WILLAMETTE FARMER.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

My School Days.

By JOHN G. WRITTIRS.

Etill sits the school-house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning: Around it still the sumach grows, And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's deak is seen, Deep scarred by rays official: The warping floor, the battered seats, The jack knife's carved initial.

The charcoal freecoes on its walls; Its d. or's worn sill betraying The feet, that creeping slow to school, Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter's sun Shone over all at setting: Lit up its western window panes, And low save's icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of griaving. Of one who still her steps delayed When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy Her childish favor singled, His cap was pulled down on his face, Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing wi h restless feet the snow To right and left, he lingered. And restle-sly her tiny hands The blue check apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eye-; he felt The soft hands light caressing. And neard the trembling of her voice, As if a fault confeasing,

"Im sorry that I spelt the word; I hate to go above you, Becau e".-the brown eyes lower fell-"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to the gray baired 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 ew who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss Lim her-because they love him.

The Burdens of Life.

We all have them to bear, and there is no We all have them to bear, and there is no escape. With some the burden is poverty, with others ignorance, or loneliness, or care, or neglect, or ill-health, or bereavement, and no two burdens are alike. Some carry a load of unsatisfied longing and of quenchless aspiration from the cradle to the grave. This is the gran-lest burden one can bear, as that of conscious guilt is heaviest and most grievous. Sometimes we are able to shift the weight from one shoulder to the other, but often it is as a yoke on our necks that with all our efforts will stay in just the one place. Due attention

as a yoke on our becas that win all our en ris will stay in just the one place. Due attention to business, careful investment and shrewd foresight enable many to rise from poverty to wealth, but in doing this they by no means get rid of that trouble to which all men are born panics frighten and ruin them, railroads be-come insolvent, bonks break, flood and fire and whirlwind desolate, insurance companies fail.

The burden of ignorance is another that may be sensibly lightened so long as continued progress up the hights of learning gives one the consciousness of advancement, but the higher we get the more do we see of the unknown and the unknowable, the further do we remove ourselves from sympathy with the mass of our fellows. Mountain tops are cold and solitary, and, for the most part, unfrequented. We change the place and keep the pain, and so we are forced at last to the conclusion that the bet taught us long ago, though we would n' learn it, that:

Not enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined end of way; But to ad that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

We children, old and young, are all at school; tasks are given us to perform, and there is a dark closet or a hickory switch, or keeping in after school for those who are idle or insubor-dinate or stupid. Divine Providence takes us all in hand, and, rewarding the diligent, visits condign puniahment scoper or later on all offenders and delinquents. There is no choice at all in the matter; the issue is obedience or disobedience, with reward or penalty. Not seldom do we feel that the lesson is so hard we never can learn it, the task entirely beyond our strength; but we are kept at it, and kept at it, until we conquer or the master, discouraged with our duliness, gives us over to perpetual stupidity, Now, in such a case, what is the best thing to do? Isn't it to "buckle right down" cheerfully and patiently and persist-ently to the task assigned, until light breaks in lends a helping hand? When this lesson is learned, rest assured there are more to come, learned, rest assured there are more to come, in another branch perhaps, and if we don't wish to be kept down in the primary classes all our lives we must study. If what has been said is true, what is the wisest, most politic, most prudent course for us to take? Shall we sit down and refuse to carry the burdens laid on our shoulders? Thus doing they will crush us to the earth. The only sensible thing to do is to march on, walking tirmly when we can, staggering when we must, looking at the blue sky over our heads instead of the rough road beneath our feet, catching all the joy we can from bird songs, flowery perfumes, pleasant from bird songs, flowery perfumes, pleasant talk by the way with other burdened souls; and keeping evermore steadfastly in view the day when we expect to hear "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things." Shall we not then resolve that "henceforth life shall not be shirked, life shall not be shunned, life shall not be picked over, as piggish boys pick over puddings for just the plums, but that this life, this one com just the plums, but that this life, this one com mon life, this good and finished life, which God has made good, shall be accepted, seized, held fast, embraced, anchored to, shall be accepted as a good and satisfying inheritance, the whole of it, and without amendment, or any approved wish for amendment or change?"—Tribune. The DEATH KISS -- Woman's love! is there The DEATH RISS.—woman's love: is there anything like it? A Canadian's wife has just died in Raleigh, and he has taken her to Can-ada to bury her under the native sod. She died in a land of strangers, but she left behind the name of a devoted wife. It was love in death. He saw her sinking fast—he knew it, he beau it it was consumption. He wuest, she knew it-it was consumption. He nursed her like a little child, the great strong man, and there they were in the room together the night she died. She wanted to see out, to gaze once more at the world outside; but he entreated once more at the world outside; but he entreated her against it, and told her that to take her up would make her worse; but she told him she was dying anyway, and he lifted her tenderly in his arms and walked with her about the room, holding her to his breast and showing her this object and that, pointing out every pleasant thing, and she kis-ing him with every breath till the last breath had gone, and the kiss died cold on his cheek. When God made man, he put all of heaven in a woman's love, and told him to win it, and be worthy of it. -- Vicks-burg Herald.

