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

Love, the live blossom of life, reborn, Burst into bloom in the heart of each lover In full fruiton, that feared hot scorn; Sweet are the songs of the birds above

While love, no more with its heart forlorn, Discovers the lips it would fain discover, Under the thorn.

Under the thorn when the blessoms wither, Shall Love lie languid or droop forlorn; When its joys had gone and you wonder whither,

Under the thorn.

Still in the springtimes yet unborn, Like a cloud or blossom or bird-wing's

Plucked from its flying pinions torn, Shall love forever in its own weather Come through the air in life's azure morn, When two hearts shall meet, thus perchance, together

Under the thorn. -Bennet Bellman, in Philadelphia Times.

## 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, and back of it, up and up, the grade until less rises

than a mile away the tops of the green pines toss their brushes against the sky. Right and left close hills hedge in the house, and on each side is a touch of the primeval forest. Back of the house on the incline is a flower garden, a kitchen garden, a strawberry bed, a strip of green corn and a field of yellow grain.

In a corner of the garden, beyond the beds of vegetables and rows of thyme, rosemary and sweet marjoram, grape trellis and clump of current bushes, where ripe fruit hangs like bunches of coral, there is a chestnut tree, and under its shade is Janet Townsend's favorite retreat.

Janet is seventeen. Her black hair is braided to her waist, and beyond that falls in a silken bush that touches the grass as she sits with her hands clasped around her knees, her body leaning forward. Her eyes are dark, and have in them that wistful, inquiring look you sometimes see in the eyes of the young.

Janet is dreaming of the future, waiting for the kingdom to come to her, and it is so much nearer than she

Overhead a songbird rustles among the leaves and flits upward from limb to limb until the topmost boy a is inquiring notes, turns his head this way and that to see if he is to be undisturbed, and then he balances forward, while the rich round notes of his wild song seem to fairly tumble from his

"Janet! Janet!" a voice is calling, "Janet, your father wants you." The girl's hands unclasp; she throws out her arms, numbed by the tension of the clasp about her knees, and then she lightly runs down the path to the

"Father wants you, Janet," one of the children repeats, as she bounds up the steps of the back porch; "he is out on the front stoop."

"What is it, daddy?"

"Were you busy, Janet?" "I'm never busy, dad."

The man looks at the girl half regretfully. "I am afraid you don't like work, Janet. Work is a good

"Yes, I know work is a good thing -the right kind of work.

There was silence for a few minutes and then she said, reaching out for the paper he held in his hand: "Do you want me to read the rest of that continued story?" They had just reached the trial in the last chapter.

"No, not just now, Mother and I have been sort of talking things over and we have decided that we will use the honey money each year for the children's education. Now, you are the oldest, Janet, and mother thinks you ought to have a chance because you have always had to take care of the younger ones. I saw Zekial Hale in town to-day, and he tells me Elizaboth is going to a business college in the city. Mother and I concluded we'd have you go with her. Elizabeth's a good girl."

"What would I do with a business

education, dal?" "Oh, lots of girls are learning to be bookkeepers and stenographers and Do you want to go?'

"Not to be a bookkeeper, dad."

"Why?" "I have got book learning enough but if you will let me study drawing' -the girl goes behind her father and puts her arms close around his neck. "I can draw well now; Mr. Muncie says I can learn no more from him. I want to be an artist.'

The man's face is thoughtful, don't know about that, Janet. I'm afraid mother won't agree, but I'il ask her. Children nowadays do learn different things from what they used to."

"Dear old dad!"-and the arms hug closer. "And I will live in Bohemia!

He didn't say anything more. He is very proud of this bright, dark girl; he has an innate feeling that she really would not make a bookkeeper or an office girl; she is so different

from the other children. The matter is finally settled, and she is going away. Away from the cottage, all woodbine covered; the sweet, damp woods, the birds that sing when land was plenty, and no one has paper be immersed in water, when for one grower to send in two or three

spot where the eddy is formed by a jutting bank and the speckled tront skims the water and leaps at the wide winged fly that hovers over. No feather fly and spoon hook have ever swept that water.

