

They came up as thick as hail, every seed must have grown, but as I thought so little of them I gave more than half of them away, and I'll tell you what I did with the other half. I planted them in the coldest, stiffest, wettest, and most unworkable clay it was ever my misfortune to have anything to do with; a clay on which scotch thistles only grew to the height of eight inches, and Morning Glories only ran about eighteen. A great many flower seeds refused to grow at all, and those which did grow, with a few exceptions, did little good. A few strawberry plants that I found on the ground when I moved here are just living, but not increasing, while some from the same plot that I transplanted into a more suitable soil grew so rampant that they would soon have run my Wilson's out of the field altogether if I had allowed them. Such was the soil in which I planted those Zinnias, and yet they have grown to be the most splendid specimens I ever saw, double as Dahlias, with a depth of about two inches from the flower stalk to its crown, and scarcely an inferior specimen among them. Now, was it the seed, or was it the soil that produced this unusual perfection? Have any of my readers had a similar experience?

It may be interesting to some amateurs to know that I have this year in this locality succeeded and been much pleased with the Ricinus, Datura, and Canary Creeper. The latter appears to be hardy, grows rapidly, spreads and extends itself immensely, so that a few plants would cover a summer arbor, and produce a profusion of flowers in uninterrupted succession till cut down by frost.

The Ricinus produces no flowers, but its large eight to ten lobed, deeply cut, star-like glossy leaves with serrated edges, and the brighter gloss and deeper green of the newly opening lobes, all spreading out symmetrically from the main stalk, are beautiful in their regularity; and the whole plant strong, healthy looking and vigorous in its growth, is a striking object when planted alone, as it always should be, or in the centre of a lawn. They have attained a height of four feet with me, and would certainly grow much larger in a warmer climate.

The Datura is evidently more tender than either of the above, still, although a perennial, I have succeeded in obtaining flowers the first season from the seed; they were however only just permitted fully to expand before being nipped by the frost. The size of flowers is extraordinary, and their development curious, presenting before being fully opened out very much the appearance of an old fashioned