

The Home Circle.

Love and Hope.

[From Pacific Rural Press by J. S. C.] To Mrs. A. E. G., on the death of a beloved daughter Oh think of me now I am gone To realms of bliss where angels dwell, Where Jesus in his arms has borne Me home to rest, and all is well. When with the evening shades appear And stars shine in the darkened sky, My spirit may sometimes be near, Though undiscerned by mortal eye. When gentle breezes from the sky And grateful fragrances fill the air, When Luna's light is seen on high And shines so bright and pure and fair, Then may you know that I am high And ready to impart a kiss, To bring you joy for every sigh And fill your soul with heavenly bliss. When in the house of God you kneel And join to praise the Savior's name, My holy love you then shall feel And Christ will grant you still the same. Where'er you fix your ardent gaze On stormy sky or mountain slope To me your thought you'll sometimes raise And hear me whisper Live and Hope. San Francisco, Sept. 21st, 1874.

Sarah Ammon's Elopement.

[From Pacific Rural Press.] Mr. Ammon was a pioneer farmer of Michigan. He was formerly a resident of the State of New York, but the tide of emigration carried him, with many others, towards the west, where many broad acres of land could be purchased for a small amount of money. He remained in Michigan one year; during which time he prepared a rude, though comfortable home for his wife and child. He then returned to the East, and with a final adieu to his many friends, and his little family, once more turned his face toward the setting sun. Many years of hard work were before our emigrants, but they did not shrink from the task. Industry, perseverance and good management, will accomplish wonders. These qualities, our friends possessed in an eminent degree. Therefore it is not strange that, as the years passed away, they had the satisfaction of seeing their farm become more and more attractive and valuable. Improvements were continually being made; a large house was built; out-houses erected; their stock increased, and the fruit of the orchard yearly become more abundant.

In short, when Sarah, their daughter, was eighteen years old, Mr. Ammon was a wealthy farmer. Sarah possessed a pretty face and pleasing manners; and her mother desired that when she left the paternal roof as a wife, she would be conducted to a home as good, or better than the one that she left. But ah! the child will not always accept the parents' choice of a mate. Had Sarah, the gossip said, been pleased to give herself to Mr. Tristie, the rich young merchant of Hastings, who was very much smitten with the charms of our country girl, her way to the marriage altar would have been without an obstacle; but with youthful waywardness, she would not heed her mother's advice to encourage the young man. And when she became acquainted with Charley Sprague, the gay, handsome, though penniless farmer, she had the "obstinacy," as her mother called it, to fall in love with him. The young couple were not long in learning that their affections were mutual; but their joy in each other was clouded by an uncertain future. They pledged themselves to each other, with youthful ardor; and they suffered themselves to build many a noble castle in the air. Mrs. Ammon's keen eyes were not slow to discover that her daughter found much pleasure in the society of Charley Sprague; so when a favorable opportunity presented itself, she addressed her daughter thus: "Sarah, I have been watching you for some time, and I fear that you find more than ordinary happiness in the society of Charley Sprague. Am I mistaken, or not?" The crimson blood rushed to the young girl's face at these words. She hesitated for a moment, then decided that it were best to be frank; so she replied in a tremulous voice: "Yes, mother, you are right." Again she hesitated, but soon summoned courage to continue in a low voice and with downcast eyes: "Yes, Charley and I do love each other very much; he has asked me to be his wife; and I have consented." Mrs. Ammon turned livid with rage; and without considering what she did or said, raised her hand and struck her daughter in the face; while she fairly hissed the words: "Take that for your impudence." In a moment she repented; but it was too late. That blow from the mother's hand, developed the dormant willfulness in the daughter, that she inherited from her mother. The insult to her pure affections, stung her to the quick. No longer did the little room contain a drooping, blushing maiden, but in her place, a woman, pale, erect and proud. "Mother," she said, "you forget that I am no longer a child," then turned and left the room. "Feel that I am," her mother muttered, "but to have the aspirations of years, quenched by this penniless youngster. This foolishness must not last. My daughter shall yet be Mrs. Tristie, the merchant's lady."

