

The Home Circle.

The End.

Past twelve o'clock! Oh, no backstep. Can't be that I'm late in bed! On this setting, since now to-day...

A Beautiful Chromo.

Mrs. Snooks 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...

How Wild Horses Fight the Panther. The puma of South America, known in different latitudes as the cougar, panther, catamount, often attacks horses as well as smaller game.

A Brother Reveal-Ing. 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...

A SOUB TEMPER. Theodore Parker most justly reprimands those sour, cross-grained people who afflict some households. "A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in a house!

SELF 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, maims power, cripples influence.

A WIFE'S HAPPINESS.—No married woman can be happy if her husband does not appear to regard and honor her as well as actually to do so. The order of things has 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.

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.

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.

A WISE INDIAN, who had a remarkably red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering around his face.

How Sea Lions Enjoy Life.

Charles Nordhoff, in the April number of Harper's, has this interesting account of the habits of sea lions: It is an extraordinary, interesting sight to see the marine monsters, many of them bigger than an ox, 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.

Plastered against the rocks, and with their lithe and apparently boneless 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 maggot, and their slow, ungainly motions upon land do not lessen this resemblance.

PROBABILITIES.—"Old Prob." is not to be held responsible for the following society probabilities: When you see a man going home at two o'clock in the morning and know his wife is waiting for him, it is likely to be stormy.

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 rotten wood—all these things were gradually acquired by the constant exertions of the animal to supply its wants.

A BOSTON artist, who excels as an animal painter, saw as he was passing through one of the rural towns of Massachusetts a very animated looking bull. Thinking he would like to take him on canvas he got permission of the owner, an honest old farmer, and in due time produced an excellent likeness of the bull, which he sold for \$200.

It 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."

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.

THE characteristic of the umbrella is its power of changing shapes. You can have a bran new silk with an ivory 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 founded upon virtue, walled with rich, a glazed with beauty, and sealed with honor.—Quarles.

It was awfully annoying to have some other fellow's cloth left in your room by the washwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar.—Miscellaneous Sentinel.

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

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 chickens 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 manner for the fifth time, we complained to Pitman. He was not disposed to interfere.

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 crawl out into tunnels and other openings in a manner much resembling the action of the toy known as Pharaoh's serpents.

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 has in preparation, for the United 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, benevolent societies, asylums, schools of science, training schools, art, teachers' salaries, etc., have been circulated as extensively as possible, but the experience of former years have proved this plan to be inadequate.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING WOOD.—A 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.

A HOME-MADE BAROMETER.—What is known as Babinet's baroscope is a simple and convenient instrument for forestalling 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 airtight.

SKELTONIZING 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 muslin, place in a vessel of cold water, put over the fire and boil slowly for several hours.

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 one; The leaves grow green, and the leaves grow brown, And what is it 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.

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 long.

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.

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 Bazar.

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GUN-COTTON.—A loose yarn of gun-cotton, if gently set on fire by a spark, smoulders 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 gun-powder; but if fired by a few grains of fulminating mercury, it "goes off" with terrific violence, and can therefore be applied for blasting purposes on a tremendous scale.