Joy, the melody-maker, through mine April winging, Furled a fickle pinion, rested him from furied a house plant dight; dight; ush and ripple through my boughs of apple,
Joy, the merry-maker, set my days a-singing.
Set my life vibrating as a branchlet Set my life vibrating a swinging Where the birds alight.

O the melody-making! O the music breaking
Through the life and laughter of an
April light!
O the song and clamor leaving tuneful
tremor! Joy, the melody-making, ere my life for-

oy, the metody-manning, saking, oy hath taught me music—still the boughs are shaking Where he stayed his flight. Elinor Swatman, in Frank Leslie's Pop-

The Lost Mineature.

"I would like to know," exclaimed Ethel Bradley, abruptly-it was getting too dark to read-"just what it looks like in Mrs. Percy's. It must be a regular enchanted palace if it looks anything like it does outside. Florence Mayo was telling me, only the last time we went by there, that she had beautiful things-everything almosttapestries, paintings-some of the old masters, priceless vases, quantities of real lace-oh, dear! I don't know what she hasn't got! 1-

"Remember what you're breaking," and Mrs. Bradley shook her head playfully.

"I know, and I break it every time I go by that splendid old mansion. There are two things we ought not to have, the commandment about coveting, and that old colonial residence right here in the village, where one has to see it every time he goes out!" Ethel turned round in her chair and raised the curtain.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she continued, "If we were ever allowed to gratify our curiosity. But it's been nearly two years since we moved here, and we haven't even got what old Auntie Hicks would call a 'face-to-face vision' of Mrs. Percy, to say nothing of being admitted into those spacious colonial rooms.

"Queer she never goes out among folks! If she didn't always ride in a closed carriage when she does take a drive, we might see what she looks like."

"I have heard, dear," rejoined Mrs. Bradley, "It's all owing to severe bereavement. Mrs. Judge Yates was speaking to me about her, not long after we moved East-I was thinking I tolu you. She lost in early life a very dear relative; I'm not sure whether it was a sister-Mrs. Yates didn't know," and Mrs. Bradley looked wistfully out of the window into the gathering gloom. "You know I can sympathize with her, Ethel." Yes, mother," gently.

"Then only about four years ago-I think it was no longer than that-Mrs. Percy lost her husband and two daughters. The boat in which they were out fishing for cunners was capsized in a squall. Since that time Mrs. Percy has given up all society. She dosen't receive, and makes no callsthat's why she's never called on us." But she'd feel so much better if

she'd only mingle with people-'twould help her forget her trouble." "Perhaps she can't, dear. We can

never judge for others," and Mrs. Bradley rose to light the lamp. When Mrs. Bradley was a girl seven

years old, she was left an orphan. She had one sister two years older, and no other known relative. "It's about all we can do to live,"

confided the frontier missionary to his wife, the evening before the funeral of the girls' father-their mother had died eight months previous-"but it seems as though Providence means for us to take the little ones-there's nobody else to. I guess we'll get along somehow!"

"Yes; God isn't willing that any of His little ones should perish," added Mrs. Jackson, reverently.

And so 'twas settled. The next day the little Holman girls began their new life in the home of the self-sacrificing missionaries. Here they lived until their foster parents gave up their mission work, and returned East to their early home.

'You'd better go with us," urged Mrs. Jackson.

"If only for educational advantages," argued the missionary.

But both girls had been offered schools in the township and the one adjoining, and they decided to stay and teach for at least a year.

"The experience will be of value, and besides," they added, "we owe the people something for what they've done for us."

Everything went well until the beginning of the following spring, when rumors of Indian uprisings became more and more frequent. Putting little reliance in these reports, the inhabitants of La Salle and Gregory townships took no precautions against a possible danger, and one night in the early part of April, were surprised in their unprotected condition, by bands of savages that had revolted against the treatment of the United States government.

Hardly a family escaped the awful massacre. Both families in which the Holman girls boarded were attacked, and all were reported killed.

But the teacher of the La Salle school was spending the night at the home of one of her scholars, two miles or more from the straggling village. Discovering in time the flames of the burning buildings of their less fortunate neighbors, the little family crept away to the southwest, and were well on the trail towards the government barracks at Deer Creek, before their

own home was pillaged and fired. Here at the fort, Mary Holman re-

ant Bradley, never going back to the scene of that terrible April massacre, where suffered her friends and sister.

