

The Home Circle.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

April.

The meadows thrill with varied life Where freshly springs the clover;

The woods with ceaseless songs are rife, And misty March is over.

The foggy damps of other days Have lifted surely, slowly, And only left a golden haze, To veil the valleys lowly.

The growing air is full of scents, From fragrant flowers the promise That we shall have fair recompense, Tho' April too slips from us.

The mountain streamlet chants a hymn Amid its frothy dashes, In shadow deep and pure, but dim, In sunshine smiling dashes.

All Nature glows from point to peak With joyful, new reflection, And myriad tongues around us speak This vernal resurrection!

Oh soul of mine, thy flowers attune To praise the prohibition Of life removed, where endless bloom Attends thy full salvation!

Jerry Donovan's Midnight Mass.

Lough Iney is situated in one of the wildest valleys in the west of Ireland. The Law Life Assurance Company have erected a lodge by the edge of the lake, for the convenience of the disciples of old Jack; but for some reason best known to that distinguished guild, the internal arrangements have never been completed, and it stands virtually a bleak house, resembling that stereotyped Dead Sea fruit, the rottenness of the core of which is so often made capital of by simile-loving litterateurs.

I was fishing at Lough Iney—the month was August, the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three. It was a melting day, with murky clouds overhead, and just a chance of a breeze later on. My rod lay bobbing at its own reflection from out the end of the boat, and I was smoking the calumet of peace, and engaged in a conversation—waiting for something to turn up. At the house sat Jerry Donovan, my guide, philosopher, and friend, in the act of "redding" his duns, or little black pipe. Jerry's eye was as bright as a glass bead, and twinkled like a dissipated star. He was Myles na Coppelbeen, except that he was a trifle more ragged—the complicated patchwork upon his small-clothes would have puzzled the Davenport Brothers. Jerry and I were upon terms of the easiest familiarity, which I cautiously cemented by occasional "golligues," as he invariably called them, from out a leather flask which hung suspended to my waist, and the giving of which generally evoked from the recipient a thoroughly Irish sentiment, or a fragment of song.

Jerry had lighted his pipe, and I had refilled, when he suddenly asked— "Did ye ever hear tell o' Martin Hannegan's ass, sir?"

I responded in the negative.

"He was a quare sort of a baste. He drank when he was dry."

"That's a broad hint, Jerry."

"Begorra, I'm as dry as a cuckoo."

Having poured him out a "golligue" he held the vessel in his hand whilst he delivered himself of this flourishing sentiment—

"May yer days be as bright as the bades on this sperrits, an may yer heart be always as strong."

"There's no chance of a fish, Jerry?"

"Divil a wan, yer anner."

"Any chance of a water, Jerry?"

"Troth thin there is, because ye've thrated me decent, and I'll tell ye what happened me av sarvin' mass, in the little Chapel of Ballynadeskeen, over the hill beyant, pointing, as he spoke, in the direction of a mountain known as Honnamondhoul, towering right over us. Having taken three or four vigorous pulls at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and commenced as follows:

"Well, sir, I was a lump av a gossoon about, tho' it's a long time ago, sure enough—and divil resave the buke I'd read, or sum I'd do, but it's a duffer the rabbits I was, and ketchin' fish, an divarin' meself intirely, when wan mornin' nigh Christmas, up comes Father Myles Macmanus—may he be sayin' the rosary in beatification this blessed mornin', amin."

And Jerry reverently removed his hat. "Up he ken to where my poor mother was sittin' foremost the fire, and says he, 'Missis Kinshella says he, 'why the blazes!' here Jerry coggled violently, 'thin's not his reverence's exact words, sir, but, ye see, he was riz. 'Missis Kinshella, says he, 'have ye no regard at all, for to be in glory when ye shovel off this mortal coil?' says he."

"Oh yer reverence," says she, "why wud ye utter thin had words agin me?" beginnin' for to cry.

"'Bekase mam," says he, a little softened, "ye're not doin' yer duty."

"Oh Father Myles, what is it I done wrong?" says she, roarin' till ye'd think her heart wud splilt.

"Why don't ye send that gossoon," pointing his finger at me, "to attend me mass?" says he.

"I was bet up entirely a Sunday for some wan to attend last mass, and I was wudout me brogrest till it was time for to go to me dinner," says he, "an' I'm not over strong," says he, "be raisin' av my heart that's wrong."

"He'd only spile yer mass, yer reverence," says my poor mother, thyrin' for to get me off.

"Send him to me on Christmas Eve," says Father Mac, "an' I'll learn him how for to do it—for he must attend the midnight mass," says he.

