

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

PART I.
FLOWERS OF SPRING.

ONG before the snow has disappeared from the uplands, while even the westland winds that roar through the leafless oaks and limes, and bend the giant poplars, have a keen cold edge on them, and ere yet there is a leaf-bud on bush and

hedgerow, except the burgeon of the early honeysuckle, the downy tassel on the willow, or catkin on the hazel, I begin to think of my long gipsy holiday. I may now be seen examining the springs of my great travelling caravan, or inside looking round to see what can be done to increase the beauty of the boudoir-saloon.

When later on the snows have fled, and buds become living, breathing things; when winter-weary dormice peep out from the hedge foot, and sit blinking in the sun; when hedgehogs themselves wake up and yawn; when the discordant shriek of the wryneck heralds the coming of the nightingale; when thrushes have eggs, and blackbirds have young, and peewits on the braeland wage strategic warfare with wandering schoolboys; when primroses clothe the banks and copses with scented blossoms, blue hyacinths carpet the woods, and starry anemones peep through the grass and moss—then busy am I indeed with my preparations for the road.

But when at last the winds blow balmy from the south or west, and birds in field or copse or forest are almost hysterical in their joy of song, then I bid good-bye for a time to the rural village in which I live, and the very horses seem to rattle their harness with joy as they go cantering away to the wilds.

We shun the great highways of England and Scotland as much as possible; we avoid cities, and delight to be far from the roar of railway trains and shriek of steam whistle. The byeways and the green lanes alone delight us; the hills and lakes, and all the charming scenery to be met with on mountain and moorland, by streamlet and sea. And all the way, in pleasant summers, the wild flowers are constantly with us. They drape the hedges; they hang like garlands over the very trees; they carpet the sward on each side of old-fashioned country roads; they bloom on banks; they play at hide and seek with the bees and butterflies, in ditches or by fences; they creep over old ruins, and beautify many a crumbling wall; they float on ponds; they nod over brook-lets; they even behave like veritable "spooks" and "spunkies," leading one far astray over moorlands and marshlands, and seeming to laugh when the weary wight has lost his way.

Surely everyone loves the wild flowers. There can be neither poetry nor music nor sunshine either in the soul of that man or woman who does not. Those wildlings of nature, too, have I am sure an influence for good on the minds of those who dwell amongst them. They seem to bring one nearer to the gates of heaven itself, just as the song of birds does, or the whisper of the winds through the summer woods.

But the study of wild flowers is as healthful for the body as for the mind. It is a study that can only be carried on out of doors, in the

pure fresh air and in the sunshine; a study that embodies every requisite of wholesome exercise, for the whole attention is pleasantly engrossed, while the muscular system is being strengthened and the nerves toned. It is one, therefore, that can well be recommended by the medical man, and from which the very greatest of benefit may be expected to accrue. And it is, moreover, within the reach of all young girls who dwell in the country, or who have the means of indulging in cycling.

A slight knowledge of botany is necessary to commence with, but this need be by no means very profound. About all you do want to know is the English and Latin names of your favourites, and the natural families to which they belong. To gather flowers for the sake of simply tearing them to pieces to get at their classification, is merely to be introduced to them by name, or to have a mere nodding acquaintance with them. You will never learn to love them like this; they must become friends of yours; you must have their colours in your eye so exactly, that any one a shade or even a streak different from its fellow may at once appeal to you as a curiosity; you must know every peculiarity of petals and stamens, and the very attitude of the leaves and stalk; and you must know all the tricks and manners of your flower pets, and where they live and what they love, and the very insects that are on speaking terms with them. If your knowledge is of this kind, then indeed you may be said to be a lover of the wild flowers, and a poet as well.

Ought you to make a collection? Well, yes; this does no harm, but good, in fact. It is nice to be able to point to a dried flower in a book, and to tell its story, and the story of the day you gathered it; and the scenery amidst which you found it blooming. Well, every flower in your collection, with its stalk and root and leaf, should be carefully fastened on, and labelled, not only with its name, but a brief note or two of its history.

Bouquets of wild flowers, if nicely arranged and not too tightly packed, look very beautiful in a room. During the summer my caravan, "The Wanderer," is always gay with wild flowers. Any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is welcome to come and see for herself, if she happens to come across me encamped somewhere, anywhere, this summer, for my house upon wheels is always turning up where and when least expected.

Now, in these papers of mine, I cannot of course mention even a tithe of the flowers that bloom at various seasons of the year between the South Coast of England and the Moray Firth in the far North of Scotland. I shall only tell you something about a few of my chief favourites, and the haunts in which I found them. I can promise you one thing, however, namely, that everything I do write will be original, and, like the flowers themselves, culled from life and nature.

I think that most of us love the sweet spring-time better than any other season of the year. We who live in the country do so at all events; we look for it, long for it; the first snowdrops that peep up through the brown earth, the first violets and scented primroses that open their eyes in the blinks of early sunshine, are looked upon as old friends come again once more, bringing with them angel-winged hope and a foretaste of summer's joy and gladness. The birds see these flowers, and burst into song at the sight; the wild bees spy them, and fly off to pay them a visit and welcome them back. These wild bees seem to have a great many secrets to tell the early flowers, of how they

have suffered from cold and even hunger throughout the long dreary dark winter; how their stores of honey have been exhausted weeks ago; and how the very drowsiness of death was stealing over them, when they crept forth into the light, and saw that the herald flowers of spring had arrived.

It is only the more energetic wild bees that come out to prospect in the earlier days of spring, and even they seem half asleep as they stand at the entrance to their hives preparatory to flight. They take an unconscionably long time with their toilets. Every leg wants seeing to, their wings want brushing, the downy hairlets that cover their bodies must be combed, and their eyes require a very great deal of polishing indeed. While they labour away at themselves they may be seen turning round and round now and then, that every portion of their tiny anatomies may duly woo the warming sunshine and the westlin' winds; but lo! the sun's rays suddenly become more powerful, the clouds are dispelled, and away they fly. "The first day's outing is the worst with them, and many never return, for cock robin dearly loves a bee for breakfast, and the blackbird can do with half a dozen. Pioneers always suffer in this way. But day after day more and more flowers appear, and more and more bees, and fields grow green and the buds on the trees break into life, and the lichens and mosses creeping over stones and old tree-stems add much to the beauty of the woodlands.

In early spring one hardly knows which to admire the most while walking by hedgerows or in forest or copse—the beautiful and extremely varied tints of the young leaves on the trees, or the wild flowers that carpet the ground. The earliest leaf perhaps of all is the hardy honeysuckle's. Oh, it is perfectly weather-defiant, its very colour is in its favour—a dusky purple-green that neither east wind nor frost can hurt. But catkins are at the same time depending from the hazels, and if you look close you may see also the wee modest crimson-tipped female flower. Then a little later on the downy buds begin to adorn the willows, and next come the tender green and scarlet flowers of the feathery larch trees; and from about this date it is quite a treat to watch the smaller pine trees shooting forth their buds. It will take you a whole month or more to study these, and all this time you will be wondering what in the name of mystery the long brown fingers that are popped out here and there are going to come to. Watch and see; if I were to tell you, all the charm would be fled, it would be like reading the last chapters of a good story before you had scanned the first.

Nothing puzzles an artist more than painting spring tints. What an eye he needs, and what daring, for the brilliancy of the colours on canvas seem positively outrageous at times!

Well, there are many other kinds of trees as well as pines that I advise you to watch; notably perhaps the horse-chestnut. Whatever, you may ask yourself, are those sticky brown buds going to come to; they look as if they had all been dipped in glycerine.

