

The Home Circle.

A Tired Woman's Last Words.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired, For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.

What They Went For.

The poet has come in for his say, and this is the way he puts it: The settler went to the west, What did he go for there?

Our Saturday Night.

Several miles out from the city, just in the edge of a village, stands a white house with green blinds. A pretty cottage home.

full of rest. The good friend held the child down so it could kiss the cheek of him but for whom she had not been.

Then she bent over, printed a sweet little kiss on one of the eyes of him who slept, quickly raised her head and laughed in glee.

This had been her early morning play. Oft and oft had she climbed up to his face and kissed his eyes till they opened to smile on baby, as he held her to his heart and wakened for the morning romp which favored with love the labor of the day.

Papa was dead. His spirit had gone on to its real work. Well might that little innocent know that papa was dead when her sweet, warm kisses could not open his eyes to see her eager smiles, as she waited at the threshold of slumber for his return.

The world is all too full of dead fathers and dead mothers. Of those who have closed their eyes to love, innocence and that affection which marks the God-like of human nature.

The heart of the child was broken when she realized that no longer could her little kiss open the eyes of the papa she loved.

The owner of this cottage home was not rich, but no man had greater wealth. He was an honest man. His eyes were like the emeralds on which angels bend infants to heaven, so soft, gentle and full of tenderness were they.

Day after day our friend labored at his trade. Like the father of Jesus, he was a carpenter. He built houses for others and used the reward of his skill and labor to beautify his home.

Boys in these days who can go to a clothing store, try on a coat, and when they find one that suits, pay for it and take it home, may be interested to know how boys came by their coats in the old times.

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How to Show Love for a Wife. Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her gloves, or in carrying her fan; not though you have means, in hanging trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her foibles or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity.

HER LADYSHIP IN THE KITCHEN.—There is a Prof. Buckmaster at the South Kensington museum who lectures on cooking, which I dare say is easy enough, though far from satisfying to a hungry man.

THE FASCINATIONS OF A CITY.—The New York Times refers to the deadly hand the fascinations of the great city inflict upon the thousands of innocent souls by the strange grip which they get upon them.

JACK'S WIFE.—This is the way a seafaring man, recently married, "told to the marines" what sort of a wife he had secured: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left a millinery dry dock, is clipper built, and with a figurehead not often seen on a small craft.

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.—Marriage is often a lottery in a general sense; but here is one case on record, at least, in which it was made most literally so.

When the labors of the day were over, he hastened to his cottage home. He was welcomed on the way by those whose little feet ran to meet, whose little lips did sweetly greet him.

THE HEART-BROKEN WIFE was kneeling by the bedside as we entered the room. The two eldest children were sobbing as if their hearts were broken.

It was a death-bed scene. The hour of trial for the living—of grief for those left in the desert while the faithful guide is journeying on the oasis and finding the camping ground and shady grove where his will come those whose grief-struck hearts are now lifeless in their sorrow.

A lady friend of the afflicted one entered the room, bearing in her arms the two-year old child of him who slept never before so quietly. She bore the babe to the bedside. The little darling looked at those who were bowed in grief. Then it looked at him who slept, and from her lips came in inquiring tones— "Pa-pa!"

What is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side, and then turns, and lies on the other.

A Plea for Privacy at Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacred of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display and for replying to some fancied social obligation.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is a solemnizing old ties, promising to begin with faith and hope and love, a new and wholly untried existence.

A cabinet-maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone; then crowned his victory by giving \$1,000,000 to help poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune and made it worth \$1,000,000.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation.

The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking his money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley slave life of a Mississippi flatboatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery; and yet he made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century.

Gen. Grant failed at everything except smoking a cigar; he learned to tan hides, but couldn't sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a wood-pile "teaming it" to town for \$40 a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

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The First Grapevine—A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest.

When the plant grew out of the lion's bone like a vine. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put the lion's, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia.

