

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Paying Her Way.

What has my darling been doing today To pay for her washing and mending? How can she manage to keep out of debt For so much carousing and tending? How can I wait till the year is over, When the hands have grown larger and stronger? Who will be able to interest to pay If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet! How they fly to my side! White arms my neck are caressing; Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek, Fair head on my shoulder pressing, Nothing at all from my darling is done— From evil may angels defend her— The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made, For love is a legal tender!

People Here and There—No. 1.

(From Pacific Rural Press.)

"Don't give liquor to children. Possibly you can do it with safety, but the chances are against it." RURAL PRESS, OCT. 17.

The above item struck my attention, and I take the liberty of using it for a text. It is said, because true, that some parents will give their children—mere babies in fact—intoxicating liquors. At first the child will greedily swallow the sugar that is left in the glass, but soon that will not satisfy him; he will cry for the wine, or whatever it may be, and to pacify him, the mother will give him "just a drop," but a drop, often repeated, will be so relaxed by the child, that he will find more ways than one of obtaining it; and as the years pass, he will drink more and more, until he is degraded and lost to all sense of shame; and all may be charged to "only a drop" in his youth.

The following instance is fact, not fancy: There is a hard-working woman who lives not far from me, the husband earns from eighteen to twenty dollars a week—enough to support a family comfortably; but seldom does he arrive home with that sum; for on receiving his money on Saturday night, he enters a saloon, and carouses, "treating" this one and that one, until his money is nearly gone; he then staggers home, and lucky she may be if she escapes a blow; his verbal abuse, she cannot escape. She toils from morning until night, and often as late as twelve o'clock; she is an honest, good-hearted woman; but she has her "beer" nearly always in the house; and to both of her children, the eldest not yet five years of age, she gives the liquor freely. Whenever they want a drink, she gives them "beer." One day, while there on business, I saw her three year old child drink the liquor without a grimace and ask for more. I remonstrated with the mother, but in vain; she said she had never felt any ill effects from drinking it, and she had given it to her children since they were a year old. They were stout, and apparently healthy children, but the desire and liking for liquor will be apt to grow with them, until "beer" will not content them; and they may live to curse the day that their mother first gave them the deadly poison. In the words of the text, "Warn every mother wherever you go, never to give a drop, to a child, as she values its future happiness."

San José, Oct. 16, 1874.

HASB AND BEAUTY.—There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night in dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to blight the person with a pallid and unwholesome fat. Diet has also a marked influence upon personal beauty. Generous living is favorable to good looks, as it tends to fill out and give color and sleekness to the skin. A gross and excessive indulgence, however, in eating and drinking, is fatal to the female charms, especially where there is great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repast and scientific cooking are the best means of securing not only good health but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionary, or any other tickler of the appetite, which gratifies the taste, but does not support the system. Exercise is of course, essential to female beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growth, and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives beauty and grace to every movement.

BE GENTLE TO THE LITTLE ONES.—A mother who was preparing flour to mix into bread, left for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity went to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will there be room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child.

IMPORTANT.—In buying a homestead from a husband and wife the purchaser should examine whether the wife has not been changed since the declaration of the homestead was filed. In the case of Johnson vs. Bush the Supreme Court has decided that when a homestead is the common property of a husband and wife, who have children, it does not become the exclusive property of the husband after the death of the wife without a will, or, if he should be married again, of him and his second wife; but part of the property is inherited by the children, and a sale without their participation does not confer a complete title.

DROSS.—Reader, suppose we—each of us—were put through the mental crucible and the dross taken out of us, how much would there be left? One has the dross of tobacco, another that of whiskey, another that of vanity, another preponderates in sensuality, another in a bad temper, another in selfishness. But it is possible, through the Christian religion, to so grow in grace as to eliminate the dross and to leave the pure metal.

SMYTHE was telling some friends about a wonderful parrot, hanging in a cage in the door of a store on State street. "Why," said he, "that parrot cries 'stop thief' so naturally, that every time I hear it I always stop. Now, hang it, what are you all laughing at?"

