COQUETTES.

The Married Flirt—A Product of Summer Vacations that is Probably Everlasting.

Now is the winter of her discontent made glorious summer to the married flirt.

Conjugal jars are forgotten, marital misery is banished, household woes are hushed. In fact, connubial cares generally are put away in camphor, so to speak, to be resurrected, unfortunately, fresh as ever in the fall.

Though, like death, she has all seasons for her own, the married flirt has seized upon the heated term as her especial and peculiar opportunity. As an army with banners, she goes forth conquering and to conquer. While her undulating laces and cool muslins modestly invite, her feathers and furbelows waft a warning and her ribbons rustle defiance. She is a coquette armed cap-a-pie.

But there are coquettes and coquettes, and the married flirt is not to be mistaken for the single specimen of the same species. From the tops of her abnormally long gloves to the tips of her preternaturally short slippers she is *sui generis*. Even such light things as the heedless wave of a hand, the freakish fall of a fan show her for what she is. The giddy girl recognizes her with envy and anguish, the elderly dowager with discreet detestation. Both mother and daughter know her and fear her. She has marred many a match, destroyed many an air castle, ruined many a season.

If genuine cursing, not loud but deep, could kill, she would have been dead long ago. But she is perennial. She pervades all places, and spoils all plans. She gets a new zest from the disappointments of others, and, like the vampire, feeds upon the heart blood of young hopes. No summer resort is without her. From the hotel of high degree to the meek and lowly camp meeting she is omnipresent. The trail of the serpent is over them all.

The married flirt is not only multitudinous, but multifarious. She is of all ages and degrees, of all classes and conditions. One season she is languid and languishing, another she is fast and furious. Now she is demure and *devote*, and again she is flighty and frivolous. You like her limp and lymphatic, and are surprised to like her better brisk and soubrettish. One day she is shrinking and skittish, the next she is audacious and impudent. She takes her cue from Cleopatra: "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." She is also absolutely apostolic; she is all things to all men, and, although the danger signals are always out, she finds a fool every time she takes the trouble to open her eyes.

And then the whole thing is so easy; it is a part of the general summer scheme—no care, no worry, no fretting, but plenty of folly.

It is no wonder the young girl is distanced. There is no risk, no danger of failing. Breach of promise suits are as foreign to the married flirt's thoughts as genuine sentiment. She is fascinating, but you cannot call her false. She is evidently fitted to conjugate love in all its moods and tenses; but the sense of safety makes her cruel.

"Tying her bonnet under her chin
She ties a young man's heart within,"

Just as remorselessly as though she meant to marry him.

Possibly, however, it is a waste of feeling to think of the other side. Both parties probably enjoy the little pretense of sentiment all the more from the very impossibility of its bringing them to the altar. At all events, the thing is likely to last. A woman should never be too old to try to please, and all women love to be loved. It is more than likely that the sole survivor, Macaulay's New Zealander on London Bridge, will not only be a female, but a married flirt. —[Boston Courier.

A WOMAN WHO BORE NINE CHILDREN AT THREE BIRTHS.

A number of charitable ladies from Philadelphia and New York, spending the summer at Island Heights, a lovely summer resort on Tom's river, N. J., are actively engaged in raising donations of money and clothing for a Mrs. Johnson, residing in a small cottage at that place, who has just given birth to the third set of triplets. The latest arrivals are three chubby, crowing children, the very pictures of health, and all girls. The only way that they are distinguished from each other is by their clothing, which some of the ladies had mischievously marked "Faith," "Hope" and "Charity." The parents are both large and well-formed persons, and Mr. Johnson is employed as a laborer on a neighboring farm. The six other children of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are all stout and healthy, and are all under eight years of age.

The cottagers and boarders in the neighborhood have given parlor entertainments, taken up collections and have resorted to various other means of relieving the family, who are poor in circumstances. A large purse has already been raised.

A contemporary says: "The wedding belles, how they ring." The remark leaves us in a quandary, for now we wonder whether it is the belles or bells that ring, and if the former, whether they ring or wring. We know the bride usually has her hand ringed, and perhaps the other belles at the wedding wring their hands because they are not brides. How is it, anyhow?—[Oil City Derrick.

It is a bad strike that will not work both ways.

