

ready to fall on their heads, and there never came a rain-storm but what they were "thoroughly drowned out." What had once been a cellar wall now lay in heaps or scattered loosely around. An old trough, worm-eaten and otherwise gone to decay, received the water from a dug-out spout from a spring near by.

"Why do you not get a new trough there, John?" I said one day, after quenching my thirst in the clear, cold water.

"Oh," said he, in his peculiar, indifferent tone, "that will last a spell yet, and its good enough for me. I'm only a farmer."

John's barns and out-buildings presented the same disorderly, tumble-down appearance. Old shingles and pieces of board supplied the place of glass, and were held in position by stripes of edging, long or short, according to the degree of elevation. The interior of the barn was literally filled with rubbish. Broken pitchforks, headless barrels, the remains of an old fanning mill, and a horse-rake. Around the outside, over the barn-yard, and in the corners of the fence, were scattered fragmentary wagons and sleds. A wheel here, an axle there, a runner in one place, a tongue in another; pieces of board, plank and sticks of timber of all descriptions scattered around, while every conceivable object that could make a place look worthless and run down was found there; yet it was all good enough for John. He was "only a farmer."

He often went to church in the identical same clothes he had worn through the week, his pants crowded in his boots, and his hair guileless of brush or comb. True he did not seek the best pews, or pompously walk the entire length of the broad aisle, but his dress was many times unfit for the house of God, and often caused remarks derogatory to his wife, who was not the least to blame. Those people who are careless in their habits, or untidy in their dress, often bring reproach on their friends and disgrace to themselves.

There are too many "Johns" engaged in farming, instead of cultivating a taste for order and neatness, looking after things just at the time they need attention, spending a few days in each year in ornamenting and laying out their gardens and grounds, keeping their buildings in repair, &c. Instead of this, anything is good enough. "I'm only a farmer."

Let the man bring up the profession, and not wait for the profession to elevate the man.—*American Farmer*.

THE POT ON THE FIRE.

There is one mode of preparing food in the general use in many parts of Europe, which we should do very well more generally to adopt; that is, "gentle simmering." In every, or almost every French household there is the *pot au feu*. This permanent "pot on the fire," after the manner of the old-fashioned "digger," occupies a quite little corner on the stove or fireplace. It can hardly be said to boil, but it simmers on gently, very gently, for hours. There it is the receptacle of many a little bone, whether the trimmings of poultry or butcher's meat it matters not; every little stray fragment of wholesome meat finds its way there. A bit of liver is considered a great improvement,

and any vegetables that happen to be about, add to its pleasant flavor, whether the tops of celery, Jerusalem artichokes—which, *par excellence* make it delicious—or otherwise carrots, turnips, leeks, etc. But supposing it were to be made a together of fresh materials—which, indeed, in France, it rarely is—this would be the proper receipt: Put a gallon of water into a pot; put into this either three or four pounds of shin of beef, or any similar thing. Add to this one onion or two, or some leeks, carrots, or some other vegetable, three or four teaspoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, three cloves. Give it one boil up; skim carefully. Now cover the pot closely, and let it cook gently, for four hours at least. About every hour throw a wine-glassful of cold water into it, to make it clear. Taste; it may require a little more salt or pepper, according to taste. Pour this soup over roasted crusts of bread. Both soup and meat will be found delicious. The whole secret of this lies in the gentle simmering in a covered vessel, whereby the flavor is wholly preserved and nothing is lost.—*Scientific American*.

SUNNY ROOMS.

Every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold Winter months. Great care is taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed if one can secure no other than a north window for her plants she has too much love for these unconscious, inanimate things to keep them at all. She would rather leave them out in the cold to die outright, then linger out a martyr existence in the shade.

Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women who have a fair degree of strength and use of their legs can get out into the world and get a glimpse of the sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so, let them live in rooms with only a northern exposure; but if it is possible, let us secure rooms into which every ray of sunshine that falls in Winter may enter, for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who cannot leave their rooms, and aged people who are too infirm to get out of doors.

Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons if kept in rooms with only north windows will suffer just as much from the absence of sunshine, as green, growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their suffering is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or a fuchsia. Everybody knows how a bright, sunny day in Winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifices if need be in order to give the feeble ones their measure of sunshine.—*Laws of Life*.

HOW TO KEEP CANARY BIRDS.

Many persons have difficulty in keeping their canary-birds in good health. One who is experienced in their care says:—Place the cage so that no draft of air can strike the bird; give nothing to healthy birds but canary and rape-seeds, mixed with water, cuttlefish bone, and gravel on the floor of the cage; also a little water for bathing; the room