should always be discouraged, while on the other hand nothing indigestible should be placed before them. Game of various kinds, as well as fowl, pigeon, and rabbit, make a very nice change, and so does white fish, with the exception of herrings and mackerel, or any other strong-tasted and oily fish. Although a little salt should always be sprinkled over a child's food, he should not be permitted to eat salted provisions of any kind, nor any such indigestible food as pork, goose, or even duck, and turkey should be given but sparingly. The stuffing generally used with these latter is very likely to produce a fit of indigestion, if given to a child. There are vegetables that a child may eat, and others that he ought not to partake of; potatoes, for example, turnips, and roots generally are very wholesome, but cabbage and greens are provocative of internal disturbance. Even potatoes, turnips, and parsnips, however, should be mashed; and here let me give a word of warning: they ought not to be mashed on the plate with the back of a fork; they will be lumpy if they are; the mashing ought to be complete and thorough. Puddings of sago, rice, or semolina, or even corn-flour, should always form part of the child's dinner, and suet dumpling, if eaten with syrup, makes a very nice change.

What should a child drink? Milk or water, or milk and water, with meals, or a very little tea or coffee well diluted with milk. Cocoa is most nourishing, I cannot indeed speak too highly in its praise. As to beer or wines, I should say never under any circumstances allow a child to partake of them, except under the orders or sanction of a medical man. The supper should be early, say six o'clock, and may be light pudding of any kind, porridge and milk, or bread and butter with milk-diluted tea. Children live fast, and be it remembered that they require more food in comparison to their size than grown-up people do, for they have not only to repair the waste of tissue, but to build and feed bone, and nerve, and muscle. Even between meals, therefore, if occasion demands it, do not deny them a crust of bread.

But lo! here I am almost at the end of my chapter, and, despite my title, medicines have been mainly conspicuous by their absence. And so, reader, I would very willingly let them be in the nursery; there is little need of physic where children are well cared for, well clothed, and fed in the way I have tried to indicate. If a laxative be needed, either a teaspoonful of magnesia may be mixed in the pap, or a little fluid magnesia administered, but remember that magnesia too often given is apt to form concretions of a dangerous kind. A little grey powder may be given sometimes, if the child seem to need it. Castor oil warmed, so as to make it run easy, is a good laxative, the only objection to its administration being that force is required, and I know by experience that a child will sometimes struggle so against swallowing medicine as to cause itself mischief. Dill-water is a useful remedy to have in the nursery, and a tea-spoonful or two may be given when the child seems to be griped. Syrup of rhubarb is another harmless aperient, and one which will not weaken the child; but after all the less medicine you give the better, unless the child be actually fevered, and then it is time to send for the doctor.

GARDENING IN JANUARY.

PERHAPS some facetious merry-maker who has come down to spend Christmas with our readers may be tempted to exclaim, as his eye falls on the heading of this paper, "Gardening in January! What an incongruous pastime! As soon might we conceive of directions for snow-balling in July!" A glance, however, round the gaily-decked room in which he may chance to find himself—the old oak dining-room, perhaps, all floral with its evergreens, holly, Christmas roses, and greenhouse delights—or it may be a second but more furtive glance, *merely*, of course, at the ruddy *camellia* which is hiding its petals to such advantage in the raven tresses of some bright-eyed cousin who is laughing away so accidentally near the mistletoe—these two glances, we think, may possibly awaken an afterthought that he has made rather a donkey of himself for quizzing us about our "going a-gardening in January." We shall, nevertheless, take his piece of pleasantry in the utmost good humour. Neither Christmas nor New Year's Eve is a time even for a little quarrel; for those scarlet holly-berry letters on the wall spell out so distinctly, "Peace on earth." All the best wishes of the season, then, and "every happiness" to our joker and the gentle girl by his side.

No, we will tell them that nothing is going to put us out of conceit of this gardening hobby of ours. May we not indeed say that a quasi-divinity hedges about our handicraft? We are engrossed by the study of flowers, nor do we forget that the great Flower-Maker Himself was once "supposed to be the gardener."

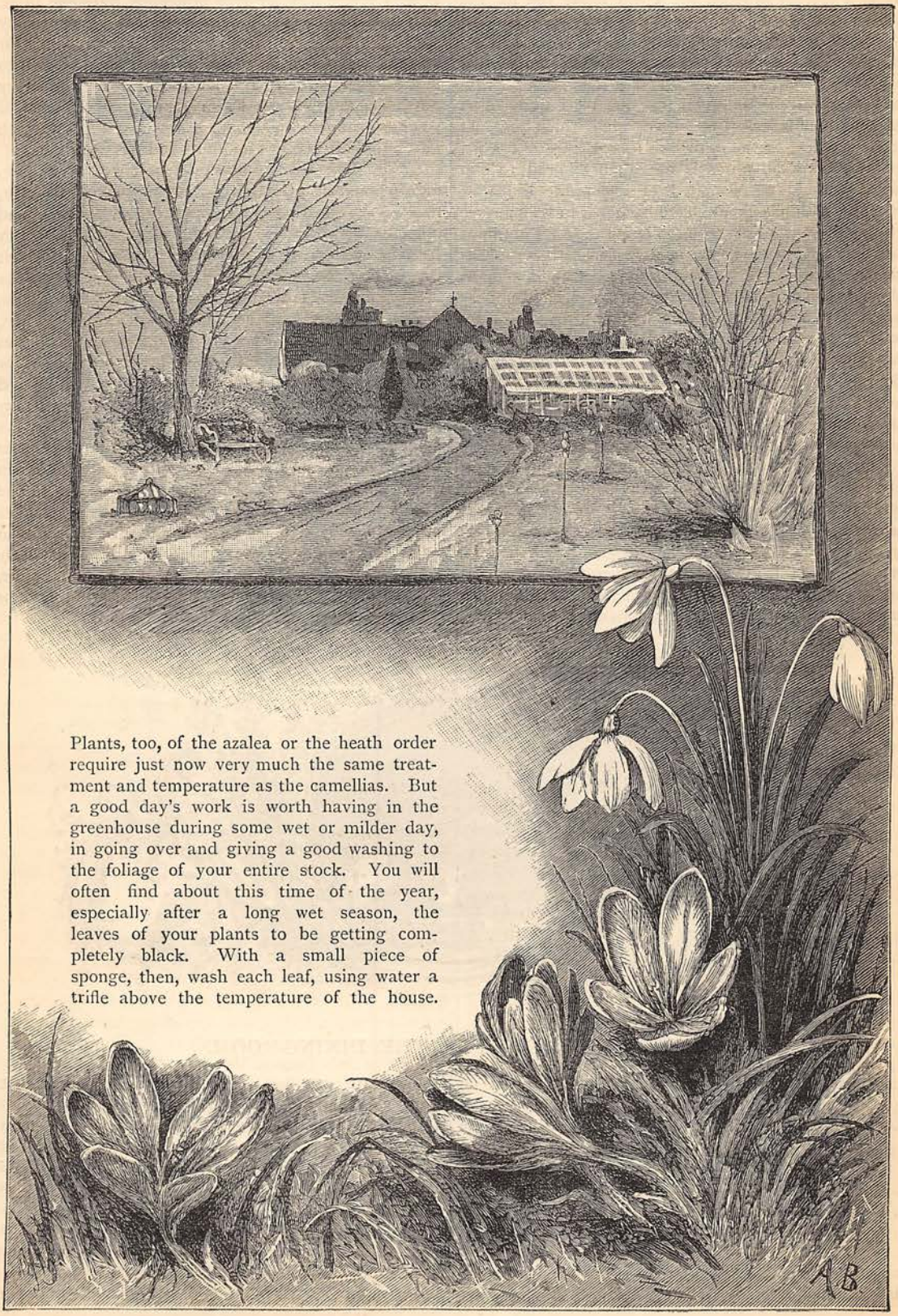
To begin, then, forthwith. Camellias are an inviting subject on this cold and bleak January day; their colour is so bright and decided. Let us see what there is to be said about them this month. Those early sorts that may be about now coming into flower will require constant attention and watering. We have often said that the watering-pot, in so far as our *general* greenhouse stock of plants and cuttings is concerned, may be at this time of the year, except at rare intervals, almost discarded. Not so, however, must we treat these camellias as they begin to show for flowering. If we then neglect to water them, the buds will in all probability fall off. To encourage their early blossom—and naturally we are impatient to see

flowers again—we must, if possible, keep our greenhouse close, but, on the other hand, we must also avoid excessive fire-heat. Indeed, the same observations will apply to most plants as they approach the state of florescence. A want of attention to this matter of routine is, indeed, the cause of the failure and despair of many amateur gardeners. The fact is, and there is no denying it, we who can only afford a single greenhouse in which to grow or to shelter our entire stock of flowers and ferns, and perhaps a small grape-vine to boot, find it exceedingly difficult to "make both ends meet" in all the varied projects that we undertake. If we succeed in some of our experiments, we fail in others. Of course, the bulk of our camellia varieties comes into blossom a little later on in the early spring. The double ones are naturally the most admired and sought after. These, however, are best obtained by grafting upon good healthy plants of the single species. This operation is generally done, for the most part, from about September to February. Cuttings from the *single* camellias had, however, better be taken, say, early in July, as by that time the new young wood has become fairly ripe. Still, in our variable climate it is difficult to be very precise when specifying the particular time for any particular operation. Take, for instance, that extraordinary change in the temperature which we experienced in October last. We were enjoying what is popularly called St. Luke's little summer, and very little it proved to be, for twenty-four hours afterwards our trees were breaking down all over the country under their weight of snow, their foliage being yet upon them, while some of our gardeners who were a little behindhand in their work had hardly finished housing their bedding-out plants, which were now for a night exposed to several degrees of frost. Probably such a scene of desolation and destruction as many of our forests and orchards and plantations presented then has not been known in this country within the memory of any living man. Continuing, however, our remarks upon the routine culture of camellias, something may be said with advantage as to the kind of soil which they prefer. They succeed best, then, in soil compounded in equal proportion of good turf loam and sandy peat. Camellias, indeed, in fairly sheltered situations, and of the hardier sort, will even grow in the open, and can be trained up a wall; but it is rare, however, that this sort of experiment is attempted, as in very hard winters the buds will probably fall off shortly before they seem to give promise of future blossom.

Long, however, before the summer has really commenced, every class of camellia has done flowering, and the next thing that we have to think about is to foster and encourage in our plants the formation of new wood. For this purpose we give them, if possible, a little artificial heat. They like a moist atmosphere, and therefore we then give a good syringing, not only to the plants themselves but to the sides and flooring or ground of the house as well. But, like everything else, they want air, though they do not at this time want much of the power of the sun. The temperature, therefore, that they then require is, by day, something about sixty-four degrees, and not lower than fifty-four by night. One peculiarity about camellias is the extraordinary length of time that elapses between the first appearance and the actual expansion of the bud into flower. For instance, plants that have been treated as we have just described will have well-developed buds and new foliage by the end of July, but these buds will not be in flower until perhaps the following March or April. In July, however, our camellias are all turned out of doors. When properly potted, where necessary, set them all out then in the open, and stand them where they get plenty of shelter from the sun, for they are very shy of all heat. Stand them, too, on a board, and not on wet or damp mould, where possibly some worms may in time succeed in ferreting their way through the drainage-hole of your pot. Yet, if you were careful when repotting about draining your pot with potsherd, this ought under no circumstances to be possible. Until autumn has, then, well advanced, the longer your plants are out in the open the healthier and hardier will they be; for recollect that, after all, greenhouse heat and protection is at the best but artificial, and in a sense is contrary to nature. Soon after Michaelmas, then, house your camellias, and especially in the early winter be not too fond of a large fire. Unhappily, however, some gardeners heap on coals, alike forgetful of the possible result to the flowers, which is injury, or of the certain result in the coal-cellar, which is the rapid reduction of the supply inside.

Enough, then, just now about the camellias. Apropos, however, of the coal-cellar, one further hint might be given about the lighting and keeping of our flue, where, that is, no system of hot-water pipes can be had. Have during the whole of the year a large corner of your coal-cellar or out-house devoted to the gradual collection of ashes, to burn in the flue of your pit or greenhouse when the time for fires comes round once more. In addition to this, get in a little coke—a far less expensive article than coal; but gardeners always say they like a little coal to start their fire with, first of all, and perhaps there is some reason in this. Once well alight, however, ashes can be thrown on later in the evening, and these will burn well on through the night. Yet, no matter how cold the weather may be just now, the gardener or responsible person is bound to turn out of bed early on a winter's morning, particularly during the month on which we are just entering, whenever an intense frost prevails. More harm is done—aye, and fatally done—by idle neglect at this time of the year, between the hours of four and eight o'clock in the morning, than can be imagined. The fire has been allowed to go utterly out for two or three hours, the frost penetrates acutely, and perhaps a whole stock of plants that the day before looked in vigorous health has now toppled over, and is hanging listless, forlorn, and half shrivelled up over the flower-pots.

Those who value sweet-scented flowers at this time of the year should cultivate the daphne. Indeed, it is allowed that with care plants of this variety in a conservatory will keep in bloom for the entire year.



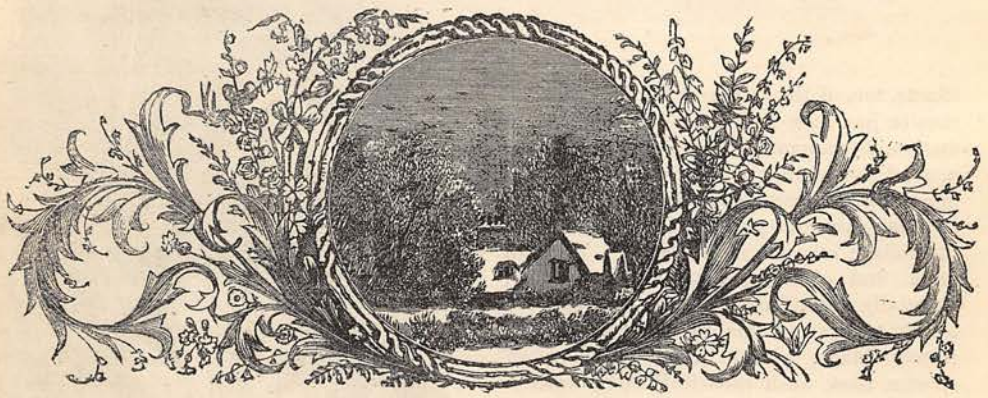
Plants, too, of the azalea or the heath order require just now very much the same treatment and temperature as the camellias. But a good day's work is worth having in the greenhouse during some wet or milder day, in going over and giving a good washing to the foliage of your entire stock. You will often find about this time of the year, especially after a long wet season, the leaves of your plants to be getting completely black. With a small piece of sponge, then, wash each leaf, using water a trifle above the temperature of the house.

It is a tedious process, but it will repay you for the labour you bestow.

In the open garden go over your rose-trees, and see to all the stakes and fastenings ; carelessness in this respect will, when the next severe gale comes, probably involve the injury if not the total destruction of your standards. Indeed, anything which presents itself as a sort of sail to the wind—overgrown ivy, for example, which is too often allowed to flap about—should be curtailed or secured. Bulbs of any and all kinds should have been got in long before this, and yet it may not be too late if they are got in at once; but delay is as fatal in a garden as that premature impatience which some, on the other hand, show in their endeavours to anticipate the seasons. In fairly open weather such operations as box-edging or shrub-moving can be carried on ; but take advantage of the hard frosty weather for all heavy wheeling of manure, &c., as this sort of thing done over your beds or across your lawn, immediately after a thaw, will get your land into a state very much resembling a country lane down which heavy carts and teams are constantly passing.

In the kitchen garden give some protection to your rhubarb and sea-kale. If you are not rich in many garden luxuries and appliances, mix up a few leaves with your small stock of manure, and scatter it lightly over the bed. Both your kale and rhubarb will be helped on by this ; but for actual forcing, of course, you must use the usual large pots, and surround them with hot manure. Earth up what remains of your celery, and in very severe weather give protection by some litter. If you have any cauliflowers in frames, or under any kind of shelter, give them rarely any water, keep clear of dead leaves—at all times the most offensive things in a kitchen garden—and let them have air at every possible opportunity. From your winter spinach, if you are fortunate enough to have preserved any, pick for use only the largest and outside leaves.

In the fruit garden finish off at once the nailing, pruning, and securing of all your wall-trees, whenever, that is, the weather is sufficiently mild, damp, and open for the operation, for on no account must all this be done during a frost. We are often annoyed about this time of the year by the ravages of the small birds among the buds of our gooseberries and currants, which, as the gardener says, with some disgust, "they've been and gone and picked clean out." But never mind, we will not therefore prune these trees for the present ; the trees, however, can be manured, and a little quick-lime thrown now around their stems may perhaps help us to ward off that provoking enemy the caterpillar, for inexorable time will soon be bidding us prepare for the spring, and the motto for all gardeners is "Look ahead." Just now, however, we are in the full tide of the Christmas holidays—the juveniles irrepressible with plans for future mirth ; others, who have seen more of the graver side of life, wisely suggesting moderation in all things ; one and all of us, let us hope, sternly resolved to do our duty in the new year, whether in the old garden or out of it.



ART-FURNISHING FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

THE general expression of an English dining-room should undoubtedly be comfort. Unlike the French, who give little heed to the surroundings of the meal, their whole attention being absorbed by the meal itself, we, not being nationally *gourmands*, demand something more. Our appreciation of a good dinner is not to be disputed, but we cannot enjoy it to the full unless our other senses are gratified. We demand not only that our food be good, but that we be able to sit comfortably at it, and that our eye shall rest upon agreeable forms and colours. Also, inasmuch as dinner takes place in nine months out of the twelve in our climate after dark, a sensation of enclosure, snugness, and warmth is desirable. Hence it is that dark-coloured walls, solid and easy chairs, pictures and draperies of comparatively heavy and warm colour have become, by a long-standing convention, *de rigueur* in the room devoted to the family meals. Even in the

"She will be here very soon now," answered Mr. Latouche.

He was standing a little behind the sofa, and Gerald was quite unconscious that the gentle tones to which he now listened were those of Laurence's terrible uncle.

"I am so afraid of being asleep when she comes," said Gerald. "I want to give her the four-leaved shamrock. She will be so glad to get it; she need not be afraid of Laurence's cross uncle any more."

"Does Laurence say that his uncle is cross?" asked Mr. Latouche, his face changing.

"No," said Gerald, "Laurence is very fond of him, and Grace says that he is good, and that it is foolish of me to be so much afraid of him; but I think she is afraid herself, for she never will walk near the mills for fear of meeting him."

The sound of wheels was now heard, and a moment later Grace entered with Laurence. She went straight over to the sofa, and knelt beside it. When Gerald saw her his whole face lighted up with joy.

"See, Gracie," he whispered, showing his prize, "I have found the four-leaved shamrock!"

"Oh! Gerald," sobbed Grace, "I shall never forgive myself if my foolish talk has led to this."

"Don't cry about me," said Gerald, "I am not really hurt. Put your arm round me—so. Now I can go to sleep comfortably. You need not be afraid of Laurence's uncle any more."

"I would rather never have seen Laurence again, than this should have happened," she cried passionately.

"Right," said Mr. Latouche in answer to Laurence's look of dismay, "she is all the better worth winning for not being ready to fling old ties to the winds for the sake of her lover. How fond of her that poor boy seems!"

When Gerald next opened his eyes, Mr. Latouche, moved by a sudden impulse, bent over him.

"Gerald," he said, "I can promise you that your cousin need never again be afraid of Laurence's uncle."

"I know," said Gerald dreamily, "she will always be happy now."

"As happy as Laurence and I can make her."

Gerald smiled and closed his eyes.

After a time, Laurence, seeing how it was, took him from Grace's arms, and laid him back upon the sofa.

"It is best as it is, Grace," he whispered, "his life as he grew older could hardly have been a happy one. Up to this you have made it so."

The four-leaved shamrock, enclosed within a golden circlet of Gerald's hair, hangs in a locket from Grace's watch-chain. Either by means of this, or of some other talisman in her possession, she has cast such a spell over Mr. Latouche, that not even Laurence himself is more devoted to her than is the stern uncle, to propitiate whom poor Gerald lost his life.

GARDENING IN FEBRUARY.

IF we are still contemplating any additional winter alteration in the garden, it ought to be carried out forthwith, for what easy-going horticulturists are pleased to call the idle months of the year are rapidly passing away. Not, however, that the greatest enthusiast amongst us would be foolish enough to maintain for a moment that there is as much to be done in the garden in the month of December as there is in the month of May.

Now we will assume that a fireside discussion had taken place one winter evening as to whether any garden changes, on a large scale, were practical or expedient, and that a resolution had been arrived at to make a careful survey on the following morning, and the result of our survey would very probably find a counterpart in many an old English garden at the present day. We will suppose then the most ordinary and natural case that can suggest itself to us, viz., that of an old-fashioned country house, standing in its own grounds—say an acre of land, or thereabouts—with its small lawn, flower garden, shrubberies, and a few trees in the front, that perhaps skirts the turnpike-road, and its kitchen garden at the back, bordered also by trees and hedge-rows that divide it from a winding and sequestered lane that runs down to the farm.

Not a few of us are apt to forget that during our—it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty years'—residence at the old home, the trees and shrubberies have been expanding like ourselves, or—to put the fact as gently as we can—growing *embonpoint*. It may be that we have been so long and so daily accustomed to the sight of our laurels and our firs, our chestnuts, ash and birch, &c., that we are as unconscious of the stealthy but certain change in their appearance as in our own. But time has rolled on, and gardener has of late often been seen in council on the lawn with the olive-branches of the family, who seem to show increasing interest in his perpendicular and horizontal pointings and gesticulations. And now, perhaps, the iron-grey head of the household has joined the party, and the morning survey before alluded to has begun in good earnest, for gardener does not mean to lose this opportunity now that he has the animated juveniles to second his propositions.

And he begins by pointing out that those two large fir-trees near the end of the lawn have already more than met and are carrying on an internecine struggle for existence; he takes us behind them and shows us some of their large arms, positively dead, for they have got entangled with the laurestinus, and the laurestinus

with the hedge. Here and there are one or two promising young trees and shrubs, certainly, but he again reminds us that a few years ago there was actually a large geranium-bed between the two firs, and that each year the bed, in the month of May, had to be curtailed.

Paterfamilias seems almost sad as he remembers the truth of it all, and the gardener concludes with the alarming peroration that "if something ain't done soon, sir, another season or two will kill the whole concern right through!" while, by way of appendix, he adds—turning round and pointing to them—"Those standard roses in the middle, there, are pretty nigh worn out; two or three of 'em, perhaps, would be worth moving, but if them two big old trees and one or two others was down, sir, you'd

have more light in the house and it'd be drier, and then the young ladies and gentlemen could have their what-d'ye-call-'em—their lawn tennis." A perfect shriek of applause drove the commander-in-chief in-doors, but he felt he was vanquished, and the wished-for order was somewhat reluctantly given.

As gardeners, however, we should certainly be guilty of a barbarism were we to advocate the destruction of flower-beds and the felling of noble trees, merely to gratify the passion for a game whose popularity may pass away in a very few years. But, on the other hand, we are supposing the not uncommon case of an overgrown garden, the certainty that trees thus allowed to intertwine must, in time, accomplish a mutual destruction; and, lastly, the possibility under these circumstances of effecting a compromise between the lovers of flowers and the lovers of lawn tennis. And yet there is something sad in that death-knell of a fine old tree, "The axe is laid to the root," and the reverberating ring of it seems to pierce through the surrounding silence till it makes our heart ache: we feel that we are parting with an old friend, and that another link to the past is being severed.

We must, however, to business, and take consolation from the fact that our poor trees are unmistakably killing each other, and that by thus thinning out our garden and copse we are but giving strength and better hopes to the prosperity of those younger trees whose growth we are anxious to encourage.

