away and sent to fetch them, whilst the yacht stands off and on.

Five minutes later the hail of "*Pride* ahoy!" comes out of the night from a tossing shadow to leeward, and running past, the cutter rounds-to, and with head sheets flying, picks up her boat; then sheets are hauled in, and away seawards like a duck.

A whole breeze is blowing fresh, and the little ship lays herself bodily down and flings the leaping surges left and right as she drives through them, and they stream away aft in a long line of bubbling foam. Every stretch of canvas is drawing, the cordage whips and rattles cheerily, and bright glints of moonlight sweep over the waters, lighting up the deck from stem to stern, and wrapping the group of fair maidens in golden glory. There is a wild feeling of exhilarating freedom in swishing through moonlit seas with a steady whole sail wind piping merrily; and a mysterious gladness seems to pass from the soul of the staunch craft into one's own as she rushes through billowy hollow after hollow, and leaps the foam-capped ridges gallantly.

Fast the minutes fly, and onward the *Pride* sails tirelessly to the soft rhythmic cadences of sweet girlish voices; and the "Skipper" and the "Mate" relieve each other regularly at the helm, whilst the laughing burgee up aloft whispers to the truck that the tiller is in love with bonnie Laura and with winsome Clare.

But the night is wearing, the tide is turning and will soon be ebbing fast, and it is time to run for port. A last few minutes' dashing at the tumbling waves, and then the "Admiral" gives the order—

"'Bout ship!"

The "Mate" puts down the tiller, and with a generous shoot the yacht comes up into the wind; head sails lift; the boom swings over; and then sheets come home, and away she plunges northward-ho! for the distant lights of Grange! Up over the slack tide she runs a clean "full and by," and the gurgling waters sliding past softly kiss their good-nights and float away sadly seawards.

And now, as the *Pride* reaches her moorings, the September moon comes out in unclouded splendour, and those beauteous shores sleeping in the soft golden light seem those of the legendary Vale of Avilon—

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

G. VICKARS-GASKELL.

THE GARDEN IN DECEMBER.

"THE Garden in December" is, in its general aspect, certainly not a lively theme, but for all that, were we to desert the garden in December entirely, the garden in June would probably be almost as unlively. We shall, then, give a few general hints as to what is *now* to be done in it, and then select, as heretofore, one particular and popular flower, tracing out rather more in detail the kind of treatment that it needs from its seed-time to its decay. And first of all for that uninteresting—some will say, not very necessary—general December gardening.

This is a grand month for attention to any defective garden drainage—a dismal and untidy operation, most certainly; but recollect, nothing will thrive in a swamp. Next, take and sweep together all fallen leaves (and by the end of November they are certainly nearly all down) into one large heap, where they will rot into leaf-mould, or you can utilise them in a hot-bed or pit. Take away or dig in all decaying vegetation, crops that are unsightly and done with, or in the flower garden the stems and nearly decayed leaves of your plants; but all sticks and supports in the way of stakes had better be collected and gone over: those that will do again can be cleaned and retained, and the worthless can be burnt. A rough trenching should be made in the kitchen garden, and the soil left in ridges to the action of the frost. This will afterwards render the soil pliable, besides ridding you of many garden pests, in the way of slugs, &c. And, further, the garden walks should be well rolled after damp weather, and more particularly after every frost, which always leaves the surface of the paths in a more or less rotten state, when they will the more easily yield to the action of the roller. But if damp and soft weather be well adapted for work along your walks, it is, on the other hand, *not* adapted for much work on the borders, where treading alternately upon them and upon the walks is certainly productive of much untidiness, not to say actual mischief. We may have a few more general hints to give, but must now advert to the cultivation of one flower in particular, selecting for our consideration this month the gladiolus.

This deservedly popular flower is a very showy one, while some of its specimens are exceedingly fragrant. The natural order to which it belongs is that of the Iridaceæ, while the *sword-like* shape of its leaves gives it the name of *gladiolus*. Indigenous, for the most part, to the Cape of Good Hope, the period of its bloom there must surely afford a most glorious sight when we remember how very much set off our English gardens are by merely a few specimens in the summer and early autumn months. The gladiolus, then, while it likes a fairly open situation, must not be reared where it may be exposed to a boisterous wind,

for we can readily imagine by the very shape of its bloom that unless protected it might break off; and, fortunately for us general gardeners, the large majority of the genus *Gladiolus* are hardy. Any moderately good garden soil, again, is good enough for its culture, though of course, as with many other plants, a soil in which stiff clay predominates is a decided obstacle in the way. The gladiolus, indeed, is simply a bulb, and we must therefore treat it much as we do our other bulbs. All bulbs, we know, require a long period of simple *rest:* this, after planting, is followed by a period of vigorous growth and speedy development. To begin, then, shall we say, with the period of rest. Some people say that the bulbs may be allowed to remain in the ground through the winter; and, indeed, where a very sandy soil exists, and where the situation and circumstances all favour their growth, there may be not much objection to allowing them to remain. One most important thing, however, is that your gladiolus bed be thoroughly well drained. To form a bed for this noble flower, and especially where the soil and surroundings are not so very favourable for its growth, remove the natural soil to the depth of some eighteen inches. Fill up the lower six inches of the space with brick-bats and crooked stones, &c., or, indeed, with any such material that will form for you a basis of thoroughly good drainage. Upon this next lay some chopped-up turfy loamy soil for some four inches: this would have the advantage of being a sort of reservoir of moisture in any very dry weather. Lastly, fill up the remainder of your space with a properly prepared compost, made up as follows:—One part of your original soil—if, that is, it be of a fairly good quality—another part of sandy loam, another of turfy peat, and another of some coarse drift sand. Now, it so happens that this is a thorough winter operation, and a December day is one well suited for this preparation of a gladiolus bed. During the winter months, too—that is to say, between now and the end of March—turn over this upper layer of soil, so as to expose it thoroughly to the action of the frost and weather. And then, on a dry April day, plant out your gladiolus bulbs, some three or four of them together, making a little hole in your soil first, and placing a little sand once again at the bottom of your holes as you make them. Your little patches of bulbs should be planted a little over a foot or some eighteen inches apart. Here, then, you can quietly let them rest, saving only, of course, that a little water must be given them in very dry weather. In seasons, however, of excessive heat, some have recommended placing moss on the surrounding surface of the soil. But one thing we must certainly not omit, and that is to give a stake to each plant as soon as it attains nearly a foot in height. If you intend to lift your bulbs, do this early in November, and stow them away in a dry locality, say in pots with sand in them; and when the foliage has thoroughly died down, it can be cut off pretty close to the bulb. But if you intend to allow the bulbs to remain in the ground through the winter, when the decayed stems have been cut away, spread a good two inches of leaf-mould over the surface of your bed. And now to enumerate many varieties of the *Gladiolus* is hardly, perhaps, possible in our limited space, but one or two we can notice. *Gladiolus blandus* is a flesh-coloured specimen, and flowers in June; *G. byzantius*, a native of Turkey, is a rich red, and flowers in July; *G. cardinalis* is a native of the Cape, a superb flower of a brilliant scarlet, which grows some two feet in height, and flowers in July and August.

WHEN THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN.

its more delicate flavour. Of course, if you have more than two quarts the soup must be allowed to boil away gently till it is reduced to this quantity, and there is no harm in letting the soup boil after the meat is tender. Many persons add a little lemon-juice; but it is better to have a little cut lemon and cayenne pepper handed with the soup. We cannot too much bear in mind the fact that tastes differ.

If you wish to make the soup richer and more pronounced in turtle flavour, you can accomplish this by buying what are called turtle chips. These must be first boiled for a short time by being placed in cold water at starting, the first water being thrown away. The chips can then be placed in the soup *after* it has been cleared, and the soup must be boiled gently until they are perfectly soft.

The chief drawback to making turtle soup from dried turtle flesh is that it is undoubtedly a work of time. In cold weather, if you have gas in the house, and a gas stove, or even a little gas stand attached to a burner, it saves a great deal of trouble, as you can let the soup simmer all night long, besides which it will help to keep the house warm, and prevent the pipes from freezing; but then the soup must simmer and not boil. One word of warning, if you leave the soup on the gas all night long; and that is, you must be careful that it does not boil away altogether, and consequently you must fill the saucepan up so that there is no danger. Another point on which you must be careful is this:—Suppose the cook, when she goes to bed about ten o'clock, leaves the soup all right, just simmering, which means an occasional bubble now and then. If, however, as is generally the case, she leaves the gas burning in the hall, and perhaps three burners in the dining-room—the master of the house, say, goes to bed between eleven and twelve—directly he turns out the gas in the dining-room and hall, the gas stove gets more lively, the result being, the soup will begin to boil, the house will smell of cooking, you will dream of turtle soup all night, and find the real turtle a blackened mass, owing to its having boiled away. Consequently, whoever turns out the last gas-jet must see to the soup.

As we have said, in making the soup from a tin of meat all we have to do is to make the stock as we have described, and then add the meat and let it boil for about an hour; but then the dried turtle flesh helps us in this way to make soup for other purposes: it obliges us to let the material stew a long time. This is the secret of making good soup. Cooks have an idea that they can make soup in two or three hours. If, in cold weather, they would go to the other extreme, and let the meat, bones, and vegetables, &c., stew for two or three days, the result would be far different; and when we have an enamelled saucepan, and use a plate for a lid, there is very little trouble, as it need not be strained off till the very last.

In making stock for turtle soup we have really learnt how to make high-class clear stock for an immense variety of other soups. For instance, suppose we want some good vermicelli soup, all we have to do is to take the necessary quantity of vermicelli, and boil it *separately* in a little water till it is tender. If we boiled the vermicelli in the soup direct, it would make it cloudy. We add this vermicelli to the soup just before sending it to table.

