THE YEAR'S JEWELS.

BY M. C. GILLINGTON.

RUBY: JULY.

Discovers poison and cures all evil springing from unkindness.

RED rose in my garden glowing,
Red rose round my lattice blowing,
Your odours creep
Through the gates of sleep,
In warm breaths coming and going.

Red rose in your regal showing,
Of human sorrow unknowing,
Your sweets shall steep,
As in poison deep,
The heart with anguish o'erflowing!

Red rose in your gracious growing,
That magical scent bestowing—
From your ruby cup
I drink it up,
With its drops my memory strowing.

And soft as the flakes of snowing,
Till the time of the first cock-crowing,
Its poison-sleep
On my heart lies deep,
And stays my tears from their flowing.

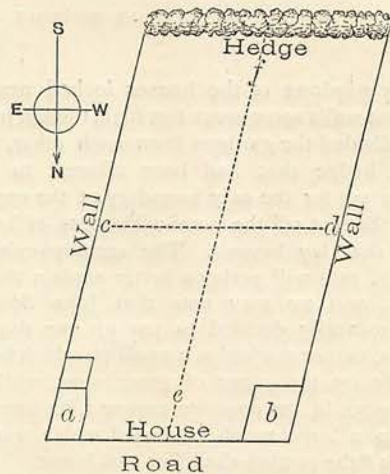
HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

VERY probably the modest possessors of little gardens of dimensions that vary between a few square yards and, say, the third of an acre take as much and even more pleasure in their cultivation and management than does the wealthy proprietor of a vast domain whose vineries, pineries, and ferneries, he but seldom visits and knows but little about.

Now, fortunately for many of us, it takes a very long time before the perpetual addition of street to street makes anything like real garden growth an absolute impossibility; and with all the growth of our giant cities it is some considerable satisfaction for us to know that there are such things as suburban gardens—gardens, too, that afford their owners unmixed satisfaction and amusement after the din and toil of the day are over. It will doubtless be acceptable to many, then, that it is of this very class of gardens that we are now proposing to treat, for a good deal can be said about them.

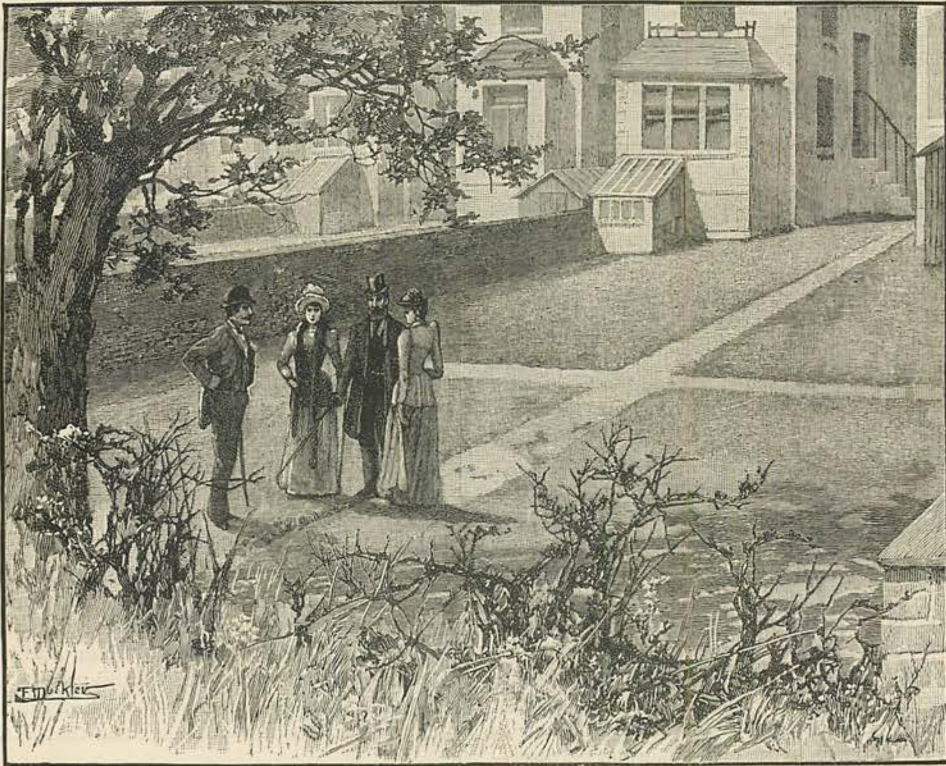
Nor will it be difficult to picture to ourselves an imaginary and newly-springing-up suburb, which we will designate Hampgate-on-the-Hill. A few traces of country association still lingered about this undulating and picturesque spot: here and there a fine tree, or some damaged shrub or hardy evergreen still remained, and, indeed, within the fairly substantial space allotted as the future garden of one of the goodly villa-houses known as Highland Villas, still stood one such tree which the contractor had not as yet thought of taking down. But there was no mistake about it. The present prospect was certainly forlorn. Here was midsummer, and, saving for the presence of an occasional tree or patch of brick-dusted grass, on which some buttercups were striving to flourish, there was nought else assuredly but the sun to show that July was about to break upon the garden spaces of Highland Villas. A very wilderness were they, isolated bricks and slates, remnants of mortar-heaps and drainage-pipes being the staple decoration. Two of these houses, Nos. 12 and 13, had recently, however, had their front windows placarded with the single word "Sold," and, indeed, but a day or two previously a couple of vans outside the house which had the tree at the back had discharged their load, and John Smith and his wife had moved into No. 12. Within a week, and there were vans outside No. 13, of which the servants at No. 12 ascertained the same hour that Mr. Charles



OUTLINE PLAN OF THE GARDEN.

Robinson and his niece Mary had become the occupants.

As, however, we are to treat of suburban gardens, we will suppose that our friends have now already unpacked, and join them in their first stroll over their new "wilderness," for as yet we cannot call it a garden. The appearance of John Smith and his wife along their sloping garden space had at once put the strange cats to flight. This was a good beginning, at all events, for cats are bad gardeners. Let us say at once that the back windows of the houses looked nearly due south, that walls some seven feet high, though hurriedly run up, divided the gardens from each other, while a quickset hedge that had been allowed to remain served as yet for the only boundary at the end of the gardens that cut off the semi-wilderness of brickfield country that lay beyond. The accompanying little outline (p. 495) will perhaps better explain the whole situation, and we may note that John Smith had already mentally decided to put up one day in the north-east corner marked *a*, a small pit which he meant to dignify by the name of greenhouse, while quite a small space in the opposite corner *b*, he intended to devote to a large rough cupboard which was to be known as "the potting-shed," or tool-house.



NEIGHBOURLY ADVICE IN LAYING OUT A GARDEN.

Now we have already remarked that Highland Villas stood on a gentle declivity. Still the ascent from the hedge at the end of the garden towards the house was nothing very wonderful, so that one of the first things that John Smith called his wife's attention to was the fragments of drainage pipes that lay here and there about. This at once brings us to notice the first real and absolutely essential matter entailed upon anyone's attention on *taking possession of a garden*, and that is its drainage. Indeed, this may be called the very foundation of all success in horticulture, as every effort to rear fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the absence of any proper system of drainage can only end in failure. In the case of Highland Villas the outlet for surplus and surface water lay, of course, towards the hedge. John Smith was therefore very glad to find six drain traps in the garden—namely, two near the house by the corners marked *a* and *b*, two others rather more than half-way down the garden (*c* and *d*), and two others in a line down the centre marked in our small diagram as *e* and *f*. A sort of rough cross pathway, though a very narrow one, he already found half traced out, probably by the workmen, which in his impatient zeal he almost decided to retain or perhaps to develop; but of this we shall be able to speak further on. And next as to the depth of the drains: they should run about three feet deep, and the lines of pipes should run some twenty feet apart, and in the case of a very stiff clay soil, the lines might be even nearer together than

that. And here it might be noted that Mr. Smith told his wife with much delight that he had taken care to be present when the garden drainage was laid down—not merely for the sake of getting any general hints as to the process, but also to insist upon it that the upper surface soil should be put back just as it was taken up, so as not to have afterwards on the surface of the garden any stones or rougher material that originally lay underneath.

