THE FARM AND GARDEN

AMATEURS IN THE GARDEN.

Notes of Interest to the Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Grower, and Talks on Trees and Shrubs.

FORCING VEGETABLES.

Questions Answered.

What style and size of greenhouse would you recommend me to build to force vegetables for a good market of 6500, and to pay so as to hire an experienced gardener run same?

Whenever has learned by practical experience just how to manage his houses and handle his crops, there are few uses to which a greenhouse can be put that will yield more satisfactory returns than the raising of winter vegetables.

No definite rule can be given as to the best size and style of greenhouse for this purpose, as good results can be obtained with almost any style of roof, and with any width from ten to twenty feet. It is designed only for forcing vegetables, we would prefer a house at least thirty-five feet wide, but if there was any likelihood that it would ever be needed for the growing of flowering plants, it would be well to limit the width to twenty feet. The largest lettuce house in the country was erected in 1891 by W. W. Rawson, of Brighton, Mass., which is fifty feet wide, one hundred feet long and six-teen feet high, and he prefers this to any other he uses.

Most of the growers about Arlington use the wide, low lean-to, while at Grand Rapids, Mich., a majority of the houses are even-span and twenty feet wide. In the growing impromptu lettuce and other vegetables, the three-quarter span house is preferable. While the advocates of the lean-to or south houses can point to what have been success-ful crops, it is perhaps too early to admit all of the claims made by them, and the ordinary even-span can be recommended with reasonable certainty.

Except for very expensive plants, it is not likely to pay to have a house exceed 150 feet in length, although if placed upon a furnace shed, or head of greenhouses with hot water, and secured by a cable, it may be advisable.

Whatever may be the length, it is not advisable without experience, to start entirely upon a hired house. It will be best to begin upon a small scale the first year four houses, say two houses, 25x150 feet, would be recommended. After experience is successful, the plant can be extended if found desirable.

Is the water heater made to burn coal; if so, who by? Most of greenhouses with hot water are fired on hard wood as coal is not known to be a better heater than wood, which is sold by the Hotchkiss Company, Chicago; the most of the other heaters could be used in a greenhouse on a small scale to have heater large enough for buildings?

Would very readily be attended to by pipes and heated by hot water system. This is the case of the houses occupied by me. If it is thought from various accounts that coal gas can be situated so as to keep the greenhouse plants free from gas, they are wrapped in some material and enclosed in a box, which can be carried with but slight loss of heat.

Would I have to pay a man to run greenhouse for me, and what would be the cost of a man to take charge of a greenhouse? Is it desirable at the present time? Show and house work, responsibility was increased and a correspondent. The foremen of commercial greenhouses command two or three times the wages, especially when the business; a man who commands a price as his interest in the business, the loss of a considerable sum, while a hand-man can be obtained from a well-ordered establishment.

Are Valuable.

Are highly valuable as a highly valuable fruit crops. They increase the woody growth, fruiting, being on the woody growth. Should give the best results. Grapes and apples, if set in around the distance from the

Care of Young Trees.

Are a very make much difference the early part of the season after they require. They require to be well established, and the newly planted trees. However, pains should be taken that the conditions are as favorable as possible for their proper growth. The most important thing is to get them started before the weather. The most important thing is to get them started and see that they are not overgrown with weeds. It is a serious matter to cut trees to put a plow in the fourth of the hole, and then fill up around the trees to a great extent; if lack of moisture, or at least if the tree will die. In application of fertilizer, it should be very lightly and thoroughly worked in. In many cases having to wait for the roots when it is taking a year to grow tends to a very heavy growth of top. Should be taken up to be transplanted to more or less root pruning large, or upon the manuring. The top should always be in proportion to the roots help the trees grow, not the leaves. The roots so far as health and vigor are concerned, are secured by having a nearly evenly balanced as possible. If the tree makes a thrifty, growth until it is well established, there will usually be no difficulty in keeping a good growth after.

An Eventful Day.

"Well," exclaimed the manager, "if that wasn't a queer experience!" "What was that?" said the foreman. "Why, I was a man in here just now and I don't seem to know any more about the newspaper business than I

THE SELECT STORY TELLER.

SHORT, BRIGHT FICTION.

The Latest Stories by Popular, Well-Known Authors. Light Reading For the Whole Family.

THE SILENT CRIPPLE.

We sat in the parlor of the little inn. A curious looking cripple who always occupied a special corner, sitting apart from the rest, had many times attracted my deepest attention. This day my curiosity mastered me, and turning to my friend, Wilford Crane, as I indicated the cripple, I said:

"Who is he, do you know?"

"Yes," was the reply, "that man has one of the most remarkable histories I have ever heard, and, as you know, that is saying something."