After Sarah left her mother, she sought and found her father, to whom she confided the story of her love, and of the treatment she had just received from her mother. "Father," she said, after she had told him all, "have I your consent to marry Chas. Sprague?" He replied, "Sarah, you are of age, I like the frank, open manners of your lover; I can have no objections to your marrying him; but I fear that it will be long ere your mother will give her consent. She is not one to easily abandon a favorite project." "Mother never will give her consent to this union," said Sarah confidently. "I have always respected my parents wishes, but in a matter of this kind, I feel that I must act for myself. Adieu, dear father." That night our lovers had an interview, and plans for the future were formed, that would have filled Mrs. Ammon with dismay, had she known of them. Nothing occurred for some time to excite the mother's suspicions, and she began to hope that no harm had ensued from that unlucky morning's talk. Six months passed away with its labors and cares, before any noteworthy event transpired in Farmer Ammon's family; but at the expiration of that time, on the morning of the 20th of Sept., Sarah Ammon was missing. Mrs. Ammon having called her daughter several times without receiving an answer, went to her room to waken her. Judge of her consternation, when she found that Sarah was not there! She took up a note that was lying on the table, and read as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER:—Thinking that it would be impossible to ever attain your consent to my marriage with Charley Sprague, and feeling that we were intended by Providence for each other, a private marriage was determined upon. We will be married to-night at ten o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw.

As this is my first act of disobedience, I hope that you will forgive me. Your affectionate daughter, Sept. 20th, 1851. SARAH AMMON."

The grief of Mrs. Ammon, after reading the note was dreadful to witness. It was long ere she could control her sorrow; but gradually her

stern, stubborn will conquered every other emotion. Her husband was away from home at this time. When he returned, Mrs. Ammon related to him in a tranquil manner the news of their daughter's elopement. "Margaret," said Mr. Ammon, "we must invite them home. What is done cannot be undone." "Invite them home!" was the answer, "never by me." In vain did Mr. Ammon reason with his wife, and entreat her to reconcile herself to the inevitable. Mrs. Ammon was incorrigible. Mr. Ammon went to bid his daughter and son-in-law good-bye, ere they departed for their new home in Ohio. "Sarah," said the old man, "I alone have come to bid you farewell." His voice faltered, but in a moment he continued: "May God bless you both; and let us not forget to pray our Father in Heaven to incline the heart of the mother to her child." After a few more words of tenderness, they parted. Three years passed away, and the mother and daughter had not met. The mother was too proud to send for her child, but her heart yearned for her. Slowly but surely love was gaining the ascendancy over anger.

It was night, and good Farmer Ammon read from the Holy Book. He knelt in prayer with his wife. He prayed for their daughter. "Oh God, our Father," he said, "watch over and protect our child; she is our only child. Oh! Thou dost know the parents' heart. Thou dost know the love that we bear for the dear one Thou didst give us in our youth." (A sob escaped from the corner where Mrs. Ammon was kneeling.) "Dear Father, it is long since we have seen her. Oh, grant that ere we close our eyes in death, our loved one may return to the home of her youth!" Another sob was heard from the outside. The sound reached the ears of the worshippers. The prayer was soon finished; and Mr. Ammon opened the door, and lo! there stood his daughter and her husband holding a child.

"Sarah," said the father, trembling with joy, "my prayer is answered. Welcome home, and you too, Charley, but what have you here? Can this be your child?" "Yes, this is our little Maggie, father," said Charley; for Sarah was clasped in her mother's arms, and both were luxuriating in tears; happy tears, accompanied with smiles and broken sentences, such as, "dear mother," "Sarah, can this be? God be praised," etc.

They were all too happy to think of their old trouble. After the first joy was over, Mrs. Ammon and Sarah both began to talk of forgiveness; but they would not heed each other's self reproaches. They both claimed to be most to blame. The reconciliation was complete, and years of happiness followed. Our story is told.

