booth's Tea-Caddy."

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

I.

"Are there any letters, Miss Parfitt?" said Helen Chauncey as she entered that lady's sitting-room, which served also as United States post-office for the hamlet of Judea.

"There's only one for you, but that's big enough to last some time," said the post-mistress, going to the cupboard with glass doors, behind which instead of old china, were rows of letters and papers that waited, it sometimes happened, a long time to be called for.

The letter certainly was big enough for two, but it did not seem to please Miss Chauncey, who recognized her own handwriting in the address.

"The thinner they are, the better I like them generally," said she, smiling somewhat sadly, and she took the letter and left the post-office. Just outside, she was joined by her friend, Sarah Adams, who had been waiting for her.

"Any news from 'Miss Booth's Tea-Caddy?'" asked the latter as she came out.

"Oh, yes, the usual thing. It has played the role of Noah's dove, once more. I think I'll wring its neck, this time."

"Don't be rash, dear. How many times have you sent it out?"

"This makes the tenth."

"Well, didn't you send your sonnet out every month last year?"

"Yes, on the *first* of every month, beginning with New Year's Day, and it was accepted January first of this year. But that was merely a series of coincidences ending with a happy one, by way of climax. Besides, this is a story and has less chance. Why, even the *People's Magazine* refused it."

They had been walking toward home as they talked. Helen and her friend were neighbors in the sparsely-settled hill town of Judea, Connecticut. What success Helen had already achieved was attributable, in a large degree, to the helpful hopefulness of Sarah, who not only played the part of a critic, and a sensible one at that, but when Helen was inclined to faint by the way which was not seldom, encouraged her to renewed efforts.

"Have you tried *Le Siecle*?"

"Mercy, no! if the *People's* won't have it, why should I hope that *Le Siecle* would find it available?"

"Simply because some people don't know a good thing when they see it, while others do. Anyway, it will cost you but four cents to try, and think if *they* should take it!"

"Oh! Sarah, *if* they should! I don't suppose I would speak to anyone for a week, I'd be *so* set up and so encouraged."

By this time they had reached the gateway of Sarah's house.

"Promise me, dear, that you'll send it there," said Sarah.

"Very well, but if it comes back *again*, I'll try the virtue of fire. And what's more, I'll never write another word."

"Time enough to think of that when it *does* come back. Good night and good luck to it."

II.

Mr. Brant, of *Le Siecle Magazine*, just finished looking over a batch of MSS., a few, a very few of which he had laid aside to be considered. He leaned back in his chair and stretched, and just then John brought in another pile of MSS.

"Oh, dear, will they never stop," he yawned, with an appealing look at the clock. "Well, that's what I'm here for, so here goes, and running his paper cutter through the first envelope, he drew forth a typed story, entitled "Miss Booth's Tea-Caddy."

"Antique and horrible, I suppose," said he, beginning to read it. In a few minutes he had finished it. He rose and went to a door opening upon an inner room. "Come," said he, "this story is refreshing. Read it, and I think you'll accept it at once."

Mr. Cone took the MS., and read it through rapidly.

"That's a capital story," he said, when he had made an end of it. "Who is she?"

"Never heard of her before. Maybe it's a discovery. 'Helen Chauncey;' no, I never heard the name before. She may be a big six-foot backwoodsman—a sort of Charles Egbert Craddock reversed, for all I know. Anyway, she writes good stuff—although I think that she would better modify the dialect a little—for the sake of our long-suffering readers."

"Yes, the dialect *is* too broad. Maybe, on the whole, you'd better hold it over for a second judgment," said Mr. Cone, handing the MS. back.

III.

Sarah Adams had been out driving with Nellie Lester, an old schoolmate of hers, and stopped at the post-office for any letter that there might be for her or her near neighbors.

There was nothing for her, but there was a letter, somewhat bulky for Helen."

"Poor child," said Sarah to her friend, as she took her seat in the carriage. "Helen's story has come back from *Le Siecle*."

