

The Home Circle.

Home.

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons enwrap the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tinted age and love-exalted youth.

The Golden Mean.

[Mrs. M. E. TUTTLE in Rural Press.]

Somewhere, on some fair page, is praised the
'Golden Mean,' and every day I live I find
would speak in greater praise of its all-saving
power. Truly it should be marked by a golden
altar, the middle point between the two extremes.

In every day parlance I call this blessed spot
the "stopping place." The children are re-
minded when in exuberant spirits that they
must not forget the stopping place. It is the
same in disputes. In fact, I find this advice
covers so much in wrong doing, and if heeded
would save so much trouble, that I could wish
sometimes when I hear an eloquent preacher
take his text about the depravity of mankind,
that he would adopt the golden mean and try
to show us oftener where the sin begins.

Dickens makes one of his characters say that
"our vices are often only virtues run to ex-
tremes." This is largely true of civilized society,
and in the minds of many people their virtues
take the shape of "hobbies," which they are
obliged to ride to the last extremity.

Especially is this so in reference to writers.
For instance, if you write an article in which
you advocate cold water and Graham bread,
it will cause astonishment if you are not willing
to live upon that alone. We can all remember
how Horace Greeley was twitted for eating
biscuits at Philadelphia and Alice Cary's tea table.
If you confess a liking for Dame Fashion,
you must needs trail your dress a yard behind
and wear your hat suspended on your false hair
instead of on your head.

"Ab! what! what! what! strength, this racing
beyond the goal." I am here reminded of
many things in which zeal becomes an evil and
leads the good astray. In all ideas of refine-
ment we find the danger imminent that we will
be led to extremes; particularly in reference to
home life and woman's dress. In no class of
society do these arbitrary notions fall with such
tyrannical force as on the farmer's wife, or the
woman obliged to do housework for a living.
To be dainty and neat at all times is impossible,
to be otherwise is, in many people's eyes,
to be sloven and a nobody; consequently women
avoid housework and seize with avidity any
employment in which they can appear genteel,
often at great sacrifice.

I have sometimes thought that old Dame
Nature and Modern Refinement were continually
at war. Refinement builds up a barrier that
obscures Nature's laws, and Nature retaliates
by ruined health and a torturing conscience.
A thousand deceptions are practised daily in
the name of refinement. People, women in
particular, will almost starve their poor tortured
bodies rather than to appear to have coarse
appetites; next to themselves they torture their
children and then their husbands. Their
houses are too nice to live in with any comfort,
their clothes are too nice to work in unless it be
the most delicate employments. So, instead of
aiming to be honest, earnest, truthful mortals,
they claim to be very poor specimens of
angels; in fact, I am afraid merely a caricature
of the genuine article.

In this age and generation we have ladies
with pale, refined faces, faultlessly dressed and
perfectly clean, who assume the role of angels
(according to their imperfect ideas) to perfection.
(I mean when visible to the outside
world.) Can any one suppose for a moment
in a sensible point of view that this model (for
whose perfections almost every schoolgirl is
striving) was really intended by an all-wise
Creator to represent a true woman? Surely not.

Is not the healthy, happy, earnest, busy
woman, who is not too ethereal to be useful
and not so angelic as to be faultless, much to
be preferred for this world and its cares and per-
plexities, whatever we may choose for the next?
The towns and cities have largely gone after
the first model; it remains for the country, if
we would have a higher type of humanity and
a progressive future, to hold fast to the last.
The farmers' families of these United States
must yet be the salvation of our country. They
are the reserve which is yet to fill the depleted
ranks of what some please to call the refined
class of society.

I have been found guilty of encouraging
farmers' wives in doing their duty, regardless
of these false, over-wrought ideas, and also of
counseling them to be more self-reliant and in-
dependent, and I am reminded by a nudge of
somebody's elbow of the "responsibility of
writers." And I am also aware of the fate
awaiting those who step out of the beaten path.
Yet I would teach them, if I could, to use their
best judgment and common sense; and to sit
well the chaff from the wheat.

hands find to do cheerfully and hopefully, when
the heat and burden of the day is past; we
shall reap a great reward. We have not far to
look to day in our country to see the reward of
extravagance and idleness. Ruined lives
covered with shame and disgrace are seen in
many places. Their day was short and full of
splendor, but their evening is full of bitterness
instead of rest and sweet content.

