

The Family Circle.

THE PITMAN TO HIS WIFE.

Sit ye down on the settle here by me, I've got something to say to thee, wife; I want to be a new sort of man and to lead a new sort of life; There's but little pleasure and little gain in spending the days I spend, Just to work like a horse all the days of my life, and to die like a dog at the end.

"Betsy Margaret," as she called her doll; so she threw Betsy Margaret on the floor, with a violence that would have broken her head, had it not, fortunately, been of wood, and stamped her little foot, and then ran out of the room as fast as she could.

blood. Keep me from all evil, and make me ready to live with thee forever in heaven. For the sake of Jesus my Saviour. Amen.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.] THERE IS HOPE. There is hope for the flower that hath faded, Though it droop its fair head in the dust; Though the bloom of its beauty is shaded, And its splendour are darkened and lost.

"No," I answered. "Oh, sir! he wur a good parson. Many's the time he come and sit at my son's bedside—him that's dead and gone, sir—for a long hour, on a Saturday night, too. And then when I see him up in the desk the next mornin', I'd say to myself, 'Old Rogers, that's the man as sat by your son's bedside last night. Think o' that Rogers!' Sure, somehow, I never did feel right sure o' that same. He didn't seem to have the same cut, somehow; and he didn't talk a bit the same. And when he spoke to me after sermon, in the churchyard, I was always of a mind to go into the church again and look up to the pulpit to see if he were really out ov it; for this wurn't the same man, you see. But you'll know all about it better than I can tell you, sir. Only I always liked parson better out o' the pulpit, and that's how I come to want to make you look at me, sir, instead o' the water down there, afore I see you in church to-morrow mornin'."

put on a stout, closely woven nightcap. People who are at the height of cleverness in this respect, sleep with their heads under the bed clothes. Take no rest on a hair mattress; it is elastic and pleasant, certainly, but does not encase the body; and, therefore, you run a risk of not awaking languid.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

MAY'S FIRST LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

Little May was three years old; a darling child. All over her head the curls clustered, like wreathed gold; her blue eyes danced in mirth, or filled with great tears till they looked like violets wet with dew, and her little feet tripped here and there about the house, making a musical patter wherever they went.

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

This is the name of a book written by a lady, for the purpose of teaching children how to do good, more than eighty thousand copies of which, we are glad to see, have already been sold. It is full of good tales about good children trying to do good.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

THE NEW VICAR.

I did not feel as I feel now when first I came to this parish. For, as I have said, I am now getting old very fast. True, I was thirty when I was made a vicar, an age at which a man might be expected to be beginning to grow wise; but even then I had much yet to learn.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND.

"Because," says Bayard Taylor, "there, girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly dressed, and allowed to run, romp and play in the open air. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their clothing, nor are rendered delicate or dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet-cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercises and an abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

ERADICATION OF STUMPS.

When it is necessary to remove large stumps under circumstances which render it impracticable to avail one's self of the assistance of a "stump machine," the work may be successfully accomplished by burning. This is done by digging under them, filling the cavity with combustible materials, and covering the stump, after firing the materials, with turf, in the same manner that coal-kilns are covered. The fire will in a short time effect the entire destruction of the stumps—even the long lateral roots, unless the soil is very humid, in which case the burning should be undertaken during the dry weather of summer. If the dirt is excavated a few weeks before the burning is undertaken, the operation will be more speedily effected. The ashes produced by the combustion will afford an excellent stimulus for the soil, and should be carefully applied as soon as the operation is completed. But in all cases where eradication by pulling is practicable, the stump machine should be used.—Germantown Telegraph.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

CORN MOLASSES.

Mr. Thomas Randolph, a farmer of this county, residing between Worthington and Cascade, informs us that he has tried the experiment of making molasses from the stalks of sweet corn. He says that it is superior to that made from sorghum or imphee. The corn-stalks yield as much molasses as the sorghum. He promises to send us a sample, when we shall have the quality tested by judges and report their decision. If it sustains Mr. Randolph's opinion it will be of no small consideration to our farmers, as the sweet corn-stalk will mature in this region when the sorghum and imphee will not. Mr. Randolph used his corn-stalks immediately after he had removed the crop of ears for table use.—Dubuque Times.

[WRITERS FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

The London Times of September 20th says the cattle plague has suddenly exhibited an entirely new and unexpected development. The disease has broken out among the sheep, accompanied by its most fatal characteristics; and there is every appearance of the infection having been communicated both from sheep to cows, and from cows to sheep. If this were in Massachusetts, the "Commissioners" would take to killing all the cows and sheep, instead of trying to cure them. The Englishmen will probably separate the diseased from the healthy animals, and see what medical treatment can do for them.