"How do you know?"

"Oh! she's marked a small S on the corner of the envelope."

"Well, I think they were *real mean* not to take it. She read it to me the other day, and I think it's just as good as lots of stories they print. She has *quantities* of talent; had when she was at school, for that matter; you know her compositions used to be always read aloud."

"Of course she has talent, but the poor girl has no push. I wish," continued Sarah, "I could open it and send it somewhere else. I'm afraid she will destroy it. She said that she would if it came back again."

"Surely she wouldn't be so foolish," said Nellie. "I'll persuade her to send it somewhere else."

They were now at the gateway of the Chauncey place. Nellie alighted and took the letter, intending to give it to Helen. She could not find her in the house, so she laid it on the dinner table, and went out of the side door to look in the garden for her. As she stepped out, Helen came in from the kitchen. Her eyes fell on the letter lying upon the table. She picked it up, felt its bulkiness, and saw the S in the corner.

"Dear me," she sighed, "Sarah must have brought it. I'm glad she didn' stay to try and stop me from doing what I've made up my mind to, and she weighed the letter in her hand absently. She had not even enough curiosity to open the envelope for the purpose of ascertaining the particular form of rejection adopted by *Le Siecle*. Whether it was the curt "We cannot use this," which was the way in which some daily papers returned MSS., or the elaborate and highly courteous form in use in some Boston sanctums, it did not interest her to find out. She went to her desk, took out the original of her story, and carried it and the fat and unopened envelope into the kitchen. There she lifted a stove lid and placed her manuscript where it was available—as fuel.

The fire was low, and the flames had scarcely begun to blacken the envelope, or to curl up the original manuscript, when Sarah Adams entered the room, followed by Nellie.

"Hallo, you *are* here. Nellie couldn't find you. What *are* you doing? You *silly* child!" said she, all in a breath, and, with a quick movement, she snatched the envelope out of the fire, burning her fingers as she did so. The original MS. was left to its fate.

"I couldn't save the other, so you'll have to copy it again," she said, adding, as Helen looked indisposed to do her bidding, "You'll have to, you know, to pay me for burning my fingers. And if you don't send your story out again, I'll—" and Sarah looked dissolution of friendship, life-long enmity, "Malice for all, and charity toward none," at one and the same time.

Helen sighed, "Oh, what's the use?" taking the charred envelope from her friend, and picking it to pieces. The manuscript was scarcely smoked, and the type-written form of rejection was entirely uninjured.

"Let's see how they reject, Helen," said Nellie, who had been an interested spectator of the proceedings.

Helen opened the letter and read:

Office of *Le Siecle*, July 9, '92.

Miss Helen Chauncey,

Dear Madam:—

We like your story "Miss Booth's Tea-Caddy," and if you will simplify the spelling of the dialect, which is good, but a little too good, will be pleased to accept it for the magazine.

We return the MS. for your revision. If satisfactory to you, we will send you our publishers' check for fifty dollars.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD A. BRYANT,
Asst. Editor.
—*The Whole Family.*

The Exiled Eugenia.

Upon her first visit to Paris Eugenie's beauty was ravishing. She was likened to a snow-flake on a July day; like the fairy-like mist that hangs over Niagara; like all that is purest, freshest, loveliest in nature was the impression that she produced upon people. Once at a great ball she was clad entirely in white, of the fleeciest, gauziest, mistiest description, and with a very simple parrure of emeralds and diamonds glistening in her blonde hair, looping up her transparent sleeves, and shining on her lovely neck, she was as completely a vision of delight as eye ever rested on.

