to make her restless and miserable. Never a word crossed her lips that could show her trust in Randolph shaken. She was loyal to him outwardly, but she suffered keenly, nevertheless. He was not there to give her confidence, as he could well have done, by his unwavering love and devotion, and in his absence the influence he had won slowly waned, and the old fear and distrust crept back.

It might have vanished had he returned to charm it away; but, alas! he only came back to make Monica his wife in sudden, unexpected fashion, before her heart was truly won.

Lord Trevlyn had been taken dangerously ill. It was an attack similar to those he had suffered from once or twice before, but this was far more severe. His life was in imminent danger; nothing could save him, the doctors agreed, but the most perfect rest of body and mind; and it seemed as if only the satisfaction of calling Randolph son, of seeing him Monica's husband, could secure to him that repose of spirit so absolutely essential to his chance of life.

Monica did not waver when her father looked pleadingly into her face, and asked if she were ready. Her assent was calmly and firmly spoken, and after that she left all in other hands, and did not quit her father's presence night or day.

He was better for the knowledge that the wish of his heart was about to be consummated, and she was so utterly absorbed in him as to be all but unconscious of the flight of time. She knew that days sped by as on wings. She even heard them speak of "to-morrow" without any stirring of heart. She was absorbed in care for her almost dying father; she had no thought to spare for aught else.

On the evening of that day Randolph stood before her, holding her hands in his warm clasp.

"Is this your wish, my Monica?"

She thrilled a little beneath his ardent gaze, a momentary sense of comfort and protection came over her in his presence; but physical weariness deadened her senses; she was too weary even to feel acutely.

"It is my wish," she answered gently.

He bent his head and kissed her tenderly and lingeringly, looking earnestly into the pale, sweet face that seemed not quite the same to him as it had done when he saw it last; but he could not read the look he saw there. He kissed her and went away, breathing half sadly, half triumphantly, the word "To-morrow."

Lady Diana, ever indefatigable and contriving, had managed almost as if by magic to have all things in readiness: rich white satin and brocade, orange blossom and lace veil, as if there had been weeks instead of days for preparation.

Monica started and half recoiled as she saw the preparations made for her adornment, but she was quiet and passive in the hands of her attendants as they arrayed her in her snowy robes, and well she repaid their efforts. Only Lady Diana felt any dissatisfaction.

"Why, child," she said impatiently, "you look like a snow maiden. You might be a nun about to take the veil instead of a bride going to her wedding. I have no patience with such pale looks. Randolph will think we have brought him a corpse for his bride."

Randolph was waiting in the little church on the cliff. His heart beat thick and fast; he himself began to feel as if he were living in a dream. He could not realise that the time had come when he was to call Monica his own.

Lady Diana and Mrs. Pendrill were there, and a friend of his own, young Lord Hadden, who had accompanied him from town the previous day to play the part of best man at the ceremony. There was a little rustle and a little stir outside, and then Monica entered, and, without once lifting her eyes, walked steadily up the church till she stood beside him.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, yet never, perhaps, more remote and unapproachable than when she stood before the altar in her bridal robes, to pledge herself for better, for worse, to the man who loved her, till death should them part.

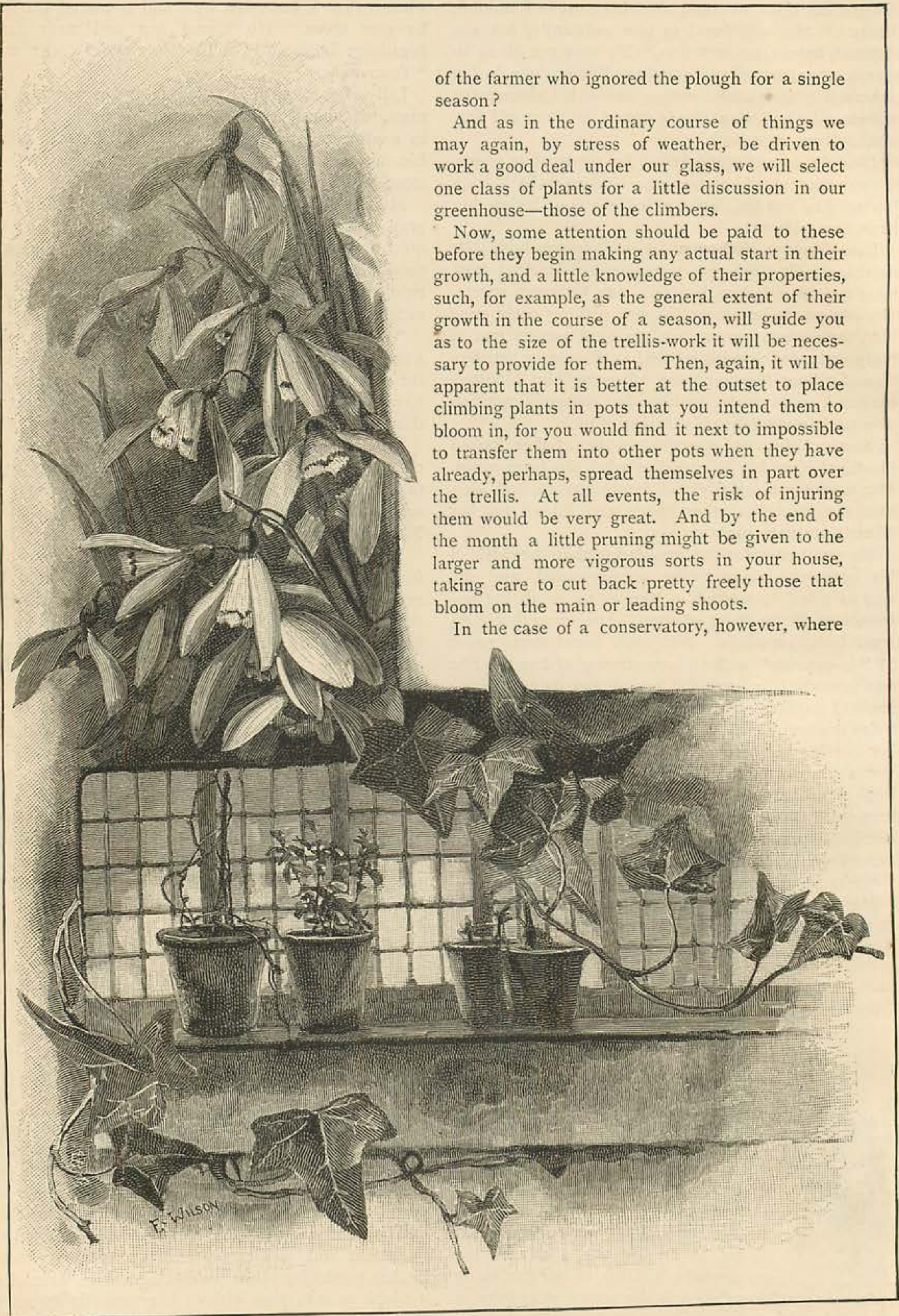
He looked at her with a strange pang and aching at heart; but the moment was not one when hesitation or drawing back was possible.

In a few more minutes Monica and Randolph Trevlyn were made man and wife.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE GARDEN IN JANUARY.

THE opening year—and to every gardener may it be one of plenty and success—brings with it the usual routine of work. And January being a great month for resolutions, we will at once determine upon one, and that is, not to despise and slur over the *uninteresting* portion of our gardening work. A good foundation is the secret of success in most undertakings, and in none more so than in gardening. And in order to insure good crops of any sort in our kitchen garden, we must *dig* our foundation: that very uninteresting, but in this month particularly that utterly indispensable implement, the spade, must have plenty of exercise. Trenching then, and with it we will class careful drainage, are the important and elementary features of our January kitchen gardening; nor, indeed, should we ever allow *a single year* to pass without a systematic trenching of all our crop land. What, indeed, would be thought



of the farmer who ignored the plough for a single season?

And as in the ordinary course of things we may again, by stress of weather, be driven to work a good deal under our glass, we will select one class of plants for a little discussion in our greenhouse—those of the climbers.

Now, some attention should be paid to these before they begin making any actual start in their growth, and a little knowledge of their properties, such, for example, as the general extent of their growth in the course of a season, will guide you as to the size of the trellis-work it will be necessary to provide for them. Then, again, it will be apparent that it is better at the outset to place climbing plants in pots that you intend them to bloom in, for you would find it next to impossible to transfer them into other pots when they have already, perhaps, spread themselves in part over the trellis. At all events, the risk of injuring them would be very great. And by the end of the month a little pruning might be given to the larger and more vigorous sorts in your house, taking care to cut back pretty freely those that bloom on the main or leading shoots.

In the case of a conservatory, however, where

there may be some pillars, walls, or rafters, &c., that you like to have covered by climbers, the pruning back should not be so close as that just mentioned for the plants in pots, for it must be borne in mind that they have a greater space to cover.

And before leaving this subject of climbers—of which, by the way, we shall occasionally say something at intervals adapted to the time of year—we might notice in general a few of our most popular and hardy out-of-door ones.

One favourite is, of course, the Wistaria, which gives us its delicate pale lilac-coloured flower in the spring, and often repeats its blossom again about the middle of August, though in lesser quantities. This will cover the side of a house very readily, or it is very effective across a large flower-bed over a semi-circular or rainbow-shaped arch of good strong iron-work. In course of years it attains great size and strength, and the tortuous growth of its main stem is almost artistic. Then, again, there are unfailing varieties of the honeysuckle and clematis, and of many others that we shall hope to notice later on. Of the clematis, however, let us say that they require an occasional watching as they grow, and if they are not properly secured they will fall over, and probably break in your attempt to get them up again.

We must, however, as far as possible, go quickly over the routine necessary to be observed in all branches of our garden. We may notice first, then, our rose-garden: for a garden without roses would be almost as strange as a hatter's without hats. The winter gales will warn you of the importance of seeing to all the stakes and fastenings of your standards. Some of these, especially after a long and wet autumn season, are liable to decay—as, indeed, what is not, as time hurries us along?—and to have their stakes broken away in a high wind. The heads of your standards, and more especially of the old stagers that are your probable favourites, are liable to get completely broken off and ruined. This, then, is a most important operation. Or, in a mild or non-frosty winter, stocks may be planted in good ground. A vigorous growth of young wood is what you want to bud upon in July. Indeed, during any what is called "open season" of the early winter months, many autumnal operations of transplanting and of general garden changes may still be carried on.

And next we must have a few words about our open flower garden—perhaps, more or less, a little desolate now. This defect, though, let us hope we have very much ameliorated, by placing here and there a few bright evergreens, plunging them in pots which at a future time can be readily taken up. To revert, however, here for a moment to our trenching: all unoccupied parts of our flower garden should in favourable weather be well turned over now. Or after wet weather sometimes we find ourselves troubled by slugs: the old remedies of soot or dry wood-ashes may in that case be resorted to, while a few degrees of patience will, perhaps, enable you to pick them out one by one, and give them a final squeeze. Then, again, the danger after a mild winter is that everything in the ground makes a slight start, only perhaps to be cut off afterwards when a sudden frost comes. At the approach of frost, then, cover up with some sort of litter the first protruding green tops of your hyacinths and other bulbs. Or by the end of the month you might try the experiment of sowing pretty deeply, and in a sheltered situation, a few of the hardiest annuals for the chance of an early bloom. Of course they will be liable to be cut off by frost, but the attempt is worth making.

And then it may be well to examine the entire stock of cuttings in the greenhouse. See, for instance, to the drainage of all your pots, boxes, and pans, for we are still in the very middle of the period when things are given to damp off; any little disposition to send out unnatural or premature bloom in some of the pelargoniums had better be checked by pinching off all mildewy or decaying leaves from any part of your stock. A good fire, with the lights a little way open at the top, will help to carry off all damp, which is, perhaps, a greater and a more invidious enemy than the frost.

And lastly as to the fruit garden. As before, fruit-trees of all kinds may be planted in good open and favourable weather, though not, of course, during a frost; in this, if the soil is good and fairly deep, there will be no need for any manure; and plant high, for the too deep planting of a fruit-tree would be injurious to it. Some, too, of the gooseberries and currants might be pruned at the latter end of the month, but the wall-fruit-trees ought all to have been pruned, nailed, and thoroughly well trained before now, as often in a mild February they begin to show blossom before the month is out.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

WHEN we consider how very liable we all are to meet with accidents, fatal and non-fatal, it is somewhat surprising how very little is known about insurance against the loss of time and the expense incurred through accidental injury. In this paper, therefore, we propose to describe, as briefly as possible, the system of insurance which applies equally to both sexes.

The companies, about twenty in number, with chief offices in London and the provinces, who transact this class of business, issue policies, as a rule, to secure their holders the payment of—

First, a fixed sum in the event of accidental death, or loss of two limbs or both eyes; a fixed sum (half

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

HE first early spring month brings with it the usual press of work, and finds us full of plans for the future in the shape of enterprise and experiment. It is well, therefore, just now, when comparatively at the outset of another year, to look back upon the season that is past, if only for the purpose of calling to mind the mistakes that we now feel sure that we made in it, as also to determine upon what remedies we must now adopt. For while forethought is absolutely essential in any well-ordered garden, too much impetuosity, such as rashness in early sowing with the hope of a correspondingly early crop, not infrequently results in an almost blank harvest. Or perhaps last year in a fit of impatience we turned out the whole of our bedding-out stock three or four weeks before it was advisable to do so, and by the middle of May we found ourselves the proprietors of a motley group of plants, some few killed outright, others blackened up as if by fire, though really by frost; and only here and there a flower that had, perhaps, only by the good fortune of a little shelter afforded by the presence of a bigger neighbour, contrived to weather all the changes to which our rashness had exposed it. The fact is that in a variable climate such as ours we cannot afford to be rash, and should at all times be prepared with a remedy in the shape of a hasty protection for any crop.

But now a word as to the management, first of all, of our climbers this month. Those who are fortunate enough to have a small conservatory as well as a green-house, can have plenty of scope for the cultivation of their taste by the careful rearing and training of climbers here. When the object, then, is to have late bloom in the summer or autumn among the conservatory climbers, the pruning of them is better not done until February has set in. Those of them, however, that you may have pruned in the autumn will now have started an early growth; these had better have some of the buds—if sufficiently swelled—rubbed off. This, though, will only apply to what we shall think superfluous shoots, for when once a start is made we should at once decide upon what we require only, for overcrowding under any circumstances is very ill-advised.

Coming next to our outside climbers, such as those on the side of the house or round our doorways, these will now require the usual pruning and securing to their fastenings, having in view the March gales that are to follow.

