

er, forms a compact head, has a fine dark foliage, and will be largely planted wherever it is known. Colorado blue spruce is similar in growth, and its average colors are much finer than Norway spruce. Occasional samples possess what we call a very bright blue tint and are sold at higher prices.

The young growth of Douglas spruce is very pretty, and when established the trees are rampant growers. Concolor spruce is unique in appearance, its foliage looks strong but has a soft feel.

Colorado Blue, Concolor and Douglas spruces are hardy rocky mountain evergreens that have a bright future. Until recently they were high priced. At present they are quite within the reach of any one who has room for a few hardy novel and beautiful evergreens. A short wind-break of Douglas spruce should be a rapid growing novelty in most neighborhoods. The half hardy and rare evergreens are not noticed here.

For lawn purposes the sharp pyramidal

growth of the Irish and Swedish Juniper marks them as very ornamental. The Irish Juniper has a blue green tint in summer but turns brownish in winter. The Swedish Juniper has a peculiar light pea green tint which does not disappear in winter. When the rare beauty of this Juniper becomes known few persons who have room will be without it. The dwarf mountain pine forms a low spreading lawn tree; its foliage is dense, short and pretty.

All of the evergreens mentioned are hardy here. Some of them are somewhat scorched upon their windward sides during cold winters.

Shrubs and evergreens in the lawn as well as the cattle at the barns and the people in the houses will come through in better shape if wind-breaks are provided. Evergreens should be cultivated for a few years,—after that, if the limbs are all allowed to remain, they will commonly care for themselves.

Niagara Falls South. E. MORDEN.

A CARNATION BED.

“Take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
It will sing of the loved to the ends of the earth.”



VERY poor old lady, living in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, all by herself, not long since was found tending her carnations for companionship and memorial of happier days in the far off fader-land. The cottage was old and dilapidated, but her bed of carnations was a rare sight. An old lady, bent and shrunken with age, hobbled to the gate near where these lovely flowers of every shade were joyously blooming.

“Yo lofes de pinks, ma'am?” she asked. “I never saw such beauties before,” was my honest answer. “I lofes you for sayin’ so, gute lady. De pinks are all old Gritchen hafe to make her happy now. She bese all alone, an’ works out all de sor’ow of her

heart in de bed of loffy pinks. I gets hoon-gry to see them in winter. I puts straw an’ carpet heavy to keep the roots warm troo de deep snow. In the spring dey be green and blooming soon, and make my heart glad until frost come again. Dey mind me of de fader-land, when old Gritchen was young, and gather the sweet carnation an’ clove pink to fold in a clean handkerchief to carry to church with Wilhelm; now he be dead, and de gute frein of de fader-land say dey keep carnation on his grave. But in dis strange land nobody will put dem on Gritchen’s grave.” She gathered me a fine bunch, and I was loath to leave the poor old creature in her lonely exile. But I rejoiced that the sweet flower was filling its mission, in a sad and desolate heart. Let us do likewise if sad.

M. A. H.