

The Home Circle.

My Little Laborer.

A tiny man; with fingers soft and tender, As any lady's fair; Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender, And curls of sunny hair...

A Lesson for Women.

When one bitter word stirs up two more bitter—when the dove-eyed fairies take wing, and the unholly imps rush in to wink and blink destruction...

One of the strangest things on record is that men, who is noble—how broad and fair, manner pleasing, hand betimes willing to scatter blessings...

Of course we expect woman, in her weakness, to do many things which lack wisdom; but man—majestic, strong-minded, powerful—drinks not so deep from your cup of dissipation...

AN ANECDOTE OF MOZART AND HAYDN.—Mozart's nose was a very long one, a great contrast to his friend Haydn's, who had almost a flat nose.

One day in a numerous and grave society, the subject of music was being discussed, and Mozart, in reply to the compliments made him, laid a wager that no one, not even his friend Haydn, was capable of performing, at first sight, a piece which he had composed that morning.

Haydn accepted the wager. The piece of music was placed before him on the piano, Haydn easily played through the first portion of it, then stopped short, finding it impossible to go any further. The two hands must be at the furthest extremities of the instrument, and one note in the music impudently demanded that one of them should be in the center.

As to Mozart, he took up the piece of music, and when he arrived at the puzzling note, touched it with his nose. Everybody laughed heartily, and not the least he who lost his wager.

"Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, and so better is little with the fear of God than great treasures and trouble therewith. Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means.

LEARNING A LITTLE.—A negro once said in a prayer meeting, "Brother, when I was a boy I took a hatchet and went into the woods. When I found a tree that was straight and big and solid, I didn't touch that tree; but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when de debil goes after christians he don't touch dem dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

LEAF IS MADE, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and preserve the heart and preserve comfort.—Sir H. Davy

The faithful, patient performance of any duty which is distasteful to us is a great achievement, no matter how ignominious it may appear; and it always brings a rich and unexpected reward.

A GENTLEMAN met a half-witted lad in the road, and placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that he "wouldn't be greedy; he'd keep the littlest."

MY conception of a perfect man is of one full of power and life, moral sentiment and imagination, but with all these subordinate to God. I never seen that man.—Bercher.

The Wrong Room.

Tom Bent was half distracted. He hated the cold, foggy city, and the endless rows of staring, brick blocks, and the whole race of landladies, his own landlady especially.

Tom sighed dismally when he thought of the cosy little nest his friend Hampton was blessed with; and Hampton was only a clerk, too, with a very limited salary and the "nest" could only boast of three rooms. But they were delightfully homelike; with the brightest of carpets and whitest of curtains; books on the tables and pictures on the soft tinted walls, and pots of fragrant flowers in the windows.

One painting Tom remarked well, "Sunset on the Shore." The whole western sky was flaming with purple and gold; the white capped waves sparkled like diamonds in the glow. In the background was a fisherman's cottage; and framed in the low door was a girl with one dimpled hand shading her eyes from the blinding glow as she gazed over the dancing water.

Way back in his boyhood, Tom had loved just such a girl; years ago, before he had left the mossy old farm house to seek fame and fortune in the city. Again he could feel the fresh breeze lift the damp hair from his forehead, just as it did years ago when he sat and listened to the drowsy minister in the little brown church and watched the wild rose fade at his side. Then the walk home in the Sabbath stillness, through lovely glens flaming with bitter-sweet and creamy curls of sweet-scented honey-suckle. But of all the "pictures on memory's wall," none could be clearer than that day of days when sweet Margery Dean promised to be his wife. The very hills seemed to rejoice, flaming in the fire-lit days of October. Ah! well, but that was long, long years ago. Now Tom was a comfortable old fellow, with no nonsense about him. Tom reached his boarding house at last and found the hall as dark as usual. He groped the way up stairs, and in a desperate hunt after the match-box, succeeded in upsetting the ink over his best coat, and the hair oil over himself. With a well not exactly a blessing on the heads of landladies in general—he concluded to retire in the dark. Now it so happened that the landlady was blessed with a hopeful young son, who took particular delight in tormenting poor humanity. On that particular evening, of which we write, he had chanced to pass Tom's room, and finding the door standing conveniently open, conceived the brilliant, and we hope original, idea, of placing some nice sharp briars under the sheets of the bed. In happy unconsciousness, Tom jumped into bed and jumped out again with a howl of rage and pain; "Thunder and Mars! what in the name of Satan can be in my bed this time? Some infernal machine to kill me, I haven't a particle of doubt. Shouldn't be surprised if I was a cripple for the rest of my life." And Tom jumped frantically about in quest of a chair and seated himself in the slop-pail, which the thoughtful boy had placed there conveniently. That was the last feather.

