

But something even more strange and unexpected was destined to occur. Neither Rawson nor I left Garstin House that night, and on the following morning we were told that one of the men who had been there the night before wished to speak with us. When we went down to him, he said, "I thought, gentlemen, that maybe you'd like to know as soon as possible."

"Know what?" we asked.

"Him that we took from here."

"Yes; what of him?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!"

The officer nodded. "Heart disease; he was found dead this morning in his cell."

* * * * *

At the end of six months a pale delicate-looking woman was driven into W—. Many of those who saw her saluted her with a respect that had a touch of pity in it. From that day she was seen there no more. Poor Grace left her home, never to return; and Garstin House, with all the property attached to it, was sold. When she recovered the shock her reason had sus-

tained, she begged of us never to question her concerning the events of that dreadful night. Possibly she herself could recall them but imperfectly. I can explain them only by conjecturing that during one of their frequent differences her husband had, in a fit of passion, attempted to execute some hideous threat. Apart from this surmise, the affair continued a mystery. It is now four years since it occurred, and its effect upon her has happily become less and less apparent, though it is doubtful if she will ever be the same she was.

Just of late, however, Lillian, with whom she passes most of her time, has been more hopeful in this respect. She is still handsome and not much over thirty, and my cousin, George Bolton (newly arrived among us from China, where he has spent a dozen years in accumulating a snug little fortune), seems much interested in her. He is one of the best fellows in the world, and she certainly seems to have a great liking for his society. We often wonder if a third marriage will make amends to her for the past, and cannot help thinking it is highly probable.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

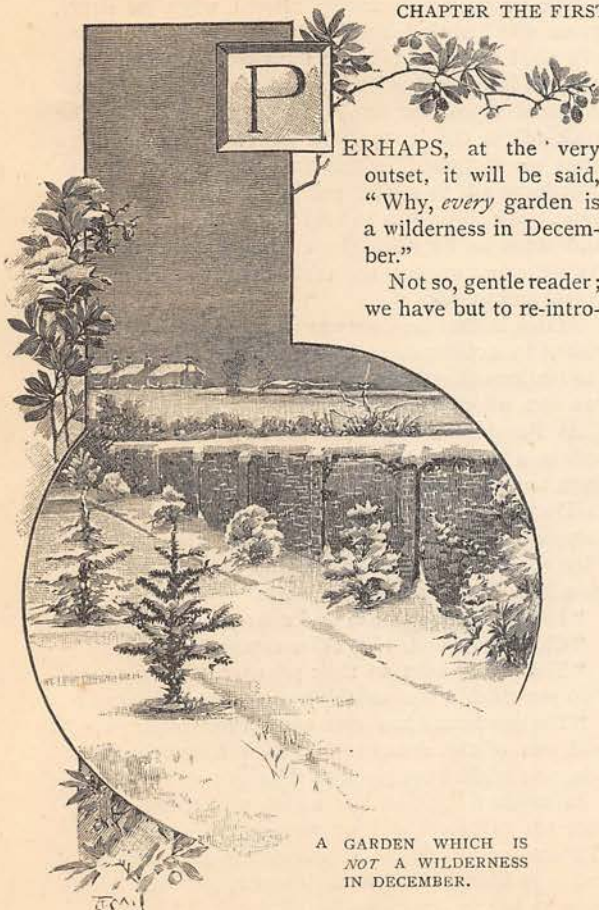
P

ERHAPS, at the very outset, it will be said, "Why, *every* garden is a wilderness in December."

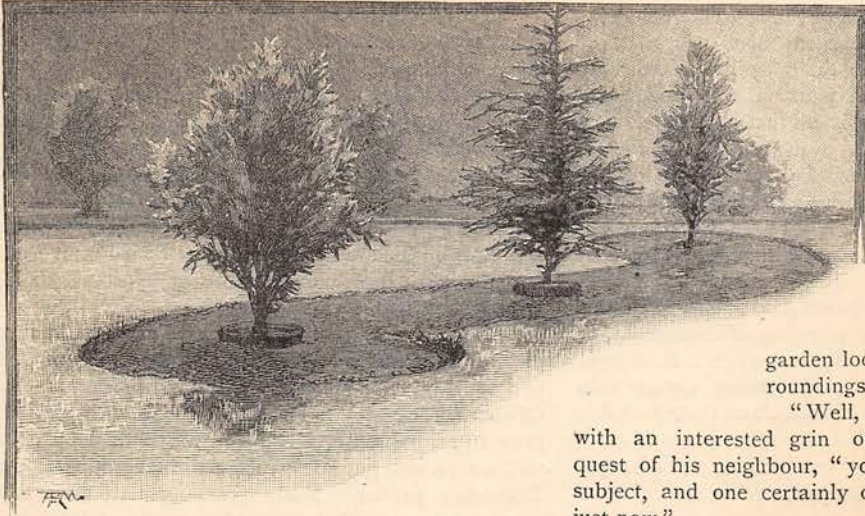
Not so, gentle reader; we have but to re-intro-

duce some old gardening friends in these opening pages of another volume of our MAGAZINE, and put to them a few questions, to which we have no fears whatever of an unsatisfactory answer. Some little time ago they told us how at midsummer they had decided upon becoming neighbouring tenants of a couple of houses in a pleasant suburban retreat known as Highland Villas, and to try the experiment of enthusiastic *suburban* gardening. They had entered upon their course under circumstances decidedly adverse to *thoroughly* successful gardening, for they were within a short distance of a large business centre, with tall chimneys and two or three railway stations, while the very land—not certainly very extensive—at the back of their houses could, upon their first taking possession of it, only be described as "a wilderness."

And this "wilderness" they at once determined should "become a garden." But here was another disadvantage under which they laboured, for they inherited the natural impatience of gardeners. They found themselves in *July* as the tenants of a wilderness—in *July*, when all English gardens were in the very zenith of their beauty. But "Rome was not built in a day," and of very necessity they had to lay the foundation of their garden in the very month of flowers. Trenching and manuring were at once carried out, and a good collection of flowers plunged, pot and all, beneath the soil under their windows had to do temporary duty in the way of floral ornament. But not until the autumn set in did they dare to commence stocking their domain with the necessary shrubs; for had they not long ago learnt in the old country home that all garden changes, such as planting and transplanting, cannot be successfully carried on under a burning



A GARDEN WHICH IS NOT A WILDERNESS IN DECEMBER.



EVERGREENS IN PLUNGED POTS, TO BE REMOVED WHEN BULBS FLOWER.

sun any more than they can be under a biting frost?

Well, then, it was within a day or two of the end of a dreary November that John Smith and Alice, his wife, had asked their neighbours, Charles Robinson and his niece, Mary, to a cosy fire-side supper, with the object of discussing some gardening matters that were at all events uppermost in their thoughts at all leisure hours.

"Can't say much, certainly," said John, "for the look just now of some of our neighbours' gardens along Highland Villas. Some of them never took any cuttings at all from their plants in September, but have left all their open air stock to die down anyhow; no leaves have been got up nor anything whatever put straight for the winter; and though some of them have been tenants here for a year or more, their gardens are *now* at least a mere cats' battle-field, and the whole place is a wilderness."

"Well," put in Charles, "we found our land a very 'wilderness' when we came here in June; it would certainly be a satisfaction to ourselves and a reproof to our untidy neighbours if we succeeded in making a garden of it in *December*."

"And I think, Charles," said John, "that we are in a very fair way to have a respectable garden in December, or at all events an orderly and tidy one."

"Ah, my good fellow," replied Charles, "tidy and orderly, of course, we can be and mean to be, but possibly a few flowers may turn up as well, and certainly some variegated shrubs and so forth, for you remember what pains we took in the autumn to secure some dwarf evergreens of different tints in their foliage?"

"And, uncle," interposed Mary brightly, "although no one looks for many flowers in the open garden in December, I have often thought that the different-coloured berries on some of the evergreen shrubs, not to speak of the variety of the foliage itself, make up a

good deal in December for the loss of the colour that the flowers give us in June."

"Now, Charles," said John, "give us one of your winter evening gardening lectures, and tell us, for instance, how you would go about making a December

garden look as cheerful as the surroundings will admit of."

"Well, John," replied Charles, with an interested grin of satisfaction at the request of his neighbour, "you have given me a good subject, and one certainly opportune for both of us just now."

Ruminating for a minute thoughtfully, he continued:—

"You know, John, there is one difficulty which I had better name at once. Here have you and I been busy a few weeks ago putting in our bulbs in some of our little flower-beds, and if we are thinking of plunging a few bright evergreens in pots that we have just ordered from the florist, we must be most particular not to disturb any of the bulbs, nor, for the matter of that, any plant that has died down, and, like all the perennial class, is now quietly asleep under the ground."

"Precisely," said John. "But now tell us something about the Christmas rose."

"Ah, now!" said Alice, "a real Christmas flower in the open beds."

"Yes, it is strange," said

Charles, carrying on his thoughts aloud, "that the Christmas rose, though a white flower, should be called by florists *Helleborus niger*, but though the whole class of *Helleborus* is more or less poisonous, it is a great favourite of some three hundred years' standing. You and I, John, took care to have some of this hardy plant put in as soon almost as we came here. It thrives best, however, though a plant that



A SUBSTITUTE FOR JUNE FLOWERS.

blooms in the depth of winter, in a sheltered situation, and in our small garden there is plenty of shelter to be had. It can easily be raised either by seed or by dividing an old plant in the spring-time. Quite an ordinary soil, too, is all that it needs, so that there is no necessity to be over-particular as to any compost preparation. Perhaps we can hardly look to have many flowers on ours this season, but once it is thoroughly well established, its blossoms in profusion, and the flowers are certainly charming for table decoration."

"I hope," suddenly interposed Alice, "that *our* bulbs were not injured by the plunging of evergreens, or indeed by anything else. By the way, Mr. Robinson, can you tell us more of your coming spring bulb show, or give us a nice list of bulbs and their probable expense?"

"Well," replied Charles, "you recollect our arrangement of red, blue, white, and yellow?"

"Perfectly."

"I was able then," said Charles, "for about fourpence or fivepence per bulb, to put in such as those known as Czar Nicholas, Regina Victoria, Princess Royal, all double red. Of the double white, I got Anna Maria, Jenny Lind, Prince of Waterloo. Of the double blue, let me name Albion, Shakespeare, Robert Burns; and of the double yellow, Bouquet Orange, Pure d'Or, and Goethe, all for nearly the same price. Of course, if we like to spend more money, finer and choicer specimens can be had: such, for example, as the Koh-i-noor, a noble hyacinth of a fine salmon pink in colour, classed, nevertheless, under the double red: I gave nearly two shillings for this, and a shilling for 'Arnold Prinsen,' a mauve lilac. But the old-fashioned price of from fourpence to sixpence a bulb will enable you for a few shillings to get some choice varieties."

"And now," continued Charles, "to change our subject, let us talk next of our laurels. We have already, I recollect, the Portugal laurel and the common laurel; both of them, I think, are fast growers, which is a good thing for us as new-comers comparatively. They contrast well the one with the other, and we have allowed all the room we can afford for their growth.

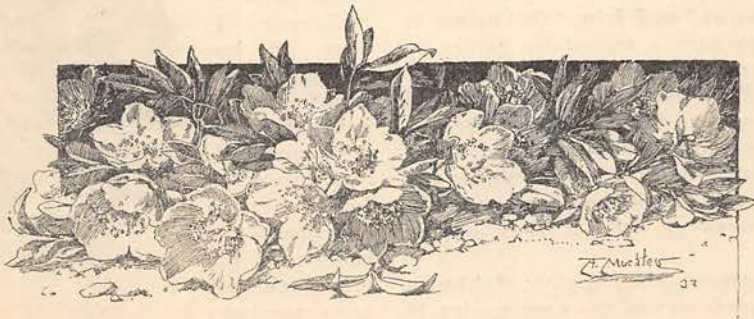
"But where are we to begin, and how long could we not talk of our old friend the holly and its varieties? for we can have both bright and dark green or narrow and broad leaves, variegated edges and variegated centres, and then, as Mary just now said, the brilliant scarlet berries supply the place of flowers of their very colour. And perhaps the best and most striking contrasts to the holly are those of the pine and yew tribe. Then we may notice the Arbutus, or strawberry tree, as it is called. This can be budded or raised from seed, and the hardy specimens require only ordinary soil, and the fruit is like an oval strawberry.

"It sounds perhaps curious to have an oak tree in a pot, yet a young evergreen oak in a pot and plunged in a bed, as we are doing here, is a handsome ornament. Of course it can, as we know, when once well started, grow to an immense tree, but in its youth it answers well our present purpose, which is the decoration of our December garden. Many years ago an unusually severe winter cut off the tops of even this hardy tree, the evergreen oak, but a curious result was that the following season some of these trees broke out at the bottom, forming most beautiful shrubs.

"The various specimens of the Andromeda also give us some charming shrubs. For instance, we can get the *A. floribunda*, a bushy specimen, some fifteen inches in height, for two shillings, paying, of course, a little more for a larger-sized plant. Shrubs will generally thrive fairly well in ordinary soil, better perhaps in a sandy soil, and not so well where there is much clay. We need not, however, confine ourselves to the Andromeda.

"Let us take selections of that noble tribe of the Coniferæ; varieties of the Abies, the Spruce Fir tribe, running from three to six feet in height, can be had from a shilling to three or five shillings each. The Juniper, the Araucaria (more commonly known as the Monkey Puzzle), the Cedar, the Cypress, etc., all come under this class, and can be had at similar cost. And now, I think, it is time to break up."

"Many thanks, Charles, for your interesting lecture," said John. "We must certainly have some more of this later on."



wedding presents are all brilliantly new at present, but the plate belonging to the house strikes me as very much out of order. I like to have a positively glittering dinner-table, and it is a very easy matter, after all ; for it only needs plenty of elbow-grease, and when the plate is in order very little powder is necessary. You must wash the silver every day, after using, in warm soft water, with a little soda and plenty of yellow soap. Dry it on a soft towel, and polish it up with a good chamois leather. If this is done every day, 'Plate Powder' need only be used once a week, or less often even than that. Then all the table glass must be washed in a special wooden bowl, which must be used for nothing else, for fear of grease. A lather of soapsuds is better than actual soap, and each piece of glass should be dried on soft linen. When placing the glasses upon the dinner table, you should either handle

them with a cloth or a clean glove, as there is nothing more disagreeable than seeing a finger-mark upon a tumbler."

"You seem to be very particular, ma'am ; but I'll do my best to please you, and I hope you will help me to improve myself," said Clara cheerily, as she shouldered a tray full of breakfast things, and followed me out of the room.

"We will attack the drawing-room and dining-room to-morrow, Clara," I said, as I opened the door of the linen cupboard. "I have great ideas for those rooms, and I mean to have the prettiest house in the whole of Linton !"

Clara smiled sympathetically, and I heard her singing blithely over her work that morning ; and my bedroom fireplace shone like burnished metal with the amount of elbow-grease she put into it.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

A TALK ABOUT FERNS.

IT was Christmas Day, and our old friends John and Alice Smith were, in accordance with a previous agreement, paying their return visit to their neighbours Charles Robinson and Mary, his niece. Ample justice had already been done to the time-honoured roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince pies, when a good round log that had a few minutes before been placed on the drawing-room fire suddenly gave vent to such a pyrotechnic explosion, that the happy quartette but just seated quietly around the grate started to their feet, and took an abrupt and mirthful flight to the centre of the room. This certainly gave a turn to the conversation, for presently the host called to his guest :

"What voyage of discovery are you on *now*, John?"

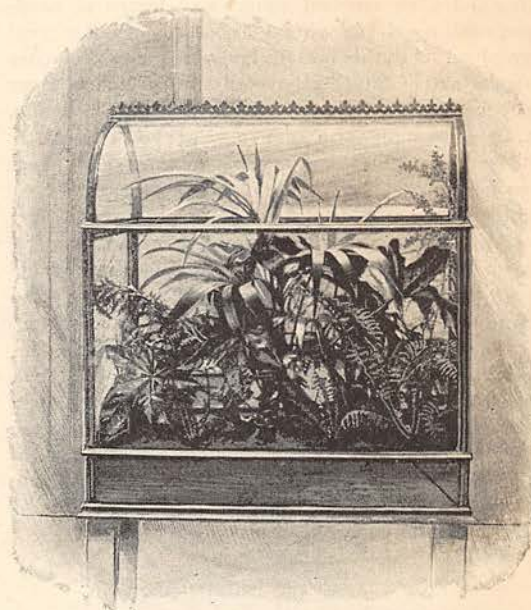
"I am looking," said John, in reply, peering about him as he spoke—"I am looking at this miniature Crystal Palace."

"Oh yes ; is it not charming?" said Charles, quickly closing a book he was casually looking at ; "though I suppose I must not sing the praises of my own handiwork."

All four had now gathered round the object of curiosity under discussion, which Alice described as a pretty little greenhouse.

Charles thought it a good opportunity to begin a gardening lecture, and forthwith entered upon his explanatory address.

"This little greenhouse, as you aptly describe it, Mrs. Smith, was the contrivance of a certain Mr. Ward, many, very many years ago, for the cultivation of plants, and more particularly of ferns, in rooms, and in consequence they have ever since been called, after their founder, Wardian cases. Of course we can make them of any size."



WARDIAN CASE.

"And after all," continued Charles, "a Wardian case may be said to be little more than a pot of flowers on a large scale, and with a bell-glass over it. For this is really what we do. Here, you see, I utilised first a strong old box, an old *oak* one—for good *durable* material is essential for our purpose—as a common deal one, with its sides roughly put together, would very probably fall to pieces after a short time. Anyhow, *oak*, of course, is not a necessity, but *strength* certainly is. Well, this box, you see, is rather better than a foot in depth, and I first of all removed its lid, and next I



MAIDENHAIR.
(*Adiantum Cuneatum.*)

coated it *inside* with pitch, by way of preserving it from decay. And then, drainage being the first essential for the cultivation of anything whatever, I put on the bottom of my box a good layer of brickbats, broken pieces of tile, or crooked stones and lumps of sandstone, each rough piece being about the size of a good large plum. Let this bottom layer be some four inches in depth, and upon this have another drainage layer about two inches deep, but let the broken bits of tile, etc., be of a smaller size than those at the bottom.

"Next, upon this I put my first layer of soil about three inches deep, consisting of broken turf of a light loamy quality; and lastly, I placed upon the whole my final and more carefully prepared compost, varying necessarily in accordance with the nature of the plants intended to be grown. In my case, however, as ferns were to be put in, I might here describe in a general way the nature of the soil best suited for fern growing. Ferns like a light open soil, with peat, leaf-mould, and plenty of sand. Now ferns, as we know, are largely in their natural state seen to be growing among rocks: accordingly you notice I have put on and among my



GOLDEN LEAVED GYMNORAMMA.
(*Gymnogramme Calomelanos Chrysophylla.*)

upper surface of soil a few rough stones and pieces of rock-work, which have a pretty effect as well. And lastly, you see I have covered over the whole with a glass case. This, bear in mind, is not really intended to exclude the air, but is mainly meant to keep off dust, and to maintain inside a uniform moisture on the plants under its protection. Open the case pretty often, and you will then not only prevent the dew from depositing itself upon the inside of the glass, but you will maintain a uniform temperature; and, what is more, we must not forget that, in addition to drainage and water, etc., *air* is a necessity for all growth."

