THE HOME CIRCLE.

The End.

BY JACOB PRICE.

Past twelve o'clock? Oh, no barkeep, Oan't be that I've lain here asleep On this aettee, since noon to-day.' Don't! I'll get up. Drunk, did you say? Tis not the first time. I say, Joe, Give me a drop before I go.

Let's see my coin? O Joe, just think What I have given you for drink— Wealth—strength—children—wife, All—all that man holds dear in life; And must I beg of you in vain One drop to case my throbbing brain?

Don't push me that way; don't now, Joe, Hands off I say! Before I go I must have rum. For God's sake, man, Roare me this torture if you can; This horrible thirst, this raging hell Within, that rum alone can quell.

There, see, I've fallen! (oh so low)
You didn't strike me, did you, Joe?
You did! well then you were in fun,
Leave, or I'll get another one?
Another blow? Joe, Joe! beware—
What—what—is that—just over there!

What—what—is that—just over there!
Great God Almighty! Let me go!
Help, keep him off! O save me, Joe!
Oh, spare—he's gone—why, Joe, I swear
'Tis you! there's snakes coiled in your hair,
And in your becom there is one,
They're in mine too! Great God! I'm gone!
Dead on the sidewalk! Lo, the end
Of him who was a gental friend,
A husband fond, a father kind,
A man of culture, learned, refined;
A gentloman—true-hearted, brave.
Alas! alas! a drunkard's grave.

How WILD HORSES FIGHT THE PANTHER. The puma of South America, known in differ ent latitudes as the cougar, panther, extamount often attacks horses as well as smaller game A traveler relates an instance of an attack of this kind, and of the remarkable plan and pro-dence of wild horses in self-defense: A few this kind, and of the remarkable plan and prudence of wild horses in self-defense: A few years ago a party of travelers were exploring Paraguay, where the plains abound in horses and the forests in pumas and other wild animals. They saw a mare with a pair of twin colts, and stealing near them were a pair of pumas, while at a little distance were a herd of horses who saw the pumas and were preparing for battle. The stallions came to the front, and the mares went to the rear and went to feeding, as if for a ruse. Soon a shill neigh came from the stallion-general, and in a moment the whole troop charged down on the pumas, surrounded them, but left a little space, out of which the mare and her colts slipped away and reached the other mares. The pumas then attacked the horses, but they turned heels and struck them right and left, keeping up a circular movemen, dealing heavy blows in turn, and finally laying the pumas dead.—Our Damb Animals.

A New Re-veal-ing.—A little girl had seen

A New Re-veal-ino.—A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word focus meant, she consulted the dictionary and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced as grand as could be that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father nounced as grand as could be that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was. She said it was the word "focus." "Well, Mary," said he, "what does that mean?" "Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves." This, of course, raised a great laugh. But she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. "There," said she, triumphantly. "Focus"—a place where the rays meet, and if they raise meat they raise calves. And so I am right, ain't I, father?"

A Sour TEMPER.—Theodore Parker most justly reprimends those sour, cross-grained people who afflict some howeholds: "A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dread-ful thing it is to have such a one in a house! There are not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that; no riches, no elegance of mein, no beauty of face, can ever elegance of mein, no beauty of face, can ever sereen such persons from utter vulgarity. There is one thing which rising persons hate the reputation of more than all others, and that is vulgarity; but, trust me, ill-temper is the vulgarest thing that the lowest born and illest bred can ever bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevish-ness in a home is not only sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost, in the very temple of love."

SELP-EXALTATION. There is no surer soul death, no more inevitable paralyzing of worth and force than self-exaltation and self-praise The shadow of self blights growth, main power, cripples influence. There are men in some aspects almost great, in others pitifully small, because they will not stand out of their shadow. There are men who have the ability and the will to perform the most valiant ser-vice for one and another great cause, who are wise, brilliant, eloquent; who yet have been of little or no worth to their fellow beings, simply because they are willing to do nothing without securing full credit for it, to raise no column of the temple of regenerated humanity, unless they can inscribe their usmes on its capital.