In felling trees that may be standing upon our lawn we must recollect that considerable care is necessary, as our work progresses, not to tear our lawn to pieces by dragging the great trunk of the fallen monarch ruthlessly across the grass. And in order also to break and facilitate the fall of the tree itself, it is well, first of all, to get off a good many of the lower branches—saw them off close to the trunk, and afterwards lay them along in the line on the ground that you intend your tree presently to fall upon. This will, in a measure, prevent some injury to your grass by the weight of the tree as it comes finally crashing down. Now it is evident that all this involves a good deal of extra labour, for one man cannot be expected to get a tree down by himself, and therefore a good deal of extra expense. But, on the other hand, you must bear in mind that you will be able to dispose of your heavier timber—*i.e.*, the main trunk of the tree—at perhaps from 6d. to 9d. per cubic foot. And again, some of the larger arms of your tree can be sawn up and disposed of as "cord" wood. A "cord" of wood contains some 128 cubic feet, and you arrange it on the ground in a pile eight feet long, four feet high, and four feet broad. The price of a cord of wood, of course, varies much in different counties, and in accordance with the time of year. It has been as low as 5s. per cord, and as high as 18s. or £1. After our October snow-storm last year, which broke down so many trees, particularly in Kent and Surrey, wood was fetching from 14s. to 18s. per cord.

And in addition to all this, you will find at the end of these extensive garden alterations that you have a good large stack of smaller firewood for your own use, so that your expenses are very considerably curtailed. The felling of a tree is a good job for a frosty day, but for the moving of shrubs to fill up gaps, choose of course, not frosty but damp, mild, and open weather. Where a garden has been allowed to get thoroughly overcrowded with wood and shrubbery, you will find that a judicious destruction of dying trees, and the shifting of others, will in the end not only give you more space, but you will hardly, if at all, miss those even large and tall trees that have been taken away. If possible, choose a dry and hard frosty day for removing the long and heavy trunks off your lawn, as too much trampling and raking up your grass in wet weather will terribly injure it, and you will run a good chance of treading your lawn to mire, especially when moving your trunks by means of lever power. Your trees then once removed, the next operation is the grubbing up of the roots—a work involving strength, muscle, and time—and in the case of removing such trees off your lawn as pine, larch, and fir, it is worth also bearing in mind that the resinous exudation from those little pieces of dried-up foliage that lie thickly on the ground in a circle underneath your trees, is injurious to the growth and well-being of anything else if you allow this pleasantly odoriferous but destructive débris to remain; rake it all off, therefore, and burn it. The roots of your tree being up, then, fill up with soil all the cavities which, of course, now occur on the site of your old trees, but do not allow the impatience of the young people to see the new turf laid down to induce you to complete off-hand, and at once, your lawn tennis ground, and for this reason: your land will certainly sink a little, and if your new turf is laid down immediately after you have levelled over the space formerly occupied by the roots of your tree, it is at once apparent that you will probably have, after awhile, to take up your turf again, fill up with soil, and relay the turf. Let the land then have two or three weeks to settle, and a few good storms of rain and snow will help you in this and show you what quantity of soil you will require to fill up, or if much more be necessary. The turf again, of course, varies in price, but about 6s. 6d. per hundred is perhaps the average figure for it. As to the moving of shrubs, we have on former occasions given directions as to the best means of carrying out the operation successfully, so that nothing further perhaps need be said at present on this head. The great thing is to get the ball of earth well up with as little damage to the roots as possible; break up also the soil in the newly-dug hole that is to receive your shrub, so as to facilitate the striking out of the roots when once your shrub is planted.

All this, however, takes us terribly away from our kitchen-garden and greenhouse, but we cannot do everything at once, while for heavy work, such as we have been describing, the slack time of the year is, of course, the best to choose.

disappearance, and when we were alone together in the bed-room I taxed her with it. "You know where Horace has gone," I said. I stood behind her at the moment, fixing a deep crimson rose in her dark hair, and I could not see her face.

But she answered me with perfect composure, "Yes, he told me, as he told Harry Elmtree. He has gone to the village."

"You sent him there?"

"Why? what makes you think so?"

Though not the accused, I was the confused one now. The colour mounted to my cheeks, and my hands trembled.

"If you handle that rose so roughly it will drop to pieces," said Nina, taking from my fingers the flower I was about to adjust in my own hair. "There, sit down; now tell me, why do you think I sent Horace away? He is a very charming boy."

"You gave him a letter."

"Oh! yes, so I did—I had forgotten to leave it—as he was going that way—Mary, you look lovely! How do I look?"

"You know you always look well, Nina. But about this letter. Was it for the post?"

"Little cousin," she said, kissing me, "don't ask any more questions. I am very volatile, I told you so before. I like to do things my own way. And don't watch me. I am quite serious now; for your own sake, don't; you might make a mistake which it would be difficult to unmake."

"Nina"—I made one more desperate attempt to gain her confidence—"why are you so mysterious with me? I would keep your secrets. Why do you tell things to a boy like Horace, and leave me in the dark? I could help you better than he could."

"Darling," she answered me—and there was a winning smile on her face, which made her very fascinating—"I have told no secrets to Horace. I only asked a service from him. He was ready to serve me blindly; I saw that in his face. You would not have done it, Mary; I could not have asked you. Say I had begged you to take a blank note and place it under a stone in a particular spot—the churchyard perhaps—what would you have said?"

"I should have wanted to know, certainly, why you did it. But surely you did not ask Horace to do such a thing."

"That or something else. I gave it as an example, and you see I was right. You would not have trusted me so far. He, I believe, would trust me to any extent."

"And so would Eugene," I answered, my heart rising indignantly.

"But Eugene is not here," she said, "and even if he were——" She paused.

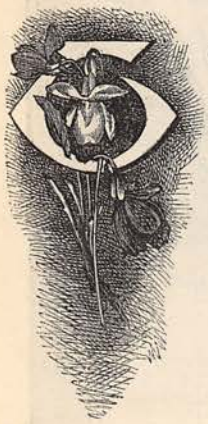
"Yes, if he were?"

"Why, I could not make a servant of him; how could I?"

"Then"—but she would say not another word.

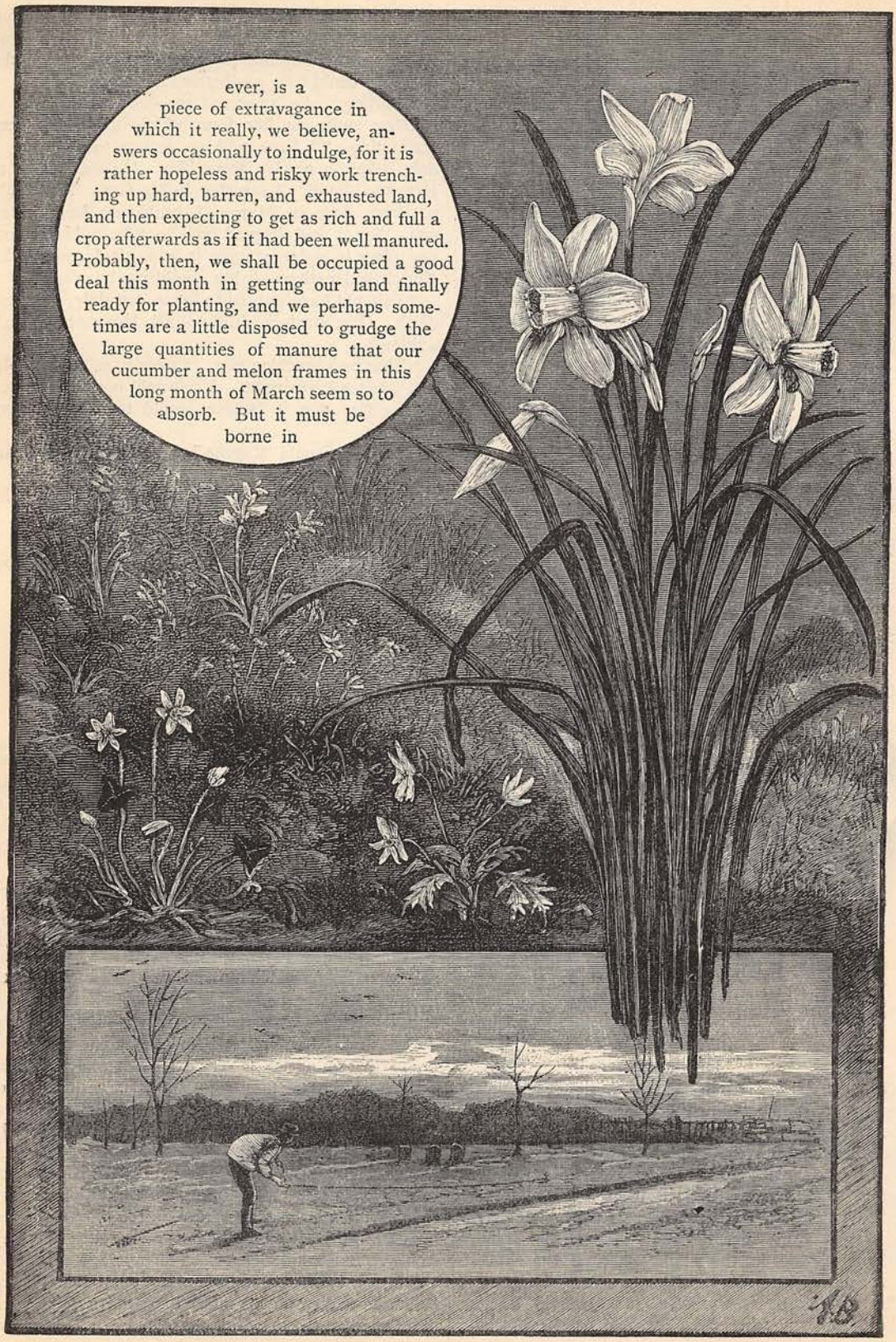
END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

GARDENING IN MARCH.



TOWARDS the end of last year gardeners were certainly able to congratulate themselves; we say "gardeners," for we do not intend to draw any distinction between the amateur or proprietor and the conscientious labourer, more popularly known as "the gardener." And the reason for their mutual satisfaction was this: they were able to get a larger amount of work done before Christmas than has certainly been the case for several seasons. Through November, and even in December, that early morning music, which is now growing more rare since the introduction of the mowing machine—we mean the duet between the "rubber" and the scythe—was by no means uncommon; indeed, a fortnight before Christmas we noticed what might almost be called gardening anachronisms, for with the Christmas roses came also in some parts of the country primroses, and in the kitchen garden the rhubarb was well showing its pink knots above the ground. The lawn also, as we have said, wanted keeping short, and the fine three or four weeks of mild, open, and dry weather from the latter end of November to the middle of December enabled us to push forward at a time when, in 1879, the gardener used to be fond of sending in to get leave for an hour or two's skating, as there was nothing for him to do.

Our shrubberies, then, let us hope, for one thing were got into a good and orderly state by the end of the year, owing to the dry weather after the fall of the leaf. Indeed, it is next to impossible to do much upon the soil after long and continuous rains, and difficult to get away to other parts of the garden all those dead and decaying leaves that are lying about in great soaked and sodden heaps. And where our operations are carried on not on a very extensive scale, and expense, or rather the saving of it, is a question of importance to us at every turn, we get all those leaves together, with any other decaying *débris*, to help us in manuring the land. Now in ordinary-sized gardens, such as that of which we generally wish to treat, twenty loads of manure—inclusive, that is, of what we require for our cucumber and melon frames in the month of March—is by no means a very out-of-the-way supply. But manure costs on an average some five shillings a load, and paterfamilias often looks twice before he makes up his mind to spend a five-pound note upon such an odoriferous luxury. This, how-


ever, is a piece of extravagance in which it really, we believe, answers occasionally to indulge, for it is rather hopeless and risky work trenching up hard, barren, and exhausted land, and then expecting to get as rich and full a crop afterwards as if it had been well manured. Probably, then, we shall be occupied a good deal this month in getting our land finally ready for planting, and we perhaps sometimes are a little disposed to grudge the large quantities of manure that our cucumber and melon frames in this long month of March seem so to absorb. But it must be borne in

mind that this manure we afterwards utilise for other garden purposes, and our frames which we are now so busily engaged in preparing are exceedingly useful for forcing our especial and favourite flower-seeds in pots; and there is, we at once notice, plenty of room under our glass, as soon as the heat is up and the temperature fit for use, to place our pots or small narrow old boxes all round, leaving ample space in the centre for our young cucumber or melon plants. The foundation too of our cucumber frame is made up of rough and coarse rubbish, so that we need not take alarm at the sight of the large square or oblong hole that maybe we have just dug out on the site of our intended frame.

Now, in our green-house the month of February is for the most part considered the month for general re-potting; but as we not unfrequently get some of our keenest frosts and most trying weather in the very early spring, it is often advisable to postpone to the present time this most important operation: that is to say, the condition of the weather must actuate us. Begin, then, with the most hardy and vigorous of your plants; sometimes also your plants are benefited by merely placing fresh soil in the old pots, taking out first of all for that purpose a large portion—not necessarily all of it—of the old and worn-out soil. This little contrivance is of especial use when we find ourselves running short of pots. Give also to your weaker plants—indeed we may say in all cases—the smaller pots, and the soil you then use should be as little rich and exciting as you can manage it. Pots, by the way, that have been previously made use of should always be thoroughly well cleaned and washed both inside and out before being used again. General cleanliness, indeed, is the secret of the health and well-being of your green-house stock.

It has been said that cuttings, if they can be got in a proper state at this time, will flourish better and take firmer root than those taken even in the heat of summer or later on in the autumn, the reason probably being that this is really the first month of the year in which nature is making a great start. Of course we are speaking of cuttings that are under glass, the gusty, stormy, and so often frosty month of March not certainly giving us much hope in experiments of this kind in the open. Our green-house bulbs will now be rapidly coming on into flower. They will require a careful watering, and let them have all the light you can give them. We will go then carefully round our green-house, and selecting a few flowers, give a few general directions as to their routine management for this month. Notice then, first, these chrysanthemums, upon which we so much depend for beauty of florescence in the wane of the year. From the old "stocks," as we call them, of the old plants take off, then, those young off-sets or suckers, and pot them singly. You must get them off pretty close to the base, nor need you fear if you get off but little root with them. When potted off, they will require a merely moderate warmth, but all the summer stand them out, and do all you can to get them as hardy as possible. You might also now propagate some Neapolitan violets for winter flowering; the runners should be planted in a light rich soil, and by the following autumn they ought to be good little sturdy plants.

Attention now, of course, must also be paid to your azaleas. Many of these towards the close of the month, and more especially if we get any genial weather (and we never can tell in this fitful climate of ours what season we are to have), will be showing for bloom. Be sure, then, and give them a careful watering, for if you allow these beautiful plants to get quite dry the probability is that not a few of your blossom-buds will fall off. Like the camellias, these plants show us their buds for a long time before the buds actually expand into flowers; and this brings us to say a word or two here as to the camellias themselves. The majority of camellias have done flowering by the end of March, and in this case see to the shifting of all those plants that you think have out-grown their pots; or if there be any that you do not think it necessary to re-pot, at all events see to their drainage: make this quite perfect, and then renew the surface soil. Both azaleas and camellias after they have done flowering want standing in a good temperature, perhaps from some sixty to sixty-five degrees; this facilitates them in their annual growth and helps them to make their new wood. During this time they like a moist atmosphere and a good syringing. If you are fortunate enough to possess a small vinery, you cannot perhaps do better than stand them in here for a time—that is, until their new growth is complete. But, on the other hand, do not for a moment suppose that for the entire summer these plants will require similar treatment, for as the warm weather comes on they are turned outside; but of this we shall hope to speak in its proper season.

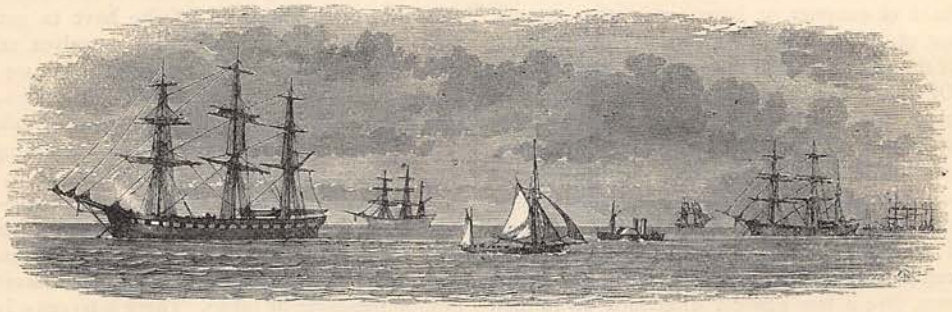
From this month until our bedding-out season at the end of May—alas! we dare never as yet to advocate this delightful operation at a *much* earlier date—we often, those of us who have to make shift with a single glass-house, find ourselves seemingly more and more cramped for room; for we see our whole green-house stock almost daily increasing in size; the little green arms of our pelargoniums and other plants seem to grow, vulgarly speaking, as we look at them. All the more important is it, then, to give ventilation when we can—certainly daily—also to keep a sharp look-out against an invasion of the Aphis, that terrible green-fly, which as soon as it makes its appearance rapidly overruns your entire house, unless prompt measures be taken. There is no remedy that we can suggest better than fumigation by burning tobacco. Let your house then presently, with closed door and lights, have the appearance of passing through a good thick London fog, and the next morning, when your smoke has passed away, you will find all the myriads of your little green-fly lying dead on the soil of your pots.

We were speaking last month of the alteration and preparation of the lawn for tennis as well as for a floral display of beds, which last we have perhaps now transferred to the borders of our lawn. It may be well, then, after any movement of turf, to pay a little atten-

tion to any new turf that we have had occasion to lay down. We shall probably find it of a different texture, so to speak, from the older and undisturbed part of our lawn. Carefully, then, take the scythe over the new turf, and get out as you see them growing any little coarse lumps or pieces. Indeed, your lawn will require, after all the alterations of which we spoke in the month of February, some considerable time before it again assumes an appearance of uniform growth. Have it well rolled too, and if you see any holes or ugly slopes that can be avoided by a little labour, but which, if allowed to remain, would materially interfere with anything like a very professional game of tennis, take up some of your turf with a view to getting a good and accurate level. Very often too one end of the lawn—generally that which gets least sun—is disposed to be damp and slippery: if so, you might have a small system of drainage by means of two-inch pipes; or if that cannot well be contrived, take your turf carefully up—*very* carefully—where it is disposed to be wet and rotten, and try a foundation in your subsoil of a few brickbats and rough and hard odds and ends—some, perhaps, of those dreadful lobster and sardine tins, which the dustman never cares to remove, and which no one quite seems to know what to do with, any large flint stones, &c., and then, after giving a light allowance of soil over all these, replace your turf. This, we think, will make the damp end of your lawn a little drier and more pleasant.

But the space at our disposal is rapidly filling up, and it is difficult to know whether there is more to recommend than we can actually accomplish in the garden, or more to do than we can speak of. Our standard roses, then, must be carefully pruned this month. Get off first those long, thin, spindly branches close to where they spring from, and shorten also the strong shoots. Much in all this will depend upon the shape of your tree, its condition, its strength, its age, and the form also that you may be wishing it to assume. In this operation experience is of great service, and it is well, if you can, to watch first of all the movements of a practised hand.

It is hardly wise, perhaps, to sow before quite the end of the month the seeds of your hardy flowering annuals; the half-hardy, of course, will require sowing in gentle heat, and then can only be planted out when mild and really spring or early summer weather has set in. Your tulips and hyacinths too in the open will need support and protection, especially where the head is heavy for blossom, as one heavy gale or storm—and how often have we seen by this means the destruction of a fine show!—would probably snap them off short. And in the kitchen garden too we are very busy sowing, stocking its entire length, no doubt, and carefully looking over our asparagus bed. The great thing to avoid is using the same space of ground for the same class of vegetables year after year. Indeed, it has been said, and with much probable truth, that our continued recurrence of potato disease may in some measure arise from planting potatoes on land that produced a diseased and failing crop in the previous year, without first paying proper attention to the entire manuring and renovation of the soil. Let us earnestly hope this year for a good crop of what is all over the country such a staple food. And our wall-fruit too we are anxiously watching, after the terrible failures of last year. Indeed, from now until May we are in a fever first over the blossom, and afterwards over the young fruit when it has set. Ingenuity and care will tell here. Our old and discarded drawing-room muslin curtains are of use for protection, or matting and thin canvas, &c., for in old England we gardeners are rarely "out of the wood" much before the voice of the cuckoo is "out" also.



PORTSDOWN HILL.

GREAT, grand down, where the breezes are,
And the daisies sprinkled over the grass,
Sound of the mighty thunder of guns,
And sight of the stately ships that pass.
Oh! the shine of the far-off sea,
Blue, oh! so sunnily blue to-day:
Out from the "Haven under the Hill,"
Great war-vessels are sailing away.

Clear-cut line of the Island hills
Shines from the mists that are floating by;
Tall, black masts that rise from the sea
Straight, dark, and steady against the sky.
Rippling light of the harbour waves,
And gleams of sun on the town below.
This we saw as we sat that day,
Up on the down where the breezes blow.

L. G. M.

GARDENING IN APRIL.

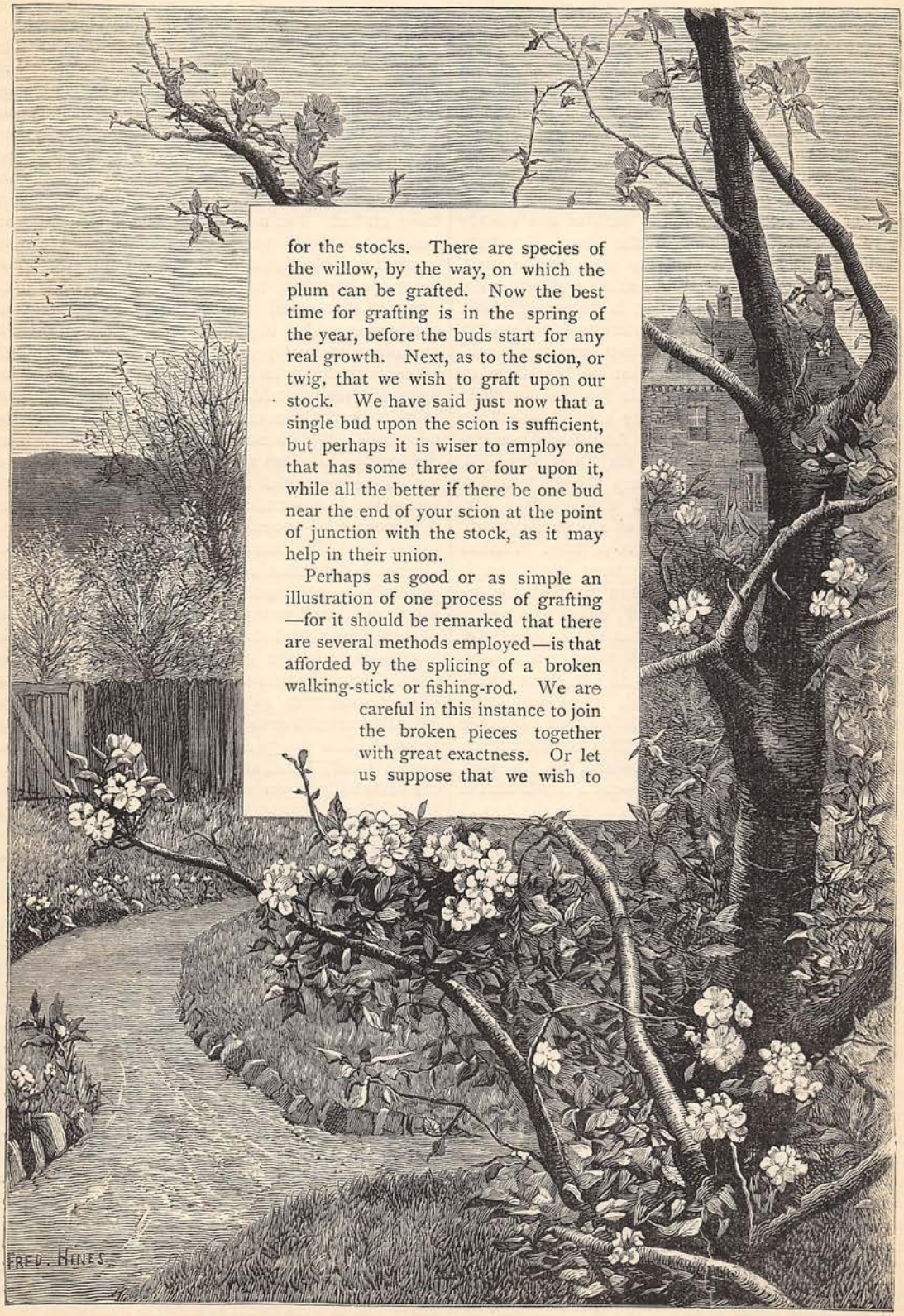
ONCE again we find ourselves in eager expectance of the great transformation scene of nature. Did we ever before so ardently long for it as now? Two or three days before Christmas, 1880, the thrush and the blackbird were in full song, the butterflies were sailing about over our heads, and we were beginning to anticipate an unprecedentedly mild winter; but how great was our undeceiving, two or three weeks later on, when we found ourselves practically inhabitants of the Arctic regions! Probably such an illustration of the enormous vicissitudes of temperature to which we are exposed in these islands has never for very many years been known. Indeed we shall not, until another couple of months have gone, fully and with any degree of certainty ascertain the extent of the damage done to our outstanding ornamental shrubs and evergreens upon our lawns and elsewhere. Great havoc, we recollect to our cost, was wrought amongst these in the two preceding and terribly severe winters, and it is to be feared that January, 1881, gave the fatal and finishing stroke to our more weakly and already degenerated shrubs.

