

her welcome along. One may tire of the sweetest singing, of the loveliest poetry, of the finest painting, and the most witty conversation, but of good cooking never. Yet I will be sorry to have you contented to be only a cook, only a domestic machine. That is not my intention. Be artist, poet, inventor and well-bred woman; be the most and best that you can, and add, as a matter of course, ability to keep house well and to do all that good housekeeping includes.—*S. S. Times.*

How to Prepare Feathers for Use.

Make bags of coarse unbleached cloth—one to contain the geese and ducks feathers, and the others for chickens and turkeys feathers. When plucking the poultry cut off the wings first; and if not needed for dusters strip off the feathers from the parts nearest the body, and then peel off the feathery part from the quill, but take care that no skin or flesh adheres to any of the feathers. Put the bags into a brick oven, if you are the fortunate possessor of one, and keep them there, excepting when the oven is used for baking purposes—taking them out into the wind occasionally, and beating them with a stick. When you have collected enough to fill a pillow, cut the shape you desire out of bed-ticking, and stitch it round on the wrong side with coarse, well-waxed thread, leaving a small space at the top to put in the feathers. Now lay it on a table, and rub over it on the wrong side a piece of beeswax, just warmed a little, so that it will besmear the ticking. If you cannot obtain the beeswax, common yellow soap will do as well.

If you do not wish to use the feathers either for pillows or sofa cushions, they can be put into beds that have become a little empty. The geese and duck feathers make the best beds, but the mixed feathers do well for cushions. If any of the skin or flesh adheres to the feathers they will have a putrid odor, which may seem to be an unsurmountable objection to their use; but if after a family wash is finished the bag, tied up closely at the neck, is put into the boiler of soap-suds and boiled a few moments, moving it about with the clothes stick, and lifting it up and down and squeezing it out a few times, and is then taken out and hung in the air, and shaken hard, for several days, when the feathers become dry they will be light and free from any bad smell; and they can now be put into the oven, and thus kept from moths and be always ready for use.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opellet, and is about as large as the German aster, with a great many long petals of a light-green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opellet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But these beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy lips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms uncloset and wave again in the water.

Poor Girls.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women upon earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich, as well as the poor, require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

Hope.

Hope is comfort in distress,
Hope is in misfortune bliss,
Hope in sorrow is delight,
Hope is day in darkest night.
Nor wonder at this riddling knot,
For hope is everything which she is not.

Hope, though slow she be and late,
Yet outruns swift Time and Fate,
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.
Hope, though she die,
Immortal is,
And in fruition fruit doth fairer rise.

May Memories.

Swiftly wound the silver river
Where the grass grew deep,
Through the mystic shade and silence
That the woodlands keep;
Underneath the chestnuts straying
(Trembling fans o'erhead),
With the creamy blossoms playing,
How my bright hours sped!

As a dream when one awaketh
Seems to me that day,
Chestnut blossoms, gliding river,
Fairland of May!
City walls close in behind me,
Summer joys are o'er;
Where the sunshine used to find me
I shall stray no more!

Other hands will pull the blossoms,
Cones of pink and white;
Mine are worn with daily labor,
Tired from morn till night.
Still I muse, but not in sadness,
On those bygone days;
Here my Autumn hath its gladness—
Worth a thousand Mays!

Tell-Tale Lips.

I have noticed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness or a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it cannot in the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose on them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, and the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a greater irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling earnestness; of a sharp sorrow, or full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad luster into the heavens.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Geraniums.

Last November I pulled from the earth a large scarlet Geranium, together with my double one, tied strings around them and hung them in the cellar, which, by the way, is a very dry one. In March I took them up leafless, to all appearance dead, put them in some common earth and kept them moist; they soon showed life and came out very well. Transferred them to tubs for growing flowers in my grounds, I think the last of May; they began to bloom immediately, and have had a profusion of flowers ever since, and a burhel basket would not cover one of them. I think there is nothing better for them than hen manure and plaster. If the cellar is very damp, put the geraniums in boxes of sand through the winter. Some questions were asked about the amaryllis. One year ago last fall a friend sent me one not looking very nicely, I put it in the cellar and said, go to sleep till I call for you. In March, as usual, I brought it out, not looking very well I assure you, but I watered it up and it soon bloomed; then I let it rest awhile, merely keeping life in it, then again watering well, and it bloomed again. It has now its third bloom, one stalk of six beautiful flowers.—*F. C. Y., in Floral Cabinet.*

This mode of preserving geraniums is very important, for by it we get a class of large, well rooted plants, which, if cut back close in the spring, send up a number of stalks and branches which give quite a profusion of foliage and flowers, and are therefore splendid for forming a massed bed. We say to all our readers, not only save all of your own plants, but give your neighbors who allow their plants to stand and kill down, and get theirs also, and you will have a stock of plants next spring to start a bed that will give you a mass of foliage.—*Recorder.*

"There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbe, "women and roses." Lessing exclaims:—"Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourbon says:—"The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Thackeray writes:—"A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says:—"Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good." Voltaire exclaims:—"All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Lamartine asserts that "women have more heart imagination than men." Otway exclaims:—"Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper men. We had been brutes without you." Burns says:—

God tried his novice hand on man
And then he made the lasses, oh!

How to Make Children Happy.

Give your children a love for nature. It was our favored lot to be brought up by a loving, intelligent, Christian mother, and never shall we cease to feel gratitude to her memory for the many pleasant hours her early lessons have insured us. From childhood we were trained to admire and love natural objects. What an ovation was performed in honor of the first violet, and what a joyous discovery it was to espy the first pale primrose of the season! Even after long years of sorrow and trial, a thrill of happiness returns at the recollection of these innocent pleasures; of the approval she never omitted to manifest at indications of a desire to solve any of the many wonders of leaf and bud, and flower; of the pleasure with which she would survey our collections of variegated snail shells, or the arrangement of all the varieties of grasses we could collect. She also allowed us to feed caterpillars, (always, however, being most scrupulous as to the kindness with which they were treated,) and no words could describe our delight as we watched the wondrous change into chrysalis and butterfly, while she would take advantage of it to lead our thoughts to the still more wondrous transformation of the human body. The evening hours of an intelligent child might be profitably employed in arranging the shells, grasses, flowers, etc., collected during the summer, placing them carefully on paper or card, and writing the description of their classes, orders, or parts beneath. Live pets, also, deserve notice here, since tending, feeding, and nursing them afford great delight to children, and foster their kindly feelings.

By all means encourage brothers and sisters to love the same amusements. Of course those of an intelligent kind are meant, since we have no desire to transform our boys into women, or to make our girls romps. But in the study of botany, or natural history, one may materially aid the other. The boy will exhibit more courage and dexterity in securing the prizes, which the "neat-handed Phillis" can more deliberately manipulate and examine; or the girl may make a very pretty drawing of the various butterflies, beetles, etc., which the boy may color; while the neatest writer may add the description. A charming little volume might thus be commenced at a comparatively early age, which both would enjoy to review as they progress, and mark the improvement they have made. Or, again, a boy who was clever as a carpenter might be directed how to form very pretty baskets and vases for to hold the flower pots in the drawing-room or garden, while the girl could cleverly decorate them with pine cones (split down the centre in order to be more easily glued,) which, if wished, could afterwards be varnished; or bouquets of flowers might be skeletonized and bleached at the sole expense of time and trouble, and thus a charming ornament for the parlor would be produced. Hundreds of these little employments will suggest themselves to the mind of any intelligent mother, and she will then be spared the annoyance of a listless, "What shall I do? I have nothing to do!" that too often degenerates into ill-humor and peevishness. Never