

### House-cleaning—How to Best Wrestle with the Carpets.

Carpet-cleaning is always more or less of a bugbear and conundrum to ordinary, work-a-day people. Those who can afford to hire a professional carpet-lifter need no suggestions on the subject and they have but little comprehension of the outlay of strength and patience required to obtain satisfactory results by their poorer but equally godly neighbors. Outside of cities or towns, it is often impossible to find anyone to do such work, and the burden falls on weary shoulders which can hardly bear the daily routine of housework when the time of house-cleaning is yet afar off. Those old-fashioned housekeepers who delight in hard work, and who make it for the pleasure of doing it, likewise need no suggestions.

In the first place, don't be a slave to housework and tear up carpets because it is "house-cleaning time" in your vicinity, but wait until "convenient season"—until the weather, and health, and work, are most favorable, such days come sooner or later—and then begin gently. Some people charge a room as if it were a fort, and the noise and dust of battle remind one of the accounts of battles recorded in the Old Testament. If one pair of hands must perform the usual and extra work as well, it is almost always best to do the lamp-filling, dish-washing, etc., at the customary time, rather than leave them to be done when one is tired out. After removing everything movable in the room, begin tack-lifting, which need not be a long job if the tacks have been properly driven, viz., not quite as far as they will go. Then begin at one side and lay each breadth over on the next one to it, till the middle of the room is reached, and then begin at the opposite side of the room and proceed in the same way until both halves can be folded together. Then begin at each end of the strip and fold toward the middle until it is small enough to carry out. When taken up in this way less dust is raised to be taken into the lungs and skin of the one in the room, and the carpet is easier to handle when out of doors.

When once out of the house there are various ways of disposing of it. One little neighborhood I know of used to put all its carpets (rag) into the mill-race for a day or two. And a certain hygienic lady who ordered her ingrained carpet to be taken up and cleaned caused her servant to put it in a wash-tub and rub it out, much to the poor girl's sorrow and disgust. Thoroughly shaking and sunning a carpet is usually enough, and if it isn't the carpet should either be steamed by machinery or sold to the ragman.

Commonly carpets are hung upon a line and beaten—sometimes with barrel staves or boards or poles, which should never be allowed, as the stiff end, combined with the "snap" of the fabric, is sure to injure it if it does not make a hole. A carriage whip is very good for beating carpets provided one does not mind the wear on the whip. Feabush is the best of anything to whip with, as it can do no harm and covers a large surface at once. A much better way than to hang the carpet upon the line, and one quite as easy in the country, is to prepare a good bed of peabush and spread the carpet upon it and whip it. The dust falls directly out instead of merely dropping a few inches. Laying it upon clean grass and sweeping it (on both sides) is another very good way to clean a carpet when one has not the strength to hang it up. When the carpet is well beaten it should be folded again and laid in the room so that it shall fit when opened breadth by breadth.

There are different opinions as to what should be placed under a carpet to prevent its wearing. Catherine Beecher recommends straw matting because it is flat and the dust sifts through it instead of wearing the wrong side of the carpet. She also cautions against the use of hay, because it wears the carpet in spots. Besides this it has to most people an unpleasant odor, especially in damp weather. Many people use newspapers, partly because they do away with much hard scrubbing of the floor, and partly because they make the floor warmer in winter. This, however, has the disadvantage of keeping the dust next to the carpet. Partly worn matting with newspapers beneath make an excellent protection for both floor and carpet. Paper for this purpose can be obtained where carpets are sold. The carpet padding which can also be had is liable to gather dampness and is long in drying if anything is spilled on the carpet.

