

SOMEWHERE

Where lies the land of Somewhere? But days or years away? Where brown tees ever burn there? Among flowers of endless May? No matter! Deserts must be crossed, On seas our barks will oft be tossed, And many dreams as jettison lost, Ere reaching these, O somewhere!

Far, dim-guzzed realm of Somewhere Beyond the present's pain, Where dallying sails that come there Ne'er leave thy ports again— When life is done, and striving's o'er, May some strong hand upon thy shore Reach out a welcome evermore To pilgrims seeking Somewhere!

Wm. T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial-Appal.

A Wallflower's Mission.



MS. HAY-THESIGER had one of the largest houses in London. Her husband had made a fortune in the city, and, though it was never very clearly explained how this feat had been accomplished, people showed an amiable readiness to help her to spend it while it lasted. Her ball on June 18, 1894, was an event for Kensington and even Baywater. At No. 109 Queen's Square, the abode of Mr. Synes Protheroe, it was the event of the season to one member of the family. When a card arrived for "Miss Protheroe and Mr. Robert Protheroe" it had given one of the prettiest of pretty girls a happy moment. Mrs. Protheroe was a lean, pushing mother, with a Blackheath accent, keen to marry her daughters, and indignant with them for not gratifying her maternal ambition. A perpetual quest for son-in-law had given her an eager, restless expression, and the young men fled before her in terror.

That is to say, until the youngest daughter of all came out, and then they were almost ready to contemplate her as a possible mother-in-law. For Peroline Protheroe was a beauty of the plump, fair-haired, apple-blossom type. She had such serene blue eyes and such a bewitching smile that at her very first party she had captivated a wealthy bullion broker. Yet, for reasons she dared not hint to Mrs. Protheroe, she had summoned up all her courage and refused Mr. Calder-sack. An event had occurred which made the gentle Peroline as obstinate as her eldest sister, Susan. She had secretly fallen in love while away on a country visit. The three intermediate sisters were away when Mrs. Thesiger's invitation arrived, and to Peroline's dismay and Susan's angry indignation Mrs. Protheroe announced with a decision there was no gainsaying, that Susan was to accept it.

Susan had always detested balls. She had always known she was ugly; now that she was thirty she felt the fact much less. She probably stilled a private pang or two in her first youth as she sat a lonely wallflower, and realized that no one was ever at all likely to dance with her unless compelled to do so. But no amount of neglect could spoil her imperturbable good temper. She had hosts of girl friends who knew the advantage of a comrade who could not bear a rival. Men were repelled by the stumpy figure which seemed made only to show the absurdity of each succeeding fashion, by her freckles, her scanty locks and her big mouth. But Susan had a very pleasant smile and beautiful, capable hands.

She adored her youngest sister, and she alone knew of the little romance of which Captain Anthony Bridgenorth was the hero. Also that his leave was nearly over, and that he would be at Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's ball. Susan exhausted every means in her power to induce her mother to change her mind. "You know, mamma, I do not take any notice of me, whereas Peroline would meet heaps of men richer even than Mr. Calder-sack. Then I have no gown, and she looks so lovely in her white lace."

Mrs. Protheroe, however, was obdurate, and though Susan racked her ingenious brain for excuses she could not find one that was likely to be accepted. "Understand plainly, Susan, that you are to go. I will not have it said that I never gave you a chance." So it had to be, and pretty Peroline sadly helped her sister to put on an unbecoming and rather rumpled coral pink garment which seemed to have been planned to show how dowdy accordion plaiting can look. Peroline was wearing one of last year's school girl's white dresses, and looked younger and sweeter than ever. The big blue eyes were bright with tears, which rained down on a bouquet of flowers she held. Also there was a card with them. He had not forgotten her, after all. They might have been so happy.

"If even there was a chance of your getting introduced to him I could bear it," she wailed; "but I dare not write, and I can't even thank him. I shall never, never see him again; they go to India to-morrow, and I shall be perfectly miserable till I die. No, Susan, you are a dear, but you can't know how I feel."

Susan was too sensible to lament, but she felt dolefully that her chances of introduction were a broken reed as sole hope.

where I can sketch; then I can work it up into a regular portrait for you to keep as a remembrance."

