



*Odonto Glossum Crispum*  
*Muri Dyanum.*

## MY LADY'S GARDEN.

JANUARY.

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

“WELCOME  
ever  
smiles, And fare-  
well goes out sigh-  
ing”—thus with the old year and the new. Departed days carry regret, and, though hope is ever hard to kill, it is only the children whose joy is wholly unalloyed. Too many hearts this year are crying, “My grief lies onward, my joy behind.”

So much festivity comes crowding into January that it is generally a very popular month; houses fill, and many are the gay gatherings for county ball, hunt ball, theatricals, etc. There are those, too, among us who hail with joy a spell of hard frost, and undoubtedly skating is one of winter's prettiest and most delightful pastimes. To “‘skate in’ the New Year” used to be a likely enough prospect, but latterly the winters have been too mild, and ice, if any, always unsafe, so that we seem in danger of forgetting the weird beauty of a night still and clear, a lake at the edge of a big, dark wood, and skaters moving gracefully over its silvery surface in the red glow of torchlight.

A garden, even in January, is full of interest. Now, in the very midst of winter, little shoots come forth green as in springtime, plants will flower out of season when the weather is mild, and birds get tamer every day—the robins, hopping along the pathways, dodge our steps as though to lead us aright or guide us to some great discovery. But it is in January we fully appreciate a good greenhouse; days will come too heavy with gloom for outdoor work, and then we shall rejoice in the possession of one, however small. In “Days and Hours in a Garden”—surely one of the dearest little books

ever published—Mrs. Boyle says, “To me the open garden is daily bread, the greenhouse ‘the honey that crowns the repast.’” She loves her garden, but yet does not lose sight of the pleasure to be derived from a well-placed, well-heated greenhouse. It is best painted white (such horrors as “picked out” with green, blue, etc., should be stoutly eschewed) pure white, and always in exquisite order. Whenever possible, it is convenient to have a few feet partitioned off with a door between the two, thus forming a miniature tool-house, wherein we may neatly stow watering-cans, baskets, sticks,



CYPRIPEDIUM SANDERIANAM.



etc., and have all handy for work at odd times. It is a great mistake to mass plants in the centre of a greenhouse or conservatory so that we are obliged to squeeze along a narrow way, and parade slowly round in single file back to our starting-point. The plants should be banked along the sides in the loveliest harmony of colour. Nothing is more entrancing than to be suddenly confronted with a glorious grouping of flowers, and none are more startlingly effective than tall, white lilies, arums, azaleas, chrysanthemums, orchids, and various sorts of climbing plants.

Comparatively few people know how easily many of the most beautiful orchids may be grown. Those which succeed best under what is called "cool treatment" come mostly from the Himalayas, Neilgherries, the mountainous regions of Peru, Brazil, Mexico, etc., abounding in the forests and ravines, growing upon branches of trees or on the rocks. Moisture feeds the orchid, therefore moisture is essential; perfect cleanliness and plenty of drainage room are also essential. Perforated pots are specially made so that air may circulate through, and it is always best to get these. The plants should then be potted in sphagnum moss and fibrous peat. Lack of space prevents any enumeration or classification of orchids, "cool" or hothouse;



CATTELEYA MENDELII QUORNDON HOUSE VAR.



CATTELEYA DOWIANA AUREA.

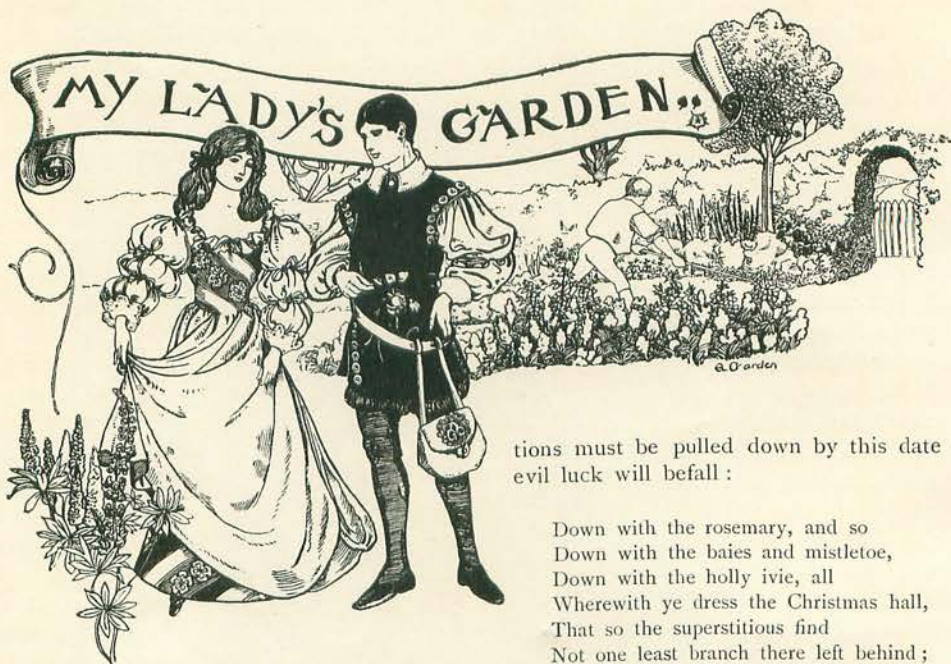
but, in any case, by far the best course for an amateur to pursue is to refer direct to Mr. Frederick Sander, the well-known "Orchid King," whose kindly advice is ever ready for those who ask it. Descending at his private station near St. Albans, on the Great Northern Railway, we enter the glasshouses, which cover upwards of five acres, and through which we may wander without once setting foot out of doors. It is owing to his research that we may now purchase many an orchid for a few shillings which not long ago was sold only at a prohibitive price. Here we shall learn all that is known of orchids and orchid culture, and countless are the varieties displayed; his orchid-seekers "roam the wide world o'er," and the cost of maintaining one such intrepid traveller sometimes amounts to £3,000 in the year! The hybridising department, in charge of Mr. Armstrong, is of exceeding great interest, and there are many new kinds of plants in the St. Albans Nursery; but it is of orchids we shall come away with the deep desire to start a small house, for the cost is not too great, and the pleasure infinite.

