

THE HOME CIRCLE.

My Neighbor's Baby.

Across in my neighbor's window, With its drapings of satin and lace, I see 'neath the flowing ringlets, A baby's innocent face.

Concerning Hogs.

"Are you interested in hogs, ma'am?" said an old farmer to me one day, "because if you are I have some fine ones in the pen yonder you may like to look at."

Pests.

Not flies nor mosquitoes, although they cease one to feel rather uncomfortable at times—but men and women pests are referred to. The inquisitive woman is one specimen.

Early Rising a Delusion.

For farmers and those living in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against God and his own soul.

Embroidery that is Worth While.

There is no such waste of time, money and patience as the worsted work and embroidery to which our ladies give up so much of their leisure. It isn't beautiful, it isn't useful and it stands much in the way of educating the eye and the general taste.

A Cargo of Music.

The Tintern Abbey, the other day, left England for New Zealand with one hundred starlings, goldfinches and thrushes; one hundred hedge-sparrows, one hundred and seventy yellow-hammers, and a great multitude of bright plumes and sweet voices.

More Moral Courage Wanted.

"I cannot help thinking that if there was a little more individual work, a little more moral courage in the world to save men, the world would not be so much of a wreck as it is today. If you saw that a friend, a brother, was taking the wrong course, what would you do? Would you merely say: 'Dear, dear, dear! how painful it is that so many men are going wrong. Just as sure as he continues that course, he is a lost man; but he will go; dear, dear, dear!'"

How to Treat Unexpected Guests.—When one of "father's" business friends drives into the yard at about half past eleven, the good wife knows that he will surely stay to dinner. Father is a great story-teller, and he likes to get hold of a new auditor. How aptly comes a frown of dismay and displeasure on the smooth, fair face of his helpmeet. What can be done? Work is going on according to the day's plan in the kitchen; the dinner was arranged for none but the family; the children are coming home from school and making a clatter—all is bustle and confusion. She feels that the best dishes must be used, and something extra cooked for the inopportune guest.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—A gentleman named Wall, residing at Phenixville, Pa., has several very fine canary birds, which he has given much attention. One of the birds he has taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," clearly and distinctly. His mode of instruction is as follows: He placed the canary in the room where it could not hear the singing of the other birds, suspended its cage from the ceiling, so that the bird would see its reflection in a mirror. Beneath the glass he placed a musical box that was regulated to play no other tune but "Home, Sweet Home." Hearing no other sound but this, and believing the music proceeded from the bird it saw in the mirror, the young canary soon began to catch the notes and finally accomplished what its owner had been laboring to attain, that of singing the song perfectly. Mr. Wall has been offered and refused \$20 for his yellow throated soprano.

ARE WE DEGENERATING.—Bayard Taylor says that the assertion that woman always held an inferior position to man, is glaringly false, for in ancient Egypt it is well known that women were honored and respected equally with men. Women often sat upon the throne and administered the affairs of government. There was also in Egypt a lofty appreciation of the marriage tie, and the wife's name was often placed before that of her husband, and the sons frequently bore the names of the mothers instead of those of the fathers. It is impossible, he says, to look upon the statues of this period, and not feel what a high degree of culture was fairly claimed by the race. The surgical instruments are identical with those of the present day, and various household utensils the same. So it follows that the more woman is equalized with man in the affairs of life, the greater the degree of civilization.

STREET DRESSES are growing longer, and our side-walks will be cleaner. Full-backs are not so tall, and our maidens don't look so distressed. Bonnets flare more than they used to, and there is room for a center-table over the forehead. French heels are revived, and our doctors are studying up treatment of spinal diseases.

A Wife's Love.

