

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Don't Slop Over.

"Don't slop over," the old man said. As he placed his hand on the young man's head. "Go it, by all means—go it hard; Go it while leather and horse shoes last; Go it while hide and hair on horse Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—Go it fast as ever you can. But don't slop over, my dear young man.

The Bridal Wine Cup.

"Pledge with wine! pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood! "Pledge with wine!" ran through the bridal party. The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not seriously infringe upon the rule of etiquette; in your own home do as you please, but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harvey had been a convert, but of late friends noticed the change in his habits; and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, he held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed and her hands shook not, as, smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass out at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it, as though it was some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes; "Wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly pointing her jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen—I will point it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to theary motion of the birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they fit to and fro, with something like a sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form; but his cheek, how deathly pale! his eyes wild with fitful fire of fever. One friend stands behind him—nay, I should say, kneels—for, see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins! Oh, the high holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh, hear him call piteously on his father's name! see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his native land.

"See," she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the unsteady wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge felt, overpowered, upon his seat—"see mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping awe-stricken. The dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered cry from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lips, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low and faint, yet awfully distinct; she fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great, white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glance; in vain his fingers—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! One convulsive shudder—he was dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom had his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth; the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother—a victim of this deadly poison.

"Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he cried, "No, no, my child—"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold—will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not my husband?"

His glancing eye, his sweet smile, was her answer. The judge left the room, and when,

an hour after, returning with a more subdued manner, he took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home. Those who were present at the wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour renounced the social glass.

The Rear of Houses.

Take the prettiest and best-kept villages of New England, and we doubt if a tenth part of even of the most pretentious mansions and the most ornate cottages will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their pretty domestic details and conveniences and kept snug and trig, with trim grass-plots, with all the subordinate avenues and garden approaches well graveled, clean-swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if the residual rubbish of years had been dumped therein. Not unfrequently a railroad runs its track in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler, ever whose sense of neatness offended by the square rods of back-yard lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second-hand, damaged and invalidated articles known to domestic use, from a horse-cart, disabled by broken thills and wrecked wheels, to the ghost of the baby-carriage, which survive two generations of children; interspersed with broken crockery, rusty and condemned tinware, old boots, sardine-boxes, disabled junk-bottles, hoop skirts which have outlived all usefulness if they ever had any, chips, burdock, mullen, ashes, half-burned lumps of wasted coal and all imaginable litter, debris, or dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a cottage which is thoroughly well kept in the rear as well as its more public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier domestic life than one with heaps of festering rubbish crowding hard upon it.

WHAT IS PERSONAL MAGNETISM?—A magnetic temperament; as nearly as anything, is the temperament of the artist, of genius; and yet it may not be associated with, may be radically opposed to, art or genius. We are usually so much under its influence; if affected at all, that we do not pause to think of its composition. If we should think, we should find that the natural magnet is invariably sympathetic, intense, individual, independent, strong of will, generally imaginative, egotistic, self-confident, inclined to be aggressive. Commonly a large degree of discipline goes with it; for the conquering faculty is inclined to conquer first at home, and covers sharp and harsh energies with the velvet and satin of social amenities. But for a certain self-containment, magnetism, so active and penetrating is its force, might escape and waste itself; and there is need of it for many ends.

She who is spontaneously magnetic is hard to affect magnetically. As a rule, she has her erratic fortune in command, and this is rare and lucky to a degree. Thus she is protected from inward amorous assaults, which, more than those from without, place her in the power of her nearest enemy. If the relation of the sexes be a siege, it is unfair; since man, in attacking woman, has his secret ally—herself—within the gates, to whom he looks for support, and on whom he counts at every escalade. Impartial as the contest may be, it is always two against one.—The Galaxy.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings through the little brook and the winding grassy borders. The trees shed the blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the bank seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us—are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The streams bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be ship-wrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floor is lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The first lesson in economy is to learn to "do without." The second is to use what one has without waste.—These two lessons are very hard to be learned by a people which has always been accustomed to have whatever it wanted, and to treat costly things as if they were common, for fear it should not be supposed we are familiar with them.—One thing has much contributed with this—the absence of anything like class styles of expenditure. Abroad, a man will not allow his wife and daughters certain modes of dress, unless he can have other things in keeping. A camel's hair shawl and diamonds required a habit of life which fit a particular income are well known. No one goes beyond them without censure. In America there are no such rules. People live in hotels where waste is the order of the day, and where children are educated in the want of care, and the habit of unlimited ordering.