Our illustrations are from paintings by the well-known artist, R. C. Moon (son-in-law of Mr. Sander), whose "Reichenbachia" is one of the most splendidly illustrated works of the day.

L. M. W.







## FEBRUARY.

There never was a greater debt  
Than what the dry do pay for wet,  
Never a debt was paid more nigh  
Than what the wet do pay for dry.

SO says the farmer, and in his experience we are ready to place our faith. February, though short, is not reckoned sweet; nevertheless, it possesses charms all its own. If it be wet the whole country-side wears a new face, and many a familiar spot is entirely changed: low-lying pastures become dotted with gleaming pools and half-submerged trees; the water-meadows are transformed into big lakes, and all this makes a series of landscapes such as French and Dutch painters love to depict.

It is, I think, a better month than March—less boisterous, uncertain, and trying. We have the knowledge, too, that all things are preparing actively for that glorious Feast of Flowers a few weeks hence, of which we have already many signs to remind us—the beautiful little catkins, to childhood's memory dear, and snowdrops, those white-winged forerunners of spring—how hardy, brave, and beautiful they are! The French call them *perce-neige*, and dedicate them to the Virgin. The snowdrop is the flower of the Feast of the Purification, which is on February 2, or Candlemas Day; and there are many good folk who still adhere to the old superstition that Christmas decora-

tions must be pulled down by this date or evil luck will befall:

Down with the rosemary, and so  
Down with the baies and mistletoe,  
Down with the holly ivie, all  
Wherewith ye dress the Christmas hall,  
That so the superstitious find  
Not one least branch there left behind;  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there (maids, trust to me),  
So many goblins you shall see!

In Germany the snowdrop, we read, was "held sacred as the sign of returning life." The prettiest way of planting is strewn in grass, in irregular little groups in the beds, or in waves, edging borders. It is surprising how decorative is this small white flower. A snowdrop tea-table was one of the prettiest I have seen at a children's party—quantities of snowdrops in white china baskets, and chains of snowdrops in and out and round about the table. The birthday cake was encircled with a wreath of snowdrops, and a two-year-old King of the Revels wore a big bunch in a bright scarlet sash. It was a sight so pure and fair, it seemed almost sacrilege for mere man to dine at the same table later on.

St. Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, holds his festival on the 14th of this month. To him the crocus is dedicated, and Herrick sings prettily enough of him. Very quaint were some of the cards and verses of the long ago. Nowadays the tokens sent by St. Valentine mostly take the shape of bon-bons in fascinating silk, satin, and silver boxes, and like gifts.

One of the loveliest of plants which will be in great beauty early next month is Muskarri "Heavenly Blue," and it may be seen in perfection of rare and exquisite colours in the

nurseries of Messrs. Barr & Sons, Long Ditton. Those who see it could not fail to appreciate its loveliness of colour. But in earlier spring there are "the nepaticas, a hedge of ivy-shaped leaves in summer, for a few weeks in early spring a blaze of crimson and purple, then the closely planted aconites, and then the box. . . . The garden beautiful at all times was seldom more beautiful than at the be-