THE MOSQUITO is an insect that has no blood, except what he steals. As an agency for sinking strong wells he is unsurpassed. Confidence in his powers is the reason he always sings at his work.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why, kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why, let her—like a man.

The heart which is capable of receiving the purest rays of joy, must have been shadowed by the darkest cloud of sorrow.

Boys who are sent on errands after dark generally make the best whistlers.

An Indiana Farmer's History.

On Tuesday we were driving by the residence of William Fleet, of Eden township, and we spied Mr. F.—sitting by the roadside on the shade of a large maple tree, smoking his pipe. We said, "Taking comfort, Mr. Fleet?" "Yes," said he, "I am enjoying the shade of a large tree, which, forty years ago, I trimmed with my jack-knife one day while I was at work splitting rails at \$11 per month. They were clearing up the ground, and cut down many very handsome little maples, when I selected this tree and requested, as it stood in the fence row beside the road, that it be left standing to remember me by. It was then not thicker than my wrist. I was then a poor boy, and worked out for a living."

Mr. Fleet then gave a sketch of his adventures in Indiana, and his experience among the Indians, in his joking way. How he entered 1,000 acres of land on the Pattawatimie reserve, and afterwards traded a half interest in it for one hundred acres where his residence now stands, and how afterward he wanted to sell it and couldn't, and then how he shouldered his ax and waded into the forest and felled the timber on twenty-acres.

The relation of this bit of personal history was interesting, and more so since we know that forty three years after Mr. Fleet trimmed that little maple tree, while he was working rails at the small wage of \$11 per month, he sits comfortably smoking his pipe under the same tree, which is now more than two feet in diameter at the trunk, and surveys over 1,100 acres of well improved and fertile land, worth \$100 per acre. He does more; he counts his flocks by the thousand and his herds by the hundreds, his bushels by the thousand, and his wealth by the hundred thousand. All the result of hard labor, honesty and economy. All in forty years.—Tiffin, O., Star.

Concerning Chins.

A pointed or round chin indicates a congenial nature. A person with such a chin will have a beard ideal, and will not be easily satisfied with real men and women.

The indented chin indicates a great desire to be loved; hunger and thirst for affection. When large in a woman, she may overstep the bounds of etiquette and make love to one that pleases her.

A narrow, square chin indicates a desire to love, and is more common among women.

The broad, square chin indicates violent love, or at least devoted attachment.

The broad, round chin indicates ardent love, combined with great steadfastness and permanence of affection.

The retreating chin is indicative of the want of attachment and but little ardor in love.

The chin, in its length and breadth, indicates self-control, self-will, resolution, decision, etc. Carnivorous animals have the upper jaw projecting, while those of a ruminivorous nature have the lower jaw projecting. In a man with a projecting upper jaw will be found large destructiveness and love of animal food; when the lower jaw projects, then a love for vegetable food.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL.—A correspondent of the Sacramento Union, writing from Sutter Creek, November 15th, gives this account of one of the girls of the period: The Atlantic papers sometimes tell us of a farmer's daughter who raked hay with a horse, or drove a mowing-machine; but I think California can boast of as noble a girl as any of them. A French girl, eighteen years of age, has hauled cordwood, two trips a day, five miles, averaging a cord and three-quarters to a load, over a rocky and mountainous road, with four heavy horses, nearly every day the past summer. She is usually the first on the road in the morning, and frequently the last one at night. She sits high upon her spring seat, with her whip and four lines in her hands, and her foot on the break, managing her team with as much grace and ease as any man. Her voice and appearance are entirely feminine, and she is of medium size. She is always accompanied by her father, who lifts the heavy sticks, but can neither drive a team nor speak much English. Her well-fitting, dark calico dress, her calfskin laced boots, her black, broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat, and her long buckskin gloves, all seem to be well selected and fitted to her business. Her brown hair hangs in two neat braids over her shoulders. She is usually more or less dusty, but it can be seen that it is only the dust of that day. When she passes through the streets she turns her eyes neither to the right nor to the left, and seldom speaks to any one unless she is spoken to or has business with them.

