

The Home Circle.

In the Spelling-Class.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I'm sorry that I spell the word; I hate to go above you, because—the brown eyes lower fell—'Because, you see, I love you!'"

Still memory to a gray-haired man That sweet child-face is showing; Dear girl, the grasses on her grave Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school How few who pass above him Lament the triumph and his loss Like her—because they love him.

The Boys' Room.

Too little attention is paid, buying or building a house, to the future requirements of the babies still in their cribs. The time passes more quickly than they thought. Bob and Joe and Tom are soon big burly lads, apt to shoulder and kick each other if brought into too close contact; and Nelly and Bess, young ladies, each with her array of bosom friends, books, love-letters and crimping-irons; and for them all there are but two small chambers, one of which has often to be vacated when a guest arrives. The boys in most cases fare worse than any other members of the family. Their sisters' chamber is dainty and prettily furnished, while they are huddled into the garret or whatever other uncomfortable cubby-hole offers itself in which they can "rough it."

In the case of farmer's sons this apartment is often the loft of the carriage-house. Now, if a boy's tendency is stronger than a girl's to be disorderly, untidy in his habits, and lacking in personal reserve or a love for the beautiful, it is the more necessary that he should be taught these things from his earliest childhood. Much of the want of refinement, the nervous debility and other evils of both body and mind which adhere to Americans, are caused by the habit of crowding boys together into ill-ventilated, ugly, meagerly furnished chambers. No weak, nervous child can sleep with one of stronger physique without suffering a loss of nervous vitality and power. Each child in a family should have its own bed, and at the proper age its own chamber; beds and chambers to be clean, orderly, and as prettily furnished as the parents' means will allow. Especially is this a necessity with the daughters of a house.

Every mother will remember how dear to herself, in her girlish days, was the chance of seclusion—the chest of drawers where she could stow away her laces, ribbons, and other dearest trifles; the locked desk with the diary inside; the white chamber with its snowy curtains, where she could hang her dried ferns and photographs, and sit alone to ponder over her compositions, or read her Bible. A boy has his fancies, tastes, hobbies as well as a girl. He may not want seclusion, but he does want elbow-room, and he ought to have it. Bob is a mighty fisherman, and clutters up one closet with poles and lines, hooks, and books of flies. Jim has reached the autograph stage, and must have a desk and quires of paper with which to assault everybody mentioned in the newspapers, from Longfellow to Buffalo Bill. Tom has a mass of old rubbish collected at junk-shops, having caught the curio-phobia from his mother; and Bill heaps on top of all, his balls, bats, old shoes, and half-eaten apples.

Of course it is expensive to give to each boy room for his hobbies and belongings, but, after all, it will not cost half as much as to refurnish the drawing-room with Turkish rugs and furniture from Sypher's. And do we owe most to our neighbors, or our boys? Whose tastes, habits of order, cleanliness, delicacy, ought we to cultivate?

We wish, however, especially to urge upon mothers the propriety of giving up to the boys, as soon as they reach the age of twelve or fourteen, one room (not a bed-chamber), for whose (reasonably) good order they shall be responsible, and which they shall consider wholly their own. The floor should be uncarpeted, of oil wood; the furniture of the same material. Let it be papered and decorated according to the boys' own fancy; if the taste is bad they will be interested after a while in correcting it. There should be plain book-cases, a big solid table in the center, by all means an open fire, and room after that for Joe's printing-press, or Charley's box of tools, or Sam's cabinet of minerals; for chess and checker-boards, or any other game that is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and to learn how to be hospitable hosts even to the extent of an innocent little feast, now and then. Father, mother and sisters should refrain from entering it except as guests; and our word for it, they will be doubly honored and welcomed when they do come.

Somewhat will ask, no doubt, what is the use of pampering boys in this way or of catering to them with games and company? Simply because they will have the amusement, the games and company somehow and somewhere, and if not under their father's roof with such quiet surroundings as befit those who are to be bred as gentlemen, the games may be gambling, and the company and supper those which the nearest tavern affords. As for the cost, no money is ill-spent which develops in a right direction a boy's healthy character or idiosyncrasies at the most perilous period of his life, or which helps to soften or humanize him, and to make more dear and attractive his home and family. If it can be ill-spaced, let it be withdrawn from this purpose for dress, household luxury, the sum laid by for a "rainy day"—even for other charities and duties. We do not wish to help the lad sow his wild oats, but to take care that the oats are not wild and are thoroughly well sown.—Scribner's for Nov.