The Discipline of Experience.

Practical wisdom is only to be learned in the
school of experience. Precepts and instructions
are useful so far as they go, but without the
discipline of real life they remain of the
nature of theory only. The hard facts of ex-
istence have to be faced, to give that touch of
truth to character which can never be imparted
by reading or tuition, but only by contact with
the broad instincts of common men and wom-
en.

To be worth anything, character must be cap-
able of standing firm upon its feet in the
world of daily work, temptation, and trial, and
able to bear the wear and tear of actual life.
The life that rejoices in solitude may be only
rejoicing in selfishness. Seclusion may indicate
contempt for others, though more usually it
means indolence, cowardice or self-indul-
gence. To every human being belongs his fair
share of manful toil and human duty and it
cannot be shirked without loss to the individual
himself, as well as to the community to
which he belongs.

It is only by mixing in the daily life of the
world, and taking part in its affairs, that prac-
tical knowledge can be acquired and wisdom
learned. It is there that we find our chief
sphere of duty, that we learn the discipline of
work, and that we educate ourselves in that
patience, diligence and endurance which shape
and consolidate the character. There we en-
counter the difficulties, trials and temptations
which, according as we deal with them, give a
color to our entire after life—there, too, we be-
come subject to the great discipline of suffering,
from which we learn to encounter our trials
with cheerfulness, and to stand erect beneath
even the heaviest burden.

A BABOON MOTHER.—Mr. Hazely in his African
lectures vouches for the following: A
woman belonging to a settlement of about 150
souls went one day to gather some wood and
left her child on the ground to take care of it-
self. While the mother was gone a female baboon
appeared on the scene, and spying the
child, approached and began to fondle it. The
child was allowed to partake of the baboon's
milk, which deprived it of any appetite for its
mother's. When the mother returned she no-
ticed that the child was carefully covered over
with leaves and had lost its hunger. This was
done for several days before the mother ascer-
tained who performed the unthankful act.
When the mother did find out the doer she in-
duced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the
baboon the next day. The animal noticed the
men raise their weapons to fire and began to
wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not
to kill her, and at the same time pointed to a
young one at her breast. But the natives killed
her. No sooner had this done so, however,
than the male baboon put in his appearance,
and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his
tribe to the spot. Then in a body the animals
attacked the natives and forced them to flee to
their huts for safety. One of the baboons
tracked them to their settlement and the next
day they were visited by about 500 baboons,
who assaulted them with coconuts and com-
pelled them to run away from their homes. The
animals kept a watch over the huts for several
days and prevented the natives from returning
to their dwellings.

STARS IN THE FLAG.—The number and mean-
ing of stars properly placed on our flag are
briefly and correctly described by the Philadel-
phia Ledger. It says: "The stars represent
States of the Union. There are now 37 Stars,
and the United States flag of to-day bears 37
stars. Colorado may be admitted into the
Union this year (the bill for that purpose hav-
ing passed Congress), and if she should be
admitted prior to July 4th, 1876, another star
will be added to the United States flag on that
day, making 38 in all, representing the 38
States of the Union at the close of the first
century of independence. There is not even a
remote probability that any more States will
be admitted this year, and while it might be per-
missible to put 38 stars on the flag now, in
anticipation of the admission of Colorado,
there is no excuse for putting on a greater
number. Forty stars are put on for supposed
convenience of arrangement in cross rows of
five stars each; but a much better arrangement
can be made with 38 stars, arranged in five
rows, of which the central and two outer rows
are made up of eight stars and the alternate
rows of seven stars. The United States flag of
to-day, however, bears only 37 stars."

