

but you know that I can't bear to have any one look over my shoulder, and breathe into my face.

SHE. Johnny, stop eating with your fingers—there! Take that, and see if you can't mind next time you are spoken to!

HE. Why, what has the child done? You are altogether too hasty, Mrs. S—!

SHE. I wish, Mr. Smith, that you would attend to your own affairs. You are forever meddling with that which does not concern you.

HE. Well, whose affairs do you think you are attending to? The child shall not be abused because of your abominable temper. *Angelica*, indeed! *Zantippe* would be more appropriate. Where are my letters—give them to me, and I will go.

SHE. I wish you would! There was but one, and that was from a woman. I'm sure I don't know how many female correspondents you have. Oh, you needn't begin to tear around. I mistook the "Mr." for "Mrs." and opened it by mistake.

HE. Oh, yes! Quite likely you opened it by mistake. If there is anything I hate, it is having you open my letters; and—John James, come here, sir! what were you doing? Look at that! I'll teach you to destroy my letters again—there! How does that feel? I'll—

SHE. You wretch! How dare you strike a child of mine in that way? Come here, Johnny! Poor little fellow! did papa hurt him? There, don't cry. Mamma loves him—never mind!

HE. Mrs. Smith, I do wish you would not interfere when I see fit to correct that child. It is strange that a woman doesn't know any thing!

SHE. I would like to know what would become of us if every one in the house knew as little as you do!

HE. Let me tell you, madam, this is improper language to use before a child. I'll hear no more of it! You are as ugly and spiteful as a—as a—if there is a divorce to be had for love or money, I'll have it! I was a fool to ever marry!

SHE. You were, indeed, a fool, sir, and I'm afraid you'll never be any better! Oh, if I had only—known what—a b-brute you—w-were b-before I left m-my—hap-py h-home! Such a—l-life as I lead—d! Ha-ad to refu-se the in-vi-ta-tion to-o Weber's party-y b-because I ha-dd noth-in-ng d-ecent-t to—wear-r!

HE. Nothing to wear, indeed! sit there and cry because you have "n-noth-ing-g to-o—w-we-ar!" It's buy, buy, buy, and still you have nothing to wear! Where is that dress for which the bill came in the other day? You've never worn that, have you? My favorite color, too! But I don't care whether you go or not. I'd rather you would stay at home. I shall have a better time, I presume.

SHE. I'll go now any how, just to spite you! Your favorite color, indeed! Do you suppose I'd wear a dress that makes me look like a tallow candle, just because you liked it? A round train, too, when they wear square altogether now."

HE. Well, you look like a tallow candle any how, so it can't make much difference. Mrs. Smith, you are enough to ruin a man! Do

you suppose that I am made of money, that you can afford to be so dainty about your dresses? You will—

SHE. I'll not endure this another moment, sir, not one! And my child shall not listen to such language. Come, Johnny! (*Exit.*)

HE. There, she is gone, thank heaven! I remember the time when I thought that I could not live without her, but now I think I could exist quite comfortably. I hadn't tried living with her then long enough to know what I was talking about.

## The Wild Grape-vine.

BY BRYANT WHITING.

HERE is a breath from a heavenly land,  
That haunts the woods in June,  
When the brown bee has his harvest time,  
And the robins are in tune.

*Hum, bees! hum among the clover;  
Ring, robins! ring the woodland over;  
Ring from chestnut, oak, and pine,  
The blooming of the wild grape-vine.*

HERE brooklets dream o'er shaded pools,  
Where turtles eye the sun,  
Faint notes of perfume fill the air,  
Like a tune that's almost done.

*Run, brooks! run the blue sea over;  
Tell, turtles! tell the crane and plover,  
Run and tell, the sun doth shine  
On nothing like the wild grape-vine.*

HERE the gum-trees cast dark shadows,  
Over green and ferny meadows,  
In the sunshine clear and amber,  
Twining skyward, vines now clamber.

AR o'er all the fair fields showering  
Scents, the senses overpowering,  
With a rapture far more charming,  
Than the red-grapes' juices harming.  
'Twas on those the fauns and satyrs  
Drank success to woodland matters,  
Holding wild unseemly revels  
On Olympian forest levels;  
But this rare, ethereal nectar,  
Never mortal nerves will hector.

LITTLE pale green blossom, modest,  
Thou'rt the best thought of the forest;  
Thou art the heart-beat that revealeth  
All the warmth sweet summer feeleth,  
When a maiden doth discover,  
She is loved by a true lover;  
Then her pulse in throbbing pauses,  
Such a hush the knowledge causes:  
Thus, when first o'er field and moor  
Steals thy breath, thou summer wooer,  
Still, the rover stands enchanted,  
Ere he seeks the region haunted,  
By a spirit so endearing,  
All his tangled pathway cheering.

