

I think this would not be at all a bad plan in your neighbourhood as the sun is never so scorching as it is on the south coast where they leave all the foliage as it is required to shade the fruit.

After this is done, and before the crop is ripe enough to gather, you will have a little time to give to the other portion of the garden. Some preparations have now to be made for the autumn and winter, such as planting out of the winter brocoli and Brussels sprouts, celery, and late potatoes, and the sowing of seeds of winter salads, endive and corn salad. The young herb seedlings, too, will require transplanting to their permanent quarters. The early potatoes should be earthed up for the last time, and peas and beans staked.

When the first crop of broad beans has been gathered, the plants can be cut down to about six inches from the ground; they will then push up three or four stems instead of one and yield a good second crop. This will save you the trouble of making a fresh sowing; but it will be quite worth while to put in another row of scarlet runners to come in in late autumn.

Prune the tops of the gooseberry and currant bushes so that light and air may have free access to the branches and ripen the fruit. Birds are very partial to ripe gooseberries, and it is sometimes necessary to tie some black thread from point to point over the trees as a slight protection from their ravages.

I am glad to hear that your raspberry canes are looking so well. I did not know you had two plantations of them; but it is fortunate, especially as they promise a heavy crop, for raspberries are very highly thought of in London, and I have no doubt that if you pick the finest and pack them in punnets similarly to the strawberries they will be worth a good price. You are quite right in keeping them well-watered and applying liquid manure occasionally.

To-day I have been to King Street to order some more punnets for you, and also ordered six nice boxes, wooden ones, rather shallow, specially made to hold half-a-dozen punnets of strawberries. The lids of the boxes are just laid on, not nailed down, and they are piled one over the other and corded together.

Your name and address is to be burnt on each one, so that there will be no excuse if they are not duly returned to you. I thought you would probably fill about three boxes a day, that is eighteen punnets, partly strawberries, partly raspberries, and if the empty boxes are returned each day that number will be sufficient; but if there is any difficulty, or you find that you can fill more, send me a telegram at once and I will see to it.

Be sure to write to the Association in good time, saying that you will have some to send; it is possible, too, that I may get you a private customer or two as well. A lady has just started some tea-rooms in Regent Street; she will be obliged to have supplies of strawberries and cream by-and-by, and no doubt would be glad to have them sent to her direct instead of having to send out for them. I will see if it is possible to make a business arrangement with her; but do not, however, wait for this order, but send up to the Association regularly if you can.

At first sight it seems more natural to deal with private people; but the experience I gained long ago showed me that this is not always the most profitable plan, and that it frequently pays better to take a lower but permanent rate of payment from one firm than go from market to market, or customer to customer, in search of a higher, your produce deteriorating meanwhile for want of gathering at the right moment.

About the time of day for picking the strawberries—the morning of the day upon which they are to be eaten is the best of course, but you are so far from London that they would arrive too late for sale on that day. So I think the next best plan would be to commence picking them after five in the evening, the great heat of the sun will be gone and the dew not have begun to fall, so they will be quite dry. Gather them in a large shallow basket or tray, then take them indoors and line your punnets with three strawberry leaves, place each one in the scale and fill carefully and lightly with sound, unbruised fruit. Then put them in the box, in two rows, and cover with a thick layer of strawberry leaves. Stuff the spaces between with cut leaves also. If very hot weather a sheet of paper, in addition to the leaves, will

help to keep the heat out. Cord and label the boxes, and get them down to the local station in time for a midnight or very early morning train to town. Above all, do not neglect to enclose with each consignment a list of contents, and keep a duplicate of the same in your account book, so that you know exactly how matters stand and what money is owing to you. The strawberries will arrive in splendid condition if thus carefully packed, and be in good time for the morning sales in town.

I am very glad that they promise to be such fine ones this year, though, of course, the crop will not be very large, as they are young plants; next year, however, will be their best bearing time, and you may confidently look forward to doubling your consignments, whatever they may amount to this year. If you get 250 lbs. weight from the three hundred and fifty plants, they will have done remarkably well, although next year they may yield from 600 to 700 lbs.

