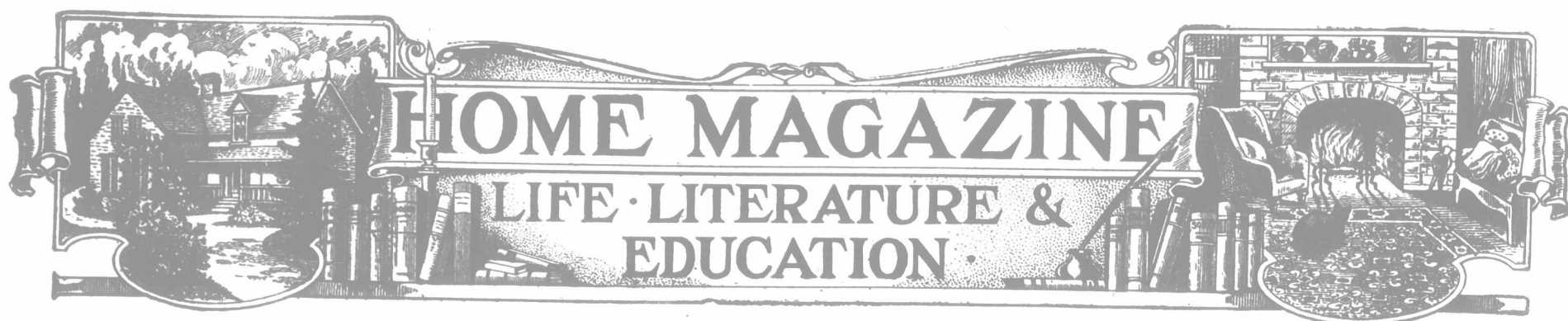




The Painfully New Place.

The "painfully new" place, how bare, and barren-looking, and far from home-like it stands! Naked brick walls, hot in the summer sun, staring windows; unshaded of vine or shadow of tree; bald foundations rising, hard and forbidding-looking from the red earth, as though the new house had nothing in common whatever with this soft, green old world in which it has, with unwilling enough face, found itself situated! And how many people there are who seem contented enough to let things stand thus, year after year, year after year, until pigmy trees grow large enough to cast a respectable shade, and old Time has had opportunity to mellow the raw, crude color of the brick, and throw soft silver over the roof.

When you think of it, however, you realize that there is no reason for waiting so long. Really, people can work wonders, often, in a very short time, if they set about it in the right way.

If the earth close to the house is hard and dry and gravelly, made up of the under stratum thrown out in excavating the cellar, have some of it removed, and in its stead make a bed of good rich earth, with some well-rotted manure at the bottom of it. In this plant Japanese hops, Japanese Kudzu vine, or Dutchman's Pipe (*Aristolochia sypho*), all quickly-growing vines that will wear off the hard, new edge in no time, and give you the sensation of having a home, instead of merely living in a house. On the eastern side of the house, in fairly rich earth, purple morning glories, and even the old scarlet-runner bean, will prove a daily joy. Still better, get some roots of wild clematis, removing them very carefully with plenty of earth. This is one of the most beautiful vines one can have, beautiful at all times of the year, and especially so in fall when covered with its silky seed tufts. It will grow in any situation where the soil is fairly rich and moist. Clematis paniculata, which may be obtained from any dealer in seeds and plants, is also exceedingly beautiful. By getting strong, three-year-roots, a fairly good showing is soon obtained.

Vines are, of course, the very best means of softening down the new look and bringing the new house into harmony; but they are not enough. One must have either shrubbery, or something simulating shrubbery, to conceal foundations, and make a soft joining line with the ground. Shrubby itself is rather slow of growth, and roots of it should be set as soon as possible, in corners, in irregular clumps, etc., wherever the best effect can be obtained. White lilacs, purple lilacs, the honeysuckle bush, the snowball, Siberian currant, barberry, with lower-growing spirea, flowering almond, and japonica—all of these are beautiful, and so are some of our native bushes, red elder, dogberry, viburnums, etc., which may be very well incorporated among our shrubbery. While these are growing, however, one wants more luxurious masses of greenery and bloom, and so some of the herbaceous perennials find an immediate and especial value. Plant masses of golden glow, tall larkspur, hollyhocks and perennial phlox this year—fall planting will do—and next year you will wonder at the fine showing you will have against your rapidly-growing vines;

but you must be careful to plant so that the blending of color will be harmonious, if you would have the best effects.

Among annuals, dahlias—with the tubers planted in the house in good time to secure early results—and clumps of castor bean against a background of tall nasturtiums, are useful.

At all events, do something. Life is too short to spend any of it in fruitless waiting for any bit of beauty that may be hurried along by a little energy. "Doing Now" is the best way to achieve results.

In fall is the best time to begin the work. Dig out the hard gravel and dead earth thrown out from the cellar-digging to a depth of at least three feet; see that the drainage is good, then fill up the excavation with rich soil. Plant shrubs, hardy vines, and perennials, and so gain time on next spring's work, and have a fine mass of greenery all ready to sprout. A day spent thus before snowfall may produce results that will give life-long satisfaction.

The Tricky Man.

