

Indians make bread in this way. The mortar and pestle succeed the billet and stone, and a baking plate of clay or stone is added to the household outfit. The mortar and the pestle are the utensils of the earlier nomadic period, and most tribes of American Indians use them until contact with the whites modifies their habits. The hand mill, probably the first, and certainly the most important machine used in the peaceful arts, marks the transition from the barbarous to the patriarchal state. This admirable contrivance, with which two women ground corn in the early dawn of history, and with which two women still grind corn wherever patriarchal institutions prevail, has rendered more service to man, it may almost be said, than all other machines together. It is the type of the patriarchal state, but its use was not abandoned till the advent of the existing form of society. The use of leaven probably originated in the patriarchal period, while the oven—that is, what is now known as the baker's oven—belongs to the era of village communities. The grist mill is the type of existing civilization; being the first experiment in removing domestic industries from the household, the first attempt to set up machinery for doing the work of several households at once.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible I—"

"Stop, husband! John, remember he is my brother, and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow; but O, John, he is so very young and so very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. O, please don't say anything dreadful."

The sweet-faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said:

"I will never forgive him; he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who had provoked this bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom, in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his store sat the young village merchant one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried foot-steps approached, but he took no notice until a hatless boy burst into the store, screaming at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke!"

To dash down the paper and spring for the street was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac he flew till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging dishevelled around, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved; he breathed and, opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the saviour of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form.

"Save him," he cried huskily to the doctor who had been summoned. "Restore him to consciousness, if it be for only one little moment; I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth:

"Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you; and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand and a beaming smile was all his answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over his sick-bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"O! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never, now that I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness toward the erring. For there is a new meaning in my soul to the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'—*Examiner*.

HOW TO SHAKE HANDS.

There are only two or three people now living who can successfully shake hands. There is a good deal of hand-shaking done through the country, especially at this season of the year, but only a very small per cent. of the shakers and shakers know how to do it so as to get the entire amount of exhilaration out of it. Some grab the hand of an adversary in a quick nervous manner that scares the victim nearly to death, while others slide the cold and clammy paw at you so that you feel the same as when you drop a cold raw oyster with vinegar on it down your back. If you are shaking hands with a lady, incline the head forward with a soft and graceful yet half-timid movement, like a boy climbing a

barbed-wire fence with a fifty-pound watermelon. Look gently in her eyes with a kind of pleading smile, beam on her features a bright and winsome beam, say something that you have heard some one else say on similar occasions, and in the meantime shake her hand in a subdued yet vigorous way, not as though you were trying to make a mash by pulverizing her fingers, nor yet in too conservative a manner, allowing her hand to fall with a sickening thud when you let go. Care should be taken also not to hang on to the hand more than half an hour in public, as bystanders might make remarks. This is now considered quite *outré* and *mandamus*.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang*.

A JUDICIOUS WIFE.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so; if you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange-peel, no touching of all the posts in walking along the street, no eating or drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man who you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

OUR RURAL HOME.

In this dear home our little ones
With life's first hour were blest;
'Tis here we watch and care for them,
Like birdlings in a nest;
Here mother Earth has ne'er denied
To us a bounteous store,
A full supply for needful wants,
Nor should we covet more.

The Spring birds' notes are sweetest here,
The Summer flowers more fair,
And Autumn with her golden crown
Of harvests rich and rare;
And when rude Winter's icy blasts
Rage fiercely far and wide,
Oh what a blessing to enjoy
A home and home's fireside.

Let others boast of mansions bright,
Of power, or wealth, or fame,
Or seek ambition's giddy height
To win an honoured name;
Let all who choose take foreign tours,
And all who wish to roam:
But leave to me the sacred walls
Of our own dear Rural Home.

A TIDY HOME.

As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than make clean. If you are careful not to drop crumbs of bread and cake on the carpet, and take similar precautions, you will escape an untidy room and the trouble of cleaning it. In working, if you make a practice of putting all the ends of your thread into a division of the work-box made for the purpose, and never let one fall on the floor, the room will look very different at the end of a morning, from what it does when not attended to. A house is kept far cleaner when all the members of the family are taught to wipe their feet thoroughly on coming from out of doors, than it can be where this is neglected. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean and saving labour and time which it is well worth while to learn and practise.

THE LOWER CLASSES.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the labouring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility. No matter if they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever factitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and the high-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and, in fact, the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their relatives, without being anything in themselves.

TRIERAN has been lighted with gas. A platform was erected for the Shah in the principal square, that he might witness the operation; cannons were fired, and the national hymn was played.

HINTS FOR LADY READERS.

DRAB canton-flannel makes pretty school bags. Bind them with braid and make an initial on one side.

