

UNDER THE THORN.

Under the thorn in the field of clover
Two hearts met in the Summer morn,
Met by chance with the blue skies over,

BOHEMIA.

AT SEVENTEEN.



HERE are high hills on every side
save one — the south approach
leads up from a valley a mile
away. The house faces the incline,

clear watered creek and the favorite
spot where the eddy is formed by a
jutting bank and the speckled trout
skins the water and leaps at the wide
winged fly that hovers over.
No feather fly and spoon hook have ever
swept that water.

narrow down a single inch of the gen-
erous stretch of lawn and garden. It
is a long way from the street gate to
the wide veranda. A gravelled walk
leads up between the wide stretches
of rich, green grass. The front of the
house is covered with ampelopsis,

A FLOWER MARKET.

EARLY MORNING VIEWS OF THE WHOLESALE BUSINESS.

Traffic in the Heart of New York
of Which Few Residents Are
Aware — Wrinkles of
the Business.

SIDE from the great auction
flower sales held two and
three times a week during
spring and early summer,
and the sales made by large growers
to the local dealers, there are two
wholesale flower markets in this city,

plants must be well grown and in lux-
uriant flowering, since each one is
finally subjected to selection by a re-
tail buyer for a place in the window
or door yard.

The market season is over by the
end of June. The cultivators then oc-
cupy themselves in repairing green-
houses, growing on stock for fall and
winter cuttings, and in caring for their
bulbs of Easter lilies from Bermuda
and rose stocks from Belgium.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A lazy man always hurries to dinner.
A crank—the fellow who is swim-
ning up the stream.
He who can not govern himself can
not govern his horse.
Conscience warns us as a friend be-
fore it punishes as a judge.