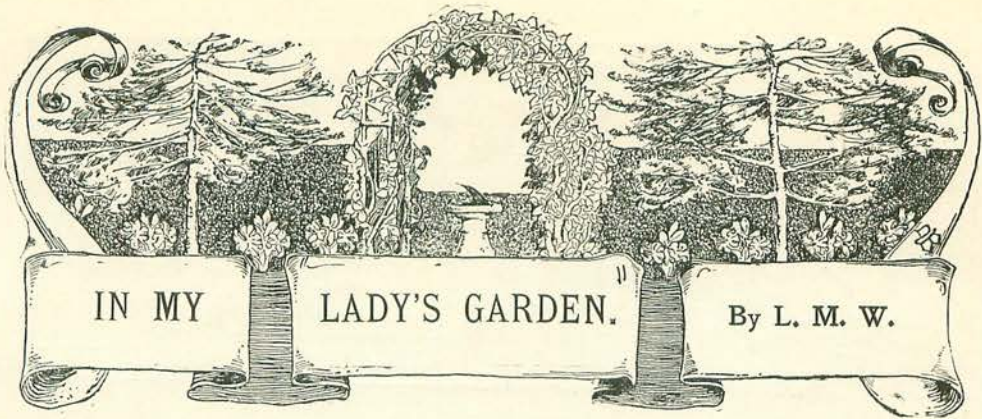
ginning of February"; and for a full account of this lovely old-fashioned garden I refer you to Henry Kingsley's description of Hornby Mills garden, where you will read of the "moonlight effect of the snowdrops," and the "patches of pale pink dog-toothed violet and the white dog-toothed violet with the purple eye," and thus he will lead you into the glory of each season of the year.

L. M. W.



THE PRINCESS ALBERT OF THURN AND TAXIS.





THIS is a hard, rough month, and its climate well merits censure. Rarely do we emerge without experiencing snowstorms, while the fierce sun—*le méchant soleil de Mars*—and that biting wind which is neither good for man nor beast prove trying even to the strongest. We have, however, the comfort of knowing each day brings us nearer the tender beauty of April's smiles and tears; and there is much loveliness in the gold and amethyst crocuses scattered over the lawns; and during some weeks the exquisite blue of the scillas and chionodoxas have gladdened us. Barr & Son's muscari—variously the grape, starch, musk, and feathered hyacinths—are all beautiful, whether on rockwork as edging, or, as in the Long Ditton Nurseries, covering a far-stretching bank. Conicum Heavenly Blue is another variety of muscari with a rare shade of the colours so precious in any garden.

Such a feast of spring flowers awaits those who lavishly planted the bulbs, recommended last autumn, of the various daffodils, tulips, etc. ! How sweet-scented are the jonquils ! and how we rejoice in the early daffodils, the "Hoop-Petticoat," or Medusa's Trumpet, heralding and reminding us of the old nursery rhyme—

Daffydowndilly has come up town,  
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown .

There are the chalice-cupped or star narcissi—Beauty Queen Sophia and Sir Watkin among the N. Incomparabilis; Flora Wilson and Conspicuous in the N. Barrii; and Duchess of Westminster in the Silver Star Leedsii—these last Eucharis-flowered, white, and delightfully fragrant.

March is often called the gardener's month, and undoubtedly he is kept busy, for these are the days of sowing, if we would reap the rich reward. From about the second week we sow annuals, poppies, and gypsophelia. There is nothing more effective than this plant for mixing with poppies, peonies, etc. Sweet

Sultans have again come into favour—pink, white, and yellow; and of mignonette we cannot sow too great a quantity. Aquilegia should be sown in a frame early this month, also the beautiful asparagus plumosus (the seedlings of which must be kept in gentle heat till strong enough for cool-house treatment), balsams, begonias (tuberous-rooted), which will flower in June and July, and the ever-beautiful gloxinias. Godetias, which are so handsome, may be sown in open ground in March, also larkspur, helianthus, alyssum nasturtium, nemophila, sweet pea (in quantities), convolvulus minor, and a long list of others. From the far-famed nurseries of Sutton & Sons at Reading should these seeds be obtained. Familiar to many readers must be those glorious stretches of red, blue, yellow, purple, and pink flowers which meet the eye beyond the railway banks—flowers raised from seed—a sight to encourage the faintest heart and spur the most lagging soul.

At the Horticultural Society's fortnightly show in the Drill Hall, Westminster, Messrs. Sutton exhibited on January 9 some exquisite primulas, including two new varieties which they had named "Lord Roberts" and "General French," the latter a fine scarlet, the former a lovely rose-pink. For their primulas they were awarded the silver Flora medal.

"The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers," by Sutton & Sons, is a very beautiful and instructive book, the chapters on "The Culture of Flowers from Seeds," "A Year's Work in the Vegetable Garden," "The Rotation of Crops," and "The Chemistry of Garden Crops" being deeply interesting and exceedingly helpful. The perusal of this work will cause many to yearn for the possession of a good kitchen garden, and Sutton & Sons show us how best to make it, how to raise from seed sown this very month all kinds of delicious vegetables, how to grow melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, mushrooms, and not a few other good things.





