

**JUNE**

The spring is coquetting with summer,  
The sunshine grows stronger each day,  
And the birds are singing in the trees,  
And the bees are humming in the meads.

She comes, her bright head crowned with roses,  
What fragrance her breathings exhale!  
With lilies her fair arms are laden,  
She's the queen of the garden and vale.

The merry birds thrill her a welcome,  
Their golden breasts flash in the sun  
As they bear the glad news to their fellows,  
"June's coming! That beautiful one!"

"The trees cleave their hands" as she passes,  
Her advent brings gladness to all,  
The daisies that bow to her feet  
And the violets that nod to her feet.

She has been with her hand to the willow,  
Filling all traces of gloom,  
And now through the garden she lingers,  
Collecting rich beauty and bloom.

She smiles on the brooklet, and whispers,  
"Faintness in thy innocent glee,"  
And the little brook swells with importance  
And rushes headlong to the sea.

We welcome thee, right royal maiden,  
In thy vesture of purple and gold,  
With thy beautiful train of attendants,  
A place in all hearts thou dost hold  
—Sunday Magazine for June.

**AMONG THE REDWOODS.**

It was in the country of the redwoods, that stupendous growth which has won a world-wide renown. Who has not heard of the man who built his house and barn and fenced in a two acre lot from the product of one gigantic tree, of the schooner filled with shingles made from another, of the mile of railway ties furnished by a third?

The fame of that unexampled paradise of lumbermen had brought Bryce Renfrew all the way from Maine to invest in the business, with a partner who had more capital, but less practical knowledge of its requirements.

They had procured a site for their mill at the mouth of one of those shallow, turbulent little rivers which pierce the rocky coast at frequent intervals, and were doing well until one Jules Craycroft started a rival mill within a few miles of them.

Craycroft had not chosen a water-course for his site, and at first thought it would appear that he was placed at a disadvantage, but he kept his teams at work drawing in the logs during the dry season, when the lumber droghers could drop anchor in comparative safety under the bluff, and while Renfrew & Hayden's men stood idle, while their logs accumulated and they waited for the "rise" necessary to float them down the shallow stream, Craycroft was securing the orders which they had hoped to obtain.

But at last the long drought gave promise of breaking up. A leaden-gray sky spread over the forest. There had been rain up the mountain already, and the river had swollen over the rocky points of its bed, and rushed in a frothing, coffee-colored current toward the sea.

All was life and excitement at the logging camp, but in the midst of the cheerful bustle of the frequent accidents which attend the adventurous life of the lumberman.

An axe glanced, flew from his haft, and buried itself in the shoulder of one of the choppers, who went down under the blow, with the red blood spurting from the wound.

"It's all up with me, I reckon," he said, as his companions gathered about him. "I—I wish, though, that death had druv the stake fair. It's as hard on a man as on a tree to be held on a strain just by a few fibers what's bound to give way soon."

"Not when holding on will bring you back to your feet again," said Renfrew, who had been applying a rude compress to the wound. "You'll drive many a stake yet, Neff. Keep up your heart, man. It may take a better surgeon than I am to pull you through, but you shan't die for want of him. I'm off for the doctor, boys; see that the work goes on, will you?"

They promised, readily. It was a magnanimous act for "the boss" to leave his duties at that critical time, and they determined that he should not be a loser by it.

Half an hour later Renfrew was riding at break neck speed, over the trail to the coast. It brought him into sight of the river more than once, and his pulses thrilled to see the current charged with the floating logs which the men had been sawing all the morning.

Another turn, however, brought an unwelcome sight to his gaze. A channel was filled high with the blockaded freight. With an exclamation of blank disappointment Renfrew reigned in his horse. Just below him the river narrowed to a mere pass between the rocky walls, and in this passage swung and twisted the key log of the jam. It looked as if an effort might turn it loose, and release the timbers which were held above.

He sprang from his horse, scrambled down the bank, and made his way out over the bumping logs, to the point he had in view. He had picked up a pole which he used as a pry, but it took only a few minutes' work to assure him that the key log was much more securely fastened than he had at first supposed. The mass of timber behind was spread out in the shape of a triangle, while it was caught in the apex, and held there as if in the jaws of a vice.

His utmost efforts failed to release it, and he was forced to relinquish the trial at last. Dropping the pole, he stood upright, wiping the perspiration from his face, when a rush and a roar which had been dimly apparent to him, broke with renewed force upon his ear.

He looked up, expecting to see the tree tops writhing in a strong wind, but they were almost preternaturally still. The clouds had gathered in a thick, black mass overhead, but the breathlessness which precedes the storm was unbroken.

He knew then what was coming and turned to face it, dropping down upon the key log, and clapping it with his arms—none too soon.