A BLESSED INVENTION.

The genial Will Wilson, came into our office last week looking as blooming as a June bug.

"See this?" he said, as he laid on the polished mahogany office desk a little instrument made up of a coil of brass wires with spikes and a spiral spring. "Guess what it is, old boy."

"Guess!" we said, as we poked it about gingerly with our pencil stub. "We couldn't give you a name to it in twelve thousand years."

Will compressed the wires by laying a book over the top, and the moment he let go out darted a dozen pointers sharp as fish-hooks.

"Now, can you see what it's for?"

"Not any more than we can fathom the existence of flies or the fiends who steal our pungent paragraphs."

"Did you," said Will as he turned the wood box over to make a seat of —we mean, as he reposed on the damask cushions of our rose-wood sofa, "did you ever in blind confidence rest your beloved tile on the hat stand of a country hotel and find that by a mysterious dispensation of Providence it had gone, while in its place was a greasy, napless, fitless headcovering as old as the hills of Hebron?"

"Alas, we did!" we sighed.

"Well, here you behold an antidote to all such future afflictions. I call it the Magical, Tragical, Melo-dramatic Hat-sneak exterminator. I've applied for a patent and expect to make a mint out of it."

"How does it work?"

"Why, you see I wind the thing up. These claws all pile up in a bunch. This wire sets round the leather lining of the hat. The moment a man puts it on his head the spring is loosened and all these prickers drop on to his cranium like the toe-nails of a mad cat when she's clawing on to the window curtains."

"It must hurt?"

"Hurt?" You bet. First time I tried it, thought I'd died with laughing. I was at the New House, Danville, and I set the trap nice and snug just before I went to dinner.

"Weren't you afraid of seriously injuring somebody?"

"Not much. The man who will steal a hat isn't fit to live. Besides, I don't put it in his hat but in mine, and if I choose to go about with barbed spikes in my head-gear it is nobody's business but my own. This is a free country, sir."

"Certainly. Proceed."

"Well, when I got into the dining-room I was disappointed to find only one stranger present, and he was an elderly gentleman of great respectability of appearance.

"No go, this time, I murmured as I skimmed the grease off the vegetable soup.

"The elderly stranger finished first, and left the room."

"Presently there was a yell in the office which lifted the tiles off the roof of the house.

"I ran out. There was the stranger clawing his ears, trying to pull my hat off his bald head, while tears of anguish as big as Boston beans coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

"The clerk was paralyzed."

"Stand still!" I shouted, "let me help you."

"Then I tenderly loosened the spring, got the hat off his head and cried, 'Hey! Scat! There he goes! Right under the chair yonder! Hit him with the poker!'"

"For I let on as if it was a rat, and they were both so scared they never found out the ruse."

"And the gentleman's head was pretty sore, we presume?"

"You may say so. Sore? When I left that night the clerk was rubbing cuticura into the scalp wounds, and there was a roll of liniment lying on the counter for future use, as big as a bale of cotton."

"It is a beautiful invention," we moralized, "and should make you a fortune. Will, wait a minute, and we'll make you right away an estimate for a half column display advertisement. Discount for cash."—Evansville Argus.

Every one who has traveled over the Eastern Railway remembers the dark and grewsome tunnel through which the trains pass after leaving Salem. The other day a little girl, who was traveling to Maine with her mother, passed through it, and was greatly awed and alarmed at the blackness into which she was suddenly plunged. "Oh, dear! where are we going?" she whispered, as she closely clasped the maternal hand. "We are going through the tunnel," replied the mother. "There is no danger." As suddenly as they had dived into the gloom they emerged into the sunlight again, when the child asked. "Mamma, what is a tunnel?" "It is a hole in the ground," said the mother. The child looked out of the car window with great surprise and interest depicted on her face, and said, "Then is this the bottom of the world?" She evidently thought she had passed completely through the globe, and was passing through the country of the Chinese or some other antipodal race.

What's in a name? First evening at the summer resort. "Who lives in that splendid house?" "Oh, that is Dr. Jalap's residence. He is very wealthy." "And whose beautiful villa is that just beyond?" "Dr. Senna lives there. He owns another house down in the village." "H'm! As we were driving along I saw just below here the most charming place I ever set eyes on." "Oh, yes; that belongs to Dr. Quinine. Richest man in town —no end of money." Visitor retires to meditate upon the cheerful intelligence which has been imparted to him, but he is not happy.