"Dipped in treacle" might be quite as appropriate as "dipped in glycerine," but being a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER you have too much poetry in your nature to allude to such a thing as treacle. However, just watch those buds, please, and watch them day after day for weeks; and here is another thing to note, namely, the various kinds of showers that fall from such trees as the chestnut, the lime, the yew, etc., during the course of the summer, or rather spring,

summer, and autumn. These would include the early-shed bud-calyxes, which, from trees like the lime, for instance, float downwards in the early summer air like showers of chaff; the petals, etc., of the flowers themselves, later on the nuts and seeds, and last of all the leaves themselves.

Girls who can paint would do well to note also and try to represent, in oil or water colours, different varieties of spring leaves. The autumn tints themselves cannot vie in richness of colour and beauty with the leaves of the dwarf sycamore or plane trees that we find growing by the roadsides and in hedgerows, in the sweet sad season of the year.

But let us now take a peep at some of the more common flowers of spring.

Here is the primrose—the *Primula vulgaris*—one of the most charming of the order *Primulaceæ*. Its odour and its wondrous and indescribable colour are familiar to everyone, even to the little gutter-snipes of our London slums. The name signifies “first rose,” and it certainly is the first rose of spring, though not by any means the first flower. It is blossoming now in my orchard, although the frost is hard and the snow has not yet flown away. But April and May—April in England and May in the North of Scotland—are the favourite months of the primrose. We find it on banks of all sorts, in woods and copses, and on the “haughs” by the river’s side.

There is a variety of primrose, common in some parts, of a pinky hue; while far away in the Orkney Islands and in Sutherland is found the beautiful *Primula Scotica*. The cowslip, the *Primula veris* of the naturalist that clothes our meadows with pale saffron hues, is a favourite with everyone, though not so much as the primrose. Older writers ascribe a great many virtues to this plant, its leaf and root and flower. Nervous pains and mental fears of all sorts are said to fly before a judiciously concocted infusion thereof, while a distillation from its petals will restore its pristine bloom to the cheek of fading beauty. Under such an application, spots and freckles and even wrinkles disappear.

The oxlip or *Primula elatior* is rare in England, but is a bigger flower, as the name indicates. The polyanthus of the garden is a cultivated kind of oxlip. The *Viola odorata*, or sweet violet, is another of our woodland fairies. It is a very modest and most delicately scented wee flower, and though it now and then takes an upward half-shy glance at the sun, it loves to hide away in shady places, but it cannot help casting its sweetness abroad, or lending it to every passing breeze; it is therefore easily found out. There are many varieties of it, and I need hardly say that it is greatly cultivated for the sake of its sweet scented blossoms. It used to be much used as medicine, but the properties and virtues assigned to it are now considered somewhat mythical.

Does the reader know a little flower that blooms on every meadow, called the *Bellis perennis*? No; not the Llygad y Dydd of the Welsh, the gowan or bairnwort of the Scotch, the daisy or day’s-eye of the English. Now you have it. Says Burns—

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow’r,
Thou’s met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow’r,
Thou bonnie gem.”

Every poet mentions this gowan. Remember the bonnie lines in that sweet auld song, “Annie Laurie”—

“Like the dew on the gowans lyin’
Is the fa’ o’ her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighin’
Her voice is low and sweet.”

What associations does this gowan not summon back to our memories! It is for these, more perhaps than for its intrinsic beauty, that we so dearly love it. The ox-eye daisy is a flower of spring and early summer; I mention it here simply because it is called a daisy. It is the *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum* of the botanist, and it is well known everywhere. By the way, it is called the “horse gowan” in Scotland. It is found growing all along railway embankments and in dry meadows, which it stars over with white. It may be called a white marguerite. Now you know it. It is this flower country girls pull and tear the petals from as they say “he loves me,” “he loves me not,” and so on to the last. And the last petal is Sir Oracle.

Well, it is a pretty flower, but the bright yellow ox-eye of the cornfield, called also the corn marigold, is still more beautiful, and either of these is a charming addition to a bouquet of wild flowers.

There are two little spring ranunculuses that may be mentioned here, namely, goldilocks, and the water buttercup. The former comes in March and April, growing in copses, a bright yellow five-petalled buttercup, with long lance-like leaves. The water buttercup is very abundant everywhere in ponds and burns, most species having their leaves submerged. Some prefer running water, others ponds; the flower is white, with green streaks. I think you will know it from that alone. The lesser celandine must not be confounded with goldilocks, though it blooms about the same time. It has six to ten yellow petals that have more the shape of a star than a cup, and these petals look particularly well varnished. The sepals beneath these are only three. The leaves of the plant are heart-shaped and wrinkled like that of the primrose. There are several species of this flower; but these you must study for yourself.

The *Agraphis nutans* (Liliaceæ), or wild hyacinth, is a special favourite of mine, owing

partly to its deep blue colour, and partly to its rich perfume, and because it makes so delightful a spring carpet to the woods near where I live. It is sometimes called the bluebell, but here and there among the others I have gathered pink and pale white wild hyacinths. It begins to bloom about the time the wry-neck emits its discordant shriek in our copses, by way of informing us that the nightingale is coming, and it blossoms on in shady places till well into June.

I should not forget to mention the ordinary buttercup of our childhood’s happy days, although it is more a flower of early summer than spring. Like goldilocks, it is one of the ranunculaceæ family. It is also called crowfoot, from the bird-claw-like formation of its foliage.

The marsh marigold is another of the ranunculaceæ which blooms as early as March. Its characteristic is this: it has no petals proper, its sepals composing the bright yellow cup-like flower.

I earnestly advise you to get specimens of all these yellow flowers which I have named, and study them together. This will be a most delightful exercise, and far more profitable, in my opinion, than dates. It is really a matter of very little moment to us nowadays when Queen Elizabeth was born or Raleigh beheaded; but we cannot take a single walk into the country without coming across these pretty flowers of spring.

Do you know the lady’s smock? It is a flower belonging to the cruciferae family, that you find by the wayside and in dampish meadow lands. It is rather tall and spreading, with pale lilac four-petalled flowers. It is found growing side by side with the marsh marigold, as often as not, and it comes with the cuckoo. Indeed, it is sometimes called the cuckoo flower, and morsels of froth are found on it, which, if opened, will be found to surround a little green jumping insect. This flower is also a child of April.

One of the most charming of our spring flowers is the early purple orchis. The land or ground on which it grows is seldom very rich; it likes high, half-bare localities, in the neighbourhood of furze bushes, and grows plentifully on the sward by the wayside in many of the midland counties. A novice might take it for a kind of hyacinth at first, for at a little distance it resembles that flower, except in colour, which is a purple-red or pink. The leaves are very peculiar, being tall, broad and lance-like, and spotted or splashed over with brown or purple spots.

There are several other species of orchis to be found in our meadows, such as the man-orchis, the bee and the fly orchis, all of which are very pretty and interesting.

I am at the end of my space, and have not mentioned a tithe of my flower pets. But I will return to them.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS IN JUNE.

By A NATURALIST.

THE swallow tribe are now in the very height of enjoyment as they dash and wheel about—now here, now there—in all directions in search of their insect prey. From early morn till dusky eve they busily ply their vocation, which is to rid the air and land and water of insects which would make our lives very uncomfortable, if not in some instances almost unbearable. The old buccaneers have left on record that the worst foes they had to contend with were insects.

