GIVE KIND WORDS TO CHILDREN.

"Mattie will you do something for me, if I give you my flowers?"

"Certainly, Amy, what is it?"

"I want you to give these almonds to my mamma, but don't let her know they were mine, and she'll think you give them to her, and then you'll see her smile and say 'thank you,' and I'll stay here."

"And do you not like almonds, Amy?" said Mattie.

"Oh, yes, but I heard mamma say she loved almonds, and you know we have not got any almond trees, so we have not got any almond nuts, and I would rather give mine to mamma than to eat them."

"Well, why don't you give them to her, and get the smile and the thanks for yourself?" persisted the inquisitive little Mattie.

"But mamma wouldn't smile if I gave them to her," said Amy, her blue eyes brimful of tears; "you know I broke a plate when we were setting the dishes on the great rock where we ate dinner."

Yes, and I broke my mamma's big water pitcher, and I was awful sorry about it," said Mattie.

"Yes, but your mamma didn't mind it, she told you not to cry, and washed your face with her handkerchief and kissed you, and said accidents would happen when rocks and crockery come together. Oh, I wish my mamma had done that way to me," said little Amy, with quivering lip, and big bright drops in her eyes, as she recalled the scene of the trivial accident which had so effectually marred the pleasure of that picnic party for her.

"Don't cry, Amy, your mamma won't whip you. I know she won't. She told you she would settle with you when you got home, but she didn't mean it, I know she didn't," said the kind-hearted Mattie.

"Maybe she won't whip me, I guess she'll forget it, but then it is so awful lonesome when mamma is angry; and Mattie you give her my almonds, and then you may have have all my flowers, for I don't want to play any more today." And the unhappy little Amy seated herself under a great live oak tree, without even a glance down at the beautiful blue and purple blossoms which bloomed among the bright green clover at her feet, or a glance up at the leafy limb over her head, where two little linnets were busily building a nest; and not a glance or a thought was given to the happy joyous children that scampered over the flower-spangled lawn, and called to Amy to come and join them in their play. For a careless, unkind word from the parent whom Amy loves more than all the world beside has filled her heart so full of ache and woe, that there is no room for even one jot of joy. And Amy's happy holiday is dark and sad.

Who that has lived to the age of 20, cannot recall hundreds of incidents like the one recorded above (which occurred at a children's picnic party only the other day), where an unkind word needlessly spoken, has in a single moment made a joyous loving heart sad, and for a time changed brightest sunshine into darkest gloom. Nothing gladdens the heart of a child so much as kind words and smiles from the dear ones whom they love. A little word of praise or tenderness costs nothing, and is often received with more pleasure than costly gifts. And nothing so stings the mind of a sensitive child, as a heartless, cruel, cold, cutting word from a parent, or dearly loved and trusted friend. How quick one stinging sentence will check the joyous laugh of a mirth-loving child, fill the bright eyes with tears, and send a sharp pain to a happy heart.

Wrongful rebuke or undeserved censure in company, is one of the severest chastisements which can be inflicted on a proud, sensitive child. And alas! how often do parents thoughtlessly, thus inflict pain on their children. An unkind word even if carelessly spoken can never be recalled, and is often never forgotten. Give children love and kind words and they can relish the plainest fare, enjoy the most trivial amusement, and work with ardor. The darkest winter day can be made bright if warmed by words of love and kindness. But one of the saddest sights in our beautiful world, is a loving, unloved child.—*Robert Lyon, in Rural Press.*

MRS. PITKINS AND THE BAD BOY.

No boy but a very, very bad boy would purposely send an impurnitent valentine to a lady like Mrs Pitkins. The one I wrote to Mis Haven had two doves on it, and said;

"I shall try to improve and become oll that you wish, from your lovin little friend George."

Mrs. Perkins got one, which said:

"The roses are red,
The violets blue,
Pickels are sour,
And so are you.