MINISTERING.—Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering;" not the other thing—"being ministered unto." It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal. It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful arm-chair or sofa-corner for one who is weary. It is "moving up" in the pew to let the new comer sit down by the entrance. It is rising from your place to darken the blind when the sun's rays stream in too brightly on some face in the circle. It is giving your own comfort and convenience every time for the comfort and convenience of another. This is at once true courtesy and real Christianity. If we mean to copy the spirit of the Master we must be ready in every relation of life, and at every hour of the day, to give up being waited upon, and to practice this self-sacrificing, beneficent and "ministering" graciousness of spirit and conduct.

RETROSPECT.—We should sometimes pause to look back on the landscape behind us, to see its colors softened with the veil of distance, to recall "the tender grace of a day that is dead." There is a great and subtle charm in retrospect. Pleasures are remembered without the accompanying drawbacks, pain has lost much of its sting, and scenes and circumstances long past are often far more clearly apprehended than at the time when we took part in them as actors or spectators.

WRITE your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

PRAYER was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

The Duty of a Woman to be a Lady.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destruction of all that makes woman exhaling and ennobling: "The world is wide; these things are small; They may be nothing, but they are all."

Nothing? It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in women is immorality. Awkwardness may be eradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offense, and certainly merits the mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have the impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought. Feel differently. Be such that you can confer honor. Carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is deference. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom, but if in grace, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—Gail Hamilton.

The Scholar's Duty.

Every scholar who now goes forth to take his place in the active world, should feel that to do his part in the work of progress and reform rests upon him as a solemn duty. From pure love of his kind, for the welfare of the race he should labor to promote its success. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" exclaimed one of England's heroes as the battle commenced. But in this cause the scholar of to-day should be animated by a nobler spirit, without thought of honor or self, to labor and to do his part to all its advance. Nor need he, to perform it, impede his progress, or impair his usefulness, in the particular calling upon which he may enter. We all have opportunities of gathering information, of making observations that will be of value in solving the problem; we all may, without entering into the arena of party politics, exercise our influence upon those who surround us, in the instilling of sound views.

Nor is it necessary that we should enter into controversy to accomplish the object. By the presentation of the truth more will be done to depose error, than can be effected by wordy combat. He who would leave a bar of iron must use a weapon of iron; he who would remove prejudice or error should not inflame it by opposing it, but rather raise the people to a plane where they will cast it aside. The fault of the scholars of the past was that they placed before their fellow men too little of the results of their labors. A more liberal spirit now prevails, and the treasures gathered by the scholars of to-day in their searches after the truth are spread with a liberal hand before the people. May they in the future be still more ready to approve and benefit the race by making known to the public the methods and results of their searches!

EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—A short time ago, at a medical temperance meeting in London, Dr. George Lamb, in the course of a speech mentioned the following curious incident in hospital practice: "You have not long to dress or house surgeon in any hospital before you become practically acquainted with some of the results of drinking upon the persons of the patients who collect there. You will very soon have brought under your care broken limbs, fractured skulls and disfigured faces. I remember, when it happened to be one of my weeks on duty as dresser, a woman came into the casualty ward carrying her left hand and part of her forehead in her right hand. She had deliberately cut the flesh to the bone, and finding she was unable to get through the door with the carving knife she was using, dashed the business by chopping it off with a blunt ax. The jagging of the wound by this instrument prevented, in a measure, some of the bleeding that would have otherwise occurred. She was at once placed in bed and the arm had to be amputated higher up, more in accordance with surgical art. The only explanation she could give of her conduct was, that the devil was on her clock, and had told her to do it. I need scarcely tell you that the devil in this case, as in many others, had entered in the form of strong drink."

DO SOMETHING.—It is sometimes a little difficult for a diffident young man to get a start in life—and a start is all they want; but they need not be disheartened, and above all things; they need not collapse into the pitiable degradation of saying "I can't." One of a young man's first duties is to butt against the world; if it does not yield at the first trial, let him make another; if it does not yield at second trial, let him make a third; and if it refuses to yield at the third, let him keep on butting till it does yield. Sooner or later it will open its doors, and admit him to a fair share of its riches and honors. It does not matter a great deal what a young man goes at at first, provided he goes at something. If he cannot work with his head, let him work with his hands; there are none of us who have a right to imagine ourselves above manual labor, and there are few of us who would not be seasoned and improved by such labor. Employment will show us what we are; fitted for, sooner than years of idleness; and when a young adventurer discovers what he can do best, let him go at that with all his might, and with the blessings of heaven upon his honest efforts, he will find that there is scarcely anything he cannot do.

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.—Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays; they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they "are nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Snay or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the heartstone they have none to remind them that they had added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in the old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns of their birthday," they would never permit any cause to slip between them and a parent's privilege.

