

The Home Circle.

THE BOYS.

There comes the boys! Oh dear! the noise,  
The whole house feels the racket;  
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,  
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket.

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,  
And limbs grow straight and limber;  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark  
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll,  
The floors—oh, woe betide them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly toys that make no noise  
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,  
And made to prance and caper;  
What swords are whittled out of sticks!  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals loud and well,  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "what shall I do  
To keep these children quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys  
And all their din and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;  
Ah, could we hear about us  
This thought—how very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men  
Will gravely call us "Mother;"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise,  
And when night quells the racket,  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers  
While mending pants and jacket.

CULTIVATE PATIENCE.

Be patient with the little ones. Let not their slow understanding nor their occasional perverseness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp, with their unripened intellects, the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict with mind; in after years his ripe rich thoughts shall rise up and call you blessed. Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest enquiry; and aim rather to direct and teach than answer the enquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy you, if in giving your child the fragment of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so you will send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world. Bear patiently the humors of the little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength and hardened into habits, they will flaunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make your little ones curse the day they were born; but correct kindly and patiently, they become but the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth. Bless your little ones with patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seed of a perennial blessedness and its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

A REMARKABLE BOY.

If there was anything Father Boggles really delighted in, it was to spin a yarn about the sharpness of his boy Tom.  
"Ah!" said Boggles one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor, "Tom is the most remarkable boy you ever set eyes on. He's like his old dad; you can no more circumvent him than you can catch a weasel asleep. You recollect that choice apple tree by the hedge. Well, I forbid Tom touchin' those apples; but he would get 'em in spite of 'em. One day I caught the young scape-grace up in the tree stuffing his pockets with the fruit, and I determined this time to punish him for it."  
"Thomas my son," says I, "come down, I

thought I'd be a sort of persuasive, so it would fetch him; but he smelt the rat, and didn't budge an inch."

"I can't dad," said he, "these apples are in the way."

"Tom," I continued sternly, "come down this minute, or I'll cut down the tree, and let yer fall."

"You see, my poor limbs wouldn't permit my shinin' after the boy."

"Oh, no, you won't, dad," says Tom. "Only think how you'd mourn if you couldn't sell the apples."

"That was too much to have my own boy accuse me of such parsimony. So what does I do but get the axe, and cut away at the bottom of the tree."

"Tom—Thomas!" I cried, as the tree was about half cut off, "will you come down now, and save yourself?"

"Never mind, dad," says he; "I'm all right."

"It was no use! I couldn't bring him down that way. So I chopped away at the tree till it began to sway, and fell to the ground."

"What! and crushed your own boy?" ejaculated his horrified listener.

"Not by a long chalk," said old Boggles, winking knowingly. "You couldn't get over Tom in any such way. What had he done but crawled out on a limb; and while I was choppin' at the bottom o' the tree he had been cutting off the limb with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell he was still up there on the limb!"

A DESPERATE BEAST.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm furnishes the world with a description of the cougar, or American tiger, that is thrillingly interesting. She says that at a certain time past her husband bought in Arkansas a cougar, six months old, which had been caught while a kitten in the woods. The creature was brought home, and remained a prisoner four years, at the end of which time he died. Tom, such was his name, was nine feet in length, of a gray color on his back and sides, and nearly white on the belly and throat. His back was generally perfectly straight, his form symmetrical, and his movements lithe and graceful. If in exceedingly good humor he would purr; but if he wished to intimidate, he would raise his back, erect his hair, and spit like a cat. In the twilight of the evening the animal was accustomed to pace back and forth to the full extent of his limits, ever and anon uttering a short piercing shriek, which made the valley reverberate for half a mile or more in every direction. Mrs. Swisshelm says these sounds were the shrillest, and at the same time the most mournful, she ever heard. They might, perhaps, be likened to the scream of a woman in an agony of terror.

