

With the Flowers.

A plant whose rich, tropical appearance, as well as the ease with which it may be grown, should especially recommend it to lovers of plants in country homes, is the cyperus, or umbrella plant. This is, really a sort of marsh grass, with erect stems, or culms, each crowned by a tuft of leaves radiating circularly around the end of the stem, the whole bearing some resemblance to, and being quite as pretty as, the more expensive palm. There are two varieties of cyperus, the one quite dwarf, and suitable for table or window decoration; the other, which grows to a height of three or four feet, is better for occupying places on the floor, or on low flower-tables or jardiniere stands.

The cyperus is of the easiest propagation. You may get a sprig from a neighbor and start it by simply putting the end in a bottle of water, which is not permitted to get too cold, or you may get a piece of a root, as the roots of a large plant may be frequently subdivided without injury to the parent plant. More conveniently still, perhaps, you may sow the seed, and have many plants instead of one.

Cyperus seed should be sown in shallow boxes, and kept moist and warm. An under heat is best, so if the boxes can be suspended above a stove or steam-radiator, all the better. When the seedlings are large enough to handle, they should be transplanted into larger boxes, or simply thinned out, so as to have plenty of room, and kept warm and moist until they are about two or three inches in height. Then they should be potted in muck in little three-inch pots, which are immediately sunk in a box of wet sand.

When these little pots are filled with roots, the plants may be moved to four-inch pots, whose saucers are kept filled with water all the time. The final potting will come when the plants have attained a rich green, palm-like character, and are ready as ornaments, for the jardiniere or other vessels which they are to occupy. It must be remembered that the final planting must be into vessels which will hold water, as the soil must be kept as wet as that of a bog all the time. Any lack of water will immediately cause the ends of the leaves to become brown and shrivelled. The flowers of the umbrella plant, of course, like those of most other grasses, do not amount to much as far as appearance goes, and, as seeding exhausts the vitality of the plant, should be removed as soon as the panicles begin to show.

It may seem to some that shifting from pot to pot, as recommended above, is an unnecessary thing. But this is not so. It is the method which has been proven to be the best by keepers of greenhouses and horticulturists who have made an art of the successful raising of plants and flowers.

The amount of sunshine that the cyperus requires is immaterial. Like many other bog plants, it will thrive in partial shade, and may be given a place in the eastern or northern windows. The finest one I ever saw, however, grew in a bucket placed in a southern bay window. This one consisted of a great mass of stems, surmounted by a canopy of green that almost filled the window, and, in looking at it, I wondered that anyone should prefer to it the palms, rubber plants and araucarias, which cost so much more and are not so satisfactory.

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"The Farmers Advocate" office, London, Ont.

Some More About Dolly and Betty at Culleston Manor.

No. III.

We are now not very far from the end of our story. Very healthfully and very happily sped the last precious hours of that eventful visit to Culleston. The twins had stood somewhat in awe of the Squire and Madam, his wife, who, according to the ideas of that day, exacted from the young people of their family certain little formalities of manner and rigid obedience to rules which would surprise, and yet, perhaps, be a wholesome lesson in self-restraint to the children of our own day and generation. It was surely no great hardship to have to stand aside for their elders to pass onwards first; to make a prim little curtsy at the door before entering a room, and never to offer an opinion until it was asked for, whilst all reasonable pleasures were freely accorded to the cousins and their guests. They had been allowed to slide upon the big lake in the park, though under careful supervision to avoid accidents, and they had all come indoors afterwards with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, their arms laden with bunches

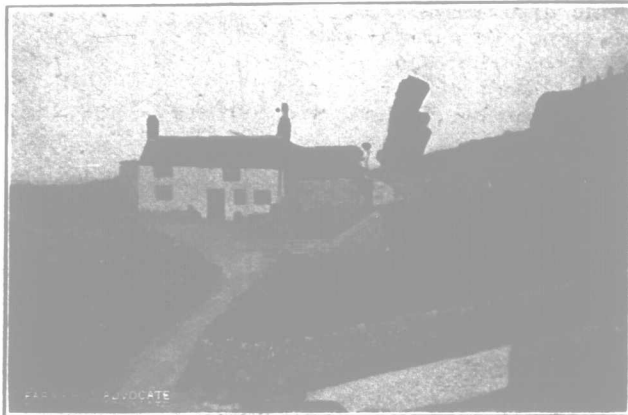
events, and whose names had been handed down in the records of their country as of those who had sacrificed their lives, in its service. As they were led around the long corridors, and, gazing upon knight and lady in garbs quaint and curious, were told how this one had fallen at Edghill, another at Marston Moor, etc., etc., whilst Culleston itself had been a very central point in the stirring times of 1685. "Why is there no picture just there, between the Squire and Madam Culleston you have just told us about?" questioned Mollie, with her small finger pointed upwards at a gap she had spied about five feet from the floor. "Well," replied Basil, "that is our secret. You shall see that very picture this evening, and all the grown-up people will see it then, and not before. They were asking about it when they walked round the gallery this morning, and I heard my father say, 'All in good time, my friends. The young folks seem to have something in hand about that picture, and we have let them have their own way in the matter. I expect the mystery will be revealed before Nurse Dibble carries her nurslings back to town.'"

