

The Home Circle.

THAT BOY.

Is the house turned topsy turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roughish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a plower,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the mat
And his heels in mid-air twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to the voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowered urchin,
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

When earth was in its golden prime,
Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its hue,
And Paradise unknown to crime,
Beneath the love of angels grew;
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
Each tree a living shrine of song;
And, oh! that ever hearts could roam,
Could quit for sin that seraph throng!

But there the Spirit lingers yet,
Though dimness o'er our vision fall;
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,
Weep angel-tears for human thrall;
And sentiments and feelings move
The soul, like oracles divine;
All hearts that ever bowed to love
First found it by the flowers sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power—
Language that hath no life in sound—
Still haunts like truth, the spirit-flower,
And hallows even sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it memory's tear,
Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful, as brief.

'Tis not the bloom—though wild or rare—
It is the spirit-power within
Which melts and moves our souls to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For Heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, nor yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel eyes,
With hope and faith still fond!

I will believe a spirit dwells
Within the flower!—least changed of all
That of the passed immortals tells
The glorious meeds before man's fall!
Yet, still, though I may never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine.

HOME.

When the summer day of youth is slowly
wasting away into the nightfall of age, and
the shadows of past years grow deeper and
deeper as life wears to its close, it is pleasant
to look back, through the vista of time, upon
the sorrows and felicities of earlier years.
Then what calm delights, what ineffable joys,
are centered in the word "Home!" Friends
are gathered around our fires, and many hearts
rejoice with us; then, also, shall we feel that
the rough places of our wayfaring have been
worn and smoothed away in the twilight of
life, while the sunny spots which we have
passed through grow brighter and more
beautiful to memory's eyes. Happy are they
whose intercourse with the world has not
changed the tone of their holier feelings, nor
broken those musical chords of the heart
whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender
and touching in the evening of age.

As the current of time winds slowly along,
washing away the sands of life, like the stream
that steals away the soil from the sapling on
its banks, we look with a kind of melancholy
joy at the decay of things around us. To see
the trees under whose shade we sat in our
earlier years, and upon whose rinds we carved
our names in the light-hearted gaiety of boy-
hood, as if these frail memorials of our exist-
ence would long survive us. To see these
withering away like ourselves with the infirm-
ities of age, excites within us mournful but
pleasant feelings for the past, and prophetic
ones for the future. The thoughts occasioned
by these frail and perishing records of our
younger years, when the friends who are now
lingering like ourselves upon the brink of the
grave, or have long been asleep in its quiet-
beauty, were around us buoyant with the gay-
ety of youthful spirits, are like the dark

clouds when the storm is gone, tinged by the
farewell rays of the setting sun.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

The *Christian Union* speaking of the speech
by Professor Agassiz, at the opening of the
Anderson School of Natural History, says:
After a few opening words, felicitously suited
to put all their minds into fellowship, Agassiz
said tenderly, and with touching frank-
ness,—

"I think we have need of help, I do not
feel that I can call on anyone here to ask a
blessing for us. I know I would not have any-
one pray for us at this moment. I ask you
for a moment to pray for yourselves."

Upon this, the great scientist—in an age in
which so many other great scientists have
concluded that praying is quite an unscientific
and very useless proceeding—bowed his head
reverently; his pupils and friends did the
same: and, there, in a silence that was very
beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the
great spirit the blessing that was needed. For
our own part, it seems to us that this scene
of Agassiz and his pupils with heads bowed in
silent prayer for the blessing of the God of
Nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to
spread out worthily upon canvas, and to be
kept alive in the memory of mankind. What
are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of
armies, to a scene like this? Its heralds the
coming of the new heavens and the new earth
—the golden age when Nature and Man shall
be reconciled, and the conquests of truth
shall supercede the conquests or brute
force.

HAWAIIAN WOMEN.

