

THE HOME CIRCLE.

The Bitter with the Sweet.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

Amid the changing scenes of life That cheer the coming view, The fairest prospects that appear We hasten to pursue;

The wealthy seek in pleasure's lap The joys that few can find; And poverty can only hope Contentment of the mind.

When fortune smiles upon our lot How smoothly flows the stream! There's not a ripple to disturb The sweet and happy dream;

The weary heart may yet grow light Intruding cares succumb, Though time's capricious hand should fall To strike their terrors dumb.

Farm House Chat.

At last there came a RIBAL, well flavored with pepper and spice, from Potter valley, just as I began to fear a scarcity of those pungent condiments.

Reading now again the sweet story of that good old couple whose broken lives and broken goblet had been so beautifully mended with "putty and patience," I am led to make special effort to recall examples where marriage has resulted in like harmony, happiness and sweet content.

Nearly all my examples are also very old. Why must they be so old? Is it that the "warfare" being almost ended, they are willing to forget how bitter has been the early strife, how fractions and fiery, or sullen and balky have been the ill-matched pair who hated the yoke that held them together, and the secret, terrible strength of it?

But the hard road of life—so long and so rough—will finally tire the fleetest foot, quench the highest and laughtiest spirit. And peace comes with plentiful gray hairs.

The husband, well established in authority, becomes a little less arbitrary, a little more tolerant. He dimly perceives that a woman—even though his wife—has of necessity an individual character, and perhaps, yes, perhaps, it ought to be considered and somewhat respected.

The wife has cultivated indifference as a slow but sure cure for the pain of an endless regret. And so they glide into the happiness of old age. Happiness? nay, rather the tameness of fatigue; the philosophy of submission; often the dead level of stagnation.

Not much of the bright sparkle of happiness, but no longer the sharp sting of misery; and for harmony there is finally an absence of discord; and for sweet content there is pale and faded resignation.

When the race was so nearly run, even "Betsy and I" could "make it up" and agree to join together to the end. And this would be the general verdict, that when man and wife have "stood it" for half a lifetime they should manage to worry through and make no obtrusive fuss. The interest of children, or of a church, or of society demand this, and very few will rebel. For what can be done with a life more than half worn out and shaped unchangeably to the burdens it has so long borne?

The tendency of popular agitation just now is to foster discontent and create in all circles a restless desire for change, and the instant gratification of each personal ambition; the dear, delightful crowning of Number One! But in our great nation of sovereigns how few can be really crowned, and how very few deserve it!

But if not wholly captivated by the bewildering popular clamor, we may look back as far as memory can reach into the drowsy, old-fashioned days, and while realizing how many hardships beset the old-fashioned lives it will still seem that they were happier lives than ours, because better contented.

Their religious faith was so much more simple and comforting than ours; they leaned upon the Lord and took the good and ill of life directly from his hand. Would a wife complain of her husband while she felt sure that all his greatness, and his general and particular helpfulness, were so many special trials sent by the loving Lord to discipline her soul for heaven?

And the husband, whose daily life was chastened in a providential way by the grievous dispensations of a scolding wife—could he not comfort himself that he was becoming better and better fitted for the company of saints and martyrs?

A mother of twelve children was almost discouraged with much sickness and the heavy pressure of domestic duties. Talking with the mother of but one child, she said: "The Lord has favored you, and your life is pleasant and easy, because you have but one child."

"Oh ho!" laughed the mother of one, "do you imagine the Lord sent you all these children?" It is about time you should get over such old-fogy nonsense as that!

Swift and silent in her wrath uprose the mother of twelve, and never after willingly did she hold friendly intercourse with her sceptical neighbor.

Had she not received them all as from the Lord? And how should she bear the weight of many sorrows and cares if the staff of her faith was struck away?

I am glad she was angry, and that she stoutly held on to her anger and her "old-fogy nonsense." It is a pretty general rule that the old-fashioned woman has patience, fortitude and religious trust, while the modern and progressive woman has pluck, self-assertion and a wide range of ideas. Now, for the happiness of a lifetime, which of these endowments would you choose? Perhaps one cannot wholly choose, for here we are among the moderns, and our world swarms with aggressive ideas and brilliant theories. None can fail to feel their force; and in the struggle and pressure of them all we may hope is that the true "ideal marriage," portrayed by Mrs. Nichols, may become more and more possible. I do not think I have ever seen an example of the "true ideal." But once I took a journey into a far country and had a glimpse of two homes that seemed unusually happy.