And yet we have no intention either to grumble or despair. Whether is it the more childish or profane to exercise ourselves unduly because of the severity, or what we are sometimes and most illogically pleased to call the unnaturalness, of the seasons? In any case, however, our business is with the present month of April.

Now there is one subject upon which a few words may just at this time be aptly said with advantage, but upon which, as far as we are aware, we have hitherto kept silence, and that is the method and process of grafting. And not only is our subject an interesting, instructive and important one, but it is, as we well know, venerable and time-honoured. St. Paul, we recollect, freely illustrated from grafting, while, nearly 400 years before, Demosthenes adverted to it; Plutarch and Pliny alike mention it, although the latter would seem to have had but an imperfect knowledge of the principles of grafting, since he assigns as a reason of the production of some apples that were of an unusually rosy red, that originally they had been grafted upon a mulberry stock; whereas we know that our stock, or wild tree, in no sense affects the piece that we graft upon it, least of all does it colour the fruit! The stock, in fact, merely supplies nourishment, and that is all. Now it may probably be asked, What object is there in the system of grafting? What advantages do we gain by it? They are many, as we shall presently see. If we depended merely for the increase of our garden supply upon cuttings, we should be in a sorry plight, for it would be years before any subject raised from a cutting could be of any practical use; whereas, probably the self-same cutting, if grafted successfully upon a sturdy and healthy stock, might in a couple of years' time result in a tree. Our first advantage, then, from the system of grafting is that the entire strength of the stock is thrown into that which is grafted upon it. And next, we are by this means evidently able to increase any choice class of fruit with comparatively no difficulty, as a piece with a single bud upon it is sufficient for a graft, if a promising one. Then again, when we have ascertained what are the growing properties of our stock, that is to say, whether it is very vigorous or not, we can either increase the vigour of any more delicate kind, or reduce that of the grosser of any species of fruit that we are wishing to propagate, simply by grafting our delicate sorts upon vigorous stocks, and our rapidly growing or vigorous cuttings upon our less vigorous stocks. The cutting, or piece, that we graft upon our stock is commonly called the scion, apparently a word of French extraction, signifying a young twig or shoot.

Now, of course, in all our observations upon gardening, we for the most part assume that a uniform and systematic attention is paid to the garden throughout the year, otherwise it must be apparent that any hints that we have given, if only followed up by fits and starts, can only result in failure. And in our present subject of grafting, for example, we can at once see how futile it would be to be suddenly seized with the idea of grafting, without reflecting that this first necessitates the possession of some stocks in a good growing and healthy condition. New stocks for grafting can be propagated by seeds, layers, or root-cuttings. Perhaps, as a rule, root-cuttings are preferred; yet by the end of February we may, if we like, sow the seeds of apples and pears for our stock; generally, however, we prefer crab stocks for apples, and those of the quince for pears. Or, again, portions of the root of the plum we may plant out now, to serve us afterwards for stocks on which to bud peaches, &c., while seeds of the cherry may also be sown for the purpose of raising stocks for our cherries. And a stock is perhaps first fit for use when it has attained the size of a good thick lead-pencil.

It must be evident, however, to any one that the endeavour to raise any stocks from seed-sowing merely is by far the longer process, as some three or four years must elapse between your seed-sowing and your grafting upon any stock thus attained. From the woods, then, where practicable, grub up stocks in the wild state—crab stocks, or the wild cherry—or save from your wall-trees those young suckers and shoots that always make their appearance at the base. Stocks thus obtained will be fit for use a year after they have been planted out in your garden, for they must, before they can be capable of nourishing your graft, be themselves well rooted, and in a healthily established state. Thus much, then,



for the stocks. There are species of the willow, by the way, on which the plum can be grafted. Now the best time for grafting is in the spring of the year, before the buds start for any real growth. Next, as to the scion, or twig, that we wish to graft upon our stock. We have said just now that a single bud upon the scion is sufficient, but perhaps it is wiser to employ one that has some three or four upon it, while all the better if there be one bud near the end of your scion at the point of junction with the stock, as it may help in their union.

Perhaps as good or as simple an illustration of one process of grafting —for it should be remarked that there are several methods employed—is that afforded by the splicing of a broken walking-stick or fishing-rod. We are careful in this instance to join the broken pieces together with great exactness. Or let us suppose that we wish to

add a piece to our stick or rod: we should cut a fairly long slope in the stick itself, and a corresponding slope in the piece that we are about to add to the stick, and then carefully glue them together and bind them with fine cord or string. Now this, it is unnecessary to add, with the exception of the glue, is what we for the most part do when grafting. And this process would be called side-grafting. On the surface of junction be careful to avoid allowing any little particles of dirt or grit to accumulate; do not injure or hack about either your scion or your stock, and let the bark of one exactly fit to and meet the bark of the other. Fit them together then, and first bind the scion to the stock with a piece of bast matting—string will never do. And here again some judgment is necessary. We must not bind too loosely or the pieces will not exactly fit together, but would wabble about, and this would be fatal to our process; nor must we bind them so tightly as to make it impossible for the nutritious qualities of the stock to circulate through—shall we say the veins of?—the scion. And, lastly, we surround the whole junction with clay, and some put over the clay a little moss to keep the whole moist, and again bind carefully round with matting. Or, instead of the clay, you can buy at any nurseryman's a preparation called grafting wax or clay. Various recipes for this compound have been given, but it is better to buy some outright than to make the experiment of preparing it yourself, unless you prefer using clay, which perhaps, now that our knowledge of the properties of grafting has improved, it is as well not to do, since we can so readily buy some well-recommended preparation. But there are other methods of grafting. We will briefly advert to one or two of those most in use, in addition to that already described. With a keen knife—and, by the way, never use a jagged or blunt one—cut a small cleft a little way down the scion, and cut also the top of your stock into a sort of wedge shape, *so* cutting your wedge as to make it fit neatly and exactly into the little cleft or ravine in your scion. When placed together, you will notice that the scion goes over the stock somewhat in the way that a saddle goes upon a horse, and hence this process is called "saddle-grafting." And here, again, be careful at least on one side to let the bark of the scion touch—*i.e.*, exactly meet—the bark of the stock, bark to bark, and bind round as before with your matting, wax, or clay and moss.

There is another process of grafting very much in use, and which might perhaps be described as the converse of the one just named. It is called splice, or tongue, or whip-grafting. In this case it is the scion that is the wedge which fits into a corresponding cut made in the stock, and all possible care is again taken to make the bark of the one as exactly as possible meet the bark of the other. Other varieties of grafting it is perhaps not very much to our purpose to describe. The length of our grafts or scions should be some five or six inches, and the tree from which these little slips or cuttings are taken should be of the same family as, or have at least some relation to, the stock. Now of course we are always anxious to propagate the choicest, best, and most fruit-bearing kinds, and in order to do this it may be that we have been at some pains to go a long distance for our slips or scions. And if this be the case, or if some time has to elapse between the removal of these twigs from their parent tree and the grafting them on to the new stock, keep them stuck in a little sand or earth; some have even suggested sticking them into a potato. But with care they can be kept a week or two, or even longer, before being grafted. But be on your guard against frost. Indeed it is hardly necessary to say this. We have so often remarked that the knife and the frost must never go together, nor must the scion when once removed be exposed to frost. Before, however, concluding our subject of grafting for the present, there is one other interesting process known as "in-arching," upon which it may be well to say a few words. This process is really grafting without removing the scion from its parent tree, until it is actually united to the new stock. We do not mean that *immediately* after the junction has been made by the gardener the scion has to be separated from its original stock. This separation does not take place for some months after the process of in-arching. It will be at once apparent from this, that the two young trees to be thus joined together must either be at the outset in close proximity to one another, or else that the one from which you intend your graft to come must be growing in some tub or good-sized flower-pot, which you would have to carry to the tree that is growing out in the open. When the time comes, however, for the removal of your scion from its parent tree, which is perhaps some four months or more after the in-arching process, be careful how you go about it, knife in hand, and that hand a steady hand, and that knife a sharp knife, or the probability is you will detach your scion from its stock. Give a sloping cut downwards; and probably it may be necessary to remove the old clay and bind round afresh with new clay, so as again thoroughly to maintain a moisture round the point of junction.

We have left ourselves but little space to say much upon our general gardening operations in this busy month, but the subject which has been engrossing us is an important one, as well as opportune to the season of the year. It may be that we are still having an eye to the perfecting of the level of our new tennis-lawn. For this, of course, while it is well to roll the grass after rain, yet on the other hand to do so very soon after a *long* wet season, or when a thaw has set in after a lengthened frost and deep snow, and the whole surface of the ground is what is termed rotten, to drag the heavy iron garden-roller over the lawn would probably do more harm than good, and give you afterwards an infinity of trouble to repair the mischief you have done in drawing long holes and hollows all over your grass.

Our tulips and hyacinths are now in full show. When their heads of flower are heavy, do not neglect to give them some support, or a sharp hail-storm or heavy gale of wind might in a single hour break them

all off short, and level them all with the earth. Pansy-beds are always gay. They, when some little pains are bestowed upon them, repay us by their prolonged display, and are really as inexpensive as most things; whereas the hyacinth and the tulip soon fall away after being a short time in flower. Pansy-beds, then, may be formed by planting out the struck cuttings every fortnight. In our greenhouse this is the last month before our bedding-out operations are begun, and consequently a month as difficult as any in the year, in one sense, for us to contrive to get through, for we feel ourselves more than ever cramped for room. Give them all the air you can, for should we not feel compelled to do the same in a crowded ball or assembly-room? And in the kitchen garden perhaps, fearful of frost, we have delayed putting in our potatoes until quite the end of March. Perhaps this is an error on the right side, for of late years our seasons are certainly later than they used to be. We are paying, too, the usual attention to our hotbeds. If they were put up in the middle of March, which is quite soon enough, a sudden return of the cold will make them decline in heat, and we may have to go to the expense of lining them with fresh manure.

Fairly embarked, however, as we now once again are in the spring, let us not anticipate disaster, saving only by being prepared against sudden changes of temperature. The cuckoo is busy only in voice, but the bees are more practical in their work. Let us take example from them, rather than from the idle bird who takes a house ready furnished by some other of the feathered tribe.

ARTISTIC FURNISHING FOR MODERN HOUSES.

FURNITURE.

IN our last paper on the subject of art furnishing we left our dining-room complete as to walls, ceiling, and floor, and we must now proceed to furnish it. In selecting the furniture there are one or two elementary principles which, applying to furniture generally, will come in as well here as later on; thus carrying out the same system as with the wall decoration, *i.e.*, discussing the general principles first, and afterwards applying them to the particular cases in question. In the first place, all thoroughly artistic furniture must be *constructively true*. This is a point which, curiously enough, seems to have been very generally lost sight of for nearly two centuries. Although some of the furniture designed and constructed during the lapse of this long period has been magnificent, picturesque, richly carved, refined in line and proportion, and so forth, very little indeed of it has possessed the one cardinal excellence of constructive truth. It will take us too far from our immediate subject to attempt to analyse and illustrate this quality thoroughly, but we may shortly explain that it is exigent of the use of each material in its own natural and legitimate manner, and that the construction, *i.e.*, the way the article is made and put together, shall be expressed, or at least not disguised.

Ever since "design," by persons other than the actual artificers, has been intentionally devoted to objects of utility with the view of making them beautiful, it appears as if the material of which they were to be composed has been almost universally lost sight of. This is true not only of work arising out of the Rococo and cognate styles—nothing better could be predicated from the offshoots of such extravagance—but it also holds good with many of the most admired pieces of what are generally considered to be the purest styles. Hidden or disguised construction is a common fault even in these. Take for example many of the fine old chests of drawers and cabinets, whether Dutch or English, going generally under the name of Jacobean. It will be often found that the fronts are apparently divided into three divisions by upright styles or pilasters, thus suggesting that the drawers or doors are short, and extend only between the uprights. On opening them, however, it is found that they extend the full width of the chest, the apparently dividing style being merely planted on the front.

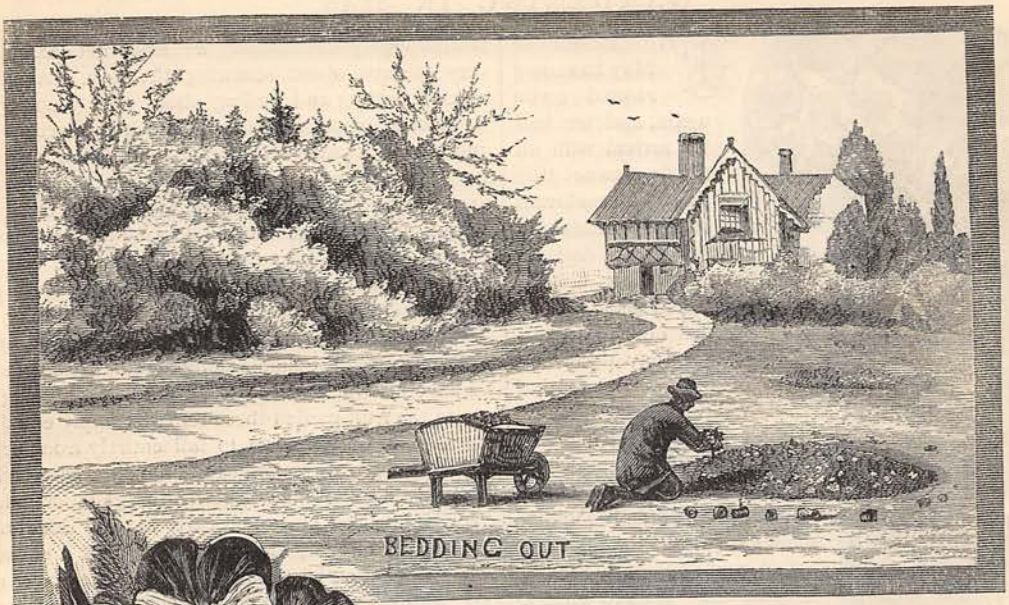
It may be objected that this severe exaction of constructive truth is the cry of the purist alone, and that if practically enforced it would lead to a dead level of monotonous forms. This is not the fact, as innumerable instances which might be adduced to the contrary would amply prove; at the same time, it is fair to allow, that like other good principles, it may be pushed too far. Room must always be left for the play of individual fancy, if not for caprice, but it is at all events safest to commence, in art as in morals, with the highest and most perfect aspirations, even if

GARDENING IN MAY.

THE month of May has come round once again, and we hail its arrival with all the welcome that those who are lovers of the garden are able to give. And yet we always look upon it somewhat askance; for we feel obliged to call it the "gay deceiver" of the twelve months. "Gay" indeed it is, for the great bursting mass of pale green foliage that everywhere meets the eye is an immense relief after the wearisome gaze at the dark, gaunt, naked, and apparently lifeless boughs, that seemed almost to tell us that they had been finally and for ever deprived of re-animation, after the desperate and protracted struggle they had been carrying on with the winter frosts and snow. Our apple and pear-trees, too, that are barely out of blossom; our plums and cherries, musical with the ceaseless hum of their busy occupants the bees; our strawberry-beds, all bridal in their white and green, not to speak of the irrepressible bird-chorus that is going on day and night, all unite in adding brilliancy and effect to the gayness of the scene around. And yet with it all May is the "deceiver;" for how often when the May pageant is at its brightest the east wind blast hurries away half our hopes for the coming summer at one fell swoop! But our work this month, as it always is as soon certainly as we have left February behind us, is simply overwhelming. Let us see then what is most deserving, or what first of all claims our attention, paying always our chief attention to those branches of horticulture in which we think we failed at this time last year.

And as we spoke last month a good deal about the practice and method of grafting, it may be as well if we take a stroll round the fruit-garden to see how our young grafts are getting on, and then to give a few hints respecting their future management. Examine the trees, then, carefully, and remove all growths from the stocks—just in the same way, in fact, as we remove them from our rose stocks—and rub off all those young-rhubarb-coloured pink shoots that persist in making their appearance so often along the stock below our buds. And then, again, the clay or grafting-wax that we put round our graft, should we find it falling off or showing signs of cracking and crumbling away, must be renewed. But yet if, on careful observation, we find that the union between the stock and the graft is thoroughly established, we need not perhaps be very anxious about renewing the clay. Avoid too much handling and pulling about your young grafts. At most their junction with the stock is of recent date, and it cannot under any circumstances be of any great strength, so do not let curiosity or anxiety tempt you to the incessant test of impatient fingering. Or it may be—and this is still more likely in the weather exposure—that the bass matting has become rotten or broken. Do not remove it, but simply tie a fresh piece over the decayed matting. But take particular care about those suckers from the *root* of your stock, as well as about those little shoots along the stock itself of which we have just spoken. Roses, indeed—for although we are in the fruit-garden these remarks apply equally to them—have been known to fail entirely from neglect during this growing month to remove the *root*-suckers. This applies more particularly to grafts or budded stocks made last season or early in this. The young stock is full of energy and vitality, so that a sucker of two or three days' vigorous growth has the power completely to endanger the very existence of your young bud or graft even where a decided and thorough junction has been effected, since it has been suddenly deprived of all nourishment. Like the roses, too, most grafts require the support of a good strong stake.

From the wall-fruit-trees, also, rub off or remove carefully with the knife any young shoots and buds which by their growth and situation you see at once will be useless to you; those shoots, in fact, which seem determined to grow perpendicularly, as it were, from the wall, and which it is therefore impossible for you to utilise. Or even where the shoots are striking out in a proper situation, if they are more numerous than you want, remove the weakest or most worthless of them. Nothing looks so well on the wall as a well-trained tree; nothing so unsightly as a carelessly grown and neglected one. Indeed, perhaps our general advice for the whole garden routine this month is this: Restrain and keep back the ardent overgrowth. The principle holds true in nearly every phase of life, animal as well as vegetable, with horses and puppies, and children as well. "That boy has got beyond all control;" "you have let him run wild," &c.—how often do we hear this unhappy nursery reproach! And so it is in the garden. There are those strawberries, for example. If those long, green, young walking-sticks, which make our strawberry plants very much resemble a vegetable daddy-long-legs, if those long shoots, commonly called "runners," are not carefully removed, your fruit will by-and-by be poor and thin. Much of it will fail altogether, for the blossom as it fades will "go blind," as gardeners say, and much of your past toil and care will prove of no avail. Our grape-vines, again, afford us perhaps the most pointed illustration of the importance of what we have been saying relative to the removal and check of overgrowth that it is possible to imagine. Their growth this month in our little greenhouse is simply marvellous.



Each morning that you look round you will find *some* change. Leave home if only for a week during this month, and you will then discover the enormous growth of the vines upon your return. Young shoots keep making their appearance endlessly: pinch off all that you do not intend to perfect themselves. Never allow three or four bunches of grapes to start in immediate proximity to one another. When your vine is in flower keep your house shut more frequently. Of course, some air must be admitted during the best of the day. Your vine, too, you will always find brittle, so in the opening and shutting of your lights use considerable care. In your manipulation of the vine, too, and in the removal of shoots, be careful not to knock or break off young surrounding branches and shoots with your awkward elbow-ends. All this may sound very homely and very commonplace, but it is nevertheless very practical; for who has not experienced mishaps of this kind when clambering up the greenhouse stand, by bringing the hat, or the skull, or some part of the human frame into provoking collision with the vine, or by sending some unhappy flower-pot on the top row bowling violently down among its fellows, and acting like a very death-dealing bombshell among the ranks of our floral display? These observations, however, are certainly revealing our poverty, for they are a proof that we are attempting the growth of grapes and flowers under the same glass canopy. It *can* be done, but, of course, neither

the fruit nor the flowers will attain that perfection which is to be had where the vinery and the greenhouse are apart.

One word, by the way, as to the attention necessary to be paid to the *roots* of the vine. We verily believe that much of our vine failure is caused by neglect here. Take the ordinary case of a vine with its stem in the open while the vine itself is under glass. Now the mistake so often made is this: we are too fond, especially where our space of ground is limited, of using the whole of the border on which our vine is growing—of planting vegetables or strawberries, indeed anything, right up to the little low brick-work through which our vine-stem finds its way into the greenhouse. But this entails digging up a border for the planting of our crop in the open, and this pulling the border about materially damages the vine-roots. These roots want heat, moisture, air, so that if we plant some vegetable or fruit crop right up to the very brick-work we are doing our best to smother our vine. And recollect also we are exhausting the soil too much, and thus by making too great a demand upon its nutritious properties we are really weakening everything that we are attempting to grow upon it. Besides, it is of great importance never to damage or even to disturb the upper roots of the vine. If, therefore, you want your grapes to succeed, leave a good space all round your vine-stem, or at the utmost plant only small or light-growing things near it; for instance, mustard and cress.

And now which way shall we turn first in our kitchen and vegetable garden? There is the asparagus bed that wants careful hand-weeding—a process that makes our poor old back ache; and

that asparagus, too, should not be pulled until the heads have grown quite three inches out of the ground. This is the practice, or at least it should be, in private, though not perhaps in market gardens. A head of asparagus that has not been removed until it has attained the height of three inches in the daylight, is a more economical one than that whose top we can do little more than suck when we sit down to table. But this latter alternative is the penalty for pulling it too early, or when its head has only just appeared above the ground. Probably when so pulled it will keep longer, but when we are gardening at home we pull it in order to cook and eat it; yes, and to eat a good half of each stalk too, and not merely to suck the end like a young gentleman fresh from his last term at school would perhaps similarly serve the agate end of his walking-stick.

But we must never forget that this is our first month of the year in which we generally attempt a real floral display in the open and hitherto almost deserted flower-beds. Yet we have always advocated a compromise between the modern bedding-out system and the old-fashioned flower-garden, in which little else but perennials and a few flowers raised from seed in the month of April and in the open were to be had. This latter is undeniably the most economical, the most natural, the least artificial, and the least troublesome system of gardening. Still, we take a great delight in supplementing it, at all events, by our stock of bedding-out plants from our greenhouse or from our pits and frames. But, first of all, take notice of those dear old-fashioned pansies, that ought now to be in their perfection of bloom, and mark any that are finer than the rest to save for seeds. Pick these flowers occasionally, as by so doing you strengthen your plant and prolong its blooming power. Some of us vary in our predilection for plucking flowers, in which, while some are stingy, others are generous, preferring to have them on the table or in the drawing-room for general display. As a rule, this last is the most advantageous, for of necessity you keep throwing the strength into the rest of the plant by pulling the flowers.

