THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

Summer Weather.

Sigh not so for Summer weather, For the hot sun and the blaze, Of the bloom upon the heather; Sigh not so for Summer weather, And the glory of long days.

Winter holds a friendly hand, With a quaint book of romance, Written in old Wonderland, While the fairles, hand in hand, Join their laughter with the dance.

There are flowers of purest white In his book, and you may find Pictures painted in the night, When the land with snow was white, And the trees were bent with wind.

Many ballads of the brave, Many legends of the just, Many songs for love to save, Sung in eastles of the brave. That have crumbled into dust.

Sigh not so for Summer weather, For the sun and green wood ways: Let us go along together, Thankful for the Winter weather, And the promise of new days.

TO-DAY.

Lo! here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it

Slip useloss away? Out of eternity This new day is born; Into eternity At night will return.

Behold it aforetime No eye ever did: And soon it forever From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning Another blue day: Think, will thou let it Slip useless away?

-Cartyle.

There is music, there is sunshine, Where the little children dwell, In the cottage, in the mansion, In the hut or in the cell;

There is music in their voices There is sunth 'ne to their love, And a joy forever round them-Like a glory from above.

An Old Woman's Story.

Many years ago a girl and her greatgrandmother sat together—the girl in tears. Said great-grandmamma Hudson, sitting very straight, not lolling, at her seventy-eight years, as did her great-grandchild of eighteen:
"Young folks think old folks are

fools, but old folks know that young folks are."

"That is because you're old, grandma," sobbed Linda.

"No; it is because I was once young," said the old lady.

me. Why does he think ill of Lewis? He knows nothing about him. I shall dle if we are separated."

"I was going to die too," said great-grandmamma; "but I did'nt." "Oh! tell me, please," cried Linda,

never more than one father and mother. Folks think of that when it's too When father said that Ceeil was Lord knows who, and he should not come to see me, I remember I almost hated him for it. When mother said she didn't like him either, I almost hated her. Cruel creatures that stood between me and my young lover-that was what my parents seemed to me then; And I was worse than you, my dear, ever so much worse; for it seem-ed wicked to me that any one should take it for granted a man was not worthy of love because he was a stranger, and I made preparations to run away with Cecil and marry him at Gretna Green. Everything was ready; I had my jewelry in my bosom, and my little bundle on my arm, and was creeping out of a side door that led into the garden, when a hand came down on my

"My girl, is this the way you use us?" and there was my father. My father's face was white as a ghost and his hand shook as he held mine.
"O father, father!" I cried, "If you

shoulder, and a voice cried out:

would only let me have my will in this one thing. You can't make a girl love or hate by saying so. He stood, holding me firm and fast.

"It is Emeline who has betrayed me," I said; and though they would never admit it, I knew my maid had proved false.

"Well, they locked me up in my room. How often I cried out, 'I shall die if I am separated from Cecil.'

"I am very old, but when I think of it the old pain comes back again. His eyes were like black diamonds, and an olive cheek, and full red lips, and your men with padded shoulders, and thin arms and legs, and hollow chests, wouldn't look like men standing beside

"It was a dreary time, and my health broke down under it. I had a fever and when I was well again the doctor said the above heading. I do not approve must endure all hardships that men I must have a change, so mother decided to take me to the seaside; but first we were to go by stagecoach to London, and visit an aunt I had there.

the day of highwaymen. way, coaches had more than once been ful reading. They get into the habit they must endure all this just for the stopped. The men were armed always of dreaming and skimming over their sake of having equal rights; and then

their word, and they kept it.

what happened to me.

night long before we reached London. I sat in the coaah with my head on my mother's shoulder, thinking of just one thing-Cecil. Should I never see him again-never, never, never? Would he not follow me and carry me off by force? Could I not somehow let him know, and escape from my aunt's house in London, and be married, so that no one could part us? O, I was so miser-able—miserable. Nothing like making plans that can come to nothing, and burst like bubbles when we have thought them out, for wretchedness.