It was, indeed, seeing that Crane had done yeoman service in both the French and English detective forces, and was now enjoying a well-earned retirement. It was only very occasionally now that he emerged from his seclusion to once more play his role of bloodhound of justice. So it may be readily understood that my liveliest curiosity was aroused by Wilford Crane's remark. After a moment's pause, he continued:

"I'll let you have the story this evening by our own fireside; it is one that I don't care to give to all the fellows."

Once more the conversation became general, and I had perforce to possess myself in patience till the evening. I could not resist the temptation to look again and again at the "silent cripple" in his solitary corner. There was an air of mysterious reserve and habitual restraint about him that irresistibly fascinated my attention.

That evening, when we were comfortably ensconced, my friend, true to his promise, said:

"The man you call the 'silent cripple' was once one of the merriest and most dashing fellows about Paris. He was in the Ministry of Public Works. But although in a splendid position he was a most unaffected man, without a trace of pride in his composition. He was a thoroughly good-hearted, jolly fellow.

"I was, therefore, as you will imagine, intensely sorry to see him fall hopelessly in love with a beautiful young girl, who was mixed up with one of the queerest sets about town. Her brother I have long since marked out as a quiet but dangerous Anarchist, and the girl herself was being courted by a man whom I knew to be a ringleader of these desperadoes. You see, I had been giving special attention to that sort of gentry, and was only waiting my opportunity to pounce upon this particular one.

"So I say again, it was with more than regret that I saw Emile About succumb to the fascination of Marie Durand. At that time I did not know her. I knew that she was the image of her brother in feature—so much so that to this day I believe they were twins—and I suppose that led to the inference that she resembled him in creed, and was only less dangerous because a woman.

"I warned Emile of his folly, but, of course, I knew beforehand that it would be useless. I did it as one often will do such things, in order that I might feel I had done my duty by him. He seemed to revel in the delight of rousing his rival's jealousy to the point of madness.

"The girl positively hated Dumbovotsk, her dark-browed admirer, in spite of his handsome figure, splendid bearing and undoubted authority over his fellows. It was a new thing for Dumbovotsk to meet with open dislike, and he set himself, with all the bulldog determination of his taciturn nature, to compel Marie's affection.

"When, however, he saw that Emile had not only entered upon a similar campaign, but had actually carried, at the first storming, the citadel that had so obstinately held out against him, he was beside himself with rage and mortification.

"It was with the merriest jokes and laughter that Emile told me of the progress of his own love-making and the accompanying growth of his rival's fierce hatred. He was such a fearless, careless fellow that he openly enjoyed tormenting and defying Dumbovotsk, whom others were afraid to annoy—even secretly.

"I thought that harm would certainly come of it, and times out of number I warned him of the risk he was running, but he always put me off with a laugh.

"For most of the subsequent details of the story I was indebted to himself and my own subsequent investigations, as I must confess that on this occasion the Anarchists had completely outwitted me.

"Marie had for some little while past been very much distressed by her brother's strangely preoccupied air. For days she had been unable to get anything more than monosyllables from him. He seemed to think of nothing but some secret, harassing trouble. Every one remarked how ill he looked. Several times Marie had artfully invited his confidence, but he had a quiet, though settled, determination to hide everything from her.

"On many occasions, too, he had devised little expedients to get her out of the way. He had sent her on fictitious errands and missions in a way that intensified her feelings of apprehension and alarm.

"Then on one or two occasions she had arrived home with unexpected quickness, and surprised him in some occupation of which he had hurriedly removed the traces, and evidently wanted to keep her in ignorance.

"Of course, she had little trouble in connecting his uneasiness with the doings of the gang. She knew just enough of her brother's associates and their aims to make her long that he should cast them off forever. But she dared not openly suggest this to him.

"So, on this particular day, when, although he seemed to be worse than ever, he expressed a determined resolve to go out in the evening, she, womanlike, swiftly decided upon a plan of action. Her suspicions had begun to assume a horrible and definite shape. She was resolved to find out everything.

"In his tea that afternoon Ernest had unconsciously swallowed a sleeping draught, which his sister calculated would amply make up the arrears of rest that he had been recently accumulating.

"Her plan had been suggested to her one evening when she was tending him as he lay in a delicious sleep. In his mutterings she heard him say: 'Le mort est roi,' and from his repetition of the phrase she swiftly concluded that it must be the password of the gang. Then occurred to her the daring project of personating her brother.

"Time immediate was the word for the plan into execution. Having secured herself that her brother was now thoroughly asleep from the effects of the strong potion, she quickly assumed his clothes, and then made her way to the conspirators' rendezvous. She knew where they met, from one or two unguarded utterances made in her hearing. Her only misgiving was as to whether she had really secured the password. Otherwise she relied on her close resemblance to her brother, and her unfailing self-command, to carry her through with the dangerous undertaking. Reaching her destination, she found that she was the first to arrive. With a trembling lip she whispered, 'Le mort est roi,' to the old man who opened the door, and immediately she was led to the council-room. She thought the old man eyed her pitifully as he conducted her to the dark and wretched-looking chamber in which she was to play her daring part. Presently the others began to arrive, one by one in quick succession, until about twenty of the most desperate ruffians imhung were assembled round the little fireplace.

