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RETROSPECT.

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Sit down here beside me, my sweet Genevieve;
Hold my hands in your own, as you held them of old.
This hour of twilight has power to weave
All threads of the past into fabric of gold.

It comes as of yore with its odor of flowers,
With prodigal richness of deeply-green leaves,
This queen-month of summer—it comes, and its hours
Of twilight are those to which my soul cleaves.

And pleasant it is for the hour to lie here,
Forgetful of ills that have been or may be;
I think, Genevieve, but for you I would die here,
And so end the contest betwixt Death and me.

For the fight has been long and painful and weary—
Ah, love, could I only have borne it alone!
The days laden-houred, the nights sad and dreary,
The anguish of body and mind I have known—

Do you sometimes think, my sweet Genevieve,
How brightly before us the future once gleamed?
How often of old on a summer eve
Have we sat in Love's sweet silence and dreamed?—

Of all the beautiful things that should be;
Of the wonderful deeds I should some day do,
When every honor that came to me
Should be a love-offering unto you?

Fair, oh fair was that sunset vision,
Seen through the diamond lens of Love;
Forever we wandered in fields of Elysian,
A heaven around us, a heaven above!

And this is the end of all our dreaming!
Ah, sweet Genevieve, the hot tears start—
How bitter the real as compared with the seeming,
How black the To-day which was once a part

Of that roseate Future that opened before us!
God pity us both, and pity all
Who are stricken thus, for now hangs o'er us
Naught save the shadow of the pall!

And yet, Genevieve, though Misery has found us,
We, likewise, have found how mighty is Love;
If faded forever the heaven around us,
Forever awaits us the heaven above!

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

Carradine sat alone at his easel, painting; and as he painted he thought.—Eight years before, when he was a poor and struggling boy, just entering on that race which must be run by every aspirant to art and its honors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the streets a wreath of fragrant roses suddenly fell on his head, and, looking up in wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered draperies of an overhanging window, a child, with fairy-like proportions, with great, dark eyes, and long, curling black locks, who stood smiling and throwing him kisses from her curved lips, colored like a pomegranate.—While she still gazed a nurse had came forward and drawn the child away: the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature no more.

Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his memory; in his memory only, for he had no second glimpse of the child. That very day an accident occurred which kept him a prisoner in his room for some weeks, and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great flaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little white-robed elf had stood waving her hand and smiling to him. In course of time other faces appeared there, but they were strange faces and among them was never the one for which he looked.

Now, as Carradine sat painting alone, he thought of all this; of the success that had ended at length in struggles; of his hard unfriended boyhood and of the beautiful child with her fragrant rose-crown, which had seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose-wreath, dry and withered now, was all that was left to him of the fair vision, but when this morning, in turning over an old port folio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to him of that by-gone day just as eloquently as when its blossoms were fresh and pure.

"Eight years ago," he said, thoughtfully, letting the shriveled circlet slip through his fingers slowly. "She must be near sixteen now—if she lives. If? No, I do not doubt her living presence—somewhere. I wonder where she is now, and what she is like at sixteen?"

With that he placed the wreath beside his easel, and began to paint. The face, as it grew on the canvas, presented a young girl, in the dewy, morning blush of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes, and a half smile about the bright curved lips, like an embodied summer sun shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the child-woman, whose infantile look and smile for eight long years had been his own dream of love.

Carradine had not had an easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify that inherent idolatry for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought and he had won; but now, at 26, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself almost as much alone as he had been eight years before when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless.—There were men who liked and sought him, women who would have gladly taught him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But though his nature responded readily to any kindness, there was one chord, deeper than all, that remained untouched; and, from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

The ideal head became his great source of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness had within his dark gray eyes, as line by line and tint by tint took him back into that past, which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him, in those moments, more real than the busy present. Yet now, in reviewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bending over it, too absorbed to notice any approach. As the door opened, Carradine rose hastily, turning his easel to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little stratagem, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Aha, master painter," he said, with a laugh, "let us see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep!"

With that he laid his hand on the frame and receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in praise.

"But who is it, Carradine? If it is a portrait tell me where to find the original, and I will, if it is a seven days' journey!"

Carradine smiled.

"If I myself knew where to find such an orginal, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend," he answered evasively.

"Oh, a fancy sketch," said the other, misled, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh and blood face ever looked like that—the more shame to nature, I say! Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?"

"No," answered the painter quietly.

"No!" repeated the other in surprise. "But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, and you will have a swarm of visitors, worse than a plague of Egypt, let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober reason.