In the girl's schools you will see an occa-
sional pretty face, but fewer than I expected
to see; and according to my notion the
Hawaiian girl is very attractive. Among the
middle-aged women you often meet with fine
heads and large expressive features. The wo-
men have not unfrequently a majesty of carriage
and a tragic intensity of features and ex-
pression which are quite remarkable. Their
loose dress gives grace as well as dignity to
their movements; and whoever invented it
for them deserved more credit than he has re-
ceived. It is a little startling at first to see
women walking in what, to our preverted
tastes, looks like calico or black stuff night
gowns; but the dress grows on you as you
become accustomed to it; it lends itself read-
ily to bright ornamentation it is eminently fit
for the climate, and a stately Hawaiian dame,
marching through the street, in black holaku
—as the dress is called—with a long necklace
of bright scarlet, or brilliant yellow
flowers, bare and untrammelled feet, and flow-
ing hair, compare very favorably with a high-
heeled, wasp-waisted, absurdly bonneted,
fashionable white lady.

HOW THE CABLE TALKS.

Through the kindness of the superintendent,
Mr. Weedon, I was permitted to witness the
mode of transmitting and receiving of mes-
sages through the cable, and initiated into the
secret. An operator sits at a table in a room
slightly darkened with curtains. On his left
hand stands a little instrument named the
"reflecting galvanometer," the invention of
Sir William Thompson, without which Atlan-
tic telegraphy would be a slow process, not
exceeding two or three words per minute, in-
stead of eighteen or twenty, the present rate.

This delicate instrument consists of a tiny
magnet and a small mirror swinging on a silk
thread, the two together weighing but a few
grains. The electric current, passing along
the cable from Valencia, deflects the magnet
to and fro. The mirror reflects a spot of light
on to a scale in a box placed on the operator's
right hand, where, by its oscillations, the spot
of light indicates the slight movements of the
magnet, which are too small to be directly
seen. The little swinging magnet follows
every change in the receiving current; and
every change, great or small, produces a cor-
responding oscillation of the spot of light on
the scale.

A code of signals is arranged by which the
movements of the spot of light are made to
indicate the letters of the alphabet. When
receiving a message from Valencia the opera-
tor watches the movement of the little light
speck which keeps dancing about the scale on
his right. To his practised eye each move-
ment of the spot of light represents a letter of
the alphabet, and its seemingly fantastic mo-
tions are spelling out the intelligence which
the pulsing of the electric current are trans-
mitting between the two hemispheres. It is
truly marvelous to note how rapidly the ex-
perienced operator disentangles these irregu-
lar oscillations of the little speck of light
into the letters and words which they repre-
sent.

THE ACCURATE BOY.

There was a young man once in the office of
Western railway superintendent. He was oc-
cupying a position that four hundred boys in
that city would have wished to get. It was
honourable and it "paid well," besides being
in the line of promotion. How did he get it?
Not by having a rich father, for he was the
son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful
accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did

his work accurately. His leisure time he used
in improving his writing and arithmetic. Af-
ter a time he learned telegraphing. At each
step his employer commended his accuracy,
and relied on what he did because he was just
right.

MAKE-SHIFT GENTILITY.

It is a practice with several parties who
to be thought "somebodies," to send to fash-
ionable drapers, &c., for goods on "show," or
sight; and this is sometimes done for a night,
or as the occasion may require, when a ball
and supper is to take place the same evening
or when some great family event is at hand,
such as a christening or a marriage. We have
heard of a case when a draper's lad was sent
with a splendid scarf on sight, and was detain-
ed a couple of hours, during which interval
a christening was gone through—the fair lady
of the house wearing the scarf during the cere-
mony, and then returning it—as, on close in-
spection, "not to her mind." Another in-
stance:—A lady of some note sent to the same
establishment for some very fashionable wa-
tered-silk aprons—wore one of them at a ball
and supper held that evening, and re-
turned it next morning, with a ham sandwich
in one of the pockets, with a piece munched
out of the corner (of the sandwich, not the
apron).

