THE HOME CIRCLE.

A Song of the Early Autumn.

When in late summer the streams run yellow, Burst the bridges and spread into bays; when her ies are black and 1 eaches are mellow, And hills are hidden by rainy hase;

When the golden-rod is golden still,

But the heart of the sunflower is browner and sadder

When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,

And over the path slides the striped adder.

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf,
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of
Oricket—
Grasshouser opper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf.

When high in the fields the fern leaves wrinkle, And brown is the grass where the mowers have no when low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle, And brooklets crinkle o'er stock and stone.

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle, And thick lies the shade in the heat of moon; When the air is white with the down o' the thistle, And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

O then be chary, young Robert and Mary:
Let no time slip—not a moment wait!
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
And they who would marry must be done witheir mooning; their mooning;

Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,

And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

—R. W. G., in Scribner for Octobe

If I Had Leisure.

"If I had leisure I would repair that weak place in my tence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure then to repair his fence but it did not bring back his

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last winter, "I would have altered my stove pipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not find time, and when his shop caught fire and burnt down he found time to build another.

"It I had leisure," said a mechanic, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sunrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after diner, and spent two hours on the street talking.

work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours on the street talking
nonsense with an idler.
"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I
should pay more attention to my accounts, and
pay and collect my bills more promptly." The
chance is my friend, if you had leisure you
would probably pay leis attention to the matter than you do now. The thing lacking with
hundreds of farmers who till the soil, is not
more leisure, but more resolution—the spirit
to do; to do now. If the farmer who sees his
force in a poor condition would only act at fence in a poor condition would only act at once, how much would be saved? It would prevent breachy cattle creating quarrels among neighbors that in many cases terminate in law-suits, which take nearly all they are both worth

to pay for.

The fact is, farmers and mechanics have more leisure than they are aware of for study and improvement of their minds. They have the long evenings of winter in which they can post themselves upon all the improvements of post themselves upon all the improvements of the day, if they will take ably-conducted agri-cultural journals and read them with care. The farmer who fails to study his business, and gets shaved, has nobody but himself to blame. N. Y. Farmer.

Lost Woman.

Has it ever occurred to you what a commen-tary on our civilization are these lost women, and the attitude of society towards them? A little child strays from the enclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulation.

There are no harsh comments upon tired feet be they ever so mirey, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want—what then?

the scourge of want—what then?

Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she r sturned of her own notion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost—lost! echo friends and relatives—we discown you; don't ever come to us to disgrace us. Lost, says society indifferently. How had these girls are. And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability Ah, will not those lost ones be required at our hands here-after.—Mrs. Burleigh.

In the way of adornment for the pedal ex-tremities of the ladies, perhaps the most stri-king shoes are the "Marseilles Extension Boot." It is a square, box-toed, sole extension boot, with a double row of stitching on the extended sole. The "Chinque Mars Sandal," for its neatness and beauty deserves to be mentioned. It is a high-out slipper, having four sandals across the instep, trimmed with square buckles scross the instep, trimmed with square buckles and lace—to be worn over a handsomely embroidered streking. It is made with either plain or French heel. The inventress guards it very closely for fear of its being copied. The "New Square-toed Slipper," out higher than the ordinary slipper, will be worn for the house. It is trimmed with a large velvet bow and steel buckle across the toes. This slipper, like all fashionable shoes, is square box-toed. Black satin and bronze boots will again be revived and become the rage.

WE doubt if the women of America will forgive Mr. Stoddard for penning the following

Was ever yet a man, Since this old world began,
That look d upon a woman newteched not of her eyes
Mating or separating,
Or loving her or haling,
In all his commerce with her the fool was never wise.

Heigho! it cannot be,
For, seeing she is she.
She has him at alvantage in body and in mind:
Pursuing or undering.
She still compets his wooting.
And therefore is it, ladies, that Love is painted blind!

This story comes all the way from Atlanta, Georgia: "Uncle Peter" was asked to sub-scribe fifty cents to his parson's salary yester-

day.

"Can't do it, I tell you; kase dere's mighty hard times 'proachin' on hyar!"

"Oh, no Pete, de craps is good, and we hab plenty money dis winter."