NEW INVENTION.

Decorating with Fire—A Weird Experience in a Wise Man's Studio—Mysterious Shapes, etc.

An awesome mystery has for some time been perplexing the good people who reside in the vicinity of No. 719 Sansom street, Philadelphia, and a reporter of the *Times* of that city has had an unusual experience in solving it. He called upon the occupant of the premises, a Mr. J. R. Maxwell, who was found busy with an extraordinary collection of plaster-of-Paris crucifixes, hands, Madonnas, glass boards and busts of Greek and Roman philosophers. The walls were hung with black and white crosses, some with the Savior hanging thereon and some without, while on benches there were bottles of strange compounds and a mass of miscellaneous tools.

"There are rumors," said the reporter, "that singular doings take place here, and some folks are even superstitious about them."

Mr. Maxwell, who was in his shirt-sleeves, replied: "There is nothing supernatural in anything here. Step with me into the back room for a moment."

The reporter did so and found himself in a den in which he could not see his hand before him.

"Would you like your photograph taken?" said Mr. Maxwell. The reporter having no objections, Mr. Maxwell lighted a magnesium wire and placed him between it and an ordinary-looking glass board that seemed like a stray transom window. When the light expired and the room was once more in total gloom, that ordinary-looking piece of glass shone out with a pale blue glow, resembling a weak electric light, and in the center of it, in sharp black silhouet lines, stood a profile of the reporter's face. The whole process occupied about two minutes. Mr. Maxwell went into the front room and returned with what looked like a stucco bust of Madonna. There was nothing about it remarkable, except that the white veil was a shade whiter than the face.

Mr. Maxwell ignited another magnesium wire and held the bust before it for a few seconds. Then the room was left once more in Cimmerian darkness, but when the reporter turned towards Mr. Maxwell he beheld a weary, wan face shining with a brightness that seemed supernatural, while around the head lay the folds of a thick black veil. The pale, shining face of that Madonna was something to haunt one for a lifetime. The next thing Mr. Maxwell did was to light the gas and pick up the crucifix from the floor. Holding it over the jet for a few seconds he turned out the light, and there in the darkness shone with a soft brilliancy a figure of the suspended Christ. The dead face, the muscles of the outstretched arms and limbs, indeed every outline of the drooping figure shone forth distinctly amid the blackness, while in another corner the meek face of the spectral Madonna shone calmly down upon the crucifix. "You see," said Mr. Maxwell, "all these things appear strange, but the explanation is very simple. These Madonnas and crucifixes are simply made of a compound capable of absorbing light like a sponge and throwing it out again in a subdued form in the darkness. The invention is a new one, and Philadelphia has the credit of it, but experiments with phosphorescence are by no means new. Three hundred years ago a shoemaker in Bologna racked his wits to solve the soft mystery of phosphorescence, but he failed, and that was one shoemaker who ought to have stuck to his last.

"Subsequently other scientists took up the study, until now we have found that we can actually mix up a brilliant phosphorescent compound that will absorb light and throw it back in a very much longer time than it took to absorb it. This luminous paint is a preparation produced by the calcination of certain substances, and although phosphorescent in its qualities it contains no phosphorus. I will show you here a sign labeled 'Danger' in big letters. If that were exposed to the sunlight it would shine all night. How invaluable would such an article be in railway stations or at rail crossings of any kind? If such a sign had been used in the Ring Theater in Vienna when the gas went out the people might have been able to see their way to the various exits and the terrible loss of life could not have happened.

"I have had some amusing experiences with the introduction of the compound, and I will never forget one Irishman whom it frightened nearly out of his wits. I had advertised for a canvasser. One day a red-headed man burst into my front room, and, finding nobody there, scrambled through to this back room, where I was making some experiments. For an instant the man stood aghast, with the door in his hand, and then he made the sign of the cross and started back into the street, calling upon Heaven and all the Saints to protect him. These crucifixes are now in demand among Roman Catholics throughout the United States and Canada, and they have been introduced among the Goanese of the Bombay Presidency.