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF SUNDAY.—Sunday is
God's special present to the workman, and
one of his chief objects is to prolong his life,
and preserve efficient his working tone. In
the vital system it works like a compensation pond;
it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity and vigor,
which the last six days have drained away, and
supplies the force which is to fill the six days
succeeding; and in the economy of existence it
answers the same purpose as in the economy of
income is answered by a savings bank. The
frugal man who puts away a pound to-day, and
another pound next month, and who in a quiet
way is putting by his stated pond from time
to time, when he grows old and frail gets not
only the same pounds back again, but a good
many pounds besides. And the conscientious
man, who husbands one day of his existence
every week—who, instead of allowing Sunday
to be trampled and torn in the hurry and
scramble of life, treasures it up—the Lord of
Sunday keeps it for him, and in length of days
the halo of age gives it back with usury. The
savings bank of human existence is the weekly
Sunday.

THE SOCIETY DEFINITION OF A "LADY."—Mr.
Hamerton, in the Portfolio, thus defines: "A
lady is a woman who clearly understands, and
consistently practices, the refinements of a
highly-civilized existence; and the most real
real distinction between a lady and a woman
who is not a lady is, that one is more civilized
than the other, and more determined to pre-
serve the habits of a high civilization, both in
her own person and in all those over whom she
has authority. These habits are not simply
habits of expense; it is cheaper to remain sober
than to get drunk, and yet it is more money
like to speak good English than bad, or to be gentle
than rude; yet a lady always, from preference,
speaks correctly and has gentle manners."

"WHAT DO YOU know of the character of this
man?" was asked of a witness at a police court
the other day. "What do I know of his char-
acter? I know it to be unobscurable, your
honor," he replied with much emphasis.

The Royal college of surgeons, in London,
has recently discovered that its charter speaks
of "persons," and consequently that women
are eligible for the examinations and diploma
of the college.

For Farmers' Boys.

Let the boys be encouraged to stick to the
farm, unless they are stupid. The most ac-
tive and energetic boys and young men are
needed as tillers of the soil. If a farmer is so
unfortunate as to have a crazy-headed heir, of
one idea, the chap may do for a minister; but
do not attempt to make a farmer of him. In
case a boy cannot be induced to love manual
labor, let him study law. Lawyers can be mold-
ed out of almost any inferior material. If he
likes to read twaddle and nonsense more than
science, furnish him with a quack's pill-bags,
and tell him the wide, wide world is before him.
All the powers of the universe cannot make a
respectable farmer of him.

For farmers the country wants the most en-
ergetic, through-going and wide-awake boys
and young men that can be found. Hence, if
a boy is blessed with that crowning concomitant
which moves the world—brains—let him
become a farmer. Brains constitute the great
desideratum in agricultural science at the pres-
ent day. Fifty years ago muscle was the
essential requisite. Fifty years ago a farmer
was expected to perform every manual labor of
the farm by the exercise of muscular force,
while at the present day he needs brains more
than muscle to enable him to manage labor-
saving tools and implements with skill and ef-
ficiency. When the labors of the farm were
nearly all performed by the laborious and fa-
tiguing application of human force, farming
was irksome drudgery. But now, when teams
and steam power respond to the bidding of
the tiller of the soil, agriculture is the most
agreeable livelihood that one can desire. True,
at some seasons of the year farmers are re-
quired to labor early and late for several days.
Then, again, perhaps for a week, they will have
easy times. We do not know, from long experi-
ence, that there is no class of citizens that has
as easy times as the farmer, provided he is a
judicious manager.

Now boys, you are to be the men after a few
more years have passed away. Make up your
minds deliberately to be farmers. Peruse
some of the best agricultural books and sub-
scribe for some of the leading agricultural
journals, and improve all your leisure hours in
acquiring useful information. Let your fixed
determination be to rise in the scale of being to
the dignity of an intelligent and thorough-
going tiller of the soil.