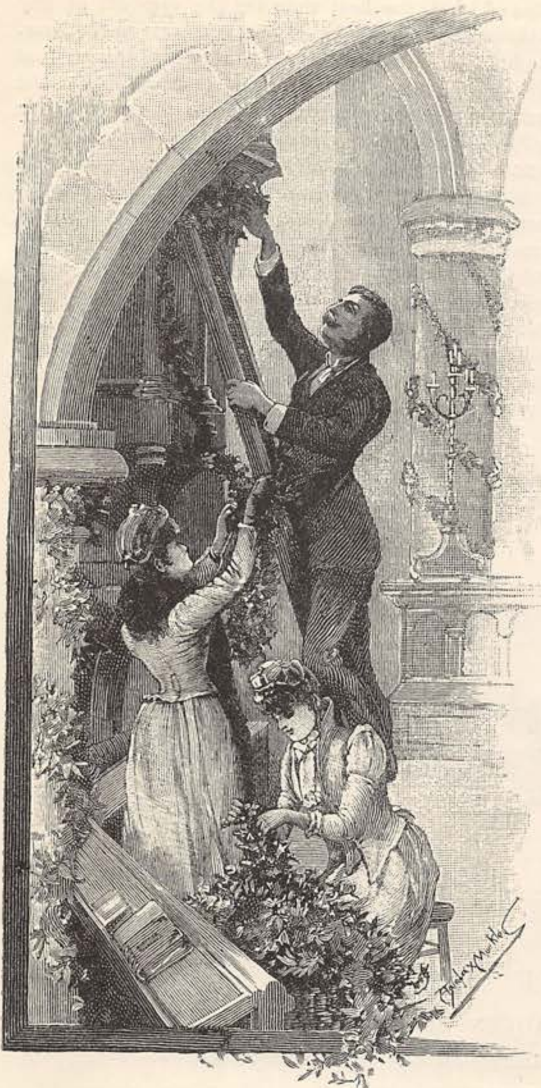
Again, a great variety of soups can be made by adding what is called Italian paste. This must all be boiled separately, like the vermicelli, in order to avoid making the soup cloudy. Another very nice soup can be made by adding a tin of mixed preserved vegetables, called macedoines, which are generally composed of green peas, carrot, and turnip, and small green flageolets, which are the white haricot beans before they are dried. All you have to do is to open the tin and pour its contents—juice and all—into the clear stock, and let it boil for five minutes before the soup is sent to table. We ought perhaps to add that the savoury herbs, consisting of the basil and other mixed herbs, are only to be used when the soup or stock is intended for the turtle.

THE GARDEN IN JANUARY.

"AND what," it may be asked, "can you possibly find to say about 'The Garden in January,' in a month when both kitchen and flower garden are comfortably asleep under a snow-white counterpane six inches thick, and while Sam Weller is telling us that the water in our wash-hand basin is 'a mask o' ice'?"

But for all that, we are going to talk about the garden; and by way of a compromise with our imaginary grumbler we have decided to talk about the holly. And how could we possibly make choice of a more appropriate subject for a Christmas Eve paper, when young Squire "Jacob" is standing on the "ladder" surrounded by the fair decorators of the chancel—shall we call them the "angels"?—who, in eager competition, hand up to him ever and anon a prickly holly bough, with now and then—though, of course, quite by mistake—a spray of the mistletoe?

Since then the old squire has just told the head gardener that he "cannot have the holly-trees cut away like this," and his more fierce neighbour has positively offered a reward for the apprehension of the



WHAT BECOMES OF THE HOLLY.

depredators upon his shrubberies the previous evening, we gardeners have come to the conclusion that as there is annually such an enormous demand for this Christmas favourite—the holly—it ought even to be more extensively cultivated than it is.

Add to which, when we reflect that a little more pains taken in the cultivation of all the charming varieties of the holly would enable us to mitigate to a very considerable extent the usually monotonous appearance of the garden on Christmas Day, we have an additional incentive to approve of the choice we have made. What, then, have we got to say about the holly-tree?

Now, when our object is simply to add to our stock of holly, with a view to the demand made upon it at this time of the year, we cannot do better than decide upon more *holly hedges;* and a well-grown holly hedge is certainly a formidable obstacle with which to prevent an intruder from making his way to "the wrong side of the hedge." And, fortunately for many of us, the common holly, *Ilex aquifolium*, is not so particular as some trees and shrubs are with regard to the soil in which it grows. It certainly has a preference for a rich sandy loam; but the soil, whatever it is, must first be properly trenched and prepared, and above all things thoroughly well drained. Still more will many of our readers be glad to know that the holly will grow well even on a clay soil: at least, after it has become thoroughly established there. True, its *early* growth on a clay soil is not so rapid as it would be on a more fruitful one. Yet we cannot say that it will flourish to perfection in a really damp and marshy situation. But the holly likes shelter and a considerable amount of shade, and—what is more consoling than anything else—it does not very much object to that which would kill most things: namely, the drip from the boughs of any neighbouring tree that towers above it. Its general amiability of character, then, no doubt accounts for its popularity at this time of the year, for at Yule-tide anything which is unamiable seems utterly incongruous.

Now, the holly, of course, can be propagated by cuttings, and the more rare species had better be raised in this way; but the common kind is often raised by seed, though the process is certainly a long one before really fine shrubs can be thus obtained. The process is as follows:—Gather some berries when ripe, and after mixing plenty of sand with them to prevent any fermentation, bury them in a good deep hole. During the early part of the following summer you will have some good young plants; these you can afterwards transplant, but as holly is a slow grower, it will take some three years before you have a respectable shrub. The holly, again, ought never to be clipped or pruned: it will be at once apparent that a number of leaves cut half-way through would present a very unsightly object; cut them then, where necessary, with a sharp knife, merely removing any stray or awkward branches.

It is curious that some of the non-hardy and more ornamental species almost prefer damp and swampy situations rather than that sort of soil which we have said is better adapted for the common kind. For example, we may name an evergreen which needs green-house protection—the *Ilex angustifolia*, a shrub indigenous to the marshy ground of North America: it gives white flowers in June and bears globular berries, and has lanceolate or very *narrow* foliage, and hence the name by which it goes. The berries of the *Ilex Perado*, or the Madeira holly, are larger; it has ovate shining leaves, and though it must be classed among the green-house species, it might, under the very favourable circumstances of a thoroughly mild winter, survive with little or no protection.

But it will, perhaps, be more to our purpose to speak of those which are decidedly hardy evergreens. The *Ilex dipyrena*, for example, will grow to a height of twelve feet, and its small white flowers are succeeded by dark brown berries. Another hardy evergreen holly, indigenous to the Canary Islands, grows to

a still greater height, while its berries are black; and another hardy specimen, the *fructu-luteo*, bears yellow berries.

We have named these more particularly, as from the variety of the colour of their berries, we shall value them more for the purpose of any decoration for which the holly is so now sought after. Many other sorts and varieties could of course be named; but the simple *Ilex aquifolium* has had its praises sung by Evelyn, in his "Sylva," where he prizes it "above all the natural greens which enrich our home-born store": its timber, he adds, "is the whitest of all hard woods," and is much valued by the "In-layer."

The question as to the best time of year for the removal and transplanting of the holly has been a good deal disputed; but it is naturally and universally allowed that the best time for the removal of any plant or shrub is the period of its greatest rest. Now, the holly sheds its leaves about May or June, so that perhaps the time of its greatest rest will be in the preceding month of April, whereas if you move a holly in the middle of the month of November (more generally devoted tó garden changes) you do so when it is in the very middle of its growth, and you are therefore liable to check it materially; whereas, removing it in April or by the end of March, you accelerate the fall of the leaf, and after removal, it has before it a whole season in which to recover itself. But in addition to our holly hedges, a well-grown holly-tree on the lawn is a noble object. Hedges and fences, however, may be well made up of holly and hawthorn in equal proportions.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "Never Cleared Up," &c.

Part the Second.

IN AUSTRALIAN WILDS.

I.

FOR DEAR LOVE'S SAKE.

BY HERBERT WOOLDEN.

AGATHA was fond of calling me a great traveller, because I went backward and forward between Norfolk and Edinburgh, and because Eustace and I preferred the sea passage sometimes, and went to London or to Grimsby, as the case might be, that we might proceed to the North in the comfortable steamers which run regularly from port to port, on the eastern coast. I was always willing to pass as a hero in her eyes. Quiet fellows like myself are never loth to receive credit for having in them a strain of adventurous blood. The fancy never struck me then, that I should cut myself off from civilisation and plunge into the arid wastes of Australia.

It was love that did it; love for Agatha, first of all; I will be honest, and acknowledge the truth. Eustace and I were at school together, we were playfellows at home, we were comrades close and true at college, and we went together, step by step, through our allotted course, until the end was reached, and we were permitted by law to heal our fellow-men. I never had a companion whom I could place side by side with Eustace, among all the excellent fellows I have known. But that is not quite the same as the regard I had for Agatha. Love has its own sphere and fills it: friendship has its own sphere and fills that. If I put love first, let nobody think my friendship is less sincere.

It did not matter much to me that youth was pleaded as a disability, or as an excuse for delay, when I told Agatha of my love. I was willing enough to wait and perform my tasks dutifully, knowing as I did that her heart responded to mine. Time and

at the eleventh hour, and not condemn our two hearts to lifelong misery."

"How *could* Dulce have found anyone to love down in that out-of-the-way Cornish hole?" cried Rosalind. "She is not the sort of girl to flirt with the postman or the cowboy, and she herself assured me that there was no one else. But let me give you one word of excellent advice: one perfectly certain way to her heart and confidence is through her brothers, whom she adores. If you will suggest to her the idea of helping them in their professions—for my poor father hates the very sound of their name, and they have been dragged up without any education, I believe—she will at once love you with all the power of her nature. After all, gratitude is one of the broadest ways to love—or rather to the perfecting of love—and Dulce has the most passionately loving heart I know, and so tender that a hard word would be far more than a blow to her. Now come to the doorway—you will hear her voice better than in here."

Lord Melvell followed her, and together they stood looking out through a fringe of ferns at the slim white figure at the piano. Rosalind always bewildered him with her prattle, and he could hardly make up his mind as to whether to be annoyed or pleased with her remarks. But at that moment he did not feel capable of making up his mind on any subject, for the girl he loved was singing, and her exquisite notes went to his heart like a ray of sunlight.

They were the old words that have so often touched many a heart to tears, and are second to none in the English language for beauty.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

* * * * *

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!"

He wondered as he listened at the passion with which she sang those words of Tennyson's, thinking that she, of all mortals, could know least of "wild regrets." While she, with tears almost breaking through her voice, felt that she was singing the dirge of her own past life.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

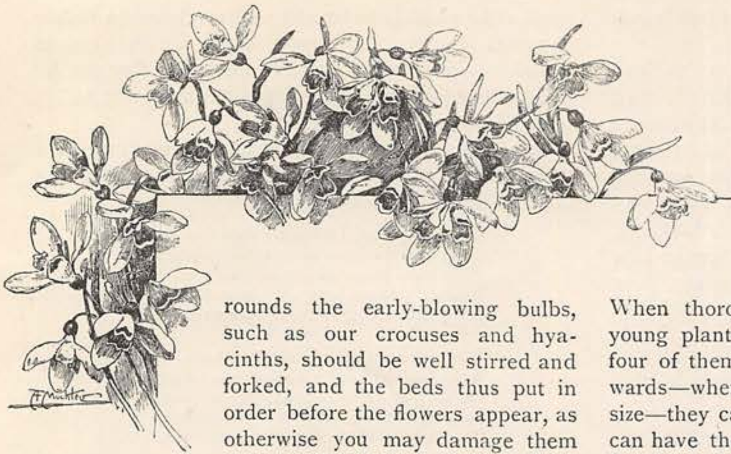
ONCE again we are congratulating ourselves that the winter is being left behind. Despite all the happiness that centres round our Christmas fireside, we with one consent associate winter with night, darkness, cold, and dreariness; nay, it is to us the very image of death itself, while, on the other hand, summer and its forerunner, spring, are the emblems of hope, warmth, enjoyment, and indeed of life itself—the very absence of "night," in fact, making up a wonderful and mysterious item of the beatific vision.

