THE HOME CIRCLE.

Give Me the People.

Some love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
What'er we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest,
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark,
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest!
There is a worth as sure 'neath garments poo
As s'er adorned a fortier station;
And minds as just as those—we trust—
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

The Other Side of the Story.

(From Pacific Bural Press.

Did I ever ? Messrs. Editors, I am heartbroken to think that you would publish such a slander about one of your most devoted read-ers; but it only proves what I have always affirmed, that men are not to be trusted, be they

affirmed, that men are not to be trusted, be they editors or common people.

To think of my husband, Timothy Toodles, Esq., to whom I have been married over thirty years, getting himself into print.

Why, it is ridiculous! And to think that I, who was fifty years of age last month, and never saw my name in print, save the day when Toodles and I were joined together, till death or some woman do us part—to think, I repeat, that I should be so ridiculed in that heartless manner; and adding insult to injury, what it such a name as "A Hen-Pecked Hu-

hearliess manner; and adding insult to injury, give it such a name as "A Hen-Pecked Hu-band's Soliloquy." Hen-pecked! The idea! Why didn't he name it "The trials and tribulations of Timothy Toodles, Esq.?" but no! That was not high-sounding enough for him. I will now tell my side of the story:

Toodles kindly remarks, that I follow him from one room to another, until it is too late to go out. And why shouldn't I, pray tell me? When he does "slip away" without my knowledge, (one of his delectable phrases), he never comes home until after midnight; and in answer to my wifely questionings, replies "That the lodge was later than usual, transacting important businers." "Lodges" are very convenient subterfuges, are they not? I should like to know why women cannot have "lodges" like to know why women cannot have 'lodges' to visit, when the baby is cross, or the head of

the family scolds. Whenever the fire-tell rings during the night, up Toodles starts, and would rush out bare-headed and bare-footed, but I am afraid that he would get over-heated, and then take cold, he would get over-heated, and then take cold, or a building might fall on him, or his modesty might be shocked by seeing a woman without her dress. Toodles is a very modest man, and I persuade him to remain at home, parily by hiding his clothes, and parily by having a dreadful toothache. And after all my care, he coolly remarks "That there is such a thing as

being entirely too solicitous."

The wretch! to hold me up to the derision of the world. Why! My hair is getting whiter every day, since that article has appeared in every day, since that article has appeared in print; but my time will come. As for my turning his pockets inside out, what of that? When a loving wife once discovers a picture of a doll-faced girl, carefully wrapped up in tissue paper in her worse half's pocket, and on inquiry, is told that it is a favorite cousin's likeness (Oh! these very convenient cousins), she is very apt to search his pockets regularly; and ninety-nine wives out of a hundred—and perhaps the hundredth also—would do the same thing.

same thing.

Such a looking house, when I came home!

Words cannot do justice to the subject. I defy
any woman, who has the spirit of a mouse, to feel any woman, who has the spirit of a mouse, to feel pleasant, when she stumbles over a chair on entering the house, finds the parlor in a state of chronic confusion, the chairs upset, curtains torn, carpet ruined, canary bird dead, plano scratched, uncomplimentary remarks written under the pictures in the album; the bed-chambers looking as if there had been a battle fought there; pillows on the floor; her best hat in the corner, looking as if thad been used in a game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock; cigars strewed around the bed and room; hats, coats and around the bed and room; hats, coats and boots here, there and everywhere, and a decanter of wine upset on the floor beside a picture of a ballet dancer in an impossible attitude; the kitchen so litered up with dirty dishes, novels, bottles of perfumery, satin vests, curling tongs, music books, broken glass, kid gloves, withered boquets and goodness knows what else. You can imagine my feelings, when I saw all this, and then read a note which he had fastened to the broken mirror.

"Dearst Sally Ann:—I am unavoidably compelled to leave home on business for about two weeks; but will return at the expiration of ture of a ballet dar cer in an in

weeks; but will return at the expiration of that time, hoping to find a pleasant home, and a cheerful wife. You little imagine how I have Your loving Dearest Sally Ann

Any one would infer from the above, that he had several other Saily Ann's, and I was the "dearest." Yes! I have no doubt that he "dearest." Yes! I have no doubt that he missed me, to make home "pleasant." On a conspicuous part of my virtuous couch I saw a paper with the article before mentioned heavily marked with a blue pencil. Like all of Eve's daughters, I have my share of curiosity, and I took the paper, sat down on the floor; my favorite easy-chair had one of its—ahem—limbs broken, and commenced reading. The first two lines struck me as being something similar to my case, as I had gone to visit my mother; but I read on, until the slanders made my face burn—I never use rouge—and to olve

triumphantly entered my house, and found everything in order, and new curtains, new mirrors, new carpet, a new canary bird and a beautiful Thomas Cat, which reminds me of my

departed favorite.
Timothy Toodles, Esq., has been very subdued since then, as I rendud bim of his article, only three times a day; and thanks to my training. I am positive, gentlemen, that he will never trouble you again, by rushing into print in that riciculous manner.