A Farmer's Beautiful Wife.

Matilda Fletcher thus describes a farmer's wife who is not only beautiful and wise, but possesses several cardinal virtues in addition: The most beautiful woman I ever have known was a farmer's wife, who attended to the household duties for a family of four, and also assisted in gardening, and the light farm work; and yet I never saw her hands rough and red, and never even saw a freckle on her nose. Impossible! you say, how did she manage? I never asked her, but she had some envious neighbors, who went slouching around with red, scaly hands, sunburnt faces, and hair matted with dust and oil, who let me into the dreadful secret. They informed me with many an ominous shake of the head, that she was just the proudest mix that ever lived; that she actually wore India rubber gloves when she used the broom and scrubbing brush, and always when she worked out-doors; that she also had a bonnet made of oil-silk, completely covering the head, face and neck, leaving only apertures for seeing and breathing, thus securing perfect freedom from sun, wind and dust. Did you ever hear of such depravity? She also fastened her dishcloth to a stick, so that she need not put her hands in hot water. For the same reason, she accomplished her laundry work with a machine and wringer. And then to see her in the afternoon tricked out in a fashionable white dress, with a bright colored ribbon at her throat, and a rose in her hair entangling in the parlour, as though she was the greatest lady in the land, was more than her patience could endure. And how they did pity her poor children because "she would not let them eat pastry nor greasy food, for fear it might spoil their complexion."

The truth was her plump little darlings always looked like fresh rose buds, and she met them coming home from school with so much love and beauty and grace, that I don't see how she could be improved one atom by becoming a veritable angel. And her husband! He had such a satisfied expression, that it was a perfect aggravation to ordinary people to look at him. He deserved to be happy, because he encouraged and helped her to cultivate beauty and goodness both in herself, her family and her home; and I don't know but her success principally belonged to him, because he bought all the new inventions that could lighten her labor, and all the delicate and pretty things she needed to adorn her home, and when she was sick he wouldn't let her do much work until she was well and strong. Strange as it may seem, at such times he usually devoted himself to her with as much care and tenderness as he would if she had been the most valuable horse on the farm. Wise little woman; she knew how to improve her health and comeliness, and of course she was not ashamed to do it when she had encouragement and approval. If, instead of her genial, noble-hearted husband she had married a niggardly Gradingrind, she would probably have lost her health, her beauty, her sweet disposition, her whole interest in life, and become an unlovely, broken-spirited woman.—Moore's Rural.

Are We Living Too Fast?

We are living too fast to-day. We think, as a people, too much of money and to little of the cultivation and development of a higher life—a life which shall give impetus to the noblest impulse of the soul, which shall give us a more truly Christian home life, which shall give us a better basis to society, which shall find time for resting from the ceaseless whirl and restlessness of business. As a rule, the wealthy business man of to-day does not enjoy life. He carries business with him everywhere. He takes it home; he sleeps with it; he thinks of it as he rides out; and when Sunday comes, he takes it with him to church and dreams of it in his bed during the sermon. We must have a change from all this. There are other panics yet to follow if we do not cease this crazy pursuit of money. We are glad to know that there is a healthy reaction from the wild and foolish and wicked manner in which so much of the business of the country has been conducted, and we trust it will continue. Better that business should droop a little; better that steamers and ships should rest a little at the wharves, that man may scrape the barnacles off; better that man should have an opportunity for knowing his neighbor; better that he should know more and think more upon the country to which he is going. We have brought nothing with us into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out. Let us think of this a little more; let us estimate it at its true worth, and act and live accordingly.—Christian at Work.

MAN is the merriest species of creation; all above or below him are serious.—Addison.

A Hen-pecked Husband's Soliloquy.

[From Pacific Rural Press by Mrs. E. E. A.]

