

A New Exploration of the World.

By DAVID FAIRCHILD, Agricultural Explorer in Charge of Seed and Plant Introduction, United States Department of Agriculture.

To hunt for new things in foreign lands, and to give what you find away—what could be more fun than this? To make an occupation of it, to be paid a living salary for doing it, and to be an official of a great government because you are doing it, is to be an agricultural explorer of the United States Department of Agriculture.

To travel simply in search of new sensations is interesting indeed, but it cannot satisfy an active, intelligent mind very long. One can have some hobby, collect paintings, bric-a-brac, or write books of travel, but the paintings are kept in galleries for a few people to look at, the bric-a-brac is shut up in cabinets, and the books one writes afford amusement or instruction to a circle of readers which generally grows smaller every year.

But it is different with plants. If one gets these, no matter how rare they are, they can be divided and half given away, and in a few months there will be just as many as before. There is, of course, a feeling in human nature that one likes to have things that others have not, and this is why the orchid hunters of the Guiana forests, for instance, brave the dangers of fever and starvation in search of a new kind of orchid—one that cannot be reproduced from seed. But I cannot sympathize with those collectors who, with great ceremony, take one through their conservatories to show some rare plant, unless it is something they are propagating in order to give away. I do not believe that to feel you have the only thing of its kind in the world can give as much pleasure as to know you have given a new pleasure to thousands.

What the Purpose Is.

Then, too, the day of the great geographic explorers is past, there are no new worlds waiting to be discovered by new Columbuses. Every continent on this small globe has been crossed and recrossed; every archipelago of islands, great or small, has been drawn on some published map. The barren wastes of the arctic regions and the deserts alone remain, with, perhaps, some tropical interior of a well known coast line.

Nor should the new agricultural explorations be confused in the mind with the botanical surveys of the world that have been carried out by the national museums and botanical gardens. These were in search of new plants, it is true, but with the prime object of describing them, of putting their pressed flowers, fruits and leaves into collections of dried specimens, or, occasionally, of growing them under the restricted conditions of a botanical garden.

To these explorers a new plant, whether it was good for anything or not, was valuable on account of the light it threw on the relationships of plants and on their distribution over the earth.

Times have changed, and over the world there has swept a wave of interest in agriculture and a realization of its possibilities for wide-awake, intelligent men. A deeper knowledge of what he can do with plants by breeding, by scientific cultivation, has made the American farmer eager to try new things, to see if he cannot get more out of his land.

Wild plants, that until now have been practically valueless, have become of great value for breeding purposes, furnishing some character, such as a fruit without seed or a stem with spines, that in the new plant created may appear as a valuable characteristic. Here, then, is a new reason, a new stimulus for the exploration of the world, and one in which the American farmer's son is taking an active part. The prairies and forests of the world must again be ranged over by trained men who know what they are after, and this time it is the living seeds and plants which they will search for and import.

What a fascination the life of these trained men presents! There is the continual change of scenes and faces, the visits to beautiful gardens and interesting forests, trips up and down fascinating streams, and numberless inspections of market stalls, to say nothing of the exciting work of following up the clue to some rare thing that one has got trace of in a market or in some interview—and all the time out under the open sky.

On the other hand, this life alone in strange lands and among hostile, suspicious peoples is sometimes one of extreme danger and hardship. Let me give, from Mr. Frank Meyer's letters which have recently come in, the picture of an explorer's life in Manchuria and China.

For three months he saw no white face save that of an occasional missionary; he was always surrounded by curious and impertinent natives; sleeping in inns that no human being should sleep in for the vermin; living on what the people of the country live on; forced to cover great distances on foot, making long and wearisome marches alone late into the night to reach the next inn, only to find it cold and cheerless, with the wind whistling through the tor paper windows; to sleep on a cold brick bedstead or herd with Chinamen of the dirty "coolie" class for warmth.