Ingenious people who practise a *ruse* of this
kind should be careful not to furnish evidence
of the fact to their duped shopkeepers—as she
of the sandwich did. Booksellers, too, are
made to ornament the drawing-room table in
the same cheap way. They are requested to
send books of prints or other illustrated works
on sight, which in nine cases out of ten, are
returned, not much the better for the thumbs
of the house-maid during the process of "red-
ding up," the morning after the party—that
useful functionary like her mistress, hav-
ing frequently a taste for a peep pictorial
gratis.

MECHANICS.

If your mechanics, as a rule, would fully
realize their own usefulness, and assert their
own individuality, others would feel the bene-
fit of their awakening as well as themselves.
There is no class of the community upon
whom the future welfare of the country
more especially depends than upon the rising
generation of young mechanics. If they are
intelligent, sober, industrious, and conse-
quently independent, able and accustomed to
judge for themselves, and governed in their
conduct by an enlightened view of their own
best interests; if they are men of this sort,
the mechanics, and especially the young
mechanics, will form, in conjunction with the
young farmers of the country, a bulwark
against monopolies and corrupt politicians,
and save the country. If, on the other hand,
they are ignorant, idle, dissolute, and, conse-
quently, poor, and dependent upon those who
are willing to trust them—if our mechanics
should unhappily become such a class—they
would soon be converted into the mere tools of
a few rich and artful men, who, having first
stripped them of every sense of self-respect,
and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens,
would use them as passive instruments for
promoting their own ambitious objects, and
for the enactment of laws which are benefi-
cial to nobody but the few artful and base
demagogues with whom they originate. It is
as true of the mechanical arts as of any other
profession that "knowledge is power."

THE CURIOSITY OF A FLY.

Talk about the curiosity of a woman! We
will back a fly against any woman. Just
watch him as he gaily traverses a bald man's
cranium, halts on the eyelid, and taking a
curiosity glance around him, waltzes over the
end of the nose, peeps up one nostril, and
having satisfied his curiosity there, curvettes
over the upper lip and takes a glance up the
other. With a satisfactory smile at having
seen all there is to be seen there he makes a
bee-line for the chin, stopping a moment to
explore the cavity formed by the closed lips.
Arriving at the chin, he takes a notion to
creep down under the shirt collar, but sudden-
ly hesitating, he turns around as if he had
forgotten something, and proceeds to an ex-
ploration of the ears. This concluded, he
carries out his original intention, and disap-
pears between the neck and shirt collar,
emerging, after a lapse of some minutes, with
an air seeming to say he has performed his
duty. What matters the frantic attempts to
catch him, the enraged gestures, and profane
language? They disturb his equanimity not
a moment. Driven from one spot he alights
on another; he finds he has got a duty to per-
form and he does it.

KEEPING FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a
long country walk, when he met a little girl
about five years old sobbing over a broken
bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in
bringing it back from the field to which she
had taken her father's dinner, and said she
would be beaten on her return home for hav-
ing broken it. As she said this, a sudden
gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She
innocently looked up into Sir William's face
and said,—"But you can mend it, can't
you?"

He explained that he could not mend the
bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by

the gift of a sixpence to buy another. How-
ever, on opening his purse it was empty of
silver, and he promised to meet his little
friend on the same spot at the same hour next
day, and to bring a sixpence with him; bid-
ding her meanwhile tell her mother she had
seen a gentleman who would bring her the
money for a bowl next day. The child en-
tirely trusting him, went on her way com-
forted. On his return home he found an in-
vitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the
following evening to meet some one whom he
especially wished to see. He hesitated for a
little time, trying to calculate the possibility
of giving the meeting to his little friend of
the broken bowl and still be in time for the
dinner party at Bath, but finding this could
not be, he wrote to decline accepting the in-
vitation on the plea of "a previous engage-
ment," saying, "I cannot disappoint her;
she trusted me."

WOMAN'S GOLDEN AGE.

