THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE,

The Two Armies.

RY O. W. HOLMES.

As life's unending column pours, Two marshalled hosts are seen— Two armies on the trampled shores That death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-best's roll, The wide-mouthed clarion's bray, And bears upon a crimson scroll, "Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream, With sad, yet watchful eyes, Calm as the patient planet's gleam That walks the cloudless skies.

Along the front no sabres shine. No blood-red pennons wave; Its banner bears a single line: "Our duty is to save."

For those no deathbed's lingering shade At honor's trumpet call, With knitted brow and lifted blade, In glory's arms they fall.

For these no flashing falchions bright, No stirring battle-cry: The bloodless stabber calls by night— Each answers, "Here am I."

For these the sculptor's laureled bust, The builder's marble piles, The authems pealing o'er their dust Through long cathedrs! aisles.

For these the blossom sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-forming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love. Though from the hero's bleeding breast

Her pulses freedom drew, Though the white lillies in her crest Sprang from the scarlet dew-

While valor's haughty champions wait Till all their scars are shown, Love walks unchallenged through the gate To sit behind the throne.

The Old Songs.

I love to hear the old songs sung; Around my heart-strings twine The memories of love among The friends of "Auld Lang Syne." And in the dear familiar notes Of each remembered strain. Some voice comes back from out the past, And my lost youth again.

I get a glimpse of chestnut curls, The glance of merry eye, And press once more the scarlet lips While "Comin' through the Rye." I hear the plash of "Sad Sea Waves," I see the breakers foam Down by the beach whose pebbly edge Lay near my "Home, Sweet Home."

There stands the "Cottage by the Sea," And even now once more, By old Long Island's sea girt slopes "My boat is on the Shere;" Here swings the lake grass in the winds, There are the white sand-dones,

As painted by some fairy hand, With their old-fashioned tunes. The long, low roof, bent in with age, O'ergrown with lichens gray;
The acie by the window, where
My mother's Bible lay.
The shelf of books upon the wall,
The doli, quaint sempler knit
By grandma, when she was a girl,
With mottoes woven in it.

My feet have tred in many lands, By soft and sunuy islo; In Egypt, where the Pyramids Looked downward on the Nile;

And where far up the rock-ribbed hills Lifted their crests of pines, By valleys thick with orange blooms And heavy-laden vines.

And once I felt my spirit thrill, My cheeks with tears grow wet, To hear brave "Yankee Doodle" played By fort-crowned La Vailette. And when the gun with belch of fire Opened its iron throat. Above the powder smoke I saw My country's banner float.

Ah no! the pealing organ notes Fall dull upon my ear,
In the great Minster choir, where
The fluted columns rear,
From marble pave to architrave,
Their graceful forms aloft.
Or where the Miserere sounds

And where with glere and blaze of light, With princes and with kings For audience in the crowded nouse, The prima donna sings.

Not one of these with half the force
My inmost heart has stirred.

As those sweet, unforgotten tunes,

The songs my boyhood heard.

The Boys of My Boyhood.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT.

One of the entertainments of the boys of my time was what is called the "raisings," meaning the erection of the timber frames of houses or barns, to which the boards were to be afterward nailed. Here the minister made a point of being present, and hither the able-bodied men of the neighborhood, the young men especially, were summoned, and took part in the work with great alacrity. It was a spectacle for us next to that of a performer on the tight-rope, to see the young men walk steadily on the narrow footing of the beams at a great height from the ground, or as they stood to catch in their hands the wooden pins and the braces flung to them from below. They vied with each other in the dexterity and daring with which they went through with the work, and when the skeleton of the building was put together, some one among them generally capped the climax of fearless activity by standing on the ridge pole with his head downward and his heels in the

Another of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am | pected to be your " joy forever. speaking way the making of maple su Handled delicately, washed to purity gar. This was a favorite frolic of in the waters of truth, confided to no the boys. The apparatus for the sugar camp was of a much ruder kind than is how used. The sap was brought in buckets from the wounded trees, and poured into a great caldron which hung over a hot fire from a stout hori-

zontal pole supported at each end by an upright stake planted in the ground. Since that time they have built in every maple grove a sugar house—a little building in which the process of mak-ing sugar is carried on with several ingenious contrivances unknown at that time, when everything was done in the

In Autumn the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called a "husking," to which he invited his neighbors. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stock, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening lanterns were brought, and seated on dry husks, the men and boys stripped the ears of their covering, and breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It was often a merry time; the gossip of the neighborhood was talked over; stories went round, and at the proper time the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house, and were treated to pumpkin pie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its

The cider making season in Autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine countries of Eu-Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of sweetly when I went down the steps, bloom. In the month of October the "And now what does she say" ask whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which the apples fell in heavy showers as the other man—bu branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighborhood as one of the most common of rural sounds.

