

IN THE NATIONAL HALLS OF CONGRESS

Tuesday, May 29.

Washington, May 29.—Senator Perkins made an effort in the senate today to secure a subsidy of \$217,000 a year in addition to the amount now paid to the Oceanic Steamship company, plying between San Francisco and Australia. The sum is the same as carried for that company by the shipping bill, which passed the senate early in the session, and when Patterson asked Perkins why he did not wait for the passage of the shipping bill, the latter replied that "he deferred making the heart sick." The amendment was declared out of order on a point raised by Clay.

Washington, May 29.—During the consideration of the diplomatic and consular bill today in the house, an interesting debate was had on the amendment proposed by Longworth, of Ohio, to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the acquisition in foreign capitals of proper sites and buildings for the embassies and legations of the United States for the residence of ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries.

Longworth, in urging his amendment, which went out on a point of order, insisted that, by providing residences for our ambassadors the question of rent would be eliminated. He said that was now the largest necessary expense. With a residence provided by the government, a man of moderate means could live in a dignified way on his salary.

Monday, May 28.

Washington, May 28.—The senate today sent the railroad rate bill to conference, listened to a long defense by Kittredge of a sea level canal and three Democratic speeches on the resolution in relation to the purchase of canal supplies in foreign markets, and devoted the remainder of its time to the postoffice appropriation bill.

No objection was made to the appointment of ranking members of the interstate commerce committee as conferees on the rate bill, and they were not instructed in any manner. They are Eikins, Cullom and Tillman.

Washington, May 28.—Early in the session of the house today Williams, Miss., the floor leader of the minority, made the point that there was no quorum present, and it took a call of the house to start the wheels of legislation. After the appearance of a quorum, the house concurred in amendments made by the senate to a number of house bills. The house resolved itself into a "city council" for the consideration of bills relating to the District of Columbia.

The compulsory education bill for the district occupied most of the day, being finally placed on its passage. On a division, the absence of a quorum was disclosed. Williams made the point of no quorum, and a call of the house ensued, the yeas and nays being called on the passage of the bill.

Saturday, May 26.

Washington, May 26.—During the course of a listless day's legislation on the diplomatic and consular bill in the house today, Champ Clark, of Missouri, stated that he had heard whisperings that the Chinese exclusion law was to be modified to affect all classes of Chinese, with the exception of coolie labor. He gave notice that, if there was any such intention on the part of the majority, he would fight such a change to the last ditch; that he had been somewhat instrumental in putting the Chinese exclusion law on the statute books, and that for one he would not agree to its modification.

Under general debate, the house having met at 11 o'clock for further consideration of the diplomatic bill, speeches were made by a number of members and this subject took a wide range, from pensioning the Missouri militia to the rate bill.

Friday, May 25.

Washington, May 25.—The senate today passed the agricultural appropriation bill, carrying an appropriation of \$7,800,000, and, without a word of debate or an objection from any source, added to it as an amendment the bill providing for an inspection of fresh meats intended for domestic consumption.

A number of other bills were passed. The sea level Panama canal bill was made the unfinished business.

The message of the house, declining to accept the senate amendments to the railroad rate bill was received, but the senate conferees were not named. The

Torrent of Anti-Smoot Petitions.

Washington, May 29.—Protests against the retention of Reed Smoot as a senator of the United States flooded the senate today, as follows: Minnesota, by Senator Clapp, 6,802; Indiana, by Senator Hemenway, 8,341; New Hampshire, by Senator Gallinger, 3,265; Kentucky, by Senator Blackburn, about 2,800; Alabama, by Senator Morgan, 801; Kansas, by Senator Long, 14,862; North Carolina, by Senator Simmons, 2,098. It is said that petitions will be received from every state and territory in the United States.

Seattle May Dig Her Canal.

Washington, May 29.—An understanding has been reached by members of the house committee on rivers and harbors which will result in a favorable report on a bill providing that the United States shall maintain the canal at Seattle connecting Lake Union and Shilshole bay with Puget sound. The consideration for maintenance of the waterway by the government is that a lock shall be built by a private corporation at the head of Shilshole bay.

senate adjourned until Monday.

Washington, May 25.—In the house of representatives today the question of veracity was raised between Cooper, of Wisconsin, and Hepburn, of Iowa, over a conversation in which the latter is alleged to have participated with a member of the senate and in which, Cooper asserted, the member of the house and the senator referred to agreed that the so-called express company amendment to the railroad rate bill should not remain in the bill.

