

keeps well until March, and outsells Baldwin or any apple brought here from the south.

MAGOG RED STREAK.—If it were not for the Wealthy, this would stand at the head of our Winter apples. It is large, handsome, and a good keeper until April. The tree is hardy, thrifty, and a profuse bearer, but the fruit has too little red to compete with the splendid Wealthy as a market apple. And yet it is styled in the report of the Iowa Horticultural Society, "the beautiful Magog Red Streak."

SCOTT'S WINTER.—This is the apple which well replaces, for us, the Roxbury Russet of a milder clime. It is of medium size, heavily striped, and sometimes covered with red. It is "hard as a rock" until April—sour, and only useful for cooking. As the warmth of Spring begins to reach it, it mellows, becomes mild, aromatic, and far better in quality for dessert than the Roxbury Russet. The tree is a true "iron-clad," a profuse bearer on alternate years, with a good crop in intermediate seasons. In my orchard of 1,400 trees, the Wealthy and Scott head the list—400 of each. The Scott keeps well into July, and not only keeps, but keeps fresh and crisp, with almost no loss, when properly hauled and stored.

RENEWING STRAWBERRY BEDS.

BY OUR MEMBER IN ENGLAND.

I have just all but finished my planting on the principle of dividing the branch or clump into separate heads or crowns, and choosing the best of them for replanting. My two beds or borders are, one just 100 feet long by 12 wide, taking, at 2 feet apart each way, just 300 plants; the other is half the width, 6 feet by a length of about 150; I have not measured it, and therefore having 225 plants, so that I have in all over 500 plants—a pretty little lot for a small garden. The idea of planting this way was quite new to me when I first read of it this summer, but it commended itself to me at once, and my little experience in the planting has fully confirmed my favorable impressions. In the first place the saving of trouble is so great that it is like expunging that word out of the sentence altogether, and instead of giving up the growing of strawberries on account of the trouble, I feel now as if I should not mind if the replanting was a matter of course every year. Now as regards the efficacy or sufficiency of this mode, I cannot see any reason for doubting it. I find, after doing all the manipulation myself, my man only digging the ground (two spades deep) that every crown or head in the clump is to all intents and purposes a new plant of this year's growth, springing like a bud out of the old sort, which