"You are right," he said. "I shall send the picture for exhibition. It will be better so."

After his visitor had left him alone again Carradine bent long over his easel gazing into the lovely, upturned face, until it began to fade into the gathering twilight.

"If—if!" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously, "But it cannot be. Yet I will send it—and perhaps—"

And so the picture was sent, in due time; and it seemed almost as if Carradine's soul had gone with it and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery, scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors, whom taste or fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went away unsatisfied and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still, the object of his search, whatever it may have been, does not appear and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio he began to paint, but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.

When he entered the small side room in which his picture hung he found but two persons within, a young man and girl.

Carradine could not see the faces of these two, but, with an earnestness for which he was at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as they moved slowly toward his picture. But the next moment an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Leila! What does it mean? Who can the painter be?"

With that, he hurried out to purchase a catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to the girl.

"I am the painter," he said.

She turned and looked at him with one steady gaze from those glorious eyes that had haunted his visions for so many years. Then she spoke:

"You painted that picture, and how?"

"From remembrance," he answered. "It was my only tribute to the little unknown princess who crowned me once with roses. Does she, too, remember it?"

For a moment doubt was in her face; but as he looked fixedly at her it vanished in certainty. A smile just touched the bright lips.

"It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses—a princess who gave away honors unasked. How often I have wondered since—"

She stopped, turned to the canvass and added abruptly, "But I was a child then; and here—"

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "Is it so hard to understand?—The same power that kept the child in my heart showed me into what she would ripen."

She did not look at him now, but at the picture, as she asked in a low voice, "And whom am I to thank for such an honor?"

"My name is Hubert Carradine," he answered, and the name at once that was no unfamiliar word to her. "And yours? Through all these years your face has haunted me always, but your name I never knew."

She hesitated a moment, then turned to him.

"You never knew my name? Then think of me still as you have thought of me through all these years," she said, a half smile lingering about her mouth, but never lighting the great dark eyes that were shaded by some subtle sadness.

The look, the tone, transported Carradine beyond all remembrance of place or circumstance, into the unreal realm of imagination in which his wish was supreme ruler.

"I have thought of you always as my life and my love," he said, half unconsciously his dreamy, deep gray eyes glowing upon her face. She blushed suddenly, and then paled in an instant. Just then her former companion entered the room.

"I am 'Leila Auverney,'" she said, hastily, "and this is Cecil Wyndham, my—my betrothed husband."

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step and looked at the two. His was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time, that it would be hard for an unpracticed eye to conjecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Nevertheless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

She said a few low-spoken words to her companion, who presently moved toward Carradine, the painter of this picture.

Carradine bowed without speaking.

"Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. Wyndham.

"Partly so, but suggested by the face of a little girl," answered the artist.

"But the likeness is so very striking!" muttered the young gentleman. "I must have it at any rate. Of course you will part with it—at your own price?"

"The picture is not for sale," said Carradine, quietly, still regarding the young man with that cool, steady gaze which had already caused him to betray a hesitation, almost confusion, very unlike his usual easy confidence. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that the artist was measuring him, and to shrink from that measurement with unconscious dread.

Carradine saw Leila Auverney once more before she returned to her home in a distant town. Then he took his picture from the academy walls, and hung it in his studio, where his eyes could find it whenever he looked away from his work. For he did not give up work; yet, among themselves, his friends pronounced him an altered man, and marveled what had caused so subtle a difference. Always quiet, he now seemed to live in an ideal world of his own; and, whatever he might occupy himself with there was that in his manner which appeared to imply that it was only a temporary diversion until the coming of some event for which he was waiting.

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carradine. It was very brief, but it was enough to assure him of that which he had been almost unconsciously expecting.

The letter was from Leila Auverney. He went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her eyes such as he had not seen there when she stood in the gallery beside her betrothed husband; a light which recalled the merry child who had smiled upon him so long ago.

"Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told you my fortune was gone, but I did not tell you how utterly it had been swept away. I am nothing better than a beggar. Will you take me for one of your students, for charity's sake?"

He looked searchingly into her smiling face.

"And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in a low voice.

She laughed without so much as a flush of emotion.

"Mr. Wyndham has gone with the rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carradine, that I am not worth as much now as my picture."

The words as she said them did not seem bitter. He took her hands.

"Leila," he said, "does your loss make you unhappy?"

"Do I look so?" she asked, gaily. "As for the marriage it was my father's wish, and to gratify his dying request I consented—before I knew my own heart—" Here a vivid color shot into her cheek, but she went on. "There never was love on my side, and on his, well—money is much more than love—with some natures. I do not wish to blame him."