THE vines on sunny, lichened rocks,  
Fantastic shadows fling,  
And twine among the forest boughs,  
Where bright-eyed squirrels swing.

*Write, rocks! write, on your dumb pages;  
Speak, squirrels! speak, you saucy sages!  
Among the flowers with breath divine,  
The sweetest is the wild grape-vine.*

## The Flora of the Swiss Alps.

BY MRS. LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



AMONG my home treasures is a somewhat clumsy volume, filled with pressed flowers, the result of many a summer day's wanderings, and the first link of a chain which binds me to more than one true heart across the broad Atlantic.

Can that April morning ever be forgotten when I began my Alpine tramps? The sombre darkness of the pine forests, the brightness of the sunny slopes, the mystic loveliness of the bejeweled glaciers! We sat down to rest, and our seat was a pillow of greenest moss. At our feet nodded and waved flower-cups more brilliant in color than visions of Paradise, the fungi and lichens even wearing a strange and foreign air.

This first impression never vanished, and though our walks were a hundred times repeated, yet we ever greeted with feelings akin to reverence the high-born flora of the Alps. Long years ago the sound practical sense of the Swiss distinguished separate zones of vegetation by special designations, which are still retained, such as Grass Alps, Maïen or Hay Alps, Intermediary or Terrace Slopes. Recently scientific men have more accurately divided the country into zones of vegetation according to climate, elevation, geological formation, and other characteristics.

The Alpine flora begins half way up the highland zone, between the altitudes of 2,500 and 4,000 feet, but develops itself more fully in the sub-Alpine region, from 4,000 to 5,500 feet. This hill region is rich in plants that love a turfy soil and marsh lands. In the forest clearings great numbers of tall, large-leaved shrubs and bushes seek out the running streams and cover the moist spots in the meadows. They are juicy, luxuriant plants, with dull-colored flowers, because of the perpetual shadows in which they delight to dwell. To this class belong the milfoil, colt's foot and monk's hood, etc. Hanging over precipices of slaty or primeval rock, we find the Alpine alder, the mountain currant, the spurge laurel, and thornless rose. However, for certain reasons, many of the wild plants which formed the original clothing of this district have almost entirely disappeared. The region is now characterized by the number and variety of its grasses, its countless scrophulariæ, orchidæ, ranunculaceæ, rosaceæ, umbelliferous plants, and the beauty and profusion of its timber trees. Shrubs and underbrush grow luxuriantly on this zone, and it has been asserted that nearly three-fourths of the whole Swiss flora are natives of this and the mountain region adjacent.

On this second zone, the number of plants amounts to 600, chiefly characterized by slender forms, long thin stems, leaves and petioles

placed far apart, small flowers and long roots. This highland zone is separated from the true Alpine region of from 5,500 to 7,000 feet by the belt of extreme forest growth, pointing out the highest limit of large forest trees, which are rarely found above 5,500 feet, except as single individuals.

The certain indication that our wanderings have brought us to the upper zone is the disappearance of those dark green fir forests which cover a large portion of the sub-Alpine zone, and the appearance of special Alpine plants, not as single skirmishers in an enemy's land, but in strong, united battalions. They are distinguished by their short, sturdy growth, thick stems and leaves, and short, compact roots. Shrubs and bushes may be found largely distributed through the sub-Alpine zone, the type and crown of which is the Alpine rose, though the rhododendrons ferrugineum and hirsutum spread themselves through the entire Alpine system, from Nice to Lower Austria. Indeed, every great mountain system of the Old World is proud to claim some member of this genus as indigenous. The Himalayas boast the possession of the largest of this splendid family, Hooker making mention of having gathered blossoms the size of a large lily. The Siberian Alps have a golden yellow species, Kamtschatka another, while the tropical mountains of Ceylon, Asia, and Sumatra claim a species very similar to the ferrugineum rhododendrons of Switzerland. To these shrubs may be added a large number of plants holding rank between grasses and bushes.