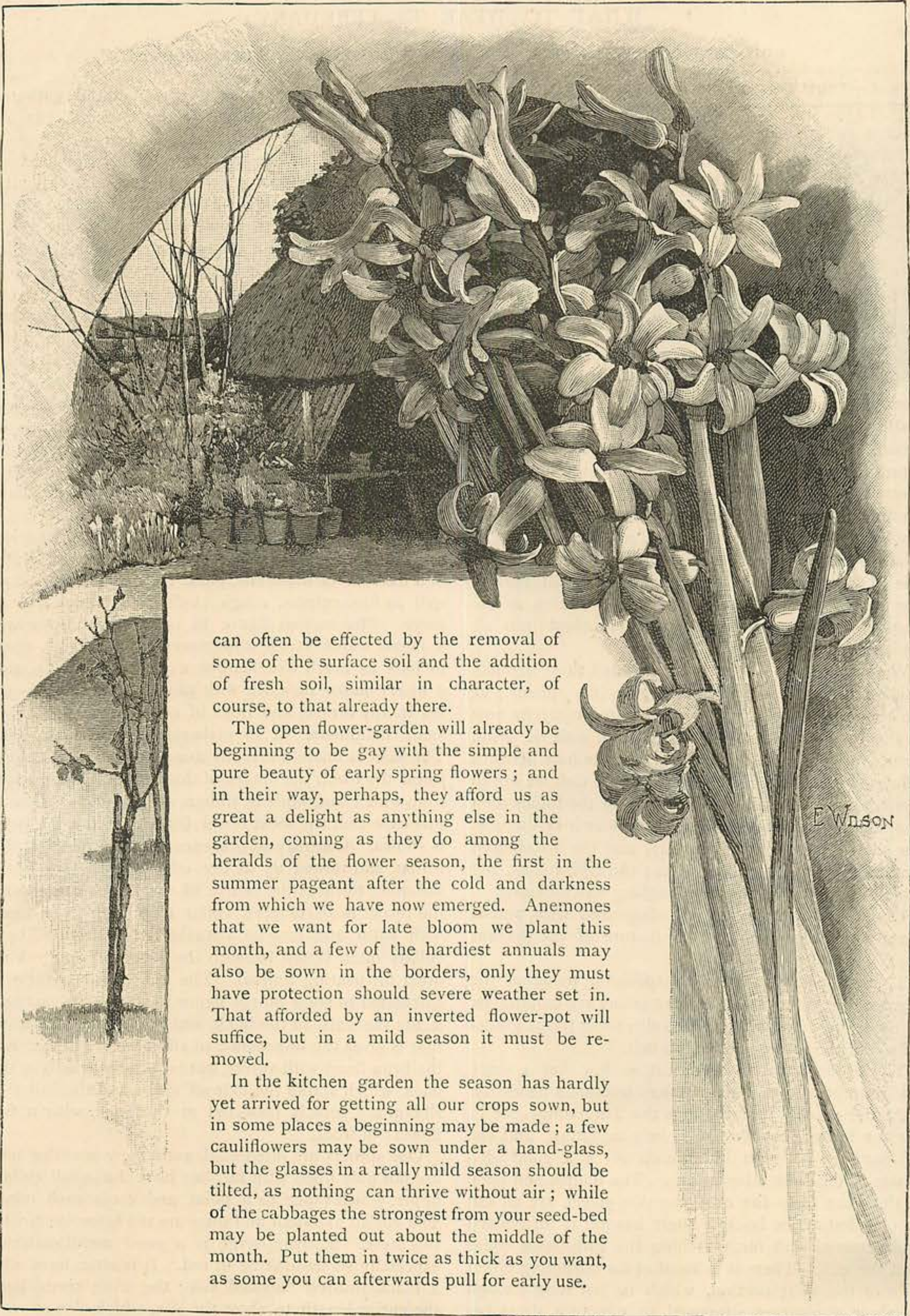
And for training over a doorway, for example, none of us will ever tire of the charming varieties of the honeysuckle. The foliage of the Japanese honeysuckle is always much admired; the tint of the leaves we may aptly compare to that of a Lilliputian laurel. Being, however, but half-hardy, it is well not to cultivate this *Caprifolium japonicum* except in a sheltered and southern aspect. In a very severe winter and in an exposed situation it would probably fare hardly.

A great and important February operation in our green-house is the repotting of the bulk of our plants that we have been keeping through the long, dreary winter in small pots, and which we hope will attain their fuller growth and perfection in the ensuing summer. And here again, having regard to our caution relative to impetuosity and premature action in the garden, our time for the commencement of repotting this month should be largely governed by such consideration as the severity or mildness of the past winter and the present condition of our plants; for example, do some of them begin to show unmistakable signs of being pot-bound? If so, these ought to be repotted forthwith, and then too the hardiest, healthiest, and most vigorous ones may also be put in hand. And much discretion will be necessary as to the time for putting the others in hand. A long and severe winter may have necessitated a good deal of artificial heat, or we may have been too lavish with our stove, and have thereby considerably enervated our stock; then again a mild winter often results in a bitterly cold spring, so that perhaps, all things considered, about the middle of the month is the safest time to begin repotting.

The earlier part of the month will find us plenty of occupation in the washing of pots both inside and out, unless they are new ones, as also in the preparation of composts, and the collection of material, such as broken pots, &c., for our drainage—a most important element indeed in our repotting; and, generally speaking, let us say, give the more weakly plants smaller pots and a less exciting and rich compost than that in use for our stronger ones.

Our heaths we should not repot until the end of the month. To say that heaths will flourish best in the soil that we generally notice heaths to be growing upon in their wild state sounds almost a platitude, yet it is worth noting. Mix with your compost when repotting your heaths a good proportion of silver sand. One general axiom for all gardening, indeed, we may here lay down, and that is, notice the locality, situation, soil, &c., in which you find any plant, tree, or shrub, in the wild state, flourishing in profusion, and you will at once be able by a little painstaking to—if we may put it so—cultivate a plant to perfection by cultivating the *tastes* of the plant itself.

And then as to the repotting of our camellias: those which have already bloomed, and have already begun putting out new wood, should perhaps be repotted; the camellia is certainly a slow grower, and generally requires less frequent repotting than many other plants, though a young plant will, as a rule, be improved by a yearly shift; an old-established camellia, however, will hardly want shifting more often than once in every three seasons. Or a compromise



can often be effected by the removal of some of the surface soil and the addition of fresh soil, similar in character, of course, to that already there.

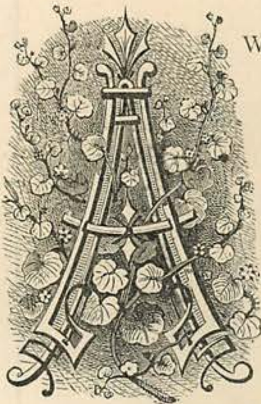
The open flower-garden will already be beginning to be gay with the simple and pure beauty of early spring flowers ; and in their way, perhaps, they afford us as great a delight as anything else in the garden, coming as they do among the heralds of the flower season, the first in the summer pageant after the cold and darkness from which we have now emerged. Anemones that we want for late bloom we plant this month, and a few of the hardiest annuals may also be sown in the borders, only they must have protection should severe weather set in. That afforded by an inverted flower-pot will suffice, but in a mild season it must be removed.

In the kitchen garden the season has hardly yet arrived for getting all our crops sown, but in some places a beginning may be made ; a few cauliflowers may be sown under a hand-glass, but the glasses in a really mild season should be tilted, as nothing can thrive without air ; while of the cabbages the strongest from your seed-bed may be planted out about the middle of the month. Put them in twice as thick as you want, as some you can afterwards pull for early use.

division as decided (though of course not as broad) as the parting of the thumb from the fingers of the hand. This division was used for the strap of the sandal. If we take the antique for our type of beauty, a pointed shoe is utterly unnatural. Very rare is the fine form of a foot that has kept straight on the inner side—not bent by efforts to be cramped to a point. Perhaps this straight foot that never has been distorted ought to be taken as a sign of common sense. For if one judges rightly, the distortion caused by a craze for pointed toes is as bad in kind—though not in degree—as the malformation of the foot which Chinese ladies allow their children to suffer in infancy, so that they may grow up to have a proper Chinese deportment—supported by a maid, or a stick, or a friendly wall.

THE SNEAK.

THE GARDEN IN MARCH.



A WHOLE array of gardening lies before us as soon as the month of March sets in; the two months that have just passed we occupied largely in the preparation for what we may call our gardening proper—that is to say, we are now assuming that in January we did some heavy trenching and manure-wheeling, and in February saw to our repotting and collection of composts, and so on; and now in this, the morning of the year, we sow our seed.

Digging a foundation is certainly the least interesting part of house-building, but without it no house would stand; but now, however, that everything is in training for the reception of seed, we strike out with a fresh zeal.

Let us notice first our flower-garden: about the middle of the month sow, then, some hardy annuals in the open borders in which you intend them afterwards to flower; such, for instance, as your sweet peas. For gaiety of colour and delicacy of scent, nothing can surpass these old and popular favourites; unfortunately, however, they are rather short-lived, and last year, owing to the drought, their lives were still shorter, and but for watering would have been cut off altogether. They would almost seem to thrive better in situations not exposed for the whole day to a scorching sun. A little hand-picking for bouquets and table decoration seems, too, to prolong their period of bloom. Our half-hardy annuals, however, we must hardly yet trust to the tender mercies of an English climate; these, therefore, we sow in pots in our greenhouse or pit, and do not expose them to the open until the month of May.

And then there are the biennials, among which may be named our old-fashioned friends the sweet-william and the Canterbury-bell; these, if sown towards the end of the month, will bloom early next year. But they need no rich soil or any choice situation; indeed, they may be sown on poor soil, so as the rather to check too free a growth this year, and will be all the better enabled to stand the winter by this precaution. Those biennials, however, that were sown last year may shortly be transplanted to those places in which you intend them to bloom this year. And we might remark in passing that some of these biennials thrive and bloom very well in comparatively shady and gloomy situations; the writer of these gardening notes has often noticed both sweet-william and Canterbury-bell in full bloom down a familiar carriage-drive that only saw the sun though a mass of shrubs and tall trees that intervened, where it seemed next to impossible that anything could flourish.

Not a few of our perennials also are good-natured enough to thrive under similar circumstances, and it is well to bear this in mind, if only for the purpose of enlivening a portion of our garden that would otherwise look unusually dreary. And these perennials we treat very much as we do our biennials—that is, by sowing them now for next year's blooming, though the preferable method of their propagation and increase is rather by dividing and transplanting them in the localities in which we want them to bloom. And this division of our perennials we make at once, and the sooner the better; for a walk round the garden just now will show you that they are all making a start. Of course, though, we are not supposing the existence of any unnatural or prolonged frost, which nevertheless does occasionally take place at this time of year, in which case such an operation must be delayed for

and certainly from any severity of frost. Similarly, our hyacinths and narcissus may, in certain weather or when in exposed situations, want some shelter. Certainly, our hyacinths have the start of the tulips slightly, and of the two are better able to stand a frosty night than the tulips; but unprotected plants will generally, after exposure to frost, show a blackened and yellow spike above the ground, where there should otherwise have been

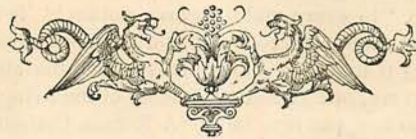
awhile. Sow also now plenty of mignonette in the open borders where your soil is light and friable, for too much of this cannot be had in a garden ; mignonette also had better be sown in pots for planting out or for greenhouse show.

But while we are busy sowing our seed for summer exhibition, we must not neglect those glorious spring flowers which are to precede them, and the protection and care of which ought to, and must, just now engage at least some of our attention. Our tulips, for example, ought to have the soil pressed gently round and about their stems as soon as they show through the ground; and if you wish for fine blooms, they should have protection from excessive rains,

all the green and freshness of an early spring. And then again our pansies, as March advances, will be disposed to blow in the open air, and will, in the absence of frost, make rapid progress. If you have any choice sorts that you wish to propagate, take off a few shoots, avoiding as far as possible spoiling the appearance of your plant, and strike them under a bell-glass, or in any slight hot-bed that you may now have made up. And this reminds us of the admirable uses of the sort to which a cucumber or melon frame just made up can be turned—before, that is, you have set your young cucumber plant in the bed at all. And indeed, even after it is there, there is ample room all round the side of your frame for several pots of seed that you want to force on, and which after awhile you remove to the gentler heat of your greenhouse, previous, it may be, to a final remove into the open flower-beds in the early summer months.

Next, a word as to our climbing plants. Those in a conservatory this month will require much attention, owing to their now rapid growth ; and their treatment of course must be proportionate to the natural habits of each plant : those, for example, that bloom on the long shoots of this year's growth must have them encouraged by the removal of the weaker shoots, while those that bloom on laterals should be managed with an eye to the production of laterals. A severe pruning given now would yield you some *late* flowers of those creepers that bloom luxuriantly and freely. And yet, as a rule, and more particularly with regard to out-of-door climbers, it does not do to restrain them too much; while, on the other hand, they must not of course be allowed to grow into an entangled mass.

And finally, in the fruit-garden, the nailing of the wall-fruit ought to be finished forthwith ; for, bear in mind, the buds are now getting forward, and unless you are very careful while nailing, the buds might get knocked off. Indeed, this operation will not allow of a day's delay. And when your wall-trees show a disposition to early bloom, they will probably require a little protection from frost. It is a thousand pities to have a fine show destroyed for want of a little trouble in the way of protection. Thin canvas or woollen netting is very useful in this respect. Or as frost, we know, comes, so to speak, "straight down," a good device would be to have some thin wood-work, which you might affix to, and remove from, your wall at pleasure, taking care to have it projecting from the wall some eighteen inches. This strikes us as a good device ; or, indeed, some spruce-fir boughs might be brought into requisition as a means of protection. It is upon little ingenuities such as these that a good deal of our gardening success depends.



CURIOUS WILLS.

THE origin of will-making, though even its early necessity is obvious, is lost in the obscurity of the past. Tradition says that Noah made a will, and although he had certainly plenty of land at his disposal, history is silent on the matter. It is highly probable, however, that the "last wills and testaments" of these early patriarchs were oral and not written. Imagination can easily picture them, like Jacob of old, summoning their children solemnly to their death-bed, and in an extremely affecting manner assigning to each his allotted portion. One trembles to think of what dire disputes such a method in these days would produce !

