

"Oh, no, Clementina," Lucy answered, "for we get answers." And Clementina smiled an inscrutable smile.

"You don't believe we get answers from the dead, ma'am?" she asked.

"No," said Lucy, "certainly not! Not in that way. The dead have cast off their bodies, and if they do hold any communication with us, it must be as if we too were out of the flesh."

"My father always said we had no call to have any dealings with the blessed dead," remarked Clementina. "We never had any portrait of Niel. But after he was killed, Rachel's sweetheart sent us home a little one in a case. It had been taken after Niel was in India. But when my father saw what it was, he wouldn't take a second look. After the neighbours had been told about the death, my father never named Niel again. He never spoke of our mother." And Clementina sighed and went about her business.

Lucy drew a long breath. The mere thought of such suppressed existence seemed to choke her. There may be danger of righteous indignation or strong emotion merely frittering itself away in the "soft luxurious flow" of too copious expression. A deep thinker has cautioned us.

"Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control

That o'er thee swell and throng:
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong."

But merely to smother and bury is not to control and direct. It is rather to deprive healthful force of its lawful function, and to screen fevered force from wholesome cure. Surely speech is to the mind as an opened window is to a chamber. If the chamber be fresh

already, then its freshness but meets newer freshness. If it be filled with noxious vapours, they escape and fresh air enters.

It struck Lucy, too, as singular how this Highland father and daughter, unlike the Brands in every other respect, yet resembled them in one particular.

These Gillespies had clearly been gloomy people, narrow of creed, strict in life, staunch alike in love and in hatred. The Brands were frivolous, practically creedless, moving at the breath of every social wind, their emotions floating like bubbles on the surface.

Yet both the Brands and the Gillespies kept silence over "the dead." They shut up their names and their memories in the tomb. It had often pained Lucy to realise that in her sister's silence her own recollections of her early home were fading. When we so inevitably soon pass out of hearing of those who have shared a common past, Lucy felt much should be made of that treasury, while two remain to turn it over. Apart from the attractions of Mrs. Bray's quaintness and elfishness, the old lady had for Lucy the supreme attraction that she remembered Lucy's parents, and seldom saw her without making bright reference to some saying or doing of "your father" or "your mother." But when Florence was forced to mention these parents, it was always in a whisper—such as Lucy would have used in naming a painful subject. And she invariably said "poor papa," "poor mamma," as if Death—as universal as birth—can, in itself, be a misfortune.

Winter was drawing on, as Clementina poetically expressed it, "fast as a stone rolls down the hillside." No Pacific Island letter had ever come from

Mr. Challoner, but Lucy said to herself that possibly his American letter would but come the sooner. Every morning she woke with the thought "Charlie's letter may come to-day!" She knew the hope was still premature. So when she did not find Charlie's letter, she always opened her other letters cheerily and read aloud any items of news which she thought might amuse the little breakfast party, Hugh generally having an interest in most of his mother's friends, since those who cared for her did not forget to send a message to him, and one or two even added a bit of paper "all for himself," covered with "O's" for kisses.

One morning towards the end of November three letters lay by Lucy's breakfast plate. The top one was a note from the picture dealer, the under one was but a type-written circular. But Lucy paused over the centre missive.

"Here is a funny-looking epistle," she said, holding it up. The envelope was thin and poor and dirty, and the writing seemed to have been done by a pin-like pen wielded by a very heavy hand, which must have wrought sore damage on its instrument before it laid it down.

"I know what that is," said Tom confidently; "it's the bricklayer's bill." A few days earlier a bricklayer had been employed to relay a stone in the scullery floor, and Tom and Hugh had superintended the performance with great delight.

"Well, I don't think he makes out many bills," remarked Lucy, rather daintily tearing open the filthy wrapper and unfolding its contents.

As she did so, her contented smile changed to a look of bewilderment.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT PERGOLAS, AND MISS JEKYLL'S "WOOD AND GARDEN."

MISS GERTRUDE JEKYLL'S *Wood and Garden: Notes and Thoughts Practical and Critical by a Working Amateur* (Longmans) would be welcome if it were only for the convincing way in which she preaches the true gospel of gardening—that there is no hard and fast line between wood and garden, wild and cultivated. She makes her garden melt into her strip of woodland; she plants her wood as well as her garden with flowers. The twelve calendar chapters with which her book opens detail the operations month by month of nature as well as of the gardener. These are followed by chapters on large and small gardens; beginning and learning; the flower-border and the pergola; the primrose garden; the colours of flowers; the scents of the garden; the worship of false gods; novelty and variety; weeds and pests; the bedding fashion and its influence; and masters and men—all of them delightfully illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