The remainder of the story is known, and her marriage, her reckless extravagance, the war, her downfall and escape, are tales of history told again and again. She encouraged frivolity and spent money more recklessly, perhaps, than any other woman ever did. She was conceded to be the best-dressed woman in the world. Her wardrobe cost $1,000,000, and her jewels were of fabulous value. She spent $10,000 a day for household expenses. It was the age of gold. She undoubtedly was the cause of her own downfall, but she did many kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize the merits of Rosa Bonheur, and it was by her wish that the talented artist was decorated. Her legacy of woe is unmatched by any woman in history. She is all alone. Her jewels have been scattered to the corners of the earth; her crown is torn asunder, and the precious stones are now used to decorate women she never saw. Her steps are dogged by spies when she steals like a housebreaker into beloved Paris. Her beauty and strength have faded. She has waited long for the end.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Irish Duel.

Cornelius O'Dowd, in one of his inimitable essays, tells us that once upon a time in the County of Clare a quarrel occurred in the hunting field between two gentlemen whom we will call Capt. Robins and W. Jones, Esq. Very hot words passed between them. "Let us settle the business at once," cried the Captain; "I have pistols in the house." "Nothing better," said the Squire: "I'm your man." It was at length decided they should fight in the stable-yard at fifteen paces, each man to hold a lantern as a mark for his opponent. "Where are you, you scoundrel?" cried the Captain, when they came out into the yard. "I'm here, you shoeblack," replied the Squire. "Stand out bold," said the Captain. "It's what I'm doing," said the other. "Give the word and no more talking." "Get behind the pump, yer Honor, get behind the pump before you fire," whispered the groom, pulling the Captain of the coat. He did so, and when they blazed away it was the Squire who got it, and it was more than three months before he could get out again. Apropos of this duel in the dark there is a beautiful but pathetic anecdote of two men, the one a "kind man" and the other a "timid man," who, finding themselves unhappily bound to fight, chose the dark-room duel. The "kind man" had to fire first, and not wishing to hurt his adversary groped his way to the chimney-piece and placing the muzzle of the pistol straight up the chimney pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell, down came his adversary, the "timid man," who had selected that fatal hiding-place.—Leeds Mercury.

Genuine volcanic dust has been found in Kansas and the Indian Territory. There is a deposit near Galena, in the Territory, which is said to be many feet in thickness.

Perils of Barbering.

The barber would not ordinarily be thought of as following a particularly perilous occupation, but a barber in Wissahickon, Pa., is lying at the point of death from injuries sustained in the ordinary pursuit of his calling. He accidentally cut his finger very slightly while shaving a customer. The next gentleman wanted his mustache dyed. The barber got some of the dye in his wound and blood-poisoning ensued.

The New Bread.

Attention is called to the new method of making bread of superior lightness, finness and wholesomeness without yeast, a receipt for which is given elsewhere in this paper. Even the best bread makers will be interested in this. To every reader who will try this, and write the result to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, New York, that company will send in return, free, a copy of the most practical and useful cook book, containing one thousand receipts for all kinds of cooking, yet published. Mention this paper.

A Badly Done Job.

"Hello, parson," said the man who rang the bell. "How are you?"

"Why, how do you do?" was the parson's pleasant greeting. "What! Remember you? Of course I do. You're the young gentleman I married to a charming lady last year, are you not?"

"Yes," said the man, "and that marriage hain't gone just right, either. You see we're divorced, an'——"

"I am very sorry," said the parson. "What can I do to help you? I——"

"Wal," and the man twirled his hat nervously, "I was wonderin' if you wouldn't think you was doin' the square thing if you——"

"Yes?"

"If you gave the money back I paid you for marryin' us!"—Boston News.

"Remember that in Garfield Tea you have an infallible remedy for Indigestion, Sick Headache and every attending ill that an abused stomach can make you suffer. Every druggist sells it. 25c., 50c. and $1.

The turning lathe was invented by T. Blanchard in 1843.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

Wooden pavements were the invention of Nicholson in 1854.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 1015 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

The notation system of writing music was invented in 1070.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye water, Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Silk manufactures were established in Europe in A. D. 550.

WILL WE HAVE CHOLERA?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. THE FIDELITY WALL PAPER CO., of 22 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send 4 two cent stamps for samples.

