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THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

The following is probably the finest grandiloquent paraphrase in existence. Observe how the author avoids tautology—always reiterating the same idea but never repeating the same language. Even the simple name of John is expressed in English, French, German and Russian, while the poor cow, dog, cat and rat are rolled over and over through the complicated verbosity. The whole picture is the work of scholarly and patient genius. It was written by Anon—that modest but immortal author who has written some of the best things in every language:

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden store in John's pavillion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall,
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predacious whose keen fangs rar. through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Ivan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seemed to sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn,
Distort, to real ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mordacious rat that dare devour
Antecedaneous Ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exigious stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous shanghai comes at last
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that kilt
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

☞ A country grocer said to a farmer: "Here, my friend, these balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound."

And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't know how that could be; for I used one of your pound-bars of soap for a weight."

☞ A tart temper never mellows with age; and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

☞ Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

RHODA'S PRISONER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

'I start to-morrow for Belleville,' said Rhoda Clare to her aunt, upon whom she was making a farewell call.

'Are you going alone, child?' inquired her relative.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Papa cannot leave his business just now, to go with me, but he will put me on the cars, and my friends, who are already in Belleville, will meet me at the depot.'

'I don't think it is safe,' continued the old lady. 'Just think, if you should be robbed, as I was, on that very road, last summer?'

'How was that?' asked Rhoda.

'Well,' replied her companion, we were just approaching the tunnel, when a gentlemanly looking young man, wearing spectacles, came up to me and inquired, 'Is this seat engaged, madam?' 'No,' I replied, and he immediately appropriated it. He was disposed to be rather chatty, and was quite interesting; but he left at the first station we reached. After we had passed through the tunnel, and when I put my hand in my pocket, I found that my pocket-book had left with him!'

'The strange young man had proved too fascinating for you,' laughed Rhoda. 'I defy any one to rob me so easily.'—Having just passed through the graduating course at school, and come off with flying colors, she felt equipped for any emergency which might present itself in the battle of life.

'Don't be too sure,' replied her aunt; and beware of any gentlemanly-looking young man in spectacles, who wishes to share your seat in the cars.'

Rhoda set forth with bright anticipations of a pleasant summer. Her ticket was brought, her trunk checked, and she was established in a seat, all to herself, with an interesting book in her hand, and her lunch in a satchel on the seat beside her.

The whistle blew, and papa, giving her a hurried kiss, bade her good bye; and, for the first time in her life, she was traveling alone. Then she devoted herself to her book: but finally becoming tired of both, she yawned and wished for company and even fancied that her aunt's fascinating young robber would be a rather agreeable diversion.

'I should like to see him get my pocket book,' thought Rhoda. 'If his hand were once in my pocket, he would not escape so easily without an introduction to the police.' And she closed her own little palm tightly, as though she already had the prize within her grasp.

While these thoughts were passing through the young lady's mind, the cars stopped, and several passengers came on board. Rhoda was conscious of a shadow falling near, and looking up, she beheld a vision which mantled her cheeks with a deep blush; a tall and rather elegant looking young man, with dark whiskers, and wearing spectacles, was respectfully touching his hat, and inquiring:

Is this seat engaged, Miss?' And then he added, apologetically, 'All the others seem to be occupied.'

'Answers the description exactly, soliloquized the young detective. Now Aunt Ann shall be revenged; I will give him the opportunity to pick my pocket, if he desires it. Perhaps he may not enjoy it so much in the end.' Then she added, aloud, putting on a look of sternness which set comically upon her child-like face, 'The seat is at your service, sir,' and she proceeded to remove her satchel.

'Allow me,' said the stranger, and he elevated it to the bracket above.

Rhoda kept her eye on her property, almost all the time, expecting to see it and her strange companion disappear together.

'He prefers pocket books,' was her mental comment as he sat down; 'I will be on my guard.'

In spite of herself, our heroine became interested in the conversation of the stranger. He was so perfectly acquainted with the road, and pointed out all the objects of interest, telling amusing anecdotes connected with them.