"Give me a bid, gentlemen—some one start the cart—do give me a bid, if you please—anything to start the cart!" cried an excited Yankee auctioneer, who stood on the cart he was endeavoring to sell. "Anything you please to start it." "If that's all you want, I'll start her for you," exclaimed a broad-backed countryman, applying his shoulder to the wheel, and giving the cart a sudden push forward, tumbled the auctioneer over the side. By the time the auctioneer had regained his feet, the countryman had started too.

COMMON SENSE is an element in which persons are wanting. Common sense implies sound perception, correct reason, mental capacity and good understanding. It is not to be acquired entirely by education; it is a sort of instinct. It may be polished and made more acute by experience. There is a great deal of sound philosophy in a little common sense sometimes, and the exercise of it upon certain occasions would save many men from much subsequent humiliation.

RECENTLY, a telegraph clerk in France refused to transmit a message in these words: "Third epistle of John, verse 13 and 14," under the law which forbids transmission of despatches not written in plain language. Reference to the text indicates that the despatch was merely an economy of the words: "I have many things to write, but I will not with pen and ink write unto thee; but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face."

MISS Bacon and Mr. Beans were married out West, the other day. We take this to be a "right smart" couple; for he was shrewd enough to "save his Bacon," and it can hardly be said that she "don't know beans."

A LITTLE GIRL remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tart."

An opposition Senator says two years ago when he "lifted a corner of the veil which hid the public service, the odor of corruption tortured the nostrils of the nation." What will be the result when the Democratic Congress rolls up the curtain?

A LITTLE boy caught his foot in some wogged with which his sister was working the sentence, "God is love," in perforated card-board, and got a blow on the ear that lay him up for a fortnight—if it does not injure him for life.

A Pet of a Wife.

"Small size"—this is the echo of most men's wishes. They want some one to pet, to fondle, to protect, they say; and this is true when they feel good-natured. Cynical women say they want some one they can tyrannize over, but I am not inclined to take a cynical view of the subject. I believe very few men wilfully tyrannize over their wives and children, but the tyranny is there, nevertheless, and intellectual men, such as the world admire, are most prone to exercise it. They are so wrapt in their own plans, theories and speculations that they do not even discover the fact that their own households are famishing for the bread of love, and fainting for the gushing springs of sympathy. They are so accustomed to adulation abroad that the simple home affection seems tame and spiritless; as the purest water of the deepest well is tasteless to one accustomed to the sparkling and burning, but poisonous draughts of intoxication. In our zeal to vindicate the "lords of creation" from the charge of wilful tyranny, we are leaving our two bachelors and their imaginary wives too long neglected.

Small size is a man's fancy, not the dictate of his physiological knowledge. It is an almost universal fancy. The larger, rougher, more burly the man, the more sure he is to prefer a small sized woman. "I am determined to have a wife whom I can pick up in my arms and carry her over all the rough places," said a young farmer, whose softest tones sounded like a clasp of thunder. As he spoke he snatched the largest and heaviest girl in all his acquaintance, and lifted her over the brook. His words are echoed in the selection made by most large sized and stentorian-voiced men. Their ideal is of something the reverse of themselves, and thus fragile figures and low tones, are to them, the perfection of feminine attraction.

My solution of the problem lies in the supposition that it is an uneducated action of Philoprogenitiveness, shown in the desire for some small creature to pet, to fondle, to caress. Those who have watched the world for fifty years know how often is enacted the sad tragedy which may be named, "The Bride of a Year." Those young men who are not especially desirous of enacting the part of the bravest husband of a buried wife, the helpless father of a puny babe, will be wise enough to let their Philoprogenitiveness wait until they are healthy, happy, full-sized wives give them the best blessing of the Lord, a good supply of healthy, happy little folks to pet.—Phrenological Journal.

Mind Reading.

