

HABITS OF READING.

What Home Books Should Be Given to Children to Read—Reading Alone.

As we live now, it becomes a distinct object to wean young people from children's books, and teach them to feed themselves from the stores of general literature. They are to leave off the corks and other life-preservers, and swim in the ocean. At the same time, however, we choose a beach where there is no undertow, and where the current does not set off shore. Reading alone in the family circle is almost sure to interest even the youngest people about what is read, if you have made your selections wisely. But, without relying upon that, a well-ordered household ought to be always tempting children to read men's and women's books; and in the purchase of books and other family arrangements such temptations should be one of the first considerations.

If, for instance, I went to the fair, as Moses did, and found that for the \$2 I had to spend I could buy either a second-hand copy of Lane's "Arabian Nights," or the long-coveted "Pfeiffer's Mystics," if I had a family of young people at home I ought to buy the "Arabian Nights." For the "Pfeiffer's Mystics" I should send to the college library. I should put the "Arabian Nights" on the bookshelves, and I should be pretty sure that, in the course of twelve months, every member of the family over 10 years of age would know more or less about it. And this would be not simply so much stimulus or gratification to the imagination, but positive information as to Eastern habits and literature, and, indeed, a wider interest in the history and literature of the world. Life would become larger and the world wider, and this is the real object of all education—an object necessarily lost sight of in a good deal of the technical work of the school-room.

To speak of a mere detail, which, however, illustrates a principle, there should never be glass or other doors to a bookcase. No binding should be too good for use, and children old enough to handle books should be not only permitted, but encouraged to take them down at pleasure. If there are any books not fit for the use of such children, they should be boxed up and put away, or sent to auction, or—probably best of all—burnt in the furnace fire.

Some children take to books, and to grave books, as naturally as ducklings take to water. But all children do not, and I would never leave a taste for reading to the chance of their doing so. I have no such respect for the tree will of children; but I am willing, as Coleridge said—to prejudice my garden in favor of roses and strawberries. And, just as I teach my boy to swim, to ride on horseback, to drive well and to row, just as I teach him to read and write and multiply and divide—I should teach him to like books. Nor should I take it for granted that he will like them of course, more than I should take it for granted that he will swim of course. Probably he will, in a house full of good books, as a boy will probably learn to swim if he lives near the sea. But I am not going to leave either choice to that probability. Precisely because he is my boy I make it certain that he can swim by teaching him to swim; and so I make it certain that he shall be fond of books by teaching him what is the range and what the joy of literature.

I am not at all above setting him easy stents in this matter. It is quite as well that he shall be made to begin where, of his own unbiased choice, he would not have thought of it. The time comes when, even if he is not a bookish boy, he can be told squarely that a certain range of reading is essential to a gentleman in civilized life; that if he does not like it to-day, he will to-morrow or next year; and that I wish him and expect him to read an hour a day in such and such books which I point out to him.

But, even here, I should wish him, within a certain range, to make his own choice. When he once finds out by some experience what Mr. Emerson calls "the line of genius," he will choose fast enough and well enough. I have known a boy who began—and thought it was by accident—on the local history of the neighborhood, and followed it out in the range of the various publications of the historical clubs and societies till his interest in history was sure. This was not by accident, any more than it was by accident that the Monitor met the Merrimack. It was because a wise and thoughtful father took care to have the right books at hand in their country home—where the boy could study the Narragansett swamp fight on the ground if he chose. In that way, if you really want to do it, you can take a boy's fondness for fish, or game, or flowers, or horses, or boats, or machinery, and put him in the way of improving himself in all these things by reading at first hand. Do not be particular. Do not worry if he skips. Do not expect him to take notes until you have shown him how. Do not ask him to talk too much about what he is reading. But let him see that you are interested; and encourage him in every way, by sending everywhere within range for the books he wants, and by finding the people who are the best counselors.