"There is a colored man who makes planchets that used to be used by spirit-rappers. He gets some of them covered with the compound, and leaves the others just as they are. Then he takes them down South and drives a roaring trade among the superstitious colored folks who believe in voodooism and fetichism. A friend of mine, a barber, made a good deal of money off what he advertised as his 'spirit' hand. He hung up in a dark room a gigantic hand, just like that one lying on the floor there, and covered it up with a curtain which he could roll up instantaneously by pulling a small cord. Then, when he got his customers into the room, he could reveal it at will, and I believe he set some of them almost out of their wits.

"But," continued Mr. Maxwell, as he handled a newly-coated crucifix reverently, "the most dangerous trick was one that a well-known Philadelphia professor played on a party of ladies during a night boating excursion on Lewis' Lake, in Luzerne county. Before setting out he painted a skull that was used for anatomical purposes and then hid it in the ledges close to the water's edge. He then connected it with the boat by a cord. When the rowing commenced everything went well, the ladies were laughing, the gentlemen were enjoying cigars. When the tension took place upon the twine the skull began to move out of its hiding place. The uncanny object was noticed first by one lady and then by another, and a fearful silence settled upon the party. At length one lady made out that the object was an illuminated skull, and as she could not tell by what mysterious means such a dreadful-looking thing was following the boat steadily and silently, she fainted. Then all the other ladies took to screaming and fainting, and the professor saw that things had gone a little further than he expected. The skull was cut adrift and the boat was rowed back to the hotel, where the females were restored only with the greatest difficulty. In fact, the lady who first made out the skull showed decided symptoms of losing her reason, but she recovered ultimately.

"The compound," continued Mr. Maxwell, "is used for many purposes already, and it will continue to be more so. By the way, that dark room where the images are would be a bad place for a man to awake in after a spree."

The Indianapolis baggage-smashers complain of hard times, owing to the regulations of the railway companies. "All there is left now," says one, "is the roping of trunks at twenty-five cents apiece, and we are working that for all there is in it. We come at the traveling man with the remark, 'Better have that trunk roped,' if is is not strapped, be the trunk a good or inefficient one. If a fellow hesitates, and is somewhat green about traveling, we tell him that the trunk will be carried at owner's risk if not properly roped, and if that does not bring him we hunt a weak place in the trunk, or come one of our shaky twists on it, and tell him we will have to mark it 'Bad order,' and this generally brings the quarter. We get only ten cents of it, though; the Union Railway Company furnishes the rope. This costs four or five cents, and the other ten or eleven cents goes into the treasury of the poor Union Railway Company. At Kansas City or St. Louis," he continued, "the boys let trunks drop on purpose to burst them and get a chance to tie them up with rope."

WHERE RICH CATS BOARD.—A department of the Philadelphia Cat Refuge, and one that helps to support it, is the boarding of rich cats during the summer months while their owners are away. There were recently seventy of these pampered pusses enjoying the delights of the establishment. The quarters provided for them include a large pen in the yard, with a number of wide shelves running around the four sides, and a little grass plat in the center. Most of the boarders are sleek and fat. They live very amicably together and indulge in but few fights, spending most of their time asleep on the shelves. They are fed three times a day, their menu being made up of raw meat, liver, milk and fish, and one handsome tabby lives on an exclusive diet of raw oysters and unskimmed milk, her luxurious fare being paid for at an advance over the regular rates of fifty cents a week.—[Philadelphia Record.

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-FOOT WATERFALL.

A recent discovery on the head of the Cowlitz river establishes the fact that Washington Territory can now boast of the grandest waterfall in the known world, its height being 1,500 feet. The Nooksack Indians assert positively that waterfalls higher than the tallest fir, pine or cedar tree are to be found on the extreme headwaters of the Nooksack river, in this county. As that section of the county has never yet been explored by white man, there is no good reason for doubting the statement. From the comparison given by the Indians these falls must be at least 475 feet in height, which would lay over the famous Snoqualmie Falls, of Kings county, by at least 200 feet.—[Portland (Or.) News.

HISTORIC DRUMSTICKS.