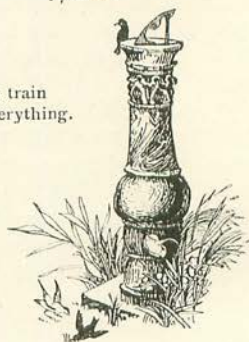
## MY LADY'S GARDEN.

APRIL.

In the spring,  
When proud-pied April in all his train  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

DEAR little April! so  
short, so sweet and  
tender, the darling of all  
the glad springtime, all  
smiles and tears, and com-  
manding our special love,  
like the babe that at last  
walks alone, keeping us,  
too, just as terribly watch-  
ful and busy. Shakespeare talks of

. . . the uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.



But these changeful moods form so much of its beauty: now and again the dull o'ershadowing and light shower; then the bluest of skies, with tiny cloudlets floating by like feathers from an angel's snowy wings; softest sunlight shimmering through tender green, glinting on old brick walls, and showing up the delicate colouring of spring flowers with a wonderful pearl-like clearness.

Strewe me the green round with Daffowndillies,

sings Spenser; and truly it is a charming thought to grow spring flowers in grassy places and under the trees. Matthew Arnold's much-loved fritillary, the crocus and the snowdrop, are all beautiful broad cast in this way. But nothing can quite equal the daffodil; and Barr & Sons advise yet another effective way of planting—*viz.* in waves on a bank, or beside a rivulet. For naturalising in grass they recommend the three groups being kept separate. Thus they say: "The Star Narcissi should not be mixed with the Great Trumpets, nor the Poet's Narcissi with the Star Narcissi. In arranging, make the breaks large and bold, scattering the bulbs over the ground broadcast with the hand, and dibbling into the ground where they fall." The object, my readers may observe, is to avoid "symmetrical or formal lines, which are never found in nature." *Barrii* *Conspicuous* is a variety which enjoys wide popularity; *P. R. Barr* is one of the handsomest trumpets; the *Leedsii* "*Beatrice*" and *M. M. de Graaf* are remarkably beautiful—so, indeed, is the bicolour *J. B. M. Camm*. *Narcissus Triandrusalbus* is the exquisite little Angel's Tears Daffodil oft collected by Mr. Peter Barr on the mountains of Spain. The sulphur-coloured *Hoop Petticoat* is enchanting, and the flowers truly resemble "little lamps of light."

Now all these daffodils are perfectly hardy; but the last named and the Angel's Tears, being dwarf growers, are doubtless seen to greater advantage when planted on rockwork than on level ground. The Long-Ditton Nurseries have been aptly described as Daffodil Land, and there we may see golden fields and grand stretches of tulips and Muscarri "*Heavenly Blue*."

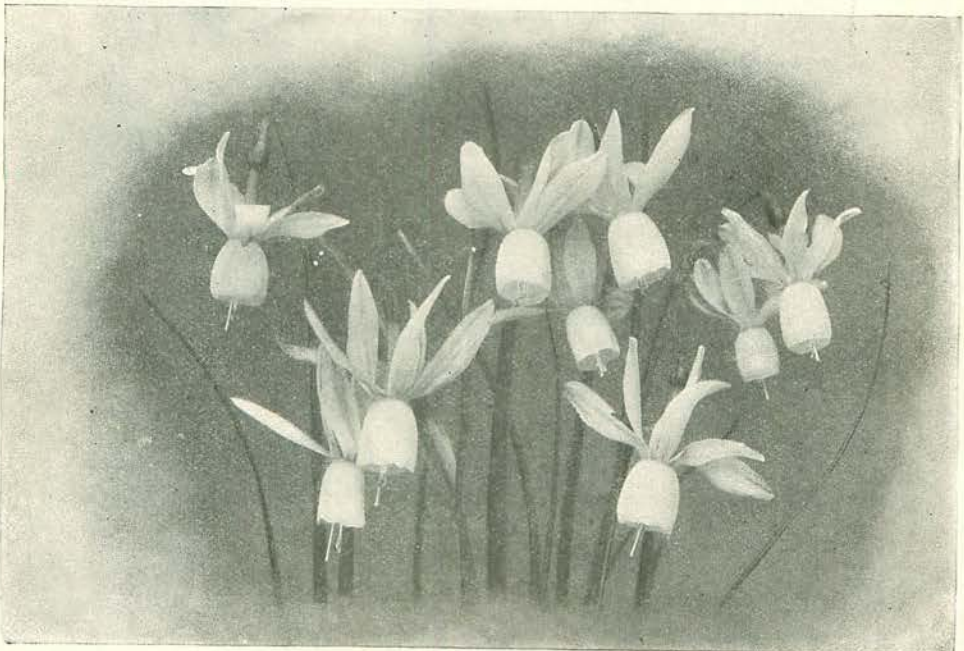
Who that appreciates aromatic scent would be without stock, the familiar gillyflower or



