THE HOME CIRCLE.

The Sweetest Memory.

There's an old picture on the wall, A sea-view from a master's hand, Which ever to me doth recall Sweet memories of a far-off land.

I brought it with me o'er the sea, Many, ah, many a year ago, When I sought the land where liberty Makese'en the poor man's heart aglow.

With fortune's smiles I have been bl I own my houses and my lands; I know that the wealth which is the best Is earned by labor's willing hands.

But amone the dearest things I prize Is this old picture on the wall: It looks at me with loving eyes, And tender grace o'erspreads it all.

It minds me of a time when we One summer evening wandered where We saw the moonbeams kiss the sea, While the breath of clover filled the air.

Toward the land of the lofty pine
We saw the great sh ps sau away,
And a hope grew in her breast and mine,
A hope to reach that land some day. Fulfillment crowned our hops, and we Have in that land lived many a year, Our lives have passed most happily, Our eyes have seldom felt a tear.

And now when we review the past, And many memori's recall, The awaetest memory 'round us cast Comes through that picture on the wall.

A '49 Baby.

(By MARY MOUNTAIN.)

Perhaps there was no more pitiful sight in rough and tough old '49 than the sight of poor sick Tom, boistered up there in the cabin by the dying fire.

Such a queer little cabin, dark and leaky and cold, though there were chunks of wood and pine knots close at hand; but the fire was dying because Tom was dying, and already too weak to lift the smallest stick.

So the rain coming down the rough chimney had its own way with the coals, and now plashed softly among the dull cinders. And Tom was bolstered up in such a tottlish way-not an easy chair, you may be sure, when there was hardly such a thing west of the "Rockies"but there was first, the bench, with Tom's overalls for a cushion, stuffed with everything that lay around loose except the boots; then for a back there was Old Pard's sailor chest standing on end, with a small sack of beans and large sack of flour on top for the support and comfort of poor Tom's tired head.

All this snug up in the dryest corner, where, for a change, Tom could lean sideways sgainst his "store clothes," hung there to keep out scuffles of wind and rain.

Old Pard had fixed it all trim and taut this morning, wedging in boots and chips where the chest was shaky on the two loose planks that made their floor, and the foot stool was a finishing touch of luxury, made up in a trice by chucking another bag of beans into an old carpet sack. Then a big blanket was thrown over all, the sick boy lifted in and snugly wrapped from foot to chin by chuckling Old Pard, who as sured him, with an affectionate oath, that "There's a throne, now, fit for a queen, and if ye don't wiggle round much it's bound to stand like a rock.

But Tom had wiggled till the throne was "rocky" indeed, and seemed now like a terrible weight that must somehow be held in place, for the deathly faintness and cold were doing rapid work, and, just as Old Pard burst in, jolly and wet as a storm king, over went dying Tom and the "throne" came tumbling

after.

"Bless my sonl, boy, I stayed too long, and then (let Pard tell it) I jerks off my wet duds like lightnin', ups with Tom inter the bunk and starts a blaze—thank the good Lord fer pitch pine—and fer brandy, tew, when it comes ter the pinch; but I hadn't only jest a spoon-ful left and not another drop ter be had fer love nor money.
"Wal, he opened his eyes agin, which I

ot, and when he fully kno says I, 'Tom, ye can't guess what I found. Jest the cutest little baby over yander, and it's

a comin' up ter make ye a visit.

"Now, I hadn't engaged no baby, but I did
catch a peep at one, and its mammy too, as I
come a rushin' home; so ye see I said that ter
give him some him' ter lay hold of like, while I was bilin' the kittle.

was bith the kittle.

"The boy was jest dyin o' homesickness more n anything else—'pinin' for his mother and the youngsters way down East, and we never 'sposed ther was a woman within sixty miles o' camp. So I yarned away 'bout the family I'd found down the gulch, and I got the source! inter the kittle (game warn't green. squirrel inter the kittle (g-me warn't over plenty) and while I slicked up things tidy 'round the old cabin Tom never took no notice, and I was scar't, but I never let on.