In the first case there was intellectual cul-

ture and appreciation on the part of the husband which the wife did not share; but she enjoyed it in being proud of it, and her whole heart was in harmony with the sunshine of his affection and genuine goodness.

There was no mistaking her deep and real happiness as she said: "Why, my husband never spoke a cross word to me in his life; and he thinks there is nothing too good for me!" Even his best manners were not too good for her, and he would no more bowl out rudely to her than he would to other ladies of his acquaintance. I should judge, too, that if he perceived words and ways of his annoying her, he would desist quite as readily as though she were some lady who would out his acquaintance in case he became ungentlemanly and disagreeable. All this was worth going a great way to see.

In the second case the rather reticent little wife beamed with the same expression of happy content, and I heard again the same wonderful words as before, only so gently, spoken—as if such joy must not be too freely imparted.

It was evident that the husband cared more for his wife's comfort and happiness than the accumulation of dollars; and he cared for the last that he might the more generously provide for the first. His heart seemed filled and satisfied with wife, children and pleasant home; and the sympathy and harmony between the two was beautiful to see, and behold they are still quite young! Not many of us can be wise and happy and young.—Pacific Rural Press.

COURTSHIP FAIR AND SQUARE.—One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden.

"The bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a burdock burr."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothin' to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well; good bye, I shan't come again."

"Stop a bit—what a pucker you're in."

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good bye."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."

"I don't want any considering; I'm going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patty. All right; good bye."

"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck-up Beck Hastings shan't have him! Jabez, yes! Do you here—Y-e-s!"

WHO MADE IT.—Sir Isaac Newton, a not more wise than godly man, was examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in a God, but declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac. "It happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. The bible says: "The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.'"

Must not that man be a fool indeed who can say this beautiful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it, but has had a maker? We might better say that this paper we are reading grew just as it is, than to say that the sun, moon and stars, and this globe on which we live, came without a creative hand.—S. S. Visitor.

WHEN GOVERNOR MARCY WAS SECRETARY OF STATE, a person whose duty it was to receive callers on the Secretary and introduce them, in the discharge of his duties one day he could not find the Secretary in his office. After looking for an individual who he supposed would be able to inform him, and striking an attitude, exclaimed, "That mercy I to others show, that Marcy show to me!" A happy application of a similar quotation was once made by Mrs. Harriet Stowe. Some years ago, while passing up the Mersey to Liverpool, looking overboard, she observed the muddy character of the river, and remarked to a friend standing at her side, "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

Two youngsters were trudging home from market; one had a basket on his arm with meat in it. He said, "My ma's got a figelator what'll keep everything so cold as ice to put it in. Your mamma got one?" "No, she ain't," answered Bob, "but she's got a steel egg-beater!" "Ho! an egg-beater, she's got the smaller boy, turning square round to look at the other; 'what's that for?' 'Why, to beat eggs with you goosy.'" "Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn, "she'd better look out. If she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break in. Eggs is brittle than anything. Guess you most don't know what you're talkin' about!"

THERE IS A clever lad in Aberdeen who will get his living in this world. For playing truant maternal authority out of his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say, "Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal mind was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal heart asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died from starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

A PATENT medicine advertisement says: "This article will cure the rheumatism of nineteen years' standing." As far as it goes this is perfectly satisfactory; but we want light upon another view of the matter. Suppose a man's rheumatism is only of three years' standing, must he let it stand sixteen years more before the medicine will cure it? Or if it has stood twenty years is there no hope of a remedy? We want to know about this. It is going to be very unpleasant for a man to endure rheumatism for seventeen or eighteen years before he can take medicine for it.

A YALE student has written a twelve verse poem entitled, "We kissed each other by the sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a western editor; "the seaside is no better for such practice than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very sweet work of that kind on the towpath of a canal in our time, but did not say anything about it in print."

Our First Courtship.