And a pleasant discussion took place a few days afterwards between John Smith and his wife as to what was to be the fate of the tree about which the contractor, as we have already remarked, had not troubled himself. John thought that as it was not a fruit-tree of any sort it had better come down, knowing, of course, that not even grass would grow under its shadows and being somewhat jealous, therefore, of the space that it could not fail wholly to monopolise: he was fearful too that the ramification of the roots would very much tend to exhaust the nourishing properties of the soil and in this respect he was certainly right. But it was a grumble to which he gave vent at the trouble which the annual fall of the leaf would occasion him that lost him the day and was the saving of the tree.

"You goose, dear," said Alice, his better half, "don't you see that it is an evergreen, and evergreens are plants that do not shed *all* their leaves at any *one* time during the year." So it ended in a laugh, and at the husband himself being playfully dubbed an "evergreen;" but the good little wife had another argument in her favour—"Don't you see, dear," added she, "that the tree is almost at the end of the garden and quite close to the hedge:" this was a fact that poor John could not gainsay. "Very well then, dear, a good half of the roots will therefore run under the hedge into the dreary No-Man's-Land that lies beyond us, and, besides, we shall be grateful for its shelter, and it will save us the trouble of building a summer-house, so that we can sometimes on hot afternoons and evenings have tea under its branches."

John Smith's parting shaft was, however, an allusion to the long shadow which its branches would unavoidably cast over the garden and the consequent detriment to the ripening of any fruit or the perfection of many flowers. Here again he was right, but the little amicable discussion between husband and wife has afforded us an opportunity of stating the arguments that are in favour of or that militate against the preservation of a large tree. Undoubtedly a fine tree is an ornament, and "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." A tree, too, is always dear to the children of a household, though undeniably detrimental to all growth in its immediate neighbourhood.

In this instance the tree remained, but the next important operation was a deep trenching of the whole garden from end to end, when some good and rich manure was also at the same time dug in. Now the first trenching of a new garden is a very important one, as all refuse or stones and indeed everything that impedes garden growth ought to be then removed. This done, in a few days' time the "wilderness" began to wear the semblance of a garden.

And something further must be said as to the subject of trenching beyond a mere allusion to its necessity. Now it has often been objected that if the *sub-soil* of a garden is poor material, it ought not to be brought to the top. But in reply to this difficulty we must remember that every time some of the poor sub-soil is brought to the surface, the very exposure of it to the action of the atmosphere tends much to improve it. No half measures should be employed when digging and trenching; the spade should be well home, and now in the present instance when manure is supposed to be dug in, the soil will of course, at once materially improve. The garden at No. 13, an end one of irregular shape, soon also began to attract the observation of No. 12, but of this we must speak later on.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

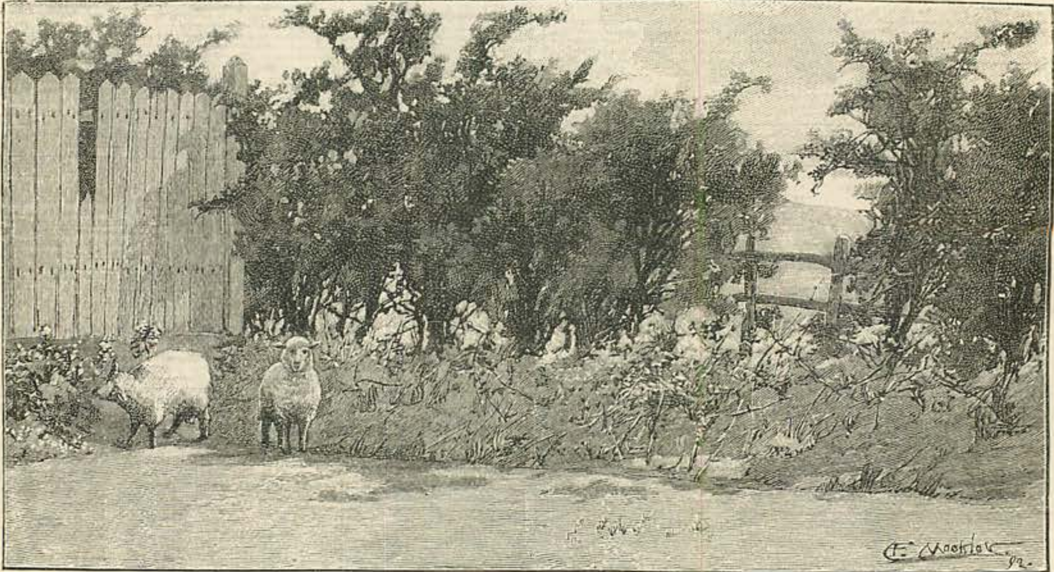
MISS MARIANNE NORTH.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

NO visitor to Kew Gardens should need to be told who, or what, Miss Marianne North was. Hers was the gift, not only of the remarkable collection of drawings of foreign plants and flowers, but of the building in Kew Gardens in which they are housed. We have before us the two volumes in which, under the title of "Recollections of a Happy Life," Messrs. Macmillan have just published Miss North's autobiography; which was edited, after its author's death in 1890, by her sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. It is one of the pleasantest and most interesting books of travel we have opened for many days.

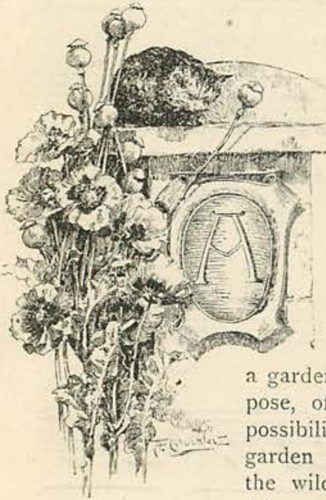
From her earliest days Miss North was passionately fond of painting flowers and plants. "She painted," says her sister, "as a clever child would, everything she thought beautiful in nature, and had scarcely ever any artistic teaching." And in search of subjects she travelled in every part of the globe. In North and South America, in the West Indies, in South Africa, India, Ceylon, Borneo, Japan and Australasia, she sought and found plants, rare and beautiful; and painted them amid their natural

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



HOW A HEDGE SHOULD *NOT* BE KEPT.



CHAPTER THE SECOND.

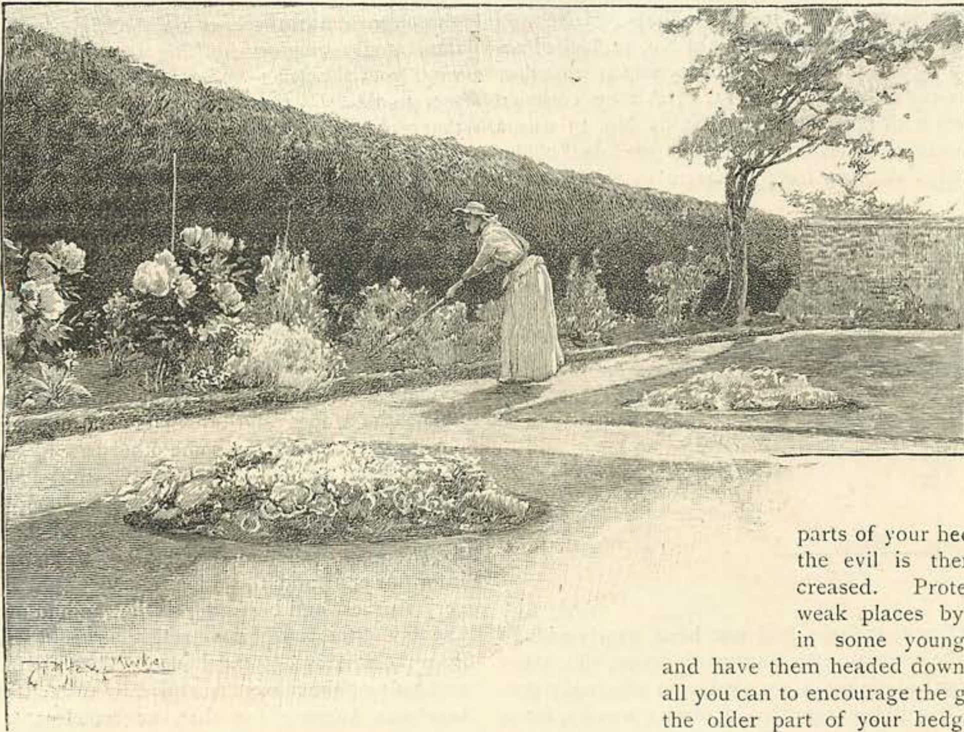
ABOUT GARDEN HEDGES AND FENCES.