"The afternoon faded out, and the sun set. The moon rose. See what a lovely moon ! ' said my mother. But I had not cared to look at the moon since I saw her over the garden wall that night I had tried to run away. Rumble went the coach, crack

"Suddenly there was a tumult. " 'Gentlemen,' cried the guardgentlemen, I'm afraid we are to have some trouble here. See to your weapons, gentlemen!

"Then the coach came to a stand. "The shricking women clung togeth-

er.
"Four masked men rode to the door. The coachman and guard lay in a ditch; one of the gentlemen was bound, the other was old and lame. They were rifling his pockets while he screamed. They took out a gold watch and a purse, his snuff-box with diamonds on it. They had already the other's money.

"Then one-the largest, the handsomest figure—bent over us. "'Dont fear, ladies,' he said, in a

soft voice. 'All we want is whatever valuables you may have about you.' "Mamma began to scream.

"The lady who sat next to her fainted.
"We could not see the man's face,
for he was masked, and we were in the

shadow of the ceach. 'Something shines on your finger,'

he said: 'let me see it.' "He caught at a chain on which I wore a locket with a curl of Cecil'

"'Don't take that !' I cried. 'Don't take that!' "I clutched it. Our heads were close together. I saw his chin and mouth

under his mask. At the same moment my face was thrust into the moonlight.
"'Amy!' I heard him whisper to
himself; and I knew Cecil.

"Meanwhile something had happened. Two gentlemen had ridden upthe one who had been bound was free, For once the tables had been turned upon the robbers.
"Then one had ridden away; two

were bound, and one lay bleeding. This last one was Cecil.

"I knew now that my father had not been wrong. Cecil was even worse than he thought him. He was a high-"But he is the only one I ever shall wayman, a bad man, and the companion of bad man, and the co Why does he think ill of Lewis? bad men-a creature who cut purses on the public road.

"They were not all ignorant men, these highwaymen, by any means. Many had good birth, education, and "And you a lover? did they separate you? I never knew you had a lovestory—that is, that kind of one."
"Yes," said the old lady. "I had a love story—that is, that kind of one."
"Yes," said the old lady. "I had a love those hands held mine.
"The ladies need fear no longer," with one of the gentlemen. "Those felmanners. Yes, a bad man! But how parting us; but those lips had kissed

lows are not in a condition to molest them.

"Then he said (men did'nt say such high-flown things then): 'How merciful is the gentler sex! It is compassionate to the erring as well as the vir-

tuous. "For I had tern my hand from my mother's, and knelt beside Cecil.
"They thought I pitled a wounded

robber-that was all; but this is what we whispered in the darkness:
"Amy, you know what I am now; but I love you.'

"And I answered: 'Cecil, I hate your deeds without hating you.' "Those were the last words we ever spoke to each other-the very last."

"Did you never see him again?" asked the girl. "O grandmamma! never again 200

The old woman looked into her eyes, "He was a very bad man, my dear," she said-"very bad; and I never saw him agala. I believe he died a shameful death, one day, at the hands of the executioner, But, you see, it was because I have been young, not because I am old, that I said you young folks were fools.

"I was a good while-yes, a good while, after that night in the stage-coach, before I came to my senses suffleiently to thank dear papa for his watchfulness over me, and be really glad that I had never been Cecil's wife; but I did at last, my dear-I did at last; and I maried my good husband, your great-grandfather-whom you never saw-and we were always happy. The | ing to the polls and voting, I believe it heart of women is a mystery, and has been since Eve, my little girl."

