

THE ROSE PARK OF NICE.

A Garden in France Where Roses Are Grown on a Very Large Scale. I have several times had occasion to visit the famous Park of Roses at Nice. The flowers there are the most beautiful in the world.

Both banks of the Var are bordered by a line of hills of some height, which are prolonged as far as the sea. The hill on the left bank and in protecting the whole plain of Nice from the northwest wind.

Toward the southern extremity of these hills, on very rich, alluvial soil, is the Carras quarter, in which are the principal market gardens of Nice. In that quarter, also, a little higher up the hill, is the Josephine villa, or Park of Roses.

Here roses are cultivated exclusively for sale in winter as cut flowers. Out of the twenty-eight or thirty acres which the property comprises about ten acres are devoted to the purpose of forcing the rose trees, and are covered with very numerous small greenhouses or extensive hot-bed frames, one or the other of these being always in use for furthering the production of the flowers.

The total surface covered with glass exceeds 6,000 square meters, or an acre and a half. Naturally it is during the months of active sale, from November to April, that the principal harvest occurs, but even in the spring and summer the very beautiful roses grown under shelter are in demand by the dealers. These roses are the only ones, or nearly the only ones, which show a purity of perfect tint, exempt from the outside petals from the discoloration, the veining and folds, which are caused by the bite of cold, too warm sunstrokes or prolonged humidity.

During the summer the movable sides of the greenhouses are taken away, and there remains only the glass roof which protects the flowers from the rainstorms.

The proprietor and founder of the establishment is Mr. Antoine Mari. It may be said that the most striking feature of his mode of cultivation is the simplicity of the means employed and their perfect adaptation to the end to be attained, which is to obtain an abundant and continued production of flowers without great expense and without exhausting the plants.

A rosebush, as is known, does not require a high temperature. Certain varieties, like the saffron rose, continue to put forth buds and flowers all winter long in Provence, and well developed roses of that variety can be picked at the end of November even in the climate of Paris. At Mr. Mari's place the rose trees are planted either in three lines parallel to each other, for the bushy variety, or in the case of those with flexible stalks, each by itself, something like grape vines, as for instance, the Marechal Niel. They are sheltered by frames just high enough above the ground to allow a man walking about inside.

At the height of the season, from Dec. 15 to April 15, the Park of Roses sends away an average of 500 dozen roses a day.—Henry de Vilmorin in Revue Horticole.

Examining Fruit in Maine.

The most thoroughly frightened man in Auburn was a Gray farmer who brings blueberries to market. From the story he tells it is no wonder. He was driving down the street at the gray of dawn and just a suspicion of the red and blue tints which herald the lord of the day was tinging the east. The old farmer was thinking over the fat pocketbook he would return with when he had sold his fruit, and the old horse was ambling leisurely along when, horrors! out from behind a building sprang four blue coated policemen.

Their white helmets and brass buttons gleamed in the morning sun, which just then looked over the horizon. Arms gleamed ominously from their belts, and the fierce look they wore caused the old man to run over his past sins like lightning. One grabbed the horse, two seized the farmer, while a fourth proceeded to examine the cargo. It appeared harmless enough and the man was allowed to drive on.—Bangor Commercial.

Birds with Souls.

The sedge warblers possess the souls of unbaptized babes, and sing their sorrow at the midnight hour, while the linnet, yellowhammer and finch sing their plaintive and tender songs to remind us they are souls of departed friends not yet relieved from purgatorial pains. The litters is their herald at night.—Irish Times.

THE VERDICT.

A Remarkable Scene in Court When the Jury Announced its Decision.

The court house at Waldron, Ark., was crowded. A half suppressed murmur through every crooked street in the unpicturesque hamlet made it known that the jury in the case of the State of Arkansas versus Almer Ray were ready to return their verdict. What would it be? Did they believe the defendant the murderer of John Potts? As if by magic the old and the young, the busy and the idle, the curious and the indifferent had swarmed into the court room until every foot of space was occupied.