"Nobody addressed Marie; indeed, they seemed by common consent to hold aloof from her. At first she thought they had discovered her disguise, but soon became confident that there was other cause for their avoidance. A thousand anxious fears kept her mind in turmoil, and it required all her heroic self-control to enable her to play her role that evening. Had Ernest proved a traitor to his comrades, and was this the meeting of the judges to pass sentence? What was to be his fate, and when would he die? These and other such thoughts coursed through her brain like fire. Once or twice she involuntarily pressed her hands to her temples to relieve the violent throbbing. Then with fresh alarm she noticed the looks of ill-concealed pity on the faces of some of her companions.

"This all passed in a moment. Before there was time for further thought the strident tones of Dumbovotsk commanded attention. At the sound of his voice Marie shivered with apprehension. There seemed to be something in the way that he looked in her direction that boded ill for her. He plunged at once into business and said:

"'You all know our object this evening. We needn't waste any words, then. Ernest Durand,' he said, turning to the trembling Marie, 'you understand that you put your little forget-me-not underneath the Ministry of Public Works at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning? Francois and I will look after you.'

"Instantly Marie's mind flew to the concealment that her brother had been exercising, the secret preparations in which she had once or twice surprised him. Her mind turned sick with fear.

"Dumbovotsk's announcement was received in solemn silence, which was finally broken by one of the brothers, who said:

"'But why the Ministry of Public Works?'

"A low growl of approval greeted this question. Dumbovotsk looked round with an angry and contemptuous sneer, and said:

"'Because I command it. Does any one wish to break his oath and—' here he broke off with a laugh that sent a shiver through Marie and made the men cower away from him until he stood in solitary triumph. Again he spoke:

"'Gentlemen, Durand has to take the oath, and then our pleasant little union may dissolve.'

"Upon this the men formed a ring by joining hands, and the hateful leader himself led Marie to the centre. For the following few moments she was scarcely conscious of what took place. The 'brethren' were used to such scenes, so Marie's helplessness excited no remark. With somewhat more than usual gentleness for him, Dumbovotsk placed her in a kneeling posture, with head bent, while he took up a position priestwise over her.

"Then the men solemnly incanted something, of which she could but dimly remember the words 'brother,' 'death,' 'oath' and 'glory.' These seared themselves like brands upon her confused senses. Presently she became aware that Dumbovotsk was addressing her. Quite gently now—or perhaps insinuatingly would be a better term—though with an undertone of malicious triumph in his voice, he prompted her in her replies. She was conscious of saying 'yes,' 'no,' 'no,' 'yes,' in a faint whisper, then her tormentor raised her from the floor, and while the gang solemnly said, 'We witness,' Dumbovotsk handed her a dummy bomb, which, at his instruction, she kissed. After this he crossed her hands, took them into his own—she was thankful that she wore her brother's heavy gloves—while he said:

"'Ernest Durand, in this enterprise we are comrades; I will not leave you, I swear.'

"Once more the gang chimed in, 'We witness,' and then their captain dismissed them. Slowly, they filed out, casting looks of evident ill-favor at their dreaded leader. Marie went last and lingered in the shadow of a doorway, while she heard Dumbovotsk take leave of Francois, with final words of instruction for the morrow. When she saw the latter hurrying away homeward she approached the lingering captain with beating heart, but firm, decided step. He started involuntarily as she suddenly confronted him, but speedily recovered himself, saying:

"'Halte, Ernest, what is the question?'

"'I am not Ernest,' broke forth Marie, in tones of piteous appeal, 'I am his sister, and I implore you to spare him. You only can save him; I beg my brother's life of you!'

"With a gesture of angry impatience, Dumbovotsk turned and hissed:

"'So I have been tricked by a wilful jade, have I? Hussy, I tell you your brother has had his chance. He refused to help me win you, and this is his punishment. He shall be the murderer of the man he wished to see his sister marry. Don't delude yourself that you have saved him,' he added in a mocking voice. 'I myself will go and administer the oath now. As for you—'

"At this he made a step forward, but Marie was too quick for him. Plucking a long knife from her bosom she sprang at him. The blade flashed in the rays of a lamp near by, and with a groan the dreaded captain of the brotherhood sank lifeless to the ground. She cast one glance at the body and fled. She ran till she was breathless, then paused to think. For a moment her brain refused to act. It was a soothing mass of wild thoughts and disconnected pictures. But with a supreme effort she controlled herself. Her decision was instant. She would warn Emile. A moment more and she was speeding towards his lodgings.

