

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the seat of his own means of fortune; whence he will not depart, if nothing calls him away; whence he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander.—Definition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best."

—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Baby's Shoes

On those little shoes, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
On, the price were high.
That those shoes were buy.
Those little blue shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That mothers their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their so sweet.

OH DEAR!

I wish I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I'd learn them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.

Now S is crooked—don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me,
And O is something like a ball—
It hasn't any end at all.

And all the rest are—my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks—oh dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What do they have so many for?

—St. Nicholas.

The Two Voices.

[Baptist Weekly.]

Lucy Bell sat listening to some whispered words. Who spoke them? No one was with her in the sunny parlor, except, indeed, a great bear that had found its way in the front garden, and was flying and humming lazily round the room; he could not talk to Lucy; and the sunshine was not speaking; it was quietly bathing the child in its light, and she felt its warm glow, but was not thinking of it. Then the white roses that would peep in at the open window were very silent, although seeming to do their best to attract her notice. Gently they stirred in the breeze, and smell, oh! so sweetly; but they could not speak to Lucy Bell. No; she was listening to the voices deep down in her heart, and was obliged to listen, though no one besides could have heard the soft whispers. What made Lucy so serious, so quiet? A prettily-bound volume lay in her lap, but she did not even raise the cover. Was it not strange? for this was a new story book, and the sunny noon a holiday. The first voice—for there were two—spoke again to a little girl: "Beckie, dear, you have been very good to-day." "Yes 'm, I couldn't help being good; I got a tiff neck," was the serious reply.

MARY'S LESSON.

A Story for Neglected Wives.

[Boston Home Journal.]

"No, Lucy, never make a love-match," said young Mrs. Strong to an old school friend, who was paying her an afternoon visit. "Marry for money, interest—for anything but love. I have tried that and made a failure, such as it would break my heart to see you make."

Lucy Moore listened silently, a thoughtful shadow on her fair young face.

"Is it indeed true?" she said. "I grieve to hear it. How I remember your wedding day, Mary. How handsome and noble he looked! How happy and bright you were! Oh! surely, he loved you very dearly then!"

"He thought he did, and so did I," said Mrs. Strong with a half-shocked look. "But it did not last long, Lucy. We have been married just two years, to-day. He will not remember the day. He left me this morning without a kiss as he usually does. He will come back to dinner in the same way, and after it is over he will go out to his club or some other place, and never come home until after I have gone to bed. And yet I have been a good faithful and careful wife, and this is my reward."

She hid her face in her hands as she spoke. Lucy Moore bent over her and whispered:

"In every way save one, my dear Mary."

Mrs. Strong looked up.

"What do you mean?"

"Promise me not to be angry, and I will tell you."

"Go on."

"Your husband, as a young man, was very fond of music. Do you ever play or sing to him on an evening now?"

"Oh, no! We gave that up long enough ago."

"But why?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. It was such a bore to practice."

"Do you read aloud to him, or have him read to you?"

"No, I used to; but somehow that is given up, too."

"And your dress; shall you change it before he comes to dinner?"

Mrs. Strong shook her head. She wore a dainty, flounced daytime no collar or cuffs, and her hair was rough and untidy; her whole look was one of carelessness.

"He would not notice it if I did. Where is the use Lucy? It is too late."

"No, Lucy, earnestly.

"Many, some one ought to tell you. No one dares to but me. Your husband does not go to his club of an evening. He goes to Mrs. Wylie's. You know her; you have heard of her name—The Queen of Flirts. Mary, she is a dangerous woman. She lives but for admiration, and that she means to have. Your husband gives her admiration now; take care he gives her no more—his love."

Mrs. Strong burst into tears.

"What can I do?" she asked. "I know that woman too well. What chance have I against her?"

"Give yourself a chance," said Lucy with a kiss. "Let your husband find pleasant welcome from a wife neatly dressed, Mary. Forgive the hint. You have beauty and grace. Do not neglect them longer. Sing to him, Mary, play for him, charm and fascinate him. You have done it once. Try again and save him from the 'Queen of Flirts.'"

She stole softly from the room. It had not been a pleasant lesson to receive; it might not have been a pleasant one to give; who shall say? But Mrs. Strong was a sensible as well as a pretty woman, and five minutes after Lucy Moore had gone, she went up to her own room, acknowledging that her friend had spoken but the truth.

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That evening, just after the street lamps had been lighted, Mr. Strong came carelessly toward his home. Carelessly? Yes, that was the word. That house was fast becoming to him only a place to eat, sleep and dress in—a place for which he had to pay rent and taxes, but in which he took no comfort or pleasure, if the truth must be told.

"Never mind, I'll go to Grace Wylie's as soon as dinner is over, and she will make it up to me, bless her bright eyes!" thought Mr. Strong, as he opened the front door with his latch-key and strode across the hall.

Only half way, however, for there before him, at the foot of the stairs, stood a graceful pretty woman, with satin smooth brown hair and bright blue eyes, and cheeks as red as roses, wearing a pretty evening dress of dark blue silk and shining ornaments upon her snowy neck and arms.

"Welcome home, dear James!" she said, with a heavenly smile. "It's the second anniversary of our wedding day. Won't you spend this evening with me, dear?"

