

The Home Circle.

Why the Sea Complains.

Early in boyhood the sighing and sobbing sound of the sea was on my ears. Drowning the voice of my crying, and robbing sleep from young eyes growing pale from their tears.

"I will give her my all—my heart and my treasure—And cherish her over with tenderest care; She may float on my bosom and lie at my leisure In these briny arms; but the sun will not spare One so lovely and fair; Some sweet summer day He will desert and charm her and steal her away!

When Elihu Came Home.

All her life long Sara Holmes had had a romance. It began and ended with these words: "When Elihu comes home." And though she was but nineteen years old at the time of which I write, it seemed to her on the evening of the burning July day, that she had been living one or two centuries in this world, and all the time dreaming golden dreams of Elihu, only to find them shivered into atoms at the last.

For Elihu had come. And the time and the manner of his coming were so unlooked for and so unexpected to her, as well as to every one else, that it was no wonder the girl sat there in the moonlight, saying to herself, "He is here. I never need watch or wait for him again. Poor Elihu!"

The earliest stories she could remember had been told to her, by her mother, about "Cousin Elihu" and the enormous fortune he had made "down South," at a time when fortunes could yet be made there. She had heard fabulous tales of the palace in which he lived, of the slaves who flew to do his bidding, of his beautiful carriages and horses and of the jewels and silks and velvets that fortunate woman would possess who would one day become Elihu's bride.

Other girls had heard these stories also, and the belle of Homedale often said that, when she was sixteen, she should find her way down South, and "set her cap" for Elihu Holmes. And now Elihu had come home.

As Sara Holmes grew up and developed into a queenly and self-possessed young woman, the thought would sometimes occur to her, as she stood before the mirror braiding her dark hair, "If he should come back, would he think me pretty?" The broad, low brow, the oval cheeks and dimpled chin answered; the healthful color, the deep, dark eyes, the sudden, bright, bewildering smile, said "yes." For the treasures of her mind and heart might well have won an older and wiser man to love her, long before Elihu came home.

And now she drew a long breath and set herself to recall all the incidents of that sudden and startling return. Tea was over—the milk was strained—and they were all sitting on the front piazza, under the shade of the maples and the locusts, while her father read bits from the weekly village paper aloud. Her step-mother was knitting; her sister Grace was lining a hat and her brother Ben was whitening out a toy boat, while Sara sat beside him in a reverie about her hero in the S. Uth.

A carriage drove up the village road and halted at their gate. The driver descended from his seat and beckoned to her father, who hurried down to meet him. After talking for some time together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage door was opened and a tall figure descended, and, directly after, Ben, who had followed his father, in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes, whispering loudly:

"Mother—girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And he has lost every cent of his property down South! I heard the driver tell father so! And they have sent him off up here, alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, you see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't it a blamed shame of these Southerners?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Ben's step-mother, rising, as they all rose, when the tall, slender figure approached. Sara looked up with her heart in her eyes, to greet her hero—no less a hero to her for the pitiful history of loss and ruin that she had just heard.

He was a tall, upright, elegant looking man, with a fair complexion, large, melancholy blue eyes, a long straight nose, drooping eyebrows, fine lips and a firmly rounded chin, that somewhat counteracted the listless sadness on the rest of his face. His hair was turning gray, and the heavy golden-brown moustache had one or two threads of silver, but with that exception he wore no look of age.

Elihu was well but plainly dressed in a traveling suit of gray. He removed his hat as he drew near the ladies, with a courteous grace; but he looked in vain for the warm welcome from the second Mrs. Holmes and her daughter Grace that he would have received from his own cousin had she been alive.

Mrs. Holmes bowed to him coldly though civilly; and Grace, angry with him and with herself for the sudden collapsing of sundry ambitious hopes which she had never confided to any one except her mother, swept him her latest dancing-school courtesy and affected not to see the hand he held out.

"Aye," said Elihu, looking from her beaming countenance to the cold faces of the rest. "I should have been glad to bring gold enough to make me welcome. But what has happened has happened, and I do not wish to complain. Cousin Joshua, for my cousin's sake, and for the sake of the old times when you and I were boys together, I suppose you will let me stay at the old homestead for a few days?"

"Oh, to be sure! Stay and welcome," stammered the farmer, who feeling the eyes of his wife and his daughter Sara fixed upon him, was like a man between two fires.

So it was settled, and Sara flew about like a good fairy to prepare supper for the wanderer, and afterward to set in order his room and bed. At nine o'clock he retired, and then the storm burst forth.

The second Mrs. Holmes inquired shrilly, if their house was to be turned into a "poor farm" and made the abiding place of every shiftless creature who had wasted his substance in riotous living among "those negroes"—only to come, at the last without a penny in his pocket, to be supported by those who had the misfortune to be related to him in a distant way.