What Girls Shall Read. ED. FARMER: In reading your paper I have seen several articles with must expect to be treated as men are, of Mrs. Beanpole's view of the question, while I agree with Mrs. Caulflow- placed in the very hottest of battles, er that girls should read something and fill all places men have to fill, no physiology, at least enough to enable "It was the day of stage-coaches and more than novels and exciting stories. matter how arduous it may be, for, if "Going over a certain common on our It untits them for solid and more use. they put themselves equals with man, the women trembled when they reading, so they cannot read history, or they lose all their their modesty and saw horsemen riding towards them.

any of the more useful works, I do refinement, and their influence with man will not be as good as now. Renot know anything about Mrs. Duni- man will not be as good as now. Re-If we should meet the highway- way's paper, though I suppose it is member, sister K., that the natural pomen!" said my mother; but I was not about weman's rights. Women do not sition of woman, with respect to man, afraid. I didn't care whom we met, or exercise what rights they have, or is as the softener and refiner of his exfraid. I didn't care whom we met, or exercise what rights they have, or hat happened to me.

"We rode away from our home in they would not be carried away by istence. Her constitution, weak in place in the world for amusing and inthe bright daylight, and stopped for such silly trash. When they get into frame, but powerful in moral influence, structive study. - Moore's Rural.

dinner and to change horses at an inn; the habit of reading and thinking about makes it appear right for man to apthen we rode on again. It would be such things, they will neglect their proach her with sentiments of courtesy such things, they will neglect their proach her with sentiments of courtesy studies, their work, and likewise their and respect. When a lady is travelfamily, and such would not be fit for ing any gentlemen will assist her when wives and mothers. I do not see that she is in trouble, and, when she enters girls should attend balls if they can a car or church and the seats are all ockeep away from them. I never went cupied, will kindly offer theirs. You to a ball of any kind in my life and seldom see a man offer his seat to an-

have no desire to go now. I suppose our young men must go in- an equal with him, she must expect to to saloons, call for a drink, gamble a receive the same treatment as man. If little, get drunk occasionally, so as to the day should ever come that sister have their curiosity satisfied as to what K. speaks of, when woman will share is carried on in such places. The young equal rights with man, they will sink man who goes into those places just for even lower than sister K. thinks they fun is almost sure to be tempted in are now, and will have to "Paddle their again. Satan makes it so agreeable for own cauces." A friend of mine was them that they cannot resist his temp- coming from the East a short time ago, tations. Better never go in the first the car seats were all full, when a lady time and he will never go in the sec- entered and was trying io find a seat. ond. No, I say, stay at home evenings. Invite a few friends and spend a pleasant evening reading, with music, both sir, I do." "Very well, then, you have instrumental and vocal, and plenty of the right to stand as the rest of the it. As I am a mother with children men do." This instance goes to show growing up, I would like to hear other's how much respect men have for such views on this subject. A mother has a great responsibility resting on her. ELIZABETH PARSLEY.

Extracts.

FROM HAWTHORN'S 'MARBLE FAUN.'

The advance of vegetation in this softer climate is less abrupt than the inhabitant of the cold North is accustomed to observe. Beginning earlier— even in February—Spring is not compelled to burst into Summer with such headlong haste; there is time to dwell upon each opening beauty, and to en-joy the budding leaf, the tender green, the sweet youth and freshness of the year: it gives us its maiden charm, before settling into the married Summer, which, again, does not so soon sober it-self into matronly Autumn. In our own country, the virgin Spring hastens to its bridal too abruptly. But here, after a month or two of kindly growth, the leaves of the young trees, which cover that portion of the Borghese grounds nearest the city wall, were still in their tender half-development.

This perception of an infinite, shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold chilly shapes of mist, is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, misfortune, crime or peculiarity of character, that puts an individual ajar with the world. Very often there is an insatiable instinct that demands friendship, love, and intimate com-munion, but is forced to pine in empty forms, a hunger of the heart, which finds only shadows to feed upon. Often it is to little purpose such a soul ap-proaches the edge of the voiceless gulf between herself and them. Standing on the utmost verge of that dark chasm she may stretch out her hand, and never clasp a haud of theirs. She may strive to call out "Help, friends, help," but, as with dreamers when they shout, her voice would perish inaudibly in the remoteness that seemed such a little way.

