LAST SUMMER'S DRESSES.

I have been through my last summer's dresses,
Have gone through the closet and drawer,
Had a regular "shake-down" day,
And of all the most discouraging messes,
Commend me to the old clothes' chest!
There they are, worn and torn, tagged out and tattered,
On the bed and the chairs and the door,
While some hats, rather rakishly battered,
Ride socially near on the floor.

There's my white lace, still covered with flowers
Gone yellow and turned quite a brand;
But I wore it that night at the Powers'
When I danced with the swell from abroad.
Here's a trimming, a satin brocaded;
Here's a nun's cloth, made up rather plain
With dark satin inside, looking so faded
And with such an aggressive big stain.

I remember the last time I wore it,
At that picnic where we caught trout,
And I caught on a thorn, hook and tore it,
And of course all the shirring came out;
And he said he would never more complete,
Tom McCray, the blundering old dear,
That needs upset his fishing-kettle
The avalanche struck me just here.

Poor Tom! In far-off Colorado,
He's at work in some gulch or ditch;
But it never will prove El Dorado—
Tom has "the luck" kind of a hitch.
And should he return, dear old fellow,
With his luck increased a hundred per cent,
I'm certain I'd be sere and yellow,
And he would be forgot at least.

It is silly, I know, to remember,
But some thoughts are so loth to go,
Yet I am ashamed—strange how I remember,
And a girl can't wait always, you know.
We all like to be petted and pampered,
And I don't find much game in the hunt,
But I think I shall keep that old chest
With the strawberry stain down the front.

Harper's Bazar.

WHAT IS HOSPITALITY?

BEFORE THE PARTY.

"There, I believe old Mrs. Peckham's name completes the list, Mr. William, my dear, will you please listen to this list of invitations, and see if I have omitted any one to whom we are indebted? The poor father-of-the-family, thus appealed, mostly had his spectacles and paper and prepared to submit to the inevitable.

It was a way Mrs. Barnes had of planning her daughter Alice's fashionable expensive indulgence, and, when too late to be recalled, springing the subject upon her husband in an easy matter-of-course way, which left him no alternative but a half unwilling consent.

"Why, you see, my dear,' she went on in answer to his questions of surprise, 'we haven't had a large company up over a year, and we are really under obligations to all these people—fifty-eight I make in all.'

"I do detest large companies,' began Mr. Barnes.

"I'm sure you cannot dread this thing any more than I do,' put in Mrs. R., 'and all the more, that I dare to come upon me, too; but it is not so bad as a number of small gatherings, just as it is better to have several doomed teeth all extracted at once rather than to keep dreading them.'

"What would these people say if they knew of our intended supper their entertainment to pulling teeth?—this from Jim, an aside to his brother, Fred; but that young gentleman, who had been to college, assured her that it was the way with the world; they all felt just so.'

"Well, we must at least study simplicity in our arrangements,' put in that will ease both your labor and my pocket-book,' said Mr. Barnes.

'Sure enough, let's institute a new department, Julia Morrell is Rational,' assented Fred. 'She just had a dainty bit of cream and fruit, or something, and lots of fellows went home hungry, and refreshed by the feast of reason and flow of soul.'

'That is very well for literary people whose houses are full of objects of interest,' said his mother—'And who like other ways of entertaining people than through their stomachs,' whisper-ed naughty Alice—'but we must have an elegant supper, or we will give up the party. Of course we must have oysters and several cold meats, besides ices, ice-cream, fruits, coffee and chocolate. We will pinch somewhere else to make up money that to me, William.' And the lady went on complacently reading her list. 'Dr. and Mrs. Rollins; you recollect we were invited to their daughter's wedding.' Mr. and Mrs. Cross' silver wedding.'

'Both which obligations' cost us a pretty little sum for presents to people we don't care a thing about,' said Mr. Barnes, hitting 'Mary.' 'Well, I never hear me say a word about our having a metal wedding, know at once that I am either crazy or in my dotage. When we get so low as to invite people to give us presents, I will go ruin with a subscription paper, but I will never get up the modern farce of a silver or golden wedding.'

'There! here are the Livingstones,' pursued the lady, 'who have just come to town, but real quality people, whom it is best to place under obligations to us; and Squire Harding.'

'Who invited me to his breakfast, because he wanted my vote,' put in paterfamilias, unpleasantly. 'But it's all right, my dear, all right; I suppose, only one cannot help wondering why the Saviour meant, when he said: 'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.'

'Probably that will all be changed in the new translation,' said Alice, who was disposed to be a bit cynical, like her father, and to see through the veneering of society shams.

