

have watched this industry since its commencement. It is unfortunate that so many of the trees have died which have been sent out, though to some extent this must have been expected. Sometimes they were badly packed, at others they were delayed by the carrying companies in whose care they were entrusted. Some were received by people who did not know what to do with them, and they were thrown into woodsheds instead of having their tender rootlets immediately protected by soil. Again, some of the members had not sufficient experience to plant them properly, or they were set in an unfavorable position, so that the evils of all concerned have been heaped upon the head of the Association. For my own part, I can confidently say that everything obtained grew well, and would have flourished in a suitable climate. Not only so, but in many instances by various means of propagation, I have supplied other members whose trees have failed.

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### SMILAX.

The *Boston Post* gives a very interesting account of the manner in which Smilax came to float on the topmost wave of popularity for decorative purposes. A Boston florist had failed signally in his attempt to make the vine a favorite with New York florists. At the time of the great fair in aid of the French sufferers by the Franco Prussian war, Madame Doremus, who was one of the managers of the fair, obtained from the Boston florist a number of floral decorations and a supply of flowers for her flower tables, and among these was sent an abundance of Smilax. Mlle Christine Neilson tendered her services to Madame Doremus as an attendant at her flower tables, and was presented by the florist with flowers for her hair consisting of two rosebuds and a long spray of Smilax. During the evening, and while the rush for the flower tables was at its height, a well-known gentleman found his way to the front, and began to examine the flowers.

"Yes, I'll buy a boquet," he said, in answer to the prima donna's business like interrogation.

"Which one will you take?"

"I will take that one in your hair, if it is for sale," said he audaciously.

"Yes, that is for sale," said Neilson, promptly.

"What is the price?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"I'll take it," said he, as promptly; and he went down into his pocket and produced three crisp fifty dollar greenbacks.

In a twinkling the prima donna snatched the two buds and the spray of Smilax from her hair and handed them to the gentleman with a graceful "thank you," to the intense delight of everybody who witnessed the transaction.