The first written will of which we have any record is that of Sennacherib, which was discovered in the Royal Library of Kouyunjik. Ancient wills, which since this date have been luckily preserved, are of immense value to the antiquarian, inasmuch as they afford him a reliable clue to the habits, the customs, the language, the modes of thought, and the details of domestic life of many great men of bygone years.

Few men care to make their wills. It is a shuddering reminder of the silent march of years, which, as they glide rapidly by, one by one, cannot but forcibly remind him who thinks of his quickly approaching end, when he—mere tenant-at-will—shall be compelled to relinquish all his earthly possessions to his successor. But unpleasant as the task may be, it is a very important duty, which all who possess houses and land, or what not, ought to properly attend to in health, while their brains are clear and their minds sound. Why should men have their last moments, which ought to be occupied with the consolations of religion, disturbed by the presence of the fussy family solicitor, with his perplexing questions and his tedious formalities ? Naturally, one would suppose that men in making this last serious transaction of life would be terribly stern. Surely there is nothing in the occasion likely to evoke the spirit of mirth and jocular singularity. And yet, such is the strange complexity of the human mind, that even in the carrying out of such a seemingly sorrowful duty man can take pleasure in laugh-provoking eccentricity.

Take the two larger pieces and lay one on the top of the other, with a strong piece of string between. Now take any scraps of coloured wool and thread them through the hole in the centre until it is filled up. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut through all the wool on the outside edge, and tie the string securely in the middle. The cardboard will then fall out. Trim the ball evenly with a sharp pair of scissors, and you will have a safe and delightful plaything for baby.

I have often wondered why mothers do not teach their children more rhymes and songs. So many books are published now, containing pretty songs with music for children, that it would not be difficult to make a selection; and when the little ones are tired of play, and the mother is busy at her sewing, it would be found a pleasant task to let them repeat the words of some pretty song until it is learned by heart.

Perhaps the preparations for some of these amusements may entail a little extra work upon the mother; but no wise parent will grudge a few minutes spent in this way if it insures the happiness of her little ones. She will know that idleness is always productive of mischief, quarrelling, and ill-temper; and she will try by the means of pleasant occupations to make the time pass smoothly, and help her children "to make sunshine in the house, when there is none without."

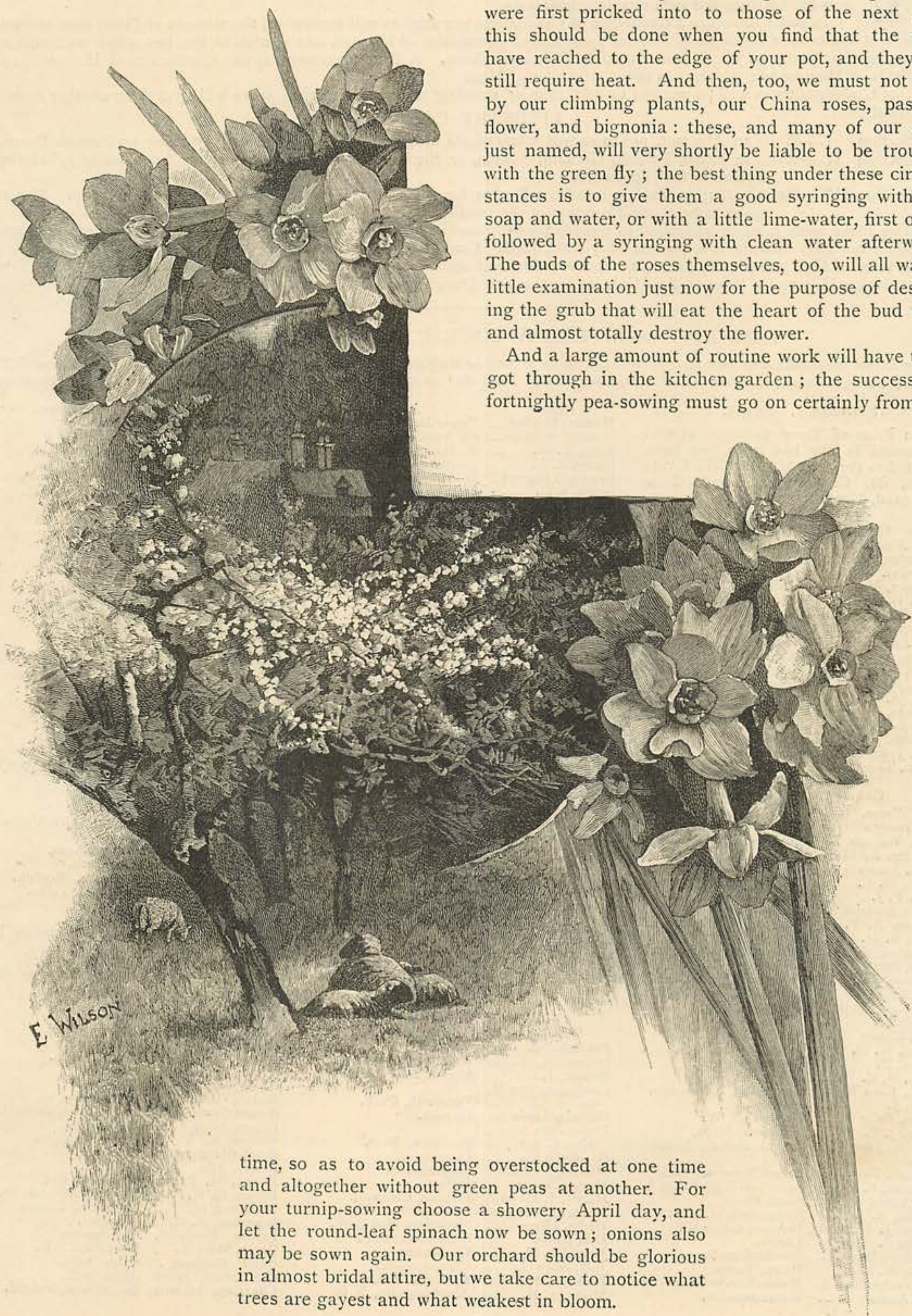
THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

AFTER a long and dreary cold and darkness, the month of April may fairly be called the opening of the transformation scene from winter to summer. By this, though, we do not mean to advocate the immediate bedding-out of our green-house stock merely because a few sunny and almost warm days have suddenly burst upon us. The temptation to discard an overcoat on a bright April morning is certainly a great one, but we know what that proceeding often — not necessarily *always* — involves. A cautious man, however, will put on a light overcoat by way of a compromise, and thus give himself a partial protection, and, to carry out our parallel, this is precisely the course we should advocate in our garden. To a good many, then, of our advancing flowers we give a light covering in the shape of litter, peas haulm, &c., while over the bulk of our bedding-out stock and other flowers we still have the shelter of the substantial great-coat of the green-house. Only the "April fools" will begin their bedding-out on the first of the month; but on the 30th things certainly begin to wear a different aspect, for we may in a favourable season, and in warm and sunny situations, begin hardening off some of the strongest of our plants, such, for example, as our calceolarias and many of our geraniums; the latter might be placed upon a board against a wall or shed having a south or warm frontage, and a little matting or covering of some sort given them at night-fall. If our calceolarias have been stowed away in the green-house all the winter, we should advocate serving them now just as we do the hardiest of the geraniums; but, on the other hand, if our calceolarias have only had the shelter of a cold and discarded cucumber-frame at the end of our kitchen garden during the winter months, which is very often all they require to keep them in life and health, they would by the end of April stand bedding-out very well, provided the season were a moderate and a genial one, and this merely because they have been subject for the last few months to a hardier process of preservation, and have shown that they are well able to hold out without the enervating luxury of a fire in the bed-room. And this mention of a fire reminds us that the occasion for a fire in the green-house, assuming that we have merely our bedding-out stock inside, is hardly necessary after this time. Thus, the process of hardening off can in an average season really begin without the removal of our plants from the green-house at all. It is a very fortunate thing that at this transition stage of the year we generally start our cucumber and melon frames, for to these frames, if any collection of delicate plants that we may wish to rear is only on a limited scale, we can transfer our less hardy and more sensitive plants; or we can certainly force on more quickly in our frames than in our green-house a pot or two of celery, vegetable-marrow, seed tomatoes, &c., which later on we take out and prick off into their respective borders. And these tomatoes, by the way we may remark, like a good blazing sun and a warm aspect, or they will not properly ripen with us. Every one must have remarked last summer how fine and plentiful they were: this was probably owing to the fact of our long and warm season, when many tomatoes were probably ripened in the open where on another occasion they would have mouldered away. Most of our green-houses are nearly empty, at least with many of us, in the summer months, and it is therefore an admirable plan to force on here our tomatoes: a few of these should be set out in some large-sized flower-pots.

To get back, however, to our flowers. In the rose garden, some of us may like to retard the blooming of a *few* of the roses for the sake of keeping up a

succession: to do this, cut them back well. The main pruning of our roses was of course done last month, but, on the whole, we incline to the belief that a very pleasant and practical method of keeping roses in bloom for long together is not to be niggardly in hand-picking them for house and table decoration. Or, next, perhaps we may be growing some tender annuals in pots, such as some balsams, cocks'-combs, &c.; these may require shifting from the pots they were first pricked into to those of the next size: this should be done when you find that the roots have reached to the edge of your pot, and they will still require heat. And then, too, we must not pass by our climbing plants, our China roses, passion-flower, and bignonia: these, and many of our roses just named, will very shortly be liable to be troubled with the green fly; the best thing under these circumstances is to give them a good syringing with soft soap and water, or with a little lime-water, first of all, followed by a syringing with clean water afterwards. The buds of the roses themselves, too, will all want a little examination just now for the purpose of destroying the grub that will eat the heart of the bud itself, and almost totally destroy the flower.

And a large amount of routine work will have to be got through in the kitchen garden; the successional fortnightly pea-sowing must go on certainly from this time, so as to avoid being overstocked at one time and altogether without green peas at another. For your turnip-sowing choose a showery April day, and let the round-leaf spinach now be sown; onions also may be sown again. Our orchard should be glorious in almost bridal attire, but we take care to notice what trees are gayest and what weakest in bloom.



parent. Put it into a clean saucepan and boil it for about a minute, stirring it all the time. Turn it out and use it as required. If liked, a tea-spoonful of powdered borax, dissolved separately, can be added; and some laundresses would, instead of the borax, add about an inch of composite candle, three or four drops of turpentine, and a little knob of spermaceti. The suggestion of these additions gives room for experiment.

The great thing in starching fine things is to make the starch permeate the article all through, and to avoid lumps. The way to secure this is to dip them into the starch while rather damp, wring them out, and hang them up to dry. When quite dry they should be sprinkled with cold water, rolled tightly in a clean cloth, and put away until next day. As there is a knack in rubbing clothes to wash them, so there is a knack in ironing them. The idea should be not to rub them, but to *press* them, with the iron, and, whilst pressing, pass the iron along. Especially is this pressure needed for starched things. Linen collars and cuffs, for instance, should be first ironed very lightly on the right side, beginning at the outer edge, just to dry them a little. They should then be ironed smoothly on the wrong side, and then on the right side again. Linen collars need to be turned over thus because they are thick, and unless they are dried through they will be limp. For security's sake starched articles should be hung up after ironing, that they may get stiff and firm. Embroidery, on the other hand, should be ironed on the wrong side only. If ironed on the right side the stitched part would look flat and shiny, and consequently unlike new.

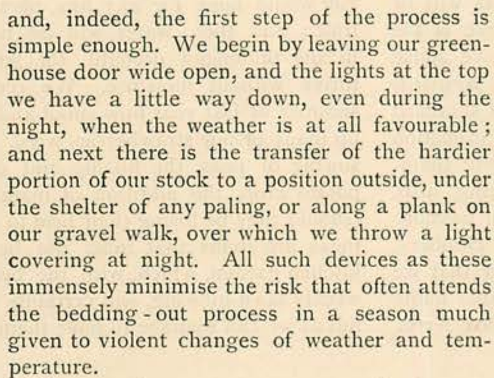
People who have begun to take an interest in laundry-work, usually feel a great ambition to iron shirts. They are courageous in this, for it is not easy to get up a shirt, and certainly an individual who could iron a shirt well could iron anything. To wash shirts at home is a very profitable employment. Shirts that are sent out to many common laundries either fall to pieces in no time through being washed with lime and various chemicals, or else they very soon become dark-coloured through not being properly washed at all.

To iron shirts well, it is not merely desirable—it is almost necessary—to have a small piece of board, of a size which can be slipped under the front while it is being ironed, and amply covered first with two layers of flannel, then with four of cotton. The front is the important part of the garment. If it is not firm and smooth, the shirt is badly ironed; if it is perfect, blemishes in parts less seen will pass muster. Yet it is almost impossible to make the front what it should be if we have to press over the back folds of the shirt; while if we try to draw the material back and lay the front evenly on the table, we can scarcely help creasing and tumbling the top of the front. By all means, therefore, let novices who want to give themselves a fair chance provide a "bosom-board" which they can slip under the front whilst it is being ironed. This being done, let them proceed as follows:—

Starch well the fronts, collars, and wrists of the shirts, dry them well, damp them, fold them double with the fronts inside, roll them up tightly and leave them till next day. Have ready a hot, clean, smooth iron. Begin by ironing the sleeves, and do the wrist-bands first on one side, then on the other, till dry and stiff. The final pressure should be on the right side. When the sleeves are done, go on to the shoulder-bands, and after these to the neck-bands. Do not relinquish any part till it is perfectly *dry*. Now take up the back of the shirt with both hands, shake it lightly to leave the back free, and lay the back double on the board. Iron the back all over—first on one side, then on the other. When this is done, take up the shirt and shake it lightly once more (holding it by the top of the sleeves on each side), lay it back downwards on the table, and iron all the front part that is not starched. Now slip the board under the breast, and iron this as thoroughly and smoothly as may be, pressing heavily to give a polish. When partly dry, lift up all the pleats with the fingers and press them down again. This gives the front a finished look. If any little mark or soil should appear, wipe it off with a damp rag, and iron again with a hot iron, and spare no pains to make it look well. Hang it before the fire when done, to dry it thoroughly.

THE GARDEN IN MAY.