And here I return to the suggestion I threw out before, that reading alone in the family is the best possible way to break in, and always provides a persuasion and temptation. There is a long period when a boy or girl does not read so easily but that the process itself is a burden. If you will read to him then, he will be very grateful to you, and you will form an appetite that he will never be rid of. I knew the mother of a family who read the "Waverley Novels" aloud five times, as her several children became old enough to hear. The hour after tea belonged to the boy or girl who was, say, 9 or 10 years old. The boy or girl had, so to speak, the right to hear mamma, or somebody, read aloud. Well, you can read aloud any "Waverley" novel in a month, if you read an hour and a little more every evening. In the two years when each of these children claimed this privilege, which their mother's perseverance gave them, they would read, each of them, with her, twenty of the

best of those stories. They would talk them over with her. Probably they would not have read them alone. But by the time those two years were ended, and another child had the turn, the habit of reading and love of reading were fully formed.—Rev. E. E. Hale, in *Christian Union*.

THE SEWING MACHINE

Has Few Worlds Left for It to Conquer. [From the Sewing Machine Journal.]

There are few conquests left for the sewing machine of the future to make in the line of variety. So various have been the uses to which our present machines have been adapted that little is left the hand needle to do. There are machines to sew the heaviest leather, and others to stitch the finest gauze lace. Machines make button holes and eyelet holes superior to the best hand work and at a speed that would asphyxiate an ordinary seamstress; while buttons are sewed on by modern attachments faster, in both senses, than can possibly be done by the needle with the "eye in the other end." There are overseam machines that sew carpets, others for glove work, and similar ones for fur sewing, and these leave a seam that flattens out neatly, and the stitching is as smooth and regular as can be desired by the most exacting. Other machines sew books and pamphlets, while still others, with wire for thread, sew brooms and brushes. Sewing machines, with the shuttle concealed in the end of a long and slender arm, sew the soles on shoes and boots with a speed and rapidity that make two pair cost less than one pair would otherwise cost, while outlasting four pair of the old-fashioned ready-made foot-gear.

Dash machines will sew around the dash of a carriage almost in the twinkling of an eye, and such is their capacity that they will stitch to the center of an eight-foot circle. Writing and embroidery of various kinds may be done on almost any of our modern machines without any attachment, and some of them will darn and patch in a manner to delight tired mothers of a household of romping boys. Two or more parallel rows of stitching may be done on the twin—there may be a triplet—needle machine, and one of the latest achievements of this machine is to sew the flat seam in flour bolt cloth, a feat until recently considered impossible. Cordage is sewed by machine and so is straw braid for hats and bonnets. The scope of the sewing-machine seems limited only by the variety of work the needs of mankind—and womankind—may demand. The sewing-machine inventor, as a class, may soon have to sit down, as did Alexander, and cry because there are no more worlds to conquer. He will doubtless regret that he was not born a little earlier in the sewing-machine age, before all the great inventions had been studied out and perfected. There is little left for him to do except in the direction of perfecting the present machines and cheapening their production. But even here he will find ample and profitable work for inventive genius and mechanical skill.

Something to Talk Of.

One day a farmer entered the office of a Chicago capitalist and asked for an interview, and when this had been granted he spread out a country map on the table and said:

"I've got an enterprise here to roll millions of wealth into your pockets."

"Well?"

"See here. Here, at this point, Coon creek and Possum river are only five miles apart."

"I see."

"A canal cut across this neck connects the two. I've been over the ground and a canal ten feet deep and fifty feet wide can be dug for \$250,000; and we can charge such toll as we see fit."

"On what?"

"On all vessels passing through."

"Just so. My friend, Coon creek has an average depth of two feet and Possum creek about fifteen inches. Just think of some plan to get your ships up to the canal."

The farmer slowly rolled up his map.

"Darn my buttons," he muttered; "but I hadn't thought of the ships. I guess I'll give up the canal and go to boring for salt."

—Wall Street News.

The Grasshopper and the Ant.

A Grasshopper meeting an Ant when the biting wind of November was masticating its way over the Plain, humbly requested Pecuniary assistance until next Saturday.

"Why should I share my store with you?" inquired the Ant. "Here I have passed the entire summer in laying up Roots and Grain and collecting Bad debts, and making deep sprints in the Savings Bank. What may I ask, have you been doing during the Heated Term?"

"May I please you," responded the grasshopper, "I have been dancing."

"Very well," said the ant, "now you may sing."

"Right you are!" exclaimed the Grasshopper; "it is a big scheme."

And he at once went and got an engagement to sing in Grand Opera at \$5,000 a night.

The moral of this Fable teaches us that plodding industry is not only a bore, but occasionally gets Left.—Puck.

What Pulpit Popularity Means.