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. In a great measure law depends on them. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them.—Burke.

A MAN rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in St. Paul, and, approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked, "A man has tied a hoop to my horse's tail. Can I do anything?" "Yes," replied the attorney, "go and untie it."

"WHAT branches of learning have you been pursuing at school to-day?" said a father to his son. "None, in particular, sir; but a brook branch has been pursuing me."

TEACHING COOKERY.—The School Board of London has arranged that 300 selected girls shall be taught cookery by the teachers of the National School for Cookery.

"WHERE do people go who have deceived their fellow-men?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe," was the prompt reply.

Learning Infants to Walk.

Provided we do not stimulate the infant to premature efforts, we may safely trust it to itself. After a child has acquired a certain degree of vigor and command over its muscles, by crawling about, it will begin of its own accord to try to stand and walk, by laying hold of chairs, or seeking a little support from the nurse. But we should be careful not to accustom it to rely too much on the guidance and assistance of others. If we entice it to walk before the bones and muscles are adequate to the exertion, the consequences cannot fail to be bad. When support is given by leading-strings, it is at the risk of compressing and deforming the chest; when, on the other hand, the child is upheld by one arm, the immediate effect is to twist the spine and trunk of the body; while, in both cases, the lower limbs are apt to bend, and the child, by constantly trusting to its conductor's guidance and protection, acquires a heedlessness in its exertions, which is prejudicial alike to body and mind. The strong effort of the will required to execute every movement gracefully and successfully is withdrawn, and gives place to an indifference which is fatal to unity of action in the delicate muscles.

A child trained to walk independently, may, no doubt, get a few falls; but on the supposition that all hard bodies have been removed out of its way, and that it is practicing on a carpet or a lawn, under the superintendence of a watchful nurse, it runs far less risk of sustaining injury from its falls than it is certain to do if leading-strings and other artificial supports are substituted, which tempt it into fallacious estimates of its strength, and expose it to worse dangers from the carelessness of its attendant. It is a great error to be so anxious about our infant's safety, as to watch its every movement, and be ready to sound the alarm at every trifling risk. The personal experience of a fall teaches a child much more effectually how to avoid future accidents than a thousand exclamations of caution from its nurse, which are calculated to foster timidity and irresolution far more than reasonable prudence and presence of mind.

In infancy, as in later life, the grand principle of education ought to be to promote self-regulated action, whether of body or mind, and to guide inexperience to the mode in which Nature intends the action to be performed. So long as we continue to be machines moved by the will and defended by the prudence of others, we cannot acquire that strength of body or that degree of mental endowment of which our constitution is naturally susceptible; even from early infancy this principle holds good. In our own country we sometimes see poor children but two or three years old acting as guardians to infants little younger than themselves, and displaying in that capacity a degree of intelligence, steadiness and presence of mind, hardly to be expected at so early an age.—Combe.

At Forty Years of Age.

The age of fifteen has been celebrated in song as life's rosy period, and it has been allowed to bloom up to twenty, ay, even up to twenty-five; the age of sixty or seventy has been honored as being the age of wisdom and of mature virtues. I will sing the praise of the age of forty—the present century's and my own age. I know a lady who, when twenty-eight years old, gave herself out to be thirty—"for," said she, "what is the use of sticking to those two years?" Perhaps I also follow a little in her footsteps, for I think with her: thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty—why, it comes to almost the same thing. The wisdom (teeth and the wrinkles have already come. Forty years! Do you not feel something "set" in those words? At forty one has generally settled down in life. This is why one can quietly walk about and contemplate in this world. Our century has also settled down, but it has settled down in Parliament and meditates upon the State, and therefore it looks neither merry nor uneasy, but thoughtful. So, also, is woman at forty. The heart does not then any longer beat uneasily before a party, more uneasily after one; nor do we then stand here in life as a candidate for anything, a prey to wishes, hopes, uncertainties, happiness, and misery. Neither does the frame of our mind, like a chameleon, take the impression of every new object, changing from rose color to black, from green to gray, in the course of a few hours; nor do you see in every one whom you meet some important personage in the romance of your life; nor in every uttered nonsense a monster which you are to rush upon and attack, like Don Quixote battling with the windmill; you need not then dance when you want to sit still, nor walk according to the will of others, when you have your will—in a word, you are above a great deal of anxiety and trouble. Many a rosy light has, it is true, perchance waned, but also many mists have rolled away and brightened. You see your way clearer, you walk along more steadily; nor swayed hither and thither by the wind, as in youth; nor leaning with faltering steps upon the faltering crutches of old age; you walk sturdily on your own legs, and look around in the world without coming to fustians with it. Forty years is the age of contemplation, of practical thought. Long life to them!—Fredrika Bremer.