"Luckily he answered her summons at once. In a few moments he had heard her breathless story. For a moment he was silent, then he said:

"'We must run home to Ernest; perhaps he is waking, and then—'

"'He was afraid to finish the sentence, a great fear seemed to overcome him. The picture of a sick man in the last stage of mental weakness, and goaded on by the worst fear, arose before his mind.

"Together they flew off, Marie experiencing some relief in the strong hand-clasp of her lover. Reaching home, they ran straight to Ernest's room. For a moment they paused in the doorway, their faces blanched with fear. Upon their horrified gaze broke the spectacle of Ernest sitting up in bed and toying with a bomb. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes were almost bursting from their socket in wild delirium. As he caught sight of them he shrieked out:

"'The oath; the oath; I Kiss, see, I kiss!'

"Then he kissed the deadly toy as Marie had kissed the shell in the ceremony. Breaking from Emile at this moment, she rushed forward to pluck the shell from her brother's trembling hands, crying:

"'The bomb—then this is what you have been hiding from me, Ernest.'

"Before she could reach him he fell back with a groan, and let his plaything fall with a crash at her feet. There was a sickening explosion a confused murmur, as of many waters, and Emile knew no more until he awoke in the street, to find some anxious friends bending over him and watching for signs of returning life. He found that sweetheart and brother were dead, that in one brief moment the happiness had faded from his life.

"From that day to this he and I have been the only persons acquainted with the true story of that explosion. And from then till now he has remained silent, living as silent and exclusive as a hermit."

THE BONDS OF CUSTOM.

"Yann!"

"Excellency."

"Here."

With bowed head and drawing one foot after the other slowly along the ground, as if to show great humility, the favorite huntsman of Prince Horostienko, entered the arbor where his illustrious master was wont to repose after eating.

"Approach, son of a dog, and listen."

Yann Barsouck came nearer and bent forward until his face touched his master's boot.

"Are you always sure of your hand and your sight?"

"God help me, yes, excellency."

"Well, you are to wander away from the castle, as is your habit. You must pretend to have lost your way. At nightfall enter the garden secretly, and jumping the hedge conceal yourself in yonder clump of bushes, which is directly in front of the window of the blue salon."

"Yes, excellency."

"The salon is sure to be lighted. There you will see the Princess and Count Alexis Karagine. Watch well. When you see me enter the room raise your gun and aim at the Count.

Drawn up in his rustic chair, his face more wrinkled and distorted than ever before, the old Prince spoke authoritatively. His gaze was intently fixed upon his huntsman in whose features no other sentiment was discernible save that of servile obedience. He continued:

"Aim at the Count, but do not shoot at once. Before you blow out his brains I wish to make him understand that he is to die."

"Yes, excellency."

"Therefore you will stand your finger on the trigger until I let fall a handkerchief, which I shall carry in my hand. Then, Yann, shoot and hit your mark. You understand?"

"Yes, excellency."

"Go!"

Yann was more than a man—he was a brute. Whence he came, no one knew. From Lithuania, perhaps, judging from his name—the only words he could speak when they found him, a tiny babe, under a bush on the high-road that crossed Prince Horostienko's estates. They left him to grow up in the courtyard among the servants and grooms. For his daily nourishment he depended upon the charity of the peasants and scullions.

At sixteen he had made a bow, with which he could bring down all the apples and pears he wanted. Never once did he miss his aim.

One day the Prince saw Yann's arrow pierce the blossom of a bergamot tree, and he commanded him to be brought before him. The servant who led Yann to his excellency trembled. But his excellency was in a good humor. He contented himself with giving the culprit fifteen lashes; after which he sent to the head huntsman, with orders that he was to have a uniform and a gun.

Yann retained an agreeable remembrance of his master's clemency; he wished to show that he was grateful; besides, shooting was his ruling passion.

His skill surpassed that of all the most renowned marksmen of his time. At forty paces he could send a bullet directly through the eye of an otter without the slightest injury to the fur. Then he would silently deposit the dead beast at his master's feet. Being repaid with a simple "Well done," Yann would return to his thatched hut, surly and taciturn, without even a glance at the group of maidens, who, with petticoats daintily tucked up, washed their linen in the river.

He never spoke to anyone. The peasants held him in awe. Evil stories were current about him. They may have been true. For Yann there was but one law—the word of his master; but one love—that for his gun.

When the evening tea had been drunk the Prince, making a pretext of having some orders to give, took leave of the Count, his only guest that day, and, having kissed his wife's hand, withdrew to his own apartment.

A half hour later he went down into the garden.

There everything spoke of love. Oppressed by the heat of the day, the plants and flowers had blossomed once more into life, filling the air with their heavy fragrance. The fire-flies floated like bright emeralds on the night breeze to where their mates awaited them under the thick leaves. In the grass the crickets sang softly to their love mates of an hour.

The Prince took a circuitous route, and returned on the grass, so that his footsteps might not be heard. Drawing aside the heavy leaves of an elder tree "Are you there?" Very well. Remember the signal, and fire at once. In the Count's eye, Yann—like the otter."