But before we give more attention to the flowers smiling beneath our gaze, let us throw a backward glance at the forests through which we have passed. The Alpine trees, *par excellence*, are the larch and the arne. Spite the apparent delicacy of the larch, it is as tough and sturdy in its battle with cold and storm as its constant mate, the arne or arolla. It is the principal tree in the Grisons and Valais; is a rapid grower, changes its foliage every autumn, and sends out its roots like radii, so that it is rare to see a larch cast down by a tempest or even with its branches broken by snow. It is the timber in general use in Upper Valais, appearing in a scale of colors, delightful to an artist's eye, varying from pale yellow to a dark brown tint, according to age and exposure to the weather. The largest larch in the Alps a few years since was La Melèze de la Forclaz, in the Vallée des Ormonts, which was regarded by the peasants with almost religious veneration, until destroyed by lightning. It was 275 years old, and 70 feet high. A piece one foot thick was cut from this memorable tree and may now be seen among the botanical treasures in the museum of Lausanne.

The arne (*Pinus cembra*) is the highest climber among Alpine trees. It is rarely found below 5,000 feet, and in Upper Engadine grows in the near vicinity of the glaciers. In its appearance it is unlike any other pine, sending up a taper stem from 60 to 70 feet, covered with an ashy gray bark, its branches growing in a horizontal direction, the ends furnished with shoots united in groups two inches long, and provided with sharp-edged, triangular, lance-like leaves. It blooms every year, pro-

ducing polished, triangular cones, about four inches in length, which have an agreeable flavor, not unlike pineapple. The wood is hard, fine, and almost imperishable, preserving its pleasant odor for years.

In the Engadine the houses are chiefly constructed of this perfumed wood, which turns red with age. It endures the onslaught of frost and tempests for years. On the Itramen Alp, near Grindelwald, there existed not long ago a splendid old tree of this genus, giving 60 rings to the inch, and supposed to be 1,500 years old. An arne may be scathed, hollow, blasted by lightning, and yet, faithful to the end, it will still continue to send forth green branches to brave the storm.

In north and west Switzerland these trees, the larch and arolla, are replaced by the red fir (*Pinus abies* L.), which forms almost exclusively all the forests of the lower Alpine regions. This tree is frequently seen growing in exposed situations where it has struck root among the rocks; and such trees are known among the peasants as *Schirm* or *Wetter-taune*, because of the protection they afford to man and beast in the driving snow of winter and the scorching heat of summer. Some of these trees, disabled by a thousand storms, have sent up their reproductive force to the topmost branches, presenting a series of green and leafy bows at the crown with banners of white and black lichens streaming in the wind. The red fir reaches an age of more than 300 years, its timber being unfit for use until it is at least 120 years old.

But now let us leave the perfumed forest and look at the blossoms nestling at our feet. In places where the summer is too short or the soil too rough to be used as a grazing spot for cattle we find the *élite* of the flora, for whom we are seeking, in luxuriant profusion and freshness. Of the two thousand flowering plants of Switzerland, less than 450 inhabit the subnival zone. The distinction between the flora of the upper and lower regions is sharp and well-defined. Occasionally, it is true, a few have dropped down to the Maïen Alps, and a few others, such as the ubiquitous honeysuckle, dandelion, and trefoil, have clambered up into the higher altitudes from their birthplace in the plains; but as a rule, they do not bear transplanting, nor does the soil give a kindly welcome to foreign plants. There are various reasons for this. One is the amount of heat necessary for the perfection of certain species. The red saxifrage and the Alpine rose begin to grow while the earth is still frozen about them, but even so they develop much more rapidly on their native heights than if transferred to the plains below. The warmth in the valley, though of longer continuance, is much weaker than on the heights, where the direct influence of the sun's rays, together with the pure, rarefied mountain air, gives great energy to the circulation of the sap. For this cause the slopes near Sion offer a rich growth of rare upland flowers combined with an almost sub-tropical flora, such as the Cactus *Opuntia* and *Agave Americana*. These slopes, consisting of steep and lofty rocks on the northern side of the Rhone are a perfect

oven, reflecting and irradiating an almost tropical heat.

The district about Zermatt has been described as the richest region in Switzerland in botanical treasures, but this exuberance of Alpine plants appears on both sides of the Pennine Alps. A perfect oasis of splendid Alpine flowers grows amidst the glacier of Zardezan in a desert of snow. On the southern slope of these Pennine Alps, near the Col de Serena, are masses of brilliant flowers springing almost from under the snow; large patches of the Soldanella Alpina and the Yellow Star of Bethlehem being dotted about by hundreds.

The Paradise of ferns is on the southern side of Monte Rosa. There the graceful tufts of the parsley fern (*Allosurus crispus*) peeps out from under every nook and stone, and the *Lycopodium Helveticum* spreads its green masses on every rock. But rare and beautiful ferns are also to be found on the southerly slopes of Mt. Blanc; the *Woodsiæ iluenis* and the entire family of *Polypodiums* growing everywhere among the rocks and stones.