THERE'S ROOM ABOVE.—The advice to the law student that "there's plenty of room above," contains a truth of very wide application. "There's plenty of room above" in every profession and avocation. The difficulty is, not to find the higher positions, but to find men competent to fill them. A manager of a business establishment remarked to me, the other day, that they ought to have a good man in a certain position. "Why don't you get one?" I said. "That's the difficulty," he replied. "If I knew where to get the right man, I would discharge the one I have immediately." This is the general difficulty. Every avocation is looking after the right kind of men, and they are hard to find. Let young men remember this, and make themselves masters of their business, and they will find no difficulty in securing first-class positions.

SUCCESS IN SOCIETY.—The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion; all his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there finds in every turn of the conversation, equally lucky occasions for the introduction of what he has to say. The favorites of society, and what it calls "whole souls," are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company, contented and contenting.—E. W. Emerson.

RIDICULE.—Remember, little ones, that the talent of turning people into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day as ever.

TRUCK is a time when a boy has an idea of reforming and becoming good, and that is when he is tired among the cherries by a lank farmer and a couple of mastiffs.

How to Put Nervous Babies to Sleep.

A baby is a very tender thing, people say; but most of them are very far from knowing how tender. Imagine how nervous you are in certain states—when recovering from illness, say, when the fall of a book or the slam of a door makes you quiver and feel faint, as if some one gave you a blow. That is the way a young baby feels at its best. A puff of wind will set it gasping, its little breath blown quite away. A noise makes it shiver, a change of summer air makes it turn death-cold. A baby is the most nervous of beings, and the tortures it suffers in going to sleep and being awakened by careless sounds when just "dropping off" are only comparable to the same experience of an older person during an acute nervous headache. Young babies ought to pass the first months of their lives in the country, for its stillness no less than its fresh air. But where silence is not to be commanded a baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin, wet in warmish water, lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and ears. It is the best way to put nervous babies to sleep. I have tried it a hundred times for a child so irritable that paregoric and soothing syrup only make it wide-awake. A fine towel would be wet and laid over its head; the ends twisted a little till it made a sort of skull cap, and though babies sometimes fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber. The compress cooled the little feverish brain, deadened sounds in his ears, and shut out everything that took his attention, so that sleep took him unawares. Teething babies find this very comfortable, for their heads are always hot, and there is a fevered beating in the arteries on each side.

The Law of the Rail.

Some one who has taken the trouble to post himself on the law governing railroad passenger travel says that extra charges for failure to buy tickets are universally sustained by the courts, but there must be a full opportunity to buy afforded by the ticket seller. Passengers must show tickets when asked for. As to stopping off, there is only one decision, which is that a passenger cannot stop off and resume his journey without the previous assent of the company. As to the obligation of the road to furnish a seat to a passenger, a decision says: "A passenger who exhibits his ticket need not surrender it until he has been furnished with a seat." A railroad is not liable for things stolen out of a passenger's seat, there being no previous delivery to the company's servants; for the same reason the company is not liable for baggage in the passenger's own care. Passengers who neglect to look after their own baggage on arrival at their destination cannot recover it if it is lost without fault of the carrier. Baggage left in station house for the passenger's convenience, after it has reached its destination, comes under a new class of rights and duties, the baggage master assuming the position of a gratuitous bailee, who only becomes liable in cases of gross negligence. The obligation of the railroad as carrier ceases when it has delivered it to its owner at the place of destination, or when he has had reasonable opportunity of receiving and removing it. It will interest sportsmen to know that they may recover for the value of dogs when they entrust them to baggage masters for hire because of their exclusion from the passenger cars.

