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# KINSTON JOURNAL.

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### Dream Memories.

When the spring creeps up through the golden glades,
And the woodlands sleep in their daffodil bed,
In the dreaming time, ere the daylight fades,
Will you think of a dream that was long since dead;
Will you think of the spring when first we met,
And of April suns that forever have set?

When the world is red with the summer rose,
And sweet with the music of mellow June,
Will you miss some light when the sunset glows,
Till the song of the summer seems scarce in tune;
Will you say how swiftly the June days went
In the fullness of last year's sweet content?

When the reapers rest in the ruddy gold
Of the ripening fields on the breezy down,
Will you think of the time when our tale was told,
And our hopes were ripe for the reaping down,
When the fields of life that flowered of late
Were stripped and swept by the scythe of fate

When the world is awaiting the spring's sweet prime,
And the snow lies soft over forest and field,
Will you think how we wept in the winter time,
Ere the pain of our parting was numbed and healed;
When the "love of your lifetime" was just new-born,
And your "life-long sorrow" was scarce outworn?

A lifelong sorrow! I mind me yet,
When we stood in the glow of the golden grain;
[illegible] said, that I should forget,
[illegible] greater half of love is pain."
[illegible] tried. He who loves most, the most endures;
But the "life-long sorrow" is mine—not yours!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

## WHICH KNEW BEST?

Dear old Grandma Wellington looked up over her gold-rimmed glasses at Jack, with a world of loving anxiety in her blue eyes—sweet, tranquil, old eyes that were as blue as when she was a girl of sixteen.

"Are you sure you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Her voice was sweet and quiet, and she herself was the daintiest imaginable ideal of a darling old grandma; slim, trim, always dressed in black silk and white Spanish lace half-handkerchief in winter time, and a queen's-gray silk and a dotted Swiss half-handkerchief in summer, with puffs of gray hair, on which lay a tiny cap, and a string of solid gold beads around her neck.

And Jack, lounging on the gay cretonne-covered sofa at the opposite side of the room, was her special pet and idol of all her score of grandchildren—handsome, happy Jack, who never failed to make grandma do exactly what he wished her to do.

And just at the present moment the highest object of his ambition was to reconcile Grandma Wellington to his engagement with Viva Morris, and, in return for his lover-like enthusiasm on the subject, grandma had laid down the blue silk sock she was knitting for little Florie, the latest grand-baby, and looked over her glasses and put the question:

"Are you sure you have considered the matter well—thoroughly, my boy?"

Jack laughed.

"I have never considered it at all when it comes to that," he said. "I have a firm conviction that such things are settled by a destiny too high for poor mortality to consider."

"But 'poor mortality' is expected to suffer if experience proves 'destiny made a mistake," she said, with a little, laughing twinkle in her eyes.

Then a grave, troubled look spread all over her face. She shook her head.

"It would break my heart, Jack, if you didn't marry a wife every way worthy of you."

"And you mean you think my little Viva is unworthy. What do you call a 'good wife,' grandma? I mean one good enough for me, you know—a first-class A 1, no mistake."

His splendid blonde head lay lazily on his folded arms, and he looked with a mischievous glance at the old lady, who resumed her knitting serenely.

"I mean a sweet, pretty, happy-natured, good-tempered girl, who will be content in her husband's love, when there is no prospect of a new dress or a sealskin sack, and who can settle down restfully to a quiet country life, and not pine herself away, and torment her husband for the follies of city dissipation; a girl who is sensible, economical, not ashamed to do her own work, if needs be—who will save what you earn, and think herself a queen among women because she is crowned with your love and honored with your name."

"And you do not believe Viva possesses those qualifications?"

"How could she, unless you take exception to the first essentials? She is sweet and pretty; but what's that by itself? She is her mother's own child, and Grace Moore, the girl, and Grace Morris, the woman, was vain, extravagant, idle and a spendthrift. She ruined her husband financially, and I solemnly believe drove him to drink and his death. Like parent like child, if they look alike and act alike as much as Viva and her mother. If you must get married why don't you marry Retta? She's the stay and support of the Morrises, and as good as gold."

Jack could not restrain a little nod of disgust.

"Marry Retta Storms? Not if she were an angel! I don't like her for a cent, grandma—only I know you detest slang. No, ma'am; love goes where it is sent and it's little black-eyed Viva or nobody—and I don't think it'll be nobody."

