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 waan't himd,

Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing

And everything there will be just to my wishes. For where they don't est there's no washing of dishe

I'll be where the loud anthems will siways be ringing But having no voice, I'll get rid of the singing.

Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

What They Went For.

The poet has come in for his say, and this is he puts it:

The sciller went to the west. What did he go for there? Money to make and fisils to shake, And with hay-seed fill his hair.

The railroad wont to the West. What did it go for there ? Money to make for its own sweet sake, And to strip the settler bare.

Both went out to the West, And what they are doing there Is trying to cot each other's throats, That both may vanish in the air.

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 house with a time have we opened the gate, passed into the yard where the young wife had trained roses to climb and pinks to spread as they gave beauty and fragrance to a place which had be-come a workingman's paradise. Of a Saturday night there was indeed no place like home. No more happy place than this home, at last. It was like basking in the mellow supshile of God's smile to visit here and behold what love, affection, industry aud confidence could do to-

God's smile to visit here and behold what love, affection, industry and confidence could do to-wards making like beautiful beyond words. 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 coshions on which angels bear infants to heaven, so soft, gentle and full of tenderness were they. His heart seemed more like some beautiful thought budding into flower than the arena wherein struggled human passions, so well had he con-trolled himself. He lived to concentrate his life—to make home the dearest and sweetest trolled himself. He lived to concentrate his life-to make home the dearest and sweetest place on earth, and the rectitude of his life spread sumhine all over and about the dear ones who waited his coming. What God, the great Chemist, had joined together, no silent yet powerful inflence had put asunder, for our friend and the pure woman from whom he drew so much inspiration lived in the doorway of that beautiful belief that home is heaven when

that beautiful belief that home is heaven when home holds none but loving hearts. 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. Thus he puts his money to greater interest than any miser yet received or Shylock could de-mand. He studied and worked. He built himself into a magnificent manhood. He trained his intelligence, which is immortal, to-ward heaven, and frittered not himself away in fretfulness, dissipation of suit finding with his station or condition in life. He turned his strength to profit—his life to success—his vines strangth to profit — his life to success—his wines to beautify his life and home. He planted con-tentment, and bounteous was the harvest of happiness he reaped, for he was dearly beloved by a lowing wife and three beautiful children. His wife was lowing because she could not help being so. Mated as well as married, their lives next swarthy on like walled vivulets sincing being so. Mated as well as married, their aves went sweetly on like wedded rivulets singing their way to the see. Their children were beautiful. They were conceived in love and born in the garden of complete confidence. While the weaver was at work in his mysteri-While the weaver was at work in his ingeteri-ous chamber, there was no storms, no fits of ugly passion, no lowering skies, no crossing of purposes and filling of hearts with agony to the tangling and twisting and warping of life threads in the unborn, so the little ones who came into the world ware beautiful and dearly loved blessings. Would that we knew words in which to convey ideas. Oh ' that we could it with all who are waiting to be navents and sit with all who are waiting to be parents and tell them how love beautifies, and unkindness to her who is to be a mother, mars, scars and distorts the innocent till they come into the

full of rest. The good friend held the child down so it could kiss the check of him but for whom she had not been. At once she sprang from the arms of the good friend, nestled close to the face of the dead, and with her little arms on his face, repeated in her baby voice— "Pa-pa! Baby wake pa-ps!" 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. But papa did not waken. At once, she bent over, kissed the other closed eve. threw back

over, kissed the other closed eye, threw back head and said:

her head and said: "Papa, wake for baby !" This had been her early morning play. Oft and oft had she climbed up to his face and kis ed his eyes till they opened to smile on baby, as he held her to his heart and wakened out he morning more which denous which denous for the morning romp which flavored with love the labor of the day. The little orphan knew not that his sleep was eternal. But she saw that paps would not waken to her kisses, as the sobs came from breaking hearts, and tears the sobs came from breaking hearts, and tears ran like rain down checks unused thereto. Her little lips were put up in grief, the tears of dis-appointment came to her eyes as she cuddled down by the face of him whose life-love had been to her food for the heart and sunshine for her infant soul. Her sobs and tears came free and fast. Her faith was broken. There was a mystery she could not fathom-something her