THE transition month from spring to summer upon which we are just entering is, perhaps, one of the most difficult months of the year for the flower garden, for we must never forget that Dame Nature is somewhat wayward, and that the transition is sometimes not from spring to summer, but a retrospective transition from spring to winter; so that even the spectacle of strawberry blossom in unfavourable contrast with the whiter snow which surrounds it is an anomaly within the memory of most of us. Not, of course, that this state of things ever lasts for long, but twenty-four hours of it is enough to make havoc among the bedding-out stock which our impatience has induced us, perhaps, to transfer on a prematurely warm May morning from the greenhouse to the open beds, without any thought of hardening-off first of all. This hardening-off, however, should have begun last month,



and, indeed, the first step of the process is simple enough. We begin by leaving our greenhouse door wide open, and the lights at the top we have a little way down, even during the night, when the weather is at all favourable; and next there is the transfer of the hardier portion of our stock to a position outside, under the shelter of any paling, or along a plank on our gravel walk, over which we throw a light covering at night. All such devices as these immensely minimise the risk that often attends the bedding-out process in a season much given to violent changes of weather and temperature.

Then, again, we must revert to the importance of so contriving matters as to have a succession of gay bloom for as long a time as possible. A well-ordered garden, indeed, should never at any time of the year have the beds resembling a ploughed or harrowed field. From the time that the snowdrop is in bloom, until the time when the frost has made our last dahlia topple over, or the tobacco plant to look disconsolate, there should be a perpetual series of bloom in the garden. One way of greatly facilitating this end — and a cheap and easy

way too—is by having a good stock of hardy and half-hardy annuals sown in the open in April or even in March, and some others forced on in the greenhouse ready to bed out when wanted to take the place of flowers that have bloomed and faded. Indeed, sweet peas, lupins, convolvulus, &c., sown any time this month, will have plenty of time to bloom, and even to ripen seed before the season comes to an end. Just now, however, the later spring flowers have hardly as yet left us: the hyacinths are barely over, and tulips will not turn the corner until the first week in May has done so. These, when their beauty has gone, must be carefully lifted and stowed away, so as to ripen; and not until the tops have quite faded away must you store your stock of bulbs; while any impatient removal of the top would facilitate, *not* maturity, but the death and decay of the bulb. Again, our old friend the heart's-ease makes our borders very gay this month, and a little painstaking will prolong their period of bloom: give plenty of water at the roots in dry weather, and pluck off also any badly-developing bloom: do not either, unless you positively want it, allow any pod to ripen itself: every pod left on will greatly exhaust and weaken your plant.

And our roses this month require still greater attention than they did last. Their defects will be still more transparent, such as the presence of the green-fly, and the little maggot of which we spoke last month. In syringing, then, syringe *upwards* instead of, or as well as, *down* upon your standard rose: by this means you will do far greater execution among the insects, &c., which love to secrete them-themselves *under* the leaves. This syringing, also, will benefit our climbing plants, such as the passion-flower or the old China roses. Apropos of climbers, there is one almost new greenhouse climber that we have not before noticed. It has a formidable name—Boussingaultia-Baselloides, or the Buenos Ayres stem-bearing potato. Its green foliage is of luxuriant growth, and its cultivation gives little trouble; it is suitable to train in houses devoted to plants that require shade (such as the fern tribe), over which, when trained, it would certainly give great protection from the sun's rays. Should your greenhouse be a large-sized one, you might train it over a portion only of your house: we are, of course, supposing the existence of one house only, for it would not do to have a heavy shade always over your *entire* house. It is for this reason that grapes and plants under the same house seldom *both* thrive, for where this experiment is attempted, mildew will often get into the vine.

The fruit and vegetable garden, however, must not be passed over in silence. May is often the month when the gooseberry caterpillar troubles us: if only you can find the time for it, hand-picking is the best remedy. When the caterpillars have established themselves, something must be done to get rid of them as speedily as possible if you want to preserve either the appearance of your tree or to ripen any fruit upon it. The strawberries also this month want some attention: by the end of the month the runners will be straggling about, and these must be got off if you would hope for any fine, plentiful, or good-sized fruit: and then water will be necessary for them in any prolonged drought, for strawberries will *not* thrive without moisture. We recollect in the dry summer of last year how small and stunted and dried up many of our strawberries were. The successional sowing of peas, the hoeing and earthing-up of our potato crop, the addition of manure for the frames (should they be losing their heat in a wintry May)—all these are items that must not be neglected in the kitchen garden, which, with the bedding-out and the weekly lawn-mowing, will certainly keep our hands as full as we can manage to have them.

THE COBWEB OF A LONELY SPIDER.

I LIVE in a French garrison town, I hail from America, and I'm rising fifty years old. I was baptised George Gilead, and the name that follows along is Montague. Now I guess you know all you will care to about an old bachelor like myself.

My niece Dorothy is out-and-out the prettiest girl I ever cast eyes on. Though only half American, I don't believe she lost much by the Irish share—leastways, not for those who admire deep blue eyes and wavy black hair, which I do; and so, by-the-by, does the resident uniform.

I could wish she was a little less attractive, for there is one or other of those dandies bothering around and flirting with her from morning to night. It's no sort of use my remonstrating, for, as she says, *I'm* not her mother, and what do uncles know about these sort of things?

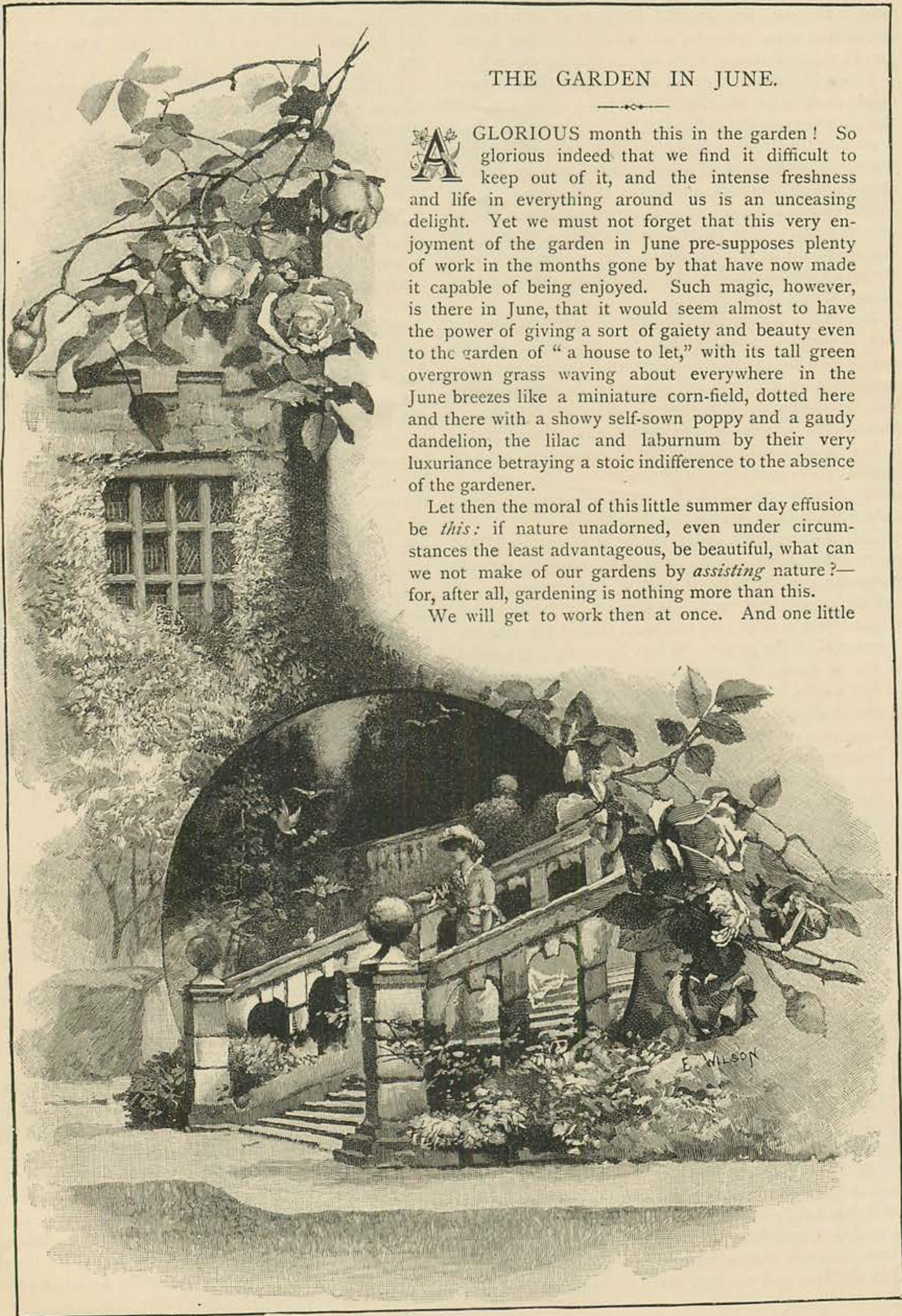
"Quite as much as you do, miss," I answered one day in a heat.

"True; that's so," she admitted. "I forgot Miss Beacon over the way." And with this parting shot she left me.

Before five minutes had gone, she reappeared.

"I say, uncle, here's Miss Thingummy come to call."

"Well," I replied testily, "can't you entertain her? I'm busy."



THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

A GLORIOUS month this in the garden! So glorious indeed that we find it difficult to keep out of it, and the intense freshness and life in everything around us is an unceasing delight. Yet we must not forget that this very enjoyment of the garden in June pre-supposes plenty of work in the months gone by that have now made it capable of being enjoyed. Such magic, however, is there in June, that it would seem almost to have the power of giving a sort of gaiety and beauty even to the garden of "a house to let," with its tall green overgrown grass waving about everywhere in the June breezes like a miniature corn-field, dotted here and there with a showy self-sown poppy and a gaudy dandelion, the lilac and laburnum by their very luxuriance betraying a stoic indifference to the absence of the gardener.

Let then the moral of this little summer day effusion be *this:* if nature unadorned, even under circumstances the least advantageous, be beautiful, what can we not make of our gardens by *assisting* nature?—for, after all, gardening is nothing more than this.

We will get to work then at once. And one little

commonplace, but very necessary matter, strikes us at once ; we were alluding just now to the tall over-grown grass ; it certainly has a beauty in those few days before the scythe lays it low in the hay-field, but what shall be said of an over-grown lawn ? Can any-thing be more unsightly in the garden ? And in June, when—in homely phrase—we "can almost see things grow," there is a temptation to pass the lawn by because of the press of work in other departments. But we must not forget that for nearly half the year the lawn often gives us positively no trouble at all, so that two or three hours every week must not be grudged for it now, especially since the mowing machine has almost decimated the labour that we used to bestow upon it. A lawn that has gone too long without the use of the machine, should have the scythe taken over it first of all, and even then when everything is done you will find that all looks lumpy and that the grass is varying in colour ; indeed some little time must elapse before it can recover itself.

Passing along by our now gay flower borders, we notice that the annuals where they were sown to bloom will be improved by thinning out, so as to avoid over-crowding ; in fact, this overcrowding of flowers is simply unsightly and untidy, and what is more, in a warm and rainy season they will grow so entangled that they will decay away altogether. And then again, this month we begin preparations for our rose-budding, which in a favourable season can positively be under-taken by the end of it. Notice, then, very carefully the stocks you intend to bud upon ; if, for example, you find one branch very much stronger than any of the others, you may safely rely on it by itself, as it will be sure to maintain its lead ; cut away, about this time, branches that you see you will not be able to bud upon, and this will still further throw vigour into your strong branch.

For the maintenance of bloom in the garden, bear in mind that seed sown in June will flower well before summer is over. Our dahlias we go on planting out, giving them at the time a good watering : by this we mean a good soaking, and let it be when the sun has gone down. A good plan for the trapping of the ear-wig that is so partial to the dahlia, is to put round your young plants one or two small reeds, or bean-stalks, or indeed anything tubular, which will divert the earwig from the dahlias when young, and before their opening bloom, a little later on in the season, offers such a welcome shelter to the enemy of the garden.

The kitchen garden keeps us this month naturally very busy with the hoe, as with our now rapidly grow-ing crops the weeds will flourish also unless kept pro-perly under. Do not bury or dig your weeds in, but let the pigs have them. And already you will be beginning to have at times a vacant spot in the kitchen garden, that is to say, a used-up crop. Have then these finished beds at once dug, and where ne-cessary manured, and made ready for the reception of another crop, and always avoid growing the same sort of vegetable on the same ground time after time, or you will get a very impoverished and scanty crop. Scarlet runners are good hardy fellows, and will last on to the frost, so they may even now be sown for a late crop, though of course it will be all the better if you have some ready to plant out now from your seed-bed, which will come on earlier. Spinach again, as well as your peas, should be still sown in succession, and this more particularly if your consumption is a large one ; it is important also to see that your peas have sticks given to them in good time : the absence of the sticks means having about half a proper crop.

But the fruit garden also will need our attention ; let us hope that the gooseberry caterpillar, of which we have so often spoken, will not this season trouble us. A careful and judicious thinning out of wall-fruit that has set too thickly is always necessary in this month. Look well before you begin, and be very care-ful not to injure the fruit that you select to remain. An over-stocked tree will exhaust itself, give poor fruit this year, and probably none in the next.

"GOING A-BORROWING."

MONEY advanced privately and without publicity at five per cent." —"no inquiry fees"—"no delays" —"money lent by a private gen-tleman upon note of hand only"— what an apparent help and ad-vantage to the struggling trades-man or, let us say, to a poor widow seeking to eke out a small income by embarking in a despairing effort at letting furnished apartments, or some such similar enterprise ! And, considering that many of these accommodating offices offer "five per cent. per annum for deposits," the question very naturally suggests itself as to how the philanthropic lenders can possibly "make it pay." Let us quietly consider it.

First we will take up one of the daily papers and glance down the column headed "Money," and con-taining the advertisements of the money-lending offices. The wonderful sameness of the wording of the announcements and of the inducements held out immediately suggests itself. "Letters of applica-tion promptly attended to"—so they are, with a form to fill up and a demand varying from five shillings to two guineas for "inquiry fee," "solely to prevent fraudulent persons and others not requiring loans from putting the office to expense." Here at once is a contribution to the office expenses, and cases have

Adelaide. To me he seemed a little under-bred, certainly; but I was prepared to excuse his want of polish in consideration of his kindness to Mrs. Fergusson."

"Couldn't we ask Mrs. Fergusson and Lawrence here to-morrow evening?" exclaimed Adelaide. "We shouldn't have to talk so much to those two odious men, if other guests were present."

"Of course, you could do so, if you liked."

As a matter of fact, the suggestion met with Janet's entire approval. She knew that Lawrence and Mr. Darton must meet some day; and she was also aware Lawrence shrank from calling at Meadowlands. Surely, if the two men crossed each other's path as it were by chance, it would simplify matters. She was, however, a little surprised Adelaide should have made such a suggestion.