The natural ferocity of the panther was at length so far subdued, that his fair mistress sometimes ventured, when he was in good humor, to stroke his head and feel his paw. On one occasion, indeed, when he had broken his chain, and all the men in the house, with the exception of Mr. Swisshelm, had fled to the barn for safety, she seized him by the collar, as he took refuge in the dining-room, and held him until her husband took effectual measures to secure him. At length, however, the lady was thrown from a carriage, and so severely injured that she was confined to her bed several weeks. She says:

"When we appeared on crutches, we had inadvertently went quite near the cougar, and were warned, by a low growl, that he was regarding us as his prey. We turned and found him crouched within five or six feet of us ready to spring—his eyes green and blazing, and the tip of his tail moving from side to side. We kept our eyes fastened on his; there was no one within call, and we tried to make him remember us by talking to and naming him."

"Tom—poor Tom!" but Tom's eyes lost none of their fire, and the tail kept up its regular motion.

"Then we tried to intimidate him, as we had often done before, by assuming a voice of command. 'Tom! Tom! down Tom!' but Tom kept his hostile attitude, and we—in doubt as to whether his chain was long enough to reach us, or strong enough to resist the spring we saw he intended making—kept our place, and tried to stare him out of countenance."

"After what appeared to us a long time, trusting to the power of the eye to keep him still, we set our crutches, and still speaking to him, threw ourselves backward a step. The instant we moved he sprang, but the chain held him, and, being too short, he rebounded against a post, and fell to the floor some eighteen inches from where we stood."

IS POVERTY A CRIME.

If poverty is a crime, then there are many criminals, for many are too poor to live in any sort of decent comfort. The standard of excellence and honesty, in the minds of many men, is money. Give an individual plenty of money, fill his barns full, and examine his title papers to broad acres of land on which no mortgage lies, and what a multitude of faults are hidden beneath these tidings! Wealth hides more sins than anything else.  
"He is a poor, but an honest man." Ah, there it is, "poor" yet "honest," as if the two conditions were rarely allied. And that's the way the world feels toward poverty. Crime and poverty go hand in hand in the

mind of too many of us. If men would learn to honor and trust each other for their intrinsic worth—their wealth of mind and soul—their talent, genius, industry, sobriety, etc., be he rich or poor, and a low estimate were placed upon each other for their wealth or purse, we should all be happier, wiser and better. Genius would oftener be rewarded, and better appreciated. "Poor yet honest" men would be stimulated to higher exertions, for they would feel and know that honor, trust and profit might follow such exertions. A man should be honored and applauded for what he is, not for what he has.

It was not your men of wealth which gave the world the steam engine, the telegraph, the sewing machine, and thousands of other useful and scientific inventions which have revolutionized the whole civilized world; but men of poverty who live in obscurity, and under the ban of reproach on account of such poverty. It has ever been thus; and, we fear, will continue to be so, for man by nature is ungrateful, and money rules the world.

SUCCESS A DUTY.

It is a prime obligation resting upon every man to succeed up to the fullest measure which it is possible for him to do. Success is not only desirable, it is a duty. Look at a man along whatever range of faculties, and you will see in the perfect equipment of capacity, in the presence of every energy, the obligation to success. In the wings of a bird you see the Maker has suggested flight; in the build of a horse and a dog, speed is manifest; in the ox strength. And so through all the grades of life, in the organization, in the capacities bestowed, God has pointed the mode and result of life. But in man this is most observable.

Look at yourself, my friend; look at your faculties, your endowments by nature, and you see in the liberal, the superabundant resources of your organization, the suggestion, yea, the command of your Maker. All the elements and means necessary to success in any branch of worthy industry, in any line of noble ambition are in you.

A young man has no right to fail in life. It may not be his opportunity to succeed in the direction and to that extent in which his natural capacities point and make possible. Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded, when they might and should have done so; full of women, who in the first half of their days, did nothing but eat, drink, and sip, and in the last half have done nothing but repent their folly and weaknesses. The world is full of such people; full of men in every trade or profession, who do not amount to anything, and of girls and women without any trade or profession, who do not seem to have any desire to amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and all thoughtful people are weary of their presence. See to it, my friend, for we each have an individual responsibility.

