

till the second or third year, when it attains its full development, that a satisfactory judgment can be formed of its beauty or merits, or that its imperfections may be detected.

In England, seedlings often bloom when not more than three inches high, and at the end of the second or third month; while others of the same sowing do not show their flowers before the end of the second and third year. It often occurs that from a batch of 2,000 seedling plants, not more than one or two prove worthy of propagation; hence it may be seen that a rosarian must be equipped with an inexhaustible fund of hope, patience and energy, to stoically endure the ofttime discouraging results of his labor, and above all, he must be endowed with a boundless love for the rose.

A writer in the January issue of the *American Garden* gives an amusing account of his experience as a hap-hazard florist and nurseryman, and in an incidental way reveals a few modern trade secrets. He relates that, "When Enoch and I get orders for huckleberries and toad-flax, we do not bother to go to work and grow them, but go out in the cow-lot and dig them, and we can get ten dollars worth from a square yard, and leave enough for seed. Enoch and I have sold the cow-lot clean of weeds half a dozen of times already." There is a depth of wisdom, and a strong dose of sarcastic truth in this seeming exaggeration, for if we are to judge by some of the catalogues of the present season, the principle which animated Enoch and his master is being carried out almost to the letter. Two catalogues at the present moment *lying* on my desk sing the praises of one of the most insidious and irrepressible weeds I have ever met. The botanical name, *calystegia pubescens*, is given, to which is added the euphonious and alluring titles of "California Rose," "Double Pink Morning Glory," "Rose Vine," etc.

Several years ago, in an unguarded moment, I accepted a few roots of this treacherous humbug, from an enthusiastic friend, whose knowledge of plants was limited. Unaware of the shortcomings, or rather, the "longcomings" of the thing, I planted it. It spread over my garden with startling rapidity, and in a couple of years had almost taken complete possession of it. Then followed unceasing labor to eradicate the pest—a result not yet accomplished—for every fragment of root left in the ground, even if not more than an inch in length, forms the nucleus of an independent plant, sending out yards of slender snake-like roots in all directions, which crop up here and there in riotous and prolific vigor.

The feverish thirst to outstrip business rivals in the novelty line, leads some of our florists of the present day to play high stakes, *i. e.*, their reputation, in carrying on the game; for very few customers, who may be tempted to buy worthless plants, will, after such an experience as I have had with *Calystegia*, "rise up and call them blessed," "*au contraire*."

Yet there are truthful items in the elaborate description, for instance: "It is perfectly hardy"; not the shadow of a doubt as to that, in fact, it's too hardy