Our spring gardening operations, then, it is once more a pleasure to discuss, and so manifold are they in this important month of February that we must take a hurried tour round the entire garden, with a view to notice what is of urgency, before selecting one or two subjects of which we may speak more in detail.

And first, then, we are very busy in our greenhouse, re-potting the greater portion of our stock there. This is an operation invariably reserved for February; the nature of the weather outside—that is to say, a backward or a more genial season—merely influencing the time we select for making a beginning of this very essential, but somewhat tedious, gardening item. An ungenial season, then, renders it advisable to postpone our annual re-potting, more particularly if, owing to a severe winter that is still disposed to linger on, we have found it necessary to give a very considerable amount of artificial heat, which has had the effect of enervating our whole stock, and making it delicate and susceptible to change. In re-potting, then, always commence with the most vigorous plants, giving, on the other hand, to the weaker ones proportionately smaller pots, and a less rich and exciting mixture of compost.

Turning to our fruit garden, the general pruning of all hardy orchard fruits should be at once completed, while the pruning of more tender wall fruit should not be delayed later than the middle of the month. This we name as an operation, indeed, that does not admit of delay; just as when speaking of making up new strawberry beds we prefer naming the middle of August as a limit of the time for setting out new runners. This mention of our strawberry beds, however, reminds us that the plants in the old beds should this month have the dead leaves cut off, the soil about them forked up between the rows, and the manure that you probably put there in the autumn now turned in.

In the kitchen garden, later on in the month, some sowing may perhaps be begun, and every preparation at all events made now for the general sowing next month, while in the flower garden the soil that sur-



rounds the early-blowing bulbs, such as our crocuses and hyacinths, should be well stirred and forked, and the beds thus put in order before the flowers appear, as otherwise you may damage them if you, so to speak, pull them about much after they are in bloom. Little attentions of this kind paid to the flower beds sometimes, before they break thoroughly into bloom, will add much to their beauty and perfection later on.

And now, what shall we select to speak of more in detail? Why should we not have a word to say about a popular flowering shrub with which we are all familiar: the rhododendron? Of the hardy sorts that bloom in our shrubberies, along perhaps the sides of our lawn in the early summer or late spring months, we sometimes hear the complaint that there are occasionally years in which our rhododendrons refuse to bloom. Now, when the bloom-buds begin to swell, the shrubs will need copious watering; and we must remember that, as a rule, May is not a month for much rain, and even when rain does fall, it may be that the moisture hardly gets thoroughly to the roots, as generally our plants are so large as to form almost a sort of umbrella to keep off the rain from the main stem and the roots themselves. And it may have been noticed by some of us that where the rhododendron is growing in a hollow, or we may say in a ravine, it very rarely misses bloom or requires any water.

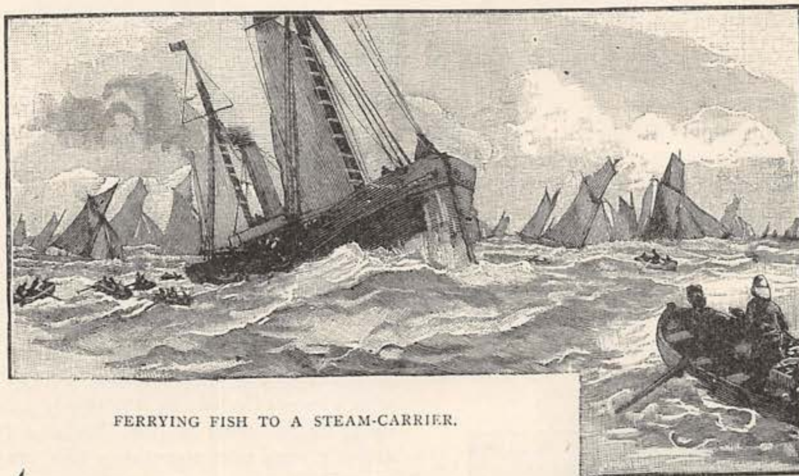
The writer of these papers has now in memory a wonderful rhododendron display in Kent, that was annually visited by admiring lovers of the garden; a large number of the shrubs lay in a natural and deep hollow, at the bottom of which a fine spring of water came bubbling up, and tumbled along a small brook in delightful music. The whole tableau was one never to be forgotten; the brilliant expanse of varied colour, rendered more exquisite by the light and shade of taller and surrounding trees, the music of the waters in which many nightingales joined overhead, made up in all a very paradise. Water, then, is of paramount importance for the rhododendron, but when any of the flowers have passed their prime they should be taken off as close as possible to the under flowers, since, as there are embryo branches in all parts of the stem, you thus, by the removal of the decayed flowers, throw the strength into the younger shoots, whereas if you leave dead flowers to develop seed-pods, these will tend much to exhaust the whole plant, and thus weaken it in its future growth. Rhododendron seed may be sown this month in pans placed either in our greenhouse or in a cool frame, and in a compost of sandy peat. When thoroughly capable of being handled, your young plants can then be pricked out, some three or four of them in, say, a forty-eight-sized pot, and afterwards—when, that is, they have attained a sufficient size—they can be potted singly. Tender specimens can have the protection of a frame during the winter. Then, again, the rhododendron can be grafted or in-arched, just as the camellia is. Young and hardy seedlings, however, can be bedded out six inches apart the first season, and double that distance the next season, and these can be allowed to remain to bloom. As time goes on, and while your plants are making

RE-POTTING.

their growth in the open ground, take care not to encourage more branches than the beauty and general appearance of the plant requires, and you may find it necessary to take off a few, so as to throw all the strength of the plant into the stems; and, indeed, any branches that appear to be taking the lead too much should be cut back, otherwise the uniform vigour of your plant will be spoilt. Sometimes, for example, you may notice in a shrubbery an ugly and, as it were, one-sided specimen of the rhododendron, with one or two bunches of bloom on one side only, and the remaining part of the shrub all spindly and exhausted. Uniformity of growth is a principle that at this time of the year cannot be too much insisted upon, for it is in the bursting spring season that we can train and check growth more than at any other time of the year.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS FISH.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



FERRYING FISH TO A STEAM-CARRIER.

THROUGH the hours of night steam swiftly large fish-carriers from the grey North Sea; more swiftly, flash quick railway trains from the ends of Britain, bringing loads of fish to the mighty metropolis.

And if you rise very early in the morning, and make your way through the long lines of half-awakened or still sleeping streets, down to the well-known mart of Billingsgate, you may see something of the way in which London is supplied with fish.

You should have stout boots, steady nerves, and a keen eye. Stout boots, because the place and the approaches thereto cannot be called exactly dry or particularly clean; steady nerves, because there is very much crowding through which you must thread your way, and much shouting and noise to which you may prefer to be deaf; a keen eye, for there is much to see and much to avoid.

It is well, for instance, to keep out of the way of that line of fish-porters who are bringing boxes of soles or skate, or what not, from the steamer out there on the river. Nor is it pleasant to be so jostled and hustled by fishy folk, with fishy clothes and fishy loads, that on your exit from the little world of general fishiness you carry with you an odour that is not savoury. Therefore, be wary, be vigilant, and dress to suit the occasion.

Billingsgate, of course, is down by the river. It lies not far from the east side of London Bridge. Thames Street, which runs in front of it, has the reputation of being the coolest street in London in summer, and the warmest in winter. Perhaps its proximity to the river and the high buildings on either side conduce to this, the latter keeping off the sun and wind.

Now, before you, on entering the market from Thames Street, are the lines of the roof and pillars framing the grey sky, the crowds of men, and if you are near enough to see them, the grey river and the craft thereon. Within, all seems chaos and confusion. Who are those men perched up somewhat higher than their fellows, and shouting lustily? What is the key to the confusion? What is being done? Simply this: the fish is being sold by auction almost as fast as it is being brought into the market.

I can only believe that you are actuated by some noble, although mistaken, impulse. I know you will never cease to love me, as I shall never cease to love you. But you ask me to release you from your promise. I have no alternative but to do so."

He pauses, but I utter not a word.

Then he looks down on me with tender yearning love, until I cover my face with my hands, lest I should give up the struggle, just as victory is within my reach.

"Olga, good-bye. May God, our Father, bless you, dear."

He moves towards the door. Another moment, and he will be gone.

"Clarence, Clarence, come back! It was a wicked lie! I love you more than I can tell: more than you will ever know."

A mist is rising up before my eyes, and the furniture in the room is growing unsteady; but two strong arms encompass me so that I do not fall.

He leads me to a sofa, and lays me gently down on it.

"Poor child! Poor tired child! You are almost worn out."

"Clarence," I say, raising myself on one elbow, "I must tell you why I told that lie: why, out of two dire alternatives, I did such a grievous wrong because I imagined I was choosing that which would cause you the less suffering."

"Hush! not now; you have overtaxed your strength already. Lie still and rest."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE GARDEN IN MARCH.

ONE of the most fickle months of the year is that of March; no wonder, therefore, that with us gardeners it is one of the most anxious ones. Popularly speaking, we associate it with high winds and clouds of dust, and we do not grumble: nay, we rather approve when March is got over in a boisterous sort of way. On the other hand, there is an old saying that "nothing makes up for a wet March." Sometimes, however, we get a taste of both winter and summer in this fitful season; but growling at the weather is alike foolish and unprofitable, and we have no choice in the matter but to make the best use that we can of whatever weather is sent to us.

There is one thing, however, that we always do in March; and that is, we plant our potatoes. And remembering that potatoes may be said to rank only second in importance as an article of food to the very bread that we eat, we may surely with advantage give a few hints this month as to their culture.

Now, the wild potato differs very little—at least, so far as external appearances go—from the cultivated one, saving only that its flowers are white: so far, at least, as it has been noticed; but it was found that when the wild bitter tubers were planted in this country, the produce, when cooked, possessed the pleasant flavour of our now popular young potatoes. Hence it was that but little cultivation seemed needed to qualify them for use on our dinner-table.