Perhaps ten years measure the average life of a business generation. Each new set of men, growing up under like usage and maxims, run a like round of experiences; expend their resources in the hope of winning, with the odds of ninety-five in the hundred against them, and at the end of that time all but five per cent. sink into the abyss of bankruptcy.

The general suspension of specie payment by the banks and the general failure of business men in 1837, 1837, 1847, 1857, is familiar history. The effects of the crisis of 1827 are nearly forgotten now.

THE DANGERS OF DANCING.—The Pall Mall Gazette says: "At an inquest held in London on the body of a young lady who died suddenly, a few hours after attending an evening party, of apoplexy, the coroner remarked that it was a pity to say anything against 'so healthy and pleasurable exercise as dancing,' but it most certainly produced apoplexy in certain cases.

FORMATION OF FLINTS.—The following, extracted from a paper read before the Geologists' Association in England, by Mr. Hawkins Johnson, F. G. S., gives in brief the most advanced theories with reference to these formations: "The nodules are found all to agree in possessing a siliceous organic structure, which may be described as a network of fibres, or a mass permeated in every direction by anastomosing canals.

A NEW FOSSIL PLANT.—Prof. Schimper has discovered a fossil plant in protogine, a rock hitherto considered as of igneous origin, and found in the form of erratic blocks in the side of Mount Blais.

THE NEW YORK TIMES cites the fact that 7,000 mechanics and 9,000 laborers have abandoned the Trades Unions during the last year, an evidence of the declining power of such organizations.

It is said that experiments recently made indicate that wagners are most easily drawn, on all kinds of roads, when the feet and hind wheels are of the same size, and when the pole is lower than the axle.

Young Folks' Column.

Give the Little Boys a Chance.

Here are I don't leave us out Just because we're little boys! Though we're not so bold and stout, In the world we make a noise.

Never slight us in your play, You're once as small as we; We'll be big, like you, some day, Then, perhaps our power you'll see.

Little hands will soon be strong For the work that they must do; Little lips will sing their song When those early days are through.

"Papa, will you tell me a story before I go to bed?" said little four-year old Willie, climbing up into my lap and nestling close to me in his child-like way.

Yes, I said, smoothing his golden curls and looking into his blue eyes; but it must be very short, for it is past your bedtime.

In a far off country there lives a great king. His city is paved with gold, and his gates are of lovely pearls. The king is good as he is great; so that his people call him Father, and he calls them his children.

These children would never know anything about their tender, loving Father, if he did not often send messengers with words of affection and gifts to make their hearts happy.

"I know," said little Willie, opening wide his blue eyes, "who that good king is; he is God; and that lovely land is heaven; and I shall go there if I love the Saviour, and I mean to, so good-night, dear papa."

BOYS THAT HAVE PROGRESSED.—Of the large number of boys who have been transplanted from New York City to the West since the agent for the commissioners of public charities and correction, on his last visit with a party of children, learned a few facts that are worth knowing.

THE FUTURE OF DULL BOYS.—Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years he could scarcely read.

WHY EVERYBODY IS CROSS.—"O, Mary!" said a little boy, named John, to his sister, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass, and when I look through it, everything looks red, too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face, and everything is red."

A SCHOOLBOY'S TOOTHACHE.—An exchange tells us that a schoolboy's toothache generally commences at eight in the morning; reaches its highest altitude at a quarter to nine, when the pain is intense to an extraordinary degree, commences to subside at nine; after that disappears with a celerity that must be very comfortable to the sufferer.

SUDDEN STOPPING OF RAILROAD TRAINS.—It is claimed that the Westinghouse brake is capable of bringing any ordinary train, moving at from 30 to 35 miles per hour, to a dead halt within the space of 30 feet or in five or six seconds of time; in fact that it is capable of doing anything that is theoretically attainable.

A HIGH NOTE.—One of a thousand dollars.

MEASUREMENT OF THE CHEMICAL ACTION OF SOLAR LIGHT.—Dr. T. L. Plimpton, F. C. S., in a note to the Chemical News, says: "Many years ago I made some experiments on this subject in Paris, and described a method which I believe capable of giving more accurate results than any hitherto obtained."