

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where one has established his birth and the sum of his personal and fortune, where he will not depart, if nothing calls him away; whence if 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.

Addy's Pansies.

BY PIGEON.

Darling, little, dimpled Addy,
As a flower fresh and fair,
Kneaded down upon her chubby knees,
And the little fingers in prayer.
Coming, then, into the garden,
As she always did, to view
The many-colored pansies
Decked with morning dew—

She gazed on their upturned faces
With a kindly, loving air,
And saw how their slender stems were bent
Like little knees, so gay.
Then she said, said recently,
In tones that made one feel
How sweet the fancy was to her,
"See, the little pansies kneel."

God bless you, my little darling.
The flowers are under His care,
Who clothes them in hues more lovely
Than kings or queens may wear;
But may you ever look beyond
The beautiful girls and face,
And take delight in its beauty
That springs from a heart of grace.

Brownie's First Invitation.

BY S. V. D. M.

The very day that Brownie was five years old she was invited to a party.

Brownie had three sisters older than herself, and they had been to a great many parties, but this was Brownie's first invitation; so you may well imagine how delighted the whole family were.

She had a white dress to wear, a pretty blue sash, blue stockings and new blue shoes. The mamma and the three sisters helped dress her. Even the papa and the one brother lent a helping hand.

The mamma curled her hair, the oldest sister pinned her sash on "just lovely," the papa buttoned her shoes, the brother perfumed her handkerchief and the other two sisters ran hither and thither bringing things.

"I am afraid, after all, that you won't know how to behave nicely," said the oldest sister, while clasping Brownie's necklace.

"Yes, I'll know how to behave, thank you, ma'am, I guess!" replied Brownie, stamping her foot on the carpet.

Another sister said, while putting Brownie's stockings on,

"Don't get down on your knees, as you do more than a hundred times a day here at home; because if you do you will wear holes right through these thin stockings."

The brother thought that he had better give Brownie some advice.

"Only take one piece of cake. It isn't polite to take a piece of every kind. Now remember."

Then the mamma said,

"You must not find fault with anything that is given you to eat. If you do not like it do not say so."

Brownie was all dressed just as the old-fashioned clock in the hall struck six.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed. "I must go right straight away, for Mrs. Barns said I must come at 6 o'clock. I des the party goes in then."

Brownie was not taken to the party in a carriage, but instead thereof, on the brother's back.

At 9 o'clock the brother went after her and brought her home in the same manner.

While the mamma and the papa were taking Brownie's wraps off, she drew a long breath saying:

"Well, I've got home from the party, but it ain't twice out, 'cause there are two or three or four little girls there yet."

"Did you have a pleasant time, Brownie?" asked the papa.

"Oh, yes; the bread and butter with meat in it was twice pleasant. Mrs. Barns asked me if I didn't want some more sandwiches, when don't you b'lieve I hadn't had none sandwiches at all! I didn't see a speck of any. I tell you," she continued, looking at the brother, "I only took but one piece of cake. Mrs. Barns said I could take as many pieces as I wanted. I told her that I des wished I could, but brother said it wasn't polite to take but one piece."

"Then, don't you b'lieve, she laughed out loud. But she said she had to laugh to see so many dear little children so happy.

"Oh! there was such a lot of candies and nuts all jumbled up together in a—dish. I took free of my hands des as full as full could be, 'cause they had such lots and lots of 'em."

"But mamma," and Brownie's voice sank to a whispered tone, "the lemonade wasn't but one bit good. It was so awful sweet and so awful sour. I told Mrs. Barns that I didn't like it pretty good."

"Brownie! didn't I tell you not to find fault with—"

"Why, mamma, you only said I mustn't with what I had to eat. You didn't say nothing 'bout what I had to drink."

"What amusements did you have, Brownie?" asked the papa. "You had plays didn't you?"

"Some few. They played 'Pillow and keys,' but I wasn't going to play that."

"Why not, Brownie?" asked one of the sisters. "You know we told you that you must do what the other children did."

"Mrs. Barns did want me to play it, but I told her I couldn't cause sister said I mustn't get down on my knees or I would wear my stockings all full of holes. You can't play it else you get down on your knees to kiss somebody."

"What did you do, Brownie, while the children were playing 'Pillow and keys?'" asked the mamma.

"Oh, des sat in the corner with a little lame girl that couldn't walk pretty good."

"Why, Brownie!" suddenly exclaimed the brother. "See! she has one blue shoe and one black one."

All eyes were turned then to Brownie's feet.

"Where is your other new blue shoe?" asked one of the sisters.