"jelóffer," as they call the ten-week stock in Somersetshire? Regarding the various spellings of the name, the Rev. H. Friend gives us some interesting notes, remarking that it is deserving of attention on account of its historical connections. "We find," he says, "such forms as gilloflower, gillyflower, July-flower, gelour, and gyllofer; and," he adds, "Dr. Prior tells us 'gillyflower formerly spelt gillofer, and gilfofre with the *o* long, from French *geroflée*, Italian *garofala*, corrupted from *caryophyllum*, a clove, and referring to the spicy odour of the flower, which seems to have been used in flavouring wines, to replace the more costly clove of India.'" Sometimes the wallflower is described as gillyflower; anyhow, the scent of both is delicious, and from Sutton & Sons we obtain the very finest varieties. Of the wallflowers, Giant, Superb, Phœnix, Cloth of Gold, and Double German are particularly fine; while of the stock nothing can exceed in beauty and profusion Sutton's Perfection, strong-growing, large-flowered, and the Perpetual Perfection Ten-week, the six varieties in each so brilliantly coloured. Of the intermediate stock, how lovely is "Sutton's All the Year Round"—literally a perpetual-flowering variety, and richly clove-scented, the flowers pure white, the leaves deep green and glossy! Small wonder that it received the "Award of Merit" from the Royal Horticultural Society! Ten-week stocks may

be sown about the end of the month in light, friable soil,—it cannot be too good; and then if we be favoured with those "April showers which bring May flowers" the plants will show themselves in twelve days. Thin out neatly, and use nice judgment in the distance between the rows—say, nine inches for the dwarf sorts and fifteen for the taller kinds. Soot and wood-ash stave off slugs as a *chevaux-de-frise* the onslaught of cavalry. The intermediate stocks are invaluable for home and window decoration, and the Brompton stocks fill May and June with sweetness.

The kitchen garden is delightful throughout the month—the delicious smell of freshly turned earth, the sense of activity everywhere. Vigilance is the gardener's watchword. Behold him dressing the asparagus-beds, putting suckers of Globe artichokes into the well-prepared plantations, sowing now in heat the white and purple Aubergines, or egg-plant, too little used in English kitchens; celery also, in a nice warm corner; and beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbages, carrots, cauliflower, cardoons, lettuce, parsley, peas, salsify (that delicious vegetable-oyster), sorrel, and vegetable-marrow—one of the most nourishing of vegetables, and quite excellent stuffed with chicken and cream, or served *au gratin*. There are the herbs too—chervil, hyssop, fennel, etc.; and all these seeds, I need hardly say, come from



ANGEL'S TEARS DAFFODIL.

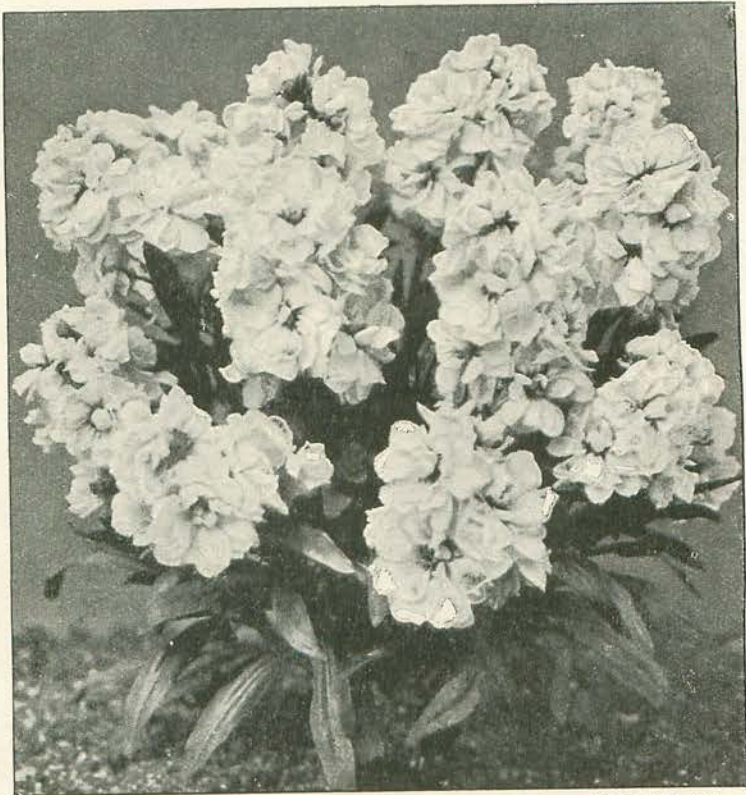
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Sutton & Sons' Royal Seed Establishment at Reading. Chicory is yet another wholesome and dainty esculent which may be sown now; and I observe in "The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers" they recommend the French method of serving the delicate bleached heads with cheese, or stewed and served with melted butter after the manner of sea-kale.