A WIFE'S HAPPINESS.—No married woman can be happy if her husband does not appea to regard and honor her as well as actually to The order of flirts have a certain article of faith which comforts them mightily—namely, that a man's wife is always the least interesting woman in the room to him. If he does not know this, she does; and some act of graceful courtesy, some little word or motion—nothing in itself, perhaps, but indicative of the tender-ness he feels for her—gives the good wife a moment of triumph so innocent and sweet that no one should begrudge it to her.

Tue evidence of a witness in a life insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steamboat on the Obio, is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man and saw him on the deck of the steamboat bethe explosion. When asked by the lawyer, "When was the last time you saw him?" he answered, "The very last time I set eyes on him was when the biler bust, and I was going up. I met him and the smoke pipe coming

Tus Shah of Persia once ordered his vizier to The Shah of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominion. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The Shah asked him why, to which he immediately snawered, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they do come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

A West Indian, who had a remarkably red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a monquito hovering around his face. Quashy eyedit very attentively. At last it lit upon his master's nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah, yah," he exclaimed with great glee; "me berry glad to see you burn your fut!"

A Beautiful Chromo.

Mrs. Snooks Washing the Children.

Mrs. Snocks Washing the Children.

If the religious press gets ahead of the El Paso Journal we give it fair warning that it must get up on its spine. We have stood the "Sleeping Cherubs," by the Christian Union. we have gaz-d on the pictures of wall-eyed virtue with which brother Talmage ropes in subscribers from the rural districts unmoved, but when the Christian at Work sends us a picture of two sore-eyed dogs watching three merino lambs, and wants us to pay them \$20 for it, then, indeed, the free spirit of an American citizen is aroused. izen is aroused. We want it distinctly understood that we are

We want it distinctly understood that we are in the chromo business ourselves.

Hereafter, every subscriber that takes the El Paso Journal will receive a beautiful chromo entitled "Mrs. Snooks Washing the Children." It is one of those beautiful home pictures that at once appeal to the fondest and h liest affections of the heart. Every man who sees it will at once "Would he were a boy again" when being washed and getting soap in his eyes was one of the regular Sunday afflictions next to the catechism.

In the foreground is Mrs Snooks. Before In the foreground is Mrs Snooks. Before her is a tub, and one of the orphans is strugging in the water. The artist has seiz d upon the moment when the infant has just opened his mouth for a prolonged solo, but is dexterously checked by his mother's swabbing his voice with a sponge. The manner in which a stream of soapy water is represented running down into the urchin's right eye is very finely done. In the other eye is thrown all the added emetion of pentum crief and sorrow that ded emotion of pent-up grief and sorrow that "knows no tongue." We defy any man to see ded emotion of pent-up grief and sorrow that "knows no tongue." We defy any man to see this picture without being stirred to his immost depths. Mrs. Snooks' face is a study. It is such an expression of motherly love, house-wifely zoal, and beautiful devotion to duty that can be likened to nothing except that seen upon the face of our mothers on wash-days and at house-cleaning times.

the sace of our mothers on wash-days and at house-cleaning times.

Three of the children have already been washed. Their rosy countenances, bright with exuberent health, have been further hightened by the art of the limner, who has depicted them suffering with colds as one result of their baths At the same time, their complexion forms an agreeable contrast to the three behind the tub who have not yet bathed This is finely done, and cost a world of labor.

The whole forms an agreeable contrast to the naked cherubs sent out by the religious press. It is a domestic scene, full of hely joy, and tranquilized by a sweet and dream-like peace.
In order to convey the idea that even in so per

feet a home as this, sorrow must enter, one of the children is suffering with the measles. The way in which the measles blotches are struggling with the dirt on his nose, having captured the last named organ, is one of the sweetest things in the chromo line that has ever been pre

in the chromo line that has ever been pre-sented.

We are now prepared to furnish these chromos to every subscriber of the El Paso Journal. We append a few certificates from prominent individuals:

"True to life. The very atmosphere smells of soap."—Henry Ward Beecher.

"I assure you, on my honor, that the chromo is so natural that one of my children actually caught the measles from looking at it."—Ben Buller.

"Reminds me of the time when they used to wash me, now many, many years ago.—Susar

wash me, now many, many years ago.—Sasan, B. Anthony,
"Send me 15,000 dozen of your chromos,
"Washing the Children." We want to offer them as premiums."—Christian at Work.
"It shows domestic misery in the highest degree. No woman ought to be allowed to have seven children."—Victoria Woodhult.
We trust these testimonials are sufficient. We could append many thousands; but we forbear. Now let the honest misses show their appreciation of art by coming up and taking the—Et Paso Journal.