Brownie held first one foot up, then the other, saying:

"I didn't—I don't know where it—oh! now I remember. I gave my other blue shoe to that little lame girl, 'cause she ain't never in all the live days had any blue shoes—des only black."

Brownie gazed first in the face of one, then another, and she saw that something was wrong. The sisters held their handkerchiefs over their mouths; the brother opened wide his eyes; the papa and mamma looked very sober.

She then held up one foot, saying: "This is a very booful black shoe." All remained silent. She continued: "It des as good to have different ones, ain't it, mamma?"

The mamma said that she thought it looked better to have shoes on alike, and not one of one color and the other of another.

"Oh, well!" she cried, with a careless toss of her curly head, "may be I'll go next day before yesterday and give her this other new blue shoe, and I des as leif have the black

ones, 'cause she is such a nice poor little girl and she don't never have no blue shoes. Can't I give it to her, mamma?"

"Yes, Brownie, you can," replied the mamma; "but you must give her this black one. It belongs to her. I think I know who her mamma is. She is poor, but an excellent Christian woman."

"Well, you better b'lieve I was good to her little lame girl," said Brownie, earnestly.

"When we all played 'Button, button,' I des put the button in her hand when I was it, 'cause she didn't have one spec'd bit of crimping on her dress. Bull told her it was des as nice without crimping."

Then Brownie climbed up on the mamma's lap, saying, slowly, "Oh, dear! it des makes you very, very tired and sleepy to be invited to a party. I des I won't go to no more parties to-night, 'cause—'cause'—and in less than one minute after dear little Brownie was fast asleep.

A Sunshine Face.

Boys and girls often have pretty faces, with rosy cheeks, and dancing eyes, and merry smiles. But for a real sunshiny face, that is never darkened by a sultry cloud or scowl, or by a biting tongue, we have generally to look to the dear, good mother and grandmother, who have learned to be patient and gentle, by being tossed about in the storms of life.

Nothing is sweeter than a sunshiny face. It says to everybody: "I know we shall like one another, and have a real pleasant time together. I want to be interested in what interests you, so come and make friends with me."

Even a little baby can understand such a kind smile from a motherly hand, and so will coddle up in her arms at once, even if she be an entire stranger. And if we wish to bind our playmates to us with the cords of love, we need to do just this—to think at least as much about their enjoyment as about our own. A body oftentimes gets his or her way in the world much better by giving up than by holding out selfishly.

It is my belief that every one of us can have a sunshiny face, provided we want it enough to set about shaping one out. It is not quite such easy work as buying a false face, or as letting our own peevish acts twist down the corners of the mouth, turn up the end of the nose, and wrinkle the forehead into frowns. All this is so easy to do that it almost does itself. But we must work in a more artistic way.

We all know what carmine is; how it makes the most beautiful rose color, and is the favorite color with some ladies for painting the cheeks. Well, once an English manufacturer traveled to Lyons, and paid one thousand dollars sterling to a French rival, to learn the secret of making this article in perfection. But he could detect no difference in their processes, till the Frenchman said:

"I can not make this to perfection unless I choose a bright, sunny day; and so I never attempt it on a dark or cloudy day."

"Ah!" said the Englishman, "then the fates are against me; and I fear I can not succeed in damp, dismal London."

How is it with each one of us? Do you despair of ever making a sunshiny face out of your own, because there are too many clouds flying across it day after day? Or are you not ready to show yourself master of your own tongue, spirit, and smile? Smiles and kind words are the best chisels in the world with which to carve out for one's self the calm and beauty of a sunshiny face.

Habit.

There was once a horse that was used to pull around a sweep, which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. It was kept at the business for nearly 20 years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him.

But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had gotten into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need if.

But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes older, and will be miserable or happy, accordingly.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Two young ladies have been appointed census enumerators for Ashland and Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. Greeley always said that he would support woman suffrage whenever he could be satisfied that women wanted it.

When a couple are pronounced "man and wife," they think they are married. Pronounce them "woman and husband" and they wouldn't think so; but why not? If one term is consistent the other must be.

Randolph, New York, has been the scene of a romance which in point of faithfulness on the part of the woman is equal to that of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Miss Betsy Knight, who died a few days ago at the age of 85 years, was in her girlhood betrothed to a young man in Ohio, and shortly before the day for the nuptials he died. Miss Knight refused to believe it, and remained faithful to him all these years in the hope that he would return and claim her.

The daughters of woman suffragists mothers stand foremost in educational institutions. The Cornell lady student who won the Greek prize in the first inter-collegiate contest was the daughter of Dr. Mary A. Thomas, of Indiana, one of the earliest woman suffragists.

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