

**NURSERY GARDEN IN JAPAN.**

**Curious Revelation of What Can Be Done in the Way of Training Dwarf Trees.**

A Japanese nursery garden is a revelation, says Macmillan's There, on benches, in rows, sit tortured trees in their bowls or pans of faience. Their perfection is a marvel of patience, requiring years for its accomplishment; sometimes one man will give as much as 30 years' attention to a single little cherry tree. Each curve, each leaf, each twig has its direction and proportion regulated by the most rigid and immemorial principles; and to have any value in Japanese eyes a dwarf must conform absolutely to the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when Iyeyasu Tokugawa paralyzed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life of the country. The effect is, of course, exquisite in its elaborate and rather morbid beauty. But it must be said that there are many dwarfs, very many, which go for low prices, owing to the imperfections of their development; they have a bough, or a bend, that is not prescribed. Consequently the Japanese buy them—indeed, with pleasure—but will not admit their claims to be works of art. Naturally he will buy them, as even so they are beautiful, and their price brings them within the range of everyone's ambition. So, at home, one might buy a Severn instead of a Turner, recognizing the differences clearly, but valuing the cheaper picture as highly as it deserves, and buying it the more readily for its cheapness. However, these Japanese trees that fill the gardens are wonderful, with all their imperfections, and the untutored savage eye of the west entirely fails to see any difference between a perfect specimen ten inches high, three centuries in age, and £30 in price, and its neighbor of equal height, of five years' growth and five shillings value. They are all dainty, and of every kind.

**THE NEW ENGLAND STATES**

**Boston Publication Finds Evidence of Decadence—Can't Keep Up with March of Progress.**

New England is stale, declares the Buffalo Times. Too far gone to keep up with the rapid march of progress, it has dropped out of the procession. The Boston Herald finds evidence in recent statistics of the decadence of the group of states not only in political influence and literary eminence, but also in manufacturing and commerce. During the past year national banks increased in number, capital, deposits and aggregate resources in other parts of the union, but in New England there was a smaller number of banks, less deposits and less aggregate resources than at the beginning of 1903. In manufacturing New England has not kept abreast with other sections of the

country. The textile industry is in part absorbed by the south and other lines of productive industry are appropriated by the middle and western states.

The Herald believes that special legislation would restore to New England its old-time prosperity, but there is grave doubt as to the advisability of providing it. The Baltimore Sun, discussing this proposition, ably says that New England is a corner of the country, and a national policy that suits the rest of the union does not necessarily favor a remote corner.

**Cliff of Natural Glass.**

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from 150 feet to 290 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from 75 feet to 100 feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course, the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but it is mostly black, and some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

**BEAUTIES OF THE ARCTIC.**

**Desolate Though the Frozen Sea Is, It Is Not Altogether Lacking in Attractions.**

One of the most vivid descriptions of arctic scenery ever penned is given by Harry De Windt in his book, "Paris to New York by Land." In it he gives the following picture of the Arctic sea:

"Place a piece of coal sprinkled with salt on a white tablecloth, a few inches off it scatter some lump sugar, and it will give you in miniature a very fair presentment of the scenery. The coal is the bleak coast line, continually swept clear of snow by furious gales; the sugar, sea ice, and the cloth frozen beach over which we journeyed for over 160 miles. The dreary outlook never changed; occasionally the cliffs vanished and our way would lie across the tundras—marshy plains—which in summer encircle the Polar sea with a belt of verdure and wild flowers, but which in winter time are merged with the frozen ocean in one boundless, bewildering wilderness of white. In hazy weather land and sky formed one impenetrable veil, with no horizon as dividing line, when, even at a short distance away, men and dog sleds resembled flies crawling up a white curtain.

"But on clear days, unfortunately rare, the blue sky was Mediterranean, and at such times the bergs out at sea would flash like jewels in the full blaze of the sunshine, while blocks of dark green ice, half buried in snow under shadow of the cliffs, would appear for all the world like "cabochon" emeralds dropped into a mass of

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

**A PRETTY RESIDENCE**

LOSES HALF ITS ATTRACTIVENESS IF IT IS NOT PROPERLY PAINTED. IT IS NOT PROPERLY PAINTED UNLESS GOOD PAINT IS APPLIED BY SKILLED WORKMEN. THAT'S OUR WAY OF DOING BUSINESS. FOR PARTICULARS JUST

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THE DECORATORS

whipped cream. But the reverse of this picture was depressing in the extreme. For on cloudy days the sun would assume a dull leaden appearance, and the sea ice become a slate gray, with dense banks of woolly, white fog encircling the dismal scene. Fair and foul weather in the arctic reminded me of some beautiful woman, bejeweled and radiant amid lights and laughter, and the same divinity landing disheveled and seasick from the deck of a channel steamer."

**PILES OF TOY TRUMPETS.**

**The Great Variety Manufactured Now-a-days for the Holiday Trade.**

"Among the many articles now produced in celluloid," said a toy dealer to a New York Sun man, "are children's toy trumpets.

"Toy trumpets of celluloid are made in a score or more of styles, including the familiar straight trumpets and trumpets fashioned like French horns.

"You didn't know there were so many styles of toy trumpets, altogether? You thought a toy trumpet was just a toy trumpet?"

"Why, toy trumpets, including those of brass, and those of tin, and taking into account the different sizes and shapes and manner of finish and of ornamentation, in which they are turned out, are made in 500 styles.

"You see a small boy walking along the street blowing a penny trumpet the day after Christmas and you think you've seen all there is to be seen in toy trumpets. But if you were to look through the stock of a big importer of toys you would find when you came to where the toy trumpet samples were displayed more toy trumpets than you had ever dreamed of, literally hundreds of them; and of all these toy trumpets no two are alike.

"You see, the toy trumpet is an article of universal sale. At a certain age in his life every child must have a toy trumpet, and so the number of them sold every year is enormous. The toy manufacturers try, of course, as hard to produce novelties and attractive goods in this line as in other lines, for the toy trumpet trade is something worth cultivating.

"And now, as you have seen, there has been added to the material of which this ancient toy is made the peculiarly modern material of celluloid, making the assortment in which these noise makers are produced more varied now than ever. Oh, yes, there's

**McNall's**

**GROCERY**

Fancy and Staple Groceries.  
Fruit in Season.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Free City Delivery  
Phone 40.

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something in toy trumpets."

**Frog-Skin Leather.**

In proportion to its thickness, frog skin makes the toughest leather.

**The Aristocracy of Pork.**

When Theodore Parker first visited Cincinnati, at that time the recognized leader among western cities, he said that he had made a great discovery—namely, that while the aristocracy of Cincinnati was unquestionably founded on pork, it made a great difference whether a man killed pigs for himself or whether his father had killed them. The one was held plebeian, the other patrician. It was the difference, Parker said, between the stick 'ems and the stuck 'ems; and his own sympathies, he confessed, were with the present tense.—Atlantic.

**By Rail to the Arctic Zone.**

The Lapland Limited is perhaps the most curious of through express trains, in that it carries fewer passengers and runs over a longer distance than any other train. This flier leaves Stockholm, Sweden, once a week during the summer months and runs straight through to Narvik, a Norwegian harbor, within the arctic zone. The distance is 1,336 miles, and most of the trip is through country which is not remarkable for scenic beauty. Last summer the train made nine round trips, during which it carried 258 passengers, of whom 47 rode on passes and the rest paid fares. This is an average of about 12 paying passengers a trip.