"So, for to make a long story short, yer anner, he got the soft side o' me poor mother, an' I was sint wud a sore heart over the hills to that little chapel, forenost ye, on Christmas Eve, for to learn to serve the midnight mass."

"Well, sir, Father Myles was the broth av a priest. He never thought av nothin' but the souls av the faithful departed, an' av the sinful meanderin' av some av his flock; an' in regard o' drink he was cruel hard. Av he got the taste av a small o' sperrits off av a boy, he was at him like a cock to a blackberry. He'd pick an' pick an' pick at him, until he wouldn't leave a dither on him, an' ye'd do all sorts to get out av his claws."

"I went up to the chapel, and he fairly bethered me wud at sum sperrit-tew the oil, till I ken away wud an ass's load av Latin in my head, but all rowled up like a plate av strabout, so that when I had a 'Dominy' all right, av I was to be sint to Botany for it, I couldn't bowl out the vobisem."

"Burr an' ages (says I), what'll I do at all at all? I must only thry an' bother him wud the bell."

Jerry paused, threw a sheep's eye at my flask, which I pretended not to perceive, and taking a prolonged pull at his duds, continued—

"Divil sich a night ever ken out of the sky, for snow. It bet all ye ever heard tell av. The flakes was as big as him's eggs, and there was a wind blowin' that wud tie the strings av yer brogues."

"Ver not going for to sind the gossoon out sich a hard night?" says me poor father.

Something Wrong About Hats.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

The race of drunkards is not extinct, notwithstanding the success of the modern crusade. Bacchus still has his votaries among us, and one of these passed our office recently, on his return from a pilgrimage to the shrine of his jolly God. In his efforts to convince the passers-by that he was not in the least intoxicated, he lost his hat; and our San Francisco wind being no respecter of hats, the owner was soon compelled to commence a chase for which he was hardly qualified at the time. He was surprised at the conduct of his hat, and disgusted with the condition of the gutters of this city; and while chasing the runaway from point to point, he was heard to remark that this practice of making hats round was a great mistake, as it gave them a decided tendency to roll; and threw out the suggestion that they ought to be made square. However, an unsympathizing youth told the owner that it was just because he had something "square" in his hat that he had lost it. He halted in his profitless course, and, with the dignity that only a foolish drunk man can assume, he asked the irreverent youth what he meant by the r-mark that he had something "square" in his hat?

"Ver had a brick in it," said the candid young man.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feeling and strong command over them. Now we very often mistake strong feeling for character. A man who bores all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he that is mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of the man by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did you ever see a man receive a flagrant injury and then reply calmly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did you ever see a man in anguish stand, as if carved in rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless, daily trial, remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet sustain himself and forgive, these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PROSPECTIVE MATH-EMONY.—It is said that Sir Walter Campbell, who was lately in a mercantile firm in New York, wished to marry an American young lady, of good position, in the Empire State. Upon his applying to the young lady's father, the parent stated that he always referred all those questions to his wife. The mother, in her turn, stated that she must refer it to the Duke of Argyll. The Duke pleaded that, considering his connection with royalty, he must consult his eldest son. The Marquis could do nothing without the Queen's consent. Her Majesty felt that the issue must be referred to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as head of the family. The Duke rejoined that, since the recent changes in Germany, he looked upon the Emperor William as his sovereign, and must bow to his advice. The Emperor said he could do nothing without Prince Bismarck's opinion; and Prince Bismarck declared he had no opinion at all, one way or the other; and so the question—to marry or not to marry—was brought to a dead lock.

AMERICA'S LUCKY DAY.—Somebody has found out that Friday is the lucky day of America, long as it has been regarded as being the one of ill omen. It is said that on that day Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery; ten weeks after he discovered America; Henry VII of England gave John Cabot a commission that led to the discovery of North America; St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was settled; the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Princeton; they signed the august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution; George Washington was born; Bunker Hill was seized and fortified; the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown took place; the motion was made in Congress that the United States were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

THE BUSBY BUNION.—It is now asserted that the cholera which appeared in the southwest last season was of an entirely new type, and that it has never been seen in any country but this. We are the most inventive people on earth. When we do have a disease we get up a new variety of our own and keep it to ourselves. There is Busby, for instance. He has invented a new bunion which is warranted to forestall rain in any climate and to hurt worse than four bunions of the ordinary kind. Busby has taken out a patent for the invention, and none are good unless they have his trademark stamped on them. In introducing this article to the public we may with confidence assert that no man who wants a bunion which will ache in good solid earnest, which will stretch straight ahead for months at a time, can afford to neglect Busby. He makes them of all sizes from that of a door knob up to that of a candle box. The Busby bunion is certain to take the prize at the Centennial Exposition. One bunion placed on the foot of Old Probabilities in Washington would enable him to tell with certainty when it is going to rain Peru.—Max Adler.