The Amazon.

A voyage on the Amazon, writes an American traveler, is excessively monotonous. A vast volume of smooth, yellow water, floating trees wolume of smooth, yellow water, floating trees and grass, low, linear-shaped islets, a dark even forest, the shore of a boundless sea of verdure, and a cloudless sky, with occasional flocks of screaming parrots—these are the general features. No busy towns are seen along the banks; only here and there a palm hut or Indian village, half buried in the wilderness. No mountains break the horizon—only half a dozen table-topped hills—and while many bluffs of red and yellow-trap are visible, they are exceptional, the usual border being low alluvial deposits, magnific-ntly wooded, but half the year covered with water. The real grandour, however, of a great river like this is derived from reflecting upon its prospective commercial importance and immense drainage.

A lover of nature, moreover, can never get

A lover of nature, moreover, can never get A lover of nature, moreover, can never get tired of gazing at the picturesque grouping and variety of trees, with their mantles of creeping plants; the wild, unconquered race of vegetable giants; the reckless energy of vegeta-tion compared with which the dense canopy of green supported by crowded columns, branch-less for fifty or eighty feet; the broad-leaved bananas and gigantic grasses; and, above all, the hundreds of species of palms, each vicing with the other in beauty and grace.

A CLERGYMAN informed his people at the close of a sermon that he intended in a few days to go on a mission to the heathen. After the congregation was dismissed, a number of the members waited for their pastor, and, crowding around him, expressed their astonishment at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was coinc, and how loss they would be determined. he was going, and how long they would be de-prived of his ministrations. He said to them, "My good friends, don't be alarmed, I'm not going out of town."

AN ODD TASTS.—"And have you had no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea-captain. "Oh, yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years." "Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste—the sea or the land?" "No, madam, he wasn't bread, he was meat—leastways the natives ate him; and as for his taste—the chief said he tasted of terbacker."

As old bachelor, thinking over the subject o As old bachelor, thinking over the subject of marriage, and particularly the expense of maintaining a family, set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

These was a certain "Daft Will Spetr," who was a privileged haunter of Eglicgton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the Earl one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demense. The Earl called out, "Come back, sir; that's not the road." "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

As old lady from the country with aix un-married daughters, went into Augusta, Ga, the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Hus-bandry. She meant business.

How Sea Lions Enjoy Life.

Charles Nordboff, in the April number of Harpers', has this interesting account of the

Charles Nordhon, in the April number of Harpers', has this interesting account of the habits of sea lions:

It is an extra relicary, interesting sight to see the marine mons ers, many of them bigger than an or, at play in the surf, and to watch the superb skill with which they know how to control their own motions when a huge wave seizes them and seems likely to dash them in pieces against the rocks. They love to lie in the sun upon the bare and warm rocks; and here they sleep, crowded together, and lying upon each other in inextricable confusion. The bigger the animal, the greater his ambition appears to be to climb to the highest summit; and when a huge, slimy beast has, with infinite squirming, attained a solitary peak, he does not tire of raising his sharp-pointed, maggot like head, and complacently looking about him. They are a rough set of brutes—rank bullies, I should say; for I have watched them repeatedly, as a big fellow shouldered his way among his fellows, reared his huge front to intimidate some lesser seal which had secured a favorite spot, and, first with howls, and if these did not suffice, with teeth and main force, expelled the weaker from his lodgment. The smailer sea lions, at least those which have left their mothers, appear to have no rights which any one is bound to respect. They get out of the way with an abject promptness which proves that they live in terror of the stronger members of the community; but they do not give up their places without harsh complaints and piteous greans.

stronger members of the community; but they do not give up their places without harsh complaints and piteous groaus.

