

WINTER AND EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

We would remind all who take an interest in flowers—and who does not?—that autumn is the proper season for planting out all the hardy bulbous-rooted plants for early flowering, such as the fragrant HYACINTH, JONQUIL, and NARCISSUS; the showy TULIP, CROWN IMPERIAL, PEONIA, and LILY, and those harbingers of early spring, the SNOWDROP and CROCUS, all of which it is necessary to plant in the autumn to secure a fine early bloom. They require but a slight protection of straw, short manure, leaves, or tan, to endure the most severe winter. Mr. Dreer, the Florist and Seedsman, has just issued his Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbous Roots, containing full lists of the varieties, colors, and prices; also directions for their cultivation, preparation of soil, and management; also lists of winter blooming plants.

The directions for forcing bulbs into flowers (during the winter) in pots and glasses, will be found particularly interesting to the ladies. This catalogue will be mailed to all who inclose a postage stamp to his address.

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SUMMER AND FALL EXCURSIONS.—We are now in the height of the season when our townspeople are seeking recreation from their labors, and health to invigorate them for another year of business. The various railroad lines are vying with each other in bringing to the notice of the travelling public the numerous routes which their roads traverse—depicting in glowing lines the beauties of the mountain scenery, the grandeur of the various waterfalls and cascades, and the new lease of life which will be realized by visiting the “—Springs,” whose water gives to you an inspiration such as is sought after by those who long to “live a thousand years.” But of all the roads that we have traversed this season, in our opinion the Pennsylvania Railroad presents the choicest array of routes from which to select a summer or fall jaunt. A magnificent road to travel over; no dust, no noise; polite conductors, etc., always willing to give information and insure your comfort. What more can the traveller desire? This road has issued a second edition of its excursion trips, carefully revised and handsomely illustrated, containing new routes, etc. An advertisement on the cover of the Book gives reliable information where copies of this edition can be procured.

THE mother of the Shah of Persia is thus described by a recent writer, who, being a lady herself, may be presumed to have had a quick eye to discern the peculiarities of the Persian toilet. She says:—

“The Shah's mother was dressed with great magnificence. She wore a pair of trousers made of gold brocade. These Persian trousers are always very wide, each leg being wider than the skirt of a gown, so that they have the effect of an exceedingly ample petticoat, and, as crinolines are unknown, the *ele-gantes* wear ten and eleven pair of trousers, one over the other. (They call a European lady's dress ‘trousers with one leg.’) The trousers of the Shah's mother were edged with a border of pearls embroidered on braid. She had a thin blue crape chemise, also trimmed with pearls, nearly meeting the top of the trousers, which are fastened with a string. A small jacket of velvet was over the chemisette, reaching to the waist, and on the head a small shawl, studded with pearls and diamonds, and pinned under the chin. Her arms were covered with handsome bracelets, and her neck with costly necklaces. Her hair was in bands, and hung down in a multitude of small plaits. She wore no shoes, her feet being covered with fine Cashmere stockings. The palms of her hands and the tips of her fingers were stained with henna, her cheeks were well

rouged, and her eyelids and eyebrows covered with antimony.”

SAVE THE LEAVES.—It is becoming a favorite amusement to select the rarest variegated autumn leaves, especially those of the maple, by putting them through the process of pressing, drying, and varnishing; arranging them in various devices, such as wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, they produce effects as brilliant as a picture from an artist's brush. One of the choicest attractions at the “World's Fair” in London, was a wreath of autumn leaves, prepared and sent by a New England lady. The visitors to the White Mountains late in the season cull hundreds of leaves to adorn their city homes, and one gentleman last fall gathered and pressed five thousand leaves of Nature's own handiwork, whose exquisite colors vie with those of the painter's palette.

To prepare these leaves, press them under heavy weights for a few weeks, varnish them with map varnish if you desire a shiny surface, and arrange them as fancy dictates. When the leaves are thoroughly dried, they can be attached to a long piece of coarse, flexible wire, by the aid of brown cotton thread, or thread wire—the latter is most durable. Arranged in this manner, with the contrasting colors of the oak, maple, beech, etc., they make pretty garlands with which to encircle the mirrors, picture-frames, and windows. Indeed, the prettiest lambrequins we ever saw were made of pressed and varnished leaves, pinned on to the lace hangings in graceful forms, and each curtain was adorned with one variety of leaves, with fronds of the feather fern of the woods interspersed between them. There is utility in these dying leaves, and their gathering need be no dainty operation. Only a rake and basket are required, and the stored up leaves will furnish a valuable fertilizing material for another season, as there is no better ingredient for renewing the strength of house plants and gardens than leaf mould. It is mere boy's play to rake up and gather the leaves; so let the boys do it, and teach them not to scatter more than they save.

And aside from the practical use of them, a due regard for appearances should prompt us to gather up the leaves from our door-yards and lawns; for it is one serious drawback to the beauty of deciduous shade trees that when they cast off their summer robes they will leave them lying around loose; yet the growth of our forests is maintained by the yearly coating of dead leaves which decay at their roots, showing how much fertilizing power they possess. Again, there is use for dead leaves in the horses' stalls, where they are more manageable than straw, and can be used as bedding, without cleaning out the stalls more than two or three times a week; for the leaves readily absorb ammonia, and can be more thoroughly mixed with the offal by being trodden and worked over in the stall, while they add much to the richness of the manure. For this use they must be stored dry, as when damp they will soon heat or mould, and become unfit.

So let us gather up the leaves which fall at our feet, either for beauty or utility, whichever purpose seems to us most desirable.

A SHORT time ago, Pacini's opera, Sappho, was being played at Rome. At the end of the last act, when Sappho throws herself into the sea, the substitute had so badly arranged his classical robes that the last thing seen of the Greek poetess was a large pair of men's boots! The curtain fell amid the most uproarious laughter.

WHEN is the miner the happiest? When his “triumphs are ore.”