The dark-coloured swift has a wonderful

command of wing power that no amount of exertion seems to tire. The more he flies the more he seems to enjoy himself as he goes through the air, screaming out his notes of exultation, sweeping round the grey tower of some old church with his companions. He is not so dull a bird in plumage as he seems to be when you only see him in flight. On a close view more pleasing shades, though still subdued, show themselves. He is the last to come of his tribe, and the first to leave us. Not so the chimney swallow; we have seen him

very early in warm springs, and have known him stay late in the autumn. Why he should be called chimney swallow I do not know; he certainly builds in a chimney sometimes, but quite as often on some beam or rafter. He sings quite prettily, and is a very confiding bird. The martins have a different flight to the swallows, which is very easily distinguished at a distance by those who are acquainted with both species. The sandmartins are most interesting little creatures as they flutter round about the entrances to their holes in quite a

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PART II.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

HAD I searched all England over I do not think I should have found a spot more suitable for study and meditation. I had lingered and lazed too long in the New Forest, its weird beauty, gloom, and grandeur had cast a spell over me, which I found it hard to break. But editorial letters came at last, and work had to be done, so the horses' heads were turned off the main road, and in due time the Wanderer was safely bivouacked in a meadow not far from the sea. I do not mean to tell anyone the name of this village. It is mine by rights of discovery. Gipsies know it; one postman, who never does seem half awake, knows it; the swallows know it; it is the first village they visit in early spring; sea birds, wild ducks, and snipes know it, and find many a tit-bit among the sedges and the rushes that border a half salt lake near by; the south wind knows it well, and fiercely must it howl and blow in winter, for the trees, the hawthorns, oaks, and elms have all turned their backs to it, as if by common consent, and not even the gentle zephyrs of June can woo them round again; and song birds know it, the twittering martin, the reed warblers, and shore larks. I think they hardly ever ceased to sing; as early as two in the morning the birds would be patterning on the caravan roof, and singing in at me through the open skylights. By day there was no ruder sound to break the stillness than those bird-voices or the wind sighing through the ventilator, or out in the meadow itself the hum of insects and intermittent drone of workmen bees, as they passed from flower to flower. Then away over yonder, with half-a-mile of hayfields between, was the restless sea, and on the far horizon the cliffs of Wight, that regularly every evening at sunset took part in a marvellous transformation scene, while the swallows were holding their vesper revel, and bats in caves and under bridges were stretching their limbs and preparing to fly.

There is no hotel in the village near me, there is an inn. There is no doctor, for I do not think the people ever die. The buildings are quaint and curious, and stand anyhow, end on to the street, back to the street, or face to the street, and possess quite as much architectural grandeur and beauty as the houses boys and girls draw on slates at school. But quiet reigns everywhere. Children sometimes come and hang from my meadow gate for an hour at a time, and an older one may whistle; otherwise they look like a select assortment of juvenile Rip Van Winkles. My favourite walk is down through the meadows yonder, where the new mown hay lies in perfumed swaths, by a little footway which leads to the marsh and the lake. I wish I had space to describe a few of the splendid and curious grasses that grow here. But among them, and all over the marsh, are my flowers. When I want to cull them, I have to leap from hillock to hillock; were I to get between I might sink and never more be seen.

But here in abundance grow those taking, wee, blue-eyed fairies, the forget-me-nots—*Myosotis palustris*. They are not so compact as our garden kinds, but charmingly pretty. The legend says a knight in armour was gathering a bouquet of myosotis for his lady-love, who waited by the stream, and saw him borne away. He just had time to throw the flowers on shore and say "Forget me not," before the current floated him off, and hence the name. I do not believe a stream carried him away at all. He must have been in just such a marsh as this, and got between the hillocks and engulfed in the mud.

Town children frequently mistake the brooklime (*Veronica beccabunga*) for the myosotis. Country children do not; but it is well to get a blossom of each, and put them side by side in your collection, and one also of the water-speedwell—*Veronica anagallis*.

If you are walking almost anywhere in the country lanes or roads in summer, you cannot help noticing the beautiful flashes of ultramarine-blue that are spread out here and there. This is caused by the luxuriantly-growing germander speedwell (*Veronica chamædrys*). A very fragile and insignificant wee floweret it is, not bigger round than the pimpernel, but we could not want that gush of beauty by the waysides for anything. The common pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) you cannot mistake, owing to its wee, salmon-red flowers, and its somewhat lonely disposition. You will frequently find it growing among wheat or oats. Do not call it a weed, pray. Take it up tenderly and press it gently between the leaves of your stock book. Some song or another, that is running through my head, speaks of "the blue-eyed pimpernel." Well, it is sometimes blue; but rarely. I do not know why some flowers do change at times from blue to red, and *vice versa*—some little floral idiosyncrasy. There is also a bog pimpernel; and this is a perennial, the other being an annual.

Not in the marsh here itself, but near by it, grows the pretty pink or lavender-coloured flower called thrift. It bears transplanting well, and I have seen it used even in the interior of the country as edging for the flower garden. It is the *Armeria maritima* of botanists. It has long, linear leaves and single globe-shaped flowers, not unlike a half-blown double lilac primula.

And not far off from these banks of thrift I find the yellow-horned poppy (*Glaucium luteum*), called so from the glaucous or greenish-blue colour of its leaves. It is a very conspicuous and pretty poppy, and so is easily known. It is an annual, and must not be confounded with the perennial yellow poppy of Wales, sometimes called the mountain poppy.

And here is the beautiful sea-lavender, the *Statice limonium*. At a little distance its bluish purple flowers look to have the same arrangement as our garden heliotrope. The leaves are thick, glossy, dark-green, and lanceolate. This flower is perennial, and will grow well in gardens.

Growing not far from the borders of my marvellous marsh, I find splendid blooms of the gigantic yellow iris, or water-flag, *Iris pseudocorus*. Perhaps it has no business so near the sea, but here it is. This plant is called "Segg" in some places, and in Scotland Jacob's Sword, the leaves resembling a sword-bayonet. In shape it is altogether like our garden blue flag. With such flowers as these one may easily imagine I found no difficulty in making the Wanderer quite gay, the crimson flowers of tall gragger robins or red campions looking very beautiful among the green and beside the yellow.

A very large number of beautiful flowers are to be found on our seashore, and they differ to some considerable extent with each locality. But I have never yet seen anything like a really good collection of the wild flowers of the British islands. If they were well put up, well preserved, each with its botanical and provincial name, with probably a line or two of verse attached to each, and a photograph of the neighbourhood where found, it would be a collection of rare value indeed. Such collections could only be made by forming a wild flower club, whose members in different parts of the kingdom could assist each other.

I have noticed during my wanderings that the love of flowers seems to be quite a passion among many of the poorer cottagers who live by the wayside in England, and I have passed through some very humble hamlets, the windows of each hut or hovel in which vied with its neighbour in the beauty of its floral display. Perhaps these cots hardly possessed even the tiniest of gardens. That did not damp the ardour of the inmates, however—they had flowers, flowers everywhere: inside the windows on shelves; outside in boxes; crowding the tops of rustic porches; trailing over walls and roofs, and stuck into every crevice or corner.

There are certain flowers that grow so largely in fields in summer as to lend quite a charming feature to the landscape, especially when viewed at a distance, and either in open valleys or braelands. In painting tracts of cultivated land, nature, or art and nature combined, dash the colours on with a broad and unsparing hand indeed.

Take, for instance, the common charlock, the *Sinapis arvensis*, that grows among the corn in May and June, or rather graciously permits the corn to grow side by side with it. It is not an invited guest, the farmer does not like it if the artist does; but what a gleam of yellow it throws over the fields! Later on the corn marigold tinges acres and acres of ground with a richer, deeper golden hue. And bare fields of grass farther north are completely overgrown with the tall, shrubby yellow tansy. It grows up to the very udders of the wading cows, who are fain to put their tongues round its hard stem to find a fresh pluck of green.