"You'se a fool! How kin dat be when I heer Mr. Joemes up der at de bank say dat de Chloraforney bank done busted, its like dat Freedman bank did? Cau't 'scribe nuthin', honey, but I'll lend de prescher my wood saw and buck ef he wants to yearn somefin."

This proposition was not accepted.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer ast as he waxes elequent about angel's team, seeping willows and tombstones, as to be intropied by the cold-blooded justice with You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of secretaring."

A Lost Method of Expression.

It has been too much the fashion of late to decry this department of the work of house-keeping as useless and menial, and to insist that money ought to buy its result, leaving to the wife and daughter time for self improve-ment and higher duties. There can be no doubt that money ought to buy its result, leaving to
the wife and daughter time for self improvement and higher duties. There can be no doubt
that the average American housekeeper often
becomes a slave to her store closet, one-third of
the year being spent in preparing food for the
remainder; canned vegetables, salted meat,
pickles and preserves are often the millstone
which drags her soul and body down to a very
low level. But there is another side to the subject, and we may strike the just middle ground
on it as on any other. Nobody wants a George
Eliot, Florence Nightingale, or Jessie Fremont,
to give her time to compounding piccalillis or
preserves. But, while one woman is a leader
in society, literature, or philanthropy, ninetynine adopt some smaller way to make themselves useful and helpful in bettering and
brightening the little world about them, and
these smaller ways in city life are frequently
incessant devotion to visiting, to music, to
m king horrible and exhausting efforts at house
decoration. We confess that when we have sat
down to feasts where the vegetables smacked
too strongly of the professional canner's art,
where the meats were ill cooked, the offense of
the pickles was rank with vitrol, and the desserts bore that inextinguishable flavor of the
confectioner's shop, and when, after dinner,
we have been called on to listen to fe-ble strumming of the piano, or weak criticisms of the
last exhibition. or to admire works we have been called on to listen to fe-ble strum-ming of the piano, or weak criticisms of the last exhibition, or to admire works of art that were spatterdash, or Per-sian embroideries on Turkish to wel-ing, we have remembered the busy Pennsylvania kitchen and the bountiful tables of old Virginia matrons; the delicious flavor, idiosyncrasy, if we may call it so, of every dish; the care with which the father's taste in soups and the boys' fancy for certain jams were re-membered from year to year; the thousand ways in which skill and good taste and affec-tion were shown in this base art of cookery; the genuine bome made fivor of the dishes, the talk, the very fun—we are not at all sure that women, in ignoring this ancient craft so utterly, have not slighted one of their strongest modes of expression.—"Home and Society;" Scribner for October.

Husbands by the Bunch.

Bundy has been married two weeks, and has left his wife. Bundy is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Peter Potts. About was the relict of the late Peter Potts. About ten days after marriage Bundy was surprised, on waking in the morning, to find his better half si ting up in bed crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply, he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her auguish; so he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married, she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after considerable coax-ing he elicited the following from her:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well lighted street I came to select where a circuit of contraderations has

store where a sign in front advertised hus-ands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, bands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices fix-d to them. Such beautiful men, and some for \$1,000, some for \$500, and so on to \$150. And as I had not that amount I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her Mr. Bundy placed his arm lovingly around her and asked:

"And did you see any man like me there?"

"And did you see any man like me there?"
"Oh, yes," she replied, drawing away from him, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents were hunch."

Bundy got up and went to see his lawyer as to whether he had sufficient ground for divorce.

California has no Vassar College, and the California has no Vassar College, and the opportunity is yet open for some of our bonanza princes who are opposed to co-education, to follow the example of Vassar, and place our girls on an equality with those of New York in having an institution of their own, which combines all the masculine advantages with the feminine graces and accomplishments in the system of education. But the girls at Vassar have some queer ways. Among other things, they fall in love with one another, and some of the students get the reputation of being regular "lady killers." get the reputation of being regular "lady killers," though they are not known by that term there, but by one less delicate if more euphonious, "smashers." One of the young lady graduates lately wrote an interesting letter to a Buffalo paper about these "smashers." She says: I have seen girls cry themselves sick, because their loved one smiled more favorably on some rival than on them. I have known of \$6 boxes of confectioners, and \$15 bouquets being seat rival than on them. I have known of \$6 boxes of confectionery, and \$15 bouquets being sent through some zealous friend, by the victim to the victor. And speaking of these tokens of pure, unadulterated affection, reminds me of something quite funny. The offerings are often more practical than poetical. Dishes of pine apple, hot lemonade, fried oysters, etc., are common, and one young woman of an inpine apple, hot lemonade, fried cysters, etc., are common, and one young woman of an intensely practical turn of mind, sent to her adored one a hot boiled sweet potato! It is quite the thing at Vassar to have the reputation of being a successful "smasher." One enterprising young woman boasted of her three hundred and fifty victims. She was a Maine girl, and her charm lay in the fact that she was quite gentlemanty in appearance. Very few quite gentlemanly in appearance. Very few reach the z-nith of two dozen, and if one were to successfully aspire to more than that I think she might say: "Now let thy servant depart in peace." I think, also, that under the circumstances it would be the most laudable petition she could possibly put up,-Rural Press

