

your garments, and forced into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the center of the center of the world; if you wished, you could have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wished, you could see everything that has ever been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of nature's grandest forms, and the most perfect works of art. You could hear the last word that is said on everything, if you wished. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—you have never had a chance!

For, sitting there in your seven hundred carriages, you are blind—in heart, and soul, and voice, and walk, the blindest creature in the world. Never for one minute of your little life have you thought, or done, or spoken for yourself. You have been prevented; and so wonderful is this plot to keep you blind that you have not a notion it exists. To yourself, your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought; you have never looked over this hedge around you that you cannot even see—so how can there be anything the other side? The ache beneath your corsets in the Spring is all you ever know of what there is beyond. And no one is to blame for this—you least of all.

It was settled, long before the well-fed dullard's kiss from which you sprang. Forces have worked, in dim, inexorable process, from the remotest time, till they have bred you, little blind creature, to be the masterpiece of their creation. With the wondrous subtlety of Fate's selection, they have paired and paired all that most narrowly approaches to the mean, all that by nature shirks the risk of living, all that by essence clings to custom, till they have secured a state of things which has assured your coming, in your perfection of nonentity. They have planted you apart in your expensive mould, and still they are at work—these gardeners, never idle—pruning and tying night and day, to see that you run not wild and reach the grass. The Forces are proud of you—their waxen, scentless flower!

The sun beats down, and still your carriage does not move; and this delay is getting on your nerves. You can't imagine what is blocking up your way! Do you ever imagine anything? If all those goodly coverings that contain you could be taken off, what should we find within the last and inmost shell—a little soul that has lost its power of speculation. A soul that was born in you a bird, and has become a creeping thing; wings gone, eyes gone, groping, and clawing with its tentacles what is given it.

You stand, speaking to your footman! And you are charming, standing there, to us who, like your footman, cannot see the label, "Blind." The cut of your gown is perfect, the dressing of your hair the latest, the trimming of your hat is later still; your trick of speech the very thing; you droop your eyelids to the life; you have not too much powder; it is a lesson in grace to see you hold your parasol. The doll of Nature! So, since you were born; so, until you die! And with his turned, clean-shaven face, your footman seems to say: "Madam, how you have come to me, it is not my province to enquire. You are! I am myself dependent on you!" You are the heroine of the farce; but we must not smile at you, for you are tragic, standing there, the saddest figure in the world. No fault of yours that ears and eyes and heart and voice are atrophied, so that you have no longer spirit of your own!

Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's breadth different you would see and judge. You are Fashion. Fashion herself, blind, fear-full Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; you think what you think because others think it; you feel what you feel because

others feel it. You are the Figure without eyes!

And no one can reach you, no one can alter you, poor little bundle of other's thoughts, for there is nothing left to reach.

And so, in your seven hundred carriages, you pass; the road is bright with you. Above that road, below it, and on either hand, are the million things and beings that you cannot see; all that is organic in the world, all that is living and creating; all that is striving to be free. They watch you pass, glittering, on your little round, the sightless captive of your own triumph; and their eyes,

spectably conventional professions into obscure and unsalaried Bohemianism.

But little Charles Gounod persisted, and driven into exasperated seriousness by the child's pugnacity, she finally confided her trouble to the boy's headmaster, who promised to quench the undesirable artistic fire by every means possible. It ended by Monsieur Poirson sending for Charles and asking, good-naturedly enough, if it was true he intended to become a musician.

"Yes, sir," said the small youth, meekly.

"Tut!" answered the other; "a musician is a nobody."

"It is not being a nobody to be a

finished, however, triumph came to him. He found a master with tears in his eyes, vanquished, congratulatory, friendly, and from that moment there were two of them to win over Madame Gounod. Apropos of Gounod's opera, there is an interesting remark concerning the story of Faust made by Goethe himself. "Astonishing people Germans are," he remarked one day; "they actually come and ask me what idea I wanted to personify in Faust—as if I had the remotest notion!"—[T. P.'s Weekly.

With the Flowers.

ADIANTUM.