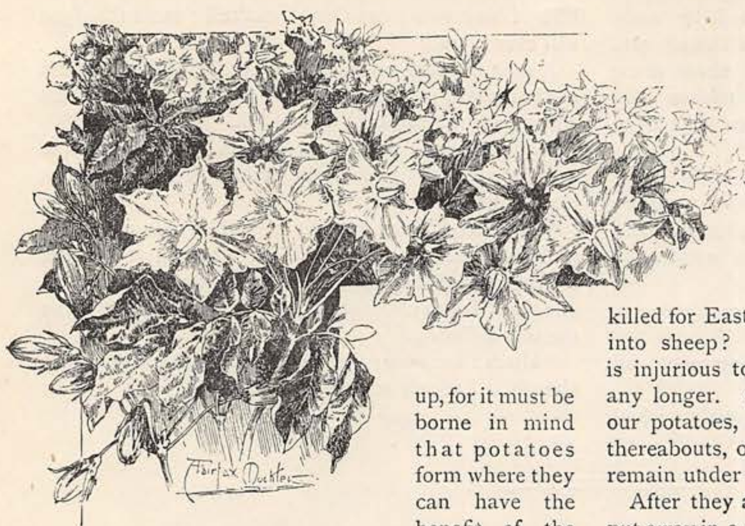
And first, then, as to the best soil for potatoes. Experience tells us that over-much wet makes us tremble for the safety of our crop. In the persistent rains of last summer the cry was soon raised that we should have potato disease. One thing, then, we should do; and that is, we should have our land and our kitchen-gardens properly drained, so as to carry off all surplus water. Potatoes, nevertheless, would seem to prefer a soil that does not dry up too quickly, for on the other hand we all know that in any very prolonged drought the root crops of all kinds are poor, and never properly swell off. A sandy, loamy soil, and one that is free and open, is then best suited to the potato.

And so we gardeners plant our main crop in this month of March; of course, some weeks previously our soil has been well trenched and manured, so that by the time we plant the soil is in a good, dry, and friable condition. If potatoes are planted in the autumn—though this is not very usual—they should be set deep, because of frost. Nearly fifty years ago an authority thus gives us his experience of autumn-planted potatoes: he says—

"I grow only two sorts of potato for seed—the early frame and the ash-leafed kidney—and both of these I planted last autumn, each set being a whole potato. On taking up the roots, I find that, notwithstanding the inclement winter, I have gathered a fair average crop, free from disease, and as clean and fine-flavoured as any I have ever dressed."

And this leads us to the consideration of another matter, and that is the quality of the "sets" that are mostly employed. Now, in digging our potatoes in October, the more general custom seems to be to set aside the small ones as seedlings for the next spring sowing—potatoes that are of the size of a couple of walnuts; but, on the other hand, some gardeners advocate the planting of large potatoes as seedlings, while some, again, cut them in halves. Upon the whole, the better plan would seem to be to plant out the small ones that are healthy, giving faulty or semi-diseased ones to the pigs, and storing the large and good ones for domestic use.

Now, it must not be supposed that when potatoes are planted deep there is less necessity for earthing



THE POTATO FLOWER.

up, for it must be borne in mind that potatoes form where they can have the benefit of the air, and that, although the tubers were originally planted perhaps a foot deep, the fruit would still form comparatively close to the surface of the soil, and not at the depth at which the tuber was planted. When, therefore, the potatoes have come up, lay the earth fairly smoothly to their stems, slightly raising it — in fact, this may be called the first earthing-up : this will thus afford a covering for the young tubers ; and we must recollect that any which are allowed to be half-exposed to the air are simply uneatable, as they turn green and will never develop properly ; indeed, the only use of such hard green products would be for seed another season.

The critical time perhaps for our potato crop is the first few weeks after they appear above ground—say up to the third week in May. Many a fair crop of potatoes has been materially damaged by a May frost. As soon then as the plants are well above ground, carefully weed the beds, for at all times weeds are unsightly and exhaust the soil, and then by this careful drawing of the earth round the young plants, to which allusion has just been made, we protect them alike from cold winds and frosts, which in the early spring months or after at all a mild winter are very often unusually cutting and severe.

And next, it is a mistake to cut or mow off the tops of the plants, from a false notion that you will thereby throw strength into the tubers. A potato plant continues to form fresh tubers until it comes into flower, and after that time the ripening and swelling of those already formed goes on. By the middle of June early young potatoes may of course be dug, and where a large stock is expected of course there can be no objection to this, but it is naturally a more economical and profitable method to allow a small stock to perfect their full size. None of us are disposed to grumble at table when we see a nice dish of young potatoes and early green peas passing round, but a good housekeeper will not care to consume the entire stock of potatoes in this way. What would become of us all if lambs were all killed for Easter week, and none were allowed to grow into sheep? But there finally comes a time when it is injurious to allow potatoes to stay in the ground any longer. October is the usual harvest month for our potatoes, but longer than the first few days, or thereabouts, of November, they certainly should not remain under the sod.

After they are dug, have them properly sorted and put away in a dry place : not too hot, but not in a damp cellar ; for if in the latter place, you would find them later on sprouting in all directions.

"MORE SEED, PLEASE."

may be introduced in a similar manner into the body, through the wound, have the power of infecting the whole mass of the blood, causing blood-poisoning, and even death. Such a disease as erysipelas, for instance, is due to the introduction of a particular kind of germ. Germs are not necessarily introduced into the body by means of a wound. They may be introduced by the lungs, stomach, or bowels, when we breathe, or eat, or drink. Indeed, they are always present in the blood. The healthy blood while circulating, however, has the power of killing them, and getting rid of them, if they are not introduced in too large numbers. But sometimes they come across a damaged spot, and then they multiply, and give rise, for instance, to a boil or abscess, where there has been no breach of the skin. Thus it is easy for us to understand how such diseases as small-pox, scarlatina, and consumption are caught. But now want of space compels us to leave one of the most far-reaching and interesting studies in the whole of medicine.

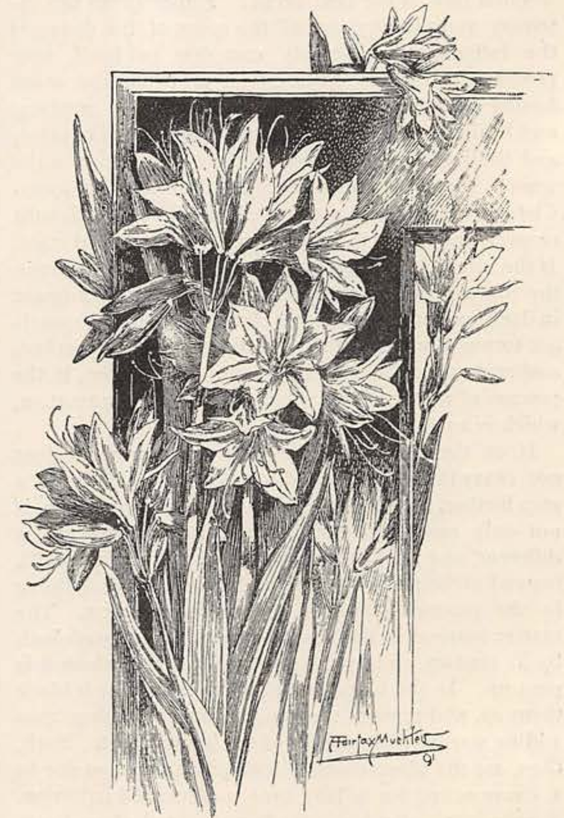
THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

AURICULA.

NOW that the month of April has once again set in, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that the dreary and terrible winter of 1890–91 is a thing of the past. Many an old and hardy favourite that has for years, perhaps, held its own in our flower-garden and shrubbery, must doubtless since November last have succumbed in exposed situations to the rigours of our late Arctic season. The lesson, then, that we have to learn from our misfortunes in this variable climate is that we should always have in readiness some sort of adequate protection to give to any exposed flower, tree, or shrub, in every department of the garden.

Out of a natural desire, then, to feast our eyes upon some vivid contrast to the darkness of winter, let us select some gay and brilliant flower to discuss before we see what general observations have to be made relative to our gardening routine for the month. And what a brilliant contrast, for example, does the Amaryllis present to all the fog and gloom that we have experienced. Of this noble flower there are of course hardy half-hardy, and still more tender ones ; but one and all of them are most beautiful and will amply repay any trouble that we bestow upon them. And belonging to the same tribe or natural order of the Amaryllidaceæ, are the Hippeastrum and the Habranthus, but their exact classification has often been a matter of dispute. Now the bulb of the Amaryllis should be planted at a good depth, though not more, perhaps, than six inches under ground, in a good rich and light soil, and as far as possible in a sheltered part of the garden. No doubt the Amaryllis should be thought for the most part half-hardy, but Paxton and Lindley, two good authorities, recognise some two or three specimens as actually hardy. Of these, at any rate, we may name two, *Amaryllis Belladonna* and *A. pallida*, the latter being a lovely flesh-coloured flower that blooms in August, introduced among us from the West Indies in 1712.

But, at all events, a large number of this somewhat confusedly classified species require the protection of a greenhouse, and of these something further must be said. Their culture, however, cannot be said to be a matter of difficulty ; but a *rapid* growth should always be encouraged in them, and when their growth is complete, water should be withheld, as otherwise bloom may fail. As for the soil in which to plant the Amaryllis bulb, equal proportions of the usual leaf

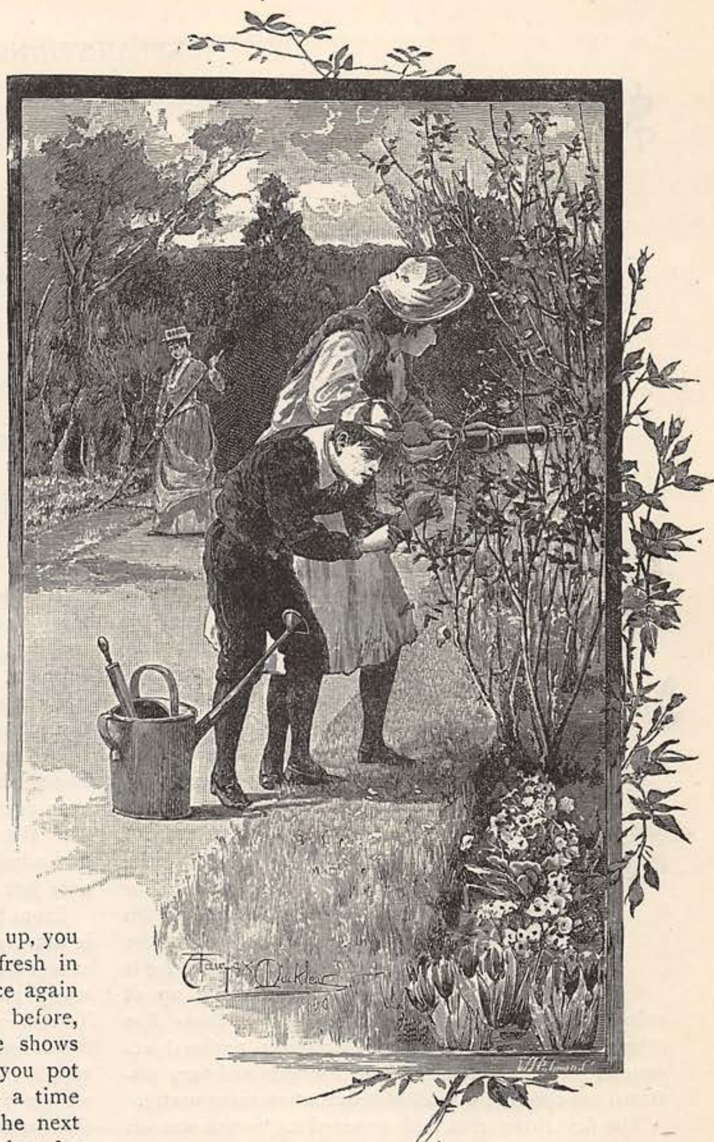


THE SCARLET AMARYLLIS.

