## THE HOME CIRCLE.

## No Time Like the Old Time.

BY O. W. HOLMES.] There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of April blossomed,
The gardon's brightest glories
By summer runs are nursed,
But oh the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that open first?

There is no place like the old place, Where you and I were born. Where we lifted first our eye-lids On the spiendors of the morn, From the milk-white breast that warmed From the clinging arms that bore, Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us, That will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend That has shared our morning days, No greeting like his welcome, No homsge like his praise; Fame is the scentless sunflower, With gaudy crown of gold; But friendship is the breathing rose, With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love That we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading aide by side.
There are blossens all around us,
With the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine,
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God biess our loving wives!

#### Pen and Pencil Marks on the Road.

[From the Pacific Bural Press.]

About a week ago, my protector (who is so extremely modest that I dare not publish his name) and I, started on a short visit to San Francisco. I suppose you will exclaim, "Humph! I'm sure that is no great journey to write about. I go there every week or two, and never saw anything worth writing of yet."
Not so fast, my friend; perhaps you do not use your eyes and ears, but busy yourself in a novel until you reach your destination; and if any reader finds one grain of information amidst this chaff, I for one, shall be satisfied. But to go back where I started from. It was a lovely morning when the cars glided out of the depot, and with a whistle of defiance dashed through the open country, past farms and farm houses. There are thirteen stations between San Jose and San Francisco. Menlo Park, the fifth station, is a lovely place, reminding one of the oak-studded parks of old England. Northeast of San Mateo, San Francisco Bay glistens like a sheet of silver under e sun's fierce rays. About two seats in front of your correspond-

ent, there was a lovely brunette, essaying a handkerchief flirtation with a young man, on whose chin the down of manhood was just showing itself; the last I am of them, he was very close to her of the brunette style, and both cating candy from the same paper. A couple of gentlemen behind me were discussing as to whether girls should be housekeepers to be said that American did. or teachers. One said, that American girls are, as a general rule, averse to house-keeping, and prefer to rush out into the world, expect-ing to find more excitement; and that his opinion was that girls should learn house-keeping, etc., instead of following men's occupations His companion mentioned a family in San Francisco, who shall be nameless, there being three girls, the oldest twenty five, the youngest twenty-one, who had been teaching several years, and who could have been married well, but they were so fastidious, that no one would suit them, unless he were rich, of good family and fushionable—his good qualities were an af-ter-consideration. Here the train stopped, and every one rushed out, as if they hadn't all day before them; and we followed the crowd. I will pass over my delightful visit, the kind-

I will pass over my delightful visit, the kind-ness of the editors of the Runal Parss, tiolden Era, New Age, Chronicle and Call, After visiting everything of interest, we started for home the third day on the steamer "Reform," and were agreeably dis-appointed, going on board, to find a very com-fortable vessel; but as 1 have no particular fondness for the "briny deep," you cannot ex-pect a rapturous effusion. The fare is one de-lar to San Jusé or Sant Chra, and readlar to San José or Santa Clara; and people kept coming, until there were exactly twenty-six passengers on board. Ten o'clock on the instant, we start; the plank is drawn off; one twelve-year-old girl is sobbing because she could not take a fat little poodle: but papa was nexorable, and Poodle was hus led We were soon gliding smoothly along, leaving a train of feamy water behind, and every turn of the wheel seems like the heart-beat of some huge animal. At first, the passengers were very reserved, taking a mental estimate of such other from head to foot, but before disaer were chatting quite gaily. On entering the pilot-room, Milbrae, the beautiful residence of D. O. Mills, was pointed out to me, by Cap-tain Nelson, who leaned me his powerful glass, to view it the more distinctly, while the pilot stood immovable at his wheel How little we think of the responsibility and absolute power of the man at the wheel, who has in his hands life or death! We passed three sign-boards about two nules from shore, which from shore, which served to warn vessels off the shallow water; it being only from four to six feet deep. Red-wood City, embowered in trees, could be dimiy seen in the distance; and the back-ground of rolling green hills, served to enchance the beauty of the scene. I was wishing for an adbeauty of the scene. I was wishing for an adventure, as we wound slowly along the narrow torthous channel, and when about a hundred yards from the wharf, it came. The vessel was fast in the mud! The bow of the vessel embedded in the mud on one side of the channel, and the stern was high and almost dry Truly a pretty predicament ! on the other. Truly a pretty predicament! As there was no danger, it was amusing to watch the passengers. One fine lady declared that the vessel would upset or blow up, and her hus-band was alternately faming and coothing her, while another drew out her handkerchief, and actually shed about two tears, then seeing that she did not cause any commotion, forgot her tears, and began asking questions: "If we would ever get out, if there was any danger? etc." The sailors took a twist around the stern of the vessel with one end of a huge rope, and then jumping ashore, made the other end fast around a post, which was there for that pur-pose; then commenced hauling in—and such a "Yo heave oh," and a "Bear away" you never heard. Snap, broke the rope, and the whole heard. Snap, broke the rope, and the performance had to be gone through performance had been story short, in thirty-five minutes the vessel swung around, and we soon landed, and in about an hour had traveled the nine miles from Alviso, and the