Pulpit popularity has come to have a false meaning. The popular preacher now is not the one who stirs men's hearts, but the one who draws money. He is judged, like an actor, by the receipts at the box-office. If the pews are taken at high prices, if the church can maintain itself in style and pay expenses, the minister is a good card. He can command a liberal salary; perhaps he can figure as a star, and make lucrative lecture engagements. Whether or not his congregation show any advancement in spirituality under his exhortations, or his people learn to adorn their daily lives with simplicity and earnestness and truth, or the poor and unhappy find succor and comfort at his door, are questions which trouble the applauding public very little. They measure the popular clergyman's success by secular standards, and he is but too apt to accept their measure as a just one.—New York Tribune.

Scotch Ministers' Tact.

A certain Scotch minister, who, though he had a weak verbal memory, kept no note-book, was once the hero of a ludicrous incident. He made a pastoral call on a woman who, having lost her husband, was burdened with the care of a large family. His inquiries after the welfare of the household were answered by the widow with:

"Weel, we're all right except puir Davie, he's a bit troubled wi' a bad leg, and not fit for work."

The good pastor, thinking that Davie was one of the sons whom he had forgotten, prayed that Davie's affliction might be blessed to him, and that it might be of short duration. On returning home, he asked his wife, "Davie! Davie! which of the boys is Davie?"

"Hoot! hoot! mon, ye ought to ken wha Davie is," she replied. "Davie's nae son, Davie is just the cuddy" (donkey).

But another Scotch minister remembered names too well for the peace of mind of one Jack Hammon, a scoffing infidel who lived in the same town. The clergyman's piety and earnest ministry had prompted the scoffer to nickname him "The Grace of God."

On a certain occasion the clergyman failed to be present at the opening hour of a public meeting, over which he had consented to preside. As the audience became impatient, a voice from near the door shouted, "There'll be no 'Grace of God' here this night!"

Just then Mr. Law entered. Casting a knowing look on Jack Hammon, he took the chair, and began with an apology for being late.

"My friends," he said, "I had to preside at the examination of a village school, and the young folks behaved so well that I could hardly get away from them. I will give you a specimen of their answers."

"I called up an intelligent-looking girl, and asked her if she had ever heard of any one who had erected a gallows for another and was hung on it himself. 'Yes,' replied the girl, 'it was Haman.'"

"With that up started another little girl, and she said, 'Eh, minister, that's no true. Hammon's no hanged yet, for I saw him at the public-house door this forenoon, and he was swearing like a trooper!'"

Upon this the eyes of the audience turned to where Jack Hammon was sitting.

The minister continued: "You are both right my dears. I said, 'Your Haman was really hanged, as he deserved to be; and your Hammon, my lambie, is no hanged yet,' and then, in a solemn tone, added, 'by the Grace of God.'"

The solemn rebuke awed the meeting at first, but then the humor of the reply so tickled them that they burst into roars of laughter. Jack Hammon rushed out of the meeting, and, for a time, ceased making the minister the butt of his scoffs.

A Resolute Bargain.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," the old saying is. The like happens when two equally willful people dispute over a difference in opinion or a transaction in business; but in the latter case the friction is usually some haggling about a price which the buyer refuses to pay. In curious contrast with this, the following anecdote is told of Haydn (the famous composer of the "Creation") and a bluff English sailor.

While the great composer was staying in London, the Captain of an East Indian entered his chamber one morning, saying:

"You are Mr. Haydn?"

"Yes."

"Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall have 30 guineas; but I must have it to-morrow, for to-morrow I sail for Calcutta."

Haydn agreed, the seaman left him, and the composer opened his piano and in a quarter of an hour the march was written. Haydn appears to have had a delicate rare among the musical birds of prey and passage who come to feed on the unwieldy wealth of England. Conceiving so large a sum for a labor eventually so slight a species of plunder, he came home early in the evening and made two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him.

At daybreak the purchaser came.

"Where is my march?"

"Here."

"Try it on the piano?"

Haydn played it. The Captain counted the 30 guineas on the piano, took up the march and went down stairs. Haydn ran after him.

"I have made two others, both better. Come up and hear them and take your choice."

"I am satisfied with the one I have. The Captain still went down."

"I will make you a present of them."

The Captain went down only the more rapidly and left Haydn on the stairs. Haydn, from one of those motives not easily defined, determined on overcoming this singular self-denial. He immediately went to the Exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them, with a polite billet, to the Captain on board!