Gen. Theodore F. Brown has in his possession a pair of drumsticks owned by Tom Bradford, son of Judge Bradford, of Pueblo. These drumsticks were used by the grandfather of Judge Bradford at the Battle of Bunker Hill. They were afterwards used on Perry's flagship at the battle of Lake Erie, and they subsequently made music at the battle of Lundy's Lane. Gen. Brown exhibited these relics at the last meeting of Abraham Lincoln post, and made an enthusiastic speech. Col. J. T. T. Ball, of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, is supposed to be the only survivor of Lundy's Lane now living in Denver. Gen. Brown is authority for this last statement.—[Denver News.

ALL SORTS.

A young man biting his mustache is a case of "down in the mouth."

Always out of order—Twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

It must be a poor singer who can't make his "board" from the "timbre" of his voice.

When people are compelled to use snuff, they certainly are put to the pinch.

Watering the stock of a leather-making company is a new form of hide-draulics.

The young woman who eloped with an unknown man was reported as Mr.-iously missing.

The physician is a sympathetic man. Whenever he touches the pulse of an invalid, he feels sick also.

A contemporary asserts that the latest thing out is a bad husband. What about the gas in his wife's room.

An unpopular tutor—The tooter on the clarionet.

A vest as is a vest—The harvest.

Early rye-sirs—Topers.

The tailor's apprentice, when commencing his trade, finds there is truth in the text that "What a man sews he shall also rip."

A magazine only differs from a sword in this wise. With one you generally have to cut its leaves while the other generally leaves its cuts.

A stranger in Boston, seeing the places of public resort full of young men, night after night, asked if this was the land of midnight son.

A gallant railroad engineer met a girl in the morning, courted her all day, and in the evening married her. That was a sort of locomotive spark.

"Pa, rogues always fall out at night." "At night? How do you know that?" "Because, pa, when rogues fall out, honest men get their dews."

The difference between a bakery and a printing office lies in the fact that in the former the pie is formed, while in the latter occasionally the form is pied.

"You've got a new hat, I see," said one man to another, who was noted for his love of the flowing bowl. "Yes—hic—got a new—hic—hat; but it's got the—hic—same old brick in it."

"I need have no more fears from that quarter," is what the storekeeper remarked as he threw the counterfeit twenty-five cent piece in the fire, which had come back to him several times.

A Cincinnati paper says: "The women of this country succumb to style and grandeur. One of them has just eloped from New Albany, Ind., with a policeman.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brashby, don't you think I have a very small mouth?" "Small? How on earth, then, does it contain so much tongue?" was the ungallant exclamation of Mr. Brashby.

Two girls were in love with an Iowa man. He loaned his fine saddle-horse to one of them, and of course she rode past the residence of the other, who wildly ran out and stabbed the beast with a knife.

During the recent storm at Asbury Pask, N. J., a lady saw her husband upset from a skiff in the surf. She promptly waded out till the water was up to her chin and brought her unhappy mate ashore.

The Mexican dollar is worth only ninety cents in Canada, but our ninety-cent dollar passes at par. Our money is worth more because of the picture of the Philadelphia girl which goes with it to every subscriber.

The plaintiff in a St. Louis suit for the recovery of money paid for a sealkin sack avers, in her formal complaint, that the garment "hung upon her person in a most ungainly manner, destroying her peace of mind while wearing it."

Four sisters are described as sleeping in one small room at a fashionable resort, and without complaint of overcrowding; but they have to go outside to simultaneously put on their hats, as the area of wide-brimmed millinery exceeds that of the apartment.

Northampton, Mass., has a woman who cares for a husband who has not been able to dress or feed himself for several years. She does all the work for a large family, has an excellent vegetable garden which she manages by herself, and also has large broods of ducks and chickens.

A tailor's goose—The dude.

A frame of mind—The skull.

The weigh of all flesh—Sixteen ounces to the pound.

Light-houses, from a theatrical point of view, always indicate breakers ahead.

"I have a bright prospect before me," said the loafer. "You always will have," remarked Fogg. "I don't think you will ever catch up to it."

The other day an author went to Dumas to read to him two plays. After he read one of them he asked Dumas; "What do you think of it?" "I like the other better," was the reply, after a moment of reflection.

"What is that you are wearing?" asked Farmer John of his fair city boarder. "Oh, that is my red jersey." "All right," was the reply; "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in that field unless you are good at climbing trees."

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young lady to play upon the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half-dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."