One of the most readable articles in Scribner's Magazine, for January, is contributed by John Burroughs, who takes a very common sense view of the subject he discusses. He looks at the house also with the eye of the true artist, recognizing all the accessories to beauty contributed freely by nature, rocks, trees, bills, waters, and desires that in its construction and color it shall harmonize with these. He says: "If one's house existed for its own sake, if it were an end in and of itself, there might be were an end in and of itself, there might be some fitness in the attempt to give it politive beauty. But as the matter stands, only that human habitation satisfies my eye in which the aim of beauty or att as such is entirely swallowed up and lost sight of in the sugges-tion of comfort, warmth, s ability, and I do not think that the house is beautiful, but inviting and home-like. If the builder has added any intrinsic ornaments, anything not in keeping with the necessities of the construction (of course I would not confine him to the bare bones of the case;) if he has clapped on an abominable French roof, which, in our climate,

answers so poorly the purposes of a roof, and suggests no shelter or hospitality; if he has thrust up a tower where there is no view to command; or if he has painted his structure one of those light, delicate tiuts, that is like one of nose nght, dencate thuts, that is nke nothing out of doors, and makes one feel as if the house ought to be taken in out of the wet and the weather. I see he has made a bid for the admiration of the public, and that he had no deep want in his heart to satisfy." Further on, he says: "What is a man's house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like both onide and in _____e erge groups.

house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like both outside and in—coarse, sirong, negative in tone externally, and snug and well fea hered and modeled by the heart within? Why should he set on a hill, when he can command a nook under the hill or on its side? Why should it look like an observatory, when it is a conservatory and dormitory? The domestic spirit is quiet, informal, unceremoni-iona, loves ease, privacy, low tones; the chim-ney corner, theold arm-chair, the undress garb, homely carses, children, sinple pleasure, etc.; homely cares, children, sinple pleasure, etc.; and why should it, when it seeks to house itself

from the weather, aim at the formal, the showy, the architectural, the external, the superfluous Let state edifices look state yi but the private dwelling should express privacy and coziness. But every man's house is in some sort an Successful the second s taste and manners, or your want of these. If the domestic instinct is strong in you, and if you have humility and simplicity, they will show very plainly in your dwelling; if you have the opposite of these, false pride or a petty ambi-tion or coldners and exolutionaries they will tion, or coldness and exclusiveness, they will show also. A man seldom builds better than will he knows, when he assumes to know any thing about it."

Tapestry.

In early English mansions the walls of apartments were usually covered with tapestry. In those days there were not so many broad plain surfaces on the walls, and the rooms were lower than now. There was more wood work; large ornamental fire-places, dados, cornices and window recesses occupied much of the walls, and they were often entirely or partly panneled in oak. The furniture was massive, while trophies of the chase and the battlefield held a prominent position, and tapestry completed the mural decoration. That the completed the mural decoration. That the wall was beautifully painted seems proba-ble, for the number of churches having mural paintings is so great that a list of such has been published by the science and art depart-ments of South Kensington. These specimens of wall painting have been, for the most part, discovered under many coats of color after ages of neglect. ages of neglect.

Tapestry weaving is said to have been intro-duced into England in the time of Henry VIII. by William Sheldon, who brought workmen from Flanders about 1540; but probably the art was merely revived at that period, for so early as 1302, Lord Arundel bequeathed to his wife Philippa the bangings in bis hall recently made in London. However, tapestry seems to nave been brought to great perfection in the middle of the sixteenth century, and about that time were not uncommon in the houses of the middle classes

Stamped, painted and gilded leather has long been in use as a wall decoration. It is said to have been invented by the Spaniards, though introduced into England by the Flemings in the reign of Henry VIII.