It was all about her, but the girl did not know it-Bohemia, land of many Eastern homes. At the right of childhood and innocence, of all good the house there are pear trees loaded things in life.

AT TWENTY-TWO.

The curtain has gone down on the last stage picture, the immense audience has turned its back upon the orchestra, which is pouring out in stentorian tones the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Fashion and beauty have been present to hear a star of unusual magnitude read one of Shakespeare's wonderful characters in the process of a play, and they are going out more than ever impressed with the great bard's wonderful knowledge of the natures and manners and genius of men.

In a right hand box some ladies have been sitting during the performance, deeply interested until the next to the final act, when the principal character leaves the stage. He has been the guest of the elderly woman at dinner, for he is one of society's favorites wherever he goes. the box party there is a dark girl in red cloak, rich velvet ruffles close about her throat, a red flower in her jetty hair and a few more are in her hand. This is Janet Townsend at twenty-two, the clever artist whose work depicts many scenes in books of the day, whose pen and ink sketches are sought by publishers everywhere.

The ladies are waiting for the crowd to pass out, so they may go comfortably to their carriage, then the stage door swings and the star is standing with them-a man of some thirtyseven, straight and firm, eyes dark and tender as a woman's, and hair that is touched with a tint of sunshine. is a conspicuous figure in the world of men, yet there is not a single trick of manner or a distinguished feature or whim to attract. Brilliant, straightforward, honest and sincere, a poet in nature, he sees the beautiful of life and recognizes it everywhere.

The ladies shake hands with him, with words and praise of thanks for a delightful evening. Janet is the last to offer her hand, and the others are passing out toward the lobby as she

They walk slowly up the short flight of steps, he still holding her fingers as if in assistance.

"There is something very peculiar about this," he is saying. "I have never met you until to-day, and yet it seems as if I had known you all my life." The full glare of the electric light is falling upon her uplifted face. A flush creeps up to her cheeks, making them almost the tint of the ruffles about her throat. She smiles brightly. "Perhaps we met in some other

world," she says. "I am sure we have not; I should have remembered. Mrs. Allyn tells me you have made some character sketches from one of my plays."

"I made them from your photographs? Would you like to see

"May I?"

"If you care to come to-morrow afternoon I shall be pleased to show them you.'

He puts her into the carriage with her friends, and then stands for a moment looking after the brougham rolling down the white asphalted street. "What a glorious woman !"

Janet Townsend's studio is a simple place where artists may always be sure of finding kindred souls on Friday afternoon, where newspaper men and publishers drop in and get ideas for this or that. Pictures, draperies, potted plants, portfolios, and hundreds of sketches in black and white are all

Janet is talking to a well-known publisher about a cover design when the star enters. She drops the piece of card and goes forward to greet

"I am so glad you have come." The welcome is simple, but the flush on her face speaks more than words. She shows him the sketches, exquisite work from photographs in character, and one by one, as the day is drawing to a close, the visitors drift out, and they are left aione.

A sort of embarrassment creeps

"You have had a successful season!" "Very."

"And you will come this way again?"

"I hope so." He looks up quickly. She raises her eyes. He reaches out his hands and takes one of hers. "Shall I see you when I come again? May I hope that you will rook for?"-His voice has grown very tender and he is speaking hastily. Into her dark eyes steals the old sweet wistfulness they used to wear and her lips are trembling. He notes all this, and the

tight clasp on her hand lightens. His voice is changed when he speaks

"I am glad I met you, Miss Townsend. I shall always remember you." He drops her hand. "Adieu!" She She is not looking at him now. He raises her chin with the tops of his fingers. "God bless your bonnie brown eyes-

He speaks her name so softly that she scarcely hears it, the curtains part and fall between them, and she is standing alone.

If she sinks in to a chair and throws her arms over the portfolio on the table containing his pictures, there is no one there to see. Bohemia, world of heartaches and

partings, of dead sea fruit, so beautiful, so bitter, yet so sweet.