Jest as I coaxed him ter swallers little squir

"Jest as I coax d him ter swaller a little squirrel soup, out popped the sun like a brave old
jewel—fust time we seen it in a week.

"Then says I, 'Tom, will ye lay quiet a spell
whilst I go an' bring in the baby?" He looked
pleased, and I started on the keen lope, and no
grass growed 'till I fetched up at that ere cabin,
two mile off, in Bungeye guich. I clean forgot my manners and bust right in and asks the
little woman if I could take the baby a spell, got my manners and bust right in and asks the little woman if I could take the baby a spell, and you orter see her eye flash out and she huggin' the little chick and ready to fight the whole world. Then I cools off a little, and says I, 'Excuse me, marm, but Tom, that's my chum, he's dyin' this minute with fever and homesickness, and no doctor, nor so much as a blue pill, and the baby would give him such a lift.'

such a lift."

"Wal, she took like lightnin'. No need of another word; and you'd admire to see the way she jerked the old trunk from under the bunk and got the little feller's cloak and hood, all of a bright red color, they was, and the wise little owl never blubbered when she puts him inter my arms and says like a flash, 'start on and I'll foller."

"Then she jumps inter the old man's boots, slaps some jelly stuff and a bottle o' camfire and a hunk o' bread inter a basket and away we sailed. You never see such a woman fer

and a hunk o' bread inter a basket and away we sailed. You never see such a woman fer grit, nor such a baby neither. Mud'n splosh, you better bleeve, but we stepped out hearty on the back track, and jest when we turned the cabin corner my knees gin out and I shook like the ager, for I almost knowed Tom was dead. She seen it like a book, and, takin' the young ster, she marched in, and soft, gentle like, 'Here. Tom, I've brought baby ter see ye.' ''All right, by jubilee! we'll bring ye through now, old chap, and that blessed baby jest went for his frowsy hair and crowed like a good un. 'So she stayed quite a spell, and Tom eat the jelly and amelt the camfre, an' she combed his hair—bests all how women think of every-

thing—and that bread was real bread; nothin' like it ever growed in our cabin afore.

"She toasted a slice and fixed over the squirrel soup inter chicken broth. Lord knows how she did it, but Tom took to it, and the baby took to it, and they took to each other beautiful, and we turned grim death out o' door, neck and health.

"When they was ready to go Tom pipes up What's his name?'
"O, the baby? She's a girl and her name is

"'O, the bsby? She's a girl and her name is Rosy.'

"Good gracious! Tom laughed till he cried; and when he got well we all said Rosy was the doctor that saved him.

"Bimeby he got sollum like, and took to havi n' long thinkin' spells. One night he bust out: "Say, Pard, what business should a man foller if he wants ter keep himself young?"

"Not minin', says I, 'sure's yer born; and I ruther guess its farmin'. There's; my father—bless his old bones—sixty if he's a day, and not so grizzly and used up as I be at thirty-five. Go in, my boy, keep yerself young, and give Rosy time ter catch up with ye.' And if you'll bleeve me, Tom has took ter farmin', raises garden sass and such like. O, he'll do!" raises garden sass and such like. O, he'll do!

This was the way Old Pard told the story twenty-two years ago, when Tom was about twenty-one and Rosy a romping little five year

Years rolled on and Tom kept his youn looks and stuck to his farming, but moved

twice in order to keep near Rosy.

That last little farm was the pride of his heart, and no lady ever put filer stitches into the hem of her garment than he put into the embroidered walks of that beautiful garden. About this time Rosy had to have a year or two at the seminary, and now began Tom's agony. Would the dear little maid fall a victim to the arts of some city fop "who never had worked for Ross, and never would!"

Tom drove a splendid horse and became

Tom drove a splendid horse and became awfully extravagant in the matter of buggy robes, neckties, and the latest thing in hats.