'But I must not forget that he is a villian,' was her mental reservation, as she listened. 'Aunt Ann said that he was entertaining How funny, she continued, addressing herself, that I should meet the same person. But then, he frequents this road.'

Finally, they entered the tunnel.

'I scarcely wonder,' remarked the strange young man in spectacles, 'at the old lady who, having entered the tunnel for the first time in her life, and never heard of it, supposed the Day of Judgement had come.'

'He is trying to divert my attention,' thought Rhoda. Perhaps he imagines that I am a young chit of a school girl who can be easily imposed upon, but he may find himself mistaken.'

Just then she felt a slight tug at her linen polonaise, and immediately thrusting her hand into the pocket, imprisoned a masculine hand, which she grasped tightly.

'Now I can triumph over Aunt Ann,' thought Rhoda, 'if I am not accustomed to traveling alone.'

They emerged from the tunnel, and was was the chagrin of the young lady to discover that she was imprisoning her companion's hand in the pocket of his own linen duster.

'Oh! I—beg your pardon!' stammered Rhoda, feeling very much like the culprit for whom she had mistaken the stranger to be.

'You are very excusable, he replied, gazing in wonder at her blushing countenance, while his face seemed to be an interrogation point.

Rhoda felt that, in justification to herself, some explanation was necessary, but with a fresh sense of mortification, she remembered that the only one she had to offer was the reverse of complimentary.

'I thought,' she began—'that is—Aunt Ann said you were—I mean. I thought it was my pocket—and I mistook you for a—'

'Pickpocket?' asked the stranger, as the truth began to dawn upon him; and his eyes twinkled with a sense of the ludicrous situation.

'Yes,' answered Rhoda, desperately, while her blushes deepened into scarlet.

'And as I was to be brought to justice, I suppose, and delivered up to the police at the next station.' And the dark eyes danced behind the spectacles with merriment.

'Do please forgive me!' replied Rhoda. 'I have never traveled alone before, and I have been from home very little.'

'Well,' was the laughing retort, 'Ill forgive you for putting your hand in my pocket. Now see how much more merciful I am than you intended to be!'

But Rhoda was in no mood for laughter; she felt that she had disgraced herself; and every time the train stopped she wished that her companion would leave, and that she might never see him again. She was doomed to be disappointed, however, for the ears were nearing her own destination, and the stranger was still with her.

'Belleville!' shouted the conductor, and the inexperienced little traveler strang to her feet, fancying that there was not a moment to lose

'I will bid you good-bye,' she remarked, triumphantly.

'Oh, don't be in a hurry,' was the reply; 'there is plenty of time. I stop here, too.'

'Provoking,' thought Rhoda. 'Now I shall be constantly meeting him. I wish the summer was over.'

Rhoda's friends were at the depot ready to smother her with kisses.

'Did you have a pleasant journey?' asked Miss Townsend, as they were driving to the one large hotel of which Belleville boasts.

'I was somewhat lonely,' replied Rhoda.

'Duncan Rivers came on the train with you. He is quite a distinguished lawyer from Philadelphia, with any amount of wealth, which he inherited from an uncle. I wonder if you saw him. He is tall, with dark whiskers, and wears spectacles.'

'I was reading a good deal of the time,' remarked Rhoda, evasively, 'and paid very little attention to the passengers.'

Her friends wondered why the warm blood mantled her cheeks.

On their way to the dining-room, Mr. Rivers came up and shook hands with the Towsend family; and Nina immediately presented him to her "particular friend and schoolmate, Miss Clare.'

'Miss Clare's face is familiar,' remarked the gentleman, roguishly 'Were you not on the train this afternoon?'

Again the roses deepened on the soft, dimpled cheeks, adding new brightness to the dark violet eyes; and Nina wondered if any masculine heart could resist the innocence, and freshness, and beauty of that fair face.

Belleville was not a place in which people could spend their time yawning and going to sleep. The shaded walks and beautiful drives, the magnificent scenery, with the noble old mountains frowning down upon the river, which laughed back defiance to them as it sparkled in the sunshine—all these proved to have greater fascination for the young people than the cosy, old-fashioned hotel, surrounded, as it was, by great spreading trees, and looking so invitingly cool to the weary pedestrian.