Oh, shades of departed ecstasies! how you throng around and almost overwhelm us, as we recall the blissful past; even as did the seven belligerent curs which held unceasing vigils about the dwelling of our Maud Angelina, on the evening of our first essay in the heavenly art of courtship. Never shall we forget the sublime indifference of the old man, as he stood in one corner of the garden and pretended not to see us while his hounds were quarrelling over which should have the honor of swallowing us whole; or the enthusiastic vigor of Maud Angelina as she charged down, poker in hand, and scattered that pack of raging cannibals to the four corners of the—Muggins' ranch.

Her presence thrilled, filled and satisfied us, even as popcorn balls fill the yawning void in the gastric region of the hired girl; and to reach such an epitome of breathing sweetness we could have cheerfully waded through a tenebre field filled with all the warlike canines that could find standing room. True, she was some two feet taller than we; but what of that? When we had toiled up to those cherry lips, we felt that we had earned our kiss, and enjoyed it pro rata. What if her mouth was a size or two too large and attached so that either it or the rest of her countenance was a little awry? Nature made it so; and far be it from us to fly into the face of nature for any of her acts. The same power was also accountable for the decidedly absurd tint of her hair, but we never thought of being indignant at Maud Angelina about the matter, or of cherishing her less tenderly.

She was our first real sweet-heart. We had dined with Cleopatra Perkins at school, and had stolen a kiss from that sly Cynthia Hopkins on the road home, but Maud Angelina had actually permitted us to walk by her side all the way from a spelling match, and to lave our thirst at the flowing fountain of her papa's forty-foot well, after our arrival.

So this evening we had determined to "beard the lion or lioness, in her den, and with fresh tallow on our boots, fresh bear oil on our hair, and in our best suit we set out to skip over the four miles which intervened between our respective paternal mansions. With a heart beating like a trip-hammer she led us into the maternal presence, where we maintained a most eloquent silence for the next fifteen minutes. Then it suddenly occurred to us that it was a fine day, and we ventured the suggestion orally. It was kindly received, and then the conversation grew easy and cheerful; something like pulling a No. 5 boot on a No. 9 foot at just two and a half minutes before sermon time "on a Sunday morning."

Dinner time came on apace, or rather "supper," as our Maud Angelina persisted in calling it. Here our tribulations waxed grievous and hard to be borne. It did not matter so much that we put salt in our tea, sugared our porchop, or hopelessly buttered our napkin; but when we choked, and knocked our salted tea into Maud Angelina's mother's lap, thereby nearly drowning the latest edition of the Muggins' progeny, and upset things generally on the table, making a new and piquant variety of Worcester'shire sauce out of a combination of molasses, pepper, stewed tripe and onions—then, we say, things looked depressing. The baby squaled an original opera in high C; the old man made use of an expression exactly the opposite of that with which deacons are wont to commence a thirty-minute prayer; Maud Angelina snickered, while her mother seized a low-headed nine-year oldurchin, took him out doors and soundly larruped him, out of sheer vexation of spirit. We sincerely wished ourselves in heaven, Halifax or any other eligible place commencing with an H; but the spirit of the true American is known by its ability to soar above the trivial vexations incident to this life, and so we resolved to "see it out" or perish in the attempt.

The wretched dishes were cleared away, the table-cloth, looking like a child's pinafore who has been treated to ten cents' worth of molasses candy and a two hours' play by the roadside, was consigned to next week's wash, and tranquility once more spread her wings for Muggins' mansion, and after a few wary flops alighted.

Night came slowly on; and now for the first time the maternal breast of our Maud Angelina's mother became haunted with a suspicion as to the meaning of our lingering. She hinted darkly of the danger of traversing the tract which lay between our home and the Muggins' mansion after nightfall, and actually recalled an antiquated ghost story or two with which to excite vague alarms in our youthful bosom. But we were encased in the invulnerable armor of our Maud Angelina's love, and if she had read Dante's Inferno to us for a solid fortnight we would never have batted an eye. Things began to look desperate. The old man sat smoking a cob pipe in a corner, and Maud Angelina's mother felt that he was not to be relied upon in this crisis. It was evident that, however completely we had captured the affections of our dulcinea, her mother did not hanker after us. Probably that salted tea did our business. The old man now retired, and Maud Angelina's mother took her out for a private interview in the kitchen. The conversation between them soon became so exciting that it was borne to our ears.

