

it to the cow, and sit down and milk her yourself, unless your wife is a good hand to milk, and can attend to it better and more conveniently than you can; in that case, let her do the milking, but do not set six or eight years' old children to stripping the cows.

Purchase cows, for if we have not already supplied you with cows, we are able and willing to do so. Most, if not all, have already been furnished with cows. What did you do with the calves? "We sold them for a trifle." Why did you not raise them? Do you not know that they would very soon be valuable? No, but you waste your calves, neglect buying pigs, and live without milk, and many of the easily procured comforts of life. Is there any necessity for this? No, there is not, if people will try to use a little economy.

Go round this city now, and probably you will not see one garden out of twenty, even where men have lived here four or five years, that has a single fruit tree growing in it. Have they set out anything? Yes, some cottonwoods; but they would not set out a peach tree, if you would give it to them. In many lots there is not a fruit tree, or currant bush, or anything to produce the little necessities to make a family comfortable.

If I lived as I used to, I would have my cow, and she would give milk, and would not stray off; for I would always have a little handful of food to give her when she came up at night; I would also feed her a little in the morning, and at night she would come for more. I would keep my pig in the pen, and have a few fowls to lay eggs. I would raise my own pork, and in the spring I would not have to run to the Public Works and say, "I have not anything to eat."

It is a shame that men and women do not pay more attention to the prin-

ciples of economy in living. They want to have money to go to market and buy everything ready made. They want to have somebody feed them. I have thought, many times, that some persons would not be satisfied, unless we baked plum puddings, and roasted beef for them, and then fed them while they were lounging in big easy chairs; and still perhaps they would think that they were ill treated, if we did not chew the meat for them.

I worked hard when I first gathered with the Saints. I had to walk two miles to my labor, and the sun seldom, if ever, shone on my work before I had my tools in my hands and busily engaged; and I rarely laid down my tools so long as I could see to use them. In the morning I would get up and feed my cow and milk her, and do the other outdoor chores while my wife would be preparing breakfast. My pig was in the pen, and I would gather a little here and a little there, and a day would not pass without its having sufficient food. Why do you not think of these things? Because you will not.

Sisters, if you cannot properly attend to your bread making, and manage to not let any more flour be wasted, tie a string round one of your fingers so tight that it will hurt you, and every time you think of the string, think of what brother Brigham tells you. When the emptyings are in the flour, think of the string, also when the bread is put in the oven; and if you are still afraid that you will forget, tie the string a little tighter. And after your bread is beautifully baked, do not let a crumb of it be wasted.

When your husband brings home meat, exercise sufficient judgment to enable you to cook such portion as will be eaten, which is far better than so much placed upon the table that a large part of it will be wasted. Then take care of that which remains uncooked, put a little salt upon it, and