ALTHOUGH the "wilderness" at the back of Highland Villas, which stood near the top of Hampgate-on-the-Hill which we described last month, was rapidly assuming more the promise of a garden, yet we must not suppose, of course, that by any possibility a real and thriving garden could be evolved from the wilderness in a few days. All gardeners are notoriously—and perhaps naturally—impatient; that is to say, they are eager for rapid progress and success to crown their labours.

But at Highland Villas there was, as we have seen, heavy and solid foundation work to be done, so that in our natural impatience to enter at once into a discussion upon the merits of flowers and fruit, we must not be beguiled into slurring over the very essentials of garden success.

And, strange as it may sound, we must first say something further as to the garden hedge. We must remember that along the bottom of all the future gardens of Highland Villas ran a boundary hedge. The construction of a wall is decidedly an expensive affair; the very *foundation* of a wall that is to be carried to no great height, has to be laid at a depth that would astonish many of our readers, so that the builder had, in this case, determined to allow the existing hedge to constitute, at present at least, the boundary of the property. A short wall or wooden fence divided each of the gardens from one another, but all tenants and new proprietors at once saw that a *substantial* and *compact* hedge was an absolute necessity.

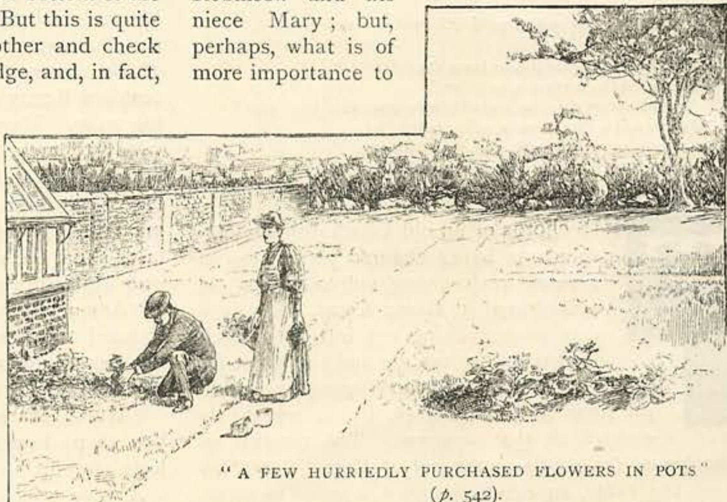
Now it is a mistake to suppose that a *wide* hedge is necessarily the most serviceable one in the case we are supposing, for the best protection is afforded by a close and *compact* one. It is indeed the wide hedges, far more than the narrow ones, that afford a complete harbour for all such vermin as snails and slugs, which are the terror of gardeners. Under its cover these garden thieves lie close all day, and at nightfall issue forth to plunder the garden adjoining. And perhaps the best hedge that can be named is the white-thorn or quick-set. These we appropriately term "live fences." And this sort of hedge can be grown so close as to become simply impenetrable. Any evil-designing person can climb over a wall, but a well-grown hedge is a decided difficulty to surmount. A good hedge, however, wants regular attention; for by a neglected hedge weeds soon establish themselves, the seeds from which are apt very quickly to get blown over the garden to its very great detriment. But the hedge *from the outset* should be kept constantly and closely trimmed and cut, and the barrier will then be impenetrable. We know too that the nature of the quick-set hedge is to grow upwards, and you will soon



A MODEL HEDGE.

notice that if the hedge is not attended to, it will certainly be a *tall* one and even thick at the top, but unhappily *all open at the ground*. Now the only, but effectual remedy for this is frequent trimming and cutting down, as by this means the growth is thrown into the lower part, which in our case is the very thing we want. Then again a very tall hedge would at times cast an undesirable shadow over the garden. The bottom of the hedge should at all times be kept thoroughly free from weeds, and on this point we must be particular, and for this reason, the popular idea often is that such growth as, say nettles at the bottom of the hedge, contributes to the protection. But this is quite a delusion, for the weeds merely smother and check the growth of the lower part of the hedge, and, in fact, gradually *kill* the bottom of it. And this, when the weeds are themselves growing, you will not notice; but autumn comes, the weeds die down, and your weak and spindly hedge then comes to view, and affords an easy entrance into your garden, not merely big enough only for dogs and cats, but perhaps for two-legged depredators as well. Another popular error in respect to hedges is the stopping any gaps in the lower part with some dead thorn branches, for this again only tends to check the growth of the living parts of your hedge, and the evil is thereby increased. Protect these weak places by putting in some young plants, and have them headed down, and do all you can to encourage the growth of the older part of your hedge in the necessary direction. Careful trimming and clipping, however, as we have said, will take away all fear of a weak hedge, if, too, weeds are *never* allowed to grow as well. Finally then, let us say as to our hedge, that if a weak one it should be pruned quite in the *early* spring, so as to give every opportunity to the buds to make an early and a vigorous push. Some five feet in height and two feet (or a little more) in width at the bottom, should be the limit of the dimensions of your garden hedge; indeed, four feet will often suffice for its height.

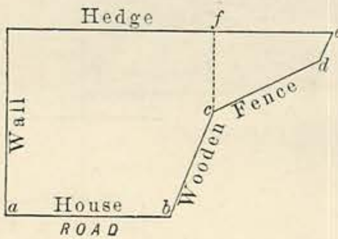
Now we do not forget that these Highland Villas consisted of thirteen houses, that No. 13 had just been taken by Mr. Charles Robinson and his niece Mary; but, perhaps, what is of more importance to



"A FEW HURRIEDLY PURCHASED FLOWERS IN POTS" (*p.* 542).

our purpose, that the garden ground of the end house was one of a somewhat irregular shape. John and Alice Smith, the new occupants of No. 12, looked accordingly with a somewhat jealous eye upon what they called the capabilities of No. 13. But they consoled themselves with the reflection that as No. 13 was a corner house, it would probably be a good deal colder and perhaps damper from exposure to the westerly rains.

The accompanying little sketch will go to show that there were several more square yards of garden in No. 13 than in No. 12; but the circumstance merely arose



from the fact that there had not been nearly enough land for the erection of a fourteenth house, which the curve of an adjoining high road also effectually prevented. It will be seen that a strong wooden fence along the crooked line *b c d e* cut off all the fierce north-westerly winds, and as none of the gardens were particularly wide it was hoped that the wall on the left would cut off a good deal of the east wind. And along the dotted line from *c* to *f*, Charles Robinson at once decided to have some tall growth at all times, so as to give him a warm corner on the right-hand side by thus moderating or checking the force of the east wind from the left; while, as in No. 12, a corner at *a* was to be set aside for a pit or perhaps a frame, and that at *b* was to be a diminutive tool-house.

Now, in trenching the extreme right-hand side of the No. 13 garden, the ground was found somewhat unpromising and very stony; so that John and Alice were puzzled on looking one morning from their window to find that Charles Robinson was gradually accumulating a perfect heap of stones and brickbats, and wondered that they were not quickly carted away or sent flying over the hedge into the "wilderness" beyond. But the fact was, Charles was determined to economise everything, and had already decided to utilise the stones and brickbats as a foundation for a narrow garden path in some other part of the garden not yet fixed upon.

Then again, Charles had already and very properly decided to have a small grass plot immediately under the windows of the house with a few beds arranged on it for flowers; and this too he saw would be on the very warmest and best side, so that he had every hope one day of the gayest colouring that could be admired from the windows of the house. Then again, both he and his neighbour were mortified by the reflection that here was August; but that, nevertheless, save for a few hurriedly purchased flowers in pots dotted about in places near the house, no one could know what month of the year it was, so that the "wilderness" element still largely predominated on nearly all sides.

LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME.

By EDITH E. CUTHELL, Author of "The Story of a Glamour," "The Yacht in the Bay," etc. etc.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Good-night, good-night, parting is such sweet sorrow!"
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"FARE thee well, for I must leave thee;
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow-tree,
And may the world go well with thee."