"I-I don't know," declared Mrs. Bradley, one afternoon, as she was putting on her wraps, "whether we'd better ask Mrs. Percy to contribute anything to the rummage sale or not. The more we can make the more we'll have for the repairs on the churchand she might donate some articles in very good condition-things that would bring very fair price.

"They ought not to have appointed me on the soliciting committee-it would have been more appropriate to select some one who has lived here longer than I. But I believe I'll ask her-it won't do any harm. Wish it weren't quite so far up there- it will be dark before I can get round."

"Let me go-I haven't anything especial to do this afternoon. I can finish the little petticoats for the sale tomorrow evening," and Ethel brought together her mother's cloak and hooked it.

"I don't know but you might," reflected Mrs. Bradley. "It's a long way from Dover street over to Mrs. Pery's. Be sure to explain how it's for the repairs on the church, and that any cast-off garment, dress, shoes, underclothing-anything, will be acceptable.

"The poor people in the factories will be glad of them, and it's really remarkable how much they are willing to pay for such things. But then, there's nearly as much wear in most of the

things we sell as there is in the new." It was with a noticeable flutter of excitement that Ethel rang the bell of the old colonial mansion. Presently a sweet-faced lady in deep black came to the door.

"Mrs, Percy?" asked Ethel, as the door was opened.

"Yes;" replied the lady courteously Step in; it isn't often the young people call."

"Why, I hardly know-yes; I think can give you something," said Mrs. Percy, after Ethel had stated her errand. "I will have to look them upperhaps you wouldn't care to wait."

"There's no hurry. Any time tomorrow will do. Send them to Mrs. Bradley's, down by the high school," and Ethel rose to go.

"Must you hasten?" asked Mrs. Percy, politely. "By the way, you remind me of some one I've seen-I can't recollect whom. Srtange how faces do bear resemblance!"

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Ethel, the next forenoon, on opening Mrs. Percy's contribution to the rummage sale, "just look! Why, these things are almost new-and so many of them!"

"I'm afraid she's sent more than she ought," and Mrs. Bradley's tone was on the borderland of self-repreach.

"And here's a dress-skirt," cried Ethel gaily, "that just matches the little petticoats I'm making. I was afraid I wouldn't have enough, and here's a plenty to finish the two I'm working on, and a third one besides."

"It does look enough like the cloth gave you to have come off the same piece," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley with a slight start. "But then a great deal of cloth of the same kind is made—it isn't strange!"

was sure I wouldn't have enough, and Ethel that evening held up the little garment she was making. "It just lacks half a ruffle. Fortunate Mrs. Percy put in that dress skirt!"

"And the other things, too-for the sale," added Mrs. Bradley gratefully.

"What's--" Ethel was about to cut out a breadth, "There's something hard here," holding the skirt up in her hands, "between the goods and the lining-must have slipped down through the pocket. Feels like a large coin!"

In a moment Ethel held it up. "It's a miniature!"

Mrs. Bradley leaned forward-she

turned suddenly pale. "It-it's father! I have mother'sthe mate to this-up-stairs! When father died, my sister Martha had one, and I the other. Mine was mother's-

she took the one of father. "But how came it here?" asked Ethel excitedly.

"She-Mrs. Percy must know something about-. Perhaps she's -Mrs. Bradley turned the miniature

"That's how the cloth looked so much like-'twas one of her own dresses! She's-oh, Ethel!"

And she was-Mrs. Bradley's sister! She, too, had escaped the awful massacre, and believing the report of her sister's death true, had made her way

"'Twas the only thing I took with me—the miniature, when I escaped," explained Mrs. Percy, clasping her sister's hands. "And if it hadn't been

"You wouldn't have found a sister, and a niece who's loved you every minute since I saw you yesterday morning," interrupted Ethel radiantly.-Portland Transcript.

The Arkansas Experiment station has been making some tests to ascertain if human consumption can be transmitted to the lower animals. Two series of experiments were carried on not simultaneously but otherwise under similar conditions, and consisting of inoculations with cultures obtained in the one case from the sputum of human consumptives, in the other from the lesions of tuberculous cattle, Towards tubercle bacilli of human consumption, pigs, sheep and cattle showed a degree of susceptibility diminishing in the order in which they are named. Cattle proved very resistant and in no case obtained what appeared to be a progressive or even permanent infection. Pigs alone of the species tested obtained a genuine tuberculosis, in most cases chronic, but leading to emaciation; in others genHER MOTHER.

