



## MISCELLANY

### Nigella.

The double blossoms are surrounded by a mist-like veiling of a finely cut foliage, and is often called "Love-in-a-Mist," or "The Lady in Green." A writer in the *Mayflower* thus beautifully speaks of it.

I'm in love, said Sweet William,  
I cannot deny it;  
It disturbs all my rest

And destroys all my quiet;  
She's the fairest and dearest that ever was seen,  
The sweet little lady who lives in the green.

Her eye is so mild,  
So tender and blue;  
Her dress is so dainty  
And modest in hue;

Her smile is the sweetest I ever have seen,  
My dear little lady who lives in the green.

Her name is Nigella.  
Don't tell it, I pray,  
Lest the bee and the humming bird  
Hear what I say;

For their gossip might frighten my fair little  
queen  
The sweet little lady who lives in the green.

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### Landscape Gardening.

THE so-called landscape-gardener is in many cases not as intelligent as an ordinary every-day laborer; his object seems to be to have as many narrow and contorted walls as possible where they are not needed, to plant many trees and shrubs in the most inappropriate places, to make ridiculously-shaped beds, and to plant them with but one object—to use as many plants as possible without regard to suitability. It is surely worth the attention not only of those engaged in the business, but of gentlemen who have country houses, to consider at least the fundamental features of landscape-work and landscape-art. There can be no stereotyped plans for the embellishment of grounds; each domain calls for different treatment and different grouping.—*Century*.

### Among the Blossoms.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

MAY's softest perfumes scent the balmy air,  
Around, beneath, above, and everywhere;  
But one fresh bud in spring's young beauty  
dressed,  
Excelling and outvaluing all the rest,  
Leans with soft blush-rose cheek on a young  
mother's breast.

Far from the pomp of cities and the gleam,  
Radiant yet false, of Fortune's fickle beam,  
Amid the shade of overhanging hills,  
'Neath whose grey cliffs the softly chiming rills  
Creep forth with music murmurous and low,  
Each tender petal with unfolding grace  
Shall shed increasing sweetness round the  
place.

Will the full blossom as the bud be fair,  
Of hope fulfilling all the promise rare?  
Oh, guard it well, you, to whose care is given  
Life that may bloom amid the bowers of  
Heaven,  
Vieing with angelhood in all the bright  
Effulgent glories of that world of light!  
Beware for the Master's use this flower of love  
To bloom at length in fairest bowers above.  
On Heaven's own air its perfumes soft to pour,  
Nor dread the frosts of earthly winters more.

*Beautiful Valley, Grimsby, May 27th.*

### How to Dry Flowers.

To preserve the color when drying flowers it is necessary to dry them as quickly as possible. Almost all, except fleshy flowers, will keep their color well if placed between two sheets of blotting paper and ironed. The iron must not be too hot. To retain the color of red orchids, dip the flower while fresh in a mixture of four parts spirits and one part spirits of salt. (Take care not to let this mixture fall on clothes, as it will burn them.) Let the fluid dry off the flowers by exposure to the air, and press them in the usual way. To glaze flowers, use any transparent varnish. The secret of pressing flowers and leaves is to frequently change the paper in which they are placed and to avoid too sudden pressure at first.—*American Horticulturist*.