He has known what it is to be mobbed by hundreds of infuriated Chinamen in the streets of an interior city, and to escape only by the exercise of rare diplomacy; and he has been set upon by Siberian ruffians, and has fought for his life with a dirk.

But it is not enough to find a new plant in a foreign land and send some seeds of it to this country. If the plant is an entirely new one there will be no one to take care of it, and perhaps no one to see that it is rightly planted. Some one must see that it gets into the hands of the man who wants it and is prepared to grow it. This need has induced the gov-

ernment to build up the Office of Seed and Plant Introduction, where all the things sent in by explorers are received, and from which they are sent out again through the country. To this office comes every day scores of requests from experimenters who want to try seeds or plants which the explorers have sent in from abroad, and to this office come in every day from eight to ten shipments of living seeds of plants from the most out-of-the-way parts of the world.

To-day arrive a remarkable red corn from Peru, a collection of wild fodder plants from Palestine, some Chinese dates from Peking, Chinese litchi fruit from the island of Honan, a half ton of seed of the native Arabian alfalfa from the mouth of the Tigris, and a big shipment of Egyptian clover seed from Cairo. The requests have come for these things already, and as soon as the seeds are cleaned and the plants are inspected for diseases and pronounced healthy, they will be sent on their way to the different parts of the country.

There are in each State experiment stations with corps of men who are paid to try such things, and to these State stations a great many of the imports go; but not all, for any man who shows that he is able to take care of the new things, and is, in short, an experimenter, is entitled to the government's encouragement and assistance.

To change the crops of the country, to encourage the farmer who has always grown corn to try something else when corn fails, is part of the duty of this office.

The Necessary Years.

But it must not be thought that the game of agricultural exploration is quick in getting results. Plants take time to grow, and it takes time to teach people how to grow them. Often half a lifetime may pass before the chosen plant which an explorer predicts will be a great success has become really a great crop.

But where many plants are picked out, there are sure to be some which will reward the explorer early, and others which will give him a very delightful glow of satisfaction in his old age. And there are few pleasures that are more enduring than the ones that come to the man who first introduced a new plant into his country, even if the people who are dependent on it for their living have forgotten that he did it.

Agricultural exploration is a profession, and although any one may play at it, few have the training to engage in it successfully.

More is necessary than merely to pack a bag and board a steamer for somewhere. The explorer must know what his country wants, and he must know this so intimately that when, as some mountaineer flashes past the car window and his eye catches a peach-tree in bloom, and it is late for peaches to bloom, his mind will respond with the thought that perhaps this foreign peach may bloom so late at home that it will escape the late spring frosts.

He must know not only the prescribed area of some local region, but must have a general knowledge of all the important crops of the country if he would travel in many lands, for there are few things from Italy that will grow in Maine, and there are not many plants in Sweden which will do well in Florida. Then, too, there are ways to travel that the ordinary tourist does not find out about. The guide-books do not lead one into the untraveled paths of the explorer, and the untraveled man will not find out quickly which are the promising ones.

He must have a good idea of climate, or else he will make the common mistake of thinking the climate of Maine is much like the climate of the Dakotas, or that places in the same latitude must have the same climatic conditions, or that South Africa, with its perpetual summer, is like California.

Unless he is a linguist, he will be dependent on those distorters of facts, guides and interpreters, and be led into all kinds of errors; but above all, the greatest obstacle which the would-be explorer meets with is what he actually finds something which he wants to send home, and discovers that he does not know how to get it there. Almost everything has seeds, one would think, but it is surprising how few weeks in the year there are during which one can gather them. And if the visit to this inaccessible region happens to be just before or just after the seeding time, what is to be done?

In some cases it is necessary for the explorer to retrace his steps; in others a knowledge of how to propagate plants solves the problem. A slip, a slender branch, a root, an underground stem, perhaps, will often do quite as well as a seed. It can be taken at any time, and if properly packed in damp moss or wrapped in good tough wrapping-paper will reach home safely.

