WHO CAN TELL?

Who can tell when the winter is coming?
Who can tell when the summer is going?
We go to sleep when the asters are blooming,
We wake, and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the winter is going!
Who can tell when the summer is coming?
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing,
We wake, and the bees are humming.
—*Ernest Whitney, in the Century.*

BY TELEPHONE.

I was the happiest man in the city as I folded and laid away in my pocket-book a letter from the dearest girl in the world, and jumped on the horse-car, en route for my office!

Some months had passed since I saw my Agnes, for the first time, at a dinner at the Peytons'. I had frequently met Miss Georgie Peyton in society, and had been several times invited to her receptions, so I was not surprised to receive one day an invitation to dine with her "informally," to meet a young lady from Aiken, S. C. Of course I presented myself at this informal dinner in full evening dress, where I met some other gentlemen in similar attire—Clarkson was one of them—and a few young ladies, and was introduced to my Agnes. If I could only make you see her as she appeared to me that night—so fresh and blooming: the blue of her clear, peaceful eyes; the delicious curve of her delicate lips! But enough that then and there I yielded, and became her ardent adorer.

From the first she distinguished me with her favor. I was her escort to concert and opera. I was allowed to claim the best dances; they were always my flowers she carried, and, finally, before she returned to Aiken, I was her accepted lover!

The year had flown swiftly, and now a brilliant prospect seemed to open before me. My firm was about to establish a branch department in another part of the city, and proposed to make one of their clerks a junior partner and manager of the new concern. I had been the longest in their employ, and had reason to think I was regarded with favor by "Old Gruff"—as Mr. Gruffland, the senior partner, was called—and he would be the one to make the promotion and settle the question of salary.

Indeed, for some weeks I had seen that he was working the management into my hands, so I felt justified in writing to Agnes, urging our immediate union. The dear girl consented, and in the letter received that morning she told me she was coming again to make a long visit at the Peytons' to "do some shopping." Entrancing words! What did they not imply? And that "if all went well"—if I got the position, of course—"we might be married before very long!" I was the happiest man in the world, as I folded the dear little letter away, resolving, if it was in the power of man to earn promotion, I would make myself indispensable to my employers.

Well, she came. There was a demure but delightful meeting at the station and an enchanting twenty minutes until I delivered her to Miss Georgie's arms at the Peytons' door.

Then followed days of devotion to work, followed by evenings of unalloyed bliss. I say "unalloyed," but there was one drawback. The Peyton family were very considerate, Miss Georgie especially, but my darling Agnes was haunted with the fear that they would think her visit to them was only to enjoy my society, and was constantly suggesting that we should "join the family in the sitting-room." Old Mrs. Peyton was a fine, but a mild one—paterfamilias an unmitigated one; Miss Georgia was benignant, but slightly tiresome. There was only one other member of the family, a pretty little fellow named Ralph, but the girls had taken to calling him "Raphael," from some fancied resemblance to one of the Sistine cherubs. He seemed a quiet little chap, with a sweet innocence of expression and demeanor, who posed a good deal of the time with his cheek on his hand, after the manner of the cherub aforesaid. He was devoted to Agnes, and hung round her more than was pleasant, for which I occasionally snubbed him rather severely, but she always interceded for him. "He was such a little fellow—and then he was so lovely! was he not one's ideal of a boy?"

Agnes had been in the city a few weeks when, one morning, the telephone bell in our office rang sharply. This was of frequent occurrence, and Clarkson's desk was stationed near it to save time in answering the call. The rest of us scarcely looked up as the familiar "hullo!" was shouted, or the concluding: "All right! I'll tell Mr. Gruffland. Good-by!" But this morning Clarkson turned to me with: "This is for you, Dixon!" Accordingly I shouted "hullo!" and in return heard Miss Georgie's voice:

"Is that you, Mr. Dixon? Agnes is here, and wants to try to speak to you."

Then I heard her giving directions. "Stand a little nearer; press this close to your ear—so."

"Good-morning," I called.

In return I heard a giggle and my Agnes's voice exclaiming: Oh, oh! It tickles my ear!" Then more directions from Miss Peyton, and at last the sweetest voice in the world began in as nearly as might be a stentorian roar:

"Is that really you, Harry? Isn't this perfectly sweet? Are you sure they can't hear in the office, Georgie?"

"Well," from Georgie, "I should say they certainly could, if you shout like that."

"Harry," in a half whisper, "if you are sure it's really you, and that no one else can hear, I want to tell you something. Do you remember that queer Miss Blake in Aiken? Do you hear me, Harry?"

"Yes," I replied.

