# THE HOME CIRCLE.

#### " The Weather."

What miseries human mortal could tell of, Both tender, and tough as old leather; A terrible army all jumbled pell mell, of The ills that are caused by "The weather.

If in presence of friends we are yawning and gaping.
Or pining with ennut to death, or
We something have done there's no way of escaping.
We put it all down to "The weather."

If we run short of words when we press the fair digits.
When love-making on the damp heather,
We stammer and etic will we both get the digits,
And find an escape in "The weather."

Is it heatsche we've got, or rhenmatical switching, In arms or extremities bether— I've even heard say that when nones are itching— Its owing to some sort of " Weather,"

When vainly our brains we are racking and riding For cause of tile light as a feather. We give it all up in despair, and then trifling Bay that it's surely." The weather."

But a truce to such stuff, though I hay'n't yet got to The end by a mile of my fether: But somehow I'm dull, and my rhyming is not to My liking; it must be "Toe weather."

### An Engineer's Yarn.

ALDERY WILLIAMS, JR.

I am a practical mechanical engineer. one of these youngsters who go to a scientific school for a few years, and take a C. E., M. E. or something of the kind, and then put on airs about it. They always affect to sunb us praccomes to real work. Of course, these chaps are well enough in their way (and that isn't mine) in getting up artistic drawings and models, and all that sort of thing. And sometimes they are of some account. There was young Hoppin, who helped me with that toggie-joint. I originated the idea; he put it into shape. I made enough to retire on it, and I did the square thing by him, if he seas a "scientific so I feel perfect free to speak my mind about the lot, always excepting my friend Hop

But this isn't telling my story. There's my wife Bessie (bless her dear little heart), always saying I can't come to the point without as many twists and turns as my own old ma-chinery. Perhaps she is right. But then, this is the first time I ever tried to express myself in print, and I don't exactly know how to go about it, so you must excuse me. That's reasonable, isn't it? And, besides, I am getting

self in print, and I don't exactly know how to go about it, so you must excuse me. That's reasonable, isn't it? And, besides, I am getting so stout and legy-like, that I aint as sharp as I used to be. My young acquaintance Karl, who is an editor, or some equally useless member of society, has roped me into this scrape, and ought to help me out; but he doesn't. All he says is, "Fire away old man, and make it short and sweet." I'm afraid this isn't telling my story, either. Prolixity (that's the word) comes sort of natural like to me now.

Let me see. It was sixteen years ago last summer that I went to New York in search of employment. I had been running an engine in a big tannery in the western part of that State, and doing dirst-rate, till the company failed, and I was thrown out of work. So I was looking about town for something to do. Money-gauge so low that I was ready for anything after a fortnight of scarching and waiting. I happened to be walking through a down-town cross street, when I saw a placard in the window of a paper-box factory—"Engisers Warten. Good Salaary." "That's just me," says I, so I went into the office and saked if I would do. The manager said he would try me. He did try me, and it seems I must have satisfied him, for he told me to stay.

Now it is about this manager and this paper-box factory that my story, such as it is, will be, and to make things all straight and plain, (a sort of oiling up at the start) let me attempt to describe them both.

First, then, the manager, Mr. Samuel Harkness, also sole owner of the factory. This Mr. Samuel Harkness, also sole owner of the factory. This Mr. Samuel Harkness was the greatest villain I ever came across. He's dead now, poor man, and I hate to speak ill of those who are gone, 'eanse, you see, it's much the same as chluming behind a man's black; but he were a villain all the same. Not one of your story-book villains, either. I have read lots of novels, romaners, and such similiant oon as ever you clapped eyee on him just as you would a patent m

labeled.

And now for the factory itself. It was a somewhat dilapidated five-story brick concern. Engine in cellar (most every manufacturer had his own power then, instead of just belting on to the one big engine of the block, as they do now); office and samples, first floor; clipping and folding machines, second floor; girls past-

to the one big engine of the block, as they do now): office and samples, first floor; cipiping and folding machines, second floor; gitip pasting, surface and training, on the third floor stock of all sorts on the fourth and fifth. We used to turn out an immune deal of work with very few hands. There were short wenty five they, and in the body of all sorts on the fourth and fifth. We used to furn out an immune deal of work with twenty few hands. There were short wenty five boy, a man to holds and do odd jobs, the firm man, and myself. Except when a shock we taken in, or work sent out, there was nebody else in the building.

