The last rose needs no protection, or the Virginia Creeper, but the other roses need a mat, hay or straw wrap; but it is better to take them down and cover with marsh hay sufficient to keep off the winter’s sun.

Lastly, The Rose, the queen of flowers, the perfection of beauty in all its combinations; in classes numerous, in variety numberless. Of June roses, including Mosses, there are a few we would not discard; of Hybrids, we could not spare Gen. Jacqueminot and La France! But of all the Roses, the everblooming will repeat its joy daily from June to November—always a bud, always a blossom—an endless variety. We need not give you names. Order the colors you want—one dozen can be had for one dollar and a half. But amid all this beauty and fragrance there is one little drawback; of fifty fine, blooming plants we protected and left out last winter, this spring they all came out dead. By potting in October, cutting back severely, and keeping in a cool room, you will succeed in wintering them. I shall dig, cut back, and try packing in moss and earth, and putting in the cellar this fall. Try them; they pay for themselves four times over in one season. If you fail to winter them, buy more. Don’t try to keep flowers without at least a dozen of the sweet-scented, ever blooming roses. One lady visiting our grounds last summer said she was “going to have an acre of them.” Hoping to induce some one to go and do likewise, I submit this brief paper on outdoor flowers and plants with all their thorns to your compassionate consideration.

Mr. S. Barter, of Markesan, presented a paper on the

REWARDS IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

To a practical people, composed of the most intelligent and enterprising citizens of all the leading nations of the globe, in addition to our own; cemented together by a common bond of brotherhood and nationality, the most common question usually raised in regard to any business or enterprise is, does it pay? To many persons it is difficult to understand how the amateur florist can be induced to devote so much time and labor to the care and
cultivation of flowers, without any apparent profit arising therefrom. To the lovers of flowers and all that is grand and beautiful in nature, the problem is easily solved. They can readily appreciate the happiness and rewards derived from association with God's beautiful gift the flowers. It has a refining, ennobling, christianizing influence; it teaches humility and a firm, confiding reliance on the Great Creator, who provides the necessary conditions for the growth and perfect development of our loved and cherished friends, the flower plants.

The experienced florist well knows the amount of care and labor required in the cultivation of flowers; he knows that his plants need almost as much care and watchfulness as a fond mother gives in the guardianship of her lovely child, but if his heart is in the work, he accepts the responsibility, well knowing that he will be richly rewarded for all the labor bestowed.

One of the most enjoyable experiences of the florist consists in observing the gradual and perfect development of the various plants and shrubs of the garden. Changes occur every day, so that he is constantly instructed and entertained, from early spring until late in the autumn, in beholding the wonderful workings of nature's laws in its tireless course, "without haste and without rest," patiently bringing forth the leaves and buds, and unfolding and perfecting the lovely blossoms. Surely the culture of flowers is a pleasant and profitable employment. Ladies, on account of their more refined and cultivated taste, enjoy the sight of flowers more than men, but they do not always have the time and strength to battle with the weeds, and protect the plants. Let those of us who are able and have leisure, do our share in aiding nature in the production of the beautiful flowers God has provided as a token of His goodness towards us, and enjoy the rewards resulting from the consciousness of having done something to add to the attractiveness of this beautiful world. Then as we sit in our cozy homes, looking out on the world clad in its pure white wintry garb, we will long for the return of spring, when the earth shall be again clad in a mantle of verdure, when the buds will burst forth, and the roses will bloom again, to gladden our hearts and make the pathway of life purer, brighter and happier; and when the loved
treasures come we will be led to exclaim in the exuberance of our joy, "How wonderful are Thy works, Oh! Lord; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

