

The Home Circle.

FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Thomas Brown lived next door to Robert Smith, and both worked at the same factory. But, though they stood side by side all day, they had very different ways of spending their evenings. Smith's pleasure was to sit and chat in the parlor of the Red Lion, while Brown thought his own snug chimney-corner pleasanter and cheaper.

Brown was a "staunch teetotaler," as he called himself. He was hale and strong, and he found he did not need beer or spirits; he saw many of his fellow-workmen and their lads slipping down into the habit of spending a great part of their earnings in drink, and every now and then breaking out in drunken revels. So Thomas resolved to keep clear of the temptation to take too much strong drink by taking none at all.

He was surprised himself to find how much money this resolve saved him. He found that he had about five shillings a week to spare, after paying all his household expenses. He consulted with his good wife what to do with this five shillings, and they settled to put it into a building society which had lately been formed. So Thomas Brown took five fifty-pound shares, and paid his five shillings a week to the society; while his neighbor and shopmate, Robert Smith, spent his surplus five shillings in the parlor of the Red Lion.

Eleven years passed over; the building society, of which Thomas Brown was a member, wound up, and Thomas received a check on the bank for £250, with which he bought a house, which brought him in eight shillings a week for rent. As he still had his five shillings surplus from his wages, and these eight shillings besides, he thought he could not do better than join another building society; and so he took thirteen fifty pound shares, and paid in his thirteen shillings a week.

Another eleven years passed over, and the building society paid Thomas £650, with which he bought him more houses, which brought him in about twenty-seven shillings a week—about £8 a year.

About this time work began to be slack at the factory, and the master sent for Thomas and Robert, and told them that he was very sorry that he could no longer find employment for them.

Both returned home. Thomas was a little sad to think that he should not go to the old place, where he had worked for so many years; but Robert had a heavy heart, and when he told his wife she pictured a dismal future, and burst into tears.

After that cheerless supper, Robert went out, but instead of going to the Red Lion, he looked in at his neighbor Thomas' house to see what he was going to do, for Thomas, like a wise man, had not boasted about his savings or his property, and few of his shopmates knew anything about it. Thomas was at his supper when Robert came in, and he asked him to sit down and join him; but Robert was too excited to do that.

"What is to be done, Thomas?" said Robert; "This is a desperate bad job."

"Well," said Thomas, "for my part I don't intend to work in the factory any more. I can't take to a new place now, after I have been so long used to the old shop."

"How do you mean to live then?" asked Robert. "Has any one left you a fortune?"

"No," answered Thomas, "but I have income enough to keep me without working in the factory."

"I wish," said Robert, "that you would give me a leaf out of your book."

"Nay," said Thomas, "I fear it is too late now. You know I have been a teetotaler for twenty years, and many a joke you and the rest have had at me for it."

"Well, you have the pull of us now, at any rate," said Robert; "but you don't suppose I have been a drunkard, do you? I have always made my wife comfortable, and given her what she wanted for the house."

"I know you have," answered Thomas; "but my wife and I agreed to put the five shillings a week we could spare into the building society, and now we have twenty-seven shillings a week coming in without working for it."

Robert looked surprised, and he said sadly, as he got up to go, "I see my mistake now; though I have not been a drunkard, I have squandered away without thought what might now make me and my wife comfortable for the rest of our lives, instead of having to set out and look for work in a new place and among strangers."

A LORD A BLACKSMITH.

It was considered of some importance by the Lambton family that the late Earl of Durham should become a freeman of the ancient city of Durham, in order that he might be able to vote, and take part in the city elections, and cement more strongly the family influence. But a difficulty interposed; it was necessary that he should serve an apprenticeship to a freeman, and that his master should be able to certify that he had received beneficial services from his apprentice—and there was no way of overcoming. At last Mr. Lambton—he had not as yet obtained the peerage, nor was he then known by the afterwards familiar name of "Radical Jack"—was bound to the trade of a blacksmith, and, at stated periods,

he left his ancestral hall in the family carriage, drove up to the door of the blacksmith's shop in Durham, and doffing his fine linen, and donning his leather apron, and other paraphernalia of the trade, he would set to work to blow the bellows, hammer the horse-shoe, or take a hand at whatever job happened to be in. His master, proud of his apprentice, and delighting to show what authority he possessed, would, as soon as he had done work enough not to injure his tender hands, order him, "Now, boy, go and fetch a pail of coals!" and this accomplished, would add another instruction to perform some equally menial occupation. When his "day's work," which was not heavy, was over, young Lambton would return home in his carriage.

DETERMINED TO DIE RICH.

A ship was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was by taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat on deck a man with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him. "What are you doing there?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?" "The ship may go," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life and I am determined to die rich." He holed on to his purpose and went down with his gold.