mould, peat, and loam will suffice, with of course the addition of a little silver sand, an item seldom omitted under any circumstances of potting and planting. The Amaryllis, again, can of course be raised from seed in the ordinary shallow pan or box, but, when covered lightly with soil, place a bell-glass over all, even though the seed-pans are standing, as we are of course now supposing, in your greenhouse. We need hardly here do more than advert to the necessity of good drainage of your seed-pans: indeed, any badly drained garden or flower-pot must only prove a failure. Now your seed-pans should not be allowed to lack moisture, and in addition to this they had better stand in a shady corner of your house. And, further, as it is undesirable to disturb your young seedlings during their period of growth, it is well to avoid sowing them thickly in the first instance. As, however, you will probably find them in some parts, even with all your care, a little too crowded, take a few cautiously out and prick them out as well as you can into some other pan; while, again, even this trouble may be avoided by sowing each seed in the first place one inch apart: this, of course, takes a little more time and trouble, but then you will by this means avoid the necessity of disturbing them when once sown. When the foliage of your little seedlings has died down, give no water at all; and when the entire soil has quite dried up, you can take up the little bulbs and plant them afresh in similar compost, three or four in a pot. Once again allow them to have a similar growth as before, and give them no water when the foliage shows the yellow symptom of decay. When next you pot your bulbs, you must put them only one at a time in, say, a small "forty-eight" sized pot. The next growth will give you a bloom, and you will then be able to decide, if you have grown a large stock, which are the most meritorious in the way of colours. The *Amaryllis formosissima*, so called, is perhaps familiar to most of us, and more so than many of its fellows: it is well to know that it readily admits of being forced in any ordinary hot-bed, and in a very short time you will be rewarded by the fine crimson bloom. And at a time when, as in April, our cucumber and melon frames have only just been made up, we generally in the first instance utilise them for the purpose of forcing on a few of our favourite flowers in the early spring.

April, however, is a very busy month in every corner of the garden; for we are very much taken up with getting in a good stock of annuals both in the open border and also in slight heat, our object being to maintain a succession of "annual" bloom through the whole summer and well into the autumn.

Picotees and carnations will require repotting in April in various-sized pots, according as you wish to have them, one, two, or even three in a pot. Then again, by the middle of April, or thereabouts, in accordance with the condition of the season, the roses will require a careful examination, for you will find secreted among the leaves and the now rapidly swelling buds, the mischievous grub that so disfigures if it does not entirely destroy many a handsome rose. The best, indeed the only good, remedy is a thorough syringing with a pail of water in which you have dissolved some soft soap with a mere suspicion of turpentine in it. This first syringing should be immediately followed by a syringing with entirely fresh water. The good result of this operation you will find even the very next morning, as you make your examination. Many of the small maggots can be crushed by hand, but at all hazards these pests must never be allowed to have their own way.



THE BEST REMEDY.

PRACTICE.

know before, what a triumph! It makes the fortunate one feel quite an inch taller, and oh! so much more important than her companions. The girls are allowed to buy the articles they have cooked themselves, and take them home as trophies. This is a practice at once gratifying to their pride and economical for the Board. There is one slight drawback to this class. Time does not permit the girls to do any cleaning and scrubbing. This makes them less careful and economical in their use of utensils than they otherwise would be, as the kitchen-maid who cleans up after them knows to her cost.

My experiences in the Board's cooking-school convinced me completely of the excellence of the scheme. The style of cooking taught is plain and economical, and eminently useful. But I felt very sore on one point. These girls of the working classes seemed to me to have advantages which we of the middle class have not, but which we decidedly ought to have. Is it not as important and necessary for us as for them to know how to cook well and economically?

THE GARDEN IN MAY.

SOME time during the month of May our English flower-beds suddenly put on their summer dress. In some cases—more particularly in those that are rigid examples of the bedding-out system—the change is so startling as to give to the hitherto black and deserted beds a sort of "bank holiday" attire in the shape of one unvarying blaze of scarlet geranium.

It may be well, therefore, in this bedding-out month to say something more particularly with reference to a few of the popular bedding-out plants. The spring of the year can hardly as yet be said to have left us; the summer is before us; and some of our enthusiastic young gardeners are probably burning with a great desire to try a few experiments at a time of year when almost anything will grow if, as is vulgarly said, we merely "stick it in the ground."

Let us, then, commence with the calceolaria:—generally speaking, this being one of the hardiest of our stock of cuttings that we have been protecting during the winter, we begin our first bedding-out morning with this pretty and variously tinted flower. It is right, then, that we should speak of it first. The singular shape of the flower now so familiar to us—that, namely, of a slipper (*calceolus*)—of course gives us very naturally the name *calceolaria*, by which we know it. Now, as it is about the middle of August that we take our stock of *cuttings*, such as calceolaria, geranium, &c., so also is this same month perhaps one of the best in which to raise the calceolaria from seed. It will, however, be readily seen that if we have by us any good supply of seed, it could as easily be raised in this present month of May. Calceolaria seed is very small, and some recommend that the seed-pods should be carefully taken off when they are turning yellow, and should then be laid out to dry thoroughly, but so that the wind does not blow them about. Sow in the usual well-drained pan, but not too thickly, in ordinary green-house compost, taking care to use, however, plenty of silver sand on the surface. If you sow in the early spring, have a hand-glass over your pan, and place it either in the greenhouse or in a garden frame. If, however, you sow in August, your pan, covered with a glass, could stand in any thoroughly shaded part of your garden. And bear in mind that August is a hot month, and that the seed, once sown,

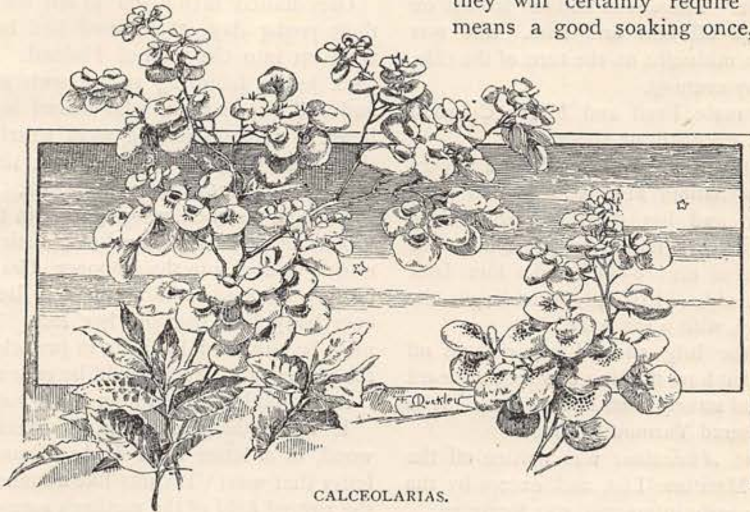
should never be allowed to get dry; nor, in fact, should your pan stand at all in the sun. As soon as your little seedlings have grown large enough to handle, prick them out again into another pan, some inch or two apart; and here again they can grow until they begin to show signs that they are in the way of each other, when they should be potted into "sixty-sized" pots, and placed in a pit or frame. Then they will for a while require a little watching, as they must not be kept either too moist or too dry. As the green-fly is somewhat partial to the calceolaria, some tobacco fumigation may perhaps be necessary. And on the principle that prevention is better than cure, it is well, perhaps, to give one or two slight fumigations to prevent or to check the appearance of green-fly rather than to give one very dense and powerful fumigation because you have discovered the actual presence of the fly. An unusually strong fumigation might perhaps kill some of your plants altogether. And then as to the protection of the calceolaria during the winter: it is well to know that though it could not live out in the open garden—least of all through such a winter as that of 1890-91—yet it will never require any artificial heat. This is a great convenience to those of us who have only limited greenhouse space at their disposal, but it will nevertheless be found that many crowd out their greenhouse room at Michaelmas with their hardy calceolaria cuttings and young plants, which will flourish equally well through the winter if merely planted out under the protection of an old cucumber-frame. In this case, should a very hard frost set in, such as that experienced but a few months ago, throw some matting or other light protection over the frame itself. It will hardly be necessary here to name many varieties of the calceolaria, their varied shades of yellow being perhaps sufficiently familiar to us; but as a bedding-out plant the calceolaria is invaluable, affording as it does such a striking contrast to the brilliant scarlet of the geranium by its side. It is, however, by no means effective to have one whole bed entirely devoted to the calceolaria. Yet, if it be not too late in the season to speak of it, we should once again advert to the importance of hardening off before bedding out. As a rule, however, we do not begin bedding out until the second—or, in colder parts of England, the third—week of May has passed. If then, for example, we intend soon to begin upon the calceolarias at present standing in our cucumber-frame (given, of course, as a mere protection, and without any bed being made up), these can readily be hardened by the entire removal of the glass during the day and leaving it open a little way at night—always provided, however, that the weather is not unseasonable, and that there are no unusual May frosts about.

WAGING WAR ON THE GREEN-FLY.

Pansies should be now blooming freely this month; but they will want water, and are impatient of any prolonged hot sun, under which they would certainly wither. And by the time that your bedding-out is completed, you ought to have a few annuals that you have slightly forced on in your greenhouse ready to take from their pots or to "plunge" as a first bloom exhibition. The seed of annuals sown in the open flower-beds in the second or third week of March will hardly be blooming so early as the second week of May.

And in this month the fruit garden will again be claiming a little attention. It is generally about this time that we begin to grow anxious as to whether or not we are to have a visitation of the gooseberry caterpillar. One remedy against this unhappy pest is certainly a remarkable one, but it has been tried with good effect. It is as follows:—Spread some tar on some good coarse paper, and place it all round on the ground underneath the tree affected. Then give a gentle, steady, but very decided, shake to the tree: numbers of caterpillars at once, of course, fall on to the tar, and are soon speedily dead. This is certainly a quicker method than

picking them off by hand, and is decidedly effectual, as they cannot crawl away. The idea was no doubt suggested by the ordinary "fly-papers" that we sometimes have recourse to in the summer. Another remedy suggested is to burn rubbish near the gooseberry and currant bushes, so as to allow the smoke to find its way amongst the trees by having the fire on the windward side; but this is often impossible at this time of the year, when every corner of our fruit and vegetable garden is filled. The strawberry beds by the time that May is advancing will want some attention. In a really prolonged dry season they will certainly require watering: and this means a good soaking once, perhaps, in four or five days. Everyone must have noticed that in a real drought we get no fine strawberries; while, on the other hand, excessive and continuous rain is equally disastrous to their well-being if it falls just as they are ripening.



CALCEOLARIAS.