Almost all Alpine plants are perennial, and few bear transplanting. The long-continued heat of the lowland summer is hurtful to them, and they grow puny and exhausted under its influence; droughts too are injurious, not so much the dryness of the air as of the soil; for no matter how dry the mountain atmosphere may be, the soil is constantly moist through the filtering of snow-water from the glaciers. Nature, too, has provided a special security for many of these tender creatures by a bearded covering which attracts and retains atmospheric moisture. There is still another cause, which may seem strange to those who have not thought much on the subject; these high-born plants are checked in their growth and frequently killed by the cold they encounter in the valleys. Not the sharp, biting cold of mid-winter, but the early frosts of autumn and the late frosts of spring, when after a few balmy days, north-east winds whistle over the unprotected plants enticed from their warm earth-coverings by soft air and sunshine. These Alpine plants are not the Cinderella's of the Flora, ready to submit with graceful patience to all low and mean ills; but aristocratic dames who will never falter before trials, if so be they are allowed to hold their birthright of station undisturbed. The most interesting of these are the *Gentiana glacialis* and *nivalis*, which the writer has found growing actually on the glacier ice, and the strangely beautiful *Edelweiss* which grows at a height of 8,000 feet.

A tendency to underground stalk formation is decided, their roots spreading out underground to a great extent, and only throwing up a few inches of stem upon which are developed the leaves and flowers. Only thus can they perpetuate their species. In the lowlands the process of vegetation may go on undisturbed until the full maturity of fruit and seeds, but not so on these subnival slopes, where the snow does not disappear till late in June, only to reappear early in September. The blossoms of the subnival plants are remarkable for their size, the closeness of their petals, and for the intensity of their coloring. So radiantly are they clad that our lowland favor-

ites grow pale and faded when held by their side. The pure white, the vivid yellow, the clear rose, the rich carmine, the deep violet, the brilliant emerald, and the metallic, shimmering blue. The cause for this brilliancy of hues is said to be found in the intensity of light, the refined purity of the air, and the snow-water which nourishes their roots.

The odor, too, of these plants, though not to be compared with those of the tropics, is much stronger than those of the same family found on the plains. *Myosotis Alpestris* and *Gentiana purpurea*, which are quite scentless in the valley, have a pleasant fragrance on the mountains; while *Primula viscosa* and *auricula*, transplanted to a lower region, lose both color and scent.

Nor need the most timorous have any fear of encountering poisonous plants, for it is an interesting fact that among the genuine Alpine class, there are few, if any, narcotic or poisonous ones, while many medicinal herbs are found on the verge of the snow line.

In the subnival or lower snow region vegetable life is compressed into narrow limits. Trees vanish altogether; for the adventurous arnes, which occasionally shoot up to 7,000 feet, can only be regarded as anomalies. Now begins that kingdom of flowerless, cellular plants, which attain here an importance they can never reach elsewhere. The entire vegetable dress at this altitude is reduced to plants assuming the character of the moss genus, showing in isolated islands among the rocks and snow, shooting up in tufts with short stems, and sometimes a single stylus and stamen appearing amongst a mass of leaves.

Here too we find those black and yellow-tipped, red and cream-colored crusts which overspread the standing rocks as well as the masses of débris left by land-slides and avalanches. Let us look at them with veneration, and thank these pioneers of the army of plants, who not only clothe the rocky peaks with beauty and color, but by their own death and decomposition prepare the way for a higher state of vegetable life. There is something imposing and almost pathetic in this still, yet ceaselessly busy life: the spores of the *Lecidææ* germinating even in the shining fissures of the quartz formation, existing year after year in defiance of cold, and contented with the scantiest nutriment.

Mosses and lichens share the ground in this zone. Wherever the greenish, yellowish-black, brick-red varieties of the *Lecidææ*, *Parmelias*, and *Endocarpia* encrust the rocks, we may confidently expect to find the curly, miniature forests of the reindeer moss (*Cenomyce*), and the brown cushions of Iceland moss (*Cetraria*). When the air is dry these plants wither and crumble to dust under our tread; but so great is their vitality that the least dampness will cause their branches to swell, and the long-hindered course of life to flow anew. And now, the writer feels she can hardly close this brief glance at a subject so replete with interest better than by saying to her readers as Saint Bernard said to his disciples: "Believe my experience, you will find in our forests something more choice than in books; the trees and the rocks will yield lessons preferable to those of the ablest masters."

## Humbug Row, Vanity Fair.

BY MARY TORRENCE.