A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

Colonel Sharp is our deputy sheriff, and he had for several weeks held a warrant for the arrest of a certain Mike Hedgeman, but Mike had eluded him in a most unaccountable manner. So sure as the Colonel went where Mike was, Mike was as sure to be somewhere else.

At length the Colonel received positive information that his man was at work for Mr. Cutter, on his farm in an adjoining town, and away to Mr. Cutter's, bright and early on a June morning, hied the Colonel. At the house he asked a bright-eyed servant girl if Mike Hedgeman was on the premises. The bright-eyed damsel informed the deputy, with all her apparent honesty, that Mr. Hedgeman was "at work over in the corn field beyant," and she thought she could see him from where she stood. The Colonel followed the direction of her finger, and he too saw the man.

Without further delay the Colonel started for the corn field; but he did not advance upon the game in a direct line. He thought it safer to make a detour and strike by a flank movement. So he crept around behind the stone wall, and when opposite the point where the unsuspected man stood, he leaped the barrier, and advancing upon the double quick. The man stood with his back to the wall, so he could not see the approaching enemy.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the Colonel, clapping his hands upon the unsuspecting shoulder. "Now, my slippery Mike, you are my prisoner!"

But the prisoner didn't budge—he didn't move—though he swayed strangely beneath the weight of the sheriff's strong hand. The Colonel stepped around to look into the prisoner's face, and found that—he had caught a scare crow!

And that wasn't the worst of it. Within a week from that time the Colonel learned that Mike Hedgeman and the bright-eyed servant girl of the Cutter farm had gone West together.

THE CUSTOM OF "TREATING."

If I could persuade all the young people of Elmira never to treat each other, nor be treated, I think one-half the danger from strong drink would be gone. If I cannot get you to sign the total abstinence pledge binding until you are twenty-five, I would be glad to have you promise three things: First, never

to drink on the sly, alone; Second, never to drink socially, treating or being treated; and, Third, when you drink do it openly and in the presence of some man or woman whom you respect.

Now boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other shop besides the liquor shop? Suppose as you go to the post-office, you say: "Come boys, come in and take some stamps." Those stamps will do your friends a real good, and will cost no more than drinks all round. Or go by the tailor's store, and say, "Boys, come in and take a box of collars." Walk up to the counter free and generous and say, "What style will you have?" Why not treat to collars as well as drinks? Or go by a confectioner's and propose to chocolate-drops all round. Or say, "Boys take a newspaper." Or say, "I'll stand a jack-knife all round!"

How does it happen that we have fallen into a habit almost compulsory of social drinking? You drink many a time when asked to when really you do not want to. When a man has treated you, you feel mean and indebted, and keep a sort of a count current in your mind, and treat him. And so in the use of just that agent, which at the very best is a dangerous one, you join hand in hand to help each other to ruin, instead of hand in hand to help each other to temperance.—Thos. K. Beecher.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwells in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think on her age, she looks as happy as when the rose that bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is a friend and a benefactor; in the church the devout worshiper and exemplary Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy; who has been the friend of man and God, her life has been a scene of kindness and love, devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in her spirits and active in her humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the way of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets even fresh and green.

Sawdust and Chips.

The man that plants a birch tree, little knows what benefit he is conferring on posterity.

When deaf-mutes are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

A Yankee, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said, "Scrape for me, while I knock for both of us."

"You'd better ask for manners than money," said a man to a poor boy who asked for assistance. "I ask for what I thought you had most of," innocently replied the lad.

A gentleman in company with Foote took up a newspaper, saying he wanted to see "what the ministry was about." Foote, with a smile, replied, "Look among the robberies."

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short of soap."