A good floor of contrasting woods can be put down in any room that has three-quarter inch thresholds at about the same cost as a good carpet, and with warmish clear water and a self-wringing mop can easily be kept clean, and surplus energy can be worked off by rug making, in which is displayed so much taste, not to say high art, nowadays. In the good time coming when tacked carpets are as much a thing of the past as sanded floors are to us, perhaps our descendants will be able to strengthen the weak backs and stomachs bequeathed to them from the over-taxed powers of the present generation of housekeepers. But just as long as the custom prevails of heavy carpets fitted and nailed into place, so long will the love of cleanliness cause women to sacrifice their strength—which signifies health—to their floors.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

### Sanitary Condition of Farm-houses.

Farmers who are about to build houses, by observing certain precautionary measures will greatly mitigate all sickness arising from malaria, such as ague or intermittent fever and neuralgia. The farm-house should be situated not only on high ground that has a dry surface, but the subsoil ought also to be dry. In a word, it should have a perfect drainage, natural or artificial. The drainage of the ground about the house is of great importance, and this should be direct away from the well that supplies the water for domestic use. A whole chapter might be written on the evil resulting from drinking water from wells that are supplied with surface water and the filtering of slop-drains, etc. In districts in near proximity to rivers, marshes or other sources of malaria, account should be taken of the direction of prevailing winds, so that the house will not be erected on the

side of these malarial-producing districts to receive the malaria brought by the winds. For instance, if the prevailing winds are westerly, avoid building on the east side of a marsh or pond. While a house ought not to be densely shaded by trees, it is well, in damp localities, to plant rapidly-growing trees, because they take up much of the moisture. In malarial sections the sleeping-rooms should be at the top of the house, not on the ground floor. An observance of these and similar rules will do much toward promoting the health of a family. One word more—avoid outdoor exposure early in the morning and late at night in malarial regions; boil all the water that is used for drinking purposes, and prevent any vegetable matter from decaying in or around the dwelling.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

### The Farmer's Laboratory.

The coming farmer has got to be a scientific man, and the sooner the matter is squarely faced the better for him and all his folks. The capabilities of soil are as important as the capabilities of the teams selected to work them; and the farmer who is a good judge of horse-flesh, and a poor judge or no judge at all of his land, is in a sorry predicament. There are many farmers who cannot read or write, who have never heard a discussion on soils, who know nothing about phosphates, nitrogen or potash; but nevertheless have never yet failed to work any land which has been put into their care with perfect success. Notwithstanding their want of education they have been close observers, with a good memory, and have stored away in the recesses of their brain, never to be put into words, but only to be brought out in their own practice, a fund of useful knowledge as profound as the most learned professor ever dreamed of.

These men are scientific farmers in the true sense of the term; yet they cannot express themselves by any mode, only by example. Precept is beyond their powers. They never could become teachers because it would take a lifetime to show what they know, and their pupils would be supernaturally before they were ready to graduate. The home-made scientific farmer has no apparatus to perform such experiments as terra-culture calls for; no chemicals laid before the rural public; but only a few little grains of common sense which in a pure soil would grow such a terribly sound crop of experience. And here lies their safety: they do not know enough to be misled by any of the many plausible theories offered them; they cannot understand them, and their brain remains unimpaired. Blessed be ignorance when so eminently useful.

There is a class of farmers coming to the front, however, who are possessed with the desire for knowledge, who have learned that in this year, 1881, "knowledge is power." These men have not the technical knowledge to enable them to use philosophical apparatus, or to cull samples, or to create combinations from the constituents of the soil on their farms, and are thus held back from much practical knowledge absolutely necessary to their prosperity. To this class I wish to offer a few ideas, which, if pursued, will prove extremely interesting as well as profitable. Soils are extremely various, ranging from clay so pure as to make the best of brick down to sand so pure as to travel to and fro with every wind. Every kind of soil when acted upon by water (rain) acts as a filter. Clay allows but little of the mineral components to pass, while sand suffers all to descend to a certain depth. The various mixtures of clay and sand, the basis of all soils, arrest the fertilizing properties of liquids according as the proportion of each predominates.

Here we have the secret of profitable manuring. A clay soil will retain the fertilizing principles near the surface, and short or surface-rooted plants will find their food there when they need it. A sandy soil allows the strength of manure to wash deeper, consequently deep-rooted plants must be placed there. The exact place of retardation of the strength of a manure in any given soil, then, is a matter of great importance.

