

The Home Circle.

SAVING MONEY.

It has been said, and wisely, that all workers should lay aside a portion of their weekly earnings for future use, no matter how limited their income may be.

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.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of a Paradise by the magic of her touch?

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness find its echo in the nobility and courtesy of some who come to wear his mantle, and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes, and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows" while from the home which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

NO HOME.

No home! What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influence of comfortable homes; merely because of a want of thrift, or dissipated habits.

STORY OF A MISER.

The *Italia*, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station: "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket-office for a third-class ticket."

WORK, OUR CROWN.

Never be ashamed to work, for labor is man's primal inheritance, and is approved of by his King. Honest toil holds no shame, no opprobrium, needs not to blush before ease; idleness is symbolic of a long train of evils, a multitude of lamentable follies; truly listless hands are Satan's fastest machinery, that gives an unerring impetus to the engines of destruction.

A man has left England for the strange reason that he had discovered that he was his own grandfather. He left a statement explaining the singular affair: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

STEREOTYPED SMILES.

Beware of man or woman with a fixed smile. Beware of the most hideous scowl before she is smiling. Beware of the most angelic grin before she is exhibiting to all eyes under any and every circumstance. It is not natural to smile perpetually, and no one ever assumes a mask without being conscious of a necessity for concealment.

SCOLDING.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all, becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about.

AN INDIAN COURT.

A Western writer tells this story, found in the records of the Michigan Pioneer Society: Kishkawko was chief of an Indian band in the Saginaw country. "One of his band was arraigned before him and a jury, for an offence of a capital character."

After hearing the evidence, the jury pronounced the prisoner—who sat completely covered with blankets in the middle of the circle, that he might not see the faces of his judges, a custom recalling the night trials of the old Greeks—not guilty. The chief asked the foreman why they had acquitted the prisoner.

"Because he is not guilty by our law," was the reply. Kishkawko arose quietly, and drawing his tomahawk, drove it crashing into the skull of the shrouded prisoner, killing him instantly, exclaiming as he did so,—"That law is changed now."

The old chief was destined to a tragic end. Some years later, he and his son were arrested for the murder of another Indian, and sentenced to death by a jury at Detroit. The two prisoners agreed to commit suicide by poison, and so cheat the ignominious gallows.

The old man swallowed some deadly herb, wrapped his robe around him and passed away, but the younger lost courage at the last moment, and so did not share his fate. Well for him he did not. A few days later he broke jail and escaped, and a short time after, President John Quincy Adams pardoned him. So ends a romance of this continent.

A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

A comical episode in the romance of a love affair transpired near Petersburg a few days ago, and aptly serves to illustrate how some hearts yearn. A stunning youth, verging nigh on to manhood's state, wooed and won the affections of a lovely maiden in the western part of the city. Esteeming herself the object of a mutual flame, she confided to his keeping not only her heart's jewels, but sundry others of a grosser nature, such as chains, rings, &c. Misplaced confidence! Fatal delusion! From

that time forth the fires of love burned not so faintly. The gallant's visits became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Protecting indignation, eloquent and vehement, availed not to restore the faithless one; nor, surreptitiously, with the help of a friend, did she yield to the darker impulses of revenge, and a constable appeared on the scene. The man of the law interviewed the aforesaid stunning youth, convinced him of the waywardness of his course, and effected a restoration of the jewelry, other with mutual confidence between the parties, which is one of the reasons why it has been said that the course of true love is very peculiar.

CO-OPERATION ON STREET CARS.

Mr. Hennessy, President of the Chicago City Railway Company, has introduced the principle of paying the drivers a certain portion of the fares collected. The Chicago Post tells the result:—

The co-operative system of paying the conducting drivers has now been in operation ten days, with a most admirable result. Mr. Hennessy's theory that, under this system, the drivers would be more courteous, ingenious and vigilant, and that this would result in larger wages for themselves and a larger revenue for the company, has been abundantly realized. The drivers receive about one fare in seven on an average. Before the change, drivers were paid \$2.25 to \$3.50 a day, according to the route and the service. During the last week the average of commissions has been about \$3 a day for each driver, those who formerly received \$2.50 now getting \$3 to \$3.40. Meantime, it also appears that the net receipts of the company are increased correspondingly—the result of drivers looking out for passengers and collecting all the fares, and keeping their cars well apart. The new circular to drivers says: "The driver's share will be regulated in accordance with the season and business. A larger share will be paid in Winter than in Summer months. It is the earnest wish of the company to benefit the men in its service, and make their positions so remunerative that they will try to retain them."