young intelligence could not ratiom—something her young intelligence could not comprehend. Yet, who dare say that the angels who went with father to prepare a home for his loved ones in the golden gardens had not returned, and whispered to her soul a knowledge bitherto un-

known. 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. If men knew the happiness there is in heart-warmed houses, they would close their eyes to true love or depart on selfish missions as do those who lie moral deaths. The heart of the child was broken when she

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 world is full of men and of women, children of larger growth, whose hearts are breaking be-cause of their inability to open with tokens from the hearts the eyes of those they have idelized. To such mourners time brings scars oftener than men know of God nity all scars oftener than men know of. God pity all such Their grief is greater and with reason, than is hose who live for each other --- who walk hand in hand, as heart in heart, through life to ac-complish good and who are left only for a time, certain of soon meeting in the Land of the Leal, where those who were the best, truest, the noblest and most devoted to home and to the poblest and most devoted to home and to humanity in this life, will wear crowns and be blessed with angels in that beautiful home wherein all the good actions and kind thoughts here are preserved to our credit, to glory and reward there is for all who are deserving, in the beautiful life beyond our final Saturday Night.

How a Coat used to be Made.

Boys in these days who can go to a clothing store, try on a cont, and when they find one that suits, pay for it and take it home, may be interested to know how boys came by their conts in the old times. Hon. Amasa Walker tells this story: "After I had obtained the wool for my coat

"After I had obtained the wool for my coat, and carried it a long distance to be carded, I found the parties overwhelmed i with business." Everybody desired their wool carded as well as I, and I was obliged to wait the natural course of events, which meant two weeks. I return-ed home, and when the two weeks had elapsed, again presented weatfast the mill and inoviaagain presented myself at the mill, and input, ed for the wool. It would be done in less than another week. It was done when I next visited them and I took my possession home. My mother was quite delighted on my arrival, and at once set to work to spin it on a great wheel. At the appointed time I made another journey on horseback with my bundle behind me, to on horseback with my bundle behind me, to to the store at Knoxville. I was obliged to be contented with receiving a promise of the cloth in three weeks. When the time had gone by, I went sgain, and had to wait a long time, but finally obtained my treasure and went home. After three weeks delay and disappointments Uncle Daniel gave me the cloth for my surtout, and then Aunt Debby, the tailoress, had to be Uncle Daniel gave me the eloth for my surtout, and then Aunt Debby, the tailoress, had to be engaged to make it. Aunt Debby sould not come for some days, but at last, after more hardships in going for her at early sunrise on a cold, frosty day, and waiting for her to finish a job, she was obtained, and the hard

A Plea for Privacy at Weddings.

WILLAMETTE FARMEF.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the and time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is obtain as the moment for bring. the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bring-ing together the larger part of the family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and re-freshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precions tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the even of her new life.

bave come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life. 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 renouncing old ties, pro. mising to begin with faith and hope and love, a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the coven ant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is is not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and trolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they re-flect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow within the loving limits of their home cir-cle. All our best instincts point to the abso-lute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contrasts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-

as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-taking afterwards as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.—Scribner's

Failures in Business.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried agein," un-til 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 under took 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 news ears papers on earth. Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables and

bedsteads and bureaus many a long year before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

gress. Abraham Lincoln faile, to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself a graud char-acter of the nineteenth century. Gen. Grant failed at everything except smok-ing a cigar; he learned to tan hides, but couldn't sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breches. A dozen vears ago he "brought

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.