And so it was, and no later than eight o'clock that night. The elder daughters of the house, and the young girl guests of their own age, with their cavaliers, had all entered into the spirit of the thing. They had ransacked the old cedar chests in the attics, and rifled the armoury, so that when the grown-ups from the dining-room were invited to see

both together, and, "Yes! it is Dolly, it is Betty, over again," was echoed all over the room, whilst Nurse Dibble, fearing the excitement for them, gathered her nurslings into her loving arms, and said, "Wait till we get home, my pretties, and I will tell you the story of how these dear little maids (the great, great, great grandmothers of yourselves, and Masters Tom and Basil), when they were only a few years older than you are now, marched in the procession of the twenty-four maids of Taunton, carrying the satin banner which their fingers had worked, to do homage to one who, alack-a-day! they thought a hero, but who turned out to be no hero at all." It is not our purpose to relate the story of the Dolly and Betty of the older epoch, just as Nurse Dibble told it to the Dolly and Betty of four generations after it all had happened, partly because but a very modified version of the sad happenings of that eventful time could be poured into the ears of the eager little questioners, and partly because the writer, who was born in the vale of Taunton Dean, and who last summer was privileged to spend some weeks upon its surrounding hills, every foot of which was historical ground, wants to tell our readers something about it in some later pages of the "Farmer's Advocate." Meanwhile, Dolly and Betty have made their last prim little curtsies; they have been alternately both hugged and kissed; they have smiled and wept over their adieux to Culleston, and if we hear of them again it will be as pupils in the old school at Castle Green, under the gaunt old archways of which their little great grandmothers had passed when they dared fate by carrying their banner to welcome "King Monmouth" to Taunton. H. A. B.

"Tiny Farmhouse."

"Tiny Farmhouse at Mow Cop, Cheshire," is nearly 1,000 feet above the sea level, being on the top of the hill Mow Cop. Up here quickset hedges are unknown, and dry stone walls of millstone grit are universal. The size of the farm may be gauged by the small haystack on the right. The curious object in the background is a great mass of hard rock, known as the Old Man of Mow, and is visible for many miles from the Cheshire Plains below.



Tiny Farmhouse at Mow Cop, Cheshire.

of mistletoe, ivy, holly and bright yellow gorse, the buds of which were even now peeping out between the somewhat formidable array of greenery which surrounded them, and which, when put in water and kept in a warm room, would be for some weeks to come green and golden reminders of dear Culleston days. Tom had donned a thick pair of leather gloves, and armed with a sharp knife had made war both on holly bush and furze, so that filled to the brim should be the monster hamper of good things which they were to carry back to Madam Rebecca. It was to contain turkeys, capons, mince pies, pasties (sweet and savory), new laid eggs, scalded cream, and the golden butter for which the dairy maid of the manor was so celebrated, but the holly, ivy and mistletoe were to be the boys' share in the good old Somersetshire custom, which still survives, of first offering a welcome, a real west country welcome, and then to send the guests away literally laden with spoils. But amongst all the happenings at Culleston, there was not one which would leave a more indelible impression upon the minds of the twins, or have a more lasting influence upon their lives, than that which took place on the last evening of their visit. They would return to Taunton with a sense of kinship with a family which generations ago had taken part in stirring

what they called their "mumming," they beheld a goodly company of knights and ladies, little and big, who had apparently stepped down from their picture-frames and had taken a new lease of their lives. But the finest living tableau of the evening, though they did not call it so (as such a name had not then been even thought of), was at the unveiling of the picture which had been purposely removed in the morning.

Dolly and Mollie, who (knowing nothing of what they were to see), dressed in quaint short-waisted, short-sleeved, but long-skirted, dresses, of embroidered satin, with strings of pearls around their necks, long mittens on their dimpled arms, and curious-looking turbans on their heads, were ranged hand in hand before the curtain. Their little hearts thumped with excitement; their eyes danced with pleasure at being dressed up so finely, a pleasure somewhat qualified by the thought, "What would our Aunt Rebecca say?" Whilst one was whispering, "Is you afraid?" and the other answering, "No, I don't think I am," the curtains fell apart, and there, just before them, dressed just as they were, stood what looked like Dolly with the brown eyes, and Betty with the blue, smiling, but immovable as they had been standing since more than a century ago. "Why, it's us! it's us!" cried

Recipes.

APPLE GINGER.

(Nice relish for breakfast.)

Pare two and a half pounds of sour apples; core and chop coarsely. Put in a saucepan, with one and a half pounds of brown sugar; the rind and juice of one and a half lemons; half an ounce of ginger root, and one cupful of cold water. Let the fruit come to a boil, then set back on the stove to simmer for four or five hours. Stir occasionally to keep from burning. Put in self-sealers.

POTATO CONES.

Take mashed potatoes, season with salt, pepper, and a little butter and cream. Mould in small teacups, turn out and sprinkle with crumbs and a little butter, and brown in the oven about twenty minutes.

The Largest Kitchen in the World.

The "Bon Marche," the famous Paris department store, has just finished its new kitchen, the largest in the world, which is used for preparing the meals of the 4,000 employees of one sort and another who conduct the business.

These are all supplied with their meals during the day, and that the whole of the working hours may not be given up to the table, the appliances are on the largest scale.

The smallest saucepan in the kitchen holds 75 quarts, the largest 375. There are some 50 frying pans, each with a capacity for 50 cutlets.

On the days when omelettes are served more than 7,800 eggs are needed, and 750 quarts of coffee are daily served. The culinary staff consists of 60 chef cooks and more than 100 assistants.