How many are there in the world taking a similar course? Death is only a little removed from them, as an absolute certainty, but all else is lost sight of in the idea of dying rich. They have thousands more than they can enjoy for the rest of their days, but the calls of charity are rejected, because they want to die rich. In all probability they can live only a few brief years at the longest, but they want to feel up to the last moment that they have so many acres, or so much in stocks, or so much money at interest. How much better would it be to die rich in good works; to feel at the last, when title deeds to earthly possessions are of no use, that a part at least has been transferred, and invested in such titles and stocks as will be available in the life beyond this. When crossing the Atlantic for a tour in Europe, one breaks in upon his treasures by buying a bill of exchange, on some banker of the old world, to draw upon in time of need. How much better it would be, in view of the voyage before them, for those rich men who hug up their treasures to the last, to expend part of them, at least, in buying a bill of exchange that shall be honored by the Great Banker, when their backs are to launch upon the dark billows, shall have reached the other shore, and they have entered the world beyond. To die rich, in the sense of some, is to wake up poor in the life beyond this.

DISHEARTENED.

It is cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or innocent girl, buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the streets full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes soon enough to the most sanguine people. The cynic has only to follow the hint with bitter confirmation, and they go home with a heavier step and premature age. They will themselves soon enough give the hint he wants to the cold wretch. Which of them has not failed to please where they most wish to please? Or blunder where they were the most ambitious of success? Found themselves awkward or tedious or incapable of study, thought, heroism, and fondly hoped by good sense and fidelity to do what they could, and pass unblamed? And this wicked malefactor makes their little hopes less with satire and skepticism, and slackens the springs of endeavor. Yes, this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem the defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy—that is the work of divine men.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper and wider flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us—are excited at some short-lived dissipation. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; We may be ship-wrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessons from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket well filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner who chanced to overhear the words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line had returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said, "I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

LIFE'S PICTURES.

A story is told of a rich landlord who once oppressed a poor widow, who was unfortunate enough to be his tenant, finally turning her out into the street on a cold day in winter. Her son, a mere child, less than a dozen years old, remembered the cruel scene, and in after years became an artist, and painted the scene in a vivid manner, placing the scene where the landlord could see it, who turned pale at having his former infamy brought to mind so forcibly, and offered large sums of money for the picture, that he might hide it from his own and other people's gaze. But all in vain; he could not buy the picture, and for a long time it remained at his very threshold, as it were, a silent evidence of his former infamy.

So has each human being an invisible painter at his elbow, painting on the soul's canvas a record of the acts and scenes of life, depicting the passions of his career with an intensity that at some future day will haunt him with their truthful denunciations and biting rebukes.

Happy for us, then, if such dark, sombre scenes are few, and their smouldering fires are eclipsed by fairer and more holy scenes, when we gaze back on the panorama of our past lives, and review our career before entering upon another one of greater capabilities! Happy for us, then, if our race after happiness has not been a mere scramble after riches, and if we had not groveled so long in the earth beneath our feet that we have lost sight of the beautiful sky above us. Yes, happy indeed if we had no haunting picture of glaring misdeed, or perverted aspiration, to point its ghoully figure ever at us, or greet us with its sickly grin of malicious torment, as we endeavour to escape its upbraidings.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

It has long been the custom among the young men that attend the Westbrook (Me.) Seminary to secure the services of some good musician for Saturday evening soirees, and to pay him the contribution. A Portland musician has done the fiddling for his term, and, though his charges are moderate, the continual draw upon the slender purses of the boys at last so drained them that they could not afford to pay him last Saturday evening, but made arrangements to have piano music. The young ladies got wind of this, and being unwilling to dance to the dull music of a piano when a violin could be had for ten cents apiece, they clubbed together, raised the required amount, and notified the same musician that he would be wanted. The time for the dance to begin came. The piano was in position and the pianist on hand, the boys being unaware that the girls had played leap year upon them, when, to their consternation, in walked the much wished for musician and began to fiddle furiously. A more sheepish looking set of boys cannot be imagined. They looked from one to the other in dismay, and involuntarily clutched their remaining five cent pieces, undecided whether to give up all or to throw themselves upon the mercy of the fiddler, but finally deposited their cash balance in the hands of a deputy, with instructions to pay the bill or perish in the attempt, when they were informed that the young ladies had done that part for them, and were now waiting for partners. So, with a sickly smile, they crooked their elbows to the waiting damsels and walked on the floor, inwardly resolved that they would never be caught in a similar manner again.

WASHINGTON'S DOG.

Washington, it is stated, was out hunting in the Virginia forests, accompanied by his favorite hound Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up he lost his way, his powder was rendered useless, and, to add to the perils and inconvenience of the situation, he found that he had not his pocket compass with him. In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do who are lost in the bush, wet, weary, hungry, for he had no food,

save wild berries. He was almost exhausted, when a happy thought occurred to him. Tying his pocket-flask and his powder-flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash around the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand. Then he gave the dog a tremendous kick. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed, then wheeling around he struck a beeline for home.

It is a curious but undoubted fact that any sudden alarm or attack will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, render more subtle his scent and powerful his memory, will induce him, like Marco Bozzaris, to strike for his home.