Mr. Plumb was of the opinion that the reason why our roses were injured to such an extent the past winter was not the want of proper protection, but was back of that, in natural causes, and that no amount of protection would have been effectual. Wood growth was prolonged late into the fall, severe cold weather came on early in November, as early, if not earlier than was ever known before. On the 17th of November the mercury stood at — 20° in Southern Missouri, and all over the west and northwest the cold was very severe, and coming on so early and sudden, the late immature wood growth was injured. No amount of covering would protect under such conditions. Our soil, our culture and our climate all more or less tend to produce growth late in the season, and often there is little opportunity for the thorough ripening, the perfect maturity of the wood structure, so necessary to the endurance of the sudden changes, and the extreme cold of our winters. The last winter's experience was not the result of accident or chance, but was the legitimate consequence of the violation of nature's laws. With the same conditions, this identical result must follow. The remedy for late growth is root pruning. Some say clipping the tops will answer the same end, but it will not be sufficient. The roots will still be full of sap and this will tend to force further growth. The same principle is followed by our florists in what is termed "turning out plants to rest," to secure winter blooming; they first check the growth by shutting off the water from the roots, and when growth is thus checked, they turn them down and give the needed rest. The injury to rose bushes and vines was more severe last winter than has been experienced for a number of years, affecting even the plants and varieties regarded as hardy. A rose bush, from ten to twelve feet high, that had stood unprotected for six years on the north side of his house, was killed to the ground.

Mr. Barter stated that he had been very successful in keeping his bushes uninjured the past winter. Out of over one hundred
he did not lose one. His plan was to lay them down early in November, pressing them close to the ground, driving down laths or stakes each side and tying a cord across from one stake to the other and then covering all with hay or straw. He thought marsh hay was the best to cover plants with. It was a very good rule to go by, to cover about the time of the fall election and uncover at the spring election. He thought it was better to expose the bushes to quite cool weather before covering them for winter, but care must be taken not to uncover too early in the spring. Roses can be propagated very readily from cuttings and by layering, if treated properly. The best, choicest roses are generally the hardest to propagate, but still it can be done with but little trouble. If cuttings are used they should be taken from new shoots of sound growth, cut the lower end square off and remove most of the leaves. Set the slip in good loam or loam and sand mixed, leaving one bud above the surface. The slip should be protected from the free circulation of air. A tight box nearly filled with earth and covered with a pane of glass may be used for starting them in, or instead of the pane of glass, the slips may be covered with a tumbler, or wide mouthed glass jar turned down over them. The earth should not be kept very wet. For layering take a vigorous side shoot; with a sharp knife cut it half off on the under side, split the stalk for a short distance, then bend it down to the ground, holding it there by a weight or by stakes driven into the ground, and cover it slightly. When it is well rooted sever it from the old plant.

The American Banner is one of the later varieties of roses, and is still sold at high prices, but is not one of the best; it cannot be called a handsome rose. Its great value is in its peculiar markings, its variegated colors, and this, to him, seemed unnatural, out of place in the rose. The Hybrid Perpetuals were his special favorites. Of these he regarded Louis Odier as one of the best. General Jacqueminot is a well known rose, and by many is considered as the most perfect of all roses. It brings the highest prices in the flower market, and is so much sought for that there is a good demand for all that can be obtained.

In reply to an inquiry, he said there were many varieties he
should be loth to part with, but if compelled to select six only, he should be inclined to take General Jacqueminot, Louis Odier, Madame Plantier, Duchess de Brabant, Malmaison, and Letty Coles. Madame Plantier is a most excellent white rose, a free spring bloomer, but blooms only once in the season. Small plants of it are readily obtained, as it is advertised very extensively to be sent by mail for ten cents each. Such plants must necessarily be quite small and not always of healthy growth, but if obtained early in the spring, and treated with the best of care, a few flowers may be raised the first season, but, when means will permit, it will be much more satisfactory to get larger plants. Most of us cannot afford the expense and must depend on time and care to develop from the cutting or small plant the coveted treasure, but then we shall prize it all the more.