Let us pass lightly over the dreadful days of preparation; the hunting up side-down of the house from top to bottom, the polishing of silver, the importation of crockery and extra help (?), and endless cooking, pickling, etc. for the Barnes family could not afford to order their supper from the local Delmonico's. So the younger children stood sentinel and dried eggs, and enjoyed immensely the confusion and general air of something coming; and the family subsisted upon outside slices of roasts, unfortunate biscuits and test pieces of cake. Everything went wrong, of course, and had to be done over, and there was hurry and terrible anxiety for Mrs. Barnes, who, I am sorry to say, had her temper lost several times, and developed unknown powers of scolding. But everything was whisked into line at the very last moment, and the poor lady with a cracking headache was trying to gold-dress and composed, when somebody announced the first carriage.

'How dreadfully early some people do come, Harry, Alice, hurry up, and with this lace quick, I hoped to have a moment to breath.'

'Mamma, these new boots hurt me awfully,' groaned little Jim, an uncomfortable child, who had not yet learned the ways of the world. 'I would rather wear my old ones.'

'No, no, never mind if they do hurt a li,' 'le, they are lovely, so slim and and hi,' 'h, and such a perfect match for your dre,' 'ss. And so the poor child stood in sim,' 'ple misery all the evening, taking her firs,' 't lesson in the ways of the world.

AT THE PARTY.

'Good evening, my dear Mrs. Rollins, how kind of you to c,' 'me early; we shall have time for a real little visit before there are other arrivals.'

Mrs. Barnes had a headache; perhaps she had forgotten what she said upstairs. But why describe the usual routine of such a gathering? Why, nothings, of flattest platitudes which make up the conversation of such a gathering. Of course the guests discussed the flowers, the few pictures, the music, the supper, each others' dresses and the minister. O, much-loved during charity, what would society do without you? Well, the music, the supper was really good, and that constituted the 'entertainment' mostly. There was some soulless music, for Miss Alice Barnes, who sang, of course, although ladies must, whether they have any music in their souls or not.

The gentlemen smoked after supper, but that was done one side some where, as questionable things usually are. About midnight the last guest had vanished into the darkness, each one saying in due form the time-worn phrase, 'A delightful evening, Mrs. Barnes, your companies are always so charming!'

AFTER THE PARTY.

Remarks like these in the going-home carriages: 'Such a stupid affair! Why will people like the Barnes try to ape gentility, and give fashionable parties when they can't afford it?'

'Why, indeed! Everything was stiff as a poker, and what a supper! Such vulgar profusion in everything, and so little silver or table ornaments.'

'Did you notice the supper were plated, and half of them borrowed, I do believe. As for me, I wouldn't have a party if I couldn't have the largest of silver napkins.'

'Well, we must at least give Mrs. Barnes the credit of being a most charming hostess. I think she thoroughly enjoyed seeing her friends; but poor husband must be very great trial to her, he is so distant and ungracious.'

Meanwhile, in the confusion of the vacant rooms, the 'genial hostess' had thrown herself wearily into a chair, exclaiming to her daughter Alice 'Well there's one consolation, our guests all seemed to enjoy it, if we did not.'

'I received a great many compliments for the supper, and the entertainment generally' and we shan't have to endure this affliction again for one while, I hope.'

'Why ever again, my dear?' urged Mr. Barnes, plaintively. 'You need accept invitations we do not care to return? Why can we not hereafter invite our friends, and people whom we wish especially to make happy, in small companies, which will give you a fair death in preparation. I thoroughly enjoy receiving our friends in our home, but how can anybody enjoy such a farce as this, with both nerves on both sides. Why, I felt guilty and mean all the evening.'

'It does seem as if that were the better way,' assented the wife absently, thinking how she could get her hats out of that mass of confusion in the kitchen; 'but then, *society*, you know.'

A few more days of hard work brought back the usual order and quiet of the family; it moved like a calm following a small earthquake. But the bills began to come in. They looked large, placed over against the 'small' income. The father and mother were talking them over one night after the children were in bed. They must be provided for by 'pinching' somewhere else, as Mrs. Barnes had said. She was already at her wits end to know all need new flannels this winter,' she said; 'the old ones are very thin, but they must be made to do with patching. Then we must do without beefsteak and oysters as often as usual; these articles are expensive, you know.'

'It might be considered doubtful economy to dispense with warm clothing and nourishing food,' said Mr. Barnes with a shade of the heat.

'Then there is the money you give away to benevolent objects—one tenth, you know,' 'I assumed the lady doubtfully, 'we couldn't you take from that a little?'

'Not one cent from *that*, my dear. The party was selfishness, not charity.'