I generally kept to my own business, and staid down in the cellar nursing the old engine. She sadly needed it, being as ricksty and patched up a contrivance as one carse to stay alongside of. She always seminded nor do sone old people you see, who are always in need or a price of contrivance as one carse to stay alongside of. She always seminded nor do sone old people you see, who are always in need or a price of contrivance as one carse to stay alongside of or other. This engineering the whole bottler. From to flets of fly wheels she was ricksty, ricksty. But there was no present clauger to be apprete ended; all was asfet ended with proper case and attention. There was the surface of the control of the state as and proper case and attention of the state of the surface of the control of the surface of the surface of the control of the control of the surface of th

thing, in charge of her feeble mother and baby sister; and how she contrived to get along and keep grim famine from the door on the platame of her earnings. Whenever I could, without making a fuse, I helped them along a little. And when we got well aquainted, I used to hurry through my work so as to be able to see her home every day after aix o'clock. Sometimes, too, we used to go to concerts and lectures together; and very often I found time to visit them all of an evening. I hadn't said a word of love to her yet, but was waiting till my wages were increased enough to enable me to keep a home of my own, and then ask her to fill it. Of her state of feeling toward me I knew nothing, except that she looked upon and trusted me as a brother.

One thing used to rile me, though, and that was the aseaking sort of liking that Harkmessemed to have for her; and worse, he showed it plainly enough by the way he persecuted her with his odious attentions whenever he got the chance. She told me she would leave the place if she could only get another.

I have said that it was sixteen years ago that I entered the box factory. If you will take the trouble to subtract, you will find that makes 1857. It puts us just in the year of the great financial crash. I had been in the factory about three months, and was getting used to the general run of things; and though it was out of my line, and none of my businerss, I could not but notice how siack trade seemed to be. Rumors of failures up the atreet, down the street, on the corner, at Nos. 35 and 37 over the way met my ears. Rumors of failures up the atreet, down the street, on the corner, at Nos. 35 and 37 over the way met my ears. Rumors of a threatened general smash up. Money men tell me that when the market is tight, it only needs such a wholesale panie to bring down every one. It is the apprehension, not the reality, that does the work. But this is not telling my story, either.

Well, old Harkmes kept on with his manufacturing, though I could see that, day by day, fewer calls for

my story, either.

Well, old Harknoss kept on with his manufacturing, though I could see that, day by day, fower calls for work were made. He always were a cheerful smile through those troublous times, as much as to say, "Look at me, if you want to see a model man of business. I don't speculate. I don't get involved. Mark my consequent presperity." Now when I see a man with a good deal of bluster and awagger about him, I always make up my mind that he is a coward at heart. And when some people parade their financial soundness, the Wall street animals always anuff rottenness somewhere. It must have been on this principle that I began to suspect that Harkness wasn't so safe after all.

One night I was delayed by an unexpected

that I began to suspect that Harkness wasn't so safe after all.

One night I was delayed by an unexpected break down in gearing, and stayed in my cellar long after the girls, the clerk and the fireman had gone, hard at work tinkering at the engine. No one was in the factory but Harkness and myself. I do not think he suspected my presence. As I was taking off my overalls and fixing up, I heard a heavy dray come up to our door. There were four or five men with it, who were not our regular earmen. They jumped out, were let in through the half-closed doors of the main floor above me, and were led up-stairs by Harkness. Presently they respected, bearing cases of various kinds of atock, fancy paper, glidling stuff, light machinery and different odds and ends, with which they loaded the dray, and then drove off again. All was done in such a quiet, mysterious way, that it was evident that something wrong was being done. What could it be? The men were not robbers, for there was Mr. Harkness, and he sole owner of the factory. A man does not commit a larceny on his own property. I couldn't make it out at all.

I started to go. Just as I entered the office from below, Harkness came in by the passage-way door from the floor above. He started perceptibly when he saw me, but instantly regained his composure, and said, as cool as you please:

"Ah! you'rs late, Bill. What's wrong to-

gained his composure, and said, as cool as you please:

"Ah! you're late, Bill. What's wrong to-day? Hope you won't blow us up for a week or so yet. We're doing a staving business, Bill." (I think I see him now, "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water," and with that self-satisfied, hypocritical leer on his face.) "Just sent a load of fine boxes down to the Winged Arrose. She sails to-morrow, so we had to ship in a hurry. Fine boxes; and a beautiful vessel, Bill. Good night to you."

to-morrow, so we had to ship in a hurry. Fireboxes; and a beautiful vessel, Bill. Good night to you."

"Good night, sir," said I, and left.
As I went up the street, another dray passed, driven toward the factory. I had the curiosity to turn and watch to see, whether it, too, stopped there. It did, and when I reached the corner of Broadway, I stopped and looked back once more. There, in the darkening twilight, the same process of hurried loading was being repested. It seemed to be all right. Harkness was there, but somehow, I wann't quite satisfied. Trimming machines are not dine, assorted, gilt-edged boxes, by any manner of means, you know. And I knew it, too, though, very likely old Harkness did't give me credit for being so well posted. Well, if I coudn't settle the question, the next best thing was to give it up. And give it up I did.

