
ON GARDENS

displayed; beans, whose drooping abundance of pods is a marvel; radishes, guaranteed to mature in a remarkably short space of time. But no need to go over the list! He plants them. Then he sits down and dreams happily of the delicious dinners he will enjoy, and calculates the saving it will make in household expenses.

Poor man! He doesn't know that a late frost will probably nip his beans; that the pink beauty of his radishes will prove a congenial home for descendants of the harmless-looking black-fly; that his cucumber plants will be mysteriously cut off at a tender age; that green worms will infest his cabbages and cauliflowers, and that the tomato plants that gave such promise will be overtaken by the autumn frost before their burdens ripen. Neither does he realize that the cat will probably baunt his lettuce bed, the gate be left open some fine day and a stray dog devastate the premises; that he will wake some bright morning and find his neighbor's hens making merry among his treasures.

If flowers should have been his choice—and the seeds happen to come up—things are no better. The same woes wait upon them; and what straggling plants reach maturity are strangely unlike his expectations.

If he invests in roses, the leaves will disappear and the promising buds be things of the past before he realizes that hellebore is the most