

### Family Circle.

#### Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer,  
Don't strike my name off yet;  
You know the times are stringent  
And dollars hard to get;  
But tug a little harder  
Is what I mean to do,  
And scrape the dimes together,  
Enough for me and you.  
I can't afford to drop it;  
I find it doesn't pay  
To do without a paper,  
However others may.  
I hate to ask my neighbors  
To give me theirs on loan;  
They don't just say—but mean it—  
“Why don't you have your own?”

You can't tell how we miss it,  
If it, by any fate,  
Should happen not to reach us,  
Or come a little late.  
Then all is in a hubbub,  
And things go all awry,  
And, printer if you're married,  
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,  
And wife is anxious too,  
At first to glance it over,  
And then to read it through;  
And I to read the leaders,  
And can the book reviews,  
And scan the correspondence,  
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it;  
It is no use to try;  
The other people take it  
And, printer so must I.  
I, too, must keep me posted  
And know what's going on,  
Or fees and be accounted  
A foggy simpleton  
Then take it kindly, printer  
If pay is somewhat slow  
For cash is not so plenty,  
And wants not few, you know;  
But I must have the paper,  
Cost what it may to me;  
I'd rather dock my sugar,  
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,  
Unless you want my frown,  
For here's the year's subscription.  
And credit it right down,  
And send the paper promptly  
And regularly on,  
And let it bring us weekly  
Its welcomed benison.

—Interior.

#### Conduct More than Scholarship.

That every boy and girl should aim at high rank in scholarship is important; but it is more important for them to wish to stand high in character and in conduct. If the choice must be made between the right and the learning, it is better to do right than to be learned.

A distinguished author was lately asked what had first aroused his desire to live a pure and noble life. He replied that the first monthly report he carried home from school

showed that he stood ninth in a class of fifteen for scholarship, but first for conduct. He was mortified at his rank as a scholar. On seeing the card, his mother expressed gratification.

“Why do you like it?” he asked. “Because,” she replied, “I see that you are first for conduct.” And she went on to say; “It is probable that the other boys are brighter than you are, and were so made by God. That is a thing you cannot help. But you can be a good boy, and that is all I expect of you.”

He was, however, a bright boy. In time, he came to stand among the first scholars of a class of Harvard College. He has written many books which have been read over the world. But he says:

“I never cared a straw for any other honor compared with taking a high grade for conduct.”

Scholarship is important. Let every one aim at high attainments in learning. But conduct and character are of greater importance; and in gaining them one may be excited to noble endeavors for scholarship.—*Golden days.*

#### A Sunshiny Woman.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little dissappointments, or whose ceaseless kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, “At home I shall find rest.” So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.—*Pascagoul Star.*

#### Highlife in New York.

What do you think of the queer lives led by janitor's families? I know a janitor who has charge of a huge building down Broadway who has four little tots of children, and they don't get down into the street more than once a week or so.

Two of them were born in the seventh story of an immense iron building, just under the roof. One of them to my certain knowledge has never been down in the street at all. That's a fact. It will be down some day. It was born only last week. Where do you think the children's play ground is? It is the roof, and a rare, good yard it is, too, with flowers growing on it, and everything just like a good paced yard. There is a large ledge around the four sides so there is no danger of the youngsters falling off. And there are clothes-lines there, and tubs standing about, and clothespins lying on the ground—everything so natural you might easily imagine yourself in somebody's backyard. Those children seldom see anything of the world down below; and their mother hardly ever does for she has her hands full taking care of the youngsters. There is a nice secluded life for you, with no danger of annoyance from prying neighbors. There is something attractive about it, too. Just think of the janitor, at dark, shutting up the big iron doors with himself inside. There he is with his family about him, and all the world securely locked out. It is as good as living in a castle with the bridge drawn up and the mote full of water. But even when the outer doors are locked the janitor's are not always shut in from the outer world.—There is a block of buildings in one of the principal business centers of the city all about the same height. Each building has its janitor, and each janitor has his family. When the outer doors are shut and locked no outsider can by any possibility make his way in the janitor's families begin to visit. The roofs form their avenues and boulevards, their grand promenade. There is something slightly curious about the way of living, isn't there; having your neighbor dropping in through the roof instead of coming through the door? It is something like the way of the old cave-dwellers in the southwest.—*N. Y. Times.*

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#### Kiss Me Good-bye, Dear.

That is the phrase heard in the hall-way of many a home as the man of the house is hurrying away to exchange daily labor for daily bread in the mart of commerce. Sometimes it is the wife who says it, sometimes infant lips prattle the carressing word, holding a sweet flower face for the kiss that is its warm sunshine of life, and the

strong man waits a moment to clasp his treasure and is gone; and all day he wonders at the peace in his heart; at the nerve with which he meets business losses, or bears business crosses. The wife's kiss did it, the baby's kiss did it; and he realizes that it is not wealth or position or luck that makes our happiness, but the influence we bear with us from the presence of those we love.—*Ex.*

#### Waiter Girls in Germany.

Nasby writes thus of Germany: It is astonishing how alike everything is the world over. In these beer halls the waiter girls who have plump, shapely arms wear short sleeves, while those whose arms are very thin and not at all shapely wear long sleeves, holding that short sleeves are immodest.

This conversation probably occurs between the girls of the two types, the plump and the scraggy.

“You are entirely right, Bertha darling: short sleeves may be immodest. On such arms as yours, my love, they would positively be indecent.”

And then they wouldn't kiss each other, and move off as on a campaign against coming thirst. But, Pauline, the plump, would laugh a saucy laugh, and Bertha, the skinny, would assume a very saucy look. Likewise those who are too plain to attract the attention of customers are very severe upon flirting. It makes but little difference in what country people are born they are the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and Adam and Eve runs through them all.—*Ex.*

#### The Dear Aged Mother.

Honor the dear, aged mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear, old mother! The sands of her life have nearly run out; but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she can not see you; you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a