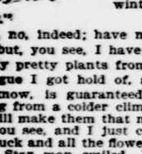
FLOWERS IN WINTER

Great Increase in the Cultivation of House Blooming Plants.

PLANTS FOR BEGINNERS.

Some Practical Advice for Those Who Care to Experiment.

POPULAR BULBOUS PLANTS.



"YES, INDEED, I WILL have a beautiful display of blooming plants this winter," said an enthusiastic and prospective floriculturist the other day to a Star reporter, who is something of a dabbler in that line himself.

"Then you have been quite successful, I presume, with winter blooming plants."

"Oh, no, indeed; have never tried it before; but, you see, I have ordered a lot of lawfully pretty plants from a florist whose catalogue I got hold of, and every plant, you know, is guaranteed to bloom; and coming from a colder climate to a warmer one will make them thrive much more vigorous, you see, and I just can't help having good luck and all the flowers I want."

The Star man smiled. He had traveled over the same old deceptive ground a few fleet years ago, had felt the bitter pangs of misplaced confidence and had reached the inevitable point where one stumbles upon the discovery that love's labors have been lost.

The alluring promises of florists in their pretty catalogues are all right in the main, with a bit of the coloring washed out, but it must be one with experience and proper facilities and conditions to make anything out of those promises and the tiny scraps of information which the patron generally receives.

Once obtaining the "hang" of amateur floriculture in the way of "house gardening" in the winter, a love of it will establish itself, and things that are green can be made to flourish and blooms in contrast with the snow-covered outside, and the parlor, chamber or sitting room to assume an air of inviting cheerfulness not easily attained in any other way.

House Blooming Plants.

With each succeeding season the love, refining influence and cultivation of flowers appear to increase, and those that bloom in the spring and summer and fall find confronting them a rival to divide the court and attention paid them almost exclusively until a few years ago. The cultivation of house blooming plants for winter has grown so wonderfully within the past decade that many florists assert that their orders for winter bloomers are nearly equaling those for spring and summer.

Every year the house gardener now casts about for something new—some novelty to surprise and please the visitor as well as to add to his or her own comfort and pleasure. Every season hundreds will be a lengthy roster of new enthusiasts consumed with a consciousness of knowing all about it and an eager impatience to have all the plants in hand and every one in bloom in an incredibly short space of time. The real knowing ones put their stock in order, bide their time and enjoy the result. Few beginners have been the projects but upon not so much from pride as from the irresistible interest and pure love that has sprung up out of incidental enthusiasm.

A Word to Beginners.

The experienced "house gardener" can doubtless give the writer of this a liberal discount and teach him a great deal about success with flowers, indoors or out—so it is not for that fortunate individual these foregoing hints and following suggestions are offered, but in a humble way, for the guidance of those who may venture for the first or even second season to gather about them for the dreary days of winter cheery floral companions. It is hardly time yet to begin actual work, but it is high time to be thinking about it, for generally speaking of rummaging through the out-of-town flower men's catalogues and assorting the voluble declarations of our own home florists is spent in order to decide upon just what one wants—or rather what is best to get.

Popular Bulbous Plants.

Among the popular winter bloomers there are none more attractive or easily cultivated than the bulbous class. Of these the hyacinth is by far the most popular, having begun its career as a winter or early spring house bloomer many years ago. But the single bloomers of earlier days are incomparable to the fine specimens of both single and double flowerets of today, with their great range of delicate and brilliant colors and delightful perfume. But there are others of this class which divide admiration with the hyacinth—and as easily grown—among them the Easter and calla lilies, narcissus, lily of the valley, fuchsia, tuberose, tulip, jonquil, cyclamen, and even the gladiolus. There are said to be nearly forty kinds of bulbous plants susceptible of winter culture, but the above list would appear to be better adapted to the requirements of the beginner, if not satisfactory to most of the "well up" amateurs. The Chinese sacred lily has become popular, for like the hyacinth it can be grown in water in glasses. The same may be said of the jonquil and narcissus, though they are not generally treated that way, for like the hyacinth, better results can be obtained when potted in soil. The Chinese lily succeeds better without soil, as a little soil dropped into the receptacle, as is sometimes done with the mistaken idea that it will strengthen them, inclines them to foliage rather than flowers.

