

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Such Pleasant People.

"Ward, can you spare me ten dollars, as I need it badly?" said Sadie Moran in a timid voice to her husband, as he rose from the table one morning, frowning, until his eye-brows almost met. He answered angrily: "It's money, money, everlastingly; you are like the Leeches' daughter, crying 'give, give, give,' and never satisfied. "What is wanting now?" "Essie needs a pair of shoes"—"That is two dollars, he interrupted; "Nina a new dress"—"the second during the last month—what will it cost?" Five dollars will do," Mrs. Moran replied. "Humph! it ought to, what next?" "The remaining three dollars I wish to use myself," she responded. "Really! and what do you need, pray?" Mr. Moran, queried, sarcastically.

"Gloves, pins, cotton and trimmings," his wife replied, her pale cheek flushing with anger at her husband's cross-questioning, yet not daring to refuse to answer him. "Well, if you must have it, you must, I suppose; here it is, and take good care of it, as I am not made of money." So saying, Ward Moran tossed ten dollars on the table, and without any leave-taking, which he regarded as superfluous, hurried off to his business.

Later in the day a lady entered his store, and asked him to contribute something towards an enterprise, which would not benefit him in the least, as he would only gain the publicity of giving a certain amount of money. With much suavity of manner Ward Moran wrote his name down for fifty dollars—five times the amount he had grudgingly doled out to his wife—and the lady departed, telling everybody she saw, that Mr. Moran was such a pleasant man.

"Orville, I wish you would go to my room, and bring me my fan, gloves, and also, my vinaigrette, said Coralie Hunter to her handsome husband, who was leaning back in an easy chair, admiringly watching her, as she was preparing to attend a reception.

"Certainly," he replied, leaving the room. He soon returned, and laid a dainty vinaigrette, and a pair of tiny gloves on the marble table. "There! you have forgotten the fan, as I know you would; I never sent you for anything, but you forgot the most important article," said Coralie, crossly; and a moment after added: "Well, are you going to get the fan, or shall I?" "When you speak to me a little more respectfully, than as if I were your lackey, I will get it; "but, Coralie, tell me why you are so much more polite, and pleasant to me, when we are abroad, than at home?" said Orville Hunter. "Because we are married; and at home, there is no necessity to keep up appearance," coldly replied Coralie.

After they had entered the carriage, Orville Hunter laid a snowy fan in his wife's gloved hand, which she received in silence. The same evening, accidentally dropping her filmy handkerchief, a gentleman picked it up, and with a low bow, presented it to her; with sweetly uttered thanks, and a winning smile, she received it, and was so charming and pleasing, that everyone in the room, except her husband, concurred in saying: "That Mrs. Coralie Hunter is such a pleasant woman."

"Edgar, will you bring me a pail of water? I am so tired," said Delle Lester, to her brother, a stout young man, who was deeply absorbed in getting the right twist to his neck-tie, and who answered, shortly: "Oh, bother! I'm busy; get it yourself, Del." "Edgar Lester, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, asking a delicate girl like Delle, to carry a pail of water, while you stand and look on," said his ten-year old cousin, Fannie Carlton. "Mind your own business, Miss Fan, or I'll make you. I am not going to wait on Del, all the time; and if she wants the water, she can get it, or go without," said Edgar angrily, and taking his hat off the rack, opened the door, just as Fannie cried, mockingly:—"No, I wouldn't tire myself, if I were you, as you are so delicate; I am afraid that your health is getting as bad as your temper. I'll tell Eva Kelly how cross you are at home, and how polite, and what airs you put on at her house."

"If you dare to, I'll break every bone in your body, you little imp," and slamming the door, Edgar walked down the street, and overtook a young girl, petite and brunette, who was carrying a large basket. "Good afternoon, Miss Eva, let me carry that heavy basket," said Edgar, suiting the action to the word; and he made himself so agreeable and pleasant, and spoke so kindly of his sister and cousin, that Eva Kelly thought he was a very loving brother; and she was envied by all her acquaintances, in having won the love of Edgar Lester, as people said he was such a pleasant young man.

"Mother, do tell me where my dress is, that you ironed? Did you mend my stockings, as I told you to? Where is the rouge, and Lily Bloom?" said Mary Clarkson, in a sharp tone to her mother, who was fluting a dainty lace frill.