AT TWENTY-SEVEN. New England City, built long ago ten with it will not show unless the in the treetops. Away from the deep, ever been able to encroach upon or they will be plainly visible.

clear watered creek and the favorite parrow down a single inch of the generous stretch of lawn and garden. is a long way from the street gate to the wide veranda. A graveled walk leads up between the wide stretches of rich, green grass. The front of the house is covered with ampelopsis, that rugged vine which beautifies so now with white blossoms, tossing out on the wind their rich peculiar per-

The mcon, so sadly neglected by the people of cities, is sailing overhead and making the pear trees look like great icebergs. The perfume of the blossoms has been intensified by the dew. From one window there gleams a little light; inside a sweet, blue-eyed child is sleeping,, while through the gate a man and woman slowly stroll and come up the graveled walk together.

"That play always impresses me deeply. What infinite understanding that man puts into his part!" The serious face of the broad shouldered man shows that he has indeed been deeply impressed by the evening's performance.

"He has lost none of his old art. saw him in that same character ten years ago and he has not changed one iota. I made some sketches of him then, which afterward appeared in Walter Bradgman's splendid work on Shakespeare."

They have reached the veranda. "Let us sit out here for a while; it is so cool and lovely.

The man draws forward two deep chairs and the woman removes her hat. Her dress of creamy white stuff, with rich lace about her throat, sets off the brilliant beauty of face and the perfeet form. The hair is parted and drawn plainly back in the latest mode, and this is Janet at twenty-seven, the wife of a man who has numberless pictures in the academy, whose name is known in this and nearly every other country, but a man as modest and unassuming as man could be.

They have seen that same old play to-night; the star who had almost asked Janet to wait for his return, and who probably had not thought of her twice in all these years, had played that same old splendid character and Janet has sat and listened to him with the keenest enjoyment. She is not thinking of him now, however.

"I had a letter from home to-day," she says. "Dad writes that mother is not very well and wants me to come down and bring Rachel. Don't you want to go, too, Robert?"

He thinks of the picture that is to be finished to hang on the line. "You mustn't tempt me, Janet, but you go and take little Ray. It will do you both good. I will take you down and bring you back."

"And you don't mind if I am not here to meet the people from abroad, and will you cancel our engagement with the Murrays at the shore?'

"Certainly. Don't we owe every-thing to dad-mustn't we establish a precedent for Rachel?" "Robert, do you know I told dad

ten years ago that I wanted to live in Bohemia, and he said in his letter today: 'You will find the same old seat under the chestnut. Maybe it isn't like Bohemia, but it's mighty pleasant.' "

"And you found Bohemia, Janet? Don't you know that Bohemia is everywhere? It was under the chestnut when you were a girl; it was in your studio when you were sketching; it is here under the pear trees now. When you bound Bohemia, sweetheart, you do not say it is bounded on the north by this country or that, and on the south by something else; you say it is bounded above by the blue sky of heaven and on every side by God's free air and sunshine.

"Why, you are a poet, Robert."

"No, dear, only a Bohemian." And with her arm through his sho crosses the veranda and together they

#### go in to little Rachel. - Chicago News. Some Great Readers.

One of the best educated men in this country, says, regretfully, that he never had a day's schooling in his life. He taught himself to read, a friend introduced him to the famous works of modern authors and he has eagerly devoured books, newspaper and magazine articles until he is an authority on literature. Yet he has found time to make a modest fortune, not by speculation, but close attention to business; is devoted to his family and belongs to several clubs, so that he cannot be called a book worm.

George Peabody used to tell how his uncle thrashed him for "wasting his time over books," but the taste for reading was never whipped out of

him. John Wanamaker says: "Since I was a boy I have read everything that came into my hands, and I have been surprised how useful odd scraps of information have proved. When I see a young fellow spending his spare cash on magazines and papers I know he is furnishing his brains for suc-

Gladstone is an omnivorous reader and one of the best customers London booksellers have.

Cecil Rhodes, the richest and most influential man in South Africa, one whom English politicians watch with suspicion, was described by a native chief as "A man who eats a whole country for his breakfast and sits amidst clouds of paper."

