

The Home Circle.

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small; And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair to all.

The Art of Thinking and the Habit of Observation.

We have frequently directed the attention of parents and instructors to the importance of teaching children to think, and we now quote, from the Philadelphia Ledger, some apposite remarks on the subject:

"In very early life, the perceptive faculties are the principal channels through which we can reach the mind. Closely connected with this subject is the cultivation of the thinking powers. The two are indeed so intimately blended that neither can be effectually improved without some increased development of the other.

"When we are striving for success or excellence in any special pursuit, we think to some purpose. Our will concentrates our thoughts to the point in question, dismisses summarily all irrelevant subjects, presents the matter in its various bearings, with some degree of logical sequence, and rarely allows the mind to drift away from it until some definite result has been obtained.

"Whenever man pays reverence to a woman, whenever man finds a woman purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicating his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth and hallowing it for a spiritual fertility, there is the element of true marriage.

Mrs. ANN H. JUDSON was charged with extravagance in dress. The suit which she wore when she went out begging money from the poor but pious, was said to be worth \$1,200.

"The best exercise of every faculty is the chief road to true enjoyment, and no one who has once tasted the pleasures of thinking to a purpose will ever willingly allow his mind to dissipate in wandering thoughts and day dreams.

"We publish this reminiscence for the benefit of some who, like this noble woman, have felt the keen edge of slander, but for whom no committee will interest themselves. What of it? Angelic purity would excite the envy of some spirits. The traducers who walk about us, and manage to obtain the recognition of decent people, are, sooner or later, found out.

ESCHEATED ESTATES.—Some idea of the amount of money which goes to the banks and holders of money loaned in this State from persons who die without having known heirs or wills, may be inferred from the following suits recently commenced in this city: Complaints were filed yesterday in the Third District Court in three suits of unusual interest. The actions are brought by the State Controller, on behalf of the State, to recover from the several savings banks such of the funds in their possession as have reverted to the State by reason of the failure of heirs on the death of depositors.

"It seems singular that some men pass through life without observing things which come before their eyes almost daily. An intelligent farmer once told me that he would not recognize any of the horses belonging to his neighbors, excepting those noticeable from some peculiarity of color. A Chicago merchant, who daily drove his horse eight or ten miles, told us he had never noticed any difference between trotting and pacing.

"A college president is said to have made the question 'in which way do the seeds lie in an apple?' a test of the habit of observation among his students. Our tests with this question would indicate that more than one half of the average of men and women either don't know, or will answer incorrectly. We once received a well written essay on the value of observing closely, yet there was not a capital letter or a punctuation mark in the half dozen pages. Many such instances could be given, were it necessary.

"This matter is not one of slight importance. The carefully observant man will see things which will be of pecuniary importance to him, while his ill-trained neighbor may lose by not seeing. The farmer with habits of observation will notice slight symptoms of illness in his animals or plants; will readily see the effect of this or that practice; will much more quickly discover countless little things which, if neglected, may result in serious loss.

"As in the case of us, his generally, much can be done in childhood, and it certainly should be the duty of parents and other teachers to help children to learn to observe carefully, quickly, accurately. It is told by some one that in his childhood he practiced running past

a shop window and then stopping to describe as many articles as he could recall, and in this way acquired wonderful quickness of observation. There are hosts of points to which a farmer's boy should have his attention called at an early age. Suggestions as to the mode of growth of plants, the form of a leaf, growth of a fruit, or the pointing out of peculiarities of different classes of animals, may do him great good in developing this habit, and also have a marked effect in interesting him in his calling.

Long Words.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?" "Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a swearing word." "Pooh," said Tom, "it's stumbled; because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

Active Old Men.