The next morning Tom interviewed the landlady. "Madam," said he, brandishing his lacerated hands, "I can stand this no longer! I have had dead rats, cats and pups put into my water pitcher, pins stuck into my chairs, and turpentine put in my hair oil. I said nothing. But if you think it's pleasant to go to rest on pins, needles, thorns, rusty nails and saws of the very jaggedest description, you are a trifle mistaken." Tom, like most men, could exaggerate a little when the occasion seemed to demand it. And it was a little exasperating to have the landlady look so smiling. (She had just taken a new boarder.) "I cannot stand it madam—I cannot. You must make that bobogin of yours quit his pranks or I shall leave the house—understand, madam?"—Yes, she comprehended matters perfectly, and would see to things. That evening, on Tom's return, he limped (pleasant effects of the thorns) up to his room, in the darkness, opened the door.—Lo, he beheld what that his room? That with the pretty new carpet, round plump bed, shaded by dainty white curtains, Tom wedged himself in a low rocking-chair, and stared about in helpless astonishment. Books, magazines and evening papers on the table, pictures on the walls, a pot of flowers on a tiny stand. Tom concluded to take the goods the gods provided and be thankful, so he read the news comfortably, and then retired behind the white curtains to sleep the sleep of the just.

Tom awoke rather suddenly to find the room flooded with light. Pulling the curtains gently aside, he peered cautiously out. In the low rocking-chair sat a little plump figure, brushing out long waves of dusky hair. Tom gathered a blanket hastily about him and jumped out on the floor.

"If you please, Madam, I've—I've made a mistake," Tom gasped. Madam stared in blushing astonishment. "What do you mean sir?" she demanded. "I—I don't mean anything.—Dence of a mistake—beg pardon, and he commenced to gather his clothes up feverishly.

"Seems to me you look a little like Thomas Bent," stammered the little lady. "He-veers, you can't be Margery Dean?" "Oh, yes, I am," dimpling and blushing. "Thunder and Mars! I never was so delighted in my life.—Thought of you for five years; I was a terrible fool in the old days, Margery."

"You—you are hardly properly attired for conversation with a lady," blushing hinted the little woman.

Tom glanced at his blanket, and rushing for the door, gasped something about "to-morrow morning—interview."

Well, there was an interview in the morning and a quiet, delightful wedding in the fall. Tom declares that the most fortunate thing that ever happened to him in his life was his mortifying blunder of getting into "the wrong room."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Noble county, Ohio, is said to have had no open dram-shop for several years past. The results are seen and felt. In a population of 20,000, only three persons have been seen drunk in a whole year. They were promptly arrested and fined. In two of the three terms of criminal court last year, there was no criminal case on the docket. There have only been six men in jail for the last three years, and there has been no one arrested or tried for a penitentiary offense for three full years. The criminal expenses before closing the dram-shops were \$2,000 a year. Since including cost of grand jury three terms—only \$500. Was there ever a clearer or more convincing statement placed upon record? Can any one doubt the true relationship existing between "cause and effect"? Like causes will produce like results, and according to the seed sown will be the crop. So long as the advocates of license laws expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, just so long will they gather the bitter fruits of their folly—viz: crime, pauperism, taxation.

He loves most whose service is most constant, most zealous, most true. The rule seldom if ever fails. Love to God means love for God, and unfeeling devotion to his cause. There may be some service with little love, but the best service waits on love the truest and best.

OUR grasses, like evergreens, grow most in the low vale of affliction, and on the stars are most luminous and lovely when nearest the horizon.

The Good-bye Hospitality.