"Yes, excellency."

* * * * * * *

Certainly the poor Princess had struggled conscientiously to resist the ardent supplications of Alexis Petrovitch. But he was twenty-five and she was only twenty.

The grave caresses of her husband suggested to the Princess what the infinite joys of young love might be, with its divine intoxication, its ardent embraces. Never yet had she given her lips unasked to her husband. Must she always submit to his almost paternal kisses? And what promises she read in the eyes of Alexis!

The Princess did not stop to analyze either her preferences or her aversions; she loved Alexis, that was enough. Love at twenty has a spark of divinity in it; it does not even care to understand itself.

One day Alexis swore to the Princess that he would only put his lips to the hem of her gown, but, carried on by the torrent of his youthful love, he kissed her passionately. She fled to her favorite blue salon, which she never allowed anyone to enter. There she permitted the Count to join her.

After that they sat there whenever they were alone together.

So it was that, seated on a divan opposite the long window, the Princess saw kneeling before him who was not yet her lover, but to whom she felt already that she entirely belonged.

"Ah, my life, how I love you!" he was saying.

His arms were about her. Drawing her closer to him he sought her lips. She was uneasy, and made as if she would release herself, when, suddenly conquered by the convulsion which rent her heart, she closed her eyes and her lips met his.

Yann Barsouck watched. Before those two young creatures rapt in an ecstasy of love he smiled.

This love, what was it? A pit, into which man led woman; and she ran to it, blindly, careless of her fate.

Yann understood this love. No one could imitate as he could the moaning love-lamentations of the otter to his mate. How many had he shot, to save them from their "doom," as he expressed it.

Meanwhile, his eyes fixed on the Count, Yann silently levelled his carbine.

Inflamed by the long, voluptuous embrace and moved by the strength of his passion, Alexis arose. Little by little he pressed closer against him the slight form lying so unresisting in his arms. With his impatient fingers he tore aside the silk folds of her gown.

But the Princess stood erect. The adorable modesty of her gesture, the look of amazement in her eyes, accompanied by so much love, so much fear, reminded Alexis of his promise. Falling once more upon his knees, respectfully, reverently, he laid his lips to the hem of her gown.

Barsouck saw all, even the look of mad passion with which the Princess thanked him a hundred fold for the sacrifice she now imposed on him.

A veil was suddenly torn away from the soul of the brute. It is savage nature was electrified by the ray of understanding which penetrated his very heart. It was a new idea—exquisite, elevating—that of a woman's modesty.

Now he understood pure love.

As Alexis rose from his knees, the Prince entered. Certain of satiating his hatred, gloating over the horror into which his unexpected entrance had thrown them, the Prince advanced deliberately toward the lovers, who stood trembling before him. He went cautiously, like a caterpillar creeping under the petals of a flower.

Alexis threw himself in front of the Princess. But, quickly disengaging herself, the woman boldly confessed all. Then, with a superb audacity, she stood staring in her husband's face.

Old Horostienko was beside himself with rage. Grasping the handkerchief which was to serve as signal to Barsouck, he threw it, with the force of a blow, in his wife's face.

Surprised to see the Count still erect, he turned toward the window—and fell, shot through the eye.

Like the otters!

Gave Jack's Sister the Cold Shoulder.

"Oh, Bessie, I'm so delighted to see you. I am bursting to tell you a joke on some of the girls in the club," and as she grabbed her friend near the handkerchief counter, each girl clerk within speaking distance held her breath to hear the joke on the "girls in the club."

"Oh, Kathrine, you delicious thing, tell me this instant," and Bessie hung on her friend's words.

"Well, you know, yesterday I was out making calls. I called first on that horrid Miss Mackintosh. I never could bear her, but, of course, one must return first calls."

"Of course," assented Bessie. "Well, I honestly believe she kept me waiting three quarters of an hour, but when she appeared she was glorious! She had on a very swell tea gown. Oh, it was beautiful. But I wish you could have seen the look she gave me. I didn't know what was the matter, but finally she said, in her very sweetest way: "Oh, Miss King, is it you—that is—I mean—won't you be seated—I'm very glad to see you." But her looks belied her words. Well, I didn't stay long, you can make sure, and when I left she said more sweetly still: 'How is your brother?' I said: 'Thank you, Jack is very well.'

"I went to three more places, and actually every one of the other girls kept me waiting—oh, ever so long—from fifteen to forty minutes, and I must say I never saw a handsomer array of tea gowns trotted out in one afternoon. Well, finally I discovered the secret of it all" and here Miss Kathrine went off in a series of the most contagious giggles, and the clerks all smiled from sympathy and her friend gave her a little shake to bring her to.