I cannot think of her as one of His Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise In all the many ways of perfect bliss. Treading the flowered fields of Paradise.

Nay, she is still the little child that knew No thing beyond my arm's warm tenspoke no word, my little child who My love by very strength of helpless-

Lord, when before the doorway of Thy A timid, new-born soul, I trembling, stand, Let her not come with glory on her

A fair, strong angel, bearing Thy comlet mine own, my child, look go at With the same eyes that need me,

crave me, and raw me across Thy threshold tenderly With her own hand—her little, tender hand. -Harper's Bazar.

A Plea for Home Music.

"Play something for us, Maude." "Oh, mother, don't ask me. I'm out of practice. I haven't touched the piano in a month."

"But any little simple thing will please your father, child. He likes to hear his old favorites, the tunes and variations you knew before you went away to study. Often since we've been alone he's looked at the piano, shut up there cold and dumb, and said, 'It won't be like that when Maude comes

home." The young girl shrugged her shoulders irritably, a trick she had learned from her music master, and answered positively: "I have forgotten those silly jingling things, mother, and I wouldn't play them if I could. As soon as I've gathered myself together and feel that I can do myself justice, I'll play,

but not just yet." The mother sighed. She and her husband had made many sacrifices that Maude's musical education should be complete. The cost of her lessons, of keeping her in town, of buying her the new instrument and furnishing her not only with music but opportunities to hear great performances had been a severe tax on their resources and on their strength. Now she was acknowledged to be an accomplished musician, wonderful for an amateur, aspiring to be a professional, yet Mr. Burrows shook his gray head sorrowfully as he confided to his wife: "We never get any good from it all. Seems as if Maude doesn't get any good from it herself."

At prayer meeting, the week after her return from a year's absence, it had happened that the pastor's wife, who usually played the hymns, was absent. The minister asked whether some one of the young ladies would not take her place for the evening. and had pointedly addressed Maude, after a pause of silence and waiting;

'Will you not help us, Miss Burrows?" Maude declined, to the deep disappointment of the old people, to whom it appeared incomprehensible that after all her study she should not be able to render so very small a service. Fortunately the pastor played a little himself, and was not, therefore, entirely dependent upon others, but he said to his wife later, and she agreed with him, that he thought any young woman who played at all might learn to play simple sacred melodies so that at a moment's notice, if the occasion arose, she could be of use in a gospel meeting. In this opinion the minister does not stand alone. There are many who share it with him.

A thorough musical training, with its discipline of ear and hand, its marvelous technique and its intellectual breadth need not wholly exclude the less while it gives the freedom of the large. The girl whose refinement of taste is satisfied only with classical music may still, if she choose, give rare pleasure to a homely audience of her own people and her neighbors to whom the harmonies she prefers are an enigma to which they have no clue.

I thought of this one evening lately as I sat on a veranda, where the moths flitted about the fragrant vines, and listened to Chopin and Schumann deliciously played by a young woman, from whose slender fingers the music rippled and dipped in a golden shower. Her repertoire was wide, her attainments catholic and her memory phenomenal. And when there was a modest request from a timid, old-fashioned acquaintance for a former favorite it was not preferred in vain to Dorothy. who could dash into college songs, glide into dreamy nocturnes, play the sentimental pieces no longer in vogue and accompany a quartet or a soloist with equal facility and willingness. Such ease and grace were not uncommon at an earlier period, but as our ideals have become higher, our standards more exacting, young women have overlooked the fact that a little home music to give enjoyment to the domestic circle and to chance visitors is a charming contribution to the sat-

isfaction of life. "Why should we not carefully cultivate the memory for music, so that we may not be obliged always to depend upon the score," is a question for the consideration of amateurs who are not willing to carry their notes wherever they go. The musical memory is as susceptible of cultivation as the memory of history, arithmetic or spelling. And a question for parents is, "Why should not the boy, as well as the girl, be taught the piano, the violin or some musical instrument?" To a youth at the period when childhood passes into adolescence music is a resource; it provides agreeable occupation for leisure and is a partial defense against temptation. Then, too, the responsibility for making and keeping home the dearest and happiest place on earth is as much laid upon sons as upon daughters. The boys as mained until her marriage to Lieuten- eralized, though not necessarily fatal. well as girls should join in making the

household cheerful and attractive .-The Congregationalist.

