CENTRAL PARK WORK

HOW NEW YORK'S GREAT PLEASURE GROUND IS MAINTAINED.

The Experience and Sentiments of a Remarkable Landscape Gardener—Something About Ornamental Trees, Flower Beds and Shrubs.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 3.—It takes about 800 men all the working hours of the rather more than 300 secular days of the year to keep up the beauty of Central park, the biggest pleasure ground of the biggest city in America. These men are directed by Superintendent Parsons of the New York park department, who finds that his duties have a tendency to absorb all his waking hours, including many that should be given over to sleep.

Central park contains about 840 acres, of which about 400 are covered with rising of 500,000 trees, most of them planted since 1857, the year of the park's opening. There are larger parks in the United States, but there is probably none to the beautifying of which more money or more intelligent care has been devoted. Though Superintendent Parsons is obliged to give much attention to the many smaller parks, by far the greater portion of his time is taken up in the care of this magnificent area of sward and grove, of shaded walks and pleasant driveways, of picturesque arbors and burnished water sheets.

FLOWER BED.

The Force Employed.

"It is almost impossible," he said to me the other day, "to separate the work done in Central park entirely from that performed in the other parks and squares, but there are employed for what we term general maintenance purposes in Central park—that is, making and keeping it beautiful—about 200 laborers, 44 drivers, 30 gardeners, 15 carpenters and 10 skilled workmen. These are the average figures. They change from time to time, of course, and this year are a little in excess of the usual number, though but slightly. A million dollars, it will be remembered, were appropriated to be expended in the parks so that work could be given to some of the unemployed of this city. This million has been used principally for new works, the general maintenance expenses being about the same as usual."

One of the most important and difficult of all the tasks that have fallen to the superintendent of parks has been to produce and maintain a smooth, even, velvety turf. That is one of the things they can do much better in England than here, but it is not the fault of American gardeners. It is rather the fault of the American climate. There is more moisture in the air in England than here, and there are not nearly so many sudden changes from very wet to very dry. A prolonged sod killing drought is almost entirely unknown there, whereas it may be looked for here almost every year, there being very few localities in the United States were a smooth, green turf can be maintained without artificial watering. Central park is one of the hardest of tracts on which to maintain good turf, for in addition to the scorching dryness which is felt there in summer as elsewhere in this country the soil is deficient in natural richness, and much of it is very shallow, rock being found at a depth of from one to three feet under several considerable areas of carefully tended turf. Many experiments with many varieties of grasses have been patiently made, and many more will be made until the very best possible variety has been discovered and the very best quality of turf attainable produced. But, no matter how intelligent the care or how hardy and admirable the variety of grass, nothing will keep the turf in good order but plenty of judicious artificial watering during dry seasons.

Practical Botany.

This careful watering has to be extended, of course, to the flowers, of which great quantities are grown within the confines of Central park. In truth, it may be said that Mr. Parsons' chief concern during the season of flowers is their arrangement and cultivation. Although he has the assistance of some of the most competent gardeners in the country, he has found it necessary himself thoroughly to master the science of botany in a practical way. This does not mean that he has devoted a great deal of time and quantities of gray matter to the propagation of hybrids and other floral freaks and prodigies, for that is just the thing not to do in his case. It is required of him that for the money placed at his disposal to be devoted to flower raising the people shall be furnished with the greatest possible amount of floral beauty.

"My experience has taught me," he said the other day, "that the number of elements in any pleasing prospect is surprisingly small, and I have directed almost all the energies of the park gardeners, in accordance with that truth, to the production of, comparatively speaking, a very few varieties of standard flowers. Those used most by us early in the season are tulips and pansies and geraniums and daisies, of which we plant enormous quantities. We also use in great profusion plants that are valuable because of the decorative qualities of their foliage. A great deal of care is expended also upon the designing of our flower beds and borders, and while we seek to obtain symmetrical forms to a certain degree we make it a point to avoid as far as possible all stiffness and conventionality. That is why in laying out a circular bed we do not adopt concentric circles of various hued flowers, but rather arrange the belts of blooms eccentrically," and Mr. Parsons sketched in my notebook a figure or two which I have reproduced here to illustrate what he meant. The first figure shows his idea of the treatment of a circular bed planted with tulips, and the second one the arrangement of flowers in a segment of the big circle around the Union square fountain, not located in Central park, to be sure, but which receives a good deal of his attention and in the season is one of the most beautiful floral displays known. It will be seen that, though the designs are made according to well conceived plans, they do not in any degree possess the abhorred qualities of stiffness and formality.