Carradine's grasp tightened on her hands.

"Leila," he said, "once your answer put a bar between us, when I spoke words that were surprised out of my heart. Will you let me say them now, if I should say them once more? My love, my life, will you come to me?"

"Will I come?" she repeated, looking up into his eyes and drawing nearer, until his arms were silently folded about her.

And so Carradine found his love at last.

Not long ago an officer of the army, who, having lost his upper teeth, wore a false set, was engaged in serious conversation with some Indians. His plate troubling him he took it out and wiped it with his handkerchief. The Indians watched the process with unfeigned astonishment. When the Captain, putting the plate in his mouth, went on with the conversation, they sprang to their feet and left the room and post in all haste, and with every symptom of extreme terror.—Waifs.

The Value of Humus in the Soil.

A factor of the soil is to be considered in the light of a plant nourisher, and though its chemical influence favorable to tree growth, is the humus, which forms the covering of all good forest soils, and is produced by the decay of the yearly fallen foliage, twigs, etc., and other decaying vegetable matter and consists of the combination of neutral salts. The acids, which are formed in some humus soils, according to Liebig, are not components of a fertile humus, but belong to that of the peaty and marshy soils, which are not favorable to tree growth. Carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are the main components of humus. It has been asserted that the humus ought to be considered as furnishing the supply of carbon, which forms the largest part in the composition of the woody fiber. For any one who has seen the forests of large extent along the dunes of Southern France and the sea sand of the North German plain, lacking all traces of humus, nay, containing so little carbon that after heating it will not leave a trace of black or coloring, it needs not to cite Liebig's proof of the insufficiency of the humus or any part of the soil, to prove the amount of carbon necessary for the building up of the tree and a forest. Besides, who could reasonably accept, as logic would compel us, the creation or decayed organic matter previous, and as a condition of following plant life.

Yet that there is a chemical influence of the humus on forest growth cannot be denied. Not only does the decaying vegitable matter develop a considerable amount of ammonia, which, imparted to the atmosphere, enriches it with the needed nitrogen, but also of carbonic acid, which contributes largely to the disintegration of the rock, and increases the solubility of the carbonate and phosphate of lime. This influence will be readily admitted as important, when we remember that in ten thousands parts of pure water only one part of carbonate of lime is soluble, while in the same quantity of water acidulated with carbonic acid, ten parts of that salt will dissolve.

But the greatest significance of the humus lies in its physical influence, which is more important where the other factors of "soilbonity"—depth, looseness, humidity, are lacking. A considerable layer of humus increases depth; a bad conductor of heat, counteracts the drying effect of the sun which, added to its capacity of absorbing easily and retaining long the meteoric precipitations, makes it a very desirable covering of the soil. The humus being of medium looseness tends to diminish the extremes of the physical properties of the soil.

We may sum up the influence of the soil on forest growth by stating that its chemical composition is only of minor importance, almost all soils furnishing sufficient inorganic basis of the description which is needed by forest growth; that its main influence consists in its physical properties, represented by its depth, looseness and depending on these, the capacity of absorbing a retaining moisture, which properties may be increased or even compensated for by a sufficient layer of humus. The existence of these properties in their highest perfection in due proportion are inducive to the prosperity of any species, but the necessity of their existence is a relative one with regard to the different species.—[Cor. National Farmer.

A Coal Economizer.

Mr. Pridgin Teale says truly that our present open fireplaces are all on the furnace system, and advocates the adoption of a remarkably simple plan, which converts them at once into slow combustion grates. A plate of iron to inclose the space between the hearth and the lowest bar of the grate is all that is wanted, or, in his own words, "a simple shield resting on the hearth and rising as high as the bottom bar of the grate. It cost two or three shillings, and requires no fixing or "man's time." The economizer makes three tons of coal do the work of four. By its universal use in Leeds Infirmary it saves £100 a year in coal. It consumes all cinders, and leaves at the bottom of the grate a fine ash, valuable to farmers. It is reckoned that if everybody in the United Kingdom converted his fireplace into a slow-combustion grate, on the principles laid down by Mr. Teale, there would be a saving in the consumption of coal of nearly 9,000,000 tons in the year. Having heard of the economizer a few months ago, I got Jones of Down street, Picadilly, to put one into my kitchen stove and drawing-room fireplace, and have found no discontent expressed below, and much satisfaction felt above, as the fire keeps in regardless of much attention from the butler, and always looks cheery and bright when I come home.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

Boys' Pistols Fifty Years Ago.