He was surprised at receiving, shortly after, his envelope, unopened, from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Haydn's. The composer tore the whole to pieces on the spot.

Many men would take more pains to give less than they were paid for than Haydn did to give more.

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: Maj. B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

FATHER ADAM was the first gambler, and we can prove it. Didn't he lose a pair-o'-dice?

Out in Colorado they make Shakespeare read, "It is the mine's wealth makes a body rich."

As Strength Declines.

The nerves grow more sensitive. The weak are always nervous. Is it at all surprising, therefore, that a medicine which infuses vigor into the system by the medium of improved digestion and assimilation, should be a valuable nerve? Such, in fact, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which insures the acquisition of strength by an enfeebled physique, because it enables the digestive organs to thoroughly eliminate and convert into blood the elements of vigor contained in the food. As strength returns, such symptoms of nervousness as inability to sleep, loss of appetite, nervous headache, extreme susceptibility to annoyance by trivial causes, etc., disappear. Nature does the rest and renders the restorative process complete. By invigorating the system, the Bitters also furnish it a defense against malaria, for which, as well as for constipation and liver complaint, it is a superb remedy.

A Chinese Physician.

A celebrity among the Chinese of San Francisco is their great doctor, Li Po Tai. He has been in this country nearly thirty years, and has a larger income from his profession than any white practitioner in that city. His patients all go to his office when able, and Li Po Tai sits up, habited in gorgeous silks and brocades in a little den of an office overlooking the plaza, and feels pulses all day long. The patients are mostly white people, who come to him after a varied round of their own physicians, or at the instigation of some resuscitated and enthusiastic patients. Li Po Tai rests his patient's elbow on a blue silk cushion, and proceeds to feel their right pulse with his three hooked and long-clawed fingers. He feels the right pulse to ascertain the condition of the brain, stomach and kidneys, and then grasps the left wrist to find out about the heart, liver and lungs. Although he knows practically nothing of anatomy, his physicians know it, he makes a wonderful diagnosis of a case. He charges \$10 a week for his services, including his medicines, and patients either go to his office and drink the tincture, or take the mysterious stuff home and make their own hot drinks. Li Po Tai has many notions that puzzle and interest his patients. He first treats them to a severe course of antidotes for quinine poison, if they confess to having taken that deadly drug. He next commands them to eat shell fish or uncooked fruit, to let alone poultry, fried meats, eggs, watery vegetables, all liquors and everything sour. For these thirty years Li Po Tai has made his patients drink hot water. Dyspepsia, cancers and tumors are his specialties. His income from his profession is computed at more than \$6,000 a month.

BUFFALO has a dumb Alderman. He can't debate, and therefore has to content himself with making motions.

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It is doubtless owing to our being made of clay that we are so easily "broke."

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The Great Rock Island Route has issued a new and most comprehensive Cook Book, of 128 pages, filled with new and reliable receipts from the best caterers of this and other countries. No housewife can afford to be without it; and though worth \$1, it will be sent to any address, postpaid, upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps. As they will go like hot cakes, send at once to E. St. John, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

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J. W. Graham, wholesale druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs for the past year, and have found it one of the most saleable medicines I have ever had in my house for coughs, colds, and even consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross."

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The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

My Wife and Children.

Rev. L. A. Dunlap, of Mt. Vernon, says: "My children were afflicted with a cough resulting from measles, my wife with a cough that had prevented her from sleeping more or less for years, and your White Wine of Tar Syrup has cured them all."

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We will send our beautifully illustrated Christmas book, "Old King Verulam," on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. A nice present for the little ones. BACOCK & CO., 243 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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Mt. Pleasant Academy, S. W. Sing, N. Y.: "During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first application I felt relieved—the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. Downs. (Price 50 cts.)"

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Kingworm. My brother is a victim to a humor which brings ringworms all over his face. He is using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and already is so much benefited that his eyes are no longer affected. He will continue to use it till he feels fully cured.—L. E. Howard, Temple, N. H.

My little boy was so badly afflicted with a humor that he had to mitten his hands to keep him from rubbing the sores, which he had on his face, and a watery matter. Before he had finished one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores were healed.—L. J. Caswell, Merchant, Warner, N. H.

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