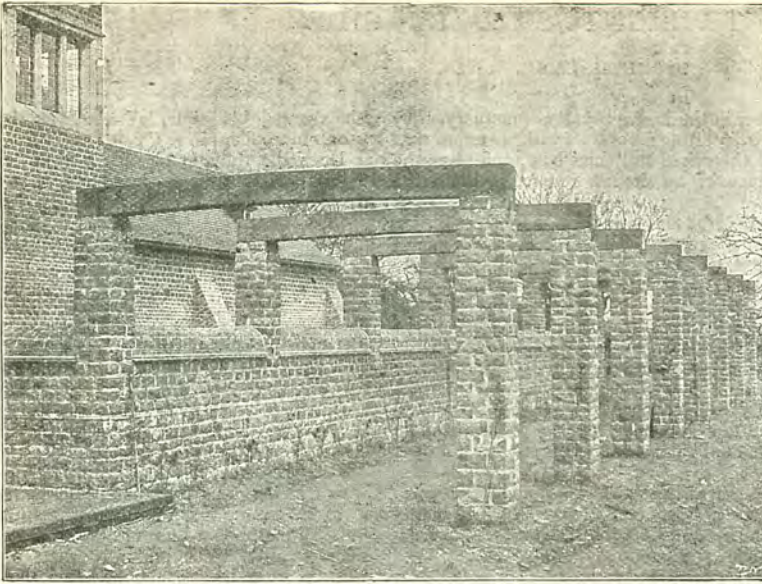
For most readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER certain parts of the book have less value than others. Much of it is taken up with the gardens of the wealthy. Miss Jekyll's own garden, which furnishes the backbone of the book, entails considerable expenditure, and is the ideal garden for a moderate-sized manor-house. But she treats her garden as a cottage garden is treated. She buys every plant her-

self, and puts it into the ground with her own hands, and she keeps her eye on every plant as if it were a child, doctoring it when it is weakly, and removing it when it is obviously unsuited to thrive under those conditions. She pays special attention to the cottage gardens in her neighbourhood, knowing that in them she will get her best object lessons in the survival of the fittest. A cottage wife, to be successful with her garden, has to use the flowers which experience shows will do best in the neighbourhood. Her space is limited; she cannot afford expensive protection against weather, or expensive manures; she cannot afford to renew her plants often. By paying special attention to the gardens of her poor neighbours, Miss Jekyll has secured some of the most luxuriant massings of blossom in her own.

Invaluable advice will be found in the book upon such ordinary subjects as flower-borders, villa gardens, and small town gardens, and Miss Jekyll complements her generalisations on the subject by descriptions of actual gardens of exceptional success and beauty. But I prefer to take for my example of her book something a little more out of the ordinary, which yet is within the reach of families of limited means—the formation of a pergola, especially since it is quite possible to make a pergola in the narrow strip of garden with

which Londoners have to be content. What is a pergola? people will ask. Webster, in his great dictionary, defines it thus: "Pergola, *n.* (It.), Pergula, *n.* (Lat.) (ancient architecture), a sort of gallery or balcony in a house. Some suppose it to be an arbour in a garden or a terrace overhanging one." Webster, severe New Englander, had not before his mind the kind of pergola which haunts the memory of the lover of Italy when he is back in prosaic London. To such, a pergola is part not of a house, but of a garden, the framework for an avenue-arbour covered usually with vines, but occasionally with gourds. This framework consists of a long colonnade of snow-white plaster columns which support the cross-rafters over which the vines are trained. And the prettiest ones are those which crown overhanging terraces. For pergolas a single row of columns and a wall are perhaps better suited to our more tempestuous climate. The Italians prefer a double row of columns. Nearly every monastery in the South of Italy has its pergola, as, for example, the often-pictured convent of the Cappuccini at Amalfi. In the winter, when their leaves are off, these pergolas give the effect of a peristyle in Pompeii. Here is Miss Jekyll's recipe for a pergola.