A WIFE'S LOVE.—About ten o'clock last evening an officer of the first police found, crouching in an alley-way off Endicott street, a woman and three small children, two boys and a girl, aged respectively eight, five and four years. They were lying in one heap, the smallest child beneath all the rest, and the mother endeavoring to shelter them all from the bitter cold. Each was scantily clad, and the party presented a most pitiable spectacle in their half-frozen condition. An investigation by the officer revealed the woman's name to be Elizabeth McIntire, and her age to be twenty-six years. She is the wife of a young man who is very dissolute in his habits, spending all his earnings for rum, and utterly neglecting his family. The woman is also said to be addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. Seventeen weeks ago this family went to live in a tenement at No. 197 Endicott street, rented by a man named McAlair. They have not paid a single cent of rent, and finally the landlord told the woman that he would give her a room in the house, free of rent, for herself and children, provided she would leave her husband; that he would not have the latter around under any circumstances. This offer the woman positively refused to accept, and as a consequence found herself turned out of doors. Several of the neighbors also offered to care for her and her children if she would leave her husband, but all in vain.—Boston Herald.

A PRACTICAL TEST PROPOSED.—A newspaper controversy has finally arrived at this point: The advocate of spiritualism offers, for \$250, to allow his antagonist to shoot a pistol ball through the head or body of whatever or whoever shall appear at the window or door of a cabinet—the party agreeing that a face and body shall appear. This is the first practical use of spirits ever invented.

THE VOWELS.—There are two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in regular succession, and if a person is willing to live abstemiously, and not regard this statement facetiously, he will see what the words are.—Norwich Bulletin.

FADING AWAY.—An exchange says that, what with stocking darners, knitting and sewing machines, apple-parers, washers and wringers, woman as a necessity seems to be fading from the earth.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE between the north and south pole? All the difference in the world.

MUCIAGE FOR MINERALS, ETC.—Mr. F. C. Hill, of the geological museum, Princeton, N. J., writes to the Journal of Pharmacy as follows: "My friend, Professor R. P. Whitfield, of Albany, N. Y., was good enough to give me the following recipe for mucilage to mend fossils and minerals, and, after several months of experience with it in the museum, I find it so valuable that, with his permission, I send it for the benefit of the readers of your journal: Starch..... 2 dr. White Sugar..... 1 oz. Gum Arabic..... 2 dr. Water..... q. s.

"Dissolve the gum, add the sugar, and boil until the starch is cooked. Professor Whitfield is in the habit of drying it into sheets, on paper, and re-dissolving when wanted. He does not claim to have originated the recipe, but thinks it is one of the compositions offered to the United States government for gumming stamps. It is certainly a very adhesive mucilage, and, owing to the sugar, never becomes brittle; so that it never scales off, as most gins do, from stones or other hard substances. In a geological cabinet it is simply invaluable."

AIR COOLER.—To reduce the temperature in a factory in Paris, recourse was had to an inexpensive form of air cooler. A thin plate of metal, perforated with holes one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and having a total area equal to one-ninth of the surface of the plate, was set at a slight angle in a tight box. Over this plate a thin sheet of water at a temperature of 55 Fahr. was allowed to flow steadily, and by means of a power blower air was forced into the box below the plate. By its pressure the air forced its way through the holes in the plate and through the water, and was then led by pipes to all parts of the factory. By this device, the air in the room was reduced to 57° Fahr., or within four degrees of the temperature of the water. Other experiments gave varying results according to the initial temperature of the water, but in each case the apparatus reduced the temperature of the current of air to within seven degrees of that of the water. For the best results, the supply of water must be abundant and its temperature low. The application of this device might, in our warm climates, prove of use in pork packing and other industries where a low temperature is desirable.—Scribner.

THE regular annual university boat race between Cambridge and Oxford was fixed for Saturday, April 8th.

Young Folks' Column.

Baby-land.

Here's something to tell your little ones, and while you read the lines and Tom and Lizzie's little white heads lean on your breast, think of the many homes where "Baby-land" is an unknown world or a silent plat in Lone Mountain.

"How many miles to Baby-land?" "Any one can tell; Up one flight, To your right, Please to ring the bell." "What can you see in Baby-land?" "Little folks in white—Doxy heads, Cradle beds, Faces pure and bright!" "What do they do in Baby-land?" "Dream and wake and play; Laugh and crow, Shout and grow, Jolly times have they!" "What do they say in Baby-land?" "Why, the oddest things; Might as well Try to tell What a birdie sings!" "Who is the queen of Baby-land?" "Mother, kind and sweet; And her love, Born above, Guides the little feet."

