

The Home Circle.

Brother and Sister.

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime.

Nasby's Anti-Temperance Meeting.

COMPILED BY N. ROADS
(which is in the State of Kentucky)
March 10th, 1874.

Ed Heaven's most piercing lightning bolt strike
Joe Bigler and that jerrin fiend Pollock,
I should think more in the economy of nacher.

We held a meeting in Bascom's last week
To decide upon some measures to
counteract the wimmin's temperance movement

Various suggestions were made as to the best
way of counteracting the movement, when
Pollock rose and asked the privilege of making a
remark, which, I as chairman, consented to.

"I sympathize heartily with you," said Pollock,
in this stirring up and making head-
ack in this fanatic crusade, and would suggest that
you fit the devil with fire.

"It is all well enough to say, 'we will,'" said
Bigler, "but let us make shoes of hevin em' all
out, that there may be no faleyoor. To make
this a success the meeting must not only be
enthusiastic, but large. Pollock, take a piece of
paper and put down the names of those
husbands who will pledge their wives to be
present. Issaker Gavitt, will Mrs. Gavitt be
shoor to come?"

"Mrs. Gavitt can't come to protest agin this
crusade agin likker, coz she ain't got no
shoes," sang out Pollock.

"I had to pay it to Bascom, on account," said
peer Issaker, blushing still more.

"Squire Pennibacker, will your wife be
present to give this anti-temperance movement?"
"Sure I'll oppose it," said the squire, "coz I do;
but I doubt she kin com out to bear her testi-
mony agin it. She ain't got no cloze that she'd
like to be seen in."

"Mrs. Pennibacker aint got no cloze and can't
come," sang out Pollock. "Go on, Josie."

concern about her shoulders, and reel gaiters
onto her feet, and a buzzum pin onto her, and
everything gorgeous. Ez she drew back into
her room Pollock broke out:

"Mrs. Bascom kin go and enter her protest
agin this onwomans' crusade, can't she?"
"Of course she kin," said Bigler. "She's
got shoes and cloze enuff."

"Troo, troo," said Pollock, "and singler as it
may seem, she's only the one in the Corners
who hez. What shud we do about it?"

"I protest agin this thing," shrieked I, for
I seed wat it wuz leading to.

"Wait till I make my sejection," said Bigler.
"I wuz a comin' to it. It strikes me that
Bascom's wife hez got all the cloze that belongs to
the wimmin of the Corners, and that it is likely
to continyoo so jist so long ez Bascom keeps
the grocery, for the reason that it takes all the
men kin get hold uv to keep in sustentance.
Now wou'dn't it be an ekilable arrangement if
the male citizens uv the Corners shood take
turns at keeping the grocery? Let Issaker
Gavitt hev it for a week, which would enable
him to get Mrs. Gavitt a pair uv shoes—a
week's profit would enable Pennibacker to get
his wife a calker dress, and so on around. It
seems to me that it's unfair—"

Bigler didn't get no further with his incendiary
harangue. Bascom biled over and
threwed a bottle at him, which Bigler dodged,
and he and Pollock went out a laffia vociferously
at the fix they had put us in. The bottle
broke up the meeting. I thot it a pity that
it shood be wasted and went for it, and so did
every man in the room, and we struggled for
it on the floor like madmen. Issaker Gavitt got
it and dusted out with it.

I am fearful that our efforts to stem the tide
will result in a faleyoor. I can't help
confessin' that there is suthin' queer in the fact
that Bascom's wife is the only woman in the
Corners, who hez decent clothes, but Joe Bigler
and Pollock had no bizness to make the
fact so ecessidly apparent. If it ever gets
to the ears of the wimmin it ain't impossible that
they'll commence a raid on Bascom's
themselves. I wou'dn't have Pamela Gavitt, Issaker's wife,
get hold uv where that fifty bushels uv corn
went fur no money. It's a cold world and a
hard one to git thru with say.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(which wuz Postmaster.)
N. B.—This excitement hez delayed the
issuoo uv my paper. But I shall git it out.

WOMAN.—Place her among flowers, foster
her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of
fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed by a
dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's
wing, and ready to faint, at the sound of a
beetle; and she is overpowered by the perfume
of a rosebud. But let real calamity come,
rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her
heart, and mark her then; how her heart
strengthens itself—how strong is her heart.