"What was it all about—don't keep me in suspense. I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Well—you know I called last at Flossie's as I always do, and get five o'clock tea. She didn't keep me waiting five minutes. She came running down; but when she saw me she gave a little squeal. I said, 'What's the matter, Floss?' and she said, 'You aren't your brother,' and I said, 'No; I sometimes wish I were; but why did you say that?'"

"She showed me the card I had sent up, and on it I read:

MR. JOHN B. KING.

And, Oh, Bessie! I had been using Jack's cards all afternoon and didn't know it. You see we were calling together the evening before and I had some left in my card case and didn't know it. Wasn't it a fine joke? Anyway, I never saw a prettier array of house gowns in my life."

44 RAY STREET, TORONTO.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

GRAVE AS WELL AS GAY.

Reading For Leisure Moments for Old and Young. Interesting and Profitable.

The Ruling Passion.

He had $10,000,000
And when he died and went
Some otherwhere, they gave him
This simple monument.

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ODDITIES IN NAMES.

Strange Cognomens Unfortunate Persons Have Had to Carry.

The erratic Mr. Rose, who named his daughter Wild, had probably never imagined the possibility of her marrying a man named Bull, as we are told she did, but this is only one of many peculiar cases of "what's in a name?" Philosophy. Royalty indulges in a number of cognomens, and this example has been copied in Alabama, where a pretty colored girl bears this euphonious string of titles: "Fair Rose Beauty Spot Temptation Touch Me Not." This is only exceeded by the ingenuity of a Mr. Pepper, who named his unfortunate daughter after every letter in the alphabet, so that she has twenty-six names, Ann Bertha Celia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quigley Rebecca Strange Teresa Ulysia Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus Pepper.

It was an Englishman who named his son Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Victory Cox, and his counterpart is found in another parent who christened a small and fragile daughter Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Dowall Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill, which distinks has a Chartist flavor in its nomenclature due to a certain period in English political history.

There are names that have a personal significance, such as One-Too Many John, or Who'd Have Expected It Harry, which seem to reflect upon the owners as if they had been indiscreet in coming into the world and demanding a name at all. Not Wanted James, for example, must be a young man very sensitive to his condition in life—that of the superfluous man. Happy Go Lucky Smith will inspire a warmer sentiment of welcome when he announces himself by name, but Forever After Jones has not much in his name to recommend him.

In Wisconsin a young woman named Mayd married a Mr. Wyffe. He died, and his successor was a Mr. Widdow, the young woman having accomplished the whole destiny of woman in being maid, wife and widow by due process of matrimonial law.

The man named Jordan, who had his son baptized River, was more pious than wise, but he had more reason for his peculiar choice in the etymology of names than the man named Dow, who called his offspring Morning.

The Welsh have many peculiar names in their nomenclature, or possibly a peculiar way of using names, as in the case of a Welsh storekeeper, who had on his sign the names, John Mary Williams. This is a relic of an old custom when Maria was a name shared by both sexes, as Jean Maria Farina. It appeared that a Mr. Williams, a man of position, had in his household a woman servant named Mary, who was known by her master's family name, Williams. When the woman married she kept the names by which she was best known, and added to them her husband's Christian name, John, a bit of diplomacy in the way of trade. Her husband was always alluded to as John Mary Williams.

In ancient times the Welsh were known by personal peculiarities as the American Indians are at the present time, Hook Nose, Squint Eyes, Black Beard, Crooked Tooth and Fast Foot being the only cognomens bestowed on them. Then come the Hebrew names, which the Welsh people employ in their most poetic form, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and David, being softened and sublimated by the ancient Welsh spelling and pronunciation. These people are very fond of the Old Testament characters, and, although a purely Celtic race, they love the grand old names of God's chosen people, and bestow them on their children from generation to generation.

There are a few Welsh names that are favorites with people of all countries. Llewellyn, for example, or Hugh, which is not so distinctively Welsh.

The Scotch are great sticklers for clan names, as this story testifies:

A beggar who was starving asked for alms at a public house where there was a great gathering of Scotchmen, and was refused. He then demanded in God's name to know if there were any Christians present.

"Deed no, we're a' just Grants and Frasers here; ye'll maybe find the Christians in some ither town," was the characteristic response.

Bishop Goodenough preached before the House of Lords at London. Whereupon some wag wrote these lines:

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the lords should preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

In the time of Cromwell the Cavaliers who were opposed to the protectorate used to drop a crumb into their wine as they drank it with the adjuration, "God send that Crumb-well down."

A newspaper rhyme on Queer names was published in a London journal some years ago:

"Mr. Barker is mute as a fish in the sea;
Mr. Miles never goes off a journey;
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three;
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root;
Mr. Wild is as tame as a hack;
Mr. Rider performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foote on a roan horse's back."

The colored people who once had only such names as their employers choose to give them, they being by law entitled to no others, are fond of high-flown, high-sounding patronymics, such as George Washington Henry Clay Daniel Webster Jefferson Smith, all those heaped upon one infant, who goes through life by the single appellation of Wash.