PATCHWORK.—There is no other method by
which little girls can be so easily taught the
important and necessary art of needle work, as
by this fascinating work. In any household,
scraps of materials, left from the garments,
will accumulate, and a little care in cutting and
basting them in some nice pattern, and then a
little time spent in showing them the way to
set the stitches, will get them interested in
making a cradle quilt for baby, or a nice one
for mother's bed; and, in a short time, they
will become experts in over-and-over stitch,
which is the foundation of all sewing, and a
practical knowledge of needle-work by hand is
as necessary to the science of running a sewing
machine as if there was no such improvement
in existence. Then, patchwork is ornamental
and economical; it gathers up the fragments
and renders them of service, and a nice quilt,
pieced up in a pretty pattern, is a serviceable
article and adds much to the good looks of
every bed, as well as to its comfort. Stars,
bricks, chains and a multitude of other designs
are in use, all pretty and easy, and all alike
easy of construction. Charm quilts are a curi-
osity, but they are not pretty enough to com-
pensate for the great trouble and bother of col-
lecting 9,999 different kinds of prints, and they
are no more durable or of more warmth, than
one made of 200 or 300 scraps which might
otherwise have been used or lost.

FUN WITH BABIES.—An Augusta correspond-
ent of the Outlook (N. Y.) exchange, tells of
the following new and interesting game that can
be played with babies: Quite a baby show of
first borns of both sexes, born within a few
days of each other and aged about three
months, came off in this part of the town a few
days ago, on the occasion of a social party of
young married parents, whose names are
withheld on account of the extreme delicacy of
the scarcely initiated mothers. While the men
were out, the ladies got up a little scene for the
general merriment. They placed the wee ones
as near together and in a circle as possible,
their bodies horizontal, but the tiny feet and
limbs elevated and in a close cluster, then
covered the faces and clothing effectually from
sight. That cluster of wonderfully alike baby
extremities at once began to kick and gyrate
and wiggle up in a beautifully grotesque manner,
which brought forth screams and peals of femi-
nine laughter. The fathers came in and were
invited to select their own from what was in
view. One came forward and looked until he was
sure, then seized a pair in most active motion
and drew from the pile, when lo! he had fast-
ened upon the left member of a boy and the
right one of a girl! His success brought down
the house again and the show ended, but the
memory of this art remains.

THE VEST POCKET.—A young man from one
of the suburban districts was in one of our
tailor shops getting measured for a vest the
other afternoon. "Married or unmarried?"
queried the merchant, after taking down the
number. "Unmarried," said the young man
with a blush. "Inside pocket on the left-hand
side, then," observed the tailor, as if to himself,
making a memorandum to that effect. After a
moment's pause, the young man from the sub-
urbs inquired: "What difference does my
being married or unmarried make with the in-
side pocket of the vest?" "Ah, my dear sir,"
observed the tailor with a bland smile, "all the
difference possible, as you must see. Being un-
married, you want the pocket on the left side,
so as to bring the young lady's picture next to
your heart." "But don't the married man also
want his wife's picture next to his heart?"
queried the anxious youth. "Possibly there
is an instance of that kind," said the tailor,
arching his eyebrows, "but I never heard of it."—Danbury News.

FRENCH ENGINEERING PROJECTS IN AFRICA.—
The vast engineering project of filling a de-
pression in the Sahara desert by allowing the
entrance of water from the Mediterranean, is
still discussed in the French scientific journals.
Mr. Houyvet remarks, in a communication to
the French Academy, that it will not be difficult
to establish this sea—the problem is how to
keep it. Supposing the sea be established by
means of a canal there must be an enormous
quantity of water lost by evaporation. The
water evaporated being replaced by a supply
coming through the canal, the whole body will
soon reach the maximum of saturation. The
evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt
will be formed, which in time will fill up the
whole space of the interior sea, the ultimate re-
sult being simply the accumulation of an im-
mense deposit of salt. The advocates of the
project are very strongly of the opinion, how-
ever—based upon the most painstaking and
protracted investigations by eminent experts—
that the presence of this water, and its evapora-
tion, will produce copious rains, which will, in
a great measure, return into the sea, and not
only accomplish the object referred to, but also
convert what is now a sterile waste into a fertile
country.

Young Folks' Column.

Letters to Boys and Girls—No. 12.

[JENNIE E. JAMISON in Rural Press.]

