


Biddy has to occupy. And of course, Biddy don't care. Habit, which has lately been so ingeniously treated of by the inimitable John B. Gough, has settled her ideas in that respect, and she crawls into her nest at night and out of it in the morning about as careless and unconcerned as a pig.

Of course somebody is ready to "wonder if anybody thinks they're going to furnish their servant's rooms in style?" Oh, no, not by any means, dear madam, but if you wish to do a little good in the world, as so many often wish, here is a right fine chance of it. If the room that Biddy has to occupy is very small, so much the more need of having the articles in it stowed away in order and compactness. A neat housekeeper will make it a rule to have no place in her house which cannot be seen without causing a blush to rise to her cheek after one o'clock in the afternoon. She will also make it a point to know whether the servant's rooms are likewise in order. She can awaken their interest in the matter, teach them that this is their domicile, (just as every one likes to have a little dominion somewhere,) and it will not be difficult for a housekeeper of any length of time to find something which she has no use for but which would enliven and improve Biddy's room very much, and waken in the girl's brain two or three ideas which will certainly benefit her and be of no detriment to her mistress.

There may also be some poor orphan boy in the house—here is a chance for doing good—fix up his sleeping nest a little so that it will look less cheerless, place a book where he will see it, and let it be of a title that will interest him; it will perhaps keep him from seeking company out of doors evenings. In this way you can write on the bare walls of a room more than perhaps you would say otherwise if you had the opportunity of being with and talking with them. They may not think of it till you begin the work, but once begun it will not pass unnoticed, and will be a little mite thrown into the great sea of little deeds of goodness which float among each other in harmony, singing like sea shells.

ABOUT CELLAR KITCHENS.

N cities, where building room is estimated higher than human life, and where uppercrust gentility keeps domestic labor inague-breeding basements, the "poor lungs" do become familiar with all sorts of noxious gases—

moral and otherwise, and it is no wonder the Great Destroyer is always supplied with recruits.


Some years ago, before we moved to our home in Hazel Dell, we had a cellar kitchen to our house, where it was said we could wash, make soap, and do such like dirty work. In this we soon got in the habit of cooking and eating breakfast "just to save the litter," and then when poor mother got feeble and not able to run up and down stairs so much, we took all our meals there, till finally Pa said such a musty cavern was not fit for man or beast. Then he put up a nice kitchen, on a level with the dining room floor, and we left the cellar to the joint occupancy of Puss and the rats.

About the same time my pet pony began to have weak eyes, and when I galloped her half a mile, she would tremble all over like a leaf; when before she would canter all the way to the Dell farm—six miles—and still be as lively as a cricket. Pa said it was nothing in the world but being kept in an underground stable, and it took some months after, before she was herself again.

It was just so with our Sunday School, which used to meet in the *a-basement* of the church. Many times after we had been sitting for an hour, the cold chills would creep all over us, and some of the children took the ague and were down sick. Our Superintendent finally concluded that such *earthly* associations were not calculated to promote a growth in grace, and we abandoned the mouldy place altogether.

Some people think that underground rooms are a sort of necessary evil, but I regard them as poor POE did a certain kind of verses, in which sense must be sacrificed to rhythm, and of which he declared, it was a contingency which should *never happen*. I am opposed to cellar kitchens in every shape, whether under dwellings, barns or churches. SUN BONNET.

ABOUT TIGHT BARN.

OW is the time for farmers to make observations in regard to the best barn for preserving hay from January to May. I consider it of very little importance whether the barn be close or open through the haying season, but I *do* consider it of the utmost importance, that the barn should be as tight as possible as soon as the fall and winter winds begin to blow. I have got in hay so green that it would