A. T. Stewart is seventy-four, and, being the owner of many millions, might indulge in an easy mode of life, but such is not his disposition. This circumstance leads a correspondent to observe that New York contains a remarkable group of laborious old men—tillers of the soil—amateurs of work, whose best of life would be lost without the daily task. In addition to Stewart there is Moses Taylor, who is nearly of the same age. He is President of the City Bank, and is worth \$5,000,000, but his application to business is of an unremitting character. Commodore Vanderbilt, at eighty, may be found daily at his office, next to his residence in Fourth street, a quiet and retired spot well suited to a calculator. The front room is occupied by a clerk and in the rear office the Commodore receives special visitors and goes through his daily duty. His library of railway reports is well read, and he has books of calculation upon transportation and all the minutiae of his realm, which are thoroughly studied.

Want of Thought.

The following incident, related by the Patron of Husbandry, of Columbus, Miss., has also a most especial application in California: Traveling in the country, we saw an old negro tugging a basket of peaches up a long, steep hill to throw to his pigs, which were just outside the fence. Seeing that there were nothing but fruit trees in the orchard, we asked: "Old man, why don't you turn your pigs into the orchard and let them get the peaches for themselves?" The old man scratched his head a moment and answered: "Thanks, marster, I neber once thought ob dat. I'll try 'em, shuah."

JELLY FROM OLD BOOTS.—The reader may stare, but science smiles supreme, and asserts very emphatically that a toothsome delicacy can be made from a dilapidated foot covering. Some time ago, says the Scientific American, Dr. Van der Weyde, regaled some friends not merely with boot jelly, but with shirt coffee; and the repast was pronounced by all partakers excellent. The doctor tells us that he made the jelly by first cleaning the boot and subsequently boiling it with soda under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The tannic acid in the leather combined with salt, made tannate of soda and the gelatine rose to the top, whence it was removed and dried. From this last, with suitable flavoring material, the jelly was readily concocted. The shirt coffee, incidentally mentioned above, was sweetened with cuff and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being produced in the same way. The linen (after, of course, washing) was treated with nitric acid, which acting on the lignite contained in the fibre, produced glucose, or grape sugar. This, roasted, made an excellent imitation coffee, which an addition of unroasted glucose readily sweetened.

SORROWING HOUSEHOLDS.—Not a hearthstone shall you find on which some shadow has not fallen, or is about to fall. Further than this, you will probably find that there are but few households which do not cherish some sorrow not known to the world; who have not some trial which is their peculiar messenger, and which they do not talk about, except among themselves; some hope that has been blasted; some expectation dashed down; some wrong, real or supposed, which some member of the household has suffered; trembling anxieties lest the other members will not succeed; trials from the peculiar temperament of somebody in the house, or some environment that touches it sharply from without; some thorn in the flesh; some physical disability that cripples our energies when we want to use them the most; some spot in the house where death has left his track, or painful listenings to hear his stealthy footsteps coming on.—Dr. Sears.

A MOTHERLY WOMAN, writing in the Christian Monitor, declares that she fully agrees with any thoughtful woman who spares her boys the humiliation of wearing gait round or angular patches, when her own skill and a generous supply of pieces make the pants look almost as well as new ones. She suggests that when pants need repairing over the knees, it is a good way to rip the seams each side of the worn part, cut it out, and insert a new piece, pressing it nicely before closing the seams again. Neither boy nor man need be ashamed to wear garments neatly patched, if it be necessary; and every girl should be taught that mending well is an essential part of domestic economy.

KEEP TO ONE THING.—We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen his vocation to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudice against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm where your fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productivity, in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let your motto ever be perseverance and industry.—The Rock.

THE SPELLING MANIA.—The following is one of the sweet little ditties which the present spelling mania has created:

Oh, lead my infant feet to walk Into the spelling school; Let other children sneer and laugh At orthographic rules.

But me that better way still lead Till perfectly I spell; So may I show the path that leads To where Jack Billings fell.

PREACHING.—A clergyman, being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there, and when answered "twelve years," he said: "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time." "No, sir," replied the applicant, "but we had a fire in the pulpit then."

Execution of a Boy Ten Years Old.