The Wonderful Skill of the Chinese. On one occasion, while he was prosecuting attorney, says the Chicago Record, Luther Laffin Mills came upon an indictment returned against a Chinese laundryman upon the charge of having assaulted an Irish policeman with intent to kill. He thought this an exceptionally curious case, and upon examining the prosecuting witness and others he threw out the indictment as being wholly absurd. The compatriots of the Chinaman were very grateful for this act of justice, and in pigeon-English assured Mr. Mills that they would not forget his kindness.

One Sunday, five years later, while Mr. Mills sat on the lawn in front of his home, two carriages rolled up and out stepped a delegation of Chinamen in native costumes. One, who was superbly attired in silks, addressed Mr. Mills and recalled the affair of his persecuted countryman: "I have just returned from China," said he, "and I have brought with me certain articles which I crave permission to present to your family as evdence of my appreciation of your kindness to one of my countrymen when he was in trouble."

The delegation was ushered into the house, bearing numerous packages of in this case, a regular "Judas" was teas, fans, silks, etc., which were distributed about to several members of the family. Before taking his departure, the spokesman of the party asked Mr. Mills to let him have a cabinet photograph he saw on the mantelpiece; it was a picture of the Mills children, very prettily grouped. Mr. Mills thought the request a strange one, but he could hardly deny it. "By and by you will know why I want it," said the Chinese gentleman.

This incident remained a mystery until a few months later, when there arrived a parcel from Hong Kong, containing an enlarged water-color reproduction of the photograph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity. "This is our present to you," said the Chinaman. "But how was it possible for that artist on the other side of the globe to know what shade of color to give to the hair and eyes of these children whom he never saw? That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Mills. The Chinaman replied that the art of photography was so thoroughly understood in China that it was easy to determine from the revelations of the magnifying-glass just exactly what color and what shade and what tint were represented by such impressions as the photograph retained.

Earth Roads.

Prof. Charles H. Pettee, of the New Hampshire Agricultural College says: An earth road is one surfaced with a large per cent of earth, which may be sand, clay, hardpan, loam, or a mixture of some of these. A very common idea of an earth road is one surfaced with the natural material where the road is built. This description, though generally characteristic. does not give the true distinction between these and gravel ones and may convey an entirely wrong impression. The true distinction lies in the predominance of earth over rock or the reverse in the surfacing material. Again, it will be seen that the gravel road is intermediate between the earth and the macadam and that there is no absolute line separating the earth from the gravel or the gravel from the macadam. The latter statement will appear evident if we consider that it makes no difference whether the stone for a macadam road has been prepared by a stone crusher or broken by the processes of nature and deposited in gravel banks during the glacial epoch.

The earth road, under favorable conditions of moisture and repair, is the smoothest, most elastic, and most pleasant for pleasure driving of any in existence. It is safest for horses' feet and, where the natural soil is favorable, is by far the cheapest both as regards construction and repair. On the other hand, if it is an ideal summer road, it is reasonably sure to be muddy and rough for perhaps two months in the spring as well as during the following heavy rains at other seasons. In short its perfection for all seasons is apparently impossible and it depends upon constant, though inexpensive, attention to minute repairs for its favorable condition during

a limited season. It thus appears that, if we aim at durability, nothing less than a body of rock will keep us up out of the mud in the spring; that this will render the surface too dry for comfort and durability during the summer, and that the more expensive and more perfect the surface constructed upon this foundation, the more expensive and more difficult the matter of repair. In the city sprinkling has given greater durability and comfort to the macadam surface, and the heavy expense for construction and maintenance can often be easily borne. In the country these favorable conditions are usually absent. Some have attempted to find in the gravel road the safe middle course between the earth and the macadam. They do not, however, appear to have wholly succeeded. Smoothness, elasticity, freedom from dust, low cost, and cheapness of maintenance seem to be thus far more or less incompatible with durability and constancy throughout the year.