We do not know whether the following is original with the London Sanitary Record, in which we find it, but we feel that we are doing a service to the babies in reprinting it :-

Babies.

These noisy parents of the race to be would, if they could, frequently tell stories of a great amount of needless suffering which is entailed upon them by the thoughtlessness of their good natured friends." When they first wake up, it is no uncommon thing to have a candle flared before their eyes, to amuse them with the "pretty red light;" then, perhaps they the "pretty red light;" then, perhaps they are jumped, screamed or whistled at, tossed up in the air so violently that their nerves are thoroughly shaken. At other times the infants are poked in the ribs, unclean fingers are thrust into their mouths, whether the poor things like it or not, or they may be tickled into spasms, or "bo-peeped" at so vigorously as to thoroughly scare them, if it does not in-duce St. Vitus'dance. Should the poor, help-less victim scream, which is the only protect it can make, it is libelled by being called frac-tions, and perhaps dosed with soothing syrap. Other kind friends of the baby will, in the most thoughtless manner, kiss and hug the most thoughtless manner, kiss and hug the poor little victim, even when suffering them-selves from sore throat or colds, and so entail an unknown amount of evil on the child, simply from want of the commonest thoughtful-

If some of these boisterous nurses and friends would remember that a very little violent excitement goes a long way with infants, they would save them much needless suffering both in the present and in the future; rest and quietness are the chief things they require, and yet seldom get, especially in a large fam-ily, or where there are many friends who take their turn to tickle and awase the victim into a sort of hysterical spasms, and then think him or her happy. Again, in playing music to him of her happy. Again, in playing music to them, the most poly and startling tunes are generally selected, to the soute torture of the sensitive tympanum, instead of those airs which are most soothing and gentle. These are a few of many needless sufferings to which children are thoughtlessly exposed. An-other very common source of torture is care-lessures in whealing the nerambulator.

lessness in wheeling the perambulator. In street crossing, these vehicles are more often than not allowed to bump down the full hight of the curb stone, and then driven full tilt against the opposite curb. Such shocks try severely the spine and nerves of the tender in-fants, who are unfortunately consigned to the mercies of a careless nurse. We once heard of a baby who was reported to have said, "how stupid parents are !" and if that infant prod-igy should live to be a hundred years old, it would never say a true thing of the majority of fathers, mothers and relatives in general.

How to Succeed.

The young man who thinks he can carry

his boyish pranks into the serious business of life, is not a man, and defrauds himself and his employer. "After work, play." That should satisfy the most sanguine. "Business before rleaswre," is the motto of the prudent man, whose guide is experience, and it is sufficient for the novitiate in active life.

But it is despicable to see the young man just starting cut in life so wedded to his former enjoyments as to place them above present duties. Yet this is often the case. The young duties. man, who to steer his own bark launches forth on the sea of life, too often looks back on the plea-ures be leaves behind; and, forgetful of present duties, steers back to past enjoyments. There is no royal road to success any more than to knowledge. He who would succeed must work; and, after all, there is more real enjoyment in work, which has a worthy object, than in play, or pleasure, intended to kill time. We remarked a few days ago to a business man whose present means are amply sufficient, but who worked really harder than any of his nu but who worked really harder than any of his nu-merous employees, that he ought to "take it easy." Said he: "I am never so happy as when I have more than I can do. I may wear out in working, but I dread to rust out in idling." He was right. His work was a part of himself, a part of his life, and it was always faithfully done. To apprentices, especially, this earnestness and interest in their work is necessary, if success is ever to be attained.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE. -- No married man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his daily toil, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his will be rewarded by the is of home Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is only half-provided voyage who finds but an asso for his niate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is pre pared.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

Children and Their Homes.

Children, you all love your homes; I take that for granted, that is, if that home is at all loveable. Now what do you do to make that home pleasant? Children are too apt to regard the keeping of a home as a duty incumbent upon their parents, without realizing that they have as much to do with its formation almost

as the parents themselves. Home is not perfect without the help of every member of the household. It has been beauti-fully likened to a harp—if all the strings are fully likened to a harp—it all the strings are atuned in harmony sweet melody is the result; but if one is out of tune it jars harsh discord upon the senses. The parents' duty is to for-nish a home where the comforts of the body are provided; where the mind is educated and the soul is trained and guided by pure teach ings and holy example. The children's duty is to respond to the efforts of their parents—to echo as it ware the altention and affection it were, the attention and affection eho, shown them.