'So the matter was compromised on flannels and beefsteak, and in another way which I am afraid they would not like me to mention.' Not that they exactly planned it so, but the next summer it came about in this wise. Mr. Barnes took no vacation, but stayed in the city and worked hard all the hot, long summer. Fred was luckily invited to the home of a college friend. Mrs. Barnes remembered a cousin of hers, who lived comfortably in a country home, not expensively far from the city, where she had spent her early years, and whom she really *ought to visit*. So with Alice and the two little ones she gave to this 'dear friend' the week usually given to romping at the mountains or seaside. Cousin Clarissa did her own work, and got rather tired, I fear, but then it was a wonderful saving, and the party had to be paid for. If I had been consulted, instead of a fast, I would put at the bottom this little moral: We all wear masks. Things are not always called by their right names. There is lots of much slavery in the world, much *voluntary servitude*. We are all slaves to burdensome social customs, whose yoke we abhor, but dare not throw off.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Wasp.

I dare say you think the wasp is an ugly, bad tempered insect, and not nothing in the world but sting little children. She is apt to do this when she is meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.

I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the window shutter met the wall, pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at one end. In order to get her mind at ease I let her finish her cradle and nursery. Daily it grew larger until it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.

When she had gone I broke into her mud cabin like a burglar. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton wool. Each was wrapped in a brown gauzy blanket and they were in reality the wasp's babies—their larvæ. The wasp is a worm before she gets her wings and legs. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders, which the wise mother wasp had stunned with her sting and sealed up with her babies in their snug quarters. When they grew hungry the poor worm would find plenty of food in the cupboard.

This little worker was one of the wasps that live alone; but there are others that live together in tenement houses of their own. They not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and ceilings from shreds of wood, as we make rags from paper.

THE FARM.

The Hot-Bed.

We have urged from year to year upon all who wish to have early vegetables, the great importance of a hot-bed. Market gardeners find it an absolute necessity, as it is indispensable to all who do not wait upon the slow operation of the seasons. Even a very small garden may be greatly increased in value by making use of it, inasmuch as from one to two months may be gained in time, in producing early vegetables. We have more than once published directions for constructing a hot-bed at small cost and at little trouble. The subject may be in mind of some of our readers, but we renew them by publishing the following from the New England Farmer.

PREPARATION.

The first thing to do in the spring is to get a quantity of horse manure ready for use. Manure from grain fed horses is best, because it will heat more readily. The manure from a horse fed exclusively upon hay, or grass, would make poor material for heating the soil of a hot-bed. Having secured the manure, it must be forked over to lie in the air, for plenty of air is necessary to sup upon the manure. Throw it into a high heap, leaving it as light as possible. When it begins to warm up in the middle, which may be ascertained by thrusting in a sharpened stick, it should be shovelled over again, to bring the outside and bottom into a fermenting state. Repeat the throwing over of the whole pile when it begins to warmed through. Plenty of straw bedding or forest leaves mixed with the manure in the pile, will help to make the heat constant and uniform. By the time the manure is thoroughly warm, the location of the bed should be made ready. In selecting a location it is well to take advantage of a wooded hill, some building or a high board fence at the northern side to break the wind. It is quite common to build a tight board fence about six feet high, in a sheltered place, to break the force of wind. Sometimes the fence has shutters attached which can be let down over the beds or turned up and fastened back when not in use.

Hot-beds may be made upon a large pile of warm manure, placed on the surface of the ground, or pits may be dug for receiving the manure. In wet locations the former method is to be preferred, as sinking pits would be put out the tire in a pile of heating manure just as effectually as it will put out other fires. If the location is a dry one, as where land is to be taken up with a loose, porous subsoil, it will be better to dig a pit for the manure. In either case the manure must extend in all directions several inches beyond the frame that is to be placed upon it, with a little very little heat at the edges of the bed. Having dug the pit of sufficient depth, the manure being alive with heat, is to be carted and thrown in, a foot thick at a time, keeping it as level as possible. It will not do to tread the manure very hard as the heat would be too much checked, but it should be pressed down slightly by the fork, and a light person may walk once around on the edges. The middle will settle solid enough when the soil is put on in which the plants are to grow. The depth of the manure in the pit will depend upon the season of the year and how long the heat will be wanted. A thick bed will have heat much longer than a shallow one, so the earlier the bed is made in spring the deeper must the manure be laid. Two feet of manure is not too much if the bed is started the last of February or first of March.

Later in April, frames are placed over a foot of manure in beds made for setting out plants that require checking or more space for development. Having filled the pit with manure to the desired depth, put the frame in place over the manure. The frame may be a cheap affair of boards made for a late bed, but an early one would be more protected by a plank frame and with the earth banked up against it on all sides. The frame should have square corners, and must be tight enough to receive the sashes. Sashes are usually about three feet by six feet, with lapped glass laid to shed water. After building the frame, shovel in from a few inches deeper at the rear side, in order to give enough pitch to the sashes to turn off the water from rains or melting snow, the soil to plant in should be evenly spread over the bed to the depth of five or six inches. The soil should be prepared the fall previous, and must be kept in a dry place under cover until needed. The best soil must have a large proportion of sand intimately mixed through it. This is to prevent puddling and baking under the sun or by watering pot.