Soil for and Potting Bulbs.

The variety of soil is not an imperatively important item in bulb culture. Any good garden loam will be sufficient, though preference is given to a rich, sandy soil mixed with leaf mold. Planting should be done from the latter part of September, through October and November—October being the best period. The bulbs should be set just below the soil, so that they will be barely covered. They should be pressed down but the soil should not be pressed too lightly around them—something too often done by those whose experience should teach them better. It is well enough, however, when the soil is put in lightly, even with the top, to give the bottom of the pot a smart rap on something solid to obtain a necessary firmness of the dirt, leaving it an inch or so below the rim of the pot. It is always necessary to have this space at the top for watering purposes. Then set away in a dark, cool place, after a thorough watering, for from four to six weeks to make root. They should be watered enough only to be kept moist in this time, and should be brought out only when a vigorous top growth is observed. Of course they can be forced by being placed in a warm temperature and made to bloom earlier, but it greatly enfeebles the bloom.

Lilies of the valley roots cannot be had generally before the 1st of November. If then placed in boxes and set outside, and brought in about the end of December, placed in a temperature of seventy to eighty degrees, and kept moist, they will come into bloom in two weeks. By bringing in a few at a time blooming plants can be had throughout the winter.

Selecting Other Plants.

While bulbous plants are of easy management to apprentices in floriculture, not altogether so with those of other classes, so the fewer selected upon the first venture the greater the probability of success. Young plants are the best, for if the full and overgrown ones, which have been doing faithful duty the summer long, are brought in at once from natural to artificial heat, and expected to continue right along being things of joy and beauty, some one will find a great mistake has been made. The result can only be a miserable looking set of spindling plants, that have dropped their leaves, taking up a lot of valuable space and in every one's way.

At the head of the list is undoubtedly the ever popular and always industrious geranium, which can be had in endless variety. Then there are the dear little primula, the begonia, the hibiscus, the abutilon, carnation, fuchsia, clerodendron, violet and and roses. There are others, but these are most commonly selected. Of these the rose is, perhaps, the most difficult of culture, on account of its susceptibility to attacks from pests. The abutilon and clerodendron are probably the least known, but are of easy culture.

Suggestions About Potting.

After the selection of the plants desired, one of the most important features confronting the amateur, is properly potting or repotting them, as the case may demand. As to securing proper soil, which is the first necessary adjunct to potting, beginners can best overcome a difficult matter by purchasing the small amount they need from florists, who, as a rule, are perfectly willing to let them have it. In fact there are several dealers in potting soil in Washington, men who solicit lawns to look after or flower beds to care for, who keep it solely for that purpose.

Plants when bought from local florists are mostly in pots, and in pots often seemingly far too small in proportion to the size of the plant. These usually need repotting. Plants received by mail or express from out-of-town dealers come accompanied by surprisingly small wads of soil about their roots. In either case it is all right.

One of the most common errors among amateurs, and too often indulged in by those who have passed the amateur stage, is putting their plants in too large pots, and then wonder why they do not bloom. One reason is because the strength in the surplus earth is absorbed by the growing roots. Contracted dimensions will insure bloom and form a stronger and more compact plant, paradoxical as this may appear.

When shifting a plant from one pot to another, the latter of which should always be just one size larger, do not take a hammer and pound the pot to pieces, or a club and bang around its sides to loosen the roots and soil, but simply place the fingers of the left hand openly over the surface and with the right hand holding the pot by the bottom turn it upside down and give the rim a gentle tap on something and the ball of earth will slip out as gently as jelly from a mold. Place a small piece of curved pot or two or three straight pieces overlapped in the bottom of the new pot, add a little dirt, place the ball of soil in the center and then with a flat piece of wood or anything flat pack soil between the ball and the sides moderately firm to within an inch or so of the top.

There is something, and a matter of importance, too, often neglected or not understood, and that is in shifting plants if the ball of soil surrounding roots is encrusted it should be tapped around gently with a light piece of wood so as to loosen the outer crust. If this is not done water cannot penetrate it, or at least it will flow off through the softer soil without affecting it at all and the plant will drop its leaves and finally die.