Do the wee ones, whose little hands are too. Do the wee ones, whose little hands are too-tiny to more than plack the blossoms by the wayside, remetuber that they can learn to belp keep home tidy by picking up the little things that will get strewn about? Whose hands so gentle in soothing away mamma's headache or papa's frown, as the lit le one that knows not its own strength? The little boy and gill can do many little tasks deftly—for hows it is no learning of dignify to learn to be boys, it is no lessening of dignity to learn to be handy about the house and help mother in her numerous household tasks. The manliest numerous household tasks. The manifest man I ever know personally, takes laughing pride in his knowledge of house work, gained when he was a boy, the help of a mother who boasted of five boys younger than himself. Then do not hesitate to engage in the many duties that await you in the home; and girls, away you mother away step you on Be

save your mothers every step you can. Be light of heart and quick of foot, that your Be presence may bring real heart sunshine into the home circle. Be true daughters, true sis-ters, making all who enter that home circle love and rely upon you. Do not be afraid of work, lest you brown or harden your hands; do not cast upon your mother a task because "she can do it quicker," or you "are just going out for a little walk." It is she who needs the respite

a note walk. It is she who beens the respite most; it is you who can give it her. Home is not a rese lined paradise, where all can sit and sing sweet melodies, unruffled by a cloud of care. Home is a place to love in and cloud of care. Home is a place to love in and a place to labor in. The tasty rooms will grow unlovely, the ornaments will gather dust, and the myriad duties of home life will become disthe myriad duties of home life will become dis-tast ful and monotonous unless there is an earnest spirit that gives you courage to go on, day after day, with these same unchanging tasks. That courage comes from a higher love than love of self—aud when the right love fills the heart, the commonest tasks become glori-fied and invested with a hearty we never say fied and invested with a beauty we never saw pefore.

Then remember, girls and boys, to do your part toward making a home. It is a duty that rests upon each one of you, and unless you fulfil it conscientiously you will lose many moments of rapture and will rob the future of many pleasant and joyous memories, and also the consciousness of having done right.— Young Folks' Monthly.

A Word for the Boys.

Commodore Farragut at Ten

The late Commodore Farragut, who served his country so well and so bravely during the late war, and who stood at the head of the United States navy, used to tell us the following United States navy, used to tell us the following story of his experience when but a boy of ten: Would you like to know how I became what I am? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was a boy but ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of groz as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinuer, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

'David, what do you mean to be ?"

"I mean to follow the sea." "Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever

hospital in a foreign clime." "No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-deck,

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Rising in the World.

Experience continually contradicts the no-tion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men we find that nearly all of them began life worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the mil-lionaires of the United States a score of exam-ples will occur. On the other hand the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die

rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such mon-syed individuals either fail outright or gradu-; ally eat up the capital with which they com-menced their career. And the reason is plain. Brought up in ex-pensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal im-portance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift, and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more difficult than b) money, in ince. Way, after it is hade, taby enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of eo nomy, which the res-olution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite in-sufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who collarges bis expenses as fast as his earnings incr-ase must always be poor, no matter what his abili-ties. And content may be had on compara-tively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.—Scientific American.

SHABPENING EDGE TOOLS .- The grindstone SHARPENING EDGE TOOLS.—The grindstone should not be less than two feet or eighteen inches in diameter. It should revolve to meet the tool (except when grinding very fine or del-icate tools). In grinding a chisel for instance, it should be held firmly on the stone without moving, until a slight wire edge is felt on the other side, which may easily be told by pass-ing the thumb over the opposite side to that which is being ground. When this is felt, turn the chisel over and proceed in the same manner until the wire edge is transferred to the oppountil the wire edge is transferred to the oppo-site side. It should now be whetted on an oilstone, taking care not to hold the ool too upright, or it will do more harm than good. It should be whetted first on one side, then on the other until the wire edge appears off; now take a piece of deal, free from grit, and draw the edge of the tool across the grain; if it has been properly whetted the wire edge will now be properly wheth d the wire edge will now be properly removed. Gouges are only ground on their convex surfaces. They should be ground until a wire edge can be felt by passing the finger along the inside of the gouge. This can be removed with the oilstone and deal. While grinding gouges they should be con-stantly turned from right to left, or the edge will be full of notches. Tools for soft wood should have a long bevel edge to make them cut keen. Abont a half-inch bevel is best. —Am. Cabinet Maker.