Good garden loam, old hot-bed manure, and sand in about equal proportions, will make a rich, mellow soil for receiving the seeds. It will be all the better if it has been exposed to the seeds by sprouting them in the soil a few days previous to planting the garden seeds. If the manure be hot, the weed seeds will mostly sprout by the third day, when a good raking of the bed will utterly destroy them. The bed is now ready for the seeds, which are to be sown, and they may be drilled in, in rows, or sown broadcast, according to what is to be done with the plants.

Timber Belts For Farm Protection.

The question of growing trees for wind-breaks, or storm-shields, is becoming one of great importance with farmers on the prairies. Of the deciduous trees—those that shed their leaves in the autumn—the most desirable are the Cottonwood and White Willow, both of which grow rapidly from cuttings. Mr. Arthur Bryant, in his valuable work on timber culture, recommends the planting of a wind-break eight rods in width, on the north and west side of every quarter section of land.

The best time to make Cottonwood cuttings is in the early spring, when they begin to swell. They are made of the previous year's growth, the length varying from eight to twelve inches. Take a small and vigorous branch in the left hand, top toward you, and with a knife in the other hand, cut them off the desired length with a drawing cut. Methods of planting vary. In some cases the ground is ploughed deeply, and it is saturated with water, the cuttings can be thrust down into the soil almost their entire length and they will grow readily. A better plan is to take cuttings twelve inches in length, soak them in water from one to two days before planting, then plow straight, deep furrows four feet apart, place the cuttings at two feet apart, pressing some soil firmly against the lower portion of each, and then with a plow turn back the soil and cover them nearly or entirely up.

The young plants should be kept clean by hoeing and cultivating for two years, when a good mulching of prairie grass should be given them. If the season is favorable they will attain a growth of from six to eight feet. At all events, plant in good soil and cultivate well. Cuttings of the Willow wood can usually be had of wholesale nurserymen for one dollar per thousand. Cottonwood seedlings can be had of them very cheaply also. Trim up the branches of the young trees as high as you can reach for four or five years, and they will make tall, handsome trees. Pine land is fitted up for corn, and marked out four feet apart, and set out with trees, there will be 2,722 to the acre. If one year seedlings are planted four feet one way and eight the other there will be 1,361 seedlings to the acre. Enough corn can be grown between the eight-foot rows, during the first two years, to pay for the cultivation of the land.

Five acres thus planted to Cottonwood will, after seven years' growth, furnish one family with fuel for one year, and laying rails, enough to pay for the use of land, and at the same time serve the purpose of a wind-break. In one case, to my knowledge, a grove of twenty-four-old trees of this variety was set in 1867 at a distance apart of 8½ by 8½ feet, making 360 trees to the acre. In 1880-81, when a part of this grove was cut, each tree averaged two cords of wood, the whole product being valued at $1,260 per acre.

The White Willow is another exceedingly hardy and rapid grower. A friend in Nebraska writes that it excels all others in three respects. Ease of cutting, of having grown, from one small cutting, in two years, a tree that measured six and one fourth inches in diameter at the base, and of being hardy. He mentions a White Willow tree which grew from a cutting that had been planted thirteen years that was two feet and one inch in diameter at the ground, and formed a head, or top, thirty feet across. He estimates that the expense of growing ten acres of such trees in ten years, at $40 per acre, and converting the whole into lumber, would not exceed $10 per 1,000 feet. Mr. C. S. Harrison mentions one tree grown in the vicinity of St. Paul, which at three years of age measured four feet and four inches in diameter. He says that there is no better material for hedge fencing and for a wind-break. The plan suggested for making hedges of it is to cut stakes six feet in length that are two inches in thickness, then cut a very narrow strip from the bark in each place, the stakes ten inches apart, and then set firmly about them, and fasten the tops with a single wire, over which staples are driven into the top of each stake. The slow method of digging a trench many proceed as follows: Cut off stakes five and one half feet in length, make the holes with a crow-bar, and then sharp one end the butt so that the slope will all be one way, and then drive them perpendicularly eight inches apart in a straight line in a well-prepared fence row. Three-inch lathes nailed on the top of the stakes, and in line. If well cultivated during the summer, and then mulched, only two years' time will be required to form a fence that will turn cattle.