In truth, Adelaide had her own reason for doing so, over and above that which she had stated. She was much puzzled by Fred Sinclair's conduct. It was not only that he had not called at Surrey Lodge, as she had confidently expected him to do, but he had not been present at a local concert to which her father had taken her the previous evening. That he had bought a ticket for the concert she was aware. He had also more than hinted that he had been induced to do so by the hope of sitting next to her. Why, then, had he not used his ticket? Now, Mrs. Fergusson was on very friendly terms with Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, Fred's sister, and if Fred had left Pelham Common, Mrs. Fergusson would be almost sure to have heard of it. It was, therefore, with a view to hear tidings of her truant knight that Adelaide invited Mrs. Fergusson to Surrey Lodge, to meet William Darton.

"Come early, and let us have a nice talk together, before the gentlemen arrive, dear Mrs. Fergusson," said Adelaide in her note.

And then Adelaide dressed herself in good time on the evening in question, and sat in the drawing-room awaiting Mrs. Fergusson's arrival.

"I am so very sorry I'm later than I expected to be, my dear," said Mrs. Fergusson, raising her veil to kiss Adelaide, "but I've been up to the West End this afternoon to see about a mourning bonnet for Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, and I missed my train coming back. Fifty minutes I had to wait, my dear; think of that!"

"A mourning bonnet for Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, did you say?" asked Adelaide, turning very pale.

"Oh, my dear, haven't you heard?" asked Mrs. Fergusson, in surprise.

Adelaide grasped the back of a chair for support. For a moment everything in the room seemed enveloped in mist. Then, making a mighty effort to regain her composure, she forced a reply from her colourless lips.

"No, I have heard nothing," she said.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

A JULY flower garden should be one large bouquet. Bouquets, however, especially in very hot weather, only look well for an incredibly short space of time: the scorching sun, or perhaps the warmth of the fair hand that tremblingly holds it, soon causes the flowers to fade, and the petals to drop off one by one, and in a little while longer the whole is a wreck; and our dried-up bouquet is a fit emblem of the appearance of too many gardens towards the close of a warm July. And this is how it comes about. A little trouble, perhaps, is taken in the garden in April, the sowing month: a few annuals are put in, and then, in the middle of May when the bedding-out period recurs, there is the usual routine of geraniums, calceolarias, &c., and the flower garden is expected to be—if not "beautiful for ever"—gay at least up to Michaelmas, and perhaps a little later still. But any even half-practised eye will notice long before July has passed away that the "annuals" seem almost to have belied their name, and that in many places the beauty of their bloom has gone, making us inclined to call them for the future only "ephemerals." Have then, in the background, a good assortment of others, so sown as to come in their place when the first have drooped. Our greenhouse, and the frames properly utilised a little time ago, will have ready for us at all times plenty of substitutes, while in July nearly anything may be turned out to add gaiety to the scene; and what a scene of delight it is, with the roses, the Portugal laurel, and the new-mown hay, filling even the air of our bed-rooms with fragrance day and night! And to keep the roses well in bloom have a constant look-out for the suckers, recollecting that at this period of hot suns and warm thunder-rain, things grow with amazing quickness; root them, then, thoroughly up, not merely cutting or breaking them off, leaving still the mischievous sucker to draw upon and exhaust all the vital energy of your standard; and at the same time clip off faded blooms, and do not be niggardly in gathering some for table decoration. The carnations and picotees, as well as the dahlias, will require a little attention just now, as being among those flowers that in their turn soon appear on the stage. Of the first-named, see that the buds are reduced to two or three on each stem, and have the stems tied loosely to the stakes; for, if you confine your stem or tie it too tightly, the probability is that you will break

it. And then as to the dahlias, look well to the supports of these now fast-growing plants, or they also will very likely break; in fact, treat the dahlias in some respects as you would a fruit-tree, and prune away all that is weak and useless, and by this means these showy flowers will bloom both more vigorously and largely. And the single dahlias which our grandfathers used to throw away, are now much prized by us for their brilliant colours, and, indeed, of late years have become "all the rage." No garden should be without them. Our long and straggling plants also in the open flower garden will need tying up; such, for example, as sweet peas, tropæolums, and others; all these precautions

greatly enhance the beauty and add to the neatness of the flower garden. Autumn and winter blooming plants may now also be got in; and by the end of the month many annuals may be sown late for blooming through the winter in pots, under protection. At all events, it is worth the experiment of trying a few pots of mignonette, sweet peas, and stocks, in pots, to flower almost in winter time, under glass; the mignonette will certainly prosper, and give a fragrance to your greenhouse through the dark months.

The fruit garden certainly finds us satisfactorily employed this month. The strawberry beds, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries will be keeping us well occupied for our dessert, market gathering, and jam-

making. Fruit for *preserving must* be gathered dry, or your jam will most likely all go bad, or, at least, can only be saved by re-boiling after everything has been done. Choose then a fine day for the jam-gathering of fruit, and even after a fine day do not begin quite early in the morning when the dew is on. And a word might be said as to the out-of-door grapes which, after all, in some localities under favourable circumstances thrive well. Does not, though, the cause of their too-frequent failure lie at the door of our indifference? How many idle gardeners allow the apples, and pears, and *vines* to take care of themselves all the year round! Go over the vine, then, and remove all shoots that are not actually required; this will strengthen the remainder; nail growing and fruiting shoots to the wall, and stop all the shoots on which you see fruit, one joint below the grapes; in fact, leave no shoots growing except those you intend to bear next season. From the wall-fruit trees, lose not a day in removing all the weak and useless shoots, or any growing as it were perpendicularly from the wall; any very vigorous shoot also had better be removed, for it will often utterly exhaust the tree. A second thinning also may be advisable if you were very sparing last month, or where your tree promises a very heavy crop.

Weeding will give in July a heavy day's work in the kitchen garden, for this month weeds grow tremendously, and, if not kept systematically under, will make a wilderness among your crops and weaken them into the bargain. Gather the herbs, earth up the potatoes and the celery; sow turnips, peas, and winter spinach, and get away all the remains of crops that are done with.

MASSAGE: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT CAN DO.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ONE often hears droll remarks in a railway carriage. While travelling from the far north of Scotland last autumn, a lady, who appeared to be a well-to-do tradesman's wife, and an elderly gentleman, entered the compartment in which I sat, and soon after the train had rolled out of the station I became alive to the following scrap of conversation:—

"And how is your son, madam?"

"Oh, better,* sir, thank ye, better, and at his work again; but, sirs! he did suffer wi' thae wickit rheumatics. He went a' the way to Lunnun. It cost him a sweetie, I can tell ye. But he cam' back withoot his sticks, and he's as swack's † an eel the day."

"And what was the cure? Hydropathy?"

"Never a hydropathy, sir; just *ensilage*."

"Ensilage!" said the gentleman, laughing. "Why, ensilage is the process farmers adopt for keeping grass green and sweet, by burying it in pits. They didn't bury your son, surely?"

"Na, na, I dinna think that."

"You mean *massage*, I suppose."

"That's it. I thought it was ensilage. Ony way, they cured him. He says they rubbed him, and tickled him, and squeezed him till he squealed again. Massage, was it? They medical phraseeologees aye get the better o' me. And what is massage, sir, ken ye?"

"Massage? Well, massage is a new-fangled cure, a rubbing or bone-setting kind of business that—that I can't quite explain."

No, this gentleman could not explain; and although they see the word in print every day almost, very few people know anything about this cure. It is generally supposed to be new-fangled, instead of which it is very old indeed—two thousand years at least. It is practised at this day by the most savage nations. It is a cure, or a relief, therefore, that has suggested itself as it were. It is natural, therefore the more likely to be genuine.

The roughest species of massage I ever saw applied rather astonished me. I entered my bungalow one day in India, and found my faithful servant Pandoo—a Mahratta man—treading with his naked feet the stomach of another man who was lying on his back with the legs drawn up, his face contorted with grimaces and agony. Pandoo was moving his feet gently yet firmly, but then his whole weight was on the poor fellow.

"Pandoo!" I cried, "what *are* you doing?"

"All right, sahib," he replied coolly. "It's only my brudder, sahib, and he ver' bad."

The brother, it appeared, had constipation and a stomach-ache. He went away free from pain, but the cure was heroic, to say the least of it; and this system of massage would hardly commend itself to any London institution, I dare say.

Now, even if it were possible in one very long paper in these columns to describe, by the aid of diagrams, &c., all the various ways of applying massage, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose. Massage must be scientifically conducted to be of much real service. The operations must be performed by one who is skilful and has studied the subject well. Nevertheless, when I say that I believe in the efficacy of this new-old cure, I come to my readers this month with hope in my hands, hope for thousands who may

* The word "better" in Scotland has the same meaning as "well" in England.

† Swack = supple.

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, "it is so much more comfortable; I could not bear the other style."

"It is not only more comfortable," said Nellie's mother, "it is much more economical and much less trouble than is the dress usually worn. I tell you, my dear, if your under-linen were of the common type, I should feel that we ought to begin from now and sew with all our power until your marriage. We should have to make every article ourselves, for I should never be happy to buy ready-made goods, because home-made linen is worth twice as much as any other. You would need a dozen of everything, and there would be all the feather-stitching and embroidery."

"Oh, mother! it makes my fingers ache to think of it."

"Then think of the washing and the care it would require afterwards. Laundry arrangements are always an anxiety to a young housekeeper; and anything which makes the weekly wash less is an advantage. Be thankful, my dear, that you wear rational under-clothing. As it is, I have calculated that if you have eight woollen combinations—four thick ones for winter, four thin ones for summer; four flannel petticoats made with a bodice; four upper petticoats, Princesse shape, two for winter and two for summer; two white petticoats, eight night-gowns, a dozen pairs of stockings, and three dozen pocket handkerchiefs, you would do excellently."

"How much of the £50 would the under-linen cost?" said Nelly.

"Calculating roughly, I think it would cost £12. We would allow £20 for dresses, remembering to have no more made up than are needed immediately; £8 for cloaks and jackets, £5 for boots and gloves, and £5 for sundries, such as an umbrella, a parasol, a trunk, ribbons, and collars. As you always trim your own hats and bonnets, I think we may get them out of the £2 10s. which makes the difference between pounds and guineas. In arranging your millinery, remember that the same rule holds good for hats as for dresses. Two hats that suit you give more satisfaction than a dozen that do not. Remember also that dress is never becoming when it is conspicuous. As the celebrated Beau Brummell once said—'You are never well dressed when any one turns round to stare at you.'"

"Well," said Nelly, "it is wonderful when you count everything, and go into details, how easily a large sum like £50 is disposed of. The only item I should feel doubtful about in our list is the £5 for boots and gloves. You see, mother, you have taught me to appreciate good gloves and good boots."

"I am very glad if that is so," replied her mother. "I would gladly endorse the French maxim, that a woman who is well shod and well gloved is well dressed. I confess that item is the one I also should be doubtful about. But I think you might save a few shillings out of the bonnet money to help the gloves. I hope, Nellie, you will continue to trim your own bonnets and hats, for you do it very well, and I am quite sure that a greater saving can be effected in this way than by making dresses, and the trouble is comparatively trifling. Besides, by saving scraps and oddments, you can often trim a hat for next to nothing."

"That is quite true, when the scraps and oddments will keep themselves well to the fore," said Nellie. "The worst of them is that they are never visible when wanted; they always come out when the hat is trimmed for which they would have been useful."

"Ah! my dear; the lesson that experience teaches is that you should set apart a special drawer for your oddments, and keep it locked; put every separate item into a box by itself, and write a label on it describing clearly what it is. If you did this, and then always went to this drawer when millinery was in contemplation, you would not often overlook your possessions."

"That is a very good suggestion," said Nellie. "I will act upon it. Now I see our talk is over, for you are beginning to fold up your work. After all, mother, I am not sorry it rained to-day. I am sure papa's fifty guineas will be spent much more judiciously, because we have thought it out in our minds before we came to lay it out in the shop."

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

ENGLISH summers seem sometimes to be growing shorter and shorter, but in the course of the year there is generally one month which the greatest grumblers among us look upon as a sort of debenture security for hot weather, and that is this month of August. Probably such a backward spring as that of 1888 is without parallel—for indeed we had no spring, so that it seems, in a sense, somewhat melancholy to find ourselves already talking of our garden preparations for the next season! Yet so it must be, if we wish to have any stock of bedding-out plants next May. Towards the end of this month, then, and not later, we put our cutting operations in hand: we say not later because it is very important that our stock of young cuttings should have, at least, some thoroughly warm and genial weather in which to make a start, and it does occasionally happen that if the operation is postponed through press of work to the month of September, a risk of an early rainy, and perhaps chilly, season may have to be encountered. And a sudden departure of summer just as our stock of cuttings has been taken is disastrous.

Our cuttings then taken, let us return to the enjoyment of our present summer. And first, in the flower garden, we shall notice that as the season advances many dry patches in the beds will be looking unsightly, faded flowers and foliage will want removing, and in some cases the space occupied by an annual that has quite passed its best should have a new tenant, and the faded annual removed. Annuals that are in pots will also want some watering and shading, besides trimming of their dead leaves, and occasionally some sort of support by tying to a stick. Balsams also, and cockscombs, which should now be in full bloom, will want shading from intense sun-heat.

And then as to the roses, budding can, of course, still go on; and, indeed, there is no better month than August for the operation on, say, the evening of a thundery day. Avoid, however, budding during a long, hot, and dry season in which no rain is falling, or, if you do, much care must be taken lest everything be dried up. Where, however, your budding was done in July, be very careful to give a thorough and constant examination of the stock which, for some time yet to come, will be "pushing" at every joint. Every growth that you allow to remain on will very much check the growth of your bud, and, indeed, anything like inattention to your budded stocks just now will probably involve entire failure. See also that your stocks themselves are well secured to your strongly-placed stakes, while sometimes also it may be

necessary to tie your bud itself gently to the stock, or to some support, as, besides the risk which our buds sometimes run from the rays of the sun, they are not infrequently exposed to another risk in the shape of wind, which, if very boisterous, might blow the bud bodily off the stock.

Notice this month, too, in your garden, any flower that has bloomed with unusual perfection, as it may be well to save some of the seed.

The kitchen garden will give us plenty to do this month. The ground will naturally, just now, be getting cleared of crops that are finished, and this will involve some trenching and immediate preparation of the soil for the reception of another crop: get in some manure at the same time, for it will not answer to sow or plant another crop in an exhausted or ill-nourished soil.