"You are a dear, but I have another idea. You take the bouquet, and perhaps he will recognize it." Susan laughed, and her laugh was so merry it was infectious. "No, no, Fairy, that would never do. Why, I should feel and look like a goose, I never had a bouquet in my life; you keep it to comfort you, all but this queer yellow orchid. I never saw one like it, and perhaps if I stuck it somewhere very conspicuously it might catch Captain Anthony's eye."

"But, Sukey, dear, it is quite too awfully ugly with that gown." "And my hair," finished Susan, without a touch of bitterness in her smile. "The uglier the better; perhaps he will notice this skirt. I think nothing could be more effectually warranted to attract attention."

The orchid fastened in, Susan huddled on her cloak. "Good night, my own darling. I shall be thinking of you all the time; go to bed early, and I'll wake you up when I get back."

Susan was introduced to two good-looking young men. One of them bowed and passed. The other put her down for number eighteen. "By which time I trust I shall be tucked up in bed," thought Susan, the philosopher. However, she got a chair in the hall next a girl with red elbows, and a satin bodice all rucks, who seemed as partnerless as herself, and who, being much younger, felt it far more keenly. Susan always talked to any girls who happened to be dull and lonely. She remembered a time when she had been much too shy to venture to bring out her drawing-block and make covert sketches, as she did now, with a cleverness that made a look at a sort of pictorial diary she kept a much-prized privilege among her friends.

"Rather slow work, looking on," hazarded Susan, whose keen eyes were on the perpetual watch for any one at all like Peroline's rapturous description of Captain Bridgenorth. "He isn't so very good-looking, perhaps, but he has something quite, quite different from other men about him."

She of the red elbows looked surprised but grateful, as she replied: "I think it is horrible. Every time I go out it is just the same, and yet I always want to come; I seem to fancy that it will really be nice at last."

"I used to think that, too," said Susan, cheerfully, "but it is a mistake. Home is the best place for some of us."

"I know it's wrong," said the other girl, hesitatingly, "but oh, I do feel so dreadfully jealous of pretty people. Look at that girl by the door with the blue velvet bow in her hair; her mother is very ill, dying, they say, and yet she is here."

"—was young, only about eighteen, and was taking the harsh inevitable very badly. Susan had learned her lesson quickly and with serenity. "Take my advice," she said, cheerfully, "don't come to balls unless you are obliged. The little pin pricks one has hurt, I know. But if you are compelled to do it, make the best of it—try to enjoy the flowers and the music."

"Well, I call you downright wonderful, and if there were more girls like you I shouldn't mind things half as much." She did not specialize the things she meant. But Susan was not attending; she was staring with all her might at a short man with a fair mustache and an eyeglass. In his buttonhole there was an orchid, which might have been a blossom plucked from the spray she wore upon her badly hanging lace berthe. She rushed to a prompt, and as it happened, a correct conclusion. The orchid was so peculiar. No one else had anything like it. Still, the conclusion was something of a blow to her. He was looking about and inspecting the various couples curiously, but evidently failed to find the object of his search. Susan and her friend were partly hidden by a screen, and with a few rapid touches she sketched him as he stood. A healthy, ordinary young Englishman, quite commonplace, and with no especial characteristic beyond an attractive soldierly alertness. It was a very good likeness, for he kindly gave her ten minutes in which to do it.

Her companion watched her pencil admiringly. "You have made him rather better looking than he is," she commented.

Susan laughed softly. "That is because this portrait is to be a present to somebody who thinks Captain Anthony Bridgenorth is different from every one else in the world, but I can't see it myself, so I have had to imagine a little. But how white you look. Do you feel faint or ill?"

"I hardly know. I am a little giddy; I suppose it is the heat, or the flowers, or something."

Susan looked positively pleased. She had formed a bold scheme, and found an unconscious coadjutor ready to hand. "I will go and get some water for you. Just lie back on the cushions—nobody can see you behind the screen."

The fact was, Susan had decided on a little experiment. For two months she had heard of Anthony Bridgenorth as a quite peerless person. At last, she, too, had made a hero of him, so that this ordinary young man came as a revelation. Yet she was certain it was he. The question to be decided was whether he was worthy of Peroline's tears. Straws show the drift of the wind. The fashion in which he treated this little emergency would be a good gauge of deeper matters. To play preux chevalier to Peroline in the graceful languor of an indisposition that would be certain to become her as everything else did, was quite another matter to squiring two such damsels as herself and her protegee. She walked up to him quite simply

and said, without preamble, in the quiet tone of an old acquaintance: "Oh, Captain Bridgenorth, my friend is unwell. I wonder if you would mind fetching her a glass of iced water?"