After potting give a good watering to settle the earth to the bottom of the pot, but be sparing with water until new growth takes place, which generally occurs with its making of roots in the new soil. The plant should be kept away from the sunlight for five or six days.

For vines, if any be wanted—they are not often cultivated for winter use—smilax, ivy, asparagus and the manetta are most commonly used. For a novelty the potato vine is unique. A solid receptacle of any kind filled with wet sand will grow a sweet potato nicely and the vine with its pretty foliage and its quickly climbing habit becomes a favorite wherever it has been grown.

Points About Drainage.

"Potherds," or broken pieces of crockery and gravel, are seldom used by florists in less than four-inch pots. After that size they resort to drainage, filling the pot about one-fourth, placing the larger pieces at the bottom. Over drainage it is best to put something to prevent the soil being washed into the pieces and choking them up. The most accessible and as good as anything that can be had is the common packing material known as "excelsior," a small layer of which is placed upon the drainage prior to putting in the earth. Many florists are now using it alone for pots under seven inches in size.

If not practicable to have pot plants aquatics can be raised in winter without a great deal of trouble—though the embryo florist would do well to postpone the culture of them for a few years.

Florida is now furnishing a large number of winter-blooming plants for this and even as high a latitude as Boston. The Florida florists claim that some of the most cherished floral pets are natives of the torrid zone, and that as the thermometer there rarely gets as high in summer as in many localities in the northern part of the United States the natural growth of the plant is better adapted to the dwelling house than those grown in the higher temperature of a closed and over-heated green house. Greenhouses in Florida in winter are only roofed with either thin cloth or open lattice work, while many of the plants even in that season are grown in open air.

For evergreen palms, which can be had in an endless variety, and the rubber plant, which is rather sensitive to cold, and should be kept from drafts, are the best.

His Honor Convinced.

From the Courier-Journal.

It has not been so very long since the old English court rules passed out of observance, and when they were in vogue nowhere were they observed more strictly than in South Carolina. The rules provided that a lawyer when he spoke in court must wear a black gown and coat, and that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword. On one occasion a lawyer named Pettigrue arose to speak in a case on trial.

"Mr. Pettigrue," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrue replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrue," declared the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that the barrister must wear a black gown and coat, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that it means that both gown and cloak must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigrue, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And the law further says," continued Mr. Pettigrue, "that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword, does it not?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pettigrue," the court answered somewhat impatiently.

"And do you mean to say, your honor," queried Pettigrue, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh?—er—h'm," mused his honor. "You-er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrue."

"Le Menu" and "La Carte."

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Rash indeed is Mr. Robson, who writes to the Times that menu is not a substantive, and is not the French for bill of fare. Menu is a masculine noun, equivalent to our "detail" or "particulars." Le menu du repas is the whole phrase. Mr. Robson has heard la carte always asked for in the Parisian restaurant; but la carte and le menu du repas are different things. La carte is the jumble of dishes made ready for the day; le menu is a program. You may choose a dinner from la carte and note it as a menu. Nor is he exact, in any scholarly sense, in giving "frivolous" as a translation of menu, the adjective. The phrase menus plaisirs (the scene being Paris) has probably misled him. The word means small, slender and slight—nothing else. A woman's chin is said to be menu when it is small. They say le menu peuple in Paris as we say "small shopkeepers" here.

Mr. Robson is right, nevertheless, in his attempt to get English into use for the dinner table. French ceased to be appropriate when French dishes came to be naturalized. And as to English dishes—provincially, locally English, they do not cut a good figure in French—"jambon de York," for instance. A Frenchman, moreover, would write it "jambon d'York. A menu de repas on a London table without a single mistake in its French is hardly known. You may often count ten blunders or a dozen. But what are menus to verses? French verse by Englishmen, with all the e mutes unvalued before consonants; masculine and feminine, plural and singular, rhymes alike intermixed; and the accents falling pat where they would fall in English verse—that is the most gratuitous form of human error.

A Sickening Dilution.

From Puck.