WHICH SHALL RULE.—NINE-TENTHS OR ONE-TENTH.—About one-half of our population belongs to the farming class. About one-quarter of our population belongs to the mechanic class. And about fifteen per cent. of our population are laborers who make their living by their muscle. Has any one ever asked himself how much legislation is done by this ninety per cent. of our population? It is not a patent fact that they have scarcely any influence in our national legislation? The truth is, the legislation of the country is shaped and controlled by less than one-tenth of the population. It is made in interest of capital, instead of the interest of the people. And this is the reason there is so much suffering among the industrial classes to-day. There has never been such a concentration of capital going on as within the past few years, and a concentration of capital brings a concentration of political and law-making power. Capital has got the people within its toils. Can they release themselves? This is an important question. This must form a great political issue. If one-tenth of the people are to govern nine-tenths, and make them subservient to their peculiar interests, it is time we were awakening to that fact. It can do no harm to bestow a little thought upon this matter.—Rural World.

PARLOR MAGIC.—The following beautiful experiment in instantaneous crystallization is given by Peligot in La Nature: Dissolve 150 parts, by weight, of hyposulphite of soda in 150 parts boiling water, and gently pour it into a tall test glass so as to half fill it, keeping the solution warm by placing the glass in hot water. Dissolve 100 parts by weight sodic acetate in 15 parts hot water, and carefully pour it into the same glass; the latter will form an overlying layer on the surface of the former, and will not mix with it. When cool there will be two superaturated solutions. If a crystal of sodic hyposulphite be attached to a thread and carefully passed into the glass, it will, but on reaching the hyposulphite solution, will cause the latter to crystallize instantaneously in large rhomboidal prisms with oblique terminal faces. When the lower solution is completely crystallized, a crystal of sodic acetate, similarly lowered into the upper solution, will cause it to crystallize in oblique rhombic prisms. The appearance of the two different kinds of crystals will not fail to astonish those not acquainted with this class of experiments.

A NEW ENGLAND newspaper shows its appreciation of the trials of the woman who "does her own housework" in the following paragraph: "The long-suffering house-wife bears the door bell ring, washes the dough from her hands, pulls down her sleeves, removes an old calico apron, and with a hasty look in the mirror goes out in the hall to find a patent medicine bill on the floor. A woman who can go through this experience, and resume her work without making a few casual remarks concerning Job and his patience, deserves a niche in the temple of Fame."

HE said the pastry was ever so much better made by her dear hands. This delighted her. But when she wanted the coal scuttle at the other end of the room, and he suggested that she should get it, as the fire would feel so much better if the coals were brought by her dear hands, she was disgusted. Women are so changeable.

WONDER is a pause of reason, a sudden cessation of mental progress, which lasts only while the understanding is fixed upon some single idea, and is at the end when it recovers force enough to divide the objects into its parts, or mark the intermediate gradations from the first agent to the last consequence.—Johnson.

OLD SOAP.—A lady living near Troy has a piece of soap supposed to be a hundred years old. Isn't it astonishing how long some people can keep soap in the house and never feel the slightest temptation to use it?

A New Light.

Recent discoveries in medical science have demonstrated that much of what has hitherto been deemed ill temper, egotism and coarse disregard of the feelings of others or the proprieties of life, are nothing else than disease of the nervous system, and the individual afflicted by it, instead of being an object of dislike, and even hatred, as hitherto, is more properly entitled to our commiseration and sympathy. Dr. Brown-Sequard tells of a lady at the English court who had to retire from it on account of a prompt way she had of saying to any person, even the Queen, with whom she differed on the smallest matters: "You are very stupid," "What nonsense," "This is madness in you," and such light and complimentary phrases. Victoria could not stand it and so she went her way. Now, anybody but a doctor would have thought that woman was simply an ill-tempered female, with a peculiarly blunt and disagreeable way of speaking her mind; but medical science stepped in and showed that she was, in reality, an angel in disposition, and only acted so because some disease with a polysyllabic name made a disastrous sympathy between her nerves of hearing and those of speech. Dr. Brown-Sequard also tells of one of his young patients who, by a somewhat similar affection, was impelled to startle people from time to time, in the course of conversation, by slowly and impressively ejaculating, "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" Superficial observers might have deemed that owlish exclamation idiotic, but medical science says, "No, it was only her nerves."