The house was turbulent during the consideration of the rule sending the rate bill to conference, the fear of many members being that the rule, which disagreed to the senate amendments on the conference and gave them an opportunity, if they so desired, to vote on the express company amendment, the amendment relating to pipe lines and the sleeping-car amendment.

Thursday, May 24.

Washington, May 24.—The senate entered today upon the consideration of the agricultural appropriation bill. Hale criticized the provision permitting the secretary of agriculture to extend to 30 days the fortnight's leave now allowed to employees outside the city of Washington, expressing the opinion that the practice is growing rapidly, and that it will soon extend to all the postoffices of the country if not checked. He spoke of the general demand for government employment, saying that such employees became "a hungry, persistent band of mendicants," and that congress is dragged, importuned and browbeaten by the demands of this organized band of subordinates. Hale referred to the possibility of pensioning government employees.

The free alcohol bill was passed by the senate practically as it came from the house.

Washington, May 24.—Speaker Cannon, with the memory of yesterday's proceedings in his mind, took a new tack today when the house of representatives met, by sending word to Curtis, of Kansas, to raise the point of "no quorum" when a division was demanded by Williams, of Mississippi, on the vote to resume consideration of the diplomatic and consular bill. Mr. Curtis made the point of "no quorum," taking the wind out of Williams' sails, the "call of the house" proceeding under Republican demand instead of on the demand of the leader of the minority. A quorum was present, the vote being, Yeas 222, nays 21, present 19.

Wednesday, May 23.

Washington, May 23.—In addition to passing a half dozen bills to which no objection was made, the senate devoted its entire session today to the immigration bill, which was passed just before the hour of adjournment. The major portion of the discussion was devoted to the provision for supplying information concerning the different sections of the country to newly arrived immigrants.

The bill consists of a series of amendments to the existing law, all of them intended to permit stricter regulations for keeping out the defective classes of aliens. The head tax is increased from \$2 to \$5.

An amendment requiring an educational test for immigrants and also requiring that no immigrant carrying less than \$25 should be admitted was presented by Simmons, who spoke in support of it. Lodge offered a substitute confining the test to an educational requirement and providing that no alien more than 16 years of age who cannot read in some language shall be admitted except members of the families of male adults now residing in the United States. Simmons accepted the substitute and it was adopted.

Washington, May 23.—When the house met today an unusual scene occurred. Williams, the minority leader, demanded the yeas and noes on a motion of Adams, of Pennsylvania, to go into committee of the whole for the further consideration of the diplomatic and consular bill. This was refused, the speaker holding that one-fifth of the members present had not risen to demand the yeas and noes.

"I demand that the other side be taken," called out Williams.

The speaker refused to take the negative on a rising vote, stating that but a short time before it had been demonstrated that a quorum was present, 195.

Then Williams thundered out a protest against the speaker's ruling.

May Not Confirm.

Washington, May 28.—In the light of the attitude assumed by the senate subcommittee on judiciary, it is quite probable that William C. Bristol will not be confirmed at this session as district attorney for Oregon. The subcommittee is not favorable to Bristol's confirmation, yet does not go to the extent of recommending the rejection of his nomination. It will probably make no report to the full committee, which means that the committee will not report to the senate and no action will be taken before the adjournment.

Proposes Postal Telegraph.

Washington, May 28.—The idea of a postal telegraph has a warm advocate in Samuel W. Smith, member of congress from Michigan, who in a carefully prepared speech today in the house insisted that if the government would undertake such a system, the deficit in the postal department would be almost wiped out. "We should," he said, "have a first-class postal telegraph in the United States in connection with our splendid postal facilities."

OBJECT TO JUDGE SMITH.

Lawyers for Federation Officials Ask Change of Venue.

Caldwell, Idaho, May 30.—When the Canyon county district court convened here yesterday morning, the cases of Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood and George A. Pettibone, officers of the Western Federation of Miners, who are charged with the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, were called, attorneys for the prisoners immediately filed notice of alleged disqualifications which should prevent District Judge Frank Smith from sitting as trial judge, and gave notice of a motion for change of venue.

Twenty-six reasons are alleged to disqualify Judge Smith are given. Among other points it is alleged that Governor Frank E. Gooding has issued a public manifesto, declaring the guilt of the defendants and that he has proof of their guilt.

