

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

## ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

Said Mrs. A.  
To Mrs. J.  
In quite a confidential way,  
"It seems to me  
That Mrs. B.  
Takes too much—something—in her tea."  
And Mrs. J.  
To Mrs. K.  
That night was overheard to say—  
She grieved to touch  
Upon it much,  
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"  
Then Mrs. K.  
Went straight away  
And told a friend the self-same day,  
"Twas sad to think"—  
Here came a wink—  
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."  
The friend's disgust  
Was such, she must  
Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"  
That Mrs. B.  
At half-past three  
Was "that far gone, she couldn't see!"

This lady we  
Have mentioned, she  
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,  
And at such news  
Could scarcely choose  
But further needlework refuse.  
Then Mrs. B.,  
As you'll agree,  
Quite properly—she said, said she,  
That she would track  
The scandal back  
To those who made her look so black.  
Through Mrs. K.  
And Mrs. J.  
She got at last to Mrs. A.,  
And asked her why,  
With cruel lie,  
She painted her so deep a dye?  
Said Mrs. A.,  
In sore dismay,  
"I no such thing could ever say;  
I said that you  
Had stouter grew  
On too much sugar—which you do!"

## RISING IN THE WORLD.

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life with little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift, and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.—*Scientific American.*

A MAN needs a thorough, special training for business as well as for any other calling in life. To go through college and to travel no more fits him to manage a business than it does to make a boot. Give him leather, and a last, and tools, and he will make a botch of the job, and spoil the material. Could more be expected of him when called upon to do the other work which is at variance with all his past experience?

A MOUNT BETHEL township farmer cut open an old hornet's nest, just to examine the inside arrangements. He says he thinks he will be able to see his barn in about two weeks.

**DEATH OF FORSTER.**—John Forster, the great friend of Charles Dickens, has just died at the age of sixty-three. A journalist, historian, critic and biographer, he occupied a high place in the estimation of the most distinguished men of his nation. He is known to the people on this side of the water by his biography of Dickens—a work that gives its author his greatest reputation. Born at Newcastle in 1812, the same year of Dickens' birth, Forster was originally educated for the bar, but at an early age became a writer and subsequently editor of the London *Examiner*. He remained connected with this paper for over eighteen years, and after Dickens retired from the editorship of the *Daily News*, Forster succeeded him. His most celebrated works are his "Biographical and Historical Essays," his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," his "Life of Charles Dickens" and his "Life of Jonathan Swift"—his last work, and only recently published.

**SHE VOTED.**—Considering that the following comes from a Laramie paper it is not very bad. The papers have been telling about the Laramie woman who sat down and took a good cry when her vote was challenged. Now let them talk about the woman at Medicine Bow, who, just as she was depositing her vote last election day, was surprised to hear a burly rough sing out:

"I challenge that woman's vote."  
"On what grounds, sir?"  
"She hasn't been long enough in the Territory."  
Did the woman sit down and cry over it? It is not recorded. Her dainty little hand slid back to the folds of her pull-back, and the next thing that audacious chap knew he was gazing into the muzzle of a derringer, while the fair voter said:

"How long have I been in the Territory, sir?"  
"Look out, madam—don't. That cussed thing might go off—take it away; I beg your pardon; I—don't touch that trigger—I—I'm mistaken in the woman. Please point that the other way. I'll lick the lying sheep-thief that says you haven't lived here in this town for more than ten years. I swar I will."

He scooted around the corner and she smilingly passed in her ticket.

**HUGGED.**—The *Liverpool Post* says that compensation for being hugged by a Polar bear in Lime-street Station was claimed at the Court of Passage, on January 6, from the London and Northwestern Railway Company. The victim of the alarming embrace was a Mrs. Montgomery, who was waiting for a train with her husband and brother. The bear was confined in a barrel which was placed on a hand-truck, and it was alleged that Mrs. Montgomery, unconscious of the proximity of the bear, found herself in the grasp of its paws and squeezed so severely that her breath was quite taken away. As soon as she could scream the uncomfortable plight she was in was discovered, and she was rescued without suffering from broken bones, but not without painful physical and nervous sensations, which have not yet left her. She wore at the time a sealskin jacket, and the learned assessor suggested that the conduct of the bear might be referable to an association of ideas between this article of dress and the animal's former seal-hunting exploits in the Arctic regions. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £60.

**SAVING AND HAVING.**—Either a man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns, (whether his earnings be one dollar or ten dollars a day,) let him look for lean and hungry want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks.

To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune; there is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these plain facts will be forever poor, and for their obstinate rejection of the truth, mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them so die, and thank themselves. But, no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath.

They might as well curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can tell them fortune

does not give away her real and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate; 'tis sheerest folly in the world.