TRACKED: A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.*

CLAIRVOYANCE is too often looked upon as being a peculiarly daring phase of imposture, with which the art of the begging-letter writer compares favourably. Authors of manuals on conjuring furnish their readers with elaborate instructions how they may best produce the various phenomena that are grouped under the head of Clairvoyance. As these details of information consist chiefly of how eyeholes may be arranged, and catch-words made to serve for stage cues, I am not concerned with them. Such manifestations of what is professedly an occult art are only deceitful displays of degraded powers.

Clairvoyance is a reality. Now and again the practical hypnotist, in the exercise of his avocation, will meet with it. It may be that a thousand hypnotic subjects will only furnish one lucid somnambulist. Consequently, while that one may be sufficient for the purposes of the operator, the sceptical world, which is condemned to kick its heels outside the scene of mysterious operations, refuses to believe in the reality of the phenomena which are produced. Not many persons have witnessed these.

It has been my privilege, or my misfortune, not only to see, but also to conduct certain clairvoyant experiments of an astonishing nature. Several of these I have described in the columns of the weekly and daily press.

The most extraordinary of them all I will now proceed to relate.

Let me premise that I had, at the time of which I write, a servant who was one of the most wonderful clairvoyantes I have ever met with. A single word would, at any time, suffice to throw her into a state of hypnosis. From this she would pass, almost immediately, into the stage of somnambulism which nearly approaches to ecstasy. When in this condition her mind seemed to be utterly untrammelled by the limits of either time or space. The girl, when she was in her

* The narrator is alone responsible for the facts contained in this communication.—ED. *C. M.*

unfortunate organist, who recommences a third time, going from bad to worse.

The rehearsal breaks up abruptly; the principal artistes refuse to sing—everything is in confusion, in the midst of which comes a letter from Torriani, pleading illness as an excuse for not appearing on the morrow. Terrible consternation ensues at the Deanery, which is increased by the observation of the well-known conductor—

"Where is the man, one Wilhelmje, I think, who played at the festival of 1885? That was a genius. I remember telling him he was lost here. But he was a true artist and would not leave his organ, a rare instrument in his hands. He is dead, I suppose, for if living, he would be at his Silbermann!"

"Dead! not a bit of it," says Captain Verinder, "and if you wish I'll have him here in an hour. But only on certain conditions," and he looked at the Dean and Lady Augusta. "He must be reinstated in his post at an increased salary, and her ladyship must write and ask him."

Which she did. To say the truth, she was a little ashamed, and, moreover, she had the Dean's appointment to the Bishopric of Exford in her pocket, so the affairs of Abbotstoke no longer affected her; and as for Lucy, she too would have other hunting-grounds.

The Wilhelmjes came back in Captain Verinder's carriage, making quite a triumphal entry. The festival was an immense success, and John Wilhelmje sat once more in his rookery, where he has sat ever since.

Daisy married comfortably in her own station, and Captain Verinder in his. There had been nothing between them but kindly feeling. The rest was the creation of Lady Augusta's brain.

FRANCES A. GERARD.

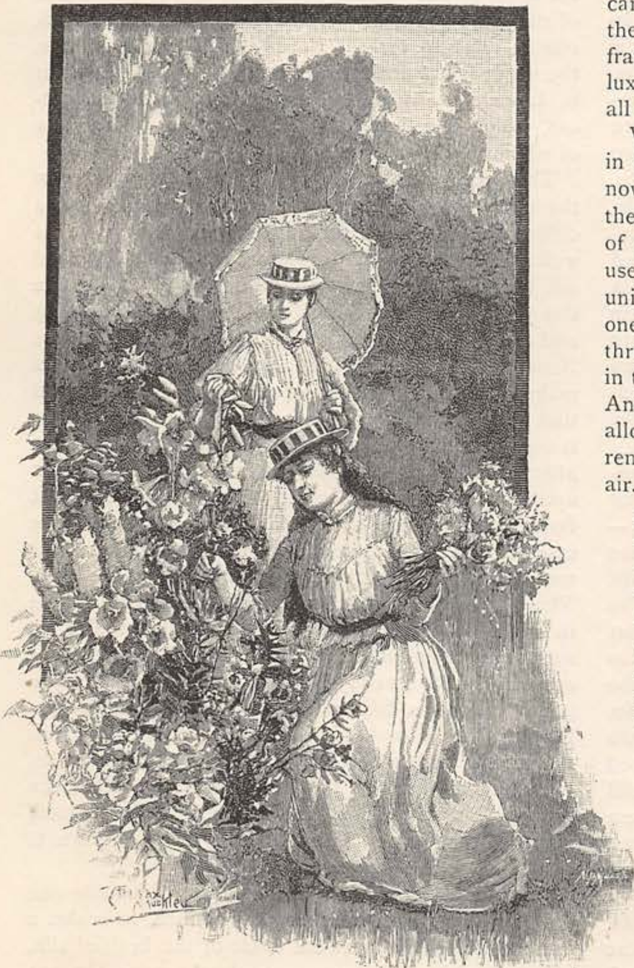
THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

AFTER all, it is perhaps in a luxuriantly green June that lovers of and labourers in the garden most enjoy themselves: the days are at their very longest, and as we near the end of the month the almanacks seem to delight in telling us that "there is no real night." Indeed we have but to wander round the garden in the twilight and hushed quiet of a summer evening to see for ourselves that at all events at this time of the year it really does not know how to get dark, and that the glow in the western sky seems to be giving chase to that in the east, with the result that sunset and sunrise are caught kissing. Our garden, then, may be said to "attain its majority" in June, and on the twenty-first of the month becomes "twenty-one." It should be at its best and fairest, and the very purity and perfection of its early summer bloom may not inaptly be regarded as typical and suggestive.

And our attention is naturally, and first of all, turned this month to our flower-beds; for as yet, in early June, our currants are green and our gooseberries are as hard as marbles. Nevertheless, of these also we must say a few words later on. Now, as we have so often advocated the claims, not to say the beauties, of our bright and gay annuals, and suggested the expediency of interspersing them plentifully amongst our more ordinary, more formal, and less variegated bedding-out plants, why should we not this year try the experiment of one or two flower-beds devoted entirely to a good assortment and tasty arrangement of some gay annuals, all by themselves, without even a single scarlet geranium upon them? for of the latter we have, of course, plenty in other beds and parts of the garden. Let us then make our selection for a bed of this class, saying a few words, where necessary, about each flower that goes to make it up. Let us then suppose, first of all, that we have to fill a bed standing somewhat upon a slope, and on the border of our whole flower-garden. Very often, where this is the case, there stand along the top of this bed some evergreens, which serve as a screen to what lies behind, perhaps in the kitchen or fruit garden. If, however, there be no such screen of evergreens, it is all the more important that we should at once arrange to have a flower-screen; and it is hardly necessary to say here that in the case we are supposing the highest-growing flowers should be at the top or ridge of our bed. Now, although Honeysuckle (*Caprifolium*) cannot certainly be classed as an annual, we might do well to train some to serve as a screen or division between our flower and kitchen gardens. In its absence, however, we should do well to have an old friend in the shape of Convolvulus Major (*Ipomœa purpurea*) for our background. This well-loved purple flower grows from six to eight feet high, and we raise it by seed in a hot-bed; the more showy Convolvulus Tricolor (*C. minor*) grows to something less than two feet in height, and is good-natured enough to bloom from June to September: its habit is to spread, and its rich flowers of blue, white, and yellow are sufficiently popular; but for floral decoration of the table the convolvulus is nearly useless, as anyone must have noticed that its petals close immediately on being gathered: yet sometimes they will open again, if in warm shade, when placed in water. Ordinary garden soil is good enough for the culture of the convolvulus.

Another popular favourite to sow as a background for our bed of annuals is the Sweet-pea (*Lathyrus odoratus*). This grows to a less height than Convolvulus Major; still, a flower-hedge of such exquisite colour, scent, and beauty, and some three or four feet high, will be very effective. Unless forced on, however, it will hardly blow before July ; its flower, again, if exposed to the full blaze of the sun, is somewhat short-lived ; let it then have plenty of water, and the flowers will come none the less plentifully for the picking of some of them occasionally for home decoration.

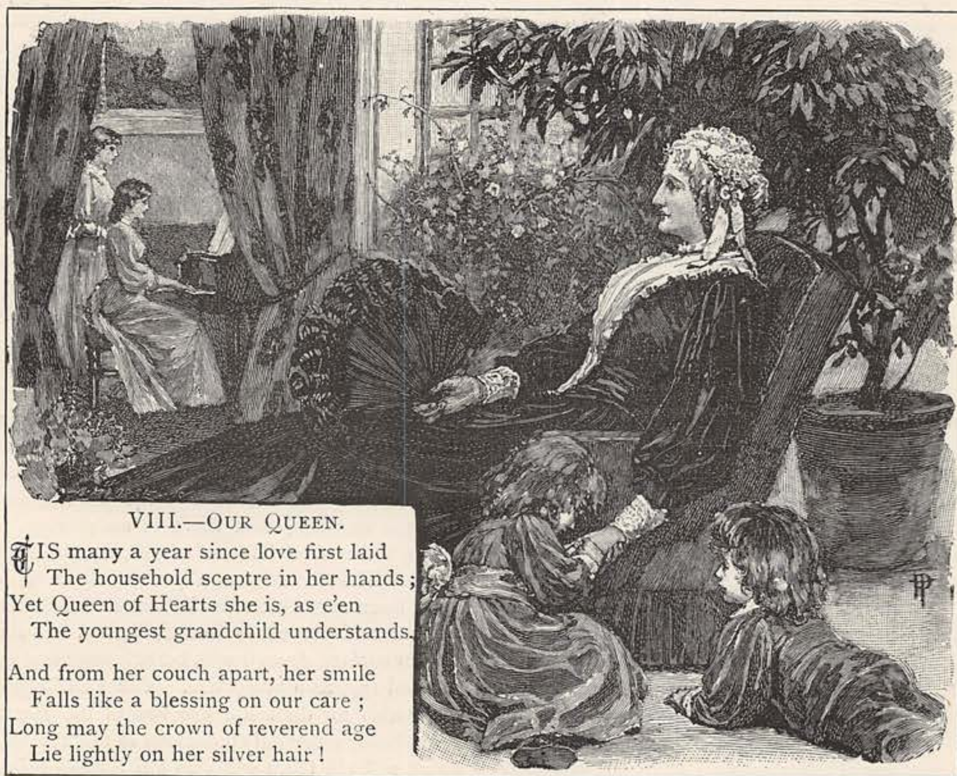
Then we might try some of the showy Larkspur, (*Delphinium consolida*) ; this is, again, somewhat of a tall habit, as it may attain the height of some two feet. Other annuals we may arrange on our bed—having, of course, in all cases due regard to the colouring of each flower—are, for example, the white Candytuft, (*Iberis coronaria*), the Gilia Tricolor, and the very showy rich orange-coloured *Escholtzia crocea*. This last flower, which takes its name from a famous botanist, is liable to spread itself over your bed, and will certainly require keeping in check. To these we may add the Spotted Nemophila, which only grows some nine inches high, and whose blue flowers with a white centre are very graceful and attractive ; the *Phlox Drummondii*, another universal favourite, and justly so, on account of its various-coloured flowers, rose, white, purple, &c. But where shall we stop if we go on to enumerate all these well-remembered and old-fashioned friends of our youth, such as the Canterbury-bell and the Ten-week Stock? This last-named, however, is a little partial to a richer soil than some of the others we have selected, and its purple, white, and scarlet flowers are sufficiently gay. Now, who will venture to say that a single well-kept bed of some such annuals and perennials as those we have named will not, if kept properly in check, look more beautiful and striking than perhaps the bed made up solely of scarlet geraniums that stands next to it? May not the preference which the latter has obtained in more recent times be owing to the fact that the geraniums once bedded out give infinitely less trouble than our bed of gay and variegated annuals? The annuals may, of course, as the summer wears along, require replacing or trimming, but for fragrance and brilliancy there can be no doubt which of the two beds will carry off the prize. Then, again, if we have two or three good frames or a pit, we are independent of the greater luxury and expense of a greenhouse, and a frame is all that we require for most gardening purposes.