Hurrah! My wife has gone to visit her mother, and will be away one week; and I am so happy—ahem! I should say sorry—that I hardly know what to do first, although I have met with some trouble since she left. She started two days ago, and as there are seven days in a week, there will be only five more days of freedom; then adieu to comfort—I mean loneliness.

I do not mean to insinuate anything against my wife, but decidedly speaking, I cannot feel lonely when she is at home. She does not like to have me out of her sight. If I go into the sitting-room, tip my chair back, put my feet on the mantle-piece, so I can contemplate them at my leisure, and commence smoking, in two seconds the door will be thrown open, and my mother-in-law will walk in, and tell me to stop smoking, and sit like a civilized being, and not fill the room with smoke. Out of deference to her opinion, I meekly leave her—my room, and stalk up and down the hall, enjoying my cigar, when she appears again, and conveys and speaks so feelingly of the injury done to her health by my smoking, that I am conquered, and like a dutiful husband, throw my cigar away. It cost me twenty-five cents.

After supper if I endeavor to slip away without her knowledge, she is so careful of me, that she follows me from one room to another, until it is too late to go out. And I ask you, how could I act cross and savage, to a wife who is so solicitous lest I should breathe the night air, and be ill? But I meekly suggest that there is such a thing as being entirely too solicitous. She also institutes a search of my pockets every night, when she thinks I am asleep. But I am wise enough not to keep any mementoes there; for all wives will periodically turn their husband's pockets inside out in search of love-letters, pictures and other trifles; so I don't complain of my beloved; it only shows her interest in my behalf.

But she is away; and I can smoke in the parlor, leave my boots on the piano, my box of cigars on the bed and need not hang up my clothes, as she will always insist on my doing; but can throw them down any place, without expecting a lecture. She told me to feed the cat three times a day; but to save that trouble I gave a boy ten cents to carry him off; so when my wife returns, I will tell her poor Tom is lost. I know she won't believe a word I say, but that is not my fault. She cautioned me to be careful and not spend much money; so I have been very economical. For two days I have cooked my own meals; but as I have not washed a dish since she left, and broken three cups and her best glass pitcher, there are no more clean dishes; so I will board at a hotel the remainder of the week; and if that is not economical, I would like to know what is. When my wife is at home, if I am not punctual at my meals, I have to eat cold lunch, or go without. My wife is an excellent manager.

Last evening, half a dozen of my friends came in, and we had a jolly good time; but this morning, when I awoke and found myself lying on the piano, and saw the curtains were torn from top to bottom, wine stains and broken glass all over the carpet, the canary bird dead in the cage, the full length mirror in fragments, I had a dim recollection that there had been some kind of a row; and shuddered to think of the still worse row there would be, when my wife returned. Not that I am afraid of her. Oh, no! but she has such a determined manner, and such a flow of language, that I do not like the idea of confronting her. She knows that I am master in my own house, and far from being timid, but—but I believe I will go away on business for about two weeks; and the storm will have blown over when I return I am no coward, but—you understand. San José, Sept. 28th, 1874.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The deadliest foe to man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to move fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intemperately, to draw his little amount of life over a large space or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never over tasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "account with God and man duly squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limits which it is possible to attain; while he who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

FAILURE IN LEARNING MUSIC.—Whitney's Journal of Music, an excellent monthly published at Manchester, N. H., states three reasons why American children often fail to excel in music: First because they commence the study of the piano too late in life. The proper age with most children is between six and seven years; then the mind craves not yet for so much variety as at a later period, and the fingers are supple enough to admit of easy and perfect adaptation to the mechanism of the instruments. Secondly, because the discipline at home is too lax, and adults, in many cases, of too precocious development, which is the untimely end of all continued, well-directed effort; and such effort is indispensably necessary, even with the most gifted of children. In the pursuit of musical studies. Thirdly, the want of musical animation at home. The unfortunate fact that men are not aesthetically educated in this country, and have neither taste for nor any knowledge of music, causes the mother to neglect her piano very soon after marriage; and the children, not hearing any music at home, lose the opportunity of training the ear at a time when their organs is most susceptible of culture.