From time to time, the Winter even-ings and occasionally a Winter afternoon, brought the young people of the parish together in attendance upon a singling school. Some person who pos-sessed more than common power of voice and skill in modulating it, was employed to teach psalmody, and the boys were naturally attracted to his school as a recreation. It often happened that the teacher was an entnusiast in his vocation, and thundered forth the airs set down in the music books with a fervor that was contagious. A few of those who attempted to learn psalmody were told that they had no aptitude for the art, and were set aside, but that did not prevent their attendance as hearers. In those days a set of tunes were in fashion mostly of New England origin, which have since been laid aside in obedience to a

more fastidious taste. The streams which bickered through the narrow glens of the region in which I lived were much better stocked with trout in those days than now, for the country had been newly opened to settlement. The boys were all anglers. I confess to having felt a strong interest in that "sport," as I no longer call it. I have long since been weaned from the propensity of which I speak; but I have no doubt that the instinct which inclines so many to it, and some of them our grave divines, is a remnant of the original wild nature of man. Another the interest in the fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of bread will be wasted.

MINCE PIE.—Four pounds of lean, cold boiled meat chopped fine, nine pounds of apples chopped fine, three pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, half pound of citron, five pounds of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of the original wild nature of man. Another the fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of bread will be wasted. the original wild nature of man. Another "sport," to which the young men of the neighborhood sometimes admitted the elder boys, was the autumnal squirrel hunt. The young men formed themselves into two parties, equal in number, and fix a day for the shoot- of two lemons. Keep in stone jars. ing. The party which on that day brought down the greatest number of squirrels was declared the victor and the contest ended with some sort of festivity in the evening.

I have not mentioned other sports

and games of the boys of that day,for in these there was nothing to distinguish them from the same pastimes at the present day.

Broken Friendship

It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf and forgotten

The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintanceship, which only needs a little illhumor to keep it up, may be coarsely puttied like that old yellow basin in the store closet; but tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence, can no more be yours when angry words have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups, which were splintered to pieces, be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try

to mend the old one. And all this has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done, and the word said; the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up," especially between two women, is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the china vase that you ex-

careless, ansympathizing hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it does not pay to try to mend it. Once broken it is spoiled forever.

Can a plain cook also be a pretty one?

BREVITIES.

With a white chip bonnet, paper of pins, and a box of miscellaneous feathers, lace, ribbons and flowers, any girl of the period, with a small stock of ingenuity, can convey to the public mind the idea that she has at least half a dozen bonnets.

The fashionable color this season will

had sent him the poem.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over dark ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful.— The former is the better education. Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands that you may linger on the mountain tops.

An experienced lady observes that a that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

"Before we were married," said he gista. to a friend, "she used to say 'by-by' so "And now what does she say?" ask

"Oh! just the same," exclaimed the other man—buy buy."
"Ah! I see," said the other; "she

CHOICE RECIPES.

Por Overs .- One cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour and one egg, one tea-spoonful salt. Stir well together, and pour into a hot buttered roll iron and bake quickly.

CORN MUFFINS .- Six ounces flour, three ounces Indian meal, two table spoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg, one-half pint milk, three tablespoonfuls baking

QUICK WEDDING CAKE .- Two and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, threequarters cupful mllk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls rum, one-half nutmeg, half pound of raisins, one-quarter pound currants, one-quarter teaspoonful soda.

ECONOMICAL FRITTERS,-Save all your bits of bread, soak them in cold water and mash fine; add a little nutmeg; three or four large spoonfuls of sugar, part of a teaspoonful of saleratus sugar, part of a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in two large spoonfuls of milk, a little salt, and stir into this flour enough to hold up a spoon. Drop in a little from the end of a spoon into hot fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of bread will be wasted.