The half of hospitality lies in the speeding of parting guests. Lavish welcomes are easily enough bestowed, but the hospitality thought must be very genuine, indeed, which dares to come. We all suffer, now and then, from undue urging to stop when we prefer to go, and nearly every one of us is himself a sinner in this regard, too. No sooner does the guest intimate a wish to terminate his visit than we fly in the face of his desire, and urge him to stay longer. We sometimes do this, too (do we not?), as a mere matter of duty, when in our hearts we care very little whether the guest goes or stays. We feel ourselves bound to show our appreciation of our friend's visit by asking that he prolong it. Now, true hospitality ought to learn its lesson better than this. Our effort should be, from first to last, to make our friend's visit thoroughly pleasant and agreeable to him. We strive for this result in welcoming him. It is the desire to do this which prompts us to offer him the most comfortable chair and to set out the best viands, if he break bread with us. It is that he may enjoy his stay that we take pains to talk only upon agreeable topics. In short, from the time he crosses our threshold until he rises to leave, we courteously endeavor to make the moments slip by as pleasantly as possible. But the moment he asks for his hat our courtesy fails us. Hitherto we have studied to anticipate and gratify his every wish. Now that he wishes to go, however, we endeavor to thwart his pleasure. We selfishly try to turn him from his purpose to ours. We wish him to stay, while he wishes to go. Courtesy would prompt us to give his wish precedence to our own, but, as a rule, we ask him to sacrifice his own to our pleasure.—Heath and Howe.

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew. Hagar's is a model prayer—but then it is a little one, and the burden of the petition is for but little. The sermon on the mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. Life is made up of little—death is what remains of them all. Day is made up with little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.

CHARLES LAMB, riding home one evening (after dining with a friend) in a crowded London omnibus, had his attention attracted to the vociferous inquiry: "All fall inside?" on the part of a gentleman at the door. Charles waited some time (being much afflicted with stammering) to see what notice his fellow-passengers would take of the unsuccessful applicant for a seat. None deigning to give the individual an answer, Charles relied on a repetition of the inquiry: "I-I-I don't know how it is with the other gentlemen, but the last piece of oyster pie that I took did my business."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Brute beasts are defenseless, and to torture them is despicable; the assassin at least risks his life, but the torturer of animals risks nothing; and I do not hesitate to place him lower still in the scale of humanity. There are men who have committed great crimes, and yet in whom the spark of humanity is certainly not extinct; but he who takes pleasure in the sufferings of a dumb animal, and prolongs them regardless of its groans and of its supplicating looks, I pronounce—without a heart; and when the heart is dead all is dead.—Comte de Gasparin.

A STORY TOLD BY DR. McCOSH, of Princeton College, is reasonable. A negro in a religious gathering prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of dat word. It's 'settin', not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if dat ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

THE ways of women are past finding out. It is said that the ladies of Jacksonville, Tenn., have a fashion of tying up their taper fingers when young gentlemen are expected to call, and when they very naturally ask the cause, they blushing remark, "I burned them broiling steak this morning." The result is that several young gentlemen have burned their fingers by believing the story.

In speaking to his father's coachman of a neighboring family, a young man remarked that "they were happy until sorrow suddenly came and left her traces there." The coachman looked puzzled, but finally responded, "Indeed, sir! an' what did she do with the rest of the harness?"

AN Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

IMPUDENT DANDY (a stranger).—"May I have the honor to accompany you, miss? Cool young lady.—"Certainly; but keep behind, in your proper place. I discharged my last footman for impudence."

A downy Easter believes there is nothing like advertising. He lost his pocket-book recently, advertised his loss in the local newspaper, and next morning went down into his own cellar and found it on the floor.

The following advertisement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James' Church.—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half-past three and continue until further notice."

"PATIENCE is always crowned with success. This rule is without an exception. It may not be a splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some form."

"FATHER, forgive them for they know not what they do," was Dean Stanley's text when he preached to the newly-wed Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, soon after their arrival in London.

THE mayor of a Portuguese city once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "A marked impediment in his speech."

The following appeared in an Edinburgh paper: "We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. is a malicious fabrication."

An exchange tells of a little child who watched the snow flakes in the late storm, and after a moment of thoughtful silence said, "Mamma, is it next winter?"

A BOSTON Dorcas Society fines gossips one dollar for each offense. The proceeds therefrom will be used to pay the national debt.

The Baby's Death.

There came a morning at last when the baby's eyes did not open. The Doctor felt the heart throbbing faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for the mother, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

"Doctor," said she—and her voice was so passionate that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit—"I know that my darling is dying." He bowed his head mutely. Her calmness awoke him. "Is there anything you can do to ease him?" "Nothing. I do not think he suffers." "Then you will please to go away. He is mine—nobody's but mine, in his life and in his death, and I want him quiet to myself at the last." Sorrowfully enough, he left her.

The mother held her child closely, but gently. She thought in that hour that she had never loved anything else—never in this world should love anything again. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning, and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in the baby's ear—a wild, passionate prayer that would remember her and know her again in the infinite spaces. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought must be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a last despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. That which lay upon her hungry heart was stone.