Next morning I went over, as usual, to the factory. Jim, the stoker, opened the doors always, as he had to be early to tend to the fires, which we banked every night. I expected to see Jim, but was much surprised when I saw Harkness. This time it was he who came up through the cellar door and I through the other. As before, we met unexpectedly. Nowit was my turn to be surprised, it was intensely pale, and seemed much agitated. With a strong effort of the will he strove to conceal his strange manner. He endeavored to speak calmly, and half-succeeded.

Bill, "said he, "Jim has tended to the engine, it's all right; come outside with me, I want to talk to you."

wards seemed forced out of me, and not uttered with my volition:

would you?"

A sudden vindictive pash seat me headle
As I fell I heard a demoniac laugh.

"Peach, if you want to!"

And the door awang to with
pring lock "You sooundrel. You'd steal your insurant

ng to with a click of the

And the door swung to with a clear of the spring lock.

At the foot of the steps an open trap, the sub-cellar hatch. The distance was so great that I had time to notice all this. Would it hurt me much when I struck? Would it kill me outright?

When I came to, I found myself in a well remembered room. Bessie, my Bessie now, hung tenderly over me, waiting for the light of recognition to appear in my fevered syss.

All was soon told. The boiler must have burst the very instant I struck. Harkmess was tilled by a flying piece of machinery; the would-be murderer had exchanged places with his victim, for I, strange as it may seem, was dug out of the ruins slive, and got off with only a broken arm. God for give him.

Heasie instate that if it han't been for the accident, I should never have "spoken out." So, after all, it was a blessing in disguise.

#### The Habit of Saving.

Petty economies are generally disagreeable to those who have to practice them, and they always require much self-control; still they are lay up a provision against alckness or old age. Liberal expenditures and a princely style of doing business constitute, in exceptional cases only, the road to success. More money is sometimes made by spending than by saving, since a good credit is thereby established, which takes the place of capital, and permits an otherwise impossible extension of business. But these instances are rare, and unless unn-But these instances are rare, and unless unu-sual sibility and vigilance are employed, adven-turous spirits come to grief. Among the large classes that live upon wages and salaries, there is positively no exception to the rule penny saved is a penny earned. Indeed, in some instances it is more, since time that has a money value is also wasted in unprofitable expenditure and health imperilled.

Wastefulness characterizes our domestic economy to an extent unheard of in more frugal countries, and we must always cat, drink, and be clothed with the best that the market affords Hard work deserves fat living, is the national maxim, and aimost the only unbelievers in it are the strangers within our gates, especially those of German origin or deseent, who are rapidly accumulating fortunes by their exceptional frugality. There is a certain justification for our liberality of expenditure, even upon economic principles, for it has been definitely ascertained that the better the workman is fed, clothed and housed, the more productive he becomes as a mere machine. And so it happens that the pauper labor of Europe, the generally alleged excuse for a high tariff policy in this country, does not produce astisfactory economic results. Your machine, even if man is only regarded in the light of a producing agency, must be kept in good order, otherwise its products are meager. There is no economy in depriving ourselves of an abundant supply of nourishing food, decent r-imment, and healthful shelter; but this affords no excuse for the prevalent sin of waste, nor does it justify spending hard-won wages upon expensive delicacies, unnecessarily large habitations, or coally trifless. There is far too slavish a subserviency to fashion among all classes. Economy in this respect would not only save money, but tend to create a much-needed independence, both in dress and in our whole manner of life.—Ex. onomy to an extent unheard of in more frugal

dress and in our whole manner of life.—Ex.

Istration.—This yarn about our "Crows" is from the Chicago Times: The Crow delegation visited the Exposition, and while in the mechanical department they were much taken with a number of buzz-aws in motion. When a Milwaukee man with a wooden leg noticed them, and having reed in his Suuday-school books that Indians were great imitators, determined to test the assertion. So Milwaukee stuck his timber-leg before the saw, and in a twinkle both leg and boot were on the floor. To say Thin Belly was astonished would be but a mild way of expressing his feelings. He looked at the boot and he looked at the man, then he tragleally remarked, in his own native language: "It shall nover be said that a pale face was more hersic than an Indian chief." He folded his blanket more closely about his body, gave a look of scorn at the surrounding whites, and then stuck one of his legs in front of the swift revolving cutters. But no sconer had he done so than he was more assonished than ever. He gave a yell, and frightened nearly to death, the attendant quickly shat off the steam, and the saw ceased its revolutions. Perhaps it was not demolished by the other Indians! There wasn't left a plees big snough for fine comb; and the attendant aforesaid narrowly escaped with his life. In the meantime the Milwaukee man had disappeared, and has not been seen since. As Blackfoot and his friends were leaving the hall, he was heard to say: "Osaw mileg, opb."

If anybody doubts this yarn, shoot him on the spot.