Outside the languid air seemed tremulous with the heat, and every leaf hung limp and motionless. The sultry July day was oppressive and the atmosphere of the room so stifling that those assembled gasped for breath. The scant furniture and bare floor, the rough, whitewashed walls and the rickety lamp with tin reflector sitting upon a little shelf behind the judge's chair, all told the same story of mountaineer simplicity and primitiveness.

A hag, bent with age, was whispering the story of the crime to her plump young neighbor, and said that two witnesses had identified the body found in Mill creek. The clerk nervously upset his inkstand, and the black stain on the white front of his pine desk looked ghastly.

The judge ascended the little platform at the end of the room and bade the sheriff clear an entrance for the jury. The struggling crowd was parted a little way, and twelve good and lawful men filed in and stood facing the prisoner, who sat exposed to the gaze of all. His efforts to appear calm were pitiful. Great drops of sweat rolled down his workworn cheeks, and he clutched the framework of the chair on which he sat. Ten feet back of him stood his sweetheart, the beauty of the village, sobbing softly and leaning upon her father for support.

In a thick, unsteady voice the foreman read from the paper in his hand, "We of the jury find the defendant guilty as charged in the within indictment." The condemned man rose from his seat. His face was livid and his muscles rigid. He stretched out one hand as though he would speak, and the next moment fell forward almost at the foreman's feet—dead! His sweetheart's tears stopped falling, and her white lips quivered convulsively, but she could neither cry out nor stir from her tracks.

Half a dozen strong hands were stretched out to lift the prostrate man, when, moved by a common impulse, though no syllable had been uttered, every head was turned and every eye was fixed upon the door.

John Potts had just stepped over the threshold.—New York Herald.

Why She Was So Particular.

A young woman whose attire and demeanor betokened wealth and refinement attracted some attention in a fashionable candy store up town the other day by her persistent inquiries about the purity of the confections offered for sale. "Are you sure that this candy is quite pure?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," answered the salesgirl; "we sell nothing but pure candy."

"Well, I want some that is not scented," said the purchaser.

"Will these suit you?" asked the girl, producing a pan of plain white sugar drops.

"Are these the purest that you have?" questioned the young woman as she looked the pan over suspiciously.

"Yes, miss."

"And are they perfectly fresh?"

"Made this morning," replied the girl.

"Well, I hope that you are not deceiving me," said the young woman earnestly, "for I am very particular about the kind of candy that I buy. I want it for my little dog. You may give me ten cents' worth."—New York Times.

Development of Water Power.

Japan has recently given a striking example of what can be done in the development of water power with the aid of electricity. About seven miles from the city of Kioto is Lake Biwa, having an area of 500 miles at an elevation of 143 feet. From the lake to Kioto a navigable canal has been cut, involving two miles of tunnel and a long aqueduct. On reaching the city there is a decline of 118 feet. The difference in level is overcome by inclined laneways 2,100 feet in length, on which boats are raised and lowered from one canal to the other. These laneways are operated by electric motors, which are driven by turbines using the fall just mentioned. The wheels are supplied with water from the high level canal by three lines of 36-inch pipe 1,300 feet in length, delivering the water under a head of 107 feet.

Not only do these water wheels furnish power to run the electric generator for the laneway motors, but they also operate another dynamo whose current is distributed to motors which run rice mills, spinning mills, a watch factory, etc., and also drive an arc and incandescent lighting plant. The whole work cost about \$1,500,000. While the enterprise was planned and executed by the eminent Japanese engineer Tenabe, the water wheels are American, the dynamos are American, and the motors and lamps are American.—New York Telegram.

Running with an Ironsaw.