Week before last Titus Darlington, carpenter, in tearing down a portion of the farm house of Taylor Hoopes, of West Goshen township, Chester county, in order to enlarge the building, came across a large sized horse pistol that had been lost for fifty years. In 1832 Taylor Hoopes and his brother Lewis, the latter now deceased, purchased this pistol from a gunsmith in West Chester, named Emanuel Gosher, for $2 50; cheap enough, considering the size and quality of the weapon. Benjamin Hoopes, the father of the boys, who were then about sixteen years of age, did not approve of the lads having so dangerous a plaything—Mr. Hoopes was a wise man—so the boys concluded to keep "Old Diamer," as they named their miniature cannon, as much out of parental eyesight as possible, and they hid it away in the loft of the house over the cellar beams, between partition and wall. To have it convenient for use they made a little wagon, in which they placed "Old Diamer," a powder-horn and a small bag of shot. To the wagon they attached a string, and thus they lowered and pulled up the artillery wagon, gun and ammunition when they wished to use them, or hurry them out of sight of the "old man." But one day the rope broke—whether the old gentleman was "hunting the boys too close" we cannot say—and down to the bottom of the partition went wagon, pistol and all, with a crash that sent sadness to the very bottom of the hearts of Taylor and Lewis. After fishing for hours day in and day out with a pole and a hook, with the hope of catching the wagon and drawing it up, they abandoned the task and gave up their treasures as lost. When the carpenters tore down the building, Taylor Hoopes, who is now a man on the shady side of life, stood by, thinking of "Old Diamer." Board after board was taken down, and the little ammunition wagon at last came in sight and in it lay "Old Diamer," the powder and shot, all in the same good condition, with the exception of a little rust on the pistol, as they were the day they so suddenly went from the sight of the boys half a century ago. Mr. Hoopes rubbed the pistol with a little oil, loaded it with the old powder, and, in honor of the occasion, shot it off with a report that made the Goshen hills echo.—Westchester Record.

Gabbling Women.

One of the greatest annoyances to a foreman or overseer, as well as to the industrious workman who wishes to perform his whole duty, is the habit of gabbling indulged in by those who insist upon talking of current events, and often the world's entire history, during business. In no workshop is this practice so deleterious as in the printing office, for in no other is there so close and undivided attention required to produce the best results. No man can set type with proper care when his mind is occupied with the consideration of other affairs, especially if that consideration is enforced upon him by the audible conversation of someone near him. A printer must think while he works, and he must think of the task before him. He must decipher his copy and give thought to his punctuation, and even to the construction of the sentences, and this he cannot do while his attention is diverted to something entirely foreign to it. He can think of but one thing at a time; and if he is talking of politics, religion or social ills, he will of necessity neglect the work placed before him.

The practice of promiscuous talking in a workshop is, moreover, a dishonest one. The employer pays the employe for the work he is expected and supposed to perform; and the time paid for belongs to him, and if it is occupied with idle gossip he is defrauded of that which is his due. A few moments conversation between two compositors may seem a small matter; but when it includes, as it generally does, several men, at frequent intervals, it becomes quite a serious affair, resulting in absolute loss to the master workmen. "Many a mickle makes a muckle;" and fifteen minutes a day makes an hour and a half during the week.

It is a homely saying, "the still sow drinks the swill;" and among compositors it will be noticed that those who do the least talking will, other things being equal, set more type and do it better than their garrulous neighbors whose tongues are continually running.

We are not advocating military in the printing office. There is no harm in an occasional pleasant joke or snatch of a popular song; these rather relieve the irksomeness of continuous toil. But the privilege of indulgence should never be abused to the detriment either of the customer or employer.

MORBID APPETITE FOR PAPER.—There recently died in a town near St. Louis a woman named Latimer, who had a morbid appetite for paper. She literally devoured books, newspapers, and all kinds of literature. She would chew up a magazine with the same relish that an ordinary person would manifest in eating a sirloin steak. She was especially fond of printed matter. The ink seemed to add an additional flavor to the provender. She would tear from their bindings and masticate the leaves, or, if nothing more delectable was at hand, she fed upon common straw wrapping-paper, such as the grocers' and butchers' parcels are wrapped up in. She is said to have inherited the curious appetite, and to have begun to chew paper simultaneously with the cutting of her first teeth. Paper was a monomania with her. She was an intelligent woman and indulged in no other freaks. During the closing years of her life her friends had to keep a constant guard over her to prevent her from swallowing the contents of book cases and despoiling the parlor table of its poetry and its art.