"Bravo, Charles! you have given us a capital description of this Wardian case," said John; "and I shall certainly devote some of the long winter afternoons and evenings to setting up one myself, if only to see if I cannot cut yours out."

"Do you know," continued John, "if I was going to describe to a friend this glass covering, Charles—for, after all, you have not told us very much about *that*—I think I should illustrate my meaning by sketching the glass covering of a modern funeral car!"



HART'S TONGUE.
(*Scolopendrium Vulgare.*)

"Well, certainly," said Charles, laughing while looking at the hasty etching of his friend, "you have given us a melancholy, but at the same time a most apt, illustration on a large scale of the very thing wanted!"

"And," added Charles, "supposing your glass covering, or indeed that your whole Wardian case was a large one, I would suggest that the top could be made to lift off, or, if you preferred it, you might have a couple of hinges."

"And now," said John, "can you give us, Charles, the names of a few ferns or plants in general most suited for growth under a Wardian case, because I am then going to trespass on you still further, and ask for a little more talk about ferns in the abstract."

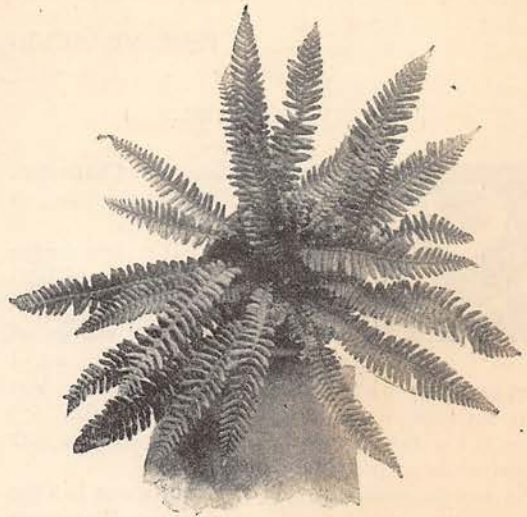
"Well," said Charles, "I suppose we had better begin with the ever popular Maidenhair—*Adiantum formosum*. This likes a sandy peat and loam; and, my dear fellow, you know, I could name many varieties of this much prized and most beautiful member of the

Polypodiaceæ, or fern tribe. Here, for instance, is another, the *Adiantum Hispidulum*, or slightly hairy Maidenhair ; or here, again, you see I have in my little collection the *Adiantum Moritzianum*. There, too, you see the Tunbridge filmy fern—*Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*, which flourishes best among damp sandstone. Many is the party of fern explorers that I have joined in Kent in quest of that now somewhat scarce fern.

"Then, again, here is a *Begonia*—the *B. Martiana*, which I find adapted to grow in my case ; or—to go back again to our ferns—here is the *Blechnum gracile*, and again the *B. polypodyfolia*. But to sum up, you must all see that it is impossible to go on naming specimens ; but next, perhaps, to ferns, I would suggest a few of the orchid tribe as adapted for the Wardian case. And then, again, I should be careful, first of all, I think, to ascertain the *ultimate size* which any given plant is likely to attain before I introduced it into my case, as otherwise you might find by the side of some dwarf specimen a giant one that was evidently bent upon ultimately breaking a way through your glass top. And finally, I think I would not have in the case plants that were merely and strictly *seasonal* in their growth."

"Well, and now, Charles," said John, "we shall not let you off before you get out of the Wardian case to say something about other ferns."

"So as I am to begin again then, just as I thought you had had enough of me," said Charles, "we will talk generally of the culture of our hardy ferns. The best plan is first of all, when on any country excursion, to notice *where* ferns grow, that is to say, under what conditions, and then secondly to notice *what* those ferns are. Some, for example, we find growing luxuriantly in a wood under trees, some on quite exposed places, such as on rocks, while the common bracken we find nearly everywhere, down indeed almost to the sea-shore itself. Let us suppose, then, that we fit up in a shady corner of our garden a sort of lovers' retreat, known as the fernery, and pile up plenty

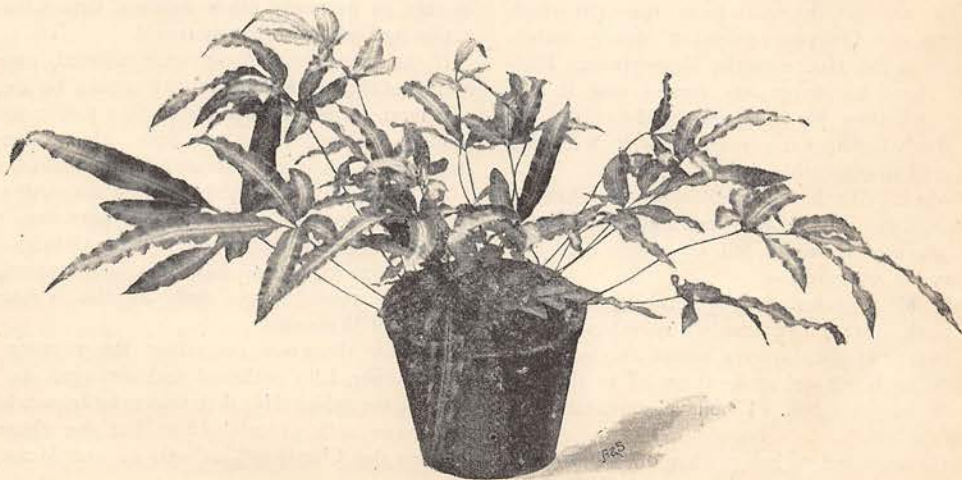


Blechnum Spicant.

of rock-work as a foundation for the whole. Well, all the varied kinds of the *Asplenium*, or Spleenwort, are suited to rock-work. So that, taking Nature as our best guide, any ferns that we find growing, say, in a low moist soil, we should do well to plant at the *base* of our rock-work, while any that we notice growing on exposed and wild places we had better therefore plant upon the top of our artificial rock-work. To wind up, then, with a few more specimens: the well-known Lady Fern (*Athyrium filix femina*) will thrive well either in a damp and shady situation, or even in a pot as an ornamental and graceful plant. Or again in damp places, all varieties of the *Lastrea* will do well. And one thing, when treating of ferns, must strike us all: do you know what I mean, John ?

"Well, I suppose," was the reply, "it is that ferns one and all want plenty of water."

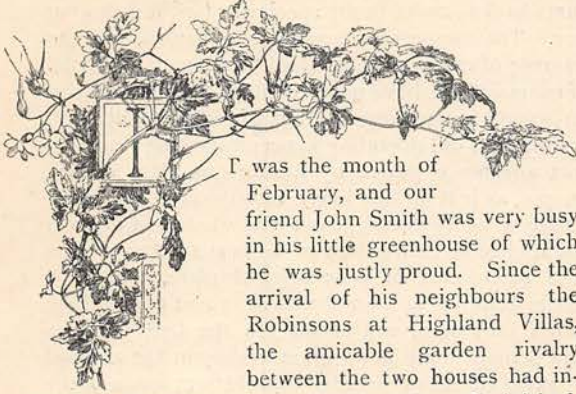
"Right enough," said Charles. "A fernery will never thrive in a drought."



Pteris Cretica Albo lineata.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.
A TALK ABOUT PELARGONIUMS.

CRANESBILLS—GERANIUM ROBERTIANUM.

It was the month of February, and our friend John Smith was very busy in his little greenhouse of which he was justly proud. Since the arrival of his neighbours the Robinsons at Highland Villas, the amicable garden rivalry between the two houses had increased rather than diminished, and so it came about one February morning that another opportunity occurred for a garden talk. "A day off," as twenty-four hours' freedom from ordinary business had got to be called, was always with both families a great "field day" in the garden, and it was on one of these happy occasions that Charles Robinson walked into his neighbour's garden an hour before breakfast—gardeners *always* catch "the early worm"—just to see what young John Smith was up to, and to find out what he was going to do with the holiday.

"Good-morning, John; at it already, I see, as busy as a bee."

"Well, you see, Charles, February is always a busy month in the greenhouse; this shifting, as you know we call the re-potting, takes up a lot of time, but then it *must* be done."

"Very true," said Charles, "I always shift my entire stock about now. Those pelargoniums you are doing look strong and healthy; should say you mean to be great in those, John, eh?"

John replied with merely an approving smile, which was not only suggestive of the fact that he meant to try, but that he felt pretty confident of success.

After a moment's pause, John suddenly broke out—

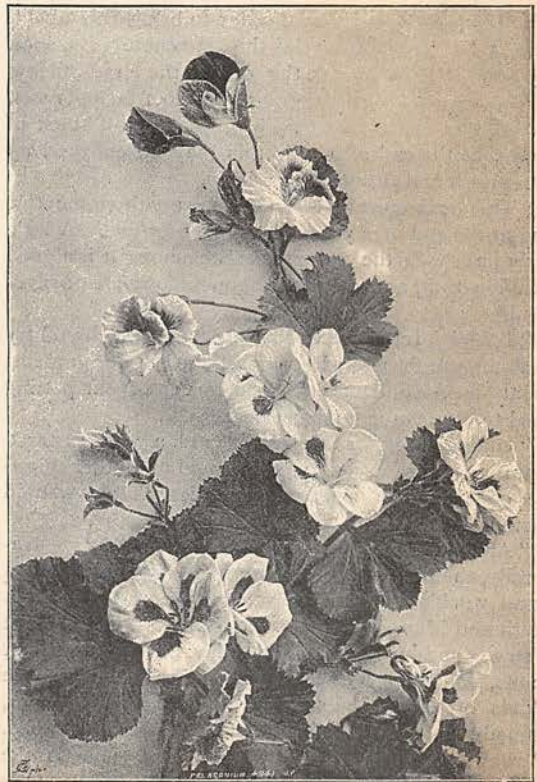
"It's a long word, pelargoniums, I think, but I suppose when we are talking of flowers, we don't find our own language expressive enough to describe properly the distinctions and differences which exist in the infinite varieties that come before us. Still, when it is possible, I certainly prefer describing our flowers by English names; don't you remember that old Charles Waterton, the naturalist, was strong on this point, and wrote to his rival, Swainson, that his 'nomenclatures gave him the jaw-ache.' But now, Charles, I dare say Mary will spare you a little longer, so come in and have some breakfast with us and let us have a talk about these pelargoniums—*fancy geraniums* I shall call them for the time being."

Charles Robinson was a burly Yorkshireman, and, conscious that her breakfast table would, by his arrival, be rapidly eased of its load, Alice Smith contrived to ask for a few minutes' respite before commencing, and while the two innocent men returned for a while to the greenhouse, a speedy reinforcement of rashers and sausages enabled her presently, with a lighter heart, to tell them that breakfast was ready.

"Well, John," said Charles, "you were saying just now that you always give your pelargoniums the last shift before blooming in *this* month, and that when you do this you don't make any difference in the quality of the soil; but, by the way, what does the word pelargonium mean?—and now, as here is Mary come in to see what has become of her uncle, suppose you give us a pelargonium lecture."

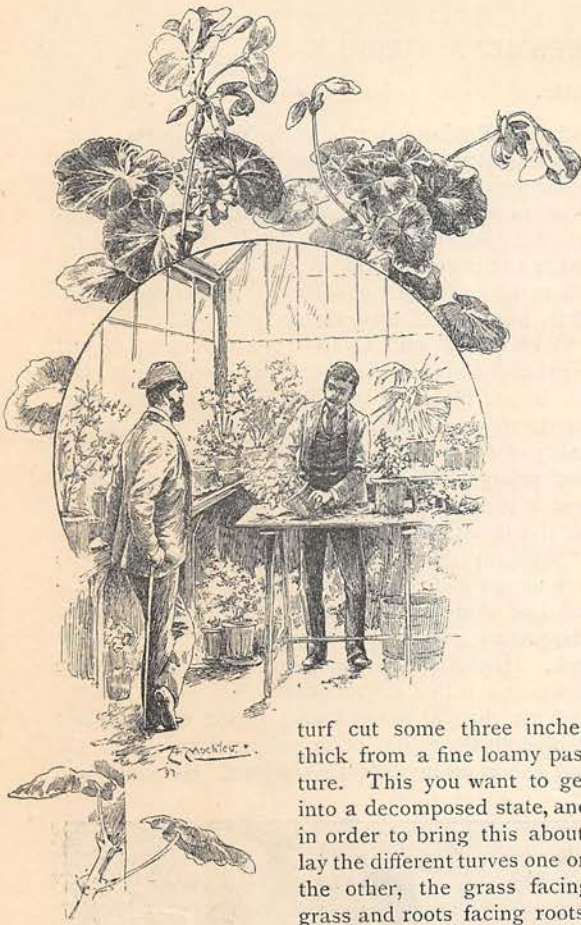
"Well, my dear sir, I will do my best. As to the mere meaning of the word itself, I suppose the stork's-beak-like shape of the seed-pod gives us the word pelargonium, *πελαργός* (pelargos) being the Greek for a stork. Hence the natural name for this order of the Geraniaceæ is that of Cranesbills.

"First, then, as to the quality of the compost best adapted for the culture of the pelargonium. Now, the most important ingredient is the loam. Get some good



PELARGONIUM.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)



turf cut some three inches thick from a fine loamy pasture. This you want to get into a decomposed state, and in order to bring this about, lay the different turves one on the other, the grass facing grass and roots facing roots, till you get a small stack of

them; at the end of a year this may be chopped up into pieces and thrown into a heap.

"This heap must be turned over every three months, and at the end of a year it is well fit for use. A little turfy peat with the vegetable fibre among it is a good addition to it, and certainly a good allowance of silver sand."

"I think," interposed Charles, "that we should try to find room for a small compost shed in our gardens, or, at all events, devote a good corner of our potting shed to a prepared compost heap."

"Undoubtedly," said John, "and a well-prepared loam heap is a necessity, leaf-mould and other things we could get in smaller quantities as we wanted them."

"And now for our pelargoniums themselves. Naturally, the best thing to do at the outset is to visit a nursery in blooming time, that is, for the most part, about April and May. Select for your plants such as have a strong and bushy appearance, short as well as strong joints, rich foliage and compact looking flowers, the petals of which should be thick, with thin edges, smooth, and their colour well and clearly defined. Perhaps the charm of a pelargonium show is the striking variety of colour; some, for example, may be pure white without a blotch on the petal, some with a light blotch and some with a dark one; then

come the pink varieties with a light and a dark blotch on them, and so on.

"And then, having made our selection, we can at the fitting time propagate them first by means of cuttings. This is best done some time from about midsummer up to August, for before this their bloom is over, and we can, when that is the case, cut our plants back to make bushy specimens for the following year. The compost we have already named, and the drainage of our pots we need not here again advert to. Of course if we have many cuttings to strike we can put several in one large pot, but it is evident that since, as time goes on, re-potting is necessary, there is a distinct advantage gained by having one plant only in one pot, as it is far less likely to have its tender roots damaged by re-potting, since the whole ball of earth can at once be then placed in the next sized pot. The little side-shoots of your original plant, that have hardly flowered at all and that are about two to three inches in length, will afford you the best cuttings. And perhaps there is no great variety in the method of taking cuttings generally. The bottom leaves of the small cutting should be pinched off and only two left on at its upper part, and when you have several in one pot or box, do not allow the leaf of one cutting to touch that of its neighbour. The compost should be of sufficient solidity to hold the cuttings well together, but take care to let silver sand predominate on the surface of the soil. Give a gentle watering and do not, particularly at first, allow your cuttings to be exposed to the rays of the sun. They can then be placed in the propagating house or in any quite gentle heat, and finally at Michaelmas they will take their place in the greenhouse among others. But, of course, it will be impossible to go into minute detail when giving merely general hints as to the culture of pelargoniums. One thing further, however, had better be here named. Anyone who has reared them, even on a small scale, must have noticed how partial the green fly is to them, and that, too, nearly at all times, but perhaps more particularly just before the period of bloom. A good fumigation, followed afterwards by a light syringing would seem to be the only effectual remedy. I might further add that if the seeds of the geranium are sown as soon as they ripen in the summer, the young seedling plants will bloom early in the following season."

"And of course," said Charles, "one becomes embarrassed at the very thought of naming specimens of the geranium."

"Well, certainly their name is legion, but here, if you like, are a few, just by way of illustration. Of the greenhouse herbaceous class we might name *Pelargonium procumbens*; *P. columbinum*; *P. althæoides*, the last resembling the marsh mallow; then again among the tuberous rooted class may be named the *Pelargonium carneum*, *P. melananthum*, *P. luteum*, all of which are bloomers in May. Useful show geraniums again are the *Matilda*, *Painted Lady*, *Othello*, *Harlequin*, and others."

* * * The illustration of a Wardian Case given in last month's article was from a photograph of a case specially prepared by Mr. Dick Radclyffe, 128, High Holborn, W.C.

We cannot here go into any disquisition as to the comparative merits of the two branches of the game. Each has its most enthusiastic followers and both are year by year throwing off their more dangerous elements and becoming more scientific in their manner of playing. It is a sport that neither time nor ridicule has ever been able to stamp out and it must have a very large influence on the national character.

Foreign visitors must look upon the game with feelings of amazement, and regard its players as mad barbarians. The game, however, is rapidly spreading to our colonies. Already English teams have visited New Zealand and the Cape, and we have received a visit from a team of Maoris, who were very successful.

Of organisers who have, in their respective branches, brought the games to their present state, the name of C. W. Alcock, who has been the Association secretary for over twenty years, must be most

honourably mentioned, as also that of Lord Kinnaird and many others.

In the Rugby game, one of the best known and most popular men in England is that of G. Rowland Hill, the Rugby honorary secretary, who has probably done as much, if not more, for his favourite sport than any man living.

The names of famous players are legion, and it would be invidious to particularise.

I can only repeat in drawing this imperfect sketch to a conclusion that football is a manly sport, which, in spite of its dangers, real and pretended, must always have a great and increasing place in the affections of the British people, and I would earnestly exhort those who are more or less opposed to it, to pause before going to the length of throwing any unnecessary impediments in the way of its exercise by the hale and strong of the coming generation. But I am speaking for myself, and I am "an enthusiast."

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



BEGONIA FROEBELII.

JOHN AND ALICE SMITH were only now entering the ninth month of their residence at Highland Villas, and it was on an early day in March that they might have been seen strolling slowly down the centre path of their garden in animated converse with their neighbours the Robinsons, who had just looked in.