Place her in the heat of the battle—give her
a child, a bird—anything to protect—and see her
in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as
a shield, as her own blood crimson her up-
turned forehead, praying for life to protect and
helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of
earth, call forth her energies to action, and her
breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing.
She disputes inch by inch the stride of
stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and
brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Mis-
fortune haunts her not; she wears away a life
of silent endurance; and goes forward with
less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity
she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for
the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—
pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace.
In short woman is a miracle—a mystery, the
center from which radiates the great charm of
existence.

NO SONGS HEARD THERE.—A recent traveler
says: "What always impresses more than any-
thing else in Egypt and Palestine has been the
entire absence of cheerful and exhilarating music,
especially from the children. You never
hear them singing in the huts. I never heard
a song that deserves the name in the streets or
houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of
voiceless sadness rests upon the forsaken land.
The daughters of music have been brought low.
The mirth of the tabret ceaseth, the noise of
them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp
ceaseth!"

DIDEROT once traveled from St. Petersburg
to Paris in his morning gown and night-cap,
and in this guise promulgated life stories and
public places of the towns on his route. He
was often taken for a madman. While compos-
ing his works he used to walk about with rapid
strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the
air when he had struck out a happy idea. One
day a friend found him in tears. "Good heav-
ens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I
am weeping," said Diderot, "at a story I have
just composed!"

WILLIAM M. EVAKTS, Esq., at a public dinner
lately, told the following good story on himself:
A few summers since, at the urgent request of
his younger daughters, he sent up to his coun-
try place in Vermont, a donkey for her use.
She had read about donkeys, but was not fa-
miliar with their peculiar vociferation. The animal's
strange noise inspired her with the profoundest
pity for his evident distress. So she
wrote to her father: "Dear papa, I do wish
you would come up here soon, my donkey is so
lonesome."

A WORTHY WOMAN in Rochester, N. Y., who
thought her daughter rather too young to re-
ceive calls from a very attentive young gentle-
man, the other evening gave them a very broad
hint to that effect; first, by calling the girl out
of the room and sending her to bed; and second,
by taking into the room a huge shoe of
bread and butter, with molasses attachment,
and saying to the youth in her kindest manner:
"There, Bubby, take this and go home; it is a
long way and your mother will be anxious."

A VENERABLE Boston mechanic saw an overcoat
in a second-hand clothing store, which he
thought he would be glad to possess at a reason-
able price. "How much?" he asked. "Twent-
y-one dollars," was the answer. The usual
bargaining took place, and the mechanic started
to leave the store. "How much you got?"
asked the merchant. "Three dollars." "Take
it, then. I shall shant be ruin of myself. I
only make two dollars on that coat, so help me
heavens."

This laconic but sensible German ought to
be sent out to lecture to the people on temper-
ance. "I drank mine lager, den I put mine
hand on mine head, and there vosh you pain.
Den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere
vaz nothing. So I jine de demerance. Now
dere is no pain in mine head, and de pain in
mine body vaz all gone away. I put mine hand
in mine pocket a, and dere vaz twenty dollars.
So I stay mid de demerance."

COUNTY Practitioner (about to go up to London
on business).—"I shan't be more than ten
days at the furthest, Mr. Fawcetts. You'll visit
the patients regularly, and take care that none
of 'em slip through your fingers—or get well—
during my absence."—Punch.

The Richmond Enquirer gives the world the
benefit of the following recipe: To cure an ill-
tempered man—Put him under another twice
as bad, and let him see what a fool he has been
making of himself.

The Faded Wrapper.

"Are you not sorry that father has gone away
to stay over night, Alice?" said one of Mrs.
Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains
so that no one will call; and now mother will
wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her
tell Barbara she should have a good long day
for sewing. She doesn't think it worth while
to set even the dining room table just for us."

"Don't you wish the wrapper still ink on that
dress, Phillip?" was the answer.—"Then she
wou'dn't wear it any more."

"No indeed, I don't want it any worse, for
she would wear it just the same rainy days and
when papa is away."

Now mamma, in the next room, heard this
discussion of the children, and arose to take a
survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was
not a very pleasing picture that the polished
surface gave back to her view.

"Now Harry Warren's mother," said Phillip,
"is always dressed nicely, any time of day."

"She wears such pretty bows on her hair and
neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so
pleasant as our mother," she added loyally, "if
she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened as she looked
down on the old wrapper.

