

Bulbous-Rooted Flowers.

This class of flowers are of great beauty, easy of culture, and many of them are adapted for window culture and blooming. A want of knowledge as to the proper time has been a hindrance to their general introduction into our flower gardens. We have often known seedsmen and florists to receive orders in the spring for bulbs that should be planted in the fall, and which, if taken up and sold to the purchaser in the spring would be sure to perish; and we hope that all lovers of flowers will bear in mind that the fall is the proper time to plant bulbs.

The most of bulbs are grown in Holland, where soil, climate, and cheap labor render their production much less expensive than it would be here. For this reason our florists annually import them from that country, and have them on hand, ready or their customers, in time for planting at the proper season.

Those who wish to have a bed of these beautiful fragrant flowers should choose if possible a window that looks towards the south. Most of them delight in all the sunlight and sun-heat we can give them. They prefer a rich moist sandy loam, drained well, and free from all stagnant water in the soil. Those who are willing to take the trouble to prepare a soil by gathering together a few wheel-barrow loads of sod from an old pasture every summer, and stacking them in some out-of-the-way-corner, in alternate layers of sod and cow-manure, will secure the best dressing for these and all other flowers, that they can have.

This also is the best soil for pots, if it is desired to grow any of the bulbs in the house, adding to it enough sand to make it lighter. To those who are unacquainted with the names of the different bulbs, we would recommend the following:—Hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, lilies, narcissus, and crown imperials.

October is the best time for planting, though it can be done at any time before the ground freezes. The larger bulbs—as hyacinths, tulips and narcissus—should be set four inches deep and six apart; the smaller bulbs—as crocus and snowdrops—not quite so deep. As soon as the ground begins to freeze, and where the snow cannot be relied upon for a covering, a light covering of leaves or straw, held down by a few sticks so as not to be blown off, and thick enough to prevent the frost from penetrating into the beds.

When grown in pots, select six-inch for the size and plant one in each pot of the large bulbs and three or four of the small bulbs. When potted the top of the bulb should just appear above the soil and the earth be about half an inch from the rim. When done potting, let them be taken to a dark, cool cellar, free from frost, the soil kept moist until the pot is filled with roots, which can be ascertained by placing the left hand over the top of the pot, inverting it and then hitting the rim smartly against the edge of the table so as to knock the ball of earth loose from the pot, when the pot can be gently lifted with the right hand enough to see whether the white roots have run through the soil. When they have filled the earth with roots they are ready to be removed into the room where they are to bloom, giving them plenty of light, and not colder than 50 degrees at night and not more than 75 by day. They will now begin to show leaves, and will require more water, and will soon astonish you with their beauty and fragrance.

Hyacinths may be grown either in pots or glasses; if glasses are preferred, ask for "Hyacinth Glasses," which can be obtained from the florist, of various patterns; or instead of glasses is a turnip or carrot, hollowed out so as to hold the bulb and sufficient water below it. By hollowing

out the root in such a way as to leave a part of the crown in a circle around the hyacinth, the leaves will grow up out of its root and conceal the bulb, producing a pleasing effect. The glass or hollowed root should be filled with water just so that the



bottom of the bulb may touch the water; rain water is preferred. Bulbs flowered in water will not bloom the next year, and are usually thrown away when done flowering; those planted in earth are good for years.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently—love doth whisper low,
The vows that true hearts bind!
And gently friendship's accents flow:
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may.
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To bend men's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—Again the holiday season has expired, and many of you must turn your attention to school at the ring of the nine o'clock bell. It is a sad mistake with some farmers to suppose their sons and daughters do not need to be educated. The farmer without education sinks to a mere drudge, and can never hope to attain an equal position with other professions. The uneducated farmer wonders why his sons and daughters wish to leave the farm to choose other occupations. The reason is obvious—they do not want to be kept a century behind the times. But why should farmers' sons and daughters not be well educated? To the intelligent, the farm holds out far more delightful inducements than any trade. Cultivate a taste for reading, and reflect and observe the thoughts of others. The boy or girl who wishes to make their mark in this age must use all their faculties.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.**81—ENIGMA.**

I'm kept by every king and queen,
Duke and baron, peasant, dean;
Lords and ladies prize me too,
I'm admired by them as well as you.
I'm high, I'm low, I'm short, I'm long;
I'm thin, I'm thick, I'm weak, I'm strong;
I'm plain, I'm fancy, and handsome, too;
For comfort sake I'm used by you.
I am found in every place you roam,
Whether mountain, valley, or at home.
I please at times, at others tease;
I cause you pain, I give you ease.
Abuse me not and I'm your friend,
And I'll take you to your journey's end.

82—CHARADE.

My first was well known to the misers of old,
'Twas oft filled with silver, and sometimes with gold;
It is not a coffer, nor is it a trunk,
But if you can't guess it, don't think it is "sunk;"
For though, I dare say, it was often done that to,
To find out this puzzle 'twill not give a clue.

My second is eaten by monkeys and apes,
They are all sorts of sizes and all sorts of shapes,
And at a particular time of the year
They are eaten in liquor, but not sour beer,
At a time when turkeys, plum-puddings, mince-
pies,
Float in young brains and before little eyes.

My whole is the fruit of a fine old tree,
Growing in clusters of one, two and three.
They are gathered by school boys, who like to
have larks,
They are found in thick groves and in shady old
parks.

Now, this puzzle is very easy,
And you may have no doubt,
That if you take pains
You will soon find it out.

EDITH BESSIE SALAMAN, (aged 13½ years.)
Clifton Villa, Lower Norwood, England.

83—GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A small country in the west of Europe.
A large peninsula in the south of Asia.
A county in Connaught, Ireland.
A high mountain in Europe.
A town in Suffolk.
A river in Egypt.
A river in the north of India.
A town in Lunburg, Belgium.
A town in South Australia.
An island in the east of Africa.

The initials and finals read downwards form the names of two of the chief towns in England.

M. S. B.

84—BURIED TOWNS.

- 1.—The air is soft, the sun shines bright
On the rippling of the channel light;
And o'er the sea, so far and wide,
The sails of ships, like white swans, glide.
- 2.—Truly on silk-worms rests the fame
Of this town. Can you guess its name?