

stock, then the Apple of Blenheim, and this latter name prevails to-day. It was first exhibited before the London Horticultural society on the 15th of January, 1819, by Mr. John Turner, after which it began to be cultivated in the English nurseries. The following interesting account of this favorite variety appeared some years ago in the Gardener's Chronicle.—

“In a somewhat dilapidated corner of the decaying borough of ancient Woodstock, within ten yards of the wall of Blenheim Park, stands all that remains of the original stump of that beautiful and justly celebrated apple, the Blenheim Orange. It is now entirely dead, and rapidly falling to decay, being a mere shell about ten feet high, loose in the ground, and having a large hole in the centre; till within the last three years, it occasionally sent up long, thin, wiry twigs, but this last sign of vitality has ceased, and what remains will soon be the portion of the woodlouse and the worm. Old Grimmitt, the basket-maker, against the corner of whose garden wall the venerable relict is supported, has sat looking on it from his workshop window, and while he wove the pliant osier, has meditated, for more than

fifty successive summers, on the mutability of all sublunary substances, on juice, and core, and vegetable, as well as animal, and flesh, and blood. He can remember the time when, fifty years ago, he was a boy, and the tree a fine-full-bearing stem, full of bud, and blossom and fruit, and thousands thronged from all parts to gaze on its ruddy, ripening, orange burden; then gardeners came in the spring-tide to select the much coveted scions and to hear the tale of his horticultural child and sapling, from the lips of the son of the white-haired Kempster. But nearly a century has elapsed since Kempster fell, like a ripened fruit, and was gathered to his fathers. He lived in a narrow cottage garden in Old Woodstock, a plain, practical, laboring man; and in the midst of his bees and flowers around him, and in his ‘glorious pride’, in the midst of his little garden, he realized Virgil's dream of the old Corycian, ‘Et regum equabat opes animis.’

“The provincial name for this apple is still ‘Kempster's Pippin’, a lasting monumental tribute and inscription to him who first planted the kernel from whence it sprang.”

THE STRINGFELLOW METHOD of tree planting, about which so much has been said of late, has proved a failure, just as common sense would lead any one to expect. The American Agriculturist says:—“The experiment of H. M. Stringfellow of Texas of cutting off the roots and setting the stub in a hole driven by a bar, has proved a failure. Most of the trees have died from one cause or another, and less than 300 are left from 1000 set in February, 1900. Owing to the

lack of side roots there was nothing to anchor the trees and the wind soon loosened them. The ground not being plowed or put in good tillage condition, soon dried out, and with the extreme dry weather following the trees soon began to die. Hereafter Mr. Stringfellow will leave more top root and some side roots in setting, but will still continue a closer system of pruning than most practical horticulturists believe wise.”