"I say, Auntie, you hasn't seen any lady
'round here that likes to tell stories to little
folks, has you?" quoth my little nephew,
Carl, stumbling over my work in his eagerness
to look directly in my face.

At the same time his little sister was pulling
my sleeve and saying: "Tum, we'll tell 'twink-
le, twinkle,' then you tell a l-o-n-g one."

"I haven't seen any one who would tell
stories to children who had such funny looking
mouths. What ails your lips, you roguess?"
said I.

"Mine's sticky, dreffal!" said Carl.
"Speet maybe sugar had som-fer to do with
it. But ob! isn't it good though? What you
'spose they put in it to make it so sweet?"

"Come and have your faces washed," said I,
and I withdrew to about a little boy who went
into the country and helped his Uncle John
make maple sugar."

Never were children more eager to have their
faces washed, and in a very short time they
were sitting before me, models of good looks
and good behavior. As they were very much
interested in the story I think I will tell
it to the boys and girls who read the RURAL
PRESS, though perhaps not in the same words;
so here is the story about

The Boy Who Helped Make Maple Sugar.

Some time ago, in a certain New England
city, there lived a little boy named Albert Baker.
He was bright and active, always moving about
from morning until night. He liked to play
out of doors, but could not, very often, because
there were so many rough boys in the street;
so when there came a letter from Mr. Baker's
brother, asking him to let Albert come and stay
through "sugaring," he said "Yes" at once,
for "Uncle John" lived upon a large farm and
had a nice sugar orchard, and he thought the
pure sugar and fresh air would do Albert good.

Mrs. Baker did not like the idea of having
her "Baby Bertie," as she called him, go away
without her, but she was not able to go with
him, so one pleasant morning she kissed him
good bye, and before night he was on the old
"home farm." His father stayed with him
until he felt acquainted with his cousins, then re-
turned to the city and left him.

He had not much chance to be homesick, for
everything about him was new and interest-
ing. He was perfectly delighted with the horses,
cows, oxen, pigs, sheep, chickens and rabbits.
He wished that his father would move into the
country and live upon just such a farm. His
cousins tried to make him happy and con-
tented. There were James, Olin, Willie, Mary
and last, but not least in importance if in size,
little Patty, who was about his own age, and,
as he said, "nicer'n any city girl that ever
grew."

Bertie was in a great hurry to see the sugar
made, so he was very glad to hear his uncle
one morning: "Well, boys, I guess we'll
get out the sap buckets to-day. As for Albert,
I suppose he won't care to go to the sugar place
until we get some sugar for him to eat."

"Why, yes, Uncle John!" said Bertie. "I
want to be the first one there, for I promised
my mamma I'd teach her how to make maple
sugar as soon as ever I got home."

"Ob, ho!" said his uncle. "Will she tap
the trees in the public garden and catch the
sugar in silver dishes? You must be sure to
select sugar maple trees, as some trees, the fir,
for instance, might not make good sugar."

"Well," said Bertie, looking sober, "I don't
know where we shall get the sap."

Bertie enjoyed the walk of half a mile upon
the crust formed over the snow, and they
were soon standing in front of the sugar house,
which was built of unplanned boards, but plenty
good enough for the purpose. They unlocked
the door and he jumped in. There he saw a
great many buckets, about as large as large wa-
ter pails, piled one above another, a large pile
of wood, some very large tubs called "hog-
heads," and a—something built of bricks.
"Wha't's that?" asked Bertie. "That is
an arch," replied his uncle. "You see it is all
open on the top. Now I will show you what it
is for;" so Mr. Baker put a lot of shavings,
kindlings and large sticks of wood in the arch;
then he took down a large iron pan from the
boards overhead, and putting it in the arch he
filled it with water which Olin and James had
brought from a spring near by. James put a
lighted match among the shavings and the fire
was soon roaring, cracking and snapping in a
way which quite delighted Bertie, for he had
never seen such a big wood fire before.