Make your Own Sunshine.

"Oh, dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day." "Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack, "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all; and I'll have just to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears.

"You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack.

"Now let me give you these rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "there's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper-dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

Uncle Jack and little Jennie.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember, "A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine."—The Little Folks.

A CHILD STRANGLED BY A CAT.—The question so often asked "Does a cat ever suck the breath of a child?" seems to be quite definitely settled by the following occurrence: A strange occurrence took place a few mornings since in the family of Mr. Silas Doloway, engineer in Babcock, Fuller & Co's new hat factory, who occupies J. W. Canfield's house on Mulberry street in this village. Mrs. Doloway is accustomed to have her babe, a little girl four months old, on the bed up stairs while she does her morning's work in the basement, from where she could easily hear the least noise. One day the morning in question she heard the little one crying as usual, but finally noticed that the sounds ceased, and shortly after heard a strange, gurgling noise. Supposing that the child had got its head under the bed-clothes and was suffocating, she ran up stairs to see about it, and found the house cat with its nose in the child's mouth. The child was strangled black, and fighting feebly with its hands. She caught the child and shook it several times, when it caught its breath and came out all right. In a few minutes more it would probably have been dead. Mrs. Doloway had to pull the cat off the child, so eager was it to remain. It had a paw on either side of the child's head and had its nose pressed deeply into the child's mouth. The cat was instantly killed.—Middleton (N. Y.) Mercury.

A CHILD'S RIGHT TO HER HANDWORK.—The Sheriff of Kings county New York was sued in the Brooklyn City Court, before Judge Reynolds for the value of a tapestry picture, called the "Last Supper," seized by the sheriff to satisfy a debt against the plaintiff's father, Emma deiser, plaintiff, sued by guardian, proved that it brought a prize at the Vienna exposition, and claimed \$2000 for its detention. The defence was that the picture was the property of her father, he being entitled to his child's labor. The jury found for the little girl and against the sheriff. A righteous decision.

For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat collar, is said to be a sign the young man is in peril.

SCAVENGERING IN PARIS.—The Debats gives an account of the scavengering of Paris, the efficiency of which might serve as hints to the authorities of our large cities. The superficial area of the streets is eleven million metres, and to cleanse this before the traffic of the day begins, operations have to commence about 3 A. M. The staff employed masters in brigades at certain points of each quarter, and is then dispersed over the various streets. Beside them may be seen the nocturnal philosophers who pry into the filth and rubbish deposited near the curb. The two classes are on very friendly terms, the scavenger facilitating the philosopher's search, and assisting him, if necessary, to obtain a good harvest. In addition to sweeping by hand, more than forty machines are at work, something like those used in the city of London. The driver, who must keep an eye on his horse, manages a spring which raises or lowers the sweeping cylinder. These are principally used for boulevards, avenues, wide streets, and squares, and are at work nearly all day. In bad weather they traverse the most frequented streets and sweep away the mud or snow. Sweeping by hand is very active the whole morning in the vicinity of the chief markets, where masses of rubbish of all kinds are found. Between six and ten o'clock scavengers are there hard at work, and heaps of rubbish are carted away.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times, writing from Alexandria, facetiously remarks: "Fancy nation fattened on ancient Egyptians! The other day at Sakhara I saw nine camels pacing down from the mummy pits to the bank of the river laden with nets, in which were femora, tibia and other bony bits of the human form, some 200 weight in each net on each side of the camel. Among the pits there were people busily engaged in searching out, sifting and sorting the bones which almost crust the ground. On inquiry, I learned that the cargoes with which the camels were laden would be sent down to Alexandria, and thence to be shipped to English manu- manufacturers. They make excellent manure, I am told, particularly for Sweden and other turnips. The trade is brisk and has been going on for years, and may go on for many more. It is a strange fate—to preserve one's skeleton for thousands of years in order that there may be fine Southdowns and Cheviots in a distant land. But Egypt is always a place of wonders."

Young Folks' Column.

Don't Let Mother do it.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! Do not let her slave and toil, While you sit, a useless idler! Fearing your soft hands to soil, Don't you see the many burdens, Daily she is wont to bear, Bring the lines upon her forehead— Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it! Do not let her bake and broil; Through the long, bright summer hours Share with her the heavy toil. See, her eye has lost its brightness, Faded from her cheek the glow, And the step that once was buoyant, Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! She has cared for you so long, Is it right the weak and feeble Should be toiling for the strong? Waken from your listless languor, Seek her side to cheer and bless; And your grief will be less bitter When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! You will never, never know What were home without a mother! Till that mother lieth low— Low beneath the budding daisies, Free from earthly care or pain— To the home so sadly wanting Never to return again.