To be compared to Aunt Warren," she
thought, "and by my own children, too. Who
would have thought they were such sharp little
things?" They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred.
She would not allow such a rival, she said to
herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old
wrapper, for once, Mr. Phillip," she added
smiling; so she took a soft bright dress, just
the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she
puffed her hair in her prettiest style, and pro-
ceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The
delicate lace collar was adorned with a bow of
palest pink, and her hair was tied back with a
ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to
the toilet changed her whole appearance. A
little taste does much for a woman's toilet, and
yet how small, often, is the cost. A simple knot
of violet or crimson velvet will make a dull
dress look bright and even elegant. As a great
painter said, "trifles make perfection, but per-
fection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look
than usual that day, as she entered the nursery.
Her dress had actually raised her spirits; but
she was hardly prepared for the burst of ad-
miration that greeted her. It is not often that
compliments are sincere and heart-felt as were
those of her little ones that day. But her
children's tones quickly changed to one of anx-
iety. "Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the ma-
chine all day; so we can have a nice time to-
gether."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute,
admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she
said, with a smile of deep content in her eye:
"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled, as she threaded
the needle of her machine, while Phillip added
proudly:
"See looks nicer than Harry's mother, even
when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough; she had eclipsed
her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the
mother, in her own heart, and she did remem-
ber it.

The rainy day dress was doomed, and they
helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It
made excellent linings for a new one, and it
often preached its old sermon over, as it hung
wrong side out in the closet.

Henry Ward Beecher on Cremation.

Beecher defines his position upon the crema-
tion question as follows:
1. We are heartily opposed to any compul-
sory burning. Whoever prefers to be buried
should have an unrestrained liberty in the mat-
ter. If it is pleasanter to decay gradually in a
box five feet beneath the ground, giving to the
near absorbent earth the volatile constituents
of our cast-off bodies, than to be turned speed-
ily to ashes, so let it be.

2. If there be those who, looking forward,
contemplate with satisfaction an urn contain-
ing the inconsumable particles of their bodies,
why should they be denied their preference?
Shall one who wishes to be ashes be compelled
to be dirt? If one prefers to have his urn on a
shelf, should he be obliged to have a box fur
under ground?

3. Let every one choose. Let commission-
ers be appointed who shall put the question
without bias to each one—will you burn or
bury? And let there be no odium cast upon
either side. Whether it be dust or ashes let it
be esteemed orthodox. Having fallen into parties,
sects, clans, all their life, and quarreled about
almost every question, there should be peace at
last, and man's ghost not be disturbed as to
the disposition of his body. The burning sect!
The burying sect! Fire or the spade! Into
the ground or into the air! How unseemly
would be these cries!

4. It is very little matter what becomes of
the body after we have gone with it. It is of
a great deal more importance to consider well
what will befall the soul. The casket is of lit-
tle value, but the jewel is priceless. Here end-
eth the lesson.

RELIGION.—Religion is life, rather than sci-
ence, and there is a danger peculiar to the in-
tellectual man of turning into speculation what
was given to live by. The intellect, busy with
ideas about God, may not only fail to bring a
man nearer to the divine life, but may actually
tend to withdraw him from it. For the intel-
lect takes in but the image of truth, and leaves
the vital impressions, the full power of it, un-
appropriated. And hence it comes that those
truths which, if felt by the unlearned at all, go
straight to the heart, and are taken in by the
whole man, are apt in the philosopher, and the
theologian, to stop at the vestibule of the un-
derstanding, and never to get farther. The
trained intellect is apt to eat out the child's
heart, and stand the "except ye become as little
children," yet the unprepared.

Japanese Dentistry.

An American dentist, living in Yokohama,
gives the following account of the Japanese
habits in regard to their teeth. He says that
as the young women have very fine teeth, it
is remarkable that they should keep up the prac-
tice of blacking them after marriage. The
Japanese, as a race, possess good teeth, but
they lose them very early in life.

Their tooth brushes consist of tough wood,
pounded at one end to loosen the fibers. They
resemble a point brush, and owing to their
shape, it is impossible to get one behind the
teeth. As might be expected, there is an ac-
cumulation of tartar, which frequently draws
the teeth of old people. The process of manu-
facturing false teeth is very crude. The plates
are made of wood, and the teeth consist of
tacks driven up from under the side. A piece
of wax is heated and pressed into the roof of
the mouth. It is then taken out and hardened
by putting it into cold water. Another piece
of heated wax is applied to the impression,
and, after being pressed into shape, is hard-
ened. A piece of wood is then roughly cut
into the desired form, and the model, having
been smeared with red paint, is applied to it.