The Cottonwood is the pioneer tree of her plains, and will become more and more welcome eastward as its growth increases in size. It is a tree that readily adapts itself to low sandy soil, is unexcelled for wind-breaks when the Box Elder (Ash-leaved Maple), or some other spreading or low-heading tree is used in connection with it. It is a tree that grows from seeds, and not cuttings. It makes a good storm shield when planted alone, but the plan recommended is best. It is a tree that is comparatively free from the attacks of insects, and is a good substitute for the hard Maple in yielding sap for the manufacture of choice syrup. It is also a valuable tree for fuel, and for the purpose recommended, the Cottonwood and the White Willow are unsurpassed. Next in the order of their popularity are the Box Elder (the Ash-leaved Maple), and the Soft Maple, both of which are grown from the seed. The seed of the Box Elder can now be bought for 75 cents per pound, and that of the Soft Maple at $1.00 per pound, of the leading seedsmen in the large cities.

Sorghum Sugar and the Question of Profit.

The cultivation of sorghum, and the manufacture of sugar from the cane will undoubtedly receive a fresh impetus through the efforts of recent experiments and the revival of interest as evidenced in the numerous inquiries for sorghum growers which have been held during the past winter. Several scientific and protracted experiments have been made during the past two years, and especially in Illinois and the extreme south, all the efforts seeming to prove conclusively that the growing of sorghum can be made profitable. It has been demonstrated that the cane can be worked into a very excellent quality of sugar, and that the process, when carried on upon a sufficient scale of magnitude, will yield a handsome profit to both the grower and manufacturer at a cost which is merely nominal. The acreage in localities where the plant will thrive is to be much increased this season, and a general revival of the business is close at hand, if present indications are to be relied upon. In this connection it appears to be an established fact that sorghum is valuable as material for ensilage. Cattle are extremely fond of the sweet juices of the cane, and where silos have been filled with the cane they have thrived so largely increased as to guarantee its worth as an article of feed. Many experimenters with silos are loud in their praises of sorghum, and it has been ascertained that it will not sour when properly packed, at least no sooner than other fodder similarly treated. A few years since sorghum was quite extensively grown for syrup in the northwest, but, as no successful process of making sugar had been discovered, the farmers became discouraged and discontinued their crops. But now the interest may now be looked for, and every man who ventures to go into the business may at least expect to use or dispose of his crop without loss.

FARM LABOR.—A late report by English commissioners on American farming, says: "The farm laborer can hardly be said to exist as a distinct class in the United States, unless it be among the people in the Middle and the Southern states. In the large farms of the west the bothy system is carried out, and buildings are put up in which the summer men mess and sleep. In winter they are off to the cities, or cities, and it is seldom the same face are seen two years running on the farm. It should be remarked that though wages may be high, the cost of labor from spring to autumn are long, and winter is a period of almost complete cessation from work for man and beast on the American farm. The very few laborers that are required upon a great wheat-growing farm in America during the winter months is surprising in one instance we were told that only two men were kept upon 5,000 acres. When the longer days and the harder work of the American laborer, together with his being employed when he is wanted, are taken into account, the annual cost of labor per acre is much less than the amount paid in England."

TO BREAK UP SITTING HENS.—Do not drench them in water, nor put them in a barrel with one inch of water in the bottom, nor tie them up by one leg to a tree, nor any of these cruel practices, which our fathers in their ignorance used, to quench the natural instinct; but take them from the nest, put them in a large coop in the open air, under a shade tree, if the weather be warm, and feed them largely with everything, including bacon, that you give to your laying hens. In many cases the fowl commences to sit when she is in good condition to keep on laying eggs. If we can but get the notion out of her head that she must be a clucking mother. She needs, perhaps, the material for egg shells, which is usually supplied. Furthermore, she should not be put in a small coop, where she will not obtain exercise: better put her in a pen having no floor, but a loose earth, where she may scratch for a living. Activity will tend to forgetfulness of the sitting fever or desire to sit. It is well to provide also for social activity, and to this end a friend in Nebraska writes that it excels all others in three respects. Ease of cutting, of having grown, from one small cutting, in two years, a tree that measured six and one fourth inches in diameter at the base, and of being hardy. He mentions a White Willow tree which grew from a cutting that had been planted thirteen years that was two feet and one inch in diameter at the ground, and formed a head, or top, thirty feet across. He estimates that the expense of growing ten acres of such trees in ten years, at $40 per acre, and converting the whole into lumber, would not exceed $10 per 1,000 feet. Mr. C. S. Harrison mentions one tree grown in the vicinity of St. Paul, which at three years of age measured four feet and four inches in diameter. He says that there is no better material for hedge fencing and for a wind-break. The plan suggested for making hedges of it is to cut stakes six feet in length that are two inches in thickness, then cut a very narrow strip from the bark in each place, the stakes ten inches apart, and then set firmly about them, and fasten the tops with a single wire, over which staples are driven into the top of each stake. The slow method of digging a trench many proceed as follows: Cut off stakes five and one half feet in length, make the holes with a crow-bar, and then sharp one end the butt so that the slope will all be one way, and then drive them perpendicularly eight inches apart in a straight line in a well-prepared fence row. Three-inch lathes nailed on the top of the stakes, and in line. If well cultivated during the summer, and then mulched, only two years' time will be required to form a fence that will turn cattle.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

About Bags.