BEES AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

FROM the very earliest times the bee has been the subject of special interest, being supposed to possess a certain amount of understanding or instinct unshared by the rest of the animal world. Indeed, it appears that our forefathers placed this favoured little being in the scale of creation immediately after man, attributing to it a portion of the "divine mind." Hence a degree of deference has generally been paid to it, which would scarcely be offered to beings endowed with only ordinary instinct. The ancients also believed that there existed a mysterious connection between bees and human souls; and there are various legends on record in which the soul is represented as issuing from the body in the form of a bee. As might be expected, therefore, numerous superstitions have clustered round this highly useful insect, and in many a country place it is regarded almost with feelings of veneration. This can only be accounted for on the supposition that through its extraordinary instinct it is able to take cognisance of things which otherwise it could not do. In the present paper, then, it is proposed to give a brief outline of the extensive folk-lore associated with the bee, showing in how many ways it has given rise to superstitious fancies and curious customs.

In allusion to their swarming we find various odd ideas, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a butterfly."

And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:—

"Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex, it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk, should they swarm on rotten wood, or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay:—

'Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:—

"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a

bars are painted to imitate pearls, while the outer supports of the back bear a design of clematis blossoms. The arms and legs are ornamented with white berries and leaves. On the front of the seat are roses and clematis, connected in the centre with soft-hued pink ribbons. For decorations of all kinds it is best to use large brushes, for they encourage the artist in the habit of working in a broad, free style, which is most desirable. Nevertheless, broad strokes are not necessarily the consequence of the employment of large tools, but are dependent also on the manner of using them. A clever artist can produce minute work with a broad brush, but it is the result of long practice that enables him to do so. Dürer was celebrated during his lifetime for his method of painting hair so as to appear peculiarly fine and soft. Alluding to his success in this respect, Giovanni Bellini once expressed a wish to possess such a pencil as Dürer was in the habit of using. Dürer at once handed him several of various sizes to choose from, at the same time telling him that he could work equally finely with any one of them.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

ROSES, while all your beauties cloy,
Grief, tyrant-wise, oft smothers joy;
June's cherished blossoms, red, pink, pale,
Whose perfume faints on every gale,
Your thousand charms my heart should glad,
And yet—your fragrance leaves me sad!

Thou, blushing bud, of hope rich queen,
Thy promise type of me had been
Last summer, when beside this gate
We stopped—what time his patient mate
Eve's minstrel solaced—and my heart
I gave, and vowed nought love should part.

But thou, poor cankered rose-bud, killed
With insect-guile, typ'st hopes now stilled;
Affections blighted, trust once slain
By cold neglect, ne'er bloom again;
With careless scorn and absence tried,
My love, like thee, has shrivelled, died!

Ah, full-blown rose! some happier maid
Thou'd grace, within dark tresses laid;
The fullest depths of tender love
Glow in thy lustre; throned above
Her radiant eyes, thou'd well express
How trustful beauty blessed can bless!

GARDENING IN JUNE.

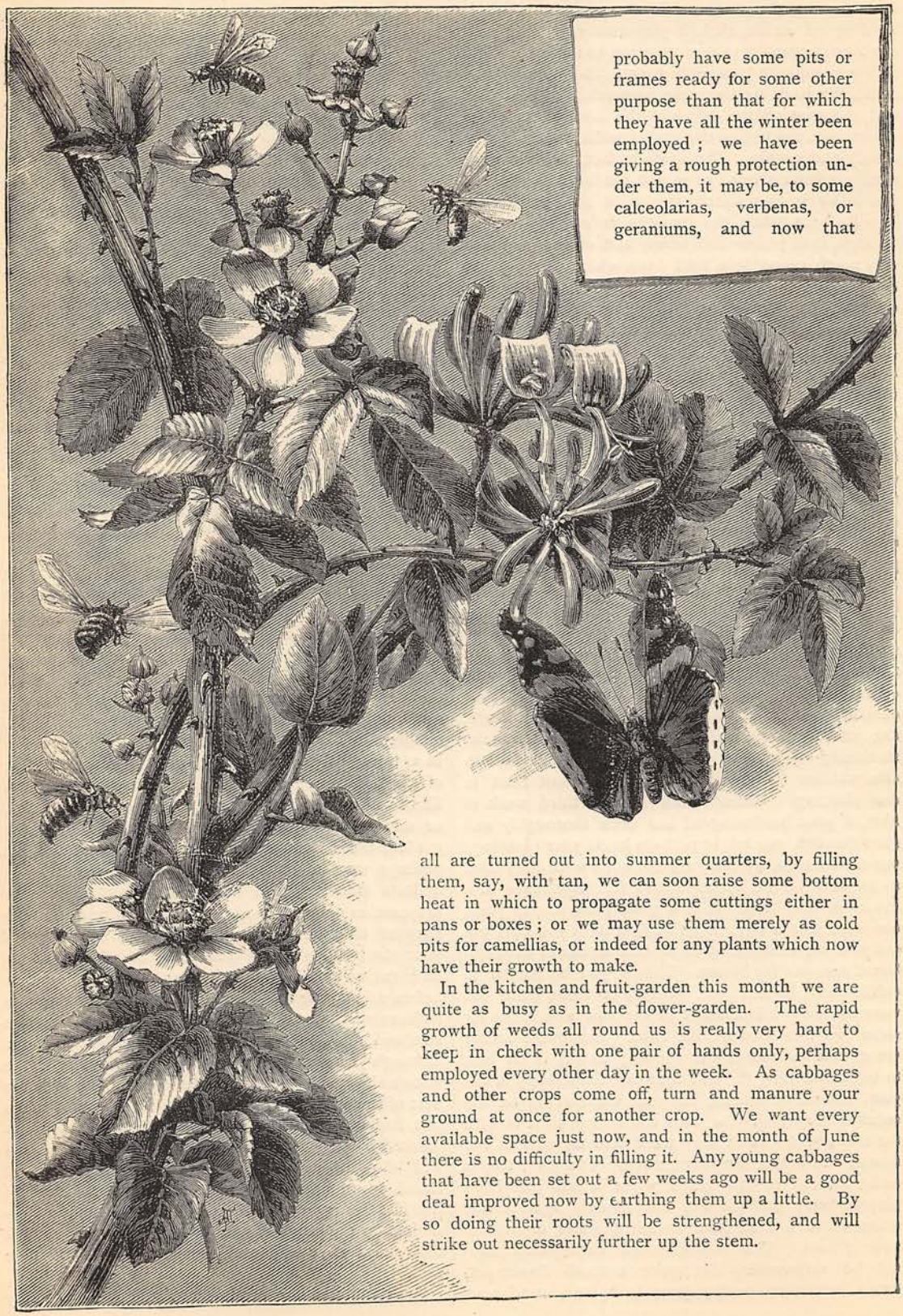
ONCE again we find ourselves in the full tide of summer enjoyment. We have parted with the month of May, which even at its best and brightest always makes us poor gardeners a little nervous as to what may follow after a day of uninterrupted sunshine; nor do we forget that even the strawberry-blossoms, now in such luxuriance, have before this been made to look of a dirty-white when surrounded—though it may be only for a very short space of time—by the whiter snow, the final effort of a winter that always seems so loth to leave us and so glad to come back to us again. But now that we have entered upon the month of June, we take heart and go boldly on with the full determination to enjoy the flowers and the fruits in their season, and to make the most of the golden third of the year upon which we have just entered.

Now, as we have so often remarked before, the great secret of successful amateur gardening is not merely unremitting labour with our hands, but unremitting foresight as well. We must look ahead, use our brains and think of the future. And perhaps a repetition of this very commonplace caution is very expedient just now, when we are doubtless still, and have been ever since the third week of May, exciting and engrossing ourselves over the laborious and tedious process of what is popularly called "bedding-out." We are so eager to complete the transformation scene in these hitherto dark and leafless mould-heaps, that look so desolate in their little artistic circles and squares scattered over the lawn. Perhaps we are not unfrequently single-handed, and we begin to calculate how many half-miles we have trodden between our little greenhouse or pit in the back garden and our now half-dressed lawn in the front. We discover that this bedding-out takes up an incredible amount of time, and begin to feel some uneasiness and alarm lest we are neglecting other portions of our pigmy estate. We shall, then, this month say little more about bedding-out, save only to remind the rash or incautious to begin with the hardiest flowers, to have an eye to the combination of colours, to peg down many of the plants when once bedded-out so as to encourage them

all to attain a uniform height, and to give a careful watering. And perhaps while so engrossed over this bedding-out we are, though perpetually treading over our lawn, forgetting to pay attention to the lawn itself. It is very rapid in its weekly growth, and must be kept constantly back by the mowing-machine. We shall find, too, that all the edges of the lawn that border either upon the bed or the gravel walk want clipping closely and evenly. The lawn, in fact, must have its weekly "clean shave," or it will get beyond you. If you allow it to go too long uncut and untrimmed it will, even when the process is at length gone through, look yellow and lumpy and coarse, and will very much resemble a field from which the hay has just been carried. This said, then, let us follow up our own suggestion and pay a little attention to flowers on which we depend for our autumn display—such, for example, as dahlias. We have had them in the early season of the year struck in heat, from which, however, we must recollect that, although it may be even the end of May, it would be madness to suddenly plant them out in the open in the places in which we intend them afterwards to bloom. The very wind would of itself cause them to droop. When they have well struck, they should be placed in cold pits for the purpose of hardening them off, and from the May frosts they will very likely want some protection. Those who even at this time of the year walk round any ordinary flower-garden, cannot but have noticed at times fine and once promising young dahlia plants all shrivelled up from too sudden exposure to the open and exposed changes of our temperature. No matter, then, how fine the weather may be up to the very end of May, do not plant out your dahlias direct from your forcing-pit. Your seedlings, too, must be similarly hardened off. After the hardening-off process your dahlias may in favourable weather be planted out. But do not trust to one planting. Indeed even by the third week of May, if your hardening-off has been thoroughly well gone through, you might perhaps begin your planting; but the seasons, we fear, are not quite what they used to be, and we are no advocates for impatience in a matter of this kind. It is a good plan, too, to plant out once in ten days or a fortnight until you have got out your whole stock, so as by this means to have different seasons for bloom. Should you be partial to dahlias, and have a good quantity of them, plant out your seedlings a foot apart in the row and allow for some two feet between the rows. Our great enemy among the dahlias is the earwig; and it is far best to begin watching for and trapping them early in the year, instead of waiting till your flowers are on the point of blooming. As with the wasps, so it is with the earwigs, the more they are destroyed early in the season the better for your garden. The slug, too, is rather partial to the dahlia when it has just been planted out; perhaps the old remedy against this nuisance is a little lime scattered about or around your plants. The old-fashioned earwig-trap cannot be surpassed. Get quite a small flower-pot, put a little moss or dry grass in it, and stand your pot topsy-turvy on the stake to which your dahlia is tied, or a few bean-stalks may be laid in and among your plants. The earwig loves to conceal himself, and, like the slug, he prefers the darkness for his depredations, and an examination by candle-light will often surprise him. But an early-rising gardener can also capture the thieves before they retire again into obscurity. One good night's feed among the florescence of your dahlias will completely spoil the shape and beauty of the bloom. And so it is also with any roses among which that terrible little scourge the maggot loves to dwell. When about to plant your dahlias out, drive your stake first of all well into the ground for each dahlia, and dig the small holes afterwards in which to plant the dahlias themselves. Your soil ought previously to have been manured, or at least, if it has not been, put some rotten dung or some leaf-mould in at every part in which you are about to plant out. Should, however, your ground be quite fresh—such, for example, we mean as a newly-made bed on or at the border of your lawn from which the turf has just been removed—no manure, or little if any, will be required. But in this case of new soil look out for grubs as you turn your soil over, for a good supply of grubs will in an incredibly short space of time make short work of young dahlias.

Your early spring flowers, such as polyanthuses or primroses, which it may be you have had blooming in pots, but which you may wish to preserve or to plant out, should by the end of May be planted out in shady situations. If they are large plants, part them, taking care first of all to shake out the earth. They want a fairly rich loamy soil. If you do not wish to part the roots, but merely want to plant out the whole plant, simply take the ball of earth from your pot and put it in as it is. Water afterwards, and if there be any fear of slugs, draw a little circle all round your plant and fill in with some lime. Indeed among our shrubberies, or on the north and bleak or sunless side of the garden, these flowers are a great consolation where perhaps we find it difficult to rear other and more delicate flowers. And now among our rose-stocks preparation may be made for budding, and for the purpose of adding strength to those branches of your stock upon which you next month intend to bud, cut away all other branches. Should you also before using your knife notice that one small branch looks more vigorous and stronger than the others, be sure and keep that one for your budding purposes, as although you were to bud upon any of the others, the strong shoot in question would still run away with the best of the strength and sap of the stock, even though you had cut it short. Budding indeed may be commenced by the end of this month, that is if the season will allow of it. First, hot weather, then a good thunderstorm, then a gloomy and cloudy morning; this last day is your budding day. All depends nevertheless on the condition in which your stocks are: if their bark rises well and easily the buds will take well.

After our bedding-out is completed, we shall very



probably have some pits or frames ready for some other purpose than that for which they have all the winter been employed ; we have been giving a rough protection under them, it may be, to some calceolarias, verbenas, or geraniums, and now that all are turned out into summer quarters, by filling them, say, with tan, we can soon raise some bottom heat in which to propagate some cuttings either in pans or boxes ; or we may use them merely as cold pits for camellias, or indeed for any plants which now have their growth to make.

In the kitchen and fruit-garden this month we are quite as busy as in the flower-garden. The rapid growth of weeds all round us is really very hard to keep in check with one pair of hands only, perhaps employed every other day in the week. As cabbages and other crops come off, turn and manure your ground at once for another crop. We want every available space just now, and in the month of June there is no difficulty in filling it. Any young cabbages that have been set out a few weeks ago will be a good deal improved now by earthing them up a little. By so doing their roots will be strengthened, and will strike out necessarily further up the stem.

Brussels sprouts and broccoli, too, may be pricked out now and put in some six inches apart. Succession crops also, such as peas and spinach, should be sown fortnightly. Sow your turnip-bed fairly early in the month, after rain and in a good rich soil. The potatoes will require careful earthing-up, as recollect that any which are exposed to the air, or even any which are rather too near the surface, though they may be concealed from view, are useless afterwards for any purpose in the kitchen. Those thus neglected can only find their way to the pigs or be preserved for sowing next season. We have seldom said much about our herbs. It is a great mistake to gather them for drying when the summer is very far advanced, and when most likely they are positively in flower or seeding. By the end of August they get long and coarse and straggling. Why not gather some by the end of June, when they are young, in full leaf, and full of vigour? Dry them afterwards where they can be protected from the weather, but they like some air. Careful and regular attention must be paid to the cucumber and melon-frame: neglect to open and close the frame morning and evening, or to give some protection from the full rays of the sun upon your glass in the greatest heat of the day, might involve the destruction of your plants; and unhappily a single day's carelessness, or an excuse for a holiday, will do all the mischief. Your wall-fruit also will want thinning this month, wherever it has set too thickly. A good deal of neatness, discretion, and care is needed in this operation, as you may, if too rough or impatient, break off a whole bough or, at any rate, more fruit than perhaps you at first intended to remove. Take care also what vegetable crops you allow to grow on the border near your wall-fruit. Select only those that are light growers and that make but small roots, that do not grow high so as to shade your wall from the sun and prove simply fatal to your wall-trees. The best to sow along here, then, are lettuces or French beans or your mustard and cress—anything, indeed, light; dwarf peas might do no harm, but particularly avoid any vegetable that quite covers over the soil, or any strong and exhausting things, such as horse-radish or your beet-root and carrots.

And next probably our old trouble will return upon us, the gooseberry and currant caterpillar. Their presence is particularly annoying when we see the promise before us of a good and large fruit crop. In this case it is certainly worth extra pains to try and be rid of this pest, for although the caterpillar devours the foliage alone, yet the fruit, when the foliage is destroyed in this terrible and wholesale way, can never come to perfection or ripen properly. Try every remedy, a little soot or lime, and if you can possibly find the time for it, careful hand-picking of the caterpillars. It is risky shaking your tree to get them off, for they only crawl away elsewhere; and yet by contriving to place a few pieces of board on the ground first of all under your tree before you shake it, so that you would more readily see the caterpillars on the boards than you would if they fell upon the earth, it might be worth while attempting to destroy them in this way. By lifting the leaves gently and searching underneath you will generally find a whole family hard at work, and that work generally is dinner, dinner from morning to night.

We have hardly space this time to say much of our vine and our greenhouse. Much is, of course, necessary to be done, but more particularly to the first-named, the checking of its luxuriant advance in all directions by pinching off useless shoots: this requires seeing to almost every other day.

Half of our year's tale, then, is already told, and let us hope that a prosperous season and an abundant harvest will shortly be in store for us.

GARNERED.

"The harvest of a quiet eye."—*Wordsworth.*

AH, unlived lives that pass away
In dark of night and light of day,
Whose dreamless hearts no music find
In southern breeze or northern wind;
Who know each bird and flower by name,
Yet find their language all the same;
Ye lose a sweet world ever nigh—
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

In spring's first smile, in summer's glow,
In autumn's rain, in winter's snow
That shrouds the dying year and gives
A cradle to the one that lives,
In simplest things is scattered round
A world of beauty, thought and sound,
For those that reap in passing by
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

Ah, blessed friends that ne'er grow strange,
And happy world that ne'er will change,
You seem to weep if we are sad,
And gaily laugh if we are glad;
Your language is in every tone,
You make a thousand dreams our own,
If we can reap with smile or sigh
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

REA.

an excellent tea, and civilly showed us the curious Chiding-stone in his yard, from which the village takes its name.

The great Chiding-stone is large enough to fill a good-sized room. Nothing is known of its history, nor does it seem to have been noticed as in any way remarkable until attention was called to it in the last century by the antiquary Grose. He supposed that it was of the same kind as the consecrated rocks in Cornwall where the Druids worshipped. He also records the tradition of this place, that here the priests used to hear confession and *chide* the people for their misdoings; but this tradition has evidently originated from the attempt to get a meaning for the name. The stone apparently is a natural formation; but if it ever were hewn, or bore any inscriptions, all such traces are now effaced. Grose describes it as standing in a farmyard.

The manor of Chidingstone was formerly divided into two, which were respectively called after their owners — Chidingstone Cobham, and Chidingstone Burghersh. The former was part of the property of the Cobhams, of Sterborough Castle, and remained with them until the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Then their descendant, Thomas, Lord Burgh, was compelled to sell it and other estates to Richard Streatfeild, a gentleman residing in the parish, in consequence of the expenses which he had incurred in the queen's service. The family of Streatfeild had resided at Chidingstone since the time of Henry VII. Chidingstone Burghersh also passed into possession of the Streatfeilds about the year 1700, and thus the two manors were once more reunited under one owner.

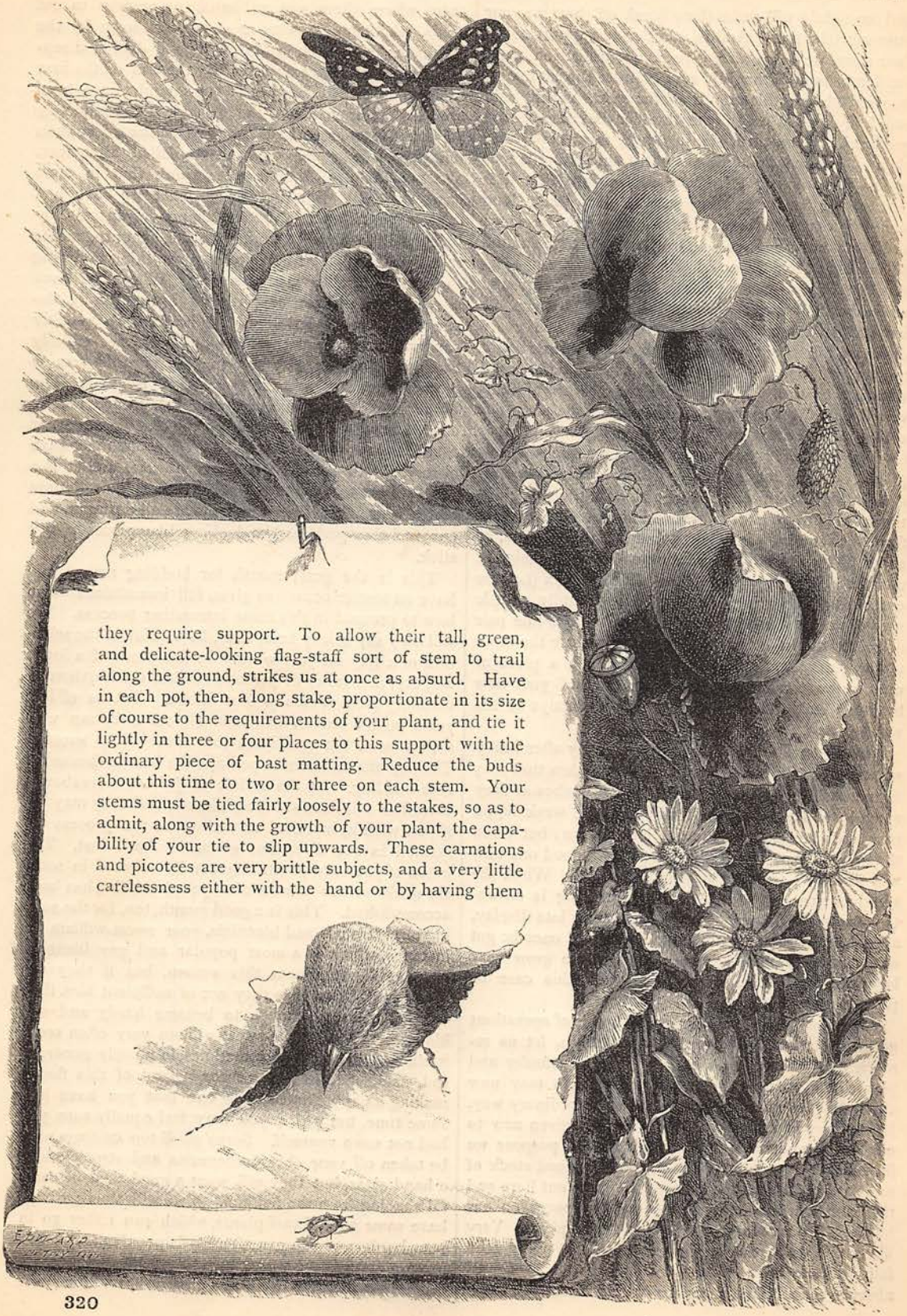
Burghersh — vulgarly called Burwash — was the name of an eminent family who possessed this part of Chidingstone in the fourteenth century. Robert de Burghersh was Constable of Dover Castle during the reign of Edward I., and Bartholomew held the same honourable office under Edward II. and Edward III. The latter prince seems to have shown him much favour, for he was frequently employed by him in embassies of importance, and was with him at the famous battle of Crecy. A short time before his death he was also made Constable of the Tower of London, whither he must have gone with strange emotions, since he was confined there for some time in his youth for taking the part of the Despencers. Bartholomew, his son and heir, was also in high esteem with the king for his courage and military skill, and on the institution of the Order of the Garter he was made one of the Knights Companions.

The church is a handsome building, with a good tower; but, having been recently restored, has little antiquarian interest. There are a few old slabs, chiefly recording the names of Streatfeilds, but no monuments of importance.

GARDENING IN JULY.

