

The Home Circle.

The Old Types.

The country-bred men and women who have reached the age of fifty years are all able to recall a picture—lying now far back in the mellow atmosphere of the past—of a band of children, standing hand-in-hand by the side of the dusty highway, and greeting with smile and bow and "curtsy" every adult passenger whom they met on their way to and from school.

Occasionally, we meet what are popularly designated "gentlemen of the old school." We wish only enough of them among us to make us wish that we had more,—men of courtly dignity, of unobtrusive dress, of manners that seem a little formal but which are, nevertheless, the manners of gentlemen.

Progress has doubtless been made in many things. We are richer, better clothed, better housed, better fed and better educated than we used to be. Our railroads run everywhere, our well-nigh exhaustless resources have been broached in a thousand directions; we count the increase of our population by millions; the emigrations of the world all move towards us; colleges, churches and school houses have gone up with the building of the States, and the States themselves have multiplied so rapidly that not one American in ten knows exactly how many are in the Union.

What shall we say about the old type of woman as compared with the present representatives of the best of the sex? The caution, heroic, frugal, industrious wives and mothers of the earlier days of the Republic—have we improved upon them? Have the latter-day doctrines of women's rights made them more modest, more self-denying, more virtuous, better wives and mothers, purer and more active Christians, better heads of the institution of home, more lovely companions for men?

The final result of our civilization is to be reckoned in character. If this is not satisfactory, nothing is satisfactory. If we are not rearing better children and ripening better men and women than we were a century ago, then something is radically wrong, and the quicker we retrace our steps to see where we have diverged from the right track, the better.

In this selfish, material and money-changing age it is rare that we come upon an exhibition of that heroic spirit which makes martyrdom possible, and when we do get a glimpse of the self-sacrifice whose divinity was asserted by the Founder of our religion, it is well to forget less worthy things long enough to pay a tribute to a virtue so sublime.

deck carried with it the mainmast also; and the brave fellow, seeing the ship's danger, motioned to his comrades to cut away the mast and save themselves, knowing, of course, that in doing so they sent him to certain destruction. "We bade him goodbye," the mate of the wrecked schooner simply records, "and he nodded to us."

How seldom do the last acts of the world's greatest men equal the nobleness of that poor sailor's nod!—Boston Advertiser.

About Reading New Books.

We heard a school-girl say of a "girl-graduate," the other day: "O she has grand times, now that she has left the Academy. And she doesn't spend her time foolishly, either. She reads all the new books!"

"I don't know about that," said an old gentleman. "O it's true, sir," said the school-girl, flushing; "that is, I mean she reads as many of them as she possibly can."

The old gentleman was right. It would be better to read no new books at all than to read too many of them. A man might live to be as old as Methuselah, and read a good book through every week—yes, at the end of a few centuries become really a well-read man without once looking into a new book.

True, my dears, and very knowing of you to say it. So, to save you from such a fate, we shall try now and then to point out as they appear, the new books that are worthy of a boy's or girl's attention. But, first of all, here is a word of advice. Do not read only the new authors. For hundreds of years great and good souls have been saying beautiful things to us—all those who come early and those who come late—and their words are as precious now as they ever were. It is a good rule for young persons not to read any two new books in succession.

Little Miseries.

There is no being so disagreeable to encounter as a man who seems to have everything that he ought to want, but who is constantly assuming a hypocondriacal mien, and talking in such a manner that any one might be excused for thinking that he had been nourished in his infancy upon cayenne, chillies, or something of an equally warm and irritant nature. Who is unacquainted with that aggravating being who is constantly imagining himself ill, and goes into paroxysms of ill temper upon the subject of draughts; who will snarl for ten minutes if by some mischance you enter the room and forget to close the door after you?

When such a man has a garden, it is to him a source of endless discomfort. He is continually in a fume because some thoughtless wight had entered his vineyard and let the chill air in, thereby running a good chance of spoiling the grapes, in which he takes so much pride. He is often driven to the verge of distraction by the slugs and insects which destroy his strawberries, his flowers, and blight his apple trees. With his gardener he is constantly at loggerheads because that functionary has done this or has omitted to do that. Yet in all that which he complains of, the pain endured on his part is more imaginary than real.