Then another little giggle. "Isn't it too funny? Do you know, Harry, now that I see how to use it, I'm going to talk to you ever so often. Won't it be fun? But where was I? Dear me, how stupid! Oh, I know, Miss Blake. Well, she has just sent me the loveliest—"

Here Clarkson muttered, "Old Gruff coming," and knowing that he would ask an explanation of my receiving the telephone messages, I was obliged to abruptly interrupt: "I must go now—I had almost said "my darling." "Tell me the rest this evening."

"But, Harry!" I heard in a grieved little voice; but Mr. Gruffland's footsteps were too near, and I hung up the receiver upside down, and hurried back to my desk.

All day I worked in nervous desperation. Would she try to resume the conversation? Every time the bell rang I glanced at Clarkson. The thought that it might be her voice whispering in his great red ear covered me with cold perspiration. The fear that in Mr. Gruffland's hearing I might be called upon to answer some of her chatter was still worse. I made up my mind that I must make Agnes understand that very night that she could not amuse herself in th[illegible] way, and I did so, gently but resolutely. I described Clarkson's ear, and I took some liberties with it. It would be just like the wretch to receive all her little confidences, and retail them for the amusement of the clerks.

Old Gruff was an ogre, capable of dismissing me without warning, if I did not attend every minute to my business. Our hopes of happiness depended upon his good pleasure. Miss Peyton was cool and dignified. I suppose she knew I was exaggerating. Agnes looked hurt. Her sweet lips trembled a little, and her eyes were suspiciously dim. I longed to have her alone for a little while to comfort her, as I knew I could; but there was no chance, for, though Miss Georgie relented sufficiently to go upstairs to write an "important letter," Raphael was there, resting his elbow on the table, and looking up at Agnes with an expression of deep pity in his beautiful but sleepy dark eyes.

And yet the next day the same thing occurred. Mr. Gruffland was there, and looked up from his papers with a glance of disapproval as I took Clarkson's place at the telephone. My "Hullo" was rather savage.

"Oh Harry! Do forgive me! Indeed, indeed I felt so sorry last night, and wanted to tell you so; but, you see, Ralph was there. I'm all alone now. Oh, Harry, won't you forgive me?"

"Of course," I returned, feeling Gruff's eyes burning unpleasantly on the nape of my neck.

"Oh Harry dear, don't talk like that to me. Do say you love me!"

Was there ever such a child? I felt like a cold-blooded wretch, as I hurriedly replied:

"All right. I'll come up as soon as I can. Very busy now. Good-by.

I felt, rather than heard, a little sob at the other end of the wire. Gruff said nothing, but I was doomed to another miserable day. I managed to ask Clarkson, if I was called again, to say I could not attend, and five times I heard him give this message, and each time he turned away with a mighty grin. What might not Agnes have said to him?

Of course, I hurried to the Peyton's, determined to see her alone. She came running into the hall to meet me, bright and loving, but the annoyances of the day had made me cross, and I said curtly:

"Really, Agnes, it is very strange you don't understand that a man cannot take his business hours to talk with his friends. After all I said last night, I must say I was surprised to be called up again to-day!"

Agnes stopped abruptly, and said, with dignity:

"I do not understand you!"

"Why, my dear little girl," I said, sobered by the change in her manner, "I do not mean to be cross, but how could I talk to you about my affection or forgiveness through the telephone, with all those fellows listening, to say nothing of old Gruff?"

"But I have not touched the telephone to-day, Harry!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Georgie!" called Anges, stepping back to the sitting-room, and I followed to tell the story.

"It is very strange," said Miss Peyton, but, of course, it is some mistake. The lines are out of order or crossed in some way. But mamma and Agnes and I have been out shopping all day, and we lunched down town, so we can prove an alibi."

It certainly was very strange, but we all concluded that it might be as Miss Georgie suggested, and the pater at once began to spin long yarns about queer messages, till at last I coaxed Anges into the conservatory alone, and the close of the evening was all the brighter for the shadow with which it began. The dear girl sympathized with me, and forgave my impatience, and was so sweet, that before I knew I found myself telling her the one event of my life I had determined to keep secret—the entanglement I once had with Lucretia Chase. Of course she had been the most to blame, and Agnes thought her very horrid and forward, so I had to admit that Cretia had misunderstood some things I had said to her when a mere boy, and then Agnes asked me if I really, really loved her best. Ah me! what a happy evening that was!

And the next day the telephone annoyances began, but I felt sure of my ground, and told Clarkson he could refuse to listen. Imagine my surprise when he turned to me with a clever imitation of Agnes's voice, saying:

"She is quite sure Harry will come when he knows she wants to talk to him about 'Cretia.'"

I was thunderstruck! Lucretia Chase lived in Vermont; I was morally sure no one in the city knew of her existence—no one but Agnes! I rushed to the instrument. It was the clear girl's voice. How could any one have known that Cretia possessed some idiotic lines I had once written her—any one but Agnes? Yet now I heard them repeated:

"Oh, Cretia! fairest valentine!
Wilt thou accept this band of mine?
A smaller gift my soul forbids;
But ten's the number of my kids!"

