

## Boys and Girls.

**Nancy's Nightmare.**  
I am the doll that Nancy broked  
Hadn't been hers a week.  
One little squeeze, and I sweetly  
spoke;  
Rosy and fair was my cheek.  
Now my head lies in a corner far,  
My body lies here in the other;  
And if this is what human children  
are,  
I will never live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read  
For fifteen minutes together;  
Now I am standing here on my head  
While she's gone to look at the weather.  
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest  
way,  
There's jam on my opening page;  
And I would not live with Miss Nancy  
Gay.  
Though I shouldn't be read for an  
age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore  
Last night at her birthday feast.  
I am the frock that Nancy tore  
In seventeen places at least.  
My buttons are scattering far and  
near,  
My trimming is torn to rags;  
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother  
dear,  
I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said  
When these things were brought to  
her view.  
All of us ought to be painted red,  
And some of us are not true.  
We sputter and mutter and snarl and  
snap,  
We smoulder and smoke and blaze;  
And if she'd not meet with some sad  
misshap,  
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

### Costly Breakfast.

It is well known that some of the  
most famous and popular of musical  
and literary compositions have  
brought their authors little or no  
compensation. The case of Milton's  
"Paradise Lost," which the author sold for  
five pounds, is frequently cited as an  
example of this fact; but it is not  
necessary to go so far back for equally  
striking examples.

Quite recently a story to this point  
has been told, on good authority, in  
Paris. Some years ago three young  
men, all highly gifted but improvident  
and, unfortunately, were walking the  
streets of Paris together, penniless  
and hungry.

"What wouldn't I give for a nice  
breakfast?" said one of them.  
"What wouldn't I give for a  
breakfast, even if it weren't nice?"  
said another.

"Any kind of a breakfast would do  
me, provided it was a breakfast," said  
the third.

"How much must we have with  
which to get our breakfast?" asked  
the first.

"We ought to have ten francs," said  
another.

Ten francs, or two dollars, would  
have provided the three youths with  
an excellent breakfast.

"I have an idea," Here's a music  
publisher's "Come along," said one.  
"Let's," said he to the publisher, "we  
wish to sell you a song, of which one  
of us has written the words, and an-  
other the air; and I will sing it, as I  
am the only one of the three who  
has any voice."

The music publisher made a grim-  
ace. "Well, go on. We'll see if your  
song is good for anything."

One of the young men sang.  
"Hum," said the publisher. "It isn't  
much of a song—a simple little  
thing. But I'll tell you what I'll do  
—I'll give you 15 francs for it."

The three young men looked signifi-  
cantly at each other. They had not  
expected as much. They handed the  
publisher the manuscript, took the 15  
francs, and went and ate them up at a nei-  
ghoring restaurant.

The author of the words was Alfred  
de Musset, the composer, Hippolyte  
Mousson, and the singer, Gilbert Du-  
prez. The song, which was entitled  
"Connaissez-vous dans Barcelone,"  
had an immense popularity, and  
brought the publisher 40,000 francs.

The breakfast which these three young  
men ate was, therefore, perhaps the  
most expensive one that was ever  
eaten.—Youth's Companion.

### Oliver's Palace.

"I declare, it is too bad in the boys  
to run off and leave me on my birth-  
day," sighed Oliver, looking out of the  
window.

She saw nothing but a great troop  
of snowflakes scudding along as if  
they were in a hurry to make room  
for those behind them; everywhere  
snow, snow, snow. Her brothers were  
not to be seen.

"I wonder which way they went,"  
she said to herself, looking at the  
drifted road, and at the two little  
mounds that showed where the gate-  
posts were, for the gate and the fence  
had disappeared.

She watched so long that her eyes  
were almost blinded by the swarming  
flakes, and she did not see a fur cap,  
all powdered with snow, jump up in a  
most mysterious fashion from a mon-  
strous great drift; then another cap  
bobbed out, and another, and another.

By and bye Fred and Ed and Maxy  
and Jacky rushed into the house.  
"Come on, Oliver," they shouted. "We  
have got a birthday surprise for you.  
Put on your things, and we'll take you  
straight to your palace. Only first we  
must blindfold you."

So when Oliver had put on his cloak,  
hood and mittens, and gaiters, and  
socks on her feet, Maxy tied a silk  
handkerchief over her eyes, amid a  
great deal of laughter. Then her  
brothers led her outdoors.