Mrs. Clarkson looked up, and answered mildly: "One question at a time, my dear. Your dress is in your room; the stockings, I did not have time to mend, but it will not take you long." "No, indeed, I won't touch them; I will buy a new pair, and you can mend those tonight," rudely interrupted Mary, who then added: "Why don't you tell me, where my rouge and Lily Bloom—Roy, you rascal, how dare you! I'll box your ears, well for that, you little wretch!" and Mary made a spring at her twelve-year old brother, who had just entered the room, with his cheeks and nose covered with rouge, and his forehead, lips, eye-brows, and hair, covered with Lily Bloom, and shook him, until he blubbered for mercy; and when she released him, escaped to the door, and cried tauntingly: "Why don't you act this way when Dave Graham visits you, Golly! you can

say prunes and prisms then, can't you? I wonder if he sees that your cheeks are an inch thick, with that red paint, and that you sift white powder on your hands and neck. Guess I'll tell him; say, did you ever tell him how much horse hair you wear on your head!"

Here Roy dodged outside the door just in time to escape a book, which was hurled at his head by his irate sister.

An hour later, Mary Clarkson, in a filmy white dress, almost covered with flounces, over which her mother had tumbled half a day; her cheeks and lips crimson with rouge, her forehead, neck, and arms dazzling in their whiteness, with Lily Bloom, entered a ball-room, leaning on the arm of Dave Graham, a rising young lawyer, and whenever Mary's musical laughter rang out, or she uttered a sparkling bon-mot, everyone unanimously agreed that she was "such a pleasant young lady."

San José, February 2d, 1874.

Old Saws, Etc.

[From the PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.]

"A woman will have the last word." Before reading Mrs. Nichols' letter in your issue of the 28th ult., I had no idea that "old saws" were such very dangerous tools. I barely touched one and lo! I had wounded some one's sensibilities. Possibly the metal of the one I used contained a flaw, (a logician would probably call the flaw, "an undistributed middle term;" the predicating, i. e., to an entire class, what can be affirmed of but part of that class); possibly time has worn the blade so thin that it is incapable of any further useful work, if it ever performed anything better than saddling the "grey mare" with a burden that the bay horse could with equal propriety have borne.

Mrs. N. calls on me to "rise to explain." Thanks, dear Madam, for hauling me over the coals in your kindly criticism, for slipshod writing; thanks also for your contribution to the RURAL'S Home Circle "Picnic."

"Pecceavi" is the only explanation I can offer, the proposition is incapable of demonstration, from the fallacy involved in the use of the undistributed middle term. But, though I thus retract, I cannot remove from my mind the idea that the old saw is a saw, and has been a saw, and that the maker, obtained his metal and pattern from somewhere. I humbly submit that I think the second Mrs. L. would have let Mr. L. feel that, though the metal was faulty, some of the teeth were still sharp; or at least that there was enough of the old metal left to make the "fire fly," when Mr. L. approached with the family tinder-box.

"Putty Women" Versus "Fireflies."

But, my dear Madam, in my use of the old saw worse than your use of the combination, "putty women." I think that, were I a woman, the imputation of being describable by the adjective "putty" would rile me far worse than the imputation of loving the last word.

Submission, a womanly virtue.

Was it not the still, small voice of conscience, the voice of Truth, that suggested that "to be submissive and forbearing are womanly virtues"? Aye! and manly ones too! The Manliest of men "took upon Him the form of a servant," and humbled Himself. But that submission is a peculiarly womanly virtue in her relation to her husband, in fact, and in dispensable virtue, I think is demonstrable. Before beginning our argument, however, I would ask whether the good old ideal marriage—the making "of twain one flesh," the union of tender care and loving trust, is altogether impossible now-a-days? Are we all so entirely selfish that even husband and wife cannot make their interests identical? If marriage is to result only in mutual defiance and distrust, it would be better, for the sake of the wretched offspring, that marriages ceased.

I maintain, that in marriage, the submission of one is a necessity. Which is preferable, anarchy or paternal despotism? These, of course, are the extremes. Perhaps Mrs. N. would suggest a Duumvirate, using *vir* to include both sexes. Excellent, no doubt, but how when the duumvir's opinions clash? One must go to the wall, while the other becomes dictator. A woman, though never such a hand at making the "fire fly," would have small respect for a "putty" man who abandoned his deliberate convictions for fear of a few wordly expressions, however vivid and sharp. When divergent opinions arise, and neither can convince the other, one must yield, and surely the one who bears the outward brunt of life's battles should be allowed the marshaling of his own army.

I am speaking of men, and not of those bipeds who too ashamed, or afraid, to vent their ill-temper on hired hands or strangers, or perhaps in a state of semi-intoxication, come home to wreak their passion on their children and wives;—though doubtless, there are women submissive even to such for less ignoble reasons than "putty."