"You know, John," said Charles Robinson, "I consider that, as yet, we two gardeners have not had a fair chance or opportunity given us of showing our friends what we can do. This is our first spring month, and therefore our first sowing month."

"Certainly," replied John ; "in so far as open-air

gardening goes, you are right, but we have both of us been pretty busy under our glass for some little time. What, by the way, were those things you were re-potting the other day in your greenhouse? For the life of me, although their name is familiar enough, I cannot just now think of them."

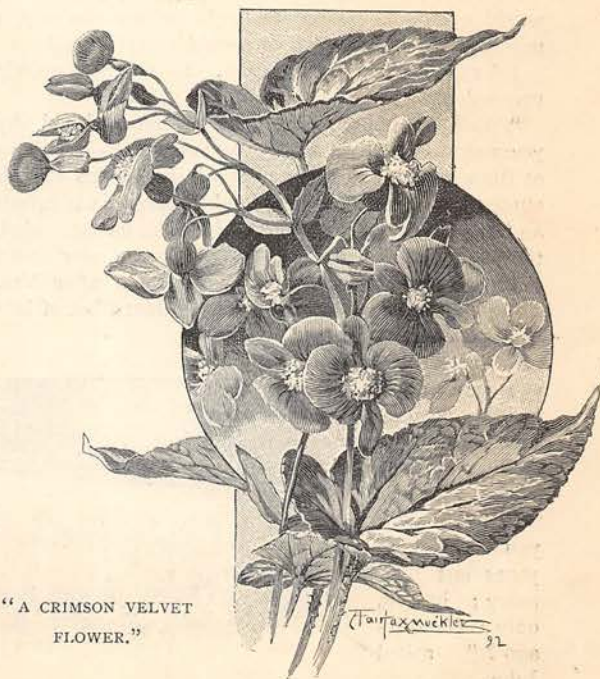
"Oh, you mean those few begonias I am so fond of?"

"Ah, yes," said John. "Well, how were you serving

them? Come now, tell us all about them, for I know your begonias to be one of your hobbies."

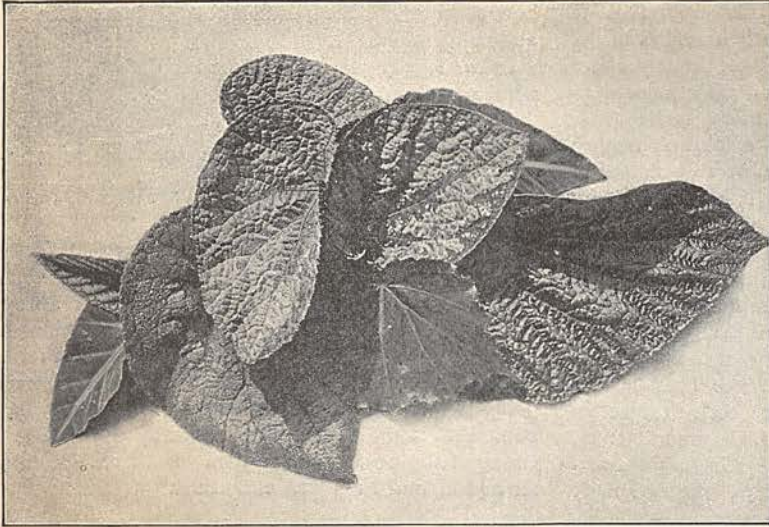
"Suppose, then," said Charles, "we all adjourn to my little greenhouse, and let me give the lecture there."

Ten minutes later, then, and a second garden inspection had begun, this time on the premises of Charles Robinson, and after the general survey made



"A CRIMSON VELVET FLOWER."

(Fairfax Muckler 32)



BEGONIA LEAVES.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)

down to the bottom of the garden and back, in which they had commented on the brilliant but now fading crocus show, the rapidly advancing hyacinths and tulips, and the promise of pansies, they found themselves at the greenhouse door, when John exclaimed—

“And now for your begonias, Charles.”

“Perhaps, then, first you would like to hear something about Michael—”

“Oh, now, my dear fellow,” abruptly interposed John. “I want to hear about begonias; I am not interested in Michael.”

“If my youthful, impetuous friend, John Smith, would quietly allow me to begin in my own way, it might turn out that Michael *would* interest him.”

John looked a little foolish. So Charles quietly proceeded.

“Well, then, John, more than two hundred and fifty years ago—that is to say, in the year 1638—was born at Blois one Michael Begon, and it is after this French student of botany that our friend the begonia is called; and in the seventy-two years of his life he succeeded, therefore, in immortalising himself as we now stand gazing at these plants which are called after him. Many begonias, of course, are stove plants, but of late years some of the tuberous-rooted sorts can even be used as bedding-out plants, so that we shall be able to name presently several varieties.”

“What were you doing to yours last February; indeed, only a few days ago?” asked John.

as these belong to the class which is within reach of most of us, and we can use them for bedding-out. Indeed, when properly established they will stand some two or three degrees of frost before being housed for the winter. Now, when the flowering season has passed—that is, in the autumn—their leaves and stems die down, and in order to facilitate this, water must be gradually withheld from them until their leaves and stems have thoroughly decayed and separated themselves from the tuberous roots. Put away the roots then in any dry and warm place, of course where no frost can really reach them.

“Before going on, however, let me remind you that during the decaying process it would never do to *pull* off any of the leaves and stems. Nature must do all this for you. Well, John, you can either store away your tuberous roots in flower-pots, putting the pots on their sides or along any warm shelf of your hothouse, where no water can get to them, or if you have had some flowering



THE HYACINTH BEDS.

“Oh, I was merely re-potting generally, and, of course, these begonias came in for their share of attention; but about the end of February the tuberous-rooted begonias may be re-potted in a light rich soil, and put where they will have a gentle bottom heat.

“And perhaps the chief beauty of the begonia lies in its foliage; indeed, one class of them is sought after mainly for its ornamental foliage, and of these the flowers are very similar in character: a sort of pink and white or flesh colour; and their beauty, as compared with that of the leaves themselves, is certainly inferior.

“But perhaps the tuberous-rooted will interest us most,

in pots, the roots will do best if undisturbed or kept dry all the winter. And I think our interest in them should increase more particularly from this point, because we are now entering upon the very time of the year in which they will want some attention. For about the end of February or early in this month of March, we carefully examine and take up our old roots, get away all the old dry soil, and re-pot them in pots proportionate to the size of our plant. This, perhaps, is a good opportunity for saying something about the soil best suited to the begonia.

A vegetable soil, then, is the most desirable; or let me say, to be more accurate, equal parts of the turfy portion of sandy loam and also of well-reduced leaf-mould, and to this add a fair allowance of sand. Indeed, in all re-potting our silver sand should never be absent. Our new soil, however, should certainly not be too moist, and only a gentle watering need be given until we see some sign that growth is beginning. Probably as time goes along another re-potting will be needful. And then, bear in mind, no excessive stove heat is wanted for them, for indeed the begonias, or at least these of which we are speaking, will do better in the cooler part of the house. Then, again, we can raise this tuberous class from seed, and if we sow in this month we shall get our flowers in July. We can sow in any customary pan or long box, using the soil we have already described, but the seed being a fine powdery material, take care that in watering you give water with sufficient caution to avoid washing the seed away. Your seed-pan must stand in a frame, and in March, you know, we generally have a small cucumber frame started. When large enough, your young plants can be pricked out and finally potted off, and you will find that a few weeks after the last potting will bring you to the bedding-out period of the middle or third week of May. The florescence of the tuberous-rooted begonia in some

instances may be said to resemble that of the single dahlia.

"And now I might with advantage name a few specimens. Let us then take the tuberous-rooted first: *Rose d'Amour*, *Fulgurant*, *Froebelii*, *Magenta Queen*; these could be had probably for half-a-crown each, or thereabouts. Some, of course, are more choice and a little more expensive, as, for example, the *Tongkin*, *Socotrana*, *Rosette*, etc.; while probably some unclassified seedlings saved from the best varieties are to be had from six to twelve shillings a dozen.

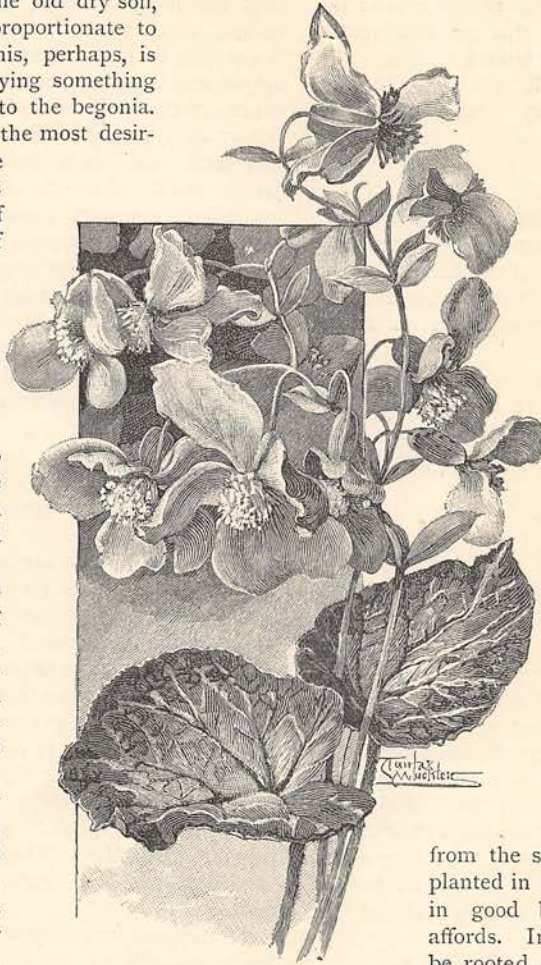
"And next we might name a few famous for their ornamental foliage: here then, for example, we have the *Louise Chretien*, *Imperialis*, *Finette*, or of a rather more expensive class, the *Olbia* and *Palmata*.

"Some few there are also which flower in winter, say from the middle of November until April, if at least they are kept in a temperature of some 55°. For instance, the *Incarnata*, a flesh-coloured specimen, the *Insignis*, and the *Sanguinea*, with several others, might be named. To rear the *Incarnata*, then, cuttings should be taken

from the strongest shoots early in April, planted in peat and sand, and, of course, in good bottom heat which a frame affords. In a very few weeks they will be rooted, and can then be potted off, but returned to the frame. Though in a moist heat, they must have sufficient air. When fully grown they can be hardened off in a cooler place, and finally removed to the stove house in October."

"Well done, Charles," said John. "I could not have lectured better myself; but I shall certainly grow jealous if I allow you to be the only lecturer; so on our next spare day you must come over to us, and hear what I have to say on some popular flower."

"Nothing will delight me more, my dear fellow," and this was therefore regarded as a fixture for the future.



"LONG, PINK, FLESH-COLOURED FLOWERS."



one which a party member disregards at his peril. In addition to these circulars, there are the summonses, almost partaking of the character of a whip, issued by the respective leaders at the commencement of each session. Such a one as that sent by Mr. Gladstone from Florence five years ago, or by Mr. Balfour at the opening of the present Parliament, may be considered historic.

The members who are to be seen in the Lobby with note-book frequently in hand, and without a hat, play an important part in our parliamentary life. It is the habit of some superior folk to disparage them, unknowing or forgetting that from the ranks of the Whips, from the arrangers of the "dinner lists," and from the performers of "door-mat duty," have sprung some famous parliamentarians. Mr. Gladstone had a narrow escape from being one of them, for his first appointment was that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, which was changed to the Colonial Under-Secretaryship only because electoral disaster had befallen a colleague; while the present Speaker, like his predecessor, had passed a period of service as Whip before attaining the position of First Commoner in the realm. The office is a thankless one; Premiers reward it with peerages, colonial governorships,

baronetcies, and—though very rarely—seats in the Cabinet; but parties are seldom grateful, and even so strikingly successful a Whip as Mr. Douglas did well to take a testimonial in the earlier portion of his official career. Yet, so fissiparous is the tendency of modern political life, that the number of whipping organisations is on the increase, and where once were only Whig and Tory, are now Liberal and Conservative, Liberal Unionist and Nationalist, and among the last section are Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite; while in the defunct Parliament the Radical Committee had Whips all their own, one who was associated with them giving, through Mr. Goschen, the nickname "Jacobyn" to our political vocabulary. With the growth in number has come a necessity for revising and supplementing the accommodation accorded to them at Westminster. This session Mr. Anstruther and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist Whips, need no longer to use the room of their Conservative allies; and Mr. Deasy and Sir Thomas Esmonde, the Whips of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary Party, have likewise an apartment of their own. But at the present rate of increase, separate sections will soon be so many that there will be almost more members "whipping" than "whipped."

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

A CHAPTER ON LILIES.

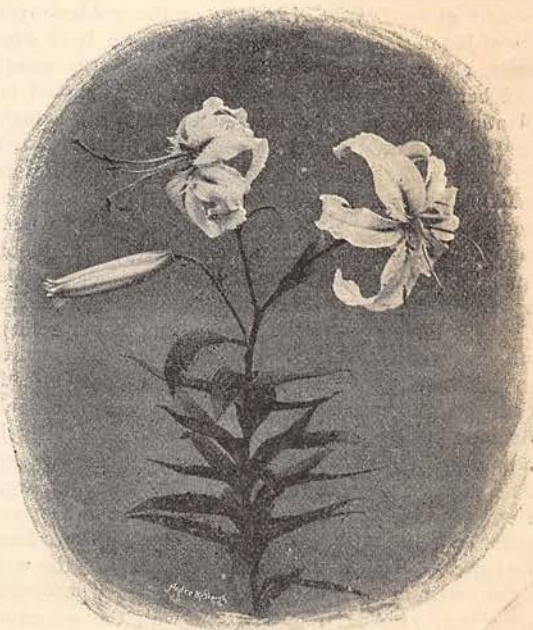
THE Easter recess, winding up with the Monday Bank Holiday, was, by the mutual consent of our rival friends, to be, as usual, devoted to still further horticultural progress.

"Well, Charles," said John, "I am delighted with my subject. It is the 'Lilies of the Field,' Alice," with a knowing look at her. She, however, merely responded with a more than usually rosy smile, in remembrance

of a certain picnic long ago. And he continued, "and so impatient am I in the memory of their glory that I am embarrassed at the very outset."

"But I had better be methodical and talk first of the soil best adapted for lilies in general. For the most part, then, they like a rich soil, with plenty of sandy loam in the compound. Then again, of course, some varieties like an aspect that looks south, and a good supply of sandy peat into the bargain. A fibrous peat soil is what some of the American, and certainly the Japanese, sorts mostly delight in. Paxton, the great authority, considers white to be the original species. Some three hundred years ago, then, or thereabouts, was the plain white lily—*Lilium Candidum*—thought to be introduced into England from the Levant, as

also was *Lilium Bulbiferum*, an orange-coloured flower that blooms in June, and of which there are



LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM ALBUM.

GOLDEN-RAYED LILY (*LILIAM AURATUM*).

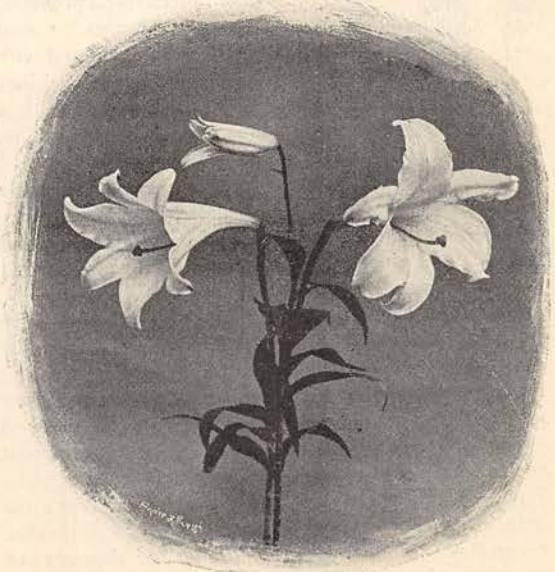
(From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)

several varieties. And though it is generally the custom to send off the best firework the last of all, I cannot longer delay the mention of a comparatively modern glory, *Lilium Auratum*, or the golden-rayed lily of Japan. And then, when we are so busy over our re-potting in the month of February, that month had better perhaps be named as the best adapted for planting the *Lilium Auratum* in a pot, though I might here say, in passing, that any specimens that have been quietly slumbering through the winter in a cold frame, may, in this now coming month of April, be planted out in soil that is best adapted for their growth. Only last July did I see one in full and magnificent bloom in an open garden on a side border that looked about south-east, and this was within four miles from Charing Cross! But to go back to the potting of our golden-rayed lily bulb. As for the soil more particularly suited to it, it would do very well in that we have already named, with the addition perhaps of some thoroughly decayed horse manure and some wood ashes. But in all our potting we must never neglect the use of sand. And then we must be careful to use a good and large-sized pot, as it would never do later on to have our plant what is called 'pot-bound,' that is, thrown back and stunted for want of room. It is easy, by the way, to ascertain at any time if any given plant is pot-bound by simply tapping it gently and with the pot on its side in our hand, removing the plant from the soil for a moment; and if we find a multitude of roots, like a

quantity of vermicelli, covering the whole surface of the soil, the plant is pot-bound. Do not quite fill your pot with soil. See, of course, first of all, carefully to the drainage of the pot with crocks, in the usual way, and have a good three inches of soil over your bulb. And next, your pot can then be placed in a cold frame, but give it at the outset no water, and let no spring frosts touch it: but as soon as your eye is gladdened by the sight of the fresh green spike you will do well to plunge your pot, say, in some tan taken from some old cucumber frame. Later, as your plant grows rapidly in height, it will, of course, require support by staking. The scent of the flower is almost overpoweringly superb. It will grow to some four feet in height, while the blossoms themselves, white, tinted with gold and spotted with crimson, are often some nine inches in width. The bulbs themselves can be had from ninepence to half-a-crown each, or a more choice and selected species up to five shillings each."

"Well done, John," suddenly exclaimed Charles, as he became more animated and interested; "but now give us the names of a few thoroughly hardy lilies of other kinds, and never mind even if they are a little old-fashioned, for I cling with an increasing fondness to the flowers that our grandfathers loved."

"Well, then," said John, "there is, for example, the *Lilium Andinum*, that bears a fine scarlet flower in July, indigenous to North America, from which we got it more than seventy years ago; and then there is the *Lilium Canadense*, so called, of course, from its Canadian home, which gives us, also in July, a light orange-coloured flower. A yellow specimen again is the *Lilium Sibiricum*, which hails from Siberia, while we get from China the *Lilium Japonicum*, and from Japan the *Lilium Speciosum*, which is sometimes, too, called the *Lilium Lancifolium*, and which bears an orange-coloured flower in August. The *Lilium Japonicum* is a tall



BERMUDA EASTER LILY.



