

lon—which I take to be about its value as compared with the corn—one pound of pork will cost $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents, while the cost of raising the poultry, according to my estimate, was $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

It will be noticed that the prices of corn, eggs, poultry and pork were correspondingly low. My poultry did well and so did my hogs—the two hogs averaging over 400 lbs. each, rather better than the average of my neighbors' hogs.

The refuse from the kitchen and dining room of a small family has been about equally divided between hens and hogs, the meat being given exclusively to the hens. Hogs require much less care than poultry. In the winter hens need a warm, light pen, with plenty of room. They also need a variety of food—grains, roots and meat. Oats are useful, unless the hens have access to a barn floor with hay and litter. Sand, gravel, crushed bones, clam or oyster shells, and wood or coal ashes for wallowing in, should be furnished in abundance; also water, not snow nor ice—should be furnished at all times.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

In-door Gardening.

At the present time our stands are "filled" with a single plant; one great white azalea, standing with drooping boughs and its lily-like blossoms, makes a more lovely picture than a dozen colors. Low-growing mosses, little ferns, cyclamens, and blue scillas are, for such, a ground work among the most appropriate. How to keep these things healthy ought not to be difficult. The grand thing for this is to provide a covert! It is perfectly absurd the way in which people think of what they see their plants suffer, wholly forgetful of their acuter sufferings where given up to the tender mercies of housemaids and their brooms; good housemaids doubtless cover up the furniture, but they are the last gardeners to whom I would trust my plants. Fancy the plants—groups of fragile flowers at the point of every spray—and fancy the covering, even though perhaps it is light, thrown over these and resting against or knocking off the petals! The very first step taken towards making flowers last, will, I am sure, be found in something like Chinese lanterns. Great thin paper or transparent linen covers, made up on slender frames, and put over the stands each night a large bell glass. There is always some slight change at night in the temperature of a room, and a plan like this equalizes and confines that air which surrounds the plants. It protects them from dust, and more than all it shelters them from the draughts that are prevalent in the early morning.

This being arranged, a regular morning's task should be to see what plants require water, everything being watered always with warm water. Azaleas in blossom should be daily watered, and sometimes it is practicable to bedew the foliage from the side away from the window, so as a little to refresh the foliage of the undergrowth, without letting water fall on the open blossoms. Sometimes, too, while a

plant is blossoming, there is a sort of gap between two sets of blossoms; with roses and azaleas this very often happens. Then the foliage and buds can have a thorough dewing. The cyclamens, also, in which I so exceedingly delight, derive untold benefit from a proper washing every few days or so. The foliage looks charming when kept so fresh and clean, and a plant I had last November beginning then to blossom, has now got upwards of 30 buds and blossoms still; the scent, too, becoming more and more delightful.

It is a heavy trial, these said cyclamens; they ought to be close to the light; and who can resist having them on the table! However, if anything, they are prettiest by candle light, so it is possible to give them by day the full light they crave, and yet to enjoy them perfectly in the evening. Mine are watered every morning regularly, but never are allowed to be in the least sodden; being lightly potted, the water runs through quickly, and is instantly discontinued. Each plant receives thus about a coffee cupful daily. These plants, however, are standing out, contrary to rule, in flower pots. Violets I find do best treated in exactly the same manner. Neither seem to bear being covered up, or having a steamy atmosphere.

There is something extremely charming to the mind of a window gardener in being able to point to some special plant, and to declare she grew it. New beginners sometimes are, indeed, so tenacious that they quite look down upon buying even seedlings which are ready raised. Still this, by London people who have not got a hot-bed or a heated seed-bed, or any sort of green-house, may fairly be looked upon quite as an advantage, in the case of tender annuals, or other seeds of this kind.

I confess, notwithstanding, my sympathy is with the former class—it so pleasant to have all the work oneself. Nor shall I soon forget a box I had one spring, in which it seemed to me that every seed came up, and which stored my windows afterwards with many delightful flowers. The great thing of course is to sow such seeds as will bear pot culture, and to sow moreover what will do well in the place we live in. In London, it seems to me that plants which grow up most quickly are those that answer best; and then we have to bethink us of the sweet smelling things and also of those that remain long in blossom.

In towns it is a blessing that people are not critical in regard to flowers; everything green and bright finds a most ready welcome, and hence the tangled balconies wreathed with dark tropæolums, and festooned by branches of cobæas and sweet peas, which look so fresh and gay. The seed sowing has two classes. There are the hardy annuals, which ought to be sown directly; sweet peas, mignonette, minor convolvulus, white alyssum, tropæolums, asters, nemophilis, Indian pinks, larkspurs, and stocks, all of which require pots of soil, not quite brimful—the seeds to be scattered thinly, and to be covered about their own depth with some soil or cocoa stuff. Kept moist, but not watered overhead, things come on well in a light and airy place. A frame on the leads, if