

THE BALLAD OF A BOTANIST.

Near the quiet little village of a trim New England town
Lie the peaceful, pleasant acres of a farm of fair renown,
Where the fond pursuit of botany
Doth banish all monotony
And tan the faded cheek a ruddy brown.
Here Euphorbia cyparissias waves a welcome unto all,
Ampelopsis quinquefolia spreads its mantle o'er the wall,
While from Salix babylonica
And Cydonia japonica
With cheerful chirp the wrens and robins call.
Leonurus and Linaria lead our steps along the lane
Where Lilium and Trillium and Uvularia reign.
And Asclepias cornuti—
Good for "greens" if not for beauty,
Like Urtica, though its touch entaileth pain.
Chrysanthemum leucanthemum the grassy fields adorn,
The fragrance of Trifolium on every breeze is borne.
And the tall Verbascum thapsus
In every rapture wraps us,
As its kindly candle kindles in the morn.
In the woods the Anemone meorosa you will find
Mitchella, Tiarella and the lithe Celastrus twined.
And Monotropa hypopitys—
A very spooky crop it is—
That may scare the superstitiously inclined.
There are many more that flourish on this fair and fertile farm;
I should greatly like to name them all, and catalogue each charm—
The curious Cruciferae, umbrellared Umbelliferae
The laughing Labiate, the glorious Aggregatae,
Rosaceae, Malvaceae—but do not take alarm,
For I'm only just a botanist, and I really mean no harm.
—F. L. Sargent in Youth's Companion.
*Called in England "welcome to our house."
+Known in Europe as "king's candle."

HIS FAILURE.

I should never have known that he was a failure if he had not told me so himself. Most assuredly he had not the air of one. For his coats were always fashionably cut, and his taste in liquors was almost as delicate as my own, and he could afford to gratify it far more frequently.
Such was the testimony of appearance, and so far as I knew his history it pointed to the same conclusion. He had been, I understood, a writer, like myself, though even less successful, and then "fortunate speculations" had enabled him to retire from a calling which he found more honorable than remunerative and spend his afternoons in playing billiards at the club.
And yet Everard Deane esteemed himself a failure. He told me so emphatically one evening at the hour when truth "peeps over the glass's edge when dinner's done."
"It was all that confounded Stock Exchange," he murmured, gazing gloomily into a glass of green chartreuse.
I begged him to accept my cordial congratulations. "It's a better way to fail than most," I said. For I had known so many who failed upon the Stock Exchange and lived happily—drinking champagne and driving about in broughams—ever afterward.
But Everard Deane protested.
"I don't mean what you mean," he said. "I didn't lose money on the Stock Exchange. I made it—lots of it. That is the mischief of it. That is precisely why I am a failure."
He looked gloomier than ever as he spoke and ordered a second green chartreuse.
Jerking his head so as to indicate a man at the farther end of the room—a well dressed man, excessively bejeweled—with whom, half an hour since, he had cordially shaken hands, he whispered:
"That is the man who has been my evil genius. You know him?"
"I think so. It's Morrison Parker, the great financier, isn't it?"
"It is, and Morrison Parker, the great financier, has been my evil genius. It's a foolish story, but I sometimes like to tell it after dinner. A brandy and soda?"
"I accepted, and when the waiter had brought the glasses Everard Deane resumed:
"I was an author, you know—a young author—with great aims and high ambitions. I made enough money to live upon by writing for the papers, but I looked upon literature, not as a trade, but as an art. I was a member of the Waste Paper club, where all of us professed to take the same artistic views of life and letters and sat up till the small hours discussing them through a haze of tobacco smoke and steaming grog. I was very happy there until the day came when Morrison Parker joined the club. He owned a newspaper—the Stock Exchange Recorder, I think he called it—and therefore he was technically qualified. But when he came and sat up with us in the small hours he did not talk literature. He talked finance."
"Yet the two subjects may occasionally have relations with each other," I suggested.
"Precisely. That is the point that Morrison Parker used to insist upon, especially when he had had a good day and made us drink champagne with him to celebrate his luck. 'Why do so many half educated city men profess to look down on authors?' he would ask. And then he would answer his own question. 'Because there isn't one author in 500 who knows how to make £1,000 a year. That has always been the great reproach of letters, from Dr. Johnson's time to ours. It's high time

to put an end to that reproach. Why don't you fellows do it?"

