

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

OUR HOME-MAKER.

Where the mountains slope to the westward,
And their purple chalices hold,
The new-made wine of the sunset,
The crimson and amber and gold,
In this old, wide-opened door way,
With the old, hunched overhead—
The house all garnished behind her,
And the plentiful table spread,
She has stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb,
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time,
To-day, in the gentle splendor
Of an early summer noon—
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,
Although it is hardly June,—
Again is her doorway opened,
And the house is garnished and sweet;
But she silently waits our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.
A little within she is waiting;
Not where she has met us before,
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.
The smile on her face is quiet,
And a lily is on her breast,
Her hands are folded together,
And the word on her lips is "rest."
And yet it looks like a welcome,
For her work is compassed and done;
All things are so neatly and ready,
And her summer has just begun.
It is we who may not cross over;
Only with song and prayer,
A little way into the glory,
We may reach, as we leave her there.
But we cannot think of her idly;
She must be a home-maker still;
God liveth that work to the angels
Who fit-out the task fulfill.
And somewhere, yet, in the billtops
Of a country that hath no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.
—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

BY EUGENIA.

I have sometimes thought my love for him
was dead,
Yes, I have ever thought that love were
buried,
Far beneath the surging wave; but the tread
Of his feet, when perchance past me he
hurried,
Has aroused me to new life. And with more
poignant pain
Than ever yet my poor heart knew, I say—
"Love lives again."
In days long passed, but precious still, I cher-
ished thee,
I held thee as my dearest friend, nor did I
think
That thou, whom I deemed true, would ever
bring to me
The cup which thou didst bring, and bade me
drink,
"Drink," thou said and smiled, I ue'er be-
fore
had tasted love
And so I faltered not, but drank to the bitter
dregs, my faith to prove.
Ah me! The fleeting years do oft sad changes
make
In all our lives. And now I fain would
gaze upon the resting place
Of buried love, and know that it would never
wake,
Until this world no longer holds of me a
trace.
But while God hears the anguish of my cries,
A pitying angel whispers tenderly—"Love
never dies."—"Love never dies."
Simple Remedies.

It seems to withdraw the heat and with it
the pain, and the healing process
soon commences. It is the best applica-
tion for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy
and other poisonous plants, as also for
colds and stings of insects. Owing to
bites, over fatigue, anxiety and various
other causes, the urine is often scanty,
highly colored, and more or less loaded
with phosphates, which settle to the bot-
tom of the vessel on cooling. As much
soda as can be dipped up with a ten cent
piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold
water and drank every three hours, will
soon remedy the trouble and cause relief
to the oppression that always exists from
interruption of the natural flow of urine.
This treatment should not be continued
more than twenty-four hours.

Leached Wood Ashes.

Ashes fresh from the stove or furnace
contains all the mineral constituents
necessary for plant growth, and are there-
fore very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn
out or naturally poor soil. A large part
of the potash is removed from ashes in
leaching, and as this constituent is a lead-
ing one, leached ashes are of less value as
plant food than when fresh. The owner
should save, in a secure place, all the
ashes made, and put them on the land in
the spring. A top-dressing of twenty
bushels to the acre to an old pasture or
meadow will give good returns for several
years. The leached ashes should be dis-
posed of in the same manner, only they
may be used at the rate of one hundred
bushels to the acre.

Leached ashes have been bought and
used for many years by farmers and gar-
deners on Long Island and near the shore
towns of Connecticut. These ashes are
brought mainly from Canada. Ashes are
especially good for tobacco land, and
onion raisers find them profitable. It has
been observed that where this fertilizer
has been introduced it retains its hold on
the confidence of those who use it. Fruit-
growers are glad to get leached ashes for
their small gardens, and even orchards of
large trees are much benefited by them.
Save the ashes, leached or unleached, and
if there is a good chance buy and use
them.—American Agriculturist.

Pattern For knitting Oak-Leaf Edging.

Cast on eleven stitches with No. 50 or 60
thread.
1st row—Knit three stitches, put thread over
and narrow, knit one, thread over twice,
and narrow, thread over twice and narrow,
knit last stitch.
2d row—Knit three plain, puri one, knit
two, thread over, and narrow, knit two last
stitches.
3d row—Three plain, thread over once, and
narrow, knit three, thread over twice, and
narrow, thread over twice, and narrow; knit
last stitch.
4th row—Knit three, seam one, knit two,
seam one, knit four, thread over, and narrow,
knit two.
5th row—Knit three, thread over once,
narrow, knit five plain, thread over twice,
narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.
6th row—Knit three, puri one, knit two,
puri the loop, knit plain to the made stitch,
thread over, narrow, knit two.
7th row—Knit three plain, thread over,
narrow, knit seven, thread over twice,
narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.
8th row—Knit three, puri one, knit two,
puri the loop, knit plain to made stitch,
thread over, narrow, knit two.
9th row—Knit three, thread over, narrow,
but the remainder of the stitches.
10th row—Slip the first stitch, and cast off
the stitches until there are only ten stitches
left, knit them, and with eleven stitches on
the needle, commence at first row.