Mr. Holmes said meekly, that "it wasn't likely Elihu would want to stay long, and that as he had once redeemed the farm, which was heavily mortgaged, with his own money, and given a deed of the place to his first wife, he didn't vary well see how he could refuse him shelter there if he claimed it—for a time, at least," he added, nervously, seeing his wife's black eyebrows knitting together in a way that he had learned to dread.

The days went on. By every art that a mean and paltry spirit could invent, Mrs. Holmes the second showed plainly to Elihu how unwelcome he was beneath her roof-tree. As for Grace, she simply ignored him. And Mr. Holmes, though he would gladly have been both grateful and kind, was so taxed by nightly curtain lectures that he dared not show the ruined man any attention, and only looked at him wistfully now and then, as if wondering when he would be gone.

Elihu's plate, knife and fork were placed upon the table at every meal, it is true. He fared as the rest fared, and his room and bed were the best in the house. But this was Sara's doing. To her and to Ben he owed each moment of happiness which he enjoyed in the old house; but the other inmates of the house looked over and around him. Sara's proud spirit blazed up for his sake at a thousand petty insults and affronts each day. She wondered privately herself, how Cousin Elihu could endure it! Nor was she surprised when, one pleasant evening just four weeks after his arrival, Elihu told her he must go.

"I cannot blame you. They have treated you so shamefully," she said, while her heart sank down in her breast, like a stone sinking into the depths of the tiny lake on whose banks they sat. "But where will you go, Cousin Elihu? What will you do? You were ill when you came here, and thanks to their unkindness, you are not yet well and strong enough to care for yourself. If you had come rich as they expected, every one of them would have been at your feet!"

"Never mind them, Sara," said he; "you and Ben have been so good to me that I have scarcely noticed the rest. So good that"—He paused and looked at her. "Sara, when I am gone, shall you miss me?"

The tears rose to her eyes. "O, how can you ask? You know, Elihu, that when you go, I shall think of you among strangers, poor, perhaps ill, perhaps dying." She hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Elihu waited until her grief had exhausted itself, and then took her hand. "What you say is all very true, Sara. I am not fit to go into the world alone. Will you go with me? You have a good home here, I know, but if I have you to work for, I will soon give you a better one. And by and by Ben can come to us, and we will make a man of him. Will you be my wife, Sara?"

She looked at him with all the solemn fervor of a woman's love and devotion shining in her eyes. "If you will take me, Elihu, and let me care for you, I shall be the happiest creature on earth. I don't care where our home is or what it is, so that we share it together. I can be happier with you in a log hut than I could be with any one else in a palace; for you need me, Elihu, and I—I have thought and dreamed of you, and, I really believe loved you from the day when my mother first told me about you, when I was sitting at her knee."

So they were betrothed, and, after a storm at the farm-house when her decision was first made known, Sara followed the fortunes of her lover to a distant city, where they were married. Ben went with her as her protector, and "best man." Her father kissed her, and cried over her, as he bade her farewell, and put a pocket-book containing five hundred dollars into her hand for the wedding portion.

"I can't go with you to give you away. I shall never hear the last of it if I do; and I'm getting old now. But God bless you, Sara; and your husband that is to be. Poor Elihu!"

So, strengthened by her father's approval and blessing, Sara approached the altar to consecrate her life to the hero of her dreams. The ceremony over, they drove to a first-class hotel, and breakfasted in a style that made Sara tremble for the future. And after breakfast Elihu laid a package before her, and a casket by the side of her plate.

"My first present to my wife," said he. "As for you, Ben"— A cry of delight from Ben made his sister turn round to look at him. The boy was glorious in a gold hunting-watch and chain.

The Spare Bed.

Who first called them "spare beds"? Why didn't he name them "man killers" instead? I never see a spare bed without wanting to tack the following card on the head-board:

NOTICE.—This bed warranted to produce neuralgia, Rheumatism, stiff joints, back-ache, doctors' bills and death.

When I go out into the country to visit my relatives, the spare bed rises up before my imagination days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It's either up stairs at the head of the hall, or off the parlor. The parlor curtains haven't been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule. No matter whether it be summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow slips rustle like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tombstone.

Ugh! shake me down on the kitchen floor—let me sleep on the hay-mow—on a lounge—stand up in a corner—anywhere but in the spare bed! One sinks down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prim bed-posts vanish from sight. He is worn out and sleepy, but he knows that the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if any one ever died in that room, and straightway he sees faces, hears strange noises, and presently feels a chill galloping up and down his back.

Did any one ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? No matter how many quilts and spreads covered him he could not get warm, and if he accidentally fell asleep it was to awake with a start under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be weeks and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assigned him as a token of esteem and affection.—Trade Palace.

The Family Hammer.

There is one thing no family pretends to do without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to silver and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail fall and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents.

