what force she could, into the lady's face.

The salutation was effectual. Miss Casata floundered, spluttering, on to the floor, more like herself.

Miss Bewicke confronted her, the basin still in her hands.

"Who did that?"

"I did. Louise, wake up!"

Miss Casata seemed to be endeavouring her utmost to obey the other's command.

"What's the matter?"

"That's what I want to know. In particular, I want to know what is the meaning of Mr Guy Holland's presence in your room?"

"Holland?" She put her hand up to her head in an effort to collect her thoughts. She spoke as if with an imperfect apprehension of what it was she was saying. "He was in the street—lying—on his face—so I brought him here—before the policeman came."

"Before the policeman came? What do you mean? How did you know that he was lying in the street?"

"I saw—the Flyman—from the window—knock him down—he took the ruby."

"The Flyman? Who is he?"

"A man—Horace knows—I knew—Horace has set him on. I didn't want him to get into trouble, so I brought him here. It was all I could do to carry him up the stairs—he was so heavy."

"And do you mean to say you've had Mr Holland hidden in your room all day and night?"

"All day—and night. He's dead. The Flyman killed him. Horace will get into trouble—when it's known."

Miss Casata, in her condition of semi-consciousness, said more than she had warrant for. Mr Holland was not dead. Even as she asserted that he was, he showed that her assertion was an error. While the still partly-stupified woman struggled to get out of the darkness into the light, there came a cry from the white-faced girl on the other side of the bed.

"May, he moves!"

Startled into forgetfulness of what it was she held, Miss Bewicke dropped the slippery basin from her hands. It broke into fragments with a clatter. The noise of the shattered ware seemed actually to penetrate to Mr Holland's consciousness. Miss Bewicke would always have it that it was her breaking the basin which really brought him back to life. In an instant Miss Broad was half beside herself in a frenzy of excitement.

"May! May! he lives! Guy! Guy!"

Miss Bewicke, turning, saw that he was alive, but that, apparently, when that was said, one had said all.

(To be concluded.)

Copyright Story.

Concerning Gardens and a Gardener.

By E. OE SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS.

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(Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," etc.).

I admit that I hesitate at the thought of pressing into the elect company of those who have discoursed upon gardens. From Lord Bacon down to the Poet Laureate, from the Poet Laureate up to that self-auificing and yet voluble "Elizabeth," of whose German Garden all the craft have read; there seems no inch of garden sod that has been left unturned. I ask myself have I any original suggestions on, for example, The disbudding of Mums?—(a term of horrid familiarity that I have seen applied to Chrysanthemums). Any high thoughts on Manures? Any special convictions in the matter of mulches?

My conscience, far from admitting ability to treat of these solemn things, reminds me that but little more than a year ago, I should scarcely have been entrusted with the weeding of a gravel path, and hints at that Affair of the Coltsfoot. It is, in fact, the Coltsfoot Affair that decides me. I cannot be a guide or a signpost, but I can be a scarecrow. I would say a moral scarecrow, though it may be conceded that the costume of the gardening amateur often lends itself to the more practical role.

I was not at all aware of being in the movement when I found myself snatching at my weekly copy of "Gardening Illustrated" in preference to the daily paper, and brooding heavily upon delphiniums when I might have been sleeping out the sermon. It was only by degrees, as I went about the world, that I noted how quick and strong would beat the answering conversational pulse at the mention of a garden, at a sighing reference to the arrangement of a herbaceous border. It seemed that every second person I met was as much of a gardener as I was, in the matter of enthusiasm, and, as they might easily be, something more in the matter of practice. This discovery revolutionised society for me. It has doubtless done so for many another. The most penal afternoon visit may have its alleviations in a valuable hint on "the desire of the rose,"—not for the star—but for the cleanings of the scullery drain; the most inveterate dowager may be found to be a man and a brother, profoundly versed in daffodils, full of lore about "Alpines." How astonishing it is to find oneself cheerfully, even ardently, assenting to what would once have been regarded as the hideous proposal to walk round the garden!" Such a walk has ceased to be a penance; it has become something, not quite a scouting expedition, not quite a (herbaceous) border-foray, not quite a "beggar's lay"; but it has something in it of the charms of all three. Which element preponderates depends on the character. There are moss-troopers born who will twitch off a cutting, and filch a seed head, uncontrollably. There are heaven endowed mendicants who will yearn and flatter the filling of a flower bed into a knotted pocket handkerchief. It is a useful principle to accept everything, regardless of the accident of the seasons. There are many other accidents of far higher importance to be considered—lapse of memory on the part of the giver, for instance, or repentance. In the amenities of gardeners, as in love, the advice to "take me when I'm in the humour," is sound, and a cutting in the hand is well forth six in or on the bush, when the bush is another's.