ARUM LILY.

grower—as, indeed, we know are many others—and grows to some five feet in height. Lilies of the valley, as we know, Alice—here the roses came again—do well in quite shaded places. I know well a noble bed in a suburban garden that never sees the sun and is surrounded on all sides by trees. They are such universal favourites that if Charles will let me I should like, when I have time, to say a little more about them, for we cannot, in a brief half-hour's talk, discuss the merits of every class of lily. Nor have I even named the *Lilium Martagon*, of which there are several varieties. For general gaiety and variety of colour, the *Lilium Martagon* can hardly be surpassed, the bloom being of a purple, white, lilac and orange-coloured class. But where are we to begin and where can we stop in discussing the glories of the flower garden?"

"And there is another very old-fashioned flower of our grandfather's days, now that we are discussing the lily and bulb tribe in general, and that is," said Charles, "the old *Arum Maculatum Album*. You have not, I think, said anything of it."

"Well," said John, "it is so well known to us that little need be said of it: its pure white flower with the single yellow central spike and its long green leaves, make it a useful and popular flower either in our greenhouse or table decoration; it is plentiful enough at weddings and we see it in the mourning wreath as often. Of course, just now in April it is blooming in profusion, but for decorative purposes last Christmas florists were asking from sixpence to ninepence for each single head of bloom, but we can purchase the bulbs at some very reasonable rate—something like three shillings a dozen is perhaps an average price. We can, too, readily propagate them by a simple division of the roots when the plants have gone out of flower."

"There are other varieties of the Arum of which we might merely instance a few; for example, there is the *Arum Italicum*, known to us now for upwards of two

hundred years; it flowers, however, a little later than this, about June, I think, and is of a light yellow."

"That Bermuda Easter lily that I see blooming so gracefully over there," said Charles, when they found themselves presently in the greenhouse, "is a rather more expensive one, is it not?"

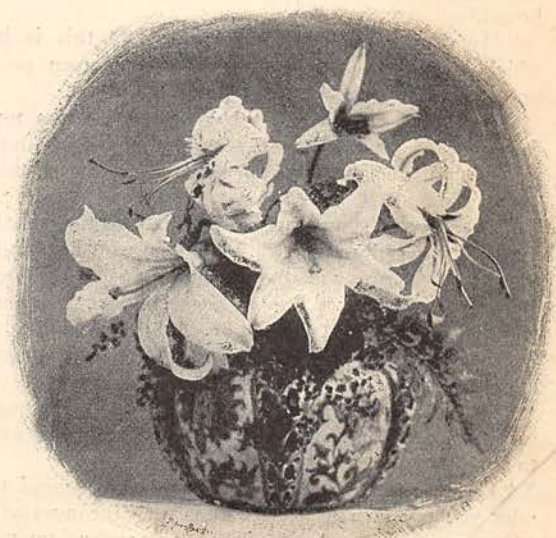
"Undoubtedly more is wanted for it than is asked for the modest Arum: I should say ninepence would be the very lowest price for any single bulb, and for many specimens much more than that is asked. Oh, by the way, as we were only just speaking of varieties of the Arum," suddenly added John, "there is another one, see here, called the *Little Gem*, a sort of dwarf free flowering kind, very much more costly though than the *Arum Maculatum*."

"The *Lilium Longiflorum* is a much more moderate priced one," said Charles, noticing a specimen then in bloom. "And now," continued he, "do not you think that some people put their bulbs in the open garden—I am speaking now of all hardy bulbs in general—unnecessarily early?"

"The middle of October," said John, "or even as late as the beginning of November is time enough for bulb setting, provided at least that there be no frost about; for only conceive the terrible risk you run by having two or three dozen bulbs lying about along your borders while a keen frost is about."

"True," replied Charles, "and for a very similar reason the bulbs should be set at a depth sufficient to avoid the frost getting to them after they have been planted; four or five inches of soil should always be over them, and then they are quite safe."

"Going back to some of our greenhouse lilies, did you ever see," asked John, "the *Lilium Giganteum*, a noble and stately growing kind? It grows to a height of some six or eight feet, the scent is quite overpowering, the flowers are white, though with violet-crimson lines along it, but you would have to pay quite five shillings for a single bulb and often a great deal more than that."



is to me. I feel as if my heart were broken. I don't care any more what becomes of me. I have nothing to live for. Do you mean to tell me that poor Beatrice's father is not a count?"

"He *may* be; but to the best of my belief, the man calling himself Count Catalini is not the young lady's father."

Studeley groaned. He collapsed entirely, threw his arms on the table, and buried his face in them.

The hardened Cockshot was sorry for him, and at the same time rather inclined to grin; the poor squire was so very badly bitten.

Mr. Studeley took the advice of his mentor, and wrote as directed to Dorchester Square. It

is hardly necessary to say that his note evoked no reply.

Arthur Studeley went to Paris, to Rome, and Venice, and finally returned to Studeley Grange. In due time he proposed to Elizabeth Ferris, and was accepted by that practical-minded young lady. Through her magnificent dowry the house of Studeley was raised to a new place in the hierarchy of county families. Yet the Misses Studeley regard their brother's wife, not unreasonably, as a monster of ingratitude. Before she had been three months installed at Studeley Grange the three maiden ladies found it desirable to retreat upon that forlorn refuge The Little Grange. There they reside now; and there they are likely to live till the end of their days.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE.

A CHAPTER ON SOME SPRING FLOWERS.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—What you were telling me a few weeks ago about lilies in general so interested me that I want you to look in this evening and tell us something about one particular lily, the lily of the valley, a universal favourite. All I know really about it is that it is generally in perfection during this month of May, and this fact naturally enhances my interest in it. And then there is another May flower that I want to discuss with you.—Yours in haste,

"CHARLES ROBINSON."

This was a short note that a servant brought in to John and Alice Smith while at breakfast on May-day, and to which a verbal reply was given that they would look round the same evening when the business of the day was done, and enjoy what was a pleasure common to them all, a horticultural debate.

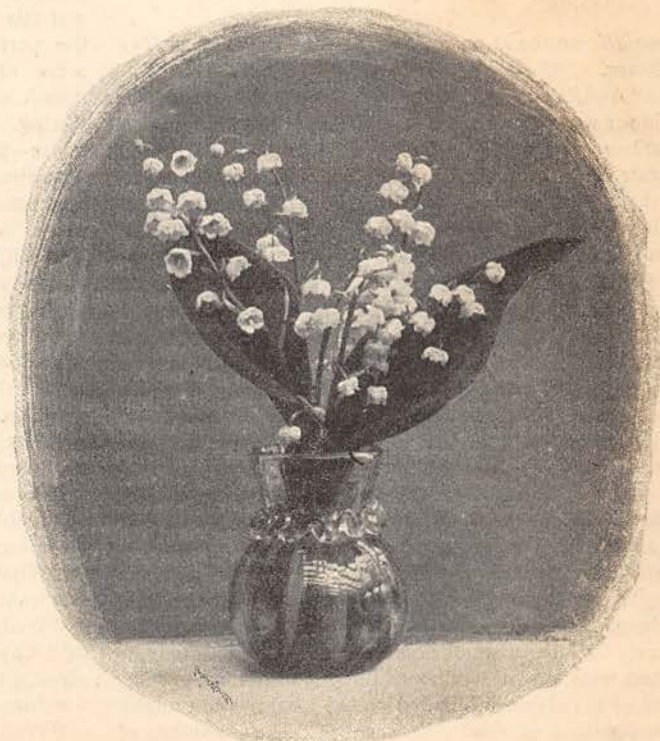
And it being a typical May evening the debate was opened in Charles Robinson's garden, until its equally typical and deceitful chill a little later on drove them all into the house to an early supper.

"What a good thing it is, Charles," said John, as, with something of a shiver, one of the party had just reached the dining-room, "that in this fitful climate of ours we have so many hardy, herbaceous perennial plants that, like the lily of the valley, must be accustomed to the sudden changes of English weather."

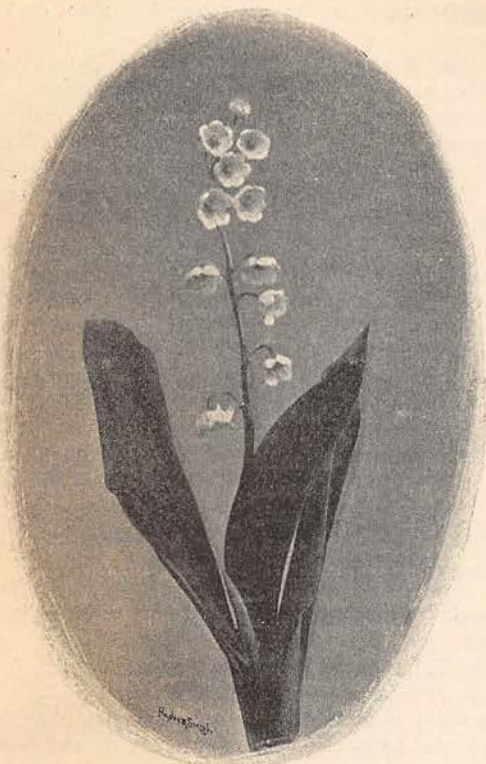
"And that being so," replied Charles, "come over to the fire and unburden yourself of all you know of this lily of the valley—*Convallaria Majalis*, as we name

it, and, by the way, why, to begin with, is it so called?"

"Well, I suppose it is from the Latin, *convallis*, a valley, and *rica*, a woman's hood or small cloak, with an evident reference to the very complete covering which the foliage of the plant gives to the flower itself; and from the mere fact of its being surnamed



LILY OF THE VALLEY.



A STUDY, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF A SINGLE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

majalis we see at once that it is, *par excellence*, a May flower.

"And," continued John, "the best way to grow any flower well is, first of all, of course, to notice in what soil it rejoices most in its wild and uncultivated state. Now, I well remember an old Kentish garden whose proprietor was particularly partial to the lily of the valley; but, owing to his having a heavy clay soil in which to work, he rarely got beyond an abundance of foliage when endeavouring to encourage his favourite, which—to make short work of it—nearly always refused to flower. Noticing, however, that in a fine wood a few miles distant, onè May, that the flower was blooming in profusion under the cover of a lovely plantation, he soon saw that the soil was an exceedingly sandy one, that the only manure was that afforded by the decayed leaves of the previous season, and that the only gardener was Dame Nature, so he came to the conclusion forthwith that the lily of the valley flourishes best in a sandy soil, in a shady situation, and with plenty of moisture and leaf mould.

"Accordingly he came home a wiser man, and, choosing a cool and sheltered situation in his garden, he first of all dug a small trench a couple of yards long, a yard wide, and a good foot in depth, and thus, getting rid of his clay soil he filled up the whole with a mixed preparation of sand and decayed leaves, having, of course, seen to the drainage of his bed, rightly judging that plants which even delight in moisture cannot

flourish in an undrained quagmire. Indeed, the steward of the estate on which he had seen these lilies of the valley in such luxuriant perfection kindly allowed him a few barrow-loads of the rich leaf sandy soil itself as a beginning with which to fill up his trench. And when the trench was within a very little—perhaps some couple of inches—of being filled in, the roots of the lily, which he had got from a good florist, were then laid on the surface, a few inches apart, and covered over with similar soil and watered. Decayed leaves are to be had in all gardens, and a good supply was then laid over the whole.

"This was done in the early spring of the year, and in process of time a well-established bed of lilies of the valley was the result."

"Excellent, John," said Charles; "but how is it that we are very often able to get lilies of the valley even in the winter months?"

"Well, of course, they are forced, so I had better say something about that.

"We can force them, indeed, in any sized pots, but perhaps a small-sized pot is preferable. See first that your pots are well-drained, and use soil similar to that already described. Very considerable caution is necessary when lifting and choosing from your open bed the plants you are intending to pot for forcing. When your pot is filled with rich loamy soil up to within less than four inches from the top, put in your roots fairly closely together and cover them over well with sand and leaf mould, such as that of which we were speaking just now as abounding in the plantation. Then, when the usual good watering has been given—and this must never be omitted when we are potting—the pots must be placed in heat and at a temperature of some 75° of bottom heat. About the month of October is a good time for potting for forcing. A frame will do, if you have no forcing house—provided, at least, that the required amount of heat already named can be attained. An old-fashioned plan used to be to cover the pots with two or three inches of old tan when placed in the bottom heat. The soil, of course, must never be permitted to get dry; and finally, as the buds come through and there begins to appear the promise of flower, the plants should go into a well-warmed greenhouse; and at last, as our object is to enjoy both their modest beauty as well as their fragrance, we can bring them into our warm sitting-room.

"By the way, I may finish up my hints by noticing two other species of lily of the valley: there is the *rubra*, or flesh-coloured flower, and the *C. forepleno*, or double-flowered white, both of these are May flowering.

"What else was it, Charles," concluded John, "that you wanted to ask me about?"

"Well, it was a very different subject altogether," said Charles; "but I merely was a little concerned about a few May-blooming rhododendrons that I am watching."

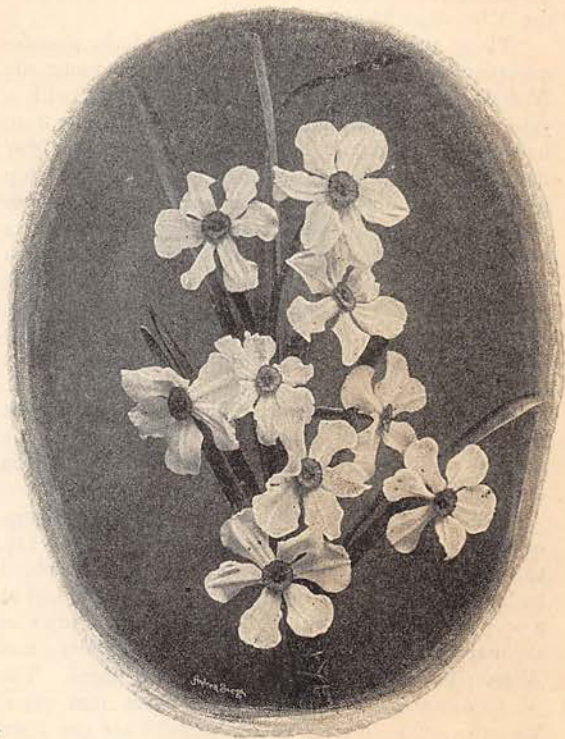
"Well, you see, rhododendrons should never be allowed to get dry at the roots, so that if any very dry season sets in during April—for it is not *always* that

we have April showers—they should have a copious watering given to the stem and roots.”

“Just so,” replied Charles; “but I think we must enter upon the subject of rhododendrons and shrubberies in general more in detail. I have got three kinds now in flower, the *R. Ponticum*, a purple flower, the *R. myrtifolium*, a myrtle-leaved specimen, both known to English growers for some hundred and thirty years as hailing originally from Gibraltar, then I have another indigenous to Austria, the *R. chamæcistus*, a pale purple flower; but the rhododendron is a large tribe of stove evergreens, half-hardy, and wholly hardy evergreen shrubs. And now, John, we must be rapidly thinking of our bedding-out preparations, but I suppose from our early country experiences we are fairly well at home in an operation of that kind. It is not, however, safe to begin bedding-out on a May day, and I intend to wait quite another fortnight before actually filling up our little beds.”

“True, Charles,” said John; “but we might easily be preparing for it by lifting our spring bulbs such as hyacinths and tulips, and by gradually hardening off a few of our most hardy bedding plants. For instance, I leave my greenhouse door open nearly all day and have brought outside for a few hours and for the best of the day all my calceolarias, and it takes me but a few minutes to pop them back into the greenhouse in the evening.

“Something, too, may be said this month of an ever-popular spring flower—the narcissus—after so much about the lily of the valley,” said John. “I



NARCISSUS POETICUS.

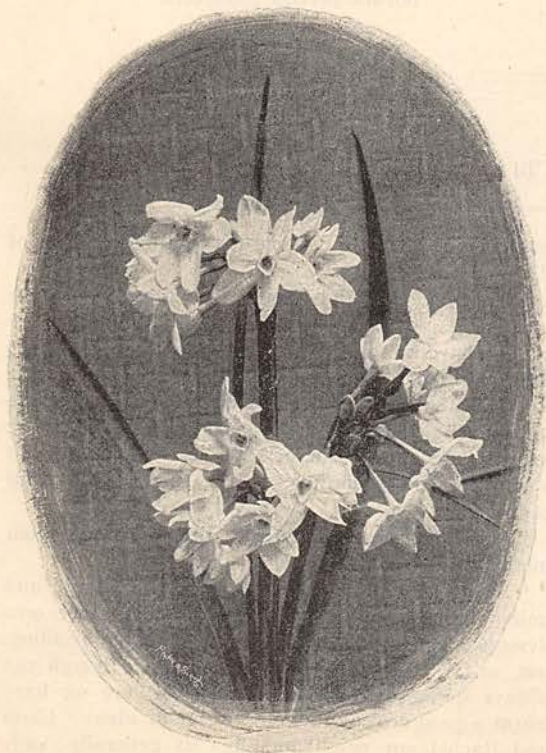
think I should like to hear a little from you, Charles, about this, knowing what a favourite it is with you.”

“Well,” replied Charles, “it is, of course, well known, but for all that, like everything else, it requires attention. We can raise it from seed or perhaps more readily from off-sets from our bulbs. I should say the best soil for them should be made up of a light but rich sandy soil, in equal parts of loam, turfy peat, and decayed cow-dung. They should be potted about October, with nearly the whole bulb under the surface of the soil; and if you want to force any, make further preparations thus:—A month or so after potting, bury the pots a few inches under the soil of the ordinary garden, or even place them in a corner, covered over with old tan or sawdust, and a month later take up the pots again and stand them in a cold pit, either to grow on under this slight protection, or you can take a few of them and force them in a warmer house.

“Now, of course, their number and variety is legion; but I can name a few of the more striking and singular. Here, for example, is the *Narcissus bulbocodium*, or the hoop-petalled specimen, known to us for more than two centuries as indigenous to Portugal—a brilliant yellow flower that blooms in April.

“Another one is the *N. incomparabilis*, which blooms the same month: some parts of the flower are of a paler yellow than others, and the contrast is certainly effective.