She could not guess where she was  
going. It seemed to her that she was  
walking a long distance, for the boys  
added to the mystery by leading her  
to and fro along the paths that had  
been shovelled to the barns and the  
curn-grub, and around the house. At  
last they untied the handkerchief.

Oliver looked around and saw that  
she was in a beautiful little cave of  
snow. The walls and roof and floor  
were like the purest white marble,  
and the cave was not dark, like other  
caves, because of the reflection.

At one end was a huge armchair  
of snow, looking very soft and rosy,  
but quite too cold for comfort. Along  
the walls were placed all sorts of fur-  
niture made of snow and ice, and at  
the entrance of the cave stood two ice  
vases, as clear as glass, and as tall as  
Oliver's head. They were filled with  
big bunches of dried grasses and

autumn leaves, to give a bit of color  
to her white palace.

"Now tell me how you made it all,"  
said Oliver, after she had admired  
everything and thanked her brothers  
again and again.

"Why, you see, we all turned out  
and dug the stove yesterday when you  
were the Aunt Mary's," said Fred.  
"That is the reason that you knew  
nothing about it. And the tables and  
chairs we made out of snow, packed  
around old locomotives and boards  
and barrel-hoops to hold it in shape."

"And the big vases," said Jacky,  
"we made in the old churn. We filled  
it with water, and hung a big stick  
of wood in the middle so that it would  
not quite reach the bottom of the  
churn. Then we set it out to freeze;  
when it was frozen we put the churn  
in hot water to loosen the ice, same  
as mamma does for ice cream. So it  
came out a great lump of ice, with the  
stick in the middle where the stick  
was, you know, and Maxy thought of  
the grasses and leaves."

"Now come and see the sculpture  
gallery," said Maxy.

They went into another little cave,  
where there was a number of snow  
figures whose faces had been skillfully  
carved with an old kitchen knife. They  
were a funny group—fat and good-  
natured Luchmans with their pipes in  
their mouths, very stout old ladies  
with pug dogs in their laps, and many  
other comical shapes.

There never was a palace that gave  
as much pleasure as this one, in the  
drift; the children cared for  
nothing else till a thaw came. Then  
the roof fell in and buried the poor  
fat lady and her dog in a heap of  
melting snow. Only the ice vases were  
left; they stood firm and whole after  
all the other furniture was spoiled,  
and sparkled in the sunshine that  
shone through the ruined palace.—  
Youth's Companion.

### The Sandman.

(By E. C. Whitney.)

"Doodle, doodle, doodle!" and a merry  
laugh comes up from under the  
table by my side.

Under the table sits a little one-  
year-old, surrounded by spoons, rub-  
ber toys, and a host of bits so pre-  
cious to a little heart.

"Doodle, doodle, doodle!" but this  
time a gaze in place of the laugh.  
The gaze reminds mamma that the  
little lady's bed-time is nearing. Mam-  
ma looks at the clock, which says,  
"Baby has just a little more time to  
play."

Another gaze. Surely baby sees the  
Sandman. One chubby fist and then  
another turns and twists in baby's  
eyes. Ah! now the Sandman is near  
enough to smile on her.

A little jerk, a pettish snarl, plainly  
telling mamma that the little spool won't  
say on the top of the big one. It is  
so near night that I suspect the little  
spool is tired—too tired to stand up  
straight any longer.

Now the Sandman stretches out his  
arms to Baby Louise. She thinks she  
can run away from him, so she creeps  
up to "mamma, mamma," and buries  
her little round face in a nap which  
is always glad to hold it. But mamma  
doesn't want her to run away from  
the Sandman. He knows just the time  
each little girl and boy should go to  
bed. He is always pleasant and gen-  
tle with little folks.

Of course one shoe, then off comes  
the other, and all the baby's clothes.  
Again the Sandman smiles; this time  
he is very near. Baby knows it, and  
drops her head and little body down  
on her arms. The little white night-dress  
is put on; the nice, warm milk is  
drunk; the baby is laid in her own  
little bed; mamma says the evening  
prayer, and kisses baby good-night.

Now is the time when the Sandman  
begins his work. He kisses his finger-  
tip and lays it on each small eyelid.  
Soon baby Louise is fast asleep. Just  
as the little peepers are shut tight, the  
Sandman quickly pulls two small  
sand-bags from his pocket and lays  
one on each closed eye. Next he takes  
the baby in his strong arms and holds  
her so warm and close that baby  
smiles in her sleep.