THIS chorus of an old Edinburgh student-song was being shouted at the top of several fresh young voices in the old schoolroom at Cerne Court. It was a dim room, looking out into the Dutch garden, rather shabby and the worse for wear, hung with maps and suggestive of ink on floor and table-cloth, but it was lively enough at that moment. The remains of schoolroom tea, a hilarious meal at Cerne Court, lay about the table, an empty jam-pot, a cake in ruins. Fraülein had abdicated temporarily and disappeared. Row reigned supreme. Irene, the indigenous inhabitant of the apartment, had perched herself on the top of the battered old sofa, on whose long-suffering cushions Reggy was beating time to the chorus with the ruler. Marjorie Aston sat at the piano, trying vainly to make the chords heard against the voices; her brother Bill stood shouting by her side; Cyril Erle, the heir of Cerne Court, leant against the mantel-piece; and Hubert, the hero of the hour, sat just behind the piano, on the schoolroom table, looking over Marjorie's shoulder.

"Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, *adieu*, ADIEU!" shouted the assembled company, when suddenly, at the conclusion of the chorus, Reggy, the small boy, looked up inquiringly in the face of the accompanist.

"Hullo, Marjorie, why ain't you singing? Here, you chaps, here's Marjorie shirking! Sing up, Marjorie, sing up."

A very sweet face, though by no means a strictly

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE STOCKING OF A SUBURBAN GARDEN.

WE hinted last month that a pleasant and a friendly rivalry was rapidly springing up between two of the neighbouring occupants of Highland Villas: John Smith and his better half, Alice, and Charles Robinson with his enterprising niece, Mary.

And now that the Michaelmas month had well set in, the opportunities for horticultural rivalry were the more ready to hand, inasmuch as active preparations were now being made for the stocking of the two gardens, and the following little conversation took place one morning "over the garden wall."

"Pretty busy, I see you are, Mr. Smith, this morning," said Charles Robinson. "I suppose before long we shall be looking at your orchid-house, with its tropical growth inside, and that next year you will be sending me in some fine Muscats from your vinery?"

"No, Master Charles," replied John Smith, with a twinkle of mirth in his eye: "I shall look to *you* for luxuries of that sort; but we don't mind your small chaff, do we, Alice?" he continued, turning to his wife, whose good-humoured smile spoke for itself.

"No," added Charles, with more of a serious business air about him; "I suppose hardy perennials, shrubs, bulbs, and, of course, an admixture of annuals, will occupy us chiefly, for although I enjoy, as I know *you* do, looking over the well-kept and princely domain of one of the 'upper ten,' yet we are too near some smoke to attempt rarities, even if our gardens were large enough for them."

As, then, from about Michaelmas to Christmas, or, indeed, so long as there is no frost about, is the best time for garden changes in the shape of shrub planting, we cannot do better than now record what took place in the gardens of our two friends this autumn. They wisely chose good open weather, as when the soil is heavy and spongy with rain the difficulties to be encountered are greater, and work is often untidy. Now, we must remember that our new gardens at Highland Villas have already been well trenched. This, then, is the first essential before planting; and the next thing, perhaps, to name is the condition of the *roots* of the shrubs, that we are now supposed to purchase from some nursery. Good fibrous roots, that spread all round, are the most desirable, and when, as in the case we are supposing, we may be making a considerable purchase of shrubs with which to stock our two gardens, a nurseryman would not object to our having several shrubs taken up at once, so as to enable us to examine the roots. Choose, then, rather a shrub of three feet high, with roots well-formed and spread out, in preference to one of double the height with scanty and inferior roots, so that you must not be deceived by the *appearance* of your shrub. Another important thing to notice in passing is that when, through any mishap, any of the roots have been broken, bruised, or cut, have all such ragged ends clean cut away with a sharp knife, and also where the roots have of necessity been curtailed, a proportionate quantity of the head of the shrub itself should also be cut in, so as by this means to make up for the loss of the roots that nourish the whole.

And next, do not plant your shrubs *too deep*. This is a fatal mistake; the hole, then, for the reception of your new shrub should be of such a depth as to have the collar of the shrub just where it originally stood in its own soil. Indeed, no harm will be done if your plant stands a little higher out of the ground than it formerly did. At the bottom of the hole have a little rather finely-sifted mould or good friable soil, and then hold your shrub carefully as you place it in, and spread the roots out uniformly all round. As you throw in more mould, gently sway the head of the plant backwards and forwards, so as to allow the soil to work its way well among the roots. If it happen that the soil is obstinate and does not work in as you could wish it, push it in with a bean stick or the handle of any garden tool. When the mould is half filled in you might very *gently* tread it in, and when all is in you may tread again a little more boldly, making the whole finally on a level. Should your shrub be a tall one, it would be well to support it in its new position as in the accompanying little sketch. Three good sticks placed against it will keep it from swaying about in the wind. Some water should be given, but you need not be alarmed if you notice that your shrub looks a little disposed to droop at first. All things when just transplanted flag slightly before the roots begin to strike well into their new home.

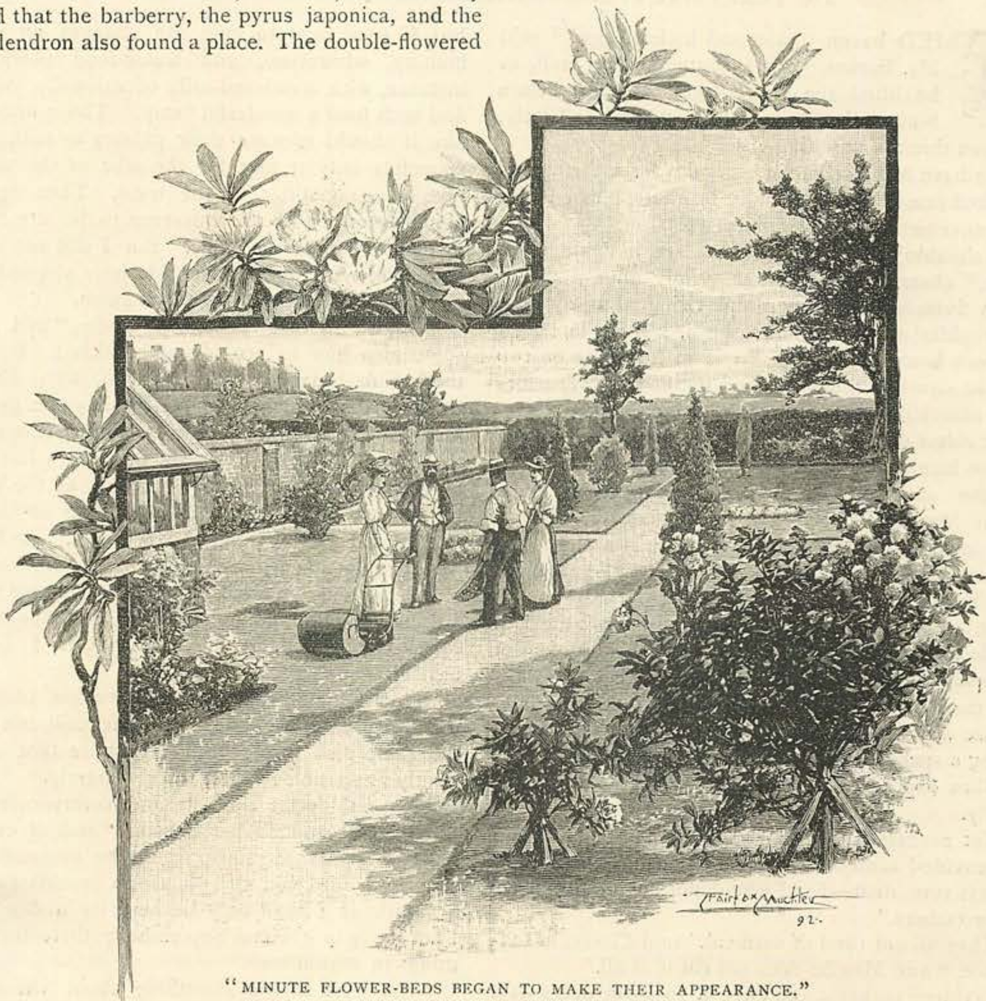
We have thought it well to be thus particular on the subject of shrub trans-

planting, for the same care and caution is necessary in the re-planting of all shrubs, so that our remarks bear generally on the question of stocking our garden.

