

Home.

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which "his heart untrammelled fondly turns."

Window-Gardening.

It is very pleasant to keep a few plants in the window, especially during the dreary months of winter, that one may have something bright and beautiful to look at—some reminder of sunny days and smiling blossoms. Plants thrive best in the south or east window, our days in winter being short. Plants need light; and as we can only give them at best a few hours of light, it is important that there should be as much warmth and brightness in it as can possibly be furnished. In fact, plants are like ourselves: they need air, light, warmth and drink, and if they are unriched these they will live and grow. The room in which they are kept should be one which is not subjected to great variation of temperature. The temperature should not be less than 40° in the night, and not more than 70° during the day, especially while the sun is shining in the room. Arrangements should be made for giving fresh air to the plants every day. The most convenient way is to have the upper sash movable, and let it down at the top when we wish to give fresh air, taking care that the plants are not allowed to stand in a draft of cold air. A plant confined in the house without fresh air will as surely become sick and feeble as will the child who is never allowed to run outdoors. The leaves of plants need washing occasionally in order to remove the dust that gathers on them and fills up the pores. When watering keep the earth moderately moist; water thoroughly but not too frequently. Study the natural habits of the plant you are growing, and water accordingly. It is a very common error in window-gardening to attempt too many at once; our most successful amateur florists seldom have more than a half-dozen varieties, as one plant properly looked after is better than a dozen neglected. The Heliotrope is a great favorite; the Hyacinth makes a beautiful window-plant, grown either in a pot or in water; the ivy may be grown in any part of the room; Zonal and Sweet-scented Geraniums make good window-plants, especially if they be provided with plenty of fresh air; Roses, especially the tea-scented, are beautiful window-plants; a nice pot of Mignonette, which costs but a few cents, is an excellent window ornament.

We present to our readers the above cut showing the manner in which plants are best placed for winter flowering.

No farmer can expend \$1 in any way that will give so much pleasure and profit to himself, his wife and his family as by subscribing to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. Every person that cultivates a garden should have it.

The seedy part of a fig is an effective application for gum boils.

September.

The golden rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters by the brook.

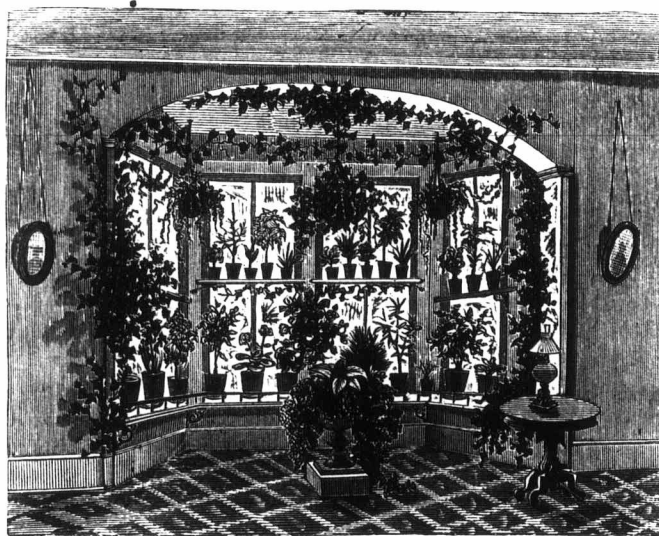
From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
The autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty,
Which floods the earth and air,
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet;
One day of one September
I never can forget.

—H. H.



WINDOW-GARDENING.

THE memory of early happiness is a treasure-house of sweet comforts and consolations. Its pure, simple, earnest joys become wells to draw from whenever we sit down in thirst and weariness by the dusty highway of life. Of this one good the world can never cheat us. The sunshine of those days reaches across our little stretch of life, and mingles its rays with those which beam from the heaven of our hope. The actual present of adult life, and the materials which enter into it, are made up of reminiscence more than we generally suppose. We ruminate, like the kine. We lay up in the receptacles of memory abundance of undigested material, which we recall and appropriate to our refreshment and nourishment; and this process of reminiscence—of living over again—grows upon us as we grow into years, till it becomes our all. Exhausted power has no resource but to dwell upon its old play and its old achievements. How sad he is who can never go back to his childhood without a shudder; who can never recall a period when his life was filled with sweet and simple satisfaction!

COMPASSION is an emotion which we should never be ashamed of. Graceful is the tear of sympathy, particularly in youth, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and warp us into a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Homely Girls.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty.

Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and a consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine upon the stem while the weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to over-value themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid act themselves out of all reasonable offers in the marriage market. The plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and lovable that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of your haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed nor to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late.

Mrs. Hannah More, a very excellent and pious person, who knew whereof she wrote, recommends every unmarried sister to close with the offer of the first good, sensible lover who falls in her way. But ladies whose mirrors, aided by the glamour of vanity, assure them that they were born for conquest, pay no heed to this sort of advice. It is a noteworthy fact that homely girls generally get better husbands than fall to the lot of their fairer sisters. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure, do not as a rule amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

Mixed Pickles.

If your sweet cake has too large holes in it, use less cream of tartar next time.

A bit of salt takes the unpleasant "bite" from horse-radish as prepared with vinegar for a spring relish with meat.

Equal parts of tar, molasses and vinegar boiled for two hours in a stone vessel, is an excellent cough syrup for long standing coughs as well as for more recent ones.

Do not brush black silk dresses, but clean them with a soft flannel cloth.

Love Gifts.

Love gifts should be of little intrinsic value; they should owe their preciousness to the hand that gives. The token of love should not, by its beauty or costliness, distract the attention for one moment from the meaning of the gift—heart speaking to heart, in language eloquent though dumb. What are the objects that have been gazed upon and kissed and wept over as priceless treasures? A "pretty ring with a posy," a glove, a true-love knot in hair or ribbon, or, as likely as not, a few faded flowers; but is there one who has loved who cannot recall to mind the throb of ecstasy, the glow of paradisaical bliss, with which the first love-gift was received—the silent messenger bringing the full assurance of love's return? The youth who has just obtained a lock of hair or simple rosebud, maybe from his mistress' hand, given after much pleading, would he part with it for a rose of rubies and gold? Would yonder girl as she sits in her chamber alone, turning on her finger the slight ring that binds her to him who has won her maiden troth, change it for a circlet of the costliest diamonds? Not for worlds!

An Irishman quarrelling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head and let the brains out of his empty skull.