Where they touch each other a mark is left by
the paint. This is cut away till they touch
evenly all over. The wax teeth, bits of ivory or
stones, for teeth, are set into the wood and
retained in position by being strung on a thread,
which is secured on each end by a peg driven
into the hole where the thread makes its exit
from the base. Iron or copper tacks are
driven into the ridge to serve for masticating
purposes, the unequal wear of the wood and
metal keeping up the desired roughness. Their
fall sets answer admirably for the mastication
of food, but, as they do not improve the looks,
they are worn but little for ornament. The
ordinary service of a set of teeth is about five
years, but they frequently last much longer.

All full upper sets are retained by atmospheric
pressure. This principle is coeval with the
art. In Japan dentistry exists only as a me-
chanical trade, and the status of those who
practice it is not very high. It is, in fact,
graded with carpentry—their word *hadykyisan*
meaning tooth-carpenter.

SAPPHIRES IN COLORADO.—The Denver, Col.,
News, says: "A miner, who has been engaged,
some months past, working in the bars along
the Platte for five or six miles above Denver,
had the good fortune to find several sapphires,
which he saved, without knowing anything
about their value. One day last week a stranger,
who was prospecting down the river was
shown the stones, when he bought the largest
for two dollars. He brought it to town, and
upon a test it was pronounced a sapphire, and
a very fine one. It was placed in the hands of
I. Haber, lapidary, to be cut. The rough
stone weighed nineteen and a half carats, and
was valued at \$500. The miner was also in town
yesterday, and became very much astonished
upon learning the value of the pebble he had
parted with for a two-dollar greenback. He
left two more with Mr. Haber, and proposes
to enjoy himself, some of the profits of their
polishing. The gentleman who bought the
first mentioned stone is experienced in such
things, though a comparative stranger in this
region. In the past week he has himself
found, within two miles of Denver, an emerald,
which he believes more valuable than the sap-
phire, and a very fine water agate, which will
produce a beautiful gem of strawberry color.
He has sent the emerald East. Three diamonds
have been exhibited in Denver, in the past
week, that the owner said were found in Colo-
rado, and east of the range. We cannot vouch
for the truth of this report, but there is no
question as to the fact that the others were all
found within less than six miles of the Denver
post-office."

THE BLOOD ITSELF is now supposed to be the
seat of all chemical changes in the body that
develop force. Thus we come back again to
the doctrine taught in the Bible, that "The
blood is the life."

JOHN BILLINGS.—Trying to define love is
like trying to tell how you kin tew brake thre
thee—all yu know about it is, you fell in and
got ducked.

A WESTERN paper says of the air, in its rela-
tion to man: "It kisses and blesses him, but
will not obey him." Blob says that that descrip-
tion suits his wife exactly.

AN old lady advises young girls who want to
remember a thing to write it down and paste it
on the looking glass.

"THERE'S not being much coffee in the house,
mum," a Connecticut Bridget put in "a little
tea to fill up."

WHAT bankers were hardest off during the
panic? Those who couldn't even pay one a
little attention.

The longest word in the English language is
smiles, because there is a mile between the first
and last letters.

JOHN BILLINGS says he don't care how much
people talk, if they will only say it in a few
words.

The greatest men live unseen to view, while
thousands are not qualified to express their in-
fluence.

When the fox preaches beware of your geese.

Young Folks' Column.

The Song of the Wind.

I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
Those boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And the little girls' bonnets away.

There's a great deal of dust to be blown in the air,
To trouble the traveler's eyes;
Those fruit-stalls and stands to be thrown to the
ground,
And this tart-woman's puddings and pies.

There are bushels of apples to gather, to-day,
And oh! there's no end to the nuts;
Over many long roads I must traverse away,
And many by-lanes and short-cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
That needs must be whirled round and round;
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
In the most distant part of the town.

That rich nabob's cloak must have a good shake,
Though he does hold his head pretty high;
And I must not slight Betty, who wishes so nice,
And has just hung her clothes out to dry.

Then there are signs to be creaked and doors to be
loosened,
Loose window-blinds, too, to be shaken;
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You'll see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll 'em on and help them along,
And flap the white sails, and howl through the shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

Then I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail,
On their gorgeous wings through the bright sky,
I bow to no mandate, save only to Him
Who re-createth in glory on high.

MR. MONKEY AND MISS PUSSY.—A little girl
at sea had two pets on board—a monkey and a
cat. She gave the monkey a tin plate, and
made him understand it was for his own use;
and, when dinner was ready, he would bring it
to the table, and hold it out to her that he
might place upon it whatever she thought best
suited to his taste.

As soon as served, he would carry his dinner
to some quiet corner, pussy always following
after with noiseless step. Placing his plate
carefully on the floor, Mr. Monkey would seat
himself; and, while he was occupied for a mo-
ment in arranging his tail in a graceful position,
pussy would slyly seize the dainty morsel, and
eat it up before he knew what she was about.