The broad herbaceous borders we love so well receive our best attention, and for their further improvement we may spend, both profitably and pleasantly, many an hour studying the "Manual of Horticulture" for 1900, from Kelway & Sons, of Langport, Somerset. To the

gardener this is simply invaluable; while for the amateur it is highly instructive, rich in information and illustration, altogether the most charming guide imaginable. "Wisdom dogs the footsteps" of him who sends for a copy, wherein he may learn of the splendid delphiniums, gaillardias, hollyhocks, phloxes, Michaelmas-daisies, gladioli, pyrethrums, rock-plants, and the glorious and sweet-scented peonies, of which I intend to write later. Now is the very time to plant delphiniums, those tall, stalwart, exquisitely flowered spikes; but of the rich varieties I refer my readers to the above manual, for lack of space forbids a detailed list.

L. M. W.



Copyright S. & S.

"SUTTON'S ALL THE YEAR ROUND" INTERMEDIATE STOCK.



## MY LADY'S GARDEN.

The gold is on the whin bush, the wather sings again,  
The fairy thorn's in flower—an' what ails my heart then,  
Flower o' the May,  
Flower o' the May?

What about the Maytime, and he so far away?  
*Songs of the Glens of Antrim.*

MAY, the month of the poets, is with us.  
How charming are their songs of praise!  
The voice of one seems but the echo of another,  
and verily they lack not inspiration in a world  
of such exceeding great beauty. The warm  
grass we tread is  
jewelled with flowers,  
and far away the  
valleys are gleaming  
in silver and gold.  
Shakespeare tells us  
how the

... 'daisies pied, and  
violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all  
silver-white,  
And cuckoo - buds of  
yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows  
with delight.

And Matthew Arnold  
paints the loveliest  
miniature of the

Whitening hedges and  
uncrumpling fern,  
And bluebells trembling  
by the forest ways,  
And scent of new-mown  
hay,

and again of

Many a dingle on the loved hill side,  
With thorns once studded old, white-blossom'd  
trees,

Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried,  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises.

There is delicious sweetness in the scent of  
cowslips, which comes forth strongly when they  
are made up into the balls or "tisty-tostys"  
children love so well. The Germans call  
cowslips "*Himmelschlüsselchen*," or "Heaven's  
Keys," from the legend that one day St. Peter  
was told people were trying to enter heaven  
by a back way, and the news so agitated him  
he dropped his keys to earth, and forthwith a  
bunch of cowslips sprang up, marking the spot

where they fell. Shakespeare loves the cow-  
slips. Speaking of Titania, the fairy tells Puck—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;  
In their gold coats spots you see ;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;  
In those freckles live their savours.  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,

while all the world has heard Oberon's ding—

I know a bank whereon  
the wild thyme  
blows,  
Where oxlips and the  
nodding violet  
grows,

and Ariel's tuneful  
note—

Where the bee sucks,  
there suck I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when  
owls do cry.  
On a bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I  
live now,  
Under the blossom that  
hangs on the bough.

Oh, the beauty of  
blossoming boughs !  
Can anything balance  
the perfection of a  
cherry-tree in full  
bloom? Looking up-  
wards through the

pearly masses, we see "blue isles of heaven  
laugh between," and never marvel that  
the Japs keep festival of its flowering days,  
flocking forth in finest raiment to drink tea  
beneath the branches and admire their all  
too fleeting glory. It is surprising the cherry-  
tree is not oftener planted, if only for the love-  
liness of flower, fruit, and foliage ; the wood,  
too, is delightfully scented, and who does not  
like cherries? Much care was given of yore to  
the making of cherry brandy, also of damson  
cheese. And the damson is yet another tree  
too seldom grown. Kent appears to be their  
county. The soil should be medium, not rich  
or heavy, and no fresh manure should be used



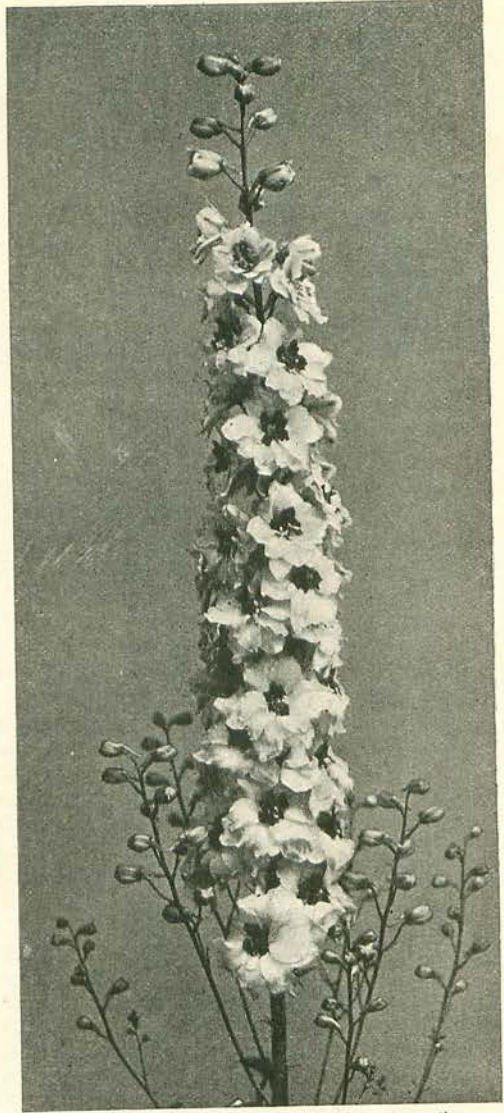
"FLOWERING NETTLE."