THE EIGHT HOUR QUESTION.

The reduction in the number of hours to be devoted to labor among the journeymen mechanics in the United States, is a foregone conclusion, and the sooner we shape our course to suit such altered condition of affairs, the sooner the public mind will become settled upon that subject. To contend against such numbers on a question on which they are united, does not seem to be prudent or necessary. It matters not to the world how short the time men work in a day, so there are enough to do all the work the necessities of civilization require. All over the world there is a surplus of mechanics, made so by the fact that labor saving machinery is doing nine-tenths of what forty years ago was done by manual labor; and although such facilities create the greater necessity for labor and add to the wants of the people, yet the number of workmen does not decrease in proportion to the increase of machinery; and the only remedy that seems to be presented is in the decrease of hours for a day's work. All men have certain acts to perform every day, the doing of which is indispensable to both mental and physical welfare. There must be time to dress, to read and to converse, that they may not lose adaptability to and taste for association with their fellow-beings. An elephant, camel or a mule, will carry a great weight, but there is a limit to the strength of each. "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." Men can work twelve hours per day, but to labor only ten is much better and nearer the medium time required for the good of workmen. It is found by experience that hard work, even for eight hours, causes the laborer to feel that the human system is weakening under the pressure of over toil, and the mind becomes sluggish and inactive, and unreliable in its operations. Regularity in hours of work is as essential for the benefit of the master in the different kinds of mechanical employment, as it is for the journeymen. He must have time to get materials and put his shop and tools in order that his men may lose no time when the hours of toil commence. By forcing men to work until tired nature seeks repose, they destroy materials under the influence of a sleepy tendency, and often much more than a whole day's work is worth. It is a point of argument well worth serious consideration, whether it is not the duty of bosses to organize and establish eight hours a day, and the periods of time to begin and end the hours of labor.—San Francisco Examiner.

"What shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, "for a tightness in my chest?"—"Join some charitable institution," said the doctor.

Sawdust and Chips.

Maxim for young Scotchmen who are fond of dancing—"Youth must have its fling." A Saratoga Belle, who dressed nineteen times a day, has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes. A correspondent of the *Alta* advises visitors to Yosemite to "go in one way and come out another." So they do; they go in affluent, and come out indigent.

A colored gentleman in Texas, with his coat-tail pocket full of powder, lately visited a blacksmith's shop. He went in through the door, but left a hole in the roof when he went out.

Two ladies were travelling on the cars, when a stranger asked the older what relationship she bore the younger. The answer was quick and pertinent: "She is my sister's daughter, and my daughter's sister!" How?

SHRIMPISH.—A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it:—"Please send your cow, this way."—To whom the landlady retorted as follows:—"Waiter, take the cow to where the calf is bleating."

The tendency to get very similar names of places mixed up is so great, that it is said of a worthy deacon, praying for blessings on his favorite locality, that he cautiously added—"Not Reading-wood End, O Lord, but South Reading!"

Railroad employees should not sleep in churches. In a neighboring town last Sunday, one of them, while quietly sleeping, was approached by a man with the contribution box. On being disturbed, he partially aroused himself and exclaimed, "I work on this road," and resumed his slumbers.

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoare, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honor; and now he is trying to get honest."

"ART ALITERATION'S ARTFUL ART."—In *Notes and Queries*, of the 9th instant, a correspondent gives the following "admirably descriptive lines," by Thomas Dunbar, "on the five handsome daughters of the late Scroop Colquhoun, of Green Bank, Liverpool," the last of whom died a year or two ago:—

"Minerva-like majestic Mary moves. Law, Latin, liberty, learn'd Lucy loves. Eliza's elegance each eye espies. Serenely silent Susan's smiles surprise. From fops, fools, flattery, fairest Fanny flies."

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.—"Had a little taste of it, sah."—"Stood your ground; did you?"—"No, sah; I runs."—"Run at the first fire, did you?"—"Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had know'n it was comin'."—"Why, that's not very creditable to your courage."—"Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin's my purfession."—"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"—"Reputation's nothin' to me by the side ob life."—"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"—"Its worth more to me, sah."

Our future is always before us. The past is fixed. No tears can wash away its facts. Let us waste no vain regrets upon it; but from the wisdom its very mistakes and sins have bequeathed us, start afresh on the race. Though yesterday we were weak, selfish, indolent, let us to-day—at this moment—begin to be strong, brave, hopeful, just, considerate, generous, tender, truthful, pure, patient, forgiving. "Now" is a glorious word. "Henceforth" is always within our grasp.

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