“A month later—that is to say, in May—we have



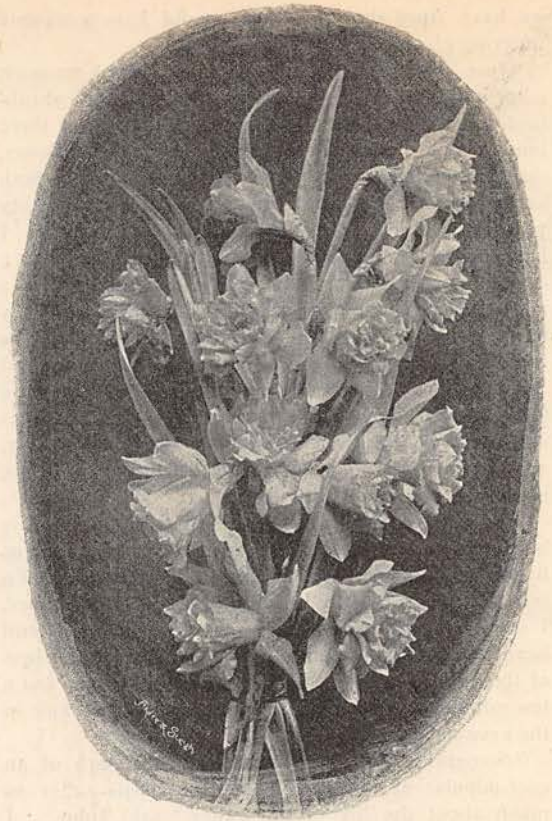
NARCISSUS TOTUS ALBUS.

blooming another favourite class—the *N. poeticus* and the *N. poeticus plenus*.

“Then, again, there is our old friend the *pseudonarcissus*, or daffodil; while we might also name the *N. biflorus*, a most fragrant specimen, white, with a yellow crown; and another, fragrant necessarily from its very name—the *N. odoratus*—a sweet-scented May flower also. Where are we to begin and where stop in the enumeration of these early spring and summer delights? The narcissus planted in the open flower garden, and merely left to itself, will bloom in its own proper time; it should be planted in patches of some half-dozen or more in one spot. Plants that, like this, are often left the whole year in the ground, should be noticed once for all, and not ruthlessly disturbed and cut about.”

“One practical question, Charles, you have not touched upon,” said John, “and that concerns the average price of some of these flowers we have been discussing. What can you tell us on that head?”

“Well,” said Charles, “some strong imported clumps of the lily of the valley can be had for from about 12s. to 15s. per dozen—if for early forcing the best should be had; but of course there are varieties to be had at a very much cheaper rate. Then, again, the price of the narcissus of course varies: the *N. biflorus* and *N. poeticus* can readily be had at 6d. a dozen. The *N. bulbocodium* is perhaps three times that price. Varieties of the double yellow daffodil are the *Telamonius plenus*, the *Incomparabilis*, and the *Lobularis plenus*, the first named being a very cheap one. The *Totus Albus*, an early flowering one, can be had at a shilling a dozen.”



DOUBLE YELLOW DAFFODILS.

OMELETTE NIGHT: A BATTLE WITH THE PANS.

“DO come, it’s Omelette Night. You are sure to be amused, and you may be enlightened.”

“What do you mean by Omelette Night?” and the speaker’s face wore a puzzled expression.

“How stupid I am; I forgot that you have been away for six long months; of course we had not started our ‘Recreative Evenings’ when you went away. Our ‘Home Technical School,’ Charlie calls it. I meant to tell you of it by letter. In the winter, you must know, we all had a course of lessons in various branches of science, domestic and otherwise. You remember the Technical Institute, two miles off. Now, we are employing our evenings by putting into practice all the subjects there taught: one night, dress-making; another, wood-carving; next, a delightful mixture of hygiene, a few simple chemical experiments, and a little ambulance work; then comes what is, I think, our pet subject—cookery. Our old nursery is quite transformed—you would not know it. It is fitted up with a dear little range, father’s Christ-

mas gift; and the big cupboards contain something of almost everything.”

“What a splendid notion; but who is your teacher?”

“We have no teacher now; we are putting mother’s theory to the test so far as our cookery goes. She contends that no one ever solves the mysteries of the *cuisine* who does not make experiments. Therefore we originate all we can, or alter any recipes to suit our taste, and according to the materials at our command.”

“And have you succeeded? But I suppose your mother assists you?”

“No; mother brings her work and looks on; and unless we are in any difficulty we follow our own devices. I can’t say that it has been all plain sailing, but, so far, everything has been eatable, though not always quite presentable; and I am sure we have learnt a good deal by the interchange of ideas. Clara and Rachel, our neighbours, join us generally; only Rachel is coming to-night. Ah! We have been

entrée dish, with a thick sauce flavoured with a dash of tarragon vinegar.

The mutton, let me add, was the last remains of our Sunday dinner—and it was now Wednesday.

The sweet was a plain bread-and-butter pudding, made out of the remains of some of the plainer cakes at tea.

And the last course was a few daintily-cut pieces of Dutch cheese, a morsel of butter, a dry biscuit, and a scrap of watercress, handed round in one of those charming dishes of silver and Worcester china that we had had given us as a wedding present.

I smiled up at him in reply.

"I am so glad that you are happy, Humphrey dear," I said softly. "Housekeeping needs as much thought and brain-power as the writing of a three-volume novel! But I have come to the conclusion that it is

just as easy to be comfortable as to be uncomfortable, and that a woman's duty to her husband is, as the poet so happily puts it :

"To soothe his sickness, watch his health,
Partake, but never waste his wealth,
Or stand with smiles, un murmuring, by,
And lighten half his poverty."

"How long will this frame of mind last?" said my husband, with a mischievous smile playing round his lips, though his eyes were suspiciously bright. "When shall my portion be cold mutton, chilly potatoes, and a frown?"

"Last, you dreadful boy! Why, for ever and a day, to be sure! It is nonsense to talk about duty when my biggest pleasure in life is to make you happy!"

And if, after this little speech, I draw a discreet veil, will my reader blame me?

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

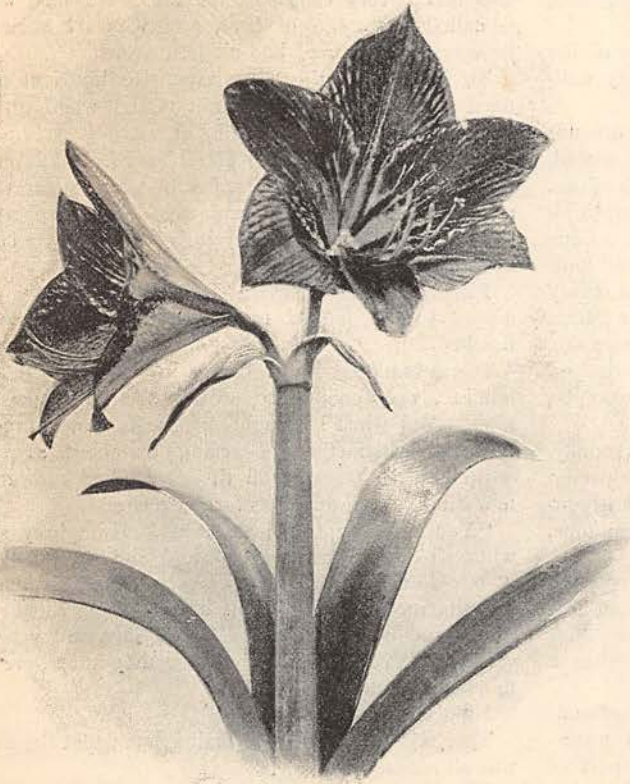
A TALK IN THE GREENHOUSE.

"WELL, John," said Charles Robinson one brilliant June evening as he entered his neighbour's garden, "here I am again, you see, for I've had a hard day of it, and I feel strongly inclined to try the experiment of quieting my nerves by a garden talk. What a little paradise of a garden you are getting, John, and all in a single year; for remember it is but a year this midsummer that we both took up our abode at Highland Villas."

"Yes, old fellow, we are pretty gay now already, but not so gay, perhaps, as we shall be in another month, when our bedding-out plants are all in full bloom; for this is only the first of June, and some of our stock has not been out more than about ten days, for last month we had a few bitter east winds and one or two May frosts that frightened me, so I stopped short in the middle of bedding for a few days."

"Just so," said Charles; "and now it seems to me that as for some months our little greenhouses will have plenty of rooms to let now that the geranium supplies are turned out of doors, we ought to contrive to get a few brilliant flowers to stand in the greenhouse itself. Come and see my idea of *one*, at any rate," and, suiting the action to the word, he was "over the garden wall" the next minute, and giving his friend John Smith, who had followed him, a lecture in his own greenhouse.

"What a noble Amaryllis," said John;



THE "HARRY WILLIAMS" AMARYLLIS.

(Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.)

"what name does it go by? It is surely early to be in bloom now?"

"*Amaryllis crispiflora*, an old-fashioned scarlet bloom," said Charles, "and June is its blooming month; but I can tell you now, if you like, about the whole tribe. To my mind, they are simply beautiful.

"All of them," continued Charles, now warming into his subject, "are bulbous rooted, and there are, of course, hardy, half-hardy, and a still more tender species. And sometimes it is a little difficult to say what are actually hardy and what are not. Three well-known specimens are *nearly* hardy. They are: *Amaryllis aurica*, which generally blooms in July, a green and scarlet flower that came to us from Brazil about 1810; then there is *A. belladonna*, the old Belladonna lily, a fine red that also blooms in July, and the *A. belladonna pallida*, which gives us a flesh-coloured bloom in August.

"And belonging to the same *natural order* of the Amaryllidaceæ is the well-known *hippeastrum*, and I must name some varieties of this presently. Then again there is a little old-fashioned autumn-blooming flower known as the *Amaryllis lutea*; it is exceedingly useful, as it has the good-nature to commence blooming at a time when most flowers are thinking of bidding us farewell for the summer season; but before naming a few other specimens of the Amaryllis and the Hippeastrum I had better talk a little over the general culture of the greenhouse varieties, as it was of these more particularly that we began speaking at the outset.

"And first, then, as to the soil. The compost best suited for the Amaryllis when potted should be made up of peat, loam and leaf mould in equal parts. The soil, in fact, ought to be sufficiently light to allow of water running easily through it. If, then, you find your compost somewhat too stiff, use a little silver sand such as we generally employ in nearly all our potting operations. Now, when planting your bulbs in this soil, let the *lower* half *only* of the large part of your bulb stand in the soil. It does not matter that the upper half is somewhat exposed. This will be in the spring of the year. Place your potted bulbs first of all in any dark part of your greenhouse—even under a shelf would not at all matter for the first few weeks. Nor must you be troubled at going without bloom the first year, but merely give light, sun and water during the period of growth, taking care, however, as the early autumn months come on, to give much less water, when, the pots being placed on any dry shelf in your house, the foliage will of itself gradually die down. And, of course, as they are finally laid aside for the winter, water will be wholly withheld. Some gardeners prefer taking the bulbs out of their pots at the time when they are laid



THE "MASTERPIECE" AMARYLLIS.

(Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.)

aside—or more strictly, *on their sides*—for the foliage to die down; but there is no real need for this; the bulbs can remain in the pots and the pots can stand as usual or on their side. But at all events the following spring stand them upright, and very soon you will notice the swelling of the throat of the bulb, which tells you that growth for the new season has again set in. Then examine the roots, which you may very likely find pot-bound, and this will, of course, necessitate a shift into the next-sized pot, using, of course, a similar compost and giving a good watering, using water that is of the same temperature as your house. If you have no tank in your house, a fair supply of water should always stand there in some vessel ready for use. And from this time a regular watering will be necessary. Reverting once again to their period of dying down, you may notice possibly during the winter period, or at least when the foliage is quite decayed, that some offsets have made their appearance. These should be removed at once and planted in a pot. Then, further, the Amaryllis can, of course, be raised from seed. Ascertain if you can with certainty when the seed was gathered, and if in good order sow in early spring in any shallow pan in soil already

described, giving heed as always to drainage, moisture, and other matter so often named. Cover over with a bell glass in addition to the greenhouse protection. To better insure success, sow four seeds *singly*, an inch apart in the first instance, and they will naturally grow all the better by not being disturbed in the pricking out process which otherwise must take place if you have sown hurriedly and too thickly. And again, and as before, when the foliage has died down they must have no water, and when the soil your seedlings are in is quite dry, take up the young bulbs and plant them in fresh compost for another season. This treatment must go on until the bulbs have attained their normal size.

"Now the *Amaryllis* is a flower easy to force, but let the process of forcing be a gradual one. Indeed, an ordinary hot bed is all that is necessary for bringing on the *A. formosissima*, for example; but indeed it will be nearly impossible to enumerate all the stove varieties of the *Amaryllis*. Some specimens, of course, can be named that flower much earlier than June, as, for example, the *A. crocata*, that flowers in April, or the *A. fulgida vittata* and the *A. vittifera*, which blow in the same month.

"The *Hippeastrum*, already named, includes many plants often known as the *Amaryllis*. It can readily be propagated by mere removal of the offsets and in a compost we have recommended. Here, for example, we may name a beautiful stove bulb, the *Hippeastrum ambiguum*, which flowers in March, a variety of which, known as the *longiflora*, bears white flowers streaked with red and green.

"Then, again, the florescence of the *H. equestre* in July is of a bright orange, while the *H. regium*, or Mexican lily, is a superb flower, a rich scarlet with a green star."

Coming outside once again among the open beds Charles called the attention of his friend to many tall-growing subjects that required some support by means of stakes. Should there be at all a rainy June, much attention is called for among the newly bedded out plants, as warmth, moisture and vigorous growth would soon produce a small forest rather than a flower bed. It was noticed also that many annuals sown on the borders needed thinning, the tendency here to overcrowding being very frequent. And then our friends had to attend to a very necessary operation. Many bulbs were found still left in the ground and these in most cases had to be taken up, though it was decided that such collections as crocuses and snowdrops

might in many out-of-the-way corners be safely allowed to remain.

"Everything," said Charles, "comes upon us in a rush with the month of June. By the way, John," continued Charles, "you were asking me just now about the average prices of some of the flowers we have been talking of. Much of course will depend upon the locality in which our purchase is made, and upon the state of advancement in which our flower is when we buy it. Let us say then, generally, that an *amaryllis* (or indeed any flower) bought just as it is opening for bloom is of course more expensive than when bought merely as a bulb.

"Cheapest of all, perhaps is the *Amaryllis formosissima*, which can be had for some 2s. a dozen; those again of the *belladonna* tribe will perhaps be 1s. each, the *A. aulica* as much for fine specimens as 3s. 6d. each, while 5s. might be asked for *A. vittata* or for good selections of the *Hippeastrum equestre* and *H. regium*.

"On such a matter it will be at once seen that there can be no actual uniformity of price."



VARIETIES OF AMARYLLIS BLOOMS.

"MASTERPIECE" (left hand); "DR. MASTERS" (top); "HARLEQUIN" (right hand).
(Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.)

"Matter? Everything's the matter!" he cried, gnashing his teeth, in reply to my inquiry. "Here's a brilliant career lying at my very feet for me to pick up—Q.C., Solicitor-General, Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor—and this nervousness of mine nips it in the bud—blights every hope!"

"Nervousness?" I exclaimed. "By Jove! you were not nervous last time I saw you in court."

"I know I wasn't, nor in a dozen other cases since. I was known as the coolest man at the bar, and then—and then I was mad enough to alienate Phillister by getting engaged to Clara! I hate Clara! I tell you, I knew the very moment when Phillister, in Africa, read the news of what I had gone and done—I felt it, I knew what it meant. From that moment I knew all was over with *my* career! That very day I went into court to defend in a most important case; the biggest issues hung upon it; I had every word at my fingers' ends, and we were to have it all our own way. Wilson, when I rose in court I was paralysed with nervousness; my mind was a blank; my tongue clove to my palate; I could not speak a word; I stood for a moment dazed, and then fainted. I have not entered a court since."

"What does all this mean?" I asked.

Brunton stared at me fixedly for several minutes, then he said—

"Well, it's all over between Phillister and me now, I suppose. The affair is a wreck. I'll tell you what it all means. Do you remember that when we were all at school we went to see a mesmerist at the town hall? Well, did you notice that from that time Phillister and I were always together? We were both struck with the way that mesmerist influenced people's minds, and caused them to do things involuntarily; and Phillister and I used to try, on the quiet, just for fun, whether we could influence each other's minds. We did seem able to exercise some kind of influence

on each other at that time; but, as boys, we only looked upon the thing as a joke. But after we left school, as you know, we were always together; we really had the greatest dislike for each other's company, but we felt drawn together; we could not keep apart. Then, after a while, we came to the conclusion that it must have something to do with that mesmeric business, and that we were destined somehow to be of use to each other. Now, do you recollect how, just before Phillister was going to Africa, you called several times, and could not get to see us? Very well; at that time we had discovered why we were drawn together. I was paralysed by nervousness, he by physical cowardice; and each was rendered unfit for his profession. It occurred to us that if I could influence his mind in such a way as to supply the missing pluck, and he could influence mine so as to supply the lacking self-possession or cheek, the thing might be a success. We shut ourselves up and worked at it, and with such success that we found ourselves able to influence each other when apart. We had our doubts whether it would work all the way between London and Africa, but, both of us giving our minds to it, it did. Things were going on magnificently, when I was fool enough to—hang Clara! I broke it off with her yesterday: not personally, I am too nervous for that. I got the man who tunes her piano to carry the message."


I never heard the actual circumstances under which Phillister suddenly left the army, but I fancy there was no glory connected with them. I *did* see the meeting between him and Brunton; not a word was uttered. Phillister had not forgotten the thrashing he got at school, and was afraid to upbraid Brunton; and Brunton was so paralysed by nervousness that he could not speak. Then they hastily separated, and have never spoken since.

I married Clara.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT ROSES.

 JULY evening is a delight in the flower garden. So, at least, thought Charles Robinson and his neighbour John Smith, as they were spending an hour or more wandering alternately round the domain of each proprietor, taking stock, making notes, drawing comparisons and inferences, and keenly discussing, with merry and good-natured rivalry, the respective merits of each other's garden. And very naturally the subject of their conversation, no less than of their admiration, was the glory of the queen of flowers in July—the ever-popular rose.

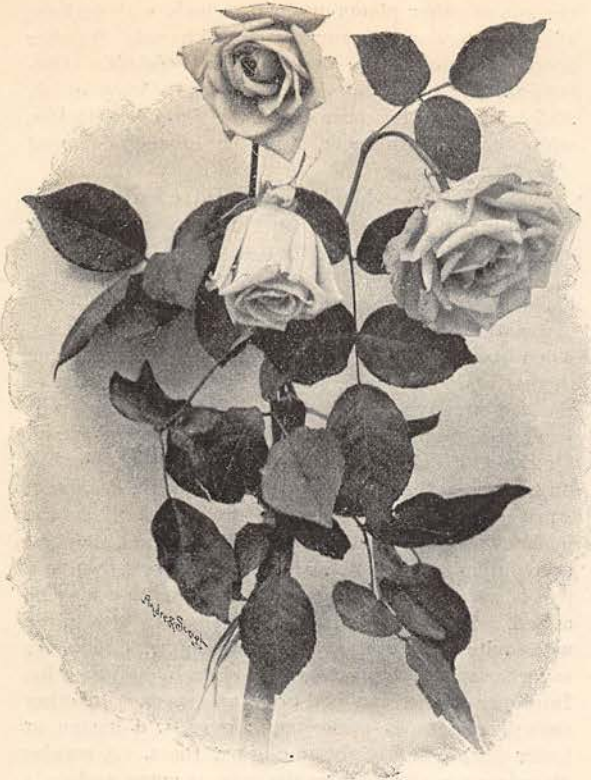
"What more delightful," suddenly broke in Charles, "than a mere posy of wild roses from the hedgerow? How well I remember as a child my first bouquet of

the kind! I am afraid to say how many years ago, but one summer evening——"

"Oh, my dear fellow," broke in John, "if we have all this budding to do, not to mention the watering and other things, there really is not time for sentimentalising on the past, so let us get to work at once."