Water Plants.

Much attention is also given to the maintenance of ponds and lakes and water plants. All of the latter that are extensively cultivated in Central park are either lilies or lotuses, lotuses largely predominating. It was interesting to me to know that while some American varieties of the lotus are cultivated successfully and effectively here the true oriental lotus is found to be best fitted for the conditions that obtain in the fountains and lakes of the park system of New York. It was for a long time supposed that this plant was of so tender a nature as to make it necessary to house it during the cold months in this latitude.

One winter, however, a large number of the eastern lotus plants growing in a small pond were forgotten. The next year, greatly to the surprise of every one, they grew with greater luxuriance than ever. Every year since they have increased in strength and number, and it is more than likely that within two or three years they will completely choke the little lake at the bottom of which they are rooted. It may not be generally known that, although this variety of the lotus is undoubtedly identical with the plant held in such great esteem by the ancient Egyptians, it is now rarely seen in the land of the lower Nile. It flourishes best in India and Japan.

The arbors of Central park have always been an important and pleasing feature of the place. The wistaria lends itself admirably to the decoration of arbors, and Mr. Parsons believes that the purple flowered vine will this year be seen to better advantage than ever before. He also expects unusual effect this year in wild flowers, which, scattered here and there upon the brilliant green of the well kept turf, so delight the eyes of visitors, whether New Yorkers or from out of town. It is not suspected probably by a tithe of those whose sense of beauty and the fitness of things is ministered to by the presence of these modest blooms that they were not planted by the hand of nature, but are the result of Mr. Parsons' taste and patient labor. He has made a specialty of larkspurs and the hardy, old fashioned plants that our grandmothers loved so well and called everlastings. These thrive in stony soils, and Mr. Parsons has caused a certain ridge of rock near One Hundred and Third street to be almost covered with them, the effect being very charming indeed. The magnificent pathway that is so popular a place of resort in the center of the park and is known as the Mall will also be more beautiful than ever the coming summer. There will be more fountains, every piece of ironwork and woodwork is being freshly painted, and there will be a greater profusion of roses in the vases that line its spacious vistas than ever before.

Ornamental Shrubs.

The selection and cultivation of ornamental trees and shrubs are an important factor in the making and preservation of the beauty of Central park, and Mr. Parsons has taken great pains to place here and there such growths as bear ornamental fruit, like the mountain ash, divers varieties of the snowdrop, etc., and the brilliant bobbed sumac. It is a matter of keen regret to him that the mountain

FORM OF FLOWER BED.

ash does not do as well in Central park as in some other localities. It seems to be especially liable there to attacks from those insects that are its enemies, and its general growth is not so vigorous as could be wished. The laborers employed in Central park are divided into seven gangs, each one being under the direction of a section boss whose duty it is to see that the turf, the walks and roadways in his section are kept in order. Working in connection with each of these gangs of men are two gardeners, but they are directed in their work by a general head gardener and are liable at any time to be temporarily transferred from the section to which they are attached to some other section where they may be more needed for the time being. The carpenters work together or separately, according to circumstances, but independently of the section gangs. It is the duty of the man who has them in charge to see that the various buildings, of which there are about 40 in the park, and the arbors and the benches are kept in repair. In winter a great deal of work is done in the park greenhouses, and practically all the men spoken of are kept busy the year round.

I. D. MARSHALL.

THREE LITERARY PARABLES.

And at the Ending Thereof Came the Turning of the Worm.

"Now, Barabbas was a—publisher."

A butcher calls at the door and offers a fine sweet ham, neatly cased. The mistress agrees to buy it, saying, however, that it is against her rules to pay for any article until the whole of it is eaten. The butcher, knowing that there are many carts on the road laden with hams just as finely cured as his, ruefully accepts the terms, and when a price is settled departs.

After keeping the ham for two years in a dusty, musty cellar the housekeeper returns it to the butcher soiled and stale, saying that, after all, her family prefers fresh meat, and she has decided not to cook the ham.