TO any ordinary mortal, save the haymaker or the well-bronzed devotee of our delightful craft, there is something overpowering in the very idea of "gardening in July." It sounds about as inviting as the notion of iced Seltzer-water on Christmas Day. But, on the other hand, we must recollect that we gardeners are not ordinary mortals. We do not like to sit with our hands before us, for if ever it held true that if any man work not, neither shall he eat, it holds true with the garden, the orchard, and the field. Now, when the height of the summer has been reached, we so often hear it said *apropos* of any proposal for a paper on gardening at this season of the year, "What possible suggestions can there be to offer now that everything is planted out, and bedded out, and when all our flowers, our fruit, and vegetables are in full display and luxuriance?" All this no doubt sounds very plausible, the idea probably being that, having sown, it now only remains to sit down, gaze at the flowers, and eat the fruit. But certainly a garden that from the 1st to the 31st of July was only looked at would have a very wonderful appearance by the end of that time. Only imagine leaving all our hedgerows to take care of themselves! The "Local Board" is very properly empowered to come down upon us if we allow our hedges to straggle across the path that probably divides our garden from the high road. Soon after Midsummer, then, have the hedges all round neatly and evenly trimmed with your shears. It is a hard, a dusty, and a hot piece of work, and as a rule we contrive to go through it only once in the course of the year. If, then, this tedious process is gone through in the middle of May, you will find it necessary to repeat it in the middle of July. It is for these heavy operations, when the borders of our gardens are strewn all round with the thorny boughs and branches of the hedges—and which, by the way, we can only burn afterwards—that our gardener generally asks for a little extra assistance, so that as all this entails additional expense, which perhaps not a few of us can ill afford, we prefer so to contrive that our hedge-cutting comes as Christmas does, "only once a year."

This gay month of July, then, finds us perhaps watching with some degree of interest the progress that our picotees and carnations are making towards blooming. Nothing is more handsome and effective than a fine show of these clove-scented and elegant flowers. But in order to bring them to anything like perfection, they, unlike some of our hardier plants, want a good deal of care and attention. And first, from the very nature of their growth, it is evident that



they require support. To allow their tall, green, and delicate-looking flag-staff sort of stem to trail along the ground, strikes us at once as absurd. Have in each pot, then, a long stake, proportionate in its size of course to the requirements of your plant, and tie it lightly in three or four places to this support with the ordinary piece of bast matting. Reduce the buds about this time to two or three on each stem. Your stems must be tied fairly loosely to the stakes, so as to admit, along with the growth of your plant, the capability of your tie to slip upwards. These carnations and picotees are very brittle subjects, and a very little carelessness either with the hand or by having them

tied too tightly will make them break off short, to your utter mortification. And in addition to support along their stem, we must also give some protection from the fiercer rays of the July sun, or from the almost as frequent (during this month of the year) violent rain and hail storms, when the thunder is cannonading overhead. Here, then, our ingenuity must come into play. Some employ a little sort of tin umbrella; or again—for we ought to have said before that it is best to stand your carnation pots in a row on a long piece of board, as it is very important to keep out slugs and vermin of all kinds—we might manufacture a kind of awning which we could put up or remove at pleasure, by simply driving two tall stakes into the ground at each end of our flower-stand to serve as a support for our canvas covering. And once, say, in every dozen waterings or thereabouts, give them a little liquid manure (though not too strong) instead of the usual watering, as this will encourage the growth and development of your flowers. Unfortunately, also, our carnations are often given to bloom irregularly, that is to say, you may occasionally observe the opening petals of the flower making their appearance not uniformly, but on one side only, and the tendency therefore is to give an imperfect bloom. One remedy for this is to turn your plant about a little at times, so as not to let the sun's rays fall upon one side only, or mainly. Another custom is to slit the calyx (*i.e.*, the outer green covering of your bud) carefully a little way down on the undeveloped side with a fine pair of scissors. In order to further and insure the more uniform development of your flower, tie a piece of matting or worsted round the middle of your new bursting bud, and tear or cut down the calyx to the worsted line.

Among the dahlias, look well, especially after heavy storms, to the supports, and add any stakes that may be necessary, as sometimes the side branches as they extend are liable to break off. A little weak liquid manure is beneficial to the dahlias at times; but when the general watering is given, let it be a good one that will soak well into the ground all round. When the sun has gone off them, a good syringing is advantageous to the foliage. For any intended late display, all dahlias not yet planted out should at once be got out. Of course they have not got time to grow very large, and therefore they need not in this case be planted quite so far apart.

Going on, then, with our general notice of operations adapted for the flower-garden this month, let us remark that polyanthuses may be parted asunder and planted out, and fuchsias that are in pots may now either be plunged or planted out in the ordinary way. Indeed any little finishing touch may be given now to our bedding out in general. And for this purpose we have doubtless some time back grown a good stock of annuals, and are now able to plant them out here and there, or to move some to the vacant spaces on our borders or wherever a failure has taken place. Very likely this year we had, as we did in 1880, many seed failures, owing to the long dry spring, the continued absence of rain, and the piercing east winds; in many cases where there was an impatient anxiety to get seeds, whether of flowers or vegetables, sown by the end of the third week in March, a good deal of disappointment must have ensued. By the end of the first week of April whole rows of peas might have been seen half an inch above the ground, but completely yellow, and more resembling the colour of autumn foliage, while many other seeds failed altogether. We are inclined, therefore, to think that in most cases we shall, with the seasons that we have had of late years, run a better chance of success by being a little slow to anticipate the summer, rather than by a precipitate hurry to get everything in during the first favourable week of spring. Where we have a small greenhouse or pit, and are naturally desirous to have a floral display as long as we possibly can, and indeed half through—or sometimes entirely through—a winter, sow now in July such flowers as mignonette, stocks, and sweet-peas in pots. The mignonette, indeed, can with very little trouble and by successional sowing be got to bloom all the year round. One or two pots of it, as any one must have observed, will scent a whole greenhouse, and it is a great delight to have these in flower at the dead time of the year when our geraniums are all dormant, and our fuchsias perhaps are looking like pieces of dry stick.

This is the great month for budding roses. We have on former occasions given full instructions as to how to proceed in this most interesting process. We will only say briefly here, then, be careful in the selection of a day for your work. In the event of a long, hot, dry, and sultry or perhaps rainless month, there is certainly great reason to fear failure. But as of late years such a season has been almost unknown with us, we need not anticipate this cause of ill success. The day after a storm is perhaps the best to choose for rose-budding. By the middle of July or thereabouts, camellias will have set their bloom; and they may be, if you wish it, inarched according to the process described in our directions given in April last. The union of your two plants is generally effected in some six weeks or two months after your inarching has been accomplished. This is a good month, too, for the sowing of perennials and biennials, your sweet-william for instance, which is a most popular and gay biennial. They will not bloom this season, but if they are planted out as soon as they are of sufficient size, they will get strength enough to become hardy and will bloom next year. The sweet-william very often seeds itself, and you may be sometimes, in a fairly generous soil, astonished to find a second plant of this flower making its appearance near one that you have had some time, but which you may feel equally sure you had not sown yourself. Some small top cuttings may be taken off your chrysanthemums and struck under a hand-glass, but they will want a good deal of careful shading from the hot sun. You will thus perhaps have some good dwarf plants, which can either go in your borders or you can afterwards pot them off. We are always a little concerned about our chrysanthemum pots, because we know they are, for the most

part, our last hope of florescence in the wane of the year, and with a little pains-taking they may be got to go on blooming up to Christmas, and contribute immensely to the gaiety, though not perhaps to the fragrance, of our green-house.

In our kitchen-garden this is always a hard month: the weeds alone are enough to occupy us. Sometimes our hands hang down when we see a bed that we had, as we hoped, quite cleared of weeds only ten days ago, now verdant with its horrid crop. But that bearbine *must* be got out all the year round whenever you are busy with your spade. Get it out by the roots, and burn it or give it to the pigs. Your dreadful chickweed also, if you allow it to get too far ahead, will seed half your garden over: pull it up early, and before it has developed its little yellow flower. Successional crops, such as spinach, peas, carrots, &c., may still be sown. Indeed, this month in the kitchen-garden is a strange admixture of harvest and seed-time. Those broad beans that are coming into flower should be topped, the strength is thus thrown into your beans; a little earthing up, too, will benefit them. Herbs should certainly be gathered and dried this month, instead of postponing it, as is so often done, till August or even till September, when they have got too old, and half their flavour has gone. We adverted to this quite recently. The celery and the potatoes, likewise, must be regularly and carefully earthed up. Neglect or delay in this means certain failure. Winter greens and savoys may also be planted out, and some may be pricked out from your seed-beds, as this will strengthen them for their later planting.

We are busy, too, in our fruit-garden, and let us hope in a very satisfactory manner. The strawberry season is at its height. Their gathering wants a good deal of care and discretion. Go regularly over your plants, and avoid jumping about from plant to plant merely to find the largest fruit. By this means you will pass many over; and strawberries, if allowed to remain on their stalks a day after they are thoroughly ripe, become rapidly rotten and useless. Lift the leaves well up all round as you gather, and this will reveal many strawberries concealed underneath, which at first, perhaps, you had no idea existed there at all. Careful walking, too, among your strawberry plants is very necessary. Clumsiness in this respect means not merely trampling fruit down, but very often the crushing of a plant itself. The runners have, of course, been removed before now, as to allow them to remain on would both weaken, diminish, and impoverish your fruit very materially. Cut them off, then, pretty closely. Next month we make up our new beds, but of that we must speak in its place. We have, of course, before this topped, that is, broken or cut the tall top shoots from our red and white currant bushes, to throw the strength into the rapidly-developing fruit below. But it is best and neatest to use the knife for this purpose, and not to break and tear off anyhow the top branches, as the writer of these pages has so often seen gardeners do.

The vine still, of course, wants almost daily attention. All shoots not really required should be removed. One joint beyond the grapes stop all the shoots, and take care that your fruit-bearing branches get plenty of support. Those shoots, however, that you intend to bear next year, you of course watch and train carefully; and for this purpose you should reserve only the strongest and best-shaped, having an eye always to the direction in which you see their tendency is to grow. Wall-fruit may very likely require a second thinning. Let us hope that, after the devastations made amongst this last year in the month of May, we may have better success in this harvest. There is, indeed, always this consideration in a fruitless season, that the trees cannot become so exhausted as they almost always must after a very prolific one. Indeed, we know it is so often said, and with much truth too, that after a good season the trees require a year to recover themselves. At the best, however, this is but a poor consolation, so we shall still hope that the next two months will amply fill not only our granaries, but our fruit-rooms.

RONDEAU: SLEEP.

HAPPY Sleep! that bear'st upon thy breast
The blood-red poppy of enchanted rest,
Draw near me through the stillness of this place
And let thy low breath move across my face,
As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,
O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow hidden or confess'd,
There is no passion uttered or suppress'd,
Thou canst not for a little while efface;
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest,
O happy Sleep!

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

GARDENING IN AUGUST.

AUGUST is perhaps as busy a month as any in our garden. Indeed, it may be difficult to say which of the twelve months is not a busy one with us, unless perhaps we except under certain circumstances the very depth of the winter, or a period of prolonged frost and snow, when we can do little outside, and are driven to find work under our glass. But, unhappily, it is in this very month of August that with not a few of us the garden is most likely to be neglected; for at least once a year those of us who are at all able to do so, think it necessary to escape from home, no matter where that home may be. It is the great holiday month *par excellence,* and we are all rushing away. Was it not Cowper who said, "God made the country, and man made the town"? Sydney Smith, we believe, made an alarming suggestion as to who was the probable fabricator of the so-called "suburbs." While, then, we feel unqualified pity for those whose duties enforce a residence in sultry August under the shadow of chimney-stacks, rather than hay-stacks, we often wonder why those whose lot is cast among God-made sounds and scenes should select this same time of the year for a flight to the artificial stucco of a watering-place parade, or to the well-developed odours of some heated Continental city. As we have just adverted to Sydney Smith, it will not, we hope, be trespassing beyond the precincts of a paper on gardening, if we notice what he did for his parish in the way of horticulture. Mrs. Austin tells us, in her life of him, that "he set on foot gardens for the poor, and subsequently Dutch gardens for spade cultivation . . . . . He divided several acres of the glebe into sixteenths, and let them at a low rent to the villagers, to whom they were the greatest comfort. It became quite a pretty sight afterwards to see these small gardens (which were just enough to supply a cottager with potatoes, and sometimes enable him to keep a pig) filled at dawn with the women and children cultivating them *before* they went to their day's labour; and there was great emulation among them whose garden should be most productive, and obtain the prize."

Our flower-garden is now, of course, in all its perfection. We shall however at once, as usual, notice some few of the more important routine operations suited to the time of year. August is the best month for the potting of auriculas. If, however, you find that upon the removal of the ball of earth the roots are not, or hardly at all matted and clinging to the sides of the flower-pot, your plant need not be disturbed, as it will go another season. Should repotting be necessary, be careful while getting your new soil in not to admit any little wireworm or centipede.

Any annuals that you may have in pots or elsewhere may perhaps want watering, shading, or stripping of their dead foliage; and some may require sticks for their support. This is our sultry and generally our hottest month, and therefore the most trying to our flowers, which will constantly, and at intervals, want a little general attention and freshening up. A slight stirring of the earth around their roots is also beneficial to them. Very much the same plan must be followed with our perennials, no matter whether they be in pots or in the open border. When they are quite out of bloom they may be propagated by parting the roots. And this you can do in two ways: either you can dig up your plant entirely, and then divide it into as many pieces as you can contrive with a good portion of root to each; or, with your spade, cut off a part for planting out, leaving the rest of the original plant in the soil. We prefer the first-named process, and then planting out the separated pieces in some good shady border. And perennial seed may be sown this month, but at the very beginning of it; indeed, it is safer to sow in June or July, so as to allow your plants to gain strength and make some advance before the winter sets in. For in this case your plants can then be set out in the open, in the places in which you intend them to bloom eventually. And August is, we know, the month for layering our picotees and carnations. Yet you ought not to begin your layering operations until the bloom of your plant has quite passed its best. The process we have very fully described on a former occasion. The leaves must be stripped off from the bottom, working upwards, and leaving on, of course, some four or five pairs at the top. You are then able to get well at the stem for the purpose of cutting it in the usual way. After you have pegged down your shoots, they must be carefully watered; and, indeed, all through the month or next six weeks following there must never be a scarcity of water for them, or failure to strike your layers will be the certain result. As we are mentioning picotees, let us also say that if you are wishing to save any seed of your plants, pull off the florescence—the petals, we mean—of all those flowers that have evidently passed their prime, and beginning to droop and fade, as sometimes if they are allowed to remain on when their beauty is past and gone, they decay and rot in the pod, especially in a wet season, and in so doing often decay the seed-vessels as well. Indeed, it is well in dry weather to collect the seeds

of all plants when they are evidently ripe, while the long stems and stalks of all flowers that you do not intend to seed should be cut off at once. Clear away, too, the dead leaves of your plants, as all this gives a neat and tidy appearance on your borders. And as to our box-edgings, we may with advantage repeat a caution against being too rough with the birch-broom. Very often you will notice that the bottom part of the box is bare and dry, and almost dead: the fact is that you have, doubtless very often unawares, torn ruthlessly off with your broom much of the lower part of the foliage of your box. And among our dahlias, of course, at this time of the year, the usual battle is going on between our watchfulness on the one hand and our old enemy the earwig on the other. To our utter mortification, we know how thoroughly the earwig mars the petals of the dahlia, so we trap him by every device in our power. This, indeed, is our great vermin and insect month; we get angry with the wasps, and they not unfrequently get angry with us. One crevice in a door, or one flaw even in wire network, they are sure to find out where any sweet attraction is concealed behind. The writer of these pages was much amused last summer, during a long delay at a rustic railway station, by watching a box on the platform, some two feet square, and to all appearance well nailed down. By its fragrance the box evidently contained fruit, and unhappily a little hole, probably caused by the falling out of a small knot in the wood, afforded a charming door of ingress for the wasps, the number of which that took advantage of such an opportunity on a sultry afternoon was perfectly wonderful, as the porter, who on the arrival of the train came to lift the box, evidently discovered to his cost. It was a useful lesson, however, for fruit-growers and gardeners, and one, we think, worth recording.

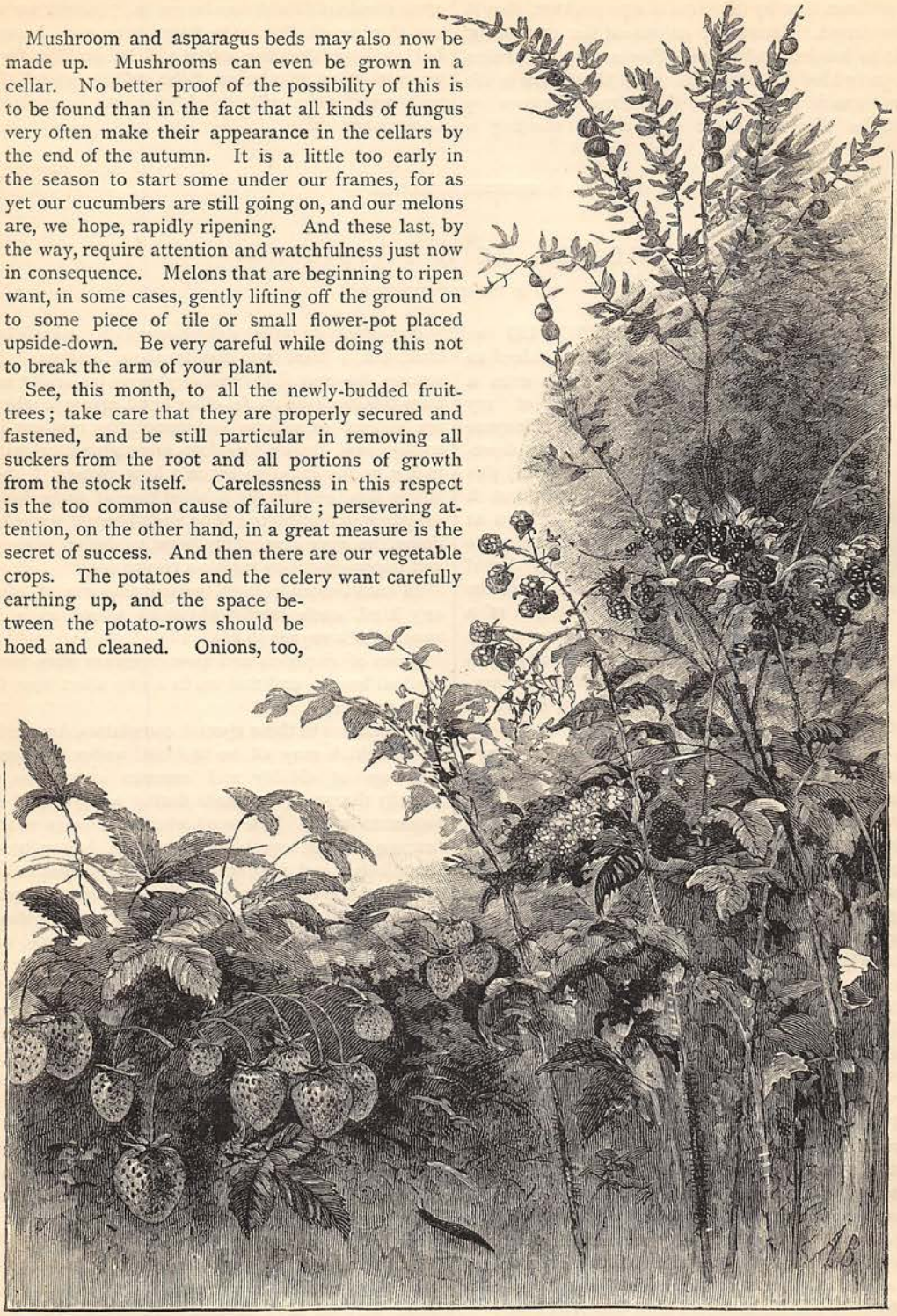
This is the month following our rose-budding, so we go very carefully over our collection of stocks and notice results. The chief thing, however, that we have been of course all along cautious in attending to, is the regular and complete removal of all growth on the stocks, that for some time keeps constantly making its appearance at all the joints. We want all the strength for the young bud, and when the stock is allowed to give only a divided allegiance to the bud, and the rest to some offshoots of its own, the unhappy bud must go to the wall. Not later than the end of the month, we must begin our annual but very necessary preparation of our stock of cuttings for the next season. It is a long and tedious process, and very often in a fine and dry summer season we are tempted to postpone our commencement of the work. The fine weather, for instance, which we had from the middle of August to the very middle of September, 1880, was perhaps a strong inducement to suppose that cuttings might be taken almost up to Michaelmas, but a sudden change of weather a fortnight before the goose-eating festival might render your stock of cuttings a very weakly one, as in a chilly and sunless autumn the young cuttings will not necessarily root so readily. "Take time by the forelock" then, and take cuttings early in the season. Previous to this, your other preparations will of course have been made: flower-pots washed, broken pieces of tile ready at hand for their drainage; and small boxes and pans also in readiness to supplement your flower-pots, which on these occasions so very often run short with us.

In a warm and favourable season, there is no occasion to house all your cuttings as soon as taken. Stand them all out in the open on boards, keep a look-out against slugs and snails, give occasional watering, and do not let your young cuttings be violently scorched up by a hot sun. The longer, in fact, your stock of cuttings is allowed to remain in the open, the hardier and healthier will it become, and so it will be better able to resist the perils of the winter—and winters of late years, as we all know to our cost, at all events in this country, have been a very serious matter. On the other hand, if your cutting stock is very quickly housed under glass, especially in a fine and prolonged summer season, your young plants will get drawn up and perhaps become too tall and delicate by the time that autumn or early winter has fairly set in.

Our fruit, vegetable, and kitchen gardens afford us just now plenty of occupation, let us hope of a satisfactory character. Our strawberry gathering is over. We anticipated great success by the end of May, and we trust that our dessert-table and our jam-room have by this time proved that our hopes were well-founded. But among our strawberry-beds we should not later than the 12th of the month be preparing our new beds. The strongest runners should be taken off and planted some six inches apart in a row, and the rows quite a foot apart. This should be on a good rich border. It is, however, a little late in the year to suggest another method, yet as it is the more approved one, and as we are on the subject of strawberries, we had better advert to it. The reason, as we know, that so many of our strawberries fail is to be found in that idle indifference shown by too many of us in removing the runners early in the season—early in June, for example. These, if allowed to remain on, run away with the strength of your plant and both diminish the size and impoverish the quality of the fruit. In the month of June, then, remove the healthiest-looking runners for the purpose of making new beds. Choose, of course, your best quality of strawberry, and the most prolific, or that which you find answers best in your garden. Now these runners should be layered in small pots in fairly good soil, and give them plenty of water. Then, in this present month of August, your pots of new strawberry plants should all be planted out in their prepared beds. And where flower-pots even are with some of us a consideration, this plan is a particularly convenient one; for by the second week of June all our bedding out in the flower-beds is over, and we are just then strong in our number of unused pots. And again when our young strawberry plants have been also removed from their pots and turned out into their new beds, these same pots come by the middle of August particularly welcome for our stock of flower cuttings. These little niceties of method and management save many shillings by the end of the year.

Mushroom and asparagus beds may also now be made up. Mushrooms can even be grown in a cellar. No better proof of the possibility of this is to be found than in the fact that all kinds of fungus very often make their appearance in the cellars by the end of the autumn. It is a little too early in the season to start some under our frames, for as yet our cucumbers are still going on, and our melons are, we hope, rapidly ripening. And these last, by the way, require attention and watchfulness just now in consequence. Melons that are beginning to ripen want, in some cases, gently lifting off the ground on to some piece of tile or small flower-pot placed upside-down. Be very careful while doing this not to break the arm of your plant.

