

The Home Circle.

TO-MORROW.

Loud chilling winds may hoarsely blow
From off the distant mountain,
And winter, on his wings of snow,
May hush the crystal fountain,
Sere, withered leaves, on every hand,
May tell of earth in sorrow,
Again will spring-time warm the land
And bring a glad to-morrow.

The storm may gather loud and fast,
Sweeping o'er the angry sky;
Rough winds may rock the stubborn mast,
And waves pile mountains high;
Darkness may deepen in her gloom,
Nor stars relieve her sorrow,
Light will come trembling from her tomb
In golden-haired to-morrow.

The sun may chase the far-off cloud,
And leave the world in sadness,
Still will her smile break through the shroud
And fill the air with gladness;
The day may lose her golden light,
Her tears the night may borrow,
Yet with her parting, last good-night,
She brings us fair to-morrow.

The hills, once green with verdure clad,
May sing their plaintive story,
Full robed again, in echoes glad,
Will boast their former glory;
The rose may linger on the stem,
Its fragrance breathes of sorrow,
'Twill yield to earth its vital gem
And bloom again to-morrow.

Broad arches span the brow of heaven,
And shimmer in their brightness,
Like diadems of glory riven,
Lost in a sea of whiteness,
Their lustre glimmering on the sight
Like banners draped in sorrow,
Tells of joy, of peace, of light,
Where beams a bright to-morrow.

The thoughts that burn like alter fires,
With incense pure and holy,
Whose flames reach high in proud desires,
The riches of the lowly,
May lose the fervor of their glow,
Nor pleasure longer borrow,
Their music may forget to flow,
'Twill swell again to-morrow.

The hopes, the loves of days gone by,
May fade in joyous seeming,
The light that filled the radiant eye
May lose its early beaming,
Cares silver thread may gather o'er
The brow oppressed by sorrow,
Still brighter joys seem yet in store,
And promise much to-morrow.

The victory that we win in life
May waver at its dawning,
Love may be wounded in the strife,
And tears may cloud our morning,
But, with each fresh returning day,
Hopes wings away our sorrow,
Shed o'er the heart her blissful ray
And waivers off to-morrow.

HOME LOVE.

Home love has a sweet poetry of its own, created out of the simplest materials, and haunting, more or less, the secret recesses of every human heart; or, rather, it is divided into a thousand separate poems, full of individual interest, and little, quiet touches of feeling, and golden recollections, interwoven with our very being; common things, hallowed and made beautiful by the spell of memory and association, and owing all their glory to the halo of our own fond affection. The eye of a stranger rests coldly on such revelations; their simple pathos is hard to be understood; and persons smile often-times at the quaintness of those passages which makes others weep. With the beautiful instinct of true affection, home love retains only the good. There were clouds then, even as now, darkening the horizon of daily life, and breaking in tears or wild storms above our heads; but we remember nothing save the sunshine, and fancy somehow that it has never shone so brightly since. How little it took to make us happy in those days, aye, and sad, also; but it was a pleasant sadness, for we weep only over a flower or a book. But let us turn to our first poem, and, in using this term, we allude, of course, to the poetry of idea, rather than that of the measure; beauty which is so often lost to us from a vague feeling that it cannot exist without rhyme. But pause and listen, first of all, gentle reader, to the living testimony of a poet heart, brimful, and gushing over with home love: "There are not, in the unseen world, voices more gentle and more true, that may be more implicitly relied on, or that are so certain to give none but the tenderest counsel, as the voices in which the spirits of the fireside and the hearth address themselves to human kind!"

FREEMASONS AND CANNIBALS.

The many thrilling incidents of the early and venture-ome life of Dr Cooke, the Celebrated New York Surgeon whose death occurred recently, gave a decidedly romantic coloring to his record. He was a great traveller in his younger years and visited all parts of the world before locating himself in Albany where he attained fame and wealth as proprietor of a dispensary. On one of his voyages he acted as surgeon of a British man-of-war and while cruising off the

Tonga Islands he went ashore with twelve of the crew to gather herbs. The whole party was captured by the cannibal natives, bound and thrown into a cave to be kept until morning. During the night time the unfortunate victims heard the yells of the savages who were preparing for the horrible feast of the morning. In the morning they were brought forth, and after having been bound thrown to the ground, and dragged through the burning sands, they were brought to piles of wood for sacrifices. Each of the savages marked with his finger upon the loins of the trembling doctor the portion selected for himself, and just before yielding himself up, the eyes of the doctor and chief met. By a spasmodic action of the Muscles Cooke gave a semi-Masonic sign which the chief answered, and uttering a cry of amazement ordered the victims set free. Dr. Cooke and his men stayed upon the Island four days, and when taking their departure were escorted to the beach where the boat lay by a procession of savages. It seems that several years previous an English captain was cast ashore there, and, getting into the good graces of the chief, gave him the first two degrees in Masonry.