when planting. Without orchards England would not be the country we know, linked as they are to "memory dear." There is charm in the very word itself.

Ever new is the beauty of those other "blossoming boughs"—lilac, May (pink, red, and white), syringa, berberis, crabapple, and the laburnum golden tassels. There are ribbons of violas, pansies, big masses of tulips and wall-flowers in the borders. May is the most important month for bedding, and from the second week we are busy enough gradually hardening and finally planting snapdragons, phlox, balsam, dahlias, zinnias, dianthus, begonias, petunias, hollyhocks, and many another familiar friend. King Frost dies hard, rising now and again to give us a reminding touch, and there come the "rough winds that do shake the darling buds of May," so we have need of caution. Those who love lavender and rosemary should put in their cuttings with plenty of water, and surely of sweet verbena one can hardly have too much.

Kelway's delphiniums are the glory of the garden from now till autumn, and our illustration is of one of their most beautiful varieties, slightly semi-double, of the brightest blue, with inner petals of pinky lavender, and such a dark eye! The flowers are very large, and it is a precious possession in every garden. King of Delphiniums, gentian blue and plum, with white-eye Imperial Majesty, fittingly robed in rich imperial purple dashed with rose lavender and having brown petals in the centre, are both simply splendid, with the largest of flowers clustering up each spike. Beauty of Langport, robed in loveliest white, T. W. Sanders, Portia, Sir Walter Scott, Captain the Queen, Persimmon, True Blue, are only a few of many exquisite kinds. There is a gemlike depth and softness of colour; and in the ever-increasing love for hardy plants, big bold groups, and broad herbaceous borders I am "acquaint" with no plant so grandly effective, so satisfactory, and so much to be recommended. These stalwart giants, rising to ten feet and more, have such lovely foliage too; the flowers are thickly clustering and exceedingly large. The forget-me-not and gentian shades are surprisingly beautiful, and a lane or avenue of delphiniums is a sight so rare and lovely as to be ever held in memory. Their culture is quite simple, and Kelway's charming



DELPHINIUM: "DUKE OF CONNAUGHT."

(Kelway & Son.)

"Manual" gives the fullest information. It is indeed one of the most helpful guides to gardening I have met with, so comprehensive, clear, and concise. Their beautiful nurseries at Langport, in Somersetshire—a county rich in historic associations—cover many acres and command views of great beauty and interest, notably Sedgemoor, where the last battle in England was fought.

L. M. W.







### JUNE.

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late!"

**R**ICH in legendary lore and in symbolism is the rose. Always the emblem of beauty, love, and virtue, it was anciently also the symbol of silence, the white rose being specially chosen as sacred to Venus, and consecrated to Harpocrates, God of Silence. "Sub rosa" was the pledge of secrecy given by a Roman, whence the proverb common with us, "Under the rose be it spoken." In the great days of old the Rev. H. Friend tells us a rose was carved in the refectory or dining-hall, and that, "as all things spoken in the freedom of social intercourse were esteemed sacred, so 'under the rose' became a proverbial saying for secrecy." And we further read that "in 1526 the rose was placed over confessionals to indicate the observance of strictest privacy." In the "Bible Herbal," a very old sixteenth-century work, there is a rose with the motto:

He who doth secrets reveal,  
Beneath my roof shall never live.

The Jacobins chose the rose as their emblem because they were only able to render the Pretender assistance *sub rosa*. The French say, "La rose est la reine," and it is very generally regarded as the Queen of Flowers; while such sayings as "to look through rose-

coloured glasses," "as soft as a rose-leaf," "as sweet as a rose," are familiar enough.

Five centuries ago Sir John Mandeville travelled in the East, and near to the city of Bethlehem found a field "fulle of roses," and he would have us believe they grew in such profusion because when a young girl, unjustly accused and condemned to be burnt, stepped into the fire, "it became immediately extinguished, the faggots that were burning became red rose-bushes, those that remained unkindled became white rose-bushes, and these were the first roses, both red and white, that ever any man saw."