Plastered against the rocks, and with their lithe and apparently boueless shapes conformed to the rude and sharp angles, they are a wonderful, but not a graceful or pleasing sight. At a little distance they look like huge maggots, and their slow, ungainly motions upon land do not lessen this resemblance. Swimming in the ocean, at a distance from the land, they are inconspicnous objects, as nothing but ming in the ocean, at a distance from the land, they are inconspicuous objects, as nothing but the head shows above water, and that only at intervals. But when the vast surf, which breaks in mountain waves against the weather side of the Farallones, with a force which would in single sweep dash to pieces the biggest Indiaman—when such a surf, vehemently and with apparently irresistible might, lifts its tall white head, and with a deadly roar lashes the rocks half-way to their summit—then it is a magnificent sight to see a dozen or half a hundred great sea lions at play in the very midst and fiercest part of the boiling surge, so completely masters of the situation that they allow themselves to be carried within a foot or allow themselves to be carried within a foot or two of the rocks, and, at the last and imminent moment, with an adroit twist of their bodies, avoid the shock, and, diving, re-appear beyond

PROBABILITIES.—"Old Prob." is not to be held responsible for the follwing society prob

ablities:

When you see a man going home at two o'clo k in the morning and know his wife is
waiting for him, it is likely to be stormy.

When a man receives a bill of goods his wife
has bought unknown to him, lookout for thun-

der and lightning.

When a man goes home and finds no supper ready, the fire out and his wife visiting, it is likely to be cloudy.

When a man promises to take his wife to a

When a man promises to take his wife to a party, and changes his mind after she is dressed, you may expect a shower.

When a man saves his cigar money to buy hie wife a new bonnet and the children new shoes, it indicates a spell of supshine.

When a man dies and leaves a nice young widow, with plenty of money, and you see her walking out with the executor on Sunday afternoon, a change is imminent.

NATURAL SELECTION .- Darwin thus accounts NATURAL SELECTION,—Darwin thus accounts for the proboscis of the bee. Special organs, such as the bills of birds, the long legs of water fowls, wings, the long, rough tongue of birds that hunt worms in rotton wood—all these things were gradually acquired by the constant exertions of the animal to supply its wants. "Thus," he says, "a probascis of admirable structure has been acquired by the bee, the moth and the humming-bird, for the purpose of plundering the nectaries of flowers." Will he tell us how the bee got along while the proboscis was being acquired "gradually?"

A Boston artist, who excels as an animal painter, saw as he was passing through one of the rural towns of Massachus tis a very ani-mated looking buli. Thinking he would like to take him on cauvas he got permission of the owner, an honest old farmer, and in due time produced an excellent likeness of the buil, which he sold for \$200. On seeing the farmer soon after he told him he had sold the picture of his bull for \$200. "Good gracious!" said the old man; "why I would have sold the bull for less than that?"

Ir is told of a man poorly dressed that he went to a church seeking an opportunity to worship. The usher did not notice him, but seated several well-dressed persons who presented themselves, when finally the man addressed the usher, saying: "Can you tell me whose church this is?" "Yes, this is Christ's church. 'Is he in ?" was the next question, after which a seat was not so hard to find.

Great may be he who can command And rule with just and tender sway; Yet is diviner wisdom taught Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.
Adelaside Procto

Tue characteristic of the umbrella is its power of changing shapes. You can have a bran new silk with an ivery or rosewood handle at any public gathering; within three hours it will turn itself into a light blue or a faded brown cotton somewhat less in size than a circus tent, with a handle like a telegraph pole, and five fractional ribs.

LET the foundation of thy affection be virtue, then make the building as rich and glorious as thou canst; if the foundation be beauty or wealth, and the building virtue, the foundation is too weak for the building, and it will fall; happy is he, the palace of whose affection is tounded upon virtue, walled with riches, glazed with beauty, and sealed with honor.—Quartes.

It was awfully annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in your room by the washerwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sieeves were too short to button oulfs on, and there was no place for a collar.—Milecules Sentisci.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was giving a lesson on Rath. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Bear in commanding the respers to drop large handfu's of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boar did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" 'Married her!" said one of the boys.

A LOUISVILLE gentleman who had his nose bitten off in a row wrapped it up in a paper, and sent it home to his family. The rest of his body he threw away, there being but little left.

—Bosion Pest.

Pitman's Chickens.