How TO SHOW LOVE FOR A WIFE .- Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not 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 hang-ing trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her fobles 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 of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only pre-

He who is the flatterer of his wife, only pre-pares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Chris-tian name affords, is the best that you can use especially before other people. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the want of that sort of love that makes the husband obserfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, and hot your words, carry to ber heart a daily and her health, and life, and happiness beyond all her health, and life, and happiness beyond all

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. As he sat there with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant springing up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and car-id it may nith him, but as the way way ried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust the plant, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that But in his hand the plant sprouted so has that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skelebone, which was thicker than the bird's skele-ton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, how-ever, the plant grew out of the lion's bone like-wise. 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 Naria. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves round the bird's skeleton, and the lion's bone, and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came speedily up, and bore to as it was, and it came speedily up, and bore to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine and gave it to men which he made the first which and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigor-ous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.— New York Wine and Fruit Reporter.

Business Periods.

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

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 busi-ness men in 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857, is familiar history. The eff ets of the crisis of 1827 are nearly forgotten now. The almost universal bankruptcy of 1837 hurt the country immeas-urably. Many a man still thinks of that time with a shudder. The revulsion came when the State banks, sticulated by government depos-its, undertook to fulfill the offices previously performed by the bank of the United States from which the public funds were removed by Gen. Jackson; and in the midst of large specu-lative adventures in land, which widemed the Gen. Jackson; and in the midst of large specu-lative adventures in land, which widened the derangement of business, greatly increased the volume of obligations and intensified the gen-eral distress. Men were not only ruined, but were bewildered as well. They saw no future escape from the slough of despond they were wallowing in. Business, revived very slowly, and did not fully encount the adjustment of the slough of the second and did not fully recover the ordinary measure of activity before the fated tenth year arrived; and in the collapse of 1847 many strong houses went down finally. Of the panic of 1857, the Bank Commissioner of the State of New York, in his report made the following year, said: "The crash fell like a thundercolt from a clear sky."-Phrenological Journal.

This DANOERS of DANCING.—The Pall Mall Gasette 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 apoplery, 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. The cases in which death is directly produced by dancing are bappily rare, but the seeds of death are often sown in a ball-room, not so much from dancing as from the circumstances death are often sown in a ball-room, not so much from dancing as from the circumstances under which it is catried on. For instance, what can be more likely to produce apoplexy or some serious illness than the practice of enting ices, when thoroughly heated by violent exer-cise? Again, the atmosphere of many a ball-room, crammed as it often is with three times as many people as it can comfortably contain, is enough, of itself to poison any one not ac-climatized to suffocation by previous training. Then there are the sudden changes of tempera-ture which young ladies, insufficiently clad, are exposed on leaving the heated rooms as they ture which young ladies, insufficiently clad, are exposed on leaving the heated rooms as they return home, overtired, and in precisely the condition under which such changes of tam-perature are likely to affect them if they have any tandency to lung disease, the late hours also which are necessarily kept in the season, cannot be otherwise than very prejudicial to the health of both young and old, and probably

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

Give the Little Boys a Chance.

Here we are ! don't leave us out Just because we're little boys ! Though we're not so bold and ste In the world we make a noise. You're a year or two shead, But we step by step advance; All the world's before you spread Give the little boys a chauce !

Never slight us in your play, You were once as small as we: We'll be big, like you, some day, Theu, perhaps our power you'll see. We will meet you, when we've grown, With a brave and fearless glance; Don't think all this world's your own-Give the little boys a chance !

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 So, you big boys, if we're small, On our toes you needn't dance; There is room enough for all-Give the little boys a chance !

A Story for Children.

"Papa, will you tell me a story before I go to bed ?" said little four-year old Willie, climb-ing up into my 1-p and nestling close to me in his child-like way. Yes, I said, smoothing his golden curls and

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. Many of his chil-dren live in a country far away from him, and never see him. But though he is separated from them ha never forgets them and is always from them, he never forgets them, and is always thinking of them with love.

These children with love. 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. Besides all this, the good king has promised that if his children are kind and gentle, doing that if his children are kind and gentle, doing

to others as they would have others do to them, they shall come to live with him in that lovely

they shall come to five with him in that lovely land, be always happy. "I know," said little Willie, opening wide his blue eyes, "who that good king is; he is God; and that lovely land is heaver; and I shall go there if I love the Saviour, and I mean to, so good night, dear papa."