TWO PARMIAN CELEBRITIES.—Lucy Hooper, writing from Paris to the Philadelphia Press, describes two of the street celebrities of Paris: One, she says, a Savoyard, who heads a band of street musicians. He began life many years ago as a street singer, and, as he had a very peculiar voice, he always drew a crowd around him wherever he appeared. He never missed a fete day at Versailles or St. Cloud, and always goes around himself to take up his collection. He is now quite an elderly man, and he has amassed a fortune of some \$60,000, notwithstanding which he still continues his toilsome vocation and his penurious mode of living. He is a fine-looking man, tall, gray-bearded, and with a well knit, stalwart form. The other is a woman, who comes every day to the garden to feed the birds. No sooner does she make her appearance and utter the peculiar call which she uses, than sparrows, swallows and pigeons flock around her, and come to perch upon her shoulders and her arms. She bestows upon them plentiful supplies of grain and bread-crumbs, which they take from her hands or for which they scramble into her lap; and when her stores are exhausted she departs to return at the same hour the following day. Winter or summer, rain or shine, she never fails to make her appearance. She is an elderly, respectable-looking woman, of quiet manners, and why she thus devotes herself to her feathered pensioners, no one seems to know.

BE CONTENT.—"O dear! I don't see what you buy such thick shoes for," said little Jennie Ray, "they are only fit for clod-hoppers. Why can't I have a pretty pair of French gaiters like Jennie Swift's?" "We buy such things as we can afford, and think suitable for you," answered her mother. "I am sorry that, instead of being thankful for them, you should fret so. I wish you were more like the man who said, 'I never grumbled but once, and that was because my shoes were worn out, and I had no money to buy new ones. Soon after, I met a man who had no feet, and I went contented with my bare ones.' 'I'm not so badly off as either of them,'" laughed Jennie; "so I'll be glad I have got thick shoes, to protect my bare feet, and that I have feet to be protected."

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.—When little three-year-old infant lays her fair cheek against mine, and, with dimpled arms clasped round my neck, prattles in her innocent way, don't I think of the path her little feet must tread? Are there any thorns to pierce them—any pits into which she may fall? Now I think of it, I must tell you of her little speeches. I think she is so cunning—though perhaps I am partial; if so, pardon. One night last week, she crept into my lap, and ere I was aware of it, fell asleep—I took her up to her little bed; but, before putting her in I said: "Nellie must not forget her prayer." She commenced: "Now I lay me down to sleep—Dad knows the rest," she murmured. And the white lids closed over the bright eyes and Nellie was asleep again.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A LOAFER.—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Anybody can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, but it is expensive being a loafer. It costs time—days, months, years of it. It costs friends. Your consorts will be only the buccannery of society. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all its true pleasure in living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally all regret and consideration when you are dead.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS tells about an urchin that was seated on the Post-office steps, going through a watermelon, when a man halted and asked, "This is a great town for hogs, isn't it, bub?" "Wall, no," drawled the lad, as he filled his mouth again, and kept his eyes on the man; "you'll be awful lonesome here!"

NEW READING.—Give a dog a bad name, and he'll learn to answer to it as well as to any other.

MUSK.—Musk is a secretion, and is obtained from the musk deer (Musculus moschiferus), a pretty little animal inhabiting the higher mountain ranges of China, Tonquin and Tibet. The musk is found in a small pocket or pouch under the belly of the deer. The hunters cut off this pouch, which becoming dry preserves its contents and in this state the best article reaches our markets. Musk, when moderately dry, is an unctuous powder of reddish brown color! It gives out a powerful odor, of a warm, aromatic character and most wonderful persistency. Blending well with almost every other scent, it discovers but little of its own peculiarity in compounds in which it is an ingredient.

Genuine musk is very costly, being worth when separated from its sac and all extraneous matter, from \$25 to \$35 to the ounce. Its great strength compensates in a measure for its price. One part of musk, it is said, will scent more than three thousand parts of inodorous powder.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.—As an evidence of the progress evident in the East we learn that a Chinese Polytechnic Institution and Reading Rooms have recently been organized at Shanghai, China, with the object of bringing the sciences, arts and manufactures of Western nations in the most prominent manner possible before the notice of China. When the wants of the enormous population, as well as the immense, but hitherto almost latent resources of that country are taken into consideration, it is easy to see the great advantages that an institution of this kind is calculated to confer both upon the natives generally and upon European manufacturers and merchants. Shanghai being the great center of foreign commerce with the Chinese, is manifestly the most suitable locality for its establishment.