A FALSE IDEA.

A mistaken idea is that entertained by many that riches are necessary to perfect happiness. It is scarcely necessary to state a fact so well understood, that many men and women, possessed of great wealth, are exceedingly unhappy. A thousand things occur in the fluctuations and busy scenes of life to bring sorrow and discontent to the homes of the rich as well as those of the poor. It is in the homes of people of moderate means, as a rule, that happiness is found.

"Put money in thy purse," said the mercenary and selfish lingo. In his estimation, love was the magic key to happiness, to position and power—to all that is desirable on earth. Get riches; no matter how, get riches. It is a false and fatal sentiment; a delusion and a snare. Such teachings have been the ruin of thousands of young men of the highest promise. A good name is to be preferred to great riches. So runs the proverb, and the history of the human race is the verification of its truth.

The highest riches do not consist in a princely income; there is greater wealth than this. It consists in a good constitution, a good digestion, a good heart, stout limbs, a sound mind, and a clear conscience. Some one says good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire, and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. Better than money is a good disposition; and that man is rich who has generous impulses, a noble soul, and who is hopeful and cheerful, and who has the moral courage to keep the even tenor of his way, whatever may betide him. Such a man is rich, though not accounted so when measured by a money standard; but he stands immeasurably higher in point of true worth to the sordid, avaricious, comorant whose only claim to consideration consists in his money bags.

OLD SHOES.

You probably think that if you look very sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away, you will know it again if it ever comes back to you. But that doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast-off gaiter while you eat your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we'll tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dry, it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife handles, etc. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

THE APES OF GIBRALTAR.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing from Gibraltar under date of September 16, says:-

"The Governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, is popular, and makes an excellent commander. He and his predecessors have mainly devoted themselves to defending the apes that are to be found on the rock against hostile attacks from the garrison or town. These apes are the only wild monkeys in Europe. They have been here from time immemorial, and they are revered as much as their brothers in the sacred groves of the Bonares. The most stringent orders are issued against injuring them. From the signal battery on the top of the rock soldiers are always on the look-out with telescopes for them, and the number seen every day is registered in a book. A few months ago a young gentleman arrived here, fresh from school, as an ensign in a regiment. Wandering over the rock with a gun he espied an ape, and, as he thought it would be interesting to send home a stuffed monkey, he shot it. Imagine the horror of the town and garrison when the lad came back through the streets bearing with him triumphantly the result of his day's shooting. An officer—even an ensign—is a very great man here. The inhabitants did not dare rush upon the sacrilegious

wretch who had slaughtered a creature almost as holy as an officer. Some sat at their doorsteps in silent horror, and veiled their countenances. Others followed the corpse of the dead ape to see what would happen to its murderer. Gibraltar was in—for it reached a state of wild excitement. When the ensign reached his barracks, his colonel and brother officers explained to him the fearful crime of which he had been guilty. So great, indeed, was the offence that it was felt that the Governor alone could deal with it. Sir Fenwick Williams is a man of kindly nature; but even he, I understand, thought for some time of nothing less than cashiering the unfortunate ensign; while one or two of the permanent authorities, who, on hearing what had occurred, immediately went to the Government House to tender their advice, were strongly in favor of the *leetchonis*, and the ensign being slain, to avenge the *manes* of the slaughtered ape. After a lengthy discussion, he was consigned to captivity. He has since been released, but he has left his own name in prison, and is now called by everyone 'De-Ghail'."

GOOD RULES FOR EMERGENCIES.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules of action in cases of accident. It would not be a bad thing to cut this out and carry them in one's pocket-book, or, better yet, commit them to memory:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into your ear.

If any artery is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough. Smother a fire with carpets, etc., water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic is suspected walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds, or, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or the end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm mustard.