We have said, perhaps, too little about parsley, a thing which we require for daily use all the year round. This is a good month for sowing a fresh supply; some recommend watering parsley with soot-water, but at all events a good thinning and hoeing of your more established parsley-beds is necessary now. Pull up all the poorly-grown parsley, or all that has not a good curled leaf, and so thin your plants as to give each plenty of room to grow.

August is a great month for attention to the onion-bed; those that are ripe should be harvested, but take care that they are only put away when dry. Often after they are got up it is a good plan to let them lie on the ground and get well dried before carrying them off; put them in a dry loft or shed, or hang them up, indeed, in any dry situation. But the chief winter crop, too, we also sow this month, only take care that the ground is first well trenched and manured. Returning once again, however, to the crop that we are about to harvest: it is a good plan, some short time before we get them in, to lay the stems over with the back of the rake, as this greatly assists the swelling of the bulb.

And on dry days earth up the celery; see that the soil with which you earth up is well bruised and friable, and take care that no earth gets into the heart of your plant.

And then, in the fruit garden, the strawberries are all over; but we, not later than the middle of the month, take off the strongest runners, and, on a good and richly prepared border, we plant them six inches apart in rows of a foot apart. These will bear the next year, though not very strongly.

The cucumber and melon frames will be in full force, though the cucumbers will soon be on the wane; watering them with manure-water, a good deal diluted, is recommended as keeping them in vigour; but the melons will only just be coming on. It is a good plan to cover the surface of the bed with slates or tiles; this is done to keep the fruit from touching the soil, and, what is more, the extra heat thus produced by the reflection of the sun's rays will be very beneficial to the now fast-ripening fruit. As the fruit gets nearly ripe, withhold water, and give, also, all the light you can; but ventilation will, of course, be necessary, while the absence of water at the last stage of the growth will tend to improve the flavour of the fruit.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

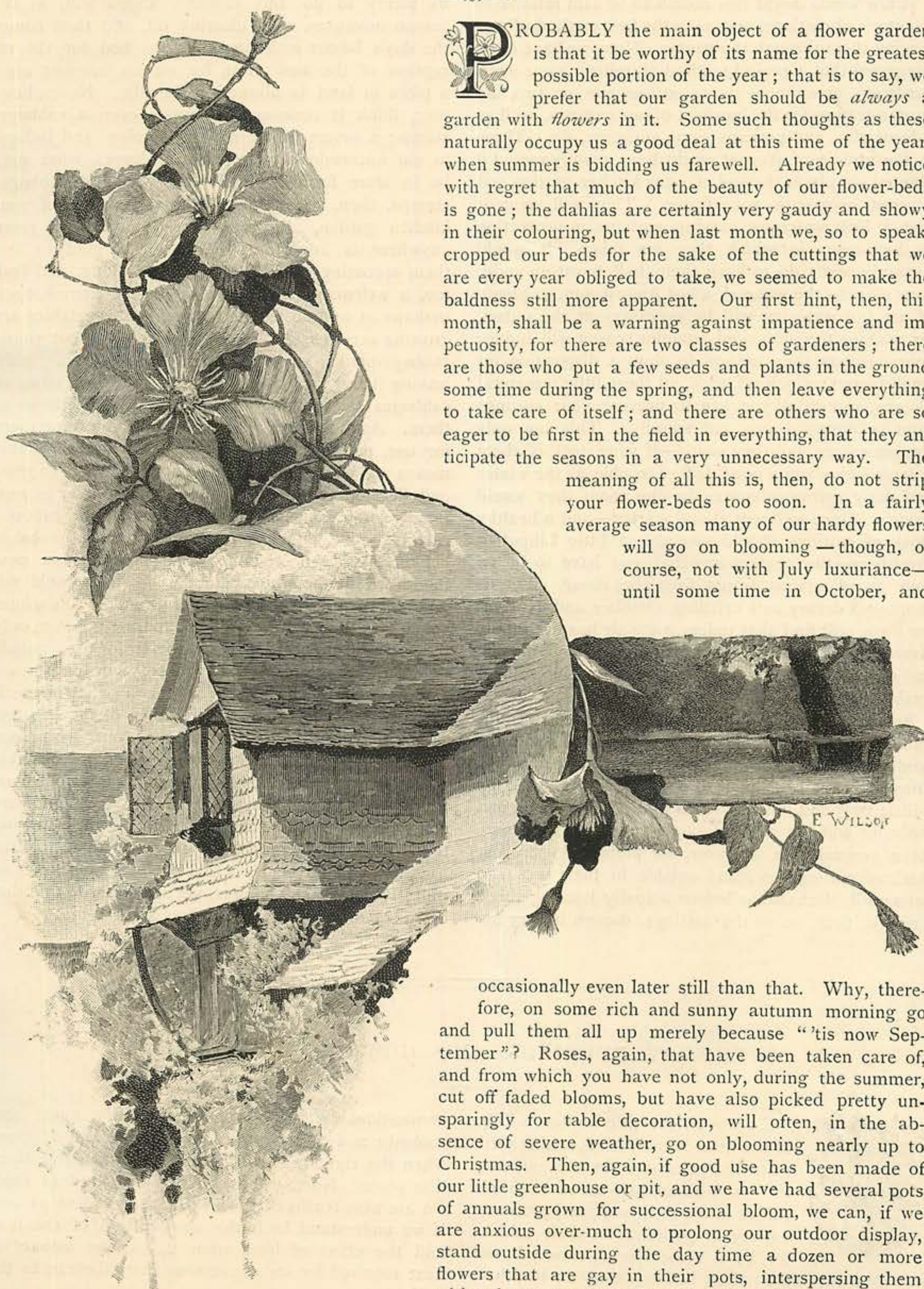
CONCERNING JANET SLADE'S WORK.

MR. PRITCHARD.

A FEW casual remarks have already been made tending to show that Janet Slade was a very exceptional woman—one who had, in fact, few characteristics in common with ordinary domesticated daughters and wives. Not that we would have it thought for a moment that we are saying one word in disparagement of home-loving, every-day girls. Hearts are not necessarily less warm, nor self-sacrifice less beautiful, because the sympathies of those who possess the former, and practise the latter, are confined within narrow limits. We could not possibly do without our sweet, commonplace English girls; we do not like even to think what our homes would be, unbrightened by their presence. We hear so much now-a-days about the position which women are making for themselves in the big world outside home; the prejudices against their higher education which they are endeavouring to sweep away; the doors leading to honourable and remunerative employments which they are slowly, but surely, forcing open; while those lookers-on who are in sympathy with the movement, are so ready to extol the courage of the women who are bravely taking the lead, that there is a danger lest our more insignificant sisters, whose part it is to remain quietly at home, cheerfully performing hum-drum duties, may come to feel that they are now no longer appreciated.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

PROBABLY the main object of a flower garden is that it be worthy of its name for the greatest possible portion of the year; that is to say, we prefer that our garden should be *always* a garden with *flowers* in it. Some such thoughts as these naturally occupy us a good deal at this time of the year, when summer is bidding us farewell. Already we notice with regret that much of the beauty of our flower-beds is gone; the dahlias are certainly very gaudy and showy in their colouring, but when last month we, so to speak, cropped our beds for the sake of the cuttings that we are every year obliged to take, we seemed to make the baldness still more apparent. Our first hint, then, this month, shall be a warning against impatience and impetuosity, for there are two classes of gardeners; there are those who put a few seeds and plants in the ground some time during the spring, and then leave everything to take care of itself; and there are others who are so eager to be first in the field in everything, that they anticipate the seasons in a very unnecessary way. The meaning of all this is, then, do not strip your flower-beds too soon. In a fairly average season many of our hardy flowers will go on blooming — though, of course, not with July luxuriance— until some time in October, and



occasionally even later still than that. Why, therefore, on some rich and sunny autumn morning go and pull them all up merely because "'tis now September"? Roses, again, that have been taken care of, and from which you have not only, during the summer, cut off faded blooms, but have also picked pretty unsparingly for table decoration, will often, in the absence of severe weather, go on blooming nearly up to Christmas. Then, again, if good use has been made of our little greenhouse or pit, and we have had several pots of annuals grown for successional bloom, we can, if we are anxious over-much to prolong our outdoor display, stand outside during the day time a dozen or more flowers that are gay in their pots, interspersing them with others on our beds, or placing them in bald or

faded spots; only we must not mind the trouble of putting them under cover of the glass again at sunset when the season shows a real sign of change.

A few words ought this month to be said relative to our stock of cuttings, and as to the best method of preserving them through the winter. Now, we have often suggested that a capital method of relieving our over-burdened greenhouse is to utilise one or two old garden-frames for the hardiest of our cuttings, such as calceolarias, and perhaps some verbenas, &c. These in the middle of August would have readily rooted if planted simply in the soil of your kitchen garden and covered over with your frame. They will want at first a little watching, varying, perhaps, in proportion to the season in which they are taken. It would certainly never do to have them half burnt up under your glass in the wane of a hot August sun, so plenty of air and watering will be necessary at the outset. Or perhaps the prolonged summer season will induce your cuttings thus housed to show a disposition for small bloom; pinch off, then, all these little unnatural blooms, and do all you can to prevent your cuttings from becoming drawn and spindly. This not only weakens them, but they would—if your stock of them is large—give you a good deal of trouble, as the winter and early spring advances, by the room they would require. Once well rooted and started—and a healthy stock of cuttings should resemble a little Liliputian shrubbery—the next enemy that you have to be on your guard against is not frost, but *damp*. Let us suppose a dreary and drizzling October and November; you will find that unless some air has been daily given to your frames, your cuttings will look mouldy and unhealthy. Plants can no more survive without fresh air than human beings can.

As for the greenhouse, which by the end of this month we generally find pretty well crowded, with the winter in prospect, a good plan to let out damp in a rainy autumnal season is to open the lights at the top a little way, and have a fire, so that all the steam and moisture will get away through your open windows. As a general rule, however, we prefer allowing our stock of cuttings to stand outside in their pots and pans until Michaelmas before actually housing them. Enough, then, as to the cuttings, though a very important subject, for on their well-being largely depends our garden supply for the following summer.

The kitchen garden will of course, as usual, give us plenty to do this month. Crops will, as the season advances, want clearing off, and then comes the day's labour with preparing the bed for the reception of the new crop, for on no account must a piece of land be allowed to lie idle. Never, however, think it necessary to waste even a cabbage-stump; a severe winter may be coming, and indeed, in our uncertain climate, no one knows what may be in store for us. Plant out your old cabbage-stumps, then, in any out-of-the-way corner of your kitchen garden, all pretty close together, as room anywhere is important. You will be glad to find them sprouting one day as you pass along, and find, too, a welcome dish of greens for the housekeeper, perhaps at a time when many green vegetables are growing very scarce. You can now plant out young cabbage-plants, some five or six inches apart, only leaving barely room enough between your rows of cabbages for walking along to hoe and attend to them. As the winter advances, when you want them for use, pull up every alternate cabbage. By this means you will give more space for the others to grow and develop themselves. Celery, of course, is now rapidly coming on, and will want constant and cautious earthing up. The last earthing will have probably before this been given to the potatoes, as next month we lift the whole of our stock, as it would not do to let them lie too long underground. The winter spinach will want thinning, and, as time goes on, only the outside and larger leaves gathered for use. Salads we are always requiring, so have plenty sown in a frame, if only you can spare one; in the absence of much greenhouse room, an extra frame is of the greatest value in the garden. Then as to our fruits, our peaches and nectarines are ripe or ripening, and this the wasps and large flies are aware of, to our cost. Bottles of sugar-and-water, and rotten fruit, left here and there about, serve as good traps, but the objection to putting arsenic in shallow vessels with the rotten fruit, as some advocate, is that our bees may suffer as well. It is a difficult subject, yet somehow we find that there is enough fruit for ourselves and the flies too.

EVERY-DAY PUDDINGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THESE hints, as the title implies, will be of the most homely kind, setting forth rules and principles for the guidance of those who are anxious to do simple things in the right way, and present a variety of puddings at their tables; for, be it remembered, variety is not only pleasant to the palate, but necessary for health.

Farinaceous Puddings, although the simplest, are unquestionably, as a rule, improperly made and cooked; and as they are so nourishing and delicious when the right mode is followed, we will give them first place. Now, when cooking any kind of food, we are nine-tenths of the way on the road to success if we understand both the composition of the food and the effect of heat upon it, *i.e.*, the amount of heat required for its conversion from the raw to the cooked state.

anything — Australia is not the country for the "tender foot." It is a new land, a rising struggling country, and to succeed in it a man must feel that life is real, life is earnest.

"And you, Bertie, you are a surgeon in the P. and O.; so young too!"

"I've had wonderful luck."

"You always had plenty of cheek."

"Well, my audacity did me good, St. Clair. You see, I never did let down my heart. I had made up my mind, at first, to become a clerk in the same service, but, on application, I found that this branch was done away with, and, of course, that pursers were no longer extant, their duties now devolving on the head steward of a vessel.

"Well, I was a trifle vexed, because, you know, I was looked upon by both my sister and mother as surrounded by a kind of halo of romance, a species of head-dress, St. Clair, that all British sailors are supposed to wear.

"Yes; I might have got in as clerk and risen to purser at sea in other lines, either in our country or America, but I did not like the word 'steward' connected with the profession. You see, if a steward has the capability of being purser, why, it is hardly a career."

"My dear boy," said St. Clair, "if you lived in Australia you'd soon have those patrician notions knocked out of you."

"Well, never mind. As it so happened my uncle and I became fast friends. He had never forgiven John, you know, for becoming a vet., and he always said that the *amour propre* of the family had been bequeathed to me. I must be a gentleman."

"A name, Bertie, that has different meanings."

"Don't interrupt, St. Clair. My uncle sent me to study medicine. He is a dear old fellow, and my whole aim and object while studying was to curtail expenses. And they are not so heavy when you go the right way to work, and when you *do* work."

"Well, and are you going to stick to the sea?"

"No; if I did I should join the Royal Navy, for from that service I could retire after a term of years, and take a practice."

"You couldn't, Bert. The navy spoils a man for shore practice. And don't you stay too long at sea, under any consideration. Dr. Devon, with all his talents, has gone to rust in a country village, but, dear boy, the sea air rusts one even worse than a hum-drum life in the woods."

"I do not mean to. The fact is, I'm too young to take my degree. And can I spend a year or two better than in seeing the world?"

"You can't, lad."

"Well, that is how the land lies. And now, St. Clair, I have a whole week's holiday, so I shall be able to see Australia thoroughly."