MIDSUMMER WORK.

We must not, however, pass by the other departments in the garden, and in a month like June. Only just now we alluded to the currants and gooseberries ; these may require thinning where there is the promise of a heavy crop. The gooseberries we can bottle or use at once for tarts, but see that they are gathered uniformly from *all* your trees, and on no account allow one tree to be nearly stripped and the others deserted, through idleness or indifference to their fate ; nothing in the garden should be allowed to take care of itself. And as for the currants, perhaps they should not be allowed to make too much wood. Sometimes the removal of a few leaves will admit alike more sun and air. Then, again, on the strawberry-beds the runners must be kept vigorously in check, and taken carefully off, if you wish for fine fruit. The grass from the mowing-machine will do admirably to place among your strawberries instead of either straw or tan, and this last is not always readily attainable. It has, too, a neater appearance than the straw, and is always at hand. Another useful application of the grass from your lawn-mowing box is to bank up your frames with. If you plunge your hand into a heap of short grass, you will be astonished to find what a heat it has quickly acquired. Indeed, we cannot afford to throw anything away in the garden; and sooner than destroy some of our so-called garden lumber, we should find a corner for it somewhere — unless, perhaps, we except our thorny hedge cuttings, which at midsummer we generally burn.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



VIII.—OUR QUEEN.

'TIS many a year since love first laid
The household sceptre in her hands;
Yet Queen of Hearts she is, as e'en
The youngest grandchild understands.

And from her couch apart, her smile
Falls like a blessing on our care;
Long may the crown of reverend age
Lie lightly on her silver hair!

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

WHEN quite recently we were discussing the arrangement of our flower beds for the summer, we came to the resolution to devote at least one bed to a gay assortment of bright annuals, and this resulted in a conviction that one or two well kept beds of this class would, for variety and brilliancy of colour, quite throw into the shade the surrounding beds that were probably filled with the usual formal scarlet geranium, side by side with another devoted, perhaps, to one uniform and dazzling display of yellow calceolaria.

Who, indeed, has not frequently seen large and expensively kept gardens whose flower beds, from the middle of May to the middle of September, are only supplied with the ordinary and formal bedding out plants of alternate red, yellow, and blue, without any variety of colour to please or relieve the eye? Perhaps the chief recommendation attaching to the rigid bedding out system is that it saves trouble. But this surely is not at all events the primary object of a flower garden. What charms us most is a tasty combination of colouring, neatness without formality, and an almost overpowering fragrance. And as to this last item, what fragrance do we get from the geranium or the calceolaria? while as to the fragrance accorded to us by the pyrethrum with which many of us border our flower beds, we should certainly all of us prefer to dispense with it.

This month then we shall have something to say as to the culture of our hardy perennials, and shall try the further experiment of having one or two of our beds devoted to their exhibition, almost to the exclusion, it may be, and for the second time, of our ordinary bedding out plants.

Now, of course, in speaking of our perennials, we are not intending to give more than a passing notice to those of the shrubby class. These, as we know, maintain, it may be said, the same appearance all the year round; and very useful they are along our carriage drive, or as a division between our flower and kitchen garden. It will be then our herbaceous perennials that will occupy us just now; and these, again, we may subdivide into bulbous, and tuberous, and fibrous. And of the first of these we know full well the little routine concerning them; how that every year we take them up when their bloom has quite passed to make room for the summer flowers which follow in their wake. These first then comprise for example, the crocus, lily, hyacinth, narcissus, &c.; and, of course, if we desire them to spread over a greater area than that they already cover, we simply leave them in the ground instead of taking them up in April and May. But in the event of our letting them remain where they are when their bloom has passed, we must be cautious not to cut into their bulbs with the hoe or fork at any future time. And the next is a large class—such, by way of illustration, being the aconite and anemone, the ranunculus and iris, &c., while the phlox and the lupine must serve as examples of the third division.

Naturally then, when we are intending to make up a bed exclusively of our herbaceous perennials the first thing to remember will be the height to which many of them grow, while the next consideration will be the combination of colour. Nor need we hardly here repeat what we said when speaking of our bed of annuals, that the plants in the back row must be the tallest. To go at the back of all, then, we should have our dahlias or our hollyhocks: these of course are gay, but, as we know, they will not come well into bloom until the summer has advanced. This, perhaps, does not so much matter, as any plant in a healthy state before it attains its period of bloom is generally vigorous and green, and this for a background will do very well. And next to these we might have some tall phloxes and hardy asters, and specimens of the solidago or golden rod. In front of these we might again have salvias, gladioli, penstæmens, lupine, and once again in front of these might come such as the pæony, varieties of the iris, and some of the shorter specimens of the phlox. And the front of all we might vary according to our taste, and as it will give us the least trouble to manipulate because of its position on our bed, we can the more readily vary it. Early in the spring, of course, the different coloured crocus will find its place in this row, and as these are done with, and the bulbs are taken up and stored away for another season, we can readily plunge, if we like, a few annuals, nor later on would there be any objection to a few scarlet geraniums, and it must not be thought that by our frequent advocacy of the claims of our gay annuals and of our hardy perennials that we intend to do away entirely with our somewhat snubbed pelargoniums.

Some persons, again, prefer to grow bulbs in a border by themselves, and do not disturb them; but the objection to this is that a large class of our bulbous flowers have finished their bloom by May, and it is simply unsightly to have in the best summer months a row or two of half-decayed plants. This may be all very well, perhaps, in a nursery ground, or when gardening is carried on in a very extensive, not to say expensive, way; but we ordinary gardeners cannot afford to sacrifice our space for any length of time. One thing only need, perhaps, be added here, that when we remove our bulbous plants after their bloom has passed we must not damage their foliage, least of all, cut it down, as if this be done we shall simply kill our bulb outright.

And now, perhaps, we might name a small selection of hardy perennials, giving the colouring, and noticing any peculiarities and properties of each.

The *Aconitum Napellus*, or the common monkshood, very much resembles the larkspur, it bears its blue flower between three and four feet high; we should certainly, therefore, never have it in either of our two front rows in our perennial bed. The *Aconitum variegatum* has white flowers with blue edges; it might, therefore, well alternate with its predecessor just named, as both of them flower about July. As to the asters, the majority of them, as we know, flower in August and September. The "New England" aster attains a great height and bears

A PRETTY CORNER.

large purple flowers. To a very different class belongs the *Caltha palustris*, or marsh-marigold, which flowers in April and May, while once more the pretty blue varieties of the genus campanula should find a place on our bed. The varieties of the dianthus, or Sweet William, will give us plenty of roseate coloured flowers. Growing at about a foot and a half high we have the scarlet coloured geum (*Geum coccineum*), which flowers in July. But where are we to end if we are to name even the hundredth part of the lovely old-fashioned but ever loved and ever new herbaceous plants with which it would be easily possible to cram any number of gardens.

And now we must not let this lovely month of July pass without a word as to a few other important duties in the garden. Our summer fruit harvest of course is occupying us largely. The strawberries, if for preserving, must be gathered when dry, or otherwise, some would say you might as well throw them away. Indeed, the same will hold true with regard to the gathering of all fruit. In the rose garden we are busy of course, budding, choosing here on the contrary, some warm but showery weather, rather than a dry season for the operation; and in the kitchen garden the rapidly growing weeds, if nothing else, will keep us busy: they must be kept down and not allowed to flourish and seed themselves all over the garden. Lettuces, too, must be planted out, and the fortnightly sowing of peas persevered in if we would have consecutive crops, rather than several gallons in one week, and no more for the rest of the summer.

WHAT CAME OF A CLERGYMAN'S FORTNIGHT.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

"YOU are overdoing it, Waller," said the Vicar of St. Everard's to his curate, "and we can't afford to let you break down again. You must take a holiday. I'm afraid I can't spare you more than one Sunday; but you will be able to get a clergyman's fortnight with that, you know. Take the first train on Monday morning, and don't let me see you again until this day fortnight."

The Vicar strode away, mindful of a Bible-class and a long round of visits which had to be got through; and the curate, hurrying off to a church workers' meeting, groaned within himself, and muttered—

"I suppose I must do it. Another break-down would be awkward, as the Vicar says. But where can I go? It's so dull wandering about all by oneself. I know. I'll go to Mainspring and look up old Jameson. Doesn't sound very lively, to potter about a cathedral city for two weeks with one's old college tutor, and breakfast, dine, and sup on antiquities, but it's the best a poor lonely fellow like me can do. Let me see; where's the old man's letter? I fancied he said something about a lecture of his he would like me to hear. Ah, here it is! Monday, at half-past eleven, I see. Well, I shall just be able to get there in time. I ought to brush up my classics a little, but there's no time for that. I'll write and tell him to expect me. What a good thing it is that he invited me just now!"

Accordingly, on Monday morning, Mr. Waller left dusty, grimy, bustling St. Everard's behind him, and betook himself to the calm retirement and hoary antiquity of the old city of Mainspring, which boasts of one of the finest cathedrals in England.

* * * * *

"Mamma," said Madge Britton to her mother on that same Saturday morning, as they sat in the dining-room at Hagger Rectory, "I have had a letter from Canon Jameson."

"Indeed, dear? What does he say?"

"He wants me to go to Mainspring on Monday morning to hear a lecture he is going to deliver, and to stay to luncheon. Do you think I might go?"

"What is the lecture upon?" Mrs. Britton asked, prudently, recalling to mind certain lectures on "Mediæval Morals" which the Canon had delivered once upon a time, and which had not commended themselves to her maternal judgment.

"'The Ecclesiastical History of the Third and

fastened the door, and was turning away to give their address to the cabman, that she raised her brown eyes to mine, and said simply—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Haviland."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE next morning, I told everything to Stephen and Sophy—everything about myself, that is, for I thought it better to let Grace tell her own story to Stephen.