His only answer was a warm embrace and a sudden kiss. Her eyes were dim as he sped upstairs to his room to prepare for dinner.

"Brute, fool that I have been!" he thought to himself.

And after dinner, on the plea of smoking a cigar, he went into Bond street, and returned with a pretty gold watch and chain as a present for his wife. They sang the old songs together that evening; they talked a long time over the dying fire. Ah! it was not too late. He loved her still, and she saved him and their happy home.

"I can help you, for we did that very one last week."

Charlie started.

"It is all right, then, thank you, Lucy; you are not a muff, after all. Don't mind what I say."

"I am glad I know how to do it."

And very soon brother and sister were sitting with arms entwined, their bright heads bent over the now easy sum.

Those two voices spoke to Lucy Bell every

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

How a Young Man Saved a Girl From a Burning Mississippi Steamer.

He Afterward Wins Her Love Without Recognizing Her—How a Guilty Pair Perished in the Disaster.

A Rochester correspondent of the New York Times tells a romantic story which has just ended in a happy marriage. In October, 1859, James Fry, the traveling agent of a New Orleans business house, started from St. Louis for that city on the steamer Stonewall.

The hay on board took fire and burned, and a fearful panic ensued.

A few only of the passengers clung to the steamer, in hope that aid would reach them before the fire forced them to take their last chance in the river. Among

those were a family of three persons—evidently father, mother, and daughter, the latter apparently about 15—young Fry, and a young lady, apparently 17 or 18 years old. Of all who had jumped into the river the light of the burning vessel showed only one, and there struggling in the water, or swimming away, the river having closed over the others. Those who remained on the deck hastily rolled overboard several bales of hay which the fire had not yet reached, to be seized if possible if they were compelled to take to the water. The main spar was burnt down and fell into the river before the fire drove the last person from the steamer. The flames at last wrapped the entire vessel about, and the passengers who were huddled together about the guards were forced to jump. The family mentioned above sprang into the water clasping each other's hands. Fry and the other young lady followed them. Fry was a good swimmer, and reached the spar. As he grasped it, the young lady who had jumped with him, came to the surface near him. He seized her and helped her to the floating timber. The girl who had disappeared with her father and mother also came up within a short distance, and Fry at once went to her aid. She never saw her father and mother again.

"When the alarm of fire was given on the steamer Stonewall, Mrs. Fitch and her companion were among the cabin passengers who hastened on deck. They were both flushed with wine. The woman rushed to the side of the vessel, and looking back at the advancing flames, with face blanched with terror, she sprang into the river. She was never seen again. The young man was among those who were saved, and he was saved in a double sense. He was flying with the notorious woman of the town, with a large amount of money in his possession belonging to his employers. Their destination was to have been Havana. He returned to St. Louis and handed over the stolen money before his defalcation and flight had even been suspected. He is still in business in St. Louis, exemplary and prosperous."

A Modest Man's Trials.

[Prentiss Mifflin in San Francisco Chronicle.]

After awhile I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed them all over at the great public baths and not in little pink pitchers of water they keep in their bed-rooms. So I went to a public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said: "Wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dreadful results. There are two passages leading into the great five-storyed bath-hall—one for males, the other for females. Of course, I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath-room. Marie was a big brown, black-eyed Austrian maid, in round short skirts. She was ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened my bath-room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for this. But she wasn't. She seemed used to it, and went to work. She spread a sheet on the bottom of the bath-tub. I don't know what it was for, but they always do it. At all events it takes off the rough edge of the zinc for one's skin. Then she turned on hot water, and waited. I waited also. Out of regard for the proprieties I removed only my hat. I would not even take off my collar before Marie. The water seemed a long time running in. It generated a cloud of steam, which gradually filled the small bath-room, and through which vaporish atmosphere Marie and I saw each other dimly. Finally she gave me all the hot water I was entitled to, and left. Relieved, I sprang to the door. There was no lock upon it. I hunted in vain for some kind of a fastening. I sat down uneasy. Then I removed my coat and collar. Then Marie burst in again with another towel. Then she went out. How was I to bathe in peace with that confounded girl continually intruding on me? Then I tried to turn on some cold water and couldn't. By this time I had removed many of my garments, and barricaded the door with my jack-knife. Instead of having reversible facets, by which a man could regulate his own flow of water, these required the use of a wrench to turn them. The wrench, I suppose, was kept by the attendant outside, I did not know my German for wrench, and if I had, dared not call for one with the prospect of the young lady's bringing it. So I sat down on the chair, which I had backed up against the door as an additional security against Marie, and waited for the water to cool. It takes hot water a long time to cool in Austria. Finally I got into the tub. I think it could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over and sympathizing more heartily than ever with whatever was ailing me. I was not in the least degree annoyed. I am sure I could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over and sympathizing more heartily than ever with whatever was ailing me. I was not in the least degree annoyed.

The rapidity with which PERSONS TAKE ON FLESH while under the influence of these tonics is remarkable. The first appearance of the disease is the causing of the food to properly assimilate. Thus the system is nourished and strengthened, and the organs of the digestive organs—regular and healthy evacuations are produced.

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