The professors of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., have lately been entertained by the performances of J. R. Brown, the mind reader. The learned professors indulged in hiding coins, pencils, cards, etc., in books, corners and drawers. Brown was then placed in rapport with the hider, that is, he took the hand of the person who hid the article, or took hold of a line held by that person. Brown, although blindfolded, would lead the individual to the exact spot, and find the article. Professor Thatcher purposely imagined a pain located near his nose. Brown immediately placed his finger on the precise spot. Professor Marsh imagined a particular word, wrote it on paper, and gave it to another person. Brown spelled it out at once by pointing to the respective letters in an alphabet written on a blackboard. The venerable Ex-President Wooley concealed a coin under some books, but his mind was probably lazy, for Brown could not quite find it, though he came near the spot. But when put in rapport with a younger man, Professor Whitney, Brown immediately found the coin. Professor Brewer placed a tape measure in a distant apartment; Brown promptly went, blindfolded, to the place and found the article. Professor Fish gave a pencil case to Professor Johnson, who gave it to Professor Thatcher, who concealed the article. Brown led the latter directly to the spot, and found the pencil. Professor Lyman held a paper, on which words were written by Professor Fisher, and, blindfolded, Brown spelled the words without difficulty! Having witnessed so many of these curious experiments, it is to be hoped that the learned professors of Yale will be able to explain how they are done.

Economy.

Money is a question of industry, and as long as we have health, there is money stored up in our brains and in our sinews, of which we are the lawful bankers, and which is subject to our draft; but, when we contemplate the economy of something that once lost is lost forever, the question assumes a new importance. For instance, our vitality is part of our stock in trade. We start out in life, usually, with a portion sufficient to our needs. To illustrate, we will suppose, when upon the eve of a journey, a man was given a sum of money sufficient to carry him to his destination in comfort and safety, but assured that this would be the extent of the supply, and that, if he grew careless or wasteful, he would be set upon by robbers or perish by the wayside, would he be called upon to pity him if he should wantonly waste this precious capital? Yet this is but a true picture of our extravagance in the matter of vitality; we fling it away upon our amusements, our appetites, and our aviares; and, before the shadows of middle life fall athwart our paths, we are set upon by robbers in the shape of disease, or sink down upon the threshold of usefulness, utterly drained of strength and vigor.

Nature intended that we should live temperately, and her penalties are severe and certain in the end. We are always ready enough with promises of reform, but somehow that artful villain, Self-indulgence, always has a key that will fit the locks of our resolutions, and he just glides in and takes us by surprise, and, once face to face with him, we are cowards in our own cause.—Phrenological Journal.

THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT AND HOME.—"It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie, at rest. In the mid-t of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and short-comings, for memories of passionate joys and groans rising out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, and have long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed under the autumn mists. Trinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there is what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.—Thackeray.

An experienced editor pays a high and deserved compliment to the fair patron of the Press. "Women," he says, "are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, etc. We have been editor forty years, and never lost a dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the editor—two classes of the community that suffer more from bad pay and no pay at all than all the rest put together."

Some of the Trials of a Woman.

The hardest trial to a woman of nervous energy, ambition and occupation, is the daily demand made upon her time by her acquaintance of the day. Women she may have met accidentally, and been thrown with for an hour or an evening, call upon her, ask favors of her, try her sadly, and then depart to come again, seemingly with the intent to get the benefit of her diligence and efforts. Men who in the business dealings have learned to know her, call, to settle some trifling point, and then come again because it is agreeable to them to do so, never stopping to consider that they are a fast, and oftentimes a bore, and never so necessary to her existence that they need stay an hour to transact a matter that is of no importance to any one but themselves.

A woman of this stamp should early learn to avoid favors; they cost too dear. A bouquet of flowers, an evening at the opera, or any other unnecessary kindness, often is paid for by hours of hard service at entertaining, or else by attentions that are undesired and undesirable to a woman, who, to grow in strength must grow apart, and who to succeed must not be embarrassed by so called friends. Learn early the value of personal independence; strive to live above society, and aspire to that culture and grace which render it unnecessary. Rejoice in your single-heartedness; delight in being magnanimous; for a woman to be really independent must be lofty of soul and above the masses in every moral attribute. Rid yourself of women who hamper you by their society; avoid, as you would a pestilence, women of vulgar instincts and ordinary attainments. Poor society is worse than solitude to even less earnest women than yourself; to you who have a life-pursuit, and are pursuing it, it is simply a calamity. You may offend, but the loss of strength to you is more than the good will of small natures.—Phrenological Journal.