Though a man fancies that his wit is like cutlery, he makes a mistake if he undertakes to sharpen it by a continual grind.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

A farmer of Millersburg, Ind., was boring for water and struck a four-foot vein of good coal at a depth of only seventy-five feet.

At Cherbourg, France, an electrical canoe is in successful operation. It will run for twelve hours at the rate of nearly eight knots an hour.

The Argand lamp was the invention of Annie Argand in 1789.

11 827

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Made Cypheine is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

ROOT, BARK AND BLOSSOM

The Best Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Remedy. Pains in Back and Limbs, Tired, Dragged Out, Nervous Feeling, Debility and Low Vitality Quickly Cured as well as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Rheumatism or Catarrh. Sample Free for stamps. AGENTS PAID WEEKLY SALARY. $3 box two months' supply; $5 box by mail or at most drug stores. One month's supply 1 pkg. Try It and Be Well. ROOT, BARK & BLOSSOM, Newark, N. J.

FARMS, TIMBER AND MINERAL LANDS New Catalogue sent free upon application Address NICOL, RANSDELL & CO., Manassas, Va

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION

$3 Worth of Hood's

Cured When Others Failed

Salt Rheum or Psoriasis—Severe Case.

Mr. N. J. McCoun
Kingsley, Iowa.

"In 1879 I had an eruption appear on my left leg and arm. Sometimes it would ulcerate and on account of it I was unable to work a great deal of the time. I had even doctors examine and treat me without success. Some called it psoriasis, some eczema, some salt rheum and one knowing one called it prairie itch. All the doctors in the county had a trial but none did me a particle of good. I spent all my spare money trying to get relief. Finally I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After using one and a half bottles I saw the benefit. I have now used the third bottle and am completely cured.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

received more benefit from three dollars' worth of Hood's Sarsaparilla than from the hundreds of dollars paid for advice and other medicine. Any one suffering from skin trouble will surely get relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla." N. J. McCOUN, Kingsley, Iowa.

We Know This To Be True

"We know Mr. N. J. McCoun; saw his leg and arm before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and know he was terribly afflicted; now he is cured."
E. H. BANKS, Druggists, D. A. OLTMANN,
J. P. GASPAR, R. B. ELLIS
C. C. BARUER, Kingsley, Iowa.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Gladstone's Politeness.

It is suggested that because a bare head is dangerous to many people the showing of reverence and respect at grave sides in this way should be abandoned. The danger is exaggerated, and the custom need not be followed by those to whom it is harmful. But there are many who think it would be better to adopt the Mussulman custom at once, and fully, than to suggest that in all outdoor functions men may be covered. One who would never submit to such a rule of irreverence is Mr. Gladstone, who is quite fearless of being without his hat. Addressing his constituents in the open air, or passing through streets crowded in his honor, or at the grave of a friend, Mr. Gladstone is always uncovered. In fact, he would just as soon be without a hat altogether, except in sunshine. This is partly constitutional and partly due to his habit as a woodman. A good woodman rarely wears a hat at work; the movement of the ax would shake it off.—London Letter.

Saving a Small Fortune.

"Are you aware of the enormous expense incurred in sending coupon bonds across the Atlantic?" asked a gentleman of a friend with whom he was conversing on things in general at the Laclede. The gentleman answered no.

"Well, let me give you an instance," said the questioner. "Mr. Gabel has just left New York for Glasgow with $2,500,000 for the latter city. When first I heard of his being sent some three thousand miles I thought it was a piece of folly, a waste of time, and a waste of money. But I find it was an economic step after all. The shipping companies charge at the rate of $3.50 for $1,000 worth of bonds and $2 more for marine insurance. That is $5.50 for each $1,000 worth. A slight calculation shows that the total charges on the sum named would be $13,750. So that it is much cheaper to pay the expenses of a trip than to pay the freightage.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There were no native sheep in North America when discovered. South America had the wild guanco and vicuna and the domesticated llama and alpaca, all of which furnished wool.