It is generally supposed that the age when
steel clad gentlemen tilted with long spears
in honor of their dulcinea, was the golden
age of ladies; but, on looking closely into
the household annals of the days of chivalry,
we discover that the "queens of love and
beauty" for whom so many midribs were
transpierced and heads cloven, worked rather
harder than modern domestics. Now, and
then they sat in state with brodered tapestry,
and saw cavaliers wearing their scarfs
and mittens fight with other cavaliers who
disputed the potency of their charms; but
those gratifying spectacles were luxuries too
expensive and dangerous to be common, and
the ordinary routine of a "lady's" life in the
Chivalric Era was at once monotonous and
laborious. The stately countess spun, and
carded, and wove, as industriously as any of
her handmaidens; served out bread to the
poor on "loaf days," at the castle gate;
shaped and helped to make her husband's and
children's clothing and her own (for in those
days tailors and dressmakers were few and far
between); supervised the lard and the dairy;
carried the ponderous keys of the establish-
ment; and, in short, played to perfection the
careful housewife in the stronghold of her
lord; while he rode about the country with
curtail axe at his saddle bow, and a long ash
skewer at his stirrup leather, in a chronic
state of wolfishness, and ready to do battle
for any cause, or no cause at all, with whom-
soever it might or might not concern.

In this delightful modern era of fine lady
ship, a fashionable woman has no cares or toils
worth naming. She does not perform half the
amount of useful labor in a year that a high-
born dame of mediæval times accomplished
every month of her life. Instead of hanks of
flax, she spins gossiping yarns, her carding is
done with bits of painted pasteboard; and if
she weaves at all it is meshes for eligible
young men, on her own account, if single—for
the benefit of her daughters, if a matron.
She has no objection to the poor being fed
from her kitchen, perhaps, but, as to serving
out bread to them with her own delicate
hands, after the manner of the fair "bread
dividers" of the olden time, she couldn't think
of it. If her husband should wait for oven
the slightest of his garments until she found
leisure to make them, the chances are that he
would go shirtless to his dying day.

SAVING AND HAVING.

Either a man must be content with poverty
all his life, or else be willing to deny himself
some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of in-
dependence in the future. But if a man de-
fies future, and spends all that he earns
(whether it be one dollar or ten dollars every
day) let him look for lean and hungry want
some future time—for it will surely come no
matter what he thinks.

To save is absolutely the only way to get a
solid fortune; there is no other certain mode
on earth. Those who shut their eyes and ears
to these plain facts, will be forever poor; and
for their obstinate rejection of the truth, may-
hap will die in rags and filth. Let them so
die and thank themselves. But no! They
take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune.
Great waste of breath! They might as well
curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can
tell them fortune does not give away her real
and substantial goods. She sells them to the
highest bidder, to the hardest, wisest worker
for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mis-
take as when they think they are more crea-
tures of fate; 'tis the sheerest folly in the
world. Every man may make or mar his life,
whichever he may choose. Fortune is for
those who by diligence, honesty and frugality,
place themselves in a position to grasp hold of
fortune when it appears in view. The best
evidence of diligence is the sound of the ham-
mer in your shop, at seven o'clock in the morn-
ing. The best evidence of frugality is the five
hundred dollars or more standing in your name
at the savings bank. The best evidence of
honesty are both diligence and frugality for
these prove stealing illogical.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

The work of the mound-builders in the vic-
inity of Vincennes, Ind., is being investigated
at the present time under the direction of
Prof. Charleon, Townsend, and others. The
exploration of the largest one was begun by
making an entrance from the top which is to
be carried down probably sixty feet. A local pa-

por says: at ten feet below the surface a bed of
charcoal was found, and below this there were
remains of bones, which were almost comple-
tely decomposed, indicating their great anti-
quity. As soon as touched they fell into dust.
Perhaps at a greater depth bones may be ex-
humed which are better preserved. The earth
in the mound is found to be exceedingly com-
pact and dry, well calculated to preserve the
bones, but they are in a state of almost com-
plete decay. This is a proof of great age, as
human skeletons have been taken from burial
places in England which were much less favor-
able for preserving them, and yet they were
known to be nearly two thousand years old.
The crumbling and decayed bones that were
exhumed from the mound yesterday no doubt
belonged to the old Toltic race which inhabit-
ed this locality about three thousand years
ago; and it is hoped that some well preserved
bones and other remains representing that
ancient race may be exhumed from this
mound.