I sighed, wishing that I knew how to put an end to it myself, and then I asked:

"And did your friend descend from the general to the particular and tell you how it could be done?"

"He did. He told us all to open a speculative account in Louisvilles."

"Louisvilles? That is the name of an American railroad, I believe?"

"It is. And opening a speculative account means buying the shares without being able to pay for them, selling them at a profit and putting the difference in your pocket. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very simple," I said. "The merest

child's play, provided that the shares go up."

"Oh, they went up all right, and so did the others that I bought afterward. I've never lost a shilling through following Morrison Parker's tips. I can't complain of that."

"And yet you call the man your evil genius?"

"Yes. I still call the man my evil genius because I lost my soul through him—my soul as an artist, that was so much to me."

I started. I could not understand. But, with an impetuous impatience, Everard Deane hastened to make clear his meaning.

"You call yourself an artist, and you do not understand? Do you imagine that an artist can meddle with these sordid actualities and not find his soul defiled by them? Do you suppose that he will sit down quietly to toil for doubtful gains indefinitely deferred, when he knows that a sudden turn of the market may put hundreds in his pocket? No, no, my friend, it is not possible. What does he do? Why, he buys every edition of the evening paper to see the prices. He runs into his club to watch the tape. He drives up to the city in working hours to ask his broker whether he ought not to sell. That is how it was in my case. That is how it must be in every case. My balance at the bank was growing, but while it grew my soul—my artist's soul, in which I gloried so—was dying, crushed out of its bright existence by the dead weight of material cares. And so things went until I stood, as it were, at the parting of the ways and swore that I would make my choice."

"Your choice?"

"My choice between the artistic and the material life. I meant to make it dramatically too. There was still enough of the artist left in me for that. It was at midnight, in my chambers in the Temple. I took the manuscript of my half finished novel—the novel that was to make me famous—from the desk and placed it on the table. Beside it I laid a heap of share certificates, and transfer forms and contract notes. Between the two piles there stood a lighted candle. One of them was to be burned to ashes in its flame—one of them, and at this solemn hour I was to determine which, and, by determining, decide the whole course of my future life."

He paused. I had to press him before he would proceed.

"And then you burned?"

"Neither," was his unexpected answer. "Neither, for I could not decide. My novel went back into the drawer it came from, to wait there till the old joy in the higher life came back to me. And that joy never came. Even to this hour it has not come. I look back to the old days. I long for them. But I know quite well that they will not return to me. The greed for gain, its ceaseless worries and anxieties, has killed my soul, and that is why I tell you that I am a failure."

There was a melancholy, at once incredible and convincing, in his accents. Unless there were a woman in the case, I would not have believed it possible for a man so well to do to look so miserable. I sought to say something that might lift him out of his despondency.

"Failure or no failure, at least you can go to Monte Carlo in the winter," I suggested.

"I know. I'm going next week with Morrison Parker," Everard Deane replied.

And then he shook his head slowly and shrugged his shoulders gloomily, as though to say that the joy of sojourning on the Riviera while we were toiling in the fogs was nothing to the price that he had had to pay for it.

And as I drove home that night to Whitcomb street I tried to persuade myself that he was right.—Francis Gribble in New Budget.

Freckles.

Women who have suffered year after year from these annoying blemishes, freckles—who have seen them come under the rays of the summer sun and disappear when the yearly reign of King Sol is over—are illogical enough to consider the glowing monarch accountable for our annual crop of freckles. All sorts of reasons have been given for these annoying pigmentary discolorations. One well known dermatologist declares they are the result of too much iron in the blood, and that the sun's rays bring the iron stained spots to the surface, just as they do to a bit of cloth which has come in contact with iron and then is put in the sunlight. In other words, that freckles are iron rust.