Gotham (looking in on a Kentucky friend after a night out together)—"It's strange that a man who has used whisky all his life should be made so ill by it all at once, and it was Kentucky whisky we drank, too. How do you account for it?"

Col. Bibbars (feebly)—"Some un' must have put water in it."

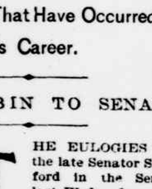
A NEW SENATOR.

His Life Has Been Filled With Strange Experiences.

MR. PERKINS TELLS SOME STORIES

Of Incidents That Have Occurred in His Career.

FROM CABIN TO SENATE



THE EULOGIES ON the late Senator Stanford in the Senate last Wednesday were the occasion of the debut of the newest Senator—Mr. Perkins of California. Mr. Perkins is a pleasant speaker—as he is a pleasant man. He makes no pretensions to eloquence. He is a business man, and he is much more likely to make a "business talk" in debate than to attempt flights of oratory. He is hardly to be judged by his obituary speech. He will give the Senate a chance to judge his qualities more clearly when he addresses it on the silver question.

"I understand that it is an unwritten law of the Senate that a new member shall remain quiet," said Mr. Perkins in conversation with me a few days ago, "but I feel that I should explain my position on the silver question. I look at that question from a view point a little different from that of other Senators, perhaps. Most of the Senators take what I think I may call a professional view of legislation. Most of them are lawyers. I am a business man, and besides, I think that I know something of what the common people want. I come from them. At least, I know what my own people want. Of that I am quite sure. I am in touch with them, and in sympathy with them. I am for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law, but not unconditionally. I have some propositions which I expect to lay before the Senate. They are not new, but they embody my idea of what Congress should do with the silver question. What I say will probably make no difference, but I want to place myself on record."

Taking as my text his statement that he came from common people, I asked the Senator to tell me something of his life.

"Have you met Mr. White, my colleague?" said the Senator. "He is the man you want to see. He is a bright, interesting man—a man who is going to make his mark in the Senate. Let me introduce you to him."

I suggested that Senator White could not possibly give me the information that I wanted about Senator Perkins.

Stranger Than Fiction.

"My life wouldn't interest any one," said the Senator, modestly. "And yet," he added, "the facts about it are stranger than fiction. Cabin boy at twelve, sailor before the mast at sixteen; tramping 160 miles up a California river with my blankets on my back to the mining camps; porter in a store, and afterward proprietor of it. Yes, my life has been very eventful. But," he added, recalling himself, "that would not be of interest to any one."

I assured the Senator that it would interest a great many people; that the experiences of a public man who had made his own way in life were a thousand times more interesting than the stories of men who had inherited seats in the Senate.

"Why did you ship as a cabin boy?" I asked.

"Because I was ambitious," said the Senator. "I went to live with an uncle when I was eight years old, and I spent eight or nine months in the year working out in the fields on one of those Maine farms, and three months in the winter getting an education. I wanted something better, so I shipped as a cabin boy when I was twelve years old. My first cruise was from Kennebunkport to New Orleans. I went to Europe as a sailor before the mast before I was sixteen. Then I sailed around to California, and there I left ship and went to the gold fields."

"Did you make anything in mining?" asked.

"Nothing," said the Senator, "—that is, nothing but a living. And I lived on pork and beans and self-rising flour that I cooked for myself. After that I was porter in a store, and, as Billy Emerson said, I stayed there until I owned the store.

"There was one incident in my life that was very remarkable," said Mr. Perkins. "It happened in 1852 or 1853—I don't remember which. I had gone on a voyage to Christiania in Norway. Oscar, who was king of Sweden and Norway, had a castle at Christiania. He used to spend eight or nine months of the year at Stockholm, but he always came to Christiania for a month or so. While the ship was unloading a young shipmate and I went ashore. He was an English boy named Harry Branscomb. I can remember that I was dressed in my best clothing, and had a little blue coat with shiny buttons. There was a moat around the castle, but it was dry, and Harry and I crossed it and got into the castle grounds. We had been there long when a gens d'armes spoke to us, but as he spoke in Norwegian, we could not understand what he said. He took us along, though, to a sort of sentry box, and there another sentry spoke to us in Norwegian. We could not understand him either. While he was speaking to us we heard music, and saw a company of ladies and gentlemen approaching. The guards put us in the sentry box, and tried to hide us, but some of the people saw us, and wanted to know who we were. So we were brought out, and they asked questions of us. We answered in English that we were from Boston, and came on the ship Luna, then in the harbor; that we did not mean any harm, that we were trying to see the sights, and perhaps get a look at the king, and that then we expected to slip away without being seen.