So much for yellow. The dark rosy clover gives a charming cast to some fields; so does the white clover; and how the cows do luxuriate on this last, till their sides glitter, their eyes stand out, and their very ears grow shorter with fat! But as they eat it they breathe hard on it, to scare away the busy bees of commerce. Clover, both red and white, form also one of the many-coloured carpets that bedeck the sward by old-fashioned roadsides. And people who do not travel as I do, can form no conception of the amount of sward that flanks our highways and byways. In olden times this waste land was useful to afford grazing for the immense herds of cattle that used to be driven slowly from north to south. Now the cattle journey by train, and not even the poor man is allowed to make use of the herbal wealth that is spread about in such abundance.

Fields of flax or blue linum are not often seen now; but I have seen them in Yorkshire. The spring green of this plant is of an indescribably tender tint, and the blue of the cup-like flower is inimitable.

But even flax must yield the palm of beauty to scarlet poppies among the corn, or to the crimson glory of a field of blooming sainfoin.

Perhaps colour lends a greater charm to English landscape in June, than contour or lines. On a clear day we passed through a lovely country some leagues south of Salisbury Plain, and it was a pleasure to note the various—and ever-varying with the light—shades of green on the trees. The oaks could be told a long way off by their bright yellow-green tints, contrasting finely with the darker hues of the glorious elms. Ash trees, wherever seen, were well worth looking at, in colour a tender spring-green. The tints of the willows or waving pollards seemed to have a dash of blue in their composition. The lindens or limes again were more akin to ash trees in colour, but in foliage more, far more silken and fragile, though they would harden as the

summer advanced. When a cloud shadow fell upon an elm tree wood, the sycamores in it grew dark as ink. And towards night those elms were gloomy blots, and the Scotch pine trees black, solemn, and weird.

There were tall hedges at each side of the roads, as a rule starred over with the huge white flowers of the elder. You could have told that elder was growing there, even had you kept your eyes shut, owing to the luscious perfume that hung so heavily in the air.

At times the trees closed quite over the road, so as almost to impede my progress; the branches would go rattling and rustling along the roof, and leaves fall into the saloon through the skylights. Every now and then in this sylvan wilderness a cottage would appear, always with a garden, containing roses, rhododendrons, ivies, hollies, and brown-legged children. These pretty cottages popped up in the woodlands when least expected, in a way that was charmingly accidental.

We passed a wondrous hedgerow. It was half a mile long and about twenty feet in

height, and quite a study in bronze, green, and gold, all the effects of the sunlight, for the foliage was only that of blackthorn and dwarf oak.

Next we rolled past a park, and I suppose there was a mansion house somewhere hidden in the wood; but the park was a picture in itself: it had clouds of lordly elms in it, and clumps of copper beeches, and knots of weeping ashes, and tall, light-green, feathery acacias hung with drooping white flowers; and then, on rising knolls, there were groups of brown-stemmed pine trees. Don't you think you see it, reader? and isn't it nice to be a gipsy? But there were banks of rhododendrons in this park, and patches of golden furze as well, and here and there a patch of water rippling in the sunshine, where Chi-chi ducks were swimming.

By-and-by we came up out of all this grandeur of woodland, and the half-bare rolling plains of Salisbury hove in sight. Fields of all shades of colour in view now—the dark blue-green of oats, the silvery sheen of

waving barley, the harsher hues of wheat, golden yellow of wild mustard, and splendid crimson of corn poppies.

Three especial wayside favourites of mine are the blue geranium, the mallow, and rest-harrow. Both the former last very well in bouquets, and even bloom in water, while the latter, when in perfection, is an extremely beautiful plant.

The blue geranium is the meadow cranes'-bill—a stupid name, my own is best—the *Geranium pratense* of botanists, in leaf and flower and all it looks every inch a geranium, but a deep and indescribable blue. The foliage changes to orange and crimson in autumn. I never could make out what determined this flower's choice of situation. Botanists who write books tell us it loves moisture and shade, but gipsies know a deal more than *soi-disant* botanists, and I have found the blue geranium on the sunniest, barrenest of hillocks, by the side of the road as well as crouching among nettles and hiding near woods. I met it in Hampshire and Dorset, in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and even in Scotland; met it when least expected, and we always pulled up to kiss and cull it.

The mallows, like the poor, we always have with us. This is that tallish pink or mauve geranium-looking flower you see growing by every wayside and on waste land. There is the common mallow, *Malva sylvestris*, and the pretty and brighter musk mallow, or *Malva moschata*, the leaves and petals of which are different. You ought to get specimens of both and compare them. One glance would be enough, and you could never forget the characteristic differences.

Rest-harrow, *Ononis arvensis*, is a shrubby plant, trailing or semi-erect, very thorny, or with only rudimentary prickles, which grows on banks and bare patches by the roadsides, both in Scotland and England. I have met with it among the Grampian mountains, but it was somewhere in the Midland counties that I saw it in perfection, in Bedfordshire I believe. Well, it looked there just like pink furze. You would know it from that description.

The flowers are a rosy pink, and not unlike in tint and shape to those of the sainfoin. Both the furze and the rest-harrow belong to the same natural family, the *Leguminosæ*, but it is only when the rest-harrow is at its best that the resemblance is well marked.

In the next part I shall have some very beautiful flowers to speak about—flowers of hedgerows, fields, and river banks, among them wild roses and thistles.

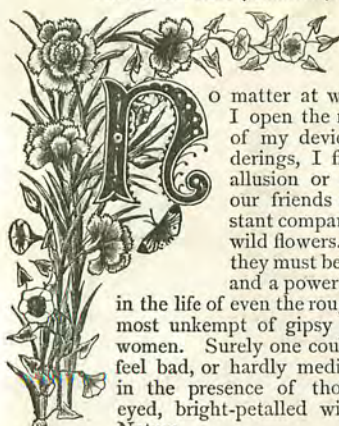


AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N

PART III.

SUMMER FLOWERS (continued).



o matter at what page I open the rough log of my devious wanderings, I find some allusion or other to our friends and constant companions, the wild flowers. I think they must be a power, and a power for good, in the life of even the roughest and most unkempt of gipsy men and women. Surely one could hardly feel bad, or hardly meditate evil, in the presence of those pure-eyed, bright-petalled wildings of Nature.

In the flower world there is always some pretty surprise awaiting me while on the road, for I meet old floral friends where least expected. Some that I may have left behind me away down on the south coast, and that I do not hope to meet again till my horses' heads are once more turned in that direction, appear, perhaps, in far Northumberland, or across the borders in Scotland itself. Other flowers, again, seem to follow me everywhere, all over England at any rate. Two of these are worth mentioning for their very great beauty, and because they add such a charm to the banks of wet ditches by the wayside, where they grow luxuriantly among the grass and weeds. They are both called loose-strife; one is the yellow, the other the purple; but although alike in a good many of their habits, and in the general shape of the flowers, they differ very much indeed when examined botanically, and while the purple loose-strife belongs to the natural order *Lythraceæ*, the yellow counts kin with the *Primulaceæ*. Both are perennial, however, and their roots, if transplanted to the garden and granted plenty of water and a fair degree of shade, thrive well in out-of-the-way corners. Both grow very tall, say three feet or more, standing up in an independent, sturdy way amidst the rank vegetation that surrounds them. The purple loose-strife is found in huge blood red spikelets, that attract the eye at a distance, and compel you to pull up your horses to cull a bunch; or to try at all events, for it is somewhat annoying after you get down to find there is a great gulf in the shape of an ugly wet ditch betwixt you and those nodding crimson glories. The flower stem of the yellow loose-strife is more branched, and the petals are five instead of six. But find them and examine them for yourself. They will reward you.