It was a bold stroke, but it succeeded. Had the hit on the wrong man, she was prepared with an excuse. It was not needed, however.

"Of course, I shall be only too glad to be of any service; only I am not sure where the refreshment room is. Perhaps, if you would come, too—He paused, for he could not supply a name, and yet she was evidently perfectly familiar with his. Susan acceded, with a sense of growing satisfaction. She liked his voice; she liked his utter indifference to being seen with such a dress as hers.

"No bounce," she decided, and bounce was a quality Susan loathed. What was older still, he seemed really interested in her conversation and indifferent to stray glances from carefully made-up eyes. He was shy, and dared not ask the name of this chatty little woman, who seemed to know him so well. He was always forgetting faces since he had taken to that beastly glass. He gave up wrestling with it, and then, with a start of surprise, he saw a long spray of a quaint orchid—a spray like one he had been assured by a leading florist was unique, and for which he had paid accordingly.

"How curious we should be wearing the same very uncommon flower?" remarked the diplomatist in a tone of easy comment, as she noticed his start of surprise. They had reached the oyster bar. It was thronged, and glasses of water take an immense time to procure. There is no other order against which a waiter openly rebels; it is so alien to his own tastes.

"Very odd, indeed. What I time that man is; your poor friend will think we are lost altogether."

"Yes, mine was a present from somebody who was prevented from coming here; she took it out of a bouquet."

He turned the dull red that is the masculine equivalent for a blush. "Then you know Miss Protheroe?"

"Very well; in fact, I am she. Didn't you know me?"

Susan's little eyes twinkled, for she saw that this poor young man thought the florist had made some terrible mistake. To fetch glasses of water was one thing. To buy ruinously dear flowers to be worn by a girl who was downright ugly, not even plain, was quite another. He was not quick enough to grasp the true aspect of affairs. The glass of water came at this juncture. Captain Bridgenorth looked so very castellan as he took it that Susan relented. A rather serious expression came across her face as they went down the passage.

"Yes, I am Miss Protheroe, but I think you stayed at Cherrington with my little sister."

"Oh, is she here to-night? I thought she might be."

"No, she is not here; she is in disgrace."

"In disgrace!" The he lowered his voice, and said, as if to himself, with a pretty touch of tenderness: "The Queen can do no wrong."

Evidently he was very far gone, indeed. They were back again by this time, and he administered the glass of water, very kindly making eager proffer of any further help.

"You must rest," he said, in quite a brotherly way, "and then presently you must let me take you in for a little supper." He forgot that they had not been introduced. Then he turned anxiously to Susan: "Have you any dances left, and if so, will you give me all you can?"

"Will you sit out the rest of this?" They sat down, and ugly Susan was the happiest girl in that ballroom.

"I go to India to-morrow," said Anthony Bridgenorth, becoming very serious, "but our time is nearly up, and I shall be home in a year. It is very hard to me to go without saying good-by to your sister."

"Peroline is very young yet," Susan interpolated, with an indefinite sense of being consolatory.

"But she is so lovely, there is no one like her," said the lover, with a conviction that thrilled Susan. A little picture of Peroline, with tears falling on the white roses, suggested itself. "That is quite true."

"Some other fellow will get her while I am gone. I am certain of it. I meant to have spoken to her to-night and told her that she is all the world to me."

"You have my very best wishes, and they are hopeful ones." Susan could not say more. Peroline's dainty secret must only be revealed by her own lips. Her voice was more expressive than she guessed.

"Then you think I may hope?"

If it had been her own "Yes," Susan could not have said it more softly or more sweetly.

Her listener was evidently very deeply touched, but he was silent. Then she showed him the little portrait of him she had sketched, and he found ready words. They were not so fluent, when, with a few rapid touches from the apt pencil, Peroline's own face was before him. Meanwhile plenty of inquiring glances had been directed towards this couple, who had occupied that secluded seat so long. Presently, to Susan's great pleasure, he remembered her forlorn protegee. "Now let me take you two ladies comfortably in to supper." He was as good as his word, and they had a cheery repast at a vacant table. The forlorn one was more amazed at Susan than ever, when that plainest of maidens touched Captain Bridgenorth's glass with her own and drank "to our next meeting." He responded with unmistakable sentiment. As they came away the lanciers were beginning, and Susan went off to dance with her Captain. It was actually No. 18, but she had forgotten all about

her prior engagement. Bob was in the same set with Miss Denderleigh, more kittenish than ever, and they were all very merry. Captain Bridgenorth put Susan into the cab with an attention that amazed her brother.