Professor Hebra of Vienna, who is accounted the greatest authority of his

century, insists, on the contrary, that the sun does not produce freckles. He says: "It is a fact that lentigo (freckles) neither appears in the newly born nor in children under the age of 6 or 8 years, whether they run about the whole day in the open air and exposure to the bronzing influence of the sun or whether they remain confined in the darkest room. It is therefore true that neither light nor air nor warmth produces such spots in children."

The Curious Fossils.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, I was searching for fossils among the debris of an abandoned limestone quarry. The owner, hearing us chipping and pounding among the rocks, approached us and inquired what we were looking for. On being answered "fossils," he said: "Fossils? What's them for—to ketch fish with?" I do not remember what answer he received, but it is more than probable that some of the fossils would have made excellent bait—say some of the smaller trilobites—could they only have been used in time, but, unfortunately, we were a few thousand decades late.

Another time, while wandering over the rugged Devonian slopes of the Heidelberg mountains, we came across a native who gravely informed us that the curious, crooked fossil shells (zaphrentis) there abouting were petrified heifers' horns.—Archaeologist.

MARTHA, THE VIVANDIERE.

Peruvian Cities Sound the Praises of a Patriotic Woman.

Lima and all Peruvian towns are filled with the sound of the praises of Martha, the vivandiere, or Martha La Cantinera, as the people call her.

Martha is a woman, perhaps 35 years old, of Indian blood, rather tall for one of her descent and handsome rather than otherwise. She accompanied the division of the coalition army under the command of Colonel Philip Ore.

From first to last, since Colonel Ore encamped in Larin, about 20 miles from Lima, Martha, in a brilliant uniform and mounted on a splendid horse, was always to be seen when fighting was going on, sometimes at the front urging on the soldiers, at others at the rear, assisting the wounded.

At the taking of Chorrillos and in the attack on Lima, on March 17 last, Martha by her example encouraged the soldiers of Colonel Ore's division and led them to the attack. During the fierce fighting at the entrance to Lima Martha was wounded in the right foot.

Martha mortgaged a small house she owns in Callao, and when the coalition forces commenced what was virtually the siege of Lima she employed her little fund in the purchase of revolvers and other articles, which she managed to smuggle out with her when she went to join Colonel Ore's division as a vivandiere.—New York Herald.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Now It Is the Men Who Are Occupying Places Once Filled by Women.

An inquiry into the cause or causes of the decline of the wages of women in New York has brought out the statement that one of the principal reasons for the decrease is that men are encroaching on fields heretofore occupied exclusively by women. For example, men are applying for, and, it appears, obtaining, employment in such occupations as the manufacture of hats, caps, suspenders, dressmaking, cloakmaking, laundry work and similar occupations.

The men who thus compete with women are Poles, Hungarians and Italians, and they work for lower wages than the average woman can afford to accept unless driven to do so by the stern compulsion of want.

Another cause, and perhaps the chief one, is assigned by Miss Woodbridge, secretary of the Working Women's society, who says "the trouble is there are so many more women to fill places than there are places to fill."—Washington Post.

RESTORED BY A JUMP.

Mr. Reeve's Leg and Arm Broken, but Hearing and Reason Return.

Seldon Reeve of East Moriches, N. Y., who is 86 years old and has been somewhat demented and very deaf for several years, jumped from the second story window of his home the other morning. Dr. Skidmore, who was called in to set the old man's leg and wrist, which were broken, is puzzled over the effect of the accident on Reeve's system.

He has, the doctor says, recovered his faculties. He can now hear a low whisper, and his mind, his daughter says, seems perfectly clear. He said to her, "Why, Mary, I must have been out of my head if I jumped out of a window."—New York Sun.

A Novel Domestic Quarrel.

Over in New Jersey a woman has taken to wearing bright red bloomers when she goes out riding upon her bicycle. Her husband objects both to the pattern and to the color of her clothes, and has actually consulted a lawyer with a view to taking legal action to restrain her from dressing in so objectionable a style. His efforts in that direction have of course proved vain, and, down to the time of latest advices, his wife was having her own way and apparently having a jolly good time.—New York Tribune.

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P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana.
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Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brislet. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.
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Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

Jack Taylor.
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Cattle brand as shown in cut.
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Third Monday of February, May, August and November.
FRANK SHOWERS, Judge.

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