A LETTER from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford Times, contains the following story as told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver, who is now in the former city: "While performing some work for 'Uncle Sam' in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf, it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with water-melons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operatious of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller unconscious of his situation, was zealously en-deavoring to disposs of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggle-eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and, seiz-ing one of the largest of the melons, suuk im-mediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the dock, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that 'de debble had 'fisc sted de melons and was taken um down.'" and was taken um down.

In the following lines, the word "that" used to exemplify its various significations: Now that is a word which may often be joined.
For that that may be doubled is clear to the mind;
Ann that that that is right is as plain to the view
As that that that that we use is rightly used too;
And that that that that that line has, is right—
In accordance with grammar is plain in our sight.

A MILWAURER man says he would like to be wrecked as Enoch Arden was and come home and find his wife re-married. He'd go out of the garden with a hop and skip instead of breaking his heart.

The Next Duty.

This is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb to our rooms in the hotel; we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of Stewart's by slow and patient steps; we are lifted there. The Simplon is crossed by a railroad, and steam has osurped the place of the Alpen-stock on the Rhizi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect, with the reward of rest, is now purchased for twenty-five cents of a stationary sugine.

If our efforts to get our bodies into the air by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way, we might not find much fault with them; but, in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearnings after the infinite are in fashion. Aspirations for eminence—even ambitions for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness for the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporing among young men and young women, who desire to do something which somebody else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in an elevator. They are not willing to scale the rocks in a walk of weary hours, under a broiling sun; they would go up in a car with an umbrella over their heads. They are unable, or unwilling, to recognize the fact that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing processes of time, through the patient work, which have made him what he is, and fitted him for his sphere of life and labor. In short, they are not willing to do their next duty, and take what comes of it. they are not willing to do their next duty, and take what comes of it. No man now standing on an eminence of in-

No man now standing on an eminence of in-fluence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands. He pre-pared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairs with his mouth open and longing. There is no "royal road" to anything good—not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is not wealth. It goes as it comes. There is do element of permanence in it. The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline incressary to its performance, to be famous, or necessary to its performance, to be famous, or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire or the young. The children would begin where the fathers

leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no sur-prises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains

humble, and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware.—Dr. Holland, in Scribner. when one comes into contact with so many men

"NEXT WINTER's gwine to be a mighty hard one, ef ye b'lieve me," said a steamboat rouster on the elevator yesterday.
"Why so?" a Herald reporter asked.
"Look at de mus-keeters."

" Well?" Y'ever see 'em so thick ?'

"They are rather numerous."
"And dey don't sing a bit."
"Maybe they're out of music; besides, you know, the acoustics of this building are bad." Cowstics?"

"No; acoustiques, sounds, you understand. Throats of the little warblers out of ord r; ceiling of the building phonocamptic. Their little songs melt away in the distance, as it

CONSERVE OF ROSE LEAVES.—Gather the leaves of any sweet-scented, fresh, full-blown roses, early in the morning, while the dew is still upon them. Have ready provided, equal quantities of cloves, mace and nutmeg. Sprinkle with salt, then with the spices prepared. Take a box of any kind that is rather shallow, place in the bottom a layer of rose leaves, sprinkle with salt, then with the spices prepared; then put in another layer of rose leaves, then spices, etc. until the box is filled. leaves, then spices, etc., until the tox is filled. Lastly, tie on tightly a cover of sheer Swiss muslin, and expose to the suu daily until perfeetly dry. You may then pack the conserve in pretty china bottles, with wide mouths but close stoppers, and you will be provided with a delicious perfume, whose sweetness will no: evaporate for years. It is pleasant either to have on one's parlor mantel or chamber toilette table. As a perfume for mouchoir cases or scent bags it is unrivaled. Let the house-keeper also try laying it among the stores on the shelves of her linen closet.