Grandma laid her knitting down again, and looked, anxiously, thoughtfully, out of the window at the gorgeous clusters of snow-white wisteria blooms twining around the piazza trellis.

"I am sorry, Jack—sorry—even if the Morrises are your poor, dear grandpa's relatives."

"I am afraid you are prejudiced," Jack said, gently, in his irresistible, pleading way. "Viva is as industrious as a little bee, grandma. She gives music lessons and teaches in the night schools and does fancy work for the stores at odd moments."

"And spends every cent she earns on dress, and makes poor Retta sweat over the ironing table to laundry her Swiss suits and lawn wrappers. I've no patience with her!"

"You are prejudiced, grandma," he reiterated, convincingly. "I know Viva wears out all the old garments there are, and because she is tasty and stylish you accuse her of extravagance. She'd wear anything repectable to save a dollar, and I honor her for it. And it's more than Retta would do; she'd stay at home forever first."

Grandma smiled—a bright, sudden smile.

"You've put a brilliant idea in my old head, Jack. I shall make it my business to prove the assertion you have made. You say Viva would do one thing. I say she wouldn't. You say Retta would do one thing; I am sure to the contrary. I'll send them each a dress—respectable, sensible dresses, old-fashioned and pretty—that I wore fifty years ago. They can be remade, and, although not in the fashion of to-day no girl of good sense would refuse to wear either of them to the lawn party at the rectory next Tuesday week, to which Viva and Retta are invited. You'll see who is right—Jack or his old grandmother."

She nodded her pretty head sagely, and Jack laughed, his face flushing warmly.

"I'll stake my life on Viva. I'll go further, grandma. I'll concede all you have said, in case I am not right," he declared, positively.

"Well, we'll see," Grandma Wellington said, wisely.

* * * * * *

"Only think of it! Was there ever such luck, mamma—Retta? Actually a dress apiece for us from papa's people! Isn't it superb? And in time for the lawn party, too!"

Viva Morris certainly was sweet and pretty enough to have won Jack Wellington's heart, or any other masculine's. She was petite, with lovely dark eyes, and luxurious brown hair, and a rare, pale complexion, like a roseleaf, with no hint of color on its pure pallor, and a little, passionful mouth, as red and luscious as ripe strawberries, back of which the white teeth flashed enchantingly.

Mrs. Morris, in the easiest chair the little cottage afforded, laid her novel down and looked at Viva, interestedly.

"A new dress apiece?"

Retta Storms, tall, aristocratic-looking, arranging her fair, massive braids more to her notion before the sitting-room glass, turned languidly around.

"Don't make such a sensation over an express parcel, Viva. Undo it, and we will see the contents."

Viva hastily brought the scissors and snipped the thick string, while Retta read the letter accompanying it aloud:

"My dear great-grandnieces," it said, "I take the liberty and pleasure of sending you each a dress for the rectory lawn party, hoping you will be pleased with them and wear them."

It was signed in full, "Mary Augusta Wellington."

Just as Viva reached the inner tissue paper—

"Oh, I do hope mine's a summer silk—changeable blue and gold!" Retta said, enthusiastically.

"If mine only is a delicious gray!" Viva said.

And then the inner paper was removed, and Mrs. Morris gave a shriek of horror that would have done justice to the occasion if the parcel had contained human bones.

"Her old, worn-out dresses!" she gasped, hysterically.

"Second-hand, horrid old things, that a beggar wouldn't wear!" Retta cried, in vexation.

While Viva, keen disappointment on her pretty face, lifted up the quaint garments, so full and voluminous, and shook them out.

"They are as old-fashioned as the hills, but they're pretty, anyhow," she said, the dismay in her voice almost concealed by her brave determination to make the best of it. "Really, if there was to be a masquerade now, this funny plaid silk, markeed Retta Storms wouldn't be so bad."

"But there is to be no masquerade, and old Mrs. Wellington needn't think I'd make a guy of myself by wearing her cast-off clothes. I'd rather do up your suits all the week, at the seventy-five cents apiece you pay me, than be disgraced by such a toilet as that would make."

Retta was bitterly indignant, and Mrs. Morris scarcely less so.

"It's old Grandmother Wellington over again," she said, with what she supposed was fine contempt. "Rich and stingy! I wouldn't marry into that family again—no, not for all they're worth! And you'll be sorry for it some day, when Jack develops the family-meanness."

