

WITHERED FLOWERS.

'Twas on a bitter winter's day,
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child
Went running through the cold and storm;
He looked as if he never smiled,
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet
A faded button-hole bouquet;
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,
Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,
Stood still and shook it free from snow,
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,
His face transformed in every line;
And lingered that the hurrying crowd
Might chance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away
Never one-half such pleasure had;
The flowers' best work was done that day
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah, me! too often we forget,
Happy in these good homes of ours,
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers!

St. Nicholas.

THE SHARPLESS STRAWBERRY.—I will give my experience. Have only raised one crop of berries, the plants being set a year ago last spring. They were extra strong, vigorous plants, were set in common clay garden soil. The berries were the largest I ever saw. They astonished every one that saw them. I weighed several that weighed an ounce each. Their shape is irregular, but their flavor is delicious, as all will testify who tasted them. They stand up well from the ground as any berry possibly could, as heavily loaded with fruit as my plants were. I filled a pint cup rounding full, one day, from some I had been picking, to let my neighbours, who were present, see how many berries it would take to do it; poured them out and counted them. There were thirteen berries. I may say with truth, there were no small berries on the vines, the smallest being about like a medium sized Wilson's Albany Seedling. I have had considerable experience in the culture of strawberries, but never saw anything to equal the Sharpless.—MRS. J. McRAE, in *Prairie Farmer*.

MOUNTAIN MAHOGANY.

A remarkable wood, known as "mountain mahogany," is said to grow in Nevada. A local paper thus describes it: "The trees do not grow large. A tree with a trunk a foot in diameter is much above the average. When dry the wood is about as hard as box-wood, and being of very fine grain might, no doubt, be used for the same purposes. It is of a rich red color and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be a fine material for the wood-carver. In the early days it was used for making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances for shoes and dies in a quartz battery. Used as a fuel it creates an intense heat. It burns with a blaze as long as ordinary wood would last, and is then found (almost unchanged in form) converted to a charcoal that lasts about twice as long as ordinary wood. For fuel it sells much higher than any kind of wood; indeed a cord of it always brings the same price as a ton of coal. The only objection to it is that it creates such an intense heat as to burn out stoves more rapidly than any kind of coal, however bad."—*Journal of Science*.

JAMES VICK.

As we go to press the telegraph brings the sad intelligence that James Vick, the well known and everywhere esteemed horticulturist, is dead. American horticulture has lost a most devoted and enthusiastic promoter; and every lover of flowers in all this broad continent will feel that a much-honored friend and counsellor has fallen.