Man's Ideal of Happiness.

which, even in moments of revolutionary crime and madness, the most abject of the race howl for, is the perfect enjoyment of "liberty, equality and fraternity." This is the relationship of a perfect marriage; thus the relationship that God presses on unwilling acceptance. On God's part nothing has been left undone to induce man to accept the offer; man's will alone is wanting, and Omnipotence cannot compel free will.

But the perfect enjoyment of liberty, equality and fraternity, promises the extinction of all selfishness (all sin that is, for what sin has not gratification of self as its motive), and the union of our wills with the Divine Will.

"Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours to make them thine."

Obviously one will alone is excellent. Of two contradictory wills, but one can be accomplished, and it is the knowledge of the one excellent ever accomplished Will, and little necessary accordance of

our wills that constitute eternal life:—the enjoyment, that is, of liberty, for he is free whom love obliges:—of equality, for willing as God wills, our wills are accomplished even as His:—of fraternity, for what ideal of fraternity exalts that true brotherhood of children of God, each forgetting all selfish aims in love for every other, and being loved by all; instead of each hugging merely his own precious self, careless of, and uncared for, by any other.

So, in any true marriage, selfish interests are presupposed extinguished, each enjoys the true "right" of loving the other as him, or herself, of having one common interest, one mutual confidence; and womanly submission becomes a light burden, an easy virtue. Would that all marriages were of this nature. There would be less occasion for the poet's sneer.

"Romances paint at full length people's wooings, But only give the busts of marriages."

EDWARD BERWICK.

Carmel Valley, March 4th, 1874.

Religious Belief of Boston's Literati.

"Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Connecticut*, writing of the religion of Boston literati in his last letter, says: Until of late almost everybody known in Boston in letters or in public life, was a Unitarian. Of the five ministers to England which Boston has furnished in this generation—Lawrence, Everett, Bancroft, Adams and Motley—all were of this persuasion. Mr. Lawrence, however, I have heard, had not the moral courage to attend the Unitarian Chapel in London in the face of the prejudice against Unitarians among the aristocracy of that capital. Not so Mr. Adams, as you may imagine. Mr. Bancroft, I think, renounced Unitarianism some time during his residence in New York. Daniel Webster attended Brattle street Unitarian Church until its standing committee offended him by selling his pew for non-payment of taxes, when he took up his connection with St. Paul's (Episcopalian). He was claimed by some of the Congregationalists, also, after his death. Mr. Epes Sargent is the only decided Spiritualist that I know among our literati, but he has continued to attend Unitarian preaching. Mr. Whipple has long been of the Rev. Dr. Bartol's parish, which was formerly that of the father of Professor Lowell. Wendell Phillips is nominally an orthodox Congregationalist, but his face is not familiar among the attendants of any of our Congregational churches. He may be said to have inherited the faith without relinquishing it altogether. The Rev. Dr. Blagden, our oldest Congregationalist minister, and one of the few who made decided opposition to the anti-slavery movement almost to the last, is Mr. Phillips' brother-in-law. Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., is probably much more interested in religious matters than any of the above named gentlemen, and is an Episcopalian of the extreme high church stamp.

Has He a Call to be a Husband!

Has he a call to be a husband who thinks more of his horse than of his wife! Has he a call to be a husband who spends six evenings out of the week away from home, and complains because his wife will go Tuesday evenings to prayer-meeting?

Has he a call to be a husband who spends \$5 a week for cigars and an occasional glass, but can't afford to take a newspaper for his family?

Has that man a call to be a husband who makes elegant presents to other ladies and grumbles if his wife wants a new dress?

Has he a call to be a husband who swears if the one hundredth button is missing and never speaks a word in commendation of the ninety-and-nine that remain immovable?

Has he a call to be a husband who never buys a book or a picture to make home attractive, and still wonders why a woman can't be contented to stay at home seven days out of the week, and ever singing, "There's no place like home."

Has he a call to be a husband who comes to the table with tobacco-stained lips (those lips for which sweet kisses should ever be in waiting), and turns away in disgust from a grease spot on his wife's apron?

Has he a call to be a husband who loses money by betting on elections and horse races, and when he becomes involved attributes it to his wife's extravagance?

A Gem From Whittier.

