

Family Circle.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY GROUND.

BY HARRY MONROE.

I sat on the old day, John, Beside the old tree, Where we were school boys in the old time, When munched was a dream...

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John, I looked for our old spring, The bubble of the old path, Three paces from the swing...

A happy holiday party had assembled one summer afternoon at Nettie Bailey's house, and of all places you can imagine, the Bailey farm was the most attractive for holding children's levees.

Grandma had been kissed by the whole cluster of rosy-lipped lips, and she was looking so complacently from her arm chair. As they were about starting from the room, she said, "Pleasant and happy as robins, all you. Now don't let the little foxes catch you, my darlings."

"I ain't afraid," said Nettie; "grandma's got on her quizzical face; she don't mean real foxes."

"On you wait long enough for grandma to preach a little sermon?"

"Yes, indeed," chimed in all the voices; "grandma's talk was considered an extra treat with the young folks."

"Now it is a great thing to know these little foxes when you see them for they often wear masks to hide their true faces."

"After this little warning, the foxes were unusually wary, and for a good while there was hardly a look hole for any of them through the swinging, jumping in the bay, keeping house in the crib, took the starch out of muslin frocks and the curls out of more than one head; but the more Clara ried about her, the tighter clung to her the more rings. Clara was the acknowledged beauty of the party, and she had a good disposition to match."

While they were in the height of enjoyment, George Bailey came up from the corn-field. He stopped to wash his hands in the brook, and was ready to offer his service at swinging the girls. Mary Ray and Clara were standing together, and George asked Mary to take the first swing. She jumped in, leaving Clara piqued at his ingratitude. She drew back, refusing to take the next turn on the plea of not feeling well. Poor Clara it was kind of her mother through the swinging, jumping in the bay, keeping house in the crib, took the starch out of muslin frocks and the curls out of more than one head; but the more Clara ried about her, the tighter clung to her the more rings. Clara was the acknowledged beauty of the party, and she had a good disposition to match."

"There wasn't much chance for any of the fox tribe again that afternoon, and it is pretty likely the girls will never forget grandma's sermon. The dear old lady did not question them about it when they came in to supper; she felt quite sure, by their happy faces, that there were no foxes about them."

When the old town-clock struck eight, and they all came up for a good-night kiss from grandma, one of the little rogues whispered under her cap border that the little foxes came, but didn't say how."

Grandma laughed and said she was now satisfied.

At a gathering of children on Christmas day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident:

look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will there find almost conclusive proof that Jesus sang with his disciples.

THE CAPTIVE TEXAN BOY.

My little friends, I will tell you a story of a little boy who was stolen by, and lived with the Indians, for nearly a year.

Away off on the frontier of Texas, there lives a wild and savage tribe of Indians, known as the Comanches. Sometimes small parties of them slip down the mountains in the section of Texas where horses and mules, and sometimes they murder entire families, or perchance they may not kill some of the younger ones, but carry them away to their wild homes and rear them up as servants.

In the summer of 1859, two Comanches came to the house of a Mr. H., residing in Mason Co., Texas, and after stealing his horses, discovered his bright-eyed little boy, only ten years old, playing at some distance from the house. They approached him, and he, having secured him, he was tied on a horse. The little fellow cried for help, but no one heard him, and away went the Indians at full speed, carrying the little boy with them. Towards night he was missed. Search was made, but little Willie could not be found.

Although the savages were warmly pursued, and every effort was made to find the little people who had followed them, were compelled to return.

The first day the Indians travelled seventy miles, and at night tied their little prisoner hand and foot, to prevent his escape—but after that night he was permitted to run loose, although carefully watched. He was thus so far from a habit of that he could not make his escape and reach the settlement, without running great risk of starting to death or being devoured by some wild animal.

After a week and months passed, and poor Willie had not been heard from, though morning, noon, and night prayers were offered up by his distressed parents for his safe return; yet it did seem as if little hope could be entertained that he would ever be seen again.

One Sabbath in April, after he had been given up as dead, or lost forever, he suddenly appeared at home, and hid himself in his mother's arms, exclaiming, "Mother, God has sent me to you." Had he risen from the dead, he could not have surprised or pleased his fond parents more.

Willie's escape was effected in this way. He was sold to some Mexicans for \$100, and bought from them by Carl Carson, who kept him in his own family, clothed him, and fed him, until an opportunity offered to send him home. Great credit is due Mr. Carson for the kindness shown Willie, and I wish to place on record this acknowledgment of his goodness.

A BAD HABIT FOR A MOTHER.

Mrs. Colman used to say she could not see why her children did not mind her better. She was sure she did not drive them and make them obstinate in that way, and they had everything done for them which could be done, and yet they never yielded cheerful obedience; and she looked worried and anxious all the time.

"Come, Horace," began the mother, addressing her eldest boy, a child of ten years, "come, it is bed time now—you had better put away your books."

"Oh! I can't go to bed now—I'm right in the middle of a story, besides I ain't going as long as Carrie sits up."

"Come, Carrie, you go to bed," said the mother. "You feel like getting up in the morning."

Presently Mrs. Colman rose and laid the baby in the cradle. He had been very fretful all day. She began to shake George gently by the shoulder, saying over and over again, "Come, wake up, George."

"Sh! sh! don't wake up the baby," said the mother. "But George clamed, and presently the baby yawned."

Every morning a similar scene was carried on before breakfast to get the children up, and before school to get them ready and started, and the mother said, "I don't know what is the matter with those children."