Another legend describes how the goddess Flora, wishing to turn the dead body of her favourite nymph into a plant which should exceed all others in loveliness, called to her aid Venus and the Graces, and the rose-tree grew in obedience to their commands. The Zephyrs cleared the atmosphere, and Apollo's bright beams warmed it; Bacchus nourished it with nectar, Pomona strewed fruit about its branches, and, finally, Flora gave it a diadem.

A German poet gives us the legend of the moss-rose—how the Angel of Flowers one day fell asleep beneath the rose-tree, and on awakening thus expressed his gratitude:

"For the sweet shade thou'st given to me  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."  
Then said the rose, with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow."  
The spirit paused in silent thought:  
What grace was there the flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment; o'er the rose  
A veil of moss the spirit throws.  
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

Hertfordshire and Essex, as regards successful rose culture, are particularly favoured counties, and it is at Waltham Cross, just on the borderland of both, that we meet those



far-famed rose-growers, Messrs. William Paul & Son. The present head of the firm established the nurseries more than forty years ago, on the dissolving of the older firm of Adam Paul & Co., which had been founded by his father; and so rich has been the reward reaped, that very large branches exist at Broxbourne and Loughton. The rose-avenue at the Waltham Cross nurseries is of extreme loveliness, and renews the desire to see roses oftener grown thus. "Roses, roses, all the way." Nothing could exceed the loveliness of such walks and drives.

All who desire the possession of a rose-garden—or rosery, as the old word hath it—should seek admittance to these enchanting grounds in June, July, and August, when they appear in fullest perfection, for then the varieties may be easily selected.

Mr. Paul is a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and frequently lectures before the Royal Horticultural Society, the Society of Literature, and the Society of Arts. His book on the

rose-garden quickly reached its ninth edition, and his handbooks on roses in pots, rhododendrons, hollyhocks, and hyacinths are universally regarded as most useful guides, for amateur and gardener alike.

Clio, Duchess of Albany, Duke of Edinburgh, Pride of Waltham, Magna Charta, Enchantress, White Lady, Empress Alexandra of Russia, Beauty of Waltham, and the perfectly lovely Queen Mab (a Chinese rose of delicate pink and apricot, with such beautiful buds—it is one of the most graceful of that well-beloved group termed China roses) Camoens, so glossy and free-flowering, the Hon. Ethel Gifford, with salmon-rose centre, changing to white, and the lovely yellowy-cream Innocenta Pirola, so like dear *Devoniensis*, are yet other varieties of roses we should do well to have in remembrance. Women gardeners might well turn their attention towards growing the old-fashioned Provence roses for *pot-pourri*, which, if well made, will keep good for years, and finds an ever-ready sale.

L. M. W.



## SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

THE two most successful books of the year, so far, are Miss Fowler's "The Farringdons" and Mr. W. H. Wilkins' "Love of an Uncrowned Queen." The first is a novel, the second a true romance of history, and though widely different in style, matter, and treatment, they have this in common—each has a sustained human interest. The scene of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel is laid in the Black Country of the author's native Staffordshire and in London. The heroine of the story is Elizabeth Farringdon. The gradual unfolding and development of her soul and character, and the effects which various influences have upon her, are well brought out. The pictures of the Black Country and the people who inhabit it are fascinating and accurate. The charming dialogue of the simple Methodist folk is very welcome, and, in "The Farringdons," predominates over the smart sayings with which "A Double Thread" made us familiar. Mr. Wilkins' book treats of Sophie Dorothea of Celle (Consort of George I.) and her correspondence with Count Königsmarck. The narrative is vivid and dramatic, and the love-letters of surpassing interest. Many beautiful pictures adorn his two volumes.



READERS of THE LADY'S REALM will be interested to hear that Miss Isabel Savory (some of whose thrilling adventures were related in

a series of articles which ran through the last volume of this Magazine) has put together a very readable book under the title, "A Sports-woman in India," which contains a great deal of additional matter about sport and adventure in parts of India hitherto unvisited by women.



"THE SECOND YOUTH OF THEODORA DÉSANGES" is the title of the last novel Mrs. Lynn Linton wrote before her death. The book is sure to be read by many admirers of this popular authoress, and valued as the last deliberate utterances and ripest conclusions of one whose brain was as active and whose touch was as certain at seventy-five as it had been at forty.



A NOVEL which will appeal to lovers of hunting and sport is "The Thorn Bit," by Dorothea Conyers." Although Miss Conyers' first book, it is quite out of the ordinary run of novels one generally comes across at the libraries.



FOR those who appreciate historical novels, Mrs. Stepney Rawson's "A Lady of the Regency" is recommended. Mrs. Rawson is well known to readers of THE LADY'S REALM as a vivacious writer of short stories, and this, her first long novel, dealing with a period she knows so well, is as fresh as anything she has yet written.