The fact that Judge Smith is an appointee of the governor is set forth, and the allegation that he is subject to the influence of the governor is made. The manner of drawing the grand jury in this county also is attacked. The petition severely criticizes the conduct of both Governor Gooding and Judge Smith in relation to these cases.

Before taking any notice of the motion in behalf of the defendants, James R. Hawley, chief counsel for the prosecution, filed affidavits setting forth the present status of the habeas corpus proceedings taken to the Federal Supreme court on appeal from the Federal court for the district of Idaho. He said the trial of the defendants could not proceed until the habeas corpus matter should be disposed of by dismissal or final decision in the Supreme court.

Nothing was accomplished beyond submitting to Judge Smith legal points claimed for the prosecution to be a bar to further proceedings at this time. An adjournment was taken until Thursday.

PASS DISEASED MEAT.

Special Commissioner Reynolds Saw It Done in Chicago.

Chicago, May 30.—How 24 out of 31 diseased cattle were "passed" under the eyes of James B. Reynolds, one of President Roosevelt's special commissioners appointed to investigate conditions at the stockyards, was divulged today by a man who accompanied Reynolds to the plant of the Standard Slaughterhouse company. This case dictated in a large measure the report of the commissioners and brought about the inspection bill now before congress.

Mr. Reynolds reached the slaughterhouse shortly after 7 o'clock. Unknown to those in the place, he made an examination of the cattle in the pen. There were 31 diseased cattle standing in the pens when he visited the place. Without exception, the "umps" in their jaws, according to the testimony of one who was with him, were from the size of a coconut to that of a peck measure. Mr. Reynolds watched these cattle brought to the killing beds and slaughtered.

"How many of them were condemned on post-mortem inspection?" he asked the city inspector, after all had been killed.

"Seven," replied the inspector.

The commissioner turned away sickened.

"What becomes of the products of these vats?" asked the commissioner of Cornelius Short, manager of the slaughterhouse.

"The grease goes to the butterine man and other users of grease, the solids to the fertilizer."

"What is done with the meat that passes?" was the next question.

"There are two firms in Chicago that make a business of buying it, and it is sold to certain restaurants and hotels."

"There was not a dozen in that bunch of 31," said the commissioner to his companion, as he walked out of the place, "that could rightly have been passed."

The Standard Slaughterhouse company was organized during the administration of Governor John P. Altgeld, who compelled its establishment so that the handling of diseased meat could be centralized and thus better controlled.

Must Pay Franchise Tax.

Washington, May 30.—The case of the New York Central railroad company vs. N. L. Miller, controller of the state of New York, involving the New York state law imposing a franchise tax on railroad property in that state, was decided by the Supreme court yesterday favorably to the state, the opinion being delivered by Justice Holmes. The case involves taxes of \$889,000, and the decision rested on the permanent sites of cars which had been assessed. The court holds that the sites of the cars are in New York.

Damage to Federal Buildings.

San Francisco, May 30.—Judge W. W. Morrow, of the subcommittee on federal buildings, reported as follows at yesterday's meeting of the committee of forty: The estimated damages to federal buildings in San Francisco on account of the earthquake, fire and use of dynamite is as follows: Appraiser's store, \$10,000; sub treasury, \$30,000; mint, \$65,000; postoffice and United States court building, \$500,000; revenue cutter storehouse, \$6,000.

Land Open to Entry.

Redding, Cal., May 30.—The Redding land office received notification from Washington that \$20,000 acres of irrigation and forest reserve land in the Klamath lake section in Siskiyou county will be thrown open to entry and location September 3. It is valuable agricultural, mineral and grazing land and a big rush is expected.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"By the bye," said Vickers, "I suppose we shall have to get that fellow up for the trial. We have to identify the villains."

"Can't you and I do that?" asked Frere, uneasily.

"I am afraid not. I wouldn't like to swear to a man after five years."

"We had better get up a few prisoners who were at the harbor at the time," said Vickers, "I wouldn't let the villains slip through my fingers for anything."

"And are the men at Port Arthur old men?" asked Meekin.

"Old convicts," returned Vickers. "It's our place for 'colonial-sentence' men. The worst we have are there. It has taken the place of Macquarie Harbor. What excitement there will be among them when the schooner goes down on Monday! Most of the prisoners are liars, you see, and a trip to Hobart Town is like a holiday to them."