"Bravo, Sukey, you've got an admirer at last; better late than never," was his amazed comment, but she made no rejoinder.

When she got home Peroline was lying asleep, looking prettier than ever, with flushed cheeks and curls in confusion. Susan woke her gently. "Open your eyes, Fairy. He has sent you a message." And Peroline awoke to a happiness that was permanent.—Black and White.

Whining Children.

Dr. Mary Wood Allen writing in Womankind of breaking children of the habit of whining says: "In this case, I should say, that the first thing to do is to secure the cordial co-operation of every other adult member of the family. Let there be united purpose never to give to the child that for which he whines, even if it would be given to him otherwise. Give him to understand this in a firm but gentle way, and if possible secure his approval of the idea. Tell him kindly of the evil of the habit, the unhappiness it causes him and every one else, show him that it is creating a habit for the future years and tell him you all going to help him to overcome it. Let him feel that your refusal to grant his whining requests are to aid him, not to punish him. Then steadily, persistently, sweetly and firmly, adhere to his policy. Never once yield to his insistence, but always recognize his attempt to meet your wishes in a pleasant manner.

If the thing he wants is something he should not have, tell him so, and assure him that no amount of whining will secure it, and then let him whine. Wait, don't scold, don't tantalize, don't appear to be either disturbed or moved by his whining. If what he desires is something he can have, and he whines for it, assure him that as soon as he asks pleasantly he can have it, and then give him time to make up his mind to be pleasant. We are too apt to try to drive our children rapidly from one frame of mind to another. Wait patiently, and if possible help him by diverting his thoughts to something agreeable. In a few minutes he will probably get control of himself. It is often a very touching sight to witness the efforts of children to gain self-control, sometimes under the stings of the tantalizing reproaches of their elders.

The Children of Silence.

A class of deaf mute children is to be taken from an institution in Philadelphia to Atlanta, that visitors to the exposition may be shown the progress possible to those deprived of the usual means of acquiring elementary knowledge. Patience and sympathy have done much to open up the paths of knowledge to this class of people, once shut out in places of ignorance. To the student of mind and expression, this subject of teaching deaf mutes to understand and to convey ideas is most interesting one.

The "children of silence" as they have been most touchingly named, appeal to us in a peculiar way, and we are grateful that it has been put into the minds and hearts of able persons to do something toward shedding light in darkness. When we realize how much a little child learns from hearing from parent and nurse long before he in turn can speak the words, we can better appreciate the great lack of the poor little one who cannot hear.

A young man, a deaf mute, whose education had long been neglected, was finally entered at one of the State institutions, and soon was highly interested to learn that every one has a name. In a short time his father came to see him, and the son's first inquiry was "What is your name?" The poor man was quite overcome at the fresh realization of how many simple things had been entirely unknown to his unfortunate and neglected child.—Womankind.

A Teletype Chart.

A naval engineer of Hamburg, John Paul, has invented an apparatus recording graphically the course of a ship during the entire voyage. Upon a strip of paper the angles of the rudder in relation to the longitudinal axis of the ship and the relation of the magnetic needle of the compass to the axis of the ship are continually recorded. The paper is moved along by clockwork, while the recording pencil receives its motion by means of electro magnets connected by wire with the ship's compass and steering engine. The recording instrument, working automatically, may be shut off so as to be inaccessible to any but the captain, and such a record would doubtless furnish the most satisfactory evidence of the ship's course during the entire voyage. With the automatic register of revolutions of the propeller and of knots traveled, previously patented by the same inventor, the entire maneuvering of a ship during a given time or an entire trip may be critically inspected by the ship's owners or the captain.—New Orleans Picayune.

Only Lost His Life.

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so he lost nothing but his life."—London Tit-Bits.

Cavalry Salvation Lassies.

The Salvation Army at Denver, Col., has organized a cavalry corps of mounted women. These are the only mounted Salvation soldiers in the world. They will make a tour of the mountain towns.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

AN ARMY OF BRIDESMAIDS.