"I'll risk all Jack's meanness," Viva said, coolly; "and in the meantime I think I see a very pretty dress for myself in this lovely pink and silver-threaded barege. It's so awfully old-fashioned, I shall make believe it's new—just out. I'll rip it up and make it over, and put some pink satin bows upon it, and trim my rustic straw gypsy with a wreath of wild-brier to match in color."

Retta elevated her nose haughtily.

"And be an old-fashioned thing, after all. Mrs. Judge Mivart and old Miss Spenser are sure to be at the lawn party, and they'll recognize the dress, for the old lady Wellington and they were girls together. Fancy Algernon Mivart hearing his grandmother say I was in one of her cast-off dresses! I'll sell the horrid old dud to the second-hand woman and buy enough lace bunting for a new polonaise."

Viva held her little dusky head to one side, like a reflective bird, and scanned the objectionable silk.

"I wouldn't, if I were you, Retta. The plaid is very small and unobtrusive—almost a check; and your most becoming shades—lemon and blue. Let me fix it up for you, when I do mine. A little of the lovely old lace on mamma's black silk, and a new blue sash—"

"Don't talk such nonsense. I tell you I wouldn't have Al Mivart know it for all the world."

Nor would she be persuaded. The very same day she sent for the one "old-clothes" woman in the place and drove the sharpest bargain possible, receiving enough to buy a cheap, showy, cream-lace bunting; while Viva set to work, ripping and sponging and pressing the old-fashioned pink berege, with the lustrous silver thread criss-crossing all through its soft fabric; and at length, the afternoon of the famous lawn party in the rectory grounds, outshone Retta and every one else in the pure, sweet, girlish simplicity and becoming loveliness of her toilet, that brought out to its highest perfection the rich, creamy tint of her skin, and the dusky shadows in her eyes and hair.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked Jack, after he had escaped duty to Grandma Wellington, the aristocratic guest of the occasion.

"I like it better than anything else in the world!" he said, looking straight in her eyes with a look that made her heart thrill with delight.

While Grandma Wellington, and stately old Mrs. Judge Mivart and Miss Spenser, sitting in state in the red-and-blue striped marquee, near the fountain, talked the little matter of Mrs. Wellington's scheme gravely over—Mr. Algernon Mivart an accidental listener.

"I admit I was altogether wrong, and I shall leave Jack and Viva a quarter of a million, just because that pretty little brown-eyed girl has displayed such good sense."

"I really quite envy Jack his good luck, especially on little Miss Viva's account," Mr. Mivart drawled, languidly. "I never took much stock in the other one—don't like the style—too washed out, you know."

"And I've heard on good authority that Miss Storms actually charges Miss Morris for ironing for her—and that, too, when Miss Morris supports the family almost entirely. But, dear me, what a set of old gossips we are! Go bring us ices, Algie—a lemon, and an orange, and a pine-apple!"

### Conspirators Caught.

News from Russia nowadays consists principally of accounts of plots and counterplots. A short time ago twenty-one students were arrested in a conspirator's lodgings on the confines of St. Petersburg, a female student of medicine being found among them in male attire. The police learned of the conspiracy from a carpenter on the adjoining premises. An officer was detailed to hide under a bed in the room where they met, while other policemen were concealed near by, ready to rush in at a given signal, the sound of a pistol shot. After lying hidden for six hours, the officer heard the nihilists perfecting a plot to shoot the Czar. Five of them voluntarily offered to accomplish the deed. A choice was about to be made when the officer suddenly jumped out of his hiding-place fired into the air, and declared to the twenty-one conspirators present, who had not recovered from their surprise, that he would kill the first who moved. At the same time the police rushed in and arrested the whole company.

Raised cain—Adam and Eve.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### A Feminine Trick.

A feminine trick, very common among foreigners at Rome, Italy, is described as follows: A lady goes to a milliner's and looks over her stock of bonnets. She selects those which she thinks will suit her, and begs the milliner to send them to her the following morning that she may try them on at home and select the one which suits her. The poor milliner consents. At 9 o'clock she sends the bonnets. The lady is not up. Will the "young woman" call again a little later? The "young woman" consents to leave the bonnets until 3 o'clock. What does my lady do then? She takes the bonnet she likes best to a little working milliner in a back shop of a back street, and bids her make one exactly like the model she leaves with her until half-past 2 o'clock, when she takes it back to the grand milliner, saying that she is very sorry, but none of them "suit her."