Every young sculptor seems to think he must give the world some specimen of indecorous womanhood, and call it Eve, Venus, and Nymph, or any name that may apologise for a lack of decent clothing. I am weary, more than I am ashamed, of seeing such things. Now-adays people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence. An artist, therefore, as you must candidly confess, cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is com-pelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models. The marble inevitably loses its chastity under such circumstances. An old Greek sculptor no doubt found his models in the open sunshine, and among pure and princely maidens, and thus the nude statues of antiquity are as modest as violets, and sufficiently draped in their own beauty. As for these colored Venuses (stained I believe with tobacco juice) and all other nudities of to-day, I really do not under-stand what they have to say to this generation and I would be glad to see as many heaps of quicklime in their stead.

Woman's Rights.

ED. FARMER: I see I have another does not agree with me on woman's rights. No, sister K., I am not afraid of woman's rights; in fact I believe in extent, but when it comes to their gothey have equal rights with men, they have to endure, must go to war, and be

other man, and if she puts herself on A man asked her if she believed in woman's rights; her answer was: "Yes women, and, as to the lawyers getting all the estate when a mandies, Sister K. says, nine times out of ten they get it, I think she is mistaken in the number of times. I have known two cases where the lawyers did not receive one cent, but the widows administered on the estates, the lawyers having nothing to do with it at all.

SUSAN JANE CAULIFLOWER.

CHOICE RECIPES.

CREAM CANDY .- One pound white sugar, one cup cold water, and one tablespoonful vinegar; boil in a tin pan twenty minutes or until it will be brittle when dropped into cold water. Do not stir when boiling. When dont, pour on buttered plates and set away to cool; when cool enough to handle take off and pull till white. You can flavor with anything you choose by dropping on a few drops of extract after it is turned on to the buttered plates.

EARACHE.—Take a bit of cotton bat-ting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it; dip in weet oil and insert it into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head and keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

HAIR WASH .- Try half an ounce of porax to a quart of water; apply yery gently with a sponge on alternate days.

THE EYESIGHT .- To preserve and make bright and sprrkling, let there be an occasional pressure of the finger on the ball of the eye; let pressure be to-ward the temples, and wash the eyes often in cold water.

To drive away ants, obtain a large piece of chalk and rub it on the edges of your shelves, the tops of barrels of sugar, or on firkins, and it will prove a rubicon to the largest army of ants.

BREVITIES.

Want of decency is a want of sense. Education does not make the poet,

Let your conversation be without malice or envy. - George Washington. There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation

or our gusts and storms. Little Robbie went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled up hay

with his front tall." When one has been long and far away from an earthly home, what a happy sight to see brothers and sisters all crowding to the door to see us in. What is that but a dim image of what will be seen at the gates of glory?

FUNERAL HONOR .- Manners and customs savoring of genuine sentiment, exhibit themselves now and then among the inhabitants of European cities, worthy of imitation. When a funeral cortege is seen in the streets of Italy, no matter how humble, every one takes off their hats while it passes, The French salute a passing funeral with the most marked respect. Russia pays great honors, as when a funersister in the field of contest and who eral passes before a military post the soldiers turn out and present arms. On this subject there is a story told of the late Czar Niebolas. One day his carriage overtook a hearse, and he was their having their rights to a certain surprised to observe it was not followed by a single mourner, not even a dog. The emperor descended from his droski and took up his position behind the will do more harm than good. They will be more degraded for they will not be treated with the same respect and as much courtesy as they are now. If able, the Czar re-entered his vehicle and returned to the palace.

THINK OF THE CHILDREN.-Every boy residing in the country should be taught how to bud, graft and propagate plants from seeds and cuttings, as well as receive a few lessons in vegetable him to determine the principal organs of reproduction, in order that he may know how the different kinds of corn mix when planted near together, as well as many other kinds of cultivated plants. Five dollars worth of books, and a course of six lectures given in the country school-house, or elsewhere, by some one who knows how to explain such things in simple, easily-understood language, would, in nine

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