I shall be eager to hear how you succeed with them, and wish I could spare the time to run down and help you at this critical moment, but, as you are aware, although it is a busy time in the country, with so many crops requiring attention at the same time, it is also the busiest time of the year in London, with "the season" in full swing. The Park is crowded, the streets are bright with the glitter of harness and smart equipages, and the shop windows displaying all the dainty novelties prepared for summer wear. Indeed, I know of no place so attractive as London on a fine June morning; I enjoy it immensely, and yet, at the same time yearn longingly for a sight of the sweet, open country, where the June daisies and grasses are bowing their heads in the soft warm breeze. I think, if we could, we should all be glad to lengthen this month of balmy days—the noontide of the year. As we cannot, we sigh with the poet, who exclaims—

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June;
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
When heaven tries the earth if it be in
tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Ever your loving aunt,
AMY.

HOLIDAYS IN THE GREEN COUNTRY.

By "MEDICUS."

"The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood;
Their colours and their forms were then
to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm."

"God made the country,
Man made the town."



HAVE two or three subjects for my monthly health-sermons in my work-book, which I hope to take up soon, and which I think will be of interest to my readers. One is "The Turkish Bath and Health of the Skin,"

another "Eczema, Prickly Heat and Kindred Ailments," and a third, "Life at Hydropathic Establishments."

I had meant to have taken the first of these to-day, but as many hard-worked lassies in all

lines of life will now be longing for a holiday of some kind, having, I trust, laid up a bit for expenses connected therewith, I think I cannot do better than tell some of you where you may spend a delightful holiday, not at the seaside but in the green country.

I am very sorry to have to report, that tens of thousands of the inhabitants of this country flock to the seaside annually during the season, who, as far as health is concerned, would be ten times better at home, and for several reasons—

First and foremost. Every case is not benefited by sea air and sea breezes. For let me tell you that girls, who are very much run down by over-work and breathing the stifling air of badly-ventilated and unwholesome workshops, generally suffer more or less from congestion of the brain and irritability. They are often very nervous, and the buffeting of the winds on the beach, the glare of light that is reflected from white sands and the sea make them worse rather than better.

Secondly. At the seaside, unless one is a

millionaire and can order hotel apartments regardless of expense, there is often a lack of home comforts during the season. Places are mostly full-up, so that you may thoroughly tire yourself out the very first day looking for a decent room. The price of this room may be startling, for lodging-house keepers have consciences it is true—and so has a coal-carter's horse.

Thirdly. There is too much excitement and din at most seaside watering-places. You get carried away in the vortex of this; the streets are hard and hot, you go to bed tired almost every night, and perhaps toss wearily about in your sleep, so that you awake peevish in the morning, and when the end of your holiday comes at last you learn, to your sorrow, that you are worse than before you came down.

But a holiday spent in the cool green country is often much to be recommended, especially to those who are jaded and weary and tired of bustle and stir.

I cannot describe many country health-

resorts in one single paper, and therefore content myself with mentioning only those I know personally. I should add that during my long caravan rambles I come across many

"A sweet little village by the banks of a stream,

Where poets love to wander, and where music seems to dream,"

and which want only good hotel accommodation to make them delightful wee health-resorts. But even in these you may find clean and cheerful lodgings in villas, with plain country fare, real new-laid eggs, fish that you may catch for yourself, and fruit galore, with romantic walks in the woodlands, the soft cool turf beneath your feet, wild birds and flowers all around, and nothing that can disturb or annoy.

I have passed through Turvey, Beds., for instance, twice, and think it an ideal little village, and I hope to go there some time to rest in peace and write a book. Surely that book would partake of the innocence and sweetness of all around me, with touches of nature to give it a background and atmosphere of reality.