For Boys and Girls.

My little boy wakes early, and delights to creep sily into bed and wake me with kisses. One morning, coaxing him to lie still awhile, I fell asleep again. When I awoke he was looking very sadly at me; perhaps my closed eyelids had made him think of a neighbor's child he had seen sleeping the sleep of death. Sighing, he said softly, "Mamma, what do little boys do when their mamma goes to heaven and leaves them behind?"

My own mother left me so when I was nine years old. While now my boy's anxious face lay close to mine on the pillow, there came over me smothering memories of the lonely days that came after, when she was not there to help me off to school, nor to welcome me home at night—those motherless nights, when first a servant put me to bed.

"I wish, Harry, neither you nor any little boy or girl need ever know how hard it is to live without a mother?"

So I said to the little fellow; but to you older boys and girls I can't help giving an older wish; that you who have a mother love her carefully. Be as good as ever you can be, and you cannot equal her goodness to you.

Girls, be quick to save her steps about the house; she has taken miles of steps for you before you could stand alone.

Boys, you will always be in debt to your mother. Money cannot hire such faithful service as her's has been; it can hardly be paid for in pure heart-coin, love!

A Great Mother to a Great Son.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, when he was only twelve: "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before his death, a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams. "The gentleman replied: 'I have been reading the published letters of your mother.'"

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said, 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

A CHILD, when told that God is everywhere, asked—"In this room?" "Yes." "In the closet?" "Yes." "In the drawers of my desk?" "Yes, everywhere. He's in your pocket now." "No, he ain't, though." "And why not?" "Taut! I ain't dot no poittet."

"WHAT did you hang that cat for, Isaac?" asked the schoolmarm. The boy looked up, and with a grave look, answered—"For mevinty, marm!"

ANILINE PENCILS, COPIING PENCILS, ETC.—These new pencils are announced at the same time both in Paris and Berlin. The French pencils are made in Paris, according to the hardness, very much like common lead pencils. The materials used are aniline, graphite and kaolin, in different proportions. Made into a paste in cold water, they are pressed through a screen that divides the mass into the slender sticks used in filling the pencils. When dry the sticks are fitted to the wooden parts, and these are glued together very much in the usual way. They may be used in copying, marking in permanent color and in reproducing writing or designs. In copying, a thin sheet of moistened paper is laid over the letter, design or document, and the lines are traced with the pencils. The action of the water on the aniline gives a deep, fast tracing, resembling ink in color. The German makers also employ aniline in the manufacture of these pencils. On ordinary dry paper they give a well-defined mark that cannot be removed with water. When the paper is dampened with water the markings assume the appearance of ink. These pencils may also be used for copying purposes, as when moistened sheets are laid over the writing, under a slight pressure, they will transfer good impressions that do not blur and that resemble the original in every respect.—Scribner.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Since the failure of the Bessemer swining cabin steamer and the double keeled Catalia, increased attention seems to be drawn toward the proposed tunnel, as the only practical solution of an easy channel passage. Some time ago a preliminary shaft was commenced near the shore on the English side, and now a similar work has been commenced on the French side of the channel. The depth of this latter will be 328 feet—about half the utmost depth which it is supposed the tunnel will require. The object of these shafts are to prove by ocular demonstration, in situ, whether the geological formations at certain depths agree with the theory of the scientists. The feeling is certainly gaining ground that such a work is needed and will pay as an investment; and if the two shafts, when completed, should develop the expected facts, the project will be considered practical, and then nothing will be left but to provide the millions of pounds sterling required to carry out the idea. This latter provision will be a difficult one to realize; but it is not beyond the possibilities of a proper combination of English and French financial enterprise.

It is now believed that the whole amount of losses by the Northampton bank robbery exceeds \$1,000,000, nearly one-half being negotiable.

THE DECKS.—Samuel G. Park, of Mark West valley, near Santa Rosa, wonders what ails his ducks, as they are all building their nests in trees this season, instead of on the ground, as they ought by all precedent to do.

WHEN will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When you and I are made one.