By the time the water was hot the buckets
were taken down and set upon the ground, one
by one, and Mr. Baker, James and Olin began
to wash them. Willie and Bertie watched the
fire, threw chips at the squirrels, slid down the
hill toward the spring and tried to build a snow
man, but his arms would n't stick on good.

James said it was because the snow was not
moist enough, but they declared he was a con-
trary old fellow who didn't want any arms, so
they knocked him over. It took a long time to
wash all the buckets, and Mr. Baker said he
should not tap the trees until the next day, so
Bertie and Willie went to the house for supper.
Now I fear we have almost reached the lower
end of our column and shall have to have a
continued story, like big folks.

THE SEWING MACHINE IN EUROPE.—At the
annual survey of the employees connected with
the extensive works of the Howe sewing ma-
chine company, Glasgow, Scotland, recently
held, the chairman stated that the British
islands alone had taken a third of the machines
(61,125), which the company had made in 1875.
The little kingdom of Belgium, with her 5,000,-
000 of industrious people, took twice as many
machines in proportion to population as Great
Britain; but France, with her 36,000,000 of
people, as yet took but half as many as Great
Britain, with 33,000,000. Germany, with her
40,000,000, did no better. Italy and Spain, the
former with 26,000,000 and the latter with 17,
000,000, as yet purchased but a few hundred
machines per year. Entire Scandinavia was an
unexplored region; while Russia, with her 85,
000,000 of active and rapidly progressive peo-
ple, as yet received but the tenth part of what
were now sold in Great Britain.

SHAM COFFEE.—We learn from a statement
in the Journal of the Chemical Society that sham
coffee is manufactured from tough dough,
squeezed into little molds and baked until the
color becomes dark enough to deceive the eye.
Real coffee berries, when small and worthless,
are improved in color by rolling them about
with leaden bullets in a cask. The green ber-
ries, too, are treated by a coloring matter. In
coffee sold really ground, the difficulty of
detecting adulterations is greatly increased;
beans, beet root, carrots, and carrot-like roots
are grated and mixed in large quantities with
the genuine article. In the south of Europe,
especially in the provinces of Austria, figs are
roasted in enormous quantities and sold as
coffee.

Domestic Economy.

FANCY MATS FOR FLOORS.—Take a piece of
canvas, of size desired, such as coffee sacks are
made of. Cut a quantity of black and colored
cloth in circles of various sizes, making suffi-
cient, when one is laid on top of another, to
cover the entire mat. Sew the large lower ones
down on the canvas, and the upper ones keep in
place by taking four stitches from the center
across each side, using coarse colored cord or
twine; finish by making tufts of ravelled carpet,
tarn, or zephyr on the top on the top of each
cluster of circles, using various bright colors.
To make these, pass a strand up through the
center, and winding a quantity around two or
three fingers or a piece of card, lay the bunch
across the top of a circle, and passing the
needle and strand down through it again (near
the spot where it was drawn up), pull it firmly
down until the tuft is drawn together, when
fasten by taking a stitch or two on the under
side, and proceed to the next circle. When all
are done clip the tufts into round half balls or
buttons. These mats may be made of old cloth,
and are not only very hand-some but durable.
Another good mat is made by taking a piece of
Brussels or Ingrain carpet for a center, then
finishing with a border of cloth of any and
every description, plaited together in broad
bands, and sewing this long pieced and braided
strip round and round the mat until of desired
size. Coffee sacks, worked in with coarse yarn
or strips of bright cloth, making figures, flowers,
etc., are really handsome when carefully done.

A HOME-MADE CARPET.—An Eastern lady
says: Have any of you a spare bedchamber,
seldom used, which you would like to carpet at
little expense? Go to the paper-hanger's store
and select a paper looking as much like a carpet
as you can find. Having taken it home, first
paper the floor of your bedroom with brown
paper, or newspapers. Then over this, or
these, put down your wall paper. A good way
to do this will be to put a good coat of paste
upon the width of the roll of paper and the
length of the room and then lay down, un-
rolling and smoothing at the same time.
When the floor is all covered, then size and
varnish. Only dark glues and common furni-
ture varnish may be used, and the floor will
look all the better for the darkening these will
give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs
by the bedside and before the toilet table, and
you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish;
a carpet, too, that will last for years, if not
subject to constant wear, and at a trifling ex-
pense. I myself used a room one entire sum-
mer prepared in this way—used it constantly;
and when the house was sold in the fall, the
purchaser asked me to take up the oil
cloth, as he wished to make some alterations
which would be sure to injure it.

