

HOME READING.

One of the pleasant and noble duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times that are past, it was considered enough to clothe and feed and shelter a family. This was the sum of parental duty. But latterly it has been found out that wives and children have minds, so that it becomes a necessity to educate the children, and furnish reading for the whole household. It has been found out that the mind wants food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue. An ignorant family in our day, is an antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past. It is a dark spot which the light of the modern man of intelligence has not reached. Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boy begins to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them, in knowledge, duty and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure.

And so the family changes, and out of this number go honorable members of society. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household. Let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.—*Our Home Life.*

HOME.—The person, young or old, who has a good home, and conducts himself worthy of it, has one of the strongest influences to restrain from vice and to inspire an ambition to cultivate noble qualities, that can possibly environ him. Leaving, he is a wanderer till the hour arrives for return. There is great force in the saying, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." It is not in palaces and gorgeous display, nor in the cottage o'er whose walls the ivy creeps and by whose walks the roses bloom, but in that place where the heart finds rest and has the sum of its earthly treasures. Those without a home are on a trackless sea without a haven, and the soul is ever tossed in unrest until dashed upon the rocks in an aimless voyage.

THE OTHER NIGHT a nervous man in Burlington was awakened by hearing a marauder in his chicken-house. He hastily dressed himself a little, sneaked out to the hen-house, grasped his club firmly, put his head in the door and shouted, "Come out of there, you son of a sea cow, or I'll chew the heart out of you!" and then, before he could see which way to strike, a big dog, with a jaw like an alligator sallied out of the henhouse and bit him four times in the legs before the astonished man could reach the hall door. The man is now writing a pamphlet to prove that, owing to the untrained and limited intelligence of the lower order of animals, language calculated to inspire man with terror may be addressed to a strange dog with no effect beyond that of enraging him.—*Hawkeye.*

NEVER CONTENT.—It is both the curse and blessing of our American life that we are never quite content. We all expect to go somewhere before we die, and have a better time when we get there than we can have at home. The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man, I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."—*Robert Collyer.*

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder, who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly inclosed in a handsome silk-lined case and labeled "Butter-knife."

NO COMPANY OR GOOD COMPANY.

This is a motto worthy of the attention of all, both young and old, for human character is of such an impressive nature as to be easily affected by those with whom it comes in contact. The fellowship of the good is not only advisable, but desirable for the young, whose aim should always be to higher standards than themselves. Direct personal intercourse with men and women of high intelligence and refinement, and contact with those whose tendency and inclination is good, never fails to bring some happy effect and beneficial influence. Better far be alone than in the society of the low-minded and impure, as even gazing upon debased specimens of humanity, will in time taint, as it familiarizes and gradually assimilates the mind to such a model.

The habits of those advanced in life are rarely changed, then how absolutely necessary is it to form good ones when young, as then from sympathy, unknown to themselves they gradually imitate and imbibe the tone and style of their associates. Such being the case too much care cannot be taken in the selection of companions, who will have a beneficial after influence on the character. The most pure and beautiful admonitions and the best of rules, with bad examples, avail nothing; hence the great importance in the choice of those who are to be with and influence the young by contact and example. More genuine good and profit will be derived from even a short contact with the intelligent and educated, than from constant poring over books. Contact imparts either good or bad according to whom it is with.—*Exchange.*

FEEDING HENS WITH IDEAS.—In her book on "How Two Girls Tried Farming," the author says her hens were fed "with ideas"—that is, we fed them chemically; but the finely chopped green vegetables—now lettuce, now cabbage, now onions, now fruit—the coarse meats bought at market; the varied grains, with constant "middlings" stirred up with hot water—now with dust of cayenne pepper, now salt, now sulphur; the constant supply of plaster and bones, and the constant supply of fresh water brought us the desired result—eggs the year round, a supply in winter as well as in summer. To be sure we earned them; but we had not committed the fatal mistake of supposing we should get things on our farm without earning them.

