

five barrels in a hundred, to be shipped as second class, or thrown away.

"And how are your carefully selected apples keeping this winter?" said Ignavus, the other day, with a sarcastic grin at my fastidiousness in fruit-packing.

I can't boast much of their condition. The very best specimens are poor enough now. I opened a barrel of Kings to-day (Jan. 3rd, 1880,) and they presented a shocking sight. They ought to have kept in first class condition another month at least; and as for those shipped, I fear they will not sustain the reputation of former years. A smile of satisfaction was visible on the face of Ignavus, as he says: "You will never make better out of your fruit than I did last fall. I filled up my barrels with bad and good as they came, just fixing up top and bottom a little. I took them to the depot, where they passed the buyer's inspection. I got my money, nearly as much as you, and no culls to throw away. If there is any complaint, I have the same excuse as you have,—"*A bad season—a very bad season!*"

TWO FRESH GOSSIPERS.—I wish, Mr. Editor, to make you acquainted with two other fruit growers, who, though they may not live very near either you or me, can be identified by any reader of the HORTICULTURIST possessing two eyes. Diligens is a farmer and fruit grower. He is always busy—too busy, I often tell him, to enjoy the pleasures of a life amid trees and flowers. His orchard and farm are in perfect order, and show marks of the most careful management. His trees are grouped with excellent taste, and the footpath and carriage-drive approach his house with a graceful curve.

"A landscape gardener has surely given you his advice here," said I to him one day, as I walked with him about his grounds. "No," said Diligens, "the plans are my own. I always make a study of a beautiful lawn when I see it, and then try to imitate what I admire."

Just then Negligens came along, and our conversation turned to the subject of the *peach yellows*. Negligens is one of those men who think that because they live in the country it is quite useless to spend time and money upon anything that neither puts clothes on their backs or food in their mouths. He lets the cows and horses into his door-yard to feed on his lawn grass, and save the trouble of mowing; he lets the chickens scratch up the loose sand about the sides of his house; and for a walk to the hall door you may see what anywhere else would be mistaken for a cow-path.