

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

### EXTRACTS FROM SAMUEL SMILES ON CHARACTER.

—“No man,” once said Sir Benjamin Rudgard, “is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest.”

—“Nothing can work me damage but myself,” said St. Bernard; “the harm I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault.”

—We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.

—A man may be accomplished in art, literature and science, and yet, in honesty, virtue, truthfulness and the spirit of duty, be entitled to take the rank after many a poor and illiterate peasant.

—In the affairs of life or of business, it is not intellect that tells so much as character—not brains so much as heart—not genius so much as self-control, patience, and discipline, regulated by judgment. Hence there is no better provision for the uses of either private or public life than a fair share of ordinary good sense guided by rectitude.

—“You insist,” wrote Perthes to a friend, “on respect for learned men. I say, Amen! But at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned.”

WHEN once a sense of degradation has taken possession of an individual or of a race it is no easy matter to eradicate it. There is much reality in the feeling indicated in the following somewhat humorous anecdote:

WORK IN HEAVEN.—A colored man was so convinced of the lowliness of his position—that labor was his natural lot—that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that “they'd make niggers work, even if he go to heben.” A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was, “Oh, you go away, massa, I knows better. If dare's no work for colored folks dare, dey'll make 'em sub de clouds away.”

### IT IS BETTER.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it is paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, out and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better to walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the pine table for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wives have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.

MISSISSIPPI comes from two Indian words, *missi*, great, (or *michi*, as some tribes pronounced it,) and *sipi*, river. Michigan was at first called *Michigami*, from *michi*, great, and *gami*, lake. Kentucky means in the Indian tongue the long river, and Ohio means beautiful. Alabama is named from an Indian tribe, and was originally written *Alibamon* by the French settlers.

A RECENT postoffice decision is that if a postmaster knows that a letter addressed to his office is intended for a person living within the delivery of another office, it is his duty to forward such letters (if it has been properly prepaid), without waiting for a request to do so, and without additional charge for postage.

It is now announced, on the authority of that “eminent physician,” that it is not healthy to rise before 8 o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives rise at seven and start the fire, as heretofore.

## A GRAMMATICAL QUESTION.

Who will say that grammar is a dry study, when a wide-awake teacher can put so much fun into one of the famous problems in grammar, as in the following instance. There would be no dull or sleepy scholars in a school, where such illustrations are common:

A searcher after truth writes to ask us which is grammatically correct, to say “the house is building,” or “the house is being built,” “the street is paving,” or “the street is being paved?” There is a wide diversity of opinion on this subject; but we incline to favor “is being built,” for the following reason: Suppose you wish to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, “Johnny is spanking,” or “Johnny is being spanked?” The difference to you may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny, and it is probable that if any choice were given him, he would suddenly select the former alternative.

You say again, “the missionary is eating.” Certainly that expresses a very different and much pleasanter idea than the former: “The missionary is being eaten;” and the sensation is very different for the missionary, too. We have consulted several missionaries about it, and they all seem to think that the two things are somehow not the same; no matter what the grammarians say.

But it is to be confessed that there are occasions when the difference in the form is not so marked. You assert, we say, that “Hannah is hugging”—which, by the way, would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do; it would be positively scandalous, indeed. Precisely a similar idea is conveyed if you say “Hannah is being hugged,” because it is peculiarity of the fact that it is hardly ever one-sided; there is no selfishness about it.

And it is the same thing with kissing. “Jane is kissing”—and her mother ought to know about it if she is—is just exactly as if we should say “Jane is being kissed;” and the sensation is the same, although the grammar, by a single inadvertence, mention the fact.

It will not be necessary, for our correspondent to attempt to prove these last mentioned facts by practice. He must take our own word for them. Unless he does so we shall answer no more questions in syntax for him or any one else. Our duty is to conserve the morals of the community, not to start people to playing private games of Copenhagen.

### A GOOSE QUESTION.

A pious old negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and next Sunday she partook of the communion, after which her master accused her as follows:

“Why, Hanna, I saw you to-day at the communion table!”

“Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dhere wid de rest of His family.”

“But Hanna, I was surprised, to see you there!” he said. “But how about the goose?”

She looked up surprised, and as if she didn't comprehend the cause of his wonder, but soon catching the meaning, exclaimed:

“Why, sar, do you think I'se a goin' to let an old goose stand between me and my Maker?”

### A “SOLD” BUTCHER.

A sharp Utica butcher made Senator Campbell a private offer of \$12 for a fine-looking calf of five months, on the day of the great sale last week. The butcher was smilingly informed that the animal was on the auction list, and he could have the opportunity of purchasing her when she came to the block. That worthy individual was perfectly speechless with astonishment when the auctioneer knocked his pet down to Mr. Alexander, of Kentucky, for \$27,000. She was a Duchess of Oneida, and the “golden calf” of the sale. Another butcher present spied a handsome toddler of a week old, of which he was willing to relieve the mother at a dollar and a half. It is needless to say that he participated in his brother caterer's sentiments when the wee thing was sold for \$1,300.

A SCHOOLMASTER tells the following good one: I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. “Is this the dunce block?” I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, “I guess so: the teaches always sits on it.” The stool was unoccupied that term.