Going to housekeeping is certainly easier than it used to be. What with dados and frieses, with low wood floors, wardrobes, washstands, tubs and bookcases, with fireplaces and heaters and a refrigerator, with color and artistic effects all supplied by the builder and to rent with the roof, the house is half-furnished, and it is only necessary to provide beds and tables, a water-cooler and a rocking chair, a cord of oak wood and some curtains and the work is done.

As to moving, the question of fires is a comparison has lost all value. A local express and a couple of messenger boys take the place of the long line of furniture cars, and everything can be folded except the bureau. There is no fitting of carpets, no carpet rug lies anywhere, and the amount of china depends on the number in family and not on the size of "the set." The day when quantity ruled the supplies has gone by. In those times the housekeeper put only had linen enough for the tables and beds, but enough to keep her press full of many table-cloths for use, so many in the drawer of the bureau under her clothing by the dozen, and if it was monotonous in style there was plenty of it.

All this is changed. It is still best to have enough, but no one buys to put away for future condemnation as out of style. It is possible that before the linen is used up, the bureau drawer is full of bags, and the bureau drawer feels disgraced. Of course there has to be plenty of brica-bac, but it makes its own destiny, and in course of time falls to pieces and goes quietly to the dust heap.

But after all, the great convenience, the fashion that makes life easy and housekeeping a joy, is the bag. There are people who look for delivery, once in a week, from a Chinese, to a graduate of the cooking school or to some patent, or a new soap, but they are all mistaken and deluded. The dollar was very high and very wide open at the time of the bag, and his reck was very long. His curling hair curled as never hair curls outside of a country village. It climbed up on top of itself in billows of curls like pine shavings; it clustered over his brow in rings, and hooks, and scrolls, and not even the art of the all-disguising Delsarte could hide the glistening of the perfumed bear's oil. He came with those twining locks were annointed. His neckte was dark, dark/blue with white polka dots. His right hand rested on his left hand half way down his cane; his legs were crossed. The expression of his face was stern, as a man born to command men. His profession was written in his dress and his other store. His moustache curled up to meet his hair. A bouquet bloomed in the lapel of his coat. The ring on his finger had a set as large as an acorn, and the pin in his scarf looked like a champagne cork. I glanced in through the sitting-room window as I drove away with her father, and the young lady was still looking with the interest at the picture of George Stevenson.

A Happy Home.

Back of all institutions of human invention we have a home, whose influence and nothing varies so much in grades as this. The perfection of earthly happiness or misery centre in it, and yet, we have allowed it to drift where it out a tropical sun, or a prevailing wind, or the government under which it is built. It has its foundation in the ordinance of keeping company with the apron, gloves and bonnet. Here it hangs

In the kitchen is a bag for strings, and a set of pockets for grocery paper. In the bedroom are bags for hair, for present months for brushes and whisks and slippers, and it is so easy to put things in tair place at once that it can be done from pure laziness.

There is no trouble about emptying the bags, and it is never done all at once, and there is little cleaning out of corners or closets. When moving day comes a child can carry them or they can be emptied at home, which will be next to the emancipation offered by bags—yes, even before it, is the joy of making them.

The Family Photograph Album.

BURDETTE'S CONTINENT.

"This," the young lady said, "is the photograph of a young gentleman who used to pay attention to Aunt Martha. He is a very nice young man. He was graduating at Cheltenham College when this picture was taken.

And he was a nice young man. His collar wanders out over his shoulders, and his neck tie looks like a roll of carpet tacks in a fringe. His hair is in a flowered pattern of velvet cut low in the neck. His coat is a Prince Albert, and his legs hang down from the vast distance of his encircling tails, making him look like a dressed lobster. His trousers are broad, and he leans on a large book in a very painful attitude. His hair is combed low on his forehead and his shoes, which are kindly and carefully obliterated by the photographer, whose motto is, "Art for art's sake," and who saw they were the only real and natural thing in the negative.

"And this," said the young lady, "is a picture of Mrs. Thistlepod, an old friend of our family. I think I have heard that he married her, indeed, before he met ma. It is not a very good photograph."

