

The Home Circle.

To C

Down the stream of life we're drifting. But our boats are far apart; Yours with golden hopes is laden, Mine bears but an aching heart.

The Deacon's Temptation.

A Story of Yesterday.

Deacon Gorum was one of the shining lights in Millford congregation; he paid his minister's tax, his town and county taxes, and worked out his road tax without audible complaint, and though a little near and sharp at a bargain, was respected as a selectman and justice of the peace should be; offices which expressed both substance and respectability in the times wherof we write.

It was high June, and the meadows were all ready for hay. The deacon's help having taken a holiday, on this particular afternoon, having nothing else to do, he had an early supper, and went to bring home the cows.

"Oh, oh, oh," in a rich burlesque which old Spot, Big Horn and Brind heard on the farthest end of the pasture, his eye swept over the thick standing timothy of his meadow, and the rich green of a run fields, to the white farm house, with its broad door yard, and the flaking barns and outhouses, with extreme complacency.

"With twenty thousand dollars of it with a Yank shi lin," soliloquized the deacon, as one by one the sleek creatures passed into the road, some frisking along in haste to be milked, others swinging their heavy bags with the plodding motion peculiar to cows approaching the mare and tallow stage of existence.

"Co Bos, Co Bos," sung the deacon, encouragingly, but the Bos refused to co-operate, whereupon he was forced to surround her, and to execute sundry and divers variations upon the original theme, during which he discovered that the animal he was chasing was the strayed property of the Widow Higgins.

Now, the Widow Higgins was the character of the neighborhood; her superabundant fecundity had overflowed upon it in sickness and health. She was the favorite with the young at quiltings and paring bees, and walked blameless and unreprieved by the old. Jab Higgins had mouldered in his grave by the meeting house for sixteen years, and his widder had kept herself and her little homestead unchanged, and had given her boy a good education, with a thousand dollars, earned at the goose and press board, to start in the West, whence twice a year he comforted her heart with the assurance that he was doing well.

There was probably four acres in this snug little homestead, and Widow Higgins had inherited it as her portion of a much larger property which piece by piece her sleek Deacon Gorum's now ample estate; it was the only thing which prevented this bloated monopolist of the period from being literally "monarch of all he surveyed," from his own front door. To say that he had coveted it, would have been a mild form of expressing the deacon's desire for this land—a love in his case passing the love of women.

It had never looked so irresistibly tempting as it did at this moment, when, putting up the bars, he slowly followed the widow's red heifer down the road. So intently were his eyes fixed upon this one spot in the landscape, that he failed to notice the gathering gloom in the summer sky, and to hear the muttering of thunder which betokened a sudden storm. Not until a large rain drop fell upon his nose, followed by another and yet another in quick succession, did he realize the need of haste.

"I'll marry her!" said the deacon, who was in the habit of speaking to himself; "I'll be blamed if I don't marry that woman yet!" Now the deacon knew the history of David by heart, and could have told any member of his Bible class what is said in Clark's Commentaries of Naboth's vineyard and the ewe lamb, but he never dreamed that a leisurely evening walk was to lead him into sudden temptation and inglorious fall. For Deacon Gorum had a wife already, a chronic invalid, who had been slowly perishing of housework and heart hunger, as a -aves defrauded of nourishment prematurely ripen and drop into the kindly bosom of Mother Earth.

But nothing of this was in Deacon Gorum's mind that night. By the time he reached the widow's gate, which he gallantly opened to let

Star Face into her shed, his shirt was pretty well sprinkled, but fired with an inflexible purpose, he followed the cow through the yard, and, knocking at the lean-to door, asked Widow Higgins to "hand him her milk pail."

"La me, deacon," said the blithe widow, "what do you want of my milk pail? You'd better come in out of the rain."

"No, thank you," said the deacon, "I ain't no night for you to be out; jest hand me the pail."

"Ob, la, I ain't neither sugar or salt," replied the widow, "and maybe the heifer wont like a new hand."

"I'll risk it," said the deacon, and as the widow reluctantly yielded, he added, impressively, "Miss Higgins, I've seen all I want to of wimmin overworkin' themselves. I've had my chastein, an' I mean to be a better neighbor, and, better to hum."

Glowing with the kindly feeling created by his own words, the deacon ambled off to the shed where the little red cow stood impatiently waiting for her mistress. He took down the widow's milking stool from its peg, and not without difficulty adapted it to his own proportions, the cow giving a vixenish whik to her tail as she watched the unusual proceedings.

"Hist," said the deacon. The cow stood without moving a leg.