## OUR YOUNG PATRONS.

### DANISH POPULAR LEGENDS.

Denmark is rich in old legends of historical persons, churches and manors, of hills, of fields and bottomless moors; sayings from the days of the great plague, from the time of war and peace. The sayings live in books and on the tongues of the people; they fly far about like a flock of birds, but still are as different from one another as the thrush is from the owl, as the woodpigeon from the gull. Listen to me and I will tell you some of them.

#### THE GENEROUS SOLDIER.

It happened one evening in days of yore, when the enemy were pillaging the Danish country, that a battle had been fought and won by the Danes, and many killed and wounded lay on the field of battle. One of these, an enemy, had lost both legs by a shot. A Danish soldier, standing near by, had just taken out a bottle filled with beer, and was about to put it to his mouth, when the badly wounded man asked him for a drink. As he stooped to hand him the bottle, the enemy discharged his pistol at him, but the shot missed. The soldier drew his bottle back again, drank half of it, and gave the remaining half to his enemy, only saying: “You rascal, now you will only get half of it.”

The King afterwards hearing of this, granted the soldier and his descendants an armorial bearing of nobility, on which was painted a half-filled bottle in memory of his deed.

#### THE KIND YOUNG LADY.

There is a legend about a poor young fellow, named Paul Vendelbo, who became a great and honored man. He was born in Jutland, and had striven and studied so well that he got through the examination as student, but felt a still greater desire to become a soldier and stroll about in foreign countries. One day he walked with two young comrades, who were well off, along the ramparts of Copenhagen, and talked to them of his desire. He stopped suddenly, and looked up at the window of the Professor's house, where a young girl was seated, whose beauty had astonished him and the two others. Perceiving how he blushed, they said in a joke, “Go in to her, Paul, and if you get a voluntary kiss from her at the window, so that we can see it, we will give you money for traveling, that you may go abroad and see if fortune is more favorable for you there than at home.”

Paul Vendelbo entered into the house and knocked at the parlor door.

“My father is not at home,” said the young girl.

“Do not be angry with me!” he answered, and the blood rushed up into his cheeks. “It is not your father I want?” And now he told her frankly and heartily his wish to try the world and acquire an honorable name: he told of his two friends who were standing in the street, and promised him money for traveling on the condition that she should voluntarily give him a kiss at the open window; and he looked at her with such an open, honest and frank face, that her anger disappeared.

“It is not right to you to speak such words to a chaste maid,” said she, “but you look so honest, I will not hinder your fortune!” And she led him to the window and gave him a kiss.

His friends kept their promise, and furnished him with money. He went into the service of the Czar, fought in the battle of Pultowa, and acquired name and honor. Afterward, when Denmark needed him, he returned home, and became a mighty man of the army and of the King's council. One day he entered the professor's plain room, and it was not the professor he wished to see this time either, it was again his daughter, Ingeborg Vinding, who gave him the kiss—the inauguration of his fortune. A fortnight after, Paul Vendelbo Loevendern (Lyon-Eagle) celebrated his wedding.

#### THE GOOD PROMISE.

The enemy once made a great attack on the Danish Island of Funen. One village only was spared; but this was also soon to be sacked and burned. Two poor people lived in a low-studded

house in the outskirts of the town. It was a dark winter evening; the enemy was expected; and in their anxiety they took the Book of Psalms, and opened it to see if the psalms which they first met would render them aid or comfort. They opened the book, and turned to the psalm, “A mighty fortress is our God.” Full of confidence they sang it; and, strengthened in faith, they went to bed and slept well, kept by Lord's guardianship. When they awoke in the morning, it was quite dark in the room, and the daylight could not penetrate; they went to the door but could not open it. Then they mounted the loft, got the trap-door open, and saw that it was broad daylight; but a heavy drift of snow had, in the night, fallen upon the whole house and hidden it from the enemy, who, in the night time, had pillaged and burned the town. Then they clasped their hands in thankfulness, and repeated the psalm, “A mighty fortress is our God!” The Lord had guarded them, and raised an intrenchment of snow around them.—*Hans Christian Anderson.*

### WHAT A YOUNG LADY DID.

The Delaware county (Pa.) *American* gives the following account of a young lady's success in poultry raising:

“In Concord, a farmer's daughter, during the past year, had the care of his poultry yard. In the spring she commenced with about sixty fowls of the common breeds, including one Dominique rooster and several hens of that stock. She also had two roosters of the Partridge Cochon breed. From these she raised 350 chickens. When young she fed on cracked corn, but when fattening them gave whole corn and Indian meal. During the season she sold eggs to the amount of \$90, and from September 20th to January 17th she got ready for the market 150 pairs of chickens, which she sold for \$260. She thinks the Dominique much the best for market, but they are not hardy when young. She has some hens of the Partridge Cochon breed which weigh 6, 7, and 8 pounds each. It will be seen from this statement what may be done by proper attention to poultry, the profits being perhaps larger than any branch of farming. It also shows that the business is one which females may engage with success. The time occupied in caring for sixty to a hundred hens doesn't average more than an hour or two a day. The exercise is light and pleasant, and the change from household duties rather agreeable than otherwise. Indeed, we consider the poultry business, as an occupation, both profitable and interesting. Gathering eggs, setting the hens, watching the hatching and tending the young, has a charm which, in connection with the profit, is calculated to please every lover of nature's great working world.”

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