The young lady is correct. The executed with brilliant success. The bonnet, which is made of a mass of tuftora style of decoration, is well outlined, and the massive bow of four inch ribbon with which it is tied under the chin is brought out in startling relief against the blank, oval-shaped space between it and the brow of the "bunnit," which is supposed to represent the placed features of "pa's" early flame. Crossed on her lap, in close focus, Mrs. Thistlepod's hands are magnified into the dimensions of small hams with fingers. The colossal effect is also rather emphasized by the tight fingers of the gloves. Mrs. Thistlepod is sitting so frigidly erect that you fear she has swallowed the headrest by mistake, instead of the pillow, and is as she was told. The deadly weapon lying in her lap is sometimes mistaken for a policeman's billy. It is Mrs. Thistlepod's fan.

"And here," the young lady went on, "is Mr. Thistlepod. He was a kind-hearted man."

I was glad she told me so. Mrs. Thistlepod had made her husband's shirts under the impression that he was a rapidly-growing boy instead of a man of 47 years, weighing already 172 pounds. The shirt bulged and bubbled and wrinkles up out of his vest front. His collar stands up like the ear of a terrier on one side, but droops away in languid angularity on the other. His black necktie, after passing five times around his neck, is tied in a knot the second hitch of which is only acquired by long years of practice in tying old-fashioned hame strings. The vest he wears is a awful coat of the Sabbath day and Fourth of July, and the pattern of the vest is wonderful pantaloons, all taut on the larboard tack, betrays the solitary suspender in all its loneliness. One knotted knee is crossed over the other, and the suspended foot hangs out in the air like the coffin of Mohomet. His trousers crawl up the rigid legs of his boots. In one hand, with the arm still fixed in the frozen agony of the acute angle at which the "artist" set it, he holds a stovepipe hat with a level brim, with the intensity of a despairing man who will only lose his one-like grip upon that hat with death. The other arm has been lashed across his body, and the extended fingers driven between his vest and coat like a hedge-hammer. You cannot see the temperate, kind face, the arm to its place, but you know they are there. Mr. Thistlepod's hair is combed straight out from his head in both directions, without any point of view. His lips are set, and his eyes glare with the pained expression of a man who has just been given the pleasant alternative of having his tooth extracted or the boil on the back of his neck lanced, as the only cure for the felon on his thumb. In all the agony of his face you can read murder in his heart, and the beholder is glad to have the pretty young lady's word for it that Mr. Thistlepod is a kind-hearted man.

"And this," the young lady said, pitching her voice in a little lower key, while a faint color mantled her cheek, "this is George Stevenson,"

I knew by her voice and manner that George Stevenson was the most important man in that album, but her father came in just then to take me to the train and I only had a brief glance at George Stevenson. His collar was very high and very wide open at the throat, and his neck was very long. His curling hair curled as never hair curls outside of a country village. It climbed up on top of itself in billows of curls like pine shavings; it clustered over his brow in rings, and hooks, and scrolls, and not even the art of the all-disguising Delsarte could hide the glistening of the perfumed bear's oil. He came with those twining looks were annointed. His neckte was dark, dark/blue with white polka dots. His right hand rested on his left hand half way down his cane; his legs were crossed. The expression of his face was stern, as a man born to command men. His profession was written in his dress and his other store. His moustache curled up to meet his hair. A bouquet bloomed in the lapel of his coat. The ring on his finger had a set as large as an acorn, and the pin in his scarf looked like a champagne cork. I glanced in through the sitting-room window as I drove away with her father, and the young lady was still looking with the interest at the picture of George Stevenson.

A Happy Home.

Back of all institutions of human invention we have a home, whose influence and nothing varies so much in grades as this. The perfection of earthly happiness or misery centre in it, and yet, we have allowed it to drift where it out a tropical sun, or a prevailing wind, or the government under which it is built. It has its foundation in the ordinance of keeping company with the apron, gloves and bonnet. Here it hangs

In the kitchen is a bag for strings, and a set of pockets for grocery paper. In the bedroom are bags for hair, for present months for brushes and whisks and slippers, and it is so easy to put things in tair place at once that it can be done from pure laziness.

There is no trouble about emptying the bags, and it is never done all at once, and there is little cleaning out of corners or closets. When moving day comes a child can carry them or they can be emptied at home, which will be next to the emancipation offered by bags—yes, even before it, is the joy of making them.

The Family Photograph Album.

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School-House Grounds.