A wall of water, which filled the channel from side to side, and towered high above him, swept down upon the gorge, and broke upon the mass of wedged timber, which was lifted and thrown forward by its resistless force.

Renfrew came up from the sudden plunge, still clinging to his log, with the grating and grinding and bumping of the other logs sounding horribly threatening in his ears—came up to find himself adrift on that sudden flood. At the same moment a fork of lightning landed down and played luridly over the dark sea, and when it was withdrawn, the rain burst forth, the thunder pealed, the

now seething torrent was lashed to madder fury by the shrieking gusts.

Bryce was chilled to the bone. He was in constant danger of being crushed against the rocky walls or between the floating logs; in constant danger of losing his hold when his particular log rolled, as it did more than once, to submerge him in the stream.

How he managed to cling fast, how he was borne onward at race-horse speed, how he found himself presently in a wider portion of the stream, and began to collect his disturbed senses, was ever afterward like a painful dream.

He could do nothing but cling fast to his ark of refuge. The river was filled with tossing debris, and an indifferent swimmer at the best, it would have been sheer madness for him to have left the log and attempted a landing. His only hope lay in being able to leave it when he approached the stiller water of the basin beside the mill.

He was nearing it rapidly now. Hayden, who was at the mill, ought to be there with one or two men armed with hooks fixed at the end of long poles, ready to seize upon and draw out the logs from the fierce current, which otherwise must bear them on over the dam.

Ordinarily, the force of the stream was not sufficient to carry them beyond the break-water, which protected the basin, but the present flood would override that obstruction and sweep everything before it out to sea. Surely, Hayden would be warned by it in time to guard against their inevitable loss.

There he was sure enough, when the basin came in sight, perched upon a flotilla of logs—doing what?

Bryce raised himself, and strained his eyes through the gloom, as something sinister in the actions of the crouched figure struck him.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Grapple on here, Hayden—hook on, I say!"

The figure straightened, turned. It was not Hayden. Like a flash, Bryce recognized one of Craycroft's myrmidons—a Pike, who had annoyed them before this by lounging about the mill, and realized the enormity of the act in which the fellow had been engaged.

"Spiking our logs!" he breathed, and threw himself forward, to be caught by the irresistible current and borne back, tossed and buffeted, dashed hither and thither, until, with a desperate effort, he succeeded in regaining the log, as it hung for an instant upon the brink of the chute by which the lumber was passed over the dam.

In that instant he took in the scene, the mill seeming silent and deserted, the Pike still standing in his startled attitude, gazing after him, the wild, downward rush of the water until it broke in a track of white foam, and was lost in rough waves of the ocean.

Then he was in the midst of the rush and roar and down bearing weight of the water. There was a taste of salt brine when he came up at last.

He had been borne over the chute, through the surge, and out upon the sea lashed just now by one of the sudden storms which make that rugged coast a terror.

Fortunately he was not dead, bruised and beaten and chilled to the very marrow, Bryce Renfrew clung to the log which had saved him, and was washed toward greater danger than he had yet met.

Sudden, impenetrable darkness succeeded to the gloomy pall of the storm. He had been swept into one of the numerous caves which lines that wave-caten Western coast.

As he realized what had befallen him, he felt the log jam against the unseen rocks that surrounded him. He threw up his hand, and it touched against the wall above.

The tide was rising, too. It was only a question of time when his brains would be dashed out against the cruel rocks, or he should be drowned like a rat in a hole.

Lying prone, too weak to struggle further against inevitable fate, with the wave washing his very face, something shone like a star in the darkness over head.

It was there one instant, the next it had twinkled out and there was a splash in the water at his side.

He put out his hand, and a snake slid over it. He was the work of minutes in his beamed condition, to fasten it about his waist; but a feeble jerk at last testified to those waiting above that quest had not been in vain.

He was then drawn up through a hole in the rocks and staggered when he found his feet.

It was long before he knew how he had been saved.

He had been seen by the lookout of a lumber drogher which was anchored beneath the bluff, as the log with its human freight, was whirling by and swallowed up by the current which bore under the cliff.

It was impossible to follow there with a boat, so the Captain had issued a couple of the crew to give an alarm, and extend what aid they might from the shore.

And meanwhile, Hayden, growing impatient when the log failed to appear with the rise, had set out up stream to ascertain the cause of the delay, and found the riderless horse of his partner, which was making straight for the mill.

He hastened back and set the two hands, who were playing eucere in their bachelor shanty, to watching the river; thus effectually putting a stop to Pike's opportunity for mischief—and himself fell in with the sailors who were searching the cliff.

The logs came in with a rush when they began to appear. Renfrew & Hayden dropped to pieces with which Craycroft, with his additional expenses, dared not compete, and it was not long before they had the field entirely to themselves.