gentlemanly driver, Mr. Carter, set us down "Home, Sweet Home." San José, June 19, 1874. COLLINS GRAVES, who rode so fast down the Mill river valley to warn the people of approaching danger, is said to be the first milkman who ever ran away from water.

A TABLE of interest-The dinner table.

#### A Woman at the Bottom of It.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw as ide nis evening paper and faced the little group in the parlor. "I am fast growing out of patience with this text, 'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman should not occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good! It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. For there are hundreds of us poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we can hope to become in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman." "To tell the truth," said John Haviland,

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly,—so much so that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the farther corner of the room, inquired: "But why should you care, John? It always has been so and always will be so. We don't think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! and you should date."

taught to expect it."

'But you should care! and you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart; but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am worthy to be—the husband of a good woman."

man."
"Why, John." said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching—baby still held tightly to her bosom—"you absolutely frighten me."
"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be sniteipated; and John commenced at first a little timidly, but gaining confidence as he pro-

ceeded. "When first I came to New York at the age of 12 years to seek my fortune, I could call my-self a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-apprecia-tion. I was quick to learn everything, the bad non. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profene language. I picked up the oaths he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted; but after two weeks of nausea and indescrib-able stomach wrenches I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of 'em.
"True, every word of it," continued the

"One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said very softly and pleasantly, 'Would you please, little bey, be more careful? I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should late to have my dress spoiled.'

'I looked into her face. It was the sweetest

face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving, to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an

"What in the world did you say? ' interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears as she saw how the memory of the beau-tiful woman affected her busband.

"Say! There was little I could say. I think all I did for some time was to look. I managed to dispose of my tobacco however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and commented upon. "'Have you a mother, little boy?' she next asked, in the same low tone.

asked, in the same low tone.

"'No ma'am,' I answered, and I felt my
throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow
mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"'You have a father, then, I suppose?' she

kept on.
"'No ma'am, no father.'

· · · Brothers and sisters? ". Neither, ma'am."
"Then the little boy is all alone in the

world? All alone, ma'am.

" 'How long has his mother been dead?' and the dear woman boked away from my face and waited till I could speak.

""Two years, I answered.
""And you loved her?" came next.
""Dearly," was all I could say.
"She was silent for a moment, and then said

osweetly—oh? I shall never forget it—

"And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—
to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting babit as this?" pointing to my check where the tell tale quid had vainly tried to stand its ground. to stand its ground.

"I must leave now, she continued, 'but here is my eard, and if you come to see me most any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other. "She gave me her little gloved hand, and to

my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing; with her I could grow to man's estate-a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

'As soon as I could summon courage I called "As soon as I volume to the action of the act best as I waited in the elegant parlor for heart best as I waited in the elegant parlor for heart best as I waited how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point of my life, and be-fore I bade her good-bye it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

"No lover over looked forward to the meetiogs with the mistress of his heart any more ardently then I did to these meetings with my

"I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of bers, where I remain to this lay. this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe During the last three months of those two years I noticed that she grew those two years I noticed that she grew con-stantly pale and thin. She never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I asked her if she felt worse than usual she

would reply:
...Oh, no! I am only a little tired—that is all. "One evening she kept me by her sofa longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for

Why so much to-night? I inquired, con-scious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

Bocause, dear, she answered, 'I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?' "I think you can, ma'am, I auswered, al-

most sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

"Then I knew all, and my grief knew no. She died

bounds. It is of no use to go on. She died two days after, and when I hear folks saying, 'there's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."—American Citizen.

