

BY HULWER.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on Rest—rest in peace—thy foil is done: And, standing as thou standest, on the brink Of a new scene of being, calmly think Of what is gone, is now! and soon shall be As one that trembles in eternity.

For such as this now closing week is past, So much advancing time will close my last, Such as to-morrow shall the awful light Of the eternal morn hail my sight.

Spirit of good! on this week's verge I stand, Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand; That hand which leads me gently, calmly still, Up life's dark, stony, dreary, thorny hill, Thou, thou, in every storm hast sheltered me, Beneath the wing of thy benignity:

A thousand graves my footsteps circuit vent, And I exist—thy mercy's monument; A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain, I live, and pleasure flows through every vein;

Want of a thousand wretches waves her wand I elcricd by ten thousand merces stand.

How can I praise thee, Father? how express My debt of reverence and thankfulness? A debt that no intelligence can count, While every moment swells the vast amount.

For a week's duties thou hast given me strength, And brought me to thy peaceful close at length And here my grateful bosom vain would raise

A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

The Evil of Indulgence.

Nothing exhibits more clearly the necessity of resisting the beginning of evil than a contemplation of the ruin and misery men bring upon themselves. It is vainly imagined in youth that time and opportunities once lost may be afterwards recovered at will, and that, after having indulged in course of folly, a man may return to virtue and well doing when he pleases. This fallacy leads many imperceptibly from step to step in the downward and treacherous steep of vice, till reason and conscience are alike unheeded, and there is no inclination to return. We do not mean to say there are not many with strength of mind and purpose who resolutely abandon evil courses and live exemplary lives, but they are so rare as to offer no inducement to follow their examples, and only serve to show us how desperate is the risk they run. Giving way to sinful courses has been aptly compared to being carried forward by a current swiftly, easily, pleasantly—it is not till we try to make headway against it that we find how hard is the task. Habitual indulgence binds its votary with a chain, the firmness of whose grasp he begins to realize when he attempts to break it. There is just this difference in the abandonment of evil habits, that the longer the effort is delayed the more difficult the task becomes. It is thus made evident that the best security for a virtuous life is to begin betimes. The inclination being laid right, early habits makes the performance of duty easy and pleasant. The most casual observation of the weeks around us convinces us that indulgence in forbidden pleasures is the destroyer of peace and fortune, of character and self-respect, and that without a good conscience, a properly governed mind, and a well-directed life, discontent and disappointment will blast every enjoyment. The derelict is generally an object of interest and concern to some one. In how many houses is the skeleton a wayward and disobedient son? To him who "knows the right but still the wrong pursues" indulgence in forbidden pleasure does not yield the gratification which is promised. There is always more or less a feeling of degradation and of self-inflicted ostracism, which all his boisterous mirth and the blindness inspired by the presence and applause of kindred associates fail entirely to dissipate. How often is he suddenly arrested by the thought of an anxious father, a weeping mother, or distressed wife? Their prayers and tears seem to haunt him. The black sheep in the family, although his name is not often heard, is more an object of anxiety than are steady, stay-at-home, well-to-do boys and girls who nestle under the parental roof-tree.—*Times Magazine.*

Watching.

A general, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he went to his station grumbled to himself and said:

"Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once, after beating the enemy? I'm sure there is nothing to be afraid of."

The man then went to his station, and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright summer's night with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere, so he said: "I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree." So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear, and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark green coats, who sprang up from the ground where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed toward him.

Fortunately the arrow had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said: "I shall never forget, as long as I live, that when one is at war one must watch."

Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example, when we have resisted the temptation to be cross and petulant or disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been!" comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard and do not resist it. Jesus says to us: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go way—that's missus' orders."

AGRICULTURAL.