Every Saturday he took Rosy out riding past the lovely home that waited for its mistress, and the sly puss praised and pretended it was all for some remote and unknown "coming woman." But of course it all came out right, and Tom is one of the best of California good husbands. He never forgets to be manly and gentlemanly toward Rosy, who declares that he treats her with as much politeness as though she belonged to herself, or to—some other man.

The very key note of domestic harmony,

when that rule works both ways.

Many a man treats his wife as the old heathen did his household god—slavish worship and adulation when he felt like it; followed by reviling and general 'batting about,' when he felt like that.—Rural Press.

How Joe Lost His Bet.

An old fellow named Joe Poole, very eccen tric, and an incorrigible stutterer, was a constant hanger-on at the tavern, in Waterford

One day a traveler from a distant part of the State arrived at the tavern, and was met by an old acquaintance, a resident of the town. After some conversation on different topics the traveler was addressed as follows:

traveler was addressed as follows:

"By the way, Brown, look out for old Joe Poole to-night. You will know him quick enough by his stuttering. He will be sure to come around and offer to bet that you've not got a whole shirt to your back. If you take him up, you will surely lose by a trick he's got. He invariably offers to lay this wager, and always wins."

got. He invariably can and always wins."

"Very well," said the traveler, "I will not "Very well," said the traveler, "I will not obliged for me. Much obliged for

The evening arrived, and a large crowd was collected in the bar room. Our friends were there, and old Joe Poole was present, and in his element.

his element.

"I tell you wh-what, you are nicely dressed, but I'll bet you ten you haven't got a whole sh-shirt to your back."

"I'll take the bet," said the stranger. "Put the money in the landlord's hands."

This being done, the traveler pulled off his coat, and was about following suit with his year, when old los cried out.

vest, when old Joe cried out:

"Ho ho-hold on: You've lost, Ha-half your shirt is in fr-front, and the other half is on

There was a roar of laughter, but the new

comer did not mind it, but pulled off his vest too, and quietly turning his back to Joe, dis-played to his astonished gaze a shirt neatly folded and placed underneath his suspenders. who acknowledged that he had lost the wager He never offered to bet again.

THE home of a newly wedded pair is The home of a newly wedded pair is no certain to be all pre-nuprial fancy painted it as witness a story which comes to us from an interior town: A young mechanic recently got married to the girl of his choice, and the happy pair went to housekeeping. After the houseymoon was over the young wife discovered that her hubby's temper was none of the sweetest, and that attempts at mollifying him by sweet smiles and kisses were generally flat failures while his dander was up; so like a sensible young woman, she resolved on another plan of action and soon had an opportunity to try it. Hubby was rather captions about his steak, it. Hubby was rather captious about his steak, but she made no excuse. It's tough, said Hubby, and its not cooked half enough! The Hubby, and its not cooked half enough! The young wife smiled but made no defense. Then Hubby got fearfully mad; he lifted his plate and dashed it on the floor, with the remark: "Curse that steak!" His wife aised up her plate, too, and dashed it on the stove with the remark: "That's me!" Hubby stared at the plate, at his wife, then at the floor, and said, "Why, Elizabeth, you shouldn't mind me. If I am a little hasty I soon get over it." And so he did.

SIMPLE MUSIC.—How much greater is the power of an old song with simple air and words than those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw the professional mu-sician into ecstacies of delight. It may not be because there is more music or more feeling it them; but they are endeared to the hearts of the common people through fmailiarity, and as sociated with bome scenes of love and affection and appeal to sentiments and feelings that otherwise could not be awakened, no matter how artistic or sparkling with gems of beauty. When these have become familiar and associated with the loves and joys of a lifetime, ther they will also become "household words," and awaken the same feelings; but until that is the case the simple songs of yesterday will be the

DIVERSITIES IN WOOD .- The varieties of wood are more numerous than most people are aware of. At the Paris exposition of 1867, there were, from forty five different countries, no less than 3,769 different kinds of wood exhibited. 395 coming from Europe, 252 from Africa, 858 from Asia, 966 from Oceanics, and 1,298 from America.