SUNNY FACES.—How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlightens every other face it meets, and carries into every company, vivacity and joy and gladness. But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara! Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all your confidence in human nature, you are nearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, not one tear-drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.—Dr. Hall.

ALWAYS LOVERS.—Married people should treat each other like lovers all their lives, then they would be happy. Bickering and quarreling would soon break off love affairs; consequently lovers indulge in such only to a very limited extent. But some people—men and women both—when they have once got married think they may do just as they please and it will make no difference. They make a great mistake. It causes all the difference in the world. Women should grow more devoted, and men more fond after marriage, if they have the slightest idea of being happy as wives and husbands. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to hundreds of divorces. Yet many a man will sell his wife who would never think of breathing a harsh word to his sweetheart; and many a wife will be glum and morose on her husband's return, who had only smiles and words of cheer for him when he was her suitor. How can such people expect to be happy?

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The following paragraph occurs in the scientific lecture delivered by Prof. Trudall some months since at Manchester, England: "I have sometimes—not sometimes, but often—in the spring time watched the advance of the sprouting leaves, and of the grass, and of the flowers, and observed the general joy of opening life in nature, and I have asked myself this question: Can it be that there is no being or thing in nature that knows more about these things than I do? Do I in my ignorance represent the highest knowledge of these things existing in the universe? The man who puts that question to himself, if he be not a shallow man, if he be a man capable of being penetrated by profound thought, will never answer the question by professing that creed of atheism which has been so lightly attributed to me."

A LITTLE girl went into a neighbor's house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied, "I guess you smell these apple parings on the plate." "No, no," said she, "I smelt them I smelt; I smelt whole apples."

LIZ is hitless swords; they cut the hands that wield them.—Prentice.

Wooden Rails for Heavy Traffic.

The superintendent of the Muncy Creek, Penn., railroad, says the Iron Age, is about to try the experiment of laying wooden rails on that portion of the road between Hughesville and Tivoli, or two miles beyond. With a view to testing the feasibility of wooden rails, the superintendent recently had seven hundred feet of track laid on the curve just beyond Muncy creek, and to the surprise of all, it has been found to answer the purpose much better than was anticipated. The rails are of sugar maple, seven by four inches, and about twelve feet in length. The ties are laid down in the ordinary way, notched, and the rails "let into them" about four inches. They are then keyed firmly with wooden wedges driven on the sides, which makes the track very solid and firm. The locomotive and heavy cars have passed over this experimental track at different rates of speed, and it has been found to work admirably, and give every assurance of success. The cost of laying wooden rails, manufactured out of this hard material—that becomes almost as solid as bone when seasoned—is \$450 per mile. Iron costs \$4,000 per mile. No iron spikes are required, as the rails are secured with wooden wedges, and the cost of track laying is about the same as putting down iron. These wooden tracks have been tried at different places in the country, and invariably been found to work well.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—Russian railroad managers are experimenting with the electric light as a headlight for locomotives. Successful results were obtained on the line from Moscow to Kursk. The apparatus consisted of a battery connected with the front axle, the revolution of which set it in operation, and the track was illuminated a distance of 1,800 feet.

THANKSGIVING.—The President has issued his proclamation designating November 25th as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the United States.

IT has been truly said that it is the character of the newspaper itself that gives its opinions weight with its readers.

Young Folks' Column.

Charles Dickens and the Blind Children.

Talking of the pretty school mistress reminds me of something I heard her telling her boys and girls one day when they were seated about her on the willow stumps as usual. She said:

"Do you remember General S—, my dears, who once visited us in this school room?"

"O yes," cried the children.

"Well, when he took tea with me on that afternoon he happened to say that his boy had just been reading the 'Old Curiosity Shop' with great delight.

"Now, as I knew that the General's only son was blind, I was not a little puzzled. Probably General S— read my feelings in my face, for he added:

"Did you never hear of Charles Dickens' visit to the blind asylum where Benny was taught? He talked with the children and became so much interested in them that he decided to have an edition of the 'Old Curiosity Shop' printed in raised letters for their use. 'Bless their hearts! They shall find little Nell in the dark!' he said, all aglow. And so in time my little boy was bending over the story, as happy a little fellow as one could wish to see."