CHEAPEST FOOD FOR WINTERING COWS.—In estimating the value of concentrated food for domestic animals regard should be had to the more bulky and coarse fodder that is to be used with it. This necessity arises from the fact that animals utilize the different elements in their food very nearly in certain definite relations, when they are fed under the same circumstances. If the circumstances of the animals vary, the elements of their food should also vary with them. One class of elements is employed to build up and supply the waste of flesh, and another is used to supply warmth. The former consist of albumen, fibrin, gluten, etc., and are designated by the general name of albuminoids; the latter consist of starch, gum, sugar, etc., and fat, and are classed under one head as supporters of respiration. It is evident that if animals are exposed to the cold it will require a greater proportion of heat producing food to keep them warm than if they are in a warm atmosphere; and if they are young and growing, it will require a greater proportion of flesh producing food to support both waste and growth than it will in adult animals which have only waste to be supplied. In adult animals in comfortable surroundings, it requires for each pound of albuminoids used five to six pounds of the supporters of respiration. The value of fat as respiratory matter is two and a half times that of sugar and starch, and in comparing flesh-forming food with the supporters of respiration, the fat which an article of food contains is multiplied by two and one-half and added to the starch and sugar. In summer the respiratory matter from which fat as well as heat is derived may constitute a much smaller part than in cooler weather. It may go as low as four or five to one of flesh forming. It exists in this proportion during young and tender years. When animals are exposed to the cold air of winter it may run as high as eight or ten to one, and when such exposure cannot be avoided the feeder should adapt his food to the amount of cold to be endured, and the comfort exposure which cattle are to receive will be an important item in determining which of the foods named here had better select, and it will, more effectually than the selection of food, determine the cost of wintering.

FED FOR CHICKENS.—The mother hen, if cooped, cannot scratch for insects, minute larvae, etc., that form the appropriate food for young chickens. Therefore, for the first two or three days they should be fed with the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine and mixed with an equal quantity of good, sweet bread crumbs. This will pay, as it is well to give the chickens a good start in life at the commencement. Then for about a fortnight, feed with two-thirds of the best corn meal, add to this a boiled potato or a handful of tender grass; chop the whole together. Calves lights, hearts will do, or anything else cheap. If the spot where the chickens run affords insects, then gradually leave off the meat, feeding with meal, cracked corn and wheat. But if in a city yard or other places where the forage is scarce, then continue the meat all through. The old-fashioned way of feeding nothing but corn dough answers very well in places where there are great quantities of insects. At first, feed six or eight times a day, and less often as they grow older. Feed enough at a time to have a little left, and when this is gone feed again very soon. Give whole corn as soon as they are old enough to swallow it, and as great a variety of other things as possible—bran, wheat screenings, oat meal etc., all they can eat. There should not be the slightest parsimony in feeding chickens. You can make them grow too fast, or make them too fat while gaining their growth. With adult fowls the case is different in respect to fattening. Growing chickens must be supplied with pounded shells, bone-dust, or lime in some form, if strong frames are required.

TO PREPARE BACON.—To prepare side bacon, divide the carcass down the backbone, remove the head, hams, and shoulders. Cut out all the ribs with as little meat upon them as possible. Then rub the flesh side of the meat with salt, or whatever mixture is chosen for the pickling. One pound of salt, 4 ounces of coarse brown sugar, and half an ounce of saltpetre, is a favorite pickle. As each side is well rubbed, it is placed upon a stone or oak slab, in a cool cellar, with the skin downwards; and one side is laid upon the other in a compact pile. A board is laid upon the top, with heavy weights. In a week the sides are rubbed afresh with salt or the above mixture, and the top one becomes the bottom of the pile. This is repeated for six weeks, when the meat will be sufficiently salted, and may be hung up to dry, or taken to the smoke house. Ten days smoking is sufficient.

KEEPING POTATOES FROM SMOKING.—During the period of storing through the winter season, it is recommended to expose potatoes to the vapor of sulphuric acid by any of the various well known modes. If not entirely effective in accomplishing the object, it will retard or modify the sprouting of the potatoes to such an extent as to render the injury caused thereby very slight. The flavor of the potato is not affected in the least by this treatment, nor is its vitality diminished, the action being simply to retard or prevent the formation and growth of the eyes. So says an English scientific journal. We print for what it is worth.

The London Garden says that when the Cheshire market gardeners wish to keep their onions for an unusual length of time, they nail them in bundles on the outside of the house, and in this way, slightly protected from wet by the eaves, they keep on an average five weeks longer than those of the same varieties and of the same crop, stored in the ordinary manner.

A piece of rock salt should always be left in a horse's manger.

A cash system is one where a man pays for all he gets, and runs the chances of getting all he pays for.

SCIENTIFIC.