The number of languages spoken by mankind at present, is estimated at 3000. The Bible has been translated into 200 only, but these 200 are spoken by about two-thirds of the whole population of the globe.

A body weighing 10,000 pounds at the equator would weigh 10,031 pounds at London.

For the destruction of microbes cinnamon is said to be as effective, if not as quick, as corrosive sublimate.

BESTOF ALL

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size 1l. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

The machine for paring apples was devised by Contes in 1803.

Trusts and combinations are unpopular, but there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust he public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla—because they know HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

Bellows were invented by Anacharsis, in Scythia, B. C. 569.

ALVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, it is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Nail-making machines were invented by Wilkinson in 1775.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

Locomotives were first made by Trevethick in 1802.

THE IDEAL GARDEN.

"You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquility and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation."

ADDISON.

There are gardens of every type; in one place we see an niter lack of order and taste, in another a stiff, formal arrangement which suggests rules, a square and compass than the graceful beauty of nature. But there is a happy mean where the charms of nature are enhanced and perfected by the labor of man and the exercise of a tasteful art. In this ideal garden shall bloom the "daughters of the year" in never-ending succession, from the time the first snowdrops and crocuses peep from the frozen earth, until the last asters and chrysanthemums hang ragged on their frozen stalks, in chill November days. Here is a smooth green lawn where perfect beauty is not disfigured by ill-designed and outlandish beds with senseless combinations of colors and foliage, but its velvet greenness stretches unbroken to some shaded corner or by the margin of a walk where the flowers form a grateful frame for the lawn. Here are beds of annuals which bloom in succession, or for the summer, as sweet peas and nasturtiums, and there a bright parterre where graceful foliage or brilliant bloom adorns some well-chosen location. Vines droop from window and bower, roses blossom in the well-pruned hedges. The lilies of June scent the warm air and the bed of pansies greets the children every day. But this ideal garden requires much plotting and planning beforehand so that every waste corner may be utilized, every unsightly object hidden, and the beds filled from month to month with such flowers as will insure a daily blossoming, and this early Spring weather is just the time for working out one's ideas upon paper ready for transferal to the garden plot when Spring is fairly upon us. Orders should be sent in early that they may be filled in season, pansies and other seeds sown in winter boxes ready for transplanting when the beds are made, and every tool and seed paper laid in order for the busy times coming.

CLEMATIS VINES.

These beautiful vines are very great favorites for porches and trellises, both in this country and in England. The purple and white Jackmanni are very popular and make a fine adornment. Another valuable species is Clematis Jauguinosa, of which our illustration represents a plant of the variety, Lady Caroline Nevill. This flower is of a French-white color, marked with mauve tints. The species is a native of China and will not thrive anywhere like our common Virgin's Bower; they require warm, soft soil and careful treatment. The sorts should be enriched with manure, and, during the growing season, should be kept well mulched and watered. The London *Garden*, in describing this species gives a picture of the variety mentioned, from which our illustration is reproduced.

MORE CATALOGUES.

And still the seed catalogues are coming in! Walter Burpee, & Co., of Philadelphia, send us a handsome pamphlet with tastefully designed cover and a number of colored plates. One of these represents a group of plants, among which is a very beautiful, large-leaved Coleus. Mr. Burpee makes many liberal offers to his customers.

The Storrs and Harrison Company, of Painesville, Ohio, is an old and established house. Their catalogue for 1893 is finely gotten up; their stock, comprising flowers, vegetables, and fruits, of excellent variety, and their prices reasonable.

The well known Mount Hope nurseries of Ellwanger and Barry, of Rochester, New York, make a specialty of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery, bulbs, and herbaceous plants. They have a large and complete stock from which to select and promise prompt execution of orders.

FRENCH HORTICULTURE.