To appreciate the truth and beauty of the following lines from the pen of Whittier, it is necessary to know the circumstances under which they were written. A friend of Whittier's youth, who had spent much of his life on the Illinois prairies, called on the poet at his home in Amesbury, and together they recalled the scenes of their childhood, and briefly recounted the course of their after life, and Whittier seemed much affected by the allusion of his friend to his prairie home, where a wife, children, and a grandchild ("Constance") awaited his return, and on being asked for his autograph, replied: "Call on your way to the cars, and I will hand it to you." The friend called and received the following. The lines show the delicate texture of the poet's heart, the tendrils of which were evidently stretching after something beyond his reach:

The years, that since we met have flown,  
Leave, as they found me, still alone,  
No wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine, the heart to cheer.  
More favored thou; with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze.  
For one like her to love thy name  
Is better than the voice of fame.  
—Boston Commonwealth.

LUXURY is a vice which prompts many to run into expenses beyond what their circumstances will admit. And why? Because respect is attached to prodigality, and contempt is shown for those who do not maintain a similar profusion; because the custom of lavish expenditure is universal, and because things that are superfluous, useless and frivolous are rendered almost necessary and indispensable. Here is the mischief of luxury.

Young Folks' Column.

Artie's Prodigy.

The following verses are founded on facts. Some months since, a weak and homeless kitten took up its abode with the poultry flock of Mr. P. H. Sumner of Oakland. It gleaned its food from the scraps thrown to the chickens, grew strong, and became the pet of Master Arthur Sumner. It creeps upon the roost and re-



ceives the fostering warmth of the chickens by night, and accompanies them in their daily wanderings for food.

You've wonder of the woman  
Who kissed the old cow;  
Of moody and piggy,  
Which fraternize now—  
Of friendly relations  
Tweed pussy and mouse,  
Which strangely enough  
Are playing—keep-house.

Of the hateful old crower  
And fair bird of Jove,  
Which once were united  
In conjugal love.  
For taste, no accounting,  
Like this and like that,  
And there's yet another,  
A wail of a cat.

Which a scepter doth sway  
In a henry home,  
Every chick doing homage  
To king pussy Tom.  
There's a lot of delight,  
When mother hen tells  
That a wee downy chickie  
Has peeped from the shell.

He eats with his subjects,  
They make him a bed,  
"Nesth noddan hen's wing,  
Where he tucks up his head.  
"The plain he is happy,  
With comforts like these,  
And in turn wears her plumage  
With his long narrative.

His chariot of state  
Is clear tickler's back,  
Which treads very proudly  
With king Thomas Cat.  
Now some one will say,  
(But we don't care for that)  
"He's out of his sphere,"  
For a civilized cat.

Surely will eat-ochise  
His uncivil way  
But when the cat's gone  
The mice can play.  
So he's making his living  
In a life-loving way  
Which is better, I'm sure,  
Than some men of to-day.

The Reason Why.

Little May lives near our creek, and often she comes down to the meadow to talk with her big brother, when he's at work. He's a very knowing man, I can tell you, for the reason that he keeps his eyes and ears open when he's out of doors; and, when he is indoors, he fills all his odd moments with reading. Well, May came in crying to him, the other day, to tell him how she had broken her mother's beautiful china vase. The vase was very cold; and May poured hot water into it. The poor child could not see how so simple a thing should have broken the delicate china into pieces. He tried to explain to her how all the tiny particles of the china had drawn closer together with the cold; while, if the vase had been standing by the fire they would have moved a little farther apart from each other; for the cold contracts, while heat expands. (This you little folks will read about in your Natural Philosophy, some time). Now I being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, could see that the vase was ever so little smaller by standing in the cold, and that pouring in the hot water would make it expand too quickly, or cause unequal expansion by the boiling water expanding the inner surface before the outside had caught the idea, thus causing it to break. But May, being only a little girl, did not have eyes sharp enough to see this, though they are as bright as bright can be; the difference in the size of the vase in the cold or in the heat is so very, very small! But she will remember now not to pour hot water into cold china or glass, or cold water into hot china or glass, unless (now this is the great secret the big brother told to Mary) she first puts into the vase, or whatever it may be, a silver spoon. The metal, he said, draws the first shock of the heat or cold to itself, and thus the glass will not be broken. Was he right?—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in *St. Nicholas for March*.

THE SEA MOUSE.—The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under the water. It sparkles like a diamond and is radiant with the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in the mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not have been called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitter like gold shining through a flocky down, from which fine silky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tint into another, so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist says, the plumage of the humming bird is not more beautiful. Sea mice are sometimes thrown up on the beach by storms.

NEVER be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about any honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

EVERY man's past life should be his critic, his censor, his guide. He who lives, and is done with life the moment it drops hour by hour from his hands, is not half a man. He is like a plucked plant that stands in water without roots of its own, and can have no growth, and soon fades and passes away.

PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE.—In one of the papers, read during the late session before the Royal Society, a fact highly interesting to physiologists was made known by Professor Sanderson, of University College, London. It is, that vegetable fibre, when electrically excited, behaves in the same way as animal fibre. The learned professor's experiments were made on the leaf of *Dionaea muscipula*, popularly known as Venus fly-trap, and the effect of the currents was identical with that observed in experiments on muscular fibre. Here we have confirmation of an oft-suggested proposition, that plant life and animal life have much in common.

A boy's sheepishness is by no means a sign of overmastering reverence; and while you are making encouraging advances to him, under the idea that he is overwhelmed by a sense of your age and wisdom, ten to one he is thinking you extremely queer. The only consolation I can suggest to you is, that the Greek boys probably thought the same of Aristotle. It is only when you have mastered a restive horse or thrashed a drayman, or have got a gun in your hand, that these shy juniors feel you to be a true, admirable and enviable character.—*George Elliot*.

GOOD LANGUAGE.—Young people should acquire the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you put this off, the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and, if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim will probably be doomed to talk slang for life. You have merely to speak the language which you read, instead of the slang which you hear, to form a taste in agreement with the best speakers and poets in the country.

OFF with your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats on in the presence of ladies, and if you always take yours off when only mamma and the girls are by, you won't forget yourself and be mortified when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is stronger than anything else, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on any special occasion, is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners can not be put on at a moment's notice.

LEARN FROM BABY.—Jack heard a very strong young farmer say one day that his baby brother had taught him a capital lesson,—that was to stretch himself out. Baby did it for some wise reason, he knew; so he had followed the example. Stretching makes you grow, makes you supply and active, and is altogether a good thing. Follow the baby's plan, my dears; stretch your arms, legs, neck and body for a few moments, morning noon and night, until further notice.—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in *St. Nicholas for March*.

ITEMS about little boys who pull each other under broken ice are fashionable just now. No family should be without one.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

EFFECT OF RARIFIED AIR.—A recent book of travels in Asia, by Dr. Henderson, contains an interesting statement of his experience on high altitudes. A few days out from Lé they had to cross a pass, the Chang-la, 18,000 feet high. In so doing, almost every one suffered from the rarity of the atmosphere; in one case the pulse went up to 100, the respirations to twenty-two per minute. Some complained of a feeling of suffocation, and could not sleep; but a few deep inspirations relieved this feeling. Intense headache was complained of, with great prostration of mind and body; the temper became irritable, and there was most distressing nausea. In some, the lips became blue, and in another case the temperature, as indicated by the thermometer, sank one or two degrees. Such is the exceedingly interesting account given of the effects of great rarification of the atmosphere by Dr. Henderson. We may mention that here the barometer stood at 15.73, and the thermometer at 61° Fahrenheit, and water boiled at 181° Fahrenheit.

NEW BOX MAKING MACHINE.—A novel and most ingenious machine was exhibited in operation at the recent monthly meeting of the Franklin Institute, viz: Heyl's machine for making paper boxes. This invention performs, with marvellous celerity, all the movements of the human operator, and turns out boxes of any desired sizes ready for use. The inventor at first designed a neat machine for pasting the different parts of a box together, as is now done by hand labor; but, by this machine, he has superseded his former invention, by one in which the parts of the box are held together by a wire, which, at the proper time, is made to puncture the card, and is instantly locked down upon it. The machine is capable of turning out from 60 to 100 boxes per minute, according to the size of the box. The machines, though but recently brought to public notice, are already kept busily at work filling orders, and there can be little doubt that they will bring about a speedy revolution in the box trade.

WHEN beets are preserved for the manufacture of sugar, they give off carbonic acid and take up oxygen. The carbonic acid is a product of the oxidation of the sugar contained in the beets. According to calculation, 1,000 cwt. beets would lose 10 cwt. sugar in thirty days. The air contained in the beets consists mainly of nitrogen and carbonic acid and very little oxygen.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF HAY.—In a paper on the spontaneous combustion of hay, H. Ranke says that, in consequence of prolonged fermentation, hay can be transformed into a true coal, which, when exposed to the air at somewhat elevated temperatures, acts as a pyrophorus.—*Quart. Jour. Sci.*

THE rate of wave-motion was shown by Aet e to be only 3 feet per second in the muscles of a frog, much slower than the rate at which waves pass along the motor nerves of the same animal, which Helmholtz determined at 85 feet per second.

A GERMAN chemist has discovered that one of the edible mushrooms, *Agaricus creolus*, emits, even when freshly gathered, a notable quantity of hydrocyanic acid. After cooking, however, the cryptogram is not poisonous.