Boys THAT HAVE PROSPERED.—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 cor-rection, on his last visit with a party of children, learned a few facts that are worth knowing. Out of a party taken to Danville, Illinois, one boy (now a young man) served four years in the Union army, is now working on a farm, and has \$600 at interest. Another married the daughter of the farmer he was placed with, and possesses a farm worth \$70,000 to \$80,000. possesses a farm worth \$70,000 to \$80,000. Another keeps a provision store at Danville, and is one of the most respected and wealthy men of the town. Another is corporation counsel at Danville, and is one of the first lawyers in the State. Still another is a telegraph operator further west earning \$300 per annum.

THE FOTURE OF DULL BOTS.—Parents should never dispair because their children give little promise of emineuce in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; et nine years he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a yary uppromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in their sarliest pieces, did not show any falent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary wo-man, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Bar-row is said to have exclaimed: "If it pleased God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent 're-garded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family. THE FOTURE OF DULL BOYS .- Parents should

WHY EVERYBODY IS CROSS.—"O, Mery!" said a hitle boy, named John, to his sister, "I have found a pretty thing. II 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." "It is very beautiful," Mary replied; "would you like me to tell you how to learn a use-ful lesson from it? You remember the other day you thought everybody very cross with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody about you cross, too. If you are in good humor, and kind to every one, all will seem kind to you.

after lives on earth. When men know what after lives on earth. When men know what men should know, and women live as women should live, every child born to earth will be born to happiness. But not of this now. Our friend was an honest man. He dared to be true to himself. He dared to be true to his

He dared to be true to the woman manhood. he loved. Few are the men so brave as he, His home held him by night as did his duty by day. He lived, not to add to that insane throng which makes excitement for happing and aid his wife and his children to develop and rives us positions in the ranks of those who are God's companions in the Gardans of the Golden Eternal.

Eternal. When the labors of the day were over, he hastened to his cottage home. He was wel-comed on the way by those whose little feet ran to meet, whose little lips did sweetly greet him. He was not too proud to play with his little ones. He was not too dignified to love his wife. He was not so great as to make his home ones unhappy in the shadow of his zel-fish ambition. He was a workingman, untitled on earth, but weaving on his heart the garter of the knighthood of God. He loved his children and they loved him, because he was good and his presence was the balmy air waiting them on to the lasting and everlasting happiness.

The heart-broken wife was kneeling by the bedside as we entered the room. The two eld-est children were sobbing as if their hearts were broken. The father and husband had crossed the river and moved out of the mortal crossed the river and moved out of the mortal temple in which he had dweit for years. He had crossed the river by whose earth bank his loved ones were kneeling in tears as the waves of bitterness dashed in great breakers over their hearts. He had gone with his patterns to build for those he loved a home in that Land of the Leal where there is no sorrow—where hearts are at rest and the stings of earthly cir-cumstances do not reach to wound the studious and

soul. It was a desth-bed soame. The hour of trial for the living-of grief for those left in the desert while the faithful guide is journeying on the cases and facing the camping ground and shady grores wherein will come those whose grief-wrapt hearts are now lifeless in their

A hedy friend of the afflicted ones entered the room, bearing in her arms the two-year old child of him who slept never before so quietly. She hore the habe to the bedaids. The little darling looked as t those who were bowed in grief. Then it looked at him who slept, and from her lips same in inquiring tones-

earned garment was at last completed, as well as my brother's clothes."