"So! So-o-o," coaxed the deacon, apprehensive of the manner in which this reserved power might be exercised. By dint of patting and coaxing he finally got the animal in position, and was growing quite proud of his success, the pail being more than two-thirds full, when splash! came a torrent of the foamy liquid full in his face, blinding him utterly, and causing him to lose his balance on the three legged stool. For an instant his "ideas" were in dire confusion; and no wonder, for he sat on the ground with his head in the milk pail, while its contents were flowing over his person in all directions.

The deacon had never been known to indulge in profane language, but as he rose to his feet and saw the beast confronting him (re-arrise), from the farthest side of the shed, his utterance was choked by the torrent of expletives which seemed to burst from the hidden recesses of his being. "Dang it all!" growled he at last, helplessly; as, feeling for a handkerchief to wipe his sopping head, he remembered that it was in his coat pocket, and that had been left at home.

There was no alternative. The deacon saw he had got to face the object of his attentions even in this sorry plight, and the sooner it was over the better. One who might have witnessed the expression of surprise and concern with which she received his humiliating acknowledgement of defeat, would not have believed it possible that two minutes before she had been laughing until the tears run down her plump and rosy cheeks, as she had enjoyed the performance from the pantry window! The Widow Higgins was one of those rare characters who can enter into the experiences of others through insight and sympathy, without losing themselves. The deacon's respect for her rose immeasurably, as, walking homeward, under her umbrella, he remembered that not so much as the shadow of a smile had crossed her friendly countenance. More deeply versed in the nature of the female sex, that fact would have been sufficient to inform him that he had seen it all.

His most pressing concern was, now that one ordeal had been safely passed, to escape the observation and inquiry of his own household.—Jeanie C. Carr in Rural Press.

Country Life for Women. Mrs. Henry M. Field, the wife of the editor of the New York Evangelist, was unexpectedly called upon to read a paper before a familiar neighborhood association formed in Stockbridge, Mass., for adding to the beauty of the town by the planting of trees, etc. She responded by reading a delightful little essay on the advantages of country life for women. It was the tribute of a genuine lover of nature, and the sympathetic expression of one who enters into the joys and sorrows and all the inner experiences of her sex. We can quote only the concluding paragraphs:

But if woman still chafes under the inevitable monotony of country life, is that alone the cause of her uneasiness? Woman has too much time for thought—time which in a man is absorbed by the routine of profession; and this surplus of mental activity she gives to dreams, the fallacy of which a larger experience of the world would prove to her. Given certain circumstances, she plans life according to her fancy. If in the country, she pines for a place in the busy world; while she who is disappointed there sighs for the solitude and repose which she thinks would give her that something, always alluring woman, always escaping her.

Girls' Clothes.

The following evidence of good sense on the part of the Boston school board, copied from the Globe of that city, will apply equally well to all parts of the country in which, heretofore, extravagance in dress has reigned supreme:

The committee of the school board on the girls' high school of this city have done a very sensible thing in issuing a letter to the members of the advanced and senior classes, asking them, as a favor, to dress as simply as possible on the day of graduation. This letter must come as a relief to a large portion of the girls themselves, as it presents the opportunity of doing, at the request of the committee, what they would no doubt be very glad to do for their own sake, but for the desire to conform to what has become a custom, and the fear of not presenting an attractive appearance as their associates. If all the girls discard their showy dresses on this occasion, there will be no danger that those whose good sense would prompt them to array themselves simply will appear at a disadvantage. No doubt there are some thoughtless girls who will prefer to display themselves before the public in gaudy attire, and attract attention by their dress, but the sensible ones will be glad to appear modestly and simply arrayed, as becomes the occasion of their graduation from school.

The evils of the custom which has sprung up, of making graduation day a time for a display of fine clothes, are very many. There are girls whose parents cannot well afford any extra expense on this account, and there is no reason in the world why they should be subjected to it. Moreover, the attention of the scholars would much better be occupied with the creditable completion of their studies, and the preparation for showing to advantage the substantial results of the time spent in their education, than become absorbed for weeks in the anxieties of dress-making and the petty solicitude for making a showy appearance before a public audience. It will be a wholesome thing for them if they can be persuaded that their friends and the public will hold them in higher esteem for the graces of character and scholarship which they may exhibit than for any meretricious display of outward adornment. This is an important epoch in their lives, and the impressions of graduation day may have a large influence upon their after lives. If the lesson of the superiority of simplicity and good taste over extravagant display can be impressed upon their minds on this occasion, they may learn to regard it in the same way under other circumstances. It is a besetting weakness of the feminine mind to lay too much stress on personal adornment, and, in trying to make their persons superficially attractive, to overlook more important considerations. Character and duty should become the chief objects of their endeavor, and there is no more appropriate time for keeping their importance uppermost in their thoughts than the day on which they leave school prepared for the serious labors of life.