Bath is a very ancient watering-place. Well, I have often recommended people to go to this place, but only when angry. "Oh, go to Bath," I have said, "and don't bother me." It is an illustrious place, but it isn't the country, and the footsteps of too many kings and queens have been left on its hot soil to please a country bird like me.

There are many charming rural villages in Yorkshire, near several of which I have pitched my caravan. Askern is one. It is quite unsophisticated, but many cases of rheumatism or acidity of blood would do better here than in Harrogate itself. There are here sulphureous waters to drink, and the baths are very invigorating and curative. Everything is reasonable and provisions cheap. Mention my name anywhere if you go there; ask if they remember the "Wanderer" caravan, and if they don't treat you well, write and tell me. But Askern folks are Yorkshire folks and hospitable even as the Scotch are; honest, straight and with no pretence. There are nice walks about and pleasant drives—these latter not expensive—besides three rivers within hail—the Don, the Trent and the Ouse. You needn't drive if you have a bike, and oh, the bonnie, cosy, wee villages you shall come to! If you can take a snapshot, or sketch, you may find many a pleasant picture here. Cheltenham and Clifton are both charming inland towns, and around each are delightful woodland walks, but they are not rural enough to please me.

By the way, I may as well give you a hint here lest it escapes my memory. If you come across, in your reading, any village in England or Scotland that you think you would like to take up your residence at, just write a note, enclosing stamp and envelope, to the post-master. Post-masters are nearly always good-hearted fellows, and will be glad to assist you by recommending lodgings. I have often given this advice, and girls have afterwards written to thank me for it.

Malvern is a delightful town itself, but not rural of course. Never mind, one might do worse than reside here for a night or two, and look out for apartments in some village near. At the British Camp, high above Malvern, there is an ideal wee inn. Here the accommodation might be limited, but cosy I believe to a degree. Close by it is the charmingly secluded villa where Jenny Lind used to live. It was called the "Nightingale's Nest." The scenery all around is grand, and from the top of British Camp Hill I believe you can see into six counties. The air is bracing but by no means exciting.

Ilkley, in Yorkshire, I may describe more

minutely when speaking about hydros; suffice it to say here that it is a bonnie, wee town—old-fashioned—and with a populace verging on 7,000.

The scenery all around it is diversified and bold. Lodgings are easily obtained, and the hotels are good without being extravagant, while there are lovely walks and pretty drives enough to please anyone. To Haworth, for instance, where Charlotte Brontë lived; to the Cow and Calf Caverns; Stump Cross Caverns; to the Strid, Plimpton Rocks and Kilnsey Scaur.

If you bike it here better perhaps take your nosebag with you to put on—pardon caravan language—because the air is so bracing that you are sure to get hungry and inns are few. When I cycle cross-country, I make a point of taking a cake of eating chocolate in my bag; with this and milk—procurable anywhere—I can easily manage to exist till dinner-time.

Harrogate itself is too grand and luxurious a place to be suitable for quiet and repose, although, as a health-resort, it is really good. It is, moreover, somewhat expensive.

I shall also say about Harrogate that it is within reach of many places well worthy of being visited. But for these I must refer you to a local guide book.

A well-known consulting physician, speaking of this lovely place says, "Are there no places in England where the invalid can obtain all the advantages of a continental residence without its disadvantages? Yes. Harrogate has a high reputation as a health-resort during summer, but it is as a winter watering-place I wish to recommend it. It is situated on an elevated plateau, 400 feet above the sea. The atmosphere is dry; the air peculiarly bracing and gives tone to the system, by which an invalid is made to feel cheerful and energetic, and thus it enables him to take a large amount of exercise in the open air. Fogs are rare and the amount of sunshine large."

But I think that some of the sweetest scenery of mid-England is to be found about Matlock. It is so charmingly wooded too.

Here are a few notes I made while driving from Duffield to Matlock.* Duffield itself is a quiet unsophisticated bit of a place, with lovely walks around it, and situated in the midst of a rolling woodland country.