WHAT THE LEAF DOES.—It pumps water from the ground, through the thousands of tubes in the stem of the tree, and sends it into the atmosphere in the form of unseen mist, to be condensed and fall in showers; the very water that, were it not for the leaf, would sink into the earth and find its way perchance, through subterranean channels, to the sea. And thus it is that we see that it works to give us the "early and latter rain." It works to send the rills and streams, like lines of silver, down the mountains and across the plain.

IGNORANCE OF FUTURITY A BLESSING.

You know as much as is good for you. For it is with the mind as it is with the senses. A greater degree of hearing would terrify us. If our eyes should see things microscopically, we would be afraid to move. Thus our knowledge is suited to situation and circumstances. Were we informed beforehand of the good things provided for us by Providence, from that moment we should cease to enjoy the blessings we possess, become indifferent to present duties and be filled with restless impatience.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

That Boy.

Pity a boy. As a general thing he is considered an unmerciful offender. If there is any mean little trick done outside of law and corn exchange offices, that is, among the smaller portion of humanity—it's "that boy" did it.

A boy is sent on an errand, with the injunction to be as speedy as possible. On entering the store he finds the clerks all busy with customers, and he expects to wait his turn; but, just as he is stepping up to make known his errand, a young lady sweeps in. For some reason or other young clerk does not see the boy, and immediately begins to deal out his "lavender scent-bag" civilities to said young lady.

A Brave Lad.

A few years ago a boy who was left without a father or mother went to New York alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and got in the habit of calling for "bitters" and cheap cigars.

When he had waited upon his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat. "My boy," said he, "I want an honest, faithful lad, but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of years, I have found cigar-smoking leads to be connected with various evil habits, and if I am not mistaken you are not an exception. You will not suit me."

John hung down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsels of his mother come forcible to his mind, who, upon her death-bed, called him to her side, and placing her hand upon his head, said: "Johnny, I am going to leave you. You will know what misery your father brought upon us, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never touch one drop of the poison that killed your father, nor tobacco."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, the lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars.—Youth's Companion.

GOOD HEALTH.

Phosphorus as a Nerve Tonic.

In the course of a paper upon the results of overwork, read before the London Medical Society, Dr. Routh said: The symptoms of mental decay resemble the gradual change that comes over old people, and yet are very similar to those induced by venereal excesses. In both cases, the tendency is to the production of idiocy from softening of the brain and insanity. He said there was reason to believe that the immediate cause of these symptoms was deficiency of phosphorus in the brain, and endeavored to prove this by considering several the following points: 1st. It is proved chemically that a man grows older and mentally weaker, or becomes idiotic, as the brain contains less phosphorus; this is shown by the analysis of Hentier. 2d. The solidity of the brain is in a measure dependent upon protogen, a phosphorized compound; and those foods which were richest in phosphorus were found by experience to renovate most speedily weakened brain-power, such as shell-fish and fish generally.

Hygienic Properties of Hard Water.

The Journal of Applied Chemistry remarks upon the popular prejudice that hard water is dangerous to the health, and on that account we are constantly warned by physicians to beware of it, but in England, one of the leading authorities on this subject, Dr. Letheby, after devoting many years to an investigation of the properties of the water introduced into English cities, and to a study of the sanitary reports on the subject, comes to the conclusion that moderate hard water is safer and healthier than soft water.

ADVANTAGE OF CRYING.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as to either groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions.

ZINC GREEN SUBSTITUTED FOR ARSENIC GREENS.—Emsler now makes zinc greens which promise to displace the poisonous greens made of arsenic and copper. In order to make a substitute for the very dangerous Schweinfurter green, he takes twenty parts oxide of zinc, mixes it with one part sulphate of cobalt, and sufficient water to make a paste.

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