Sophy cried and kissed me, and laughed and kissed me, and altogether behaved in the most absurd manner, which was a great relief to me, when I came to think over the ridiculous figure I had cut during the past two months.

"How could you bring yourself to do such a thing?" said Stephen, looking at me as if I were a new and curious specimen of humanity.

But I considered his question as a mere oratorical mode of expressing his disapproval: it did not require an answer.

My conduct came up for discussion again a few days later, when we were all spending the evening at Mrs. Leigh's.

"Of course you ought never to have even thought of such a thing, but we all like you the better for having done it," said that kind-hearted lady, when reviewing my late proceedings.

"Your verdict, Emma, is equal to the celebrated 'Not guilty—but don't do it again!'" said Grace, laughing.

"Then let us be satisfied with the favourable half," put in Sophy.

"No," said Stephen. "I stick to—don't do it again."

I have never done it again.

I had the satisfaction of sending Sophy into the country with my little, painfully-earned store, and she came back to us the same blooming-looking girl, who had left school a year and a half before.

She went to a lodging at Summerfield, next door to the Leigh's little house, and Stephen spent his fortnight's holiday with her.

When he came back to town he was engaged to be married to Grace Leigh.

He has just been appointed manager at one of the branches of his bank, and in the course of this summer he hopes to take his bride to live in the comfortable little house attached to it.

Sophy was accepted as an Academy student in the winter following her illness. She is succeeding very well, and her first picture has been exhibited this year.

You may be sure I don't let her work too hard. When all other arguments fail to induce her to take care of herself, I say—

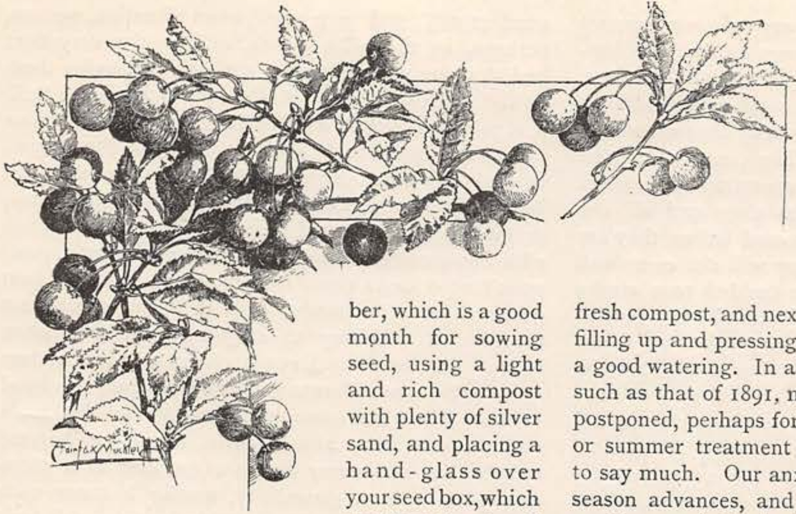
"Look out, Sophy, or you'll break down again, and I shall have to go out as a guinea guest! and then what will become of the remnant of my self-respect?"

E. C.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

AN August garden display is, no doubt, the gayest and most brilliant one of the year. Everything in the flower garden that the fitful English climate is capable of producing, if it be not seen in August will never be seen among us at all. We shall have, then, an unlimited supply from which to make our selection of flowers to treat of this month. Here, then, in an imaginary stroll round our paths under this fierce August sun we find one gay occupant of the borders ready to hand, of which we will first say something, and that is the petunia. Its natural home is in South America, but it has been a familiar friend among ourselves for upwards of sixty years. Now, the petunia is but half-hardy, so that it is best, if we intend to raise it by seed, to sow in a hot-bed in March; nor should we prick out our young seedlings into the open beds until May is well advanced. But if you intend to raise some specimens by cuttings, should these be taken in the spring you will require some artificial heat, for the petunia will not endure any frost. Later on in the summer, or certainly in this month of August, when our general stock of cuttings is taken, you will require no extra heat for your cuttings, but use plenty of silver sand; if you raise from cuttings next month, either place your pots in the greenhouse or under a bell glass.

In the old days the petunia was sometimes trained to grow over trellis work, and in this case the ends of your shoots had better be pinched out, and all lateral shoots encouraged to grow; while these, in their turn, when they have grown long enough, should also be stopped. The following three varieties of the petunia all bloom in August. First, then, we may name the *Petunia violacea*, or the violet-coloured one, which, perhaps, is as familiar as any to us. Another old friend is known as the "intermediate," having yellow and purple flowers; while a third has a white bloom, and is known as *P. nyctaginiflora*. And here, perhaps, we may with advantage give a brief hint or two as to the monthly routine management of our petunias that we are growing in pots. And in order the better to do this we can very opportunely begin, not with January, but with our approaching month of Septem-



ber, which is a good month for sowing seed, using a light and rich compost with plenty of silver sand, and placing a hand-glass over your seed box, which can then be placed in the greenhouse. Or, again, from the open flower garden you are not later than the second week in September rapidly bringing in your stock of cuttings from the flower borders. The petunias that are then on the wane should be cut down, cuttings being first taken from them, and the roots of the old plants potted and put into any old garden frame so as to protect them from frost. And then in October you will perhaps find that the seed sown in September has germinated, and that you will soon be able to prick out into pots some little plants an inch or so apart from each other; or you may have to wait a month longer before you can do this, but as soon as they are capable of being handled it is better to prick out the young seedlings.

See also that the cuttings you took in August or September do not lack for water. This hint will certainly apply to our general stock of cuttings taken in August from our borders. A good watering is essential at the outset, as well as protection from a fierce sun. The cuttings, especially at the outset of their career, should never be dry. But later on in the season you may have to guard against the opposite course, and not have too much moisture among your cuttings, or mildew may attack your greenhouse, and you will find that many of your juvenile plants, whether cuttings or seedlings, will damp off. In November, however, your seedling petunias could certainly be pricked out to winter in the greenhouse, while the treatment of your entire stock—not merely of petunias, but of all your greenhouse and pit plants—will, of course, vary in accordance with the temperature, and the nature of the season. Extra protection from frost may be needful in December, January, and February, perhaps, by a bell glass over your pots of young plants, or by an additional matting over your pits and frames; whilst in a mild, wet, and open season, the damp is often an enemy more difficult to cope with than the frost itself.

But in the month of March you can shift into "forty-eight" sized pots any petunias that you intend to bloom in pots. And, in the process of re-potting, we may as well renew here a general hint. When busy over this operation, take out the little ball of earth from the old pot, *whole*, put some drainage at the bottom of your new pot, then some fresh compost, and next place the ball of old soil upon it, filling up and pressing uniformly all round, and giving a good watering. In a very backward spring, however, such as that of 1891, many operations are of necessity postponed, perhaps for a month. Of the bedding-out or summer treatment of petunias there is less need to say much. Our anxieties are, as a rule, less as the season advances, and often a late spring or a backward season is in the long run the less fruitful of mishaps. If we get July weather in the month of March, we are always afraid of having some March weather in July.

THE FRUIT HARVEST.

And now what are we to say of our general August gardening? It is a heavy month, this harvesting one, alike in the field, the flower, kitchen, and fruit garden, and we can therefore but make a wise selection of matters that must at once crowd on the memory of any gardener. The picotees must be layered this month, and this operation we cannot afford to postpone, since unless they and all our carnations get thoroughly well-rooted before they are cut off, the chances are that they will not come well through the winter. Then the budded rose stocks will require a constant examination, and every growth along the stock must be rubbed or pinched off, while, as the young buds advance, they should somehow be secured to a stick or to the stock itself, so that anything like a gust of wind does not break them off, or blow them bodily away from their point of junction.

But what shall we say of the kitchen garden? for in the month of August—though it is so, perhaps, all the year round in a well-ordered garden—seed-time and harvest would almost seem to shake hands; for if in August we are on one bed sowing cabbage seed on good ground, and in a good, open situation, we are, perhaps, in the same month, and on the very next bed, drawing up and storing our onions, leaving them on the ground for a time to dry and to harden. Still, if it prove an August such as that of 1890 our onions must on no account be suffered to lie on the ground to rot in the rain, but must be housed where they can be kept dry for use. Celery and potatoes must, of course, in their turn be earthed up, and this is an operation which no gardener can ever afford to neglect or to postpone for too long a time. And, finally, to notice our fruit gardens, let us remember that it is an unwise act to think it necessary to strip any one tree when harvest time sets in. Even a cherry tree will endure some half-dozen different gatherings, and on this head we may follow the example set us by the blackbirds and thrushes, who always assist us in the harvest months, but who never dream of pecking at a green cherry or a hard gooseberry, merely because such unripened fruit happens to be side by side with fruit on the *same* tree that has been more fortunate in its exposure to a ripening sun-ray.

"FOSSIKING."

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.

"HE WOULD ASSURE ME HE SAW PARTICLES OF GOLD" (p. 547).

"A FOSSIKER.' Well, what is that?"

"One who goes out prospecting."

"As an engineer?"

"No; hunting out places where gold, or silver, or tin, or talc, is likely to be found. Why, sir, I have been many and many a mile 'fossiking' for gold. 'Fossiking' is the Australian word for searching for treasure. I have walked hundreds of miles carrying my 'swag,' and had very little for my pains. Once I walked fifty miles from a mine in one day. I wanted to catch the steamer from Melbourne to Adelaide. I was coming back, and had just enough to pay my passage. Ship had started. Had to walk down and get a boat, and pull off. On deck I threw myself down, utterly wearied. When I pulled off my boots they were worn through, and when I took off my stockings the flesh came away with them. Ah! a man earns the gold he gets in prospecting or mining, I can tell you." So said one who, after all, had made somewhat of a pile, and then married and settled down in business in one of the principal streets of the charming city of Adelaide. Vivid were the descriptions I had from him and from others of disappointing searches, of wearing trudges in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. "I have been three days and nights without food or water," said one. "I have had to carry not only my own 'swag,' but to carry my brother's also. Poor fellow! he was so done up once, and I could not leave him to go for help, for he would have died. So I flung away my 'swag,' and carried him until we found help. I saved my brother. It is astonishing how you get used to burdens, and even to privation. I think the first day's hunger was worse than the third."

"The 'swag' itself must be heavy."

"Yes; a man must carry a rug to sleep under, and his kettle for his tea. Sometimes he carries also his pick and shovel. You roll up your belongings in your 'swag,' and swing it across your back, and away you tramp."

When talking with another "fossiker," who had trudged about eight hundred miles, from Adelaide to a place in Victoria, he said—"I heard there was a 'rush,' and as I had nothing to do, I determined to follow. Had no money. Knew there were plenty of people on the road who would give a fellow a bit of 'tucker.' 'Tucker' is grub, you know, and it is cheap enough here. Why, mutton is never much more than twopence a pound in the country."