Although Belleville boasted of many eligible beaux just now, who had come to rusticate for a few weeks, yet Duncan Rivers decidedly carried off the palm.—His cultivation, his personal appearance, his polished manners, and his politeness to all and devotion to none, served to rivet the thoughts of the young ladies upon him rather than upon those whose particular attentions were bestowed more indiscriminately. All but Rhoda. The recollection of the particular compliment with which she had favored him in the car served to render her shy towards him now, and she avoided him upon every possible occasion.

'Meanwhile, this little episode, which he considered a good joke, had only served to amuse him; and the pet of society wondered, and was piqued, at the indifference of an unsophisticated young girl, just fresh from the school room. He carelessly resolved that she should be conquered, not dreaming that he had anything deeper at stake than the amusement of the hour.

His frequent invitations to her to walk and drive, his devotion to her on the croquet ground, their tete-a-tetes over the chess board, were soon noticed by the other occupants of the house, who, of course, did not fail to make their comments.

A pic-nic had been planned to the Falls, about twelve miles from the village. On the previous evening Rhoda had wandered to the end of one of the long halls, and seated herself in the window, where the moon poured in a flood of silvery light, bringing out in a shadowy beauty the leaves of the green old maple trees, which were reflected on the walls, dancing in their own grotesque fashion as they were gently swayed by the light breeze.

'I have found you as last,' said a pleasant voice. 'Why did you run away from me?'

'I accidentally strayed into this corner,' replied Rhoda, 'and then I could not resist its beauty.'

'It is charming!' said Mr. Rivers, seating himself I have come to ask you, Miss Rhoda, if I may have the pleasure of your company in my carriage, to the pic-nic, to-morrow.'

'I had half made up my mind not to go,' said Rhoda, 'for I promised poor old Miss Dennis, that I would spend a day with her before I leave, and now the summer is also past.'

'Oh, it will never do for you to give up the pic-nic!' exclaimed her companion; 'the last gayety of the season. Give the old lady some other day and go with me to-morrow. Come, Miss Rhoda; you must say 'yes.' I think I will not take 'no' for an answer.'

'Well,' was the reply,' I will think about it'

Just then the pair became conscious of a presence. There was a rustle of starched muslin, and they caught glimpse of a figure as it glided past, a little in the distance, where another hall intersected this one. How long had this presence been there? And how much of the conversation had been overheard? All of it, or only the latter part? These were the thoughts that passed through Rhoda's mind, and she glanced up and encountered the merry twinkle in her companion's eyes.

'There is the foundation for quite a romance; a lover, deeply in earnest, and an undecided young lady taking him into consideration,' laughed Mr. Rivers, as they separated.

That he, Duncan Rivers, the spoiled pet of society, could be taken into consideration, that any young lady would not answer an immediate 'yes,' to a proposition of marriage emanating from him, had never entered that gentleman's head as one of the possibilities; therefore, he could afford to be amused in contemplation of the reports to which the conversation just related might give rise.

The bright morning sun overturned Rhoda's self-sacrificing intentions, and charitably resolving to bestow upon old Miss Dennis the first rainy day should one occur before she left Belleville, she took her seat in Mr. River's comfortable little carriage. She was beginning to recover from the shyness which she had always felt towards her companion, in consequence of the awkard mistake she had made when she first met him; and now this drive through a lovely county, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, had an exhiliarating effect upon her spirits, and her companion was charmed with the wit and freshness of her remarks, and wished that this tete-a-tete drive might last all day. It came to an end all too soon, and the entire party was established in the woods; some sitting in groups, some in twos, and some taking solitary walks, perhaps in quest of congenial company. Mr. Rivers had unconsciously fallen into a brown study, from which he was rather rudely awakened by one of the party, who stepped up to him, exclaiming:

'I was to be the first to congratulate you!'

'For what?' asked the gentleman, somewhat startled by a abruptness.

'For being the lucky chap who has secured the prettiest girl in the company,' was the reply. 'At least, we suppose you have secured her. We were told that she was taking you in consideration: but as she drove with you to-day, we fancy that is equivalent to an acceptance.'—And there was a malicious glance in the eyes of the speaker, who had so frequently been eclipsed by the gifted young lawyer.

