

# Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

## CHAPTER VI.

Shell is in the now almost disused stillroom of the Wilderness, dusting delicate china tea-cups with a clean glass-cloth. She is singing at the top of her fresh young voice, as she usually does when working alone.

"Oh, here you are at last!" cries Ruby, entering the room with a victimized air. "I have been searching all over the house for you. Who ever would dream of finding you down here at the end of this long passage?"

"Anybody with an atom of sense," answers Shell bluntly. "If you insist upon asking about fifty people to a garden-party, with only two servants, some one must give them a helping hand."

"Absurd—afternoon-tea is no trouble; but if you choose to encourage their laziness of course they are willing enough to let you!"

Shell makes no reply, but placidly proceeds with her dusting.

"Vi and I want you up-stairs," continues Ruby in a different tone. "We have decided to wear those muslins we had for the flower-show, only they want altering a little, and some new laces tacking on."

"All right—only I can't come just now," assents Shell readily—"the flowers have to be gathered and arranged yet; and cook is steeped to her eyebrows in cake—I promised to help her as soon as I had finished these."

"Oh, but the dresses must be done first! I'll gather the flowers if necessary," says Ruby in the voice of a martyr, "even though going out in the heat always does give me a frightful headache."

Shell reluctantly complies, and is occupied for nearly an hour, then having still many household matters on her mind, she rises to take her departure.

"Don't go yet; you know how I abhor this sort of work," said Ruby sharply—her only work so far has consisted in watching Shell's deft needle darting to and fro.

"But, Ruby, I must—the tennis-courts want marking; and I must keep my promise to cook."

"Oh, we can manage now quite well!" remarks Violet cheerily. "By the way, Shell, what are you going to wear?"—looking up with sudden interest.

"I? Oh, I don't know—I haven't thought!" returns Shell carelessly. "My white serge will do as well as anything—at any rate it is ready."

"Don't wear stuff, it looks so hot; besides, that serge looks horrid since it was washed," objects Vi, who likes Shell sufficiently to wish that she should appear at her best.

"My dear Vi, don't waste advice on Shell—you know how self-opinionated she is. Besides—with a slight upraising of her eyebrows—she is such a child, it really doesn't matter much what she wears."

"Just so," assents Shell, shutting the door behind her; but, all the same, she goes away feeling rather sore at heart, for there is no small amount of contempt in Ruby's tone. Though her eldest sister has assigned her age as a reason for her dress not mattering, she knows full well that the tone also insinuates a vast want of personal attractions too.

Yet, she only knew it, she has a charm all her own—the charm of a genial spirit and a warm impulsive heart, which peeps out of her clear gray-green eyes, and lingers amidst the dimples of her crimson lips.

All that long summer afternoon there is no thought of self in the girl's conduct. She sits about, finding footstools and seats for old ladies, getting pins and fresh flowers for girls who have come imperfectly provided, and generally making herself useful.

"When will you be ready for tennis?" asks Robert Champey, who has been watching her narrowly, though unseen, for the past ten minutes.

"I am not going to play," answers Shell brightly, as she hurries across the lawn with a sunshade for an old lady who has left her own at home, and now finds herself incommoded by the ardent gaze of King Sol.

"But everybody says you play so well; and yet I have never seen you touch a racket," he urges, with a smile, on her return.

"Perhaps that is how I keep my reputation," laughs Shell gaily. "No—but, really, I like to watch good play; you might be obliging," pleads her companion. Truth to tell, he is beginning to take a deep interest in Shell, probably owing to the fact that she seems to take no interest whatever in him.

"Well, I will be," responds Shell, with a curious little smile; and then, walking straight up to an exceedingly pretty girl dressed in pale pink, she says gravely, "Nora dear, Mr. Champey is most anxious to meet with some one who plays tennis really well, so I thought I couldn't do better than bring him to you. Mr. Champey—Miss Nora Fretwell;" and with a little nod she proceeds placidly on her way, having so disposed of her cavalier.

Five minutes later she is accosted by Ted.

"Isn't it a jolly afternoon?" he begins.

"Yes, only rather warm," agrees

Shell, pushing her sailor hat a little farther off her brow.

"Come into the shade and let me fan you," suggests Ted coaxingly.

"How very kind!" scoffs Shell. "But I think I won't accept—it sounds so much nicer than it really is. Fanning only makes one hotter; and the midges are swarming in the shade."

"It seems impossible ever to say or suggest the right thing to you," says Ted with boyish impatience.

"If I have been rude I am very sorry," Shell returns thoughtfully; "but all the same it is true, you know. Fanning only cools one for the moment, and one is ten times hotter afterwards." As she speaks she saunters on a few steps by his side, that she may not appear too pointedly unsociable.

"By-the-way, I had almost forgotten," remarks Ted, laughing—"Bob and Meg charged me with a commission. I am entrusted with a mysterious packet, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your own hands;" and from his pocket he produces a small and remarkably clumsy paper parcel tied up with a bit of colored wool.