## Sympathetic Inks.

There are many ways of producing writing which is invisible until exposed to certain conditions. The juice of an onion affords a convenient medium for secret writing, though it is hardly suitable for love letters. Gray ink can be made from a weak solution There is a cottage in the heart of a of alum in lemon juice. Words writ-

# 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, says Garden and Forest, of New York, The old-time stand on Vesey street, abandoned to fruit and vegetable dealers some twenty-five years ago, was succeded by the present market about the small triangular park space at the Hudson River terminus of Canal street. The second market, which is a division of the Canal street market, began four years ago, and is better known to the public from its more

central location. It occupies the wide street space on the north side of Union Square. During the evening flower-laden wagons start from the suburbs of Jersey City, from West Hoboken, Staten Island and Long Island, and by midnight the earliest comers have secured first choice of location, the same place being held throughout the season if possible. The two markets differ but little in the conduct of the sales. At the more central stand, then, the black-covered wagons are headed to the curbs. They are closely packed, the floor, two tiers, and even the top increasing the carrying space. The noisy rumble of the vehicles as they come one by one, makes part of the roar of early morning traffic, along with belated trucks of jingling milk cans and the newspaper delivery wagons hurrying to railroad stations. By 3 o'clock the activity and noise of arrivals are at their height, and the busiests street of many towns at midday is outrivalled. Along with the latest loaded wagons of the sellers come the first empty ones of buyers, and these find places on the outskirts. Suddenly a movement extends along the First you provide yourself with a closely ranged line; men, women, and here and there a sleepy-looking child then, at any store, buy half a dozen hurriedly move woden trays filled with plants to the street space at the rear of their wagons, until the long block is lined with two solid rows of flowers the cameo. Black, red and yellow fifteen or twenty feet wide, separated "helmets," as the shells are called, are along the middle by an open walk required, and they cost from \$3 to \$5 twelve feet broad. By half past three each, but from a good shell several shrewd, experienced men and women -the latter generally short-skirted and blue-aproned Germans-are peering through partial light and into hot cement upon a holder-a little deep shadows in search of bargains block that can be held in the hand. and choice stock. Only two Italian The upper surface of the shell is made venders were noticed among the many customers. These advance buyers are which is then traced upon it, as one peddlers, owners of the low-sided, traces on china; all the white part beopen empty wagons, and eager to get | youd the design is cut away, leaving stock, which is quickly arranged at the pattern on the dark ground to be, the end of the lines, in readiness to by degrees, cut into form. The thickoffer to buyers in small lots at a slight ness and quality of the white stratum advance. Leter in the day the re-cannot be known until the shell is maining stock of these middle dealers cut. It varies a good deal, so that is sold in the tenement sections of the city and in the suburbs along the Har- much higher relief than at first antilem and Hudson, and in New Jersey cipated. towns as far as twenty miles away. Some of the early buyers come to secure plants ordered by them in advance for customers who have engaged a special sort, and occasionally there that certain stock has been "bestellt." Sturdy, thrifty women carry away their purchases in large, flat baskets, carts start off with their meager stock. limbs. One cr two immense vans belonging to high-class florists are closely packed with choice stock, bought up by a member of the firm. These roomy vans are especially built for this trade, and besides double walls have heating and ventilating arrangements against any possible cold which might chill tender | polished by rubbing it with pumice plants. The ordinary open wagons with low sides are filled with stock selected with a view to the best plants for the least money and the showiest dust and oil and with a small boxeffect in the general arrangement. Feathery Astilbes make a graceful temporary edging to beds of brilliant given with fine rotten stone and flowers, five or six dozen geraniums going into each load. The front step, an improvised platform at the rear, and extensions at the sides are all pressed into use. The only lull in the activity after midnight is the half hour before 5 o'clock, when the regu-