For acid poisons give alkalies; for alkaline poisons, give acids; white of an egg is good in most cases.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lie flat.

If in the water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

WORK AND WIN.

Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do it well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to it completely. In great aims and small, be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two happy sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of material to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness. Never put the hand to anything on which you can not throw your whole self; never affect depreciation of your work, whatever it is. These you will find golden rules.

KEEP YOUR GIRLS HOME AT NIGHT.

I have a word to say to those good hard-working mothers who don't know half that goes on in this world—mothers who bake, boil, wash, iron, sweep and scrub all day, and go to bed dead tired, glad that their daughters are young yet, and can enjoy themselves.

Do you know where your girls go in the evening?

"Oh, yes," you say; "to see some young fellows; to spend the evening with Betsy and Jane and Fanny." You think so; but are you sure? Other people are as sure of their daughters, and if you take the trouble to investigate, you will find, perhaps, that Sally spends her time after dark in running the streets. It is a fact, as one with the ordinary power of observation can discover, that the daughters of respectable parents in ordinary ranks of life, who are not properly watched by their elders, flock the streets after dark now-a-days, and are discreditably bold in their manners. They even "flirt," as it is called, and allow strange young men to speak to them and offer them refreshments, and that each girl keeps the secret of the other, that she may in turn keep hers. In this country, the poor man's daughter should be as much a lady as the daughter of the millionaire. At least, she should be well-mannered, pure and honest, as we are proud to say, most of them are.

The mere contact with boldness sullies purity. A bad companion has more influence than a good one, and boldness and bad company through the city streets at eventide. Keep your girls out of them.

If she has a legitimate invitation out, know all about her escort, or rather make her father or brother take care of her on her way to and

from the house to which she is to go. If she has no escort and no male relative, it might be best to do as an English mother would—go and fetch herself.

Never let her contract a habit of staying all night with her girl friends. It is an idle sort of way any how, and takes her out of your control.

If you have been lax in your discipline, your girl may put a little at first, and find home somewhat dull; but if she lives to be a woman and to marry, she will thank you at last—thank you from the bottom of her soul, as she looks back on the sad fate of some of those girls whose mothers had not prudence or authority enough to keep them at home of nights.—N. Y. Ledger.

PUZZLING QUESTIONS.

To show how easily the mind is puzzled by any complication of a statement, we once propounded the following to a gentleman:—A owes B \$500 and admits the debt. A's father died intestate and B's father takes the benefit under the bankruptcy act. Does this discharge A's obligation to B? After no little consideration of the problem several of the company decided that it did! It seemed to the friend, with whom we were arguing, perfectly easy for any intelligent person to throw out all the latter items of the statement as having no possible connection with the first; but the test established the point for which we were contending, that this could only be a mental effort which some men were not equal to the moment the question was asked. If we had not witnessed such exhibitions we should suppose that a question proposed by our friend at Morris, N. Y., was designed as a quiz. He supposes the case of a hunter pursuing a squirrel who dodges around a tree, and as the man with the gun follows around to get a shot, the nimble game he is hunting keeps always exactly on the opposite side of the trunk. Now comes the all-important query:—Has the gunner, having thus gone round the tree also gone round the squirrel?

The town from which the question comes seems to have divided as to the answer. With as much gravity as we can command we reply that, as the greater includes the lesser, and the squirrel is on the tree, he has also been around the squirrel.

Sawdust and Chips.

A man who has a scolding wife thinks the "jaws of death" nothing compared to the "jaws of the living."

"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you." "You needn't be," replied the wag, "I have voted."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising young man.

Said a man who tumbled out of a third-story window, "When I first fell I was confused; but when I struck the pavement I knew where I was."

A New York editor is accused of being drunk because he printed a quotation as follows: "And the cock wept thirice, and Pete went out and crew bitterly."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

Recipe for making a row. Walk along the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare with a ladder on your shoulder, and turn round every two minutes to see if anybody is making faces at you.

Derphi, Ind., has the following dog ordinance:—"Dogs that are not collared and labelled, no matter how respectfully they are connected, will have their narratives nuptiated one inch south of their ears."

Shuter, the comedian, thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

One of the down-trodden in Indiana lately applied for a divorce, and the judge intimated his intention to decide against her. The lady, alarmed, began to shed tears, and her dignified counsel, edging his chair close to hers, whispered, "That's right, cry like mad, and you'll get your decree."

Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one day, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" Said the child very seriously, "Not any good as I see, unless she swallowed a button hole!"

A witness recently stated in answer to a magistrate that he was a penman. The magistrate puzzled at the answer, which did not exactly correspond with the witness's appearance, asked in what class of literature he wielded his pen, when he replied that he penned sheep in the cattle-market.

A young gentleman aged six years was beset by a baby of eighteen months with decided manifestations of fondness. "Don't you see, Johnny, that the baby wants to see you?" said the mother. "Yes'm; 'at's 'cause he takes me for his papa," was the explanation.

Landlady—"Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't pretend to get chickens as large as these." Boarder (with an innocent air)—"No, I suppose not; these must have grown a good deal in that time." Landlady looks as though she had been misunderstood.

"Train up a child," &c. Master Tom—"I can eat a piece more currant tart, please." Papa—"No, my child, I have already said that you have had sufficient." Master Tom—"Well, papa, then why do we so often sing that favorite hymn of yours where it says: 'Feed me till I want no more?'" He had the tart.

At a California fair several bottles of strained honey were exhibited, when a man put a bottle of castor oil with the rest. Several old ladies sampled it, with the same result. The opinion of all who tried it was that the bees who made it were a fraud. One old lady said that even the bees had got to cheating now-a-days.

Speaking of the wit of Buchanan Read, a recent magazine article says: "It was only a few mornings before he breathed his last that a dear friend, sitting by his bedside, held his wasted hand. Upon a finger was a beautiful cameo ring. 'Ah, I see you have a head of Shakespeare,' she said, as she examined the well-cut features of the bard. 'Yes,' he answered, feebly, 'it is the only way I could get a head of him.'"

It having been reported that a gentleman was heard pounding his wife's mother one morning, a correspondent of the local paper came to the rescue as follows: "The fact that a mouse spent the night in making his nest in Mr. —'s boot occasioned all the stamping the next morning, and gave rise to the report that he was reconstructing his mother-in-law."

A young man in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting for the Bar, was asked after his examination how he got along? "Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed?" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his peculiar smartness. "And what was that?" "They asked me what a *quintum* action was." "That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes, I told them I did not know."

The progress of missionary enterprise is well illustrated by a story we have just got from Jamaica. A negro, meeting a Jew one morning recently, knocked him down. "What did you do that for?" shouted the astonished Hebrew; "I never in my life harmed you in that way." "Are you not, sir, one of the Jews that crucified our blessed Lord?" asked Sambo. "But that occurred nearly two thousand years ago," said the Jew. "I don't give a fig for that," responded the enraged negro, "I only heard of it last night."

In old times it was often customary to add to marriage notices some compliments to the bride, such as "a very charming young lady," or "a lady possessed of every quality that is calculated to render the marriage state happy." But such is the degeneracy of the day, we notice in a Massachusetts paper a marriage for which great happiness is predicted, because the parties, who had never met personally before, and had known each other only by correspondence, were "fascinated more by the charms of the mind than by personal appearance."

A NEW CONFIDENCE GAME.—A well-dressed young man stopped at a Vermont hotel last week for a few days, and made acquaintances. The evening of the second day of his arrival a nice young lady came along unattended, and instantly attracted the attention of the impressive youngsters, who canvassed her charms freely as they set apart from her at supper. The stranger youth even went so far as to say that he would marry her if she would have him, and offered, for a substantial wager, to pop the question and have the marriage ceremony performed right away. The wager was accepted, and also the proposal of marriage made so suddenly to her by the young man, and the parson called in, who soon united the twain. The sum wagered was paid to the happy bridegroom, and he and his bride set off next day on their marriage tour. What lends romance to the circumstance is the fact that the young couple had already been made man and wife for a year.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO, O. & N. R.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.	
TO THE EAST.	FROM THE WEST.
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Mixed—6.57 p.m.	Express—6.50 p.m.
Express—11.07 p.m.	Mail—1.15 p.m.
GOING EAST.	
Express—5.37 a.m.	Express—7.30 a.m.
Mixed—12.05 a.m.	Express—11.45 a.m.
Bellefonte Train—5.37 p.m.	Mail—3.45 p.m.
Express—7.07 p.m.	Mixed—5.30 p.m.
	Express—12.05 a.m.
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.	
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Do. 11.50 a.m.	Express 1.15 p.m.
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