May be Jack sent it, but, she said the riting was mine. She didn't care about the valentine: that was nothing. What she made a fuss about was this: Some boy has put a piece of meat on a large fish hook, and fed her large maltese cat, which she wouldn't a cared so much about, only he had gone fishing in her glass globe, and cot all her gold fish, which she could have stood, if he hadn't gone skating Sunday afternoon, and skated into an air hole, so that he was breathless when they got him out, and made such a mess with his wet close, she said her nerves were getting in a sad condishun. She was worn out. She really couldn't stand it—speshally when the very next day, he blacked his face and hands with ink, got the kitchen broom, and tried to go up the sitting room chimbly, and fell down and bumped his head, a bump as big as a goose egg, witch she would have forgot an forgivn if he hadn't pinned a piece of paper on her back, on witch was "This is the camel's back the last straw broke." But that was only fun, and she wouldn't minded it if she had not notised that he had cut all the quere birds out of the dicksunary, and made a long row of them on the wall behind his bed, so he would have something to amuse him when waked up urly, witch made him brake the professur's gold bowed spektakles, putting them on the owl in the library, so they tumbled off; besides getting a friteful habit of coffing zactly like the professur—only when he was sent to her room to study his geografy better, he got her nite cap and a nite gown, and put them on towser, making him howl so he ran away and draged them all around the villedge. —*Selected.*

Sponge Cloth.—A Berlin inventor has patented a new kind of cloth, which consists principally or entirely of sponge. The sponges are first thoroughly beaten with a heavy hammer in order to crush all the mineral and vegetable impurities, so that they can be easily washed out. They are then dried and pared, like a potato, with a sharp knife, the parings being sewed together. The fabric thus obtained is free from all the danger which sometimes arises from the absorption of poisonous dyes into the system. It absorbs without checking the perspiration, so as to diminish the danger of taking cold. It is a bad conductor, and therefore helps to maintain a uniform surface temperature. It can be more readily cleansed than the ordinary woolen garments. Its flexibility diminishes the liability of chafing. The ease with which it can be employed in shoes, stockings, underware, hat linings and other articles of clothing, seems likely to make it especially useful as a protection against rheumatic and pulmonary attacks.

Worry retards rather than forwards work. It tries the mind before the work is begun. It makes one fretful, sours the temper, and disturbs the peace of the household. One who worries is never free from care. There are certain evils which cannot be overcome. We should make the best of them, and not add the burden of worry.

THE DISPOSITION TO LABOR.

Be *friends* with your work. Don't grumble and growl at it nor frown upon it. In all probability you will have to spend more of your waking hours with it than with anything else. If you are at odds with it, it will be apt to prove a surly companion. Meet it with a smiling countenance, and it will smile back at you. Let your blows on anvil or bench be hearty, but not spiteful; a slap on the back, not a blow in the face. Clasp hammer or saw as though you were shaking hands with a friend, not savagely as though it were the throat of an adversary. Then the sounds that they give back will be as music and laughter, and not the angry voice of acrimonious retort.

Be *proud* of your work, not ashamed of it, or it will be pretty sure to have reason to be ashamed of you. Treat it with respect and consideration, as though worthy of your very best attentions and effort, and it will repay you by winning respect and consideration for you. It will speak to your praise in every good quality you have imparted to it, and win the notice and good will of those who are seeking good workmen, and are willing to pay for quality.

Be *master* of your work. Don't let it master you. Some fond weak mothers let their children go dirty, because they don't like to have their faces washed, and it takes a little firmness and trouble to bring them to terms. Don't let some unsightly detail mar your whole job, just because it takes some time and pains to bring some cross-grained piece of timber or iron to just the proper appearance and shape. Such a defect will thrust itself into notice, as though it said to the beholder, "Look here! he could not bring *me* into subjection." Rather by painstaking and perseverance and care let every detail, as it stands perfect and complete, say, "I am what my master made me, and that is the very best that could be made out of me."

Gold Wire.—An interesting mechanical operation is the manufacture of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he beats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down—and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends upon the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness, or about one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

Surgery by the Electric Light.—Dr. Berkeley Hill, of London, recently operated for vaginal fistula in University College, while the vagina was lighted up by Coxeter's application of the glowing platinum wire. The apparatus consisted of a fine wire twisted into a knot. Through this knot was sent a continuous galvanic current, strong enough to maintain the wire at a white heat. The wire was enclosed in a glass chamber, which was itself also enclosed in another glass cover. Through the space between the glasses, a current of water was allowed to flow, in order to preserve a low temperature around the light. A strong light was maintained for over an hour, close to the margins of the fissure, without impeding the operator's manipulations.

What a place does the well-ordered family afford for the culture of all that is best in man? The affections here bloom in their greatest beauty; the sympathies become warm and fervent, and the character finds an atmosphere for its best development.