"Did he read it easily?" I asked.

"O yes, quite so!" said the General, cheerfully. "The letters, white as the rest of the page, are raised, and are about an eighth of an inch long. Benny runs his finger along the lines one by one, and understands every word. You would think he had eyes in his finger tips. The sense of feeling is very acute, you know, when one's sight is gone."

"I like Dickens more than ever now," said one of the boys when the school mistress had finished her story.

"And so do I," said four of the children.—St. Nicholas.

Don't be a "Dummy."

You often notice at the front of stores and just at the entrance, a figure that looks like a person. It is often dressed very finely and costily, looking as though it might be somebody of importance. You are almost tempted to raise your hat a little and politely salute it. But a little closer inspection reveals the fact that under those fine clothes there is nothing but a "dummy."

No warm, generous heart overflowing with sympathy for the poor and suffering is there; no outstretched hand warmly to grasp yours with a hearty shake, until the blood tingles through your veins like a shock of electricity. No active brain to devise wise plans and study how best to educate the heart to love Jesus and our fellow-men. No, it was just only a "dummy." It was all outside show. And if those same clothes were put on a living person, they would no more give a good heart, an active mind and a true character than they did to that "dummy."

And yet so many young people seem to think that if they can only dress fine, wear large, shiny jewels, and make a "fine show," that they have all that is needed. What a mistake! That industrious little fellow over there, who has a warm, loving heart, and is working with his hands to get an "education," and is truthful, generous and christian in his conduct, is worth a thousand "dummies," though his clothes are poor and patched. The really good man or woman is in the inside, the character, not the clothes on the outside.

Which will you be? A real, live, good person, or a "dummy?"—Child's World.

The Story of a Little Princess.

Queen Victoria's daughters have all been very carefully educated indeed; and as for Queen Victoria herself, why, when she was a little girl there seems to have been no end to the things that were expected of her little ladyship. It was not until she was twelve years old that she understood that she might come to be queen. Being only a niece of the reigning monarch, William IV., who had no children, her wise mother did not want Victoria's head elated with dreams of a crown she might never wear. However, she one day discovered it by what we may call an arranged accident, for a genealogical table was slipped into her history and there little Miss found it. She took it up, so her old governess told the story, and reading it said:

"I see that I am nearer the throne than I thought. I never saw that before."

"It was never thought necessary that you should, Princess," replied the governess.

"Now," said the child, after some moments of thought, "many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility." The princess lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, and then putting her little hand into her teacher's said: "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousin Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand it better now. I will be good."

Smut in Grain.

Prof. W. H. Brewer, botanist to the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, says:

Smut is caused by a parasite fungus long known to botanists by the name of Ustilago Maidis, and has frequently been described and figured in botanical works. Its development or growth is also pretty well understood. The fungus grows from very minute spores, which are produced by millions, but exactly as to how these spores rest and infest the growing corn, I can find nowhere any definite information, nor have I seen any data relative to prevention. We are left here to surmise and analogize.

Smut in wheat is produced by a similar fungus, similar in its botanical character and in its results, and this wheat-smut fungus is much better known. It is proved that this gains access to the plant through the seed. The spores are sticky, and adhere to the sound grain at harvest or threshing, and are sown with the seed wheat. As the new wheat plant grows, the fungus develops with it in due time, ripening its spores at harvest. The spores may be killed and the crop saved by soaking the seed wheat in strong brine, or in a weak solution of sulphate of copper, commonly known as blue vitriol or bluestone. (The proportions used are from two to five ounces of the crystals per bushel of wheat.) It would be well to try the same remedies with corn. I have seen this recommended, but I have no information as to the results. Corn-smut is rarely abundant enough to affect the crop, and is principally dreaded because it is poisonous to the cattle.

OXYGEN GAS, when inclosed in a thin glass tube, will show itself under the action of a magnet to be paramagnetic, inclining north and south like iron; and while nitrogen, hydrogen and carbonic acids remain unaffected, phosphorus, leather and wood show themselves to be diamagnetic, and arrange themselves equatorially from east to west.