But above some of these necessary things even, the explorer must know how to use a camera, for the explorer has not only to get the plants, import them, grow them and distribute them to the public, but he must also convince the public that they are worth growing, or all his work goes for naught. The way to the mind is through the eye and the ear, and as the explorer can talk of his discoveries to but few men, he must appeal to a wide range of those interested through the press.

It is about as difficult to describe a new fruit or vegetable as it is to give a description of a new sound, and the best way to give the fruit-grower a clear idea of a new fruit is to show him a picture of it. To explore for plant introduction purposes without a camera is a little like hunting for rabbits without a gun. And what of the results of this search in the corners of the world? And is the government warranted in going on with

it, as a business firm would be in continuing the pay of a salesman on the road?

If it is worth while to transform the desert landscapes of the Southwest and dot them with young date-palm plantations, if it is worth while to increase the value of the wheat-crop by three millions of dollars through the introduction of a wheat which will grow farther west on the dry belt of the Great Plains than any American wheat could grow, if it is worth while to find a harder alfalfa which will not winter-kill in the Northwest, and another which grows all winter long in the mild weather of the Southeast and yields the farmer twenty per cent. more hay, it is worth while to keep up and extend the explorations for new plants.

Thousands of plants fall where one succeeds, but that one success carries with it such earning power that it makes the investment pay.

Frank Meyer, the latest explorer of the Office of Plant Introduction, has been gone more than three years. He has entered Manchuria when it required cable dispatches between Peking and Tokio to get permission for him to go. He has entered the eastern edge of Mongolia, and searched through the great fruit-growing province of Shantung. He has traveled through the mountainous wilds of northern Korea, and explored the regions south of Shanghai. He has gone up the lower Yangtze, and by rail to Peking. He has spent a spring in the denuded hills of the Wu-tai Shan, and he has pushed his explorations as far north as Vladivostok.

In the Odd Corners of the Earth.

On all these trips he has looked always for new plants. Sometimes he has found them in the back yard of a missionary bungalow; sometimes they were on some bleak mountainside where wolves and tigers are so frequent that the Chinese guides deserted him. Sometimes he has bought seeds of a rice-planter in his field of dry-land rice, or cucumber seeds of a Chinese hothouse-owner, or dug up a few plants from the sedge lawn in front of a foreign legation in Peking. He has picked cones from sacred trees on the tomb of Confucius, and harvested the seed-crop from alfalfa plants which he found growing on the city wall of Liao Yang.

He has traveled through miles of orchards during the fruiting season, and returned in the autumn to get bud-sticks from the same trees which he had noted when in full fruit in the summer. He has eaten delicious melons and saved the seed in paper packets. He has spent hours trying to convince the owners of a thin-shelled walnut that to sell a few scions from it would not bewitch his life away.

Before two years had passed since Mr. Meyer's stream of Chinese immigrants—who do not come under the exclusion act—began to arrive, the office was receiving photographs of nursery rows planted with rapidly growing plants of Chinese walnuts, Chinese chestnuts, seedless hardy Chinese persimmons, hardy wild apricots, broad-leaved Mongolian oaks, white-barked pines, early-fruiting cherries, new forms of willows, Chinese dates like our jujubes, only far finer, Chinese pistachios, Chinese grapes, Chinese peaches and plums, and pears and quinces, and a host of other new possibilities for the nurserymen.

It is yet too soon to say what this exploration will be worth to the country, but judging from former introductions, it will pay many hundreds of times into the pockets of the farmer and fruit-growers the thirteen thousand five hundred dollars which it has cost to keep Mr. Meyer for three years at a low salary in these inhospitable regions of the world. As for the explorer, besides the memory of years of adventure, he will have the satisfaction of seeing, perhaps, a handful of seed increased until it covers great areas of land, or a single bud-stick multiplied into orchards of bearing trees.—Youth's Companion.