There are some crookedly constituted individuals who seem to think it smart to be tricky. Such men are, as a rule, much given to bargaining and "dickering," and in each case go into the fray with the settled determination to fleece the "other fellow."

When the tricky man has palmed off something worth ten dollars for twenty dollars, he comes home chuckling. He considers that he has done something very sharp and meritorious, and if a doubt as to the honor, or common honesty, even, of his pro-

cedure ever crosses his mind, he is likely to solve his conscience with the reflection, "If the other fellow isn't sharp enough to look out for his own interests, let him take what he gets."

But there is a question to be asked, "What does the tricky man really gain?" A few dollars, perhaps, ill-gotten gain that may give him an uneasy pillow when he comes to his dying bed—then what? He has lost the respect of the community. He has not a real friend worth

the having, for no true man can condone his acts of dishonesty. He has set a bad example to his children, probably ruined his wife's confidence in him. Whether he knows it or not, he has become a by-word far and near. Men speak of him but to shrug their shoulders and smile.

Last of all, unless he be hopelessly callous, he has really lost respect for himself. Once in a great while, perhaps at a pause in the busy moil of his life, he stands before himself revealed. The memory of higher ideals, of a purer life, comes back to him. Upon the one hand he sees himself as he was, beautiful in hope, and aspiration, and cleanness of life; upon the other appears the grinning skeleton of what he is now, with the ill-gotten dollars for which he has sacrificed himself, withering and skirling into nothingness beyond. It matters not whether his cheatings have been small or large, petty rogues practices on a neighbor, or the wholesale robberies possible to a big corporation, the principle has been the same, and the effect.

Is such a career worth while? Having entered upon it, is it worth while keeping on? Or is it better to live such a record down (for it can be lived down), to clothe the skeleton again with the flesh and blood of honest living and fair fame. Honesty or trickery—which?

The Rural Life.

Self-dependent, fertile in resources, country people are wise in ways and means in which the city-bred has had little knowledge or experience. And it is still true that from those whose early life is passed in close contact with the soil, the strength and vigor

sort to the country, to reinhabit the abandoned farms and find health, strength and lasting good in the peaceful pursuits and pleasures of country life. In the words of another writer, this sentiment is thus expressed:

"Strong is the growing passion for a rest, the hunger for a simpler life. The tide is turned from the tragedy and comedy of city mansions and city slums to the quietude of the country home. The man with the hoe, to-day, has also chemistry, botany, entomology, ornithology, and all the rest of the sciences of the age, the thought and the uplift, as a part of his life. The great inventions no longer subserve merely the trader, but they bind together the farm-houses, and make life among the trees rich with thought and sentiment.—(Boston Cooking School Magazine.)

Selections from Eminent Writers.

"Riding Together."

By William Morris.

For many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's feast.

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often, as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-banked stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making beam.

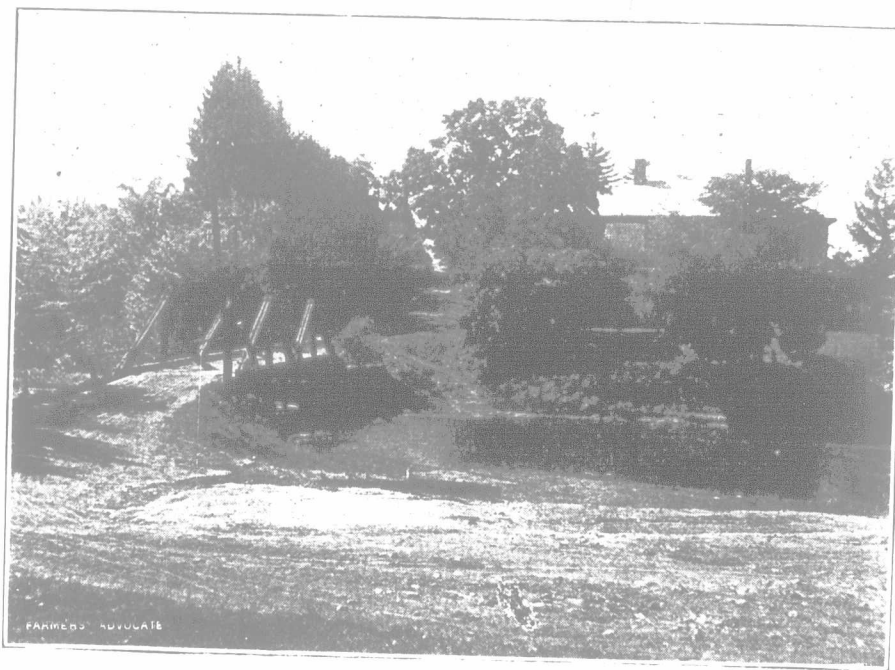
And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watched night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,
It rocked to the crash of the meeting spears,
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears!

There, as we rolled and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,
Gapingly mazed at my maddened face.



On the Road to the Mill.

of the state are largely drawn. True, too, that "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Intimacy with nature, fondness for outdoor life, cannot well be too highly commended, for it is the natural way of living. And we are glad to know that, on every hand to-day, the indications are manifest and convincing that the tendency of people is growing stronger and stronger to re-