WHEN CHILDREN GROW MOST.—An old citizen when Children Grow Most.—An old citizen of Dayton, Ohio, who has raised two families, has been for many years in the habit of observing—among other things—the growth of the boys and girls, and makes some surprising assertions. He takes their measures in January and July, and has discovered that growing children grow far more between January and July than in the other half of the year. In fact, almost the action growth of the year. fact, almost the entire growth of the year is during the former period. The philosopher infers from this that all nature is harmonious, and that the physical growth of humanity is governed by the same laws which prevail over the vegetable kingdom.

INCIDENT AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL EXAMINATION.
Philosopher to sharp boy—What are the properties of heat.

Boy—The chief property is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them. Philosopher—Very good; give me an example.

Boy—In summer, when it is hot, the days are long; in winter, when it is cold, the days are short.

'What is that dog barking at'' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," said the bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

Offensive People.

If to be a good man and a successful man is offensive to the world at large, to be praised is exasperating. No greater unkindness can be done to any man than to praise him moch. People generally will stand a moderate compliment paid to a neighbor, while they are left to qualify it, or to admit it as a matter of generosity or courtesy: but praise persisted in will ruin the reputation of anybody. There is nothing more off nsive to the average human being than persistent laudation bestowed upon another. To hear a man warmly praised is sufficient usually to make us hate him; and it is only necessary to have the praise repeated often enough to make us desire to shoot him. Praise is one of the articles we would like to have distributed a little—not that we want it, but the object of it is not the best man—if we know ourselves. Virtue is a good thing, tembut the object or it is not the nest man—it we know ourselves. Virtue is a good thing, tem-perance is a good thing, genius is not a bad thing altogether; but no man is to be mentioned so many as ten times as having either of them in possession without making his name a stench and an offence to the nostrips of a sensitive world. The true way of getting along well in the world is not to make one's self offensive in the world is not to make one's self off-naive to one's friends by excellence of character and habits of life, by success, or by doing any thing praiseworthy. Let us strike the average as nearly as possible. Let us be good fellows rather than good men, and choke the first man who dares to ascribe to us a single virtue. Let us all keep down and out of sight. All that we do for ourselves and all that we do for ourselves and all that do for ourselves, and all that we do for man-kind, only feeds hell with slanderers, and so betrays the baseness of human nature that we may well blush to think that we are members of the human race.-Dr. J. G. Holland; Scrib-

A WRINELE ABOUT GRASS .- "That's a new wrinkle, sure enough," said a friend who had been cultivating pasture and hay fields all his life, yet had never noticed the fact of our common green grass shedding its roots in the winter, just like it loses its tops. Everyone who has given a strawberry bed a spring weeding has noticed how very easy shoots of grass are pulled out then, although in the summer are pulled out then, athough in the summer and autumn they are so very tenacious of their ground. In mellow soil grass sod can be rolled off with a prong hoe, and we know how it is turned over with ease at the same season by hogs. This has much concern with grass cul-ture, for in the short term which our climate allows for the growth of grass it is plain that a dry spell in April or May must be especially trying to grass, the new roots of which are then but issuing from the subterranean stems which lie in the soil very near the surface. Repeated trampling on lawns or pastures is at that critical time especially injurious, although a single pressing or rolling is quite advantage-ous by closing the earth into contact with all parts of the stems which are about to send down fresh roots. Where fresh sod is to be laid, the policy of paring it and placing it quite early in the spring becomes, in the light of this "wrinkle," very obvious.—Ex.