### A Woman's Age.

A case has just been decided before the appeal court at Metz which shows how a lady's age is a matter entirely within her own control. Fraulein Catherine Mahl was engaged to a desirable partner to whom she had imprudently declared her age at six years less than it really was. As soon as the moment arrived for producing the certificate of birth, she was aware that her little deception would be discovered, and she feared that the match would be broken off. She, therefore, took the liberty of altering the official document so as to make it correspond with the statement already made. The ceremony took place, and the husband was duly united to a lady whom he believed to be quite a jeune ingenue. Unfortunately the certificate, in passing through some office, happened to be minutely examined by one of the clerks. The bride was charged with the offense of falsifying a public document, and condemned to spend, if not her honeymoon, at least three of the first months of her married life in prison. She had the courage to appeal from the sentence, and cause the case to be argued out before the court of Metz, which reversed the decision of the inferior tribunal, and acquitted the lady on the ground that she did not intend to commit an illegal act, but had been actuated only by "female vanity."

### Fashion Notes.

Jerseys are revived.

The long basque is moribund.

Tailor-made dresses grow in favor.

Traveling costumes are made very short.

Tall women should not wear high coiffures.

Heliotrope is revived as a summer color in Paris.

Very little jewelry should be worn with summer toilets.

White dresses of soft, crushable silk are worn more than ever.

Navy blue flannel is on the list of popular materials for traveling suits.

The wide belt and suspended pocket are indispensable for a traveling outfit.

Beige, kersey, chevoit, flannels and lady cloths are all used for traveling costumes.

Pretty breakfast caps are composed of small squares of mull, edged with lace ruffles.

A novelty for bonnet strings is tubular ribbon, woven double without any visible seam.

The most fashionable low coiffure is broad, describing a figure 8 horizontally in the nape of the neck.

Long lace mittens in black, white, cream, or the colors of the costume are worn with sleeves of short or medium length.

Black velvet bracelets, fastened by tiny buckles of old French paste, are again fashionably worn with delicate evening dresses.

Spanish jewelry showing large leaves and flowers tinted in colors of pale pink and emerald green and studded with fine sparkling gems is just now in great demand.

The small old-fashioned shawls of white china crape embroidered with heavy silk floss in each corner, and edged with white nettled silk fringe, are again in vogue.

A patriotic correspondent quotes the old statement that Queen Victoria is the only sovereign on whose dominions the sun never sets, and patriotically proceeds to show that the sun never sets on the possessions of the United States; that when the sun is about expiring on the confines of Behring's sea it is already beaming brightly in Maine and in the eastern part of that State is an hour high. From the farthest eastern part of our country, at Eastport, Maine, to the farthest end of the Aleutian isles the distance is 197 degrees of longitude, or seventeen more than half way around the globe.

Out in Durango, Cal., recently, a marriage took place, and the notice of it in the daily papers said: "Cards." Every person in the whole town brought a pack, and some a couple of them.

## FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

### Bone Meal.

The value of bone meal depends largely upon the amount of phosphoric acid it contains. In bone this acid is in combination with lime as phosphate of lime, and makes up nearly one-half by weight of raw bone. The other constituents are water, fat and animal matters, with about four per cent. of carbonate of lime. The action of bone as a fertilizer, whether quick or slow, depends upon its fineness. If ground very fine the response is rapid, otherwise bone will be slow in its action, though its effects may be felt for years after its application.—*Agriculturist.*

### Best Pasture Grass.

The best pasture grasses have creeping or wholly fibrous roots, the creeping root running horizontally under ground and pushing up stems every few inches from this creeping part of the root or rhizome. This creeping root is not likely to be injured by close cropping, and retains its vitality better through severe droughts after close feeding, when a bulbous root would be destroyed. The function of the bulb in bulbous grasses is evidently to store up materials for future growth, and if these bulbs are injured or eaten off the root is destroyed. The nutriment in all grasses is gathered by fibrous roots alone, and these fibrous roots are joined to the rhizome or the bulb in creeping or bulbous roots. The best specimens of creeping rooted pasture grasses are blue grass, June grass (*Poa pratensis*) and wire grass, also called blue grass (*Poa compressa*). Both of these grasses, when well established in the soil mentioned, will retain their foothold against many discouragements. Both of these grasses start quickly after cropping. Orchard grass (*Dactylis glomorata*) is one of the very best pasture grasses when once established. It starts, perhaps, more rapidly after cutting or cropping than any other grass. It will grow in the night almost as much as cropped off in the day. Red top (*Agrostis vulgaris*) should be included. White and red clover should always be mingled with the seeds for pasture. There are many other grasses that might be sown, but the seeds are difficult to be obtained. A good mixture of these seeds is the following: Timothy six pounds; Kentucky blue grass, four pounds; wire grass, three pounds; orchard grass, four pounds; red top, three pounds; red clover, four pounds; white clover, three pounds and sweet-scented vernal grass, two pounds. A pasture well stocked with these grasses and clovers will certainly produce the milk for "gilt-edge" butter. Too little attention has been as yet, paid to the stocking of pastures. The subject needs careful examination and discussion, and we shall be glad to have the views of some of our experienced readers upon it.—*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