A ckntain French baron, whose scientific

## HOME AND FARM.

### To Learn Farming.

There is just one road open to all poor men who want to become, but are not good farmers, and that is by no means a royal road. It is to go to work with every power of their heads and hands and hearts as common laborers on other men's farms. Be careful whom you select for your teacher, and make sure that he is enterprising, economical, intelligent, and successful. Let him understand your object in going to him, and accept the fact at the on to him, and accept the fact at the outset that you are working not for money, but for instruction. Do with alacrity whatever you may be set to do, whether it be to elean out a hog-pen or to break a colt. You will have it all to do for yourself some day, and now is the chance to learn how. Make yourself the most valuable hand on the place, and show that you are worth the trouble of teaching. In this way you may learn so much in a single year—may "get the knack" of so much that is indispensable to success—that you may safely set up on your account with a snug place of twenty acres or more; and if you have made the reputation you have had the opportunity to make, your instructor and neighbors will be glad to give you a helping hand. If you really have the right stuff in you, they will have found it out, and the closest fisted of them all will sell you land on time, if he has it to sell, and will trustyon with ayoke of oxen or a horse, for he well knows you are as safe to trust as a savings bank. If you can't reach this in one year, take two, take three. If you get your board for your work, and have a chance to study at odd times, they will be the most profitable years of your whole life, and the knowledge you have gained will be worth more to you than a capital of \$10,000 without it.

When the proper time comes, (don, thurry,) buy a small farm that you are sure you can manage, and don't be afraid to run in debt for whatever you really need to work it with successfully, for you will be sure to come out right in the end.—Hearth and Home.

Farm Economy. that you are working not for money, but

### Farm Economy.

Farmers do not have the ready money to spend that some in other business have, they can be just as extravagant with what they do have as anybody else. In these times, it is not a question of what one makes, as much as what he saves. It has been a good fall for saving. The pleasant weather has given an opportunity to prepare land for another year's crop, and save hiring help next spring. It also gives time to accumulate a stock of fertilizers, in the materials wasting about the farm, and save spending money to purchase next spring. In addition to this, every farm has more or less dead wood, or cut timber lying around, that should be gathered up and added to the wood pile, so as to save in fuel. The fact is some commence their winter vacation too soon. The ordinary fall work being over, they do nothing but the chores, their only winter work, and spend the best part of the day in illeness, while true economy would suggest that there are many things that can be done during the pleasant weeks of late fall, that will save doing it in the spring, when work presses, and when the lateness of the season may crowd work together, requiring an extra expenditure of money. Money is sometimes paid out for support of the family that could be saved by gathering from the farm. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is a good precept for the farmer to act upon, in the late fall, after the usual crops have been harvested, and then if times are hard and money scarce, there are no class of people that are so well provided for as the farmer. They have on hand the food to eat and fuel to keep them warm, guthered by their own hands.—N. E. Homestead.

Library in this Kitchen.— Does it ever incurve whather the to spend that some in other business have they can be just as extravagant with what

are no class of people agree on hand the food to eat and del to keep them warm, gathered by their own hands.—N. E. Homestead.

LIBRATY IN THE KITCHEN.—Does it ever occur to you to inquire whether the "Spring fever which makes you so languard and it is again to the site of the season shad the attendant aforesaid narrow on the site. In the meanting warmth of the season Mary Ann and limber vised. If anybody doubts this yarn, shoot him on the spot.

A CENTAIN French baron, whose scientific tasts led him to collect the shall, he was heard to say. "Osaw miles, oph."

It anybody doubts this yarn, shoot him on the spot.

A CENTAIN French baron, whose scientific tasts led him to collect the shalls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unresped a carefully enveloped package.

"The shall of shakespeare."

"I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron, Here is proof of what I say," said the deals apery which concealed tion, "I already "He must A CENTAIN French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the shulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustemed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unrepped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespeare."

"I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing come papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull.

"He must have been a rogue who sold you than," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your taster," said the baron, in a mild tone. "He sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago.

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, but then suclaimed, with vivacity; "I understand. He good enough to observe shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the underslowed forchead, where intelligence is still mutts. It is Sg akespeare's, certainly, but as a child about twelve or fourteen years old, whereas this is when he had strained a certain age, and had become the greet genius of which Enghand is so justly proud."

The baron bought the second head.

"LILY.—The juice of appte boiled in shellow vessels, without a particle of sugar, makes the most sparking, delicrous jelly imaginable. Red apples will give jelly the colors and clear.

JELLY.—The juice of apple boiled in shellow ressels, without a particle of engar, makes the most sparkling, delicious jelly imaginable. Red apples will give jelly the color, and clear-ness of claret, while that from light fruit is like amber. Take cider just as it is made, and not allowing it to forment at all, and if possiore bell in a flat pan very large and shallow. Any one living near a "house" for boiling sorghum juice can make this jelly to perfection.

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