Neff survived his accident under the efficient, though delayed, attendance of the surgeon, only to be killed by the falling branch of a tree a few months afterward.

Such is life in the redwood forests.

**How to Cut Flowers.**

A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds that lay in bouquets there.

"How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired.

"Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A

rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing how to keep flowers fresh."

"Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?"

"Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them cool and moist. If people instead of dipping flowers in water, or putting them in a vase with water, would simply wrap them up in a piece of wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be too heavy, and would crush the blooms too much, and, beside, would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. See that box of buds. They were packed in Boston, on Monday in wet paper, and you might say they are fresher this morning than when they came off the bush."

"Why do you send clear to Boston for rosebuds; haven't you got the same kind here?"

"Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put it beside the native bud. They are exactly of the same variety, both being Bon Silences. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The bud is far more brilliant and the bud is more durable. When the stem is long and thick we do not have to use so much wire to strengthen it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?"

"It's the climate. It is true that it is not so warm there as is here, and it has not been extremely sultry here during this winter. But the temperature in a greenhouse is easily enough regulated as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so rich with all gardeners. It can't be because they are more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the east and expected to do the same things they did there and failed completely. Even in New York the florists sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it is just so all over the country. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose the more double it becomes—that is, the more of these stamens turn into petals. Well, I suppose that, as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'celestial' that has something to do with it."—Cleveland (O) Herald.

**ALL SORTS.**

The Boston Globe says the reason wash day comes next to Spayday is because cleanliness is next to Godliness.

A Montreal clergyman who was too ill to preach on a recent Sunday wrote a sermon and had another minister read it while he listened to its delivery by the telephone.

All religious instructions or exhortations to religion in this city by the new law is a subject that the name of Deity is carefully expunged from the new text books.

A man on Cow Creek, Cal., is making money running a skunk ranch. The animal's secretion, so offensive to the Caucasian nostrils, is highly prized by Chinese as a medicine, and they pay a large price for it.

A shad net in Quinapac river, in North Haven was so heavily loaded with fish that Charles Thomas, while helping to pull the net ashore, lost his footing and was drowned. His body was drawn ashore in the net with twenty bushels of fish.

A young man of Council Bluffs sent to Denmark for his sweet heart, on the understanding that she was to marry him when she arrived; but she was all the time deceiving him, and after journeying to America on his expense, has become the wife of another suitor. This brings about a suit for damages.

A boy of girls surprised a young student in Indianapolis making a most impassioned speech to a dozen blocks of wood and a saw-horse. They told it on him and his presence caused a burned wherever he went, clearing over to another street left for parts unknown.

Taking the siney with which an old beggar woman laced her shoe, Ole Bull put it on his violin in place of the four strings. He stood beside the medicant in the door of the church in her native Swedish town and played such touching, plaintive airs, that every one who passed dropped a coin in her lap.

An Australian servant, after arranging terms with her new employer, asked if she would object to her bringing her babe along, saying it would be no trouble, as it was dead and pickled. It was born and had died while her husband was absent on a sea voyage, and she had it preserved in this way that he might see it on his return.

What is alleged to be a piece of the true cross has come to light at Poitiers, in an old chest. It was sent to a saint in the second half of the sixth century by the Emperor Justin, from Constantinople. It is mounted in gold and enamel of exquisite Byzantine manufacture, and excites great interest. It disappeared during the revolution of 1789.

One Chinaman bet another that he could swim back and forth across the Sacramento river, quicker than he could. It was a cold bath, and when they reached the other side one of them went into a shanty and warmed himself, but the other started back. On his way he was taken with cramp and drowned, amidst the cheers of those betting against him.

A Wisconsin court had decided in favor of a woman who had applied for a divorce, but the formal decree was likely to be delayed, until the next day. Her lawyer protested, and, being compelled to give a reason for the hurry, he explained that his client's betrothed second husband was in the room, and that the couple wished to go at once to a minister for marriage. The judge ordered the decree to be made out forthwith.

A petition of Matthew T. Ryan, Juliet, his wife, and their children, Clyde E., Hattie M. and Lulu, to change the family name to Millington, has been granted by Judge Furzaman, of Troy, N. Y. The parties claimed that the name of "Patrick Ryan," owing to the notoriety of "Paddy" Ryan, unpleasantly affected their social relations, and that the business of the first named petitioner was injured in consequence.

**FARM AND HOUSE NOTES.**

More Than Any.—Clover removes more inorganic matter from the soil than any other crop. It also leaves the soil more loose and porous than anything else.

Ham Balls.—Take one-half cupful of bread crumbs and mix with two eggs well beaten; chop fine some bits of cold boiled ham and mix with them. Make into balls and fry.

