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as though she was only saying "Now I lay me down to sleep," "it breaks out in the summer in such curious green blossoms, clinging to long, slender stems. Only think of that—green blossoms." And she gazed pensively on the young man as though she saw something green that probably never would blossom.

"Wonderful, wonderful indeed," he said, "one can never tire of botany. It continually opens to us new worlds of wonders with every awakening flower and unfolded leaf."

"And here," she said, indicating with her snowy finger a villainous sprout of that little bur the boys call "beggar's lice," this *Mendicantis parasitatis*, what—"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "where did you get it? Why, do you know how rare it is? I have not seen one in Burlington since Mrs. O'Gheminie went to Chicago. She had such beautiful specimens of them; such a charming variety." She used to wear them in her hair so often."

"No doubt," the angel said dryly; and the young man thought he had done wrong in praising Mrs. O'Gheminie's plants so highly. But the dear one went on, and pointing to a young jimson weed, said:

"This is my pet, this *Jimsonata filiofensis*."

The young man gasped with the pleasure of a true lover of flowers, as he bent over it in admiration and inhaled its nauseous odor. Then he rose up and said:

"This plant has some medicinal properties."

"Ah!" she said.

"Yes," he replied, stiffly, "it has. I have smelt that plant in my boyhood days. Wilted on the kitchen stove, then bruised and applied to the eruption, the leaves are excellent remedial agents for the poison of the ivy." He strode past the smiling company that gathered in the parlor, and said sternly, "We meet no more!" and, seizing her father's best hat from the rack, he extinguished himself in it, and went banging along the line of tree-boxes which lined his darkened way.

Spring Time in America.

Dear, faded flowers, they bloom again,
Like echoes of the spring time gone;
And mossy hillside, shadowy glen,
Break out in beauty like the dawn.
In regal beauty, leaf and bud
Bend 'neath the kisses of the breeze,
And "Spanish Mixture for the Blood"
Smiles from the fences, rocks and trees.

Dear, smiling Spring, what tender hope
Breathes from the life-awakening soil;
How "Boles' Anti-bilious Dope,"
And "Dr. Gastro's Castor Oil"
Bid frightened nature wake and smile;
For spring time's blossoms fill us less
With thoughts of panics than with vile
"Panaceas" for "Billionness."

If to the wooded nook we stray,
Where every swelling germ is huge
With life; each gray-browed rock will say,
"Use Phillogaster's Vermifuge"
If from these sylvan bowers we fly,
We fly, alas, to other ills;
And farm-yard gates and barn-doors cry,
"Take Ginsengrooter's Liver Pills."

Each blue-eyed violet hides a "Pill."
There's scent of "Rhubarb" in the air;
"Rheumatic Plasters" line each hill,
And "Bitters" blossom everywhere.
With "Ague Cures" the eyes are scared;
The air is thick, or thin, I meant,
For nature's face and clothes are smeared
With "Universal Liniment."

Woodland Music and Poetry.

But Mr. Middlerib's greatest delight, escaping from his daily wrangle with phlegmatic Peorians, was to seek some cool, sequestered spot, where the air was vocal with the song of birds, there to read, and ponder, and doze, and blend with the melody of the woodland warblers wrathful of jurgations of the gnats, and flies, and mosquitoes, and hard-backed bugs that nobody knew the names of. But his poetical nature rose above all these minor distractions, and he enjoyed his seclusion and its sylvan delights. One lovely morning he sat in a vine-embowered porch, with four cages of canaries hanging above his head, and the trees around fairly alive with the wild birds, and as he listened to the varied, melodious passages of the wild-wood orchestra, he grew enraptured, and in a moment of enthusiasm gave himself up to poetry for Mrs. M.'s benefit. He opened the book in his hand, and in a lull of the music he began:

"A cloud lay cradled near the set—"

"Tweele, tweele, twee twee tweedle dee tweet tweet!" broke in ear-piercing chorus from the four cages, "twee, twee, tweedle de deedle, twee twee!"

"What a delightful interruption," said Mr. Middlerib, sweetly; and, with a tender smile wrinkling his placid face, like the upper crust of a green apple pie, he waited for the music to cease, and resumed:

"A cloud lay cra—"

"Twee, twee, twee-ee-ee, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle! Tweet-te-deet-deet, tweet tweet! Tweedle-de-deedle, tweele, tweele tweet tweet!"

"A poem without words," said Mr. Middlerib, softly, glancing from his book toward the cages wherein eight yellow throats were manufacturing music of the shrillest key that ever developed an ear-ache or woke up a deaf and dumb asylum. Presently he got another chance, and resumed once more:

"A cloud lay cradled near the set—"

"To-whoot! To whoot! Whoot!-te."