The Secret of Beauty.

The secret of beauty is health. Those
who desire to be beautiful should do all
they can to restore their health if they
have lost it, or to keep it if they have it
yet. No one can lay down specific rules
for other people in these matters. The
work which one may do, the rest he must
take, his bath, his diet, his exercise, are
matters for individual consideration, but
they must be carefully thought of and
never neglected. As a rule, when a per-
son feels well he looks well; and when he
feels ill he looks ill, as a general thing.
There are times when one could guess,
without looking in the glass, that one's
eyes are dull and one's skin is mottled.
This is not a case for something in a
pretty bottle from the perfumers, or for
lotion that the circulars praise so highly.
To have a fresh complexion and bright
eyes, even to have white hands and grace-
ful figure, you must be well. Health and
the happiness that usually comes with it
are the true secrets of beauty.

The housewife who is on the lookout
for little ways to economize, will find it to
her advantage, if she has seamless sheets
which have been used for several years, to
tear or cut them in two in the centre, and
sew the outside edges together; lap them
and stitch them with a machine. Or they
may be sewed over and over. Hem the
raw edges. Sheets turned in this way
will last for a long time.

The Iowa Agricultural College has a
domestic department for teaching girls the
noble art of housekeeping, and the man-
agers declare that it is running success-
fully. During the past year 45 girls have
taken instruction, and the course seems to
include pretty much everything from bed
making to cooking and entertaining vis-
itors. Lectures are given upon ventila-
tion, management of help, care of sick,
sewing and mending, courtesy and what
not, while among subjects assigned for
essays are "Economy of Duty," "Pure Air
a Necessity," "My Cleaning Day," etc.
It would be a grand thing if all the agri-
cultural colleges in the country would fol-
low the example of the Iowa college.

Without sheep English farmers could
not keep up the fertility of their land.
There are three sheep to four acres kept
in England, while Americans only aver-
age one sheep to thirty-four acres.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If the principal bones are removed
from baked fish before it is sent to the
table, it can be carved in an irreproachable
manner with ease.

A delicate pudding sauce is made of
one egg beaten with one cup of sugar.
This may be done some time before din-
ner; when it is time to serve the sauce
pour over the sugar and egg and half a
cupful of boiling water; flavor with
lemon or rose.

Stuffing for a baked fish should be
made of fine bread crumbs, highly season-
ed with pepper, salt and sage. One or
two raw eggs beaten with it also gives it
flavor. Some butter is needed if the fish
is not oily.

Spiced beef, which is delicious cold
and sliced thin, is easily made. Choose a
piece with less fat than you would wish
to have in a roast; boil this until tender
in water in which you have put salt, pep-
per celery seed and clover; the amount
to depend on your taste.

Oatmeal pancakes are good for break-
fast, and may sometimes take the place of
the oatmeal and milk so universally
served at that meal. Make them with
sour milk, with soda to sweeten it. The
batter should be stiff. The oatmeal, un-
less it is ground very fine, should be
soaked in water all night.

Lettuce, boiled, make a good side dish.
Cook and serve as you do spinach. A
piece of bacon boiled with it is a good
seasoning. When the lettuce has grown
rank and is not quite crisp enough to
serve as salad it may be used in this way,
and it makes an agreeable and wholesome
dish.

The plain salad dressing which is so
often announced on bills of fare, is the
ordinary salad dressing, minus all sugar;
one may learn to like it if it is made with
care, but to one who is not an epicure
and deeply interested in getting a new
sensation, the dressing with sugar doubt-
less is preferable.

Ignorance sometimes suggests improve-
ments to wisdom: "Shall I bake the
potatoes in the pan, ma'am?" my help
asked, and the thought came at once of
how much better it would be to do this
than in an oven which is so "quick" on
the bottom that it is almost sure to make
the under side of the potato crusty and
unpalatable.

The paper bags which are sometimes
sent out from the tea store with a pound
of tea in, furnish good designs for the
ornament of a crazy quilt. The pictures
are just adapted for this work, and are so
varied in size and subject as to give a good
choice. The outlines alone may be
worked or the whole figure used.