Now you have heard my side of the story, do

you blame me for my righteous indignation? San José, Jan. 1st, 1875.

Naming Bables

It is a fearful responsibility to be delegated to name a child which is not your own. So far as my children are concerned, I am never bothered; I just watch them for a few days to catch a leading trait in their character, and then found the name on that. If they are mild tempered and peaceful, I select some such name as Placid, Contentment, Harmony or Peace, and if ugly, I saddle 'em with Hurricane, Tornado, Tom Sayers, Cape Horn or Texas Jack. Strangers are sometimes amazed to see me go down to the gate, and hear me Texas Jack. Strangers are sometimes amazed to see me go down to the gate, and hear me call out: "Tornado, Sayers, Cape Hore, Johnson, Quad, you and Contentment, Harmony, Sunflower, Burlingame come in to supper," but I run my domestic affairs as suits me best.

Mrs. Daison was over the other day with her baby. It is a stub-nesed, red-faced rascal, and I hope he'll never be named at all. She put him into my lap and said:

"Now, do give him a name—something sweet and handsome and good."

The young scound'rel looked me in the eye for a moment, and then deliberately kicked me five times in the stomach and clawed my nose. I told his mother that she'd better name him Tarantula, or Centipede, or Cougar, and she

Tarantula, or Centipede, or Cougar, and she picked him up, hugged him, and said that I had the reputation all over the neighborhood of being a brute.

Mrs. Dogber also brought over her offspring the other avening. It is a girl with rad hair.

Mrs. Dogoer also prought over her offspring the other evening. It is a girl with red hair, white eyes and large ears, and she spit at me the moment I took her up—spit full in my face, and howled and fought to get hold of my neck-

tie.
"She's such a blessed, sweet-tempered little

"She's such a bless'd, sweet-tempered little
angel, that you must give her some awful nice
name," said the mother.

I suggested Susie, Be sie, Bella, Dolly,
Bitsy, Mollie, Sallie, Tillie, and fifty other
names, but Mrs. Dogber replied that I hadn't
any refinement about me, and she said the dar-

any renuement about me, and she said the dar-ling creature was to be named Mirabel Augus-tine St. Clair Dogber.

There's nothing like having a high sounding name for a child, no matter if his father has to work for a dollar a day, and his mother goes out washing windows. Very often as I come work for a dollar a day, and his mother goes out washing windows. Very often as I come up to dinner I find George Washington Hugo Brown rolling in the dirt with Thomas Jefferson Adolf Le Grand Smith, while Darabel Florian Victoria Grump is drawing a stick up and down the walk by a string, driven by Theodore Jackson Duke Albert Fleming. If those children had common names I shouldn't care a cent whether they lived or died.—M. Quad.

Happingssinthe Family Circle.—If a man is so situated that he cannot be happy in his family relations, he will not enjoy happiness at all. Man must cultivate, therefore, and look for this great end of his labors at home in the bosom of his wife, and in the affection of his children. Around his oan heatth, in the presence of a loving family, the husband and father, himself the affectionate head of the household, cannot be otherwise than happy. He has no competition in business there, no opposing candidates for honors no grasping, unscrupulous enemy, who may seek to take advantage of every week point to injure him and tear from him his earnings and possessions; but every one near him gives him preference, is awake to his interest in everything; they emulate each other in doing him heart-felt honor, and without dissimulation or affectation, sympathize with him in all his sorrows, hopes, joys and triumphs. His loving intercourse at home is followed by no remorse, is attended by no disquieting reflection or regret. He is there perfectly at ease, may be himself without reserve, and be sure that no unpleasant occurrence or consequence can reall thereform. It is his kingdown and he is HAPPINESS IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE. -- If a man is nimself without reserve, and be sure that no unpleasant occurrence or consequence can result therefrom. It is his kingdom, and he is beloved by every subject. His wife is the honored queen of home; none dispute her benign sway; she rules by smiles, and the whole family lives in her love, and can be happy only where they possess it.—Dr. Byford.

