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a little vinegar in the water is best. To keep black calicoes from getting rusty, wash them the first time in very hot soap-suds in which white clothes have been boiled; it should be strained, as, indeed, such suds always should be if used for colored clothes, to get out the lint. Never rinse calicoes in the water in which white clothes have been rinsed, if not unavoidable. For very light prints clear starch is best, the cheaper kinds answering every purpose. For dark goods, flour starch is as good, but there is a great knack in making it nicely. I have my boiling water in the starch pan on the stove, stir flour smoothly with cold water to a thin paste, and then add gradually to the boiling water, stirring as I add, so that there may not be a lump in it. Boil a few moments and add a tablespoonful of salt and one of kerosene to each gallon of starch. A nicer but more tedious way is to wash flour that has been moistened to a dough, in cold water, which will leave the dough without any starch in it, and then boil the starchy water and use as before. In ironing very narrow ruffles on aprons, etc., I always iron them down flat, and then at my leisure, flute them on my finger. It is less work and they look well. Calicoes should not be dampened more than an hour before ironing, as it not only may make the colors run, but takes out the starch. White clothes iron much easier to lay damp over night; it pays to fold them smoothly.

A Mother's Love.

WHAT is there on the face of this wide earth like a mother's love—so unselfish, so full of devotion, so forgiving and so true? We have no other loves but what are exacting. The love of a brother, sister, husband or friend, expects more or less attention and reciprocation of affection; but a mother asks not for recompense, seeks no praise. All through our infancy she guards and guides us, and through our childhood up to maturer years, even after we have left her side and strayed from her blessed teaching and advice, her heart still goes out to us, and prays for us that we may be useful and honorable, and that our footsteps may never go astray.

What is there that will touch one's heart like a mother's love, so tender and so enduring? A man who forsakes virtue, who leads a reckless, unscrupulous life, is sometimes called back from the depths of degradation by the memory of a mother's love, a mother's prayer, or some recollection of his innocent boyhood, when a mother's influence cast a halo over all. That mother may not dwell among the living, but in the "secret places of the Most High" her love and care may still extend to us, may still smooth our pathway and help to chasten our hearts with kindness toward one another.

I have often thought that when my work on earth is ended, when I lay down my burden and have been rewarded for the good I have done, however small it may have been, no joy could seem holier or purer than the consciousness that I had smoothed my mother's road through life, and striven to repay the debt I owed her. Oh! could I but impress it on the minds of children to be kind to their mothers and solicitous about their comfort, how many care-worn hearts and silver hairs would go down in happiness to the grave! Blind and deaf to all duties of conscience must they be who would carelessly wound a mother's loving heart.

GOOD NATURE.—One cannot imagine any quality of the human mind whence greater advantages can arise to society than good nature, seeing that man is a social being, not made for solitude, but conversation. Good nature not only lessens the sorrows of life, but increases its comforts. It is more agreeable than beauty, or even wit. It gives a pleasing expression to the countenance, and induces a multitude of the most amiable observations. It is indeed the origin of all society. Were it not for good nature, men could not exist together, nor hold intercourse with one another. Good nature is an aptitude of the mind, on which objects act in an explicable way, and which discovers itself in universal benevolence to the whole creation. In it lies the foundation of all generous feeling to our neighbors, and sympathy with every member of the human family. It is a portion of that love which is the attraction of the mental universe. It possesses a power, the progression of which will gradually banish slavery, tyranny, war, disease, and vice, from the vital world, and unite mankind in one great brotherhood.

The Farmer's Wife.

Oh! give me the life of a farmer's wife,
In the fields and woods so bright,
Mong the singing birds and the lowly herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see!

Oh! give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he swims along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves;
The plowman's shout as he's turning out
His team at set of sun;
Or his merry 'good-night,' by the fire-fly's light,
When his daily work is done.

And give me the roost and the luscious fruit
My own hands rear for food;
And the bread so light, and the honey so white,
And the milk so pure and good;
For sweet the bread of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come to the hearth and home,
If our best we bravely do.

The Hen and the Honey Bee.

AN APOLOGUE—FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLETT.

A lazy Hen—the story goes—
Loquacious, pert and self-conceited,
Espied a Bee upon a rose,
And thus the busy insect greeted:

"Say, what's the use of such as you,
(Excuse the freedom of a neighbor!)
Who gad about and never do
A single act of useful labor?"

"I've marked well for many a day,
In garden blooms and meadow clover;
Now here, now there, in wanton play;
From morn till night an idle rover."

"While I discreetly bide at home,
A faithful wife—the best of mothers;
About the fields you idly roam,
Without the least regard for others."

