

HOW THE CHILDREN ANALYZED A DAISY.

'Twas the afternoon of a summer's day,
The air was fragrant with new-mown hay,
The fields where the scythe had not passed over,
Were covered with buttercups, daisies and clover.
And then, from the midst of the flowers so gay,
Came jubilant voices of children at play.

But every delight was unheeded by me,
As I sat at the window with Gray's Botany;
A poor little daisy I rudely dissected,
And then through a microscope closely inspected,
Then turned to my book and endeavored to see
My way through the mazes of "compositæ."

Swiftly the afternoon hastened away,
And the children, all weary and warm with play,
Came pressing around me their treasures to show,
And asking what auntie was studying so.
My quiet was over, that surely was plain,
But my afternoon's labor had been all in vain.

Slowly I lifted my poor aching eyes
From the mystical words of the botanist wise,
Lifted the flower where in fragments 'twas lying,
Threw it out of the window, then hopelessly sighing,
I turned and then giving pet Mabel a kiss,
Said, "My dear, can you tell me what a daisy is?"

"A daisy!" cried Mabel. "A daisy," cried all,
Their pitying wonder how well I recall!
Then Mabel informed me, all glowing and flushing,
Her sweet childish prattle to low whisper hushing,
That daisies were children of fairies at play,
And they wore their best dresses of white every day.

"Ho, Ho," shouted Tommy; then quicker than thought
A wonderful work in a daisy was wrought—
He seized my best scissors, the mischievous fellow,
And clipped the white petals quite close to the yellow,
All the petals but two, which he left in one place,
And then in the center he marked out a face.

"See there!" shouted Tom. "In each daisy I see,
There is waiting a little old woman for me."
And there, to be sure, was a snowy cap border,
With strings hanging down as if just made to order,
With the little round face, with complexion so bright,
Made the whole, I assure you, a comical sight.

But while I was laughing at Tom's piece of fun,
Gentle Annie came forward, our slow, dreamy one—
"Why, auntie," she cried, with accents appealing,
"I thought they were fortune-tellers, revealing
Wonderful secrets delightful to know—
Don't you remember, you said it was so?"

Ah, yes! I remember that morning full well,
And the beautiful fortune the daisies did tell;

And how in the evening was brought me a letter,
Which told the same story in language far better;
So I said, as I carried my text-book away,
"The children are wiser than you, Dr. Gray."
Christian at Work.

FORESTRY IN JAPAN.—The Japanese native papers are crying out against the extinction of the lacquer industry of the country. The tree from which the varnish is obtained is disappearing. Formerly, like the mulberry tree, on which the silkworm feeds, it was protected by law. Each family of the upper classes was obliged to rear one hundred trees, the middle classes seventy, and the lower classes forty. Since this law fell into desuetude the cultivation of the lacquer tree has rapidly declined. The trees were cut down without care, and none were planted to replace them, so that they have become exceedingly rare, while the price of lacquer has enormously increased. Similar complaints, too, are heard of the process of disafforestation going on in Japan since the ancient law which required every one who cut down a tree to plant two in its place was abolished.—*Farmer and Fruit Grower.*

**PERPETUAL PELARGONIUM GRANDIFLO-
RUM.**—Among the many classes of pot-
plants grown in greenhouses, the Pelar-
gonium tribe does certainly occupy one of
the first places, on account of its hand-
some flowers, as well as the great variety
of color. The greatest fault with them,
so far, has been that the period of their
flowering is so short. This imperfection
seems now to have been overcome by Mr.
Vanden Heede, of Lille, who, by artificial
crossing of *P. Gloire de Paris* and *Gloire
de Crimée*, has obtained a variety which is
constantly in bloom. The flowers are
large and of good form, the lower petals
light vivid pink, the upper ones darker
and spotted deep purple, center white.
The foliage is well formed and light green.
It is evidently a grand acquisition, com-
peting with the *Zonals*, with which it is
desirable that it should be crossed in the
manner Mr. Wills has crossed them with
P. peltatum. To the intelligent experi-
menter there is a wide field open in this
direction.—*JEAN SISLEY, Lyons, France,
in American Garden.*