MARRIAGE AND LONG LIFE.

American Presbyterian and Genevese Evangelist.

ling, as originally constituted in England, and up to about A. D. 1300, was composed of a troy pound weight of silver. As there are 5,760 grains in a troy pound, and as a penny is the two hundred and fortieth part of a pound sterling, it will be seen that the penny of our English ancestors was worth nearly 121 cents per ounce.

"ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I only chewed a little, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havana, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar slung beside me, chatting, as sub dear little fellow only can. The city has in it many dirty, unclean boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets, come to me, in a very indecent manner. One morning I seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile scoundrels. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as awful warnings of youthful delinquency, talked largely, and said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as if from an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow for my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unbecoming. "Do you think it is worse for a man, father?" I asked.

"No, father, boys would not want to smoke and chew tobacco, but didn't do it."

Here was the answer. I throw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form. And is it not worse for a man? Are we not fearful responsible? Are not the daily examples of the fish, and the red, and the good, telling all the time upon the children who are under our charge? We blame and would turn over to city authorities? Am not I, for one, in a measure responsible for the example I have been daily setting to these wretched children, these lonely and forlorn boys who I daily meet? The customary use of tobacco as a stimulant, and the habit of smoking the habit may be acquired. It leads to drinking, and thus to other vices. Can I as a Christian man, justify myself in the use of these, any more than in the use of ardent spirits? Is not my example so momentous?

THE POISON-BUSH.

During a visit made by Rev. Dr. Hodges, some years since, to the Bahama Islands, a shower of rain unexpectedly fell. Such an occurrence is very rare at that place, and during the rainy season, and is regarded with great dread by the natives, who as rapidly as possible seek the nearest shelter.

On this occasion a little colored boy was caught in the shower at a distance from home, and having no place to go to for protection, he was obliged to stand in the rain. His father, who was with him, was not able to get to him from the rain, and he was wet by the water trickling through the leaves. Unfortunately for him, the bush was a poison-bush, and the water falling on the leaves caused the poison to strike into his limbs, so that in a short time he was unable to stand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COINS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A penny a day seems a small compensation for a laborer; but we have, in our previous article, shown that the coin in use at that time was not of the present day, but was a denarius, a silver coin, the intrinsic value of which was fifteen cents.

Dr. HAYES'S EXPEDITION.—It gives us great pleasure to state that our merchants have promptly and liberally met the call made upon them yesterday for contributions in aid of Dr. Hayes's noble expedition. The list of names is so long that we cannot give it here, but it is a noble list, and one that will do credit to our country.

BEAUTIFUL MIRAGE.—Not long ago the attention of the residents of Buffalo was attracted towards the city by the appearance of a mirage, which was seen by a number of persons. It was a very beautiful sight, and was described as follows: "The Canadian and Chautauque shores, on either side of the bay, bathed in the soft dimness of the air, were lifted up and regarded with the eye, as if by a magic power, as if they were in the clouds, and as if they were a part of the sky."

GREAT METEORIC SHOWER.—A meteoric shower which appears to have extended over the greater part of Eastern Ohio, fell on Tuesday, 15th of May. In New Concord four stones, weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, fell near the track of the Central Railroad, striking themselves on the ground to the depth of about two feet. At Clayville stones of the same quality, but in greater quantities, fell. Near McConnellsville several boys observed a huge stone descend to the earth, which they averred looked like a red ball, leaving a long and narrow trail. A gentleman, hearing of the crash, like thunder, which lasted half a minute, and then plainly saw a large body descending through the air in an oblique direction, with a velocity apparently much greater than it could have attained by its own momentum. Going to the spot where it touched the ground, he found a rock weighing over 50 pounds, imbedded in the earth to a depth of 2 feet. The stones were found over 50 miles apart, and are all alike, being fragmentary, and of a dark metallic surface, very compact and heavy. The noise of the explosion was heard over four or five counties, in some places being taken for thunder, in others shaking the ground

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND GENEVESE EVANGELIST.

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF SOUND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND PURE RELIGION, ESPECIALLY CONNECTED WITH THE CONFEDERATED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND GENEVESE EVANGELIST was commenced three years ago by a company of benevolent and pious men, who loved the Church and desired to promote its interests. The paper is published weekly, except on Sundays and public fast days.

PAPER.

There is nothing that may not be made of paper. Our houses may be built and furnished with paper, doing in various ways, and consistently the duty of a citizen, rather than to know what to think, and all that a builder or an upholsterer's bill. There is hardly any limit to the density, the tenacity, the softness, or the flexibility which may be imparted to the material. It is true that the manufacture of the best kind of paper, and the preparation of it for use, are subjects in a very important paper may be made for sale. It is true that when we talk of solid fabrics paper-makers exclaim indignantly that this is not paper; but the Excise is not always of that opinion, and it does not know what to think, and is now following paper through its endless transformations. Cloth—that is, the textile form—is an application of fibre; all others are paper. It is properly paper. Our Japan trays are but sheets of stiff paper. It was a sheet of thick paper which was used for the cover of the first book; and it is now the material of the book cover.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR NEWS.

THE POISON-BUSH.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OL CLOTHS.

FINE GROCERIES.

THE GREAT REDO-BARTIST WORKS.

THE WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING.

THE GREAT REDO-BARTIST WORKS.

THE WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

GREAT METEORIC SHOWER.

THE WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

THE WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

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