WHAT STRONG DRINK DOES.—This was the terribly suggestive statement crayoned on the blackboard which stood on the platform at the Chicago noon prayer-meeting the other day: It costs \$1,000,000,000 a year in money. It makes fifty per cent. of our insane. It makes ninety-five per cent. of our criminals.

It causes directly seventy-five per cent. of our murders.

It sends forth ninety-five per cent. of our vicious youth.

It sends one every six minutes into a drunkard's grave, or nearly 100,000 a year.

DISINFECTANT FOR THE BREATH, ETC.—A very weak solution of permanganate of potash is an excellent disinfectant for light purposes, such as rinsing spittons, neutralizing the taint of diseased roots of teeth, cleansing the feet and keeping the breath from the odor of tobacco smoke. While the above statements are strictly correct, we feel called upon to state that the permanganate of potash is altogether too expensive to use for the purpose above named. A very diluted solution (1% to 2%) of chloride of zinc will answer quite as well as the permanganate, and costs almost nothing in comparison.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

SYSTEM AND YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—An old "housekeeper" gives her young friends the following advice, through the columns of the *German town Telegraph*: Every young housekeeper who sits down and seriously studies out the subject will find herself a different being if she manages her affairs with system, or if she lets them manage her without it. It is true that before she is married, all her study on the subject will be theoretical, and possibly somewhat impractical, and something like the house one builds and is enchanted with till coming to live in it. For there are things that only experience can teach, and in matters where the experience of nobody else can be of any material service. If her mother was a woman of system, the young housekeeper already has much of what she wants bred in her bone, as one may say. But, if her mother was an invalid, or was shiftless and thriftless, was overwhelmed with troubles and babies, then the daughter has to strike out a path for herself. The sooner then that she remembers that there are but seven days in the week, and that that period of time constitutes one revolution of the household, the sooner she will come into her kingdom and reign undisturbed by her people.

A FINE DOLL WEDDING.—The following report of a doll's wedding party is the first effort at reporting of a promising young journalist of twelve years, and it was published exactly as furnished by him by the *Stockton (Cal.) Herald*: A very novel and pleasing entertainment was given this afternoon at the residence of Judge Creanor, by Miss Nan Creanor. Formal invitations were issued to Miss Creanor's young friends and their dolls to attend her doll's wedding, Miss Genevieve Greenleaf to Sir A. V. T. Beaumont. The ball-room was very handsomely and appropriately decorated. The doll guests and their attendants were all dressed in the most stylish and fashionable costumes. The toilet of the bride was a very magnificent dress made in the latest style, and the toilet of the bridegroom was the usual black coat, white vest, etc. The supper was very fine indeed. There was a side-table set for the dolls, and as the cakes were in proportion to the dolls, it was very pretty. Altogether it was the finest juvenile entertainment ever given in Stockton.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL OBTAINED A MEDAL.—A little girl only eight years of age, has distinguished herself for bravery, under the following circumstances: She is the daughter of a gentleman living at Blackhall, Avonwick, Devonshire, and while walking with her governess and a younger sister, the teacher fell into a pool six feet deep. The brave child leaped over, and in trying to seize her governess by the hand, fell in herself. Strangely, she did not become frightened, but managed to hold on to the governess with one hand, and some short bushes on the edge of the pool with the other. Her cries brought a passing workman, who assisted them out. The name of this little eight-year-old heroine is Esther Mary Cornish Bowden, and the Royal Humane Society has presented her with a medal, and a testimonial detailing the circumstance.

DEFINITION OF EVOLUTION.—Herbert Spencer made the following definition of evolution: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through a continuous differentiations and interrelations."

The mathematician, Kirkman, translated the definition into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable, all-likeness, to a somehowish, and in general talk-aboutable, not-at-all-likeness, by continuous somethingelselfifications and stick-togetherness." If a better definition can be given, we should rejoice to see it.