A Remedy.—For diarrhea in calves give linseed oil, commencing with a tablespoonful and gradually reducing to a teaspoonful. Feed lightly, giving occasionally an egg beaten up in a little warm milk.

Profitably.—Farmers who live near enough to cities to sell milk can profitably increase the fertility of their land by purchasing brewers' grains in moderate quantities to feed to cows. It makes a very rich manure.

Beets.—The successful culture of beets demands a deep, rich, sandy loam and manuring with well decomposed compost. Sow in drills fourteen to sixteen inches apart and cover one inch deep. When the young plants appear thin to four or five inches apart.

Should be Gathered.—As soon as an orchard or single tree is pruned, the brush should be gathered in heaps to be burned when dry. Leaving it under the trees, as dropped, is a very slovenly practice, and when overgrown with grass or weeds in midsummer the labor of gathering it in heaps is much increased.

Too Suddenly.—Do not change the amount of food given while idle in the stable to a working day ration too suddenly, and let the horses get their food and water, so that they may finish a half hour, at least, before going to work. Thus you will have an effective team, and one that will thrive even while working.

Calves.—Keep the calves well bedded in their pens; they are the best manure-makers on the farm if rightly handled. Leaves and chaff, or sawdust if nothing better can be had, are good absorbents, but loam is better if not too moist and cold. It should be secured in the fall. Don't be in too much hurry to get the calves to pasture.

Chocolate Jumbles.—One and a half tea cups white sugar, one half a tea cup of sweet cream, one half a tea cup of butter, one tea cup of chocolate, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in cream, one egg, work very stiff with flour, mix the chocolate and cream of tartar in the flour, roll thin, cut with a cutter.

Oatmeal Pudding with Cream.—One quart of boiling milk, four tablespoonfuls of the best Irish oatmeal, four tablespoonfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of salt. Wet up the flour, oatmeal and salt with cold milk, and stir into the hot, which must be in a farina-kettle, stir, let it stand ten minutes in the boiling water without cooking before pouring into an uncovered deep dish, and eat with cream and sugar.

Water-proof Leather.—E. Pollack has the following note on water-proof leather. The fat having been removed the clippings are mixed with starch paste, some gum arabic, and one part of oil of alum, and pressed into plates. It is then treated with a solution of soda soap, and pressed again. Thus it becomes impregnated with fatty aluminous compound. Greased leather clippings are first to be treated with sodium silicate of caustic. The resulting soap is then rendered insoluble by impregnating with alum or zinc sulphate.

Jersey Wonders.—One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of white sugar, a little nutmeg, ground ginger and lemon peel; beat four eggs and knead all well together, add a teaspoonful of brandy being an improvement, roll them three inches thick, cut off in circles; cut and roll into an oval, through either two slits in it, hand through the aperient, press the left, and through the aperture to the brass or metal skillet is best to cook them in; it takes about five minutes to cook them, turning once.

Good Advice.—Do not let your cattle into the mowing land in the spring. While we believe in a little judicious feeding of the aftermath when it is in the fall, and yet not heavy we would pay for mowing a second growing lands never let the cattle enter the mowing land in the spring. Nor the growing trees, to browse around or forest. Between in the \$3 a day to prune your trees and cut them in, rather than let the cattle do it. They do not understand the principle of the thing.

Peach Fritters.—Peach fritters for dessert are delicious. In their season use fresh fruit, but now use evaporated peaches; soak them all night in a little water, and stew gently in the morning; keep them closely covered, and if the peaches are left in halves the flavor is wonderfully preserved. Make a batter of one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, a little salt and flour enough to make a moderately stiff batter. If you choose, use halves of peaches can be cut in quarters. Fry in hot lard and serve with or without cream; of course, the cream is a toothsome addition.

Milk Cows Need Stables.—If the stables is not so close as to make the cows uncomfortable, and is well ventilated and kept clean, and as good food given as that obtained by grazing, the same cows will give more milk in a season if kept up than they would if running at large, unless the grazing is done under unusually favorable conditions. Cows in milk require but little exercise to maintain good health. What they get beyond this requirement when grazing, which is generally considerable, tends to diminish their milk. Exposure to hot sunshine, to storms, and to annoyance by flies, tends to depreciate both quantity and quality, and to give a balance in favor of stabling. The more traveling cows do, the more cheery matter do they develop in their milk, while to support the increased respiration occasioned by the increased exercise more fat is burned the increased appears in the milk. The up and less appears in the milk. The quieter they remain, the richer their milk in butter. Upon the varying conditions which may accompany the two modes of feeding, will depend the preference in richness and quality of milk. It is believed to be generally on the side of housing when properly attended to.

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