"And do they never leave the place when sentenced for life?" said Meekin. "How distressing?"

"Never, except when they die," said Frere, with a laugh; "and then they are buried on the island. Oh, it's a fine place! You should come down with me and have a look at it, Mr. Meekin. Pictureque, I can assure you."

"My dear Maurice," says Sylvia, going to the piano, as if in protest to the turn the conversation was taking, "how can you talk like that?"

"I should much like to see it," said Meekin.

The convict-servant, who had entered with some official paper for the major, stared at the dainty clergyman, and rough Maurice laughed again. "Oh, it's a stunning climate," he cried; "and nothing to do. Just the place for you. There's a regular little colony here. All the scandals in Van Dieman's Land are hatched at Port Arthur."

This agreeable chatter about scandal and climate seemed a strange contrast to the graveyard island and the men who were prisoners for life. Perhaps Sylvia thought so, for she struck a few chords, which, compelling the party, out of sheer politeness, to cease talking for a moment, caused the conversation to flag, and hinted to Mr. Meekin that it was time for him to depart.

Sylvia burst into laughter as the door closed. "What a ridiculous creature!" said she. "Bless the man, with his gloves and his umbrella, and his hair and his scent! Fancy that mincing noodle showing me the way to heaven! I'd rather have old Mr. Bowes, papa, though he is as blind as a beetle."

"My dear Sylvia," said Vickers, seriously, "Mr. Meekin is a clergyman, you know."

"Oh, I know," said Sylvia; "but then, a clergyman can talk like a man, can't he? Why do they send such people here? I am sure they could do much better at home. Oh, by the way, papa, dear, poor old Danny's come back again. I told him he might go into the kitchen. May he, dear?"

"You'll be the house full of these vagabonds, you little puss," said Vickers, kissing her. "I suppose I must let him stay."

"Maurice, you are a great bear, and if you hadn't saved my life, you know, I shouldn't love you a bit. There, you may kiss me" (her voice grew softer). "This convict business has brought it all back, and I should be ungrateful if I didn't love you, dear."

Maurice Frere, with suddenly crimsoned face, accepted the proffered caress, and then turned away to the window. "I am not half good enough for you," he cried, with sudden vehemence.

"It's my happiness that you've got to think of, Captain Bruin," said the girl. "You've saved my life, haven't you? And I should be wicked if I didn't love you! No, no, no-classes," she added, putting out her hand. "Come, papa, it's cool now; let's walk in the garden, and leave Maurice to think of his own unworthiness."

Maurice watched the retreating pair with a puzzled expression. "She always leaves me for her father," he said to himself. "I wonder if she really loves me, or if it's only gratitude, after all?" He had often asked himself the same question during the five years of his wooing, but he had never satisfactorily answered it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The evening passed as it had passed a hundred times before. Captain Frere's home was a cottage on the New Town road, which he had occupied since his appointment as assistant police magistrate, an appointment given to him as a reward for his exertions in connection with the Oprey mutiny. His convict servant had sat up for him, and, as he entered the house handed him a letter, bearing a superscription in a female hand.

"Who brought this?" asked Frere, hastily tearing it open to read.

"The groom, sir. He said that there was a gentleman at The George the Fourth who wished to see you."

"You needn't wait," said Frere to the man. "I shall have to go back again, I suppose." Changing his forage cap for a soft hat, and selecting a stick from a miscellaneous collection in a corner, he prepared to retrace his steps.

"What does she want?" he asked himself, fiercely, as he strode down the moonlit road.

The George the Fourth was a long, low house, situated in Elizabeth street. Its front was painted a dull red, and the narrow panes of glass in its windows, and the ostentatious affectation of red curtains and homely comfort gave to it a spurious appearance of English jollity.

Pushing open the side door, Frere entered, and made his way along a narrow passage to a glass door at the further end. A tap upon this door brought a girl, who courtesied with servile recognition of the visitor, and ushered him upstairs.

The room into which he was shown was a large one. It had three windows looking into the street, and was handsomely furnished. The carpet was soft, the candles were bright, and the supper tray gleamed invitingly from a table between

the windows. As Frere entered, a little terrier ran barking to his feet. It was evident that he was not a constant visitor. The rustle of a silk dress behind the terrier betrayed the presence of a woman; and Frere, rounding the promontory of an ottoman, found himself face to face with Sarah Purfoy.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "Pray sit down."

