

bottom will extend in, leaving a two-inch space the whole length of your box, which space you will use for pouring in water to supply moisture to your plants. Now, take your box to your celery-bed, and cover the bottom with two inches of earth, and in this earth plant your celery as closely as possible. This should be done on a dry day. The box, with its contents, can now be removed to your cellar, when, for the present, your work is done.



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WHITE PLUME CELERY.

From time to time as your plants need—which is pretty often—you will supply them with water, and always through the open slit in the side of your box, never by the top, as it would rot your plants.

Treated in this way you can always get at your plants, without any trouble, and you can see at any time the exact condition that they are in.

One word as to varieties. I have now discarded the Boston Market and other old standard sorts, and grow only the White Plume, as it blanches so much

earlier, is so crisp and tender, and strange to say, with me it keeps in the way I have described, longer than any of the older sorts. In this last respect my experience seems to differ from nearly every writer whose articles on celery I have chanced to see, as all state that the White Plume is the poorest keeper of any.

It may be that, if kept in some other way, it would prove the poorest keeper, but kept in the manner I have described I have found it to have no equal.

THE ONION.

Draw off his satin waistcoat,
Tear his silk shirt apart,
And, weeping tears of pleasure,
Creep closer to his heart!

Wrapt is this modern mummy
In ceaseless fold on fold;
Yet what a wondrous power
Those endless wrappings hold!

Of all the vegetables
From garden's length to length,
He is the one most mighty—
Epitome of strength.

Whene'er his person enters,
All noses snuff the air,
And epicurean stomachs
For gastric treats prepare.

A subtle spirit rises
Of dinner in full bloom,
An appetising odor
Pervading all the room.

When at the well-laid table
How is the palate blest!
He betters other dishes,
Yet is himself the best.

But call upon your lady—
Why is her smile so grim?
Before a word is spoken
She knows you've been with him!

—*Boston Transcript.*

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.