HARD[illegible]

Thrilling Story of [illegible] Stolen, Sold Into [illegible] caped From Her [illegible]

There arrived in Ka[illegible] days ago, a young neg[illegible] Mattie Young whose st[illegible] nfe forms as weird a romance as is often found outside the pages of lurid fiction. The object of the girl's visit to Kansas City is to hunt up her mother, Sarah Young, from whom she has been separated ever since she was a year old, and who, she has been informed, is now living in this city.

Having heard something of the girl's history, a *Times* reporter yesterday went in search of her. After passing up a narrow alley, across a back yard and up two flights of rickety stairs, the girl was found lying on a bed in a colored boarding-house kept by Wiley Wier, the house fronting on Main street near Fourth, but having no front entrance. Miss Young at first declared she was suffering such bodily pain she could hardly sit up. "I was shot by the Cuban soldiers," she declared, "and I carry in my body seven of their bullets." Then, without much hesitation, and requiring very little questioning, she proceeded to give the following account of her very extraordinary experience:

"I was born at Nashville, Tenn., and though I am unable to count or reckon time, I think I must be about 16 years old. When I was something more than a year old I was stolen by Robinson's circus. They made a dancing girl of me and I got so that I was a good performer. We went to Cuba finally, and after I had been with them about seven years, I should think, I was put up for sale on the block at Havana. Henry Grannison, who owns a coffee plantation about eight miles from Havana, bought me, and I went to his place as his slave. They have no mercy on their slaves in Cuba, and I was treated like a brute. When I first went there I was branded on the back with eighteen names, and as often as the scars would dim I was branded again. The names were Spanish, and included the name of my master and his slaves.

"I was made to plough, like a horse. They would hitch three women in harness, and make us drag the plow along, one of us carrying a regular bit in the mouth. The food they gave us consisted of cats, dogs and grasshoppers, and they made us pick tobacco worms and eat them, too. We were sometimes whipped as often as three times a day, and we never knew what Sunday was.

"Two months ago, while I was at the house of my master, one of the little children got mad; and declared I had beaten her. They wouldn't hear anything I said, and told me the queen had ordered my throat to be cut. I begged for time to pray, and they gave me till the next morning. In Cuba our God is a big snake we call Sarah, and we pray to it for mercy. I believed I would be killed, for I had heard of slaves having their throats cut, and I had been struck on the head with knives before. So that evening I planned to run away. I got a life-preserver from a ship where I was sent to carry coal. When night came I put the life-preserver around me, climbed over the wall, and jumped into the ocean. I was a good swimmer and wasn't afraid. But the Cuban soldiers heard me splashing in the water, and they began firing at me. The first ball struck me in the thigh, the next hit my foot and before they quit shooting they hit me seven times. My arms were not hurt, though, and I kept on swimming. Finally I reached an island, and I stayed there five weeks, living on whatever I could. My wounds hurt me terribly, but as they hurt me worse on land than in the salt water, I kept my life-preserver on and swam along the shore of the island most of the time. At the end of five weeks a ship came along, bound for Galveston, and I was taken aboard. When we reached Galveston I was put in the hands of some colored church people and as I had heard that my mother lived in Nashville I was sent there; At Nashville I found that my mother had gone to Kansas City, and so I got help to come here.

Though the girl is evidently quite ignorant, and is filled with superstitions which may make portions of her narrative very fanciful, yet she possesses a good deal of natural intelligence, and her strange story is in some points corroborated by her condition. She talks Spanish fluently, and says it is much easier for her to use than English. Her wounds have not got entirely healed, and she complains continually of the pain they give her.

It is the girl's intention to remain in this vicinity till her mother has been found, or until it has been determined that she is not residing in this city.—[Kansas City Times.

A CURIOUS GRASS.

The Mora county, N. M., *Pioneer* says: Dr. Sparks has a peculiar grass which, perhaps, will some day be received by the people of New Mexico as a wonderful thing. It is said that it will grow on the dryest ground wherever there is an annual rainfall of twelve inches or more. The roots sink into the earth from four to seven feet, thus securing more nourishment than ordinary grasses. Stock thrives well on it, even eating the roots. It grows to a height of thirty inches, is very leafy, of rapid growth, and yields five or six cuttings of hay a year. It is a proof against heat, drouth and flood.