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.-Marriage often a lottery in a general sense; but here one case on record, at least, in which it was made most literally so. A certain youthful made most literally so. A certain youthful swain in France, relying upon his personal at-tractions mainly, actually put himself up as the one grand prize in a lottery of 10,000 tickets of the value of \$2 each. This novel matrimo-nial experiment created a wondrous sensation among the belies of the French capital, and the result was that all sorts of speculations went result was that all sorts of speculations went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets. A fair young damsel who speculated for the frolic of the thing, become the holder of the prize ticket. The lacky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery, \$20,-000; they became a case of "love at first sight," and within the brief limits of the day, Hymen cattled their desting and the "iteria became

settled their destiny, and the "twain became one firsh." Whether this marriage turned out bappily, we never heard; at all evonts, it was certainly as likely to do so as many others that are contracted, in which the motives are frequently no less whimsionl, and not a nobler.

JACE'S WIFE.-This is the way a scafaring man, recently married, "told to the marines" what sort of a wife he had secured: "My wife man, recently marrised. "told to the marines" what sort of a wife be had secured: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever laft a millinery dry dock, is clipper built, and with a figurehead not often seen on a small craft. Her length of heel is five feet eight inches, dis-places twenty-seven feet of cubic air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball room; full in the waist, spare trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged fore and aft, with standing rigging of ince and flow-ers, mainsail part silk, forestaysail of Valenci-ennes. Her frame was of the best steel covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. She also has a set of storm sail for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of convase fer light equals, which are liable to occur in this initiate scome or later. I am told, in tun-ning down the street before the wind, she aa-sround in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her.

"You must have lived here a long time, and a traveling Englishman to an Orego pionese, "Yes, sir; I have. Do you see the mountain? Well, when I came here the mountain was a hole in the ground." Th Englishman opened his half-shut spee. 1bat

Wan is a restless thesper like a hwyer? onnee he lies on ans side, and then furne, lies on the piker.

ings in this ifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

HEB LADYSHIP IN THE KITCHEN .- There is Prof. Buckmaster at the South Kensington museum who lectures ou cooking, which I dare say is easy enough, though far from satisfying say is easy enough, though far from satisfying to a hungry man. Lady Barker, however, who in her course of instruction, mixes theory with practice, is the really popular culinary pro-fessor of the day. A month or two ago the daughter of a very grand lady went to study under Lady Barker, and returning home after her last lesson, wished to show her mother, the Duchess of —, how clever she was, and how well she could make an omelette, which she manufactured somehow or other in the do-mentic kitchen. The servants of the establish. she manufactured somehow or other in the do-mestic kitchen. The servants of the establish-ment were so diagusted that the same evening the cook, and all the scallery maids gave notice to leave. Whether the cook was jealous of the superior acquirements of her young mis-tress, or simply maintained that in a kitchen the cook alone is queen. I have not heard. N.Y. Times. N. Y. Times.

THE FASCINATIONS OF A CITT. - The New York Times refers to the deadly harm the fascinations of the great div inflict upon the thousands of innocent souls by the strange grip which they get upon them. Out of the thousands of immigrants who pour through New York, there is a certain per cent. held by the dire tascina-tion of the metropolis. It would be a positive kindness to hundreds of squalid and degraded families to remove them bodily from the un-healthy rockeries to cheap and comfortable homes in new lands. But these people would resist such an attempt to the death if it were possible to make it. It is probable that they would never reconsils themselves to any other hife than that of the blind alley and the tens-ment-house, redolent of foul vapors. They al-ways turn a cold shoulder, the editor mays, to the emigration agent, and it is in vain that he draws glowing pictures of the golden harvests of the West and the delicions climates far away. The West and the delicions climates far away. THE FARCINATIONS OF & CITT.-The New York

Tas Way was Monay Gogs. - The number of Incritical tourists who returned from Europe using the last faceal year was 56,630. Allow-ng that each of these individuals spars \$500 having their shannes, we have the construct mount of \$18,415,000 in gold poing out of the ounty in this direction only - probably two or have times as much as is seturned by Eurotimes as much as is get tourists coming hither.