"Well," said the Spartan mother, "he may set up, if he wants to; but you must go to bed!"

Tare and onions! how our heart sank with a thud in our bosom, even as does the nickel which young America of five years invariably drops in the well! Us, in all the agony of tight boots sitting up alone and disconsolately punching the Muggins' fire and chewing the cud of our bitter fancies, while our Maud Angelina lay snoring in an oblivious quiet, broken only by an occasional thrash of her arms as they battled with a predatory mosquito, or went on a vigorous raid after a marauding bed-bug. The thought was too horrible to be borne! We knew that our Maud Angelina was sobbing, that the briny tears from her windward eye were placidly and resignedly wending their way towards her north ear, while those from its partner in distress bid farewell to this world of woe in a final plunge into the unreliable southeast corner of her mouth; but our own griefs were too many for us, and we silently arose and gat us hence, saying like Shylock of old, "We'll stay no longer, question!"

And when Maud Angelina and her cruel ma returned from the conference, we were silently hiding us towards our home. We never ceased to love our Maud, however; and the most piteously harrowing recollections of our youthful life are conjured up when we recall the pathetic expression which beamed upon us, when next we met her, from her straight, smiling eye, while the other appealed silently and helplessly to the immensity of space. But sitting up alone was too much for even our youthful enthusiasm, and we answered the glance with a mournful shake of the head, and a timid look in the direction of the hard-hearted woman, who had thus untimely nipped in the bud our first, sweet dream of love.—Rural Press.

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness," and the preacher who lays hold of it, bringing it within reach of struggling and despairing men, shall never lack hearers or rejoicing converts.

Dr. JOHN BROWN, in Good Words tells a story of a lady suffering from what seemed likely to prove a fatal quinsy. Her husband, who was deeply attached to her, was bending over her in the utmost concern. She could swallow nothing. By some strange and scarcely voluntary whim of association, he expressed his wonder whether she could swallow a compliment. The remark so tickled her that she burst into a laugh; the laugh burst the quinsy, and she owed her recovery to what must otherwise have been pronounced the most unreasonable of jokes.

SAN FRANCISCO Chinese vegetable peddlers are, as a rule, very accommodating to their customers. A Celestial who had been serving a family with garden-sass was recently stricken down with small-pox, since which time the vegetables have been procured from another quarter. The lady of the house overcome her scruples the other day, called in a passing peddler, and purchased from him a quantity of straw-berries, potatoes and turnips. As he was dealing these out she said: "John, you no get small-pox, eh?" "No, no; me don't have got; bringee to-morrow."

INFLUENCE OF WORDS.—A woman confessed to a priest that she was guilty of scandal. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to scatter the seeds, one by one, in every direction. She obeyed, and returned after her task was done. He then ordered her to go back and collect the scattered seed. She objected, saying it would be impossible. He replied it would be still more impossible to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others.

SCHOOLS FOR MISTRESSES.—Apropos to the training schools now establishing for servants in many of our large cities, a similar school for mistresses is advocated, where they may learn much needful for them to know in managing their domestics, as how to address them courteously, treat them kindly, and make their own house a home for them—a reform many mistresses certainly need.

To Amateur Gardeners Again.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

A few weeks since we gave an article on this subject, with the intimation that it was to be followed up. One of the principal reasons why gardening, amateur gardening, we mean, is less in vogue in California than at the East, is one that would hardly seem credible to the incoherencies of human nature. It is because vegetables are grown here so easily, and in such great abundance. In localities where garden-tools cannot be used before the first of May, and where September is ushered in with frosts, and in countries where the amateur gardener is driven to the top of his house for space to grow his few vegetables and flowers, a longing which seems inherent in human nature arouses a determination which, with the aid of perseverance, produces the home garden, which is only second in its attractiveness to the domestic fire-side.