I jerked away in anger and surprise, only to meet old Gruff's grim glance.

"If this thing goes on, Mr. Dixon, it might be well for you and Mr. Clarkson to change desks!"

I knew what that implied, and my heart sank to my boots.

"I do not understand it myself," I replied. "I assure you, sir, that I am exceedingly annoyed. I will not answer it again."

"I will myself, sir," he growled, and I went back to my desk to upset my inkbottle, to make mistakes in my accounts, and torture myself with the conviction that since no one but Agnes could have sent the message, she was toying with me, without realizing the fatal consequences to our happiness. And all day Mr. Gruffland would answer that confounded telephone. That some of the messages were meant for me I could tell, and that they must be utter nonsense I could conjecture from his occasional comments: "'By jimminy Johnson!' is a remarkable expression for a young lady, Mr. Dixon."

It would be too long to tell the story of these days in detail. Sometimes there would be respite, and then the nonsense would begin again. It was hard for Clarkson and the rest, but to me it seemed as if the bell of the telephone was ringing the knell of all my bright hopes. Agnes assured me of her innocence, and Miss Peyton was ready with explanations; they had been shopping, or calling, or practicing duets. But I could see that a coolness had come between Agnes and me. She feared that I doubted her, and I—what could I think? Again and again the messages referred to what I had said to her when quite alone. Could she have repeated my confidences?

At the office preparations for the new business were being hurried on, and not one word had been said to me of promotion. To crown all, Agnes informed me one evening that she was going to shorten her visit; she had heard of friends going directly to Aiken, and thought it best to secure their escort. I passed a wretched evening, but left, determined to make a desperate effort to clear the mystery.

Agnes had told me that they were all to be out the next day, so I begged off at the office, reached the house at ten, and persuading the servant that I wanted to rest, and would let myself out when I was ready, I managed to conceal myself in a closet in the hall, where I waited four mortal hours.

At last I was rewarded. A light step came through the hall, a chair was drawn to the telephone, and a clear voice, wonderfully like Agnes's called:

"Please connect with Gruffland & Co.!"

Waiting only long enough to let him actually begin conversation in his usual style, I rushed out, and catching the culprit by the arm, bestowed a resounding box upon the ear of the astonished Mr. Raphael. The little imp! This was his revenge for his well-deserved snubs. I have no doubt he had heard every word of my conversations with Agnes.

Of course the Peytons were distressed and apologetic, and Agnes was persuaded not to hurry away, and old Gruff relented, and I got the promotion in due time; but I never could endure the sight of that cherubic boy. I verily believe that the box I bestowed upon him was his only punishment, and I rejoice to think that it was such a stinger!

If this story has a moral it is a short one. The more innocent and guileless a boy looks, the less is he to be trusted.—*G. Linton, in Domestic Monthly.*

Something About Trousers.

Trousers came into use for general wear with the French revolution. The gentlemen, the supporters of royalty and sound constitutional principles, wore breeches. The term "sans culottes" sufficiently explained what were not worn by the masses who forced constitutional reform into revolution. By an apparent contradiction of purpose and principle the "sans culottes," who denounced every one who wore breeches, finally went beyond their opponents and wore twice as much cloth around their legs; in a word, adopted the modern trousers, and made them the badge of a party as well known as a class. Napoleon, who was too thin at one period of his life and too stout at another to look his best in small clothes, nevertheless wore them on state occasions after he had set up a throne and gone into the emperor business. His army was the first that wore trousers, and trousers made progress in general adoption step by step with the march of the French army. The French trousers and neat gaiter were seen in Egypt, and in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, and in Russia, on the banks of the Tagus and those of the Vistula. People thought that the manner in which a great conquering nation clad its legs was the model, and when the trousers wearers marched over the wearers of pigtails and knee breeches at Jena and Auerstadt a decision was given from which the world did not care to appeal. The world is usually easily convinced of the wisdom of the victor. England stood out the longest against trousers, but finally she yielded, and her army marched to Waterloo wearing the universal leg funnels.

Our grandfathers generally fell in with the ways of the world, though Federalists here and there would not yield. There is a story of a clergyman who, greeted with the rough inquiry: "How are you, priest?" responded: "How are you, Democrat?" How do you know I'm a priest?" "By your dress. How do you know I'm a Democrat?" "By your address." Doubtless the clergyman wore knee-breeches, while the admirer of Jefferson and "dangerous French principles" clothed his legs with trousers.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

An Extraordinary Escape.