How to Make an Aeolian Harp.—An instrument of the kind about to be described seems to be of very ancient origin, but was introduced during the last century. The Aeolian harp produces a very pleasing, melodious sound, especially in the open air, and is not difficult to construct. A long, narrow box, the length of a window, or the position in which it is to be placed, is the first requisite; it must be made of deal, four inches deep and five in width. At the extremities of the top glue two pieces of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick for bridges to which the strings are to be fixed; within the box at each end glue two pieces of beech-wood about an inch square and the width of the box. Into one bridge fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings; into the other bridge fasten the same number of small brass pins; and to these pins fasten one end of the strings, made of small cat-gut, and twist the other end of the strings around the pegs; then tune them in unison. Place over the top of the strings a thin board supported by four pegs, and about three inches from the sounding-board, to procure a free passage for the wind. The harp should be exposed to the wind at a partly-opened window; to increase the draft of air, the door, or an opposite window in the room, should be open. The strings in a current of air sound in unison; and with the increasing or decreasing force of the current the melody changes into pleasing, soft sounds and diatonic scales, which unite and occasionally form very delightful musical tones. If the harp can be placed in a suitable position, so as to receive sufficient draft of air, in a grotto, romantically situated, or hidden in some shady nook near a waterfall, the effect of its sweet sounds is very charming.

Ministers' Sons.—Rev. Dr. Miner of Boston devoted his last Sunday evening's sermon to showing the baseness of the belief, entertained in some quarters, that as a general thing the sons of ministers and deacons turn out bad. He first used, for the sake of illustration, the catalogue of the college with which he had been connected some eighteen years. Among the students of that college during that period were thirty who were sons of ministers, and not one of them turned out bad in any pointed sense. Three or four, during their collegiate course, indicated some waywardness, but they never went so far astray as to turn out bad. He then alluded to the families of sixty clergymen with whom he had been acquainted during the past thirty years, and so far as he had been able to learn, not one of their children have gone astray. And, in fact, he said, the whole body of living clergy with which he was acquainted, some 261 in all, had no children, with the exception of three or four, whose conduct in life was at all out of the way or unsatisfactory to their parents or friends. He never heard of a clergyman's son being convicted of any crime. He then alluded to Dr. Sprague's biography of clergymen, and said that of the first 100 names in the book, there was a record that 110 sons of those clergymen became ministers of the gospel. In this connection he also stated that a man who for nine years had been the keeper of a prison had informed him that during that period he never had the son of a minister or deacon within the prison walls. These facts, he thought, gave a fair view of the case, and made it clear that there was no ground for the broad assertion that as a general thing the sons of ministers and deacons turned out bad. He was however, willing to admit that there were instances where their sons were no better than they ought to be, but this was as much the case with other boys as with the sons of ministers.

A TOASTMASTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said, "Go away from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent demurely, replied, "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

"Jumps."—A little Vermont girl called at a drug store and said, "My mother wants ten cents' worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for, but returned to her mother for further instructions. Very soon she came back, and said it was hops that she wanted.

The Little Ones at School.

Mrs. M. P. Colburn, editor of the primary department in the Educational Journal gives the following hints to teachers of the juvenile classes:

First, you must be sure the children are comfortable—and right here comes a suggestion I should like to make to the builders of school furniture. I have felt for a long time that the seat to which our scholars are doomed so despotically for such little eternities as even a few minutes of restraint seem to be to them, might be, and ought to be, more comfortable. A perfectly horizontal plane is not what we like ourselves, neither is it on the principle which accords the most ease and comfort to a sitting posture. Our "comfort" chairs incline back, even in the seat. I don't mean rocking and lounging chairs merely, but a perfect easy chair showing a front elevation of at least one or two inches over the back elevation; in other words, the hind legs are very perceptibly shorter than the front ones, thus relieving the spine by insensibly insisting upon its rest. It does not make you lazy to be easy, neither will it the little fellow who has to sit there; and would respectfully suggest that the pretty little seats in our primary schoolrooms be surrendered to this one item of comfort.

A certain amount of exercise is absolutely necessary—necessary for health and indispensable as a means of discipline. I have been in schools where the poor little sufferers were compelled to sit like so many mummies, with hands and feet accorated to line and plummet, with the light of gladness all gone from their eyes, and looking as if their heaven would come when the hand of the clock were round to twelve m.