On turning round he would glance at the
empty plate, then dart at pussy, and pressing
her head tightly against his breast with his left
hand, as if preparing to extract a tooth, with
his right hand he would force her mouth open.
Then, bending forward, he would look far down
her throat as if to discover whether his lunch
had gone that way.

This happened quite often; for Monkey
seemed to forget from day to day the losses he
had sustained. Yet he was not without his re-
venge. Every evening he took delight in sur-
prising pussy in her promenades by springing
at her, seizing her by the tail, and loading her
over the ship's side, where he would swing her
backward and forward until her shrieks brought
some one to her rescue.

After all, pussy had the worst of it.

YOU WILL BE WANTED.—Take courage, my
lad. What if you are but an humble, obscure
apprentice—a poor, neglected orphan—a scow-
d and a bye-word for the thoughtless and gaff,
who despise virtue in rags, because of its rag-
gedness? Have you an intelligent mind, un-
tutored though it be? Have you a virtuous
aim, a pure desire and a honest heart? De-
pend upon it, some of these days you will be
wanted. The time may be long deferred—you
may even reach your prime ere the call is made;
but virtuous aims, pure desires and honest
hearts are too few not to be appreciated—not
to be wanted. Your virtue shall not always
hide you as a mantle—obscurity shall not al-
ways veil you from the multitude. Be chi-
valric in your combat with circumstances. Be
active, however small your sphere of action.
It will surely enlarge with every moment, and
you will have continued increment.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong, sensible
writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one,
too, for boys who use tobacco: "It has utterly
spoiled and ruined thousands of boys. It tends
to the softening and weakening of the bones,
and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal mar-
row, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who
smokes early and frequently, or in any way
uses large quantities of tobacco, is never never
known to make a man of energy, and generally
lacks muscular and physical as well as mental
power. We would particularly warn boys, who
want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco
as a most baneful poison."

ATTENTION TO THE OLD.—A little thoughtful
attention, how happy it makes the old. They
have outlived most of the friends of their early
youth. How lonely their hours! Often their
partners in life have long filled silent graves;
often their children they have followed to the
tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their
staff, waiting till the call shall reach them.
How often they must think of absent, lamented
faces; of the love which cherished them, and
the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs,
now all gone. Why should not the young
cling around and comfort them, cheering their
gloom with songs and happy smiles?

ALL bodies get larger as they get warmer.
To this rule there is no exception amongst
gases, and only three or four amongst liquids
and solids, and these exceptions only occur at
special temperatures. A solid without any
structure—that is, having neither a crystalline
form nor any kind of lamination or stratum,
or "grain," expands the same fraction of its
measurement in all directions when heated. A
sphere will remain a sphere, a cube a cube; the
hot body will be as similar in shape to the
cold one as a near body is to a far one. Thus
a wire a hundred inches long and a hundredth
of an inch thick, will, when heated to a certain
temperature, increase a hundredth of its thick-
ness and a hundredth in length, thus increas-
ing one ten-thousandth of an inch in thickness,
and one inch in length. Instead of taking
wires of enormous length in order to get ap-
preciable elongation, we can multiply the ap-
parent elongation by the mechanical means of
lenses, or optically. The examination of the
expansion of liquids is more simple, because
they have merely to be enclosed in flasks pro-
vided with narrow tubes, the bore of which
may be made exceedingly small in comparison
with the capacity of the flasks. When such
vessels are heated, the glass at first expands,
and forms a flask of greater capacity; so that
the liquid falls in the tube. But anon the li-
quid expands, and as, invariably, the expansion
of a liquid is greater than that of glass for
the same increase of temperature, the liquid
rises in the tube.

A CEMENT to stop cracks in glass vessels to
resist moisture and heat.—Dissolve casein in
cold saturated solution of borax, and with this
solution paste strips of hog's or bullock's blad-
der (softened in water) on the cracks of glass,
and dry at a gentle heat; if the vessel is to be
heated, coat the bladder on the outside, before
it has become quite dry, with a paste of a rather
concentrated solution of silicate of soda and
quiklime or plaster of Paris.

THE FLYING OF BIRDS.—M. Penaud now
demonstrates, first, that a bird sailing in the
air falls as slowly as possibly when he employs
for his horizontal movement one-fourth of the
work of the fall; second, a bird sailing with
a uniform movement clears a given space with
the least possible fall when the work of suspen-
sion is sensibly equal to the work of translation.