

also a good shipping berry. The plants are very vigorous growers, and, what should be carefully noted, have stood the drouth here better than almost any other strawberry, scarcely a leaf having wilted or burned. It is well worthy of trial.

Orient should succeed in places where the Monarch of the West does well, as it has very similar habits of growth. *Finche's Prolific* is also a vigorous growing variety, and a promising market sort. *Sharpless*, *Miner's Great Prolific*, *Chas. Downing* and *Capt. Jack* are other excellent varieties that succeed finely in many places.

Of the one or two hundred varieties that I have been growing at different times, the above, including the *Wilson's Albany*, appear to be among the most desirable.—R. H. HAINES, in *Southern Cultivator*.

HANGING BASKETS.

For hanging baskets the Partridge vine is invaluable, as its brilliant scarlet berries enliven and relieve the sober green. Take up large vines of it with as many berries as possible. If they are green when found they will turn red shortly. Always place the vines around the edge of the basket, put in some *Maurandia* vines to climb the wires. For the centre a *Happy-Thought Geranium*, or what is prettier, a *Myosotis*—*Forget-me-not*.

The popular tradition, which tells how the name of *Forget-me-not* came to be applied to the plant which now bears it throughout Europe, is not generally known. It is said that a knight and a lady were walking by the side of the Danube, interchanging vows of devotion and affection, when the lady saw on the other side of the stream the bright blue flowers of the *myosotis*, and expressed a desire for them. The knight, eager to gratify her, plunged into the river, and,

reaching the opposite bank, gathered a bunch of flowers. On his return the current proved to strong for him, and after many efforts to reach the land he was borne away. With a last effort he flung the fatal blossoms upon the land, exclaiming as he did so, "*Forget-me-not!*"

"And the lady fair of the knight so true
Still remembered his hapless lot,
And she cherished the flowers of brilliant hue,
And she braided her hair with the blossoms
blue,
And she called it *Forget-me-not*."

—*Floral Monthly*.

OLD AND NEW PLUMS.

A New Jersey plum grower writes to the *Chicago Inter Ocean* the following in reference to plum culture:

"There is something peculiarly fascinating in this fruit—a certain charm connected with it, that makes the person who is presented with a basket of plums generally feel that he is receiving an unusual treat. It may be that it is partly owing to the widely prevalent theory, "That the sweetest roses have the most thorns," that this is so, and that consequently as it is usually thought that the plum is a very difficult fruit to grow, it is more highly prized on that account. It certainly is a decided favorite, otherwise persons living in large cities, like New York and Boston, could not be found paying for plums at the rate of a cent a plum at the retail fruit stands or of \$2 to \$3 for a half bushel of the fruit in the wholesale markets. On some accounts the plum is a difficult fruit to grow, not so much from its requiring any special training or cultivation, as superb large plums are often grown on ground that is not touched by plow or hoe oftener than once in five or ten years, but the difficulty arises from the fact of the liability of the plum to be stung and