It was a very handsome row. The brown stone mansions looked quite stately and dignified. But to Vera Merle it was like the left-hand region across the Styx. But then, Vera was tired of Humbug Row, and never having tried anything else, she may not have been a good judge.

Tom Fenton was just passing the window. Rather a peculiar figure for Humbug Row, but he was only passing through on his way to Poverty Street, just back of this magnificent row.

Vera wondered how it would seem to live in Poverty Street. It would at least be a break in the monotony of life.

She wondered if that fountain in the yard would never be weary of leaping, and splashing, and sparkling in the sunlight. It actually seemed to enjoy existence. It sent out all the grace and glow of a happy spirit in gleaming sprays that leaped joyously into the clear sunlight, and fell back in glittering drops into the marble basin, with a sweet tinkling of laughter, that sounded very pleasant to Tom Fenton; but to Vera it was a part of Humbug Row, therefore it was intolerable to her in its unvarying softness. She almost envied Tom Fenton; he was so comfortably free from Humbug Row and respectable monotony.

As for Tom, it is just possible that, had he seen this girl sitting in the lace-draped window, with curly head resting on her jeweled hand, and the soft folds of her silk dress lying in graceful waves about her, he might have wished that he lived in Humbug Row; his thoughts might have reverted, half sadly, to another maiden, even fairer in his eyes, who, if that stately dwelling belonged to him, might sit in graceful indolence, arrayed in purple and fine linen. One's view of this life is taken from one's own stand-point, and two cannot survey it from the same look-out station.

Judge Richman was coming down the street. Even he had ceased to awaken a lively interest in Vera's mind. It used to amuse her intensely to watch him go along the street with that indescribably pompous air that seemed to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." She used to divert her mind with an effort to discover a probable law of economy which permitted Nature to invest so small a soul with so large a body, but that little mystery had proved too much for her, and she gave it up long ago. After all, what difference did it make? Humbug Row didn't want souls particularly; what could it have done with them? But bodies were imperatively necessary as a means of displaying stylish apparel, and Judge Richman's form was an admirable tailor's advertisement. To be sure, his diamonds were suggestive of tears, shed by Justice and Humanity, on his path to glory, and frozen in the icy regions of his heart, but to the casual observer they were sparkling brilliants, testimonials of Judge Richman's

commercial and social importance, and must be respected accordingly. For you must know that Humbug Row is situated in a grand and glorious republic, in which one man is as good as another, if he has as much money. And Judge Richman had.

Far off at the horizon Vera saw a long line of trees, straight, regular, unbroken, save when one, o'erstepping all the rest, stood tall and stately, like the one great man in a generation. That tree was the event in life in Humbug Row; the one thing that differed from all the rest, and the only object in Vera's prospect that could in any way create a sensation. Vera envied that tree. It must be very proud as it stood there so tall and independent, and looked down on its companions. She wished that she were that little bird, that sometimes braved the hostile elements of Humbug Row to sit in that tree by her window and sing to her. She would fly to the very highest branch of that tall tree and ask the whispering leaves of what the tree was thinking. Of course they would tell her. They were the voice of the tree, and they were on the best of terms with the birds.

Then she began to wonder why that little bird came to sing to her. Did it love her so that it was willing to brave all the unpleasantness of the locality for her sake? All the music on that Row was discordant. All excepting what—

"Vera!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Has Madame Lapelle sent your dress home?"

"No, mamma."

"What does she mean? To-morrow is the day of our dinner-party, and there are always a hundred changes to be made in a dress that she sends home before it can be worn. Vera, I don't believe you care anything about it. I'm perfectly ashamed of your inexcusable carelessness and indifference."

No, Vera didn't care anything about it. She was tired of dresses. Not that she desired a return to the primitive simplicity which characterized the costumes in the garden of Eden, but she was tired of hearing about them.

She didn't care for dinner-parties, either. Or no, she did care for them very much. She hated and dreaded them. If she might have been permitted to introduce some new feature into one, she would not care so much. Something to create a sensation, were it even an Indian from the western wilds, or a gorilla from somewhere, wherever they grow, or somebody with an idea. She wondered what the result would be if some one should introduce an idea. Wouldn't it be as startling as an earthquake! She had never happened to see any one with such an object, and if the Fates should permit one distinguished by that possession to wander into Humbug Row, it didn't follow that he would be invited to dinner. And if he should be, would he dare bring it with him? Not unless he had all the bravery of the Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders, and the Pilgrim Fathers, combined in one. No, cruel Fate would never bestow on her the bliss of a new sensation at a dinner-party in Humbug Row.

There would be Mrs. Chrysostom, who would