See, this month, to all the newly-budded fruit-trees; take care that they are properly secured and fastened, and be still particular in removing all suckers from the root and all portions of growth from the stock itself. Carelessness in this respect is the too common cause of failure; persevering attention, on the other hand, in a great measure is the secret of success. And then there are our vegetable crops. The potatoes and the celery want carefully earthing up, and the space between the potato-rows should be hoed and cleaned. Onions, too,



may be sown to draw when quite young. Our main crop of those, that by this time is ripe perhaps, should now be drawn. Leave the onions on the ground for awhile to harden and ripen. Sow a crop of turnips —an early kind is preferable. And then there is the winter spinach to be sown; this when it comes up should be thinned—some even advise planting it out. Cabbage seed, too, on good ground and in an open situation should now be got in. Indeed we may say this month that it is "seed-time and harvest." Let us hope that the latter will be prolific, for do we not know that when "the valleys stand thick with corn" there will probably be less "complaining in our streets"?

THE SEA AS A PHYSICIAN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I SHOULD be loth indeed to waste even a line of my valuable space by way of preface to this paper, but it is perhaps as well that the reader should know it is the outcome of a by no means limited experience of sea-life, in all its varied phases. The intending traveller, whether invalid, convalescent, or simply pleasure-seeker, will find herein a few hints that he will do well to lay to mind, and take advantage of before embarking.

Now the first question one naturally puts to one's self, before making up his or her mind to try an ocean-voyage for the re-establishment of health, is a very natural and highly practical one: "Is it likely to do me any good?" This depends entirely, as a matter of course, upon what your symptoms and sufferings are and have been. The cases that are improved by a sea-voyage are far too numerous to individualise, but they are chiefly those of an atonic character. No physician would think of ordering a patient to sea, who was suffering from any acute or sub-acute disorder. In the earliest stages of consumption—in other words, in cases of threatened consumption—the long quiet sea-voyage round the Cape to Australia often acts as a charm. On his arrival in that country, supposing he has so timed it that this will be about the latter end of January, the balmy bracing ozoniferous air, the bright sky above, the constant sunshine, and the strangeness of everything around, will cause the patient to think he has got a new lease of life; nor, if he takes ordinary precautions, if he avoids all excess of every kind, and lives for a time by rule, will his thoughts have deceived him.

Cases of chronic gout and rheumatism are benefited by the air of the ocean, only great care must be taken in avoiding draughts; however pleasant and grateful they may feel at the time, there is danger in them.

Bronchitis, or rather *winter-cough*, is similarly benefited, but I have my doubts about *asthma*. Few seamen, however, if my memory serves me aright, suffer from this disease; on the other hand, many people who are subject to asthma find benefit by residing in a smoky town. Before, therefore, any asthmatical patient makes up his mind to go on a long voyage, I should advise him to reside for a short time at some bracing seaside watering-place; if he finds himself better by so doing, he may reasonably hope to derive advantage and improvement by taking a trip to sea.

In convalescence from tedious ailments of almost any kind, one's family physician would, as a rule, approve of a voyage to sea.

Cases of *dyspepsia* and slow digestion often receive marked benefit, and that too in a very short time, from a sea-voyage.

In addition to these special complaints, hundreds of others which may all be included under the general headings of *debility* and *nervous exhaustion*, are literally thrown to the winds during a voyage of even moderate length. In a word, wherever change of scene, bracing air, an equable temperature, balmy breezes, ozone-laden and impregnated with substances of an alterative and tonic nature, and perfect rest are needed to reinvigorate a constitution lowered or worn down—I do not say worn out—by over-work or worry, or by excess of any kind, a sea-voyage is just the thing to do the greatest of good.

Another consideration, which will obtain with many of my readers, is that of expense. I am happy to be able to say that in the very finest liners now-a-days, with the best possible accommodation, and an excellently-found table, you can live as cheaply as you can in a hotel at home. Take just one example, and I could give a dozen: a first-class return ticket between Liverpool or London and New York costs only thirty guineas; and this includes everything except wine; and I hope you don't need that—or imagine that you need it.

"There is the danger of a sea-voyage to be considered, as well as the expense, doctor," I fancy I hear some nervous lady saying. Admitting that we do hear of terrible things at times, of collisions and shipwrecks, and vessels going to sea and never being any more heard tell of, I believe I am right in saying that at sea danger to life is not greater than on land; and

finished and are ready to fit up with the other parts. The "forks," or the two long pieces of metal which run from the centre of the big wheel (the flanges) and into the head of the machine and support most of the weight of the rider, are made of two pieces of steel cut to the required shape, or if hollow, as in some superior machines, they are simply two pieces of round tube bent partially flat and polished smooth on a grindstone. The "flanges," or the parts into which the spokes go, are cut by hand, while some of the most delicate parts of the bicycle are turned, planed, and cut by most precise and costly machinery.

All the parts are finally polished by men on rapidly revolving wheels that have leather surfaces on which has been spread a mixture of glue and emery. A very few revolutions of this wheel will give to any steel parts, or "fittings" as they are called in the trade, a polish that will reflect your face if you look at them almost as well as a mirror. The "rims" or frames of the wheel are bought from iron-founders in the North of England, in strips about half a dozen yards long, and when cut into the required lengths are bent round by a machine into a circle.

The parts thus made separately are now all fitted together, the last operation being the gluing on of the rubber tyres with cement. There are several kinds of cement used, indeed some manufacturers who make their own, keep the recipe of its preparation a secret, but the majority use Rockhill's cement, a preparation made chiefly of gas-tar. The best brands of iron are used in good bicycles, such as "low moor," "best gun," &c. In all the largest manufactories steam-power is, of course, used.

While writing of bicycles I cannot well conclude without referring to the steam-tricycle. A few months since, any one could not walk the streets of London without seeing in glaring red letters the advertisement on all the omnibuses, "Go and see the steam-tricycle." I went one morning early and found the inventor, Sir Thomas Parkyns, alone in the gallery of the Agricultural Hall. He was silently contemplating his machine and enjoying the soothing weed. I entered into conversation with him, and learnt that once again "necessity was the mother of invention." Sir Thomas, like most people, has a "hobby," and that is photography. He invented the steam-tricycle to carry himself and photographic apparatus "far from the madding crowd," where at every bend of the road or lane would be some natural picture worthy of the photographer's art. The machine is so constructed that it will travel about twenty miles an hour, and makes neither noise nor smell. It burns about a pennyworth of spirit a day, and condenses its waste steam into water and pumps the same into the boiler again. It is a clever invention and may become in the future of great value to many who travel, whether for business or pleasure. But as yet lawyers have to decide whether or not it shall be legal to ride it in the public road, for as the law now stands it is necessary for the rider to travel not faster than four miles an hour, and to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag as though he were a steam-roller.

GARDENING IN SEPTEMBER.

THOUGH the month upon which we have just entered must undeniably be called the last of our summer season, yet it is very often, in the earliest half of it at least—certainly it was so last year—the best, and at times the warmest and most enjoyable, of any in the year. We gardeners have latterly taken a leaf out of the farmer's book, and indulged in an occasional grumble, but towards the close of our complaints we generally brighten up in the expression of a hope that we are gradually returning to our old-fashioned seasons—seasons, that is, of longer and more uniformly warm summers, and of winters a little less Arctic-like than they have been of late. As the year, however, begins to wear away, we cannot conceal our anxiety as to the future of our shrubberies, for example, for experience has taught us latterly that evergreens, which from time immemorial we had been wont to regard as sufficiently hardy to stand the English Christmas, may, if the winters of 1879 and 1880 are to be repeated, very likely disappear almost entirely. We must not, however, take too desponding a view of the matter on the one hand, nor must we on the other anticipate what we may have to say on this subject next month, which is generally the first month for alterations in the garden on a large scale, and a time also for considering the best method for protection against a possibly severe winter.

As yet, however, on this bright September morning—on, that is, we will suppose, one of these days in its first and therefore its better half—our flower-beds are all ablaze with scarlet geranium, China aster, verbena, phlox in its coloured vanity, and the bright and showy calceolaria, while our dahlia exhibition is doubtless in full force.

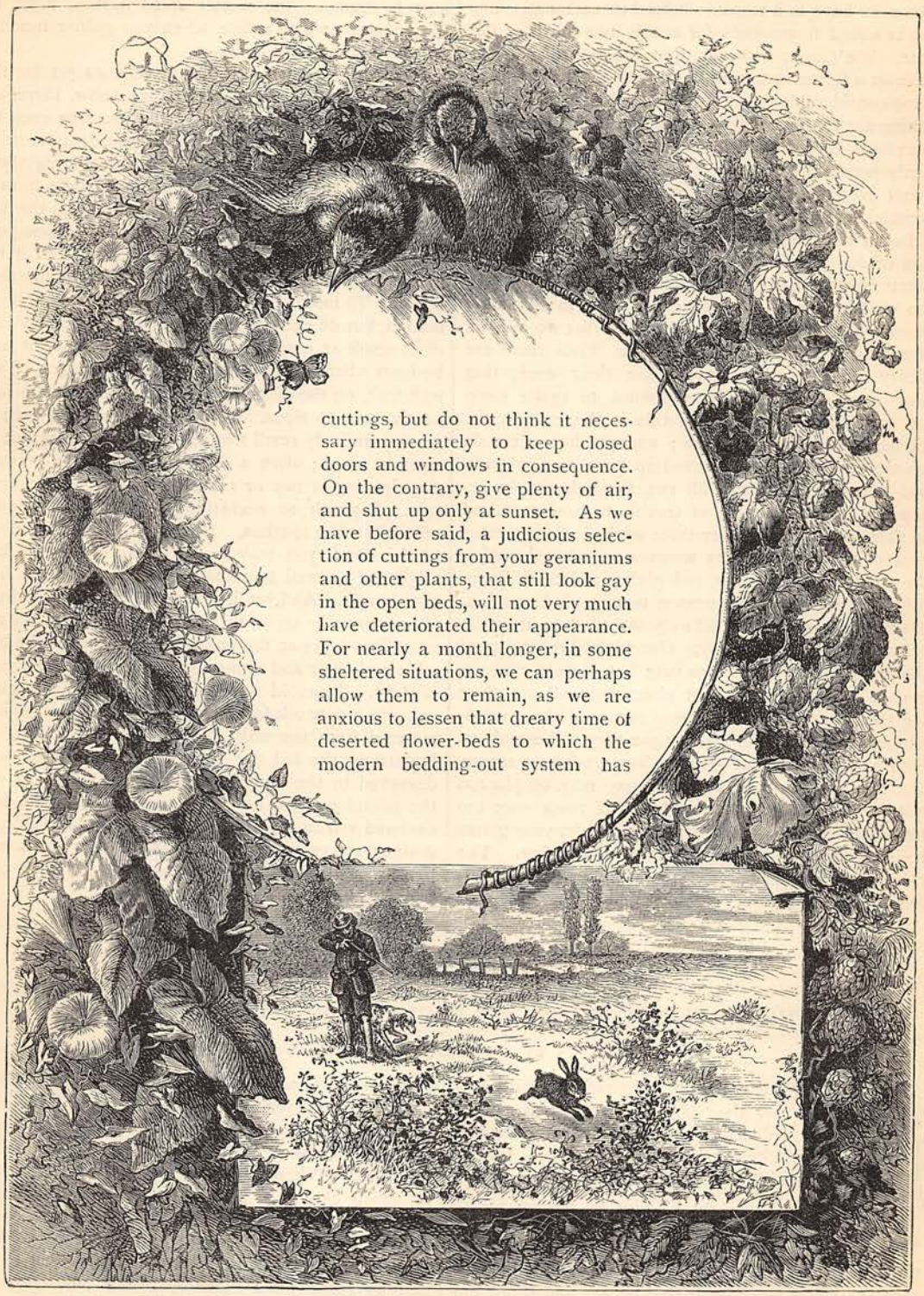
Of course, one of the very first operations this month, if we have not indeed already accomplished it, is the thorough completion of our stock of cuttings for the next season. By a little ingenuity we can so contrive

to rob our flower-beds of these small cuttings, as to hardly let it appear afterwards that we have been pilfering from them at all. Plenty of common sense and contrivance is useful just at this time. Very often we find that our entire small stock of flower-pots is brought into requisition for our cutting supply ; and if it runs short, as is too often the case when we are only gardeners on a limited scale, we must fall back upon boxes or old pans as before. While, however, there is a great risk in postponing until late in the season the taking of cuttings, as by that means they have not so good a chance of being rooted and established before the cold weather comes on, yet, on the other hand, there is no necessity if the cuttings are taken in good time to have them all in the greenhouse at once. The longer they can with safety remain out in the open air, the more hardy will they become. Calceolarias can, without fear of losing them, be planted out under any old and unused cucumber frame, and in the winters of years gone by many other flowers might have been similarly treated and successfully preserved. For those who could not boast of a greenhouse, or even a small pit, another old-fashioned method used to be suggested for the possible preservation of a small flower-garden stock. It was this, and we do not see why, spite of the severity of past seasons, it might not in the absence of better material be attempted still : dig a square hole in your garden sufficiently deep to hold your pots when covered over with a flat surface. Place some pieces of board on the bottom to serve as a stand for your flower-pots. Cover over the whole either with boards or with rods so bent as to form a sort of roof, over which mats can be thrown to keep out the severity of the weather. But still, as *some* light is necessary for the well-being of all created things, vegetable as well as animal, some have used in place of mats, waterproof calico or canvas. If however—we are still supposing the absence of a greenhouse—it can be had, a good-sized garden frame is not a very expensive affair. In severe weather place some turf round the wood-work, and throw some matting over the glass. Recollect all you want to do is to keep your plants alive, and to have a nice little stock in hand when the next early summer comes round, ready for bedding out, rather than to have to go to the expense of purchasing flowers at that time, very often at a comparatively fancy price. With a good garden frame, you might like to try another experiment. A few hardy annuals may even be sown under a frame, so as they can be protected alike from hard frost or excessive wet. Of course you will choose the warmest and best possible locality for your frame. Indeed, in years gone by, annuals could be sown in the autumn in the open borders, in sheltered situations to stand the winter, and be afterwards planted out in the spring. Those, however, which can stand the winter where they are sown will flower earlier, and be altogether stronger and better, than those planted out. Or, if you like, sow in pots Indian pink, German wallflowers, ten-week stocks, mignonette, &c. &c., and keep them in a frame till the spring, when they can be afterwards either plunged or planted out in the borders or beds. Gather this month all your seeds from your pods, that have ripened and are in a dry state, or rather we should have said, gather them in the pods, and lay them up in some dry and airy place for some time, before you attempt to remove or rub them from the pod itself. See well to the box and other edgings before the severe or boisterous weather sets in. In fact, begin to get things into orderly trim for winter quarters. If you allow your box to get too large and overgrown, you will, on bending it down, find comfortably harboured amongst it a goodly display of slugs and snails. Let your box, then, be neat and compact without being too tall and bushy, and in some places perhaps altogether worn away or killed by careless treading or wheeling. These ugly gaps give a very untidy appearance to a garden.

Get the auriculas ready this month for their winter quarters, and for this, first see to the drainage of the pots, as carelessness here means the almost certain decay and rot of the fibrous roots. And among the carnations and picotees, where you have taken pains last month with the layering operation, the roots ought to have struck, and by Michaelmas, or perhaps a little earlier, your young plants should be fit for removal and for potting. You can easily put two in a single pot of what is called the forty-eight size, though some prefer using smaller pots, and put only one root in each. To blossom them in pairs or even in threes, however, is as often the custom as not. And very soon also, certainly near the end of the month, we begin to think about our bulbs, and especially about the hyacinths. Those that we intend to bloom in glasses should be so placed in their glasses as to allow of the water just touching the bottom of the bulb, at least until the small white roots begin decidedly to develop themselves. Place your glasses in a dark cellar or cupboard, and let the water be changed about every three weeks. Take care while putting your bulbs in your garden to arrange them not merely methodically, but with an eye to their colour, placing dark against light, or white by the side of dark red, or with a dark blue between two light reds, and so on.

Next month, however, is not at all too late for bulb-planting, and indeed October has perhaps become of recent years the more general time for it. But where any bulbs have been left in the ground and you are wishing to shift their quarters, or perhaps to thin them a little, it is quite as well to get them up at once : they will already, indeed, be found to have recommenced germinating, and in that case a removal will be sure to throw them back somewhat, so that perhaps, if their removal has been decided upon, the sooner it is carried out the better for the bulbs.

A few words about the greenhouse. Have it speedily got into order for the reception of your entire stock. Once we are well advanced in September, it is of course impossible to say how soon the wild equinoctial gales may begin, and a slight frost may as speedily follow. By Michaelmas, then, house your



cuttings, but do not think it necessary immediately to keep closed doors and windows in consequence. On the contrary, give plenty of air, and shut up only at sunset. As we have before said, a judicious selection of cuttings from your geraniums and other plants, that still look gay in the open beds, will not very much have deteriorated their appearance. For nearly a month longer, in some sheltered situations, we can perhaps allow them to remain, as we are anxious to lessen that dreary time of deserted flower-beds to which the modern bedding-out system has

unhappily of late years so accustomed us. But it may be that longer winters, tardy springs, and short summers have in a measure helped to acclimatise our eye to naked flower-beds for nearly two-thirds of the year. We forget, however, that the remedy—as we have on a former occasion more fully hinted at—is to some considerable extent in our own hands, if we are willing not to devote the whole of our beds to bedding-out plants only, but to intersperse among them some hardy perennials, or perhaps a few bright, shrubby, and dwarf evergreens. It is quite possible to dare to be eccentric even in a flower garden.

In our kitchen garden, probably a considerable portion of our potato crop is fit to be dug. And the potato, when fully ripe, should not be left for long in the ground, for it will sooner or later in that case become a prey to the vermin that, do what we will, we often find it so hard to keep under. Then there are plenty of crops that have done their work, that now want clearing off the ground to make room for something else. Indeed, this is the case in the kitchen garden often enough; and yet how often do we see whole rows of withered-up peas, or a spinach-bed tall and gaunt and all run to seed, simply because it is a little piece of trouble to remove it, and so there it is left for two or three weeks in this precious time of the year, the last summer month, exhausting the soil, taking up space, and giving a dreadfully untidy and neglected appearance to our whole garden. Then the onions, if not already attended to, must be harvested in the usual way. Our general trenching of the ground hardly begins as yet; but our old cabbage stumps we never waste, but plant them all out close together in some out-of-the-way corner of the garden, where, perhaps, in the winter time they will supply us with a dish or two of greens when greens are scarce. But the young cabbage plants may now be planted out in your beds. Leave plenty of room—not too much—to walk between your rows, and let your plants be some five or six inches from each other. The celery, too, will need from time to time careful earthing up. Do this in dry weather, and always take care to keep the earth out of the heart of your plant. If you want salads for winter supply, they must be sown now in frames; the winter spinach, too, must be thinned out, and, as before, when you gather from it, gather only the outside leaves.

In our fruit garden, it is hardly time as yet for the full apple-gathering, and yet, as we know, there are some sorts that come in early and are ripe even by August. Their scent in a great measure guides us as to their condition, but if you have a good tree about whose properties you are at all in doubt, take from it one of the apples and cut it open. If you find the pips are turning colour, you can very safely gather your tree within a week or so from that time; but if the pips are quite white, let them hang for some time longer. To most of us this can hardly be called information, but do not our failures and ill-successes very often result as much from thoughtlessness, or it may be from idleness, as from want of knowledge? Your wall-fruit, on the other hand, cannot remain too long on the tree to ripen. It frequently happens, even on a comparatively small tree, that the fruit does not all ripen at once; often a fortnight will elapse between the ripening of two or more peaches upon the same tree. A peach or nectarine or plum if ripe comes off easily when touched. If much resistance is offered to the hand, you may be pretty sure that the fruit might be allowed to remain on the tree some little time longer. And yet it is annoying to find, perhaps, after a squally night, three or four fine peaches and nectarines lying on the ground, and forming alike both table and chair and dinner service to a little company of slugs. To avoid this, then, some careful gardeners contrive a network forming a sort of bag that projects outward from the wall, and thereby the fruit is not bruised by the fall, nor is it so much exposed to be devoured by the slimy interloper, with whom, as with the audacious wasp and the cunning earwig, we have declared war to the knife. But with all our murderous designs, the enemy never appears to decrease much; there seems room for us both, and we are often compelled to be content to have it so.

THE WATERING-PLACES OF ENGLAND AS HEALTH-RESORTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE amount of information I can supply on the subject of this paper must obviously be limited, but I trust it will be found good of its kind. I must set out by presuming that my reader is either an invalid, or at all events in such delicate health that rest and a change are to be recommended, and that a journey, either by railway or in some of the many excellent steamboats that ply up and down our coast, can be borne with a fair degree of ease. But independent of the blessings of rest and change, obtainable by a residence of a month or two at some of our beautiful and healthful English watering-places, one of course expects good to accrue from drinking the waters, to say nothing of breathing the air, of the spot chosen; and this leads directly to the question, "Where shall I go?"—a correct answer to which can only be obtained by a consultation with your medical adviser, and a consideration of the state of your balance at the banker's. With the choice of a watering-place I have nothing to do; and as regards the expense, I can only give you general advice. The expense, then, is divisible into that which must be contracted on the journey and that of the sojourn at the wells chosen. Take the wells

It is a disease of utter nerve prostration, and deterioration of brain power, and even muscular energy. Any one suffering from it may be roused, it is true—so may a dying lion—but it is only momentarily in either case, relapse is sure to follow. *Ennui*, if not cured, may lead either to insanity or death; the cure is usually difficult to accomplish, for it must be in every way radical; and, besides, the patient is generally too listless to care whether he is cured or not. As often as not, he seeks to cure himself by flying to stimulants. Then the end is certain.

I ought to say a word on the subject of clothing. This is one of the things that are greatly over-done. I do not refer to dress at all. I have nothing to do with fashion, except perhaps to condemn the habit of over-tight lacing, and wearing uncomfortable boots and shoes. But the one great fault people commit is too much wrapping up, in-doors and out, by night and by day. Colds are often taken by day, but very often the seed has been sown the night before. The body has been kept too warm, and so enervated; there may have been a fire in the room, the windows may have been closed, and too many bed-clothes worn.

Probably there are as many people die during the year, in England, from the evil effects of over-clothing as from cold itself. Hot, stuffy bed-rooms largely increase the annual death-roll.

We should dress each day according to the weather and temperature. The idea of summer and winter clothing is very absurd, with the month of June so often a sneak, and July an arrant humbug. Never trust either of them farther than you can see them—they both want watching—and the worst of it is, the other ten months are not a whit better. Rough and all though it be, January is generally the most honest month of the twelve.

How many of us meet our deaths, I wonder, in a single year by over-doing physic? Not by over-doses, but by constantly flying to medicine with every trifling ailment! People may guess—although it is usually only a guess—the kind of medicament they need, but they err by taking it at a time when they would be infinitely better without it. A medicine-chest is a capital thing to have in a house, but in nine cases out of ten it is far better when the key can't be found.

One other thing which may be over-done is a man's subject. Lest, therefore, I commit that error, I close it.