GENERAL MACKENZIE, when commander-in-chief of the Chatham (England) division of marines, was very rigid in his duty, and among other regulations would suffer no officer to be saluted by the guard if out of his uniform. One day the general observed a Lieutenant of marines in plain dress, and though he knew the young officer intimately, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the general, saying who he was. "I know you not," said the general; "turn him out!"

A short time after that the general had been at a short distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and returning in the evening, in a fine coat, claimed entrance at the garden gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly.

"Who are you?" inquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What! without a uniform?" rejoined the lieutenant. "Turn him out! turn him out! The general would break his bones if he knew he assumed his name."

The general made his retreat, but the next day, inviting the young officer to breakfast, he told him "he had done his duty with very commendable exactness."

LEARNING THE WAY.—An honest desire to know the way of life is the best qualification to learn of Him who speaks as never man spoke. Become as a little child, conscious of weakness, and willing to be instructed, and you will easily learn from the Divine Teacher a higher wisdom than was ever taught in the most renowned schools of human philosophy. Receive the word of Christ as a personal message to your own heart; appropriate to yourself the merits of His death as fully as if you were the only sinner in the world for whom He died, and you will easily learn how to be saved.

OUR BODIES AND SOULS.—"Two things a master commits to his servant's care," said one, "the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return:—"Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat, clean, but the child is lost!" Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day:—"Lord, here is my body; and I am very grateful for it. I neglected nothing that was sought to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever. I took little care and thought about it."—Flavel.

THE evidence of a witness in a life insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steamboat on the Ohio, is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man, and saw him on the deck of the steamboat before the explosion. When asked by the lawyer,

"What was the last time you saw him?" He answered, "The very last time I ever set eyes on him was when the boiler burst, and I was going up, I met him and the smoke-pipe coming down."

Milk as a Diet and its Effect on the System.

There is considerable difference of opinion on the subject of a milk diet. It is surrounded with a mass of whims, of prejudices, and of mistaken ideas, which are based more on individual fancies than upon certain facts. To one a glass of milk imbued is believed to be a sure provocation of a bilious attack; to another, a disordered stomach; to a third, drowsiness; and so on, through such a category of simple though disagreeable ailments that we look agast at the farmer who drains cup after cup of the fresh pure liquid, time and again during the day, and wonder at the resisting powers which his organization must possess. The truth is, however, that milk is not unwholesome. On the contrary, it contains good substantial bone, muscle, flesh and brain-producing substances, which, assimilating, quickly act rapidly in building up the body. Naturally, we assert, it is nourishing; that it does bring on certain troubles is nevertheless true, but the cause is in the individual stomach, not in the milk, provided, of course, the latter be fresh and sweet.—Scientific American.

Milk diluted with one-third lime water, it is said, will not cause any one biliousness or headache, and, if taken regularly, will so strengthen the stomach as to banish these disorders. It may be taken with acid of some kind when it does not easily digest. The idea that milk must not be eaten with pickles is not an intelligent one, as milk curdles in the stomach nearly as soon as it is swallowed. When milk is conspiring, as it is frequently found to be by persons who drink freely of it in the country in summer time, a little salt sprinkled in each glass will prevent the difficulty. When it has an opposite effect, a few drops of brandy in each goblet of milk will obviate its purgative effect. As milk is so essential to the health of our bodies, it is well to consider when to take it, and how. It is a mistake to drink milk between meals; or with food at the table. In the former case it will destroy the appetite, and in the latter it is never proper to drink anything. After finishing each meal a goblet of pure milk should be drunk; and if any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint taken before retiring at night will soon cover the serawatin bones. In cases of fever and summer complaint, milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is "feverish" has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Young Folks' Column.

Saturday Night.

Placing the little hats all in a row, Ready for church on the morrow, you know; Washing wee face and little black feet, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed; Putting them into clean garments and white. That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spraying out holes in the little worn hose, Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes, Looking o'er garments so faded and thin— Who but a mother knows where to begin? Changing a button to make it look right— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair, Hearing them lip forth their evening prayer, Telling them stories of Jesus of old, Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold; Watching them listen with childish delight— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep, After the little ones all are asleep; Anxious to know if the children are warm? Tucking the blankets round each little form, Kissing each little face, rosy and bright— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed, Lowly and meekly she bows down her head, Praying as only mothers can pray, "God guide and keep them from going astray."