THEY NEEDED THE MOON.

Custom of Old Time Doctors in New England Town Explained. Up in a New England town there is a medical society which is of sixty years' standing and has the custom of meeting on the Thursday before the full of the moon. Recently some of the younger members tried to change the time of meeting to the third Wednesday of every month. Three of the oldest members rose up and protested. They gave the reason for the peculiar arrangement. "When this association was formed," said one of them, "there were not electric lights and good roads the way there are now. The society took in the whole county and it was often a difficult matter for the doctors who lived in the country to drive home after nightfall. "So we called the moon to our aid and set the date for the Thursday before the full of the moon. It is bright moonlight at a seasonable hour then and the doctors could see their way home. "I know there is no necessity for such an arrangement now, but this will seem like a new society, if we do not meet the Thursday before the full of the moon."—New York Sun.

State to Print a Paper.

The State of Iowa is going into the newspaper business. J. C. Simpson, secretary State agricultural department, will establish a semi-monthly newspaper to exploit the wealth and resources of Iowa, and the chances for money making in the State. The paper is to be known as The Greater Iowa.

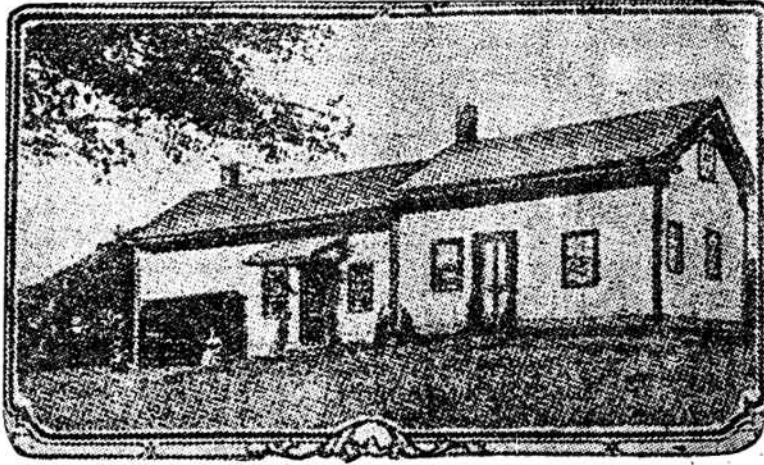
Whalebone Becomes Scarcer.

Whalebone cost only thirty-five cents a pound half a century ago. To-day it costs about five dollars a pound. The total product landed from the American fisheries during the nineteenth century exceeded 90,000,000 pounds. A single whale may yield up 3000 pounds.

Has a Right to That.

"Man wants but little here below," quotes the philosopher of folly, "but he wants to be allowed to pick that little out for himself."

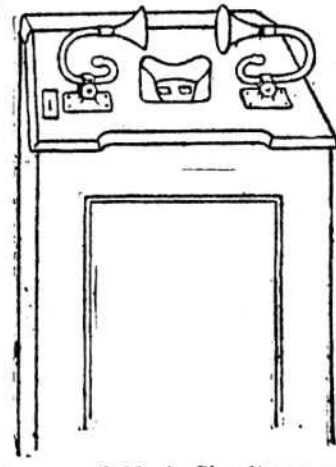
HOUSE IN WHICH J. D. ROCKEFELLER, RICHEST MAN NOW LIV'G, WAS BORN JULY 8, 1839.



Built by his father, William Avery Rockefeller, in 1835, at Harford Mills, Cortland County, New York.

Both Sing and Talk.