The Mississippi penitentiary board of control has made its farming arrangements for another year, leasing the same plantations that were worked this year. These several big farms, all of which are in the delta, comprise 9.350 acres of cleared land, on which 720 convicts will be used. In addition to these, the estate owns and farms 3,000 acres of its own land, on which with convict labor is profitable.

APRIL. "The apring comes slowly up this way." Coloridge.

Tis the moon of the spring time, yet never a bird.

In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is For green meadow grasses, wide levels of And blowing of drifts where the crocus where windflower and violet, amber and

white, On south-sloping brooksides should smile the light, waking roots.

The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal And longing for light, under wind-driven heaps
Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel creeps,
Unklessed of the sunshine, unbaptized of

the showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should
burst into flowers;
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of
the south,
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss the showers. For the yearly evangel thou bearest from Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod.

-Whittier.

A Woolly Judas.

Some time ago a sheep was killed in the Armour stock yards in Chicago. This is an every day occurrence, but, slain for finally turning saint, says 'Up-to-Date Farming."

Judas was a big wether. He came from Wyoming. At his debut in the Armour sheep pens at the stock yards, he attracted no attention, but when the time came to drive a thousand sheep to slaughter, he placed himself in the lead, and walked bravely to the slaughter pen, but at the door he turned to one side, and walked back to his old quarters. His victims kept on, and were soon reduced to mutton. Next day another thousand sheep were told off Judas among them. Again he marshaled the host, and led it to the threshold of the shambles, and stood to one side while the thousand went to their death.

Judas instantly became a favorite. He was petted, fed on the best and given cozy quarters. He saved the men hours of work chasing sheep. If the woolly victims were to be transferred from pen to pen, Judas would be sent among them and they followed his lead. During eight years he led uncounted thousands of his kind to slaughter. They never lost faith in him until too late. He knew all the intricacles of the pens. In and out, across and beyond, up to the slaughter he marched at the head of the sheep, and at the door invariably turned 'about face," and watched the others go to their doom.

He waxed big and fat, and grew in knowledge. Last month he began to show symptoms of despondency. It was observed that a suspicious moisture was in his eyes when he did his "stint." Once, instead of leading the sheep to slaughter, he balked, and refused to take his place at the head of the procession. The butchers petted and fed him, but an ugly temper developed. Finally he refused absolutely to play the traitor. When placed in the sheep pen, he started a rebellion, and the butchers aver he told the sheep what their fate was to be, because ft was almost impossible to drive them. He was placed in solitary confinement for several days, and then put back to work. He was worse than ever, and could not be brought to reason.

Then sentence of death was pronounced. He was led up to the slaughterhouse, resisting at every step. Two of the butchers pleaded for a reprieve, but in vain, and there, on the spot where he had sent so many to be sag-rificed, his own life was taken.

Crude OH Applied to Roads. Some one has said that the discovery of oil in California was of more value to the state than the discovery of gold. It certainly added much to the wealth of the state furnishing as it does a cheap fuel as available for the small engine of the ranchman as for the locomotives of the big railway companies. Wheat growers alone are threatened with a loss of foreign markets on account of this cheap fuel, as the vessels that formerly brought coal to California ports and went home laden with grain, cannot make a profit unless they have cargoes both ways.

One of the most interesting uses to which the California crude oil has been put is its application to roads. A Los Angeles corporation, known as the California Dustless Roads company, has been doing this work. Under a recent contract made with the supervisors of Kern county and with the Kern County Land company, twentytwo miles of county roads and ten miles of road belonging to the land company are to be oiled and kept in repair by the Los Angeles company at a cost of \$250 per mile. This will make the cost to the county for the twenty-two miles of road mentioned \$5,500. In order to make a perfectly satisfactory hard and elastic road it is claimed that more than one application of oil is necessary. The 50 per cent or asphaltum, which experts state the buds is often chosen for an enthe oil contains, produces the effect of a road paved with asphalt.

The application of crude oil to roads seems an eminently practical method of packing the soil into a firm moisture resisting body, and the recent discoveries of oil in many state should make it cheap enough to be extensively used for this purpose.