The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out-doors in search of that hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics, without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and yet if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost, we kick up a regular hullaballoo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.

The Fire that Old Nick Built.

We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the "house that Jack built," and wish that it might become a household favorite: Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built. Moderate drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built. Love of money—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built. A temperance meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built. Eternal truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

CARPETS.—When we were young the use of carpets was by no means as common as it is nowadays; but we must confess that we had no idea that even at that time their limited use was an innovation. It appears that in the middle ages carpets were not used to cover whole floors, but only spread before the bed or throne of a king, or before the high or chief altars in churches; while the manufacture of carpets in England was not commenced until a little more than a century ago. Very far from finding carpet on the whole of the floors of churches as we see at present, most churches had no floors at all, and were simply covered with rushes, which the people gathered once a year to strew loose on the floors (only cathedrals in large cities had floors). The English at that time labored under a total lack of inventive genius, as they did not weave the rushes, the weaving of which into soft thick mats was later learned from the Japanese, while the first carpets came from India, and were very expensive, hence their limited use.

CANTHS BE TRUE?—An honest man never abandons a woman, but he knows how to make himself forsaken. And this? A woman is never deceived by the love which she inspires, but she deceives herself through that which she experiences. These are new French aphorisms, and they will bear meditation. The French people surpass all others in the art of telling a vigorous truth briefly.

A BELLS upon being asked her father's profession, said he "embalmed pork," she believed. He was a bacon curer.

Civility.

"Civility," remarks a writer, whose name has just escaped me, "costs nothing and buys everything." There is no one quality attending the formation of the character, which has a more important bearing in influencing the worldly career of a man than civility. A nice regard for the feelings of others; a courteous bearing and respect toward superiors, equals, or inferiors, never fails to win the esteem of all.

These qualities have no connection with wealth or social position, they are to be found as fully developed in the workingman as the capitalist; in fact riches seem rather to obscure, and oftentimes blot out the regard for the nice proprieties of life. We all know the true gentleness and tender civility which marked the character of that truest of poets, and one of the noblest of men, Robert Burns. While walking in Edinburgh with a wealthy citizen, the latter rather upbraided him for speaking to an honest rustic on the street. "Why, you fantastic general," exclaimed Burns, "it was not the great coat, the sooty bonnet, and the saundersboot hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them."

Rest assured no man ever lost anything by civility. He that practices it will be found to be in favor with his fellows and with his employer. He never dwells upon the weaknesses of his associates, or grumbles at what he claims to be his undue share of labor. As civility makes intercourse with him who exercises it a pleasure, any transaction with the uncivil man, the door, is apt to be anything but agreeable.

The most thorough case of incivility that has lately come under our notice is made public by a Chicago paper. For the good name of our people we regret that the chief actor is no less a person than a son of the President of the United States. It was rumored that Col. Grant was to engage in business in Chicago, and the proprietor of the Times dispatched a reporter to interview him and ascertain the truth or falsity of the report. The representative of the press called at the hotel where Col. Grant was stopping, and having sent a card to his room, soon saw him approaching the desk where he stood awaiting a reply. What followed may be better told by the reporter himself.

Colonel Grant (to clerk)—Who sent this card up to my room? Clerk (to blushing reporter)—Are you the gentleman who sent a card to Colonel Grant? Reporter—I am. Clerk—Colonel Grant, this is the gentleman from the Times.

Colonel Grant—What do you want? (This was said in an excited manner.) Reporter—If you are not engaged for a few minutes, the Times desires to ascertain your views about— Colonel Grant—Don't you think it pretty G—d d—d impudent in Storey to send down here to me to ascertain my views about anything? The reporter begged leave to inform Colonel Grant that a reporter was not expected to make inquiries beyond his instructions. He was detailed to do his work, and was expected to carry it out.

Colonel Grant—You can tell Storey to go to hell. The report of such an exhibition of gross incivility in public must have been as annoying to the young man's father as it is to the public generally. When we see such instances of what a hasty temper and rude manners may lead to, it should serve as an incentive to cultivate those real virtues, courtesy, kindness and benevolence, which may all be combined in one word—civility.

In the Bottom Drawer.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and go softly out. She wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife—poor thing!—prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every day existence with a pall. Sometimes when we sit alone on an evening—I writing and wife sewing—a child on the street will call out as our boy used to; and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

All is still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his eyes used to sparkle at his patter; but he is not there. I listen for his patter; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, nor ropes tied to the door-knob.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go out, and to be there when I come in; to call "good night" from the little bed now empty. And wife, she misses him still more. Here are no little feet to wash; no prayers to say; and no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe. She would give her own life almost to awake at midnight and look close to the crib, and see our boy there as he used to be.

So, we preserve our relics; and, when we are dead, we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.—Exchange.

Touchy Husbands.

