

**OUT OF THE FASHION.**

A fashionable woman  
 In a fashionable pew;  
 A fashionable bonnet  
 Of a fashionable hue;  
 A fashionable mantle  
 And a fashionable gown;  
 A fashionable Christian  
 In a fashionable town;  
 A fashionable prayer-book  
 And a fashionable choir;  
 A fashionable chapel,  
 With a fashionable spire;  
 A fashionable preacher,  
 With a fashionable speech;  
 A fashionable sermon  
 Made of fashionable reach;  
 A fashionable welcome  
 At a fashionable door;  
 A fashionable penny  
 To the fashionable poor;  
 A fashionable heaven  
 And a fashionable hell;  
 A fashionable Bible  
 For this fashionable belle;  
 A fashionable kneeling  
 And a fashionable nod;  
 A fashionable everything,  
 But no fashionable God!

—*Merchant Traveller.*

**FERNERIES.**

Nothing is easier to manage successfully than a fernery, and nothing in the plant line gives more satisfaction to a person fond of watching "green things growing." Most persons who have had no experience with them have no idea that they are difficult things to take care of, but in this they are greatly mistaken. I have one in the window of my room, which does not receive or requires five minutes' care a week, and it is in fine condition, and affords a great deal of pleasure.

It is one of the ordinary square kind, with roof-shaped, movable top, the glass set in an iron frame with heavy base. This base holds a zinc pan about four inches deep. In the bottom of this pan I put a layer of crockery, brick and small stones, to allow the water to settle away from the soil, if more should be given than it could retain. If the earth is put into the pan without a chance for drainage of some sort, water standing in the bottom is sometimes likely to sour it. Over the layer of broken brick, etc., I put a thin coat of moss, and placed the soil, which was brought from the woods where the plants were obtained, on top of this, heaping it up considerably in the centre. In this I planted Ferns, Lycopodium, *Mitchella repens*, and several other plants found growing in shady, moist places. I chose small plants, as being more likely to live. If you use large plants, the mature leaves will almost always turn yellow in a few days, and have to be cut off, therefore you gain nothing by selecting them.

After planting the fernery, I gave it a good watering, and put it in a cool room for a few days. As soon as I saw that the plants had become somewhat established, the fact being indicated by their beginning to grow, I brought the fernery into the room where it

now stands, and gave it a place at a western window. I do not water it so long as moisture stands on the glass in the morning. When there is but little moisture to be seen, I give enough water to thoroughly wet the soil. For a few days after doing this the glass will, at times, be almost covered with moisture, obscuring a view of the plants. Remove the top for a few minutes and this will evaporate. I presume I do not give water oftener than once a month. This, and the removal of all dead or dying leaves, is all the care it gets or seems to require.

E. E. REXFORD.

**THE DESTRUCTIVE CURCULIO.**

The curculio is well known as the dreaded enemy of the plum grower. We think, however, that the damage wrought by this insect upon other fruits, particularly apples and pears, is not generally realized. The truth is that a large portion of the rough, ill-shaped apples and pears are the result of the punctures of this insect. In some orchards we think the loss from the curculio nearly or quite equals that from the codling moth.

The *Country Gentleman* mentions an instance where three applications of Paris Green and water applied to pear trees while the fruit was small seemed to act very beneficially in preventing injury from the curculio. This is not the first instance that has come to our knowledge of Paris Green having been used for this insect with apparent success. Mr. H. L. Moody of Lockport, is in the habit of spraying his plum trees with Paris Green and water to prevent injury from the curculio, and considers the application very beneficial. A gentleman recently related to us an incident where a lad playfully emptied the contents of a pail of water containing Paris Green which he had been using for killing potato bugs, upon the branches of one side of a plum tree in his father's yard. This side of the tree bore a fine crop of plums, the first in many years, while the other side bore none. It is possible that sufficient poison may be injected into the fruit by the insect in the act of laying its egg to poison the young larva as soon as it is hatched. The subject is certainly worthy of experiment.—*Our Country Home.*

Farmer (to physician).—"If you git out my way, doctor, at any time, I wish you'd stop in and see my wife. She says she ain't feelin' well."

Physician.—"What are some of her symptoms?"

Farmer.—"I dunno. This mornin', after she had milked the cows, an' fed the stock, an' got breakfast for the hands, an' washed dishes, an' built a fire under the soft-soap kettle in the lare, an' done a few chores 'bout the house, she complained of feelin' kinder tired. I shouldn't be surprised if her blood was out of order. I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

**FINE ORCHID FOR THE GREENHOUSE**

The recent sale of a large private collection of Orchids at auction, in New York city, amounting to some \$23,000 for these plants alone, has attracted wide attention. Some buyers from as far away as Europe came to it. As high as a thousand dollars apiece was realized for some of the plants. Single specimens in other collections have been known to bring as much as \$3,300.

Scene: A railway carriage. Personages: The mother; the child. The child—What's making this noise? The mother—The carriage, dear. Child—Why? Mother—Because they are moving. Child—How? Mother—Its the engine drawing them. Child—What engine? Mother—The one in front of the train. Child—Why is it in front of the train? Mother—To draw the train. Child—What train? Mother—The train we're in. Child—Why does the engine draw the train? Mother—Because the driver makes it. Child—What driver? Mother—The one on the locomotive. Child—What locomotive? Mother—The one in front of the train! I've just told you. Child—Told me what? Mother—Hold your tongue! You worry me. Child—Why do I worry you? Mother—because you ask me too many questions. Child—What questions? Mother—O, good heavens! No wonder so many men don't marry.—*Pauch.*

The writer of the above thought he was saying something smart. Here is illustrated a bright, active and evidently healthy child. Its little mind is eagerly seeking information which it can only obtain by asking questions. A crusty old "betch" or a crabbed, sour old maid, might be irritated by this prattle, but the family man whose heart has become as big as an ox under the developing influence of home associations will listen to such talk with every feature of his great fat face beaming with happiness, for to him no music has so much melody as the eager, innocent questions of childhood which mark the unfolding of a human mind. (God help the poor, benighted, deadened mind that is not responsive to the innocent appeals of childhood. When his Satanic Majesty so far gets a chattel mortgage on our soul as to make us shun the sight and society of little children, then it is high time for him to foreclose, for the property isn't worth redemption.—*Western Plowman.*

Waldo Brown, in the *New York Tribune*, says:—"It is foolish to begin truck farming remote from a market, where there are bad roads, where it is difficult to get manure, or command extra help." Such is not the case with fruit culture. It used to be thought unwise to grow small fruits except in the vicinity of cities or in the larger towns, but of late years it has been found that the open country furnishes a better market for a certain amount of strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits.