

sent out by drunken parents to sell their bouquets, have then a terrible time. Though dying with fatigue and sleep, they dare not return until the last one has been sold under penalty of severe beating. Little things of even an eight years' age on such nights be seen taking naps under porticoes and under kitchen stoops, curled up in an uneasy ball, with the little board of bouquets lying by their side. They will often pass a wet and cruelly cold night in this manner, rather than face the brutalities of some drunken father or some virago of a mother. All the flower-girls, however, are not so miserably situated. Some are warmly clad and well cared for by their parents, who send them regularly to school in the afternoon. Some of these more fortunate ones work in the morning at artificial flower making or tobacco stripping, or some other occupation open to children. None of these are so remunerative, however, as the flower-selling, by which the neat and tidy girls can average \$2 a day. Gentlemen like to buy of girls whose attire is decent and whose hair is trimly arranged, and if they purchase from a shoeless, stockingless, ragged flower-girl, it is from motives of charity alone. But the neat ones, especially those who are pretty, have regular customers, who buy of them every afternoon, rain or shine, and who give them little presents on holidays. In the winter time the outdoor flower business is almost entirely suspended, and the florists have no competition from the little flower-girls. Then the respectable ones go regularly to their trades, and the unkempt, ragged ones peddle matches and big mourning-pins, and sometimes tooth-picks. Up and down over the frozen snow and cold pavements they wander, with their poor little naked feet, their faces blue and pinched, their fingers cramped with the cold. Sometimes they get frozen to death, as happened last year to a little French flower-girl, and sometimes their failing limbs betray them when they attempt to cross the street, and they are driven over. In either case there is a hurried inquest and a careless verdict. The tortured body, now insensible to pain, goes to the Potter's burial ground, and the soul of the little flower-girl—whither?—*N. Y. Paper.*

Does the Garden Pay

I do not hold myself bound to answer the question—Does gardening pay? It is so difficult to define what is meant by paying. As I look at it, you may as well ask—Does a sunset pay? I know that a sunset is commonly looked on as a cheap entertainment, but it is really one of the most expensive. It is true that we can all have front seats, and we do not exactly need to dress for it as we do for the opera; but the conditions under which it is to be enjoyed are rather dear. Among them I should name a good suit of clothes, including some trifling ornament. I should also add a good dinner, well cooked and digestible; and the cost of a fair education, extended, perhaps, through generations in which sensibility and love of beauty grew. What I mean is, that if a man is hungry and naked, and half a savage, or with the love of beauty undeveloped in him, a sunset is thrown away on him; so that it appears that the conditions of the enjoyment of a sunset are as costly as anything in our civilization.

Of course there is no such thing as absolute value in this world. You can only estimate what a thing is worth to you. In a certain sense, it is a sort of profanation to consider if my garden pays, or to set a money value upon my delight in it. What! Shall I set a price upon the tender asparagus or the crisp lettuce, which made the sweet spring a reality? Shall I compute in figures what daily freshness and health and delight the garden yields, let alone the large crop of anticipation I gathered as soon as the first seeds got above ground? I appeal to any gardening man of sound mind if that which pays them best in gardening is not that which he cannot show in his trial balance. Yet I yield to public opinion when I proceed to make such a balance; and I do it with the utmost confidence in figures.

I select as a representative vegetable, in order to estimate the cost of gardening, the potato. In my statement I shall not include the interest on the value of the land. I throw in the land, because it would otherwise have stood idle; the thing generally raised on city land is taxes. I therefore make the following statement of the cost and income of my potato crop. I have tried to make it so as to satisfy the income-tax collector:—

Dr.	
Ploughing.....	\$ 0 50
Seed.....	1 50
Manure.....	8 00
Assistance in planting and digging, 3 days.....	6 5
Labour of self in planting, hoeing, digging, picking up—5 days at 17 cents.....	0 85
Total cost.....	\$17 60
Cr	
Two thousand five hundred mealy potatoes at 2 cents.....	\$50 00
Small potatoes given to neighbour's pig.....	0 50
Total return.....	\$50 50
Balance, profit in cellar.....	\$32 90

Some of these items need explanation. I have charged nothing for my own time, waiting for the potatoes to grow. My time in hoeing, fighting weeds, &c., is put in at five days; it may have been a little more. I had some difficulty in fixing the rate of my own wages. It was the first time that I had an opportunity of paying what I thought labour was worth, and I determined to make a good thing of it for once. I figured it right down to European prices—seventeen cents a day for unskilled labour. Of course I boarded myself.

I do not see any possible fault in the above figures. I ought to say that I deferred putting a value on the potatoes until I had footed up the debit column. This is always the safest way to do. I had twenty-five bushels. I roughly estimated that there are one hundred good ones to the bushel. Making my own market price, I asked two cents apiece for them. This I would have considered dirt cheap last June, when I was going down the rows with the hoe. If any one thinks that two cents each is high, let him try to raise them.—*My Summer in a Garden.*

The Raspberry.

Splendid berry the raspberry, when the strawberry has gone. My patch has grown into such a defiant attitude, that you could not get within several feet of it. Its stalks were enormous in size, and cast out long, prickly arms in all directions; but the bushes were pretty much all dead. The variety is one that I can recommend. I think it is called Brinkley's Orange. It is exceedingly prolific, and has enormous stalks. The fruit is also said to be good; but that does not matter so much, as the plant does not often bear in this region. The stalks seem to be biennial institutions, and as they get about their growth one year, and bear the next year, and then die, and the winters here nearly always kill them, unless you take them into the house (which is inconvenient if you have a family of small children), it is very difficult to induce the plant to flower and fruit. This is the greatest objection there is to this sort of raspberry. I think of keeping these for discipline, and setting out some others, more hardy sorts, for fruit.—*My Summer in a Garden.*

New Bi-color Geranium—Pride of Mount Hope.

The European varieties of gold and bronze-leaved geraniums do not endure our bright summer suns well enough to answer a good purpose for bedding out, but Ellwanger & Barry have raised a seedling from Mrs. Pollock, that well-known and most beautiful tricolor, which they believe will meet the wants of florists in this particular. It is a bi-color of vigorous habit, the leaf-ground golden yellow, very handsomely set off with a broad, well-defined, bronzy-red zone. Instead of fading out in our bright summer's sun, the yellow leaf disc becomes of a more deeply golden hue as the heat of the sun increases, thus enhancing the beauty of the foliage and heightening its effect. The foliage is said to be smooth, of good form and substance. We commend it to our readers for trial, in the belief that it will prove to be a very useful and ornamental bedding plant.

ON FERTILIZERS.—I suppose I am expected to say something about fertilizers; all agriculturists do. When you plant, you think you cannot fertilize too much; when you get the bills for the manure, you think you cannot fertilize too little. It is the great question of modern times—how to fertilize without ruinous expense; how, in short, not to starve the earth to death while we get our living out of it. Practically, the business is hardly to the taste of a person of a poetic turn of mind. The details of fertilizing are not agreeable. It is much pleasanter and easier to fertilize with a pen, as the agricultural writers do, than with a fork.—*My Summer in a Garden.*