#### Hair Love.

The absent daughter, married and far away, sends home a tiny curl in a letter—it is that of her first-born. "The softest, silkiest, brightest hair, she verily believes, in all the world! And its dear little head is covered with it like so many rings of gold. Ah, if they could but see it!" Why, it seems but yesterday she was a child herself, the merriest of the household band—the most mischief-loving, provoking, and yet fascinating being one can well imagine. Threats and reproof were alike thrown away upon her; but a fond word would bring her to her mother's side in a moment, all penitence. her mother's side in a moment, all penitence and humility, although ten to one the next she was as wild as ever. But she become grave all of a sudden, married, and took to housekeeping by instinct, as it were, for she could have had little experience in these matters; but loving makes us apt scholars, and she b came a very pattern wife and mother. We need not say how the tiny curl will be kept and prized very pattern wite and mother. We need not say how the tiny curl will be kept and prized by the happy grandmother, who wept with joy as she remembered all this. Mindful, at the same time, with the sad experience which is the heritage of old age, of the precariousness of human felicity, and how many as bright buds of fair promise as the golden-haired child are now among the angels of heaven!

The young soldier, dying on the field of glory, prays with his dying breath that a lock of his hair may be cut off and sent in remembrance of him to his mother and dear Mary. And when it reaches them, having traveled, perhaps, hands also and making the walls reverberate with the flow of mirth and banqueting. How many a merry step had passed along its corridors, and how firth and banqueting. How many a merry step had passed along its corridors, and how of mirth and banqueting. How many a merry step had passed along its corridors, and how many as at faces had peered from its lattices! A flood of strange, weird reveries set in upon my soul, and carried me by its power away down the ages that are gone.

I said to the cabman: "How old a ruin is that?" pointing to the walls reverberate with the flow of mirth and banqueting. How many a merry step had passed along its corridors, and how many as diaces had peered from its lattices! A flood of strange, weird reveries set in upon my soul, and carried me by its power away down the ages that are gone.

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And when it reaches them, having traveled, perhaps, hundreds of miles, how sacred and holy is such a relie? We can facey the aged mother's tears and kisses, and "his Mary" laying it on her heart, and never being known to smile again on earth, although she continues meek and patient to the last.

The death of a belowed object saldom fails to

The death of a beloved object seldom fails to sanctify and make us better—to wean us gently from earth to heaven; such, at least, is the intention of all our afflictions, if we could only but think so; while change and estrangement harden and petrify the affections until they seem to turned to stone! "It is a perilous thing," says Frederica Bremer, "when the beloved image in the heart of man is destroyed." The lover sends a lock of hair to his mistress, friend to friend, parent to child, child to parent. We verily believe this same hair love to be universal, and pregnant with a thousand ro mantic and touching episodes.

A MATHEMATICAL PERSON writes to one of the papers to say that if "Columbus, when he first came to America, had put away one cent and not disturbed it until to-day it would have amounted to the sam of \$607,089,909 76." If this is true it is a great pity the idea never co-curred to Columbus. He might have had a nice But is it true? That depends, of course, upon where he would have put it. Old Starbuckle, of Berks county, Penn., several years ago read in an almanac that money would double itself. by compound in eleven years if it were put away and left untouched. Accordingly, Star-buckle put \$900 in a tin box and buried it in his cellar. He permitted it to remain there for eleven years, and then dug it out with the confident expectation that the amount in the would be \$1,800. But it wasn't, and Mr. Starbuckle now only considers the science of arithmetic a transparent fraud, but he don't repose any confidence in the almanae when it say Sunday comes on the first day of the week.