It only remains, then, for us to name a few old popular favourites suitable for suburban gardens. Varieties of the holly naturally suggest themselves first. Choose some green, or some variegated with red and with yellow berries. Our old friend the mountain ash is a coarse grower and of tall habit. The flower of it is poor, but the brilliant red berries remain on for months and have a very good effect, while the foliage, too, is handsome. And against the front wall of the house, both John Smith and Charles Robinson resolved to plant a magnolia, and each watched afterwards with jealous eye to see which plant grew the best. The *Magnolia grandiflora* is admirably adapted for a wall. It is a rapid grower, and the leaves resemble those of a magnified laurel, while the fragrance of the bloom towards the end of the summer is most pleasant. Until properly established, however, it does not flower. The protection of the wall is a great advantage, as the magnolia cannot be called hardy. Another variety of the magnolia is the *M. conspicua*, which flowers in the early spring. In the gardens of our two friends, of course, it need hardly be said that the barberry, the pyrus japonica, and the rhododendron also found a place. The double-flowered cherry and a Guelder rose were also put among other things in the front of the house. These two old-fashioned favourites may often be seen in that position and the snowball blooms of the Guelder rose are conspicuous on the wayside of many of our old English roads. Nor must we from the few examples that we are able to give omit the laurustinus. Its real charm, perhaps, is that it is nearly always in flower. Indeed, we must have observed that often the flowers of a new season begin to make their appearance before those of the preceding one have entirely faded from our view.

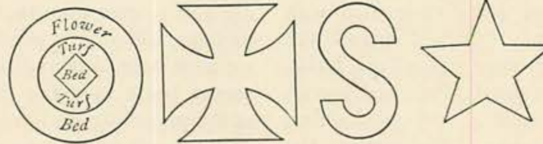
But to attempt to treat of the *entire* stocking of a new garden in a single paper is, of course, an impossibility. The shrubs and evergreens naturally come first, and more especially at the time of the year which we are now approaching. Nothing should be moved from one garden to another, say, during a hot August, and when the sap is up.

Some turf had been laid down, a little in the front, and some also nearly under the windows at the back of both houses. Some minute flower-beds began, too, to make their appearance upon them, and it was curious to study the variety of shape on each lawn, though no



"MINUTE FLOWER-BEDS BEGAN TO MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE."

bad taste was displayed in either case. Here, for example, are one or two specimens of the designs of our two gardening rivals. And it was amusing to find that if Charles Robinson had a bed, say in the shape of a star-fish, John Smith and his wife would the next morning design a heptagonal bed or a simpler hexagon. A bed in the shape of a Maltese cross is always an effective one, as also is a circular one, with the *inner* circle of turf and a small star of a bed in the centre of all. Then, again, a very effective bed is one in the shape of a large capital S. But it will easily be seen that designs of this nature can readily be varied in accordance with the size of the garden or the taste of the gardener.



SHAPES OF FLOWER-BEDS.

In October we may have to speak of the bulbs that were put in, and of the choice that was made. As, however, our friends took possession of their new quarters at Midsummer, they found time to get in at once at that time some autumn blooming flowers, so that in this present month of September they had a fair dahlia display both of single and double ones. Dahlias require plenty of water, and, when the bloom is heavy, plenty of support with strong stakes; but their great enemy is the earwig, which so often disfigures the bloom. The earwig should be destroyed early in the season. One killed then is worth numbers later on; so that even in this the old adage holds true: "A stitch in time saves nine."

A BREAKFAST MENU FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE PRIZE PAPER IN THE HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT COMPETITION.

"FRIED bacon again, and boiled eggs!" said Mr. Barker, with a contemptuous sniff, as he lifted the cover from the dish before him one bright morning. "My dear Cicely, can't you think of anything else?"

"We have had hot bacon every day for a fortnight," remarked one of Cicely's candid brothers, blessed with an inconveniently good memory.

"I shouldn't care if I did not see it again for a month," observed Mr. Barker grimly, after a pause, rapidly finishing his rasher and rising abruptly from the breakfast-table. "Come, boys, we are late; get into your boots and be off;" and in a minute or two the loud slams of the hall door notified the departure of the masculine part of the Barker household.

The eldest daughter and housekeeper turned with a crimson face to the quiet little lady beside her.

"How unreasonable men are! now aren't they, Cousin Marjorie?" she cried indignantly. "They come down late, gobble their breakfasts at a disgusting rate, and yet expect as much variety at half-past eight in the morning as at dinner-time."

"An early breakfast is certainly a difficult meal to provide for," replied Miss Greenwood, "on account of the newly-lighted fire and cold oven; but I always think the first meal of the day so important, especially to those who are at work all day, that it is worth while making a special effort to render it appetising."

"More expense, that means," put in Miss Barker, ruefully.

"Not necessarily," said her cousin. "Now, if you had provided something beside that bacon—and good bacon is very dear—Fred would not have eaten three or four rashers."

"They all got tired of oatmeal," said Cicely, in self-defence, "and Maggie does not eat it at all."

"Because, perhaps, you gave it to them every day. But if you were to ring the changes on oatmeal, hominy, wheatmeal, and frame-food porridge, for instance, with bread-and-milk occasionally, you would find such food a wonderful 'stay.' Those who did not like it should educate their palates by taking a few spoonfuls only at first, for the sake of the milk and nourishing qualities of the meal. Then again the adjuncts make so much difference to the attractiveness or the reverse of the table. But I did not mean to lecture so yet," and Cousin Marjorie stopped, with a pitying glance at the girl's black gown.

"Oh, do go on!" protested Cicely, "and give me some idea how to provide at breakfast. Remember that there are papa and Duncan, who like nice, savoury things, such as they say they can get at the restaurants; Fred and Alice, who don't care much so that there is plenty, as breakfast has to last them a long time; Maggie," with a glance at the pale girl beside her, "who is more dainty than anyone else; and myself—six without the servants. And I have only five pounds a week to keep house on, you know."

"But as only you and Maggie are at home to lunch, I think you ought to do well with that amount," said Miss Greenwood. "Well, how can I help you best?"

"How I should like not to have hot bacon for a month, as papa wished! Or, better still, not to have the same dish twice. But I suppose that would be utterly impossible?" cried Cicely eagerly.

"It would want thought and contrivance for the small ones," replied her cousin, "and, of course, as regards any large joints, would be impossible. But suppose I draw you up a plan for a breakfast menu for a month, as I shall only be here for a day or two? I am lucky in it being September; there are so many things in season now."

"You were saying something about 'the adjuncts.'

must mean misfortune or something or other. We have been too hasty in thinking that the meaning is just on the surface. We will think over them again. And now give that groom fellow a thousand rupees, and tell him to go : that will amply repay him for what he has suffered. Fancy giving Zainab to a real beggar!"

Muhammad Bakhsh saw his master was in no humour to be argued with, so he went away, determining at a more convenient time to have a further talk with him.

The day passed. Zainab had, of course, heard all that had occurred. The king shut himself up all day, saying—what was very likely true—that he had a headache.

Now in that country even great ladies were not thought to be above domestic work. All did housework, even princesses. Zainab, like many others, was in the habit of baking her father's bread for every meal. This bread consisted of unleavened flat cakes, called chapaties. The fire-place or oven was on the roof of the house. This also was a custom of Gumanistan.

In the evening Ahmed Khan roused himself from his reverie so far as to feel hungry, and as the daylight was dying he came to Zainab and asked for his bread.

"Your bread, father, is not ready," was her reply.

"How is this?" asked the king. "It is evening, and you have not yet baked my bread! What are you thinking about, child?"

"Father," said Zainab, "the oven is on the roof and the fire is downstairs. When the oven gets hot, I will bake your bread."

"Why, my daughter, are you losing your reason?" he said. "The oven is on the roof, the fire down below. How will it ever be heated?"

"In the same way," she answered quietly, "as Ghulam Muhammad kept himself warm by the fire on the mountain."

"My child, my child, you have convinced me that I am wrong. But what? Am I to give you to a groom?"

"You cannot go against the will of God, father," Zainab replied. "He is the man pointed out by heaven. I love him : I will have no other."

Ahmed Khan upon this sent for Ghulam Muhammad. When he came he said—

"Ghulam Muhammad, I was wrong in what I said. I have done you a great injustice. You have won my daughter. It is the decree of heaven. She is yours."

"Now, your Majesty, call me no longer Ghulam Muhammad, the unknown groom," was the speech that fell on the king's astonished ears. "Call me instead Mazár Khan, Prince of Khushistan. As soon as I heard your Majesty's proclamation I disguised myself and arrived as you saw me; for I wished to see the princess before avowing myself her suitor."