One spring morning a farmer knocks at the kitchen door of a city house, with a basket of freshly laid eggs for sale. The mistress expresses delight at obtaining them, declaring, however, that it is her invariable custom to pay for articles after they have appeared on her table and then only such a price as she thinks fit. Expecting an early settlement under those conditions and being in need of cash for the interest on the mortgage on his farm, the man accepts the lady's terms and departs. Week after week and month after month go by, but no payment is made for the eggs. When he calls at the house to inquire, the maid informs him that her mistress bids her say that the great variety of seasonable articles of food has prevented the use of the eggs, but that she hopes very soon to find a place for them on her menu. In the autumn the farmer is surprised to have the maid hand him the basket, saying that as the eggs have lost their freshness and are uneatable her mistress returns them, with thanks for the opportunity for purchasing and hopes that the farmer will call whenever he is town and allow an examination of his stock.

The third of these true parables relates to a green grocer and some crisp blanched lettuce which he is requested to leave for the housekeeper's examination at her leisure. After a time a messenger leaves a package at the green grocer's shop. On opening it he finds his lettuce, wilted and bruised, and these consolatory words, "Owing to no lack of merit, but because lettuce is not exactly available for my table, I return these heads, with thanks for the opportunity for examining them."

And here endeth the parables and the turning of the worm.—Harriet Cushman Wilkie in Writer.

He Didn't Wait to Wait.

A man with a whip in his hand and muddy cowhide boots upon his feet tramped up into City Clerk Allen's room and demanded. "Can I get married here?"

"You can take the first steps toward it."

"First steps? I have taken the first steps for the last six or seven years, and now I'm going to finish it up. I want to be married right off. My gal is down there holdin the horses, and if you'll marry me I'll hitch 'em, and she'll come up. Hey?"

"You will have to get published and wait awhile before you get married."

"Wait! Wait! By the sweet apple tree, I won't wait. Jane's been telling me to wait all these years, and I'll be cussed if I'll wait. Wait! Pooh! See here, young fellow, if you don't marry me, I'll have you discharged. I'm 40 years old and my own man. I won't be fooled with."

The clerk finally explained to the man that the law required him to wait, and he consented and was published.—Lewiston Journal.

Birds Guided by the Stars.

Did you ever venture any conjecture as to how migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction after night? It has been proved that on clear nights they often "wing their northern flight" in the rarified atmosphere three miles above the earth's surface. This being true, it is clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question. How, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointed toward the north pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and at once seek the ground.—St. Louis Republic.

Recipes For Shoe Dressing.

Here are two recipes for making a dressing for shoes: Take 2 drams of spermaceti oil, 3 ounces of good molasses and 4 ounces of finely powdered ivory black and stir them together thoroughly. Then stir in half a pint of good vinegar, and the dressing is ready for use. It gives a bright, clean surface and makes the shoes look almost like new. The second dressing is for rainy weather and is said to make the shoes waterproof. Take an ounce of beeswax, an ounce of turpentine and a quarter of an ounce of burgundy pitch. Put them into half a pint of cottonseed oil and melt together over a slow fire, being careful that the mixture does not take fire.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Safe Abuse.

Stubbs—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight. I can tell you, sir. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary.

Spudds—And didn't he try to hit you?

Stubbs—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung up the telephone and walked away.—London Answers.

Natural Curiosity.

He—One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

She—No, but it would give a good deal to find out.—Detroit Free Press.

ESCAPE OF EUGENIE.

HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED AFTER NAPOLEON FELL.

Sent From the Palace Practically Alone and Penniless—Her Attendants Thought Only of Their Own Safety—Sheltered and Saved by an American.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell, who was for many years governess in the family of one of the ladies of the Empress Eugenie's household, writes of "The Tuileries Under the Second Empire" in The Century, from which we take the following account of the escape of the empress after the downfall of Napoleon in the Franco-German war:

The chamber of deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved garden in front of the palace and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then a quarter past 3 in the afternoon.

The Austrian and Italian embassadors now entreated the empress to leave the palace, but she warmly rejected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, with the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend the post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of "Vive la republique!" were distinctly heard.

"Madame," then said her faithful secretary, Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a general massacre of your attendants."

She seemed struck by this, and turning to General Mellinet she said:

"Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?"

"Madame, I fear not."

"Then all is over," said the empress. She turned to those present. "Gentlemen, can you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last?"

They hastily answered "Yes," again urging her to leave.