Max Addler is responsible for the corespondent, and then gives his own experience, as follows: "I went into a Philadelphia bookstore the "I went into a Phiradelphia bookstore the other day, for the purpose of procuring a copy of Christopher North's well-known "Noctes Ambrosiar ac." The first person I encountered was a red-haired clerk, to whom I said:
"'Have you "Noctes Ambrosianse?"
"'Wh-wh-wh-what d'you say?' he asked, with mouth and eyes wide open.
"'I called to ascertain if you have Noctes Ambrosianse?"

Ambrosiana

"'I don't exactly—that is, I don't under—knocked his—what d'you say?"
"'I say that I understood that you had "Noctes Ambrosiane." If you haven't, why don't you say so at once?'
''I don't know what you mean, I never did

such a thing in my life.

such a thing in my life."
"Perhaps you don't understand me. I wish
to see if you have "Noctes Ambrosiane."
"Oh, he has, has he? He's knocked his
what do you call it, has he? Well, I don't care
a cent if he has. You've come to the wrong
shop. You must be crazy. Your mind seems
to be unhinged; you haven't—' (breaking off
suddenly and delivering a head. suddenly and addressing a clerk in the rear of the store.) 'Say, Bill, here's a feller that's foolin' around here wantin' to knock somebody. iet a policeman quick

"Then I left and hun'ed up another emporium of learning.

CLEANING BRASS -A correspondent writes The following is a recipe I have successfully tried in cleaning brass and copper: I make a mixture of one part of common nitric seid and one-half part suppluric acid in a stone jar; then I place ready a pail of fresh water and a box of I dip the articles to be cleaned in the acid, then remove them into the water, after which I rub them with sawdust. This in diately changes them to a brilliant color. the brass is greasy, it must be first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water. This cuts the grease so that the acid has the power to act. This is a Government recipe used in the arsenais. We will add to the above recipe that first washing in clean water. water, and second in water in which aqua ammonia has been placed to neutralize all trace of the remaining acid upon the surface of the brass, is an improvement upon the above process, which is, in all other respects, a good one. After dipping in the ammonia water and clean ing in the sawdust, if a good quality of lacquer be used, the effect is very fine. This process is excellent in preparing brass labels stamped from thin sheets - Artisan.

A PEMALE teacher in a school that stood on the banks of a river once wished to communi-cate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she cate to her pupils an mea or the meaning of the was trying to explain the meaning of the was trying to explain the meaning of the was trying to explain the meaning of the was trying to the was trying tryin word, a small fishing-bost came in view.
Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed, "If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?" "Yes ma'am, replied the scholars. "Well, that is faith," said the scholmistress. The next day, in order to test the recollection of the lesson, she inquired. "What is faith?" "A leg of mutton in a boat." was answered from all parts of the choolroom.

A Georgian negro was riding a mule, and when he came to a bridge the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him bob suddenly. "You take de bet, den!" said the negro, and contrived to get the mule over struck the mule over the head, which mane min-bob suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow, cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo. "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for the mule, and I take the quarter out.

Some of our city preachers are having their chests examined with a view to decide in what part of Europe to spend the summer!

#### The Danbury Man in Liverpool.

Bailey has reached the land of his ancestors — the home of the Saxon and Druid, etc. He was violently sea-sick during the passage over, but managed to retain a good deal of his humor. His first visit to a ruin is described:

Coming back from the parks, I spied from the cab window the unmistakable indication of what my soul had panted for for years—what the soul of every student of the Old World pants for from the cradle to its realization—the broken walls of a ruin. There they lay before me with the sunshine touching up their mosses, and bringing into strong relief their broken and worn edges. I bade the cabman to stop, and fastened my eyes on the sight. It was not a very large ruin, but it was a pretty good-sized ruin for a Sunday. I pictured to myself the day when it stood as a whole, with its long line of masters alternating in the possession, and making the walls reverberate with the flow

very large hole in the cup of my expectations. How am I to know whether a building I back up against to stir up my soul with is eight hun-dred years or eight hundred days old? How do I know but that every builder is supplied with moss and ivy and verdigris by the barrel, and is bound by his contract to work them in? This is no way to fool with a stranger.

#### "If I had Leisure."

"If I had leisure, I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure, then, to repair his fence, but it did not bring back his

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last winter, "I would alter my stove-pipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not find

time, and when his shop caught fire and burnt down, be found leisure to build another. "If I had leisure," said a mechanic, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sanrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a eigar after din-ner, and spent two hours on the street talking nonsense with an idler.