The Adiantum, or maiden-hair fern, is one of the most beautiful of the fern family. It may be readily distinguished by its delicate, often circular fronds, from whose leaves the water will roll off—hence the name adiantum, from the Greek for "unwetted"—its marginal sori, and its peculiar stems, like slender, polished wires, brownish, purplish or black. The well-known Adiantum pedatum, or maiden-hair of our Canadian woods, is one of the family; but many species are sold by florists. The cultivation of the Adiantum is not complicated. It requires plenty of root-room, good drainage, and a soil composed of rich loam and leaf mold in equal parts, with a little sand to render the mixture friable. Place in a slightly shaded position, in a steady temperature of from 60 to 65 degrees, and keep moderately moist.

CROTONS.

Crotons are exceedingly beautiful foliage plants, which may be grown either indoors or in the garden, but which reach their greatest beauty in the full sunshine of warm summer weather. The coloring is most gorgeous, the leaves being streaked and blotched in the most fantastic fashion with red, yellow, purple, pink and white, one color or another predominating, according to the species. Plant Crotons in good rich, but not too heavy, soil. Give them a sunny situation and a steady temperature of from 70 to 75 degrees, and keep moist by frequent syringings. If mealy-bug appears, syringe with tobacco water. The plants may be propagated by cuttings taken any time from October to June, if a steady bottom heat of 80 degrees can be supplied; or new plants may be easily formed by gashing the stem and tying wet moss about precisely in the same manner in which rubber plants are propagated. As the Croton is quite as tender as the Coleus, it should not be set out in the garden until all danger of frost is past, and should be brought in before the nights grow cold in fall. When repotting before bringing in from the garden, cut the plants back rather severely to induce new growth.

THE SEER OF SANTA ROSA

(Luther Burbank).

A simple home-spun gentleman,
Who needs no coat-of-arms
Or patent of nobility
Won in war's brute alarms.

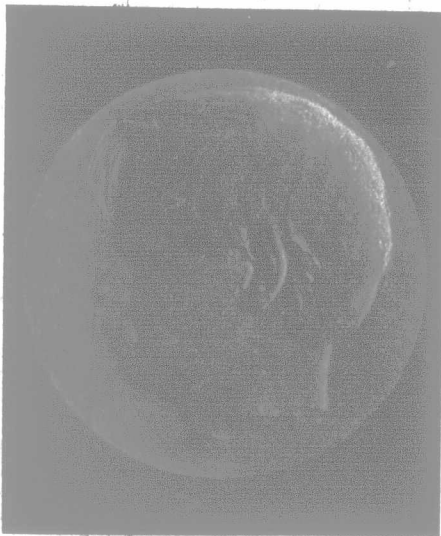
Strong-hewn from Nature's granite he,
Heir of her larger lore,
Eager to turn some hidden page
And con it o'er and o'er:

Till in a crucial hour he finds
The secret of the tree,
The necromance of bud and flower,
The witchery of the bee;—

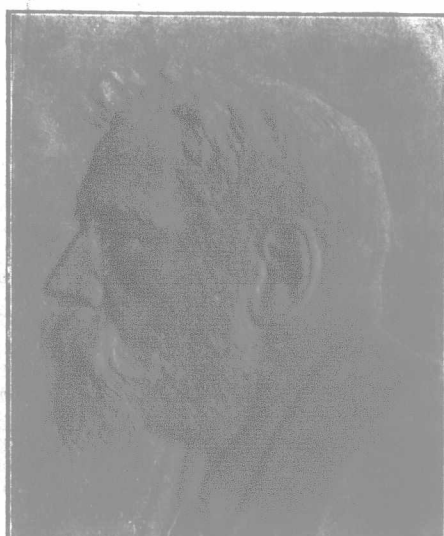
Father-confessor he of birds,—
Blood-brother in the clan
Of grey night-moths and butterflies,—
Friend of the shy god Pan.

Nor has the blight of worldliness
Within that heart found room,
Unconscious of his greatness,
As a rose is of her bloom.

—Nellie Evans, in N. Y. Independent.