A "DOZEN" IN THE POTTERY TRADE.—As the derivation from the French douztine implies, it is generally presumed that a dozen implies twelve things, but in the Staffordshire potteries tweive things, but in the Staffordshire potteries and in the earthenware trade (queensware in Philudelphia, crockery in other places) a dozen to this day represents that number of any special article which can be offered at a fixed price. That is, the price is fixed and the num-ber to the dozen varies. For instance, the pitchers, which are called "jugs" in the trade, are sold as 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 18, 24, 30, 36 pieces to each dozen, the price for a dozen being con-stant. The ordinary pitcher, holding a quart, is a twelve, or twelve to the dozen, while a pint Is a twelve, of twelve to the dozen, while a pint pitcher is twenty-four to the dozen, and is so called when dealing in that size. Few of the articles of the trade are sold in dozens of twelve, plates being almost the only ones, and some of them are sold at sixty to the dozen. Besides these curiosities in figures, the potters have peculiar names—muffins, twiffers, etc.— that make up a trade language of themselves. The quantities for dozens are, we think, yet preserved in the wholesale, or package trade.

CONDENSED BEER-HOW MADE .- Mr. Lockwood describes, in the Journal of the Society of Arts, his patent solid or condensed beer. Beer is taken at its best condition; its alcohol is separated and saved by a method of gentle distillation in vacuo, and the residue is condensed in a vacuum pan, like milk; when finished, it is enclosed in hermetically sealed packages, the alcohol first being added to it again, and acting as a preservative. The fermentation, which was present in the beer when it was taken, is suspended by the heating, and the condensed beer remains sound in this con-dition, apparently for any length of time, as some exists that has now been kept for nearly two years. When re-made by adding water, it is not wort, but real beer, having all its flavor and alcoholio strength, and lacking only effer-vescence, which can be quickly imparted by reviving the suspended formentation for a short time in order to develop sufficient car-bonic acid gas to give it the 1equired briskness; or it is fit to drink immediately, if charged with carbonic acid gas, like serated water. the condensed beer remains sound in this con-

House Building.

A VERMATER report of a recent marriage cere-mony in Iowa: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another ?" "Yes." "Well, then, have one another. You are man and wile."

FRANKNESS IN LOVE .- One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and per-fect frankness. Both parties should be frank --true to themselves and truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled and anxious minds, how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are to day in which con-tent and happiness might have reigned supreme but for want of frankness ! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things, but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth Then lways be frank. Avoid misunderstandings ; give no reason or occasion for them. They are more easily shunned than cured; they leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never deceive others. Frankness is like the light of a clear day in which everything may be plainly per ceived.

THE BEST FOOD .- Dr. Everett, in a lecture on "Best Food for the Best Bodies," says that "children under sixteen years of age should be reared largely on brown bread and should be reared largely on brown bread and milk; then they will possess pearly teeth, bril-liant eyes, and healthy complexions." The doctor is also of opinion that, "little women should go out of fashion. Physical diminu-tion can be avaided by right methods in the use of food.

At the recent meeting of the Baptist asso-ciation at Eden, Me., there were two candidates voted for as moderator, Rev. Mr. Fish, of Brooklyn, and Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Sedgwick. The chairman counted the votes and declared them thus: "Brethren, all that comes to our net is Fish except a pair, and that is Bartlett."

HE has five girls, and he says they sha'n't have no fellers around them, so he takes each one in turn every Sunday afternoon and rubs her teeth with an onion, and, as he quietly re-marks: "None of 'em ever has a beau a second time." time.

COULD anything be neater than an old dar-key's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter. "Lor, missus," said he. "I's used to tifting barrels of sugar."

A GENTLEMAN who has the power of moving his scalp was amazing his little nicce with the trick lately, and she expressed her surprise by exclaiming "Ma, just see uncle wink his hair."