Secretary Garfield's report of the Michigan Horticultural Society, as it pertains to the experiment for encouraging taste in floral culture, by planting the school grounds of the state, is an interesting document. Through the labors of Secretary Garfield assisted by Mr. Tracy, D. M Ferry & Co., the well-known seedsmen, offered, to furnished without charge, a collection of flower seeds to the first five applications from teachers in each county, with the approval or endorsement of the local boards, a notice of which offer was freely published by the newspapers generally. The applicants agreed to plant the seeds and give care to the plants, and to report their success. Eighty teachers applied, and sixty made reports. These reports are exceedingly interesting, and to give our readers some knowledge of their character, we condense and make brief quotations from a number of the different reports, at random:

"Our soil was poor, our fence was poor, but despite mistakes, stray hogs and dry weather, ten varieties did nicely, and the children were all enthusiasm, each vying with the other." "We made one circular bed five feet in diameter, with a cypress vine in the centre. The beds were numbered and a careful record made of the kinds. The school lot was divided into sections, and each section had a bed. The garden proved valuable in many ways." "Before school closed, Oct. 1st, our garden was a wealth of beauty, and the children fully appreciated it." "We made our directions for planting a regular study. We trained the runners about the door casings, and made the entrance look beautiful." "We made the large boys took a deep interest in the sayings of the enterprise, and helped greatly. The children gathered seeds, and have anxiously inquired if they are to have flowers another year." "We have in large soni phlox, batchelor's buttons, marigolds, asters, petunias, candytuft and sweet alyssum. Had did all the work ourselves." "I took occasion to give some object lessons in botany, drawn from our home productions.' The flowers made a delightful influence about us." "The vines we have planted along our new-made fence, and the cypress vines and morning-glories were trained by the windows. We placed many lovely bouquets in the room for Sabbath school." "There were two stumps within the enclosure which we were unable to remove, but we transformed them into beauty by training over them morning-glories and small creepers." "During the day was a blaze of orange and creamy bloom. The season was very dry, but we supplied nature's deficiency by a liberal and a copious draught of from 10 to 20 pails of water each night." "We made an unsightly old stump the most beautiful spot in the lot, by scooping out the centre, filling it with soil, and planting a Virginia. The garden was watered and weeded by the boys and girls out of school hours." "We followed the plan of giving each child some variety of seed as his special charge." "Some who laughed and ridiculed it first, afterwards admired and commended." "We derived much pleasure from the culture of the beds, and had an abundance of flowers to decorate the school-room."

Several teachers spoke emphatically of the moral influence exerted by the flowers and their cultivation in order of the schools. One teacher said: "I believe the flowers assisted me in controlling my sixty restless pupils more effectually than I could have otherwise done."

There were, however, some drawbacks and disasters. In one case the teacher was obliged to fill in their promise to plow the ground in time, and the children took hold with spade, hoe-hoe and wheelbarrow, and their contest was handsomely rewarded. Several schools have refused to fence the grounds, which was done by teachers and students. In one case the street cattle broke in and made havoc. In other cases beautiful and attractive school garden was torn up by some vandal, and the supports for the climbers thrown into the street. A few schools have found not far off, which told what influence had been exerted against the temperance teacher.

Several of the teachers and their schools are not disposed to stop at the planting of annual flowers, but intend to set out perennials, as well as flowering shrubs, which will be more permanent and which will already added evergreens. This experiment has introduced and fostered an element which will undoubtedly increase and prove a blessing blessing to many. Skillfully managed by good teachers, these hopes will have a refining influence on the young people, and any one can see at a glance how much better it is for students to drill with their earnest time out of school-hours in learning to cultivate and study vegetable productions, than to engage in rough play, tricks and mischief. The Michigan Horticultural Society, and especially its executive secretary, have done themselves much credit by this initiatory and successful effort.

The Dominion of Canada has done a neighborly thing which, at least, the Postoffice Department in this country will appreciate, and will put an end to the eleven cents which, though which money has been saved by certain publishers on this side of the boundary line. The postal laws of Canada, (if we may use the unpatriotic so to say it) are more liberal than our laws and publishers of bulky trade publications especially, have been in the habit of sending tons of matter, printed here, to Canada, whence it was carried by post back to the United States at lower rates than it could be distributed when mailed here. Thus the publishers have kept the profit of cheap postage, and publishers many just spoils, and have taken a mean advantage of Canadian liberality. This practice is now to be stopped, and the publishers of trade publications of printed matter published here, or purporting to be published here, and to be circulated in the United States, are to charged a rate equivalent to the domestic postage imposed under our law.

MARRYING A METHODIST MINISTER.—The full term of three years had elapsed since the parties were discussing at the breakfast table the certainty that they must move and the uncertainty as to where, when the young Miss of the parsonage drew a heavy sigh. Sympathetic father asks the cause and she replies: "Oh, I was thinking what a mistake mother and I made when we married a Methodist minister."

Potter Palmer is about to build the largest and most expensive private residence in Chicago. It is to be situ