JEREMY TAYLOR ON MARRIAGE.—The following extract from that sound old divine, Jeremy Taylor, is always read with interest, because of its simple truthfulness: Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath no more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers honey from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

The wild bird that flies so lone and far has somewhere its nest and its food. A little fluttering heart of love impels its wings and points its course. There is nothing so solitary as a solitary man.

A Smuggler's Narrative.

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eyes steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced from her countenance.

"You look very good-natured sir," stammered she.

I bowed, and looked considerably more so to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret, which is too much for me to keep myself, oh! would you keep it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already, said I, smiling, "it is lace, is it not?" She uttered a little shriek—and—yes, she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

"Oh, sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly, but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed out the woman to a legitimate authority, I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she lost, paid her fine and explained:

"You, madam, had ten pounds worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out in any event, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved by me in any way, pray take more lace; here is lots of it."

When I finished my explanation the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with my little stroke of diplomacy, though she would have doubtless preferred a little less prominent part in it.—Exchange.

Tell Your Wife.

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instinct is quicker and keener than her reason. Consult with your wife, or your mother, or your sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as veridical in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling a man to tell his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs a secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutes of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of his purpose and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help meet" was no insignificant title as applied to man's companion. She is a helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves is confidence—without which, love is never free from a shadow.

Progress in Astronomical Discovery—The Lights in the Heavens.

We clip the following from the published proceedings of the French Association of Science: The spectroscope has explored the far-off spaces of heaven. The light of hundreds of stars has been analyzed, and nebulae, scarcely visible, have had the quality of their radiations revealed by its aid. The light, in some cases very feeble, with which a number of stars shine, gives a spectrum with dark lines like the solar spectrum, and this fact proves to us that the constitution of these stars is like that of our sun. Aldebaran sends us records of hydrogen, magnesium, and calcium, which abound in solar light, but also those of metals which are rare or absent, as tellurium, antimony, and mercury.

Nebulae, twenty thousand times less brilliant than a candle at a distance of 13,000 feet, have still given a spectrum; for their light, although feeble, is very simple in its constitution, and the spectrum which it gives consists only of two or three bright bands, one of hydrogen, the other of nitrogen. These nebulae, which give a spectrum of bright lines, are those which the most powerful telescopes cannot resolve; there is an "abyss" between them and resolvable nebulae, which like ordinary stars, give a spectrum with dark lines.

What an effort of the human mind! To discover the constitution of stars of which the distances are unknown, of nebulae which are not yet worlds; to establish a classification of all the stars, and still more to guess their ages—ah, tell me, is not this a triumph for Science? Yes, we have classified them according to their ages. Stars colored, stars yellow, stars white; the white are the hottest and the youngest; their spectrum is composed of a few lines only, and these lines are dark. Hydrogen predominates. Traces of magnesium are also met with, of iron, and perhaps of iodine; and if it is true that Sirius was a red star in the time of the ancients, it owed perhaps its tint to the greater abundance of hydrogen at that epoch. Our sun, Aldebaran, Arcturus, are among the yellow stars. In their spectra the hydrogen lines are less developed, but the metallic lines are fine and numerous. The colored stars are not so hot and are older. In consequence of their age, they emit less vivid light. In them there is little or no hydrogen. Metallic lines abound, but one also finds channelled spaces like the lines of compounds. The temperature being lower, these latter can exist whether they consist of atoms joined to others of the same kind, or whether they contain groups of heterogeneous atoms.

As to matter, it is everywhere the same, and the hydrogen of water we meet with in our sun, in Sirius, and in the nebulae, everywhere it moves, everywhere it vibrates; and these movements which appear to us inseparable from atoms are also the origin of all physical and chemical force.