"Very good, John," replied Charles. "I am sorry I stopped you when you had just mounted the rostrum, so now go on. You were just going, I remember, to speak of the soil best adapted for rose-growing."

"Just so," continued the impatient John. "Well, then, my opinion is the soil should be worked up into as friable and good condition as we can well get it. Leaf mould, decayed turf—of course, without any



CATHERINE MERMET.

grubs in it—and a rich loam should be added in any locality where the soil is poor; while if the soil is made up too much of a cold stiff clay, make it more porous, or, as I have just now said, friable, by the addition of sand, lime, and any richer compost; while it goes without saying that in all cases any ground newly intended for rose-growing should be well-drained and well-trenched at the outset. Here now, Charles, are these half-dozen stocks on which you want to bud. I see that your border is pretty free from weeds; that is all right enough, but look, in two or three places you have allowed some growth to make an appearance low down the stock, and, see, here is a sucker, which we will get out directly;” and, suiting his action to the word, his pruning-knife had soon whipped it off, and all consequent injury to the stock was thus further avoided.

“I got those stocks put in about the middle of November last, and very healthy I think they look, and well established.”

“No better evening than this,” said John, “for our budding, for that warm thunder-shower this morning and this somewhat close and cloudy evening will be the time of all others for budding.”

“Why so?”

“Simply for this reason,” replied John: “if we were to bud our roses on a boiling hot and cloudless morning, with the thermometer standing, we will say, at 90° in the shade, our young buds would probably be scorched up in a few hours; but *now* is our time—

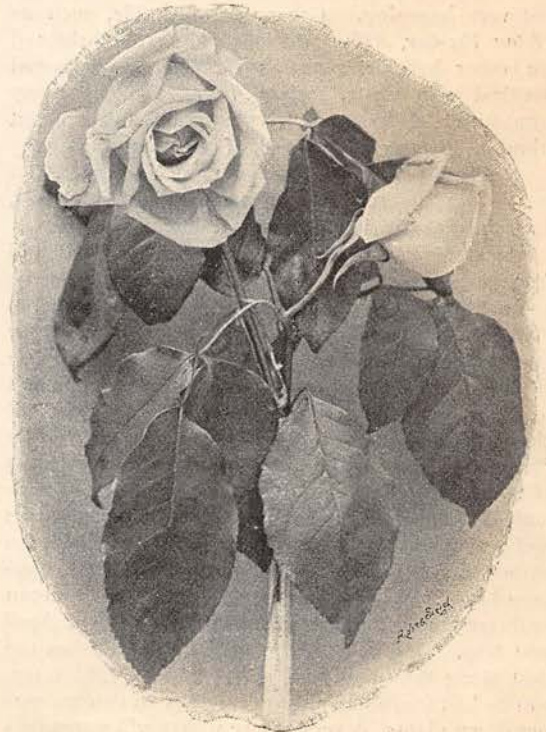
heat, if you will, but with it we must have shade and moisture, nor need a little rainfall afterwards frighten us. I will just run across, then, and get my budding-knife, as well as the buds I got from our neighbouring florist only three hours ago. Now, the readiest way by which to judge whether the stock is in a fit state for budding is simply this: cut a slit in the bark, and should you find that you can lift each side easily from the wood, then your stock is quite ready for budding operations.”

Five minutes more, and John Smith was back again, this time with his gardener’s budding apron on, and with his knife, the buds, and all things necessary.

“See first,” said he, “these little branches from the florist. Just at the base of the leaf is a small *bud*. This you will see more distinctly after the leaf has fallen off, and, in fact, the bud, if left upon the tree, would in time become itself a branch. If, then, I take off a leaf, and *with it a part of the bark*, this small *bud* or *embryo* branch comes with it, and it is this small inch of bark that I insert under the bark of our stock in the usual way.”

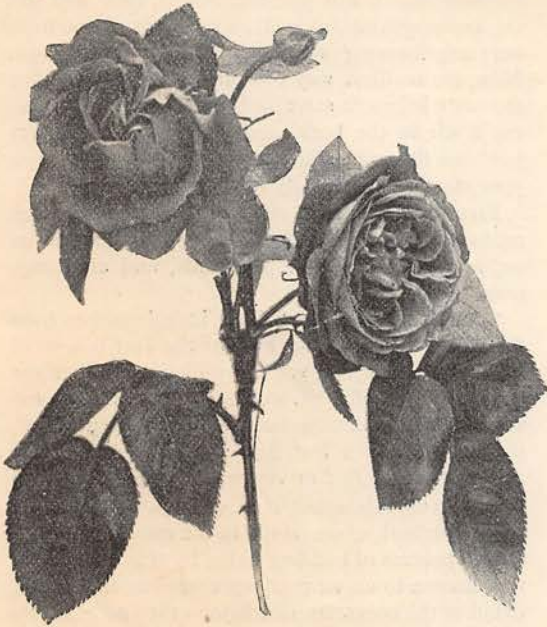
The process of budding being by this time pretty well known to us, we need not enter into the minute detail of the operation which John then successfully carried out. Charles then, growing a little impatient of hearing detail with which he was already fairly familiar, suddenly broke in with—

“Look here, my dear fellow, we know all about that, but now why not *name* a few roses as something more interesting still?”



MARÉCHAL NIEL.

"Very well; then," said John, "let us put on our list to get, if we have not got them already, first some of



GENERAL JACQUEMINOT.

those glorious hybrid perpetuals, such as *Prince Camille de Rohan*. This is a very dark claret-coloured rose, and would make a fine contrast with another hybrid one of a more pink-and-white hue—*Baroness Rothschild*, the white globe of which is large and very imposing. Others are desirable, such as *Victor Verdier*, *Alfred Colomb*. More old-fashioned are other hybrids, such as *Calliope*, a cherry-red streaked with white, *Prince Albert*, a dark velvety crimson, or *Auberon*, a very fragrant and brilliant crimson. As for their price, of course anything very modern and choice is always more expensive, but many dwarf hybrid perpetuals can be had, doubtless, for from nine to twelve shillings a dozen.

"Next for some few selections of the *Tea* and *Noisette* roses. Fine specimens, by the way, can be had of them often in pots for from eighteenpence to three shillings and sixpence apiece. Shall we, for example, ever tire of the old *Gloire de Dijon*, the best of all tea-scented roses, or of the creamy white and rose-coloured *Devoniensis*? Less known, but all charming too, are *Niphetos*, *Madame Lambard*, and *Belle Lyonnaise*. Then, again, there is another class of roses, of which some few specimens should be noticed, and that is the variety of the climbing rose; and perhaps first and foremost among these must be named the *Maréchal Niel*. This most exquisitely-perfumed rose is amongst the very earliest to flower, and can ordinarily be had in perfection in the months of April and May. Of a pale sulphur colour, it flourishes the best along the south wall of your house. This, too, can be had for from eighteen shillings to two guineas per dozen plants. A very severe winter will sometimes destroy it, but such a catastrophe, of course, entails

the loss of other plants or shrubs which, with perhaps a little protection, we generally regard as safe. Another good wall-climber is the *Cheshunt Hybrid*. Old-fashioned climbers, of course, are the *Queen of the Belgians*, which is a pure white, the *Dundee Rambler*, white edged with pink, and the crimson-coloured *Ayrshire Queen*."

"Now, John," suddenly interposed Charles, "what do you recommend as the best remedy against insect attacks and the horrible little rose-grub?"

"Well," said John, "the rose-grub generally makes his unwelcome appearance towards the end of April, just as the roses themselves are putting out some buds, when you will often find one or two buds tucking themselves downwards, so to speak, and the heart of the bud already attacked by the grub, or other grubs you will sometimes find embedded between two leaves. Of these, of course, many can be picked or pinched off by the hand, but a good syringing in the months of April and May is the best method of checking the mischief in its early stage. And then, again, the best preparation to use is a small quantity of soft soap in a pail of water, to which a *very* little turpentine may be added. This done, syringe immediately afterwards with quite plain water. It is, of course, difficult to say what causes these visitations of grub and green fly. Improper drainage, a bad or damp aspect, with other causes, sometimes atmospheric ones, will hasten or foster disease and blight among our roses. A regular attendance to our roses as the seasons come and go is the best guarantee against failure and the most likely



MOSS ROSES.

to ensure for us successful bloom. Briefly, then, let us sum up a few months' care that we ought to bestow upon them. Late in the autumn give a good dressing of manure, as also shorten the laterals that invite the wind and act like sails to your standard and strive to capsize it in a gale. Then comes the pruning closely

and sharply in the month of March, as also the suppression of the growth along the stock, which we take care always to secure well to the stake, and the syringing in May is followed by the sweet flower in June, when the more generously we gather the more generously does our standard bloom."

 ROYAL PRINCES AND THEIR BRIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC. ETC.

(Illustrated by Portraits contemporary with the Weddings.)



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

(From a Painting by G. Dawe, R.A.)

was the case when the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) wished to marry Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, eldest child of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The House of Commons would not at first vote what was considered a suitable provision, but at length matters were arranged, and the marriage took place, and proved a not unhappy one despite the disparity in years (the bride was in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his fifty-third, year) and the absence of any preliminary courtship. Princess Adelaide soon acquired great influence over her husband. She was not remarkable for personal attractions, but, having been brought up simply and strictly by an excellent mother, she greatly disliked anything like laxity of morals, and was herself all that was good and becoming. At the same time there was another marriage also on the tapis, as it is called, that of the Duke of Kent with the sister of Prince Leopold. They were first married in Germany, and afterwards according to the English rite in a room in Kew Palace.

The story of our present Queen's choice of her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, is well known.

IT is not mere vulgar curiosity that makes so many people take an interest in the details of royal betrothals and weddings. No doubt this and snobbery have something to do with it, but we think that the public is interested chiefly because Princes and their brides represent the feelings and sentiments of all other young people who are about to marry. We sympathise, too, because we know that difficulties beset the marriages of royal persons from which the alliances of the ordinary Edwin and Leonora or John and Jane are exempt. How to be happy though married is a problem which some people who have chosen for themselves cannot solve, and it must be even more difficult for those whose marriages are arranged for them, very much from considerations of State policy. And yet even in a palace, as the Emperor Marcus Aurelius has told us, life may be well led, and our own Queen has proved to us that there may be as much romance, as much happiness, and as much holiness in a royal marriage as in that of the simplest of her subjects.

The sympathy aroused by a love affair is always greater when some difficulty stands in the way. This



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

(From a Painting by H. Colten.)

The design shown on page 682 is by Mr. Haité, the well-known designer for "poker work," and as there is very little fine etching about it, the veriest tyro should find it well within her powers. This style of pyrography has been adapted to mirrors by working at the back and having the glass silvered; but I scarcely think that the progress we have lately made in artistic matters will allow us to decorate a surface which loses all its utility by being thus treated. A far greater success is likely to be achieved by utilising the frosted designs upon the lower panes of glass windows through which the outlook is an eyesore. Rather an elaborate cloud the glass without interfering much with the transmission of light.

The fashionable screens, of which each panel is divided into two portions, afford an excellent opportunity for the display of skill in this direction. The lower part of the panels is usually filled in with brocade or embroidery, but the upper division is generally much curved, and is provided, very often, with nothing more ornamental than a plain sheet of glass, which, owing to its inconspicuous appearance, is apt to become soon broken. This is not so likely to happen when the glass is covered with an appropriate design in "poker work." Amongst the hundreds of thousands of articles made of wood by Messrs. Abbott to meet the demands of the amateur artist, are many of these screens; and their elegant shape, when well decorated, renders them no mean addition to the furniture of any room. Many experiments have been made in painting, staining, and gilding the outlines produced on the glass, but at present no one trial has met with sufficient success to exclude all other decorations. The roughened outlines "take" enamel perfectly, and they may be gilded with equal facility. Should a mistake be made, or the effect be unsatisfactory, the paint can be removed by washing the glass over with turpentine, and the etched design will be left uninjured.

The following method of decorating the engraving is quoted from an article by Mrs. Maude, who is an authority on the subject:—"I first, with some of Winsor & Newton's Renaissance gold paint, one shilling the box, put a layer of gold entirely over part of the design, taking care to fill with it all the etched lines. A pad of soft rag, slightly damped with turpentine, removed most of the gold from the flat surfaces between the lines, and an ordinary paper stump, with a rag over it dipped in turpentine, cleared away the rest. It was now a fine gold tracery in the clear glass, and upon reversing the plate, it appeared to be in relief upon the surface, although really only showing through from the other side. Of course, any other lustra colour could be used instead of gold. A thick coat of ivory cloisonné enamel, laid on very carefully, so as not to drag the gold from the incised lines, gave a fresh effect of ivory and gold from the other side, and rendered the glass opaque."

Thus treated, the engraved glass could be mounted very effectively as panels for small doors, and it would also answer extremely well for finger-plates. For fire-place screens it is a good plan to make a movable back of stout cardboard covered with gilt or silver paper, plain or fancy, arranged so that it is held in position with small brass buttons (to be had from any dealer in fretwork requisites). By varying the colour at the back of the glass, the screen may present many different effects, according to the tone of the general decoration of the room.

To such workers as are possessed of a fair amount of ingenuity and originality, the fact that glass pyrography is as yet little known or developed will invest it with an additional charm, and their achievements will be all the more appreciated from the knowledge that at present, at any rate, they will not see replicas of their favourite productions in the drawing-rooms of their acquaintances, or at every bazaar they may chance to visit.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

AMONG THE CARNATIONS.



AN August bank holiday had come round once more, and our two gardening friends—or shall we call them rivals?—eagerly availed themselves of a day's quiet at the back of the house, among the flowers that were now in all the glory of their bloom. And knowing as we already do of them, that "the lines had fallen unto them" in suburban places, and that their "heritage" was therefore, more or less, a smoky rather than actually "a goodly" one, the morning's garden discussion, which took place in the murky threatening of

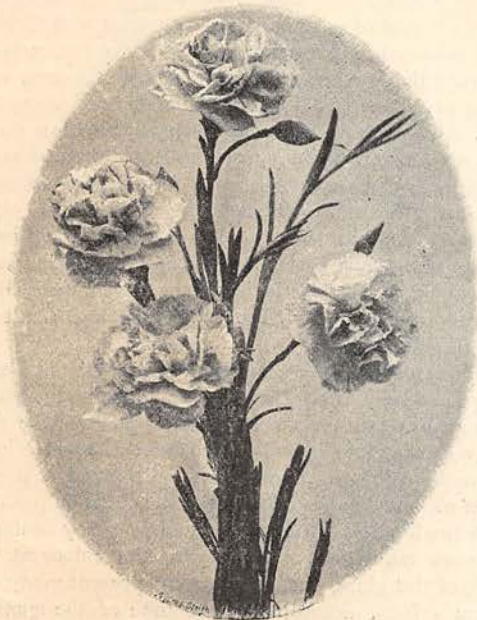
a thunderstorm, that only finally developed itself as the outlines of a smoke canopy, not unnaturally opened up the subject of what was best adapted for growth in a suburban garden under such conditions.

"Had we not better," said Charles, in an early stage of their debate, "find out what class of flowers is least affected by the presence of smoke, and devote our attention more particularly to it?"

"Very good," said John. "And now for an apt illustration: A few days ago I was going through a large nursery, only a few miles from here, and was watching a man layering some picotees, and he presently said: 'You should go in for plenty of these, Mr. Smith, for they don't mind the smoke so much as

other things ; though, of course, sir, we all know that a clouded and impure atmosphere dims the freshness of the petals of any flower."

"I certainly mean to have some," said I, "for we



A YELLOW SEEDLING.

have been little more than a year in our new house, and there are still, of course, very many things that we have not as yet stocked our garden with."

"Then I dare say," said Charles, "as you are fresh from your talk with the nurseryman about carnations and picotees, you have plenty to say about them ; so suppose you begin at once?"

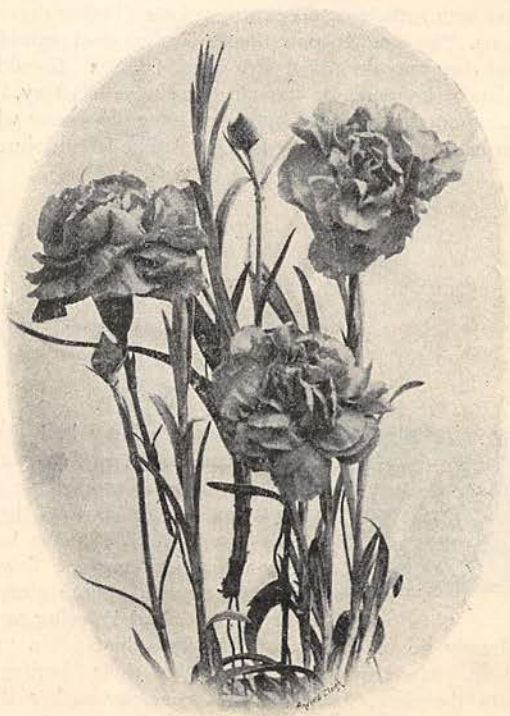
"Well," interposed John, "I had best retail to you all I learnt on the occasion.

"To begin then at the beginning, I will tell you what the nurseryman said about the best soil in which to grow carnations: 'Cut the top turfs from a good loamy pasture, some three or four inches thick, and then lay all up in a heap, and allow both the grass and the roots to rot together. Your heap should be turned over and disturbed and chopped about every four weeks, and all the while every grub and wire-worm should be carefully destroyed. In fact, the wire-worm may be called the most deadly enemy of the carnation, and no quarter must therefore be given to it. This, when well decayed for a year, should—when we are potting our plants for blooming—be mixed with a fourth part of well-decayed manure, and some silver sand. But when we are merely potting our young plants in the autumn, we do not wish to excite growth in them, at that time of the year, unduly ; and as we only then want to keep our young plants in health, we should then give no vegetable matter or manure when making up our compost.'"

"Perhaps," interposed Charles, "you have said

enough as to the soil, John ; but tell me, how did your friend at the nursery describe the interesting process of layering the carnations? For, as I know that this is about the time of year for the operation, I should like to know more about it."