As children grow older and their experience of school life enlarges, they will naturally fall into this routine of general demands; but these new comers are like raw recruits, very ignorant and very fearful. Don't require them to do much in the inactive line; give them free and full exercise of all their limbs—not to scrape feet for very mischief, or to endanger necks by twisting them round to the next behind—but let them take the longest way round to reach their seats; give them frequent errands to other parts of the room, or to each other; give them liberty to swing their arms natural, not the stereotyped clasping of the hands together behind as they walk, thus throwing the shoulders and head forward, making them permanently ungraceful, if nothing more serious; let them, or require them to, put their two feet firmly to the floor, and not insist on the tip-toeing, which at least looks very uncomfortable; have short and frequent recitations, insisting upon strict attention during the lesson; grant a variety of diversions of various character, all of which shall tend to instruction, etc. The multitudes of exercises which are useful and instructive as well as almost infinite, and in just hinting at the above I have by no means exhausted the catalogue.

Ladies as County Superintendents of Public Schools.

The Republicans of Shasta have nominated Mrs. D. M. Coleman for superintendent of schools. The lady is said to have large experience as a teacher, and if elected will make a capable officer. And it is further said by the Shasta Courier, that she will receive the support of the voters without distinction of party.

At the last session of the legislature an act was passed under which women were made eligible for all educational offices not prohibited by the constitution. Since that period ladies have, in one or two instances, been elected school trustees. But the present campaign is developing the fact that ladies are aspiring to the salaried offices in connection with the common school system. In seven counties women have already been nominated for the office of county superintendent, and these nominations are about equally divided between the Republicans and Democrats. The counties in which ladies have been nominated are Inyo, Miss Ellen Eddy; Butte, Mrs. Woodman; Marin, Miss Achana Elkins; San Diego, Mrs. Mary Sanborn; Shasta, Mrs. D. Coleman; San Luis Obispo, Mrs. Carrie Stanton, and Santa Barbara, Miss Virginia F. Russell.

New Method of Making Mortar.

So very marked is the mortar used in modern building as poor, compared with that used in ancient times, that various attempts have been made to ascertain the "secret," if secret it was, of the composition of the old builders in mortar making. One "secret" which the old builders possessed, we may quietly here impart to those of the present day, that is, to make good mortar, good lime and good sand must be used; the old builders did not use sand unfit to be used, as do the builders of the day oftentimes. When we examine almost any piece of modern work, we find that the mortar hardens very slowly, and even when it has become fully hardened, it crumbles away, loses its cohesiveness, so much so that in many cases it is quite an easy matter to detach the stones or bricks from one another, and from the mortar. The very opposite characteristics are found in ancient work, and on examination it has been seen that the mortar has in great part been converted into silicates, entering into close union with the particles of quartz. It is to these silicates that mortar owes its firmness, and it is to the slowness with which silicates form in modern mortar, and small proportion of these present in it, that this owes its poverty. A method of setting free the silicious earth, and promoting the rapid formation of silicates, has been discovered by Prof. Artus, and which yields a mortar resembling in its characteristics those of the ancient kinds. The great recommendation the process possesses, is its simplicity. Lime is in the first instance well slacked, and carefully mixed with finely sifted sand; to the mass is added a quantity of unslacked lime to the extent of one-fourth of the sand in the first instance mixed with the slacked lime; mix the whole thoroughly, the mass heats and the mortar may be at once used. When the mortar is not wanted for immediate use, the first process only is carried out, namely, mixing the sand with the unslacked lime; when wanted for use the unslacked lime has to be added. A very strong mortar is said to be the result.

A BEE MANY THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—The English papers announce the discovery of a bee in a fragment of millstone grit, and what adds materially to the discovery is the report that it was living when found, but unfortunately the slab fell into the hands of a rustic—a boy, who, when he broke the stone and saw the bee slowly reviving, instantly despatched him.

Young Folks' Column.

Letters to Boys—No. 9.

I have written eight letters to you who can read. Now I want you to read this to the "wee-bits" who have to wonder around, puzzling their little brains to think of some mischief to do. I heard a queer thumping sound in the sitting room this morning, and when I went there what do you suppose I found?

Nothing but a very small boy, with his very small nose twisted into wrinkles, and his lips sticking out so far that I asked him if I should lay my parasol on them. There he sat, kicking his shoes against a chair with all his might. "Why, Charlie Norton!" said I, "what is the trouble?" "Lots o' tumbles!" said he; "my bozzer-ome shoe is all yepped, and papa won't let I go down street with he, 'cause he's 'shamed o' the yeps!"