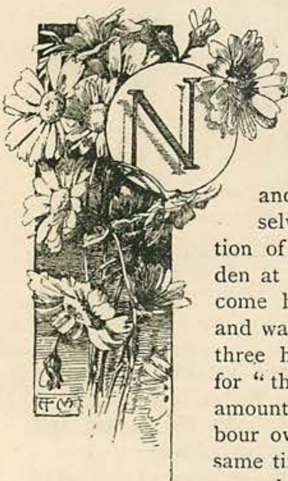
"Shukr! Shukr!" exclaimed the king.

The marriage was solemnised with great pomp, and Prince Mazár Khan and the Princess Zainab lived happily ever after. To the little princes and princesses who were born they loved to tell the story of how their mother was wooed and won.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE STOCKING OF A SUBURBAN GARDEN.



NOTHING could have been brighter than the crisp Saturday afternoon in October on which John and Alice Smith found themselves bent upon the continuation of the stocking of their garden at Highland Villas. John had come home early from the office, and was looking forward to a good three hours' work of recreation—for "that is what gardening really amounts to," said he to his neighbour over the wall, who about the same time had just turned out bent upon the same business.

"What are you going to be up to to-day," said Charles Robinson, looking over the barrier that divided their domains, as he stood upon a short ladder. "I see, though," continued he, "you are going to fill those two diamond-shaped beds at each corner of your little lawn; what are you going to put in them?"

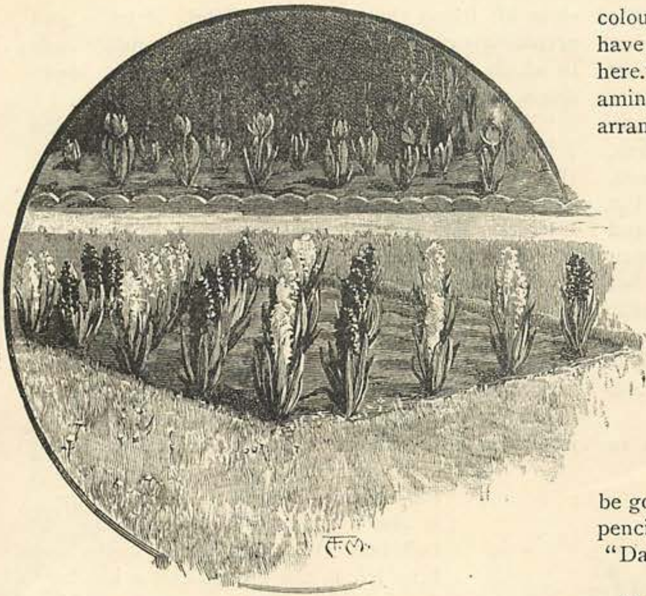
"Mangel-wurzel, and cauliflower," said John, as he was stooping over the beds with his back towards his neighbour, but his shaking shoulders betrayed the mirth of which he was generally brimful.

"Ah, I dare say," said Charles. "Now you be sure and send me some in next April, but I want to have a look at those bulbs in that truck-basket," and suiting the action to the word, he went another step up his ladder, and quietly vaulted over the wall into his neighbour's garden.

"Don't you know, sir, that an Englishman's house is his castle," said John Smith, springing suddenly up with a feigned indignation.

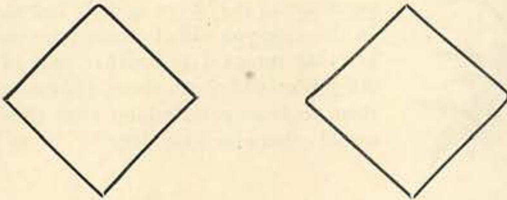
"That may be so, sir," said Charles, "and now you see, I've just carried yours by storm, and call upon you to surrender, and what is more, I think I shall fine you a few of these hyacinth bulbs."

The two friends then—for of late they had become quite intimate, and more especially in the matter of horticulture, began making together an inspection of the bulbs and of the beds which were to receive them.



CHARLES ROBINSON'S IDEAL HYACINTH BED.

Here was the shape of the two beds at the two ends of the lawn:



"For all the world," said Charles Robinson, "they are just the shape of a hatchment, such as one now and then sees on the front wall of a house, or in the chancel of an old parish church."

"Well," said John Smith, more interested by his bulbs than by the comparison which his friend had just drawn, "and I intend to have a pretty March and April flower show in those two beds, but come now and give me your advice as to the colour arrangement, and then, perhaps, I may be able to spare you a few for yourself."

"But first of all," said Charles, thinking himself now called upon to give a small lecture on hyacinths in general and in consequence, not a little gratified at the request of his friend—"First of all, have you taken the precaution to purchase bulbs that all blow at the same time? for only conceive the absurdity of having half a dozen hyacinths in full bloom by the side of half a dozen more that do not blow until their fellows are faded!"

Charles now began to warm into his subject, and continued:

"I am sure there is quite three weeks' difference between the sorts called early and late hyacinths, so that you see when purchasing, the first and most important thing is what I have just named, *uniformity of bloom*. And now, if you will, we can talk about colour arrangement. Let us suppose then that we have six shades of colour, as I think I see you have here." At this point he made a more minute examination of the bulb collection of his friend, and arranged some of them seven in a line. "Well, then, we will have in our row a dark blue in the centre, with a dark red in each corner; then a white next to the dark red, and a light red next to the white. The next row should have a light red in the centre, light blue at the two corners, and dark red next to the light blue, with white on either side of the centre light red. A third row might have a yellow hyacinth at each end, light blue next to the yellow, white in the centre, with a dark red on each side of the white. Now you will notice by this arrangement, that the *same* colours will run *diagonally* and the effect will be good, as seen in this way." Here he took out a pencil and paper to illustrate his lecture.

"Dark red, white, light red, dark blue, light red, white, dark red.
Light blue, dark red, white, light red, white, dark red, light blue.
Yellow, light blue, dark red, white, dark red, light blue, yellow.

"And you may thus keep on varying your design, beginning your *fourth* row with dark blue, your fifth row with light red, and your sixth with white; thus preserving uniformity of colour, and having diagonal lines of the same colour. On the other hand, if you thought this arrangement of *lines* of the *same* colour too formal, you might easily so intersperse them as to have a contrast of colour without formality. A great deal must necessarily depend upon the taste and fancy of the gardener, but, of course, you must avoid having a dark red and a light red next to each other in the same row.

"And now as to the soil and the method of planting, for you must know, John, that I like to exhaust my subject and not to treat it in a half-and-half sort of way. Now first of all, to-day being a bright and crisp sort of day, but one with no frost about, is just the very day for your planting; for only consider, here are your bulbs lying about in the truck-basket on your gravel walk, and perhaps they have been there an hour, and it may be another hour before they are well under the ground. Well, if a sharp frost were going on, your bulbs would probably be seriously affected and some of them fail entirely.