A very noticeable flower that anyone who knows an English hedgerow must have seen over and over again is the white campion. It is nearly as tall as the loose-strifes, but likes a drier soil—hugs the hedge in fact. It has a large white flower, like a star, with hairy leaves and stems not unlike an overgrown and straggling sweet-william. It is called the *Lychnis Vespertina*, a pretty name, and indicative of this flower's love for evening-tide; so there is a delightful air of romance about it which ought to recommend itself to us. The perfume, too, is very delightful and given off freely. There is a bladder-campion, the *Silene inflata*, which is very observable by hedgerows and in copses. It also has starry white blooms, but each flower grows from a

round balloon-like shape, by which you will easily distinguish it.

Well, everything beautiful unfortunately is not pleasant, and growing by hedgerows and on grassy banks you cannot have failed to have noticed a bonnie wee pink cranesbill, with a leaf like a geranium; the flower is bigger than the pimpernel, and a trifle larger and more open than the germander speedwell, near whose charming blue it often shows its pink and pretty face. It is the *Germanium Robertianum*, or herb-Robert. You have collected it, I know, and thought it would look well in a bouquet, then thrown it away, because its odour is vile. You see beauty is not everything in this world.

A far more lovely flower, and one which will not offend you, is the pink campion, or *Lychnis diurna*. It has the same star-shaped flower, but is red. It grows from a few inches to two feet high, according to the soil. The leaves are in pairs, and of the sweet-william shape. At some little distance the *Lychnis diurna* may be mistaken for another sweetly pretty flower, which, however, is easily distinguished when you dismount and get close to it. I mean the *Lychnis flos-cuculi*, the cuckoo-flower or ragged-robin. This is a capital flower for a bouquet, for it blooms long in water, as does the mallow tribe; the foxglove, and many others.

Of course every girl knows the foxglove. I think I am right in believing the wild foxglove grows in woods and copses, or by the wayside, all the way 'twixt Land's End and John o' Groats. When crossing the Grampian range of mountains, I bivouacked for one or two nights at the Dalwhinnie hotel, and found the sideboards of that charming hostelry decorated with huge bouquets of foxgloves.

The foxglove is also called *Digitalis purpurea*, and dead man's bells, or dead man's fingers. The flower-stalks are from one to five feet high, and I had some in my garden last year ten feet high. From these flower-stalks depend the huge crimson bells. These are big enough for you to put your thumb in. I told a little girl this once, and she went and put her thumb in a bell. Presently the welkin rang with her shrieks. She told me there was a "bee in the naughty bell, and it had sat down on her fum." There is a bee in most of these naughty bells when the sun is shining, but very beautiful is the foxglove growing on banks, hiding in copses, or peeping coyly up through the greenery of bracken or ferns. Sometimes the flowery stem is branched, and then it is probably even more beautiful still.

Talking of bells brings to my mind the harebell or *Campanula rotundifolia*. It is the—"Blue-bell of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bell."

It must not be confounded with the thick-stemmed, blue, wild hyacinth, that carpets our copses in spring-time, and loves the shade and moisture. This true blue-bell of Scotland loves the sunshine, cares but little for moisture; and, though found everywhere in Britain, is nowhere so well seen as growing over old stone and turf fences in Caledonia, covering them as with an azure canopy. It grows from a thin wiry stem, so, like the maiden-hair fern, it will not live long after being culled.

Sometimes in England I come across sheets of the lovely creeping bell-flower, the *Campanula rapunculoides*—not a nice name, is it?—growing on the dry banks of ditches by the wayside, and shady sides of hedges. It is also found in the woods. The bells are large and serrated as to the edges, and hang to

the parent stalk. The Canterbury bell of the gardens is one of the same family.

There is also a clustered bell-flower, *Campanula glomerata*, the flowers of which, although growing along the stalk, look upwards instead of hanging down, and cluster at the top of the stem. Besides these bell-flowers, there is a giant bell-flower, a spreading bell-flower, and an ivy-leaved bell-flower, but you must find these out for yourselves. I but give you the hint.

I mentioned the beautiful rest-harrow in my last paper, but I could not then recall the place where I had seen it in greatest luxuriance. I now remember. It was on a hot and sultry day in July, with a purple heat-haze lying over all the landscape, blurring the distant trees, and almost hiding the hills on the horizon. It was by the side of a broad, rough road, flanked with lofty elms and hedgerows, canopied over with the tender green of the woody nightshade and sheets on sheets of wild roses, and beneath us in the valley, about three miles distant, was the spire of Stratford Church. The rest-harrow grows here all over the broad sward by the wayside, in bushes quite as large as the autumnal flowering furze, but less compact.

One of the most effective of wayside flowers is the bird's-foot trefoil, the *Lotus corniculatus*, a charming little leguminous flower of bright yellow when open, or if closed its pea-blossom tipped with an orange almost of the depth of scarlet. It is a delicate wee bloom in itself, but grows in broad patches, which, with the white and red clover, and the blue of the germander speedwell, give quite a character to the sward by the roadsides. In many parts of the interior of England the roads go winding in and out through the country, often very narrow in themselves, but measured from hedge to hedge very broad indeed. One may sigh to see so much good grassland actually wasted, but cannot help admiring the very great floral beauty of these lovely swards. Among these wayside or sward flowers the bugle, with its somewhat sombre dark blue labiate flowers on a nettle-like stalk holds its own. This plant is well worthy of more attention than is generally accorded to it. Perhaps country children know it better than grown-up folks, for they pluck out its blossoms to suck the honey therefrom, as they do from a variety of other flowers, including clover and honeysuckle.

Another not uncommon labiate flower is the selfheal or wild prunella; its bloom is a reddish violet, and it grows on poor cold land in fields. The red bartsia should be looked for, if only to compare it with the labiate flowers, such as the bugle. But the bartsia belongs to the *scrophulariaceæ* family.

To the same family belongs a prettier flower, namely, the lesser red rattle. It grows more on swampy heaths and barren wastes. There is also a yellow rattle.

A more favourite flower of mine is the century, with its bunches of star-like red or bright pink blooms, held erect on branched stalks. The worst of it is that it goes to sleep so early, and if you cull it, off to sleep it goes at once. But it is a most lovable flower for all that.

When I was a very little boy—two or three years ago, or perhaps more—I was waiting for a train with my father one day, when into the coffee-room of the hotel where we were came an American giant. He was eight feet high, and broad in proportion. He sat down on a chair, and the chair collapsed and landed him on the floor. When he got up he took two



THE END
OF A
SUMMER DAY.

chairs, and cautiously seated himself thereon, and the two chairs, though they creaked and groaned, were equal to the occasion. I was in a terrible fright, and wondered where Jack the Giant Killer was. I suppose I looked at the man with eyes and mouth very wide open indeed, for he addressed me, "Well, little lad," he said, "did you ever see the like of me growing among corn?"

But there are far more interesting things growing among corn than American giants, especially perhaps among oats, if the ground is clean and clear. Here you find no end of charming scabiouses, which I shall mention in my next and concluding paper. You find the bonnie wee pimpernel; the corn mint, *Mentha arvensis*, with its whorls of lilac blossoms and sweet delicious scent; and many pretty labiate flowers besides. You find, too, the wee purple lilac bellflower, and a kind of forget-me-not called scorpion grass (*Myosotis arvensis*). It is very small, and its little flowers are in clusters, but of so bright and pretty a blue that it is impossible to pass it by. You find the field-marden also, with pinkish flowers, and the corn marigold and sow thistle; the last of more interest to rabbits, but not uninteresting nevertheless. I have already mentioned the corn poppy, which lends so charming an effect to fields of wheat and grain of all kinds. Well, there is a small sort of convolvulus which goes creeping along the ground, or sometimes attempts to scale the giddy heights of a wheat-stalk, and enjoy an uninterrupted glance at the sun. It is called the lesser bindweed, and the flowers are whitish with pink stripes.

