

row, then lay for the season. In the fall when bean is ripe, pick it. Then turn mass of leaf and vine under for fertilizer. If you want to use any of the forage green, cut up at hill and carry out to stock.

If planted in orange grove or orchard, keep five feet or more away from trees, as the vine is a great climber and will cause you bother. Four to five pecks of perfect seed will plant four acres. If drill, better put in at least sixteen quarts to the acre.

The beans ground up, hulls and all, make a fine fertilizer for pineapples, orange and other fruit trees, as well as for all vegetable growth. Stock of all kinds like it, as well as the green forage early in the season, and all do specially well on it. There is nothing on the farm that does not eat this bean, from horse to chicken, with greediness. The dry bean is good for the table.

The question is repeatedly asked em, if this bean will do well in the northern States? I answer by saying, there is no earthly reason why it will not, as it is not tropical, and will do well wherever corn will grow.

After having made a thorough test of it, I have come to the conclusion that, as a fertilizer, forage, feed, mulch, shade, a prolific bearer of fruit, an up-builder of the soil, this bean has no rival.

The analysis of the Velvet Bean shows:— Nitrogen 54 per cent., crude protein 19, fat 6, fibre 8 and moisture 12.

Any further information your readers may want, if they will send stamp, I will cheerfully reply.

CAPT. E. A. WILSON,
Orlando, Fla

LADY DOROTHEA.*

THEODORE H. RAND, D.C.L.



I

DAUGHTER of earth and sky,
They said was Rhea;
Child of the sunset thou,
Sweet Dorothea—
Rose that tells of a mother's
devotion.
Canada's rose from Ocean to
Ocean!

II.

Under far misty skies
A Lady kist
A babe, the fairest, best,
E'er laid I wist—
On beating breast—
A skyey, glad surprise!

Years wove their web of care,
Great duties came
And other wistful ones
Askt a love name;
While brighter cups
Shone through our northern air.

And as some richer day
Its lustre shed
Regret would bud and blow,
When day was dead—
Bright afterglow
Of her that passed away.

III

Queen City of the West,
Not all unsought
Viceroy and Lady came,
And heard untaught
And true acclaim—
What loyal hearts exprest.

Here a new rose was born.
The gardener said
Lady, my "Sunset" rose
Blossoms in red:
See! fair it glows,
A flake of kindled morn!

A right name give to it,
As balmy fell
Soft sleep from heaven that night,
Quick memory's cell
Flashed into sight,
Upon the dark alit.

The child of other years—
So pure, so fair,
With dawn-like roses wreathed
Within her hair!
As life she breathed—
The Lady woke in tears.

IV

Than maid of Cherronea
My child was fairer
(Gardener she said at even)—
Our daughter shares
Long since of heaven!
Name? "Lady Dorothea."

V.

Daughter of earth and sky,
They said, was Rhea:
Child of the sunset thou,
Sweet Dorothea—
Rose that tells of a mother's devotion—
Queen, Mother-love, from Ocean to Ocean!

*The name given Mr. Dunlop's new rose by Lady Aberdeen.