"One gentleman in the party stepped forward and spoke to us in English, and asked us a great many questions. Then he told us that he was the king, and he gave us each a gold coin. I kept my coin until my place of business burned, some twenty years ago.

After Thirty Years.

"But the strangest part of the story is to come. I had trouble with the mate, and left the ship at Christiania. Then I shipped on a Swedish vessel that went to Gothenberg, and there on another American vessel that took me to New Orleans. I did not see Branscomb again at sea. This happened, as I said, in 1852 or 1853. I was about fourteen years old. Well, thirty years later, when I was governor of California, I went down to Monterey on a steam pleasure yacht. Several captains of vessels in the harbor were brought on board the yacht to be presented. One of them when he was introduced to me said: 'Governor, is your name George Clements?' 'Yes,' I said, 'my middle name is Clements.' 'Then I have a shipmate of yours with me,' he said. 'I think not,' said I. 'He is very sure,' said the captain. So they sent for him. The man was Harry Branscomb. He had been a sailor all those thirty years, and been around the world a dozen times. He told me a great many particulars of our adventure at Christiania that proved to me that he was Branscomb. I was as pleased to see him as though he had been a long-lost brother. I took him off the vessel, and had him made a second officer on one of the vessels of which I am part owner. But it wasn't long before he got on a spree and lost his place."

"There was another meeting five years ago," said the Senator when I had questioned him further, "which was almost as interesting. In 1854 I sailed out of St. Johns, N. B., for Dublin, in a ship loaded with deals. In those days sailors received very good pay. They got thirteen pounds in advance for the voyage. If the vessel put back for any reason, the voyage was ended. Well, the vessel was new, built in the winter and this was her first voyage. A ship that has been lying under the snow all winter will swell and the seams will open and a great deal of calking must be done over. Our vessel—she was the Lizzie Thompson—had that experience. Before she had been out very long she began to leak a great deal. The men said that she wasn't safe and insisted on going back. Well, the end of it was they mutinied, there was a fight between the officers and men and one man was shot. The man at the wheel was in the mutiny, some one had to steer the vessel, so I took the wheel. The captain was walking up and down the deck, wringing his hands and saying that he didn't know what to do. I told him that I would shoot them down if I were in his place. The outcome of the fight, though, was that we turned back. I was one of the men sent in a boat to get a tug. We rowed sixty miles and came back with the tug which towed the ship in. Then some of the men were arrested and the harbor police were put on the ship.

Helping Apprentices to Escape.

"There were four apprentices with us on the voyage—nice young men, sons of shipowners. It was their first experience and what with seasickness and the mutiny they were heartily tired of the sea. Two of them came to me and begged me to get them away. So after awhile I promised them that I would and one day I ran a line from the bow of the ship and fastened a boat to it. I kept the police busy talking while the boys slipped into the boat. Then I went over the side after them and cut the painter. They missed us directly and flashed a light on us. But there was a 24-foot tide there. It was going out with a rush and we were away before they could do anything. There were 200 sail in the harbor, but I knew of a brig among them that was going to Providence the next morning and I put the boys aboard her. Then, the tide not being so strong, I rowed back to the ship. The captain was on board by the time I reached it, and there was a great fuss. They wanted to know where I had taken the boys, but I wouldn't tell them. So they put me under arrest and took me up to the police court. There they told me that if I would tell where the boys were, they would let me off. But I wouldn't. They kept me there all night, but the next morning they sent me back to the ship, and when the brig sailed out of the harbor I saw the two boys aboard.

