

Moneyworth is also a good trailer, but is prettiest among other plants. All these are of easy culture. If given much water, morning and evening, they will delight you with their constant growth. If these are too many in a home where work must lead and pleasure follow, two or three varieties in a single basket or a little hanging garden will become a thing of beauty, and give more pleasure than many a costly adornment.

Any of these vines are exceedingly desirable for the lawn, for trellises or over rock work, or in rustic vases or lawn baskets. These may be made of branches of trees interwoven with grape vines, bound with moss, then filled with earth, and they are exceedingly appropriate for a country garden where all these materials are just at hand. In these may be grown several varieties. The *dracuna* is very showy in the centre of large vases or lawn baskets. Around this set verbenas, with here and there a bright pansy; and about the edge set trailing plants. If you wish vines for baskets with handles, naturally, a is excellent. One such basket will do more for its possessor, if well cared for, than a whole garden of neglected flowers. These are as easily grown as the common kind. A very attractive basket may also be made of wire, lined with moss, filled with ferns, wild plantain and *lycopodium* from the forest. These will grow all summer with a little care, in any shady corner of your rooms, and send up long, graceful, drooping fronds much larger than those first planted. In such a basket place a bunch of pansies or forget-me-nots and you will have one of the loveliest ornaments imaginable.

An Open-air Aviary.

I have surprised many of my friends, says a writer to the *English Live Stock Journal*, with the number of tame birds I have flying about my garden here in Twickenham. Many say, "Wherever did you get such pretty birds from? and how did you tame them?" Firstly, then, I must tell you how I win them from their usual haunts—trees. I have a long piece of wire fastened to the lattice, close to my dining-room window, and from thence carried to a neighboring tree: from this wire I suspend a hooked stick, with two or three pins sticking out at different parts, on which I fasten nuts. At first, the stick was hung close to the tree, and then, by degrees, moved nearer the window, till at last it almost hangs in the room. The visitors to this stick are the great Ox-eyed Tit, the Coby, and our lovely little friend the Blue or Tomet; and it is rare fun to see how they will fight for a nibble of the sweet kernel: poor little Tom finds his master in the Ox-eye, but nevertheless struggles bravely for his share. These little birds are so tame now, and look out every morning for their breakfast, that I may say they come at my call, and take not the slightest notice of my near presence.

I have a robin that feeds out of my mouth, and will follow me all round the garden. I tamed him by occasionally throwing him that greatest of all delicacies to Master Bob—a few meal-worms—and now he never refuses one from any of my friends who are not too squeamish to put one between their lips. Then, again, I have the Nuthatch, and that is the great attraction, I suppose, because so few people know there is such a bird. They come down on to a little rustic table, and crack *Barcelonas* under our very noses; it took me some time to get them so close to the house, but eventually I succeeded.

Of course, Blackbirds, Thrushes, Sparrows, Chaffinches, &c. abound where they are regularly fed; and I never mind losing a little fruit in the summer, when I think of the great amusement the depredators have given us during the winter months.

I can safely say, with a very little trouble, any one living in the suburbs of London would soon find out a fund of amusement for his family and friends by carrying out the above instructions.

WHILE CANADIAN FARMERS are mentally digesting plans for exterminating the Colorado beetle on its next appearance; and their confreres of the Northern, Western and Middle States are supplementing these contrivances by others, to meet the incursions of the grasshopper; Nevada now comes to the front with its grievance in the shape of a rabbit plague, which is said to be sweeping over that and the adjoining territories, after the manner of the Egyptian frogs of old. Last summer the pests consumed, in one district alone, over sixty acres of barley, besides large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables; and similar ravages are reported from several of the regions surrounding. The remedy adopted is both energetic and effective. Grand hunting expeditions are formed, whole neighborhoods sometimes joining in the pursuit, and the animals are shot down as they appear. Their numbers may be imagined from the fact that early in February, eight hundred and fifty-six were shot inside of four days, within an area of but a few miles, and with only eight shot guns. Advices from another ranch at Grass Valley also report over three thousand to have been killed since last July. Our neighbors may justly boast that they can now beat creation in this respect as well as in the matters of Boston jubilees and Chicago fires.

Humoring Animal Whims.