It is a tremendous moment on board a ram when the officer gives the word of command to prepare for ramming. Each man flings himself flat on his stomach, his elbows squared, his face buried in his hands, his head toward the ram. It is a moment of fearful tension. The great ironclad has been signaled to go at full speed, and as the immense pressure is forced upon her she vibrates like a thing of life, darting forward by giant leaps. Every man is at his post. Every muscle is braced, and brave hearts beat chokingly for the few seconds that elapse between the order to ram and the awful crash—to many the crash of doom.—Once a Week.

Persons to Beware Of.

No matter of what color, beware of the eyes that have no desire to look you full in the face. There is something wrong behind the shifting, uneasy glance, and the owner of such optics will prove to be unworthy of trust. Read well the signs, for if actions speak louder than words, eyes speak even louder than actions, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed.—Philadelphia Times.

The Post's World.

Arday never arose out of sheer gladness of heart and lustiness of fancy. To the poetic imagination the difficulties, deprivations and insufficiency of actual life have always been especially manifest and oppressive. But the poetic imagination at its best never rests in discontent, in the mere apprehension and recital of woes. It is creative and seeks a remedy, or at least refuge. From the first it has found some approach to that peace and sincerity which it cannot do without, but which actual life seems to deny everywhere in nature. Thus the poet's favorite haunt has always been the vales and the groves, the flowery banks and the green fields.

But nature wholly unpeopled still sometimes it takes a poet, in their aspiration after earthly perfection, fell to colonizing their placid retreats with the children of their fancy. Thus came Arday—the land of fantastic shepherds and shepherdesses, where everybody was honest and simple, where the tending of sheep was but a pastime, and the chanting of madrigals the chief pursuit.—Scribner's.

Gifts to the Saviour.

A Dutch painter, in the picture of the Magi worshipping the infant Saviour, represented one of them booted and spurred in a large white surplice, and bearing in his hand as an offering to the babe a model of a Dutch frigate.—Detroit Free Press.

How Men and Women Meet Trouble.

Men and women meet the small troubles of life very differently. In the first place a woman often lacks that sense of proportion which is necessary to distinguish the lesser from the greater ills; to her all troubles are of the greatest magnitude and to be mourned equally. The failure of a new dress or of a dinner party are calamities over which she will sometimes worry herself into a fever. Most men would meet similar troubles with a shrug of the shoulders and then speedily forget them. Then, again, a woman does not forget easily and is given to brooding, nor is she so swift to run away from her troubles as a man is. Indeed she cannot be easily induced to run away from them at all; the contemplation of them has a fatal fascination for her.

In any small misfortune which falls equally upon husband and wife, in nine cases out of ten where the man resolutely refuses to remember it and hastens to turn his thoughts into some other channel, the woman will seem to take almost a perverse pleasure in recalling it to her mind and reflecting upon its actual and possible consequences. Much of this difference in their demeanor is of course due to the difference of their life. A man can easily run out of doors and seek distraction, whereas a woman's lot is to remain at home and think. Indeed, we should say that very much was owing to the greater opportunity that a woman possesses of contemplating her work and brooding over them.—London Spectator.

One Way to Beat the Customs Laws.

An Englishman who holds a clerkship in one of the prominent shipping houses of this city has for years imported his clothes from London, yet has never paid any duty and never smuggled them in. At least he has never smuggled them in the usual ways adopted by those who do not see the point of paying Uncle Samuel for the privilege of wearing English clothing.

His plan is a simple one, but it is not likely to be followed by many imitators. He has a friend on the other side who is a tailor, and he mails as a sample of cloth one leg of a pair of trousers, half of a waistcoat, the sleeve of a coat or half the back, and the parcel is marked "sample" and comes wrapped in thick brown paper opened at one end.

Sometimes it takes a month or six weeks for a full suit to arrive, part coming via New York and occasionally a part by Boston. The parts are then sewed together by a tailor here and the suit is complete.

Only once in six years has a parcel been lost in transit, and it was half the back of a coat made of a peculiar shade of blue cloth which the English clerk could not match. He had the rest dyed black and got sufficient black cloth from a local dealer to finish the garment.—Philadelphia Record.

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