Medallion of William Wilfred Campbell.



Medallion of Robert Barr.

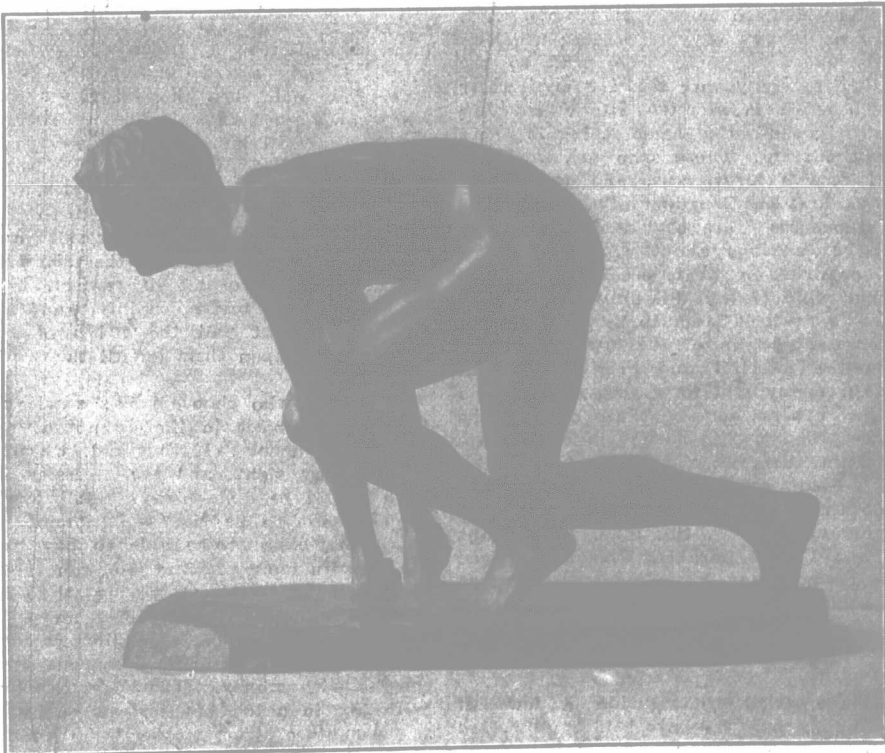
like the eyes of this hollow-chested work-girl beside me on the pavement, fix on you a thousand eager looks, for you are strange to them. And many of their hearts are sore with envy, for they do not know that you are as dead as snow around a crater; they cannot tell you for what you are—the littlest, poorest, saddest creature in the world—Fashion! You Figure without eyes!—[John Galsworthy, in "Nation."

HOW GOUNOD BECAME A COMPOSER

Gounod's, "Faust" has just proved in Paris that its music still contains suffi-

Mozart, a Weber, or a Rossini," replied the boy, fiercely, and Monsieur Poirson, who clearly must have been rather musical, abandoned the argument without further struggle. In this he was wise; no childish enthusiasm is put out by well-reasoned arguments. His next move also was sensible and broad-minded. He set himself to find out exactly how much—if any—talent the boy possessed before moving further in the matter. He consequently scribbled some verses on a piece of paper, and, giving it to the boy, told him to write some music for them.

In an hour there was another knock at his study door, and Charles Gounod was



The Sprinter.

cient charm to hold attention, and "Les Annales" gives, in connection with it, Gounod's own description of how early in life and how indomitably his musical vocation showed itself. He was thirteen years old when he first informed his mother, a widow with an infinitesimal income, that she must educate him as a musician. Madame Gounod not un-naturally was merely irritated and authoritative. She had no mind to encourage nonsense, and no desire to see her son drift out of the path of re-

back again, music in hand. Monsieur Poirson was visibly impressed, but, still with superficial gruffness, ordered the small composer to sing what he had done.

"Sing without the accompaniment?" inquired the injured musician. "You can't realize my harmonies unless we have the accompaniment."

But Monsieur Poirson, if secretly appreciative, was outwardly inexorable, and the boy had to do the best he could with the singer's melody. When he had