"I think there must be some mistake," says Shell, looking at the proffered offering superciliously; "they probably meant it for Ruby."

"On the contrary, I was particularly cautioned not to entrust it to your sister," laughs Ted. "I believe it is of an edible nature, and they feared the temptation might be too great."

Shell takes the packet reluctantly, and, standing still for a moment in the pathway, cautiously opens it, displaying to view some half-dozen chocolate creams of a decidedly crushed and not very tempting appearance.

For a moment a beautiful and gentle smile lights up her every feature; then she remembers with a start the part she is acting, and asks scornfully—

"What on earth induced them to send me these things?"

"They probably thought you would appreciate them—poor children!" answers Ted, rather hotly. "They got a box as a present this morning, and wouldn't give me any peace until I consented to bring you over some. I wish—indignantly—that I had thrown them away on the road."

"It certainly would have been wiser," retorts Shell, as she ruthlessly tosses the small bundle away amidst a clump of shrubs. "Children have such odd fancies."

"I don't call that an odd fancy—I call it a generous impulse," corrects Ted, stolidly. "By the way"—looking at her keenly—"shall I tell them the fate of their poor little present?"

"As you please," answers Shell carelessly; and then, knowing the pain that would be inflicted by such a revelation, she adds quickly—"No, I think perhaps you had better not. Some people imagine that children are sensitive, and I have no wish to wound their feelings, in case they possess any."

"In case they possess any?" repeats Ted, positively flushing with mingled anger and contempt. "You must be very dense if you have not yet discovered that those children are of a keenly nervous temperament."

"I know I am dense," admits Shell, with not the faintest show of annoyance or resentment. "As for children, I don't profess to understand them—probably because I have no sympathy with them."

Ted walks on beside her in thoughtful silence. It seems to him a sad pity that Shell, who used to be such a genial, sunny little creature, should have changed into the hard callous being now talking to him. He would like to account for the phenomenon in some way, and is contemplating the possibility of asking her if she has been crossed in love, when their tete-a-tete is cut short by Mrs. Wilden.

"Shell dear," says that lady, in a troubled tone, "I wish you would run in and see to the making of the coffee—it is sure not to be properly cleared if you are not there. Mr. Champey will excuse you, I am sure—he knows that we cannot afford efficient servants."

"I am only too delighted to find that England still possesses young ladies who are not above making themselves useful," answers Ted, in a bantering, teasing tone. "There is nothing I admire so much as domesticity in a woman. Most of our girls are getting so blue that it will be a blue look out for their husbands."

"Yes, indeed," murmurs Mrs. Wilden, as Shell, with a little toss of her head, walks away. Dear Shell is most useful—not very ornamental, but very useful—thoroughly domesticated, and such a gentle, kind creature. I often wonder how I should get on without her."

In the meantime Ruby, at the other side of the lawn, is listening to a piece of intelligence which causes her cheeks to turn pale, whilst she flutters her fan with increased nervous energy.

"You think the dear children need change?" she is saying in a tone of bewilderment. "I thought they were looking remarkably well; and the pets are always in such excellent spirits."

"Meg is not well," answers the father

decisively. "She seems languid and heavy. The air here is very relaxing during the hot months; I think I shall take her to Scotland."

"Oh, not to Scotland—poor child—the journey would be so dreadfully fatiguing!" pleads Ruby, as she thinks with consternation of the impossibility of inducing her mother to permit her to go so far from home—for already her quick brain has formed a plan for following the children.

"Yes, it might be trying for so young a child," agrees Mr. Champey thoughtfully. "In that case I must be content with the moors or the North Devon coast."

"I should just keep her at home, and send her down by the sea every morning—sea-air is always bracing," observes Ruby, with a feeble hope that her advice may be taken.

"Mudmouth is the reverse of bracing," corrects her companion decidedly; "besides, it is not only the air—the children want a complete change."

"Of course you know best," admits Ruby, with a reluctant and despondent sigh; "but I always think that children are happier at home than anywhere else."

"That depends," remarks Robert Champey vaguely, and with a sharp sigh.

"Oh, yes, of course!" agrees Ruby eagerly; then after a moment she continues slowly, "However trustworthy servants may be, they can't understand everything."

"Do you mean that the children are in any way neglected?" he asks quickly.

"Oh dear, no!" laughs Ruby, with a playful head-shake. "I am sure their nurse is most attentive from all accounts—but you ought not, for instance, to allow her to choose their clothes. Of course she has no idea how to dress them—how should she, poor woman!"

"They seem very sensibly clothed to me," answers Robert Champey, but in rather a dubious tone—in fact a tone open to conviction. "As long as they are warm and comfortable, the cut isn't of much importance."

"But, my dear Mr. Champey, how can poor Meg be comfortable in a dress that allows of no free play of the limbs? Children ought never to be hampered by their clothing."

"Is Meg hampered?"

"Almost tortured, I should think, in her last dress. As for Bob, he ought to be dressed sailor fashion now."