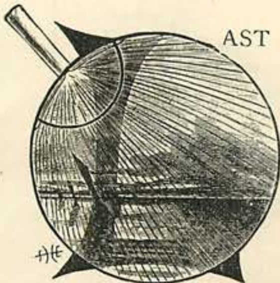
St. Clair laughed till the spoons rattled in the cups.

"Why, Bertie, lad, if you lived here for fifty years you would not know the country, nor have seen a hundredth part of its wonders."

"It is a strange place."

"It is a good place. But tell young men, when you go back, Bertie, that though heads here are no good without hands, the man with plenty of brains, who can work and does work manually, will rise, while the working man, without brains, will always be a 'hand.'"

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.



LAST month we advocated the preservation in our open flower-beds of, at all events, the *appearance* of summer flowers for as long a period as the season would allow, and this month we shall open our paper by advocating the same principle: that is to say, we are quite opposed to the custom of too many gardeners who seem to prefer having their beds almost destitute of life for seven months out of the twelve. On this subject, however, a great authority says: "Gardens ought to look green at *Christmas*, and the different varieties of foliage form such beautiful contrasts as nature, unaided, never produced on one spot, simply because our rich stores of evergreens are gathered from all parts of the world, and present us with almost endless varieties of habits, forms, textures, and shades."

Here, then, is at once a hint on which to act, and one, too, which brings with it plenty of consolation for those who are mourning over the wane of the season, and grumbling at the prospect of desolate beds for a long and dreary winter. But as many of us would object to having our open flower-beds permanently stocked with evergreens, there is an easy remedy for this difficulty. A few bright, dwarf, and shrubby evergreens can easily be procured in pots, and then plunged in the beds. Even a few of them will immensely relieve the otherwise monotonous appearance of the uncovered soil, while, if we desired it, any of these could be afterwards transferred permanently to our shrubbery proper to take the place of any decayed shrub, or indeed to fill any vacancy there. And these vacancies, unhappily, will be at all times occurring in every part of the garden.

One very important operation in the flower garden must not be overlooked this month, and that concerns our bulb show for the next spring. The middle of October will certainly find us clearing our beds of the ordinary summer bedding-out stock, though perhaps in a favourable season a few dahlias will still be giving us a few blooms, which, for the very gaiety of their colouring, we suffer to remain on as long as they will; but the first frost will topple them over, so we have recourse now, as we have said, to our dwarf evergreens, and arranged among a few of these we now put in our bulbs. Our tulips and hyacinths should have a good four inches of soil over them, but those bulbs of the snowdrop and crocus class need not be quite so deep in the ground. Do not, however, choose a frosty day for putting the bulbs in. And, next, have an eye to their arrangement with regard to colouring, as well as to height. The alternations of red, white,

and blue cannot well be improved upon, while the crocuses of blue and yellow should also be got in, in small heaps alternately. By the end of January these latter will begin to push through, and on an early spring day will show a disposition for flowering, so that this will only leave us three months without actual flowers in the beds.

Here again, however, we are taking too gloomy a view of things, for we are forgetting the bright-looking berries, both red and yellow, on our dwarf shrubs, as also the creamy softness of the Christmas rose, which will fill up for us the winter gap. And, the crocuses gone, the hyacinths fill their places, the gayer tulips coming in almost at the same time, and then the first of the early summer flowers that we have forced on in our frames ; and thus hardly a link in the chain of flowers is lost all the year round.

One other heavy operation there is sometimes forced upon us this month, and that is anything in the shape of garden changes. No better month than October is there for moving shrubs, altering the lawn, making new beds, or planting fruit-trees. The sap is down, no severe frost is about, as a general rule, and the days are still fairly long for heavy work ; but all these operations are dangerous later on, in a severe frost, and almost as dangerous if attempted under the rays of a July sun. One gay flower we have omitted to name, and that is the chrysanthemum. This, however, we call our November flower. Those of this class that are in pots should now be placed where they are to bloom, no matter whether it be in the greenhouse or in the open air ; so that here we have another early winter flower to brighten our beds. The potted chrysanthemums in our greenhouse will need water from time to time, since the blooms that are now swelling rapidly exhaust the moisture : want of water now would much impoverish the bloom.

Next comes our kitchen garden. One thing we do this month : we utilise an old frame for mushroom-growing. To do this, we merely stir up the surface of the soil, having first, of course, got away all the growth of our melon or cucumber crop, and leaving only about an inch of soil over the dung : pieces of spawn placed upon it some six or eight inches apart will soon yield us a good crop. Indeed, for the matter of that, if we want our frame for something else we can as readily grow mushrooms in a cupboard or cellar, although no ray of light finds its way there. Salads are what we like to have at all times of the year, so our frame could be utilised for them : sow then, even at the end of the month, mustard and cress, hardy lettuce, radishes, &c. Then, at this time, the celery will want careful earthing up. But perhaps the most important operation this month is the getting up and careful storing of the potatoes : they will keep well in a good dry cellar, but if you have them in heaps, they must frequently be turned over.

The orchard, however, by itself, if nothing else, would keep us well occupied this month. We must repeat the usual but still most necessary caution, and bid the gatherer beware that he does not bruise the fruit while harvesting. Nothing bruised will keep at all : that is quite certain. And then, as to the best method of keeping carefully-gathered fruit from decay, experience tells us that air is essential for its preservation. The best proof of this is to go into your garden six weeks later, and you will perhaps find lying on the ground a forgotten apple concealed accidentally by some beetroot or other vegetable, and yet in a very good state of preservation. A mouldy and unaired fruit-room will only give your whole house an unpleasant and sickly smell, and you will find apples lying about in all directions as brown as chocolate, but not so savoury.

A PREACHER'S JEST-BOOK.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THE day has gone by when sermons were held to be necessarily dry, and unspiced with anecdote, illustration, and simile. The press now issues handbooks of stories or parables, that may be suitably used in the pulpit to point a moral and enforce a truth.

At the close of last century and the beginning of this, a sermon was nothing unless ponderous, lengthy, and dry. We are now, perhaps, swinging into the opposite extreme, and we hear, occasionally, pulpit discourses that are a trifle too lively. It is thought, especially among our young preachers, to be necessary to thrust an anecdote into a sermon, and they are not always careful that it shall be apposite to the subject of their discourse.

The gravity and heaviness of the sermons of last century were due, in a measure, to a recoil from the quirks and fantastic jokes which were tolerated in the pulpit in an earlier age. Certainly, just after the Reformation, every effort was made, by both the reformed and the non-reformed preachers, to lay hold of the attention of their hearers by whatever means lay in their power, and they sometimes exceeded the bounds of good taste in so doing.

At this period there appeared a good many volumes containing stories suitable to be used—suitable, that is, in the opinion of the collectors—for pointing morals and enlivening pulpit discourses.

Perhaps the most curious of all these is one by John Pauli, a Franciscan friar, written in 1519, and

"Do tell me why he's come; I'm sure you know."

"I don't, I only guess."

"Please tell me what you guess—just whisper."

Chrissie laughed, and leaned her head towards Flossie's.

"I guess he's come to ask papa for Gerty—for the loan of her for good and all."

Flossie's eyes were round with wonder.

"Does he want to *marry* her? Oh, Chrissie! —wouldn't that be *romantic?* What *will* papa say?"

"That remains to be proved, my dear; but I almost think he may say 'Yes.' You see, he and mamma are fond of saying that 'Mr. Ross-Lewin was very kind to their little girls,' and you know, 'one good turn deserves another!'"

ON GROWING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

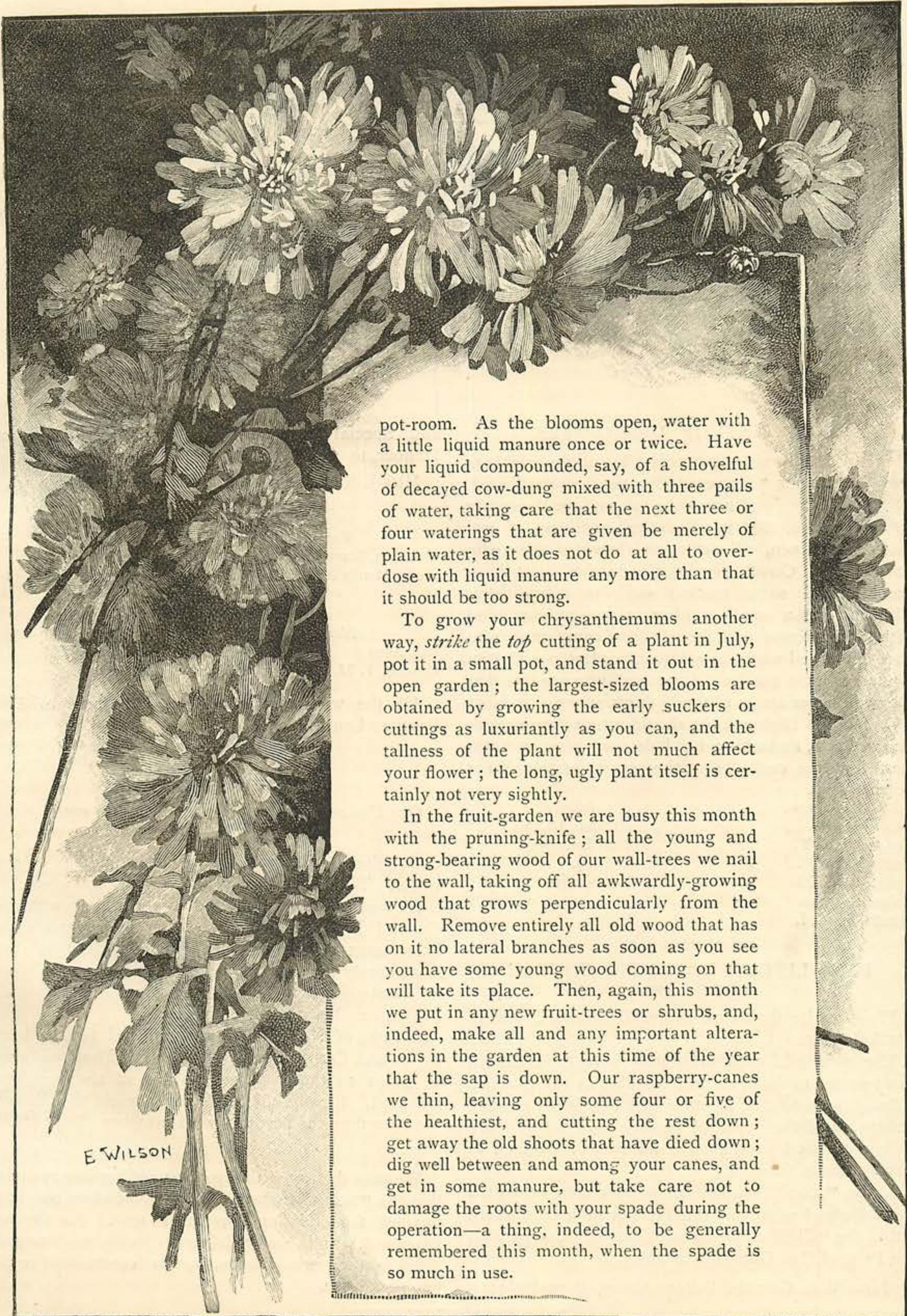
(THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.)

NOVEMBER gardening is suggestive, in the first place, of final precautions against the storms and rigours of a now rapidly approaching winter. And these are the more necessary in our fitful climate as we never know, or with often only a few hours' warning, what is in store for us. Early in June last we were calmly discussing, in the newspapers and magazines, the best methods of struggling with a season of drought; but within a few weeks of that time Lord's Cricket Ground was transformed into a metropolitan Windermere; while in this very month of November only a few years ago, while the foliage was green on most of our trees, during a mild and prolonged autumn, a sudden and unlooked-for snowstorm set in, the weight of the snow snapping off huge branches of our trees with greater ease than that with which we break a lucifer-match. Disasters, however, such as these it is very difficult to remedy except by seeing that the drainage of our garden is always in good working order—a matter too often disregarded, and one well worth attending to this month. As for the sudden and early snowfall just noticed, all we can do is to give an occasional shake to any handsome shrub or young tree during the course of the downfall, and thus lighten the burden of snow.

But there are cases where a little foresight will really prevent disaster. The writer well remembers one July seeing a very angry storm rapidly coming up, and working quickly with the gardener by protecting the greenhouse and frames, against the smashing hailstorm that followed, with matting, tarpaulin, or old carpet, thus saving the glass from risk of destruction. Similarly any tall-growing flower is protected by being carefully tied to a small stick or stake of a size proportionate to the plant: high wind and hail-storms simply destroy and break off unprotected hyacinths and tulips; while what would become of our out-of-door chrysanthemums this month, or even of those under glass, if they were not tied carefully to a small stake? And November being the month in which these handsome flowers afford us the farewell flower-show of the season, something had better be said more particularly here about them.

No one who has ever seen the annual London chrysanthemum show flourishing under all the disadvantages of wild weather and yellow fogs can doubt the hardy nature of the plant itself. Yet of the exhibition we are every year justly proud. Given, then, a few more favourable circumstances—such as those afforded by a purer atmosphere and better situation—we shall have still finer flowers, of a richer and a purer colour, to delight us in this the wane of the year. Now, to put it generally, we have, in growing chrysanthemums, a choice of three things before us: a bushy plant with several small blooms upon it; a small but tall plant with two or three large and fine blooms on it; and, lastly, a plant of middling size that shares in equal proportions the properties of the two first.

To grow a bushy specimen of the chrysanthemum, then, have your healthy cutting taken early in the spring of the year—say, in the first week of March. Take off the tip of this your struck-cutting within two or three eyes of the ground. For your soil, use a fairly light compost, and have plenty of silver sand on the top of it. Indeed, this silver sand is almost always needed for cuttings in general. Give the usual slight watering, and place your pots in a cold-frame and protected from the sun. Very soon your little plant will begin to push out, and if you notice that one shoot seems inclined to go ahead of the others, merely pinch off the top of it. About the beginning of May, stand your plants out of doors along a plank, so placing them that they will get only a little of the early or late sun, but carefully shaded from anything like the full blaze of the midday sun. For a time they will want a more careful watching and regular watering; and we recommend standing them on a plank or on slate or hard substance, as, were your pots placed upon the soil, there would be a danger of them striking their roots into it through the pot drainage, which would greatly weaken them and damage your scheme of growth. As the shoots keep on pushing, shorten them until your plant is as bushy as you think it ought to be, when you have merely to allow it to go on making its growth until September, when it must be taken to your frame towards the middle or close of the month, in accordance with the condition of the season. See, however, before your plants are housed, that they are not cramped for



pot-room. As the blooms open, water with a little liquid manure once or twice. Have your liquid compounded, say, of a shovelful of decayed cow-dung mixed with three pails of water, taking care that the next three or four waterings that are given be merely of plain water, as it does not do at all to overdose with liquid manure any more than that it should be too strong.