HOW YANKEE POTATOES DO IN ENGLAND.-Standard, of Coventry, England, states that last spring one pound each of the Snowflake and Eureka potatoes, two new American varieties, were planted in the gardens at Capesthorne, the seat of Mr. Bromley Davenport, M. P. On the 19th of States and P. the 13th of September the Snowflake was lifted, when it was found that the one pound had produced the surprising weight of 638 pounds. A week later the Eureka was lifted, and it was ascertained that the pound of seed potatoes had produced 1.082¹/₂ pounds, the largest yield on record. Three hundred of the tubers weighed 369¹/₂ pounds.

My MOTHER .- How mnay sweet and holy recollections do these few words recall to those who have been blessed with the never ending affection of a mother! No change of fortune, no loss of influence, not even the loss of char acter itself can destroy a mother's love. Her acter itself can destroy a mother's love. Her love can soothe the pangs of sickness, and turn aside the arrows of misfortune. The name of mother is among the first words that fall from a child's tongue; the first idea that dawns upon the mind; the first and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. Accence cannot chill a mother's love, nor vice destroy a mother's kindness. Her

LIVED IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insuited, and his character infa-mously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied: "No; I will go to my forge, and there in six months I shall have worked out such a character, such a name as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our honesty and respectability.

"Mr dear," said a rural wife to her hus-band, on his return from town, " what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city?" "The ladice' faces, my love."

Howser and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

and command, as you do." "No, David; no boy ever tread the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck.

I was stunned by the rebuke, and over-whelmed with mortification. "A poor, miser-able, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital !

"That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never drink an-other drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble." And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three yows to this hour.

A NEW PAPER PROCESS. -- It is said that, by a new process recently patented by Eastern par-tues, it is proposed to manufacture wrapping papers out of green grass or hay. The inventor claims that if grass is used, he can make good paper without cooking the material, and the natural color of such paper will be dark brown -suitable for hardware trade, etc. By this process he claims a saving of five dollars per ton, in fuel alone. If hay is used, it will have to be cooked, and we infer the cost will be about the same as for straw paper.

A KEEN WITTED servant girl in Troy told the mi kman the other day that he gave his cows too much salt. "How do you know that?" said the lactcalist. "Sure I kin tell be the milk that they drink too much water entirely, said the girl. The milkman drove off in hurry.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that any acknowledgment by a couple of pro-per age that they take upon themselves the re-sponsibilities of man and wife, made publicly or before two or more competent witnesses, and subsequently duly recorded, is a legal marriage.

"They say a woman can't keep a secret," remarked a Division street woman to her hus-band, "but Martha Jones told me in confi-dence last night that she is to be married soon, and I haven't even told you."

War do people call for a piece of string, and did anybody ever hear of one calling for a whole one ?

Wz can never surprise Nature in a corner; never find the end of a thread ; never tell where to set the first stone.—Emerson's Essays.

UTILIZING CINDER PILES .-- Quite a business has sprung up at various points in the country in the working of the cinder piles of blast fur-naces. For several years iron made in a cupola from cinder piles has been in use in Pittaburg, from cinder piles has been in use in Pittaburg, and we believe other localities, and is known as Buckeye iron. It is very close, but gives good results in the puddling furnace, espe-cially in mixtures with red short irons. Iron is being made on this plan at Cleveland, as Indi-anapolis, at Chicago and Cincinnati, and we understand in various other places. There is a vast amount of such waste in all our iron smelting districts; many thousands of tons have been used to fill up bogs and hollows, and to make roads, but the amount yet within easy reach is still immense.

SOMETHING NEW IN PIANO CONSTRUCTION.— A German tailor at Des Moines has invented a curions sort of piano, the hammer of which strikes bells instead of atrings. There are in this piano sixty-six bells, varying from two inches to thirteen inches in diameter, all so adjusted that each bell shall give its perfect tone in response to the touch of the performer's hand on the key-board.

PULMONIC CANDLES.— There are now manu-factured in England, candles containing in their substance some of those gum resins and balsams, especially benzoin and storax, which have been found useful in chronic pulmonary and allied maladies. These "pulmonic can-dles" yield, on combustion, a pleasing fra-grance, and at the same time give a good light.

MARSIE .- To remove ink stains from white marble, make a paste with a little chloride of lime and water, and rub it into the stains; atterwards sponge with scap and water.