"Singing Birds Build Low." One who had been listening while a bright girl announced most ambitious aspirations and purposes for her own life, answered gently: "You may be right, dear child, but do not forget

that 'the singing birds build low.' Taking this as its text the Philadelphia Public Ledger speaks these words of comfort to girls: "If your flight is eighty convicts will be employed. of comfort to girls: "If your flight is Mississippi has found that farming above the roof trees, if your haunts are to be high up among the wind-

rocked boughs, the home nest cannot fail to suffer loss. Apart from the loss to those who remain, the daughter goes out, often finds too late the low nest was safest and best. There are colder winds on the mountain crass. and it is the birds of prey that build their nests on high.

"After all one's thinking and talking of progress of man or woman, it is true that nothing ever comes to us that is so sweet as the life of home. Let women seek the largest culture, the broadest freedom, the highest service. All goes well while they keep the home love warm. When the love wavers it is time to pause. We are building our nests in the wrong place. Singing birds are to make melody, first, for our nearest and dearest, and when our best is too good for the home we are placing our nests too high."

Unprogressive Dairying.

Euclid N. Cobb, "Buff Jersey," writes to Colman's Rural World, as follows: Since my last article I have taken a trip to my native state, Wisconsin, attending a county institute and the state round-up institute. Having been away from the state for 25 years, I was very anxious to see what progress had been made in dairying. What I saw in three counties was very disappointing to me. In Waukesha county, where I was raised on a dairy farm, I found the same methods in vogue that were used 25 years ago. The cows were no better, the buildings they occupied no better (taken from a practical standpoint) and their foods no better balanced. The dairymen with whom I talked were a very discouraged set of men, and well they might be, selling the product of the herd as milk at 80c per 8-gallon can, all calves going to the butcher. I expected to find silos on every farm, instead I found them as scarce as one would find them in Missouri, while the Jersey cow is looked upon as a thing to be severely let alone.

From Waukesha county I went to Walworth county. This county has, perhaps, as many co-operative creameries in it as any county in Wisconsin. I visited several of them and found a large amount of milk being worked up, but on examining the test book and patrons' individual deliveries, I found a very low test and a small amount of milk, considering number of cows kept. On visiting several herds, I easily found the cause of both the low tests and the comparatively small amount of milk. The former was caused by keeping no particular breed of cows, and the latter by keeping the cows in no particular manner -just-as-it-chanced methods were in vogue. Dry fodder with corn left on was the principal food. I saw herds of hogs allowed to run behind cows in stables to save any chance corn not digested by cows.

To renew the herds of this county buyers were at all times on the lookout in the stock yards of Chicago for springers and fresh cows, while the heifer calves were shipped as veal, barring any possibility of herds get -ting better in years to come.

Changes in American Immigration.

According to statisticians, during the sixty years between 1830 and 1890, there were thirteen million immigrants to the United States, ten million of whom came from Great Britain and Germany, and about one million from the Scandinavian peninsula. The great majority of these immigrants were farmers who sought the frontier and developed the country. During the past five years the character of the immigration has changed considerably a large proportion of the new comers being from the industrial classes who have sought homes in our large cities and towns and employment as isborers or factory hands. The countries which now furnish the largest share of the immigration are Austria, Russia and Italy, and from them are drawn the cheap labor used in the building of railroads and other big enterprises where unskilled labor is demanded. The reduction of our public domain and of the railroad grants has naturally checked the influx of farmers looking for free lands, though on account of the development of the country and improvement of transportation facilities agricultural conditions on the frontier are improving all the time, but the development of the mining interests of the United States and the demand for mill hands and artizans have called a different class seeking escape from the congestion of European cities. It is questionable whether it is as desirable an element as the peaceful tillers of the soil who formerly came to America and buried their discontent in the prairies of the west, instead of remaining in the cities to become a part of the dissatisfied

Table Decoration.

The smartest down-town flower shops are now offering pussy willow boughs for table decoration, says What to Eat. The soft, downy brown of tire luncheon decorative scheme, and nothing could be more delicious to the eye. The branches are cut long and are massed together in tall vases. Glass does nicely for this purpose, but porecalin-especially gray, blue or

buff-colored porcelain- is ideal. Lucky the woman who lives in the country. She can use pussy willows for her springtime tables, and need not pay a florist a dollar for six sprays! But the pretty things that we have to our hand we are apt to overlook. It is the city woman who thinks of utilizing willow buds-a word to the wise woman in suburban places!

It isn't the timber of a voice burning in its range that gives it warmth.

People who can't sing a little bit usually sing at it a lot.