

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his heart and the sum of his possessions and fortunes; whence 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 be a wanderer.

Definition from Civil Law.

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

—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Birds' Meeting.

The birds were all called there; all; The busarrows, the small; The owl, of course, was chosen judge; He staved around, but didn't budge.

The robins, jays and meadow-larks Got up to make a few remarks;

They said the time had come to go, Red leaves and gold have now to fall.

The robins then grew spiteful quite, The blue-birds longed for winter skies;

The wren thought this was very wise.

The blue-birds said their time was up;

The catbirds said they quite agreed,

It was time the warning they should heed,

The owl this question out: "Say 'Ay'!"

The wren to fly away to fly;

Then the chaffinch said most "No's."

"Tis carried," said the owl, "Amen!"

The birds, "Now for skies of home."

"So," chirped the sparrow, "why this fuss?"

Our home is good enough for us!"

—George Cooper.

The Winter Sleepers and their Food.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep at the time. The blood moves a little, and in a while they take a breath.

If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But these that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him, wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and eats them. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out again.

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it!

The House-Bee.

London, in the works of natural law in the lower order do we see more wonderful exhibitions of instinct, nearly approaching to intelligence, than in the common honey-bee. This little creature is truly "fearedly and wonderfully made."

For instance, in the test of the common working-bee. They exhibit at one and the same time a basket, a brush and a pair of pincers. One of these articles, indeed, is a brush of extreme fineness, the hairs of which arranged in symmetrical rows, are only to be seen with the microscope.

With this brush of fairy delicacy, the bee collects the bristles, its velvet robe, to remove the pollen dust, with which it becomes loaded while filling the flowers and sucking up their nectar.

Another article, which is hollowed, like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insect carries to the hive. It is a panier for provisions. Finally, by opening them one upon another, by a series of movements, it becomes a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the comb, and it is with them that the bee lays hold of the semicircles of wax below its abdomen, and carries them to its mouth.

The mechanism of the sting is no less extraordinary. It consists of a sheath enclosing two needle-sharp darts of exceeding thinness, placed side by side.

Toward the point they are armed with minute teeth like those of a saw, whence it happens that the bee is sometimes unable to withdraw this little javelin from the enemy it has pierced, for the sting is the impetus of the sting that it will pierce even the thickest human skin.

When the sting makes the wound, the acrid poison is squeezed in from the bar near its base, the structure and process being nearly identical with those of the poison fangs of serpents. Only the female and the neuter serpents have these formidable weapons, the males being defenceless.

Let us glance at some of the instances of wisdom shown by these little fellows which make such a buzzing through our gardens and hedges, and stand among all the insects as the nearest friends and familiar of man.

When an enemy little to be dreaded sneaks into a nest of bees, the sentinel that sees him, gives the alarm to the rest of the colony, and the twining of all the corps is forced to a standstill.

The little feet of the bee would not suffice to stir the corps, and the narrow door of the hive would not allow it to pass. Its patriotic orders would, however, soon infect the colony, and develop the germ of some malady?

How are they to escape from this danger? The little sentinel takes counsel, and comes suddenly to just such a position as those who would have known of the arts of ancient Egypt.

As under the Pharaohs men emulated the corpse of animals—either with a religious view, or to preserve themselves from decay—so all the bees now set to work to embalm the dead animal, the presence of which is a menace to them.

For this purpose, the workers scatter them about the country in order to gather the remains of dead animals, and to the buds of trees, which catch the insects, and also used by the undertakers of the Nile.

The bees closely envelop the dead body with this in the form of little fillets, and deposit all around it a thick, solid layer, which preserves it from putrefaction.

Eggs.

London, in Hether's Young People. Sue ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to suffer lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men, but has waited her turn to marry him. I don't know what will become of her now.

Charles Montague, of Brussels, has noted that the only time the annual borealis occurs in the scintillation of stars—other observers have noted—but that magnetic disturbances produce the same effect even when accompanied by no visible aurora.

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It prints beautifully, and I have printed several copies ever since. I have sold for \$100 already. I thought it would be nice to sell it for a pittance in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more or less high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without any ceremony, and she has now what a state of mind she and mother were in.

They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day.

She was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridgemaids, and flowers and music and things till you couldn't rest. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boy and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should be invited.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, and the cost of a plan which would give me the trouble of sending three hundred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of men and ladies riding on horses, or some girls in a boat, and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to me, and said, "What have you done with these bills?"

These bills are posted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them.

Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills and I am sure it was printed all right.

Mrs. Susan Brown announces that she will marry at the church next Thursday at half past seven,

All the Friends of the Family With the exception of the McFaddens, the wife and Mr. Wilkinson

Come early and bring

Lots of Flowers. That was the last of the bills, with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the Church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't quite sure how to spell it. The bill said Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding, and a good many things that had not been planned, and would have thanked me for my trouble, but she was as angry as I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me come and live with him. He hasn't said a word to me, but I have a feeling he is going to kick me out again.

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KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, charades, riddles, rebuses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. E. Chadburn, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 624—Enigma of Animals.

My whole is composed of 113 letters. My 51, 90, 20, 10, 80, 90, 105, 6, 15, 77, 98, 107 is a large, strong, powerful animal of Africa.

My 14, 66, 72, 109, 34, 5, 49, 112, 108, 44, 86, 80, 12, 113 is a fur-bearing animal, having webbed feet, found in Australia.

My 10, 102, 10, 34, 72, 54 is a small animal of the edentata species.

My 24, 86, 47, 46 is an herbivorous animal of South America.

My 42, 27, 91, 32, 26, 43, 24, 67 is an animal of the edentata species in South America.

My 102, 100, 13, 54, 72, 54 is a small animal of the United States or the world.

My 30, 40, 70, 48, 45 is a prairie bird of the United States highly prized for food.

My 28, 29, 17, 52, 58 is a water-fowl of South America.

My 14, 73, 13, 72, 6, 21 is a bird of the arid plains of Africa.

My 78, 61, 87 is a web-footed fowl of the same country.

My 20, 98, 8, 20, 27, 37, 18, 63, 39 is a kind of bird of Asia.

My 69, 47, 89, 99 is one of the smallest birds of Europe.

My 55, 74, 93, 99, 73, 64, 45, 17 is the drought animal of the Arctic regions.

My 70, 81, 82 is a verb; drop the last letters and there remains female animal of the United States.

My whole is a stanza composed by William Cullen Bryant. —CHARLES B. C.

No. 625.—Anagram.

Charles Taylor is an editor. Who does on totals neat. In his place is a plaid. His manner calm and sweet.

Yet another man's name "riles" him.

And a woman's name "squeaks" him.

And the typist whispers softly, "Is C. T. up in arms?" —ALEX. GAINES.

No. 626.—Blanks.

The word required for the first blank is a part of each word required in the other blanks.

The result of John's work was the — of metals.

One day he got a hurt which caused considerable — of blood.

The surgeon dressed the wound with an — of herbs.

At last the surgeon resorted to — from the — which was accomplished a slight —.

— is the name of a good as you and I are.

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