

The Home Circle.

No Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, When you and I were young...

Pen and Pencil Marks on the Road.

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...

About two seats in front of your correspondent, there was a lovely brunette, essaying a handkerchief flirtation with a young man...

I will pass over my delightful visit, the kindness of the editors of the RURAL PRESS, Golden Era, New Age, Chronicle and Call...

"No lover ever looked forward to the meetings with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to these meetings with my friend."

"I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship."

"I thought you can, ma'am." I answered, almost sobbing. "If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

COLLINS GRAYES, 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 Woman at the Bottom of it.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw a side his evening paper and faced the little group in the parlor...

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?"

"Why, John," said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching—baby still held tightly to her bosom—"you absolutely frighten me."

"When first I came to New York at the age of 12 years to seek my fortune, I could call myself a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation."

"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."

"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 angel."

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

"I don't exactly—that is, I don't understand him—what d'you say?"

"I don't know what you mean, I never did such a thing in my life."

"I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card, and if you come to see me next 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."

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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!"

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.

The death of a beloved object seldom fails to sanctify and make us better—to wear 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 turn to stone!

A MATHEMATICAL PERSON writes to one of the papers to say that "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 sum of \$607,689,909.76."

"I went into a Philadelphia bookstore the other day, for the purpose of procuring a copy of Christopher North's well-known 'Noctes Ambrosianae.' The first person I encountered was a red-haired clerk, to whom I said: 'Have you 'Noctes Ambrosianae?'"

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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.

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.

"That? That's new 'ouse going up for Peter Stevenson, the linen draper on George street."

It is a simple thing, but it has punched a 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 hundred years or eight hundred days old?

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.

"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, he 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 he was not at work till after sunrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner, 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 chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter than you do now.

"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 they can post themselves upon all the improvements of the day, if they will take any conducted agricultural journals and read them with care."

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 sorrows, thoughts and feelings, in choosing friends great care is necessary.

A SURGEON, after a sanguinary battle, was going his rounds, examining his patients. He came at length to a sergeant who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, directly over the region of the heart.

A boy from the country was recently taken as page into a gentleman's family. One afternoon, just before dark, after having been called 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 rig for me to do it!"

"WILLIAM," said one Quaker to another, "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 Governor wants to see thee very particularly.'"

It is a note to the French Academy upon the different conditions under which lead is attacked by water. M. Ad. Bollerie 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.

M. DUMAS has communicated to the French Academy some curious experiments of MM. Troost and Hauffeulle on the hydrates of mercury or combinations of hydrogen with that metal. These combinations, it is said, so 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 CUT GLASS JARS.—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 MATCH CRUSH MAN, it is said, has invented a machine to separate slate from coal.

Young Folks' Column.

What's the Use of Grumbling?

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

OCCUPATION FOR IDLE BOTS.—A contemporary, in noticing the swarms of idle and mischievous 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 vexatious list tries the judgment of law-makers so severely as that of holding in check the incipient crime. To put boys under repression and render it permanently wholesome, is the object of constant solicitude to all thinking, conscientious men."

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is something inexpressibly 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 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 of society, prepare him for death and embalm his memory when he has passed away.

MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—"I have often told you that every man must, to a great extent, be the maker or sufferer of his own fortune. 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 fame, the founders of families, and can never disappoint and desert you. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in mind—Perseverance."

WAKING 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 ball, 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 Harz some of the wood originally employed as supports 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 a clay matter, consisting chiefly of fragments of clay-slate, more or less saturated with mine water, and containing here and there when in the mine, is wet, and of a leathery consistency, 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 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."

To remove tattoo marks from the skin, blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark; then 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.