All her usual attendants of the service d'honneur were assembled in the rose colored room—a fairy bower, ill suited as a frame for such a tragic picture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say—and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused—not one of those present offered to follow her, not one asked her where she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever faithful friend and follower, the Duc de Bassano, was not there. He was at the senate house vainly trying to stem the flood. But there were others who could have filled his place.

All were bewildered and absorbed by selfish fears. One lady who filled a secondary though confidential post in the household, Mme. Lebreton, sister to General Bourbaki, followed her unhappy mistress into exile. With one faithful attendant, Pietri, and the two embassadors, the empress threaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre while the mob broke into the Tuileries on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense, but the key was happily found, and crossing the splendid gallery of Apollo in the Louvre the fugitives found their way into the place opposite the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions. The danger was great, and the Austrian embassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Meantime a street boy called out, "There is the empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian embassador, Chevalier Nigra, hastily thrust the empress and Mme. Lebreton into a hackney carriage and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two embassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle.

The empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked her where he was to take her she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends. None was at home, and the empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time, but as she insisted upon speaking to him he came out and was struck with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive empress. To his honor be it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more respect or more devoted zeal in her service than was now shown by Dr. and Mrs. Evans. Nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and Dr. Evans never left his imperial guest until he had safely landed her on the English shore. Here at least there was neither ingratitude nor selfish fear, and the conduct of Dr. Evans on this memorable occasion will be remembered as a title of honor to his name and to his country.

A Natural Curiosity.

The Provincial Museum For Natural Sciences of Westphalia has come into the possession of a natural curio such as has never been seen before. It is the carefully prepared and stuffed head of a horse which was born with a finely developed mustache. This seems to contradict the sage Ben Akiba's favorite saw that "there is nothing new under the sun."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Second Sight.

Jamson—Do you believe in second sight?

Hardup (sadly)—I'm sorry to say that I do. I picked up a coin the other day and thought it was a half sovereign, but at second sight I found it was a new farthing!—London Million.

THEY COOKED UNSOAKED RAIN.

And by the Aid of Lightning and Snow Made a Satisfactory Meal.

"Perhaps one of the most peculiarly prepared luncheons ever laid before hungry people was one which we had when we were snowed up in the theater of a small western town," said a theatrical man to a reporter. "Upon this night, in the brief interval after the people left the theater, while we were dressing to go to our hotel, a terrific snowstorm, such as you can only find in the west, came up. The snow drifted against our doors and all about the streets, so that we had to remain all night in the theater. Of course we got hungry, as actors will sometimes do, and we began a search for something eatable.

"We prowled around the property room and were about to give up in disgust when one of the company struck a box of beans, which were used to imitate the sound of rain. By shaking the box a stage rainstorm could be produced. We took this 'rain,' as the profession is pleased to call it, but saw no way of cooking it. Some one suggested that the 'thunder' might be a good thing to cook it upon, in lieu of nothing better. The 'thunder' was a sheet of tin or iron which was shaken to make the roar of heaven's artillery. We bent the 'thunder' so that it would hold the beans, but were at a loss for means for producing heat. Our property man suggested that we use 'lightning,' a powder of lycopodium, used for making flashes upon the stage, for the fire. We found quite a lot of this, and with the addition of some 'snow'—little bits of paper used to represent the beautiful—we started quite a fire and succeeded in cooking the beans, which we ate with a relish. Resolving into stage parlance, we had used 'thunder,' 'lightning' and 'snow' to cook a lunch that consisted of 'rain.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Modern Woman as a Candy Buyer.

The powerful social movement in the direction of the freedom of women is being felt in this community. Women are "rising in their might" and "viewing with alarm," and all that such things imply. They are beginning to assert their rights. I saw one of them who had just sat spellbound beneath the fervid oratory of Miss Maude Banks when the latter "shook off the yoke of woman's slavery in peopling the world" enter a candy store and fix her determined gaze upon the contents of a glass case.

"Those are 60 cents a pound, madam," said the candy girl, "and those are 45, and those are 50."

"Give me three of these, and two of those, and three of these," said the lady, "and, mind you, I want just exactly those I've pointed out, and they are not to be more than 10 cents, or I won't take them."

When the customer had departed, the candy girl, who was still a self satisfied slave, leaned against the case and fanned herself with a paper bag.—New York Herald.