AN OLD TIME CUSTOM.—The Babylonians had a law, which was also followed by the Heneti, an Illyrian people, and by Herodotus thought to be one of their best, which ordained hat when girls were at a marriageable age they were to repair to a place where the young men were assembled. They were then sold by the public crier, who first disposed of the most beautiful one. When he had sold her, he put up others, according to their degrees of beauty. The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry up others, according to their degrees of beauty. The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry off the firest women, who were sold to the highest bidders. But as the young men who were poor could not aspire to have fine women, they were content to take the ugliest, with the money which was given with them; for when the crier had sold the handsomest, he ordered the ugliest of all the women to be brought, and inquired if any one was willing to take her with a small sum of money. Thus she became the wife of him who was most easily satisfied, and thus the finest women were sold, and from the money which they brought small fortunes were given to the ugliest, and to those who had any bodily deformity. odily deformity.

and I took the paper, sat down on the floor; my favorite easy-chair had one of its—ahem—limbs broken, and commenced reading. The first two lines struck me as being something similar to my case, as I had gone to visit my mother; but I read on, until the slanders made my face burn—I never use rouge—and to give my slowly bristling hair, a chance to stand on end, I threw off my hat, and still read on, until I noticed that he would go away on business for about two weeks.

That was the last straw! I knew Toodles had written it. A man of his years—fifty-eight next week—old enough to bave more sense, rushing into print, and making himself conspicance. I have now what had befallen my venerable Thomas Cat. No more his musical "mejou" would greet me. I rose in my wrath, with some difficulty, smoothed my erect hair, left a brief message underneath his interesting sketch. "Your wife awaits you at the — hetel," and I majestically departed, leaving the house in the condition I found it.

Two weeks later, Timothy Toodles, Eaq., entered my presson, and rushed forward to embrace me. I waved him off, and sternly said: "Perficious man, were you not ashamed to inved the sanctity of our home, and lift the curtain to the public view?"

He looked bewildered, and then said: "Whet did you say, Saily Ann ?"

I gased scornfully at him, and repeating my question, adding: "I know all; I have read your delectable effusion belding my gray hairs up to the scorn of the workl; and will now say, that I shall not enter your house, until it is in these, but so were that I left is. I shall remain here, as you thish it is so economical, and you can pay the bills."

I never now a man look so creatalles. He agreed to everything, and three days later, I stand.

I never now a man look so creatalles. He agreed to everything, and three days later, I stand. THE ADVANTAGES OF WINTER-Winter makes

Why "Ugly Sam" Reformed.

A Promise to a Dying Mother —A Story that Touches the Heart.

Touches the Heart.

He had been missing from the "Potomae" for several days and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago and the rest of the boys, who were wont to get drunk with him, could nt make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him; had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from his old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole in the Wall saloon the the other morning, nearly a dozen them, drinking, smoking and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaven clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. they saw that it was Ugly Sam they uttered a

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.
"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.
"Let's roll him on the floor!" screamed a

There was something in his look and bearing which made them hesitate. The whisky red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eyes fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before

red eyes and blosses, Sam ?" inquired Tall him,
"Why, what ails ye, Sam ?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there.
"I've come down to bid you good by, boys!" he replied removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief fron his pocket.
"What! Hev yer turned preacher?" they

"What! Hev yer turned presents
shouted in chorus.
"Boys yer know I can lick any two of ye, but
I hain't on the fight any more, and I've put
down the last drop of whisky which is to ever
to go into my mouth! I've taken an oath.
I'm going to be decent!"
"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron
Bill coming near to him.

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming near to him. "I've come down here to tell ye all about it," answered Sam. "Move the cha'rs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been a rough, and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler, and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've carned an honest dollar. The police hez chased me around like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers has said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this, boys, but ye didn't know I had an old mother."

but ye didn't know I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I never mentioned it to any ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old woman, living up there in the alley, and, if the neighbors had not helped her to fuel and food, she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—did not see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother he's a gettin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yes erday! I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Petr, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the

toys, as Sam besitated.
"That's what ails me now," he went on "When I went in she reached out her hand to me, and, says she: 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you want to see me afore I passed and I know'd you want to see me afore I passed away!' I sat down, feeling queer like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that, but says she: 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to you, and have prayed for you hundreds 'o nights, and cried about you till my old heart was sore!' Some of the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell you, boys, I felt weak!'