"Good, Charles, and we may describe the process of layering carnations as almost the taking of their cuttings. Well, layering should not be undertaken until the bloom is quite on the wane. First then, strip or cut off the leaves along the stem of your old plant, *except* at least the *top four or five pairs*: then with a small and sharp knife make a cut nearly half-way through the stem, at about two inches below the lower leaves that you have left on. Make your cut from the under part below a joint, and cut as it were *upwards* and *towards* the *leaves*. The whole of the slit part must be then pegged down under the surface of the soil. And, by the way, the soil itself, just where you are going to peg down, should have been previously loosened and made readily friable and pulverised, and a little silver sand mixed with it. Give them then a good watering—sufficient to settle the earth, and the mysterious Dame Nature, about whom we think we know so much, whereas we *really* know nothing, will do the rest. As for the pegs, birch or old fern leaves will do very well. Early in August, perhaps, the whole layering process should be completed, and indeed very often it can be carried out in July ; but it will probably be some six weeks before the pegged down portion has properly struck. And I think I ought to have said that the bit which has the appearance of having been



CARNATION ("MRS. REYNOLDS HOLE").

separated as it were from the main stem by the knife, should first be cut *square* at the bottom, before the

pegging down. The layers when once properly rooted can be taken off and potted, say in pairs and in five-inch pots, placed in a frame and not exposed to much sun until they have struck further and stronger roots. Your layers, or your young seedlings if you have raised from seed, when stowed away in their

fine scarlet, may be had at 3s. 6d. each, while other specimens, such as the Fine Blush and the New Pink, can be had for a considerably less sum. Other carnations strongly recommended are the Dr. Foster and "Mayor of Nottingham," both purple flowers; or scarlet ones such as the Dreadnought and Dan Godfrey.

"Of picotees may also be named Ganymede, Nymph, and Morning Star, the two first being purple-edged, and the last rose-edged. Border carnations in good variety can readily be had for from nine to eighteen shillings a dozen. Still more old-fashioned ones can, of course, yet be had of the scarlet bizarre class, or of the purple, scarlet, or rose-flake.

"And we might revert again before concluding to the diseases and troubles which beset the carnation in its career. The wire-worm must wholly be got away from the soil before it can possibly be used, so that it is well to go constantly over the compost during its long process of decay. And then again in dry springs, such as that of 1893, the red spider often makes its appearance, when a careful sponging will benefit the plants; but the ordinary green-fly can, we know, easily be got rid of by fumigation. Altogether then, the carnation is a plant that wants a good deal of attention all the year round."

winter quarters may have plenty of air in good, open or mild weather, but will want protection, of course, from all heavy rains, frost, and east wind. Sometimes, too, seedlings are more tender than the old plants, but a little frost would of the two certainly do your plants more harm than a good long and settled damp. Up to the end of March, little treatment of your young plants will be necessary, beyond a removal of any dead or yellow leaves, and giving air at all times when the weather will at all admit of it. In April you may begin potting the plants into their blooming pots, and later on in the same month you can also bed out some of your plants that you intend to bloom in the open garden, choosing a fairly sheltered situation and having some quite decayed manure forked in amongst the top soil. Seed of the carnation may be sown in June in large pots, and as later on the bloom stems shoot up, they must be tied quite loosely to sticks for support.

"And here might be given the names of a few popular favourites, some of them certainly old ones, though their beauty each year is always new and fresh to us. Such, for example, as the Old Clove, or a white flower, the Gloire de Nancy, can be had reasonably enough. Or here, again, are a few of more modern date known as the Souvenir de la Malmaison. Of these, perhaps, the Lady Middleton or Madame Warocque, the former a striped flower, the latter a



THE METHOD OF LAYERING.



WHITE CLOVE CARNATION.



THE THREE DECKER.

formed bottle, bulging, and with a handle and glass stopper. The other wines wear round their necks chains and silver shields, on which their names are engraved. Each decanter stands on a silver base, and is passed from right to left from the host. Every gentleman helps the lady near him."

After an account of the withdrawal of the ladies, the writer goes on to say that then toasts are drunk, the first of which is to the ladies who have just departed.

"Thus from two to three hours are spent in toasting

and drinking, all the gentlemen huddling together at one end near the host, who has removed his place to the other end of the table, and their gravitation to each other perhaps means to prop each other up in the event of intoxication supervening. Finally, a servant announces that tea is ready, and such as are able to stagger adjourn to the drawing-room, where are the ladies."

An amusing chapter is devoted to "Routs": that is to say, "At Homes"; another to pugilistic encounters.

Von Rosenberg's account of a London afternoon as spent by ladies is this:—

"The ladies drive out in their equipage; each young lady with a novel, or, at all events, a book of some sort, in the carriage with her. The carriage halts at a shop. The ladies do not descend, but send the footman into the shop to call out the shopkeeper. He appears, with hair frizzled and dressed in the last fashion at the carriage door, asks for orders, and brings forth all kinds of varieties of the article required, and places them in the carriage. He writes down what is purchased, and promises to send the commands. Infinitely funny is it to see mamma crushed under a mountain of drapery, with the only too handsome tradesman standing by commending his goods, and the young ladies sitting unmoved studying their books, or rather appearing to study them; for what female heart could remain uninterested when the matter discussed is fashion and dress, and the shopman possibly young and good-looking?"

The writer describes what is now quite a thing of the past: the chimney sweep's May-day feast, with Jack-in-the-Green and Maid Marian. Such appeared in the London streets as late as 1845, in which year we remember to have seen them in the Strand, but now Jack-in-the-Green is as much a thing of the past as the Two-penny postman, and blue glass dessert bowls, or three-deckers. Von Rosenberg gives a picture of the last of these articles, which astonished him greatly. The author of this curious little book heard Irving and records some of his prophecies, and he likewise tells some good stories of Dr. Abernethy.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT PANSIES AND VIOLAS.

"**I**NTEND to persevere," said Charles Robinson one bright September morning, when making a brief survey, in company with his neighbour, of the still lingering summer beauties of his flower garden; "I intend to persevere in giving a preference to those flowers that bloom the longest."

"Very good," replied John Smith, "and I am quite of your opinion, for it is to me often a matter of regret

that there are so many gay and almost gorgeous flowers upon which, perhaps, we have been bestowing infinite pains, but which, after all, only favour us with a bloom that lasts but a few days; and in a prolonged and hot season the bloom is still shorter. Take, for instance, one or two popular herbaceous plants, such as the peony and the iris, in the months of May and June: how showy is the scarlet brilliancy of the one or the pale blue of the other; but in a few days' time, under a hot sun, all is over, and we are left for the



VIOLA—DUCHESS OF FIFE.

remainder of the summer with a mass of foliage only.

"Now," continued John Smith warmly, "I object to these sort of flowers, for the only reason that they cumber the ground with foliage only for the greater part of the year, and I beg, therefore, to second your persevering resolution."

"Walking in to business this morning, then," replied Charles, "give me a little lecture on some flower whose property is, with a little care, to afford a bloom that lasts for a considerable time. Such, for example, as the pansy."

"The viola and the pansy be it then," replied John; "but let me get my umbrella and we will start at once on our walk and talk. And," he presently continued, "to make a proper sermon of it, let me treat my subject first of all in a general way; then secondly I will say something, perhaps, of the routine management of the pansy best suited to each month, and lastly I will name a few specimens, old-fashioned and modern ones, and if necessary say something of their prices."

"The pansy then, or *viola tricolor*, is partial to a rich soil. Its true home in the wild state is, of course, the cornfield, as anyone must notice when taking a country ramble with a view to study the home and habits of wild flowers—a very profitable study, by the way, Charles, for us gardeners.

"Still, the viola and the pansy—for, after all, they need a similar treatment—will flourish in a compost that will suit the majority of flowers. Let us, then, make up our

compost of, say, one half of loam from turfs that have been allowed to rot in a heap, but from which, of course, all vermin and wire-worm have been got out; one fourth of turfy peat, and the remaining fourth of decayed horse manure. Or, if your ordinary garden soil grows your vegetables and flowers so as to give you a moderate satisfaction, fork among six or eight inches of this, your garden soil, some three inches of leaf mould and rotten dung, mixing them well together, and this will suit your pansies.

"Now, some have recommended that the pansy should be grown in shady situations, but we must remember that the pansy in more open situations is less likely to be troubled by the slug. But while it is also true that the pansy rather objects to a prolonged and scorching sunshine, a little watering with liquid manure during the blooming season will be found very beneficial, and the bloom will be found to come larger and more luxuriant where your plant is grown in an open situation.

"Then, again, by keeping your pansies well earthed up you are always able to take cuttings from the side shoots, and these are preferable to those taken from the top of your plant, for you will find the side shoots more naturally disposed to root, so that they will, of course, strike the more readily.

"Starting, then, from the month of June, in which, perhaps, the pansy and the viola are in the very perfection of their bloom, it is well, in order to prolong the blooming period, to take off all faded flowers and



VIOLA—SNOWFLAKE.



VIOLA—GOLD BRONZE BEDDER.

to allow no seed pods to swell, while in a dry season such as we have had in our early summer this year, watering will certainly be necessary.

"Cuttings can be taken from your plants during the months of July and August, and even in this present month of September. Admirably adapted for your cuttings will be such soil as we have already named, with a plentiful addition of nice silver sand, so necessary in all seasons for striking our cuttings.

"Old-fashioned authorities on the pansy tell us, however, that it will strike from January to December, and that to maintain a constant succession of bloom the plants need but be examined about every fortnight and the side shoots taken off, struck in gentle heat or under a hand-glass, and put into new beds as soon as they have rooted.

"Seed—which, by the way, is often scarce and difficult to obtain of a good sort—can be sown any time between April and July in long pans or boxes, and then carefully watered and afterwards shaded in the early stages of growth. When large enough to handle the young plants can be planted out some six inches apart.

"Seedlings, and even established plants, should be alike preserved from the dangers of frost during the winter. All sowings made from April to June, inclusive, should bloom before winter; and, perhaps, as the custody of all plants that are being protected in our long winter is so very similar, there is but little need to say much of the winter treatment."

"But now, John, name, if you can, a few of the newest varieties, with any of the characteristics of their bloom."

"Certainly I will; here, for example, to begin with, is *Blue Cloud*, a charming viola, white, but edged with blue, a free grower and of a good fast colour, that is capable of standing a season as dry as our early summer has been without being so affected by drought as others; this can be had from the best growers at half a crown per dozen.

"Or here is another, perhaps a little more expensive, known as the *Duchess of Fife*, a pale primrose centre edged with blue.

"*Columbine*, again, may be mentioned as another modern variety, white with a rosy lilac edge, the florescence being large and the price much about that of the one first named, while one other is also recommended, and known as *Neptune*. This fine viola has a purple centre, the uppermost petals being white; this also can be had at half a crown per dozen plants. But a good collection of all the best and modern varieties can be had for about this sum. Many of the old-fashioned ones are still, however, great favourites, and a few of them may be named with advantage.

"Here, for instance, is one, *Tom Pinch*, which boasts of a beautiful white ground and has a dark blue border to the under-petals. Or here is another, known as *Hannibal*, of a pale yellow ground with a broad mulberry band; this is a fine specimen and of about the average size.

"The *Duchess of Beaufort*, again, is one that has the three lower petals of a straw colour and the upper ones purple.

"But where," added John, "am I to begin or to end if I am to name even a tithe of modern or of old-fashioned varieties? Perhaps one of the greatest charms of the pansy is the constant and pleasing variety in the colour, from the darkest plum colour or purple to the palest straw or white. Nor should our



VIOLA—YORK AND LANCASTER.

subject, treated of as it can be here only in the merest outline, be passed over without mention of some of the troubles of the pansy.

"Sometimes the whole plant almost suddenly begins to droop, as if the root itself were the seat of mischief; nor is the cause of this sudden root rot at all properly to be accounted for, but the pansy cannot certainly take care of itself in a drought. Slugs and snails, too, delight in the pansy, while there is a horrible insect

that is wont to attack our flowers about the month of May, and which causes the colour to fade: it is known as the *agromyza viole*, or the pansy fly.

"But finally, Charles, we must not forget that, as this is the first of September, we must take cuttings, not only of the pansy, but of all our whole stock of bedding-out plants, as this operation must not be postponed to the beginning of a possibly early winter."



DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH. A LATE RECOGNITION.



BY the time that Hawkey had found refuge in Randolph's cave in the cliffs of Portland, memory came to Margaret Drayton's assistance. She was sitting in her own room, pondering Matson's

letter, and his conviction that there was no suicide in Hawkey's case. Then her thoughts reverted to the City meeting, at which, with Matson, she

had seen him, and immediately the recollection of his face flashed into her mind as identical with their fellow-passenger of a few nights before; and then as quickly did she identify that passenger with the man who had sat at her side that morning.

The identification and its probable results were astounding. Not less so the mortification at such a chance slipping through her fingers. To rush into the dining-room, where the doctor was enjoying his last pipe before going to bed, was the work of a moment; to tell him that he must go off to the post-office was that of the next.

"Why, of all things, now?" he asked.

"Do you know that that was Hawkey sitting on the bench by us while we were talking of him this morning?"

"Nonsense!"

"It was—and more: he travelled in the same carriage with us from Dorchester the other night."

"How was it, then, you did not know him?"

"I told you, if you remember, that I knew his face, but could not think of his name. We must wire to Mr. Matson and Mr. Bax at once."

"Much good that will be. If he heard our conversation he is far away by now."

"I am awfully sorry not to have recognised him before; but it is only right that we should wire at once."

In spite of his assumed incredulity, the doctor saw the importance of the matter, and sent off the telegram that night. The result was seen in the course of the next day, when not only Matson and his detective, Sergeant Polsum, but Mr. Bax and a superior officer from Scotland Yard made their appearance. The solicitor came armed with an order from the Home Secretary to examine Davies, which, nominally, was the extent of his business, though he, too, was as much interested as anyone in finding Hawkey. But the Scotland Yard official was very dictatorial, and made himself exceedingly unpleasant because Hawkey had been let slip.

"It is a thousand pities," said he, "that the young lady did not recognise the man sooner. As it is, he has had two days' longer start, which he has not failed to profit by."

"Depend on it though, if he is anywhere within reach I shall be sure to have him."

But as time went on and he did not "have him," the important official discovered that he had more important business in London, and left, committing the

the church clock struck twelve, and woke his son, putting him in his own bed. Then he went softly out into the streets, and went towards the church. There were no lights in the windows, and the heavy mass of building loomed dark before him against the pallid sky; but Mr. Marris needed no light. He knew where his window was; he knew how it would look under all aspects. He had not thought of buttoning up his overcoat before coming out, and the bitter wind chilled him to the heart, though that was chilled enough already, and he stood and looked at the window as he had often done before: "In loving memory of Richard Marris."

"It's a lie!" said Mr. Marris brokenly, and he turned to go.

Suddenly he stooped and picked up a large stone that lay in his way, and threw it with all his might at the darkened window. But he had forgotten the wire protection outside, and the stone fell heavily back upon the pavement with a shattering crash. The noise was terrible to Mr. Marris as he hastened away. All at once he felt the cold of the wind strike through him. The past time rose before him as he went shivering through the windy starlight—the shock of his son's supposed death, the determination to do something to express his grief, the saving that became the one object of his narrow life, every pound bringing him nearer to his goal. Then came the day when he went to order the window, and the pride and glory of inspecting the designs. He had had a long time to wait, but at last it was erected; and how proud

he had been! And now, before this shock, he was dumb.

The next day rose bright and warm, with one of those sudden changes so frequent in the spring, but Dick Marris could not rise from his bed to see it. He had only spoken the truth when he said that he was "pretty bad," and the cold of the journey had finished the work begun in Liverpool months before. He was not a pleasant patient to nurse, and the brunt of his bad temper and ingratitude fell upon his father.

But Mr. Marris nursed him as well as he knew how, with a patience wonderful to behold in the hard-faced old man. He listened to the revelations of those hidden five years as they fell from the unconscious lips, and made no sign. No one but himself heard anything of the prodigal's history.

And when, a few days after Dick's home-coming, the clear light of a May morning fell into the ugly, bare little room, Mr. Marris, watching his son's laboured breathing, saw the dull eyes open, and fix themselves on him.

"What is it, Dick—what is it?" said he, leaning over him anxiously.

The husky voice whispered—

"Better—keep—that winder. It'll do for——" and then failed, and sank away into the eternal silence.

So the window is still in its place. But Mr. Marris has changed his accustomed seat, and sits further back, where he is out of sight of its gorgeous colours and the shining of its brass plate.

A. M. A.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

THE CULTURE OF THE GLADIOLUS.

SUMMER was gradually wearing itself away, and our two friends, Charles Robinson and his neighbour, John Smith, were now making the most of what yet remained of it, so that the Saturday half-holiday had of late been set apart by them for a sort of horticultural congress.

One of their discussions had, not unnaturally in October, turned upon the events of a recent month's holiday, but the subject

ever uppermost in the minds of our gardening enthusiasts was nearly incapable of being suppressed for any length of time, as will now appear.

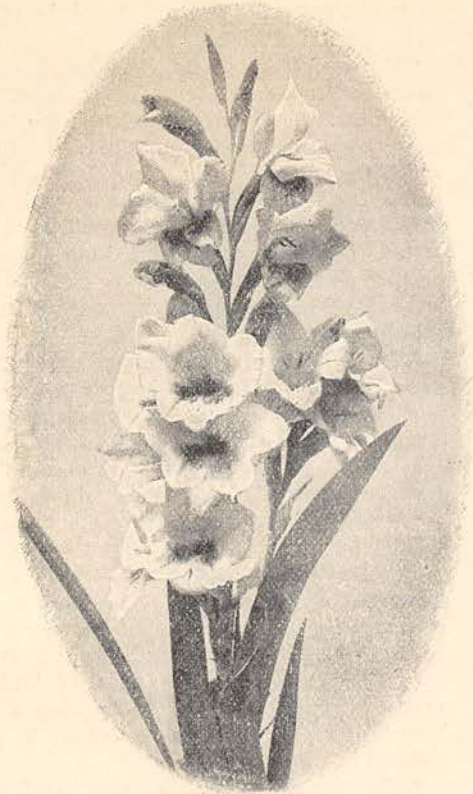
"How I used to enjoy those gay market mornings in the quaint old Yorkshire towns," said Charles: "the matrons and their pretty daughters, with eggs, butter, and poultry spread out on snow-white cloths. But, after all, it was the brilliant-coloured flowers and their delightful perfume that made the scene so gay."

"Aye," said John, "I shall never forget those large sweet-pea bouquets; and those brilliant scarlet *gladioli* arranged on top shelves in queer-looking jugs gave the market a sort of military appearance."

"Tell us now, John, before we go out to work, what you can of the gladiolus," said Charles, with an eager pleasure in his request; and John, nothing loth, after only a minute's smiling thoughtfulness, at once commenced.

