

with its feet in the wet, unlike the fragrant white wild Violet, which we find in meadows and bogs.

My Violet border is planned to give a succession of bloom the year round, the earth from the three-foot bed being dug out two feet deep, and the sides stoned up with rubble laid in mortar with which coal-ashes have much to do. This keeps the Violet roots from gadding, and from freezing, likewise. Nine inches of stone are filled in for drainage, with turf and some old pounded mortar above, to keep the earth from washing down, and the other foot is Violet soil—good strong loam for the basis, with liberal mixture of old barn-yard stuff, and the top leaf-mold, rich garden and sand with plenty of bone-dust, which Violets love. The border lies under the lee of a little wood which skirts the grounds, facing full south, but screened by tall plants the other side of the walk. Here the roots will spread into great crowns nearly two feet across, within the year. In this favored spot one may feel sure of finding Violets in any month of the year.

In autumn, a wooden frame and sash goes right over the border; plants that have been growing in the shady corners of the garden are brought under cover, the old ones well enriched and half smothered in dead leaves, which are heaped around the frames, and the Violet season goes merrily into Christmas-tide. New plants are coming into bloom while the old ones are resting. They get their bone-dust, their weak tea of old leaves, old wood, and very old manure steeped in rain-water when the soil is very dry, and they do nothing but grow and blossom. Only one thing they ask—not to get too wet. You can hardly give Violets little enough water in cold weather. Only till the earth is dry several inches deep, need you water them, which will be once in two or three weeks. They will bear

the sashes lifted in sunny noons, and warm winter rains for perhaps half an hour; but avoid letting them get drenched, or having any drip from the sashes. That brings yellow leaf and decay among the crowns.

Very few people know the varieties, even, of sweet Violets which enrich the border. The English, the Neapolitan, and the new Russian varieties, are barely known by name; but you will hardly find one well-educated person, not a gardener by calling, who can tell the difference. As the sweet Violet, *Viola odorata*, is native in England, Russia, Italy, and throughout Europe and part of Asia, we may look for differences of interest in all.

*Neapolitan Violets* are pale, long-stemmed, and so fragrant that you think of Violet Attar in the room with a cluster of them.

*Marie Louise* is deeper purple, and a rich bloomer, which with care, in the open garden, starting early in a sunny, sheltered place, will give flowers in spring and autumn.

*The English Violet* is deeper purple still, and the standard garden variety for ease of cultivation and sweetness. Roots of this should be planted in every sheltered spot, under shrubbery, on light wooded banks, the north side of houses and arbors, wherever one wants the winds to be laden with sweetness.

The true *Russian Violet* is small; the *Czar*, large, deep purple, almost black by the side of others, and very sweet.

*The Victoria Regina*, a large, deep-hued, scented Violet, is not to be confounded with the *Queen of Violets*, which is white, double, and large, vying with the *Belle de Chatenay*, inimitable for its tinged pale petals, which suit the snow-wreath *Heliotrope*.

The winter cultivation of Violets is easy, and they are the most charming of house plants, bearing dry air and