He paused for a moment, and then con-

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss "And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by and by she whispered: 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man, if you'll make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the lest of our family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you'd turn over a new leaf, and try and be good, it seems as if I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?' And I promised her, boys, and that's what ai's me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit the low business, and go to work. I came quit the low business, and go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you won't see me on the Potomac again. I've bought an ax, and am

There was a dead silence for a moment, and

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, boys, I'll shake hands with you all around afore I go. Good by, Pete—good by, Jack, Tom, Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling at any of ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm!"

The men looked reflectively at each other after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said:

"I'll lick the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't levil!"

isn't levil !"
"So'll I!" repeated the others.

MARRIED LIFE.—Caresses and attention, and all the pretty follies of love, are for the idle hours and the cloudless sunshine; but the silent sweetness of married friendship is that for which men look in dark days, and the treasure which men look in dark days, and the treasure on which they rest. Why cannot women learn reliance? they think. Why must they always need to be told again and sgain that which they already know, and begin to doubt so soon as they cease to hear? This is the first contest of natures in married life, but it is one wherein, if the woman is wise, she will yield without a murmur, and bide her disappointment as care-fully as the Spartan boy hides his fox.

A WELL-ORDERED home is a paradise on earth No other earthly pleasure is equal to the contentment felt at the family fireside. excitement of even successful business is at tended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and danger; the pursuit of fame is distracting; and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bit-terness. But the happiness of the fireside is

A MUSH AND MILE SOCIABLE.—The Placer-ville Democrat says: Mrs. Kirk will give a mush and milk sociable in the basement of the Methodist Church, on Friday, Jan. 15th, 1874. Everybody is invited to be in attendance. The body is invited to be in attendance. The

Wazz old people go back to their childhood, what things do they remember most? what do you remember about your mother that is gone? Not anything by which she was formally made known to the world, but some scene of tenderness, some fragrant sentiment which lingers in your imagination.

The Way American History was once Written.

Written.

Mr. Bancroft is familiarly charged with writing the History of the Revolution in the interest of Washington and Franklin, and making them out to be perfect, while be slights or misuses all the inferior actors. This charge has no foundation in truth. He is really very fair, and knows better than his critics do how to make allowance for failure, which could not tu exist in such times. The charge has been mursed by the amazement, which naturally grew into indignation, first of individuals and then of that indefinite being, "the general public," when they all learned that the even seven years of the American Revolution was not an exceptional period, in which all who went and came were saints, Solons and Cosars. By an ingenous system of writing history, under which the American youth of the first half of this century were brought up, all defeats were omitted, all treasons, except Arnold's passed over, all follies forgotten, all cheats forgiven, and one clear sky of virtue unclouded was the back-ground of the whole narrative from the moment of Paul Revere's ride till that closing scene when amid the tears of thousands Washington sheathed his sword at Annapolis. The curious lad who read sometimes asked meekly when he found how bravely Wayne took Stony Point, how it came into English hands at all. But neither book nor teacher gave any answer to such impertinent questions.

"Onward still the Yankee lion bore, And still the scattered Britons field before."

"Onward still the Yankee lion bore, And still the scattered Britons fled before."

Nothing, therefore, could well be more amazing to a race of grandshildren and great-grandshildren, as they read the four volumes of Mr. Bancreft's Revolution, than to find that this man blundered, that that one stole, that another was in the pay of France, and yet another was such a confessed fool that nobody trusted him with any authority. To learn that that assembly of sages, which men called the Congress of the Confederation, dwindled down into an assembly, of incompetent tweddlers into an assembly, of incompetent tweddlers before the war was done, has been perhaps, a surprise almost as startling. But really we do not see that the fault, in this view of the drama, or of its performers, is to be charged on the man who pulls the curtain aside. If these people were fools he could not make them leave sensible records behind them. To take him to task is really to ask him to falsify history. His real offence seems to be, not so much that he discloses the imperfections of others the men who sumbled and fell, as that he proves them — Reston Advertiser. them - Roston Advertiser.