The coming execution of the boy Pomeroy, now under sentence of death and soon to be hung in Boston, calls forcibly to mind a similar occurrence which occurred in Alexandria, in the State of Louisiana, some ten or twelve years ago. We had put the scrap away among our clippings of horrible things, and now bring it out as another reminder of the fact that history is continually repeating itself in the smaller as well as the larger affairs of life. The item was originally published, we believe, in a New Orleans paper. Here it is:

The execution of the boy Frank, for the murder of Rev. J. J. Weems, took place on Friday, the 24th. It is strange to say that the majority of the citizens of Alexandria, and in fact the citizens all around, were anxious to see him executed; and on the fatal day when it came to pass, there were not a dozen people there. Some rode forty miles to witness this drama, but he was executed and buried by the time they came to Alexandria. On the day before he was called to face death, some gentlemen visited him and propounded questions to him, but his answers were and could be no other than childish. He was, I believe, only ten years old. The gentlemen told him the sheriff was to hang him on the next morning—and asked him what he thought of it, and whether he had made his peace with his God, and why he had not prayed. His answer was—"I have been hung many a time!" He was, at the time, amusing himself with some marbles he had in his cell. He was playing all the time in jail, never once thinking that death was to claim him as his victim. To show how a child's mind ranges when about to die, I will mention that, when upon the scaffold, he begged to be permitted to pray—which was granted—and then he commenced to cry. Oh, what a horrible sight it was!

A Handle to His Hat.

There are no doubt some of our readers, of advanced age, who resided in the State of Connecticut during their younger years, when all well behaved children were expected to take off their hats and salute the parson on the highway with a respectful bow. The writer well remembers the custom, and with many others can heartily appreciate the following: Dr. Bellamy was riding over one day on horseback, from Bethlehem to the neighboring town of Washington, both in Litchfield county, Connecticut. As he came to the centre of Washington he passed a boy, who gazed at him in silence. The doctor, after riding by, stopped and said, "My boy, you go home and tell your father that you want a handle to your hat."

THE OPPRESSED SEX.—What will those of our fair readers who are dissatisfied with the position of women in America say when they learn what she has to suffer in India? Among other restrictions, the Hindoo bible forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dairy food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

THE PRINTER'S "DEVIL."—One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, when he was technically a printer's "devil," went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down by hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else except at home; but there they are coarse and rude enough. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

Interesting Experiments With Flowers.

The Journal d' Horticulture de France contains some interesting particulars on the artificial coloring of natural flowers. Those that have a violet hue will gradually change color and turn to green under the influence of the smoke of a cigar. This change is owing to the ammonia contained in tobacco. Starting from this circumstance the Italian professor, L. Gabba, has made a series of experiments on a variety of plants with that alkali in its natural state. His apparatus is a very simple one, merely consisting of a plate into which he pours liquid ammonia, covering it afterwards with a reversed glass funnel. The flower to be tested is inserted into the tube. In this way he has seen violet, blue, and purple turn to bright green; intense carmine red (of the pink) become black; white turn yellow, &c. The most extraordinary results were afforded by variegated flowers. When the latter, immediately after this exposure, are dipped into pure water, they will retain their new colors for several hours, after which they simply return to their former state. Another curious discovery of Professor Gabba's is that the flowers of aster, or starwort, that are violet and have no smell, acquire a delightful fragrance and turn red under the influence of ammonia. We know that they keep secret, can color or whiten flowers and obtain wonderful variegation. The Chinese have also secrets of their own, among which is one for reducing large trees to a dwarf size. The Garden of Acclimatization has at this moment an orange tree, a hundred years old, and imported from China, no bigger than a rose tree; its fruit scarcely attains the size of a cherry.

ELECTRICITY AND DISEASE.—The increasing use of electricity in medical practice is worth notice. It is now applied as a remedy for toothache—a current of electricity being ineffectually applied to the seat of the pain. The instrument employed is delicate and specially contrived for the purpose. Chills and, it is said, are also speedily cured if treated by electricity.

Young Folks' Column.

The Little Grocer Who Failed.