"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I would pay more attention to my accounts, and try and collect my bills more promptly." The

try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the mat-ter than you do now. The thing lacking with hundreds of farmers who till the soil is, not more leisure but more resolution—the spirit to do, to do now. If the farmer who sees his fence in a poor condition would only act at once, how much might be saved. It would prevent breechy cattle creeting quarrels among neighbors, that in many cases terminate in lawsuits which take nearly all they are both

worth to pay the lawyers.

The fact is, farmers and mechanics have more leisure than they are aware of, for study and the improvement of their minds. They have the long evenings of winter, in which have the long evenings of winter, in which they can post themselves upon all the improvements of the day, if they will take ably conducted agricultural journals and read them with care. The farmer who fails to study his business and then gets shaved, has none but himself to blame.—Cor. N. E. Furmer.

COMPANIONSHIP AND HEALTH .- To be perfectly healthy and happy one must have friends. They need not be in large numbers, but one, two or three kindred spirits with whom one can commune, share joys and sor-rows, thoughts and feelings. In choosing friends great care is necessary. There must be rows, thoughts and feelings. In choosing friends great care is necessary. There must be some common bond of sympathy. It may be moral, intellectual or social; but even these bonds are not sufficient. A weakly person, an invalid, needs healthy friends; a timid one, brave friends. Those who are blessed with good friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. hose who have none.

A sundeon, after a sanguinary battle, was going his rounds, examining his patients. He came at length to a sargeant who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, directly over the region of the near. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, ex-claimed, "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth just hen, doctor," replied the poor fellow, with a faint smile.

A nov from the country was recently taken is page into a gentleman's family. One after-noon, just before dark, after having been alled up to the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen, laughing immoderately "What's the matter?" cried the cook. "Why, dang it!" said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there who couldn't light the gas, and they had to ring for me to do it !"

"WILLIAM," said one Quaker to another, thee knows I never call anybody names; but William, if the Governor of the State should come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in the State of New York,' I would come to thee and say, 'William, the Gov-ernor wants to see thee very particularly."

HASTE makes work, which caution prevents.

In a note to the French Academy upon the different conditions under which lead is attacked by water, M. Ad. Bobierre states that he has proved by numerous experiments the law that, with the exception of rain and distilled water, potable waters in general do not attack lead in a sensible manner except when the surface is alternately in contact with water and air. The author believes that a great part of the poison-ous material in a plumbiferous water is often held in suspension, and can be removed by proper filtration.

M. Dumas has communicated to the French Academy some curious experiments of MM. Troost and Hautefeuille, on the hydrates of mercury or combinations of hydrogen with that metal. These combinations, it is said, so strongly resemble those which constitute the strongly resemble those which constitute the amalgams of mercury, with silver and other white metals, that it is hardly possible to doubt that they are themselves amalgams, and hence that hydrogen is a metal, a fact apparently indicated in many other analogies,

To Cur Glass Jans .- Fill the jar with lard oil to where you want to cut the jar; then heat an iron rod or bar to red heat, immerse in the oil; the unequal expansion will check the jar all round at the surface of the oil, and you can lift off the top part.

A Marcu Chron man, it is said, has invented

# Young Forks' Corumn.

### What's the Use of Grumbling?

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a loke;
And say our e glad "twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking, And the rain comes pouring down, Will it clear off the sooner Because you would and frown? And wouldn't it be nicer For you to smile than pout, And so make sunahine in the house When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man, Is very hard to get, Will it make it any easier For you to sit and fret? And wouldn't it be wiser Than waiting like a dunce, To go to work in earnest And learn the thing at once?

Suppose some boys have a horse, And some a coach and pair, Will it tire you less while walking To say, "it isn't fair?" And wouldn't it be nobler To keep your temper sweet, And in your heart be thankful You can walk upon you feet?