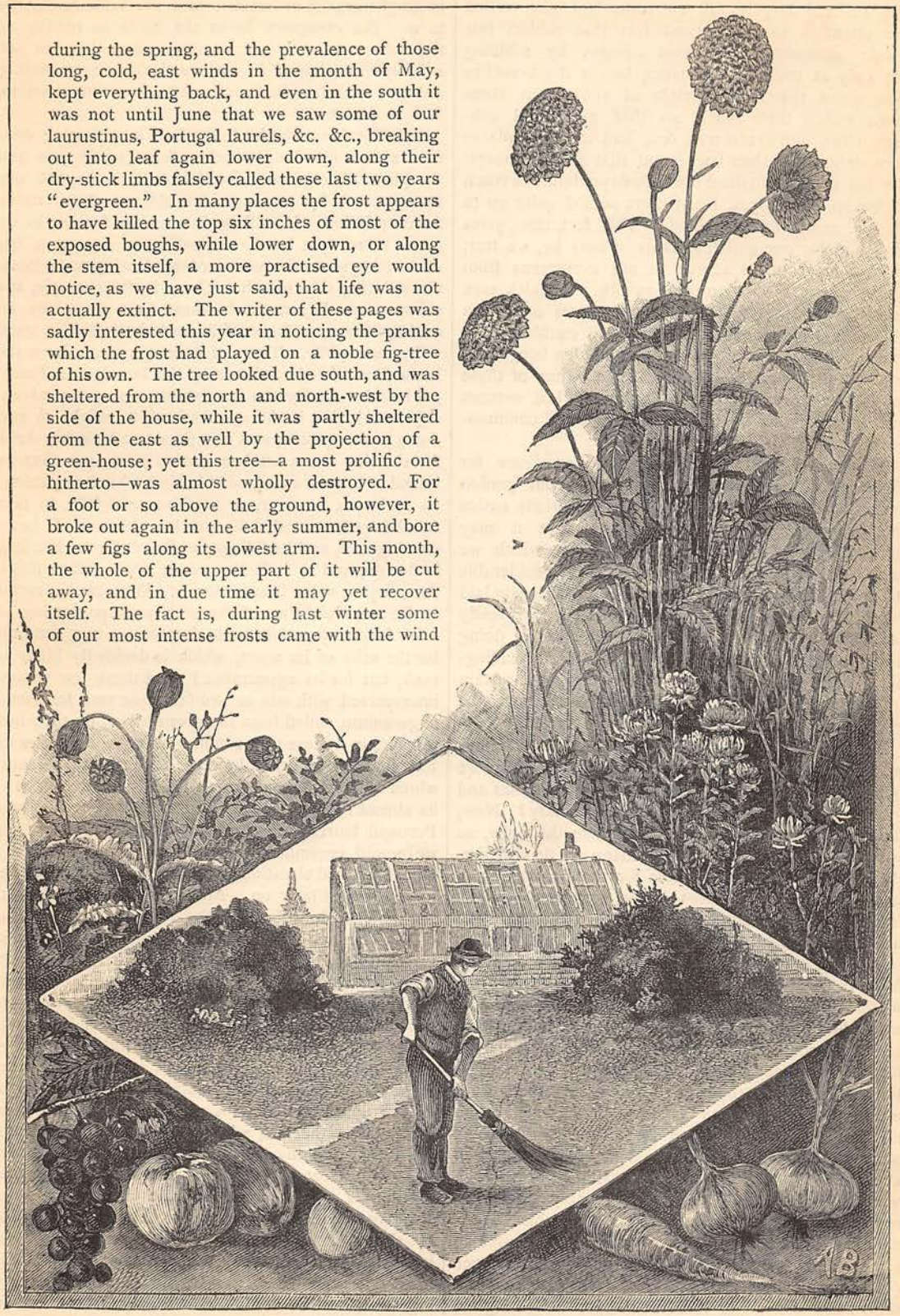
GARDENING IN OCTOBER.

ONLY too rapidly are we once again parting with what little is left to us of the summer. The Londoner who has not been able to get away until now, tells us in a practical way that it is the last month for which "tourists' tickets" are issued, while those with whom we have more to do, and whose lot is cast amid shady lanes and more peaceful scenes, where—

> "All the air a solemn stillness holds,
> Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,"

tell us that those shady lanes are daily becoming more musical with the crisp footsteps of the eddying leaves than with the joyous notes of the birds, who are just now only the auditors of a quaint duet between the "dignity and impudence" of their feathered tribe—cock-pheasant and cock-robin. It is unjust, however—not to say fruitless and senseless—to be always complaining of the weather and the seasons. No one can say that we have had no heat, no summer, in the months that are past. It is, we believe, now on record that on one occasion in the month of July last our thermometer in many places stood actually higher in the shade than that of Madras or Bombay! Our hay for the most part was got in well, save where in some localities a drenching thunderstorm made havoc of it; but now it is October, and we are already beginning to think gravely of our last autumn and our last winter; nor have we forgotten, first of all, that singular phenomenon, about this time last year, of the early snow-storm which weighed all our trees down, with their foliage yet thick upon them; and when those who were walking immediately afterwards through any woods or forests in the south, heard ever and anon a sharp report like the crack of a rifle, caused by the sudden snapping asunder of the overladen boughs and limbs of our giant oak. For it is upon the oak that the foliage remains the longest, and the oak, therefore, at that time suffered the most. But we have more to do in the garden than with the forest, and in this time of the year—the first month when we begin to carry out any extensive alterations in our shrubberies—we see to our sorrow that there are many blanks to fill up, as so many of our evergreens were killed outright last year by the intensity and severity of the winter. We would suggest, then, that when application has to be made to the florist for a few shrubs to replace those that are gone, the very hardiest kinds be asked for. We shall hope, however, that our evergreens, and some other trees and shrubs that appeared to be killed, were not too hastily removed in the spring or summer of the year that will soon be fading from us. Those who watched more narrowly the state to which they were reduced must have remarked that many shrubs which in the month of February or March we took for dead had got the principle of life in them in many places. The absence of rain, too,

during the spring, and the prevalence of those long, cold, east winds in the month of May, kept everything back, and even in the south it was not until June that we saw some of our laurustinus, Portugal laurels, &c. &c., breaking out into leaf again lower down, along their dry-stick limbs falsely called these last two years "evergreen." In many places the frost appears to have killed the top six inches of most of the exposed boughs, while lower down, or along the stem itself, a more practised eye would notice, as we have just said, that life was not actually extinct. The writer of these pages was sadly interested this year in noticing the pranks which the frost had played on a noble fig-tree of his own. The tree looked due south, and was sheltered from the north and north-west by the side of the house, while it was partly sheltered from the east as well by the projection of a green-house; yet this tree—a most prolific one hitherto—was almost wholly destroyed. For a foot or so above the ground, however, it broke out again in the early summer, and bore a few figs along its lowest arm. This month, the whole of the upper part of it will be cut away, and in due time it may yet recover itself. The fact is, during last winter some of our most intense frosts came with the wind



in the south-east. The rhododendrons, and bays too, suffered largely. A correspondent also called our attention to the curious fact that rabbits last winter committed "unusual ravages by nibbling not only at the stems of trees, but at the branches also, since the heavy weight of snow bent them down within their reach, so that good-sized ash-trees, elms, and sycamores, &c., had in many places been stripped of their bark ; and that as each successive fall of snow enabled the little depredators to reach higher up the hedges, many were peeled quite up to the top, and of course, killed." This fact, then, gives us a hint for our gardens, where, it may be, we fear, more damage might accrue to our evergreens from the weight of snow than from rabbits. A quick turn over the garden with a pair of snow-boots on, and a long pole or broom-stick in hand, will enable you to give a gentle tap or two to some well-laden bough and relieve it of its weight of snow. The writer of these pages saw a number of standard roses last autumn just saved in time by this very simple and common-sense process.

This, then, being the month *par excellence* for shrub-moving and heavy alteration in our garden and borders, we might with advantage briefly notice the properties of a few evergreens that it may be desirable to plant out now, and for which we expect there will be about this time a very considerable demand. Now, a garden brightly and judiciously laid out with a few good hardy evergreen shrubs greatly facilitates us in carrying out our intention of doing away, in part at any rate, with that terrible bedding-out system, so that even in winter there is a certain freshness instead of dreary desolation about the garden.

Take first, for example, the holly—a hardy fellow who does not mind a good amount of frost ; for do we not associate it pre-eminently with our Christmas and festive decorations in December and January? Now, did we choose no other evergreen save the holly, so variegated is its foliage, and so many are its varieties, that we never need be at a loss for the beautifying of our garden with evergreens : some, for example, of its leaves are light and some dark ; then there are the narrow and broad-leaf varieties, smooth and prickly, or with edges and centres variegated, yellow and white, &c. In a somewhat wild and overgrown garden, the writer noticed recently a tall and noble holly-tree with which had been cruelly allowed to grow, in one huge entanglement, a blackberry-bush as high as the holly itself. The proprietor used laughingly to observe that he would not have the blackberry cut out, as the fruit, especially at the top, was very fine, and out of the reach of the boys, unless aided by a ladder. But the winters of 1879 and 1880 proved at length too much even for the blackberry, and it succumbed to the cold, while the holly still flourishes, terribly disfigured, nevertheless, by the dead arms of the blackberry, which it is a most difficult process to attempt to remove from its prickly companion. The florescence of the holly is a poor object ; but as it is in bloom at a time when our gayer flowers are also delighting us, this is of little consequence. Its berries, however, of bright scarlet or lemon colour, are familiar enough to us. No evergreen bears the knife so readily as the holly, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a holly-tree clipped in various devices representing a dog or a bird—a barbarous and unmeaning practice, in our opinion.

Side by side with the holly, and in charming contrast with it, can be planted varieties of the yew and the pine. The pinus tribe, however, is beyond our management by pruning ; its elegant shape needs no description. It will be impossible for us to do much more than barely enumerate or suggest a few other evergreens for our garden planting and alterations during this month. There is, for example, the arbutus, an elegant shrub whose fruit resembles an oval strawberry. Some of its varieties when in good soil grow rapidly. Then, of course, we can have the laurustinus, the rhododendron, the laurel, and Portugal laurel. As for the laurustinus, one great advantage in it is that its foliage feathers, we might so say, down to the ground, and it is thus an admirable shrub for shutting out a kitchen garden view—not that we intend ever to be ashamed of having a kitchen garden ; an outhouse, however, or anything unsightly, in fact, can be well concealed by the laurustinus. It bears pruning well, and its foliage is always best when it is in flower ; and as it is the winter season when this is the case, we value it accordingly. Who cannot recall, at the very dead time of the year, perhaps, cutting off a few bright sprays for table decoration—not certainly for the sake of its scent, which is decidedly bitter or rank, but for its appearance ? And these few sprays, interspersed with one or two far more rare fragments of geranium, culled from the green-house, do their best to make us believe that summer never really leaves us. Far contrary in scent, however, is the Portugal laurel, which blossoms about June, and fills all the air with its almost too luscious fragrance. Alas ! for the poor Portugal laurel ; it suffered terribly last winter, and we would recommend purchasers of it to find it a more sheltered situation if our Arctic experiences are to be renewed later on. And in contrast, again, with the dark bushy foliage of the Portugal laurel is that of the common laurel, with its pale yellowish-green leaves. A couple of these, say near each corner of the lawn, are very effective and ornamental. Remark their foliage, even in the worst of weather, when the snow is on the ground. It is a great relief for the eye to rest upon in that forlornest of forlorn sights—a deep snow. When we just now said that no evergreen bears the knife so readily as the holly, upon second consideration we should perhaps have given the palm to the box, which, like its friend the yew, can be cut into any fantastic shape. The box is very hardy—a great consideration for us in our present anxiety as to the future of some of our evergreens. But we must not allow this engrossing subject of the new shrubbery, which, nevertheless, very properly and opportunely occupies our attention this month, to carry us away from our fruit, flowers, and vegetables. The drawback certainly to an extensive

alteration in the garden is that we are, of necessity, so much taken off from other branches of horticulture whose needs are unhappily almost as pressing.

There are our dahlias to be lifted and dried in our outhouse, stem downwards, otherwise we are liable to let the crown rot and decay. Our roses have certainly nearly done their work. We generally find that a careful picking off of the faded flowers and an occasional gathering of some for table and drawing-room ornament help the standards to go on blooming longer than they otherwise would. Some gardeners seem afraid to clip away these long heads of summer growth on the roses; but really to allow them to remain on, more especially where their length is extravagant and unsightly, runs a terrible risk of allowing these long arms to be torn away much lower down, and in a far more violent manner, by the gales that we generally experience at this season of the year. The chrysanthemums, too—one of our final hopes for flowers—will want constant attention when they are on the point of coming into bloom. Those that are in pots should be placed at once where they are intended to bloom. Those that you intend to flower in the open air had better be plunged—that is, have the pots themselves inserted in the earth—as this saves the roots. Any that seem to show no desire to flower, or to flower very indifferently, had better be cut down, and from any that have been damaged by early frost remove the bloom-stalks. Those that you have in pots in your greenhouse should be carefully watered at times, as the bloom will be impoverished if any scarcity of water is permitted just at this time.

And then in our kitchen and fruit gardens we are also busy, carefully gathering and storing our apples and pears. We need hardly repeat what is so commonplace, that dry weather must always be chosen for this operation, and that on no account must the fruit be bruised. Walking so much over our beds just now, we shall postpone, as is more usual, for that reason all our heavy trenching and such-like work until next month. But we are very busy just now, for the increasing supply of fallen leaves gives us such a constantly untidy appearance. Yet in a comparatively little time this also is a thing of the past, and our now naked trees allow us to hurry away to another part of the garden.

A SWIM FOR LIFE: A WESTERN EPISODE.

"SAY, stranger, there's something wrong yonder, ain't there?"

Thus spoke a rough-looking miner on the outskirts of the camp to a Mexican who was walking hastily past. The stranger understood but imperfectly the remark addressed to him, but replied, "Horses stole," and proceeded on his way, his long spurs jingling at every step.

The miner looked after him anxiously, and when he had disappeared down the hill, turned towards the saloon, muttering something about horse-thieves and hanging, and strolled, or as he would have himself said, "loafed" into the bar, where an excited assembly was gathered.

"Wa'all, they're gone clean away," cried the owner of the missing animals; "and my hosses nor donkeys don't stray by nature. There's bin some thieves around, you bet!"

"Like enough; but who's the man? However, if we ketch him, gentlemen, we'll shoot him fair."

"Give him a trial and rope him—that's the cure," said the owner. "And now tew business. My treat, gentlemen. Drinks round, and then I'll follow the tracks a bit, and let you know."

Such an offer was not to be slighted. The "drinks" having been fully appreciated by all present, at the expense of their health and brains, the owner of the missing beasts departed to follow the trail, which led towards the cañon up the river.

Ogden Smith, or "Soft" Smith, as he was not unusually called, had that very morning taken his horses to water down-stream, and left them in a safe place pending their disposal. Ogden had been unfortunate in his prospecting. He was neither quick-witted nor quick-tempered, though ready enough with his six-shooter when circumstances seemed to warrant its use. But for this trait, "Soft" Smith would have been stamped with a strong variation of the term "idiot."

He followed the tracks mechanically, and after about half a mile, finding they still led up towards the hills, he returned; and as he strode back, breathing vengeance against his spoilers, he noticed human foot-prints on the farther side of the trail—heavy boot and spur marks. He felt inclined to track these again, but knowing the trail would lead to the river, then flooded with melting snows, he decided to return to the camp and enlist the vigilants in his cause.

It has never been correctly ascertained why horse-stealing was then, and may be still, regarded as a worse crime than the taking of human life; but that this

blue-stocking, and Aunt Hester, who had always been his special horror, whisking about the house, upsetting the domestic comfort of every one, and waving her hands in command or disapproval, unceasingly.

"I never could stand it, I know," he said to himself, as Mark went on giving him some details of the establishment, with a sort of rueful good humour. "A clever wife and an energetic aunt-in-law would be too much for me."

And it had evidently proved too much for poor Mark Beauclere. He was no longer slender, sentimental, and æsthetic; indeed, his chief idea in life seemed to be thorough enjoyment of such pleasures as remained to him. He enjoyed his dinner, for instance, thoroughly, and grew quite confidential over his coffee after.

"It was very sudden, your going away, George," he remarked, after a long chat over the old times at Westwater, and the pleasant evenings they used to have at "The Nest." "Do you know, I thought once that you had rather a fancy for Lucy."

George grew brick-red again, and bent his eyes resolutely on the table.

"It would have been a capital thing for you; and I believe she liked you, for she seemed altogether out of sorts when she got your letter. In fact, George, you might have done much worse than have married Lucy Armstrong."

Still silence and steady contemplation of his glass, on the part of George.

"And for that matter, you might do worse than marry her still."

George looked up with a sudden angry flash, then he grew quite white. Mark was not chaffing in the least, he felt that; still he could not take it all in at once.

"I believe it's entirely on your account she has remained single," Mark continued, with good-natured garrulity, "in spite of all her aunt's efforts to get her well married."

"Did you say Mrs. Beauclere was staying at Brighton?" George presently asked, in a very meek voice; "because I thought of running down there for a few days. Will you come, Mark?"

"No, thank you," with a droll shrug. "My wife and Lucy are staying at the 'Royal;' give them my love, and tell them they need not hurry back, as I'm all right."

* * * * * * * * *

"Lucy dearest, can you forgive me? It was all a dreadful mistake from first to last! I thought it was *you* Mark wanted to marry; and when he told me that evening that he had proposed and been accepted, I was frantic. Aunt Hester never once entered my head."

Lucy's reply was a little unintelligible, but after a time they managed to understand each other. Miss Armstrong could not long resist a lover who had been faithful to her for five years, even when he believed her lost to him for ever; and George resolved to marry her out of hand, so that there should be no more misunderstandings. Sometimes Mark Beauclere chaffs them both a little about George's mistake; but he always boldly asserts that the great mistake was Mark's after all.

H.

GARDENING IN NOVEMBER.

PERHAPS as dreary a month as any in the year is that upon which we have just entered. At all events its very name of November is associated with fogs and with incipient winter. And there have been seasons, too, in which the winter this month comes in with a violent jump, gives us a most tremendous benefit of hard frost and skating, and then leaves us altogether until the following March. An eccentric season such as this we experienced some few years ago, though we can hardly look to have it often repeated. Still we are as busy as ever outside in our old garden, more especially those of us who find they have much heavy alteration to attend to, such as that which we described last month, and which in ordinary cases can well be, and generally is, continued in November. Only let us give that general warning which has been given before: do not attempt moving and transplanting shrubs during a frost, when it is equally unwise also to use the pruning-knife. And even, after or during a wet and moist season, avoid trampling on your lawn and on your beds and borders more than is absolutely necessary, or you will work up your whole garden into a horrible black paste and quagmire, and do infinitely more harm than good, not only on the borders themselves, but by dragging the wet soil all over your gravel walks.

Very rarely, surely, is it that we find a garden

of which it can be said that there is positively *no* room for improvement; that there is no dead tree to come down or that there are no shrubs to be moved with advantage, no blanks to fill up. Blanks indeed! those gardeners are fortunate who, after the winters that we have of late years been accustomed to, can say that none of their evergreens have been transformed into everbrowns or everblacks. What we want, then, for operations of this kind is good open autumn weather, weather in which, by the way, we should work all the harder not knowing how long it may last, but knowing for a certainty that every day is now shorter than its predecessor.

This month, then, among other things we look over our roses. Sometimes we must have remarked that in sheltered situations, and in mild and favourable seasons, roses will go on blooming until quite the end of the year. This of course is exceptional, but the writer of these gardening papers not so many years ago picked in Kent on Christmas Eve one or two fine tea-roses from the open garden. A season in which this can be done is a wonderful lift through the long dreary winter months, as when Christmas is past we soon begin to think of the first snowdrops and crocuses. If, then, by any piece of good fortune and prolonged autumn weather the roses have not as yet cast their leaves, and show a disposition yet to throw out a flower or two more, do not disturb them; but if their foliage be all shed and you are wishing to move your standards to any other part of the garden, this is the month in which to do it.

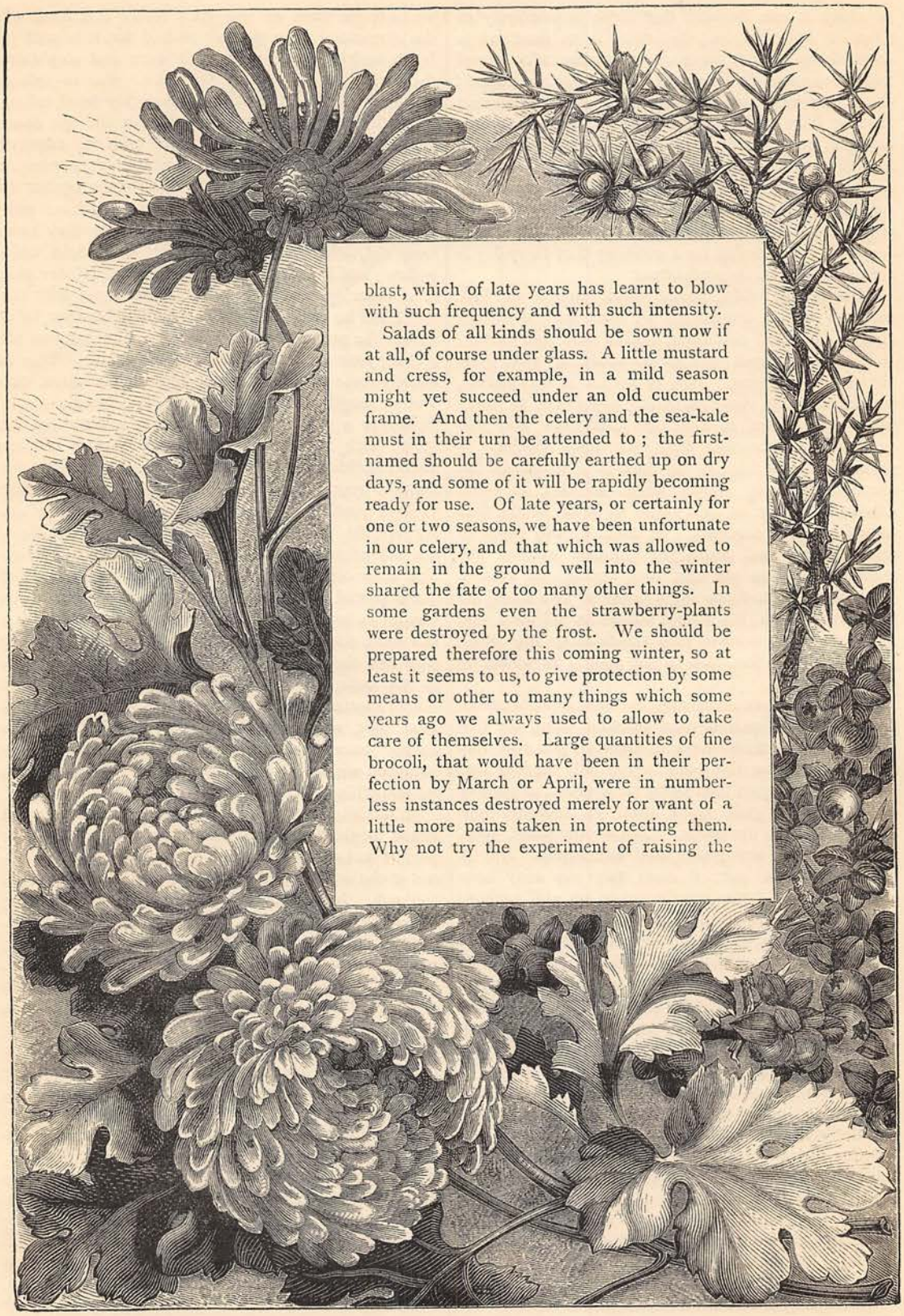
Or it may be you are wishing for some new sorts from the nursery; in making your selection, then, see first what sort of a union there is between the rose and the stock. Those that seem to you only slightly and delicately connected had better be avoided, as a heavy and blustering gale might even yet separate your young rose from its stock. Choose only those, then, that are strong, well grown, and well united. Any of the more tender sort of roses that you may have planted out had better now be taken up and perhaps potted or put away in some shed, laid in by the heels as we should say, to protect them from frost; or you might either protect their head and top generally with some hay-bands if you wish to leave them out in the open. Much of course must depend not only on the hardiness of the rose itself, but upon the nature of their situation. Any great exposure to the north-east blast is decidedly against them.

Nor must you postpone a day longer than you can help the putting in of all your bulbs, if that has not already been done; but on no account choose again for this operation a frosty day, under the delusion that because your bulbs are to be at once protected by the soil above them, it is of no consequence; for recollect your bulbs are perhaps in a box by your side while you are preparing the ground; and your very loosening of the surrounding soil admits the frost all the more readily.