"While I lay eggs and hatch them out
You seek the flowers most sweet and fragrant,
And, sipping honey, stroll about
At best a good-for-nothing vagrant!"

"Nay," said the Bee, "You do me wrong;
I'm useful, too; perhaps you doubt it,
Because—though toiling all day long—
I scorn to make a fuss about it!"

"While you, with every egg that cheers
Your daily task, must stop and hammer
The news in other people's ears,
Till they are deafened with the clamor!"

"Come now with me and see my hive,
And note how folks may work in quiet;
To useful arts much more alive
Than you with all your cackling riot!"

L'ENVOI.

The Poet, one may plainly see
Who reads this fable at his leisure,
Is represented by the Bee,
Who joins utility to pleasure;
While in this self-conceited Hen
We note the Poet's silly neighbor,
Who thinks the noisy "working-men"
Are doing all the useful labor.

—John G. Saxe.

ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY.—Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favor as new year's gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment, could convert into a slightly appendage. Pins in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gifts was frequently compounded for in money—an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin money." We still keep up the term, although now that pins are as cheap as dust, it means every thing or any thing except that which it originally implied.

How Kid Gloves are Made.

Gloves have been in use from very early times, being mentioned by such ancient writers as Homer and Xenophon. During the middle ages they were worn by certain officials as a mark of dignity. But as civilization advanced they gradually became common to all classes of the community. In the early part of this century there was no positive regularity in the cut and shape of kid gloves, all being left to the judgment of the cutter, who had no systematic pattern. In 1834 Xavier Jouvin invented a new method of cutting out the kid, doing it with geometrical precision. His system is extremely elaborate, having thirty-two sizes, and cutting ten widths to each size, in all making 32 different numbers. Since then other manufacturers have made numerous improvements in shape, finish and stitching, and now the best makes have almost reached perfection, and merit the growing demand, which is such that the price of skins have advanced fifty per cents in the last fifteen years.

The term "kid," however, is a mere technicality, as the quantity consumed annually of leather bearing this name is largely in excess of what could be supplied from the skins of all the young goats that are annually slaughtered, lamb and other thin skins being extensively used. One of the Newark stores by actual count has retailed 472 pairs in six days, and a certain New York house retails \$300,000 worth annually. The value of those manufactured in France is estimated at fifty million francs, and there are large quantities made in Italy, Germany and England, and a comparatively small amount in the United States, at Gloversville and New York City.

As the sewing of a single pair of ladies' kid gloves requires five thousand stitches, for which the continental manufacturers pay about ten cents, it can readily be seen that this industry cannot be carried on extensively in this country. The seams are sewed with perfect regularity by placing the edges to be united in the jaws of a vice which terminates in fine brass teeth like those of a comb, but only one-twelfth of an inch long, the stitches being held by a knot to prevent ripping, which is used to be a frequent source of trouble. It is necessary that the animal should be killed young, because as soon as it begins to feed on herbage its skin is impaired for this purpose. Eggs are very extensively used in preparing the skins—it is estimated that 60,000,000 are annually used in England and France alone. In coloring the various kinds of dye is applied to the outer skin with a brush by hand; if the skins were immersed the inner portion would also receive the dye and stain the hand.

France excels all in the variety and richness of her colors, which is attributed to her atmosphere and water—producing 200 different shades. Ladies' sizes run from 5½ to 8; gents' from 7½ to 11; misses' from 4 to 6½. Gents' are longer in the fingers and higher in the wrist than those of ladies' of like number, though they are alike in width, and the misses' gloves are narrower.

Home Interests.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

One of the most important lessons that can be impressed on the heart of childhood is that of the value of time. Indeed it is a lesson that none of us in riper years ever learn too well.

Those who have much to do and who arrange their work in the most methodical manner, are most keenly alive to the worth of every golden moment. It is this very class who always find time to keep every engagement and who are punctual to the hour and the minute in their engagements. With them every portion of the day has its allotted task or recreation, and these are so adjusted to each other that often tasks become recreations. Idle and purposeless people, unaccustomed to live a methodical and efficient life, have no conception of the exquisite satisfaction those enjoy who have something to show for every day they have lived. Repose earned by toil is doubly sweet. The mere pleasure-seeker knows little of real pleasure. This knowledge is reserved for those whose hours are nobly and wisely spent. They who seem to have the most leisure because they have nothing to do are least to be depended on in any enterprise that demands promptness and sustained effort. Thinking their tasks can be performed at any time, they suffer precious moments to pass in idleness, until the golden opportunity to do is gone. In all societies and communities we find it true of work, that "to him that hath shall be given"—work that demands immediate and persistent labor is given to those who already have the most to do. Parents may begin very early to