from the Park Department have removed all trace of discarded plants and broken pots. The flower markets begin early in April, when three or four wagon loads are offered in the damp and chilly dawn. The trade gradually grows, and by the first of May thirty wagons are assembled at each market every morning, Saturday being the busiest day. Until the close of the season, about July 1, as many as seventy-five loads will be disposed of daily at the two places. A moderate load contains forty or fifty trays, and these each hold one or two dozon plants, so that a large wagon may carry 2000 plants. One dealer, together with an assorted stock, offered of verbenas alone 1000 plants in boxes holding a dozen. Easter Saturday and the morning preced-ing Decoration Day are the big days of the seasons, when it is not unusual wagon loads instead of one. The 1,000,000 in number,

lar trade of storekeepers, street ven-

ders, and peddlers is awaited. By 6

o'clock retail buyers begin to pass up

and down the long array of flowers,

and to buy single plants of different

newspaper, and an artist making a

water color sketch of the gay scene

gets more notice than is helpful. By

8:30 the fee of twenty-five cents for

each wagon has been collected by a

deputy from the Bureau of Markets,

the wagons have left, and cleaners

plants must be well grown and in luxuriant flowering, since each one is finally subjected to selection by a retail buyer for a place in the window or door yards.

The market season is over by the end of June. The cultivators then occupy 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. The winter is given up to anxious care and cultivation for the spring rush, which rounds out the year. Altogether, it is hard work, which yields not more than a fair living, and often but a frugal one. Cold days and stormy weather operate against sales, and large receipts of strawberries and other fruits take the hucksters into other lines of trade and make slow sales and low prices in the flower markets. Dull market days are often helped out by buyers from Springfield, New Haven, and other towns in near-by States, who can buy more cheaply in the metropolitan markets, even when the cost of transportation by water or rail

is included.

It is not possible to give an approximate idea of the total sales in these markets for a season, but the flower trade has assumed great importance since the beginning of the century, when there was but one commercial florist in the United States. There are now nearly 5000 establishments for growing flowers, and four-fifths of this business has been developed within the last twenty-five years. The last census report states, among other interesting items connected with floriculture, that 38,823,247 square feet of glass are in use, covering more than 891 acres. Of these establishments, 312 are owned and conducted by women. The value of fixtures, heating apparatus, and tools amounted to \$40,000,000. Fuel, freight, and express, and postage on some 20,000,-000 catalogues are other large items of expense. The receipts from sales of cut flowers are put at more than \$14,000,000 a year, and from plants

Cameo Carving. It sounds formidable-cameo carving-but in reality it is quite simple. working table; it need not be large; gravers and scoopers of varying degrees of fineness; the next outlay is for a shell upon which you are to cut

and shrubs at above \$12,000,000.

ovals or rounds can be cut. After it has been cut the required size and shape it is then fixed with sufficiently smooth to take the design, sometimes the figure will stand out in

Sometimes, when a particular design is to be made, several shells are

cut before a suitable one is found. The skill of the artist is shown in the arrangement of the design so as is eager rivalry and the excited claim to make the best use of the shell. For instance, the foliage must be arranged to come where the white is thinnest and figures where the thickness of the one on each arm, while a few push white will give roundness to the

It naturally follows that the one who understands the arts of drawing and painting and all about lights and shadows will make the greatest success as a cameo engraver.

To take out any scratches made by the graver the cameo or shell must be stone and water, after which it must be washed in warm water, when a second polishing follows with pumice wood stick. Then it must be washed again. The third and last finish is sulphuric acid; a very high degree of polish is thus obtained, and behold your cameo! Perhaps not at first the success you dreamed, but still very satisfactory, while with practice you go on to perfection and in time have a choice bit to offer a friend.

"What! a cameo, and you cut it?" "Yes; oh, that's nothing. I've done dozens of them," and so forth and so on, while you in turn initiate your friend in the mysteries of cameo cutsorts, the pots clumsily wrapped in ting and feel sufficiently awarded for your labors in her exclamations of surprise at your eleverness. - Chicago Record.

