

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard... The pink of the sunset is done... At the cottage door the grandeur...

William Winter.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you... And the world seems upside down... Don't waste your time in fretting...

The Rag-Picker and Her Donkey.

It was in front of the Rotunda, and nine o'clock in the morning... A female rag-picker, pale and famished...

The sight touched and arrested me... A man would have cursed and beaten the poor beast to rouse him...

The woman looked at him and said gently, "Come, come, dear Pierrot..."

I was going to speak to her, when she ran to the nearest wine-shop... The donkey followed her with anxious eyes...

The rag-picker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a piece of sugar...

"Oh! mon Dieu! What shall I do?" said the rag-picker... "Oh!" she cried, crying, "If you knew...

how I love this beast. I saved him from the butchers four years ago... I have raised seven children. The father is gone and one other...

The poor beast appeared to share in the conversation... He half raised his ears and assented...

"With all my heart." "Very well. Let us buy this donkey and put him on the retired list..."

The rag-picker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her...

"How much did Pierrot cost?" "Ten francs."

"Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another, and take good care of this one."

I gave my card to this woman and said good-bye.

That evening the poor woman came to me in tears. I understood at once.

"Ah, sir, he is gone!" "Poor Pierrot?"

"Yes, sir; we got to St. Ouen one way or another. But when he came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees..."

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He may divorce her twice and take her again without her consent...

By the Jewish law it appears that a wife could not divorce her husband...

Among the Hindus, and also among the Chinese, a husband may divorce his wife upon the slightest ground...

The law of France, before the revolution, following the judgment of the Catholic church, made marriage indissoluble...

Life is made up of little things; and since little occurrences compose the great web of life...

George, who has just engaged himself to the girl of his heart, breaks the happy news to his friend Jack...

WINTER TREATMENT OF POULTRY.—A correspondent, on addressing us on this subject, says in brief that each bird ought to produce 100 eggs a year...

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not rot, even in the groves. They die, and stand erect, solid and sapless. The winds and whirling sands carve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty...

On the Rio San Juan, about twenty-five miles distance from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping place...

On those ramparts towered dead, gaunt cedars, lifting their bleached skeletons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past.

DIVORCE IN OTHER LANDS.—An Arab may divorce his wife on the slightest occasion. So easy and so common is the practice that Burkhardt assures us that he has seen Arabs not more than forty-five years of age who were known to have had fifty wives...

By the Mohammedan law a man may divorce his wife orally and without any ceremony; he pays her a portion, generally one-third of her dowry. He may divorce her twice and take her again without her consent...

By the Jewish law it appears that a wife could not divorce her husband; but under the Mohammedan code, for cruelty and some other causes she may divorce him.

Among the Hindus, and also among the Chinese, a husband may divorce his wife upon the slightest ground, or even without assigning any reason. She is under the absolute control of her husband.

The law of France, before the revolution, following the judgment of the Catholic church, made marriage indissoluble, but during the early revolutionary period divorce was permitted at the pleasure of the parties when incompatibility of temper was alleged.

Life is made up of little things; and since little occurrences compose the great web of life, we should see well to it that though quite simple and unimportant as they may be in themselves, our every day acts should redound to the abiding good to the great world as well as to ourselves.

George, who has just engaged himself to the girl of his heart, breaks the happy news to his friend Jack, who has been married sometime. Jack—"Ah, well, my dear fellow, marriage is the best thing in the long run, and I can assure you that after a year or two a man gets used to it, and feels just as jolly as if he never married at all."

WINTER TREATMENT OF POULTRY.—A correspondent, on addressing us on this subject, says in brief that each bird ought to produce 100 eggs a year; that in the winter months is indispensable; that the fowls must have some of the food they find at other seasons when at large; that they must have plenty of room in their house, and it and the laying boxes kept clean; that they must be fed with corn, barley, oats, have a box of sand, oyster or clam shells pounded up, or old mortar, or bones dried and pounded fine; that mashed boiled potatoes and corn-meal are excellent; that fatty matter of any kind, fresh beef, or pork scraps, etc., must form a portion of their diet; that hens are fond of vegetable matter during winter and will eat cabbage, etc., and that they must be kept free from vermin, which nearly always follows cleanliness. In case, however, vermin still make their appearance, there is nothing so effective in removing them as rubbing the top of the head, under the wings and upon the back with lard. These suggestions we have made time and again and have only to add now, that all who desire complete success and of course satisfactory profit from poultry-raising, must adopt them.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Art of Cooking.

It is an art to cook well, and an art that should be cultivated, and it is just as necessary to happiness as any skilled labor, covering particularly into woman's province. The average family must sit down three times a day to a meal that shall help and strengthen the bodily frame, or, by bad cooking, enervate and disarrange the whole digestive system, laying foundation for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

This is saying a good deal, but if the body is not in healthy action or working out its functions in a natural manner, the mind is so closely allied to the body and brain that it sympathizes with the body and develops in the shape of irritability, crossness, and general ill-health. While so much is depending upon what we eat, it should be the study of women to cook palatably, healthfully, and economically whatever comes in season.

All of this is not inconsistent with the highest culture of mind and fine social requirements. Many of our finest authors are excellent housekeepers, knowing what is in the pantry, and directing with personal supervision the little details of the kitchen. In England and Germany there are schools for housekeeping, for the benefit of the daughters of rich people, who, having a retinue of servants in the family home, do not find it possible to give their girls practical teaching for this reason.

