

*Family Circle.***Don't Leave the Farm.**

BY C. E. GREEN.

Come boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper low—
You are thinking of leaving the home-
stead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashions,
How soon the course downward be-
gins!

You talk of the mines, boys—
They are wealthy in gold, no doubt;
But, ah! there is gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shove it out.

The mercantile trade is a hazard—
The goods are first high and then low.
Better risk the old farm a while longer;
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're as free as the air in the mountains
And monarch of all you survey.

Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though the profits come in rather
slow.

Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys
Don't be in a hurry to go.

—Farmer and Dairyman.

Always a River to Cross.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the place we long to fill
We must push and struggle and drive;
And always and everywhere,
We'll find in our onward course
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve,
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve.
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountains high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not everwhelm if the Lord's at
the helm,

When the difficult river we cross.

—Congregationalist.

A little Scotch girl in answer to
the question, "What is patience?"
said, "It is wait a wee bit, and
dinna get tired."

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from birth, a man
of much intellectual vigor and with
many engaging social qualities,
found a woman who, appreciating
his worth, was willing to cast in
her lot with him and become his
wife. Several bright beautiful
children became theirs, who tender-
ly and equally loved both their par-
ents. An eminent French surgeon,
while in this country, called upon
them, and, examining the blind
man with much interest and care,
said to him: "Your blindness is
wholly artificial; your eyes are
naturally good, and could I have
operated upon them twenty years
ago, I think I could have given
you sight. It is barely possible
that I can do it now, though it will
cause you much pain." "I can
bear that," was the reply; "so you
but enable me to see." The surgeon
operated upon him, and was gradu-
ally successful; first there were
faint glimmerings of light, then
more distinct vision. The blind
father was handed a rose; he had
smelt one before, but had never
seen one; then he looked upon the
face of his wife, who had been so
true and faithful to him; and then
his children were brought, whom he
had so often fondled, and whose
charming prattle had so frequently
fallen upon his ears. He then ex-
claimed: "O, why have I seen all
these before inquiring for the man
by whose skill I have been enabled
to behold them! Show me the doc-
tor." And when he was pointed
out to him, he embraced him with
tears of gratitude and joy. So
when we reach heaven, and with
unclouded eyes look upon its glo-
ries, we shall not be content with a
view of these. No, we shall say,
"Where is Christ? He to whom I
am indebted for what heaven is;
show me him, that with all my soul
I may adore and praise him through
endless ages."—*Christian at Work.*

About the Mink.

The mink is a wandering crea-
ture, leading a solitary life a good
part of the year. If you happen to
live near the water you have some
chance of making his acquaintance,
and will find him a very petable
thing. I have known of two that
were caught and tamed, and became
as domestic as kittens.

One of them was accidentally
discovered by a gentleman who was
enjoying a May morning by the
side of a brook which ran through

his door-yard. He heard a queer
little plaintive cry almost under
his feet, and taking up a spear such
as is used in killing "suckers"—all
boys know about "spearing suck-
ers" in the spring—he thrust it at
random into the bank; and out
came a young mink; minus the tip
of his tail which the spear had cut
off. This poor wail was apparently
the only one left of a very young
family, and his home had probably
been broken up by some laborers
who had been cutting a channel
just below.

He was about the size of a com-
mon house-rat; and his hairy cov-
ering did not look much like the
lovely brown fur of latter days.
He was cared for, fed with milk,
and, as he grew older, with meat
and fish. Of the latter he was
very fond, and would go down to
the brook and fish there alone by
the hour, always returning when
whistled for—you know men and
boys have the faculty of teaching
almost any creature to obey that
signal. Visitors always asked to
see "the tame mink," and at the
accustomed call he could be per-
ceived hurrying up the bank and
making all speed in their direction;
but before they knew it, he was
nowhere in sight. By some myste-
rious feat the droll little thing had
suddenly made himself invisible;
and all the time the good man
would be looking so roguish over
the mystification of the guests. He
was used to the tactics of this cu-
rious pet, and knew just where he
would presently pop into sight. It
was a very absurd proceeding, but
the mink chose that way—to run
up his master's leg, inside of the
pantaloon, up inside of the vest,
and then peep out, to the astonish-
ment of the beholders, just under
his chin, and there snuggle down—
the sly-boots!—purring like a kit-
ten.—*Chautauqua Reading Course,*
in July Wide Awake.

About Glass.

Some boy writes to "The Doc-
tor," asking how window glass is
made so flat and smooth, "especial-
ly those in the large windows of
store-fronts." There are two kinds
of window glass, one called "cyl-
inder" and the other "plate" glass.
All the large panes are plate-glass,
as the size of the cylinder glass can-
not be increased beyond a certain
point. In this kind of glass a cyl-
inder is blown; those who have
been in a glass house—and I advise
you, whenever you have an oppor-

tunity; to visit one and see how
this wonderful material is worked
—know that to make a cylinder, a
glass is first blown. This then is
worked into a cylinder, by rolling
it upon an iron table; after a cyl-
inder is made, its ends are cut off,
and it is divided lengthwise and
flattened out to form a flat smooth
sheet. All plate glass is cast. A
polished iron table has ledges at
the side, as high as the thickness
of the plate of glass. The melted
glass is poured upon this and spread
and flattened by a copper roller.
The plate is then annealed; that is,
put into a very hot furnace, which
is so arranged that the glass will
cool very slowly, in order that it
may be tough when, at the end of a
week or so, it is cool. But the
glass is now dull and rough, like
that which you see in roof and
skylights. To become the beauti-
ful plate-glass it must be ground
and polished. The plates are so ar-
ranged that they may be rubbed
together, one upon another, by ma-
chinery. First sand and water are
placed between them, then emery
of different sizes, and after being
ground with the finest emery, they
are polished by rubbing them with
some kind of polishing powder.—
American Agriculturist.

Boys out Nights.

The boy who spends an hour of
each evening lounging idly on
street corners wastes in the course
of the year three hundred and
sixty-five precious hours, which, if
applied to study, would familiarize
him with the rudiments of the fa-
miliar sciences. If, in addition to
wasting an hour each evening, he
spends ten cents for cigars, which
is usually the case, the amount thus
worse than wasted would pay for
ten of the leading periodicals in the
country. Boys, think of these
things. Think of how much time
and money you are wasting, and for
what? The gratification afforded
by a lounge on the corner or a cigar
is not only temporary but positively
hurtful. You cannot indulge in
them without seriously injuring
yourself. You acquire idle and
wasteful habits, which will cling to
you with each succeeding year.
You may in after life shake them,
off, but the probabilities are that
the habits thus formed in early life
will remain with you till your dy-
ing day. Be warned, then, in time,
and resolve that as the hour spent
in idleness is gone forever, you will
improve each passing one, and
thereby fit yourself for usefulness
and happiness.—*The Youth's Evan-
gelist.*