DAUGHTERS.—An intelligent writer says: "It is not possible to over-estimate the advantages which would result from men in trade and professions allowing their daughters some participation in the work of their daily lives. What girls want is a larger observation of the world and a deeper knowledge of human nature. There are few of our merchants and manufacturers and professional men who could not largely avail themselves of the services of their educated and competent daughters; and if such service could be rendered generally available, it is not too much to say that a wider and more fertile social life would arise for mankind. Men's occupations would in no sense be prejudiced, whilst women would at once find that outlet for their faculties, for which so many of them have been so long striving. A certain responsibility would increase their self-reliance. A capacity for earning would remove their sense of dependence; and a definite occupation would bring both health and cheerfulness, and the larger experiences of life would give force and completeness to their mental character.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—In Augustin Daily's play, "Under the Gaslight," Laura Courtland uttered these beautiful sentiments: "Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can really give or refuse; her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you, but love is the treasure, without money and without price. She only asks in return that when you look upon her, your eyes shall speak a mute devotion; and when you address her your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand all at once, your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes, her love remains to console you. You look upon the trees for strength and grandeur. Do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember love is all that a woman can give; but it is the only earthly thing which God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

IDEA OF DEATH.—That death and sleep are very much alike, the sages all tell us; but see how attractively Leigh Hunt describes the latter. "It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle nature of the perceptions come creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis closing, 'tis closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

INSECTS AS AGENTS IN PROPAGATING DISEASE.—The article published in another part of this number on the fertilization of flowers by insects suggests some considerations relative to the part which insects perform in the propagation as well as the prevention of disease. It is well known that putrefying organic matter attracts flies and other insects to seek it as a nidus for their eggs, where their larvae find an abundant supply of food as soon as they are hatched. The ulcerations and eruptions which characterize many infectious diseases attract flies, and it is reasonable to suppose that, after alighting upon an infectious ulcer or pustule, they often carry away with them small quantities of virus, which may infect healthy persons upon whom the insects may subsequently alight. The disease known popularly as carbuncle has been attributed to the action of certain insects supposed to carry with them virus generated in certain diseases to which bovine animals are liable. It seems very possible that small-pox may be communicated frequently in this manner. To what extent insects act as carriers of pollen from flower to flower, does not seem to have been investigated as the importance of the subject demands. That they act also as scavengers, devouring substances the decay of which would pollute the air with unhealthy gases, and perhaps miasma, cannot be doubted; and the old notion that a scarcity of flies denotes an unhealthy season, and vice versa, may have a scientific foundation.—Ex.

RYE AND INDIAN LOAF.—Scald three pints of very coarse corn meal (as coarse as that ground for horse feed) with three pints boiling water. Add one cup of molasses and three pints of rye meal (rye graham); mix all together very thoroughly, and make into loaves three or four inches thick. Set on the stove where it will simmer up and not burn, and let it stand until it rises enough to crack all over the surface. Then put into a moderate oven and bake three hours, or bake two hours and steam two hours, or put into a pretty good oven, with a declining fire, at night, and have it ready for breakfast the next morning. Serve warm or cold; better warm.

APPLE TABLETS.—Peel six large pudding apples, boil to a pulp, mix with sugar, cloves and lemon-juice to the taste; let this mixture stand till cold, then mix it with two ounces of dried currants. Make a light puff paste, take a large flat baking tin, and pour the mixture in. Cover with the pastry, and bake half an hour in a very hot oven.

Young Folks' Column.

Hoe Out Your Row.

One lazy day a farmer's boy, Was hoeing out the corn, And moodily had listened long To hear the dinner horn. The welcome blast was heard at last, And down he dropped his hoe; But the good man shouted in his ear, "My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row, To use a plowman's phrase, And the lad, as sailors have it, Beginning well to "haze," "I can," said he, and manfully He seized again his hoe, And the good man smiled to see The boy hoe out your row.

The lad the text remembered, And proved the moral well, That perseverance to the end At last will conquer all. Take courage, man! resolve you can, And strike a vigorous blow; In life's great field of varied toil Always "hoe out your row."

A Prompt Boy.