LARGE AND SMALL EARS .- Large ears, as has been observed, hear things in general, and de-note broad comprecensive views and modes of note broad compretensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in parti-cular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by the love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the leading facts of a case, with the general principles involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more unimportant, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually fitted to conduct large enterand are usually fitted to conduct large eiter-prises, to receive and pay out money in large sums; in buying or selling would prefer to leave a margin rather then reduce the quantity of goods of any sort to the exact dimensions of the measure specified, and in giving would prefer to give with free hand and without too strict a calculation as to the exact amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business,—Phrenological Journal.

Female Education.—Canada is becoming well furnished with institutions for the higher education of women. Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford, Whitby, and Ottawa, in the Province of Outario, have each large and well conducted ladies colleges. It is now proposed to commence one in Halifax, to cost fifty or sixty thousand dollars. In the Province of Quebec, where the need of it is more pressing, and where the means are in abundance, it is hoped that soon the monntain's brow at Montreal may be crowned with its "Trafaigar Institute," a splendid monument to the liberality of its founder, who began by divesting himself of ten acres of land, the finest site in the city, worth at least \$50,000, and who has also bequeathed a large fortune for its future extension and maintenance;

ALL the girls are becoming vegetarians.

They wear turn-up hats.

A New Cattle Disease in Jamaica.—A correspondent writes to the London Field: A relative in Jamaica writes; "I am in a sea of troubles; the cattle on one of my properties will not get well, and will die. Nobody here has ever seen or heard of anything like it upon any pen (a cattle estate) in the island. I have lost fully £900, and am by no means out of the wood. The animals waste away until they die; there is no other symptom than that of wasting, and, when opened, the liver is a mass of corruption, and full of big worms. I am well sequainted with the ordinary liver disease of cattle. The present plague differs from it in the beast having no cough, and in the old herd of between five and six hundred being affected. Nothing that I have tried does any good. The unusual quantity of rain which has fallen in the last two months, may have increased the epidemio." may have increased the epidemic.

RIPENED LEAVES.—Many persons think that when the leaves turn red and yellow in the fall it is because they have been killed by the frost. But a little observation will show that such is not the case, and that the autumns when the leaves are most beautiful, are those in which the frost is the latest. A severe frost kills the leaves at once, and they soon fall, brown and withered. To be brilliant they must ripen naturally, and our hot September and October middsy suns have probably much to do with it, as in England, where the falls are apt to be damp and cloudy, the leaves are not so bright, and American artists, who strive to paint our maples and dogwoods as they see them, are unjustly accused of over-coloring.—Er.

A Max on Long island, famous for his hogs, was asked what was the secret of his success. He answered: "I always choose a good-natured pig. Those that when they eat are constantly running from one trough to another and knocking their mouts against the next pig I sell to my neighbors, who don't know better than to buy such troublesome animals, while my contented pige get fat."

gone? Not anything by which she was formally made known to the world, but some scene of tenderness, some fragrant sentiment which lingers in your imagination.

A TRAVELLEM announces as a tact that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business!" This remarkable occurrence happened at see—the passengers being too "mick" to attend to each other's soncerns.

Paper Manuvacrume —Upwards of one hundred firms are engaged in the monufacture and sale of paper in Philadelphia, the first established in the country ocing the Rittenhouse Mills, where the old Continental paper money was made. At the present time all our bank note and fractional currency paper is made by the old end wealthy firm of J. M. Wilcox & Co., of that sity.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

"Prevention is Better than Cure."

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still, sentimental day:
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kies the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice was hush'd,
I thought she would cry, to be sure;
But she lisp'd to ms,
Pouling prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

Popping Corn.

Isn't it fun to pop corn?—and when it is popped isn't it good? Most boys in the country grow a few hills of pop-corn to furnish them amusement in the winter evenings. There is some skill to be used in so simple a thing as popping corn. In the first place, the corn should be well dried, for when too fresh and soft it does not pop well at all. Then a wire popper with a long handle is the best thing to pop it in. A very small bandful of corn, only about enough to cover the bottom, is put in the popper and the cover fastened down. Then we must heat the corn gradually, holding it at a distance from the coals, and when it is well heated through bring it nearer the fire, when the popping will begin. You must shake all the time, and the more the corn pops the faster you must shake to prevent burning. If the corn is of a good kind a very little will fill the popper when finished. Pop! how the little grains bounce about as they jump up and put on their snowy night-caps. Look at a popped grain. It does not seem at all like a kernel of corn; it is fairly turned inside out. What makes the corn pop and behave in this way? The chemist says that the corn contains an oil. makes the corn pop and behave in this way? The chemist says that the corn contains an oil. The chemist says that the corn contains an oil, and that the heat turns this oil into gas, and when the pressure of this gas gets strong enough to burst the grain, pop it goes. That corn contains oil may be new to you, but there is oil in it, and in some kinds of corn a great deal. Sixteen gal ons of oil have been obtained from Sixteen gal one of oil have been obtained from 100 bushels of grain, and very nice oil too. It has but one fault, and that is it coasts too much to get it out of the corn; while the mineral oil lasts—the petroleum from which they get kerosene—it is not likely that we shall feed our lamps with corn oil. When you hear the grains go off with a "pop," and a "sput," justremember it is the oil that affords you all the fun, and turns the hard and flinty grains into beautiful masses of corn-starch, not only pleasing to look masses of corn-starch, not only pleasing to look at, but wholesome to eat.—American Agricul-