But probably the most lovely of all our cornflowers are the bluebottle and corncockle. The former is a tall, upstanding flower on a strong stem, and the blossom itself is flat, star-shaped, and of a bright ultramarine blue. The blue colour is quite equal, I think, to that of the chicory that blooms on the wayside in autumn; it is called the *Centaurea cyanus* by naturalists.

The corncockle is really more like a garden flower than anything else. One almost wonders to see so sweet a thing with so shapely a bloom, like that of a primula, growing wild among oats or wheat. The colour is a sort of lilac purple, and the long flower-cup leaves project all round it.

Besides those I have named, there are dozens of interesting flowers to be met with in our cornfields and near them, so that one may well spend many a pleasant hour in making a collection.

I must now say a few words about thistles. The thistle is the national flower of Scotland, just as the rose is that of England, but many species of thistles find favour with flower-fanciers, quite apart from nationality of any kind. Some are exquisitely beautiful, while the perfume is very pleasant.

On waste lands by the wayside, and even in fields where the soil is but poor, the *Carduus acanthoides* is to be found growing in patches. It is a very tall, though small-flowered thistle, with lilac blooms of sweet scent, much beloved by bees, and the birthplace of a lovely butterfly called the painted lady. This thistle is occasionally found of a white colour.

The milk thistle is so called owing to the peculiar white veins that adorn its leaves. It is a huge, great and glorious thistle, with a large red or crimson bloom, and quite an ornament to any garden where space is no object. It will attain to a height of six feet, and the foliage is splendid, both in shape and colour. It is the *Carduus marianus*.

The *Cnicus lanceolatus* and the *Cnicus palustris* are two well-known thistles. The former is called the spear-plumed and the latter the marsh thistle. Both are tall and sturdy; the first has large pinkish-crimson blossoms; the marsh thistle has smaller flowers, but these group together very prettily. The *Cnicus lanceolatus* is sometimes called the Scotch thistle.

There is a very pretty variety of thistle—the dwarf—which I have found growing in many

parts of England, especially in Yorkshire and Sussex. It quite hugs the ground, being all but stalkless. The flower is large and very beautiful. This is probably the real Scottish thistle. It certainly is prickly enough to suggest the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

The creeping thistle is not unlike the field thistle. It is one of the farmer's greatest foes. It is of a paler colour than the field *Cnicus*, the flowers are more in clusters, and the stalks less protected by prickles.

The ordinary knap-weed, with its pretty purple-red blooms, is very like a thistle in shape—a thistle without thorns, it is sometimes called. It is, however, the *Centaurea nigra* of botanists.

The *Cnicus heterophyllus*, or melancholy thistle, is, however, really a thistle without thorns. It grows in the north of England. The flowers are very beautiful and showy, and grow from long stalks. It is altogether so different from other thistles that, apart from its beauty, it is well worthy of study. The reader must not be misled by the name. There is nothing melancholy about the thistle itself. On the contrary, it is supposed by many to be a cure for melancholy. A decoction of this thistle is made into wine, and if drank care and trouble take unto themselves wings and fly away. So it is said.

But the most gorgeous of all thistles is the *Carduus nutans*, or nodding thistle; that is, if you happen to meet with it in perfection. In colour, in perfume, shape, and size it is *facile princeps*. I have found them in Yorkshire fully two inches in diameter, and I have cleared out very pretty bouquets of garden flowers to make room for them in my caravan.

I had hoped to take wild roses in this part, but the thistles have crowded them out. The chief are the sweet-briar, the field-rose, and the dog-rose, each of which will be duly noticed in my next.

(To be concluded.)



OUR PRIZE COMPETITION IN PAINTING.

EXAMINERS: BIRKET FOSTER AND THE EDITOR.



THE picture entitled "A Morning Gossip," by Birket Foster, has been extensively copied by our readers in competition for prizes, no fewer than three thousand five hundred copies having been forwarded for examination.

Our readers have been enthusiastic in their work, and have enjoyed the task allotted to them of imitating the colours of Mr. Birket Foster's charming picture, which formed the frontispiece to our last December monthly part. This work was made comparatively easy by the issue in our January part of an outline drawing of the subject, thus leaving nothing but the colouring, a vastly important piece of work though for our readers to under-

take. We believe and trust that this copying has done our artist friends great good in guiding them to a right appreciation of colour.

The examination was very hard work, and at the outset seemed almost beyond human powers, even to those by this time well used to such examinations, but on the original being carefully studied the comparison of the copies became easy, until after a few weeks' steady labour we were able to select eight of the best, and these were presented to Mr. Foster for further selection, the result of which is now presented.

FIRST PRIZE, TEN GUINEAS.

To be sent in cash.

Mary Jane Cox, Bromyard.

SECOND PRIZE, FIVE GUINEAS.

To be sent in cash.

Frances Lydia Cooke, Cannock.

These were undoubtedly the two best of the whole number, but there was, as well, a great deal of excellent work, and the best of this is entitled to

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Katie Pleydel Young, Southampton.
Elizabeth Metcalfe, Scarborough.
Henrietta Haynes, South Hampstead.
Florence Hartwell, Bridgwater.
Ellen Louisa Stansfield, Bedford.
Kate Ransom, Clifton.

Hearty congratulations to these eight clever and industrious girls from the examiners!

Next December and January we hope to issue another picture by Mr. Birket Foster for similar treatment, and we shall be glad to welcome as many competitors as wish to avail themselves of such an opportunity.

They should, however, take note of the following advice:—Remove the plate from the monthly part, and send it flat between cardboard, by book post or parcel post. Do not send a letter with it, with the view of prejudicing the examiners in your favour, as these are never read. Only the work of the prize-winners and those obtaining honourable mention will be returned.



VOL. X.—No. 505.]

AUGUST 31, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PART IV.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERS.

"WOULD you like a bunch of flowers, sir?"

It was Solley's boy who put the question. Solley's boy who brings milk for the camp, as early as seven o'clock, on these breezy summer mornings. Rich creamy milk from Jersey cows, that cull and eat wild flowers on the fields around Solley's farm. And butter too, that is positively redolent of the white and red clover and the purple vetches, on which the bovines have browsed, to say nothing of large fresh eggs of ducks, so big, indeed, that to settle seriously down to the discussion of two of them demands not only the appetite of a gipsy, but that of a gipsy encamped by the sea.

If, reader, you were sitting where I am at this present moment, and if you were to look out through one of the port windows of my caravan eastward, and away over green fields and hedgerows, past rustic cottages roofed brown or grey, past an old windmill, past an elm wood half hid in a purple haze, until your eye reached the horizon, you would notice the tops of weather-beaten cottages, and a solid-looking square old church tower peeping up through a kind of rolling cloudland of trees. That is the village of Mongeham, and near it lies Solley's farm. It nestles there I should say, and has a fine old-fashioned garden, and fine old-fashioned farm buildings, and low lying pastures, rich and rare, and all sorts of fine old-fashioned creatures and things; but I must confess that when Solley's boy put the question to me about the flowers, it was the garden itself that my thoughts reverted to. The bunch of flowers I felt sure would contain some roses, red and white carnations, six-week stocks, and sweet williams, with a natural accompaniment of polypod ferns and ribbon grass.