Do you think the Sandman's work  
is all done. Oh, no! He does not run  
off to put some other baby to sleep,  
for there are just a many Sandmen as  
there are babies and little children.  
No little one should be afraid to go  
to sleep in the dark, for when mamma  
leaves the room the Sandman stays  
close by. The Sandman can see both  
in the dark and in the light.

Maybe you would like to know how  
you can keep the Sandman close to  
you all night. First, you must lie  
very still, for the Sandman likes quiet  
better than anything else. My sand-  
bag or lullaby noise drives him right  
away. He always sits on the baby's  
bed, and is very fond of being rocked  
gently or of listening to a soft song  
like a lullaby. Another thing he is  
afraid of is any sickness. It is very  
hard to get him to stay with a sick  
child, so if you want the Sandman  
to watch while you sleep, you must  
not tease mamma to let you eat things  
which she says will make you sick.

There is a good deal to learn about  
the Sandman, but I am going to tell  
you only one thing more.

Almost every little boy and girl has  
some mischief in his or her little  
heart. Why even the little one-year-  
old who sits under the table by me  
does a good many funny things. And  
so the Sandman enjoys a little fun  
and mischief too. Sometimes he will  
squeeze baby just a little to see her  
smile in her sleep; sometimes he pulls  
one sand-bag slowly off baby's eye to  
make her fuss a little; and even lifts  
up the little eyelid to make her wake  
up quickly—then he laughs and darts  
away. Don't you think he is a funny  
fellow? I think he is like some big  
brothers, don't you?

When the sun is bright and high the  
Sandman slowly draws the sand-bags  
each eye, kisses the baby very  
tenderly until she begins to smile and  
in her eyes—then leaves so quietly  
and quickly that baby never sees him  
go.—The Outlook.

### He Found a Mother.

By Mary Allaire.

He stood at the end of a counter  
gazing out into Broadway. About him  
were woolly dogs and cotton cats, a  
Jack-in-the-box and several games.

Across the aisle were a number of  
girl dolls, who were so close to one  
another that they could not be lone-  
some. In the case back of the counter  
were a lot more dolls of all sizes and  
complexions, but all girls. It was  
night when I saw him first. Great  
crows were pushing past. People were  
hurrying to and out of the store, but

no one looked at him, apparently no  
one wanted a boy doll. He had on a  
blue coat and trousers, a blue and  
white striped shirt waist, and a sailor  
hat—white straw with a blue ribbon  
band—with an elastic that went under  
his chin. His hair was yellow, and  
curled; his eyes were blue. After I  
saw him I kept thinking of that  
dear boy alone in that store, without  
anyone to love him. The girl dolls  
were being sold very fast, and prob-  
ably by the next night would be still  
gone, and the dear boy would be all  
alone.

It would be cruel for me to bring  
him home, for I am so busy that I  
cannot give Elizabeth—you know  
Elizabeth's name, I must find a  
mother for this boy—some one who will  
be very tender and kind to him.

The morning I thought of a little girl  
who would be a mother to him. She  
had other dolls, but she seemed to  
have great capacity for loving dolls,  
and I knew if she once heard how  
much he needed a mother she would  
take him right into her heart.

Late in the afternoon I went to the  
store to see if no one had bought the  
boy. There he stood, all alone. The  
dolls and the games. He stood as if  
keeping guard over the remnants  
of the boy bazaar.

I bought him. Christmas morning I  
brushed him off carefully, took his hair  
out of our papers, put on his hat,  
and then tucked this note under his  
arm:

"I have no mamma. Please let me  
be your little boy."

I took the little girl. She had  
a doll—very large and beautifully  
dressed. The little girl's mamma read  
her the note. She stretched out both  
her arms and took the little boy right  
to her heart. The dear little boy  
had found a mamma, and a sweet  
little girl had found another child to  
love.—From the Outlook.

It is related that Thackeray, when in  
Glasgow one day, told Dr. Donisthorpe  
a story which the latter re-  
cently repeated to me, to the effect  
that Thackeray and Thackeray were sit-  
ting together, the former hot upon  
a philosophical argument, when a  
pigeon began screeching near them.

Thackeray remarked on the extrane-  
ous noise the bird was making. "Oh,"  
said Carlyle, "that is Thackeray's  
troubling it. He is taking that method  
of uttering itself to the universe."

Miss Willard, has been invited,  
through Dr. W. Evans Darby, the well  
known peace advocate, to become a  
member of the general council of the  
Society for the Recognition of the Bro-  
therhood of Man, and has accepted.  
The headquarters of this society are in  
London.

