weeks later on a cold, drying day and at the beginning of a three weeks siege of very drying, windy weather, died to the expensive tune of 2c per cent.

The effects of drought on plantations of raspberries, blackberries, tree fruits, vineyards, as well as hoed farm crops, can be largely counteracted by shallow, but persistent, cultivation. N. OHMER the widely known Ohio veteran fruit-grower, says he prefers a dry season because it ruins the crops of slovenly cultivators and gives the others a chance for good prices. He cultivates raspberries and blackberries once a week until picking is commenced.

I need hardly remind intelligent beginners that rich soil is more easily worked and suffers less from drought than poor. Where one has a choice of ground something can be done in unfavorable seasons by judicious selection of soil. Melons, tomatoes, Lima beans and all semi-tropical vegetables should be planted in warm, sunny exposures, and all garden truck as well as fruits will be much later on the north side of a clay hill than on a southern slope of sandy loam. I have often, by planting on top of a hill, got profitable crops of tomatoes, cucumbers and sweet corn in October after most gardens were cut short by frost.

There is one other way by which the weather often gets the upper hand of the gardener and that is by favoring the growth of weeds. Day and night, Sundays and week-days soil and sun combine to cover the ground with something green, and the result is often discouraging, especially if the gardener is a little slow or trusts to old-fashioned methods. Modern machinery has, however, done much to relieve the farmer and gardener, and instead of waiting until crops of weeds are an inch or two high it is possible to kill them before they appear above ground. As an example: this year I planted a piece of potatoes with an Aspinwall planter. It left the potatoes beneath a little ridge distinctly visible, and a wheel-mark between each two rows. When the potatoes had been planted two weeks grass and weeds began to show and I had the Planet Jr. run twice between the rows. This cleaned up the ground and threw a light covering of soil upon the ridges. These ridges we intended to comb down with a Breed's Universal Weeder, but a series of heavy rains delayed its use until the potato sprouts, white and tender, were near the surface, so I had a one-horse harrow run between the rows, and shall use the weeder later. I have always cultivated strawberries with a Planet Jr. about once in two weeks, beginning soon after setting. It leaves a ridge that is unsightly and annoying in hoeing. This year I shall remove some of the teeth from the weeder so as to straddle two rows and use this in the alternate weeks. It will keep the ground level, stir the soil and materially lessen the labor of hoeing.

L. B. PIERCE.

THE PRIDE OF CALIFORNIA.

California has doubtless furnished a greater variety of lovely wild flowers and beautiful plants that have gracefully yielded to cultivation than any other State in the Union. Annually new members of her floral circle win their way into our gardens and a permanent place in our affections. One of these latest introductions, known for years among the simple mountain people of Southern California as the "Pride of California," has become widely recognized as well worthy of the name.

This is the deep rose-red to crimson flowered perennial pea, Lathyrus splendens, named many years ago by one of the charter members of the California Academy of Science, Dr. ALBERT KELLOGG, whose memory is held in reverence by those who knew his pure life. For many years after this handsome vine had received its name it was completely lost sight of by botanists, until its very existence was doubted, and in the great work on the flora of California (Watson's Botany) was treated as a synonym.

In the spring of 1882, a party of several botanists, including the late Dr. C. C. PARRY, started from San Diego to explore the then little known peninsula of Lower California. Just below the line, in a rocky canyon, we discovered this magnificent flower, ornamenting the evergreen bushes along the watercourse with its graceful

and brilliant clusters of blossoms. Dr. PARRY at once enthusiastically shouted, "it is Kellogg's Lathyrus splendens," and such it proved to be.

Many times since have I seen it clambering over the bushes on the higher table lands of Lower California, beside some perennial stream, or bordering a dusty highway. In the mountains back of San Diego, this year (1890), it was one of the few wild flowers that had "watched the old year out and the new year in." It was in its greatest splendor in April, when the bushes for miles and miles were heavily loaded with its showy blossoms; on the 15th of June I plucked evidently the last cluster of the season.

The beloved botanist, Dr. ASA GRAY, had the pleasure of admiring and picking this flower in our garden, on his last visit to California. Though Dr. PARRY, at the time of its rediscovery in 1882, introduced it to the attention of European horticulturists, by whom it was well received, it was not until last year that this, the loveliest vine in the West, received mention in America.

It is considered hardy, blossoming the second season from the seed, forming a strong vine, capable of covering a veranda or arbor. Dr. PARRY, after seeing it covering a porch in San Diego with its luxuriant foliage and profuse blossoms, pronounced it the handsomest plant in the West. Well may it be called the pride of the two Californias—Upper and Lower—and a fit representative of two republics.

E. R. ORCUTT.

THREE ANDROMEDAS.

It never occurred to me that the "sourwood," Andromeda arborea, was an especially handsome tree, until the *American Garden* began to make much of it, and then I wondered at my former lack of appreciation. True, my devotion to the clear, limpid honey made from its sweet, bell-like flowers had often been marked, but it was solely as a "bee tree" that I pleaded for its preservation when clearings were made on the farm. Now I have decided that on my ideal farm there shall be a row of them along the fence with bee hives, Improved Quinby, beneath them. Besides the beauty and fragrance of its great open panicles of white flowers in long, one-sided racemes, the oblong-lanceolate pointed leaves, are among the first to color after the early frosts, and their tints are brilliant and beautiful. The brown, dried seed-pods are also quite pretty among grasses. GRAY calls this tree Oxydendrum, meaning "sour-tree," because the leaves are sour to taste, but LINNÆUS called it, fancifully, Andromeda, from the old mythological story, I suppose. It is the tallest of the Andromedas, growing often to 40 or 50 feet.

Andromeda Mariana, or stagger-bush,—most uncongenial name for a lovely little shrub,—is not so common here, for it has been most assiduously weeded up by thrifty farmers whose lambs and calves are prone to eat of it, much to their detriment. It is not so tall, two to four feet, or showy as the first mentioned species, and even where growing plentifully, is not so much noticed. The flowers are white and bell-shaped, with bright scarlet stamens, and grow in loose, graceful clusters from scaly, axillary buds. Its leaves are oval, dark green and shining.

Another Andromeda, that I have never seen mentioned outside of botanical works, but which is very handsome and quite common here, is A. floribunda. Its leaves are serrate, and acute-lanceolate, evergreen and glossy. In the axil of every leaf is a densely crowded panicle of white, bell-shaped flowers, which are formed in summer but do not expand until the following spring. The pedicels are one-sided and bracted, and the shrub is of drooping habit, trailing its flower-laden branches over fallen mossgrown trunks, gray rocks, or into the edges of the limpid mountain streams beside which it grows.

L. GREENLEE.