

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Among the great mistakes that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that the girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in the household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say, the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the shortcomings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman! She did it all herself, instead!" The habits of indolence and helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice—the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household. And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children is mischievous in the extreme. "O, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her," as if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework. The mother is the drudge, the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter, and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose. The result of all this is to form in the minds of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live, by some means or other.—*Graphic*.

A SHARP VOICE.—There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of the whip. When one of them gets vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your good voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet ones now, and it will keep in tune through life."—*Ellis Burritt*.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE IN A ROSE.

Rev. O. Fisher, of England, has written a book on rose growing, and in it he gives the following description of the points of a good rose: "The character of a rose depends upon the substance, form, arrangement and color of its petals. To take these in order. The petals should be thick and fleshy, not flimsy. This enables it to keep its freshness under adverse circumstances, such as rain, sunshine, or when gathered, besides imparting a richness to the flower which nothing else can give. The form of the petal should be deep, the edge not jagged, but smooth and well rounded.

"The arrangement of the petals should be regular and geometrical, not confused. The outer petals should form a cup-shaped wall around the flower, and whatever the arrangement of the central petals is, they should, by their fullness, conceal the eye of the flower until it attains the last stage of expansion. Perhaps the most beautiful form is that which may be called 'turbinate,' and is exemplified in a well-shaped blossom of *Senateur l'aisee*. Flat blossoms are no longer valued. The color should be bright and pure and lasting, or else delicate. A large pure white *Perpetual* was a great desideratum, said to be now attained in *Mabel Morrison*. Sweetness is likewise an important element of excellence. Size is not so valuable as to make up for the absence of any of the above-named requisites, though, *ceteris paribus*, it is not to be overlooked.

"Lastly, the foliage should not diminish too rapidly in size as the leaves approach the blossom, but should so surround it that, when cut and placed in a vase, they should form a furniture around the flower, to set it off to full advantage. This is described by saying that 'the foliage comes up well.'"

WAXING FLOORS.—The following is a good recipe for waxing floors and the method of application. Stir 25 parts of shredded yellow wax into a hot solution of 12 parts of pearlsh in soft water. Keep the mixture well stirred until the effervescence ceases; then remove it from the fire and stir in 12 parts of finely ground yellow ochre. It may now be poured into cans to cool. When wanted for use one part of it is dissolved in five parts of boiling water. Apply warm with a paint brush. It dries in a few hours, when the floor is polished with a floor brush and afterward wiped with a woolen cloth. It is said this wax coating will last for six months with ordinary use.

FERNS AS FOOD.—Most of the ferns found in our woods contain more or less starch, and when properly prepared are extremely palatable and nutritious. An attempt was recently made in France to popularize them as an article of food. The young shoots of the common brake fern, when exposed above the soil to the air and sunlight, become exceedingly fleshy, white and tender. A famous French painter is known to pride himself on his fern omelets, and the hill tribes of Japan live on fern all the year round. In spring they eat the tender leaflets, and later in the season they eat the starch extracted from the roots.

MAGNETIC WRITING.—Prof. Thompson, of Bristol, has lately made an interesting observation in regard to an application of magnetism. He takes a thin plate of hardened steel and writes upon it with a magnetized iron style, thus communicating a tolerably permanent magnetism to the parts of the plate which are covered by the writing. If fine iron filings are sprinkled upon the plate and the plate is then held perpendicular, so as to remove the loose filings, the writing becomes visible upon the magnetized portion. The experiment may be repeated at pleasure for an indefinite period.

SEVEN LETTERS.

But the indignities that poor music suffers at the hands of those whom she has divinely gifted are not her only wrongs. There is a large class of human beings by whom she is despised and ignored. Of such is John Stuart Mill. I fancy that he expressed the opinion of many wise, and learned, and narrow men—narrow, because they shut off and refuse to cultivate one side of their nature, and so deprive themselves of a means of recreation and refinement that would develop them, who can say how many fold?—when he said that he had examined music and discovered that it was based on only seven letters or notes, and the combinations must manifestly be so few and so monotonous that he decided to waste no time over such trivialities. I think the poor, weary, repressed economist forgot, or did not accept the theory of the evolution of great things out of small. From those seven letters has sprung a whole literature of the emotions; and in an infinite variety of tones, from the faintest pressure of the violin bow on the strings to the sublime swell of the organ, is found expression for all the joy and grief, the pathos, passion, despair, the consolation and religion of suffering humanity. Lord Brougham, who roared out "Stop that nuisance!" to the crestfallen amateur pianist, would have been comforted and sustained by Mill's enunciation of his convictions on this subject, as well as the amiable hostess who said to the young lady waiting for the gentlemen to finish knocking about the billiard balls before she began her song, "Go right on, dear, I don't think they will mind," with a fine unconscionable sarcasm.

What is to be done with these Philistines? They cause the artistic to writhe with anguish; yet they are really not much worse than those who profess an intense scorn for what they call "classical" music, heaping together under one indiscriminate head incongruous authors like Bach, Hady, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann, while they listen with delight to such worthless proofs of time and talent wasted as a "Silvery Shower," or a "Cascade of Pearls," compositions of about as much value in music as the poems of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" possess in literature. We must perforce regard these unfortunates with the same regretful pity that we bestow upon the benighted being who glories in his preference for the jokes of the end man in a minstrel show, declaring that Booth's "Iago" puts him to sleep.—*Helen Morse Lake in July Californian*.

GROWTH OF THE FLORAL INTEREST.—In a recent address, Peter Henderson, the veteran florist, said: In 1844 I was an assistant in one of the then largest floral establishments in New York city. Our sales of flowers at that establishment on New Year's day in 1844 hardly amounted to \$200, and probably for the whole city of New York it did not exceed \$1,000. Now it would probably be no exaggeration to say that New York pays \$50,000 for its flowers on that day, and that the annual amount paid for these perishable commodities runs into the millions. It is estimated that there 500 florists established within a radius of 10 miles of the City Hall, New York, and that the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than \$8,000,000, the product of which is mainly for New York city alone; and when we consider that New York contains only about one-fortieth part of the population of the United States, and that horticultural taste is certainly not higher here than the average of the country, it will be seen that the business of floriculture alone, without taking into consideration that of fruit and vegetables, is one of imposing dimensions.

BEWARE OF OVERWORK IN HARVEST TIME. Beware of cold drafts—both of air and liquids—when perspiring freely. Work steadily and sleep well.