

The Home Circle.

A LITTLE FAMILY STORY ABOUT TURTLES.

Audubon, the naturalist, stated that at certain places on the coast of Florida sea turtles, those huge, stolid-looking reptiles on which aldermen are fed at the expense of taxpayers, possess an extraordinary faculty of finding places. Working their way up out of reach of tide water with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated, in which a batch of eggs are deposited and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they not unfrequently swim 300 miles out at sea, foraging for appropriate food. When another batch of eggs are developed, after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before. They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays, will break the shell, and are promptly on the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out of the hole the mother turtle leads them down the bank to the waves, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

A GOOD STORY.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to "come over on the Lord's side," as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was nevertheless highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow-townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience, we may call Uncle Josh.

After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly accompanied him to the "school house" one evening, much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts he would be banished forever from Divine favor. After making himself out to be all that is vile in man according to his interpretation of "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some little reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly. It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meeting. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethren that, from his long acquaintance with him, he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and villainy, for he certainly was the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He shook his fist under Uncle Josh's nose, and exclaimed,—

"You are a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church!"

HOGARTH'S MASTERPIECE.

We remember, years ago, of having heard the following anecdote of Hogarth, and we deem that it will bear repeating: The celebrated artist was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with an historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the Passage of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for 100 guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give 20 guineas for the work; and that was more than he deemed it worth.

Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labour; but he nodded, and held back his temper, and finally said if the sum were paid to him in advance he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over the money. Hogarth pocketed the 20 gold pieces, and promised that he would commence the work on the morrow.

Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant who bore a huge bucket of common red paint, and a trowel they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall and the panels liberally with the glaring pigment. An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing, when the host appeared:

"Well, sir, the work is done."
"Done!" cried the astonished aristocrat.
"What is done?"
"Why, the painting of your hall, sir."
Unable what to make of this marvellous expedition, the old knight threw on his dress-

ing-gown, and went down to view the result of the artist's labours, and his consternation can be better imagined than described upon beholding the unbroken and unrelieved brick-red hue that covered walls and cornice and wainscot.

"What, in the name of wonder, is this?" he cried, rubbing his eyes, and gazing from the daub to the dauber.

"That, sir," replied Hogarth, with a low bow, and with a serious look, "is the Red Sea!"

"The Red Sea! But—but—where are Pharaoh and his host?"

"Why, sir, they are all drowned?" replied Hogarth.

"Well, and where are the children of Israel?"

"They," said the painter, with an assuring nod, "have all crossed over upon the other side!"

The old niggard found it in vain to complain; and for producing the hosts of Egypt and the Israelites Hogarth finally received his hundred guineas.

A HUMANE HORSE.

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* tells the following, which shows that the horse is humane as well as intelligent. Some men might well go to a horse of the kind described, and from him learn how to be generous:—

A friend of mine told me a story a little while ago which interested me so much that I want to tell it to all my little friends. This gentleman owned a fine horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice, and follow him about like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks, and it was during this time that Mr. C. became interested to see how much the horse knew and how kind his sympathies were. An old cat had made her nest on the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and had laid there her little family of five kittens, to bring them up "under good tuition, I suppose. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into the manger and went for food, and then came back and leaped up to the kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding, and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to limp away on her three legs and get her breakfast, and when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens, and what do you think she did? (My friend happened to be there at the time and saw this done.) She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up, and mewed and looked several times, till at last Pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This Mr. C. told me he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go and get her breakfast, come back and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language, and been willing to listen to it.

WILLIAM SEWARD AND THE SNUFF BOX.

Not long ago a gentleman was telling me a Senatorial anecdote, and dating back to the ante-bellum days. Mr. Seward had made a speech—something concerning the telegraph—when Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, rose to reply, and made a speech full of personal abuse of Seward. He wrought himself up into a rage, and lashed about in the most aggressive manner. He finished and took his seat. As Mr. Seward rose from his chair, every eye was bent upon him with the greatest anxiety. With calm, measured step he walked toward Mr. Toombs. It was noticed that his right hand was underneath the rear-pocket of his coat. There was an apprehension that he was concealing a pistol, and Mr. Toombs's friends crowded around him. When Mr. Seward reached him he drew out his hand, and opening his snuff box politely invited his adversary to take a pinch of snuff.

"Heavens!" said Mr. Toombs, "Mr. Seward, have you no feeling?"

"Take a pinch of snuff; it will soothe your agitation."

He then returned to his seat, and without any allusion to Mr. Toombs or his speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which was carried, as coolness and self-possession will always win the victory over hot temper and passionate invective.

INTEREST—WHAT IS IT?