Muffins made chiefly of boiled hominy
are good for breakfast. To two cups of
cold boiled hominy add one cup of flour,
a heaping teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, a
heaping cup of butter, a heaping tea-
spoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls
of baking powder; mix this with the flour,
bake all together and bake in a quick
oven in muffin tins. These are very nice
with coffee.

Lobster croquettes make a nice dish for
supper on cool days, when even the sim-
ple and plain liver, though a high
thinker, must wish for something warm.
Chop the lobster very fine, season with
pepper and salt, and mix with bread
crumbs; moisten with cream if you have
it if not use melted butter with some water
and shape in round, flat cakes, and fry
quickly in hot lard; an egg is a good
addition.

To vary a rice pudding try this way of
baking it: Put enough cold boiled rice
in a pudding-dish to have it half full; put
in milk and the yolks of eggs to form a
custard; set it in the oven, and when it
is done put over the top the whites of the
eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with sugar to
make it almost the same as frosting. Add
the juice and grated peel of one lemon;
spread this over the pudding smoothly
and let it brown in the oven.

A delicious pie is made thus: Take
one large cup of wine or of the clear juice
of any fruit; add a table spoonful of gelat-
ine dissolved in a little water, one cup of
sugar. Bake with two crusts. Rub the
top crust with milk in which you have
dissolved some sugar, or with the white
of an egg. The juice left in cans of fruit
can be used in this way, but it should be
heated to the boiling point and the scum
skimmed off, or it may be strained.

Peach fritters for dessert are delicious.
In their season use the fresh fruit, but
now use evaporated peaches. Soak them
all night in some water and stew gently
in the morning; let them be closely cov-
ered, and if they 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 for a moder-
ately stiff batter. If you choose the halves
of peaches can be cut in quarters. Fry
in hot lard and serve with or without
cream; of course the cream is a tooth-
some addition.

Never apply pure hen droppings or any
pure guano directly on seeds of plants;
applied pure it will destroy the germ of
most plants. Properly prepared fowl man-
ure may be applied with benefit to any
crop, field or garden, broadcast or har-
rowed in, but is more economically em-
ployed in the hill or drill. As good a
plan as any, probably, is to gather the
droppings as often as once a week, and
mix with say twice their bulk of dry
earth.

The rot has appeared in potatoes in
many sections. The late and more pro-
ductive varieties are much affected. This
must depress prices, as farmers whose crop
is threatened will make haste to dispose
of it, and no dealer who knows what he
is about will buy such lots, except at low
prices and for immediate sale. These
facts, however, make the prospect so much
better for farmers who have sound stock
that will safely keep until spring.

For The Children.

A KANSAS NURSERY.

"The baby?" we asked, as with mop and
broom
Its mother came to reach one day.
"Ah, she's picked out across the way!
I dare not leave her alone in the room."
And the busy mother looked for a tub,
While we saddled our horses and rode to
see
How the lonely baby fared, while we
Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.
For the babies we were accustomed to
Could never have kept their silk and lace
And little be ribboned hats in place.
With only a tree for their nurse, we knew,
But this Kansas baby had no hat;
And it laughed as if it thou, it silk and lace
Would have been entirely out of place
On a prairie—or, for the matter of that,
Anywhere else. It could only go
The length of the rope; but its little feet
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,
Just as it pleased; and that, you know,
Is more than the city babies do:
For, trundled under the city trees,
They are carried just where the nurses
Please,
Which I shouldn't like at all; should you?
As I thought it over, it seemed to me
That a city darling has less to hope,
"Picketed out" with invisible rope
To a somewhat less reliable tree!
—Alice W. Rollins, in St. Nicholas.

Neptune Lively Perriwinkle.

It was an odd name, and there were
four of them; Jonas Perriwinkle, his wife
Susanna, and their daughter, Polly Perri-
winkle, making three, and the baby filling out
the number.

Now the baby never had a name—not
what you would say was a real true name
—until he was five years old; for he was
such a wet thing and was so full of motion
that his father, Jonas, used to call him
Lively. And before he had reached the
season of drums and mud pies—yes, even
before he had arrived at the dignity of
short clothes—everybody in the neigh-
borhood called him Lively, and so there
really was no use for any other name.

Of course all babies are wonderful, and
everybody's own baby is more wonderful
than any other baby ever was; but this
little Perriwinkle had an astonishing
faculty of doing things. Even when he
was so small that he could not do much,
he would hold his chubby hands up be-
fore his eyes, and as the fingers opened
and shut would wink at them in the most
surprising manner. When he found out
that he had feet and toes—and he made
the discovery very soon—he would make
a hoop of his small body; and it was not
long before he managed, in one of those
acrobatic endeavors, to roll out of the
cradle. Fortunately he had become so
entangled with the pillow that it rolled
out with him, and he was not hurt; but
after that, his father, who had once been
a sailor, fitted the cradle with what he
called "rolling tackle." That is, he put
up light boards on each side of it, that
were too high for Lively to roll over.