Sawdust and Chips.

If you are courting a girl, stick to her; no
matter how large her father's feet are.

A music dealer announces in his window a
sentimental song: "Thou hast Loved Me and
Left Me for eighteen pence."

"Pa, what can I do up here in the country,
unless you get me a riding-habit?" "Get into
the habit of walking, my dear."

Josh Billings says: "Success dont konsist
in never making blunders, but in never mak-
ing the same one the secondk time."

A little boy returning from the Sunday-
school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there
kitchenchisms for little boys? The cat-chism
is too hard!"

A young lady thinks it about time that some
young fellow proposes, as she has been brides-
maid eight times, and has been tantalized
enough.

When a man has trouble he takes to drink,
but when a woman meets with a misfortune
she merely goes over to her mother's and takes
tea.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your
mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who
was extending his jaw frightfully, "as I intend
to stand outside during the performance."

A letter from Minnesota says that "notes
and due bills out here are written on parch-
ment, to prevent them from wearing out by
carrying, as that is all they are good for."

A shawl manufacturer in Philadelphia is
said to have spun a thread twenty-seven miles
long from one pound of American wool. This
is one of the greatest yarns on record.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as
the urchin said when he was stealing apples
from an old man's garden, and saw the owner
coming furiously with a cowhide in his hand.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think
we had better be going, for it is time honest
men were at home." "Well, yes," was the
answer, "I must be off, but you needn't
hurry on that account."

"So you don't care about donkey-riding,
missy; and why?" "Oh, I've got a
pony, and one doesn't care about donkeys
after that, you know." "Has a pony got
more legs than a donkey, then?" Missy (who
doesn't like to be chaffed): "Yes, exactly
twice as many as some donkeys that I know
of."

"Gentlemen, where do you think that beef
steak comes from?" said the landlord planting
his thumb in his waistcoat arm holes. "From
near the horns," was the quiet reply of one
of the boarders. It is singular, but that land-
lord has not put any conundrums to those
boarders since.

Once a careless man went to the cellar and
stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg
of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine
until the candle burned low. Nearer and
nearer it got to the black sand: nearer and
nearer, until the blaze reached the black
sand, and, as it was nothing but black sand,
nothing happened.

HE WAS SAFE.—Recently, in a street car in
Philadelphia, an old gentleman was seated in
one corner, and the car was full. A bevy of
fair ones, of all ages and weights, swarmed in
and there were no seats. Whereupon the gal-
lant old gentleman said aloud: "Ladies, I
shall be most happy to give my seat to anyone
of you who is over thirty-two years of age.
All remained standing."

It was a very pretty concert of that old lady
who kissed the dead youth for his mother.
Since then the act has had many imitators.
The latest instance of the kind was that of a
fascinating young lady in the neighboring city
who enjoyed the undivided affections of a
young clerk, who had recently lost his maternal
relative. One evening they were enjoying a
pleasant tete-a-tete in a secluded nook of the
parlor. The lady's father happened, by the
merest accident, to step in and take a seat un-
observed by the young people. Suddenly his
attention was arrested by one of those long,
luxurious kisses which only lovers interchange.
"What noise is that?" Silence like death
"I say, Julia, what noise was that?" "S-i-r—
sir." "What are you doing there?"
"N-o-t-h-i-n-g, sir; his mother is dead—
and—I thought it wouldn't be wrong to kiss
him for her, you know, sir!" "Humph!" and
the old gentleman took his leave, doubtless
thinking how fortunate the deceased lady was
to be so affectionately remembered.