In view of the success which is obtained by the moving picture apparatus, the idea naturally occurred to use the phonograph in connection with it, so as to hear the voice at the same time that we see the picture. Among such devices is a combined talking and picture-exhibiting machine recently devised and patented by a New York man. At the top is an opening for viewing the pictures, and adjacent thereto, where they will come in contact with the ears of the user, are sound tubes. The latter are adjustable to accommodate the many sizes of heads naturally encountered. In making the pictures for these mov-



Pictures and Music Simultaneously.

ing pictures that sing and talk the actor takes his position before the camera and his movements are photographed. Coupled with the moving picture machine is a phonograph. While the latter is repeating the actor's words he goes through the necessary motions to accompany the words. The moving picture machine thus secures the photographic record of the series of gestures during the whole time that the phonograph is working. Duplicates of the pictures are then made from the original for use in the penny-in-the-slot machine, the mechanism operating the phonograph in conjunction with the moving of the pictures.—Washington Star.

Mission of a Hymn.

There is no more popular hymn in the English language than Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." It has soothed thousands of hearts bereaved by sorrow, and inspired hope when faith had vanished. A few days ago it once more performed its beautiful task of lifting despair.

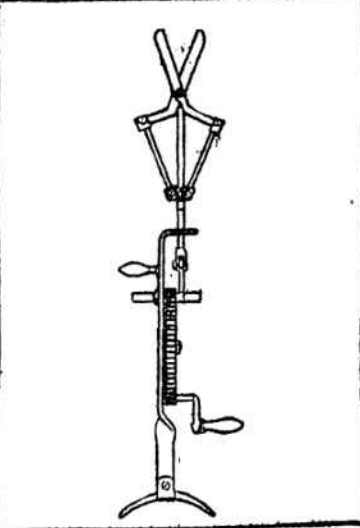
A disastrous explosion occurred in a mine near Durham, England, imprisoning 150 miners. One of the thirty-two men recovered from the living tomb was asked how he passed the sixteen hours he was buried in the darkness. He replied that he and his companions sang a great deal. Further questioned as to the songs he answered: "Five or six hymns. I don't remember them all. There was 'Lead, Kindly Light.' We sang that a good many times. It helped to keep our spirits up."—Catholic Telegraph.



THE DAY THAT NEVER COMES. —From Judge.

Rapid Hedge-Trimmer.

Among the numerous time and labor saving devices for gardeners' use



Does Work of Five. The geared hedge-trimmer, invented by a New York man, is one of the

Why the Marquis Paid.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his home during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his cleverness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the fee would amount to 4000 francs. At this the marquis made a face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hospital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Fambourg Saint Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exit; that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid.

"You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor; "but if you refuse all Paris will know to-morrow that the Marquis de D— adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Cleveland Leader.

A House Built For Bees.

In the garden of a schoolmaster who lives in a little German town stand the most remarkable beehives in the world. One of these, that rep-



A Strange Home For Bees.

resenting a villa, is shown in the picture. Other hives are in the form of a castle, a sentry, an inn, a windmill, a lion, a bear and an elephant. The villa, in particular, which the owner calls "Honey Villa," is built with the greatest care, and can boast such signs of human habitation as window curtains. Two and sometimes three swarms of bees live in it.

NATURE & SCIENCE

Britain is at last awakening to the absolute necessity of progress and the highest kind of knowledge. British universities are opening technical colleges rivaling the great German polytechnics.

An electric glue heater has been put upon the market which is claimed to melt glue in thirty minutes, and to keep it at a temperature of 150 degrees for several hours after the current has been switched off.

An electric heater for thawing explosives is used at the Roosevelt drainage tunnel in Cripple Creek, Col. It is in successful operation. The cost of this method of heating is about ten cents for twenty-four hours, and is said to be far more economical than coal.

A hydro-electric power station is projected near Wadesboro, N. C., on the Rocky River, capable of producing, with the initial installation planned, 6000 to 7000 horse power. The site is within a mile of the new Southbound Railway, and a new town is expected to be developed by the industrial facilities.