"My military allusion just now," said John, by way of preface, "was even a more apt one at the time than I thought it to be, but I was then only thinking of the bright scarlet florescence of the gladiolus, wholly, however, then forgetful that the literal meaning of the word gladiolus is a small *sword*, and that the English





GLADIOLUS GANDAVENSIS.

popular designation of the flower itself is none other than the *corn-flag*."

"Bravo, John!" said Charles. "But, my dear boy, we want no more soldierly puns, so please forthwith 'beat your swords and spears into plough-shares and pruning-hooks,' for I am growing impatient as to the horticultural aspect of the gladiolus."

When the laughing and the groaning consequent upon the renewed punning had subsided, John continued—

"I think I need hardly do more at the outset than advert to the importance of proper drainage of the soil in which we are to grow our gladioli. The necessity of proper drainage for nearly every description of flower goes without saying. Still, upon the other hand, I might here say that the gladiolus is one of those flowers that, while it cannot do without moisture, yet it would very decidedly object to have a quantity of water stagnating all round its roots.

"Similarly, too, as to the soil itself, of course a thoroughly stiff clay soil is an objection to the proper growth of a large number of flowers; but yet the difficulty is not insurmountable even in this case, for we must then, as far as we can, add peat and plenty of sand. The gladiolus, however, will fortunately flourish in any ordinary garden soil, while, in common with many other flowers, it prefers one that is what we call friable.

"Then, again, in order to better ascertain what sort

of soil is best adapted to any plant, it is well to notice the character of the soil where it is indigenous. For example: a large variety of the *gladiolus* flourishes nobly in the somewhat barren but *sandy* wastes of the Cape of Good Hope, whence we at once infer that a sandy soil is adapted for its growth in this country. And, by the way, it is the *sword-like* figure of the *foliage* that gives our flower the name of the *gladiolus*.

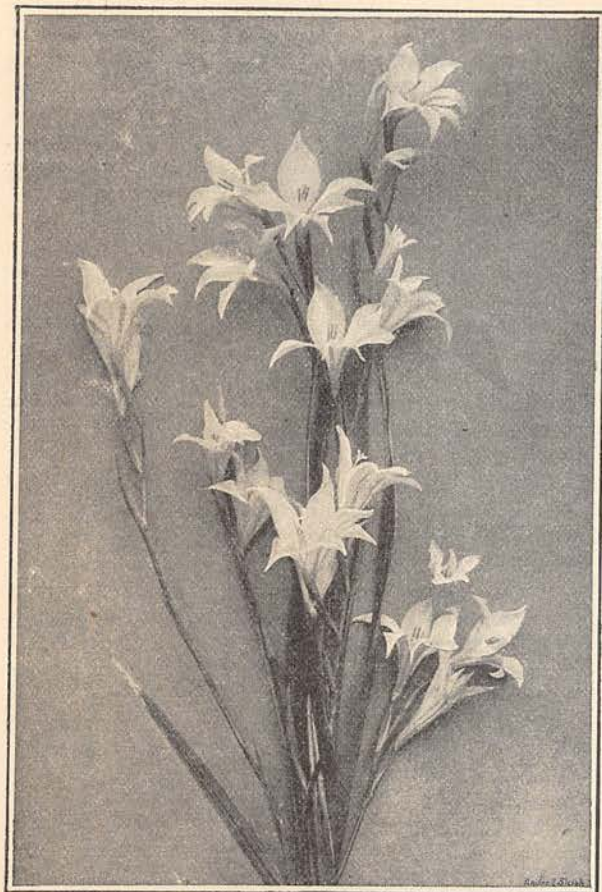
"And about the middle of April is perhaps the best time for planting out our bulbs, selecting, certainly, a dry, and by no means a frosty, day for the operation; and recollecting the predilection of the gladiolus for sand, it is well to put some sand at the bottom of each hole that we make for our bulbs. And in accordance with the number that we wish to grow—for the variety of them is very large—we can plant them in a row or otherwise, as we think fit, setting each bulb nearly half a foot under the surface.

"Later on, as our plants begin to grow well and have attained a height of from nine inches to a foot, they will be much helped by a slight top dressing of manure that is thoroughly decayed—some, for instance, that has been taken from an old or disused frame; and of course the plants, as they increase in size and length, will want carefully staking, and in the months of August and September you will enjoy the brilliancy of their bloom.

"And finally, about the middle of November you



GLADIOLUS RAMOSUS.



GLADIOLUS COLVILLEI—"THE BRIDE."

can lift your bulbs and stow them away in a dry place ; but the foliage of the whole plant must be allowed to die quietly down by itself, and each bulb, by the way, should lie in winter quarters separately from any other.

"Our forefathers, however, were much more given than we are to allow many plants to remain in the ground all the year round. They often allowed bulbs of many kinds to lie side by side with the large stock of perennials in which they so much delighted, and in the springtide merely interspersed among them a few bright annuals, whose beauty was soon passed, and which they did not often replace. Here, for example, is what a writer of nearly fifty years ago says about gladioli :—

"Beds of gladiolus flower much more vigorously and beautifully if they are allowed to remain undisturbed for years, and when so left, if any of the roots should push up through the surface of the soil or become un-

covered, a portion of new soil should be added on the surface of the bed."

"Many varieties of the gladiolus, however, flower earlier than the months of August and September. Here, for example, are a few hardy ones : *Gladiolus blandus*, a native of the Cape, which flowers as early as June. It has broad leaves, large flesh-coloured flowers, with pale red spots on the lower petals. Another variety of the *G. blandus* yields pure white flowers ; another gives us pale purple or lilac bloom ; and another has light pink flowers with crimson spots near the base.

"The *Gladiolus byzantinus*, the Turkish corn-flower, grows to a height of some two feet, and blooms in June and July a rich purple red with a pale feather ; while to a still greater height runs the *G. gandavensis* (the Ghent corn-flag). Its leaves are strong and broad, and the flowers are scarlet and orange ; it begins to bloom in July.

"Higher than all thus far named is the *Gladiolus Brenchleyensis*, a well-known and popular specimen, raised originally many years ago at Brenchley (whence its name) ; it yields us a long and elegant raceme of brilliant scarlet bloom. It is nearly hardy, likes a rich turfy loam for its soil, and can readily be propagated by offsets.

"The *G. floribundus*, a white and rose specimen, flowers in July, or earlier than that, in a season such as the past has been ; indeed, most of us must have remarked that many flowers and fruits of the now past summer of 1893 were some six weeks in advance of what they generally are. The foliage of the *G. floribundus* is large and broad, while the flowers are very large and spreading.

"None of those that we have named thus far are expensive ; but of more choice varieties we may mention specimens such as *Admiral Courbet*, a fine fiery scarlet flower, or *La France*, a salmon-coloured bloom, bulbs of which would, perhaps, bring a shilling each ; while for rather less, such as the *Emile Lemoine*, a bright vermilion, dotted gold bloom, or the *Marie Lemoine*, a creamy white, blotched purple-tipped yellow, can be had.

"Another old-fashioned hardy specimen of the gladiolus, the *G. undulatus*, blooms as early as May, and there are three varieties of it ; two with pink flowers, and one with yellowish or cream-coloured ones.

"Finally, were I asked to name any flower that affords the most brilliant variety of colour and the most effective, I should unhesitatingly select an assortment of the gladiolus."



She was too late in her preparations for flight. About five o'clock on the day before she left London Mac called, and Mrs. Wesley promptly invited him to dinner.

But Miss Kitty was equal to the occasion. She incited the Browning student to read aloud in the drawing-room after dinner, and as soon as the interminable verses of "Pan, Pan, is dead!" were fairly begun, she slipped away.

Mr. Dunbar entered the dining-room softly, and found Kitty laughing to herself on the sofa.

"Kitty," he said, "how could you run away like that, after you had incited her to begin?" His magisterial tone was quite thrown away on the culprit.

"I incite her?" asked she innocently.

"Yes, you. Are you not ashamed to hurt her feelings?"

"I don't mind," gasped Kitty, still breathless.

"But my feelings were hurt too."

"Why should I mind that, either?"

"Well you don't: that is easy to see. But I know why you ran away; it is because Kate is engaged," he said meaningly.

"I don't see what that has to do with me," said Kitty, blushing rosy red, and rising to go.

"Don't you? Shall I explain?"

"If you ask me no questions, I'll tell you no stories," said Kitty, with a wicked smile.

"Ah! then I won't ask any questions. I'll take everything for granted, may I, Kitty?" he said, putting his arm round her.

"Well," said Kitty, "I don't see much good in asking permission when you have done without it."

"Tell me you love a little, Kitty, to make up for the way you have used me."

"Make up," said Kitty indignantly, opening her

blue eyes very wide. "Why, if it hadn't been for Simon and his rudeness to you, I should never have taken the *least notice* of you. I only wanted to spite Simon."

"It won't do, Kitty. You may have begun like that; but I vow you do care for me now, whatever you may say."

"Well, I always thought you were conceited, but I never thought you would dare to say I could not do without you. If you treated Kate——"

"Kate was much more amenable to reason than you," interrupted Mac, laughing.

"A woman who is 'amenable to reason' in the eyes of her *husband* is a very poor creature—in my opinion," said Kitty decidedly.

"We shall not care about reason, if we have love. You do love me, Kitty, don't you?" said Mac anxiously.

"I thought you were so sure a moment ago," said she teasingly.

Mac rose. "I am going upstairs to tell Mrs. Wesley we are engaged, Kitty, unless you will answer my question. And then she will——"

"You had better *not*," said Kitty; "for if you do, *she will kiss you and bless you.*"

Mac sat down, and Kitty proceeded to soothe his agitation.

But Mrs. Wesley could not restrain her curiosity, and came down to see how they were getting on. They had to receive her blessing there and then, but Mac survived it, as Kitty nobly took his share of kissing, and returned it to him later on.

No one was so glad as Kate that Mac was happily married. But Nat could never quite forgive him, for which uncharitable feeling Kate could not find it in her heart to blame her husband.

THE END.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT DAHLIAS.



N early and a long summer had been followed by a somewhat wet and variable autumn, which in its turn had developed a few—a very few—days of almost summer-like weather in the first week of November. Plants in the flower garden, which were expected to soon show symptoms of speedy decay, had suddenly reared their heads again and opened a few more petals, in response to the kindly and lingering rays of a November sun, so that the gardens of our friends, John Smith and Charles Robinson, were yet gay with dahlias and chrysanthemums. Many business men had just been emancipated, more or less under the excuse of a Stock Exchange holiday, which—a real

wonder in November—had turned out to fall upon one of these bright days.

Soon after breakfast then, John and Charles were busy in their gardens, and naturally they lingered among the dahlias. The dahlias they felt sure would soon now succumb, but the chrysanthemums would linger on. So of the dahlias they fell talking.

"Charles, you have certainly beaten me this year in dahlias," said John, as they both stood admiring a cluster of gay bloom, "so I think you had better on the spot unbosom some of the secrets of your success, for here come, I see, the two inseparable ladies, my wife and your niece; and you may depend upon it they will both be eager to hear what you have to say on the subject."

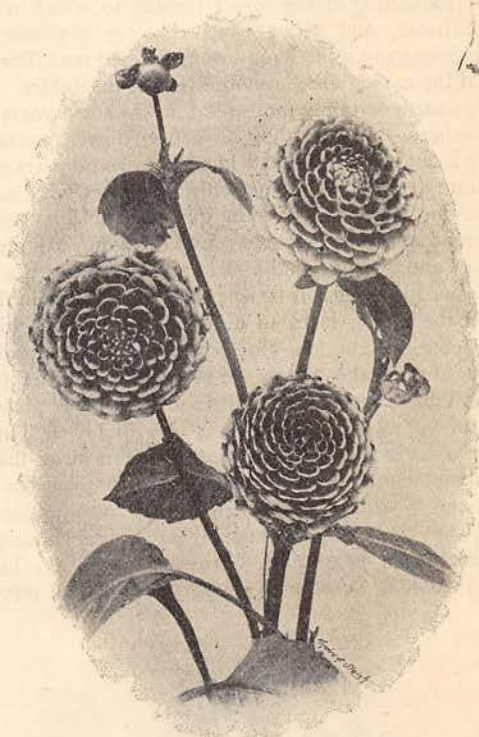
"Well, John, you have given me a wide field for a talk, and my difficulty is to know where best to begin

with advantage. The flower itself, I believe, is so called from a Swedish botanist named Dahl; but whether he was the painter, Michael Dahl, born as long ago as 1656, I do not exactly know. How shall I begin? Well, we know that dahlias belong to the natural order of the *Compositæ* or *Asteraceæ*, and that to the same tribe belong such flowers as our aster and even the common daisy."

"Good," said John; "but, Charles, excuse my abruptly breaking in with a hint that as the dahlias will drop with the first real frost, suppose you begin from that point, as this is what is bound to happen in a very short time."

"Very well, John. It may be that in a few mornings, as you say, the frost will have suddenly laid low one of our last autumn favourites, so that when the dahlia top has been shrivelled or half blackened by the frost, cut your plant down to within some four inches from the ground, then lift the tuberous roots gently from the ground and carry them off to some dry place where neither frost nor damp can get to them. A shed would certainly answer for a while, or still better, the greenhouse itself. Some persons, indeed, pack them away in sand and put them in a dry cellar. But should you decide to stow them away under the stand of your greenhouse, as is so often done, take care that when watering your flowers, the drip does not come upon

retain some of its own juices, the result might be that the collar of the tuber would rot later on, and thus it would fail to break when replanted in the spring.



FANCY DOUBLE DAHLIAS.



WHITE CACTUS DAHLIAS.

your dahlias. Another good precaution for the keeping out of damp is to *place the tubers stem downwards*, for if you allow the hollow stem to gather wet or even to

"Like other things, too, dahlias can, of course, be raised from seed. In this case, sow early in March in a pan or box placed in a hot-bed; and when they have attained a size large enough for handling easily, plant them out again, still in slight heat, two or three in a pot according to size. They will want air, water, and light, but until properly established they must be sheltered from the heat of the sun. Finally, in the last week of May, they can be planted out in the open flower beds, a foot apart from each other. As to the general soil for the dahlias, let me say that it should be a rich and thoroughly friable one; and if you are devoting a small bed to your dahlias by themselves, have it first well trenched and some well decayed manure dug in.

"But we will leave our seedlings and follow up the routine treatment of our tubers that have been stowed away for the winter. Examine them occasionally and if, say, in January, any show signs of shrivelling up or decaying, remove the decayed part and pot them as soon as you can, always remembering when potting that the collar of the plant should be just above the surface. As February advances, the whole collection will require potting out, and as your plants go on flourishing—that is to say, in March, April, and May, cuttings may be taken off and struck in pots singly, if you have room, as a good deal of trouble is

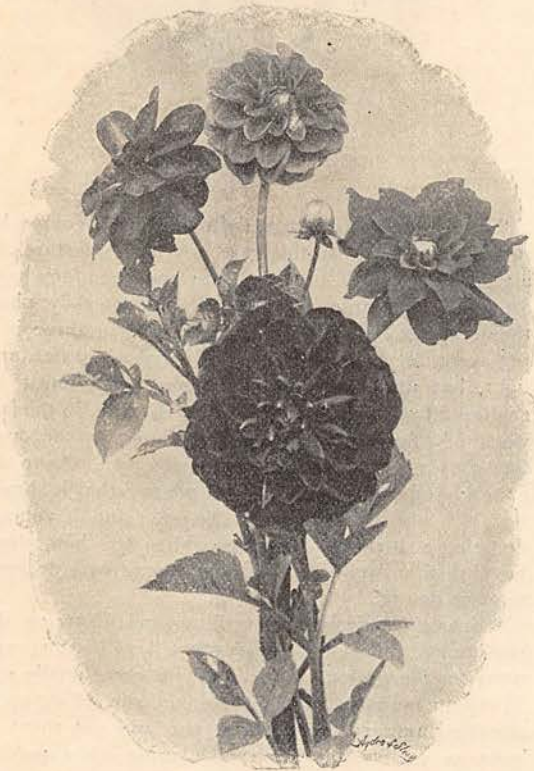
necessarily saved if you are able to strike your plants in the pots in which they are to be till planting-out time comes in the last week of May.

"And now," continued Charles, "this brings me to say something of the insect trouble to which dahlias are liable, and about which two enthusiastic lady neighbours of mine have so often asked me. The slug and the earwig are surely the pest of the dahlia. Earwigs seem certainly more plentiful in some years than in others. In 1893 they have been a great nuisance; but I can remember that, in 1864, in some parts of the country, they invaded not only the flower beds but the sleeping beds. A certain quantity of lime on the ground, placed in a circle round the stem, will prevent slugs and vermin of all kinds from mounting the stem of your plant; but it is when the plants are in flower that the earwig loves to attack them. Old-fashioned remedies are the following: place upside down on the tops of the stakes which are supporting your dahlias, a small flower pot having a little wool or moss placed in it, among which the earwig is sure to hide. The pot you can examine every morning and destroy the entrapped contents; or again, you can place on the ground a faded bloom, which will also entice the earwig; while another method is to conceal among the branches of your plant bean-stalks and any hollow and tubular substance, as, for example, a piece of

him. Nor must we forget, while on the subject of the preservation of our dahlias, that they require plenty of water; this withheld they would soon fail.



POMPONE DAHLIAS.



CACTUS DAHLIAS.

"And it is a strange thing that our grandfathers so despised the *single* dahlia, for nothing is more charming for decoration. For example, a nice packet of seed giving some thirty specimens in a variety can be had, doubtless, for a shilling. This seed should be sown in heat in February, and it will flower freely in the later summer months. The single dahlia has a charming effect if planted in a back row, on your bed. More expensive varieties of the single dahlia are the *Ivanhoe*, a fine rose-coloured flower, or a purple specimen known as the *Rob Roy*, while another, the *Lucy Ashton*, is a white flower; all growing to a height of some three feet or more.

"Old-fashioned specimens of the dahlia must not, however, be overlooked, and a few of them may be here named. The *Dahlia Barkeria*, a bluish flower that blooms in August; the *Dahlia Superflua* is a purple one; the *D. Crocea* is of a saffron colour; and the *D. Frustranea* a scarlet specimen; all of which originally hail from Mexico. Still older specimens might be noticed, such as the *Antagonist*, a white flower, or the *Biondella*, an orange buff. But to enumerate many specimens is almost impossible. Most of them are fairly inexpensive and open to all of us; while the very cottagers' gardens, which not infrequently put to shame the formality of our bedding-out system, are well and tastefully graced by this queen of autumnal flowers. Yet, while their beauty is great, their fragrance is not, certainly, their charm."

bamboo cane, but *stopped up at one end*, and into this will the earwig surely climb to conceal himself, so that every morning you can make your own terms with