A remarkable and almost incredible adventure is reported by a Ross shire correspondent of the London Press. While Christina M'Ivor, a middle aged woman belonging to the parish of Lochbroom, was on her way to Kinlochewe a few days ago, she accidentally stumbled and fell over one of the many precipices that skirt the margin of Loch Maree. A tree growing from a cleft in the rock miraculously intercepted her fall, and prevented her plunging into the deep waters beneath. To this tree the woman clung with the grip of despair until she had partially recovered from the stunning effects of her dreadful fall. Beneath her was a sheer rock washed by the dark waters of the lake; above a rock impossible to climb; and to add to the misery of the poor woman's situation, she became painfully sensible of the fact that her right leg was broken below the knee.

The place was miles away from the nearest house. In this painful extremity she noticed a protecting ledge close by the tree, and by efforts which can be more easily imagined than described, she managed to crawl or drag herself to this place of comparative safety. The pain in the fractured limb, intensified by her efforts, was frightful, and she lay quite exhausted and exposed to the elements, having lost her shawl in the fall. In this perilous and exposed condition she remained from Saturday till the following Monday afternoon—three days and two nights—without food or shelter of any kind, slaking her feverish thirst by water which trickled from the rocks overhead, and which she caught in her boot.

On Monday she noticed a boat passing, and using her little remaining strength, she managed to attract the attention of its occupants to her dangerous position. By skillful manœuvring on the part of the fishermen, the poor woman was lowered into the boat, taken to Poolewe, and thence sent to Ullapool, where she now lies under the care of the parish doctor.

Why Do Bees and Wasps Sting?

Their weapons often serve to protect them from their enemies, but with bees, especially the honey or hive bees, at the approach of winter, the drones or males are no longer of any use, and are killed off by the stings of the workers, to save the stores of honey they would otherwise consume. With many of the wasps their stings are food preservers. The large wasps which make their holes in the ground, and some bees, like the carpenter bees, which cut circular holes in boards, or other wood, deposit an egg in one of these holes, place food for the grub that will hatch from this egg to feed upon, and when this grub has made its growth, it goes into the chrysalis state, and in time comes out a perfect bee, or wasp, as it may be. But, you will ask, "what has this to do with the sting?" A great deal. If the caterpillar or other insect, intended as food for the young bee or wasp, were dead, or was stored away, it would decay and be useless. The effect of the poison of the sting is to keep it in a semi-torpid existence, alive, but still dormant, and thus preserve the food in a proper condition to be eaten by the grub of the bee or wasp. In this respect we can see that the sting plays a very useful part, but when the sting is employed upon ourselves, we fail to see what good end is accomplished. Even when a bee-keeper is doing his best for the comfort and welfare of his bees, they will often turn upon and sting him, most needlessly and painfully.—*American Agriculturist.*

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Calves and Their Food.

An Indiana farmer says in the New York *World*: "Farmers not unfrequently complain that they cannot grow calves economically, and they often sacrifice to the butcher animals it would pay them better to keep. Any one of experience with stock will know before a heifer is a week old whether it is best to fatten it for veal or raise for a good milch cow. Each calf should be examined and its form and marks noted before that time and its merits decided upon. Then, if it is to be kept, eagerness for immediate profits and the wish to raise it as cheaply as possible should not be allowed to lead one to stint the animal too much in milk. The pennies saved by such treatment at this stage of the animal's existence will be counted in dollars lost on it when mature. All live stock that is worth growing at all should be kept steadily gaining with good food and good treatment from the very beginning. A plan I have practiced with satisfactory results is to take the calves away from the cow when three days old. As soon as they have been taught to drink, give them four quarts of milk morning and night, using new milk for a month; then for a fortnight take one-half new and one-half skim, with a little meal; then for a time all skim milk and a larger amount of meal; at the end of two months give sour milk, barley, hay, grass, etc."

The Cellar in Summer.

At this season the cellar must be kept cool, dry, ventilated and clean. The doors must be kept closed as much as possible during the day, but they may be opened about midnight, and remain open until early morning. During the latter half of the night the air is cool, and air must be admitted to keep the cellar dry and pure. If kept clean, not a great deal of airing will be needed. If the cellar is damp, fruits and vegetables decay sooner, and it is more unhealthful than is generally supposed. Many attacks of fever, diphtheria, or other diseases, result from damp, unventilated, unclean cellars. Keeping the cellar clean and ventilated, is the best way to keep it dry; it may be necessary to use other means. Lime placed in the cellar will absorb moisture and noxious gases, and thus help to keep the air pure. Charcoal is also a great absorber of gases. The temperature of the cellar may be lowered by putting a tub of broken ice and salt in. The rapid melting of the ice cools the air. This will be convenient when a considerable quantity of fresh meat or fruit is to be preserved. It is impossible to keep the cellar in good condition unless the drainage is efficient, and there is a proper arrangement of doors and windows. Double ones are needed to keep the temperature at the right point in summer as well as in winter.—*American Agriculturist.*

Watch the Insects.