### Fruit Trees.

Orchard trees thrive best where the roots are kept cold. A writer in the Germantown *Telegraph* gives his experience, showing the great benefit his apple orchard received from a mulching of salt hay. It is stated that a Mr. Morse who has been manuring his pear orchard for some time, has now concluded to sow it down to grass. Pears delight to grow in deep, cool soil, hence it is that nurserymen in States having hot, dry summers cannot raise pear seedings as well as those living where the summers are cooler. A good mulch is excellent for trees; it keeps the ground cool, moist and soft, and with these conditions trees do well. The pear, which requires more attention than any other kinds of fruit trees especially likes this treatment.

### Poultry Notes.

A sickly fowl should never be allowed to roost or run with the rest of the flock, because the disease may be contagious.

Eggs from hens well fed on nutritious and wholesome food will partake in a great degree of the flavor and quality of the food.

Sunflower or hempseed promotes a smooth glossy plumage, and is a great desideratum in the making up of exhibition fowls.

Fowls having unlimited range may be kept in flocks of considerable size and do well, but when restricted or shut up, large flocks soon become diseased and cease to be productive.

If you commence with fowls in place of eggs for a start, buy a reliable breeders who breed none but the best stock.

Crushed bone or oyster shells is needed in every hen-house where the fowls cannot have access to calcareous matter.

Milk in any form is good for poultry. Mixing it with ground feed is very nutritious and healthy for chicks, and is one of the best articles for fattening or the production of eggs.

Many Eastern fruit-growers say they are vastly benefited by allowing their poultry among the fruit trees and shrubbery, as they ate all the worms and curculio within their reach—even the canker worms.—*Poultry Monthly.*

### Recipes.

FLANNEL CAKES.—To two ounces of butter add one pint of hot milk to melt it, one pint of cold milk, five eggs, flour to make a stiff batter, one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of yeast. Let it rise in a warm place three hours. Fry on a griddle and serve hot.

ROLLS.—Take a piece of bread dough a little larger than a pint cup, and knead into it one or two tablespoons of butter, roll out and spread with butter; roll up and cut off pieces the size you wish, roll thin in the hand and place in the pan, let rise and bake. The crust will be nicer if they are rubbed with butter before baking.

MEAT PIE.—Cut up some pieces of good tender raw beef or mutton, season with pepper, salt, and, if liked, one finely-minced onion; boil a half dozen good-sized mealy potatoes, mash, smooth and wet, with milk enough to form a dough to make the crust, salt to please the taste, roll out full half an inch thick, and line a buttered dish large enough to hold the meat; lay in the meat, add a teacup of water, or less, if the pie is to be for a small family, then roll out a thick crust of the potato, covering the top of the pie at least an inch thick, and bake about an hour and a half.

HOW TO COOK EGG PLANT.—Pare and cut the egg plant in thin slices; let it stand for two or three hours in cold water, well salted, which removes a strong flavor and makes it more delicate; when thoroughly drained, dip each slice into egg and cream, well-beaten (two eggs and two tablespoonfuls cream), then into cracker crumbs. Have ready a large frying kettle of boiling lard, frying a few slices at a time; they need room, if you would have them delicate and crisp. Stewed tomato is very nice with egg plant.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A new species of wild horse has been discovered in Siberia, and has been named *Equus Prjevalski.*

Platinum—in the language of Peru, "little silver,"—first discovered in South America, is the heaviest body in nature.

During the glacial period, the ice in America, latitude 44 degrees N., is supposed, from evidences known to scientists, to have been 6,000 feet deep.

Dividing the human body into a hundred parts, the head of the infant is 24 per cent., the body 40 and the legs 36. In the adult the head is 13, body 34 and legs 54.