He Gets Drunk.

A Sketch for Young People.

"He's the smartest young man in our class." "Yes, but he gets drunk." "Oh, but he is so fine-looking, so noble and so talented withal! His composition yesterday was the very best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he's writing for a magazine. Only think of it, writing for a magazine, no older than he is, and not out of school yet!—won't he be a great man, though, some day?" "No, I don't think he will."

"Why not?" "He gets drunk." "Oh, that's nothing; a good many smart men get drunk. Every young man has his wild oats to sow; and because a fellow gets a little boozey once in a while, I wouldn't condemn him forever; quite likely he'll outgrow it when he gets older and sees the folly of it."

"More likely that'll outgrow him, and, as to his getting a little boozey, I'm afraid he has a good deal so when the boys found him beside the walk the other night, and had to carry him to his room, dodging around street corners and skulking through by-ways so that none of the professors would see him. I tell you a person that drinks at all isn't to be depended on. The only young men that I have any confidence in are those who let intoxicating liquors entirely alone."

"Well, I don't care; he's good and smart, anyhow, and I like him." "I don't; he gets drunk!"

So the conversation ran on between two schoolmates who were walking just ahead of me. Ah, how those words, "He gets drunk," kept ringing in my ears! Possessed of a noble mind and a glorious intellect; blessed with the greatest and best of God's gifts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates; the pride and hope of a fond father, intermingled in the heart and life of a doting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honor and good name of the institution with which he is connected, of the society in which he mingles, and yet—gets drunk!

As a natural consequence that young man who drinks will generally blight the manhood that is within him, change to curses the blessings that are upon him, bring to the dust whatever highborn aspirations, whatever longings for greatness, glory and immortality, may be his; blast the fondest hopes of parents, put out the brightness of their future in the darkness of disappointment, pain and sorrow; bring shame and reproach upon brothers and sisters; trample upon the love and confidence of his fellows; shut himself out from all goodness, purity, usefulness and happiness; blot out the image of God that is stamped upon him, and drag himself down lower than the brutes. Aye, so surely does he shut himself out from Heaven, as "he gets drunk!"

DOG'S LANGUAGE.—In Charlestown recently a large dog gave chase to a poor little "black and tan" whose hind leg had been injured, but, failing to overtake him, turned about and trotted slowly back. In a short time the small dog returned, followed by a large Newfoundland, who upon reaching the corner, "seemed to be looking for something," when the little dog gave two or three sharp barks, as much as to say, "That's the big dog who chased me," at the same time indicating by his actions the large black dog, who was then at some distance. Whereupon the little dog's ally immediately attacked and severely punished the aggressor, who was glad enough to trust to the swiftness of his feet for safety. After this little affair the small dog and his friend returned down the street apparently much pleased with their part of the late transaction. How did the small dog impart the idea to the large one?

"He has left a void that can not be easily filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

VEGETABLE philosophy—Sage advice.

LACQUER.—It has been generally supposed that the beauty of Japan lacquer work was due to ingredients derived from unknown plants, and that the secret was confined to the Oriental workmen. Recently, however, in Holland, objects of art have been produced, lacquered and covered with mother-of-pearl in pieces *fac similes* of those made in Japan. The lacquer used is prepared from the hardest varieties of gum copal, principally that of Zanzibar, which is colored black with India ink. The articles are covered with several layers of this substance, upon which, while still wet, or rather pasty, the mother-of-pearl is laid. Drying in a furnace follows, another coat of lacquer is applied, then more drying and smoothing with pounce. These operations are repeated until the surfaces are perfectly united and smooth, when a final polish is given with tripoli.—The Engineer.

POULTRY RAISING.—The best time to commence keeping poultry is in the fall or early winter. At that time young hens can be purchased readily. In the spring farmers' wives are not anxious to sell their fowls. If they are fed well and a warm place provided, some of the hens may be set in February or earlier, and some early broods may be hatched out and sold for early chickens. On eight or ten acres 500 fowls might easily be kept, or if skillfully managed double that number. One variety would be found most profitable, unless fancy poultry were kept, when, of course, there must be a separate house and yard for each kind. A change of roosters should be made each year.—American Agriculturist.

DE. GAFFNEY, of Chico, has this year cultivated 3,000 acres of grain, which will yield an average of at least 30 bushels to the acre. He has also harvested 700 tons of hay. The Doctor sold a short time since 25,000 pounds of bacon in the Marysville market.