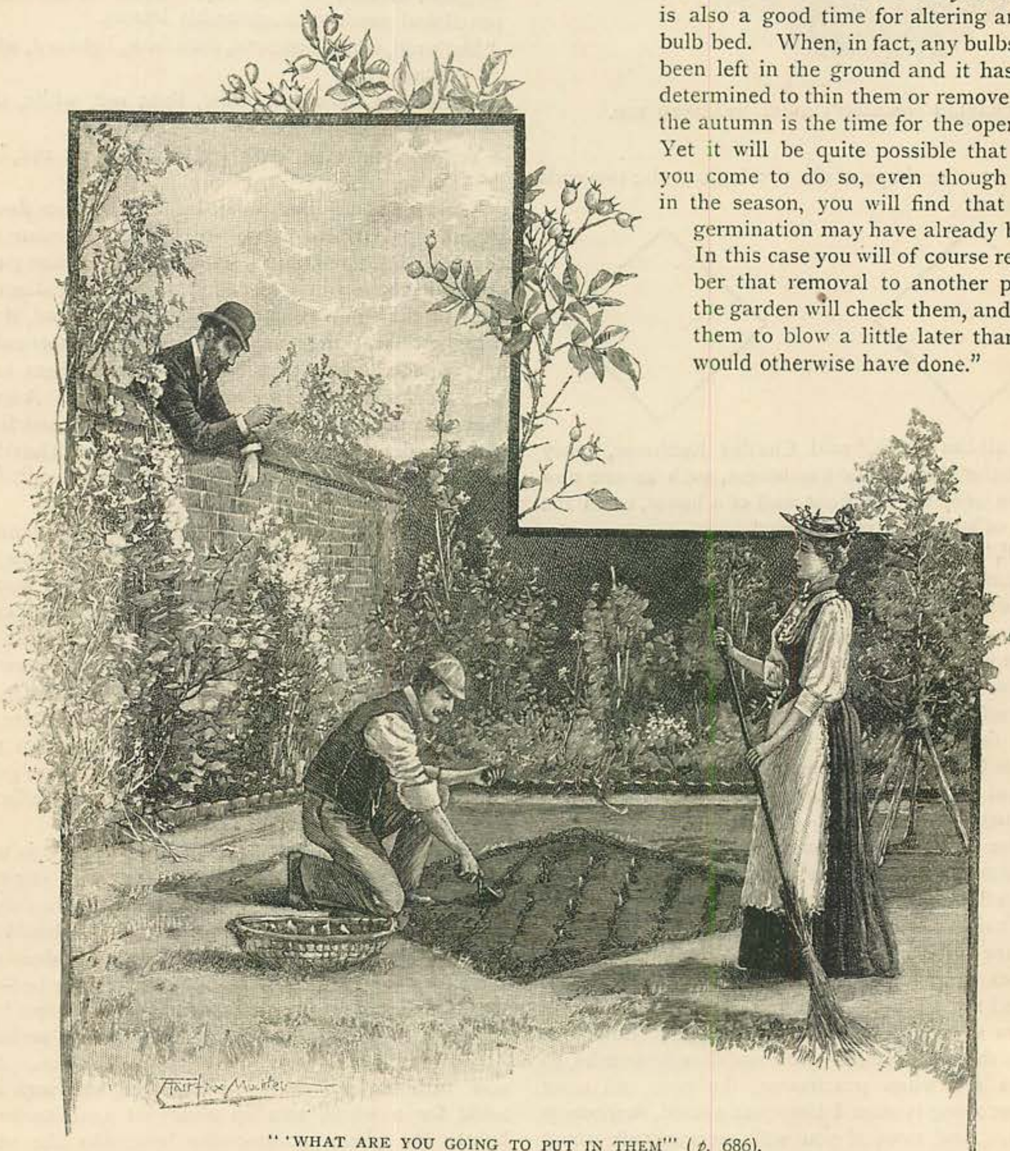
"And then for a preparation of the soil, it is well, though not perhaps absolutely necessary in our case as we have but lately arrived, and our whole garden has been well manured and prepared, but I should say it is the best to dig out the soil, say, a foot deep and some four feet wide. At the bottom of your bed put some decayed cow-dung which you can easily get from the farm over there, or from your milkman perhaps. A couple of inches deep of this stuff will suffice. And now with the soil that you have dug out and laid aside for a while, mix up plenty of sand so as to lighten the whole compost—for hyacinths like sand,

mix well up too with this a small quantity of similar manure and level the whole when you have all your soil back again. And now in this we have to put our bulbs. You can see at once that if your bulbs are too close to the surface, the coming winter will find them out and they would get frost-bitten. Well, then, hyacinths—and for the matter of that, tulips as well, should be placed five inches deep in the soil. Put them in there in the rows as I have described, and leave them to take their chance. Should there happen to be a very severe winter, with, say, much frost but hardly any snow, you might perhaps, have a little litter spread by way of protection, but the ordinary English winter, with the ordinary amount of snow as a *natural* protection, is what we mostly look for, and our bulbs at a proper depth are generally safe."

John Smith here intervened, and was anxious to show his friend that he too could talk of bulbs, and accordingly carried him off to two other smaller beds in which he had already set some crocuses, snowdrops, narcissus, and jonquilles.

"You know, Charles," said he, "these smaller bulbs I have not put in half so deep as you say hyacinths should go: well, some three inches is quite depth enough for the smaller class of bulbs. A good deal of discretion is needful at all times in planting. I remember we were a month ago discussing shrub planting, and then deprecated all planting at too great a depth.

"Crocuses," continued John, "I think look better in small patches rather than in a long line as a border to a bed. The latter way is not at all effective, and indeed, a long yellow line of bloom along a bed is almost ugly. By the way, as we are talking about bulbs in general, you know, Charles, that the autumn—at least the *early* autumn—is also a good time for altering any old bulb bed. When, in fact, any bulbs have been left in the ground and it has been determined to thin them or remove them, the autumn is the time for the operation. Yet it will be quite possible that when you come to do so, even though early in the season, you will find that some germination may have already begun. In this case you will of course remember that removal to another part of the garden will check them, and cause them to blow a little later than they would otherwise have done."



"'WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PUT IN THEM'" (*p.* 686).

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE STOCKING OF A SUBURBAN GARDEN.

FAIR MAID OF GUERNSEY.

THOUGH the year was declining, and the days were growing shorter, it cannot be said that as yet there was any corresponding decline in the amicable horticultural rivalry between our two enthusiastic gardeners.

And this perhaps is the less to be wondered at, seeing that November is nearly the last month in which it may be said that the *general* stocking of a garden can go on. For in the month of December we begin to look for prolonged frost, and when it comes garden stocking and gardening changes of most kinds must cease.

As yet, however, there had been in this month of November an occasional day of unnatural summer, warm enough indeed one morning to allow John and Alice Smith to spend a few minutes of lingering admiration at their chrysanthemums, which were in several places now in full bloom.

"Dear me, Mr. Robinson, how you startled me!" suddenly exclaimed Alice Smith, as a round and good-natured face was detected by her gazing over the wall and evidently sharing with satisfaction the pride which Alice and her husband were then taking in their autumnal show.

"I was going to say, Mrs. Smith," replied Charles Robinson, after the morning greetings, and the laughter which the surprise had caused had subsided, "would you and your husband step round and see *my* chrysanthemums, not but what I greatly admire those over there that I see so much please you."

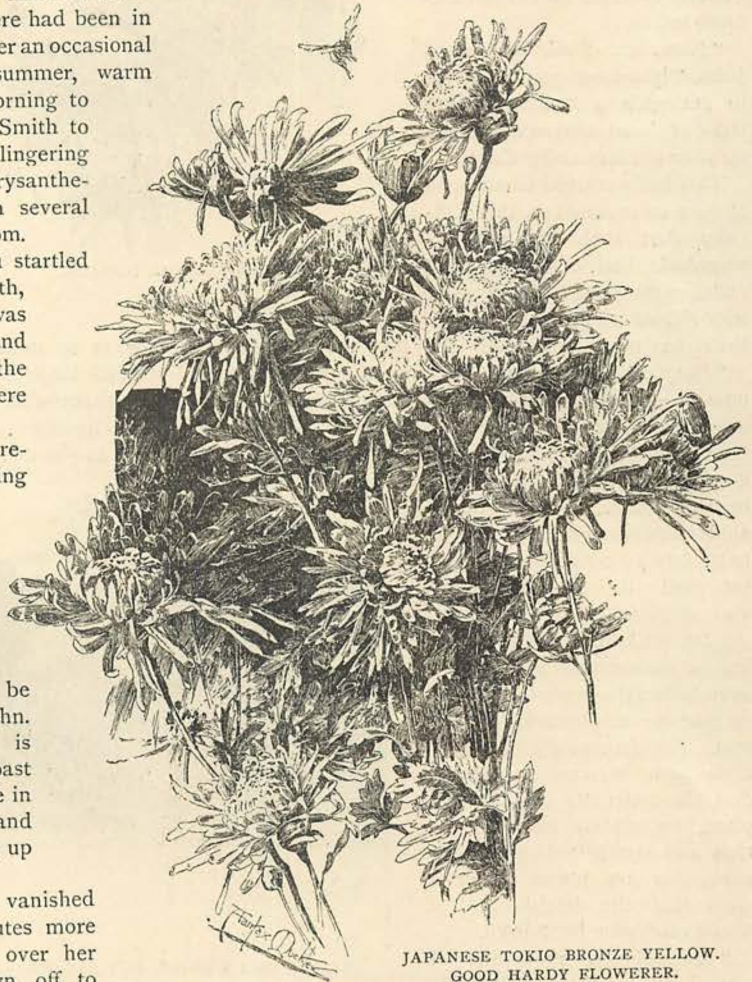
"Very sorry, Charles, but I must be off in less than ten minutes," replied John.