THE WILL MUST BE TRAINED, NOT BROKEN.—Men often speak of breaking the will of a child; but it seems to me they had better break the neck. The will needs regulation not destruction. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold. The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, strain, but not to hew, cut and carve; for I would always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as dry, dead timber to be cut into this or that shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it. A live tree, and not dead timber, is every child.—Theodore Parker.

It is a grand mistake to accustom young people to sing exclusively "by ear," and to lead them to habits of guessing at intervals in deciphering vocal music. Children very readily imbibe key-relationship and rhythm; in youth is the golden opportunity of learning to read by correct principles. Don't place your singers under the necessity of breaking bad habits as well as of acquiring right ones.—Rock's Song Messenger.

If a man has a great idea of himself, it is certain to be the only great idea he will ever have.

AMERICAN GOODS FOR LADIES.—The Providence Journal declares that a printed calico is a handsome article than an India shawl, and if prints were two dollars a yard no woman would rest until she had a dress of them. It adds that it would be easy to name a hundred women of social position and fashionable leadership, who by resolving to dress for a year in American fabrics might give an impulse to industry and production that would be felt all over the country. If the pay of Congressmen and President were at the rate of twenty-five years ago, there would be several hundred women willing to do without India shawls and to wear handsomer and cheaper American goods. The aging of European fashions is the consequence of aging European salaries.

Nor long since a very nervous lady took passage at the Tip-Top House, White Mountains, to descend by the almost perpendicular railroad. Her fears were apparent to every one, and the following unique dialogue took place between her and the conductor: Lady.—Mr. Conductor, how do you hold these cars when you want to make a stop? Conductor.—Madam, we apply the brake, which you see there. Lady.—Suppose, Mr. Conductor, that brake should give way, what do you do then? Conductor.—Madam, we then apply the double-acting brake, which you see the other end of the cars. Lady.—But, Mr. Conductor, suppose that brake should not be sufficient to check the cars, where will we go then? Conductor.—Madam, I can't decide. That depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world!

THE Yankee propensity to highly color villainy as well as virtue, ugliness of features as well as awkwardness of manners, was finely illustrated by Wendell Phillips, several years ago, in one of his lectures. A certain "Down-caster," wishing to describe the wickedness of a whole community of his brother down easters, said they were so thievish that they did not dare to leave their stone walls out o' nights. Another good specimen of the Yankee habit of exaggeration is given by James Russell Lowell. He was riding up a steep hill in Colorado, and on asking the coachman if the hills were as steep on the other side, he was told that they were so awful steep "that chain lightning would not go down them without the breechin' on."

THERE IS NO DEATH.—If it be true that nature allows a vacuum, it is equally true that the Great Creator abhors death and glories in life. There is really no such thing as death—the term is a misnomer, used to designate the changes which occur in life. Life, eternal life, is created by the laws of Almighty will-power, which are as immutable in their application as is the existence of the Creator Himself. When God made life, He made everything necessary to sustain it, but left it for man's progressive intelligence to discover, convert and utilize.

IN Mendon, Vt., a deeply enamored youth recently received permission to "speak to my father." He did speak. He stated to the old gentleman that as to this world's goods he was incapable of making much of a show. But with a truly commendable presence of mind, he immediately added that he was "chock full of day's work." A young man with such sense enough to make such a statement, and to make it in that way, commended himself to the fatherly heart. He succeeded in getting the girl.

THERE are several famous cows in history. The cow of Mrs. O'Leary, for instance; Abby Smith's cow; the cow of Jack in the Beanstalk, and the cow that jumped over the moon. The latest historical cow is an Indiana "crummie," who died from the effects of chewing tobacco. She chewed, not the end, but "Century," and expired because she didn't find the ten cent piece so prominently advertised by the company.—Inter-Ocean.

A WEALTHY London firm of four brass founders has just dissolved partnership. Three of them could not sign their names, and had always to put their cross on the firm's documents. "If they could have used their pens well," remarks the Court Journal, "they might have become government clerks at fifteen shillings a week."

"I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world," says Pliny, "so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy and the other rise up in wantonness."

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

A VOTER, praising a favorite candidate at a late Irish election, said: "He is as fine a fellow as ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

Health Maxims from the Apocrypha.

The chief thing for life is water, and bread, and clothing, and a house to cover shame.

Better is the poor, being sound and strong of constitution, than a rich man that is afflicted in his body.

Health and good estate of body are above all gold, and a strong body above infinite wealth. There is no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart.

Death is better than a bitter life or continual sickness.

Give not over thy mind to heaviness, and afflict not thyself in thine own counsel.