MEN AND THEIR FACES.—The life and works of Dante tally with his face. In the face of Cromwell the great frontal mass of his brain, as left in his mask, and the power of his lower as left in his mask, and the power of his lower jaw, are the upper and nether mill-stones of his history. In modern portraits Garrison's lamb-like face has abolition; Grant the grip, fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer, and leaving not a crow's ration in the valley; letting us have peace in unconditional surrender. A true portrait is that incorrigible page of history which neither justice nor mercy invalidates. It is the dead-level of man 'mid fluctuating fashion and fickle opinion. Our national invalidates. It is the dead-level of man 'mid fluctuating fashion and fickle opinion. Our national portratture, though likely to be hung for a while in the Rogues' Gallery, is incorruptible history, every truly rendered face proclaiming, "Know all men by these presents," as unlying as light itself. A good likeness is a rogue's worst enemy. It will surely betray him, and anon retort on his alter ego, "I told you so." God made man in his own human image. So the soul creates its outer shell in likeness to the soul creates its outer shell in likeness to itself. If the man is hid in his stature, it is the duty of the artist to pick him out.—Scrib-

GOING ABROAD TO SCHOOL .- As it is now the fashion to send children abroad to be educated, many parents will be glad to learn that an American school has been established in Ger-American school has been established in Ger-many, at Stutigart, where, with all the eclat of a European residence, young ladies and gentle-men can be taught the same things as if they had stayed at home.

believe that Beelzebub walks the earth in the form of a woman." And now and then you will find a man in this country who believes so too, and that he has married the woman.—Courier-

The Late Texas Cyclone and the Signal Service Bureau.

The efficiency of the United States Signal Service department has been clearly displayed on a great number of occasions, and one particularly on this coast, whereby, no doubt, much damage and disaster was saved to shipping in this barbor. The last, and perhaps one of the most notable instances of its efficiency, was evinced on the occasion of the late cyclone. which barst with such terrific violence on the coast of Texas.

This storm originated, probably, in the Carribean sea, or to the eastward thereof, and thus mostly outside the stations of observation, either under the direction of the Bureau or connected with it. But certain marked atmospheric disturbances were noted upon its north-ern margin in Georgia and Florida, from which ern margin in Georgia and Florida, from which it was inferred, three days before it had reached Texas, that a cyclone was raging somewhere in the neighborhood of Cuba. The indications grew quite decided on the 13th ult, and danger signals were ordered up along the Atlantic coast from southern Florida to Cape Hatteras. On the 14th the indications were still more decided, but it was evident that the cyclone was moving more directly west than was at first supposed, and it was ordered that the signals on the Atlantic coast should be lowered and supposed, and it was ordered that the signals on the Atlantic coast should be lowered and those on the Gulf from Mobile to Texas should be raised. Had there been stations at Galveston and Indianola, danger signals could have been ordered up there also. The next day, Sept. 15th, the storm burst with the most intense fury on the coast of Texas, where it wrought the terrible destruction, the full particulars of which are now reaching us by mail.

RUBBER FROM MILEWEED .- A substan RUBBER FROM MILEWEED.—A substance similar to and answering all the purposes of India rubber, has been produced from the common milkweed—asclepias cornati. By the action of fermentation on this weed, the yield of elastic vulcanizible gum is largely increased and very much improved in quality, as compared with that obtained from the unfermented weed. The result of experiments give a yield of five per cent, and it is thought the yield might be increased if the weed was ground to a greater degree of fineness before fermentation.

Young Forks'

What is it makes a boy manly?
size or weight, for there are some last boys that are anything but manly. We once, a big, burly fellow about fourteenold, with a fist like a small sledge hamma a voice as loud, almost, as that of a mult we did not think he was very manly whe saw him pick up a small boy, who was quiplaying with a little wooden wagon, lift about his head, while he screamed in his ear as lou as he could, and then set him down. The little fellow was pale with fright, and cried; the big fellow went his way, ha-ha-ing as he went, no doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly. What is it makes a boy manly?

doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly.

Nor does the power to smoke cigars, without getting sick, make a manly boy.

Some boys think so, we know. We have even seen small boys, nine or ten years old, pick up stumps of cigars which men had thrown into the gutter, and puff away at them, holding up their heads and stalking along, as if to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, look at us. We are men, we are. We smoke and we don't get sick." But they are not men.