A boy borrowed a tool from a carpenter, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return home until late. Before he went he was told that his brother should see the article returned.

After he had returned home and gone to bed, he found out that the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think that his promise had not been kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home the next morning.

By daylight he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off for his neighbor's in great distress, to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's door-steps! And then it appeared from the print of little bare feet in the mud, that the lad got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and had gone to bed again without knowing it.

Of course a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.

If all grown folks felt as this boy did, there would be a good many tracks of bare feet found some of these bright mornings; and what piles of tools and books would be found at their owners' doors!

The Whistling Tree.

Did any of our young readers ever hear of a "whistling tree?" A writer in the St. Nicholas—a paper printed for the young people, says he has, for he has birds that tell him everything.

The whistling tree is found in Africa. It is a strange looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long horns, the inside of which is the favorite of some tiny insect. When this creature crawls out to see the world, he of course, leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, a small hole through which he crawls. Now, the wind blowing through the trees when the leaves are off make a musical noise in those hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling-tree.

We've a whistling tree in our meadow, but it isn't of the African kind. It bears boys, with cheeks as red as peaches. I've heard half-a-dozen of them whistling in it at a time. And they come down out of it with their hats full of wild cherries.

"WHISTLE, JIM."—We noticed yesterday a youth, about fourteen years old, doing his work in a very early manner and heard a companion say to him: "What's the use of grumbling? Whistle, Jim, and the work won't be so hard." That's it, my little man, thought we—for we have always noticed that those who sing or whistle while at work, find the labor less heavy and tedious. We don't believe in one puncking up his mouth and going through the world on one long whistle, but we don't believe in singing and whistling, provided the time and place is appropriate, while one works. There is a great relief in it. A writer says that he had once a hostler who whistled pretty much the whole time, except when sleeping or eating. It is hardly necessary to say that he was a cheerful and good-natured fellow, or that his industry was helped rather than hindered by his music. Whistling is essentially an out-door practice. In the house it is apt to be too sharp and piercing for the delicate ears. But, in a large shop, or in the fields, it is good company for any man, and helps on his work. It may seem ludicrous, yet it is true that whistling alleviates drudgery. The very efforts will throw the mind into a new channel, and the music, poor as it may be, will seem like good company. So we say, "What's the use of grumbling. Whistle, Jim,"—but in making this suggestion we hope all the enterprising musicians in Vallejo will not open whistling school at once.—Ex.

KEEPING MEALS WAITING.—Little things often interfere with our comfort very much, and one small annoyance is for men to delay coming to dinner when called. Sometimes they have an hour or more of work which they will do before quitting, and then they go to the house to find the dinner cold, and the cook discouraged. Nothing is more disheartening to a tired woman than a table full of dirty dishes, ornamenting the table an hour and a-half later in the day than usual. Punctuality is a virtue that men should learn if they are in the habit of being uncertain about coming to meals. Any woman worthy the name of house-keeper will be regular with her meals, if it lies within her to have them so.

LEMON SYRUP.—Lemons are recommended as very wholesome and useful in certain states of the system. People often crave an acid of some kind, particularly in the warm days of spring and summer. When lemons are cheap they should be made into syrup for future use. Press out the juice of the lemon and remove the seeds, which give a bitter taste; separate the pulp from the peel, and boil the former in the proportion of a dozen pulp to a pint of water, to extract the acid. Ten minutes boiling is sufficient; strain the water into the juice; add a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil the whole ten minutes and bottle it. One or two tablespoonful of this lemon syrup in a tumbler of water will make a cooling, healthful beverage.—Germania Telegraph.

PATRON'S FRUIT CAKE.—"Mrs. A. M. D." of Colusa, sends us the following receipt which she thinks housekeepers, whether Patrons or not, will find worth the trial: "The day before you make the cake, stew two cups of dried apples till soft, chop fine and simmer in two cups of molasses from one to two hours. Next morning add one cup of sour milk, two small teaspoonsful of soda, one cup of sugar, one nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, bake the cake in an egg and butter enough to make it stiff as gingerbread; misis improve it. Bake with a steady fire. Time improves it, and being with keep it from drying and getting hard.