The gladness of the heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of man prolongeth his days.

Evil and wrath shorten the life, and carefulness bringeth age before the time.

A cheerful and good heart will have a care of his meat and diet.

Watching for riches consumeth the flesh, and the care thereof driveth away sleep.

Watching care will not let a man slumber, as a sore disease breaketh sleep.

If thou sit at a bountiful table, be not greedy upon it, and say not, there is much meat on it. Eat as it becometh a man those things which are set before thee; and devour not, lest thou be hated.

Better is he that laboreth, and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.

Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating; he riseth early, and his wits are with him; but the pain of watching, and choier, and pangs of the belly are with an insatiable man.

Whoso is liberal of his meat, men shall speak well of him; and the report of his good house-keeping shall be believed.

Show not thy valiantness in wine; for wine hath destroyed many.

Learn where is wisdom, where is strength, where is understanding; that thou mayest know also where is length of days, and life, where is the light of the eye and peace.

Whosoever is brought upon thee take cheerfully, and be patient when ye are changed to a low estate.

Be not insatiable in any dainty thing, nor too greedy upon meats.

Rise up betimes, and be not the last; but get thee home without delay.

DR. SACK, of Geneva, thinks that sodic acetate is far superior to common salt, and will preserve meat and vegetables in a condition much more akin to the fresh article.

Young Folks' Column.

Grizzly From His Cage.

Boys and girls: You whose measure-mark on the door-casing does not reach higher than the back of your house-dog, and you who are so tall that your mother had to stand on tip-toe when she placed the rule on top of your head; and to children of all the intermediate sizes this proclamation comes greeting:

The publishers of your favorite paper, the "Rural Press," who were themselves children a great many years ago, are determined to do all in their power for your entertainment and welfare; and with this view have engaged, or rather engaged, me, a talking Grizzly Bear.

I shall expect, of course, that the girls will poke their parasols at me, to see if I am a real, or only a "bug bear." And the boys will be poking fun at me; and fun is a great deal worse than parasols to poke at a fellow. They will be likely to ask me if I am any relation to the "Bears" who are kept in the Stock Board rooms on California street, when they know well enough that I am not; for the only stock that I or any of my relations have ever handled is the live stock of the new countries.

I am not the only Bear that boys have cracked their jokes upon. The other day a man stood looking at the Bear on the cover of the Overland Monthly, which was attractively exhibited in a book-seller's window. Some boys were standing by, and one of them told the man that the picture at which he was gazing was a correct likeness of the editor of that magazine. Now this I am authorized to say is false; for probably three-quarters of the population of San Francisco, men, women and school-teachers, call regularly once a month upon the editor of the Overland Monthly, with contributions for that publication; and although nearly all of them are disappointed in regard to reception which their contributions receive, they all declare that there is no personal resemblance whatever between that gentleman and the animal on the cover of the magazine. I don't know how true it is, but it is said that this snarling figure is placed upon the cover of the Overland to frighten eastern and foreign critics, who otherwise might take undue liberties with its contents and compare them with the literary productions of their own localities.

It is expected that I will give to the youthful readers of the "Press" some account of my past history, with the opinions of myself and friends on the prominent topics of the day; but before doing so I would like to expose some of the "Bug Bears" that are at present going about, seeking whom they may scare. So I guess that the next time you visit my cage I will tell something about these noisy but harmless animals.

Different Kinds of Eyes.

No branch of science has been more thoroughly mastered than optics. The principle of vision must be essentially the same in all eyes, but they differ remarkably, according to the habits of the animal. Birds of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures and carrion-seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic visions, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening, so that they can see distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air.

This fact explains the balancing of a fish-bawk on its pinions, a mile above a still pond, watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the focal axis varying always to the square view of his intended prey. As they ascend, the focal axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement, so as to see far off again.

Snails have their keen eyes at the extremities of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument around the edge of a leaf or stalk, they can see how matters stand on the opposite side.

The hammer-headed shark has its wicked looking eyes nearly two feet apart. By an effort they can bend the thin edge of the head, on which the organs are located, so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a full-sized codfish.

Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half of an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of smooth hemispheres, they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, says the Religious Herald, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a simple, and what has been with us a most effectual, if not a positive, cure of sore throat.

For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends, and those with whom we are brought into business contact.

Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about a half a small tumbler full of cold water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been, that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared.

We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle, have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.

SEVERAL specimens of barrels of novel construction were recently on exhibition in the St. Louis Exchange. They are double-staved—really a barrel within a barrel—and all joints being broken makes them perfectly water-tight. The cost of them is to be no more than that of an ordinary barrel, and they are intended to carry all kinds of liquids, as well as flour, raisin, etc.