"One of the simplest things to represent on the stage, one would think, is daylight," says an Italian named Fortuny in the Theatre Zeitung, "and still its accomplishment has always baffled stage managers. Our daylight does not come from one point, but from all directions, and this light, as from the sky, is what has not yet been produced. The difficulties, however, have been overcome, and on the stage of the new Royal Opera House at Berlin the stage daylight of my invention will be seen when that house is completed. The effect is produced by electric light, mirrors, prisms and silk cloths of various colors, through which the light is made to stream."

There could hardly be a better example of the scientific spirit than the recent application of the methods of biometry to those excessive minute animals, the bacteria. C. E. A. Winslow and Anne Rogers Winslow have, according to Professor F. P. Gorham, marked the beginning of a new era in bacteriological classification and nomenclature by their studies in this direction. They have applied the methods used by anthropologists and students of variation and heredity to the definition of the species of bacteria. The results are, of course, technical in their nature, and in themselves only interesting to students of the subject, but they have a broad general interest because they serve to assure the public that advance on strictly scientific lines is being made in the study of those almost infinitesimal creatures that play so important a part in human life and everything that human life depends upon.

BAGGING AT THE KNEE.

Men's Trousers Not the Only Garments Thus to Get Out of Shape.

"It may have been often printed in the fashion news, but that I never see, and so," said chipper brother Claude, "this is spang fresh news to me, that the skirt of sister's new suit is bagging at the knee.

"That men's trousers bag in that way is notorious, in fact baggy trousers have long been a subject for the jokesmith to exercise his wits upon, as they have long been to their wearers a source of grief. No man likes to have his trousers bag at the knee, and there have been told stories of men particular about their apparel who when in their finest attire declined to sit down for fear they'd get their trousers out of shape there, and it certainly is a common thing to see men, on sitting, hitch their trouser legs up a little, to take the bagging strain off the part that commonly comes over the knee and to lessen the bagging.

"So men have always had trouble with their trousers in this way, but that women could have trouble of such sort with their skirts I had never dreamed, for were not skirts so voluminous that their folds could be shifted and arranged at will, to prevent their getting out of shape? Well, it seems that the close fitting skirt of the present day is so scant that it cannot be thus loosely disposed or shifted about, one must sit in it as it is, and thus woman comes to have a new experience and to get some faint glimmer of one of the most trying troubles of men.

"It makes me smile to hear sister say to mother that the skirt of her new spring suit has already begun to bag at the knee."—New York Sun.

Sleepy Grass of New Mexico.

While making a trip through the southwestern part of New Mexico Herbert W. Wolcott, of Alamogordo, N. M., found a grass from which he believes a narcotic may be extracted which will take the place of those now known to medicine.

"The grass is known as 'sleepy grass' to the natives of New Mexico near the Apache reservation," said Mr. Wolcott. "Cattle and horses will eat it the first time they see it. It makes them fall to the ground in their tracks and lie in a state of coma for two days. When they wake up they have no ill effects from the opiate. But they will never eat it again; in fact, they will run away if it is offered to them.

"This 'sleepy grass' is not to be confused with the loco weed. The grass is a real grass, not unlike the Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant and bears a flower. Horses and cattle become loco fends and are worthless after tasting the deadly stuff."—Kansas City Star.

Plenty Coming.

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation to the country. As she got into the train he said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?" "Oh, no!" she responded sweetly. "I shall depend upon your letters from home."—London Tatler.

GENTLE DOCTOR BROWN.

It was a gentle sawbones and his name was Doctor Brown. His auto was the terror of a small suburban town. His practice—quite amazing for so trivial a place—was written down. Consisted of the victims of his homicidal pace.

So constant was his practice and so high his motor's gear That at knocking down pedestrians he never had a peer; But it must, in simple justice, be as truly written down That no man could be more thoughtful than gentle Doctor Brown.

Whatever was the errand on which Doctor Brown was bent He'd stop to patch a victim up and never charged a cent; He'd always pause, whoever 'twas he happened to run down; A humane and a thoughtful man was gentle Doctor Brown.

