

The Household.

Homedale Farm.

THE REMOVAL.

MANY questions were asked Charles by the rest of the children on his return from the farm, and much eager curiosity was shown to know what sort of a place it was, how he liked it, and so forth. The hot-bed formed a topic for animated conversation, and Charles felt not a little proud of the knowledge he had already gained about gardening matters, for it made him quite an oracle in the family circle. What seeds were to be purchased, became an interesting subject of discussion, and when they were bought, and sent away to the farm, there were fanciful imaginings such as children only can have, about their growth, and the flowers, vegetables, and fruits, that would come from them in due season. The weary weeks were slowly on, and the time for removing to the farm, so eagerly anticipated by the little Perleys, at length arrived. Too young to have formed any

plain, and without any ornament, unless a square-built porch over the front door, could be so regarded, but which perhaps, correct architectural taste would have pronounced a disfigurement. There was no lawn or front garden, no shrubbery, and no flower-bed. One or two of the original oaks which flourished on the Burford plains before they were settled and cultivated, were still standing, and, notwithstanding some rough usage, they looked very pretty. These and a piece of green sward, with two or three scrubby plum and cherry trees, formed the surroundings of the house. A little on one side, and somewhat to the rear of the dwelling was an old orchard, in which were a few choice trees of grafted fruit, but the greater part were natural seedlings, and bore apples almost too sour for the hogs to devour with any relish. Other crops had been grown among the fruit trees, and what with neglect of manuring and pruning, insects, and bark diseases, the orchard wore anything but a thrifty appearance. It looked weak, sickly, and struggling. Mr. Turnberry had told Mr. Perley, as they once walked over the farm together, that the orchard hardly ever bore, and expressed the opinion that it did not pay to grow apples—and that

didn't pay, and couldn't be made to? Thus Mr. Turnberry reasoned to himself as do thousands more like him, never dreaming that the "natural heart" can be kept in the soil,—nay that it can be strengthened and enriched by proper tillage, so as to be even more productive than when in a virgin state.

To the picture of Homedale already drawn, may be added, that the barns were at a little distance from the house and consisted of a large and small one; the former used as a hay and grain barn, with a threshing-floor in the middle of it, and the other used as a stable and driving house. Some open sheds for cattle adjoined these buildings, and a lean-to pig-stye was on one side of the smaller barn. There was no root-house, for Mr. Turnberry knew nothing about turnip growing. Rat-proof granary, smoke-house, poultry-house, ash-house, wood-shed and other conveniences, were all a-wanting. The grain after threshing was put into bins in one corner of the big barn; smoked hams were luxuries unknown; the fowls were left to roost in the open cattle-shed, or wherever they could find room; the ashes were, part of them, stored in barrels for soap making, and part thrown into corners of the yard.



particular attachments to places or to persons, and keenly relishing anything novel and fresh, they felt no pang at leaving their city abode, and quite enjoyed the bustle and turmoil of breaking up house-keeping and packing for the journey. The removal being but a short one, the furniture and fittings were nearly all kept, so that their new house would look, indoors at least, very much like the old one. There would be the same carpets, the same window blinds, the same tables and chairs, and the same pictures on the walls. An easy railroad jaunt to Paris, and a few miles pleasant carriage drive, brought them to the spot where their hopes, wishes, and plans were centred. Charles pointed out the house, as soon as they came in sight of it, and when they were near enough, took care to call attention to his hotbed, which looked in the distance, like a quiet living creature, covering and brooding over its nest of young plants.

The farm as a whole, wore a rather neglected look. It had no better enclosure as yet than the old-fashioned worm fence, and although there was a two-horse gate leading into the door-yard and farm-yard, it was a good deal worse for wear. The house was a rather substantial two-story building, but quite

Canada was not much of a fruit country. Mr. Perley thereupon asked what sort of treatment the orchard had received, and finding, as he suspected from the look of things, that the land had been both starved and over-cropped, he quietly told Mr. Turnberry, that if the orchard had a fair chance he believed it would be the most profitable part of the farm, that it ought to be well manured, the ground kept mellow, and no other crop grown in it but the fruit crop: that under the shade of the trees grain could not be expected to do very well, while it was unreasonable to ask poor ground to bear both a crop of wheat or oats, and a crop of fruit. He said that he should trim up the orchard, put grafts into the natural trees, enrich the ground, neither plant nor sow it, and he felt sure it would soon yield a bountiful return for generous treatment. All which and much more, Mr. Turnberry regarded as moonshine. What did city merchants know about farming? Wait a little and Mr. Perley would find that his dreams about big crops, and fine fruit, and choicest stock, would vanish into thin air. Farming didn't pay except for a few years, just after clearing new land. While the natural heart was in the soil, it would produce, but when that was gone, farming

the wood lay scattered near the kitchen door,—in short an air of easy-going, slipshod negligence prevailed all over the premises.

In-doors there was but little trace of comfort. The family had for the most part lived in the rear of the house, which consisted of a spacious kitchen, bedroom and pantry. A large hall running through the centre of the main building contained a stairway, and this hall and stairway were the only parts of the lower story that were in use. These, as means of access to some upstairs bed-rooms, were daily traversed, but the down-stairs rooms off the hall were kept shut up, and only opened on very rare occasions when there was company, a wedding, or a funeral.

Mr. Perley had in view the making of many outdoor and in-door improvements upon the premises, but postponed them until after the removal, that he might have the advantage of Mrs. Perley's judgment and good taste, and also that he might be able to superintend them while they were in progress. Our engraving shows Homedale as Mr. Perley found it. A future chapter, accompanied by an illustration, will describe its altered and improved appearance in the hands of its new proprietors and occupants.

(To be Continued.)