All values rest on the power of production. An acre of land that will produce fifty bushels of wheat is worth twice as much as one that will produce twenty-five bushels. Values are measured by production. A dollar that brings in nine cents a year is worth three times as much as a dollar that brings but three cents. Production fixes all values. Production then is the great determining power of the whole range of our national life. It tells the value of farms, of mills, and forests, of ore and coal beds, of factories, and railroads, of wages and rents, of capital and labor. What will it produce? This tells the whole story, to sharp business ears. Interest is the product of dollars—not a national product, for a dollar is incapable of production, but a product fixed by law. Now real values do not depend upon

dollars: dollars are created by law to measure and exchange these values, not create them. Then it follows that an interest or use for these dollars that is greater than the production of real values is unjust—it is robbery from production. Is this not a plain case?

LEAF IMPRESSIONS.

Taking leaf impressions is a very pleasant amusement, especially for girls, and we subjoin the following method of operation, which is said to be a good one although not new:

Hold oiled paper in the smoke of a lamp or of pitch until it becomes coated with the smoke; then take a perfect leaf having a pretty outline, and after warming it between the hands; lay the leaf upon the smoked side of the paper, with the under side down, and press it evenly upon the paper that every part may come in contact; go over it lightly with a rolling-pin, then remove the leaf with care to a plain piece of white note paper and use the rolling-pin again; you will then have a beautiful impression of the delicate veins and outlines of the leaf. And this process is so simple that any person, with a little practice to enable him to apply the right quantity of smoke to the oil paper and give the leaf the proper pressure, can prepare leaf impressions such as a naturalist would be proud to possess. Specimens can be neatly preserved in book form, interleaving the impression with tissue paper.

FOR THE BOYS.

Henry Ward Beecher has written this:—
I never saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there is no telling but that some time I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie; my horse began to limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start the fire and make the shoe. She said I might try if I knew how. So I started a fire and heated the shoe red hot and turned it to fit my horse's foot, and pared the hoof, and turned the points of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that in driving into the hoof they should not go into the quick, and shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went immediately to a smith, and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now, I never should have known how to do this if I had not looked on and seen others do it.

STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

It is of the first importance to the success of the rights of workingmen that they should remain firm to the principles they profess in their various associations. Of course, there is no use in our having a platform, unless we abide by it. Unless we see some good and sufficient reason for a change, the positions we take to-day should be maintained to-morrow. If we believe what we hold to be right, let us prove our faith by our works. Self-respect demands this of us, as workingmen. Those of our fellow-citizens who by long established laws and customs are withholding from us our just rights, will know what we expect from them. But if we make one demand to-day and a different one to-morrow, we shall gain nothing in the end.

The principles workingmen profess are sound and good. They are all designed, if rightly understood and faithfully carried out, to promote the welfare of society. What is for the benefit of labor is for the benefit of capital. It is for the purpose of promoting the general good, as well as our own, that we, as mechanics and workingmen, are associated together. What, therefore, benefits one, benefits all; what injures one, injures all. We are in duty bound to help one another. We have taken a solemn and binding vow that we will do all we can to stand by each other, in everything that is right. Let us never forget this. Let us speak a good word and do a good deed for a shopmate, whenever we can.

"Be kind to each other!

The time's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance, will be gone."

Of what use is it to have noble principles, unless we carry them into practice? If we are to make ourselves felt in the community, and gain the rights we are honorably contending for, we must hold fast our professions. We must not only embrace and teach them in the different associations to which we belong, when we are before their altars and clothed in their regalia, but we should let it be known by our daily walk and conversation that we are the same in public what we profess to be in private. We shall thus prove by our words and acts that our principles are as dear to us as our lives, and, in the end, truth and justice—the standing motto at the head of our *Shopmate*—will win the day.—*Shopmate*.

A DISGUSTED JUDGE.

An Arkansas judge had his law office so close to a certain doctor's—in fact, they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table busy with his briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and pausing at the word economical, called out,—

"Judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomial?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the judge. "But here's Webster's Dictionary, I can soon tell." He opened the book and turned over the leaves, repeating aloud,—

"E-quinomial—e-quinomial."

Finding the proper place, he ran his eye and finger up and down the columns two or three times, until he was thoroughly satisfied that the word in question was not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge laid his specs on the table, and rising slowly, broke forth,—

"Well, sir, I have been a Daniel Webster man, and voted for him as President; but any man that will write as big a dictionary as this, and not put as common a word as 'equinomial' in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter."

THREE THINGS.

Three things to love: courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire; intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to think about; life death and eternity.

LABOUR.

"Labour," says Rev. Newman Hall, "as a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly on the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests—those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage—the furnace blazes—the anvil rings—the busy wheels whirl round—the town appears—the mart of commerce the hall of science, the temple of religion rear high their lofty fronts—a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor—the quays are crowded with commercial spoils, which enrich both him who receives and him who yields—representatives of far-off regions make it their resort—science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service—art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty—literature, new-born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise—civilization smiles—liberty is glad—humanity rejoices—pity exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand; and who, contemplating such results, will deny that there is dignity in labor?"

MAKING A LIVING.