No more beautiful drive can be conceived than that we enjoyed this forenoon. It would be a shame not to glory in such scenery; not to revel in it; it would even be a shame to drive too quickly; for, lying here among his rugs on the *coupé*, even my noble Newfoundland looks happier than he has looked since we left home.

We have many a pretty peep, the beauty of which it would be impossible to exaggerate.

1. From the top of a railway bridge. Fertile fields in the foreground, then hills like the giant waves of the Atlantic, green-wooded to the top, the ashes, elms and beeches quite a sight to see.

2. Crossing the River Derwent. It is broad and bright, and yonder it goes tumbling over a weir. An old stone-built mill. A quaint, wee, ivy-clad inn, "cuddling doon" neath ivy-clad rocks wooded on the top. A little village going straggling up the glen by the river's side, the river singing to it as it flows onwards. Houses built of stone. A bonnie little church half hid in ivy.

3. Cross the Derwent again, and may have to many times before we reach Matlock. Here is Milford, quite a beauty nook. Stone houses; and the eye is everywhere refreshed by the cool green of the creeping ivy that half-buries and canopies even cart-sheds, that surrounds the trees and crawls along the

fences, beautifying everything just as moon-light does. More green hills beyond and fields divided by stone fences.

4. Village of Belper. River close aboard of us, placid and clear and making a charming sweep.

The trees seem to love the river; they nod over it, they leave their arms in it, they kiss it and use it as a mirror.

5. Belper cemetery. Fifteen acres in extent—fifteen God's acres of surpassing loveliness. A beautiful garden wide and fantastic it may well be called, with its green and grassy lawns and graves, its dark yew trees, bright rhododendrons and lovely flowers.

6. The village of Ambergate—a tree-clad glen. The hills around are banks of foliage of every hue and shade, from the lightest green of the silver-stemmed birches to the needed darkness of waving Scottish pines. Wild flowers everywhere, crimson silenes, forget-me-nots and nodding fox-gloves, bright red against the bracken's green.

Just one more peep. 7. Cromford is a pretty wee town among rocks and wood. After we leave it we find ourselves in O! such a charming glen. Down beneath us there is the Derwent; on the right the wondrous foliage of those waving trees striving as it were to hide the stream. And the sly, coaxing old river seems to dally with the trees and forms a great deep dark pool, and tries to make them believe it is in no hurry to get off; but presently it breaks from their embrace and goes foaming and tumbling over a weir and away and away.

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Tunbridge Wells is very pretty but rather aristocratic to be romantic.

But in both Kent and Surrey are many charming little villages the tired and the weary might find peace and rest in, peace and plenty too, but nothing extravagant in price.

Across the border and into Scotland—

"I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies,
I see the branches downwards bent
Like keys of some great instrument.
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
While through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a gallant galleon."

No one can call himself or herself a true Briton—though English if she pleases—who has not visited the magnificent scenery of the Scottish Highlands and seen the picturesque beauty of the Lowlands.

Few London girls however will have money to take them so far, but the lassies of Glasgow and Edinburgh do not see half enough of their own wild land.

I have only space to name a few sweet and lovely spots. Brig of Earn, Brig of Allan, Crief and all around; Strathpeffer, Beauly, and all the bonnie villages up the Don and Dee.

In conclusion, let me advise those of our English workaday girls, who cannot afford to go far or spend much money, to look out for farm or cottage apartments. Let them choose a village and run down to it, spend one night at the inn, and next day seek for quiet and nice apartments.

Take books to read, study birds and butterflies and wild flowers and fish. Fishing, next to sketching from nature out of doors, is the most cultivative of all occupations. You needn't take tackle or gear with you, it is always to be had where fishing is; and in Scotland you can always get a four-foot high ghillie for a few pence a day, who will make you an excellent guide.

But, whatever you do, keep calm else your holiday will be of no service to you from a health point of view.

* Like *Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy*.