Queen Victoria sent all of her daughters, one by one, to modest homes, where they might learn from daily experience the knowledge of economical, practical housekeeping. Ladies of nobility in all the old countries pride themselves upon being good housekeepers. How much more necessary is it for American girls to be taught economy, here, where the ups and downs of life come to every one, and where, too often, dire necessity rules the household.

There is no class of people who could live as well as the farmers if the women would only study the art of cooking. Everything out groceries can be produced on the farm, and yet, as a general thing, little attention is paid to getting up a variety of wholesome, palatable food, while a little thrift and trouble would accomplish it, adding to the happiness and good nature of all concerned. We say good nature, for any one feels good natured after a nice dinner, especially a *manu*.

One gets tired of fried meat, bread, and coffee, day after day, without variety in the ways of serving it up. It is not necessary that good living should be expensive living. A poor, slovenly cook is always the most extravagant, and what such a one wastes would, in the hands of an intelligent cook, go twice as far toward feeding a family, and then there would be pleasure and satisfaction in eating good food. The best cooks are those who take agricultural papers and read the recipes. Those who attend the Orange, compare notes with, and eat their neighbors' cooking, soon develop into good cooks. The grange has done much toward this object. Americans have too plenty, and are too wasteful. The real test of good cooking should be to be able to get up a palatable meal without much of anything on hand to get it out of. A clean cloth, and clear, shining dishes, go a great way toward making food relish. The good dishes that can be made from a pig are many; first, there are the spare ribs and tenderloin, then head-cheese, sausage, and pig's feet, that are positive luxuries when properly cleaned and cooked; then sausage; after that come bacon, hams, and pickled pork, that helps to season so many other dishes. Then we get lard to shorten pie crust and fry doughnuts in—all giving variety to the bill of fare, and are made with but little trouble. We know, for we have done it all many a time, with all the other cares of hired men and little children, and no help.

COTTAGE CHICKEN.—Take a chicken, cut in small pieces, lay in a saucepan and just cover with cold water. Cook slowly until very tender, taking off the scum as it rises. Take up the chicken and boil the liquor down to a cupful; remove all the bones, and pick, not chop, the meat in small pieces. Season with salt, pepper, sweet herbs, and, if the chicken is not fat add a tablespoonful of butter. Mix with the gravy and put into a bowl, well buttered; set in a cool place for twelve hours or until perfectly firm. Cut it in slices for the table. It is better to make it the day before it is wanted for use.

The mind attacks itself by idleness and habits to which ever is easy and pleasant. This habit always places pounds on our knowledge, and no one has ever yet taken the pains to enlarge and expand his mind to the full extent of its capacities.

A sign posted up in a Wisconsin saw-mill reads: "The saws are all running—no use to touch them to convince yourselves."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Little Miss Snowflake.

Little Miss Snowflake came to town. All dressed up in her brand-new gown. And nobody looked as fresh and fat as little Miss Snowflake, I declare.

Out in the yard she stepped. When she got out of her family kept. As close together as bees can swarm, in readiness for a big snow-storm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't walk. And she wanted to come in greater state. For she thought that her beauty would never be known.

It she came in a crowd—so she came alone. All alone from the great blue sky. Where only vesper went sending by. With sails all set, on their way to meet. The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop. On tall church spire or chimney top. All the way from her bright abode. Down to the dust of a country road!

There she rested all out of breath. And there she specially met her death. And nobody could exactly tell. The spot where little Miss Snowflake fell.

—Josephine Pollard in the Christian Union.

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them; and in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. Medical treatment was of little use till the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. This is no "old wife's talk." The facts are given under authority of—British Medical Journal.

PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fairy" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, soap, water, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. They are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them.

Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning; and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may be nothing better than a calico, but with a ribbon or flower or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect which invariably comes with being well dressed.—American Rural Home.

THE DAIRY.

BUTTER AND MILK COWS.

The first of a nation's Dairy Show is the American Institute Fair, now being celebrated in New York. Large numbers of visitors were present during Tuesday and on the evening the terminate register recorded the presence of 2,000 persons. In the evening exhibit of butter samples and trials of Dutch butter exhibited at the London Dairy Show of 1873, a sample of that country's best Normandy butter made in France, Holland, a sample of ordinary cow-butter (made in Ireland) and a sample of best butter made in Ireland, had been prepared on the latest system of packing, samples of extra quality milk butter, made first quality, had been exhibited at the London Dairy Show of this year, and a trial of cured Welsh butter that took the first prize at the recent London Dairy Show. It

"If you'd see your butter, come nice and sweet. Don't churn with a nervous jerking. But ply the masher slowly and neat— You'll hardly know that you're working; And when the butter has come, you'll say, 'You, there, you're the very best way!'"

Now, lad!—look, do you think that you A lesson can find in butter? Don't be so hasty, whatever you do, Or get yourself in a better; And when you stand at life's great churn, Let the masher work to you return, 'Churn slowly!'"

The young men at the Academy who go out between acts probably go out for an opera glass.

A Bowling Green young lady uses for damages to her abortions and will give the proceeds to a church.

Churn slowly.

A little maid in the morning sun stood merrily singing and churning—"Oh, how I wish this butter was done, 'Thou' of the mids I'd be turning!" So she hurried the masher up and down Till the farmer exulted, with a half-and crown, "Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the dasher, so fast, my dear, It's not so good for the butter; And will make your arms ache, too, I fear; And put you all in a flutter— For this is a rule, wherever you turn, Don't be in haste whenever you churn— Churn slowly!"

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