Bible names are not always judiciously applied. A man in the west named Grass, had his son endowed with the long-syllabled handle of Nebuchadnezzar.

The Roman maidens were generally named for flowers, and Flora was their goddess. The Greeks drew their names from the surroundings, and the Latins had names that denoted physical defects, such as Claudius, Imo.

Parents should know the meaning of the names they bestow on their children. Marah, bitter, is not a desirable suggestion. Rhoda, a rose, is more pleasantly significant, and Lois, an old-fashioned Bible name, means better. Ruth, the name of the little girl at the White House, signifies contentment, and that of her baby sister, Esther, means "a little child hidden."

There is a quaint story told by Barrie of a child named Davy, who makes a brief appearance in one of his novels, and takes much of the interest of the story with her when she goes. For Davy is a girl. And this odd name was an accident at the christening. The minister looked sternly at the father and said:

"The child's a boy, is it not?"

He had already been given a paper with the name written upon it, but when the confused father answered "yes" to the query as to the sex, the dominie responded: "Then I cannot christen him Margaret, so I will call him David."

The mother felt very badly, but the only excuse her husband gave was that he dare not contradict the minister.

NOT THE CASE.

Several Examples Furnished as Proof.

"I have often heard," said the man with the black necktie, "that there is a special providence that watches over drunken men. Their luck is proverbial. They fall down flights of stairs and coal holes and the like and come up smiling. They walk into canals and float about until somebody rescues them. They can't hurt themselves, tradition says. However, I have had occasion to test the theory, and I scoff at it. I am a mocker. There is nothing in it.

"For instance, I knew a man once who was an habitual drinker. He was full most of the time. One day he went to sleep on the side of the street. A coal wagon came along and the driver dumped two tons of chestnut coal on him. Now, according to the theory, this man should have escaped unharmed. But he didn't. No such luck. When they shoveled the coal off him they found him there flat on his back——".

"Dead, I suppose," broke in the man with the bell-crowned high hat.

"No; he was alive enough, as far as that goes, but the weight of the coal had broken a bottle that contained two of the finest quarts of moonshine ever distilled.

"Then, there was another man I knew who had the same failing. He got drunk because he couldn't help it. One day he was coming up in the street in a very wobbly manner, and he walked by accident that had its sidewalk trapdoors open. Of course, he fell in. He struck one of the contrivances they have for sliding boxes down, and he shot into the middle of the cellar as if he had been fired out of a Krupp gun. He hit a crate of crockery—".

"And broke it and his leg, undoubtedly," broke in the young man with the bell-crowned high hat again.

The man with the black necktie shook his head. "No," he replied "not exactly, although I believe he did spoil a few dozen washbowls and pitchers. But that cuts no figure either way. By the theory he should have received no harm. Instead, they hauled him off to the police court and he went to the penitentiary for six months for attempted burglary."

"But that case was not a marker to my own saddest experience. I'll admit that on the afternoon I am speaking of I had taken too much drink. I was hazy as to my whereabouts. I wandered down to the docks. I had no business there, that was probably the reason why I was there. I walked off into the water. Now, by the rule, I should have been rescued immediately after I had struck the water. I wasn't though." Here the man with the black necktie stopped and sighed.

"What happened?" inquired the young man with the bell-crowned hat, eagerly.

"Why, instead of going comfortably into the water, which would have helped sober me, if nothing else, I fell into one of those infernal cows the ferry-boys use. I went to sleep, and that ferry-boy didn't do a thing but row me around the harbor for six hours while I slept and charge me $3 an hour after I waked up."

A Southern Mammy.

The young teacher wore a grieved expression; she was filled with an earnest desire to be helpful to her race, and had come to the village during the summer in order to become acquainted with the parents of the children whom she was to teach when autumn painted the forests. She felt unhappy at the turn the conversation had taken, and was vainly endeavoring to find some subject toward which to direct the current of thought, when her eye fell on the gay-colored quilt covering the bed. "What a beautiful quilt you have! Did you make it yourself?" "Ef I hadn't ter make it myself, I wouldn't never had it, I let you know." "I have ten pretty quilt squares that I made a long time ago; and now that I am teaching I am sure I shall never find time to finish them, so I am going to ask you to take them, and add enough to make a quilt for your child's bed, and let those squares be a keep sake from his new teacher."