The cultivation of flowers is generally regarded as more appropriate work for the ladies than for men. Surely they are generally better fitted for it, on account of their taste and love of the beautiful, and should all be interested in it; but there is no reason why men should not take the same interest in it, and should not engage in it with as much pleasure and profit as the ladies. It was a great source of pleasure and delight to him, a rest after the care and labor of the day, to work in the flower garden, and he considered that it was more satisfactory, paid him better than any other branch of horticulture could. Roses were his special favorites, but he cultivated many other kinds of flowers. He had tried the Hydrangia (Grandiflora Paniculata), brought a few years ago from Japan. It is said to be perfectly hardy, and to be able to endure our winters. The first year he left it all winter out in the open air, and it came through unharmed; the second winter, fearing it would be killed down, he put it into the cellar, but this seemed to weaken it, so that it did not do as well as the first season. Last winter he left it out without any protection, and it came out in the spring all right. He believed it was perfectly hardy, and worthy of general cultivation.

Mr. Kellogg said that the name Hybrid Perpetual was not strictly correct. These roses are not perpetual bloomers. There
is a time in the spring when they blossom freely, but not as freely as our old standard sorts, and a few roses would come from time to time during the season, but generally there was but one or two sparsely blooming periods after the first one in the spring. Picking off the buds and cutting back the shoots at the first period of bloom, would increase the quantity of bloom later in the season, and to remove all the buds during spring and summer will generally give a fine crop of roses in the fall. We may have occasional bloom during the season, but not constant.

2 P. M.—Mr. Wood believed that it was rather the time and care required to raise flowers that prevented many from cultivating them, both ladies and men, rather than a want of love for them. The duties of the household and of the farm were pressing and must be attended to, and there was, with many, little time that could be given to cultivating that which would merely gratify the taste. By some, the same reason is given for not having a garden. But he did not regard this as a good excuse. He had advised before that the farmer's garden should be arranged so as to cultivate with horse and cultivator; that everything be set in rows. This would save much of the labor necessary in the construction and care of beds. Flowers might be cultivated in the same manner, certainly some of the larger varieties. This arrangement would not be as artistic and pleasing, but the flowers would be just as beautiful and usually much more abundant. If cultivated in this way, a larger variety might be raised with very little labor.

Mr. Barter said he was surprised that so little attention was given to the gladiola. He regarded it as a very beautiful flower. It was easy of cultivation, remained in bloom a long time, and presents a greater variety of brilliant colors and varied markings than any other flower in our gardens. Many of our common flowers were self-seeding, and much labor could be saved by cultivating these varieties, using the same bed for the same kind from year to year, or by transferring the plants as they come up in the spring to other beds. The phlox, petunia, pansy, portulacca and many others are of this kind. Where the beds seed
themselves, the plants come up much earlier in the season and are usually more hardy and vigorous, and will bloom much earlier, and usually more freely.

Mrs. Prof. Sawyer read a paper written by Mrs. E. V. Richmond, of Appleton, on

THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE IN AMERICAN HOMES.

“God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
And not a flower at all.”

But instead He has painted the very weeds at our feet so gorgeously that “even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” Are we, then, wiser than our Creator? Have we the right to dash out the glowing and the beautiful from our lives?

“To stint our souls, and warp our inner being to gather tinsels for our coffin-lid.” To lay out our inheritances and plant our hearthstones, with all the Religion of the Beautiful left out.

Is there not in this leaning to the too stern and practical side of life a vague clue to the unsatisfied restlessness of our American youth? The home of the father becomes too straight for the sons; nothing but a ranch on the Colorado, a vineyard on the Pacific, or a mine beneath the Sierra Nevadas, will bound their aspiration. Thus it too often happens that at the old gloomy firesides, sit solitary and alone, the aged father and mother, whose uneasy brood of fledglings have flown to all points of the compass in search of a freer latitude and a more exhilarating atmosphere, leaving forever the uncompromising surroundings of their childhood’s home, perhaps never to re-enter it more, unless summoned by sudden telegram.

How can we expect that a few toil-burdened acres, as blank and barren of beauty as the steppes of Siberia, will long confine the young eagles we would fetter to their roost, beneath the household rafters? Our only hold upon them is to frame for them, on memory’s walls, such a glowing picture that neither