Of course I had to laugh at such a funny speech from such a funny, cross-looking little boy; but I just sat down and sewed up the rips in his shoe, while he kept on talking. "They're drefful naughty old fings, the folks that make 'em, don't make 'em dood, don't make 'em to last, don't use stout freds, just makes 'em to sell, my mamma says so, so now!"

As Carl is a boy who would say, "if my mamma says so, and it's so, if it ain't so!" I did not dispute him, but said I would take him to the shoe shops, where they make just such little boots as he wears; for I was going to call upon a lady who works there.

The wrinkles went out of his nose; his lips went back into their proper place, and we were soon under way to the shops.

Carl clung close to me when we entered one of the stitching rooms, for the machines made a great deal of noise, and the people were all strangers to him. Some of the ladies looked very poor and pale, for it is hard to run these heavy machines day after day. I took Carl to see the elevator, and we saw a large box come up from the room below, filled with leather cut in the right form to be stitched together for shoes. Miss Placer took some of the smallest pieces and stitched them together with thread that Carl said "mus" be stout, 'cause 't was on such a big spool'; put in a white cloth lining, stitched on a black binding, and put in the eyelets; then she told Carl she could do no more, they must go to the shoemaker and have the soles put on. Carl viewed the whole process with wide open eyes, then solemnly inquired:

"P'ease ma'm, will they yep, an' bozzer a fello', so he's papa'll be 'shamed o' he?"

She told him she was afraid if a boy were them nearly out, they would rip.

He gave her a look of disappointment, and putting his little fat hand in mine, said, with a sigh: "There, auntie, told you so! tum, let's be goin'."

We went, and an hour afterward he was fast asleep in his crib. The first thing he saw, when he awoke, was a pair of new boots; just such ones as you love to wear. We call them silver toes; Carl says "shiver toes." You would know better than that, wouldn't you?—Correspondence Rural Press.

True to the Character.

"I say, girls," said a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy on Second street yesterday, "let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken."

"Is it nice?" inquired half a dozen six-year olds in chorus.

"Nice! you bet it is. Let me show you. Now, I'll lay the candy down here on the step, and you all go down there and come up when you hear me call like a rooster."

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to call and strut and flap his arms like a rooster's wings.

"Cluck, cluck, rat, tat, rap, cluck," and all the girls came running up and bent to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

"Oh, you mean boy," they cried, "you have taken all our candy."

"That's 'cause I played rooster," said the boy; "roosters always call the hens up when he finds a grain of corn, and then picks it up himself."

YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.—"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat, knitting. "No my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her head, eager to catch and remember the wise sayings of the precious little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical research, and grandma her knitting.

ANOTHER STEAM HORSE.—Mr. Fortin Hermann, says Les Mondes, is testing a machine which is moved by articulated feet which are successively planted upon the ground. Two feet act from the front body and two from the rear, being pressed downward by steam, which besides, in a horizontal engine, oscillates rods which, acting upon the feet, cause the apparatus to drag itself along. From experiments cited, it appears that the feet, when shod with rubber and charged with a weight of 2.2 lbs. per 0.4 inch, indicated an adhesion equal to 0.75 of the weight of the motive machine. The apparatus travels at the rate of from 4 to 4.8 miles per hour; and by a new arrangement, in which one pair of feet trot while the other pair amble, it is expected to run at the rate of twelve miles. It will ascend grades of one in ten with quite heavy loads.

CHEMICAL ENERGY OF FLAMES.—Experiments have been recently made by MM. Riche and Bondy to determine the relative chemical "light strength" of various flames. They arranged the flames studied by them in the following series, the weakest being put first, and the numbers representing it the relative chemical energy: Dracmond light, 3; zinc burning in oxygen, 4; magnesium lamp, 5; flame of nitrous gas in sulphide of carbon, 6; current of nitrous gas directed to carbon, 7; current of oxygen directed to sulphur burning in a vessel, 8. Thus it appears that the flame of sulphur in oxygen is remarkable for its chemical energy, and is therefore well suited for photographic purposes.

THE MAGNETIC CURVES.—Rev. G. H. Hopkins gives the following method for fixing the curves which steel filings take when under the action of a bar magnet. The filings, having been prepared so as to be nearly the same size as possible, and that size very minute, are poured into a mortar, and a small quantity of finely powdered resin is added; these are stirred together until the two substances are completely mixed, and then, considerable pressure being exerted upon them are rubbed.