

or planted upright or inclined, four or five inches apart, using plants with more or less root. Many growers follow that plan in New Jersey on sand bottoms known as Savannah lands, where there is not much muck, but in Massachusetts, on the deep muck bogs where (it is claimed) the growth of the vine is more rank, another plan is largely followed. The plants are placed eighteen inches apart each way, regularity being secured by a marker. We used mostly vines without roots, which had been mowed from a *productive* bog that is clear of pests. Four or five spears of about eight inches in length, were pushed with a dibble through the sand, and into the mud about three inches, leaving but a small top above ground. Some roots were planted, but the mowed vine at the end of the season showed as great growth.

The cranberry vine, as it creeps along on the ground, sends down roots every few inches, creating semi-independent plants which form centres of growth the following year. If the vines at the start are planted closely, they climb on each other and form little tents, preventing them from sending down their little rootlets. In a few years these bunches become unproductive, because the vine cannot carry the sap for fifty or sixty inches, without being reinforced from the soil. This is especially the case on deep, damp bogs. We keep the land clear of weeds, and shall continue to do so, believing the cranberry responds to good culture as quickly and generously as any other small fruit. I saw in Massachusetts two bogs of 40 acres each, within two miles of each other, planted the same year, and of equal merit as near as could be ascertained. One in five years ending 1887, had produced 8000 barrels. It is owned by a stock company, and kept like a garden, no grass to be seen. It divided among the shareholders in that time (\$23,000) twenty-three thousand dollars. That is only a net profit of \$2.87½ per barrel. The other had never paid a dividend, and produced in 1887 as its first crop of any account, 1,000 barrels. It looks from the bank like a swamp filled with kill-cow and other weeds, with here and there patches of fairly clean vines. It being picking-time, I saw the berries from both in barrels. One, well-colored and large, the other of several shades, and not nearly so uniform in size. The one had nothing to do but grow and be handsome, the other wasted its energy fighting for an existence. We are going carefully, sparing no pains to have the conditions for good crops right. As far as we know, the results are to

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