Injurious insects demand attention throughout the summer months. Look for the borers near the base of young fruit trees; if saw-dust is seen to drop from a hole in the bark, or if a portion of the bark is seen to be depressed, cut out the borer.

If the leaves of currants and gooseberries are eaten by "the worm," apply white hellebore at once. Stir a teaspoonful of the powder in a pailful of water, and apply with a syringe. Repeat this after a few days. If later broods appear continue the remedy, which is a very certain one.

The greenish sling slug, which appears upon the leaves of cherry, pear, and other trees may be destroyed by applying air-slaked lime or wood ashes. This may be dusted upon the leaves by means of a bag of coarse fabric, attached to a pole.

The insects attacking the grape vine this month, are mainly large caterpillars, which are most readily picked by hand; the so-called "thrips," which is properly the "grape-vine leaf hopper," and not related to the true thrips. It is a little whitish insect which often rises in clouds when the vines are disturbed. The best treatment is to go among the vines with torches, gently beating them to disturb the insects, which will at once fly toward the light.

The first appearance of grayish spots on the undersides of the vine indicates mildew, and flowers of sulphur should be applied with a bellows made for the purpose.

Whenever pear trees are attacked by blight, which comes without warning, cut away every blighted portion and burn it.—*American Agriculturist.*

Surface Versus Subsoil.

A few years since, says Josiah Hoopes in the New York *Tribune*, a controversy arose among many practical orchardists as to the benefit of trenching the soil. Some advocates of this practice went so far as to advise cultivators to deepen their soil in all localities, regardless of its character. About twenty years ago a prominent fruitman fully imbued with the idea that deep trenching was an actual necessity in his ground, prepared several acres by hand-labor, stirring the soil some three feet deep. The expense was enormous; the result a decided failure. Pear trees planted on that tract have never grown so well as the others in the vicinity where the land was not so treated, and grapevines set at the same time long since passed away. Three systems were in vogue for manipulating the ground. 1. Simply remove the top-soil and loosen the strata below—which events proved the best. 2. Mix surface and subsoil together—which is to be deprecated. 3. Place the good soil below; bring the subsoil to the surface—and this was worst of all.

The theory of ameliorating and enriching subsoils by bringing them in contact with air and applied fertilizers sounds plausible; but in practice it appears to poison the roots of growing plants—or, at best, affects them disastrously. In sections of nursery stock where the roots run deep, it is impossible to remove the trees without bringing a portion of the subsoil to the top, and in all such cases succeeding crops of young plants feel the difference between this kind of soil and that which had been simply ploughed deep. Subsoiling where the texture of the soil is heavy and tenacious is doubtless beneficial, but on all light soils the work seems useless for trees. One of the newer dogmas of horticulture is that of preferring firm to mellow soil for roots to grow in. It has been demonstrated that the latter can penetrate the hardest ground with ease; and rootlets of the couchgrass have been known to grow directly through a potato in preference to turning aside. The power of a growing root is enormous, and it is a question if the necessity exists for pulverizing the soil in any case.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The latest wrinkle for pigs is lettuce.

Chickens are to be guarded against hawks, owls, rats and skunks.

As soon as the fruit is set on plum trees be ready to fight the curculio.

It is stated that there has been of late years an unwonted demand for sunflower seeds.

Keep the young pigs in pasture in the orchard; those for early market should have a meal-slop daily.

Don't use any parsnip seed unless it be of last year's growth, as such seed does not readily germinate if old.

If a rat gets into a chicken coop it will kill every chick if it can have time to carry them off before being discovered.

No invariable rule can be laid down for the raising of calves on skim milk and each feeder must make a rule for each calf.

Whenever the currant worm appears spray the bushes with white hellebore, a tablespoonful of the powder to a pailful water.

Setting strawberry plants on ground that has been in cultivation for two or three years is advised as a preventive of white grub.

Do not kill the mole until satisfied whether it is an enemy or a friend. Sometimes the mole destroys a large number of cutworms and slugs.

Mr. Albaugh, well known in Ohio horticulture, says that one grower sowed oats among his grapes every spring to prevent rot, and considered it a success.

The demand is increasing throughout the country for windmills that will not only pump water, but furnish power for running various kinds of farm machinery.

Small chickens should never be kept or fed with old ones. They are apt to be injured. Have two or three yards and separate them according to size and strength.

As sunflower seed is very liable to heat the safest way of keeping it for fowls is to cut off the flower head when the seed is ripe and pile it loosely till thrown to the fowls.

Dampness is bad for young chicks. Arrange their drinking vessels so that they cannot get into them, and do not allow them to run in the wet grass or be out in a storm.

If sheep have free access to salt they will never over-eat of it, but if salted occasionally and given it freely they will eat too much, which provokes unnatural thirst and possibly injurious effects.