'Save your congratulations until you receive your information from a more reliable source than boarding-house gossip,' replied Mr. Rivers, as he turned haughtily away.

'Confound that little school girl!' he mentally ejaculated. 'She first takes me for a pickpocket, and then places me, to all appearance, in the position of a humble suitor, waiting meekly for my sentence.'

Just then a peal of laughter greeted his ears, and turning in the direction whence it proceeded, he beheld the "little school girl" surrounded by four of her companions, and Mr. Rivers was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he had never before seen so lovely a picture. The sunshine had lent an additional flush to her cheeks, and was playing bo-peep through the leaves with her soft brown hair, from which her hat partially fallen; her beautiful eyes sparkled with mischief, and a merry laugh parted her rosy lips. In her figner she held four blades of grass, with one end concealed in her dimpled hand. Each gentleman eagerly drew, and compared lengths with his neighbors, and then they exclaimed in a tone of disappointment:

'All alike!'

'Certainly,' replied Rhoda, demurely. 'How could I be the partner of either of you when I am already engaged for the first game of croquet?'

The gentlemen took the joke good naturedly, and went off in quest of other partners.

'That little coquette!' mentally ejaculated Mr. Rivers. 'I never noticed before that she was so much admired, she seemed such a shy little thing.'

But this gentleman was doomed to make several discoveries in the course of the day, one of which was that he felt a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of his heart, when Rhoda's smiles were showed to discriminately among her admirers, and that his own attentions, hitherto carelessly bestowed had a deeper meaning than he was himself conscious of. He noticed that his courtesies now were accepted or declined with the same saucy indifference which greeted her other adorers. He wearied of the day and rejoiced when he found himself once more seated in his carriage, with Rhoda beside him, their faces turned homeward.

'Well,' said Rhoda, 'this is the last pic-nic of the season! I shall be half sorry to return to the city and settle down to propriety once more.'

'That will not require much exertion,' remarked her friend, mischievously, 'if you can return to it as easily as you left it.'

'What do you mean?' demanded Rhoda half angrily.

'Have you forgotten that you attempted to pick my pocket on the journey?'

'Oh,' laughed Rhoda. 'It was you who were trying to rob me, only by some legerdemain you managed to get both hands into your own pocket before you emerged into the light.'

'But you really did steal something from me, Rhoda. I was unconscious of it at the time, but I have discovered my loss since. Give me an equivalent for it, and I will promise not to make the theft public.' Then he added, more seriously, "You cannot want two hearts,' he replied seriously.

A saucy reply rose to Rhoda's lips, but something in that earnest gaze put it to flight.

'I don't think you have been any more honest than I,' she faltered. 'I have missed—'

But the rest of sentence was instantly broken off, as her lips was smothered with kisses.

'Then you do love me, Rhoda, after all? I thought you were indifferent to me.'

'And I thought that, after you had stolen my heart, you had merely played with it for awhile, and then thrown it away.'

'When did you begin to care for me, darling?'

'I believe it was when I found my hand in your pocket, although I wished then that I might never see you again.'

A few days more ended Rhoda's visit to Belleville; but she did not return home alone. Mr. Rivers declared it would be necessary for him to accompany her, to prevent her from making arrests on the cars. He said that she had taken him prisoner at their first meeting, and had held him in chains ever since.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

No science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition.

Malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

Senator Chaffee is next to Sharon and Jones, the richest man in the Senate.

The honor of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a guilt, and truth discourtesy.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.

An Iowa physician testified in Court the other day that no man who used tobacco could tell the truth.

The genius of liberty and poetry brought into action the brightest powers of the human mind.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

An old piano, which was made for Beethoven, and used by him in Vienna, is now to be seen in a music store in Zurich.

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our wishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat bite.

In all differences consider that both you and your opponent are dropping off, and thrt ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

The death is announced at Tarbes, at the age of 107 years, of Jean Bourguine, who was a soldier during the reign of Louis XVI.