This was the only greeting that passed between them, and Frere sat down, in obedience to a motion of a plump hand that twinkled with rings. Eleven years had dealt gently with this woman. Her foot was as small and her hand as white as of yore. Her hair was plentiful and glossy, and her eyes had lost none of their dangerous brightness.

Maurice Frere spoke first; he was anxious to bring his visit to as speedy a termination as possible. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

Sarah Purfoy laughed; a forced laugh, that sounded so unnatural that Frere turned to look at her. "I want you to do me a favor, a very great favor; that is, if it will not put you out of the way."

"What do you mean?" asked Frere, roughly, pursing his lips with a sullen air.

She suddenly rose and crossed to where he was standing.

"Maurice, you were very fond of me once. Not so very many years ago."

"Hang it!" said he, shifting his arm from beneath her hand, "don't let us have all that stuff over again. Let old times be old times, Sarah. What do you want?"

"There was a transport came in this morning."

"Well?"

"You know who was on board her, Maurice?"

Maurice brought one hand into the palm of the other with a rough laugh.

"Oh, that's it, is it? What a flat I was not to think of it before! You want to see him, I suppose?"

She came close to him, and, in her earnestness, took his hand. "I want to save his life!"

Maurice Frere sang her off. "I tell you the man's as good as dead, for all I shall do to save him."

At this repulse her pent-up passion broke forth. She sprang to her feet, and, pushing back the hair that in her frenzied pleading had fallen about her face, poured out upon him a torrent of abuse. "You! Who are you that you dare to speak to me like that? He's little finger is worth your whole body. He is a man, a brave man, not a coward like you. A coward! Yes, a coward! A coward! You are very brave with defenseless men and weak women. Do not I know you? I have seen you taut a man at the triangles until I wished the screaming wretch could get loose and murder you, as you deserve. You will be murdered one of these days, Maurice Frere, take my word for it. Men are flesh and blood, and flesh and blood won't endure the torments you lay on it."

"There, that'll do," says Frere, growing paler. "Don't excite yourself."

"I'll go to this girl you want to marry, and tell her all I know of you. I have seen her in the streets—have seen her look the other way when I passed her—have seen her gather up her mullin skirts when my silks touched her—I that nursed her, that heard her say her baby prayers—O, pity me! She would shudder at you if she would shudder at you if she knew what I know. Shudder! She would hate you! And I will tell her! Ay, I will! You will be respectable, will you? A model husband?"

Frere caught her by both wrists, and with all his strength forced her to her knees. "Don't speak her name," he said, in a hoarse voice, "or I'll do you a mischief. I know all you mean to do. I'm not such a fool as not to see that. Be quiet! Men have murdered women like you, and now I know how they came to do it. I'll do what you want, on one condition."

"What?"

"That you leave this place."

"There is nothing in the bargain to prevent me helping him to escape?"

"Escape? He won't escape again, I'll go bail. Once get him in double-irons at Port Arthur, and he's safe enough."

She put out her hand as if nothing had happened. "Good night, Captain Frere. It's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain."

Getting into the cool street directly, and seeing the calm stars shining, and the placid water sleeping with a peace in which he had no share, he strove to cast off the nervous fear that was on him. The interview had frightened him, for it had made him think.

The reader of the foregoing pages has doubtless asked himself, "What is the link which binds together John Rex and Sarah Purfoy?"

In the year 1825 there lived, at St. Hellors, Jersey, a watchmaker, named Urban Purfoy. He was a hard-working man, and had amassed a little money, sufficient to give his granddaughter an education above the common in those days. At sixteen, Sarah Purfoy was an empty-headed, strong-willed, precocious girl, with big brown eyes. She was brimful of vitality, and had little religious sentiment. She courted notoriety by eccentricities of dress, and was never so happy as when she was misunderstood. She was the sort of girl of whom women say, "It is a pity she has no mother;" and men, "It is a pity she does not get a husband;" and who say to themselves, "When shall I have a lover?"

There was no lack of beings of this latter class among the officers quartered in Fort Royal and Fort Henry; but the female population of the island was numerous, and in the embarrassment of riches, Sarah was overlooked. Though she adored the soldiery, her first lover was a civilian.