We had a good deal of trouble last summer with Pitman's chickens. As fast as we would plant anything in our little garden those chick-ens of Pitman's would creep under the fence, scratch out the seeds, fill up and go home. When the radish bed had been ravished in this When the radish bed had been ravished in this manner for the fifth time, we complained to Pitman. He was not disposed to interfere. "Adeler," he said, "I tell you it does 'em good, and it does them beds good to be raked over by chickens. If I have radishes, give me chickens to scratch around 'em and eat up the worms. Radishes that haven't been scratched ain't worth a cent." Then we climbed over the fence, with a determination to take the law into our own hands. We procused half a peck of worth a cent." Then we climbed over the fence, with a determination to take the law into our own hands. We procured half a peck of corn and two dozen diminutive fish-hooks. Fastening each hook into a grain of corn, we tied thin wire to each hook. Then we scattered the whole of the corn on the radish-bed, and fixed the ends of the wires to the biggest sky-rocket we could get. The rooket stood in a frame about ten yards away from the hooks. That very morning Pitman's chickens came over and instantly began to devour the corn. We were ready, and as soon as it was evident that the hooks were all awallowed we applied a match to that rocket. It is regarded as probable that no barnyard fowls that have lived since the days of old Noah ever proceeded toward the szure vault of heaven with such rapidity as those did. A fizz, a few ejeculatory cackles, a puff of smoke, and Pitman's roosters and pullets were swishing around among the celestial constellations without their feathers, and in some doubt respecting the stability of earthly beings. Pitman never knew what became of his fowls; but when we read in the paper next day that twenty-four underdone chickens, with fish-hooks in their craws, had been rained down by a hurricane in New Jersey, we felt certain that that sky-rocket had done its duty.—Max Adeler.

Creeping Clay.

A peculiar kind of clay is found in many places in our mines, which is not a little curious on account of its creeping propensities. A stratum of this clay will crawi out into ten-A statum of this clay will craw out into ton-nels and other openings in a manner much re-sembling the action of the toy known as Pharoah's serpents. You can't see where it is coming from or what moves it, yet it is con-stantly crawling out. In the drift which is coming from or what moves it, yet it is constantly crawling out. In the drift which is being run into the American Flat mine, at a depth of 750 ft., they have a stratum of this clay. In order to keep the drift open, it is necessary to keep one man constantly engaged in cutting away the clay as it pushes itself into the drift. This is not owing to the slaking and swelling of the exposed surface, as in that case after a few removals of the surplus material a hole would be left. The whole body of clay appears to be creeping. It has the almost imperceptible motion of the glacier, and, like the glacier, irresistibly advances, smashing everything in the shape of timbers that may be placed in its way. The cause of this creeping is probably to be found in the pressure of the superincumbent or surrounding strata of rock. Its motion is not unitae that seen during the straitening out of a piece of pith which has been compressed. There appears to be a limit to this average of the last the class of the straitening out of a piece of pith which has been compressed. There appears to be a limit to the straitening the class of the class of the last of the last of the class of the last of the straitening out of a piece of pith which has been compressed. There appears to be a limit to the straitening the class of the last of the last of the straitening the ing the strattening out of a piece of pith which has been compressed. There appears to be a limit to this creeping of the clay, but it is not reached until many feet have crept out into the drift, tunnel, shaft or chamber, and been cut off and removed. Its action is so mysterious that some of the miners are ready to explain it by simply saying that it is because "nature abhors a vacuum." If left to its own course it would very soon close the drift, tunnel or other opening so completely that no one could see that an opening had ever been made in it; indeed, thousands of feet of drifts and tunnels in our mines are now so closed. In the Caledonia mine much trouble was experthe Caledonia mine much trouble was experienced with this creeping clay. We have heard of a streak of it two or three feet in width rising up in the floor of a tunnel until over thirty feet had been up and been cut off. It is oad anywhere, but is most mischievous in main shafts. For this reason mining men always seek a sport, in which to put down such shafts, where they are likely to have solid country rock (rock outside of the vein) to a great depth below the surface. The sad experience of early days taught them the lesson.

— Virginia Enterprise.

EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose address is at the Overland office in this city, has issued a circular, in which she states that she bas in preparation, for the United States Commission of Pales. ted States Commissioners of Education, the anled States Commissioners of Education, the annual report for the State of California. Circulars, soliciting information in regard to educational matters, including libraries, museums, medical, dental and pharmaceutical institutions, benefactions, asylums, schools of science, training schools, art, teachers' salaries, etc., have been circulated as averaginals as possible. have been circulated as extensively as possible, but the experience of former years have proved this plan to be inadequate. As the Commis-sioners desire the forthcoming report to be as thorough and accurate as possible, Mrs. Cooper solicits any information bearing upon the topics above named, or anything pertaining to educational growth and advancement that the patrons of education throughout the State may desire embodied therein. All such matter must be as clear and concise as the subject treated will parent. ject treated will permit.

New Method of Preserving wood from decay has been recommended by Hatzfeld. It seems that, in 1830, specimens of oak were dug up in Rouen, which had been buried since the year 1150. This wood was quite sound, but had acquired a black color like ebony, and an astonishing hardness. Hatzfeld ascribed its preservation to the joint action of the tannin in the wood and the axides of iron in the soil. Accordingly he now proposes to preserve wood artificially by means of tannin and the pyrolignite of iron, a combination which would in some measure bring about the same changes noticed in the specimens from Rouen. Hatzfeld impregnates NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING WOOD, -A new specimens from Rouen. Hatzfeld impregnates the wood to be preserved, first with tannin, and subsequently with the pyrolignite solution.
The latter substance has long been used alone as a preservative of the best character, and it is doubtful whether the addition of the tannin, as proposed by Hatzfeld, will prove of sufficient advantage to warrant the extra expense.

A Home-Made Baromeren.—What is known as Babinet's baroscope is a simple and convenient instrument for forestelling a storm by change of atmospheric pressure. To construct it, take any bottle, and pour colored water into it to one-fourth its depth, insert in it a glass tube, from three to four feet long and passing airtight through the stopper, which must also be air tight. Let a paper index, divided according to any scale of division, say into inches and fractions of an inch, be glued to the glass tube. Blow into the glass tube, so as to cause the water to rise in it a few inches, say ten inches, and the instrument is constructed. The bottle must be placed in another vessel, and protected by sawdust, or some other material, from the influence of change in the atmosphere. This very sensible instrument records faithfully any changes in the density of the external air, and the approach of a storm will be indicated by a sudden rise of the water in the glass tube. A HOME-MADE BAROMETER. - What is known

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

"What is it All When All is Done?"

"The sun goes up and the sun goes down, And a thousand years are the same as on The leaves grow green, and the leaves grow And what is it all when all is done?"

Aye, what is it all, if this life be all, But a draught to its dress of a cup of gall, A bitter round of the rayless years. A saddening dole of wormwood tears. A sorrowful plaint of the apirit's thrall, The grave, the abround, the funeral pail— This is its sum; if this life be all.

But it is not all; beyond this shore, A sun goes up to go down no more; The leaves that grow green are green for aye, And the flowers that bloom know not decay; A thousand years are, indeed, as one, But of bitterness then the soul hath none; And this is all when all is done.

A Curious Pair of Jaws.

Don't you think it must be a curious pair of jaws that can bite off a chunk of cold iron as easily as you bite a stick of candy?
You can hardly believe it? Wait till I tell you.
One of the most interesting places I ever visited was a room filled with these monsters with the sharp steel jaws, called nail machines. In the first place, the noise made by several of these machines in one room is something absolutely fearful. I wanted to stuff my ears with cotton; but I thought that would not be very civil to my guide, and after a little I got used to it, and soon found myself so much interested that I really forgot the noise. Some machines nip off the tacks so fast that a stream of finished tacks runs down a tin tube into a reservoir—thousands in a minute. Listen to the ticking of the clock and reflect that every time it ticks at least twenty tacks are snapped off.

But I must tell you how they do it. First the iron bar, as it comes from the iron works, is put between immense rollers, which flatten it is put between immense rollers, which flatten it out as nicely as the cook can roll out pie-crust with a rolling pin. The bar of iron is thus made into a sheet, just thick enough for the natis they want to make. It goes next to the slitting machine, which makes no more fuss about slitting it into the proper widths for nails than your seissors make about cutting paper. It is cut a little longer than the nail is to be, because the heads are to be made.