"Five years ago I was in my office in San Francisco, when a man walked in—a tall, thin fellow—and said: 'Are you George Perkins?' I told him I was. 'From Maine?' Yes, from Kennebunkport! 'Did you ship on the Lizzie Thompson at St. Johns in 1854?' Yes. 'Do you remember the two boys that you helped to get away from the ship? Well, I am one of those boys.' Then he told me his story. He had learned a trade at Providence and had done well. When the war broke out he enlisted and he served all through the war. Then he came out to Colorado and later to California, where he was doing nicely. It was thirty-four years since I had last seen him.

"Now I call those two experiences stranger than any fiction," said the Senator, as he concluded his narrative.

"Did you suffer many hardships at sea?" I asked.

"Oh, I saw some pretty rough weather and did some pretty hard work. But I was rather fortunate. I was never in a shipwreck and I always had plenty to eat, such as it was. My last voyage was around the Horn to San Francisco. There I left the ship and went to the mines."

"Drawn by the gold excitement?"

"No. I had no idea of becoming rich. My highest ambition at that time was to get together enough money to buy a schooner so that I could cruise among the islands on my own account. I worked my way up the river to Sacramento. Then I walked with my blankets on my back 160 miles to the mining camp. I never made any money in mining. I did not understand it. I was a sailor, not a miner. No, I never made a cent in mining."

"Not even 'grub-staking' some miner?"

"No. I have done that often enough, but I never made anything by it. Mining has a great fascination for me, though.

"When I gave up mining, I drove a mule team. I had never seen a mule before except on the levees at New Orleans. I drove this team for six months and then I took the place of porter in a store. I got $60 a month and out of that I saved $50. I did my own cooking and made my own clothing."

"Did you ever make anything in little speculations?"

His One Speculation.

"I never risked a penny in speculation in my life with one exception. I never bet on cards or any form of gambling. I have been in places where faro and roulette were running and money was stacked high, but I have never risked anything. The one speculation that I spoke about was made with the first $800 that I owned.

"A man named Cole owned a ferry, with which he was making a great deal of money. A sand bar formed across the river and the ferry had to stop running. I wanted very much to own that ferry, for I was sure that I could make a great deal of money with it. I went to Cole and said to him: 'Don' everybody in the mining country was either 'Doc' or 'Major' or 'General'—'Doc, what will you sell me the ferry for?' 'Well, George,' he said, 'I will sell it to you for $2,000—a thousand cash and the balance in sixty days at 5 per cent a month.' Money was worth as much as that in that country then. Now the problem with me was to raise that $200. I went to driving a grocery wagon then and I went among my customers and persuaded them to let me have the money. As soon as I had made the first payment on the ferry I set to work to build a coffer dam. My sailoring had taught me a good deal about reefing ropes and all that and in a few days I had the dam built and had turned the current of the river. The current washed away the sand bar and I started the ferry. I was making $20 a day immediately. In a day or two a man came to me and asked me what price I wanted for the ferry. I told him $3,000. 'How long will you give me to think it over?' he said. 'Until tomorrow morning,' I answered. I had no idea that he would buy it. But the next morning he came back and paid me $3,000 cash. So I made a thousand dollars on the transaction. It was the first thousand dollars I ever owned and it looked bigger to me than any sum of money which has before or since.

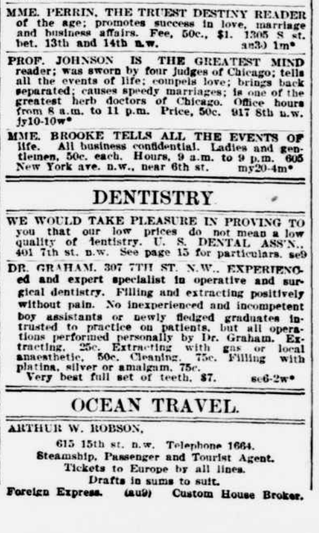
"Well, I worked on in the store, saving money, until one day I bought my employer out. And that is all there is to tell."

"Tell me one thing more," I said. "How did you get into politics?"