Water is considered soft which contains less than 1-5000 part of its weight in saline ingredients; hard if it contains more than 1-4000, and mineral if more than 1-2000.

Phosphorescent paint, it is reported from Turin, mixed with printing ink, renders the letters luminous in the dark. A daily paper is to be published there with the luminous ink.

The crow is the most inveterate enemy of the singing birds of New England. Robbins, plovers, larks, and nearly all the birds of smaller size, fall victims to his ravenous appetite.

There is little or nothing known with certainty in regard to the invention of glass. Some of the oldest specimens are Egyptian, and are traced to about 1,500 before Christ (by some 2,300 B. C.) Transparent glass is believed to have been first used about 750 before the Christian era. The credit of the invention was given by the ancients to the Phœnicians. The story is a familiar one, of the Phœnician merchants who rested their cooking pots on blocks of natron (sub-carbonate of soda), and found glass produced by the union, under heat of the alkali and the sand to he shore.

### War Material in the Brain.

The death of a soldier who had carried a bullet in his brain for sixty-five years was reported recently. The wound was received at the battle of Waterloo. The bullet entered at the right eye, destroying it, of course, and traversing the brain, lodged in the back and lower part of the head. After the outer wound was closed he suffered no special inconvenience from the presence of the bullet, although always, when turning himself in bed, he could feel that the ball dropped into a different position. He was unusually healthy, and he died of old age.

Another remarkable case is cited. A young military officer was carelessly manipulating a musket, when the barrel burst in his hand. The pieces fractured his skull so frightfully that fragments of the skull had to be removed, and even a part of the begrimed brain substance was amputated, but the terrible wound soon ceased to trouble him, and he lived for several years. Dying at last of a fever, an examination of the brain was made, and it was discovered that almost the entire lock of the gun had been imbedded for years in the base of the skull. It is said that no impairment whatever of the menial faculties had been observed.

### Book of Life.

Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Or check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The tenderous mill-wheel goes,
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The Boston *Bulletin* speaks of mosquito bars as the hum guard.

Can a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her eyebrows be called industrious.

Money cannot be carried into heaven, yet many a church deacon tries to take up a collection.

When a man tells you a story in sixty seconds, is it possible for him to give you minute details?

The fox whose tail was caught in the trap was one of the first individuals who severed his connection."

How to prevent snoring—go to bed at half past twelve o'clock and get up at thirty minutes before one.

A young lady in New York has appropriately named her dog Penny, because it was one sent to her.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent store trousers with that self-asserting crease down the legs.

Brittania may rule the wave, but it must be acknowledged that the American schoolmaster waves the rule.

It is a comfort to know that though all the fruit crops should fail that there would be no appreciable falling off in the supply of fruit extracts.

Afflicted man: No; it's no disgrace to be named Smith. We'd rather be named Smith and own over $100,000,000 than be called St. Lawrence De Vere and have to be bashful of the dog-tax collector.

"This is what I like," said the tramp; "good country board," as he laid down on the floor of the barn.—*Puck.* "I don't like any butter, though," he observed, a few minutes later when interviewed by a ram that belonged upon the premises.

"How tender twilight lays a cooling hand
In gentlest blessings on earth's favored brow
By beetle's wings the air to life is fanned
While faint and far is heard the cat's m-o-o-w;
Like fairy lamps the fire-flies thickly glow,
And the mosquito's treble song you hear;
Your hand is raised with cautious move and slow,
To wildly slap yourself upon the ear.

Little Johnny had been caught by his aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you, and perhaps eat you all up?" "I hope," said Johnny, "he'd feel as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."

Nearly 100,000,000 hairpins are made in the United States annually, but up to the present time a woman has never succeeded in holding more than forty-seven in her mouth when doing up her back hair and talking about her neighbors.

### Flower Farming.

All the natural scents now used in this country are imported at high prices, but within a year the cultivation of flowers for perfumery has been started in Santa Barbara and Alameda counties, California, and as the climate of that State is well adapted to the raising of flowers, there is a good prospect that a large share of the scents consumed in this country will soon be produced at home. In Europe 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume are annually distilled. The profits of flower farming in some portions of the Old World are shown in the following figures: An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1,250; an acre of rose trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 300 orange trees growing on an acre will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $220; an acre of violets, producing 1,600 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of acacia trees of 360 will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces of distilled attar-worth $4,000; an acre of lavender, giving over 3,500 pounds of flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1,500.