Without this knowledge crops may be put in so contrary to their requirements as to cause a general failure over the whole farm; while with it, by a mere shifting to congenial fields, every crop would have been successful.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

### A Hint for Mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing for well-bred and intelligent women to make the mistake of speaking of their children in their presence as if having ears they hear not. Where is the man who can not look back to childhood and recall distinctly the delightful feeling of importance with which he thrilled as he became conscious that he was the subject of conversation? How many times their bright sayings are repeated before them in a way that tends toward undue self-esteem. "Mamma, you haven't told Cousin Libbie what I said the other day," a small boy said reproachfully to his mother, and she being reminded of it told over some very wise remarks he had made, but their charm was lost as one noted the avidity with which they were listened to by the young man himself. Sometimes the fond mother proceeds on the assumption that if she speaks in a lower tone than usual those two ever-open ears will not take in the force of her remarks. It is astonishing to see how many men and women appear to have "burned their ships behind them"; they seem to possess no power over their past; they do not appear to be able to recall anything which will bring their own childhood near enough to be of any service to them in their relations to their own children. A mother one day sitting beside a sick child told a neighbor that "she had a very bad spell about two o'clock in the morning; if we can get her past this hour without another such attack, we shall hope she will get well." I submit to every right feeling person if this was not downright cruelty; the poor, nervous child, with excited imagination, could hardly get past that hour without increased suffering. How watchful we need to be, and with what constant care we have to seek for higher wisdom to help us in the management of our children!—*N. Y. Post.*

### Paper Pulp from Wood.

The following interesting description of the process of making wood pulp is from an account of the opening of the Thorold Pulp Paper Company's establishment, published by the Thorold Post, Canada:

The wood, four feet in length and of any thickness, is brought in at the basement, placed in the barking-jack (one stick at a time), where two men, with draw-knives, rapidly peel off the bark. It is then conveyed by the elevator to the first floor, sawed in two-foot lengths with a cross-cut saw, where it is slabbled (that is, a small portion of wood on opposite sides taken off), to permit its resting firmly in the grinding engine. It is then passed to the boring machine (an upright and a one-half inch auger, with foot attachment driven by power), where the knots are bored out. The wood is then placed in racks of the same size as the receptacle in the grinding engine and carried out to the ground. The grinding engines are upright, and receive at filling one-twentieth of a cord of wood.

The wood is placed in a receptacle, and by a simple, variable automatic feed process is pressed flatwise between two outward revolving rolls, composed of solid emery, which are flooded with a spray of water, carrying off the fibrillized pulp in a stream through revolving screens to the tank or stuff chest in the basement. It is then pumped up into a vat that forms part of the wet machine. In this vat is constantly revolving a large cylinder with fine brass wire cloth, which picks up the particles of pulp out of the water and places them on the felt (an endless piece of woolen goods which makes between rolls, for different purposes, a continual circuit of the wet machine). On the cylinder is turning a heavy roll, called the concha; between the two, where they meet, the cylinder leaves the pulp, with most of the water pressed from it.

The pulp now makes its appearance on the felt above the concha roll in a beautiful sheet, thirty-eight inches in width, and is carried along in a steady flow a distance of about eight feet, where it passes between but not beyond two heavy rollers, the upper roll, the lower wood; it adheres to the upper roll, which is constantly turning, wrapping it up, and when a sufficient thickness is attained is cut off by a knife being pressed to the roll, attached to the machine for that purpose. It now leaves the roll in a thick white sheet, which is received by the boy in attendance on a mangle conveniently attached to the machine, and folded into sheets fourteen by twenty-six inches. It is then placed on scales until the weight is one hundred pounds, when it is placed in the press and firmly tied into square, compact bundles. It is now ready for shipment to the paper mill, to be made into printing and tea paper. The wood paper pulp has been placed in the market and found a ready sale.