This, again, is the best month for lawn alteration. In October we were busy over our shrubs, and now that we have got them all into good order and made all the alterations there that we wished for, it is well to begin working backwards as it were and step from the shrubbery beds on to the lawn. For re-turfing, get your surface first of all thoroughly level, taking care afterwards that any new turfs that you put down are of a uniform thickness. Begin with the edges of your borders, working on to the centre of your lawn; press each turf as you lay it down close against its neighbour. It is always advisable, too, to have your new turfs used as early as possible after they have been cut, otherwise the new lawn when laid looks yellow; and if your turf when laid was at all dry, give it a watering, and afterwards a few turns with the roller will be advisable. A turf-mallet, however, is of course the proper thing to use in the first instance for getting your turfs into their proper position, This is merely some piece of slate or hard timber about two feet in length and a foot broad. The handle comes from it in a sloping position so that a blow can be given with it uniformly, the whole surface of your mallet striking the grass. Once again to revert to the borders round the lawn, we should have said that besides putting in your new shrubs where they are wanted, the whole of the borders should then have the soil stirred, and all weeds and decayed flowers that serve only to remind us of the sunny glories of the departed summer should be got off. Then if the vacancies look very bare and ugly, fill them up with a few more dwarf shrubs in pots, plunging, that is, the pots into the soil. This will give a bright appearance to the beds, and take off the edge of that look of winter desolation with which in our gardens, for the most part, we are unhappily too familiar. As the spring comes these dwarf shrubs can be readily removed without any damage to them, to make room for something else.

In our kitchen garden, wherever there is a vacant space, begin the winter trenching up, leaving your ground as broken and rough as you can so as to admit of the action of the weather and the frost upon the soil. Indifferent and carelessly done trenching can soon be detected by a practised eye. Some gardeners, anxious perhaps to spare themselves labour, merely turn the ground lightly and quickly over. This of course is done in half the time, and with very little "sweat of the brow," and though from a little distance off the ground may look very neat and orderly, yet nothing can grow properly afterwards on land thus idly prepared. Send the spade and the spud, then, well home each time it is put into the ground.

If you like to try the experiment of getting in a few peas this month, choose an early and a hardy sort. Yet there is certainly a risk of losing them, and a very great one too, if you afterwards fail to give them protection, more especially, as sometimes happens, if we get a mild and muggy fortnight in November, in which the peas make a sudden start, to get as sudden a check by a sharp December frost. In addition, then, afterwards to a little litter on the surface, protect your peas by a ridge of soil so as to keep off the north-east



blast, which of late years has learnt to blow with such frequency and with such intensity.

Salads of all kinds should be sown now if at all, of course under glass. A little mustard and cress, for example, in a mild season might yet succeed under an old cucumber frame. And then the celery and the sea-kale must in their turn be attended to; the first-named should be carefully earthed up on dry days, and some of it will be rapidly becoming ready for use. Of late years, or certainly for one or two seasons, we have been unfortunate in our celery, and that which was allowed to remain in the ground well into the winter shared the fate of too many other things. In some gardens even the strawberry-plants were destroyed by the frost. We should be prepared therefore this coming winter, so at least it seems to us, to give protection by some means or other to many things which some years ago we always used to allow to take care of themselves. Large quantities of fine brocoli, that would have been in their perfection by March or April, were in numberless instances destroyed merely for want of a little more pains taken in protecting them. Why not try the experiment of raising the

soil a little round the stem, and then of tying roughly but lightly some old matting over the plant itself whenever frost bids fair to be severe?

A little more observation of the thermometer, and of the quarter and intensity of the wind, would certainly repay for the trouble merely of using the eyes. The writer noticed a garden some time ago somewhat disfigured, certainly for the time being, by here and there quite an edifice of hurdles such as are used for the protection of sheep and young lambs in February; but then the shrubs and other plants were saved by that means from destruction by the biting—the gnawing shall we say?—of that terrible north-east wind. And the sea-kale to which we just now adverted will also in its turn want some trouble bestowed upon it. That for forcing must of course in the usual way be covered up with sea-kale pots, or your very biggest flower-pots upside down, and then the hot stable manure piled over these. Or if you do not intend forcing, earth up to quite some six or eight inches, and when the buds of the sea-kale show through the top of your pile, your kale is ready for cutting. Manure instead of earth can also be used in this latter instance, for the sea-kale forces its way through the soil nearly as quickly as if it was under the pot. And these sea-kale pots, we say to ourselves, have all to be paid for, and as we wish to practise economy in our garden, we sometimes try to do without them.

In the fruit garden, the wall-trees will want pruning—but not in the frost—and all the young and strong-bearing wood nailed in its place. And yet this perhaps might be delayed for a time if the foliage—and this is sometimes the case in a mild season—has not yet come off. After a light frost we recommended some time ago taking the broom lightly over the trees to bring the leaves off, but never force them off when they show any lingering power of remaining where they are.

If you are fond of amusing yourself with the care of an out-door vine—the grapes on which, however, alas! very often fail to come to perfection—the vine should be pruned this month. These vines are very often neglected for a long time together, and where this has been the case, perhaps the greater part of it ought to be cut away with the hope of starting a fresh growth. Currant and gooseberry bushes, too, may be planted this month. If your kitchen garden has been pretty well kept up, we mean if the soil of it is fairly rich, such land as this will do well for young fruit-trees. Do not let them be more than three years old from the cutting. If they are, they had better be cut back slightly, to give strength to the new wood.

But we have said nothing at all of our greenhouse. Never be too fond of artificial heat, especially in the early winter month such as November is, nor be afraid of too much air, for in mild weather the flowers cannot have enough of it. And if you are keeping plants alive in a room only, do not let them stand by the window at night in a severe frost. In fact, be as variable in your treatment of them as you are of your own wardrobe throughout the year. On the 15th of July this year our thermometer stood at 98° in the shade; yet who would believe that on the 30th of the *very same month* a Hampshire correspondent of the *Times* wrote to say that on the 28th of that month—July—"the frost was so keen as to blight large patches of the bracken fern!" This, then, is the climate in which we gardeners have to work!

A REBUKE.

STRENGTH is shown in sweet persuasions;
Fortitude in silent strife:
Greatness, less on great occasions
Than in acts of common life.

Histories of the sons of glory,
Tales that centuries have not hid,
Tell, in larger type, the story
Of the deeds they daily did.

Not in floods or fires or fighting
Was their greatness, wisdom more;
'Twas but gleams of chance uplighting
All their worth concealed before.

When Xanthippe, mad with anger,
Tried the sage with stormy ways,
He, to shun her wordy clangour,
Sought the sunshine's cheerful rays.

Stung thus by the lesson taught her,
When no answering words he said,
Straight she flung some noisome water
On the sage's sacred head.

Then said Socrates, the wise one,
In his wisdom, greatness, wit,
"This, indeed, should not surprise one;
And the circumstance is fit.

"For 'twere sure no common wonder
Should so threatening, fierce an hour,
Black with cloud and storm and thunder,
Pass away without a shower."

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

throw simultaneously with both hands. The bag hurled from the right hand must pass to the left hand of the *vis-à-vis*, while the bag in the left hand is passed to the right, and the left hand receives the opponent's bag from his right hand. The double movement is difficult, and requires knack, but is good exercise.

If the skating-ground be near the house, some hot drinks are most acceptable, especially to those standing on the banks. I give the recipe for one which is always approved, viz., egg wine :—Beat up two eggs, and add a little cold water; boil one pint of elder wine with spice, then beat all well together, pouring from one vessel to the other, replace it on the fire till it boils, and drink when quite hot.

When the Vicar of Wakefield's altered fortunes obliged him to repair with his family to a distant neighbourhood, we read how his new parishioners "kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true love knots on Valentine's Morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve;" and these observances of old customs would seem to savour of a taste for simple pleasures. If carol-singing be one of them, it is certainly being revived amongst us, and this delightful form of musical amusement by young people is a Christmas pleasure worth cultivating. "God rest you, merry Gentlemen," and "Nowell, Nowell," date back to Henry VI.'s time; "Come let us all sweet Carols sing" is of German origin; and "We three Kings of Orient are," American; but there are many admirable collections.

If you bring your entertainments from without, there is a choice of conjuring, a Punch and Judy show, bell-ringing, fantocinni, and the magic lantern. In the latter each year there are marked improvements, and you may follow the fortunes of Tam o' Shanter, Don Quixote, the Forty Thieves, and Johnny Gilpin, or visit the scenes of the Afghan or the Zulu War, or discover the wonders of the microscope, or enjoy the pranks of a Christmas pantomime as displayed from the lens on the white sheet.

Besides bagatelle, loto, spelicans, dominoes, and the rest, there are some newer games, such as Chinese Gong, viz., a wooden stand with a pasteboard gong having a hole in the centre, into which the players throw one of six balls, which fall into numbered receptacles: Patchesi, or Homeward-bound, a round game between draughts and fox and geese; gobang, fishponds. "How Stanley attained Congo," "Doggett's coat and badge boat-race," are amusing too, and each week something new is brought out.

Recitations are just now very fashionable, and it is quite worth while to prepare some beforehand. Do not let them be too pathetic. Shakesperian readings always please, I mean those in which each part is read by a different person, but read carefully, and studied beforehand. A diversity of such amusement each evening would make a fortnight or three weeks pass all too quickly, and render the remembrance of Christmas time memorably pleasant. Recitations from good and entertaining authors never come amiss.

I cannot do better than conclude with one of the best of Christmas good wishes, which we owe to one of them: "Many merry Christmases, many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last."

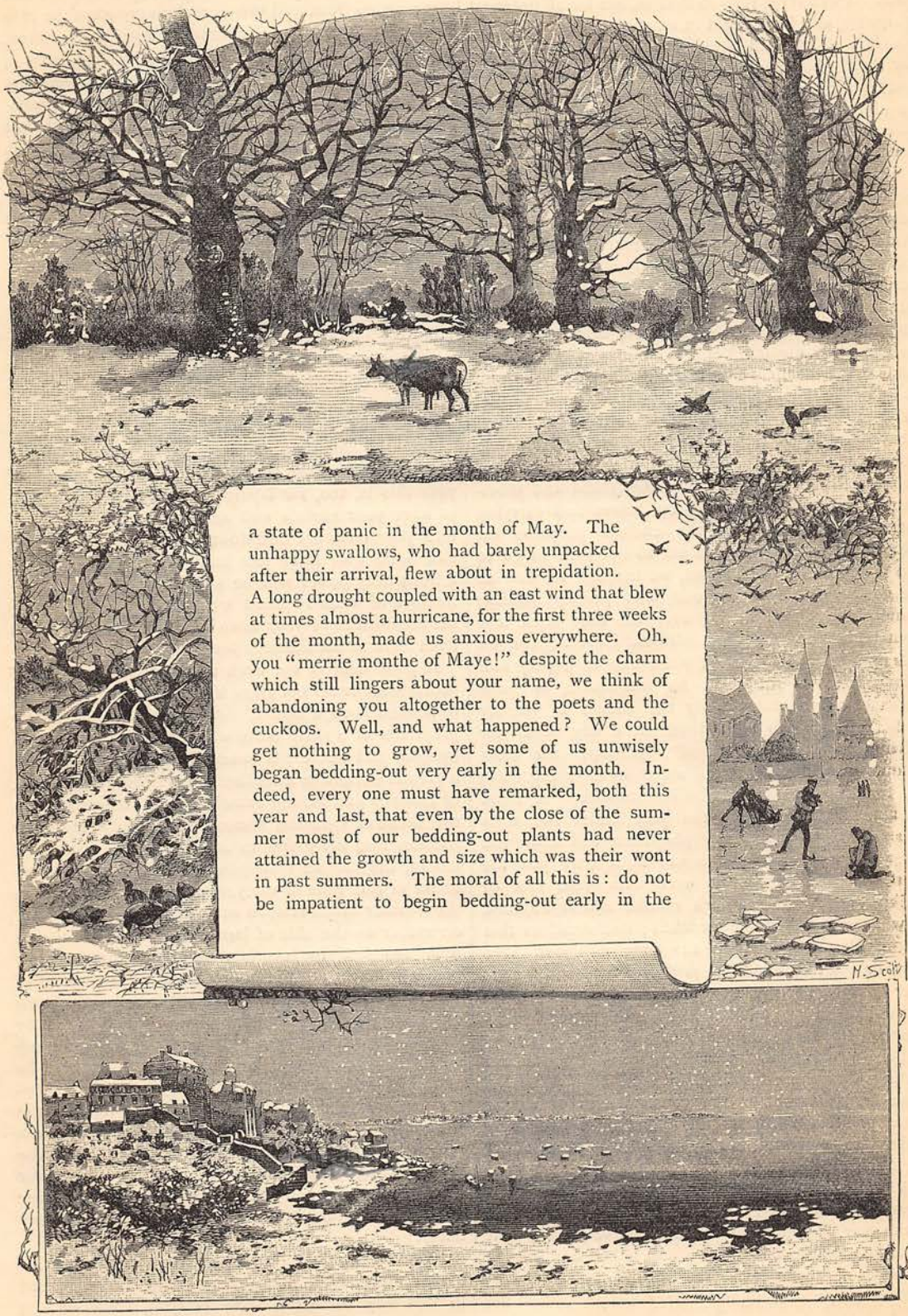
ARDERN HOLT.

GARDENING IN DECEMBER.

PERHAPS we are growing weary of the old year, but at all events we know for a certainty that the old year is growing weary of us, for very soon we shall be bidding adieu to it. Not unfrequently we weary of our very pleasures, and find ourselves craving after some new and unbeaten track of recreation. A new thing—a real "hit" in Christmas cards, or a new game that would even cut out lawn tennis, which in its turn has supplanted the once popular croquet—would probably make the fortune of the inventor. Even at this season of the year, when we are all so happy in the prospect of our annual fireside reunion, is it not possible that perhaps a certain portion of our happiness is derived from the mere fact that we are entering upon a *new* year? Well, and doubtless this is natural and justifiable enough. But it may be asked, what has all this prelude to do with gardening? Nothing, perhaps, saving only that we gardeners are of opinion that the familiar yet ever-new delights of our craft contrast most favourably with any pleasure that can be attained in this feverish and restless chase after a new toy.

"Here we are again" then—as the children's favourite jester will soon tell us—"here we are again," all rosy from our hearty and invigorating work, with the spud over our shoulder and the trowel in our hand; "here we are again," with the frost-spangled landscape for our scenery, nor are we in any degree weary of our performance, as time we hope will show.

December, then, being not unnaturally a month for retrospect, we may perhaps with advantage, before giving our few general hints for gardening operations at this time of the year, look back and say a word upon our failures and successes, and upon the possible causes of each. Up to the end of March in this year 1880, that will soon be a thing of the past, we gardeners were in great hope. January and February were "seasonable" to the very letter, and in the third month we augured most favourably from the good "peck of dust." But if we took fright at the return of the cold in April, we got almost into



a state of panic in the month of May. The unhappy swallows, who had barely unpacked after their arrival, flew about in trepidation. A long drought coupled with an east wind that blew at times almost a hurricane, for the first three weeks of the month, made us anxious everywhere. Oh, you "merrie monthe of Maye!" despite the charm which still lingers about your name, we think of abandoning you altogether to the poets and the cuckoos. Well, and what happened? We could get nothing to grow, yet some of us unwisely began bedding-out very early in the month. Indeed, every one must have remarked, both this year and last, that even by the close of the summer most of our bedding-out plants had never attained the growth and size which was their wont in past summers. The moral of all this is: do not be impatient to begin bedding-out early in the

month. And now what happened in the fruit-garden? Our walls were ablaze with peach and nectarine blossom. It was very pretty to look at, but for all practical purposes, alas! we might in most places as well have plucked it off and given it to the little children for their May-day sport. Peaches and nectarines were selling in the September following for as much as ninepence apiece. We should, then, have been more particular in our protection of the blossom in such an unprecedented month as last May was.

But it is time that we said something upon the gardening routine for the bleak and dark month that is now upon us. The gloriously rich autumn weather, that was of such priceless value for the harvest and for the hops, made us hardly conscious indeed that autumn had come. Hence the foliage remained on our trees unusually long. But all is down now, and very possibly a good deal has still been allowed to lie carelessly about. Yet it is annoying to pass along some of our country roads at the fall of the year, and to be half choked by the smoke of the burning leaves. Why all this waste merely to save a little trouble? Leaves, if got together when dry, make admirable litter for our pigs; indeed you will see on our commons many of the more thoughtful and provident of the poor gathering up leaves and carrying them off in sacks for the endless purposes for which they are useful. If we do not care to go to the expense of sea-kale pots, we manage as well as we can with leaves over our kale, perhaps placing some old box first of all over the kale itself and then piling the leaves on. These leaves, again, we pile up in the open part of some unused pig-sty and allow them to rot down for leaf-mould, or some perhaps we put away under the shelter of the sty itself, in order to keep them in a dry state for other purposes; and, lastly, perhaps the most common use that we find for them is to dig them in, for they make admirable manure. A stroll at almost any time of the year under the trees of some large preserve or plantation will show you what the condition of the soil is, if only you are at the trouble to turn it over with your foot or walking-stick. A rich dark mould, almost fragrant, is what you will find underneath; and recollect that Dame Nature has been the only gardener. No rake or spud or hoe has probably for many years ever been seen there, but season after season have the leaves blown down and rotted upon the surface. The lesson, then, as to what use to put our leaves to is sufficiently apparent. Our hedge, rose, or gooseberry cuttings—anything prickly, in fact—should always, however, be burnt, or the consequences of having these pointed fragments all about or immediately under the super-soil are by no means pleasant for the hands.

A well-selected assortment of shrubs and evergreens in the garden is especially useful at this time of the year, for they help much to relieve the eye as it wanders over the now barren and naked and leafless branches of other trees.

Moreover, now is a good time of the year, when the sap is all down, for making or altering a shrubbery, provided always that we have good open weather and little or no frost, and this is really very often the case in the month before Christmas. Evergreens, then, from the very fact of their variety of foliage, both in colour and form, are for the most part our flowers just now, where at least we have no greenhouse or conservatory. How marked, for instance, is the contrast between the ordinary and the Portugal laurel! This latter will in some localities run up to tree-like dimensions, and in the case of setting up a shrubbery, say on some embankment or gentle slope, possibly with the object of shutting out some ugly building or unsightly outhouse, it is well to have these Portugal laurels for your top row. Then, again, there is a great variety in all the Pinus and fir tribe, less perhaps though in the Arbutus family. Avoid, however, in making a shrubbery, that too common error of having your trees put in too closely together—in fact of having too many. The demand made upon the nutritious properties of the soil, as well as the drip from one upon the other, is fatal to their well-being, and in a year or even less you will find that some have died outright. An admirable time of year this is, too, for laying out a lawn; take care to have your surface well and carefully levelled before your turfs are laid down; a turf is generally a foot wide and three feet long, so that a very little arithmetical power will be sufficient to tell you the number of turfs required when once you have got the dimensions of your lawn that is to be. Perhaps from eight to ten shillings per hundred is their price.

A good deal of our work at this time of year is of course done under our glass, if we are fortunate enough to possess such a luxury. And very often the happy proprietor of a small pit in which he can hardly stand upright, and where his space is very confined, finds a greater delight in attention to his bedding-out stock of cuttings and his few camellias and cinerarias than the Duke of Omnium himself, who rarely enters his pineries and his graperies at all. As we have said before, the routine management of our pit or greenhouse at this time of the year must always vary with the weather which is upon us. If anything, however, err rather on the side of having your house too cold than too hot by overheating your stove. Your plants will feel all the more keenly the severity of January, which has yet to come, if you are fond now of keeping up perpetual large fires. Be guided by your shilling thermometer that of course you hang up in your greenhouse, and let your temperature be at from forty to fifty degrees by day, and from thirty-six to forty by night. Nor be now too fond of the watering-pot: it may almost during this and the next month be discarded. Avoid also at this time of the year shifting your plants—repotting we mean—for occasionally the new soil round the roots of your plant might injure it, more particularly if it be very damp.

Re-arranging your greenhouse just now, however, is quite another thing, and a pleasant day is often passed in this way when the snow is lying thick on the

ground and we can do little outside; dirty pots, too, may then be washed and neatly put away; odd pieces of tile for crocks and drainage got together, and the names of plants written on little smooth and flat pieces of wood ready to place by your flowers. These, of course, can be bought all properly painted, but there is a satisfaction in doing all these sort of things oneself on a pouring wet day in the carpenter's room, or perhaps the children's playroom.

In dry and frosty weather, turn over your compost heaps, so as to get the frost to act well upon the interior—in plain terms, turn your soil inside out—and then pick out all the grubs and insects which you have probably disturbed in their deep winter sleep, and speedily consign them to a yet deeper slumber. We gardeners must be content to be called cruel sometimes; yet there is a distinction between being so and being called so.

And those few plants near our window that we call our window garden, we must not forget them. Plenty of light, *very* little water, and protection from frost at night, is what they want. In very severe weather don't let them stand too near the window—your window with a south aspect of course. But during the best of the day give them plenty of air, or at all events *some*. Death is coming, we know, speedily enough to hurry away 1880, but through a window that is *never* opened it finds its way stealthily but surely, not only to flowers inside, but to their owners. Open the windows then—and once this month even at midnight, to hear those bells from the venerable grey tower

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

THE great difficulty in dealing with the subject of Christmas dinners is that anything in the shape of novelty will cause the dinner to cease to be a Christmas one. A Christmas dinner, to my thinking, does not mean a dinner at Christmas, but roast beef, goose, turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies, &c. Were we to have, say, roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies in August, the one remark that every person present would make, would be—"Why, this is quite a Christmas dinner!" I will therefore give a few suggestions in regard to these essentials, and pass on to a few dishes that may be made at Christmas time, and which will form nice and suitable additions to Christmas dinner-parties not necessarily given on the day of the feast itself.

First, the beef—the large sirloin which the butcher assures us is *Christmas beef*, as if he would fain have us believe that bullocks about this time of the year become for a short period superior animals to what they are at other periods. I will not enter into the roasting beyond saying an open fire is, of course, best, but much depends upon the way it is served. First impress upon your cook the importance of having the dish on which it is served hot—not warm—so hot that the carrier up-stairs wants a cloth in each hand to prevent the fingers being burnt. Next a little gravy in the dish—enough, of course, for the first help all round. Let the rest of the gravy be kept in a saucepan, and brought up nearly boiling, and poured over the joint in time for the second help. Let the carver help not too largely at starting, and then for the second help let a fresh pile of hot plates appear, and a clean knife and fork all round.

As a rule, in middle-class families, the Christmas dinner is essentially a family one, and there are few if any entrées. There is a great deal of nonsense talked in the present day about giving servants trouble. To some a second help on a hot plate, with fresh hot gravy, in distinction to the smeary plate with wafers of fat, that the plate which contained the first held of necessity becomes, means the difference between a good dinner and a poor one.

For a roast goose or turkey the same directions hold good: send up a little gravy to start with, and then send the tureen down to be filled up with hot gravy later on, when it is wanted for the second help. Apple sauce possesses the amiable quality of keeping itself hot, even in the coldest weather, for a considerable period, if made in any quantity.

With regard to plum-pudding, I think the chief fault, especially where there are children, is that too great an effort is made to make it as rich as possible. It no more follows that the richest pudding is the best than that you would improve hot bacon by buttering it. For grown-up people who just taste the pudding, it does not matter so much; but children want to enjoy it, and themselves afterwards; try and avoid making these two things incompatible.

Mince-pies are generally made a day or two beforehand, and cooks sometimes forget what a long time they take in getting hot through. A mince-pie to be worth anything must be hot enough to burn your mouth. Hot crust with the mincemeat lukewarm in the middle—and I think we must all admit that we can remember mince-pies in this condition—is a sad failure, especially considering what a lot of trouble has been taken over making the mincemeat, &c.

A very nice wind-up to a Christmas dinner is—or rather was, some five-and-twenty years ago—a nice Stilton cheese and some fresh crisp celery. Unfortunately, I am unable to tell you what has become of the Stilton cheeses like what I can remember in the time I allude to.