Those of us who are able to attend the World's Fair, says a writer in *Success with Flowers*, may confidently expect to behold some marvelous results in floriculture. The French Commission has asked that it be allowed to do "the whole decoration of the spaces surrounding the Horticultural and the Woman's buildings." The French are said to be the finest and most artistic landscape gardeners in the world, and if this request of theirs is complied with, as it probably will, we will be likely to witness something new and beautiful in landscape gardening in America.

They also ask for 60,000 square feet for the French horticultural exhibit, from which it is evident that they propose to "spread themselves" and show us what they can do.

America is prepared to make a very pleasing little exhibit of its own, and this throwing down of the gauntlet, as it were, by other nations will only serve to bring about a floral exhibition unsurpassed, perhaps, in the history of the world.

May we all be there to revel in its wonderful splendor and beauty!

LIQUID MANURES FOR PLANTS.

A Baltimore florist, in *Journal of Chemistry*, is responsible for the following plan of getting liquid manure: Put one bushel of horse clippings from the blacksmith's into a barrel and fill with water, allowing it to stand for a week, when it is ready to use with a watering pot on potted plants. Plants under this watering grow very strong, although at first the results are not promising. It makes large, handsome flowers, and plants can remain in very small pots for a long time under this treatment. This is of interest to the market gardener, who can secure thrifty plants that occupy small space and will command a good price.

The latest method of decorating metals makes the working out of most beautiful and artistic designs possible. The means by which this is effected are the etching and oxidation of the metal.

A fossil elephant has been found ten kilometres from Brionde, in France, on the slope of an old volcano, the Serez. It is the skeleton of an elephas meridionalis, and is nearly entire.

The New Bread.

ROYAL unfermented bread, made without yeast, avoiding the decomposition produced in the flour by yeast or other baking powder; peptic, palatable and most healthful; may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

Can be made only with Royal Baking Powder.

Receipt for Making One Loaf.

ONE quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, half medium-sized cold boiled potato, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4½x8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake at once. *Don't mix with milk.*

What Brings Release From Dirt and Grease? Why, Don't You Know?

SAPOLIO!

A Bright Boy.

"I have heard many bright sayings of children," a lady remarked recently, "but am sure that the palm in this line must be given to a small boy living not many miles from Beacon street, for it proves the sense of humor is developed at the age of 4 years. On the occasion in question, Jack, as we will call him, was visiting at the home of his grandparents, and a heavy rainstorm that was prevailing had caused a leak in the ceiling of the laundry. Following his grandfather to the scene of the disaster, he was vastly entertained when a drop of water that had oozed through the plastering descended squarely on the top of the latter's bald head. After enjoying his laugh for a moment, he turned and went quickly up to the parlor, where the the rest of the family were assembled.

"'Grandpa is ill,' he announced bursting in upon them. 'He is in the laundry.'

"Visions of heart disease, apoplexy, and so on, naturally were uppermost in the minds of his hearers, who made a general stampede for the door; but the confusion was broken in upon by Jack's childish treble.

"'You needn't hurry so,' he said, 'it's only an attack of water on the brain.'"

The Ravages of the Bookworm.

One of the greatest plagues with which the librarian has to deal is a little insect called Auglossa pinguinalis, which deposits its larvæ in books in the autumn. These produce a mite which does a great deal of mischief. Small wood-boring beetles also cause much destruction among the covers and bindings. The best preventive is the use of mineral salts in the binding. Where this has not been done, the book shelves should be sprinkled with powdered alum and pepper, and the books should be rubbed once or twice a year with a piece of cloth that has been steeped in a solution of alum and dried. This will effectually prevent the ravages of the bookworm.

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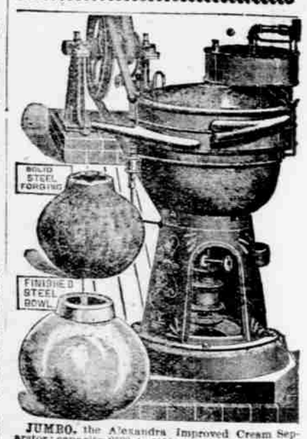

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