The Lanx is the heaviest vegetable that grows; a small one will sight the largest ship. The cartot is one of the lightest as well as the what uniform is weight, it always weighing

the health of both young and old, and probably cause many illnesses that are unjustly credited to other sources. There is, in truth, great need of reform in most of the social habits of the present day, and the wonder is not that one young lady is killed by dancing, but that any, n ye ave the strongest, survive the amusements and dangers of a summer in London."

FORMATION OF FLINTS .- The following, er tracted from a paper read before the Geolo-gists' Association in England, by Mr. Hawkins Johnson, F. G. S., gives in brief the most advanced theories with reference to these forma-vanced theories with reference to these forma-tions: "The nodules are found all to agree in possessing a silicified organic structure, which may be described as a network of fibres, or a tions: may be described as a network of fibres, or a mass permeated in every direction by anasto-mozing canals. This structure was subse-quently filled in with other material, such as carbonate of lime, silica, bisulphide of iron, phosphate of lime, carbonate of iron, etc.; the particular substance thus filled in depending upon the relative abundance of the substance dissolved in the intersticial water of the substance rounding matrix. The simpler genues of cordissolved in the intersticial water of the sur-rounding matrix. The singular groups of con-centric, silicious circular bands seen upon many fossils, and known as orbicular silica, or Beck-ite markings, are also explained. The fossils on which they occur were imbedded in a matrix more porous than themselves, and of irregular constitution, so that the evaporation, to which the consolidation of the dissolved silics in their the consolidation of the dissolved silics in their pores was mainly due, occurred at a number of points on the surface of the feasils, at which points a deposit of silicate took place, forming the central tubercles. The ceastion of srap-oration was followed by a fresh saturation with the solution, to be again ovaporated as before. But as the evaporating points were now pingged up by the previous deposits, the silica last con-solidated was deposited around their margins, and upon them internally, appearing outwardly as a ring round the tubarcle."

A New Fourn PLANT.—Prof. Schimper h discovered a focall plast in protogine, a ro-hitherto considered as of ignoous estim, as found in the form of erratic blocks in the sel of Most Binpo. The plant is of aquatic z tures, and hence the equeous nature of the ro-in readered probable.

Two New York Times cites the fact that7,000 mechanics and 2,000 inherers have abundaned the Trades Unions during the last year, as evi-dence of the declining power of such organiza-

It is said that experiments recently made in-dicate that wagnes are most easily drawn, or all hinds of stade, when the fore and blad wheels are of the same size, and when the pole

Try if they will not."

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 com-fortable to the sufferer. If at night the boy hasn't got four quarts of walnuts spread out to dry up stairs, it is because there is no place up stairs to do it.

A wigh note-One of a thousand dollars.

SUDDEN STOPPING OF BAILBOAD 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 hait 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 attain-able. The only question is that of inconvenience to passengers from too sudden a stop. It is also asserted that the effects of undden stops are too much argemented and in purpor this is to passengers from too sudden a stop. It is also asserted that the effects of mdden stops are too much enggerated, and in proof this is stated that if the feet be placed against the seat in front, with the face to the angine, the train when going 50 miles an hour may be stopped in 30 feet without throwing a greater pressure on our feet than they sustain in walk-ing. Hence, as we may affely trust our knees and boots under double that lead, the train might be stopped in 10 or 19 feet, without seri-ous inconvenience. The question then of bringing a train to rest in 10, rather than 30 seconds is perfectly immaterial so far as con-cerns passengers' confort, while it may be a vital one so far as their safety is involved.

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and there.

MEASUREMENT OF THE CHEMICAL ACTION OF SOLAS LIGHT. -Dr. T. L. Phinson, F. G. S., in a nois to the Chemical News, mys: Many years ago I made some experiments on this subject in Paris, and described a method which I believe capable of giving more scoursts re-sults than any hitherto obtained. Having dis-covered that a colorhess solution of molyldess of ammonis in sulphuric acid became gravita-bles when expected to the sun, and colorhess again during the night, and that the uncesses of of permission point the same quantity no, and to appear is to the light a period to cappear is to the light a period of time, and a permission of vi Right for the tennity of solar light may