### Grecian Beauty.

Much has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are hand-some in every sense of the word; we might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long silky eye-lashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white, and well set; a fine regular profile, a pale-olive complexion, and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the old Oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization, they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence, and count as nothing in society; the men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns, where servants are kept, they are of the poorest class of peasant, who know nothing, and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them, to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor worn-out mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her silk-worms and cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servants over again.

### Self-doctoring.

The desire to be "his own doctor" seems, like hope, to "spring eternal in the human breast," and often leads to most disastrous consequences. Many a man who, if his horse or cow is sick, sends at once for the veterinary practitioner, will run the risk of prescribing for ailments of his own that are on the face of them quite as serious and as much in need of professional treatment. He will take the advice of an ignorant neighbor as to what is "good for" an illness, when he would laugh at the idea of going to any other business or concern whatever. In the days of our grandmothers, when the household materia medica consisted of "roots and yarbs," with a few simple drugs like epsom salts, this domestic or "lay" prescribing was less dangerous than in these days, when concentrated and powerful agents have become so common and familiar. The household remedies of the olden time were rarely liable to do much harm, even if they did no good. The cure was generally in reality left to nature, though the "roots and yarbs" got the credit of it. But most of the drugs of our day are not of this inert or negative character, and the danger in their use by the ignorant is a real and serious danger. The most powerful medicines that unprofessional people of a former generation ventured to fool with bore about the same relation to those now in vogue that gunpowder does to nitro-glycerine; yet the latter are used even more recklessly

than the former ever were. The spread of popular information upon physiological and medical topics has made many persons more self-confident and careless in these matters, while the agents they use require vastly greater caution. A little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing, but when it leads a man to think that he can "doctor" himself, in ailments of any serious nature, the old and often abused proverb is indisputably true.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

### A Squaw's Patrimony.

A suit has been brought in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburgh, involving the title to a large amount of property. Many readers will remember the case of Cub-a-You-Quit, daughter of William Mowry, formerly of Pittsburgh, which was tried about two years ago, and in which the defendants were successful. The recent suit is similar in nature, but varies in one important particular. In the Cub-a-You-Quit case the plaintiffs failed to prove a legal marriage between the mother of the girl and William Mowry, but in the present case, instituted by a cousin of Cub-a-You-Quit, it is claimed there will be no difficulty on that score. The history of the case is as follows: Alexander Addison Mowry, a brother of William Mowry, settled in Saginaw Valley, Michigan, in 1844 or thereabouts. That section of the country was then a wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and a few white traders. Addison Mowry, who was a sort of half-fellow-well-met, followed the general custom of the whites and took to himself as wife O-Gaw-Baish-Kow-Mo-Quay, who was noted for her beauty and intelligence; but, unlike many others, it is alleged that he had a formal marriage ceremony performed by Seth Willy, at that time a Justice of the Peace in East Saginaw. He died in 1852, leaving to survive him his Indian widow and his daughter, Nancy, or, in the Indian tongue, Waw-Se-Ge-Zhe-Goquay. The plaintiffs in the present suit, Nancy and her mother, now come into court and demand that those who have long occupied lands in Pittsburgh of great value, once the property of Addison Mowry's father, be ejected and the property given to the widow and her daughter as heirs of Addison Mowry. The attorneys in the case include some of the ablest lawyers in Pennsylvania and Michigan. The value of the property in dispute is estimated at from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

### "Trancevoyance."

Some interesting scientific experiments demonstrating the truth of the disputed phenomena of clairvoyance have recently been made by Dr. G. M. Beard, of this city. The "sensitive" was a lady, the wife of a lecturer on mesmerism. A first experiment failed, but on a second trial the lady, whose eyes were covered with cotton and closely banded, was able to name accurately cards drawn at random from a pack and held by the doctor upon her forehead. She also read the title-page of a volume which the doctor took from his pocket. Other experiments with coarse print were equally successful, but she was unable to read fine print.