BE ECONOMICAL.—"Take care of the pennies."
Look well to your spending. No matter what
comes in, if more goes out you will always be
poor. The art is not in making money, but in
keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a
barn, when they are many, make great waste.
Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw,
the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop
the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is
soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.
When you mean to save, begin with your mouth;
the ale jug is a great waste. In all other things
keep within compass. Never stretch your legs
further than your blankets will reach, or you
will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable
and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fancies. To
be warm is the main thing; never mind the
looks. A fool may make money, but it takes
a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier
to build two chimneys than to keep one
going. If you give all to back and board, there
is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare
hard and work hard when you are young and
you will have a chance to rest when you are
old.

WASHING DISHES.—A housekeeper makes the
following suggestions: I have large dish pan,
small dish pan, and a basket made of ordinary
spoon. It is two feet long, a little over one
foot wide, ten inches high, strong sticks across
the bottom, and handles at the ends. After
placing the old suds in the bottom of my
basket, I put over it a crash towel and turn
down my dishes in the basket; cups at the ends,
plates in the center, and covered glasses,
etc., on top. Finish all my other work, as
suggested, and take my basket to the china
closet, near the shelves. I go over them slightly
with a linen towel, and they shine like—well,
washed china. My basket was made by a
Canadian 15 years ago, and cost me 50 cents.
I could not wash dishes without it. Think of
the steps it has saved me in that time. Besides
drying the dishes in it, I often place all my
dishes for setting the table in it and carry in
one journey to the table.

APPLE FLOAT.—A pint of stewed, well mashed
apples; whites of three eggs, four large spoon-
fuls of sugar, beaten until stiff; then add the
apples and beat all together until stiff enough
to stand alone. Fill a deep dish with rich
cream, boiled soft custard, and pile the float on
top. This is excellent with other fruits in place
of apples.

BARON DE LEBESQUE.—The man who made an
international fame in carrying the project of
the Suez canal to a successful completion,
Baron de Lesseps, is pleasantly gossiped
about by a correspondent as follows: Though
70 years old, he is still a young man, and con-
templates grand designs which it is to be
hoped he will live to carry out. With black
eyebrows and mustache, but white beard, he is
a most noticeable man, and those who do not
know him take him to be a sergeant in the
gardes. He brings his children up in the most
Spartan—or shall I say Egyptian?—way. They
go about barefooted, and, although Madame
only half likes this, he is able to boast that
his young ones, of whom they have a small
regiment, are never ill. His house is full of
gifts from great persons. There is a gold cup
given by the Empress worth \$40,000. All the
sovereigns present or represented at the open-
ing of the canal sent him ribbons, making him
one of the most decorated men in Europe. He
now desires to make a railway through the Eu-
phrates valley. He says: "I do not care for
riches, and I have no wants; all I wish is that
my children may grow up and prosper. I
satisfy myself with the hope that they will get
on in life, proud of their father, and happy to
continue his work, which is that of humanity
and civilization."

RAILROAD CROSSING.—A bill has lately been
passed by the Massachusetts legislature provid-
ing that "no highway or town way shall here-
after be laid out across a railroad at a level there-
with, nor shall any railroad be laid out and
constructed across a highway or town way at
a level therewith, without the consent in writing
of the board of railroad commissioners, in ad-
dition to the authority of the court commis-
sioners, as now required."

PRICES OF METALS.—One pound of indium
will purchase 132,354 pounds of iron, about
eight and a half of gold, 23 1/2 of platinum, 135
of silver, 1,018 of nickel, 1,654 of mercury,
6,617 of antimony, 7,780 of tin, 10,180 of cop-
per, 17,650 of zinc, and 24,070 of lead.—Los
Mochs.