

Oldenburg. My tree, set out in 1876, has borne every year for five years, and this year was a marvel of beauty, as it hung full of most beautiful apples, just such as I exhibited from it at Grand Rapids. I repeat the "*gude wife's*" words: "Eye's family ought to have one."—*Rural New Yorker*.

#### NEW PLANTS.

Among the new plants—new to me—which I have grown this year, there are two which I have found to be valuable acquisitions. The one is the Dahlia Glare of the Garden, and the other the bulb Milla biflora. These, of course, are not hardy, but are easily cared for during the winter season. Of the first, I have one planted out upon the lawn, which for nearly two months past has been continually covered with its brilliant flowers, never less than fifty and frequently over a hundred at a time. It has so little the appearance of a Dahlia that it has become almost a daily occurrence to have passers-by stop and enquire the name of the plant. The most vivid description of it was given the other day by one of a number of little girls passing by, who cried out, "Oh, look at that Christmas tree, in there, upon the grass." It is one of the Cactus Dahlia type.

Milla biflora has given, for a month past, an abundance of pure white, waxy, star-shaped flowers, an inch and a half in diameter and highly fragrant as the day closes. As a cut flower, for room decoration, it is particularly valuable, from the fact that it remains perfect for nearly or quite a week after having been cut. My bulbs were started in small pots in a cold-frame, and afterwards transferred to the open ground, but I presume the same treatment as required for the Gladiolus would answer for it.—*Vick's Magazine*.

#### A GLUTTED MARKET.

"This country around Keuka Lake," said Captain Smith Fairchild, who commands the little steamer Urbana, "is now one of the greatest grape growing regions in the world. The vineyards cover thousands and thousands of acres, clear from the edge of the lake up to the summit of the hills on every side of it. We ship thousands of tons of all kinds of grapes to the New York market every season, to say nothing of the tons and tons that we mash up into the best wine on the American Continent. But I can remember the first grapes that went from here to New York, and, although there wasn't more than 300 pounds of 'em, they glutted the market. That's a fact.

"Stanley Fairchild, my father, was a cabinet-maker, and Uncle Billy Hastings lived up on the hill yonder. Nobody had ever thought of raising grapes as a business, but Uncle Billy had some of the finest grape arbors that ever tempted a youngster. One fall his vines were so overloaded with grapes that he didn't know what to do with 'em. An idea struck him that it would be a good thing to ship a lot of 'em to New York. This was in 1847. There was no way to ship 'em except by lake and canal, and Uncle Billy thought the best way to do it was to pack the grapes in a barrel with cedar shavings. He brought a big cedar block to my father's shop, and told him to have it converted into shavings. I was a chunk of a boy then, and father set me to work with a plane to demolish that block. That put me down on the grape business at once, and I made a solemn wish that the steamboat or the canal-boat would sink that carried Uncle Billy's grapes, so that the business would end right there. I saw nothing bright in a future that had nothing in store for me but the making of cedar shavings. Well, I knocked that block into curly bits in