A writer on physiognomy sagely says, "A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much;" whereupon another writer observes that "a human nose without a face doesn't amount to much either."

"My dear Mrs. Miffini, your darling Emma is a perfect arseph. She has your eyes and her father's hair." "Now I see," said the darling Emma, "it's because I've got pa's hair that he has to wear a wig."

Two undertakers meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than I, for I have not buried a living soul for more than three weeks."

A dwarf said to an encroaching giant, "See here! we've equal rights in this country!" "That may be," replied the giant, "but you can't walk in my shoes." "That's nothing; you can't begin to walk in mine," retorted the dwarf.

"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because," observed a bystander, "you have worked so much harder with your jaws than with your brains."

A Titusville paper says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several sticks of shoe pegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."

The Atlanta "Sun" has given to the wide world this masterly attempt at verse-making:

Mary had a little lamb,  
She kept in her garden,  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It spoilt her Dolly Varden.

In one of the suburban schools, a school in-

spector gave out the word "psalter" to a class for spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, but, being asked to define it, he shouted out, "More salt!"

A Terra Haute boy of tender years and heart has drowned seventeen kittens, tied pans to the tails of nine dogs, brushed his father's new hat against the grain, and blown up the pet canary with a fire-cracker, in the last month, and still his mother intends him for the pulpit.

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man to work in his garden who was quite the reverse.—"Jones," said he "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old man, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

A broom with a heavy handle was sent as a wedding gift to a bride, with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,  
Its use I would commend,  
In sunshine use the brushy part,  
In storms the other end."

That marriage is not always fatal to the poetry in man is proved by a case of an Iowa bridegroom, who says that he never thinks without regret of the happy days now gone forever, when he was free to indulge his wild, poetic inclination for going out at nights and sleeping beneath the starlit canopy of heaven.

A woman of Laurencekirk, who keeps an inn, being asleep in church, and persevering to doze, in spite of the exertions of her neighbors to awaken her, the minister said, "Let her alone, I'll soon awaken her;—Whew, whew, Janet, a bottle of ale and a dram." On which she started up and cried, "Coming sir, coming sir!"

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no; I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments, that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

A little urchin who was sent to meet his father and bring him home on pay-day, was induced to enter the tabernacle of Bacchus. The novelty of the scene entertained him for a little, but at length being out of patience, and having little hope of getting his father home until he had got his usual, he, knocking his father significantly on the elbow, exclaimed—"Haste ye, father, an' get drunk, an' come awa' home."

An eminent civil engineer and geologist gave the following certificate to the starter of a coal mine: "At the urgent request of the directors of the Ojibway Coal Company I have tested the sample of coal sent me, and it is my firm opinion that when the great conflagration of the world shall take place, and which is expected to happen on the final day, the man who shall stand upon the coal mine will be the very last man who shall be burned."

A country laird riding in an unfrequented part of Kirkcudbrightshire, came to the edge of a morass, which he considered not quite safe to pass. Observing a peasant lad in the vicinity, he hailed him, and inquired if the bog was hard at the bottom. "Ou, ay, quite hard," responded the youth. The laird passed on but his horse began to sink with alarming rapidity. "You rascal," shouted the laird to his misinformant, "did you not say it was hard at the bottom?" "So it is," rejoined the rogue, "but ye're no halfway till't yet."

AN ARTIST'S REPROOF.—A jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the "knight of the brush" painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of the profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

Pittsburgh has had a modern comedy of errors. A young wife suspected her lord of too great an intimacy with the comely mulatto cook, and so one night, when he acted suspiciously, she watched him. Seizing the cook off, she covered her head with a shawl, and waited in the kitchen for the confirmation of her suspicions. Some one rapidly entered shortly after, and she felt an arm around her waist and warm kisses on her lip. Then she threw off her disguise to transfuse the villain on the spot, but instead of her husband, she held the biggest, blackest negro in all that city. It was the cook's wife, "particular," and he had kissed her. At she no longer suspects her husband.