A manly boy is one who shows good manly qualities. We do not expect him to be as wise as a man. But he will be truthful, honest and well behaved. He will never speak of his father as the "governor," or the "old man," nor will he speak of his mother as the "old woman." He will not be ashamed to have it known that he loves both his father and mother; nor will he be afraid of all the ridicule which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. "They may sail him a "thest" which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. They may call him a "baby," and say what they please about being "led by his mother's apron strings;" he does not mind that, for he knows he is right. He will never that, for he knows he is right. He will never engage in low, mean sports, but will do nothing for fun that he would be afraid to talk about at the dinner table. He does not torment small boys, but is ready to help them when he can. His sisters are not careful to hide their work, their books or their toys from him, lest he should disturb or destroy them; he would never think of that. He is careful not to be greedy at the table, or rude in company, but remembers that others have rights as well as himself.

Does anybody say this is all very well to talk Does anybody say this is all very well to talk about, but that no one ever yet saw such boys as are here described? We answer, "There are such boys, plenty of them." They are as full of iun as other boys; they equal anybody at the different sports in which boys ball, and roll hoop, and run just like other boys; but their

behavior is gentle and kind.

These manly boys, when they grow up, will make real men; they will be, in the best sense of the word, gentlemen.—Ex.

Childhood's Dictionary.

George Macdonald says that "It is marvelous how children can reach the heart of truth at once." And the author of "Childhood" gives some beautiful children's definitions of simple things:
Answer to prayer.—"Mamma, did God say

Apple tree in blossom.—"God's boquet."
Apples.—"The bubbles the apple trees blow."

Baby.—"A live doll."

Backbiter.—"What does backbiter mean?"

"Please, sir, it may be a flea."
Baldness.—"Isn't grandpa growing up through his hair?" A boy who was sitting playfully on his father's bald head said, naively, "Father, I must get this seat upholatered."

Baptized (mistaken for vaccinated.)—"My boy, were you ever baptized?" "Oh, yes, half a dozen times, but it never took."

Bed time.—"Shut-eye-time." Bill of a fowl.—"Nose."

"What's the matter with you, my pet?"
O auntie! I just went to touch a little chicky. and the old hen growled at me and bit me with

"IF You Please."—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Dake replied, 'yes, if you please.' These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. This is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk remember "if you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget these three little words—"if you please." many boys do! What a rude tone of co

A LITTLE Bangor girl, after returning from church Sunday, was found at the washbowl, sprinkling her doll's head. She excused herself to her mamma by saying that the minister told them that all children who would go to heaven should be baptized, and she was't going to risk is its and the saying the saying the saying to risk is a say longer. Sissy' any longer.

What Went Over the Central Pacific Railroad Last Month.—During the month of September the freight shipped over the Central Pacific railroads was as follows, the amounts being given in pounds: From San Francisco—Wine, 387,391; rags, 7,745; wool, 3,718,203 (7,300 bales); cigars, 5,373; canned goods, 94,347; salmon, 1,162,656 cases; salmon, 358,325 barrels; seal skins, 493,333; fur seal 8,777; seajotter, 3,566; land otter, 245; beaver skins, 6,595; mink skins, 614; deer skins, 2,578; marten skins, 705; bear skins, 365; silk goods, 80,743; pickles, 3,833; refined borax, 65,559; pelts, 43,130; tes, 3,109,786; Chinese merchandise, 11,370; wheat, 21,671; barley, 507,821; salt, 19,496; ivory, 16,963; quicksilver, 98,070; leather, 23,759; hops, 57,426; brandy, 13,027; antimony, 19,240; glue, 42,925; syrup, 42,180; dry hides, 233,495; woolen goods, 16,900; honey, 65,319; horses, 20,000; tobacco, 1,043; red oil, 20,400; mustard, 5,392; dried fruit, 5,733; whalebone, 2,985; merchandise, 86,874.

AMERICAN STREET CARS FOR RUSSIA.—The shops of John Stephenson & Co., in New York, have recently completed and shipped several cars for the St. Petersburg tramway company, of st. Petersburg, Russia. That company has also ordered several cars from English and Belgian makers, which are to be used in competition with the American cars, and the final contract for a large number of cars will be given to the maker whose work proves most satisfactory. The cars are somewhat different from those in use in this country, being arranged for twenty-two seats inside, and the same number on the top. The length of the cars is twenty-six feet. As no passenger will be allowed to stand, the cars, when loaded can be drawn by two horses. The roofs are curved, and the seats on the top are reached by stairways at each end of the car. The empty cars weigh about 4,650 pounds and cost, at schedule prices, \$1,125 each.