

The Home Circle.

The Sweetest Memory.

There's an old picture on the wall,
A sea-view from a master's hand...

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, bolstered up there in the cabin by

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

So the rain coming down the rough chimney
had its own way with the coals, and now pleshed
softly among the dull cinders. And Tom was

All this snug up in the dryest corner, where,
for a change, Tom could lean sideways against
his "store clothes," hung there to keep out

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

"But Tom had wiggle till the throne was
"rocky" indeed, and seemed now like a terrible
weight that must somehow be held in

"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."

"There's a throne, now, fit for a queen, and if
you don't wiggle round much it's bound to stand
like a rock."

"Wal, he opened his eyes agin, which I
didn't expect, and when he fully knew me,
says I, 'Tom, ye can't guess what I found.

"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

"All right, by jubbies! We'll bring ye through
now, old chap, and that blessed baby just went
for his frowny hair and crowned like a good un."

"So she stayed quite a spell, and Tom sat the
jelly and smelt the camellia, and she combed
his hair—beats all how women think of every-

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

"When they was ready to go Tom pipes up:
'What's his name?'

"O, the baby? 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 solum like, and took to
havin' long thinkin' spells. One night he bust
out: 'Say, Pard, what business should a man

"Not minin', says I, 'sure's yer born;
and I rather guess his farmin'. There's my
father—bless his old bones—sixty if he's a day,

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 young
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 finer stitches into
the hem of her garment than he put into the

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

The very key note of domestic harmony,
when that rule works both ways.

Many a man treats his wife as the old health-
en did his household god—slavish worship and
adulation when he felt like it; followed by re-

How Joe Lost His Bet.

An old fellow named Joe Poole, very eccen-
tric, and an incorrigible stuturer, was a con-
stant 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.

"By the way, Brown, look out for old Joe
Poole to-night. You will know him quick
enough by his stuturing. He will be sure to

"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

"Ho ho-ho! You've lost. Ha-half your
shirt is in fr-front, and the other half is on
your ba-back."

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-

Of course the laugh was turned upon Poole,
who acknowledged that he had lost the wager.
He never offered to bet again.

The home of a newly wedded pair is no
certain to be all pre-nuptial fancy painted it
as witness a story which comes to us from an
interior town: A young mechanic recently got

"Just as I coasted down the road a little squir-
rel jumped out of a hole, and I braked old
jelly—just time we seen it in a week."

SIMPLE MUSIC.—How much greater is the
power of an old song with simple air and words
than those more difficult and artistic ones

DIVERSITIES IN WOOD.—The varieties of wood
are more numerous than most people are aware
of. At the Paris exposition of 1867, there

THE VORACITY OF PICKEREL.—According to
M. Peupion, who has been practically investi-
gating the subject, a pickerel will eat 47 pounds

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

And there was another that we all remem-
ber—the "Old Kentucky Home." To those
who the name will recall a scene in Uncle

But these old songs, with many others like
them, are among the things that were. Gone
with the old days never to return. Popular

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 introduc-

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine, a
handkerchief was thought in France so shock-
ing an object that a lady would never dare to

An actor who would have used a handker-
chief on the stage, even in the most fearful
moments of the play, would have been un-

WHAT SAVAGES THINK OF TWINS.—In Africa,
according to Dr. Robert Brown, ("Races of
Mankind") the birth of twins is commonly

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 Sacra-

THE light of impudence—the length of a
book agent.—Marshall Messenger.

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-

The same is true of flint cutting. Flint
knives were once necessary, but only for tinder-boxes,
and a tinder-box was as necessary for every

VIRTUE IN WHISTLING.—An old farm-er once
said that he would not have a hired man on
his farm who did not habitually whistle. He
always hired whistlers; said he never knew a

A NEAR SIGHTED husband in Milwaukee saw
a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and, wishing
to preserve them from fading, placed them in a

WHEN A HOUSE IS NOT A FIXTURE.—A house
set of blocks, resting on the surface of the
ground, not attached to the soil, and removable

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

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

"I say: Bathe your feet in warm water, and
scrape the top of the nail in the centre with a

"KISS ME, MAMMA, BEFORE I SLEEP."—How
simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little
applicant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little

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 self-

"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,

"What could I say?" I repeated scornfully;
"why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy
outs for his horses they might starve. I

THE fruit of the jujube tree ripens in July
and August, and is of the size and shape of a
large olive, covered by a red smooth, thin, but

The Jujube Tree.

The jujube tree, (Rhamnus Ziziphus) has
been introduced into Louisiana over thirty
years, and though it thrives as well here as

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

"One of the most surprising facts to be not-
iced in examining the wood of any tree with

"Now, this absorption was not osmotic, but
apparently the result of imbibition or the affini-
ty of the cellulose of the woody fibre. Is

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

"Cry Baby Joe."

Look at him! We all know him—don't we?
He is the boy that gets hurt every time he

"For, my poor 'Joey,' I am sorry for you! I

"Rubbing and laughing is the way to bring
the good, warm blood up to the hurt spots.

"Every one of you knows some big boy that

"If you should not grow out of crying, and

A Story for the Girls.

Sit down on the porch, children, and let me
tell you about Aunt Rachel and the story she

"A girl of your age should begin to learn
how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll

"This will never, never do, child—you

"It will never do, child," she went on; "it

"I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson

The Jujube Tree.

The jujube tree, (Rhamnus Ziziphus) has
been introduced into Louisiana over thirty
years, and though it thrives as well here as

THE fruit of the jujube tree ripens in July
and August, and is of the size and shape of a
large olive, covered by a red smooth, thin, but

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 inventive genius of the age now makes
jujube paste of gum arabic, sugar, water, a
little coloring matter, and not a particle of the

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