The *American Cultivator* says if every farmer would limit himself in ploughing to such an area as he can cultivate and manure in the most thorough manner, there would soon cease to be any complaint about farming not paying.

Professor Alvord says: "Butter from cows fed on ensilage stands in the first class in our most critical markets, and has done so some years. I do not mean to refer to extreme cases of irrational, exclusive feeding of ensilage or any approach thereto. On the use of ensilage I am no enthusiast or extremist, but believe it to be a valuable—in most cases invaluable—addition to our list of foods for cattle; for dairy cattle and butter makers at that.

An English gardener states that the roots of trees may be prevented from entering between the joints of drain tiles by using coal tar. In using it mix it with sawdust to the consistency of ordinary building mortar. A layer of this should be spread on the bottom of the drain; on this set the drain pipes and then cover all over with the tar mortar. If the work be carefully performed and the mortar applied in sufficient quantities, say one and a half inches thick all round, success may be guaranteed.

Mr. E. S. Carmen, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "Our practice is to cover the seed potatoes slightly with soil and then sow the fertilizer in the furrows or trenches. We have used as much as a ton of potato fertilizer—which is strong in potash—to the acre, and yet we harvested clean potatoes with smooth skins and without 'scabs.' Not so when fresh farm manure is used. This with us almost always causes 'scab' by attracting wire worms (Iulus), which eat into the skin and give the potato the same corroded surface as the fungus causes."

Next to the rose, the clematis is doubtless the most popular flower plant of the day. It blooms hardily during the entire season and embraces a great variety of beautiful colors. The clematis is a rapid climber, and, if carefully trained, attains to a height of from five to fifteen feet in a season. Planted so as to cover the pillars of verandas, or trained on a trellis or stump or other object, it has no equal. It may also be planted in rocking or winding flower beds, but it will require pegging down. The large purple flowers of this variety are produced in the greatest profusion and remain on the plant a long time. This is a very satisfactory plant to cultivate, as it increases in size and beauty each year.

Prepare trees for planting by cutting the tops back in proportion to the amount of injury done to the roots, which is generally from one-half to two-thirds of the entire top. On this pruning all shoots should be entirely cut away that are not needed for the formation of a perfect head, and the others cut back one-half or two-thirds of their length. If the head is not formed high enough upon the trunk it may often be carried higher by cutting off all lateral shoots, leaving the most central one for a leader, upon which will be formed the new head several inches higher than the first. All injured roots should have the ends cut smooth with a sharp knife, and with small fruits, like the grape, current and strawberry, it is often desirable to cut back some of the larger ones.

Buying A Suit of Clothes.

Fogg was going to buy a new suit, and Mrs. F. very kindly offered to accompany him. Arrived at the store a salesman approached with his business smirk. "I want a suit of clothes," said Fogg abruptly. Mrs. F.—"Something not too expensive, you know." "Yes'm" replied the salesman, turning his attention to the lady and utterly ignoring Fogg. Mrs. F. (examining cloth)—"Do you think this will match his complexion?" Salesman—"Admirably! Couldn't suit it better." Mrs. F.—"Do you think so? How fortunate, I'm sure! But won't this fade?" Salesman—"Not a particle. I wore one like it five years, and it didn't change color in the least." Mrs. F.—"And will it wash?" Salesman—"Perfectly." Mrs. F.—"Well, you may cut off a sample. What else have you?" The same catechism is repeated half a score of times, and the Foggs retire; Mrs. F. radiant, as one should be who has done a great work, and Fogg, looking sour, sad and disconcerted. Mrs. F. (on the street)—"Now, David, I'll take these home and wash 'em out, so's to be sure the colors are fast, and then I'll take them over to Mrs. Brown's and see what she says. She's a great judge, you know. And if she likes them, and aunt Kate thinks they'll be becoming, and Mrs. Black says they aren't too young for you, we will come again and decide."—*Boston Transcript.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

He Was Disappointed—A Tough's Mistake—Guessed It the First Time—The Bull Was Master There—Etc., Etc.

Hotel Clerk—"Well, how do you like New York?"

Western Guest—"Too slow!"

Hotel Clerk—"Too slow! Merciful heavens! what did you expect to see here?"

Western Guest—"A lynching every ten minutes. I was informed that this was a humping town. I tell you, stranger, I'm disappointed. You just want to come West if you want to see civilization at its height."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Tough's Mistake.

"I haven't a fair show," said a tough whom a policeman in the northern part of the city was ordering to move on. "I can't fight you in your official capacity. If you were only a citizen for a few minutes!"

"Consider me a citizen," replied the officer, as he laid down his baton and removed his badge.

An internal of forty seconds elapsed, and as the tough hitched nearer the fence to get a brace for his back he wearily observed:

"Say! there is some mistake! I guess I got the capacities mixed up!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Guessed it the First Time.

