

was as advanced as spring in Albion or America. The place, however, should be seen during April and May. In summer the heat is not oppressive, being tempered by the breezes from sea and mountain.

But I had not allowed myself enough time to do the walk comfortably from Grasse to Vence-Caynes. The distance is about sixteen miles. I started from Grasse at a quarter to 12, to catch the train leaving Vence Caynes for Nice at 3 p.m. As the next train did not depart till 6 p.m.—a serious delay—I had to go at a jog-trot half the way, and arrived just in time, after $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours on foot. Hoped to meet a diligence *en route*, but in vain. Fortunately, the moiety of the distance is a gentle decline.

Grasse is an ancient town of some 20,000 inhabitants. The deputy whom it sends to the Communal Chamber at Paris is the notorious pseudo-republican trade-politician, Rouvier, Minister of Finances, alleged to be a “clever” financier, which may be true—for his own pocket. This horsey-looking and self-esteeming negociant in politics is of the “republican” taint, which is always purchasable. Thus, if a clique of imposters—be they Bourbons or Bonapartes—were to start the vile “royanté” *régime* next month, the ill-physiognomied Rouvier would be the first to sell his “principles” and colloborate with them.

Not alone does Grasse produce the most fragrant flowers of the world. It also produces—but they grow wild, never being cultivated—some of the most fetid. One is particularly odious, and will be found in abundance on some parts of the hill sides, not under the gardener’s hands. It is of the shape of the blue-bell, but about six times larger, and is of a rather glossy brown color. It has a strong, nauseous “doggy” smell, that is to say, like the disagreeable smell emanating from the skin and hair of an unkept, mangy dog. Only once before has the writer come across a similar fetid flower, which was many years ago, while in England, and (if memory serves right) this was on Hamstead Heath, London.

Before going to Grasse, I had been all over the Town of Cannes; visited the Casino des Fleurs; but this “casino of the flowers” has not much that is floral about it as yet. It has only been opened during the present season. It is a great and creditable imitation of Monte-Carlo casino, but minus the vicious tables. There is a fine large public international reading-room, with a cosmopolitan supply of periodicals. I also went to the now open Exposition Internationale de Cannes, of passing interest locally, but of no interest internationally.

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Packing Pears.—A good plan in packing pears is to wrap each one in soft paper, packing closely enough to prevent all motion, in bushel boxes. The French, who export more pears than any other nation, cover the inside of the boxes with spongy paper or dry moss, which absorbs the moisture. Each pear is then wrapped in soft paper and placed in layers in the boxes, the largest and least mature in the bottom, filling all interstices with the dry moss. Thus they will keep a month or more. They are so closely packed that though they can not touch each other, all motion is prevented. If one decays the others are not harmed.—Rural New Yorker.