"How fortunate," he would observe, "how fortunate 'twas I That knocked you galley-west and heard your wild and wailing cry; There are some heartless wretches who would leave you here alone, Without a sympathetic ear to catch your dying moan."

"Such callousness," said Doctor Brown, "I cannot comprehend; To fathom such indifference I simply don't know how to comprehend. One ought to do his duty, and I never am remiss. A simple word of thanks is all I ask. Here, swallow this."

Then, reaching in the tonneau, he'd unpack his little kit, And perform an operation that was work-manlike and fit. "You may survive," said Doctor Brown; "it's happened once or twice. If not, you've had the benefit of competent advice."

Oh, if all our motorists were equally humane, How little bitterness there'd be, or reason to complain! How different our point of view if we were ridden down By lunatics as thoughtful as gentle Doctor Brown! —Bert Leston Taylor, in Puck.



PITH AND POINT.

"How was it he came to grief?" "By being a joy rider."—Baltimore American.

Hoax—"Why do you refer to his fortune as hush money?" Joax—"He made it in soothing syrup."—Philadelphia Record.

The foolkiller said, and his smile was grim, He liked the diver who couldn't swim, But of all the guys beneath the skies, The rocker of boats looked best to him. —Philadelphia Ledger.

He (looking up from the paper)— "I see they have the referendum in Cleveland." She (alarmed)— "Dear me! I hope it isn't catching!"—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Hank—"If you won't do no work, yer won't get no dinner, and that's all there is to it." "Tell you what I am willing to do. I will give you a lesson in correct English. Is it a go?"—Life.

Highbrow (boastfully)— "I get twenty cents a word for my stuff. I'm a word painter." Lowbrow (scornfully)— "That's nothing. I get two dollars a word for mine. I'm a sign painter."—Judge.

Out in the sun she romped and ran, And then one day we missed her. Poor girl, she thought that she would tan, And found too late she'd blistered. —J. J. O'Connell, in New York Times.

"Everybody says that Jones has the finest mind, insight and sagacity he ever ran across. How did Jones get such a reputation?" "Easy. Whenever you make a statement, he says, 'By Jove, that's so! Why didn't I ever think of that before!'"—Cleveland Leader.

Oatske—"What be yore son Jake a-goin' to dew now that he her left college?" Heyrix—"I dunno yet. He's talkin' some of bein' a doctor. But I've heard tell ez heow that be a heap uv munny in bankruptcy, so mebbe he'll try that fer a spell."—Chicago Daily News.

"Working" the Press.

Everybody is trying to get something for nothing out of the newspaper publishers. The country editor's mail is loaded down with offers of merchandise in exchange for advertising space. The authors of these propositions are in many cases reputable advertising agents. Others are well established firms that seek by promises of future business on a cash basis to secure publicity at absolutely no cost to themselves. Still others are the founders of new concerns who desire to build up a successful trade on the generosity or gullibility of the newspaper publishers.

The proper way to treat all these trade, or part trade and part cash propositions, says Fourth Estate, is to decline them in a polite but positive letter. The men who send them out are, to use a familiar expression, "fishing for suckers." If you nibble at the bait you are certain to get hooked. Every line of advertising matter should be paid for at regular rates. This, of course, does not apply to the complimentary notices of regular patrons which are inserted once or twice a year. The newspaper publisher is not in business for his health. If publicity is worth anything to the man who seeks it, it is worth paying for, and the editor who fails to collect what is due him will never get on in the world.

One Road to Fame.

State Senator Ernest R. Ackerman, of New Jersey, who is now enjoying his annual trip abroad, is one of the best known and most enthusiastic collectors of postage stamps in this country. So large is his collection that he has an apartment room in his home in Plainfield as a stamp room, so dear to the heart of the philatelist.—New York Tribune.

Flowers.

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals: some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others, again, are plain, honest and upright like the broad-faced sunflower and the soldier like lupul.—Henry Ward Beecher.