A recent very young and much-indulged bride had twenty-six bridesmaids to attend her. Not all stood at the altar, ten occupying front pews, but the procession of young women preceded her entrance, and sixteen surrounded her through the ceremony.—New York Times.

RUFFLES AGAIN POPULAR.

Ruffles have again won popular favor and are much used in trimming dresses of all kinds. They are more suitable for silks and nets than for woolsens, these latter being naturally rather heavy and bulky. Silk ruffles can, however, be used on woolen dresses and may be edged with lace or grimp or with narrow jet passementerie.—New York Press.

A NEW WAY TO EARN A LIVING.

A delicate, but needy woman, who is out off from gaining a livelihood in an active way, makes a business of mending hose for persons who are too busy or too idle to mend their own. A hole in a silk stocking or other undergarment is an expensive thing if not looked after at once, but as expert mender with either needle or fine crochet needles of steel threaded with silk of the exact shade and number as the garment, can repair it so cleverly that it appears "like new."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

EARRINGS REVIVED.

The fashion of wearing earrings has been lately written against as a return to a barbaric taste or a want of taste. Anyhow, earrings have crept slowly but surely back into favor. Some appropriate new place to make use of the surplus supply of diamonds has, it appears, to be found, although the front of the dress offers a wide field for display. The long pendant earring, it is decreed, may perhaps once more come back into fashion—such as our grandmothers once deformed their ears with. Netherlands ladies still wear these unsightly appendages when they are in full costume, with side plates of gold on each side of the head.—London Court Journal.

FASHION IN HAIR.

With the incoming brocades of impossible figures and the other pompadour effects the hair must be worn pompadour. Wave it evenly all over the head, then comb it out and puff it back in an immense roll. It is untidy and not at all pretty, but it is "smart" looking. The back hair is arranged in a simple wide knot, rather low on the back of the head, to accommodate the new style of hats which have a good deal of trimming under the brim of the brim. Hair ornaments are as gaudy as possible, silver and gold filigree set with colored stones or with tops of rhinestones. Side combs, back combs and pompadour combs are all worn, and all worn at once. It is but a step now to the coach and four and the ship in full sail coiffure of a century ago. As such things were worn once, there is no reason to suppose that they will not be worn again, if some foolish woman happens to feel like forcing them upon the fashionable world, and has the power to do it. There is no accounting for freaks of fashion.—Washington Star.

GIRLS RODE THE GOAT.

Girls of the Freshman class of Boston University rode the Gamma Delta goat a few days ago. They had to do it on empty stomachs, for the male students confiscated all the pickles and other goodies with which the girls planned to regale themselves. The invitation ceremony took place in Jacob Sleeper Hall.

As soon as the initiate entered her name was shouted aloud by the whole host of evil spirits. Terrified, she was then led to the presence of the Teufelmeister. She was commanded to fall upon her knees and beg for admission to Gamma Delta. Then the Teufelmeister bowed, and, as she bowed, a torrent of water descended upon the unfortunate's head.

Still blindfolded, she was placed in a wheelbarrow and given a free but rather rough ride. Next she was conducted through an intricate maze or labyrinth. Frequently apparitions, as of witches on broomsticks, ghostly screeches and many a close contact with some hard body were the young novice's lot.

Then for a second the bandage was removed, for she was to have her picture taken. She was seated in a chair, told to "look pleasant," and when the bulb was pressed a stream of water was squirted over her face. The bandage was replaced, and she was told to walk up a hill. When she had ascended but a short distance the boards tilted and she came down faster than she went up. A pair of Japanese stocks awaited her, in which her hands were securely fastened. She was made to thrust her hand next into molten lead—ice water—and then ordered to speak on woman's rights.

Those who survived thus far were led to the platform, which was curtained off. Before a table surrounded by hideous faces spouting fire they were bade to kneel and sign the constitution and by-laws of Gamma Delta.—New York World.

BICYCLE COSTUMES.

"When are we going to have an end to all this talk about bicycle costumes?" asked a conservative woman who cares nothing about wheels, and thinks very little about dress, anyway. "When the wheelwoman finds something that suits her exactly," was the response. Then she added: "And I might as well say, my dear, that that

will be when all women think alike, and the nearness of that time you may judge for yourself."