It is said, in the day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and the helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who, in the wide world, in this universal magazine, this great store-house, cannot find means for a living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. Yewho have been lingering on, hoping for better days, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best purposes of life. Resolve to find means. It may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste; but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which Nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macadamized pavement beneath our feet. And water, the free gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs. It is made the source of wealth and industry; it turns wheels, spouts forth in streams, and becomes as revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materials. But these materials must be converted into use by those who think, those who invent, and those who labor.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY.

The fair sex are a queer set; we gave them up ever since we were six years old, when our bewitching Mary Jane, who had plighted her eternal troth to us, jilted us for a fellow who was twice as big as we were—so safe from our revenge—because he had a new top. Now, Mary Jane could not spin a top—spinning tops is not in the female line; it is not a privilege of the sex; on the other hand, it is one of the forbidden delights. We never knew a girl who could fasten the twine around a top, much less send it down humming on the boards on its iron peg, as the superior sex learns so readily to do. Our fairy Mary Jane could look on while that lubberly Tom performed this feat; but so could the rest of us, and she was no better off than if she had been true to her first love. She never tried to spin the top, that we know of, but used to follow the possessor about as though she shared the grandeur of such a possession. We gave the sex up from that time as a conundrum too complicated for us to solve. If Mary Jane had been presented with a new doll, we should not have striven to learn how to nurse the sham baby; nor, if another girl had been so favored, should we have

dreamed of changing our allegiance. Woman's nature seems different from man's nature—higher, better and purer, we are ready to swear it is; but different, certainly.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

We had just been reading a very interesting essay regarding the influence of music on animals. The writer shows how various animals, and even insects, are influenced by a concord of sweet sounds. We have noticed the same thing, but thought nothing of it until we stumbled on this article.

We remember how we have seen horses influenced by music. One of the most enjoyable runaways we ever experienced can be directly traced to the influence of music on a horse.

We were driving past where a band was playing, and the music had more influence on the horse than we had. He didn't keep time though. In fact he didn't keep anything, harness, buggy or anything else. He only kept running. I never thought music could have such influence on a horse.

He beat time, too. That is to say, he beat any time we ever saw him make before, even before a sulky. We would have kept that horse to run against time, if he hadn't run against a lamp post and ruined himself. Music influence a horse? Guess not.

Horses are excellent musical performers themselves, sometimes. We have known a hungry horse to go through all the bars of an oat field correctly and never miss an oat, although the owner of the oats missed all of his.

Dogs are singularly affected by music. We whistled after a strange dog once, we remember. The dog stopped, listened attentively, looked a moment sad, as though the notes awoke some tender memories within him, and then came bounding towards us and embraced the calf of our leg in the most affectionate manner. He could hardly tear himself away, and wouldn't if his owner hadn't come and choked him off.

There is a power of music in a tin kettle when properly brought out. We saw one brought out the other day by some boys who attached it to a dog's tail. Talk about the influence of music on animals. We never saw a dog so moved in all our life.

Cats are strangely influenced by the music of a violin. It seems to effect their entire system. In fact, there could be no violins without doing violence to the cats. Even a very young kitten, who don't realize what he has got to come to, mews plaintively when a fiddle-bow is drawn across the strings. It seems to vibrate a sympathetic chord within its own abdominal inclosure. It is affecting, the mews of a young kitten, or to see a young kitten muse.

Birds never brought up on music at all, are brought down by the music of a shot-gun. Many of the wild animals are charmed with music. We often hear music that nobody but a wild animal would be charmed with.

The Tyrolians entice a party of stags by singing, merely; and the Tyrolian warbler of a concert-saloon merely entices a "stag" party. The female deer is allured by playing the flute. We had a female deer once whom we tried to allure with a flute, but the dear female said she was accustomed to do her own "fluting." So we just let her flute.

The elephant, huge as he is, has a wonderful ear for music. One of his ears would make a bass drum head. He is fond of a march, if he don't have to march too far. He is also partial to a gallop; if it is a gal up on his back. We saw a music teacher fooling with an elephant once. The elephant picked his pocket and marched off with a whole trunk full of music.

Among insects the spider is found to be very fond of music. His favorite vocalists are the Webb sisters. His favorite ballad—"Come, fly, to my bowler!" It is a right bowler, and we pity any fly that comes there.—*Pat Contributors' Saturday Night*.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A HORSE.

A recent French paper relates an extraordinary punishment inflicted by a horse on its master, for an act of brutality by the latter towards one of the animal's stable companions.

A carrier, named R—, at no time tender in his treatment of his four-footed servants, returned one night in a state of semi-intoxication from Mormant to Givors. The man's natural barbarity was at this time aggravated by the drink he had taken, and being dissatisfied with the efforts of one of the horses—a poor hack which had almost served its time—he decided that the horse was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and taking a massive lever, used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head, until the unfortunate creature sank to the ground insensible.

The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day.

The horse, however, recovered his senses a shot time after, found its way home and entered the court-yard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced again to shower blows on its head.

This act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stable; and at length, one of them, a young animal, became