King Leopold of Belgium, it is said,  
detests instrumental music of any  
kind. It seems to cause him real  
suffering. If anyone plays a piece of  
music in his presence his face  
suddenly vanishes, while it is  
said that he would "run a mile" to  
escape the sound of his queen's harp.

Place aux dames! The selection of  
the Queen Regent of Spain as the ar-  
bitrator of the boundary dispute be-  
tween Colombia and Peru is  
crowned with the first instance in  
which a woman has been selected to  
settle an international dispute of this  
important character. Maria Christina  
is of a masculine turn of mind.

Pasteur was profoundly penetrated  
with the exquisite adaptation of means  
to ends in the universe, and each fresh  
revelation of his microscope deepened  
his reverence. He once said: "When  
one has studied much, he returns to  
the faith of the Breton peasant, and  
I had studied much of mine."

The Queen of England, in the course  
of a recent interview with the Bechu-  
ana chiefs, speaking with reference to  
the drink question, said: "I approve  
of the provisions excluding strong  
drinks from your country. I feel strong-  
ly in this matter, and am glad to see  
that the chiefs have determined to keep  
so great a curse from the people."

The young Czarina declines to smoke.  
She has requested her ladies in wait-  
ing not to come near her if there is  
the odor of tobacco. The Czarina  
clothes, and her imperial majesty is  
as fast as an oath in a man's. Most  
of the Grand Duchesses of Russia smoke.

One of the latest illustrations of ex-  
egesis was given by a clergyman, who  
in the course of a sermon, read a white-  
ribbon in the village where he was a  
settled minister, preached a sermon  
from the text, "Men ought always to  
marry," and proceeded to prove that as  
men were designated it was clearly  
implied that women were not to  
pray (in public).

Two survivors of the Crimean war  
have recently died—one, William Drake  
Colson, in London, the other, William  
Bennett, in Chicago. Each was in the  
British Brigade during its historic  
campaign, and earned various medals for  
bravery. Colson had two horses shot  
from under him, but escaped without a  
scratch. Bennett had been a chaplain  
on the Great Lakes for the last sixteen  
years.

### FROSY LITTLE SOLDIERS.

The Warriors of Venezuela Are Thus  
Described.

There is a body of regular Ven-  
ezuelan troops stationed in the back  
of the town in a large square build-  
ing more like a cow shed than a bar-  
ack, where the men sleep about  
casually on hammocks, or on the dirt  
floor, and cook for themselves over  
pots of charcoal. The Indian women  
sell them fruits and hard balls of  
minced meat, and rolls of green corn,  
husk filled with boiled cornmeal and  
peas. The men are mostly pure-  
blooded Indians, and wear a dirty  
white shirt and loose cotton trousers  
as a uniform, with no shoes or stock-  
ings, but rather elegant knee caps or  
knee caps. Some have no guns, and such  
as they have are old and not well  
kept. Their real weapon is the machete,  
or broad knife, worn in a  
leather sling at the belt. The officers  
are as uncombed, unbrushed, and badly  
dressed as the men. It is not uncom-  
mon to see one of them conducting  
morning drill in his undershirt and  
wearing his sword, withdrawn from the  
scabbard, in which it is stuck fast with  
rust. Every one, however, combines to  
assert that these frowsy little troops  
are desperately courageous in battle,  
and will march and fight cheerfully on  
a cigarette and two bananas a day.

Of course they have no arms and drill.  
They would not stand in the field against  
the regulars of civilized powers; but  
war in Venezuela means fighting heat  
and fever as well as men, and these  
troops are indifferently two forces  
against the fact of Europeans—New York  
Sun.

## With the Poets.

### OVER THE TUBS.

Up from the laundry, all day long,  
Comes the croon of a little song,  
Low and plaintive its measures seem  
To rise and melt with the wreaths of steam.

Mrs. McGill in the mist below,  
Heaving the linen, snow on snow,  
Sings at her task as the moments fly;  
Still as the busy hours go by,  
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Bare are her strong arms, rough and  
red  
Her hands, with striving for daily  
bread,  
While she works in the steam and  
rain.  
Thoughts of the "childer" left at  
home,  
Come to cheer her, till, after all,  
The day seems short and the washing  
small.