But this story is not to be a record of
Lively Perriwinkle's babyhood, though that
was amusing enough. It is to tell
of an adventure that befell him when he
was five years old, and which was the
cause of his having the oldest name in
the family. Now Polly, his sister, was
one of those happy, sunny little girls,
whom all people love; and the neighbors,
when they had anything in the plaything
order that was very nice, always brought
it to Polly. She was so kind that every-
thing loved her; and so she had chickens
and a dog, and birds and rabbits, and a
guinea pig, and when she was at home
they would follow her. Even the wild
birds were never afraid of her, and would
come and eat from the ground close at
her feet; and one day Bellerophon, Squire
Brown's big mastiff, seeing some rough-
looking men in the road when Polly was
coming from school, walked home with
her. All the tramps were afraid of Bel-
lerophon, and Polly was not troubled by
them.

Now, Polly's chief treasure came to her
when Lively was five years old, and this
was a white kitten, a little fat, fluffy thing
that used to coil up in her lap and look
like a ball of cotton. When Polly was at
school, the kitten was left in charge of
Lively, who, for a small child, was very
careful of animals, having been taught by
his father, Jonas, that everything that has
life has feeling, and can be hurt.
Now Lively had a great love for Polly,
who was a most careful and tender com-
panion; and so when she had fixed the
food for the chickens and dog and rabbits,
and birds and guinea pig and kitten,
which she did every morning before going
to school, putting them in a little closet
her father had made for this purpose, she
told Lively just what to do, and when to
do it. And when she was gone, Lively
would go to the closet at least four times
every hour to see that all was right;
and he would then tell each one, the
chickens, and dog, and rabbits, and birds,
and guinea pig, and kitten, just how their
dinner looked, and when they were to
have it.

Now the kitten who was so white and
fluffy had been named Sambo; though
why a white kitten should be called Sam-
bo which is the name, generally, of a black
man, no one but Polly could tell. Now
Sambo had a great propensity to go trav-
eling, and he was also very careless. There
was not a path in the garden be-
fore the house, nor one in the orchard
back of it, that Sambo had not explored,
and through which Lively had not fol-
lowed him. Sambo too, was fond of
chasing moths; and the day when Lively
found his name—for his father said it was
Lively's own discovery—Sambo saw a
moth go flying past him. And when
Lively turned from feeding the chickens
to look for him, he saw his white tail go

behind an apple tree that stood near the
further side of the orchard, and hastily
dropping the dish and the chickens' din-
ner started in pursuit.

Next to the orchard was a wood; and
as Lively ran along the path he saw Sam-
bo scamper through the fence and run on
between the trees, and just ahead of him,
seeming like one of those wee faeries that
used to play such funny tricks with peo-
ple in the good old times, was a white
moth. Lively scrambled through the
fence and ran on after Sambo, but the
moth was in for a race, and Sambo was
determined to win it; and they kept
ahead of Lively, whose chubby legs did
their best, however, and were not far be-
hind.

Now, in the wood there was a brook,
not a very deep one in the summer, un-
less there had been a rain; and there had
been a heavy rain, so the brook was full,
and went singing and bubbling over the
stones. In some places, the banks of the
brook were about two feet high; and in
others, they were low and sweet with
wild-flowers. It can not be said of Sam-
bo that he was one of those wise kittens
who "look before they leap;" for, in try-
ing to catch the moth, he ran on until he
came to one of the steep places in the
bank of the brook, which was here quite
wide. The moth went flying across the
brook, and, it being cool there, stooped
toward the water; and Sambo, seeing
this, thought, "Now I have it," and
stooped to catch, not the moth but a duck-
ing. For Lively, who was close behind,
saw Sambo jump, heard a splash and a
pitiful mew, and running to the brook
saw a sally wet kitten gollering over and
over into the water.

Now, Polly had often said to Lively,
just as she kissed him good-bye at the
gate when starting for school, "Be careful
of Sambo, Lively, and don't let him get
lost or hurt"; and as soon as he saw the
wet kitten in the brook, Lively jumped
into the water after it.