Here fruits and vegetables can be bought cheaper than they can be grown—so it is believed—and it is not expected that people are going to work in their gardens as a sort of penance; and we do not hope to convince them by any show of figures that gardening will pay; or to be able to prove that all labor invested here will bring its returns in physical and mental health; but we firmly believe that if they will try gardening they will not leave it off. We find very few who have "thrown off" on gardening. Let the owners of places in villages and cities especially make a garden the coming spring.

Nothing is gained by hurrying the planting of gardens. As the season approaches a few warm days are apt to create a desire to commence digging and planting; but nothing is done to advantage until the ground becomes warm and dry. Heavy soil, if dug over when wet, does not fall to pieces readily; but lies in heavy blocks. Raking, though it may smooth it over nicely, does not pulverize it properly; and after being exposed to the sun the surface becomes crusted; and instead of the spongy appearance that is desirable there are gaping cracks; and where the soil is light and friable the fertilizing properties are less tenaciously retained and are more readily dispersed upon being turned up and exposed to the sun and air. No soil should be prepared long before planting. The condition that immediately follows digging or plowing is the condition best suited to receive the seed. Much of the failure of spring-sown seed is owing to its having been consigned to the earth before the ground was ready to receive it. And even though seed thus sown germinates, the plants do not possess the vigor of those grown from seed sown later in the season. There are some vegetables, peas, onions, lettuce, etc., for which it would be well to gain all the time possible; but even these, when planted, should have the benefit of the recent stirring of the earth.

A garden should not be all prepared at one digging, nor should all the seed be sown at once. This gradual preparing and planting of the ground, besides being better for the vegetables, places the matter within the control of the owner; and enables him to manage his garden without the aid of hired labor, a matter well worth considering, there being few common laborers who are fit to do anything in a garden, and as experienced and professional gardeners are unapproachable at this season.

When the proprietor has determined to commence operating in his garden, instead of starting off in search of a man whom he can send to make it, he should go into it himself, being careful not to overwork himself at the necessary to apply an amount of manure to their gardens every year; and to go to considerable expense and labor to procure it. If it is available it would of course be folly to neglect to use it; but gardens in cities and villages, even where there are no animals kept about the premises, receive an ample supply of manure by way of sweepings of the houses and sheds, dirty water, ash-heap, old garments and leather. The garden is the most convenient receptacle for these during the winter, and in the spring they may be thus got out of sight and do much toward lightening and enriching the soil.

Pruning is about the first thing to be looked to in the spring. This work may be done even before the ground is in a condition to work. There is a good deal of excessive pruning, and much injudicious pruning. Conflicting theories are in vogue in regard to the limits of pruning, and each of them has slain its thousands of trees, bushes and shrubs. But the sensible owner of trees will not punish them by over-pruning, nor allow them to suffer from neglect. By visiting them frequently, as he should, and becoming acquainted with their wants, he will soon learn what to cut away and what to leave. We often hear people say, "Our trees have run out." They should have watched the progress of this running out, and attended to their wants. If they would at once take upon themselves this duty, it would soon cease to be a task, and become a labor of love. This meant for them, and they would hardly allow another person to take them in charge.

Young Folks' Column.

I Wish I Were a Comet.

I wish I were a comet, And sportin' through the sky, Oh! shades of old Mahomet, I'd make the splinters fly!

There'd be a wreck of matter, A crash of worlds, you bet, I'd all the planets batter, And everything upset.

I'd butt against old Bruin, And tease the Little Cub, The Polar Star I'd ruin, And give the moon a rub.

The Dog Star then I'd collar, And if unmuzzled found, To make my half a dollar, I'd drag him to the pound.

I'd make things spin about, Oh! Jupiter and Mars, Turn the Dipper wrong side out, And drown the little stars.

I'd give the earth a tussle And switch it off its axis, I'd travel on my muscle, And equalize the taxes.

—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Droll Little House.

Once upon a time a beautiful little house was built in the grass by the side of a brook. It was built so quietly that nobody noticed it till it was all done and the family were in. It was a droll little house, neither white nor brown, but a beautiful green outside.

For some time every door and window was shut, and no one could see what was going on inside. But at last, when everything was ready, and all in order from top to toe, the little house was suddenly thrown open, and all the world invited to call.

And they did call, I tell you—the whole Buttery family, in gorgeous dresses of red and gold; the plainer dressed, but highly respectable Bee family, and I can't tell you how many of the modest Insect family.