When the strips of iron are all ready, a man takes one, and slips the end into the skiel jaws I told you of. These jaws are worked by steam power, and instantly they bite off a nait while a furious little hammer springs out suddenly, and with one blow on the end of the bit of iron flattens it, and thus makes a head. If you want to know what a blow that must be take a piece of iron and try to pound a head on

ake a piece of iron and try to pound a head on

it yourself.

The instant the head is made, the jaws open and the pair drops out finished. Of course it is done much quicker than I have been telling you; for a machine can make brads (which I

you; for a machine can make brads (which I needn't tell the boys are small nails without heads) at the rate of three thousand a minute. It is said that "figures won't lie," and I hope they won't, but I must admit it is hard to believe that story.

After the tacks come out of the machine, they are "blued," as it is called. It is done by hearing them in an oven or on an iron plate. Then they go in the packing room, where one girl can weigh and put into papers two thousand papers of tacks in a day. That's another tough story, but my guide assured me it was true.

How many kinds of nails can you name? You will probably be surprised to hear that two hundred kinds of nails are made in one factory, beginning with spikes which weigh nearly half a pound each, and ending with the tiniest kind of tacks, not a quarter of an inch

mg. Men didn't always have machines to make Men didn't always have machines to make nails for them, and of course they had to make them by hand. That was no such easy matter, and in, fact, they couldn't make them of cold iron, but had to heat every one. In some parts of England they are very slow to get machinery, and the ignorant people, thinking their trade is to be spoiled, will break up and destroy any machinery that is brought there. So they work at nail making as their grandfathers did. Every man has a little forge—such as you have seen in a blacksmith's shop if you live in a village—and a small anvil. Every child is put to work to make nails at eight or nine years of age, because they earn so little that every one of a family must help earn his bread. Of course these children have no time to learn to read, and many grown men and women can neither read nor write. This is the way they make the nails: They buy iron rods just the right size for the nails they make—for one family always makes the same—ize of nail. They take one of these rods, heat it red-hot at the forge, lay it on the anvil, and cut off the length of a nail; then, laying away the rest of the rod, they take the piece they have cut off, pound it out to a point at one end, and pound on a head at the other. A very slow operation, you see, when you think of how the machines snap them off cold. slow operation, you see, when you think of how the machines snap them off cold. A whole family scarcely ever earns more than five dollars a week at the work, and part of that has to go for the coal it uses.

One of the nail factories in our country that I have read about uses one hundred and fifty tons of iron in a week, all of which is bitten up into nails.— Harper's Basar.

SEELETONIZING LEAVES .- There are several ways of doing this. That by maceration is long, tedious and disagreeable, and quite out of date. The following are the methods now in use: Lay the green leaves and seed vessels on small sheets of tin, and cover lightly with thin lace or muslio, place in a vessel of cold water, put over the fire and boil slowly for several bours. Uncover one by one west out the nours. Uncover one by one, wash out the cellular tissue with a camel's hair brush, then hours. Uncover one by one, wash out the cellular tissue with a camel's hair brush, then bleach, wire and mount in the usual way. Or put into a basin equal quantities of soft soap and rain water, put in the leaves and let it stand on the stove till the mixture boils. Remove the leaves to a pan of clear, soft water, wash them quickly and carefully from the soap, float out on a piece of glass, and remove the tissue with a brush, rinse in clear water. Or take three ounces of carbonate of soda, one and a half of quicklime previously slaked, and one quart of water. Boil 10 minutes and draw off the clear solution. Return this to the fire, wash the leaves, and boil briskly one hour or till the tissure is easily removed. To bleach the leaves, mix a drachm of chlorate of lime with a pint of water and a little acetic acid or strong vinegar. Steep the leaves in this about 10 minutes, simmer, rinse well and place in books to press. Or procure Labarrague's solution of chloride of soda, and use a teacupful to a quart of water. Fut the leaves in, and in two or three days they will be perfectly white.

—N. Y. Tribune.

GUN-COTTON.—A loose yarn of gun-cotton, if gently set on fire by a spark, amoulders slowly away, but burns rapidly if lit by a flame. A charge of cotton in blasting a mine or quarry, or in a rifle, explodes after the manner of gunpowder; but if fired by a few grains of fulminating mercury, it "goes off" with terriffic violence, and can therefore be applied for blasting purposes on a tremendous scale.