Mrs. De Porque has a daughter who is now sufficiently advanced in years to be a source of considerable worry to her mamma. Billy Bliven who has a way o expressing himself in an exceedingly blunt and sometimes embarrassing manner, was calling there the other evening and reciting his plans for the summer.

"Yes, I am going out among the lakes, fishing," said Billy. "I always go fishing in the summer."

"Mamma and I are going to the seashore," said Miss De Porque.

"Indeed," said Billy, abstractedly, "are you going fishing, too?"—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The Bull Was Master There.

A formidable band of bailiffs visited recently one of the largest farms in the district of North Wales now disturbed by the tithe war. On presenting themselves at the door of the house the bailiffs inquired from the servant if her master was home. "No, he is not," answered the servant. "Is your mistress in?" "Yes, she is. Do you want to see her?" Upon this the mistress of the house, a smart, sprightly woman, made her appearance. "Is the master in?" again inquired the bailiffs. "O, yes, sure," was the ready reply; "would you like me to send him to you?" "If you please, missus," answered the bailiffs. "Will you go into the yard and he will be with you directly."

The farmer's wife then closed the front door and passed through the back to the farm buildings and unloosed the bull, which came roaring into the yard where the bailiffs were awaiting the "master." "There, that is the master here," called out the dame, as the representatives of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners beat a hasty retreat, mounting the gate and fence with the greatest alacrity.—*St. James's Gazette.*

He Meant No Offence.

"Say! you!" he called as he stood on the postoffice steps.

A very solid man halted in his tracks until the other came up.

"Calling to me?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. Do you notice my hair? It's a sort of grizzly-gray which makes me look ten years older than I really am."

"What have I got to do with your hair, sir?" demanded the other.

"I happened to stand beside you in the postoffice, and no——"

"Suppose you did stand beside me in the postoffice!"

"I saw that you were a man of about sixty years old, but as you had——"

"Suppose I am sixty!"

"But as you had dyed your hair you didn't look a day over forty-five. What I want is the name of the dye you use. You will excuse me, but I——"

He was excused. He knew he was by the way the other raised his cane and jumped at him and offered to mop the street with him for two cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Money in the Boom.

"Is your boom about over here?" asked a stranger of a man standing on the depot platform in a Dakota town.

"W-e-l-l," answered the native, doubtfully, "I dunno; it depends on how you look at it."

"How's that?"

"W'y, we're boomin' just as hard as ever, but outside capitalists 'pear to be gettin' sorter tired. There ain't much money in that kind o' boomin', you know."

"What are you people doing?"

"Oh, we're just boomin', that's all, just simply boomin'. Yesterday we organized two new railroad companies an another Board o' Trade an' incorporated a company for manufacturin' balloons an' 'nother for makin' paper collars, but's I said, there ain't no money in it."

"The kind that pays is about over then?"

"Well, I reckon so, for this summer. We can plat more additions further out any time there seems to be a call for 'em, but things are so quiet in some that are already out that we haven't the heart to do it. There's a good crop o' wheat growin' on Central addition, an' a powerful fine outlook for corn in the public park an' on Court House square, while the men who are farmin' the college grounds and custom house block are kickin' 'cause they are so far from market. I reckon we'll have to lay kind 'o low till next spring and then discover iron ore over in that hill."—*Dakota Bell.*

Origin of a Famous Phrase.

"I know how it was that Horace Greeley's famous advice: 'Young man, go West,' came to be written," says Orange Judd, formerly publisher of the *American Agriculturist*. "I was connected with the New York *Tribune* then, and Mr. Greeley and I frequently went out to dinner together. One day, while we were at the table, he took a letter from his pocket and read it to me. It was from a young man asking advice as to the best course to take in locating himself. 'Tell him to go out West, stake out a claim somewhere and cultivate it,' said I; 'there is where the opportunity for young men exists now.' Greeley did not say much in response to my suggestion, but the next day appeared in the paper an editorial article the refrain of which was that expression, since so often quoted: 'Young man, go West.'"

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Health Hints.

Iodide of potassium and nux vomica are invaluable in alcoholic hardening of the liver.—*Albany Press.*

Charcoal liberally added to a flaxseed meal poultice makes an application for inflamed and foul-smelling ulcers.

If you want to have a sure and rapid action from your medicine, take it in hot water. It will then be very quickly absorbed and operate much more efficiently.

If you ever endured the agony of a felon, you will appreciate the fact that it can be cured by woolen smoke. Place the woolen rags under an inverted flower-pot, and put coals upon them, or set them on fire some other way, then hold the felon over the smoke, and it will extract all the pain.—*Boston Cultivator.*

At Roosevelt Hospital, New York, in the treatment of typhoid fever, the sole diet while the fever lasts is milk and lime water in equal parts. Ten grains each of subnitrate of bismuth and pepsin are given in the milk four times daily. Solid food is allowed on the tenth or twelfth day after the subsidence of the fever. The convalescents commence the change in diet on tenderloin steak.