"Oh well then, let me see, this is Saturday and you will be back by half-past two, won't you?" asked Charles. "Come in then, when you are more at leisure, and we can have a garden debate, winding up afterwards with a cup of tea."

This was agreed upon, the head vanished behind the wall, and in a few minutes more Alice Smith was wandering alone over her garden and her husband had flown off to business. Turning round, however, shortly afterwards, she saw coming towards her the bright and pretty face of her neighbour Mary, the niece of Charles Robinson.

"Isn't it too bad, Mrs. Smith; uncle is so particular about me, he will hardly ever let me work with him in the garden, because I am not to tire myself, so I have made up my mind this morning for a little rebellion and want you to let me help you in your dear bit of a greenhouse. I *do* believe your garden will one day be gayer than ours, and then perhaps uncle will get jealous and take me on as under-gardener, and I shall get my way."

"But, my dear, what will Mr. Robinson say if he comes home and finds that I have been wearing his pet out," said Alice, kissing affectionately her pretty neighbour; "but come, we can pick off these few dead leaves anyhow, for our store of greenhouse plants is not so great as yours."



JAPANESE TOKIO BRONZE YELLOW. GOOD HARDY FLOWERER.

So Mary was detained all the morning, though not fatigued, and quite a merry one o'clock luncheon the two girls had together, so that all too soon half-past two came, the appointed hour next door for Charles Robinson's chrysanthemum lecture.

"Now, first of all," interposed John, "how have you managed to get such a healthy-looking show of dwarf chrysanthemums on your borders along there?"

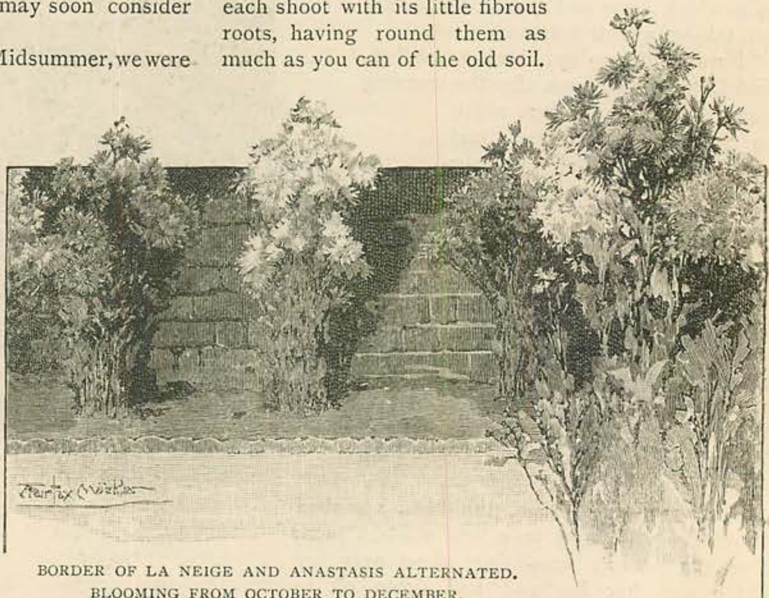
This fairly started Charles, so at once he reverted to the difficulty that both he and his neighbour had experienced in endeavouring to grow flowers as they should be grown, owing to their having been, after all, but recent comers.

"But," added he, "the stocking of our gardens is now progressing so well that we may soon consider ourselves as established.

"Coming, however, as we did, at Midsummer, we were largely dependent upon a neighbouring florist. Now the chrysanthemum grown in the ordinary way is by its very nature too tall to be handsome, and even when it is a good season, we know that the lower leaves wither and turn brown even before the flowering period, so that the tall plants look uglier still. But fortunately the chrysanthemum strikes so easily that, in order to get a dwarf plant, we merely take off the tops and strike them, and thus eventually get bloom upon a stem half the length that it would otherwise have been.

"Accordingly, soon after I came here, I paid a visit early in July to Jenkins the florist, who had got for me the tops of some strong shoots, some three inches or so in length. From these the lower leaves were cut off and thus about three-quarters of an inch of bare stem was left. Then two or three large pots were prepared, plenty of crocks—broken pieces of tile, you know, Mrs. Smith—were put at the bottom for drainage, and the soil was made up of half loam, and the other half of turfy peat rubbed through a garden sieve with an equal part of decayed cow-dung, having on the top of the soil nearly an inch of silver sand. Next, gently moisten the whole. Then put in your cuttings, so that the bottom just touches the *soil* through the sand, and a very gentle watering will settle the sand close to the stems. A bell glass should then be put on, and the large pots put away in some gentle hot-bed or propagating-house. Now the sand should always be kept moist and the glasses kept wiped, and you will notice that in a very few days your young cuttings will have struck and commenced their growth. When they have thoroughly established themselves they can then be potted off in, say, 'forty-eight' size pots. As before, put plenty of crocks in, so as to make sure they are well drained. And you do not now wish to excite growth, for from this point the slower your plant grows the stronger it will be. The soil in your new pots need be but loam from decayed turf. And now as to turning out your young shoots from the original large pot. Get away each shoot with its little fibrous roots, having round them as much as you can of the old soil.

GOLDEN MADAME DOMAGÉ.



BORDER OF LA NEIGE AND ANASTASIS ALTERNATED.
BLOOMING FROM OCTOBER TO DECEMBER.

LA VIÈRGE—BEST PURE WHITE DWARF KNOWN.

When putting each shoot into its new pot, hold it carefully and gently in the centre, so that the soil comes quite as high as the sand did originally. Press—but not too hard—the soil all round the root. Your young plants can then be watered and placed in a frame, though not exposed to a hot sun, or the plants would droop and perhaps fail. In a few days they must have plenty of air, and when the temporary check to growth which all transplanting occasions has passed away, the plants can be removed and placed out along or on any hard substance, for the roots might otherwise strike through the hole at the bottom of the pot into the soil on which the pots are, and this would never do. Lastly, you will find that in a short time the pots will be filled with roots, and that means that each plant may be turned out, as you see mine now are, into the borders where they will bloom—and indeed where ours are *now* blooming ("And *ours too*," suddenly interposed Mrs. Alice Smith) in their dwarf state."

"Bravo, Mr. Charles!" put in John; "but are you sure that all this is *necessary*, Charles, for bloom?"

"Undoubtedly *not*, John; but, as I think I said at the outset, that terribly lanky and untidy look which chrysanthemums naturally have is by this process avoided, and you will have flowers at less than half the height they would have attained, nor will your plants have lost their foliage or their colour. And what is more, John, these very plants which we are now looking at would next year be as tall as any other if we allowed them to remain on untended for another season."

John again, for his part, thought it best to hold forth upon the beauties of the tall chrysanthemum and of the shrubby specimens also. "No one can deny," said Charles in reply, "the beauties of these; but for our smaller garden, perhaps the dwarf specimens are best adapted."

NURSERY ACCIDENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"ACCIDENTS will happen," even in the best regulated households, and there is no part of the house where they happen oftener or cause more anxiety than in the nursery. Everybody who has anything to do with children should possess the knowledge of how best to manage when any accident has occurred. One or other of the children is always "in the wars," and a great deal can be done to help the little sufferer at the time, and—what is often more important—very much to ward off the evil after-effects which sometimes follow apparently trivial injuries, by anyone who possesses an intelligent idea of "first aid" in such accidents.

Many of the accidents which happen to children could be prevented by forethought and care on the part of those who have charge of them. We must remember that young children do not know the difference between anything they may play with in safety and the most dangerous things. At first they will attempt to play with the fire or a can of boiling water just as readily as with their rattle, and it is only after the first accident with each dangerous plaything that they begin to exercise caution. "Once bitten, twice shy" is a very true adage, but "Experience is a dear school" is just as true, and it is very cruel for us to allow our children to find out dangers by experience.

"Prevention is better than cure," and the best way of managing accidents in the nursery is to prevent them. Everything which by any chance could be dangerous should be kept well out of the children's reach. Never leave bottles or crockery lying about on the tables, as if they are knocked off or in any way broken, the pieces may cause dangerous and even fatal injuries. All medicines should be put carefully away. Matches, knives, scissors, hammers, and tools of all