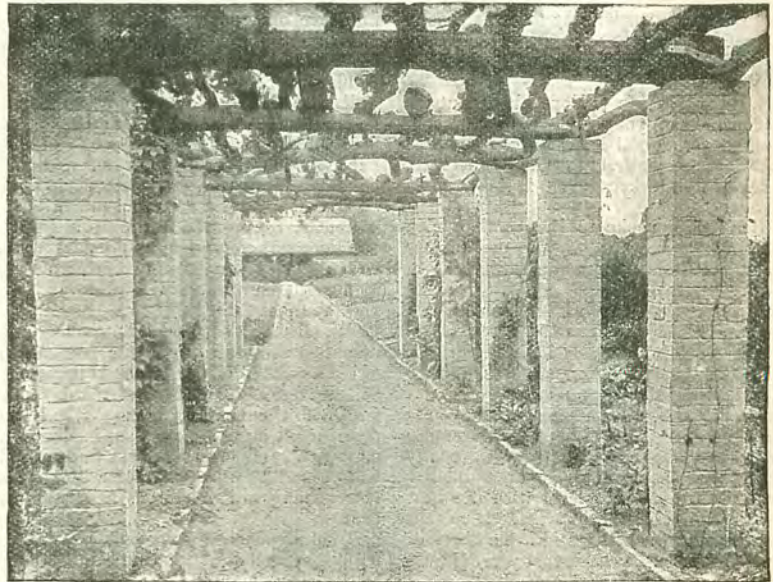
"I do not like a mean pergola, made of stuff as thin as hop-poles. If means or



STONE-BUILT PERGOLA WITH WROUGHT OAK BEAMS.

materials do not admit of having anything better, it is far better to use these in some other simple way, of which there may be many to choose from—such as uprights at even intervals, braced together with a continuous rail at about four feet from the ground, and another rail just clear of the ground, and some simple trellis of the smaller stuff between these two rails. This is always pretty at the back of a flower-border in any modest garden. But a pergola should be more seriously treated, and the piers at any rate should be of something rather large—either oak stems ten inches thick, or, better still, of fourteen-inch brick-work painted with limewash to a quiet stone colour. In Italy the piers are often of rubble masonry, either round or square in section, coated with very coarse plaster, and lime-washed white. For a pergola of moderate size the piers should stand in pairs across the path, eight feet clear between. Ten feet from pier to pier along the path is a good proportion, or anything from eight to ten feet, and they should stand seven feet two inches out of the ground. Each pair should be tied across the top with a strong beam of oak, either of the natural shape, or roughly adzed on the four faces; but in any case, the ends of the beams, where they rest on the top of the piers, should be adzed flat to give them a firm seat. If the beams are slightly curved or cambered, as most trunks of oak are, so much the better, but they must always be placed camber side up. The pieces that run

along the top, with the length of the path, may be of any branching tops of oak, or of larch poles. These can easily be replaced as



PERGOLA WITH BRICK PIERS AND BEAMS OF ROUGH OAK.

they decay; but the replacing of a beam is a more difficult matter, so that it is well to let them be fairly durable from the beginning."

Miss Jekyll gives illustrations which are reproduced. She says that the climbers which she finds best are *Vines*, *Jasmine*, *Aristolochia*, *Virginia Creeper*, and *Wistaria*, and that *Roses* are about the worst, for they soon run up leggy, and only flower at the top out of sight. I am not familiar with the *Aristolochia*, but *Vines*, *Jasmine*, *Virginia Creeper*, and *Wistaria*, all of them grow well in the inner London suburbs such as *Chelsea* and *Kensington* much better than *Roses*. Nearly every London garden has its flower bed, two or three feet wide, running along its wall, and its gravel path, two or three feet wide, running outside that. All that remains therefore is to have brick piers seven feet high built on the outside edge of the gravel path and to have the roof framework carried across from them to the wall. With this a hideous London back garden can be converted into a thing of beauty.

Readers, who are fortunate enough to live in the country and have a strip of woodland adjoining their gardens, should read with great care Miss Jekyll's admirable advice as to the exotic irises and other flowers which can be made to grow in English woods. A wood garden full of daffodils and irises, anemones and primroses, in their due seasons, is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

OUR PUZZLE POEMS: AN ACCIDENTAL CYCLE.

COMBINED SERIES.

FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*).
Helen B. Younger, Edinburgh.

SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES DIVIDED.
(*One Guinea and a Half Each*).
Ethel Dickson, Preston.
Ellie Hanlon, Sandycove, Dublin.

These competitors also gained prizes in Series II. and III., and, according to the rules, we have made a further award of the amounts so won.

SERIES II.—SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS TO AWARD.

WINNERS (*Six Shillings Each*).
Miss E. J. Friend, Woodford Green.
Mrs. G. W. Smith, North Walsham.
Mrs. A. J. Wilson, Croydon.

Edith E. Grundy, Leicester.
Rev. V. Odom, Sheffield.
C. Thompson, Minchinhampton.
Frederick W. Southey, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Correction—Series I.

SERIES III.—NINETEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE TO AWARD.

WINNERS (*Four Shillings Each*).
Rev. Joseph Corkey, Armagh.

The solution sent by M. A. C. Crabb was entirely overlooked. It was perfect, and entitled to a prize of ten shillings, which has now been sent. No complaint was received from the solver.