Styes are such troublesome little ailments, that the following remedy for their cure, recommended by M. Abadie, may be welcome. Dissolve one part of boracic acid in thirty parts of distilled water, and drop on some of this solution with a wetted piece of wadding, several times a day. It is said not only to effect a cure, but to prevent a return of this annoying affection.

Now that summer is here, special care should be taken to prevent the contamination of wells through the entrance of sewer poison, or house refuse from drains. In the country, particularly, wells are frequently dug near outhouses or barnyards, and in the city insufficient care is taken to protect them from cess-pools, sewers, etc. There are doubtless three million and a half deaths in the world yearly which are due to disregard of the above conditions of health. Just think this over, and perhaps a few hundred lives may be saved!—*Albany Press.*

Freedom of a City.

Whatever significance might be attached to it in former times, at present the "freedom of the city" is simply a complimentary honor, conveying a recognition of distinguished merit, and a small box made of thin gold in which is inclosed a parchment setting forth the nature of the honor to be conferred. The presentation is attended with considerable ceremony. The favored person is notified to be at the town hall, where, at the appointed time, are assembled the municipal dignitaries. Then, on his arrival, he is addressed by the City Chamberlain on behalf of the corporation, and is, in due form, presented with the gold box and its contents. The parchment inclosed is inscribed with his name and titles, and guarantees the holder and his children after him, forever, the right to live and trade within the city without having to pay a tax on the goods he may have brought through the gates. It exempts them from military and naval service and tolls and duties throughout (if in Great Britain) the United Kingdom. It insures to his children the care of the Chamberlain, who, in case they are left orphans, will take charge of their property and administer it to their interest until they arrive at years of maturity. The parchment bears the corporation seal and the signatures of Lord Mayor and Chamberlain, and is handsomely engrossed. The custom is now confined to European countries, notably London and cities of Great Britain and Ireland.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Miniature Mummy Head.

There is a cheerful little curiosity in a Broadway (New York) store. It is dark red in color—looks like baked clay—is no bigger than the bowl of a pipe, which it much resembles, and yet it is actually the head of a full-grown Indian Chief. There is a tribe of Indians in Ecuador, in South America, whose habitat is on the eastern slope of the Andes, around the headwaters of the Amazon. Their ancestors had a custom, which prevailed among several other savage tribes, of preserving the heads of some of their dead. Their method, however, was unlike any other known. They removed all the bony structure from the skull and then, in some way which never has become known to the outside world, compressed the fleshy portion down to the smallest possible size and then hardened and preserved it from decay. The knowledge of the process has been lost to the Indians, and all the heads now in their possession are supposed to be at least 300 years old.

It is said that this head is the second of the kind that ever left Ecuador, the Indians refusing to part with them at any price, as they are semi-religious symbols and deeply venerated. The one now in New York has the features perfectly preserved, though in miniature form. The eyes are merely little closed cavities. The cheeks are shrunken in, while the mouth and ears are a little larger in proportion than in life, having apparently shrunken less than the other parts. The thick, coarse black hair, which is about a foot in length, has thickened so at the roots as the scalp has shrunk that it cannot be parted. There is a seam coarsely sewn up the back of the head, showing how the scalp was cut to remove the skull. Altogether the object is a very strange one and bears every evidence of its perfect authenticity.

The man who was exhibiting it to any one who cared to see it furnished an interesting fact concerning Peruvian mummies. Some time ago a tourist obtained in Peru a lot of mummy eyes, which were preserved in some way that rendered them imperishable. He gave them to a jeweler to round and polish, in order that they might be set as a lady's necklace, and all the workmen engaged in the polishing were seriously poisoned, the poison coming from the dust of arsenic used in their preservation. It appeared that they were not human, but the eyes of the cuttlefish, which are the only eyes known which are indestructible, and which were used by the Peruvians to replace the shrunken orbs of the dead.—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Was An "Asker."

The Leeds (England) *Mercury* says: A lady was recently visited by a female servant who had been married, and seeing that the girl presented an appearance of having much bettered her circumstances, the lady inquired the nature of her husband's trade. To this interrogatory the young woman replied: "He's an 'asker,' ma'am," "An asker?" inquired the good lady, in amazement, "and what in the world is that?" "O, ma'am, he stands in the streets and asks." "Why, you don't mean to say you've married a beggar, do you?" "Yes, ma'am; but it's a very good business. My husband thinks it very poor takings for a day's work when he don't bring 'ome more than fifteen shillings clear profit, after paying for his beer, tobacco and food."