To grow your chrysanthemums another way, *strike* the *top* cutting of a plant in July, pot it in a small pot, and stand it out in the open garden; the largest-sized blooms are obtained by growing the early suckers or cuttings as luxuriantly as you can, and the tallness of the plant will not much affect your flower; the long, ugly plant itself is certainly not very sightly.

In the fruit-garden we are busy this month with the pruning-knife; all the young and strong-bearing wood of our wall-trees we nail to the wall, taking off all awkwardly-growing wood that grows perpendicularly from the wall. Remove entirely all old wood that has on it no lateral branches as soon as you see you have some young wood coming on that will take its place. Then, again, this month we put in any new fruit-trees or shrubs, and, indeed, make all and any important alterations in the garden at this time of the year that the sap is down. Our raspberry-canes we thin, leaving only some four or five of the healthiest, and cutting the rest down; get away the old shoots that have died down; dig well between and among your canes, and get in some manure, but take care not to damage the roots with your spade during the operation—a thing, indeed, to be generally remembered this month, when the spade is so much in use.

the surprise only added to the pleasure. How often that telegram was read in the course of one evening I should be afraid to say.

As the night before we had sung the German hymns, so now my German friends insisted upon the dear old English ones, and with the last words of the "Herald Angels" still ringing in my ears, I went off to my room, to read the telegram yet once more, and to think over the many new and strange experiences of this Christmas-time. Suddenly twelve o'clock struck, and my first German Christmas was over. At this time of year there is certainly no lack of amusement in Germany—such as it is. My German friends heartily enjoyed their small "whirl of dissipation," and there was general rejoicing when new invitations arrived. On entering the breakfast-room the morning after Christmas, I was greeted by Fräulein with a kiss, and the news that "we had two more invitations," one to a "Kaffee" at the Frau Doktor's on the following day, and one to a party early in the New Year. "Now you will see a true German Kaffee," said the Herr Vater, "and we shall hear no more of your English five o'clock teas."

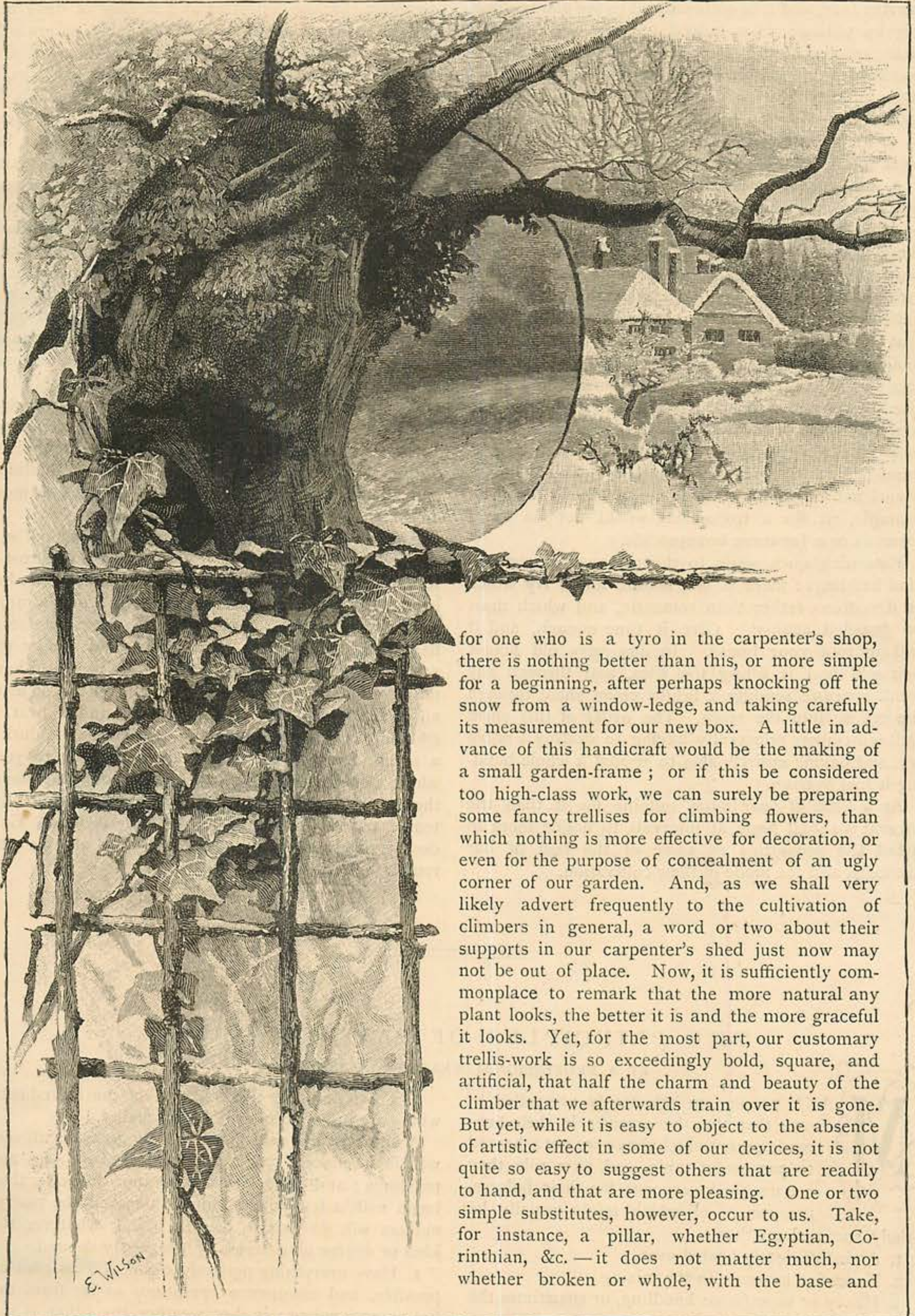
The next afternoon Fräulein and I set off to the Frau Doktor's, taking good care to arrive punctually at half-past four. To be late seems to be a very great breach of courtesy, and Fräulein was simply aghast at my remarking, "I suppose we must get there about five." "You did not then see Lieschen's letter," she said; "we are asked at half-past four." As we hurried along I endeavoured to explain that at home it was not the "fashion" to arrive on the stroke of the hour at which one was invited, but it was a hopeless task, and all I convinced Fräulein of was that "you English are certainly a curious people;" she was too polite to say *mad*, but I knew what was in her mind. We were introduced immediately on our arrival to the other guests—all young people—and there was a small amount of conversation till the "Kaffee" was brought in on a tray and handed round. We all took some, and I, naturally enough, thought we should remain where we were, dotted "casually" about the room. Much to my surprise, however, our hostess presently requested us "to take places round the table," which we accordingly did. It was a work of some time to get every one fitted into the right seat, as great complications had arisen when it was discovered that there were fewer gentlemen than ladies. But at last we were satisfactorily arranged—napkins were then dealt round—then plates—and then, all things being now ready, the eatables were brought in. One immense dish, crammed with all kinds of the most delicious and deleterious cakes and biscuits, was placed in the middle of the table, and we "fell to." After this really substantial meal, we occupied the time with various games—such as "What is my thought like?" and others of a similar kind to what one plays at home at children's parties—until about half-past six, when the tray again made its appearance, glasses of some hot drink having taken the place of coffee. After a short interval the command was once more given to "take our places at the table," which little ceremony was now much better managed, as every one knew where to go. Then a large iced chocolate cake was brought in, and as soon as it had been distributed, an apple tart appeared! Things were becoming more wonderful every minute. Think of an apple tart when you are invited out to afternoon "coffee"! It was a very good pie, however, and a considerable part of it soon disappeared. After this second meal, and a little more conversation, which by now had become rather more animated, I observed Fräulein "making the move" to go. I certainly thought it was late enough, being past seven o'clock, but she began by apologising to the Frau Doktor for "having to hurry away so early, as we expected a lady to supper, and must not be late back." The thought of supper, after having done nothing else but eat all the afternoon, was almost too much for me. I returned to the Herr Vater more English and a greater upholder of our five o'clock tea than ever.

This was almost the last of our Christmas festivities, and soon we settled down into the "quiet, working home life," as Herr Grosspapa called it, for which I had really gone out to Germany, but which gives still less to write about than my first Christmas in the Fatherland.

THE GARDEN IN DECEMBER.

THE shortened and still shortening days of December limit our hours of *bonâ fide* gardening work out of doors very much; but there is no reason because the sun is, so far as we are concerned, apparently passing the greater part of his time in bed that we should do the same.

Before, then, going outside to attend to much that in no month of the year can be omitted in the garden, we will pass an hour of this imaginary snowed-up day in our shed or work-room, our assumed object, of course, being the preparation or repair of any gardening accessories. The cleaning and washing of flower-pots alone will take us a considerable time, and we recollect that as early as February we must commence the general re-potting in the greenhouse. Then, again, very likely a little carpentering will be in requisition: our resolve upon a certain class of flower for next year will tell us what we want. There are, for example, some mignonette-boxes to be made and painted; and



for one who is a tyro in the carpenter's shop, there is nothing better than this, or more simple for a beginning, after perhaps knocking off the snow from a window-ledge, and taking carefully its measurement for our new box. A little in advance of this handicraft would be the making of a small garden-frame ; or if this be considered too high-class work, we can surely be preparing some fancy trellises for climbing flowers, than which nothing is more effective for decoration, or even for the purpose of concealment of an ugly corner of our garden. And, as we shall very likely advert frequently to the cultivation of climbers in general, a word or two about their supports in our carpenter's shed just now may not be out of place. Now, it is sufficiently commonplace to remark that the more natural any plant looks, the better it is and the more graceful it looks. Yet, for the most part, our customary trellis-work is so exceedingly bold, square, and artificial, that half the charm and beauty of the climber that we afterwards train over it is gone. But yet, while it is easy to object to the absence of artistic effect in some of our devices, it is not quite so easy to suggest others that are readily to hand, and that are more pleasing. One or two simple substitutes, however, occur to us. Take, for instance, a pillar, whether Egyptian, Corinthian, &c. — it does not matter much, nor whether broken or whole, with the base and

capital or without it; our turning-lathe would be of service here, and it is quite natural to see plants climbing up pillars; what, indeed, is more effective than that glorious combination of nature and art as seen in our host of ruined abbeys and churches, where the ivy does its very best to make up by its grace for the mutilation of architecture that we now strive in vain to imitate? Or, take another illustration of trellis-work that shall this time be *wholly* natural.

A stroll through a neighbouring forest or wood will quickly bring us upon some heaven-planted and then heaven-struck oak. It has dried to tinder, and there is a very beauty about its parched and twisted branches that makes us pause at once, but the fresh green of the ivy that has perhaps already covered the half of our dead tree makes it so beautiful in death that we love to sketch it.

A well-selected little branch of a tree, then, to serve as a sort of dead tree in miniature, plunged in a good-sized flower-pot, is for some climbers exceedingly effective; even our convolvuluses and sweet-peas would look very well on this. We must, however, bear in mind that the trellis adapted for one class of climber would not be at all suitable for another. That, for example, fit for a tropæolum would not do for a clematis or a Japanese honeysuckle.

Returning once again to the romance of our ivy-clad buildings: there is one feature about ivy which is disastrous rather than romantic, and which must be guarded against. Give it time enough, and it will un-roof your house. In any very old house, you will find it lifting the tiles, and through any small aperture sending a bright green shoot through the ceiling into the room. The writer of this sheet well remembers reluctantly having to destroy a noble ivy, and having entirely also to *re-roof* a whole building it had overrun.

At a time of year more suitable for it than the present we shall hope at intervals to notice more in detail the properties of some of the best of our climbers, and the mode of their cultivation.

Now for a little work in our garden. Some people complain that the collection and storing of dead and dry leaves occasionally causes trouble afterwards, when the wind on a gusty day scatters them all over the garden again—away from the corner, perhaps, in which they have been housed. There is a remedy for the difficulty: fill two or three cold frames with them, and then among the leaves themselves plunge a few hardy flowers that you want to preserve, but for which you have, perhaps, hardly got room enough in your limited greenhouse. You will keep out the frost from your plants, keep your leaves together, and gradually be accumulating matter that in a little time will make excellent manure. A very good month is this dead one of the year for carrying out any drainage in our garden. This is a very important subject, and quite as important to the well-being of our whole garden as good drainage is to our own health, yet we often pass it by because of the trouble, the mess, and confusion, and perhaps the expense; but the penalty for neglect is that nothing can flourish in an undrained garden. Even a lawn that for a portion of the year is a species of shaking bog will soon lose its best qualities, and all the good velvet turf will give place to moss and coarse grass, which mars all the effect.

And, in our greenhouse, perhaps the principal evil against which we may have to contend is not frost—which we can readily keep out—but damp. Frost has been called by some gardeners, evil No. 2, and, strange as it may sound, No. 3 evil is *heat*. To get rid of damp, have a fire, though the weather be mild, and at the same time pull down your lights a little way, and have the door open to create a good current of air, so as to allow the damp to evaporate. And undue heat is generally occasioned by having too fierce a fire during a severe frost; this is positively dangerous to your whole stock, as perhaps in the early morning hours the fire is almost out, and the reaction from a high temperature to that below 32 degrees is fatal. Gardening requires prudence and discretion all the year round.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PASTRY-MAKING.

BY A PROFESSIONAL TEACHER OF COOKERY.

MANY people are reluctantly compelled to own that they have never in their lives made pastry which they were not ashamed to present at table, and, as a rule, they are unable to account for their failures, the causes of which might usually be briefly summed up thus:—

1. An insufficiently heated oven.
2. Excessive moisture in the mixing.
3. Heavy or superfluous handling, or sometimes the two combined.
4. Hard rolling; and—
5. Carelessness in the selection of the ingredients, which are too often of an inferior quality.

A humorist has said that "railway grease is all very well in its place," but it does not improve pies and puddings; and we feel that we cannot do better than begin with a few general hints that would-be pastry-makers will do well to bear in mind, whatever the kind or degree of richness of the pastry desired.

1. Have everything perfectly clean, and as cool as possible, and commence operations as far from the fire as convenient; in hot weather the cellar is the most suitable place.