A correspondent to the *Agricultural Gazette* offers the following sensible observations:—Most people, at some period or other of their lives, have read Miss Edgeworth's pretty little story with this title; yet the principle which underlies it is still far from being commonly recognised. A man has a yard of bullocks, or a sty full of pigs. He has his orders; if above the average, he acts on these; if of a higher order still, he notices and sees that, good as a rule may be as a general rule, there are frequently, among numbers, exceptional cases which require the rule to be modified for them. With livestock the difference between profit and loss lies as often as not in the having a supervisor who knows when to enforce, or when to suspend a rule. In a yard of bullocks there is often one which, for some undiscoverable cause is obnoxious to the rest. These persecute it; and cause it to lose instead of gaining day by day. Out with it! if quick preparation for the butcher is your object. There is no help for it; one cannot enforce toleration upon quadrupeds; their masters have not yet acquired the lesson. The same beast, boxed apart, will thrive at once—become a weekly increase and not a weekly pull-back. Or some one or other of the cattle will not eat his cake, or his roots; it will probably be found his teeth are out of order; and that cake broken finer, or roots cut smaller, are needed; but careless feeders only curse the stubbornness of the brute; go on as usual, and leave it to take its chance. This generally means wasting, if not death. Or some difficulty of digestion makes one bullock ill to please; and the feeder, like Mrs. Gamp with her patients, won't see that it is her business "to be particular to a feature," and continues treating all alike, till serious disease has become established. With pigs such irregularities are frequent. One requires his food mixed thin, and will then drink it down freely, and thrive. Another eats best when the food is in lumps; and then fills itself quickly and lies down to fatten. A brainless feeder treats both the same; and half the profit is lost, for lack of observation. A man, with eyes, parts the pair and feeds each to his taste. It can never be too frequently repeated that the eye of the owner is needed, not merely daily, but several times a day, if grazing is to pay. And respect for individual peculiarities—hard enough to get recognised among men, for men—is absolutely required if a lot of animals are to yield the maximum of profit, or the minimum of loss. As fools are the most intolerant towards folly, so brutish men are most opposed to humoring the whims of brutes. Such whims will generally pay for humoring.

Poor Rest in Feather Beds.

If the labouring man's rest is not in all cases as sweet as it ought to be, very probably the fault may be his own, or mayhap that of his helpmeet who, in her commendable zeal to enhance the home attractions by substantial comforts, chooses these latter sometimes "not wisely but too well." There was a legend prevalent amongst the early settlers of Eastern Canada to the effect that a white man and an Indian once ran a race, of twenty-four hours duration, on skates. The goal having been reached, each betook himself to rest, the white man on a comfortable feather bed, the Indian on a skin spread out upon the hard floor. Next morning the latter arose refreshed, but the other was dead. This may or may not be true; it is not at all improbable; but on the contrary, quite consistent with sanitary rules. Feather beds, with all their plastic qualities and venerable associations, should be avoided by those engaged in active bodily exercise during the day. There is no rest for such in them at any time, nor indeed for any one whatever in the warm summer time. On this point a correspondent to the *Technologist* very shrewdly observes:—The cackling of the goose is said to have saved Rome. The feathers of the same bird are dealing death to America. We are reminded of this as the summer approaches, and the hospitality of rural friends occasionally introduces us to the "feather bed," which has come down an heirloom in the family for five generations. It is a capacious bag, holding some thirty or forty pounds of good, honest goose feathers, plucked a hundred years ago, and held in high esteem by succeeding generations, until it has come into the possession of the present incumbent of the old homestead. Underneath this feather bed is the straw bed, filled annually with clean, sweet oat straw. This relieves the pressure upon the bed cords, which are annually tightened at the spring house-cleaning with the old-fashioned winch and pin until the tense cord makes music to the stroke of the hand. This feather bed was a tolerable institution in the days of log houses, with the free ventilation of a big fireplace and rifts in the roof through which the wind whistled and the snow drifted in every winter storm. But now, with tight houses, and stoves that heat everything from cellar to garret, the case is altered. No amount of airing and sunlight will permanently redeem the bed from the odor of old feathers, which is anything but agreeable, and the more atrocious effete animal matter that has escaped from the sleepers that have sought repose here for generations past. Think now of John Giles coming in from his day's work in the