THE VORACITY OF PICKEREL.—According to M. Penpion, who has been practically investigating the subject, a pickerel will eat 47 pounds and four ounces of fish per pound of its own weight per year.

Old Songs.

It was only a verse of a song that all of us used to know and sing a few years ago, though one never hears it now—Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home." What a favorite that one never hears it now—Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home." What a favorite that song was in its day, and that day not so far back, either! Fathers and mothers sang it, young men and maidens, and little children; the mechanic at his work, the mother at her baby's cradle. There were some who sneered at it as a negro melody, but in its simple, touching words and sadly sweet air, was a charm which the great heart of the people acknowledged, and they set the seal of their approval upon it. Sung in palace and cottage and fisherman's hut—in city and country, and by the sea, wherever the English language was speken by Americans, this song, by America's most 1 opular composer, went, too, and alas! like everything else in this mutable world, it had its day and was forgotten.

And there was another that we all remember—the "Old Kentucky Home." To theatre goers the name will recall a scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin; an old man sitting with bowed head, singing of the home he should never see again. And looking at the bent figure, listening to the words so mournfully sweet, one realized what a slave may feel.

again. And looking at the bent figure, listening to the words so mournfully sweet, one realized what a slave may feel.

But these old songs, with many others like them, are among the things that were. Gone with the old days never to return. Popular taste and feeling have undergone great changes, and this changed feeling finds expression in a new class of songs, beautiful, many of them, but lacking the charm of old association, and that, after all, is what so endeared those early favorites, touching them with that "light that never was on sea or land," the light of memory.—Investigator.

The Handkerchief Seventy Years Ago.

The handkerchief, which is now an indispen sable appendage of every lady's and gentleman's costume, is of comparatively modern introduction. It was, not very many years ago, deemed a vulgar object instead of a mark of neatness,

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine, a bandkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never dare to use it before any one. The word was ever carefully avoided in refined conversation.

An actor who would have used a handker-chief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been un-mercifully bissed; and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mile. Duchesnoise, dared to appear with a handkerchief in hand. Having to speak of the handkerchlef in the course of the piece, she never could summon coursee to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a light tissue. A few years later, a translation of one of Shakspeare's plays, by Alfred de Wigny, having been acted, the word handkerchief was used, for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from the audience. I doubt if to-day French elegantes would carry handker-chiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given chiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had ugly teeth. To conceal them, she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly lace, which she continually raised grace-fully to her lips. Of course, all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handker-chiefs have rapidly become an important and costly part of the feminine toilet; so that the price of a single handkerchief of the Ducheas price of a single handkerchief of the Duchess of Edinburgh would make the fortune of a necessitous family.—Phrenological Journal.

WHAT SAVAGES THINK OF TWINS .- In Africa. according to Dr. Robert Brown, ("Races of Mankind") the birth of twins is commonly re-Mankind") the birth of twins is commonly regarded as an evil omen. No one, except the twins themselves and their nearest relatives, is allowed to enter the hut in which they first saw light. The children are not to play with other children, and even the utensils of the hut are not permitted to be used by any one else. The mother is not allowed to talk to any one not belonging to her own family. If the children both live till the end of the sixth year, it is supposed that nature has accommodated herself to their existence, and they are henceforth admitted to associate with their fellows. Nor is this abomination of twin births restricted to Africa. In the island of Bali, near Java, a woman who is so unfortunate as to bear twins, is obliged, along with her husband, to live for a month at the sea shore or among the tombs, until she is purified. The Khasias of Hindostan consider that to have twins assimilates the mother to the lower animals, and one of them is frequently put to death. An exactly similar belief prevails among some of the native savages of Vancouver island. Among the Ainos, one of the twins is always killed, and in Arebo, in Guinea, both the twins and the mother are

put to death .- Popular Science Monthly. WE are going to tell this little story about a Texan bedbug for the special benefit of an ac-quaintance who visited the State Fair at Sacramento, last week, and says that during his stay there the nights were rendered hideous to him by the attacks of this ravenous vermin. An Austin, Texas, merchant who was out in the country buying grain, stopped at night at a lilapidated farm house. After a fierce contest with the bugs and mosquitos, he had fallen saleep. He slept about an hour when he was rudely awakened. The old man was standing over him with a cocked revolver, and one of the farmer's stalwart sons had him by the hee

the farmer's stalwart sons had him by the heel and was in the act of jerking him out of bed, while the hired man was tossing the pillows around with a three-tined pitchfork.