The following, though intended for the young folks, will also convey a very useful lesson to children of a larger growth: "Mamma," cried Freddy, "I will play grocery store."

After a great deal of counting, Freddy found that he had seven pennies. "Not much capital," said sister Nellie—she was grown up.

"What's capital?" asked Freddy. "The money you have to buy your goods with—that is your capital." Freddy bought tea, coffee, white sugar, beans, salt, pepper, flour, meal, candy, nuts, soap, dried apples, crackers and starch. But all these cost fifteen cents, and Freddy had only seven cents.

Freddy arranged his store and put out his sign; and just then all the older brothers and sisters came home from school, so that Freddy had plenty of customers, and his goods went off very fast, and he thought grocery store a splendid play. Lucy said she would take all the dried apples if he would write it down in his book for her, because she had forgotten her money.

When the little grocer had sold all his goods, Nellie reminded him that he owed eight cents. "Why! they didn't pay for the things," said Freddy.

"You know I asked you to put the dried apples down in your book," said Lucy. "Yes," said Freddy, "but I didn't have a book, and I forgot it, besides; but you might bring back the apples, Lucy." "Oh, no! I can't! I've eaten them," said Lucy.

Then Freddy found that the candy and nuts were eaten up, and that those who had bought them had no money to pay for them. "Well," said Freddy, "it's of no use, I can't pay that eight cents, for I've only four."

"Why, then, our little grocer has failed," said Nellie. "Failed?" said Freddy. "That means that I can't pay it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Nellie. "That is because I did not think about the pay when I sold them," said Freddy.

When you are grown up a man, and have a real store, remember these things. Don't buy more than you can pay for. Don't sell other people more than they can pay for. Always think what you are doing.

"Wait 'Till You Shave."

I once told a little boy, about three years old, that I was going out to a new part of the country, and after telling him what fine times we could have felling trees and burning brush, I asked him if he would go along. Much pleased, he answered "yes." To try his pluck, I then told him that if the wolves and bears did come around, they would not be likely to hurt us while we were by the fires. He listened soberly to what I had to say about bears and wolves; and when I asked him the second time whether he would go, he replied with gravity mixed with a smir of mischief: "I will wait 'till I shave first."

This was not only a cute answer, but it contains a good idea. Some boys wish to roam in the city or neighborhood, whether their parents know it or not. They are likely to run into danger, or fall into bad habits. They had better "wait 'till they shave."

Some boys talk big on important matters, and perhaps censure some one, or dispute with some older persons. It would do them much good to "wait 'till they shave."

About chewing and smoking tobacco, trading, "taking airs" and a great many other things, boys had better "wait 'till they shave." Do not you think so, my little brother?—Exchange.

A BOY'S LETTER.—The little boys down in Maine begin to write letters early. Here is one that a little fellow in Auburn wrote to his brother, the other day: "Eat your bread and butter up Jony. don't eat half of it up and leave the other all torne and bitten or the crust at the sides of your plate. then the highard girl will throw them away. you would want the nice bread that papa bys for us and brijet makes."

CHILDREN look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

A LITTLE girl, who was asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

Cooking For Invalids.

Following are some excellent hints, taken from Arthur's Magazine, in reference to cooking for invalids:

Let all the kitchen utensils used in the preparation of invalids' cookery be delicately and scrupulously clean; if this is not the case a disagreeable flavor may be imparted to the preparation, which flavor may disgust and prevent the patient from partaking of the refreshment when brought to him or her.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time, and it is desirable that variety be provided them.

Always have something in readiness; a little beef tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of jelly, etc., that it may be administered as soon as possible as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her.

In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids, let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean tray cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, etc., be very clean and bright. Gruel served in a tumbler is more appetizing than when served in a basin or cup and saucer.

If the patient be allowed to eat vegetables, never send them up under-cooked, or half raw; and let a small quantity only be temptingly arranged on a dish. This rule will apply to every preparation, as an invalid is much more likely to enjoy his food if small delicate pieces are served to him.

A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed and broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.