Every man may make or mar his life, whichever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by diligence, honesty, frugality, place themselves in position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is the five hundred dollars or more standing in your name at the savings bank. The best evidence of honesty is both diligence and frugality.

**AVOID SELFISHNESS.**—One way to benefit ourselves is to labor for the public good. We cannot isolate ourselves as individuals from society in which we live and of which we form a part. Selfishness and exclusiveness may enable us to make a success of our business or private enterprise, but our life is a failure if we never rise above self and self interest. How many men are pushing their own business to the exclusion of every thing else, not even regarding the rights of others, much less caring for their interests or the interests of the public. Selfishness and avarice dwarf the soul and freeze out all the fine feelings of man's nature. Without some self-denial the graces of the Christian religion cannot exist. Charity and avarice can never dwell in the same home. Let us then stop always putting self first, for in this case none of the important interests of society will ever occupy a place in our minds or labors; only let some of the energy and watchfulness which characterize our efforts in advancing our own interests be exercised in behalf of the community in which we live.

**A BIRD'S PETITION.**—The following unique petition was received at the clerk's office of the board of supervisors, at San Francisco, Cal., recently and was presented to the board that night:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors.

We, denizens of the air, address our plaintive prayer. For our sakes and the sakes of hundreds of gentle comrades, who, in their brief span of life, gladdened, amid the weighty cares of your position oft-times, your hearts with their sweet warblings and tender lays, but who now alas! lie mouldering on the ground, we the mourning survivors beg with bleeding hearts that you, in your pity for us, make stern laws and have them sternly enforced; for with their dreadful slung-shots the wicked school boys make our life full of endless cares and anxiety; they frighten our gentle mates, daily drop from our midst our beloved brethren, and leave us to weep our bitter tears over the untimely end of our fellow creatures and our own uncertain future. Feeling certain that this petition will meet your tender and careful consideration, we place ourselves under your gracious protection, and with hope once more will blend our voices on high in glad bursts of gratitude. In behalf of all our feathered tribe, we sign ourselves, respectfully the committee, Misses Chirpie, Sparrow, California Canary, Humming Bird.

**RICH WITHOUT MONEY.**—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, are rich. A man born with a good, sound stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

**NEWSBOYS.**—Every one who has passed late of a cold winter's night through the streets of lower New York must have observed the groups of thinly-clad, shivering boys huddled over the sidewalk-gratings in front of buildings where steam is used. The writer was passing the *World* office one cold winter morning, just before the hour for going to press, and noticed a little newsboy curled up, fast asleep, on one of the gratings. A companion was walking up and

down, his hands in his pockets, his head shrunk down between his shoulders, and his whole air betokening patient endurance of the biting cold. Just then Trinity Church clock struck the hour of three. "Wake up, Bill," said the lad who was walking, giving the sleeper a gentle push with his foot; "wake up; it's my turn now." The boy uncurred himself slowly, got up without a word, and began walking back and forth, while his companion, with an expressive "Golly! ain't I cold!" took his place on the grating, and was fast asleep in half a minute.—*Harper's Weekly.*

SOME geologists think the earth is sinking in the equatorial region, and is being thrust out in the direction of the poles. It is to a great extent proved that volcanoes are not found in areas of upheaval, but of depression. They are the most numerous in the equatorial regions, and constantly increase in number as the equator is approached from the poles. It is also remarkable that the two volcanic groups of the Antilles and Sunda Islands are exactly antipodes of each other, and also in the vicinity of the two poles of flattening, the existence of which on the surface of the globe has been proved by the recent calculations of astronomers.

A WITTY moralist says that "many a man thinks it's virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach." One should be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles.

## GOLDEN SHEAVES.

More holiness give me,  
More strivings within,  
More patience in suffering,  
More sorrow for sin,  
More faith in my Saviour,  
More sense of His care,  
More joy in His service,  
More purpose in prayer.

—True affection grows stronger as it grows older.

—The door between us and heaven cannot be opened, if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

—As sharp and nipping winters do to the earth, so do afflictions do to the heart—they mellow it, make it fruitful.

—There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.—*Arthur Helps.*

—When some die, all that can be said of them is, "They lived in splendid style, were driven in splendid equipages, and died, leaving to their heirs a splendid fortune.

—A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—*Emerson*

—Of what character is your conversation? Is it pure? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by its fruits. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity.

—Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—*Helps.*

—Limit your wants, estimate their cost, and never exceed it, taking pains always to keep it inside of your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure you make it first.

—The Heaven of which we have to tell you is a land so good that it was spoken of in the covenant before the world was. It has been promised to the people of God ten thousand times. Jesus has shed his most precious blood that he might open the gates of it and bring us in. And it is a land—such a land—that if you had but seen it; if you could but know what it is, you would pine away in stopping here; for its very dust is Gold; its meanest joys are richer than the transports of earth, and the poorest in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he who is the mightiest prince in the kingdom of the world.