I believe it is the gambling element that gives to gardening so potent a charm, that, and the Seedsmen's catalogues. One of my first adventures was in response to a singular seductive advertisement—"Humulus Lupulus," it said, "the finest creeper in the world. Grows forty feet in a single night. Massive clusters of yellowish blossoms. Beautiful; Healthy." I have the constitutional misfortune to believe, unquestioning, the printed word. Even now I find it hard to discount the flights of fancy of that poetic idealist, the advertising nurseryman. I despatched eighteenpence by the next post; received by return an undemonstrative bundle of little roots, planted them prayerfully in a choice place, and then, as it happened, left home for a time. On my return to my garden I found the usual crop of catastrophes and compensations, but disregarding all alike I sped to the site of the Humulus Lupulus. There had been near the same spot a highly esteemed rose, "Climbing Captain Christie." The first thing that greeted me was the wan indignant face of a Captain Christie, who, having climbed for all he was worth, was none the less overtaken, and was now gazing at me in strangled pallor from the depths of a thicket of common hops. The Poetic Idealist had triumphed.

I have never been able precisely to ascertain to what extent Bat Whoodley found me out in the Affair—already alluded to—of the Coltsfoot. Bat is my gardener, and I value his opinion highly, almost as highly as he does himself, though possibly with more limitations. Winter Heliotrope was what my neighbour called Coltsfoot. I felt there was something not quite sound in the lavish way she pressed it upon me. She said there was nothing like it for covering bare places, and that I might dig it up for myself and take all I wanted. That specious permission might have warned me, so also might the singular fact that my neighbour's shrubbery had, for ungrowth, naught save the curving leaves of the winter heliotrope. None the less I planted out two or three colonies of it on the outskirts of my rock garden.

One morning, at the turn by the pine tree (one of my colonies had been unostentatiously planted in a bare place behind the pine tree), I met Bat. His face was redder than usual, and there was something very searching in his eye. Mine did not meet it.

"Look at that!" he said.

He held up a handful of long, white roots, and brandished it, much as Jupiter is represented brandishing a handful of lightning. "Look at that dam-root"—he pronounced the words as one pronounces beet-root—"that some"—here a powerful variant on the usual definition of fool—"is after planting in your honour's consarns! See here! If ye left no more o' that in the ground than as much as ye couldn't see itself, it'd have the place ate up in one fortnight! I gave the morning to it, an' if I give the day itself it's hardly I'll have it all dug—Divil's cure to the—" (Here more variants in connection with the impostor.)

Something wavering in Bat's eye, even while the denunciation proceeded, made me conscious of the smirch of suspicion. I remained silent as the grave. Secretly I visited the other colonies, and found that one of them was already swinging an enveloping wing round the rearguard of the Iris Kaempferi, and that another had flung outposts into the heart of the helianthemums. At a bound I ranged myself with the opposition.

"Bat," I said, "the damroots are the garden!"

That night a fair-sized bundle of winter heliotrope was restored to my generous neighbour. Bat threw it over the wall.

I am slowly acquiring some insight into my gardener's likes and dislikes. He despises anything that he suspects of being a wild flower.

"Sha!" that's no good! That's one of the Heth family! The hills is rotten with it."

But on the other hand, he will lavish such a wealth of attention upon potatoes as would, if bestowed on the despised daughter of Heth, cause it to blossom like the rose. There are, in his opinion, but three flowers really worthy of cultivation. Red geraniums, blue lobelias, and yellow calceolarias. With these, had he his will, should all my garden be glorious. I never buy them; I never see them in their earlier stages, but suddenly, in the herbaceous border, the trio will appear, uttering a note of colour only comparable to the shriek of a macaw.

"Why, then, there isn't a gentleman's garden in Ireland but thim have the sway in it!" Bat says, when he finds me brooding over a shattered ideal. "There was Mr Massy's was the grand place! The garden steps big slabs of marble, and the gate lodges dashed and haberdashed, and the gardens fit to blind yer eye by the dint o' thim!"

What "haberdashed" may mean I cannot say, but "thim" means the combination so dear to his heart that a stouter than mine would be needed to abolish it, even from a herbaceous border.

Sometimes, chiefly on Sunday afternoons, I am visited by compunction in the matter of the prohibited "calcies" and "lobaylias," for it is on Sundays that Bat is "at home" to three favoured enemies of his own profession. They move, very slowly, and, for the most part, silently, from bed to bed, like doctors making a clinical inspection at a hospital; at intervals they put a horny finger under a patient's chin and gravely study his complexion, or, wishing perhaps to show generosity to a rival, they pick off some malign bug or caterpillar, and squash it between an unhesitating finger and thumb. It is at such times that I feel how far my garden in its lack of that gorgeous trio lags behind that of any other gentleman in Ireland.

But my gardener has his alleviations. There was one bright day which, having