## Improvement in Field Cannon.

The improvement in field-cannon, writes General Fitzhugh Lee in the Century, has kept pace with that in small arms. It is doubtful whether troops can be held in column or mass formation within two miles of an enemy firing the present modern breechloading field-guns. The extreme range of these 3.2 and 3.6 inch-calibre field guns is over five miles, and when a suitable smokeless powder is found, they may throw a projectile eight miles. Had McClellan had these guns when his lines were five miles from Richmond, he could have ruined the city. No troops can live in front of them when they are rapidly discharging shrapnel, two hunded bullets to the case; and they can defend themselves without infantry support, and can be captured only by surprise, or when their ammunition is exhausted.

The immigrants from the Scandinavian Peninsula and Denmark exceed

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

A lazy man always hurries to diane A crank-The fellow who is win ming up the stream.

He who can not govern himself on not govern his horse. Conscience warns us as a friend he

fore it punishes as a judge. He that will not supply new remisdies must expect new evils.

A thoroughbred is a man who for gets that he has new clothes.

Every man's name looks pretty to him when it appears in print. A girl visitor never has better clother at home than she has with her.

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character. It is no sign that a man is a fool, he cause he differs from us in opinion A man who has no poor kin this it would be a pleasure to help then

It is nature for a woman to think that some ugly man is good looking. A deaf man nearly always hear everything you don't want him to heat Every man occasionally wishes the

Unless a man is first rich on the in side no amount of money can give hi

he could attract as much attention a

The man who is living only for his self couldn't be engaged in any smalls business.

No matter how bright the pleasur of sin may be, they are only pleasur for a season.

If you let the sun go down m your wrath it may stay there until judgment day.

#### A Burglar's Dual Life.

The arrest of "Joe" Killoran, and Howard, in New York, together a several notorious characters, on charge of being a postoffice rold has revealed to many New Haven a dents one of the most interest characters that ever entered the of Elms. Killoran lived in New! ven several years ago in one of most respectable portions of the is and became acquainted with man ciety leaders, who would hardly to claim his acquaintance to-day. came as mysterously as he left. brought with him an attractive wen whom he claimed was his wife who was in reality Fanny Wind The pair were charming and inter ing to meet, and soon made the quaintance of a number of member of the best families.

The Killorans took a house at Wall street, and it was there if many well known persons came know them and frequently dined a them. About ten years ago Killa was first arrested, and it was them his acquaintance with prominent p sons stood him in good steal. Ag tleman who knew Killoran told t

following story about him:
"Killoran," this gentlems: a was a charmer among mea women. He had a wonderful per ality that attracted almost every that ever knew him, and he knews of the most prominent and influe persons in New York. His frien with these persons undoubtedly him out of prison a good many y When he was arrested ten years there were eight penitentiaries; ing to receive him. When Kills lived in New Haven he knew man the best citizens, and yet his h was visited again and again by most notorious bank burglan country has ever produced. came to consult with him when they had a big job on. He was is called a 'spider' in that bush and if he told all he could makes of the most startling order, 'Joe ard' and 'Joe Lawler' are two of

# oran's aliases.

Scaring Unwelcome Visitors During the Franco-German couple of hundred Uhlans arrived Norman village. One of the put hurried to a neighboring ham warn a well-to-do farmer that he expect a visit from unwelcome m The farmer was equal to the ency. Calling his wife and daug all went to work with a will. quilts, tattered petticonts, dilagi gowns, were thrown over the b the cattle, enveloping them up to horns, while their feet and their

were bound with straw. Then the sheep and goal treated in the same fashion; of medicine were scattered large trough was filled with and in its midst was placed syringe. Up came the Uhlans, sight of the strangely attired and the squirt they hesitated.

At last one of the troopers : what was the matter. "The pest," said the farmer. He answer no more questions. tors turned their horses' hes galloped off at their best spe make requisition elsewhere .-- Pe Weekly.

# Bogus American Lard Abre The Department of Agricultureceived from France an extensi

tice of the condemnation by the nicipal chemist of Paris of a cos which is being sold in France the name of American land chemist has ascertained that the pound consists of nog offal chemically at a high temperate under strong pressure. It odorized and bleached with The Journal des Debats, a ! newspaper of prominence, desthis compound sold in France the name of American lard even for dogs to eat. The and at the Agricultural Department nothing of this alleged American duct, and intimate that it me of American origin at all.