"I was merchandising at the time. Everybody in that neighborhood bought his supplies from me and they used to elect me a little money. In 1868, wishing to strengthen their local ticket, the republicans, who were in the minority, nominated me for the state senate. The local offices at that time were worth a great deal of money. The tax collector, I should say, made $20,000 a year. Well, I was elected by a good majority and at the end of four years they re-elected me. In my second term I met in the senate the man who is now my partner. I sold out my merchandise business at Oroville and went into the steamship business. I was nominated for governor of California and elected by 22,000, when the last governor was elected by a democratic majority of 18,000. I was a candidate for United States Senator against Mr. Stanford, but he had more influence than I. I was not a candidate this time, but the governor was in a quandary and at the suggestion of some of my friends he appointed me. I am not here for anything but the public good unless it may be the honor of holding the position, for I have no interests to serve except the interests of the people of the United States and particularly of the people of California."

A Possible Use.

From Puck.



Dr. Bolus—"As scientific as you French are I wonder that you have never applied your duels to medical purposes."

Count Paresi—"In vat way, sare?"

Dr. Bolus—"Why, as a means of vaccination."

An Esthetic Yellow Dog.

From the Seattle Press-Times.

Mrs. Sain, living near Lake Union, has a little "yeller dog" with a strange passion for flowers, and this passion has caused him to come to grief nearly every day of his life.

The dog, after making sure that the coast is clear, will go into the garden and pluck a number of flowers, and after bunching them will lie down and go to sleep with his nose in them. His favorite flower is the rose, and he will invariably bite the stem in two four or five inches below the blossom, and will be careful not to injure the flower itself. If he sees a flower beyond his reach he will jump against the bush until he has borne the stalk down so that he can reach it with his mouth, and has done this so often that he is becoming quite an expert. He is often seen wandering around the garden with some choice flower in his mouth, but never manifests any desire to destroy the flower. All his actions indicate that he enjoys the perfume of the flowers, and his esthetic taste is not satisfied unless he can rub his nose in a bunch of roses.

LADIES' GOODS.

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AUCTION SALES.

THIS AFTERNOON.

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers.

SPECIAL SALE OF THE WELL-KNOWN YACHT "ELLA TREADWELL."

To be sold by public auction, at Ritter's Boat House, foot of 6th st. s.w., on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH, at FIVE O'CLOCK. se9,13,15,16

FUTURE DAYS.

DUNCANSON BROS., Auctioneers.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING, NO. 1621 MADISON STREET NORTHWEST.

By virtue of a deed of trust to the undersigned trustees, recorded in Liber 1677, folio 249 et seq., one of the land records of the District of Columbia, we will, at request of the party secured, sell at public auction in front of the premises on FRIDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1893, at FIVE O'CLOCK P.M., all that parcel of land situate in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, known as all of lot No. 73, in John Turton's subdivision of square No. 189, as recorded in Book R. W., page 6, with improvements, consisting of two-story brick house.

Terms of sale: One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash and the residue to be paid in two equal installments in one and two years, with interest at 6 per cent per annum, for which the notes of the purchaser, secured by deed of trust to satisfaction of the undersigned, on the property shall be given, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. A deposit of $200 required when bid is accepted. All conveyancing and recording at cost of purchaser. Terms of sale to be complied with in fifteen days from date of sale or trustees reserve the right to resell at risk and cost of defaulting purchaser.

W. B. EDMONSTON,
C. H. WILLIAMSON,
Trustees.
Inquire 500 5th st. n.w. se15-d&ds

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

VERY DESIRABLE 3-STORY AND BASEMENT BRICK HOUSE, NO. 223 4½ STREET NORTHWEST, BETWEEN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND C STREET, BY AUCTION.

On MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH, at HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, we will offer for sale, by public auction, in front of the premises, part of lot 27, res. 10, fronting 22 feet on 4½ st., by a depth of 55 feet, improved by a large 3-story brick house, which can be readily converted into office rooms, being within one square of the City Hall and one-half square Pennsylvania avenue cable cars. It is seldom that such a valuable piece of property is offered for sale by public auction, and should command the attention of parties in search of an elegant investment.

Terms liberal, and will be stated at the time of sale. A deposit of $100 required on acceptance of bid. If the terms of sale are not complied with in fifteen days from the day of sale the right is reserved to resell the property at the risk and cost of the defaulting purchaser, after five days' advertisement of such resale in some newspaper published in Washington, D. C. All conveyancing and recording at the cost of the purchaser.

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