For mother-love, with tender spell,  
Is working its ceaseless miracle;  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Down through the areaway there  
floats  
The cry of the newsboy, strident  
notes,  
Telling how on a field of fame  
A warrior won him a hero's name;  
The sailors cling to a reeling deck,  
And served the guns of a shattered  
wreck;

A hero mounted the ladder tall,  
And played a life from the flaming  
wall;  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Six o'clock! And the music swells  
Loud from the throats of a thousand  
bells;  
So, at last, when the shadows fall,  
She draws about her a faded shawl.  
While sweet content in the rough,<  
Warm, face

Kindles a brighter than beauty's grace.  
Home she hastes where, the long day  
through,  
The little ones watched and waited,  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.  
Mrs. McGill, her humble name  
Has no place on the rolls of fame.

Little it matters to such as you;  
Brief the page is, the names are few.  
Still I know that your faithful love  
Finds a place in the scroll above,  
So, when my heart grows weak and  
faint,

This is the thought that stops com-  
plaint:  
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.  
—Robert C. Tongue.

THE PURPLE EAST.  
Never, O craven England, nevermore  
Prate thou of generous effort, righte-  
ous aim,  
Betrayers of a People, know thy shame!  
Summer hath passed, and autumn's  
thrashing-floor  
Been winnowed; Winter at Aremnia's  
faint

Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword  
and flame  
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and  
the same  
Cry unto Heaven ascends as hereto-  
fore.

And the red stream thou might'st have  
staunch'd yet runs;  
And o'er the earth there sounds no  
drumming, no tramp of foot,  
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy  
sons,  
But with indifferent eyes they watch  
and see  
Hell's recent sitting yonder, propped  
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal  
throne.

You in high places; you that drive the  
heels  
Of empire; you that say unto our  
hosts  
"Go thither," and they go, and from  
our coasts  
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail,  
their deeds  
Shaking the world; lo! from a land  
that pleads  
For mercy where no mercy is, the  
ghosts

Look in upon you faltering at your  
posts—  
Upbraid you parleying while a People  
bleeds  
To death. What stays the thunder in  
your hand?  
A fear for England? Can her pillared  
fame  
Only one faith forsworn securely  
stand?

On faith forsworn that murders babes  
and men?  
Are such the terms of glory's tenure?  
Then  
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's  
name,  
Heard in their ghastly graves they  
lie, the breeze  
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly  
wait  
For burial; and the butchers keep high  
state.

In stilet palaces of perfumed ease,  
The panther of the desert matched  
with these,  
And soft the deadliest fangs of raven-  
ing seas.  
How long shall they be borne? Is not  
Of crime yet full? Doth evilism still  
lack  
Some consummating crown, that we  
hold back  
The scourge, and in Christ's borders  
leave her room?

How long shall they be borne, O Eng-  
land? Up  
Tempest of God, and sweep them to  
their doom!  
—William Watson.

### BRITISH VOLCANOES.

Wonderfully Complete Record of the His-  
tory of Volcanic Action.

Sir Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., in a  
lecture before the Glasgow Geological  
Society on "The Latest Volcanoes in  
the British Isles," says that the sub-  
ject was one which had occupied him  
closely for the last twenty, and more  
especially for the last seven years.

These islands of ours were specially  
fortunate in the wonderfully complete  
record which they had within their  
borders of the history of volcanic ac-  
tion. He supposed there was no area  
of equal dimensions on the surface of  
the earth where the story of volcanic  
action had been recorded so complete-  
ly and with such wonderfully volumi-  
nous details.

From the earliest geological times  
there had an almost continuous record  
of volcanic eruption along the west-  
ern border of the European Contin-  
ent. There were once active volcanoes  
along a great valley between the  
Outer Hebrides on the west, and the  
mainland of Scotland on the east,  
and they extended from the south of  
Antrim through the line of the Inner

Hebrides far north into the Faroe Is-  
lands, and beyond them into Iceland.  
The great Icelandic volcanoes were  
in action in this country in older ter-  
tiary times.

The story of volcanoes in this coun-  
try was to be found by the side of  
volcanoes in Iceland, and one of the  
most prominent features of the mod-  
ern volcanoes in that country was  
that they did not form mountains  
like Aetna or Vesuvius. Their domi-  
nant feature was the production of  
great rectilinear fissures, but there  
were also cones. Every one who had  
sailed along the shores of the Clyde  
with the dikes that rose  
up sometimes with singular promi-  
nence along the shores of Arran, Bute,  
and the Cumbraes—great wall-like  
masses of black rock through the  
sea—these dikes marked some  
sandstone.