Nantucket, Mass., is one of the Isles of the Blest, for it has a jail without a prisoner. The whole expenses of the establishment last year was only $133.32.

A collection of the skulls of the animals killed by the Prince of Wales in India are now on exhibition in London by the Prince's special permission.

During the last ten or twelve years there has been a number of marriages between foreign diplomats at Washington and American ladies.

A Springfield (Mass.) minister prayed the Lord to bless the Boston and Albany road if it stopped running Sunday trains, but not otherwise

As riches and favor forsake a man, we find him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

A kind word will often tell more than the severest reproof, and a sigh of sorrow makes a far deeper impression than an open censure.

It is a refreshing illustration of economy in these hard times to see a man sifting four quarts of ashes with a ten cent cigar in his mouth.

From the New York Observer.

ALLEVIATIONS OF AGE.

BY AN OLD FARMER.

My Dear Old Friend—We are seventy years old, and must meet the infirmities of old age. It is a happy thing to be able to avoid some of the evils of it and to alleviate the pains of the others. The most obvious relief, under the ills of the aged, is to be employed. Let them keep busy.

There is no claim of a discovery in this simple and commonplace suggestion, but it is worth repeating. Nor will you suspect me of disparaging the great remedy of all human ills. Religion itself effects some of its great ends by simple means. It does not forbid the use of remedies suited to relieve the pain which it does not prevent.

It is a serious mistake which they make who, feeling somewhat of the irksomeness of necessary toil, anticipate the day when they shall delight themselves in freedom from all care and labor. They are disappointed, and show by their restlessness that it is a blessing to most men that they are under the necessity of laboring all their lives. It is not best to set any limit to what we will do, or gain, in the world, with the expectation that we will then rest, as if it were a desirable or possible thing to be free at any time of life from the obligations of active duty, and as if the purposes of life can be completed before the end of it, and rest the most desirable thing to be reached.

The employments of the aged must be suited to their changed condition, and it is a peculiar excellence of agricultural life, that it has such a variety of employments suited to the lessened powers of the aged. When all these busy occupations come to an enforced rest, there is a delightful compensation in the leisure which it brings if there is a love of books, the gratification of which has perhaps been in abeyance during the necessary toils of middle life, just as you find the needed relief—only the other way—when you gladly shut up your books and escape from your office to your country home, where you may indulge your early love of rural life.

A duly-proportioned activity of body and mind is not only pleasurable, but tends to soundness of health and long life. You remember Cicero's Cato engaged in the robust exercises of youth in the interval of his elegant studies.

Now every house is full of the means of employing the minds of the old in a most delightful manner when their hands become weary. The book is ever at their hand and the journal, and they have a rich boon also who have the habit of using the pen, not for the sake of seeing themselves in print, but to aid them in their studies, and to excite that vigorous tone of mind which comes of setting our thoughts in the frame of written words. There is, of course, a higher end in these employments than merely to pass away time, for the love of knowledge in the later years of life is certainly most suitable to those who expect the pursuit of knowledge to outlast the present life. They are never to be satisfied with present acquisitions.

To get the relief which a busy life can have, there must be not only variety, but some degree of method; not self-imposed rules that shall become a bondage, but some convenient order, that there be no part of the day without its duties, and no hesitation in passing from one employment to another. We had better lay down even a pleasant occupation when the time comes, for we shall return to it with a keener zest to-morrow. It is better to leave any pleasure before it begins to pall.

How much vacvity, how much irritability, how much morbid anxiety, may be escaped by a busy life.

☞ You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet this winter has renewed his youth, like the eagle's, in a handsome fifty-five dollar overcoat of the purest Ulster breed, clad upon with which he attended a recent school examination up among the Berkshire hills, so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher who was catechising a dimpled little dot in geography.

"What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Potatoes, whiskey, aldermen, patriotism, and—" began the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher; "I didn't mean products; I said provinces."

"Oh," said the girl, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and—and—" Here she stuck, put her chubby finger in her rose-bud mouth, and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling, and the poet. All children love the dear old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically; the *entete cordiale* had been established between them. He petted his coat significantly; she looked at him inquiringly; he nodded, and she burst out:

"Oh, Miss Simmons, I know now. They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat!"