"Dear me—what am I to do?" asks Robert Champey, half-mocking, half in earnest.

"I tell you what," says Ruby suddenly—"I will make clothes for each of them as a pattern. Now please don't protest—it will only be like the fun of dressing dolls to me."

Of course Mr. Champey does protest, but, as usual, he protests in vain; and when he takes his departure from the Wilderness that evening he finds himself weighed down by one more obligation to Ruby Wilden. As for Ruby, she is in great spirits—the only thing which troubles her in the matter is her total incapacity either to cut out or to make the clothes in question, seeing that in reality she knows far less how children should be dressed than the nurse whose tastes she has been criticizing.

(To be Continued.)

## A TORPEDO BOAT TRAGEDY.

A Sad Illustration of the Danger of This Service.

The Union squadron investing Charleston during the civil war was drawing closer and closer to the doomed place. One of the warships that lay closest inshore was the Housatonic, and that vessel was selected as the torpedo boat's victim. The Portland Transcript tells the tragic story: The evening of Feb. 17, 1865, closed in raw and foggy. At 8 o'clock Capt. Corlison gave the command and the boat dropped down the river. As the clocks were striking the half hour in the city the little craft pulled over the bar. Noiselessly she glided through the water, guided by the lights on the Housatonic, for which she headed. So heavy was the fog that she escaped the notice of the sentries. At a quarter to nine she lay directly in front of the Housatonic, at a distance of five hundred yards. She was running faster now, and a little farther on she began to submerge. Two hundred yards more and she disappeared. Five minutes later there was a dull roar, and the water around the Housatonic boiled like a caldron. The noble ship gave a mighty upward heave and then began to settle. Ensign Hazleton and four sailors who were below perished, but fortunately for the rest of the crew the water was shallow and they saved themselves by climbing into the rigging. The vessel was a total loss, but the submarine torpedo boat was nowhere to be found. Two years after the war, when the wreckage was being removed from Charleston harbor, the Housatonic was raised. In her hull there was a ghastly wound, inflicted by the torpedo, and in that hole was the torpedo boat with every man on board still at his post, where he had died years before. The little boat had torn a big hole in the cruiser, through which the water had poured in such a volume that the torpedo boat was drawn into it. And there its crew died of suffocation, in the grasp of the enemy which they had destroyed.

## Two Ways of Putting It.

"I notice, Miranda," remarked Mr. Neggschoice, "that your first husband's clothes do not fit me." "No, Cyrus," coincided Mrs. Neggschoice, with a little sigh. "You don't them."—Chicago Tribune.

Why does a man usually have to shuffle off this mortal coil before he cuts much of a figure in history?

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "ENEMIES OVERTHROWN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Let God Arise, Let His Enemies Be Scattered"—Book of Psalms, Chapter Ixviii, Verse 1—The Struggles of Human Existence.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Wineby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Darimouth—"Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop M'Ilvaine." The victory is of those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many flams lifted toward God telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the number of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Pro-

fanly is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in lutenity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while bombing after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day, anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patriotee, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "biters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestor." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospect sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigorator, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satanic, Apollyonic and Diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this battle of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers exposures of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazins and Bethsaldas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciations against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding-mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one procures confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty victims in six months. Oh! for five hundred newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Leotharios and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and sip and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyras of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches; for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is cal-

ed—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered?"

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years? God turned a leaf, and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the Deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the Nativity. Almost two thousand more years have passed, and he will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and he will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of his power, but just to rise from the throne on which he sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sab-bath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most surely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under his right foot I know not; but, standing in the full radiance and grandeur of his nature, he looks this way and that, and how his enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize the earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found his warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and his enemies shall be scattered.

## Earth's Oldest Flower.

So great is the antiquity of the rose that all account of its origin has been lost. There seems every reason to believe that the national flower of England is the oldest of which there is any record; to Englishmen, at least, it seems a case of the survival of the fittest. It is not mentioned in the Biblical writings earlier than the reign of Solomon, but the allusion to it then made is such as to indicate that the flower had already long been known. In Egypt the rose is depicted on a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C., and in the tomb of an Egyptian princess, disinterred a year ago in southern Egypt, several hermetically sealed vials were found, which, when opened, contained genuine attar of roses, so that the modern claims for the discovery of this delicious perfume are vain. Rose water, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad." Both the Greeks and Hebrews probably borrowed the idea of its manufacture from the Egyptians, and these, for aught anybody can tell, may have had it from the Chinese. The rose in one of those flowers which are supposed by the people of every land to be so well known as to need no description and hardly mention, for it is a singular fact that every continent on the globe, with the solitary exception of Australia, produces wild roses. Even the frozen regions of the north, where the summer lasts but two or three months, and is at best a season which may be described as very late in the autumn, produce their wild roses and travelers through Greenland, Kamschatka and northern Siberia found, in the proper season, an abundance of blossoms, while the crews of whaling vessels which call at Spitzbergen usually come off shore with bouquets of the native Spitzbergen rose.