Of the fissures produced during the  
time of the early tertiary volcanic  
eruptions. The eruptions appeared  
to have begun with the formation of  
these fissures. They had them in An-  
trim, Mull, Rum, Ganna, Sanday, and  
Skye. The Inner Hebrides were merely  
fragments of what may have been  
originally a volcanic plateau extending  
from Antrim in the south to the Clyde  
in the north. The successive outflows  
of basalt could be traced in layers in  
old river channels, and these layers had  
been repeated at least four times in  
the history of the plateau, as shown  
in the islands of Ganna and Sanday.

From the beginning of the story to  
the end, the production of fissures  
seemed to have been the fundamental  
fact. There was great difficulty in  
fixing the age, but within the last  
few months, in the course of their  
work on the Geological Survey, they  
have come across evidence which  
would enable them to spell their way  
among the dikes of the whole Western  
Highlands. The volcanoes, however,  
belonged to a very recent period—  
a dike actually younger than the soft  
clay on which London is built. That  
clay was there before the volcanoes  
began to blaze forth. In closing, Sir  
Archibald referred to the subject of  
denudation or waste, which he de-  
scribed as one of the most fascinat-  
ing departments of geology, and as  
one which gave valuable aid in en-  
abling them to determine the age of  
different strata, and there was he  
studied that subject with more profit  
to himself and benefit to science than  
along the north shores of the Faroe  
Isles, where there were the finest sea-  
cliffs in Europe, some of them 2,000  
feet in height.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

## Floral Hints and Helps.

### Beauties and Pleasures of the Winter Garden, Insect Pests, Etc.

Now the ground is covered with its  
white mantle, we welcome any live  
bit of green we may be fortunate  
enough to possess. The unfolding of  
the lovely white flower of a Roman  
Hyacinth on Christmas Day, and the  
subsequent opening of other flowers  
in the same pot have given more  
pleasure in my household than I can  
describe; the flowers are still bloom-  
ing in this particular pot, and their  
fragrance is a choice delight.

The crocus and tulip are just  
opening their beautiful eyes, and  
spears of blue, yellow and red are ap-  
pearing and enlarging day by day in  
the different pots and boxes in which  
a rare succession of bloom until the  
pleasure of outdoor planting comes round  
again. The freesias, alliums and solis-  
as are also coming on and will soon  
reward our patient waiting and can-  
ful attention by their intrinsic beauty  
and fragrance.

Now look out sharp for the insect  
pests; once you see them, make war  
on them right away. Whatever you  
do must be done promptly, and thor-  
oughly. A thorough spraying with  
some good insecticide dissolved in  
water should be given occasionally;  
or if the enemy be red spider, spray-  
ing with clear water will be all that  
is required.

Keep the soil well stirred round the  
pots and avoid giving too much water.  
Keep the air about the plants as  
moist as possible, as the hot air of a  
furnace or coal stove is detrimental  
to plant life.

The long dreary winter would be  
dull indeed were it not for the flowers  
we may all have with just a little  
trouble. What is nicer than to take  
as a present to some shut-in friend;  
how much such a gift is appreciated  
only those know who have given  
themselves to the luxury of doing  
this. I have been unfortunate with  
most kinds of plants for plants for  
blooming, having tried geraniums,  
fuchsias, begonias, roses and many  
others, and have generally failed,  
sometimes signally so. But with bulbs  
I always succeeded, they are so easy  
to manage and so not mind as occa-  
sional snip, and invariably give  
such good results that I have got to  
feel that there is at least one class  
of flowers that I may have for the  
winter, and with that I am both con-  
tent and delighted. NARCISUS.

### Doctors and Patients.

The husband of a professional beauty  
was much distressed by the fact  
that his wife was gaining rapidly in  
weight. "She is becoming heavier  
every week," he said to his doctor,  
"and it worries me to death. What  
am I to do?" "Stop weighing her,"  
said the doctor.

Equally cynical was the reply of an  
enthusiastic scientist to a weeping  
wife, who wanted to know if her hus-  
band was very ill. "Well, yes, my  
dear madam," was the reply, "he is  
very ill, but console yourself—the dis-  
ease is of high scientific value."

A dentist once advanced a reason  
for resignation that was even more  
original. He had been tugging at a  
tooth for the last ten minutes, and at  
last managed to extract it. "What  
five shillings!" the victim protested  
on being told the fee. "Why, the last