MADE A MISTAKE.—A very estimable woman, so far as character is concerned, was sent with a recommendation to Senator Vest of Missouri for a place in one of the departments. Understanding that a clerical post was what she wanted the Senator told her to make her application in writing. Next day the good woman brought her formal application. The Senator and a friend looked it over and concluded that it clearly showed the writer incompetent for the position sought. She was informed of the verdict and said, with tears. "Now see how easy it is to make a mistake. That was written by a person high up in the department. As for myself, I can't write at all."

Denmark asks that Danes who went to Holstein before the war of 1864 shall be exempted from Prussian military duty.

GENERAL AND FARM ITEMS.

Iowa has more than 500 creameries.

Russia prohibits military officers from all connection with the press.

The Pope praises the piety of Mexico, and trusts she will renew her relations with the Vatican.

It is reported that in parts of Switzerland there had been 200 rainy days last year up to the end of November with only 50 days of sunshine.

There are some marriages that remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife; so we got married."

Office holders constitute an army in New York city. There are 20,000 Federal State and municipal officers and the prospects of additions instead of subtractions from the force.

Every care and attention shown to horses, no matter what their condition is, will bring its reward. The kind influence thrown around a young horse will have its effect on its character in after years.

Mr. A. Fallor, of Iowa says young pigs just weaned are sometimes overfed in the desire to give them enough. When their sides distend they have too much. Hogs should not be overfed just because they are hogs.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known that stamped envelopes, when spoiled through misdirection or other causes, can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the same denomination at the nearest postoffice.

A vigorous plant of corn cockle has about sixty pods and blossoms. Each pod has about fifty seeds, the total number of seeds to each plant is about 300. At this rate of seeding it is not surprising that weeds get the majority of the soil.

In feeding sweet milk to pigs, trials made at the Wisconsin experiment farm showed that on an average four pounds of corn meal were equal to twenty pounds of sweet skim milk, or one pound of meal equal to five of milk if fed separately.

It is estimated that there are 200,000 vagabonds and beggars in the German Empire, including thieves, pickpockets and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of $25,000,000.

The cigar industries of York and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania, is something remarkable. Lancaster county manufacturers produce 125,000,000 and York 120,000,000 cigars annually. The revenue from cigars alone in these two counties amounts to $1,300,000 annually.

The population of Manila was being decimated by cholera, says a colonial paper, when a tremendous hurricane swept over the island and acted as a meteorological antiseptic, for on the following day not a single additional case of cholera broke out and none have been reported since.

Onions, to be deprived of strong odor, should be boiled in salted water for ten minutes, and then put in cold fresh water for half an hour; after that they should be put into a stewpan with just enough cold fresh water to cover them, and boiled gently till tender. Drain and serve with melted butter.

Lambs can be made to shear from two to four pounds more wool by a little extra care and feed during the winter. The extra wool will more than pay for the extra feeding, and the result will be a much larger and stronger sheep. For this purpose feed good clover hay, with bran, oats and corn mixed equally.

Evangelist Barnes writes to the Stanford, Ky., Journal that he has become convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race came from the ten last tribes of Israel. He also learns that "Queen Victoria today prides not herself on being of the house of Guelph, but on better lineage still—a lineal descendant of David," and that Disraeli's policy was shaped by a knowledge of the same fact.

The latest instance of Yankee ingenuity is the manufacture of artificial cloves by machinery. The bogus cloves are made of soft deal wood, pine or poplar, stained a dark color and soaked in a solution of essence of cloves to give them the required aroma. A recent shipment to Zanzibar was traced to the United States. Keep on the safe side and take a few grains of coffee.

A single thoroughbred male introduced in a farming section for purposes of improvement adds more wealth than any other investment that can be made. Though worth but very little in the shape of so many pounds of animal matter, the value of the progeny may reach away up in the thousands. Farmers should learn this fact and take it into consideration.—Farmers' Magazine.

The commissioner of the general land office states, in reply to an inquiry made by an ex-soldier, that when a soldier's declaratory statement is filed to a tract of land, the soldier is required to make an actual entry to the land and also to establish his residence and common improvement within six moths after the date of filing, and that he is allowed six moths more within which to commence residence improvement.

The winter season is very important in the management of fruit trees. Some believe that if the foundation of a tree be properly laid in youth there will be no necessity for pruning an adult tree. This does not accord with the writer's experience. An intelligent examination both with the saw and knife in hand should be made every winter. Real, good, large, healthy leaves in every part of a tree is of vast importance, and these cannot be had when branches are close together, smothering one another.—[Prairie Farmer.