The object of her affections was one Mr. Lionel Crofton. Crofton was tall, well made, and with an insinuating address. His features were too strongly marked for beauty. His eyes were the best part of his face, and, like his hair,

they were jet black. He had broad shoulders, sinewy limbs and small hands and feet. His head was round and well shaped, but it bulged a little over the ears, which were singularly small, but lay close to his head. With this man, barely four years older than herself, Sarah, at seventeen, fell violently in love. Touched by her affection, and rating her intelligence and unscrupulousness at their true value, he told her who he was. He was a swindler, a forger and a thief, and his name was John Rex. When she heard this, she experienced a sinister delight. He told her of his plots, his tricks, his escapes, his villainies; and seeing how for years this young man had preyed upon the world, which had deceived and disowned her, her heart went out to him. "I am glad you found me," she said. "Two heads are better than one. We will work together."

Working through many channels, and never omitting to assist a fellow worker when in distress, John Rex, in a few years, and in a most prosaic, business way, became the head of a society of ruffians.

Under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, John Rex and Sarah Purfoy were living in quiet lodgings. Their landlady was a respectable, poor woman, and had a son who was a constable. This son was given to talking, and, coming in to supper one night, he told his mother that on the following evening an attack was to be made on a gang of colliers, whose leader was named Green. This she repeated to Sarah.

John Rex, eating his dinner more nervously than usual, ruminated on the intelligence, and thought it would be but wise to warn Green of his danger. Not that he cared much for Green personally; but it was bad policy to miss doing a good turn to a comrade, and, moreover, Green, if captured, might say his tongue too freely. But how to do it? He went—and was captured. When Sarah heard of the calamity, she set to work to help him. She collected all her money and jewels, paid Mrs. Skinner's rent, went to see Rex, and arranged his defense. Green, who came very near hanging, admitted that the man was an associate of his, and the recorder, being in a severe mood, transported him for seven years.

Sarah Purfoy vowed that she would follow him. She was going as passenger, as emigrant, anything, when she saw Mrs. Vickers' advertisement for a "lady's maid," and answered it. It chanced that Rex was shipped in the Malabar, and Sarah, discovering this before the vessel had been a week at sea, conspired the bold project of inducing a mutiny for the rescue of her lover. We know the result of that scheme, and the story of the second's subsequent escape from Macquarie Harbor.

(To be continued.)

GERANIUMS IN WINTER.

Recommended to Those Who Like Blooms from January to June.

All things considered, the geranium is our best plant for winter growing. It blooms freely and constantly, in most instances, and adapts itself to the conditions prevailing in the ordinary living room more readily than almost any other plant I have any knowledge of. And it requires very little care.

Its ability to take care of itself is one of the strong arguments in its favor, says a writer in Lippincott's, especially with the amateur who is distrustful of his skill in the management of plants that insist on having their peculiarities humored. It has little to boast of in the way of attractive foliage—though a plant well set with vigorous, healthy foliage is far from being unhandy—but it has a right to pride itself on the beauty of its flowers. Some of the scarlet varieties are so exceedingly brilliant that they actually seem to impart a feeling of warmth to the observer. The little child who declared that auntie's geraniums were "on fire" was conscious of this suggestion of heat in the intensity of color which characterizes some of the most richly colored sorts.

Others are extremely delicate in color and tint. Some are pure white. All the recently introduced varieties have large, wide petaled flowers, borne in trusses of good size, on long stalks. A well-developed plant, symmetrical in shape and properly furnished with foliage to serve as a background against which to display its blossoms effectively, is a magnificent sight when in full bloom, notwithstanding the fact that some persons sneer at the geranium as being "common."

All beauty is common in a sense, and I would as soon object to the sky and the sunshine because the beauty of them is for the enjoyment of everybody, therefore "common," as to seek to disparage a flower because it was one that everybody could grow and enjoy. Any one can undertake the culture of the geranium with reasonable certainty of success who can give a good soil to grow in, water enough to keep it always moist at the roots, a sunny location and freedom from frost. Insects seldom attack it. It has a healthy constitution that gives it immunity from the diseases so common in most other plants, and it will reward you for the care it receives at your hands by making your window bright with bloom as few other plants can. Therefore you make no mistake in selecting it for your window garden.

But be sure to get plants that have not been allowed to bloom during the summer. Such plants have exhausted themselves, and, nine times out of ten, they will insist on taking a rest during the winter months. The ideal geranium for winter use is the plant which has been kept steadily growing during summer, but has had every bud removed as soon as seen. Such a plant will bloom profusely from January to June.

Where there is much pretension there is much deceit.—Addison.