

acre of ground thrown out to the public for a cow to graze upon. You could not get a stick of wood, although in a well wooded country, without paying for it. You could not get a pint of milk, or even of buttermilk, unless you paid the money for it.

I have worked for nearly all the various grades of wages, and supported a family since I was quite young. I know how to live, and I have taught my brethren here how to live, and I know how many of them do live. But you may take a hardworking man, one earning good wages, and though he carries an abundance into his house, his wife may sit there and toss it out again. You will find that much depends upon the economy of women, in regard to the living of the poorer class of the people—of the laboring class. For instance, let a man buy ten pounds of fresh meat and carry it home, in the morning the wife will cook up, perhaps, four or five pounds of that meat for the breakfast of the man, the wife, and a little child. To begin with, it is often cooked very badly, not properly seasoned, smoked up, part of it burnt, and the rest raw, so that they cannot eat much of it; and there is a great platter full left that cannot be eaten, and the uncooked portion has probably been neglected until it is spoiled, and thus nearly the whole is wasted.

Sisters, if you do not believe this, many of you go home and remember what you cooked this morning, and see the platters full, and the plates full, and the little messes standing here and there. By-and-by it is not fit to eat, and it is finally thrown out of door. Is this true? It is. The reason I say so is because I see it with my own eyes. You may wish to know where I see it. Among some of my neighbors where I visit, among some of my own family, and in many places where I go.

If a man is a good husband, and

knows how to live, let him teach his wife how to cook the food he provides, as I have some of my wives, more or less, notwithstanding I have some excellent cooks; but I do not think that I have one but what I can teach in the art of cooking some particular varieties of food, for I have at times been obliged to pay considerable attention to this matter. And when I go into a house, I can soon know whether the woman is an economical housekeeper or not; and if I stay a few days, I can tell whether a husband can get rich or not. If she is determined on her own course, and will waste and spoil the food entrusted to her, that man will always be poor.

Some women will set emptyings in the morning, and let them stand until they sour, and mix up the flour with them, and sweeten it with saleratus, and then knead it ready for baking; and if sister Somebody comes in, they will sit down and begin to talk over old times, and the first they know is, the bread is sour: "Dear me, I forgot all about that bread," and into the oven she puts it, and builds up a large fire, and again sits down to visiting with her neighbor, and before she thinks of the loaf, there is a crust burnt on it from a quarter to half an inch in thickness. So much of the bread is spoiled; there goes one quarter of the flour; it is wasted, and the bread is sour and disagreeable to eat; and the husband comes home and looks sour, and is sour, as well as the bread. He finds fault, and that makes the wife grieve, and there are feelings and unhappiness and dissatisfaction in the family. The husband may be a good man, and the wife may be a good woman, and try to please her husband, and to do as much as the old lady did, who said, "It was impossible for her to please her husband in baking bread; for if it was half dough, he did not like it; and if it was half burnt up, he scolded about it."