ACCORDING to the laws of hygiene, the floor of a bedroom should be without a carpet. Rugs, after the Oriental custom, are preferable, as they can be readily moved and shaken, thereby securing cleanliness as well as health.

LINEN collars and cuffs are hardly ever seen now, but there is a great preference for black lace and ruchings as tuckers and cuffs, a useful and economical fashion at this season. Large collars are also worn, made of killed lace and fastened at the back.

IF POSSIBLE, buy an oilcloth that has been made for several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear, the paint being harder. Never scrub. Sweep with a soft hair brush, and wash with a soft cloth dipped in milk and water. Don't use soap. Rub dry with a cloth.

TO LOOK well while about housework is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothly brushed hair, a clean collar and a plentiful supply of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it, if so prepared for it.

LADIES can make their own velvet frames for plaques or pictures, by getting from a carpenter a turned wooden frame of the desired size. Over this, stretch the velvet or plush, cutting the centre so as to leave an ample margin. Fasten this tightly with furniture tacks on the back, taking care not to pull it away; and then glue the back, keeping the tacks in until the glue is perfectly dry.

EVERY woman who has been obliged to spend half a day several times during the winter cleaning the mica in her coal stove, usually by taking them out and washing in soap-suds, will rejoice to know that there is a much easier way to clean them, and that there is no need to take them out or to let the fire burn very low in order to do it successfully. Take a little vinegar and water and wash the mica carefully with a soft cloth; the acid removes all stains, and if a little pains is taken to thoroughly clean the corners and to wipe them dry, the mica will look as good as new. If the stove is very hot, tie the cloth to a stick, and so escape the danger of burning your hand.

SWISS belts are pretty additions to a dress, and are generally made in black silk and embroidered with beads, having a satchel bag attached, trimmed to match. They require to be well cut, well made, and well whaleboned, or they are failures. Plush collarettes brighten up a winter dress, but charming little additions are the French mends or bows, which can be had in any colour, and are pinned on to the side of the bodice. They look natty, and enliven the most sombre costume. Artificial flowers are worn, where real are not obtainable, on the left side just below the ear, and sometimes a necklet of tiny flowers is added to the lace ruche that encircles the throat.

BUTTERICK'S "Delineator" says: "Fashion seems to demand the wearing of loose gloves, and, second, that they should be tan colour. Happily, tan colour combines well with the costume colours, and in cases where it does not, fashion allows of black. Gloves are very long; eight and ten-button lengths being chosen for street wear, and longer ones for evening use. But the latter do not have so many buttons. Novelties for driving and walking are kid gloves made of the heavy kid usually dedicated to gentlemen and finished in exactly the same manner, with very heavy stitching on the back, either matching or contrasting in hue. The gloves are short-wristed, most of them displaying three or four buttons, which close in the usual way. The tan and *cuisse* shades are most popular in this variety, as, indeed, they are in all others. Mittens, to keep warm the cold fingers, are quite expensive, being knit of Angora wool, which displays the furry element with such good results. Dark grays are developed in these, while in less expensive but quite as comfortable mittens of ordinary worsted, scarlet, blue and brown, are cheerful and warm-looking. The intense cold of last winter taught the glover, as well as other tradesmen, to prepare articles that will keep out the breath of Jack Frost, and yet look bright and pretty. Wristlets are in silk, with colours commingled in Roman stripes, as well as in the plain shades of cardinal, blue and brown."

OCEAN CURRENTS.

But the currents of the ocean influence something besides the weather. Upon them depends to a considerable extent whether a certain part of the coast shall have one or another kind of animals dwelling in the salt water. This is not so much tree of the fishes as it is of the mollusks or "shell-fish," the worms that live in the mud of the tide-flats, the anemones, sea-urchins, starfish and little clinging people of the wet rocks, and the jelly-fishes, great and small, that swim about in the open sea.

Nothing would injure most of these "small fry" more than a change in the water, making it a few degrees colder or warmer than they have been accustomed to. Since the constant circulation of the currents keeps the ocean water in all its parts almost precisely of the same density, and food seems about as likely to abound in one district as another, naturalists have concluded that it is temperature which decides the extent of coast or of sea-area where any one kind of invertebrate animals will be found; for beyond the too great heat, or else the chill of the water, sets a wall as impassable as if of rock. It thus happens that the small life of the hot Cuban waters is different from that of our Carolina coast; and that, again, largely separate from what you will see off New York; while Cape Cod seems to run out as a partition between the shore-life south of it and a very different set of shells, sand-worms, and so forth to the northward. This is not strictly defined: many species lap over, and a few are to be found the whole length of our coast; yet Cape Hatteras ends the northern range of many half-tropical species, and Cape Cod will not let pass it dozens of kinds of animals abundant from Massachusetts Bay northward.—*December Wide Awake*.