LABOR amounts of wood are piled up on the banks of the Carson river, at Empire. From appearance there is a supply of fuel on hand sufficient to last for years, but yet it will all be gone before spring. The amount of pine wood consumed in the furnaces of the mills and hoisting works is enormous.

Young Folks' Column.

Playing Meeting.

'Twas a rainy morning. My children four, Ernest and Bell, Louise and May, And the two little Dixons over the way, Had been noisy in play an hour or more, When all at once such a quiet lay On the room, that I guessed it was "Meeting Day."

So I noiselessly drew to the door ajar, And sat and listened; they could not see My form, but the group was plain to me; Ernest, with face drawn gravely down, His little head lost in his father's crown, Had the highest seat in the gallery.

And Alice Dixon whose placid face In its sober moods was pictured rest, With a kerchief folded on her breast Sat near to him, in the preacher's place, And the young ones on stools below, Louise and Bell, and May and Joe.

A solemn silence filled the room! I knew not then, and I know not now, If it could be so, but it seemed somehow That the Spirit of Godness did descend The same that we feel in its holy way In the grown-up meetings not formed for play.

Then Alice, the preacher, rose to speak—Bell giggled a little, but all the rest Sat perfectly quiet, as if possessed—And she said in a voice that was clear and sweet, "Dear friends, I know that we are young and small, But I think the good Lord loves us all."

And then she went further on to show, How, when they got cross at their work or play, Or were naughty, He turned His face away; And she prayed "to be good," and her prayer I know Was very simple in thought and word, But a sweeter one I have seldom heard.

Then the hands were shook, and the meeting broke, And the children laughed to be free again; But I thought perhaps not all in vain Was that meeting held on the green spoke, For playing good may induce the state, And the simple things confound the great. —Children's Friend.

Stick to Your Bush.

A rich man, in answer to the question how he became so very successful, recited the following story:

"I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going to do?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and getting few berries. If you want berries, stick to your bush."

"I went, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the newly-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basketful of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe blackberries, and said, 'Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you? Always stick to your bush.'

"He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind and I never forgot the experience of the blackberry party: 'I stuck to my bush.' When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in seeking one a little better. When other young men said: Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks, I shook my head, and 'stuck to my bush.' Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owed all I have and am to this motto: 'Stick to your bush.'"

KEEP IT FROM THEM.—Don't give liquor to children. Possibly you can do it with safety, but the chances are against it. One of the first literary men in the United States said to a writer: "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do every where: that is, entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight, as for my life, all my days to keep from drying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child, and acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of liquor for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child, as she values its future happiness."

SOUTH SHORE RAILROAD.—The change heretofore noticed in the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is likely to be consummated within a short time, as the railroad authorities have secured the right of way along the southern shore of the bay, and are about putting their forces to work cleaning, grading etc. The new line will be in the vicinity of the depot, at Fourth and Townsend streets, skirting the bay shore through the new town of Burlingame, to a point at or near Redwood City, where it joins the old route. The shore route avoids the heavy grades and shortens the distance between the city and the proposed junction three miles. When this plan shall have been carried out it is proposed to bring much of the grain freight from the southern counties to this city; by reason of the heavy grades on the San Bruno mountains, has heretofore gone around by way of San José to Oakland. This move will have a good effect on that part of South San Francisco adjacent to the railroad reservation, and along the proposed line of road.

OVERBOARD IN MID OCEAN.—Paul Boynton left New York on Sunday last by the steamer Queen, with the intention of trying the hazardous experiment of abandoning the vessel about 300 miles from Sandy Hook, for the purpose of testing the merits of Merriman's life saving dress. His intention is to float and swim homeward until picked up by some inward-bound vessel. The suit envelops all but the face of the wearer, and is capable of sustaining a weight of 300 pounds. Boynton will carry in a water-proof bag a sufficiency of water and provisions to last ten days.

ANOTHER war CLOUD seems to be hanging ominously over Europe. The President of the Baden Cabinet said in a recent speech that Germany must be prepared for a fresh war. She is accordingly increasing her army.