A Desirable Place.

We were seated in a fairly filled third class carriage not timed to make a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers, a very excitable and withal voluble individual, loudly inveighed against things in general and the places he happened to have visited in particular. All at once a quiet and sedate old gentleman, who had up to then sat silently in one corner, remarked:

"How would you like to live in a place where no one drank any intoxicating liquor or even smoked a cigar?"

"It would be excellent," replied the grumbler.

"And where every one went to church on Sundays?"

"That would be a delightful place."

"And where no one stole or forged or cheated?"

"But such a place is impossible. Tell me, where is there such a perfect place?"

"You will find it in any of her majesty's prisons," was the quiet reply, and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.—London Tit-Bits.

Farragut's Death.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman, Rev. James J. Kane, chaplain of the Brooklyn navy yard, said in a recent lecture. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."

Care of Curtains and Portieres.

When any cleaning or sweeping is in progress, the heavy curtains and portieres should be removed and after being thoroughly brushed and shaken should be allowed to hang in the air until the rooms are cleaned and ready for their return. Heavy hangings will absorb the odor from cigar smoke or from any food which may be cooking, and the greatest care should therefore be taken that they be kept well aired. The doorway curtains may be so easily removed and placed in position again that there should be no excuse for any unpleasant odor being attached to them.—James Thomson in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Love Match.

Friend—Edith married for money, didn't she?

Clara—No, indeed. He is rich, but she is dreadfully in love with him. Why, when he comes in late, she just sits and scolds him by the hour.—New York Weekly.

CAMBRIA AND CLEARFIELD.

No.708 P.M.	No.702 A.M.	STATIONS.	No.703 A.M.	No.705 P.M.
3 20	9 40	Creson	8 13	4 20
3 22	9 42	West End	8 10	4 18
3 24	9 44	Emerald Park	8 08	4 16
3 27	9 47	Lockett	8 05	4 13
3 28	9 49	Mester Siding	8 04	4 11
3 30	9 51	Munster	8 02	4 09
3 33	9 55	Loel	7 59	4 06
3 36	9 58	Naylor	7 56	4 03
3 39	10 13	Bradley Junction	7 45	3 50
3 37	10 02	PATTON	7 27	3 33
6 11	10 37	Tank Siding	7 22	3 27
6 16	10 44	Beech Siding	7 18	3 21
6 25	10 53	Gurway	7 10	3 12
7 12	11 42	Westover	6 22	2 25
7 15	11 29	LaJose	6 02	2 00
7 32	12 20	Mahaffey	5 45	1 45

GLEN CAMPBELL BRANCH.

	12 25	Mahaffey Junction	11 30	
5 10	12 35	McGees	11 40	2 35
6 04	12 39	Ridge Siding	11 35	2 30
6 13	12 28	Cush Creek Junc.	11 15	2 00
6 30	1 11	Glen Campbell	11 00	1 45

SUSQUEHANNA BRANCH.

2 10	6 48	Cherrytree	11 40	7 35
2 18	6 55	Barnesboro	11 15	6 40
2 25	6 55	Spangler	11 05	6 40
2 35	7 17	Carrolltown Road	10 45	6 20
3 00	7 45	Bradley Junction	10 20	5 55

PENN. AND NORTHWESTERN R. R.

Ex p.m.	Mail. a.m.	STATIONS.	Mail a.m.	Ex p.m.
3 38	8 00	Bellwood.	11 12	5 00
3 35	8 20	Lloydville	10 45	4 35
4 17	8 45	Glasgow	10 21	4 10
4 17	9 14	Coalport	10 05	4 4
4 15	9 40	Irvona	9 35	4 03
4 18	9 40	Derrindale	9 40	4 03
5 17	10 02	LaJose	9 07	4 00
5 10	10 15	Mahaffey	9 05	3 45
5 15	10 20	McGees	8 59	3 40
5 14	10 29	Sidney	8 49	3 31
5 22	10 37	Hillman.	8 41	3 23
5 32	10 42	Winslow	8 36	3 20
6 03	10 50	Ethel	8 29	3 13
6 09	10 56	Canoe Creek	8 23	3 10
6 15	11 05	Punxsutawney	8 15	3 00
	11 11	Lindsey	8 10	
	11 20	Horatio	8 00	

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d1-w

Non-pull-out

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.

Here's the idea

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

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