The water was quite deep here—in fact,
it was quite deep all through the wood—
and ran swiftly, for the ground was slop-
ing; and it tumbled Lively down and
rolled him over, as it had done the kitten.
But Lively did not think of himself; he
scrambled to his feet and hurried on,
thinking only of Polly's "Don't let Sambo
get hurt or lost;" and a pole standing up
in the water having stopped Sambo for a
moment, Lively caught him. But the
water ran too swiftly for him to get back,
and it was nearly up to his arms; and he
did not know how to keep on with the
current, and work gradually toward the
shore, so he was in a sad plight. But he
held on to the kitten; and in a little
time he reached a place which the chil-
dren called the island. It was two rocks
close together, and the earth had gathered
about them and increased, so that there
was a place for two or three bushes to
grow. Lively put the kitten on this, and
then climbed up on the rocks. The sun
shone in between the trees; and Lively
sat in the sunshine and held the kitten,
which soon grew dry, and brushed its
white fur, and then began to play with
the leaves that swayed back and forth in
the wind.

Then dinner time came, and Lively
heard the horns at the farm-house call
the men home to their nooning. He had
ever been prompt to answer these, for he
was one of those healthy boys who was
always hungry; and so, when he did not
come his mother grew alarmed, and just
as her husband opened the road-gate, she
was starting out to look for her boy.
"He went to feed the chickens," she
said. So they went to the yard where
the chickens were kept, and there they
found the empty food-dish, but no Lively.
"I will go to the woods," said Jonas;
"he may have gone there to play, and
growing tired, lain down to sleep." So
he kept on, and soon discovered Lively
safely perched on the island.
Wading in—for, though the water was
up to Lively's arms, it did not reach the
tops of his father's boots—Jonas brought
both Lively and Sambo home; and when
dinner had been eaten—for Lively was
very hungry—asked him how he got on
the rocks.

Then Lively told of Sambo's chase after
Sambo; of Sambo's jump into the water,
and how he jumped after him; of their
rolling over and over; of his capturing
Sambo and landing him on the island;
and of their drying themselves in the
sun.

Then Jonas laughingly said: "The
child was not born to be drowned, but is
a regular Neptune. We will name him
Neptune."

And the family all agreed to it, though
Lively said he must keep his old name,
too. So they called him Neptune Lively
Perriwinkle, which was the oddest name
of all.

Sambo never jumped into the brook
again, though he still chased moths; but
Lively proved that he was a veritable
Perriwinkle, by tumbling into the brook so
often that his father declared he had
"measured it from end to end."
But he was never harmed by the wet-
ting he got—a fortunate thing—and all
owing, as his mother said, to the fact that
his father had once been a sailor. He
tumbled in still, though he is now ten
years old; and the last time I saw Polly,
which was a couple of days ago, she told
me that Neptune Lively Perriwinkle
had just been in the brook.—Portland
Transcript.

Professor Sheldon truly says that "if
the oleomargarine business, melted tallow
and other less creditable things result in
bringing about a thorough reform in
dry methods, we shall have reason after
all to be grateful.

One of the best disinfectants says the
Poultry Bulletin, is Condy's fluid, which
is made by putting one ounce of potas-
sian permanganate in a pint of cold water.
For use one ounce of this fluid should be
added to half a pint of water.

Asparagus is propagated by seed, which
is sown in spring as soon as the soil can
be worked. Sow in drill one foot apart,
and keep clear from weeds and grass. The
following spring they will be large enough
to set in permanent beds.

Children
CRY
FOR
Pitcher's
Castoria.

Mothers like, and Physicians recommend it.

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A CERTAIN AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY

FOR
Fever and Ague, Intermittent
and Remittent Fevers, &c.

This class of diseases so common in all parts
of the World, and especially prevalent in ma-
larious districts and vicinages of water-courses,
are almost invariably accompanied by more or
less derangement of the liver, and frequently
by a defective action of the digestive organs.
The mere breaking of the Chills is but a step
towards completing a radical cure; the various
organs of the body, especially the stomach and
liver, must be brought to a healthy and vigor-
ous condition before a permanent cure can be
established, and this fact has been specially
kept in view by Dr. Jayne in his treatment of
these complaints. The use of Jayne's Ague
Mixture, in conjunction with Jayne's Sanative
Pills, as prescribed in the Directions which
accompany each bottle, will not only

BREAK UP THE CHILLS,

but restore the system, more particularly the
liver and stomach, to a sound condition, and
prevent a relapse of Fever and Ague by thof-
oughly

ERADICATING THE DISEASE,

and the best evidence of this is the invariable
success which has always followed the admin-
istration of these remedies, as attested by the
certificates published annually in Dr. Jayne's
Almanac, and the wide-spread popularity of the
Ague Mixture in those districts of the United
States, where the disease, for which it is
adapted, most prevail.

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