field, where he has been following the plough or driving the mower or reaper, his body all day long in a vapor bath, to repeat the process in the night watch as he stretches his weary limbs upon this unpurged perspirator. Here he tries to sleep, but wakes often from fitful dreams, and tosses as if a fever were raging in his veins. Is it any wonder that he rises from unrefreshing sleep with the early dawn, that he grows lean and cadaverous, and becomes cross and dyspeptic? The poor wife who shares his couch, has possibly, in addition to his discomforts, the care of a nursing child. Is it any wonder that she comes to the morning more dead than alive? Is it any wonder that so large a per cent. of the inmates of our lunatic asylums come from our farms? The old proverb that "the rest of the laboring man is sweet," needs to be received with several grains of allowance. There is not much sweetness or refreshment on this pile of feathers in the sweltering summer nights. It is surprising to see how long it takes modern improvements to invade the agricultural districts, even with the help of railroads and newspapers. Hair mattresses and spring beds are unknown luxuries in many of these districts where the civilization is at least two hundred years old. "The age of home-spun," supposed by some of our brilliant writers to have departed fifty years ago, is still continued in almost unbroken force. Something cool and soft to sleep on and under, is still a desideratum in most farm-houses. The apology for feather beds and cotton-quilted comfortables is not poverty, but convenience of manufacture. The feathers are a home product, and a tea-drinking makes the quilts and comfortables. Yet John Giles owns his farm, is out of debt, has a good bank account, owns railroad stock, and could have mattresses, fine linen, and blankets if he understood their comfort and economy. Where are our advertisers of good beds and bedding?

"Only a Livery Rig."

"Twenty six miles, and only two hours and thirty three minutes out—a pretty fair run on the whole!" The speaker was a young man, of pleasing exterior, dressed in the neat but rugged habiliments suited to the demands of a sharp Canadian spring morning. His appearance generally; the "get up" of the animals he drove, and of the iron-cased trunks with which his vehicle was loaded, and which at every jolt threatened to burst their bands and disclose to the astonished gaze of the crows, squirrels, and other denizens of the surrounding forest "samples in the latest styles," etc.,—all bespoke him the Commercial Traveller.

"Only six miles to C—, why, will get there by dinner time" he continued, as, simultaneously with replacing his watch, he swung the villainous whalebone whip sharply round his head and uttering the remark which heads this article, brought its keen, switching point, once, twice, thrice, with almost cutting severity on the already welled flanks of the animals in front of him. For a moment or two the effect was apparent. The poor jaded brutes made a spasmodic forward movement, evidently, however, more with the intention of getting further from the source of pain than from any remaining ambition of a nature akin to that which actuated them at the first setting out. "Only a Livery Rig," and again the whip was brought into requisition, accompanied this time by several severe jerks of the reins which had the effect of very materially deepening the color of the foam which subsequently fell, or was shaken from, the clanking bits, and, like flakes of crimson snow, dotted the reeking withers of the willing but exhausted team. A few more such inflictions, the last few of which were responded to by an impatient twitch of the muscles or a weary switch of the tail, and the stable is reached; the poor "Livery Horse" gets his accustomed quota (one gallon) of oats; the thoughtless driver his usual supply of the good things of this life, and the journey is resumed.

The foregoing is no mere fancy sketch, but the result of everyday observation; and although for the purpose of illustration, we have individualized the Commercial Traveller, we by no means charge this class with being the only sinners in the matter. The indictment takes a very much wider range, and embraces in fact, delinquents from every rank of society. We have known ladies of the highest culture and respectability, thoughtlessly no doubt, err in this respect, and even ministers of the Gospel "they have been kenned in" anything but "holy rapture," to apply the lash with an unctious creditable, if not to their hearts, at least to their muscular development.

"A Livery Horse?" Yes, but a horse nevertheless, and for that matter, wonderful to relate, possessed of the same sensibilities, and as keenly susceptible to feelings of pleasure or pain, as the pampered pibald of "Her Royal Highness," or the prancing thoroughbred of "My Lord, Duke!" The fact is—to the shame of our boasted latter day civilization be it said—that there lives in our midst a certain class, or rather individuals from almost every class, who seem to regard the horse, and especially the "Livery Horse," as a sort of animated target, especially designed and bestowed by Providence for testing the efficacy of whiplashes, and the potency of starvation. The whip to such is neither more nor less than what a certain polished lever is supposed to be in the hands of a locomotive engineer—simply an appliance for "putting on steam;" whilst the stereotyped "gallon of oats" is, by a somewhat parallel