Dr. Beard calls the faculty trancevoyance, and thinks that it may be developed to such a degree that the person gifted with it can read entire pages of ordinary print held against the forehead. The lady, describing her sensations when in the trancevoyant state, says that an electric light seemed to be thrown forward from the back of the brain upon her forehead, illuminating it and enabling her to see it distinctly. A further study of this curious power of reading without eyes will no doubt be of great value to the development of the still rudimentary science of brain and nerve action. Such experiments as those of Dr. Beard are heavy blows at the theories of the materialists who claim that all mental action is a physical phenomenon depending on the organs of sensation. What power is it, will they tell us, that reads coarse print when the eyes are practically blinded? There must be a faculty of perception in the brain quite independent of the organs of sight, which, under certain rare conditions, comes into play. What is it that sees without the aid of optic nerve or retina? Here is a question which opens a wide and interesting field for speculation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### It Will Be Useful.

The instantaneous photograph process is now used in Paris, to take, without his knowing it, the portrait of any suspicious-looking person presenting a draft or check at the banks; and also by means of clock-work to expose a series of sensitive plates for hours in succession, so as to inform an absent employer how his clerks conducted themselves—whether they attended to business, or smoked, lounged and went out; and to give an account of the children's behavior when left to themselves. Its success will probably bring it into general use. A jealous husband can go to Chicago feeling assured that the tell-tale camera will give an account of the way in which his wife spent her time. It will be very useful to wives who spend the summer with the children in the country, enabling them to know how deeply Charles Augustus and William Henry had occasion to regret their absence and whether they really did "read in the lonely library until they were sleepy and went to bed before 10." It would also be useful in furnishing the public with illustrations of the way public officials do public business in city halls, State capitals and Washington departments.—*Droit Free Press.*

Green canaries were exhibited at a recent bird show in Berlin, Germany. Others were red, light brown and gray. The variations of color had been caused by the daily use of cayenne pepper in their food. The pepper was at first given in small quantities, and the birds appeared to like it, but the feathers soon fell, giving them a molting appearance. In a short time new feathers of divers colors sprouted. The variations were ascribed to the different qualities of the pepper and the quantity given.

A ringed and feathered little Indian princess smilingly presented a purse of her own manufacture to the Duke of Sutherland during his recent visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

### Our Young Folks.

#### "WHAT IS A HERO?"

Mamma closed her book as the eve grew dim.  
"Twas a beautiful story, too—  
About a Captain who gave his life,  
In a storm, to save his crew."  
Her little boy sat on her knee, and thought  
Of the tale she just had read:  
"Then, I'll give my eyes to his mother's face,  
'What is a hero?' he said."  
"Is he always, I wonder, a great, strong man?  
Does one ever come to this town?  
Then mamma softly bends, and strokes  
The curls of chestnut-brown."  
"A little boy, like you, can be  
A hero brave and true,  
Fighting, not giants, but faults, my pot—  
Willing to dare and do."  
"In days of old, brave men were called  
By the good name of 'knight':  
They helped the weak, and ever fought  
For justice, truth and right."  
"All heroes that the world has known  
Once were but boys who tried  
To lead a noble life, and leave  
A grand name when they died."  
"The bravest hero, dear little one,  
May never in far lands roam,  
Or do great deeds; but every boy  
Can be a hero at home!"  
—*Golden Days.*

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOYS.

I have lately had a letter from my nephew, Johnny Briggs. As the spelling and grammar are a little defective, I will only give the postscripts, which, however, contain the pith of the letter itself. They run thus:  
"P. S. one Reason I have decided to go to sea, is because I am so fond of Fun and adventure."  
"P. S. I can rise quicker in the navy or by going in the Merchant Service."  
JOHNNY BRIGGS.