"What have I done?" he hoarsely asked.

"Keep cool, stranger," replied the farmer, "some of the boys thought they heard a Dennison bedbug chawing up the shuck mattress, but I guess it must have been wolves out in the timber they heard: you can go to slean timber they heard; you can go to sleep again."

Virtue in Whistling.—An old farmer once said that he would not have a hird man on his farm who did not habitoally whistle. He always hired whistlers; said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking con of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plow were all proeon of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and
seeing that the nuts on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field.
He never knew a whistling hired man to kick
or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run into a
stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed
in the yard and shed gathered around him
as he whistled, without fear. He never had
employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

A NEAR SIGHTED husband in Milwaukee saw A NEAR SIGNATURE OF STATES AND ASSESSED AND ASSESSED ASSESSED AND ASSESSED basis of water, when his wise saw the couplet half an hour afterward she gave one piercing scream and fainted on the spot. Her defective visioned husband had mistaken her new spring bonnet, with its copiousness of flowers, for a freshly cuiled bouquet.

The Complaining, Petulant Girl.

She will rise in the morning and come to the table-generally the last one-and she will say: "I didn't get to sleep much last night. I heard the clock strike twelve, one, two and heard the clock strike twelve, one, two and three: and I had such a horrible dream of being chased by a sheep." Some one will pass her the baked potatoes, and she will say: "No, I'll not take one; I had such a burning pain in my stomach yesterday that I must be careful." Then she will rise and poor boiling water in her tea, and just as she sits down will say: "Tudie, put the cat out; if there's anything I hate it is to have a cat walling up its yellow orbs at me when I eat. A little of the gravy, please—but, oh dear, I got my sleeve in the cream!" And then she runs to the pantry, and tusses round, and calls one of the gris to get

cream!" And then she runs to the pantry, and tusses round, and calls one of the girls to get ber the wash basin with a little warm water in it. She comes back to the table with, "I am so nervous this morning!" and she holds her hand over the region of her heart, and rolls up her pale blue eyes. Pretty soon she leaves the table to fix her collar, saying: "I've stood that scratching at my neck as long as I can." After breakfast she comes to me with: "My hair is coming out so hadly: do you know what would breakfast she comes to me with: "My har is coming out so badly; do you know what would prevent it? I'm 'fraid I'll lose all of it yet." I tell her what to do. And I sm very busy cutting out aud fitting the waist of a dress, when she comes again with, "One of my great toe nails is growing thick and stubby, and it pains all the time. What would you do if you

were me?"
I say: "Bathe your feet in warm water, and scrape the top of the nail in the centre with a bit of broken glass, and then wear shoes a size

"O auntie, my shoes are a mile too large now! Just see!" and she thrusts out a clubby foot that spills over the sides, runs back, and

bulges up at the toes.

At dinner time she has the girls looking at her eyes to see if they are not unusually red. She thinks she feels symptoms of inflammation. She takes supreme pleasure while at the table of telling an old family yarn about her grand-the table of telling an old family yarn about her grand. father having a crimson flanuel cockade given him by General Lafayette. While we sit at the table, Josephine, in tak-

While we sit at the table, Josephine, in taxing something out of her pocket, drops her kid gloves, which my complaining lassie picks up, saying: "Thank fortune, I don't have to wear number sixes!" and she puts on the old gloves, and makes her hand into a fist, and laughs im-

and makes her hand into a fist, and laughs im-moderately at the loose fit.

She is always afraid to go out alone at night, even to the cistern pump; and if she reads any-thing frightful before she retires, she always keeps her lamp burning. She never thinks of going to bed without looking under it for burg-

lars, or fiendish men intent or murder.