But this very morning, June 22nd, Solley's boy handed our black servant, Dresky, a covered basket, on opening which, lo, and behold! two huge bouquets of wild hedge-roses, and one of fragrant honeysuckle. To transfer these gems to vases was the work of a very few minutes. Pity it is that these roses fade so soon. Not if left to grow and blossom and trail over the hedges, however. And what a charming feature of English wayside scenery those same wild roses are! All the way from the New Forest, in lower Hampshire, right through the midland and northern counties, till you strike the sea again on the eastern shores of far Northumbria, and even across the border and into Scotland itself, they line and beautify the roadsides wherever the hedges are left to the freedom of their own

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AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS

By

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

luxuriance. Within a distance of a quarter of a mile I have seen as many pink and white roses in bloom as would drape St. Paul's Cathedral from cross to basement. Independent of the small and excessively prickly burnet rose and the downy rose, the three most common hedgerow roses are the trailing field rose (*Rosa arvensis*), the dog rose (*Rosa canina*), and the sweetbriar, or *Rosa rubiginosa*. The field rose is a marvellous climber, or rather it is a trailing rose; but its branches in June increase so fast that their growth is almost visible. The flowers are white, abundant, and nearly devoid of scent. The dog-rose, on the other hand, is sweetly and delicately perfumed, and pink or deep red, according to the nature of the soil and shade. The well-known eglantine or sweetbriar beats all the others, however, in scent, its leaves alone sufficing to perfume the air all around the spot where it grows. Its flowers are small and deeply crimson.

The honeysuckle is another charming daughter of the hedgerow. Its leaves are out long before there is even a bud upon the may, and now in June in many places the flowers—so sweetly scented—form a splendid yellow or pink canopy over the hedges. It is called the *Lonicera periclymenum* by botanists.

As the summer advances we find the hedges and trees and copses adorned by many other species of wild climbing flowers. Among these are found the large white convolvulus or bindweed (*Calystegia sepium*). This species of convolvulus is said to be a great foe to the gardener, as, once established, it is difficult to eradicate. My own experience is different; I cultivate the plant as a climber. It is not permitted to grow anywhere except where wanted, but arbours, old walls, and buildings can be most charmingly draped with its foliage and flowers.

The lesser bindweed or convolvulus grows plentiful on the clean sea-washed shingle that forms one side of the meadow where I am at present encamped. The leaf is small, but the pink, white-striped flowers are large, multitudinous, and very pretty. The scent, too, is delightful, a kind of peachy odour which Rimmel, I believe, would find it difficult to imitate. There is also a rose-coloured sea convolvulus, but I do not find it here.

This meadow of mine where, after a caravan journey of nearly three hundred miles, I have settled down for the summer, is almost as level as a billiard table. Early in spring it was green and covered with daisies. The daisies have now mostly fled, but there are many beautiful wild flowers growing in it nevertheless. Most conspicuous are huge patches of pink mallows, far more handsome and pretty than most garden-bed geraniums. The soil lies very lightly over shingle, so the stone-crop or wall-pepper has quite made the field its home. In some places so thickly are the beautiful wee yellow flowers patched over the ground, that we have to pick our steps as we walk, for it seems a sin to crush such floral loveliness. It is called *Sedum acre* by botanists, from its habit of sitting or squatting on the ground, or on walls, and the exceedingly acid taste of its leaves and flowers.

The waterlilies, both white and yellow, are abundant in my vicinity (North Deal). The former is known and beloved by everyone. It is the *Nymphaea alba* of the naturalist. Although its roots are firmly fixed in the bottom of the pond or ditch which it lives and blooms to beautify, its lovely leaves and flowers float on the surface. The yellow water lily is the *Nuphar lutea*, and though the perfume is not so sweet as that of the white species, it is a charming flower both as regards shape and colour.

A very pretty summer and autumn wild-flower of the wayside or cornfield is the devil's-bit scabious, *Scabiosa succisa*. In shape it is

like our garden scabious, in colour a strange deep blue. Its root, which is about as thick as the little finger, has a cut-off or bitten-off appearance, and in ancient times people actually believed it was snipped off by the Evil One, hence the name. The globular flower head, it will easily be perceived, is in reality a collection of small flowerets.

But a still more beautiful flower is the field scabious, the *Knautia arvensis*, and its lilac-tinted globular flower head makes a charming addition to the bouquet. It is common by the wayside in sheltered situations, and grows plentifully in the cornfields.

The silverweed, *Potentilla anserina*, with its large and pretty yellow buttercup-like flowers, is easily known from the peculiar appearance of its leaves, which are covered all over with a silver-grey down. The shape of these leaves has also some resemblance to the Prince of Wales's feathers, and this has caused it to be called by some prince's feather.

We have in this country a great variety of wayside or marsh flowers, which in form and colour resemble the silverweed. Lovers of wild flowers would do well to make themselves acquainted with these, so as to be able to tell and name them, not at a glance, for this would be impossible, but after a look at their leaves, flower-stalks, etc.

I may give the names and natural orders of a few of the commonest of these, and I commend them to my readers as a study in yellow.

English Names.	Latin.	Natural Order.
Silverweed	Potentilla anserina	Rosaceæ
Bulbous crowfoot	Ranunculus bulbosus	Ranunculaceæ
Goldilocks	Ranunculus auricomus	Ranunculaceæ
Lesser celandine	Ranunculus ficaria	Ranunculaceæ
Upright meadow crowfoot	Ranunculus acris	Ranunculaceæ
Marsh marigold	Caltha palustris	Ranunculaceæ
The rock rose	Helianthemum vulgare	Cistaceæ
Moneywort	Lysimachia nummularia	Primulaceæ
Wood loose-strife	Lysimachia nemorum	Primulaceæ
The avens	Geum urbanum	Rosaceæ

Another study in yellow would be a few of the following flowers, which have all points of resemblance to the cursory glance.

Dandelion	Taraxacum dens-leonis	Compositæ
Fleabane	Pulicaria dysenterica	Compositæ
Leopard's bane	Doronicum parda-lianches	Compositæ
Coltsfoot	Tusilago farfara	Compositæ
Corn sow thistle	Sonchus arvensis	Compositæ
Hawkbitt	Apargia autumnalis	Compositæ
Water ragwort	Senecio aquaticus	Compositæ
Nipplewort	Lapsana communis	Compositæ

Studies in red, blue, or white may be arranged by the reader in somewhat the same fashion. There may be no great amount of science needed to master such exercises, but nevertheless they are very useful, and any plan that tends to assist knowledge and memory is certainly to be commended.

Many of these flowers may be carefully collected, and with specimens of their leaves,

stalks, and even roots, to show peculiarities of shape, placed near each other in the preserving book.

An excellent way of acquiring a permanent knowledge of flowers is to paint them either singly or in small bouquets. Flower painting is not nearly so difficult as it seems, and the very act of sketching and colouring a floral pet, with its many little peculiarities, fixes the flower not only on the paper but in the memory. The more beautiful among them may be painted on terra-cotta vases or plaques. Very common objects of everyday use may be greatly beautified and ornamented by flower-painting. Curiously shaped old-fashioned bottles, for instance, may first be treated to a coat or two of dark colour paint as a background, and then receive a pretty flower sketch.

During summer and autumn our hedgerows are quite a study in themselves, and many is the beautiful flower to be found nestling near them, or clinging in wild luxuriance to their branches. The hedge stachys, which grows so tall and luxuriantly in July and August, is not a favourite with everyone, owing to its rather powerful odour and dullish purple or pink flowers, which at a little distance give it somewhat the appearance of a nettle. It is the *Stachys sylvatica* of naturalists, and is of the labiate order.

The large mullein, *Verbascum thapsus*, is one of our stateliest of hedge pets; its tall, erect stem, on which pretty bright yellow flowers cluster, tapering off into buds towards the top—as do those of the foxglove—have a very striking appearance and pretty effect.