It is a great many years since I was a boy like Johnny—a great many, yet not so long ago but that, after reading his letter and its postscripts, I fully understand Johnny's frame of mind. He is tired of the sameness of life—the eating and sleeping and going to school are all so uneventful. There are no pirates, or wild Indians, or typhoons to be encountered in this prosaic existence, no fair young maidens to be rescued from peril of field, fire or flood. His ardent soul pants for adventure, and he is aflame to encounter the excitement which he fondly believes to be inseparable from

"A life on the ocean wave."  
According to his letter, this new-born desire is due to "a unquenchable Spirit of Roving," which he darkly hints is an inheritance from a very remote ancestor, who is mentioned by Johnny as a "freebooter." My own impression, however, is that it arises from the fact that the news-dealer at the corner of the block where Johnny lives deals in five-cent nautical novels of the most startling kind. I saw one of them once. It was called "The Boy Blockader; or, The Strange Secret of Hampton Hall." I was interested to notice that the publishers announced it as of thrilling interest, and intended especially for the instruction and edification of youth! All for five cents! But I am wandering from my subject.

Now Johnny has asked my advice on this matter of going to sea. True, I know that, like advice asking people in general, he will only take so much of it as coincides with his own ideas—the remainder will be contemptuously ignored as the views of an old fogey. But duty with a big D stands at my elbow, so out of my past experience I have evolved the following:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—"The Burlington Hawkeye" man, who is one of the most charming persons I know, says this: 'Everybody likes a candid man till he gives a candid opinion that interferes with their own. Then he's a bigot.' So before I finish this letter you'll know what a bigot is, and that will be something.

"Your fondness for fame and adventure is—if I may so express it—a family weakness. It sent your father to California in '49, and brought him home with rather less money than he took away with him. Me it sent to sea; and if I learned nothing else there, I found out that present-day sea-going hasn't quite as much fun or adventure about it as present-day sea-stories would have us believe. If you, my dear Johnny, should go to sea, you would probably make the same discovery. I doubt even if you would find your shipmates a daring Dick Dashaway, a romantic Ralph Rax-kstraw, or even a jolly Jack Easy. The men who have taken the place of these heroes of fiction are literally on earth, earthly, rather than of the sea, salt. I don't know just why the salt should have so lost its savor since the days of Cooper and Marryatt. But one would think now-a-days that it was henceforth fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, such a downright race are the sailors of to-day.

"For you will no longer, my dear Johnny, find the jovial tar who in the words of your favorite song:  
"Sings as he views the gathering cloud,  
To be the manly, independent mariner  
of fiction. Rather is he (literally, oftentimes) under the iron heel of a brutal taskmaster."  
"I have never heard heard him sigh as he viewed the gathering cloud, though I have heard him, under his breath, use unpleasantly emphatic words on the subject of the weather. And my impression is, my dear nephew, that after you have been to sea a short time, you yourself will not look upon the gathering cloud in the light of a subject for tuneful melody; because when a man is called out of his watch below to help shorten sail four or five times every twenty-four hours, he is apt to lose his ear for music."  
"Why, the summons to this unpleasant duty is of itself calculated to make a boy think of home. The officer of the deck does not send word for a deck that as the weather is likely to be unpleasant he would be obliged to the sailors if they would kindly arise and appear on deck as soon as they can conveniently. Oh, no! But the second mate, who is muscular of arm and powerful of voice, thunders away at the forecastle door, shouting in a tone that doesn't admit of discussion:  
"Turn out here to short'n sail; and be quick about it, too!"  
"I may remark in passing, my dear John, that it will at such a time be useless for you to plead fatigue, drowsiness or even a sudden headache, as an

excuse for not obeying, or even to remark that you'll be up "directly." I should not care to be in your sea-boots if you did.

"But by the time you are drenched with the driving rain, and flying spray, have plunged frantically into the lee scuppers and been requested with more emphasis than courtesy to get aloft on the topsail yard, you will forget your drowsiness. For it will be all the same to cling to the yard with your elbows while your feet are balanced on the slippery, swaying foot-ropes and your numbered fingers clutching at the slating canvas which seems trying to knock you from your perch."  
"But, I hear you say quite scornfully, 'it isn't always storming on the ocean.' And I have no doubt but that you picture yourself, arrayed like a 'Pinafore' sailor, leaning idly against the rail as the ship glides smoothly onward before the steady trade-winds over some sparkling tropical sea; which I confess is a charming picture, my dear nephew, the drawback being that it is as unlike the reality as a ten-cent 'chromo' is unlike a photographic negative.