"Fore Gord, 'oman you is gwine ter be frien' to my chile. I see dat, dough you is 'bove dippin' in de snuff box wid me. I gwine meck my boy git you some hick'ry nuts and some wa'nuts an' some chestnuts when time come for 'em; I is dat. Ef you be good to my chile, an' see dat he catch idee good as t'uther childrin does, I be mighty proud, 'oman. I want my boy to be smart, an' ter be eddicated, dough his mammy is washerwomun. I wants him to hab more sense nuh ole dat ole devilish Amos, whar think he so smart. Dat I does. An' I gwine meck him hunt de woods fur you when chinkapins get ripe. He kin catch rabbit for you, too; he kin dat.' He smart boy, but my boy whar dead he more smarter den John. Poor little Tom, he wuz a cripple boy, an' I used to tote him to de wash place down by de spring, an' he so much company for me, dough he want but five years ole. He love me, dat chile did. He wasn't 'shame of his mammy keze she wash white folks' clothes. He say: 'Mammy, you wash clothes heap nicer den tuther 'omen does; I done notice dat. You so smart, you sayin' dat you wash clothes to say dat trouble in' 'bout his mammy broke down in planted

"When open school," said the teacher, "I will bring you a bouquet of flowers." "Yes, white lilies for the little cripple."

"Dat's dippin' outen my pocket, don dat, an' I gwine now. Do good face on you; Christian 'oman, you gwine put dat child. I cyarnt stand setting herself in a chair dirty old apron over her head

"Yes of the Present." If we [illegible] musical horizon of the [illegible] such names as Rubinstein, Gounod, Massenet, Wagner, Dvorak, Mascagni, the Scharwenka brothers, Brahms. Surely a splendid [illegible] which sweet Margarite never gain regain its power [illegible] sures of Otello have [illegible] harmony which Aida's [illegible] received from the east. [illegible] of those two composers of the illustrious group [illegible] of their manhood [illegible] works they have given [illegible] be surpassed by some [illegible] it requires centuries [illegible] of such colossal proportions [illegible] Beethoven, Wagner [illegible] grandeur of the St. Matthew [illegible] glorious measures of the [illegible] from the pathetic [illegible] Dido's love to the seething [illegible] Tristan and Isolde, what [illegible] has made! And when [illegible] landmark be [illegible] Europe—sensuous [illegible] seductive melody [illegible] in the brain of those [illegible] have given [illegible] rature which the [illegible] ergive to music? [illegible] are of no avail [illegible] angle one in the [illegible] The past is [illegible] crishable master[illegible] any that will sur[illegible] vive—who can tell?

Medicine.

[illegible] pieces of that bottle fair yet to become [illegible] in the corner drug [illegible] well-known Philadelphia [illegible] ling progress has [illegible] ing or hemmed [illegible] only life." he [illegible] self independently [illegible] zed living tissue [illegible] state. It can be [illegible] the body indefi[illegible] on and can then [illegible] issue by any open[illegible] it will instantly [illegible] activity. It can [illegible] then the patient suf[illegible] blood or humor [illegible] her drink. Death [illegible] will one day be ex[illegible] and these corked[illegible] He used not only [illegible] cats but for intract[illegible]

Bed.

[illegible] man who is always [illegible] had a hard experi[illegible] She was in a car [illegible] which was an in[illegible] way to the hospital. [illegible] time she keeper's [illegible] unfortunate, the [illegible] room the Bath Mo[illegible] S. Ticket permits [illegible] at it. This being [illegible] by the efficient [illegible] ciation of the move [illegible] the friendly face of [illegible] suddenly, with a [illegible] grab for auntie's [illegible] second was danc[illegible] not only this head[illegible] that had come off [illegible] with insane glee: [illegible] "I've got her scalp!" [illegible] ceeded in freezing [illegible] much the worse [illegible] her confidence in [illegible] maniac had re[illegible]

INCIDENCE.

Horses

[illegible] Resembled a Man.

"Say [illegible] tell you something." said the horse-trader, leaning his pipe [illegible] minutes [illegible] looking in over [illegible] for the last ten [illegible] record "as a story." [illegible] a dispute. [illegible] thing he should tell [illegible] closed the book and continued:

"It [illegible] incidence. In other words [illegible] chicago man so close[illegible] lyth woman made a mis[illegible] take."

"An[illegible] her self and well-com[illegible] ed you man!" growled the old [illegible] Anne chin.

"No, old man! She was [illegible] a young woman [illegible] capitate [illegible] say she was looking to pre[illegible] but I may add, that she [illegible] horsewhip [illegible] it all speak at once. [illegible] July, [illegible] wn man' who got [illegible] memory [illegible] street, Chicago, in [illegible] particu[illegible] have slipped your [illegible] "Ho[illegible] ch?" [illegible] forgot any of the [illegible] he put [illegible]

"Sa[illegible] g a young woman. [illegible] allic paint agent as [illegible] came a book. [illegible] tell you how it was. [illegible] and go[illegible] of course, but it all [illegible] a banke[illegible] my being so stylish [illegible] won he[illegible] a know. Cashier of [illegible] and the [illegible] a beautiful girl and [illegible] turnof[illegible] he father failed in biz [illegible] venge[illegible] her over. Her love [illegible] anotte[illegible] she yearned for re[illegible] him d[illegible] he was shining up to [illegible] arrived [illegible] she determined to take [