

The Home Circle.

My School Days.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning...

Within the master's desk is seen, Deep scarred by raps official...

The charcoal frescoes on its walls; Its door a worn still betraying...

Long years ago a winter's sun Shone over all at setting...

It touched the tangled golden curls, And brows a shadow showing...

For near her stood the little boy Her childish favor singled...

Fushing with restless feet the snow To right and left, he lingered...

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hands light caressing...

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word; I hate to go above you...

Still memory to the gray haired man That sweet-eyed face is showing...

He lives to learn in life's hard school; How e'er who pass above him...

The Burdens of Life.

We all have them to bear, and there is no escape. With some the burden is poverty...

The burden of ignorance is another that may be sensibly lightened so long as continued progress up the rights of learning gives one...

Not enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined lot of way; But to act that each to-morrow, Find us further 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...

Stamped, painted and gilded leather has long been in use as a wall decoration. It is said to have been invented by the Spaniards...

FRANKNESS IN LOVE.—One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank...

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 milk..."

THE DEATH KISS.—Woman's love! is there anything like it? A Canadian's wife has just died in Raleigh, and he has taken her to Canada to bury her under the native sod...

A VERMONT REPORT of a recent marriage ceremony in Iowa: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another?" "Yes." "Well, then, have one another. You are man and wife."

House Building.

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...

Further on, he says: "What is a man's house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like both outside and in—coarse, strong, negative in tone externally, and snug and well feathered and modeled by the heart within?"

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...

Tapestry weaving is said to have been introduced 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...

HOW YANKEE POTATOES DO IN ENGLAND.—The 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 Capethorne...

MR. MOTHEK.—How many 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 character itself can destroy a mother's love...

At the recent meeting of the Baptist association at Eden, Me., there were two candidates voted for as moderator, Rev. Mr. Fish, of Brooklyn, and Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Sedgewick. 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 shan'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 remarks: "None of 'em ever has a bean a second time."

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

Babies.

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:—

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 are jumped, screamed or whistled at, tossed up in the air so violently that their nerves are thoroughly shaken...

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 family, or where there are many friends who take their turn to tickle and amuse the victim into a sort of hysterical spasms, and then think him or her happy. Again, in playing music to them, the most noisy and startling tunes are generally selected, to the acute 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. Another very common source of torture is carelessness in wheeling the perambulator. In street crossing, these vehicles are more often than not allowed to bump down the full height of the curb stone, and then driven full tilt against the opposite curb. Such shocks try severely the spine and nerves of the tender infants, 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 prodigy should live to be a hundred years old, it would never say a truer 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 pleasure," is the motto of the prudent man, whose guide is experience, and it is sufficient for the novice in active life.

It is desirable to see the young man just starting out in life to wedded to his former enjoyments as to place them above present duties. Yet this is often the case. The young man, who to steer his own bark launches forth on the sea of life, too often looks back on the pleasures he 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 worthy enjoyment in work, which has a more 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 numerous 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 labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is only half-provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

HOW YANKEE POTATOES DO IN ENGLAND.—The 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 Capethorne, the seat of Mr. Bromley Davenport, M.P. On the 13th of September the Snowflake was lifted, when it was found that the one pound had produced the surprising weight of 639 pounds. A week later the Eureka was lifted, and it was ascertained that the pound of seed potatoes had produced 1,082 1/2 pounds, the largest yield on record. Three hundred of the tubers weighed 369 1/2 pounds.

MR. MOTHEK.—How many 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 character 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. Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor vice destroy a mother's kindness.

LIVED IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously 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 husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

HONEST 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.

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 beautifully likened to a harp—if all the strings are attuned 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 furnish a home where the comforts of the body and the soul is trained and guided by pure teachings and holy example. The children's duty is to respond to the efforts of their parents—to echo, as it were, the attention and affection shown them.

Do the weaned, whose little hands are too tiny to more than pluck the blossoms by the wayside, remember that they can learn to help 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 little one that knows not its own strength? The little boy and girl can do many little tasks deftly—for 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 man I ever knew 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, save your mothers every step you can. Be light of heart and quick of foot, that your presence may bring real heart sunshine into the home circle. Be true daughters, true sisters, 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 most; it is you who can give it her.

Home is not a rose lined paradise, where all can sit and sing sweet melodies, untroubled by a cloud of care. Home is a place to love in and a place to labor in. The tasteful rooms will grow unlovely, the ornaments will gather dust, and the myriad duties of home life will become distasteful 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—and when the right love fills the heart, the commonest tasks become glorified and invested with a beauty we never saw before.

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 fulfill 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 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 grog as I had double 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 dinner, 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, 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 overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable, 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 another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble." And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour.

A NEW PAPER PROCESS.—It is said that, by a new process recently patented by Eastern parties, 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 milkman the other day that he gave his cows too much salt. "How do you know that?" said the lactealist. "Sure I kin tell by the milk that they drink too much water entirely," said the girl. The milkman drove off in a hurry.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that any acknowledgment by a couple of proper age that they take upon themselves the responsibilities 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 husband, "but Martha Jones told me in confidence last night that she is to be married soon, and I haven't even told you."

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

We 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.

Useful Information.

Rising in the World.

Experience continually contradicts the notion 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 with little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States a score of examples 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 beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. It is 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 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 economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.—Scientific American.

SHARPENING EDGE TOOLS.—The grindstone should not be less than two feet or eight inches in diameter. It should revolve to meet the tool (except when grinding very fine or delicate 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 passing 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 opposite side. It should now be whetted on an oilstone, taking care not to hold the tool 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 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 constantly 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. About a half-inch bevel is best.—Am. Cabinet Maker.

A "DOZEN" IN THE POTTERY TRADE.—As the derivation from the French douzaine implies, it is generally presumed that a dozen implies twelve things, but in the Staffordshire potteries and in the earthenware trade (queensware in Philadelphia, 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 number 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 constant. The ordinary pitcher, holding a quart, is a twelve, or twelve to the dozen, while a pint pitcher is twenty-four to the dozen, and is so pitched 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, twiflers, 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 in liquid in this condition, 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 alcoholic strength, and lacking only effervescence, which can be quickly imparted by reviving the suspended fermentation for a short time in order to develop sufficient carbonic acid gas to give it the required briskness; or it is fit to drink immediately, if charged with carbonic acid gas, like sprated water.

UTILIZING CINDER FILLS.—Quite a business has sprung up at various points in the country in the working of the cinder piles of blast furnaces. For several years iron made in a cupola from cinder piles has been in use in Pittsburg, and we believe other localities, and is known as Buckeye iron. It is very close, but gives good results in the puddling furnace, especially in mixtures with red short iron. Iron is being made on this plan at Cleveland, at Indianapolis, 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 curious sort of piano, the hammer of which strikes bells instead of strings. 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 manufactured 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 candles" yield, on combustion, a pleasing fragrance, and at the same time give a good light.

MARBLE.—To remove ink stains from white marble, make a paste with a little chloride of lime and water, and rub it into the stains; afterwards sponge with soap and water.