She is always thinking of herself; always magnifying every ailment and misfortune; al-ways fearful of lightning, and tornadoes, and ways fearful of lightning, and tornadoes, and rain storms, and drouth, and famine, and pestilence, and contagion. She keeps a full supply of quack medicines for "toning up the stomach," "giving an appetite." "enriching the blood," "assisting the liver," "regulating the bowels," "helping nature," and "rectifying derangements." Poor girl!

"Kiss Me, Mamma, Before I Sleep."—How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is reveling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies moldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pligrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce; and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lip will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother of the sufferer's couch a mother of the sufferer of the suffere er's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

Another of my girls is always complaining. I know very well how this comes about. She is the pet at home, and has grown a little selfish, and to thinking too much and too often of herself. This is the fault of the mother. Any mother can make her children, especially her daughters, petulant, and babyish, and weak. I am well acquainted with the mother, and know just how she has brought up her daughter, and I hesitated when she wanted me to take the girl under my care. She has been accus-

Trades of the Past.

Half a century ago bellows making was a thriving trade. Every house had its pair of bellows, and in every well furnished mansion there was a pair hung by the side of every fire-But as stoves and grates took the place of

open fireplaces, and as coal was substituted for

od, the demand for bellows diminish and the business as a separate trade, died out.

The same is true of flint cutting. Flints
were once necessary, but only for tinder boxes, and a tinder-box was as necessary for every house as a grid iron or a skillet. Every one who looks back to a childhood of forty odd mornings when the persistent, crack, crack of the flint against the steel sent up from the kitchen an odor of igniting tinder and sulphur We have no more which pervaded the house at became of the flint producers than of the old man of sorrowful memory, who, three or four times a week, called at our house with brimstone matches, for a penny the half dozen bunches. Both have completely vanished from

Then, again, are gone the pin-makers, who, nough they have been in their graves this though they nave been in their graves this quarter of a century, still figure in lectures and easays to illustrate the advantages of division of labor. Instead of a pin taking a dozen men or more to cut, grind, point, head, polish, and what not, as it used to do, pins are made by neat little machines at the rate of three hundred a minute, of which machines a single shild tends half a dozen. child tends half a dozen.

Nail making at the forge is another lost in-dustry. Time was, and that in this nineteenth century, when every nail was made on the an-vil. Now, from one hundred to one thousand per minute are made by machines. The nailer who works at the forge has but a bad chance of competing with such antagonists, and he would have no chance at all were it not that his nails are ten-fold tougher than the former.

WHEN A HOUSE IS NOT A FIXTURE. - A b set on blocks, resting on the surface of the ground, not attached to the soit, and removable without disturbing the land in any way, is not a realty; and also a portable fence is not a part of the realty.

"Cry Baby Joe."

Look at him! We all know him—don't we?
He is the boy that gets hurt every time he falls down. He is the boy that suspects Tom or Jimmie has stolen his pencil whenever he loses it; that always accuses Robbie, or Ned of cheating at marbles. He is that boy that always comes in crying when snowball and sliding time comes. In short, he is that little fellow that none of the boys want along when there is going to be some rare, good fun.

low that none of the boys want along when there is going to be some rare, good fun.

I do not like to say it, but I am afraid that each school house has such a "Joe."

This little talk is for these "Joes."

For, my poor "Joes," I am sorry for you! I know you never have a good time that is half an hour long. I know your little knees, and elbows and cheeks, are soft and tender, and feel the hurts they get. Shall I tell you what will toughen them?

Lauching will do it.

Laughing will do it.

When you fall, jump up, rub the place hurt, laugh and run along. You won't mind it in a

laugh and run along. You won't mind it in a minute.

Rubbing and laughing is the way to bring the good, warm blood up to the hurt spots. When the merry blood gets there, it will cure and toughen them. Notice, now, and see whether laughing boys feel a hurt long.

Above all else, don't run and teil! Your teacher gets tired of hearing it. Even your mother often wishes her little Joe was like other boys, and could make his own way.