He holds the Fort of Heaven.

We have received a new song from F. W. Helmick, 50, West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, entitled "He holds that is to say, of seventy or eighty years since,—suce as wrestling, running. leaping, base ball and the like, P. Bliss, one of the victims of the Ashtabula disaster. P. P. Bliss was one of the "Sweet singers of Israel," and a great number of our religious songs were of his composing. He was the Friendship is a good deal like china. author of "Hold the Fort, for I am coming," and now " He holds the Fort of Heaven, triumphant evermore." Every family should possess a copy of this beautiful new song.

Paul's Answer.

BY JESSIE G. D.

I'm going away in the morning, mother, Oh! soon you'll miss your boy! I'll try to heed your warning, Mother, My victories will bring you joy.

Yes, back from the city to-day, Mother, A way from companions so bad, Who endeavored to lead meastray, Mother,

Who tried hard to ruin your lad. When I saw the wine warm and red, Mothers (It looked so tempting and gay), I thought of all you had said, Mother, And then I turned quickly away.

And there were balls dezzling and bright Mother, Where gambling and vice reigned su-

preme; And when lit up at night, Mother, They resembled some beautiful dream. But I knew the tempter was there, Mother, And when they said 'twas no harm to

step iu, I would offer a silent prayer, Mother, And turn from the doors of sin.

Once, only once I fell, Mother, I wish I could say—not at all.
I would had it not to tell, Mother,
So quick and so short was the fall.

I called one day on your friend, Mother, His daughter, Evangeline.
'Twas to her pleading voice I bent, Mother,
And 'twas she who gave me the wine.

I straightway thought of you, Mother, But I tasted; then setting it down, From her presence I withdrew, Mother, Unheeding sneer nor frown.

Foolishly spent, money paid for children's shoes not protected by SILVERTIPS. Two Let him who neglects to raise the fallen, fear lest, when he falls, no one will stretch out his hand to pick him up.

Weeks is about the time it takes a smart active child to ventilate the toe of a shoe. SILVER TIPS the only preventive. Also try Wire Quilted Soles.

Do It at Once !!

If a tithe of the testimonials now on hand of the value of Dr. WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY should be published, no one would stop to read the bulky volume. Ask any druggist and be will tell you that this The fashionable color this season will be buff in all its tints, but the favorite shade of it is called "tilleul." This takes the place of cardinal red.

A young lady sent a poem to a paper, entitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The aditor thinks she could if she had sent him the poem.

An including Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest, and Bleeding of the Lungs, yield to its wondersentitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The aditor thinks she could if she had sent him the poem. Sold by all druggists.

A Sense of Weariness

is often felt by persons who cannot locate any particular disease. If they work, it be comes labor; if they walk, they soon tire; mental efforts become a burden, and even joys are dimmed by the shadow of this weakness which is cast over their lives. Recourse is had sometimes to stimulants of a dangerous character. The advice of physicians to refrain from active labor produces no happy results. Why? The system is debilitated and needs to be built up properly. good way to pick out a husband is to see Penuvian Syrur will do this very thing, how patiently he waits for dinner when Like the electric current, it permeates the is behind time. Her husband says entire system, and harmonizing with the at a good way to pick out a wife is to corpored functions, it raises up the enfecbisd and brings the color to the cheek again, and hope to the despondent. It does its work promptly and well. Sold by all drug-

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BOOTS RUBBER AND SHOES:

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Scrofula in all its Forms is cured by the persistent use of Dr. Jayne's Alterative. It destroys the poisonous principle which originates Scrofula, and ultimately drives it from the system. It will remove enlargements of the Glands or Bones, and is a safe remedy in cases of Ulcers or Sores of all kinds.

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terative. By stimulating the action of the absorbents, all watery or calcareous depositions are gradually carried off, toning up the patient at the same time, by strengthening the digestive organs and exciting the Liver, Kidneys, &c. to perform their functions. For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint it has proven a remedy, and it has established cures in cases of Epilepsy. It may be safely rejied on by any one needing a medicine to build up the system, cleanse the blood, or to restore the normal action of the Secretive Organs,

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