

better quality alone, pay all the expenses in two seasons, if not in one. Consider what an advantage it is to have such an excellent cellar, with everything cool and sweet in the summer, and free from frost in winter. Any root cellar, for house purposes alone, ought to be built just the same, but detached from the house, under some shed or other building to keep off the rain; it can be made to communicate with the cellar by a door. The roots, potatoes or turnips can be got into the root house through a trap in the upper part, and thence into the cellar for use by the door of communication. A small ice-house about six feet square, also with a door of communication with the cellar, would be an exquisite luxury, and cost hardly anything to build. Full particulars for building such an ice-house, as it exists attached to my cellar, will be given in some future number. C.

### Earth Closets.

The only positive requisite is the dry earth or dust. A supply is easily shoveled up from the roads in August or September, but if none was secured, and if artificial drying is inconvenient, of if none can be scraped up from sheds, the siftings of coal ashes answer very well, better as a friable divisor than the earth, facilitating the intermixture of the manure with the soil to which it is applied, but perhaps not quite so effectual in retaining all its good qualities. But these will not escape if the ashes are used in sufficient abundance to absorb all the liquid without becoming saturated with it. A common tinful of this very dry ashes or dust poured after every use of the seat, will effectually prevent everything offensive to either sight or smell. It is best received on the ground, as if any wooden receptacle is used it will absorb some of the liquids, and as the dust cannot follow them into the wood, the latter will soon become offensive. And it is more convenient to shovel the harmless compost off the surface of the soil than to lift it out in a wooden box. I have seen plans of self-working seats much simpler than those of Mr. Moule, but it seems scarcely worth while to take the space necessary to describe them, when an old tin cup answers perfectly and conveniently.—*Country Gentleman.*

### A Working Dress for Farmers' Wives and Daughters.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I trust my fair friends will pardon me if I draw attention through your journal to a matter of domestic interest, which I think deserves more notice than is usually accorded it—namely, the every-day dress of our farmers' wives and daughters. Many of our farmers' daughters are trying to follow city fashions regarding dress, to an extent beyond what is advisable for their own good, or the comfort of others. How often does it occur when they (the girls) are called upon during

the forenoon, or while engaged in house work during the after part of the day, that visitors are kept waiting for an unpardonable length of time in some gloomy-looking room into which they have been ushered, though the callers may only have some trifling business which would take but a few minutes to attend to; yet the parties must wait, no matter what haste they may be in. When the girls do come, they are dressed to perfection, and certainly it would be cruel then for the callers to leave immediately after they did their little errand, considering the time and trouble which it has taken to make the girls "fit to be seen."

Now, Sir, do you not think so much dressing is needless for farmers' daughters just for receiving callers. To be sure, many girls are not "fit to be seen" in the dress in which they do their house work; it is so dirty and ragged, and worn so slovenly, that it is no wonder that they are ashamed if thus caught. But might not a dress be devised which would be both neat in appearance and convenient for working, in which the girls could perform their household duties and receive callers during the forenoon. Perhaps the girls are ashamed of being caught at work, hence do not like to be seen in their working dress; but they have no more reason to be ashamed of work or their dress than farmers' sons; and the boys hardly ever run and hide in the stable or barns when a lady appears in sight, but generally are glad to meet them, though it be in their working dress. The mechanic does not feel ashamed if met in his working clothes by a young lady; nor does the plough-boy apologise for his dress if caught by half a dozen ladies. I like to see the ladies dressed neatly; but why dress in such extremes, sometimes in dirt and rags, then in silks and satins? Again, so much precious time is lost both to the callers and the called, while very often it is a great inconvenience to both parties, but more especially to the callers. I hope the hint will be taken, as it is meant, in good part, and trust that some abler correspondent, perhaps of the other sex, will take up the subject.

York.

CULTIVATEUR.

A young Portland woman, recently married received from a gentleman friend a large corn broom as a wedding present, accompanying which was the following piece of poetry:

"This trifling gift accept from me;  
Its use I'd recommend,  
In sunshine use the brushy part.  
In storms the other end."

A very fine dressing for the hair may be made by mixing good pure glycerine with rosewater, one part of the former to three of the latter. Another has been found to make the hair soft and moist, and to retain these properties for some time. This consists of the white of eggs mixed with equal parts of alcohol, or used without the alcohol. After applying it the hair should be thoroughly washed with warm water.

**PROTECTION OF WOOD FROM FIRE.**—Wood-work is protected from fire by being painted with a mixture consisting of 5 parts of alum, 7 parts of rye-meal paste, and 30 parts of previously washed, i.e., finely divided clay. This mixture is used for woodwork not exposed to the open air. For woodwork so exposed, a mixture is used consisting of 2½ parts of crystallized sal ammoniac, 1 part of white vitriol (commercial sulphate of zinc), 2 parts of joiners' glue, 20 parts of zinc white, and 30 parts of water. These mixtures have been found to prevent wood bursting into flame on ignition, and to greatly delay its destruction even when severe fires are raging.

## Poetry.

### WHICH?

"Which shall it be; which shall it be?"  
I looked at John—John looked at me,  
(Dear patient John who loves me yet,  
As well as though my locks were jet,)  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;  
"Tell me again what Robert said!"  
And then I listening bent my head.  
"This is his letter:

"I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye is given."  
I looked at John's old garments worn,  
I thought of all that John had borne,  
Of poverty, and work and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this:

"Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;  
Ere the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down in a loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."  
We stooped beside the trundle bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair!  
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek  
A tear undried Ere John could speak,  
"He's tut a baby yet," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by,  
Pete, patient Robbie's angel face,  
Still in his sleep, bore suffering's trace;  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.  
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,  
Turbulent, restless, idle one—  
Could he be spared! "Nay, he who gave,  
Bid us befriend him to the grave:  
Only a mother's heart can be  
Patient enough for such as he.  
And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To send him from her bedside prayer."  
Then stole we softly up above,  
And knelt by Mary, child of love,  
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"  
I said to John. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in wilful way.  
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."  
The while my heart beat audibly.  
Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—  
So like his father. "No, John, no—  
I cannot, will not, let him go."  
And so we wrote in courteous way,  
We could not drive one child away;  
And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,  
Happy in that not one dear face  
We missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!