It has been a long day since anything has roused the discussion that is heard on the subject of bicycle costumes. The new woman and the wheelwoman are to a certain extent the same, and the wheelwoman has ideas of her own about dress. Almost every one has her own particular fall and fancy, and so the variety in costume is likely to increase rather than diminish.

One woman has invented a costume in three pieces—bloomers, jacket and skirt. Inside of the jacket, at the back of the belt, are buttons or hooks to attach it to the skirt, so that there is no unseemly parting. This, of course, is in Eton jacket fashion. The bloomers are not very full, but button loosely just below the knees. Elastic bands are thought to be injurious, and are strongly condemned by physicians. The skirt falls to the ankles, and is faced with strong, heavy material that effectually prevents any flying about or filling with air.

This costume has points of grace but there is nothing in the whole range of cycling costumes more comfortable, manageable and every way desirable than a three-yard-wide skirt and a good blazer. Underneath should be worn either riding breeches or tights, or, what answers the purpose quite as well, a short petticoat made of black material and pinned to the front and back together, with a large safety pin. This, with long stockings, makes an ideal costume. It is folly to say that bloomers are necessary, or that a woman is unsafe if she wears a skirt on a wheel. Hundreds of women ride in skirts, and certainly they look better, and all self-respecting women ought to feel better than when they go out making spectacles of themselves, and causing such comment as is indulged in at the expense of the average bloomer-wearing woman.—New York Ledger.

FASHION NOTES.

There is a pleasant prospect of long trailing gowns and soft draperies once more for house wear.

Raspberry red is one of the rich dark colors for millinery imported in the rough straw hats and bonnets to be worn throughout the season.

Trimnings of black velvet ribbon upon gowns of soft white wool are a vogue. Bands of open work black ornament white crepon house gowns. Modifications upon the little round shoulder cape of last season that are frequently seen consist usually of either pointed fronts or of long stole-like fronts.

At a recent dinner one of the sweetest, and yet perfectly simple gowns worn was of dead white tulle, trimmed with narrow ruckings of black velvet ribbon.

A stylish jacket is close fitting, slightly double front and very slightly turning over the sleeve. This collar is of velvet, and the lapels extending below the waist are also of velvet.

A handsome hat is of French brim with moderately wide brim, which is turned up at the back. The crown rather low and the trimming consists of very full ostrich plumes and loops of velvet with a band of passementerie around the crown.

Narrow ribbon velvet is very much used to edge boucans of tiny ruffles. It must be very narrow and used most profusely. It is used now on the dress season gowns, which have broad belts and throat bands of velvet of the same color cut on the bias.

A walking hat is of white plush, and silky. The crown was a band of striped ribbon set flat around it. The trimming is of butterfly boxes of striped ribbon fastened with a light jeweled aigrette. Ostrich plumes are placed in a circle around the crown and stand up high at one side. There is a loop of ribbon under the brim on one side.

A handsome bonnet is made of blue velvet. The shape is triangular with the point over the middle of the forehead. The velvet is laid on the frame loosely, and is caught down in folds. The trimming is of bows and loops of velvet ribbon, with jeweled ornaments and aigrettes rising from number of small wings. This bonnet has ribbon strings fastened with jeweled pin.

An evening hat that has been much admired is made of rolls and braided corn colored velvet, which forms the brim, and a band over the top of the head. Above the velvet rolls are puffs and plaitings of crepe lisse. The crown at the middle of the bonnet covered with tiny jetted wings and cluster of aigrettes. The sides of the back are finished with wreaths of jets in yellow velvet with green veils.

A handsome wedding costume made of ivory satin. The skirt is plain, the body close fitting, the sides and back. The entire shoulders and front are filled in with very narrow plaitings of crepe. Wreaths of orange blossoms extend from the shoulders down either side of the front to the bodice point. The veil, which is of tulle and gathered into a knot at the top of the head, is fastened with the flowers.

Cultivating Under Colored Glass.

Cultivating strawberries under glass of various colors, Professor Zacher, of Vancluse, France, has obtained the following results: Ordinary clear glass gave the best and earliest fruit. Orange glass increased the vegetation but injured the quality. Size and earliness of the fruit. Glass increased the yield at the expense of the quality. Red, blue and green glass were hurtful to all kinds of vegetation.—Trenton (N. J.) American.