And suppose the world don't please you.
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan.
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Occupation for Idle Boys.—A contemporary, in noticing the swarms of idle and michievous boys that frequent our larger cities and furnish so many grounds of annoyance to the law and order abiding, very justly remarks: "Possibly no problem of all the vexations list tries the judgment of law-makers so severely as that of holding in check the incipiences of crime. To put boys under repression and render it permanently wholesome, is the object of constant solicitude to all thinking, conscientions men. It is not enough that ing, conscientious men. It is not enough that you establish places of detention, where, for a you establish places of detention, where, for a time, all excesses may be checked and tendencies carefully restrained. You must combine an atmosphere of kindness and confidence, which shall move the better instinct of the immature culprits. Instead of forcing the boys into uncongenial trades, give all of them the free training of agricultural pursuit. There is nothing better for the development of mind and muscle at such an age than the wholesome labor of farm and garden. Five hundred boys could be very profitably employed in the cultivation of a creat farm under municipal control vation of a great farm under municipal control. Boys, as a general thing revolt from the binding necessities of trades, and it would be a wise economy to put them to the free work of the

A SISTER'S LOVE.-There is something inex-A SISTER S LOVE.—There is something inex-pressibly touching in a sister's love. Her heart is a realm of pure and earthly affection, and happy should that brother be to whom she clings through the changing scenes of the blighting world. She has been his companion in childhood; she has watched the development of his mind and person; she has admonished him when worse and smiled more his tries. when wrong, and smiled upon his triumphs; she has peopled his mind with the beautiful treasures of her own; she has taught him those virtues which will render him a useful member virtues which will render him a useful member of society, prepare him for death and embalm his memory when he has passed away. Sooner can you bind the free wind than seal up the springs of such mysterious affections. They will flow on, and the desert and cave cannot forget their progress. And as sorrow and misfortunes strip from life its charms and dreams, there is one recollection that will come like music to a brother's heart—that will thrill upon its darkened and troubled depths with a strange its darkened and troubled depths with a strange yet sweet melody, and bring up scenes of home and childhood, long unremembered. It is the recollection of a sister's love.

MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON .- "I have of MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—"I have of ten told you that every man must, to a great extent, be the maker or marrer of his own for tune. He who depends upon incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; these are the creators of fortune and faune, the founders of families, and can prove disappoint and desert families, and can never disappoint and desert you. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want persever-ance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in mind—Perseverance.

Waring Up.—I have seen little people that just hated to wake up. You could hardly coax them to go to bed either. No matter how sleepy they were, when bed-time came they would beg to sit up a few moments longer. And in the morning it was nearly impossible to get those sleepy eyes wide open, and oh! how cross they were till after breakfast! The birds don't act so, nor the chickens, nor the flowers.

THE little boys of Rochester, whose street ball playing and kite flying has been stopped by order of the police, display considerable ingenuity in getting around the command. They allow the little girls to fly the kites and play hall, while they sit and enjoy themselves.

## The Age of Coal.

It seems probable that vegetable matter may under favorable conditions, be converted into coal much more rapidly than most chemical geologists are in the habit of assuming. At least, a curious instance of an approach toward such conversion within the historic period has been brought before the German Geological Society. In one of the old mines of the Upper Hartz some of the wood originally employed as timbering has become so far altered as to assume most of the characteristics of a new lignite, or brown coal. It appears that certain of the levels in the ancient workings of this mine are filled with refuse matter, consisting chiefly of fragments of clay-slate, more or less satur with mine water, and containing here and there fragments of the old timbering. This wood, when in the mine, is wet, and of a leathery consistence, but on exposure to the air it rapidly hardens to a solid substance, having most, if not all, the characteristics of a true lignite. It her an, the characteristics of a true lighte. It breaks with a well-marked conchoidal fracture, and the parts which are most altered present the black lustrous appearance characteristic of the German "pitch coals." At the same time, chemical examination of the same wood shows that it stands actually nearer to true coal shows that it stands actually nearer to true coar than do some of the younger tertiary lignites. This instance seems, therefore, to prove that pine-wood, when placed under highly favorable conditions, may be converted into a genuine lignite, within a period which, from what we know of the history of mining in Hartz, can not have extended beyond four centuries.—Ath-

To remove tattoo marks from the skin, blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark; ther keep the place open for a week with an ointment; finally, dress it to get well. As the new skin grows the tattoo marks will disappear. disappear.