Every one of you knows some big boy that you admire. You mean to be like him when you grow up. Well, notice him. He never cries. He never runs off, all doubled up and crying, to tell his mother when the ball his him and makes his nose bleed, or he gets his higner bruised. He doesn't hold a grudge against a boy that beats him at a game—not against a boy that beats him at a game—not he! He thinks a fellow that can beat him is a

If you should not grow out of crying, and moaning and complaining, when you get to be a big boy, the little fellows will not look up to you and wish to be like you.

Instead, they will perhaps, call you more disagreeable names than "Cry Baby Joe" even.

A Story for the Girls.

Sit down on the porch, children, and let me Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel and the story she once told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had plauned to go after strawberries, but Aunt Rachel said to me:

"A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I pouted and sighed and shed tears, but was accounted by the promise that I might go after

I pouted and sighed and shed tears, but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Ruchel's direction I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called out: "This will never, never do, child—you haven't scraped your bread bowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she made standing there her was ray relies my attention.

standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on; "it is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste;

not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good housekeeper you must learn to be economical. You have heard the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?"

"No," I answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man and he wanted a careful young wife, so he thought of a way he could find out. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance and asked them each for the scrapings of their bread bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. "Now," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly, "suppose a young man should ask you for the scrapings of your bread bowl, what could you say."

"What could I say?" I repeated scornfully; "What could I say?" I repeated sconnully;
"why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy
oats for his horses they might starve. I
wouldn't rob the pig to feed them."

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson
was all lost on me; but as true as you live, I
never knead the bread to this day, without
thinking of her lesson in economy.

The Jujube Tree.

The jujube tree, (Rhumnus Ziziphus) has been introduced into Louisiana over thirty years, and though it thrives as well here as in Syria, its original country, it is the girl under my care. She has been accustomed to magnifying every little ache and ailout, and dwelling upon it selfishly.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

The hight of impudence—the length of a book agent.—Marshall Massenger.

The hight of limpudence—the length of a book agent.—Marshall Massenger.

The fruit of the jujube tree ripens in July and August, and is of the size and shape of a large clive, covered by a red smooth, thin, but hard skin; the pulp is soft yellowish and sweet; in the centre of the fruit is a hard stone, which contains two cells or cavities, one of which is generally obliterated; the other contains an oily

The jujube, through cultivation, has become naturalized in Spain, Italy and the Southern part of France, where its fruits are used in making that preparation so familiar to childre "jujub- paste."

The jujube tree is easily propagated either by seeds, or by suckers which rise from its roots at distances of eight to fifteen feet from

the tree. The seedlings give fruit in six or seven years, the suckers in one or two years.

The inventive genius of the age now makes jujube paste of gum arabic, sugar, water, a little coloring matter, and not a particle of the decoction of jujube fruit—and yet our medical dispensatories. dispensatories, though acknowledging the fraud, tell us the modern jujube paste is as good as that of old times; I cannot agree with them.

THE ABSORPTION OF WATER BY WOODY FIBER In alluding to the force which raises the sap from the roots to the foliage of trees a noted

writer says:

"One of the most surprising facts to be noticed in examining the wood of any tree with well-developed foliage, is the absence of anything like free, or fluid water. A freshly cut surface of sap wood is not even moist to the touch, and if a tube be inserted into the trunk of such a tree it will frequently absorb water with great avidity. On the sixth of June last a half-linch tube, six feet in length, was attached to a stop cock inserted into the trunk of an elm and the tube filled with water. The absorption was so rapid that the fluid disappeared in thirty minutes, and this was repeated several times the same day.

"Now, this absorption was not osmotic, but apparently the result of imbibition or the affinity of the cellulose of the woody fibre. Is not this, then, the proper name for the force which carries up the crude sap?"

It is now fashionable in New York to have a

It is now fashionable in New York to have a negro carry the family infant around in place of the nurse or governess. If some aristocratic fool should go to church bare-footed there'd be lots of other fools to follow his example.—
Detroit Free Press.