☞ Genius is only great patience.

For the Transcript.

Another Talk with the Young Folks About Trees and Plants—The Natural System.

I hope my young friends will not grow weary of our talks about Botany, but that they may be so much interested as to induce them to study this really beautiful science. In our last talk we spoke of the Linnæan system of classification by the flowers. In the natural system we consider the whole plant, root, leaf, stem, and all. In some plants the flowers appear to the eye, in others we see no flowers at all: they are hidden. The first kind are phœnogamous, or have their organs of reproduction in sight; in the second, the flowers which are the organs of reproduction, are not to be seen. This distinction gives us two series, the Phœnogamous and the Cryptogamous. This latter series has in it many curious plants—mosses, mushrooms, toadstools, ferns, sea-weeds, &c. There is no flower, no seed, but on the under side are little knots or warts on the leaves, which break when ripe, and scatter a fine powder, from which other plants grow. These little knots are called spores. These series are each divided into several classes. First, the Phœnogamous or flowering plants are either Exogenous or Endogenous. The Exogenous are also called Dicotyledonous, and the Endogenous Monocotyledonous. More hard words; yes, but I guess you can learn what they mean, and then you see they are good words by which to exercise you in spelling. The distinction between Exogens and Endogens refers to the stem and the manner of its growth. Take a knife or saw and cut through the stem, if you find the wood in circles around the centre becoming softer as it comes nearer to the bark it is Exogenous or growing from without; the very centre is the heart, and it is harder than the circles around it; the outer circle is sapwood, and is soft; such plants have a real bark. But if you find no heart, no circles, but threads of wood scattered through the inside, and no true bark, it is Endogenous, or growing within. Take now a bean and put it in the ground; it will soon swell and burst, and a little speck which was inside, called the germ, will begin to grow long; one end going down to make the root, and the other coming up to form the stem; the lower end is the radicle; the upper one the plumule. You should not make the mistake which a man I once heard of made; for when he saw the plumule coming up, bringing, as he supposed, the bean with it, he thought he had been cheated in buying his seed; that they were coming up wrong end foremost; and pulled them all up and turned them upside down. What he saw and what you will see was not the bean at all, but the seed-leaves, called in Botany the cotyledons. In these are stored up the food, sugar, starch, albumen, for the young plant till its roots get big and strong enough to get food out of the soil. The Exogens have more than one cotyledon; the Endogens have only one. Hence to say that a tree or plant is Dicotyledonous is the same as to say it is Exogenous—or if mono-cotyledonous it is Endogenous. The Cryptogamous series is likewise divided into classes, and these again into sub-classes or families. So far the natural system of classification, you will see, is regulated by the simple matter of flowers, stems, and cotyledons or seed-leaves. Whether a plant has flowers or not determines the series. The manner in which the wood grows or the number of these seed leaves decides its class. But as we go farther we find differences in roots, leaves, seeds and flowers; all of which have something to do in fixing the family, or sub-class, order and species. Now if you choose you can study the questions here given:

Is a grape vine Exogenous or Endogenous?

Is it Dictyledonous or Mono-cotyledonous?

To what series does the Dahlia belong?

Is our common Indian corn Cryptogamous?

What is the little spot in a grain of corn called?

Does a grain of wheat have it?

On what does the young plant feed at first?

What is a Cotyledon?

If a plant has only one, is it an Endogen or Exogen?

If it has more than two it is Polycotyledenous—can you name one?

To which series does the moss on the roofs of old houses belong?

How many Cotyledons has an apple-seed?

Is the apple tree an Endogen or Exogen?

How many Cotyledons has a pine tree seed?

Would you call it Monocotyledenous, Dicotyledenous, or Polycotyledenous?

The best way to get correct answers is to get the seed and examine. A Monocotyledon does not appear above ground after being planted. Try a bean, a pea, and a grain of corn, side by side.

We will next time consider roots and leaves. UNCLE SAMSON.

☞ Do not forget that while you f pl your hands, Time folds not up his wi —*Fuller.*

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