So the dog fled, and Washington followed desperately, over stumps, through bogs, into briars, until finally the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington scared still further the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flasks at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight. After a hearty laugh at the incident, Washington leisurely marched in the direction the dog had taken. I was easy to do so by observing the mossy side of the trees, the direction of the larger branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted. It was not long, therefore, before he reached a clearing and was once more in safety. But, he adds, the dog, once faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of its death endure his presence or even hear his voice without relapsing into an agony of terror.

FRANKLIN AND HIS PAPER.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called, and asked his opinion of it.

"Why sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue. At night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf on which I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and a mug of water afforded a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of the American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts.

"Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I get for nothing."

DEFINITIONS OF CHARACTER.

Fine Fellow—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Gentle People—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spoiling her hands, the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letter.

Unpopular Personages—The fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade.

Timid People—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and the steamboat company with a case of cholera.

Dignified Men—A chit in a country town, a midshipman on quarter-deck, and a school committee on examination day.

Persecuted People—Woman by that tyrant man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy People—Old bachelors and old maids.

Humble Persons—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

Mean People—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Sensible People—You and I.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

Coarse bread is better for children than fine. Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night-caps. Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house, and that time should be broken by frequent recesses. Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and their shoulders back, while sitting, standing, or walking. The best beds for children are of hair and cotton. From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food, and they will escape indigestion.

Young persons should exercise at least two hours a day in the open air. Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known the worst disease, terminating in death, which began in this practice. Reading aloud is conducive to health. The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need. Sleeping-rooms should have a fire-place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows. Young people and others cannot study much by lamplight with impunity. The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use, is a fine stream of water frequently applied to them.

INDIAN TRADITION OF THE ORIGIN OF SALMON.

When Chareya made all things that have breath, he first made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and, last of all, the man. But Chareya did not yet let the fishes come up the Klamath, and thus the Charocs had not enough food, and were sore a-lungered. There were salmon in the big water—many and very fine to eat—but no Indian could catch them in the big water, and Chareya had made a great fish-dam at the mouth of the Klamath, and closed it fast, and given the key to two old hags to keep, so that the salmon could not go up the river. And the hags kept the key that Chareya had given them, and watched it day and night, without sleeping, so that no Indian could come near it.

Then the Charocs were sore distressed in those days for lack of food, and many died, and their children cried to them because they had no meat. But the coyote befriended the Charocs, and helped them, and took it on him to bring the salmon up the Klamath. First, he went to an alder tree and gnawed off a piece of bark, for the bark of the alder, after it is taken off, presently turns red, and looks like salmon. He took the piece of alder bark in his teeth, and journeyed far down the Klamath, until he came to the mouth of it, at the big water. Then he rapped at the door of the old hags' cabin, and, when they opened it, he said, "Aiyuquoi," for he was very polite. And they did not wonder to hear the coyote speak, for all the animals could speak in those days. They did not suspect the coyote, and so asked him to come into their cabin, and sit by the fire. This he did, and, after warming himself a while, he commenced nibbling the piece of alder-bark. One of the hags, seeing this, said to the other: "See, he has some salmon!" So they were deceived, and thrown off their guard, and presently one of them rose, took down the key, and went to get some salmon to cook for themselves. Thus the coyote saw where the key was kept; but he was not better off than before, for it was too high for him to reach it. The hags cooked some salmon for supper and ate it, but they gave the coyote none.

So he stayed in the cabin all night with the hags, pretending to sleep, but he was thinking how to get the key. He could think of no plan at all. But in the morning one of the hags took down the key, and started to get some salmon again, and then the coyote happened to think of a way as quick as a flash. He jumped up and darted under the hag, which threw her down, and caused her to fling the key a long way off. The coyote quickly seized it in his teeth, and ran and opened the fish-dam before the hags could catch him. Thus the salmon were allowed to go up the Klamath, and the Charocs had plenty of food.—*Overland Monthly for May.*

A ROYAL SIAMESE GAME.

The business of eating concluded, the King called upon his foreign friends to participate in a royal game which had been in vogue as far back as their historical records extended, and which no guest might refuse to share in without giving personal offence to the sovereign. After this introduction, at a signal given by the royal host, five huge baskets filled with very small limes were placed directly in front of the throne. Inviting the foreigners to scramble for the fruit, and telling them that whoever succeeded in getting the largest number should enjoy his highest favor, the King threw as many as he could hold between his two hands, in such a manner as to scatter them in every direction over the widest possible space. This was repeated scores upon scores of times, and the guests, wishing to humor the whim of their host, entered heartily into the sport, scrambling about upon hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, sometimes receiving from the merry old gentleman a hearty pelt over the head or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon and assure his friends that it was quite accidental! After an hour thus spent, the foreigners begged leave to desist, and the native nobles took their turn at the sport.

On examination, each lime was found to contain a gold or silver coin, and as the amount thus obtained by each individual was quite considerable, the ladies and gentlemen of our party sent up the money to the King, stating that it would be a violation of the etiquette of our country to receive presents of money. But His Majesty begged very earnestly that the coins should be retained, though merely, he said, as a token of the royal favor, and in compliance with courtly usage—not at all for their intrinsic value.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*