Women have their faults, it is true, and very provoking ones they sometimes are; but if we would all learn—men and women—that with certain virtues which we all admire are always coupled certain disagreeables, we might make up our minds more easily to accept the bitter with the sweet. For instance, every husband, we believe, delights in a cleanly, well-ordered house, free from dust, spots, and unseemly stains. The painstaking machinery necessary to keep it so he never wishes to see; or, seeing, too often neglects to praise. If, then, his wife, true to her feminine instincts towards cleanliness, gently reminds him, when he comes home, that he has forgotten to use the door-mat before entering the sitting room on a stormy day, let him reflect before giving her a lordly, impatient, ungracious "Pshaw!" how the reverse of the picture would suit him—viz., a slatternly, "easy" woman, whose apartments are a constant mortification to him in the presence of visitors. It is a poor return, when a wife has made everything fresh and bright, to be unwilling to take a little pains to keep it so, or to be properly reminded if forgotten on these points, upon which many husbands are unusually touchy, even while secretly admiring the pleasant results of the vigilance of the good house mother.

Young Folks' Column.

Mr. Choate and the Ambitious Boy.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find it out as good season as this one did. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plough and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him, "I heard your plea up in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come in and sit down." "Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said, "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on."

The poor boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head and legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked, "How do you get on?" "Get on! Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?"

"Yes." "How much of it?" "All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library. "How long will it take?" "Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years."

"How much do you get?" "My board and clothes." "Is that all?" "Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet."

"Then," said the boy, "I will go back to ploughing. The work is not near so hard, and it pays better."

A Monkey Mass Meeting. We mounted the horses and were soon at the spot indicated by the sows. There were not so many as had been represented, but I am speaking very far within bounds when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins, for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes. "It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos at stated times go to Hurdwar, Hagipore and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?" "Two or three days; then go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then attend to their business for four or five years; then come again and do festival, and so on, sir, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on either of him?"

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins at the Soorja Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir."

Progress of the Arts. A most noteworthy illustration of the progress of some of our arts is this, that those who practice them are daily becoming not only more willing to lay by their older machinery but with haste and energy are throwing it out and bringing in new.

It is hardly longer ago than yesterday that watches began to be made by cunningly devised machinery, which in nearly all of its details is less liable to error than the hands that made it, and yet this very perfect machinery has entirely supplanted and driven out of use, or at least out of a very wide market, the primitive hand fixtures by which the same work was done before.

Some of our iron mills have before now been spoken of, not with literal truth to be sure, but with a handsome margin in favor of the statement, as using acres of cog-wheels and similar fixtures in doing their work, and the too with each piece running into or against its neighbor with a rattle and a roar that needs to be seen and heard to be appreciated. Strange to say there are still those who retain in use these antique relics, but their balance-sheet will nevertheless rule them out before long, or else it will order a halt, more ruinous perhaps than an entire transformation would be.

Our technical schools, and the societies which are in a large measure their outgrowth, have done great things for our metallurgical enterprises, most of all, it is quite safe to say, in pointing out the way in which has lain the possibility of improvement, leaving those whose hands perform the actual labor of manufacture to draw in closely to the path thus shown and to bring up every detail that may be thus found to be in arrears.

One of England's best writers has said that there are rarely more than a very few in each generation who really take the great steps of industrial progress, by which their contemporaries and their successors find themselves advancing, so that the great majority of the rank and file can hope to do little more than to fill up as completely and richly as may be the great outlines thus sketched.

Mrs. JANE SWISHELM got disgusted at the Brooklyn kissing, and wrote an article for the papers warning all ladies against the dangers of occlusion. "Kate," in the New York Graphic replies after this savage fashion: "Mrs. Swishelm's letter is enough for me. I can understand just what a dreadful old person she must be. She wears trousers, I am told, besides that preposterous garment, the 'chemise.' If I was a man I would no more kiss such a woman than I would kiss a pair of tongs that had been left out over night in a snow bank. Kissing, when done innocently, is as innocent as strawberries and cream, and as nice. If Mrs. Swishelm could only grow young and pretty, and take off her trousers and dress like a Christian, she would soon change her mind about kissing. Her letter is the expression of a cross old woman's envious mind, and she ought to be ashamed of herself.

CURIOUS WATER FORMATION.—We were yesterday presented with a curious specimen of water formation found in the penstock of the Mountain mine, Silver mountain, Alpine Co. The penstock was sixteen feet long, and sixteen feet long, one foot wide and an inch thick, with one side smooth and the other crystallized, the edges being beveled. The formation was deposited within four years. A large specimen is to be donated to the State library and another to the Agassiz institute.—Sawtooth Record, March 12th.

A NOT a blessing until he puts on pants. From the period of the first rent in his trousers dates a feeling in the maternal breast that is not wholly affectionate.