"In certain latitudes there are summer seas and skies for days at a time. Were it not so, my dear boy, the unpleasant and endless jobs of tarring and greasing, and splicing and mending, and scrubbing and painting, and scraping and oiling, which are always going on on shipboard but never finished, would have to be done in bad weather instead of fine. For the good Captain and his kind-hearted officers not only mean that you shall have no time to 'mope' or be homesick in, but they bear in mind the beautiful suggestion of Dr. Watts, that

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."  
So that you will find every moment spent on deck is filled and running over into the next one with tasks of every conceivable kind—tasks which are invariably connected with clinging tar and odorous grease—tasks which will take you from the keelson to the royal truck a dozen times in a day.

"True, should the Sabbath prove exceptionally fine, you may have time to read a chapter in your Bible, though such rare occasions are generally occupied by sailors in the necessary duties of patching and mending.  
"So, my dear Johnny, in summing the matter up, I have to tell you frankly that going to sea before the mast does not give the boy the chance to gratify the love for fun and adventure of which he fondly dreams. True, being dismissed in a typhoon or wrecked on a lee shore may savor of adventure, but even these exciting episodes have some very unpleasant features—so unpleasant, in fact, that it not unfrequently happens to the participant in them that he never returns home to relate such adventures.  
"And finally, as to rising in the naval or merchant service, that, my dear nephew, depends. If you have an iron constitution, gutta-percha joints, and perfectly tempered steel springs all over your body; if you have a quick mind to take in both the practice and theory of seamanship; if you have a never-tiring energy, which can cause such body and such mind to be in the perpetual motion, and if you have enough of the yeast of ambition about you to keep the whole in a sort of unceasing ferment—why then, in the course of time, you may rise in either branch of the service. But you will never rise above hard work, exposure, anxiety and responsibility, even if you are elevated to the quarter-deck. In conclusion, my dear Johnny, my own impression is that, generally speaking, you will find the best part of sea-going to consist in staying at home and reading truthful accounts of the sailing experiences of others."—*Frank H. Converse, in Christian Union.*

### The Chained Fox.

A fox that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that, fowls and geese approached it without fear.  
"Pretty thing!" said its mistress.  
"It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back, than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump red pullet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain!" cried the woman, "and I thought you were so good."  
"So I was, mistress," answered the fox, "as long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the "put off studying your lessons to the last minute," for that runs off with your good marks at school; Master Reynard "speaking without thinking," which always getting its owner into trouble; and Sly-boots "nobody will see you do it." Chain them up! that's the only way to manage them.—*Kind Words.*

### Home Influence.

It was Napoleon who said that the character and fate of the child was the work of the mother. Largely this is true, though not in a sense to exclude the influence of the father, especially in the case of boys. The child is often left to the mother's care. A double duty is hers; to that which God gave is added that which man added upon her, and with her rests the whole work of preparing her child for the grave encounters of life. In how many homes does a mother's intercourse with her children alternate between caressing indulgence and pettish fault-finding? In how many are the bodies pampered and dressed, children reduced to mere ornaments to gratify paternal vanity, while the affections are thwarted, and all the highest possibilities of the mind either uncultured or repulsed. Girlhood and boyhood pass, the old home is left, and the new begun away from old scenes and associations, restrained no longer, but altogether free, still you trace childhood influences. When your boy steps into the street he opens all the doors of his home; he carries out a photograph of his parents to be seen of their neighbors. When the little girl goes into the next house she carries the domestic newspaper abroad. Dear reader, is your domestic newspaper readable?

—Philadelphia is talking about a great public library.