

tion and profit by it? I hire the best gardeners I can find, and they are ignorant of their business; they scarcely know one apple from another or one fruit tree from another. If I spend five hundred dollars to have a strawberry-bed made, I may perhaps get a quart or two of the fruit; I may safely say that I shall not receive enough fruit to half cover the outlay. I can instruct any man how to improve seedling fruit, and have it as good as the imported kinds. The best fruit that ever grew will deteriorate under bad management and neglect. I advise farmers and gardeners to understand their business and make it profitable; also to mechanics would I give the same advice. And I would advise the sisters not only to save their paper rags, but to learn how to properly and profitably dispose of new cloth when they get it.

Cleanliness and neatness of person are desirable and good to see, but this may be carried to an extreme that is both tiresome and expensive; there is a class that is more nice than wise. Nothing less than linen pocket-handkerchiefs by the dozen will answer for some of our ladies. "Husband, don't get me less than three dozen handkerchiefs, for I must have from three to half-a-dozen a day, it is so nice to be clean." When they have used a handkerchief twice or three times, it is thrown into the washtub to be rubbed to pieces and wasted away. In this way you get no good of your money; the article is not worn out in service, but it is washed out. Then, when you hang and pin your clothes on the clothesline, they are left to be whipped to pieces in a high wind, and are more used up in one operation of this kind than if they had been worn three months. It is useless for husbands to suggest to them the expediency of taking the clothes in, for they will

let them remain notwithstanding, and be worn out. Go into the kitchens of these very nice, neat wives who can nurse a pocket-handkerchief to a charm and apply it to their nasal protuberances with such refined grace, and you hear Sally asking Sue for the dishcloth. "Where is the dishcloth?" It is found stuffed into a mousehole, or Jim has just come in from the canyon and is washing his feet with it. Then there is an outcry for the knife they cut meat with. "Where is the butcher knife?" Billy has had it out of doors, and has left it in a neighboring ditch. They may have bread and meat, a bread knife and a meat knife, but neither of these articles has a recognized home in the house, and you are just as likely to find them in one place as another. "Where is the bag of flour?" "I don't know; I think I saw it under the stairs this morning when I was rummaging about." It is at last found stuck in a dirty corner, with dirty clothes thrown over it, and perforated with mouseholes. The bread pan is lost; the rolling pin and board cannot be found, and when the board is found it has been converted into a checkerboard, and then used in the chicken coop; and when the broom is wanted little Jack is astride of it in the street, deliberately walking through a mud hole. Instead of their houses being houses where order and economy reign, confusion, disorder, and waste prevail.

Some of our professed good housekeepers, in my opinion, come far short of really deserving that character, at least I should think so, were I permitted to see them cook breakfast. There are potatoes to boil, bread to bake, meat to cook, and fruit in stew. Perhaps the first thing that is done is to put the tea to steeping, then fry the meat, then prepare the potatoes for boiling, and about the time the potatoes are done the bread must be