The chicory or succory plant, *Cichorium intybus*, may be known at a glance from its tall, hard, erect stem, and the intense brightness of the blue flowers that cluster close to the stalk. It blooms on the wayside in July and August.

The vetches are a numerous and very pretty class of flowers belonging to the natural order Leguminosæ. The common vetch, *Vicia sativa*, or tare, which we notice growing luxuriantly in fields along with oats or rye, to form forage for cattle, may be taken as a type, for from this all the vetches may be known.

The wood vetch, *Vicia sylvatica*, with its light lilac inflorescence, is common enough in some of the midland counties. It grows to a height of five or six feet, holding on as it climbs by its tendrils, and beautifying every bush that supports it.

The meadow vetchling may easily be distinguished from all the others. The leaves are curiously shaped, and the flowers are bright yellow, having a resemblance to birdsfoot trefoil. It is called a wild pea, and really is indeed, but a very great beautifier of the hedgerows. It is a good climber.

The tufted vetch, *Vicia cracca*, may be easily known by its dense clusters of lilac-trailing bloom.

The kidney vetch, *Anthyllis vulneraria*, should be studied side by side with the meadow vetchling and the birdsfoot trefoil; it is especially like the latter. It grows on high dry pastures, and is plentiful enough by the wayside. It does not climb, but stands strongly on its own stalk, and this as well as its leaves are covered with soft downy hairs.

The bush vetch, *Vicia sepium*, is very common both in England and Scotland through all the months of summer and autumn. It is sometimes called the sweet-scented vernal grass.

Trailing over the hedges in summer we have the white bryony, *Bryonia alba*, and though its foliage dies off as autumn comes on, it is still an object of beauty from its clusters of berries red and green.

The wild hop is another hedge favourite, and the woody nightshade still another. The bright scarlet, or rather crimson, glittering berries of the latter mingle very charmingly with the

tints of the fading hawthorn leaves or the changing colours of the foliage of dwarf oaks and elm.

While in autumn our hedges are all ablaze with the brightness lent them by the innumerable wild berries, our hills and moors both in England and Scotland are still crimson and purple with the glory of heather and heath. These are almost too well known to need

description, and were I to be tempted to write about them, my Highland blood would rise to the surface, patriotism would assume sway in my soul, and I should not know where to stop.

I cannot help quoting Campbell in concluding this brief series on wild flowers, and as I have steered clear of poetry all through, I dare say I shall be forgiven. But the bard is referring to heather when he writes:—

"I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm;
While the deer is seen glancing in sunshine
remote,
And the deep mellow gush of the wood-
pigeon's note
Makes music that sweetens the calm."

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



EVELYN found herself, on the day following her evening at Mrs. Allingham West's, in a flutter of pleasurable excitement. This literary world into which she had entered was full of new suggestions, new possibilities for her. Conversation with those of superior mental calibre to ourselves, who will take pains to draw out and to help our growing tendencies towards that which is highest, is of all things the most stimulating. Evelyn had enjoyed much of this pleasure in different forms during the past twelve months, and last night's experience was specially exhilarating. She was just discussing with Miss Wentworth what Mr. Muir had said to her about Christianity, when Mr. Austin Hope was announced.

"My uncle! I thought he was abroad," exclaimed Evelyn, and hastened to greet the visitor, who showed an unusual amount of kindness in his salutation.

"You're looking very well, in spite of what you have gone through, my dear," he observed. "What a set of preposterous idiots!"

Evelyn rightly judged that this remark referred to her relatives at The Elms.

"That young fellow did not take his degree at college, I believe," Mr. Hope went on. "Just what I should have expected of him."

Evelyn did not feel very clear in her own mind as to whether this referred to poor Algy's pretensions to herself or to his college career, but in any case she resolved to make an attempt to stand up for him.

"He is a very charming fellow, and I like him very much indeed. We were always like brother and sister."

"Just so, brother and sister; that is what it ought to have been. Had I had any other idea I would not have let you go to The Elms in the first place. However, you cannot return there under present

circumstances, so what I have come to say is, you must live with me. I shall be very glad to have you," continued Mr. Hope, with a rather unsuccessful attempt at enthusiasm. "So get your bonnet on, and come along."

"But, uncle," cried the dismayed girl, "I could not leave Miss Wentworth like that. She has been kindness itself to me."

"Miss Wentworth! That's the American lady, I suppose? I never could bear Americans, especially the women. Always lecturing about women's rights, and so on. The last thing I ever should have thought could happen is that my niece should be thrown on the hospitality of a Transatlantic female."

"But, uncle, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. She is a charming woman, and most cultivated. Last night I went with her to Mrs. Allingham West's."

"I suppose she asked for a card," retorted Mr. Hope, in no wise impressed by this announcement. "Trust an American for that sort of thing."

"You really do her injustice," protested Evelyn. "I am sure you would like her. I will ask her to come downstairs—"

"No, no! Stop, my dear!" cried Mr. Hope, looking at his watch. "If you really cannot come to-day, come to-morrow. I have no time to see this Miss—what's her name? Apologise, and say everything that is civil for me. When shall we expect you?"

The prospect of going to Mr. Hope's house was most distasteful to poor Evelyn. She had lived on with Miss Wentworth, week by week, hoping "something would turn up," and vaguely expecting she would go back to The Elms by some lucky turn of events. The present had been thoroughly enjoyable, and she had not troubled herself much about the future. Her uncle was quite the last friend in the world with whom she wished to take up her abode. But what else, after all, was to be done? As Mr. Hope proceeded to point out, Miss Wentworth would be going back to America before very long.

"Didn't they say anything at The Elms about my coming back?" she faltered.

"If they had, I should not have listened to it," returned Mr. Hope, sternly. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves, every one."

Evelyn felt this was a little hard on her unfortunate relatives, but it was

useless to defend them. The upshot of her interview with Mr. Hope was that she promised to come to him in a week's time. Mr. Hope demurred to the delay, but at last consented.

"Perhaps you will let me be of use to you, uncle, in keeping house and so on," she ventured, trying to make things cheerful for both of them. But Mr. Hope looked exceedingly rigid.

"As to that, my dear, I do not think I shall trouble you," he replied. "My housekeeper, Mrs. Willis, has been with me a great many years, and Stevens is an old servant. I do not suppose they will interfere with you, or you with them."

This did not add to poor Evelyn's delight in the prospect, and when her uncle had gone, she rushed upstairs to Miss Wentworth and burst into tears. The kindly American soothed her, and sympathised with her. She saw the change was inevitable, and in view of her own approaching departure for America she felt relieved that Evelyn had a settled home in prospect, though she grieved to lose her companionship.

In spite of all this, the parting was very hard when, a week later, Evelyn and her boxes were carried off by a cab. Miss Wentworth, though she was not of a demonstrative nature, kissed the girl tenderly at parting, and poor Evelyn clung about her, for the child needed a woman's love and care.

Her uncle's house, in a highly respectable road at Kensington, was of a rather sombre and forbidding aspect. There was a great flight of steps, and pillars flanked a portentous hall door. An elderly housemaid of irreproachable dress, but stiff and starched in appearance, admitted Evelyn, and looked, as the girl nervously imagined, displeasure at the sight of her boxes. Her uncle came out into the hall to greet her.

"Well, my dear, here you are! Good gracious, what a quantity of luggage the child has brought!"

"I had to bring all my things, uncle," said poor Evelyn, who possessed the average number of pretty dresses required by the claims of society.

"All your things! I should think so. What, another box? We had two come from The Elms the other day, and a case of books into the bargain."

Mr. Austin Hope, as a bachelor, had no idea of the necessities of civilisation for a London young lady, and only meant what he said good-humouredly. But