The little house was well worth going to see, too. It was no common building, made of wood or brick, with plain, bare walls, by no means! Every room—and there were dozens of them—was hung with the most elegant gold-colored curtains. They were finer than silk and softer and daintier than anything you ever saw, and all fragrant with a delightful, fresh perfume. It was a home fit for any queen, I tell you.

Almost every room of this curious house was a nursery, and in each one sat a patient little mother. Droll little creatures they were, dressed in pale gold, and never stirring an inch away from the cradles of their babies; with funny little husbands besides, dressed in the same lovely color, and wearing brown caps on their heads.

The husbands were so tall they could stretch up and look over the golden walls into the wide world outside, and they got uneasy and longed to go out. But the little mothers would not go, and they didn't want to leave them, so they stayed in the nursery too.

Every night when the sun went down the curtains were all drawn close together, and the whole family went to sleep, and nobody could see anything but the plain little green house. But the first rays of the sun opened the whole house again.

This life went on for some time, till the little mothers grew brown with age, the gorgeous curtains faded, wore out, and at last were blown away, the tall husbands got tired of staying and went away and left the little mothers alone with their babies. They had no curtains to keep them warm, the little house was open night and day, and all the winds could blow right through it. A sad change it seems to us, but little did the mothers care. They did not mind the cold, and they were not afraid of the dark, and the babies were growing every day bigger, and would soon be able to care for themselves. And then the little mothers would be satisfied and happy.

They were the most comical babies you ever saw; each one cuddled up in an odd little cradle, shaped like an egg and carved and ornamented outside. They never cried; and if they had plenty to eat and all the time to sleep, that was all they wanted.

So the little mothers kept them fed, and watched while they grew browner and browner till they were nearly ready to go. At last, on each droll little cradle came a small pair of wings, white and fleecy, and light as air, and they stood out around the bare little house like a ball.

Then the little brown and withered-up mothers knew that they had finished their work, and the babies could take care of themselves; so they were satisfied and happy, and died. And then came along a playful breeze, gave the little house a shake, and away went every baby on its own wings, and left the droll little house deserted and bare.

And the babies—still in their cradles—flew away off over the fields, playing with the breeze, and seeing the world, till the sun went down and it grew dark. Then each one sank to the ground and settled itself; the comical cradles burst open, and each little baby came out, ready to build itself a droll little house.

Maybe you think that a fairy story, but it's every word true. And the gorgeous little house, with its patient little mothers, and dozens of babies, is, after all, nothing but a—dandelion. And if you look carefully into one you'll see the whole family.—Christian Union.

SKIMMING THE SEINE.—Of all the things in the world which appear utterly worthless, are soap-suds. Mr. Simmonds takes a different view. He tells us that "soap-suds, as a stimulant of vegetable life, can not be too highly appreciated." We can not go into his arguments on the great value of soap-suds, and it is sufficient to say that, when poured out as a manure, they are of prodigious efficacy. The French, who are up to everything in the chemical line, have taken a proper view of the value of soap-suds. Whether from private dwellings in Paris, or from the barges of the blanchisseuses, the Seine must have a good deal of soap floating about it in a wasteful kind of way, to say nothing of the grasy pollution from dead dogs and cats. There was a fortune, if properly looked after. An enterprising firm, fortified by the authority of the Prefect, determined to begin a system of skimming the Seine. You would imagine it was a nonsensical idea. Quite a mistake. By uniting the skimmings of the river with the offal from hospitals, the firm is able, by the aid of chemistry, steam and cookery, to fatten 8,000 pigs, and to produce annually 500,000 pounds of soap. Let England touch that if it can! Can any one mention a town in Great Britain where the most valuable productions are not senselessly floating off down the gutters and sewers, never more to be of use to human beings?—Chambers' Journal.

It is said that "the Empress of Germany is one of the most simple dressed of women," and that "she drives out in a calico dress." So much for being known to have plenty of money. It is the women who can't pay for fine clothes that are compelled to wear them.—Courier-Journal.

DEAR humility is a strong bulwark, and it is only as we enter into it that we find safety and true exaltation.—John Woodman.