Is it Good for the Boys?

Boys think tobacco is good—at any rate they ersist in trying to use it though it makes them all, as if they thought it would prove to be good. A boy nine years of age was recently brought in for examination by his mother, and having a twenty-two inch brain, we advised him never to touch tobacco, because it had such a tendency to touch tobacco, because it had such a tendency to induce the blood to the brain and keep the body lean and little. We remarked that if he ever exp cied to be a full-sized man he must keep clear of tobacco as he would of any other poison. The mother remarked that she had seen enough of the use of tobacco to make her very earnest in training her boy relative to its use. She said her husband used tobacco for ten or more years, becoming lean, billious and sickly; that when he became so weak and ill that he could hardly walk or sit up, he would smoke several segars a day. Finally the doctors informed him that he must quit using tobacco or go to his grave. This brought him to his senses, and he resolved to try the experiment. From that day he used tobacco no more his senses, and he resolved to try the experi-ment. From that day he used tobacco no more and in three months' time he went from a weight of 130 up to 185 pounds, and became as hardy, healthy and robust a man as could be seen in a day's ride. That woman thinks to-bacco is not good for boys, and she is sure it is not good for men. She is determined that her boys shall be kept from it. If parents could realize the extent of the evil resulting from the use of tobacco, especially by youth, they would use of tobacco, e-pecially by youth, they would certainly refrain from setting them the bad example. The appetites of all tobacco-users are perverted, and they are in an abnormal condition of body and mind.

As LITTLE ALICE was walking around the garden with her great-aunt, a maiden lady, she caught sight of an insect upon the footpath, which she immediately ran and crushed with her boot. "Oh, Alice," cried the lady, "you should not have done that! Perhaps the poor thing was a mother, and had some little ones to provide for." After a few minutes's con-sideration the child said, "But auntie, perhaps it was only a great-aunt."

Industrators School. Girls,—The Cal. Citizen says: We know of a school in this county where the large girls go to the school-house on Saturdays and scrub it out nicely, and keep everything around the building neat and orderly. Such evidences of good will and industry are comm-ndable, and we hope their teacher will be untiring in his efforts to give them a good advention. good education.

We'rn give \$11 for the sight of the boy ten years old who can get out of bed in the morn-ing and find his hat and shoes without half an

Salt on Wheat.

Some soils are benefited by an application of salt, but we do not belive there is any efficacy in it to keep wheat from freezing out. Thorough drainage is the remedy for that. Everyone knows, or ought to know, the value of ashea as a fertilizer. Salt furnishes two of the most important elements of the ashes of plants—sodium and chlorine, and hence it will be valuable to lands deficient in these. Every farmer must determine for himself whether his land needs salt or any other substance. Bow salt on alternate strips of your wheat, marking where you sowed and where you did not, and then observe the difference in the crop next year. Where the constituents of salt are wanting wheat will elmost always lodge, even though the crop of straw be light. If you have been troubled with this salt will be useful, though we should prefer to mix it with the manure.

Professor Mapes famous receipt is: One bushel salt, three bushels of mari; let lie under cover four months, and then mix it with one cord of muck. This is no doubt a valuable mixture for sandy land. Where salt is sown broadcest do it after the wheat is sown, giving from one to five bushels per sore. Mr. Geddes, of New York, in an essay on salt as a manure, comes to these conclusions: "Some soils have enough of salt, and more added does an injury. Lands away from the sea coast are greatly benefited by light applications, but heavy quantities are injurious even there."—Ohio Furmer.

recently made in England indicate that wagons are most easily drawn, on all kinds of roads, when the fore and hind wheels are of the same size, and when the pole lies lower that the axis.