GOLD LEAF MANUFACTURE.—The process of gold-beating is exceedingly interesting in its various details, and is one which requires the exercise of judgment, physical force, and mechanical skill. The coin is first reduced in thickness by being rolled through what is known as a "mill," a machine consisting of iron rollers operated by steam power. It is then annealed by being subjected to intense heat, which softens the metal, and next cut up and placed in jars containing nitro-muriatic acid, which dissolves the gold, and reduces it to a mass resembling Indian pudding both in color and form. This solution is then placed in a jar with coppers, which separates the gold from the other components of the mass.

The next process is to properly alloy the now pure gold, after which it is placed in crucibles and melted, from which it is poured into iron moulds called ingots, which measure ten inches in length by one inch in breadth and thickness. When cooled it is taken out in the shape of bars, and then rolled into what are called "ribbons," usually measuring about eight yards in length, of the thickness of ordinary paper, and retaining their original width. These "ribbons" are then cut into pieces 12 inches square, and placed in what is called a "cutch," which consists of a pack of French paper leaves resembling parchment, each leaf 3 inches square, and the pack measuring from 1 of an inch to 1 inch in thickness. They are then beaten for half an hour upon a granite block, with hammers weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, after which they are taken out and placed in another pack of leaves called a "shoder." These leaves are four and a half inches square, and the gold in the "shoder" is beaten for four hours with hammers weighing about nine pounds; after which the gold leaves are taken out of the "shoders" and placed in what are called "molds." These "molds" consist of packs of leaves similar to the other packs, and made of the stomach of an ox. After being made ready in the "molds" the gold is beaten for four hours more with hammers weighing six or seven pounds each.

The thinner the leaf becomes, the lighter are the hammers used, and it is also necessary in beating the gold, especially in striking the "mold," that the blow should be given with the full flat of the hammer and directly in the center of the "mold." The leaf, after being taken out of the "mold," is cut into squares of three and three-eighths inches, and placed in "books" of common paper. Each "book" consists of twenty-five leaves, twenty "books" constituting what is known as a "pack."—*Iron Age.*

RUBBER THERMOMETERS.—M. Kohlrausch, having several times noticed that glass flasks, closed by stoppers of hard rubber, burst, concluded that this substance must be very dilatible. This hypothesis was fully verified by experiment, for the expansion of this body was found to be about three times that of zinc. From his measures, the coefficient of dilatation for 1° between 16° and 25° = 0.000770, and between 25° and 35° = 0.000842. Thus, not only has hard rubber a very great coefficient of dilatation, but the latter increases very rapidly with the temperature.

This remarkable property can be applied to the construction of very delicate thermometers. Thus, with a small instrument, consisting of two strips of rubber and ivory, 8 inches long, glued together and fastened at one end, we obtain, at the other extremity, a considerable movement for a change of temperature of one degree. The coefficient of hard rubber is equal, at zero, to that of mercury; above, it is greater. We can, then, as a curiosity, construct a mercury thermometer with a reservoir of this substance, whose changes will be the opposite of those of a common thermometer, and which will fall with an increase of temperature.

A NEW MEDICINE.—Attention has been called to a new tonic medicine under the name of *Boldo*. The tree is said to be found on isolated mountain regions in Chili; the bark, leaves, and blossoms, possessing a strong aromatic odor, resembling a mixture of turpentine and camphor. The leaves contain also a large quantity of essential oil. The alkaloid obtained from the plant is called "Boldine." Its properties are chiefly as a stimulant to digestion and having a marked action on the liver. Its action was discovered rather accidentally—thus: Some sheep which were liver diseased were confined in an inclosure which happened to have been recently hedged with boldo twigs. The animals ate the leaves and shoots, and were observed to recover speedily. Direct observations prove its action; thus, one gramme of the tincture excites appetite, increases the circulation, and produces symptoms of circulatory excitement. The plant from which the medicine is extracted, is probably the *Boldo fragrans*.

A DISCOVERY has recently been made in England which if half that is claimed for it be true, will not only put an end to the lively trade of working over old boot legs into new shoes, but will revolutionize the whole leather trade. It is claimed that a process has been discovered by which different kinds of leather can be made without using tanned hides at all, and in such perfect imitation of the natural article as to defy detection. The sheets of fibrous pulp from which the material is made are pressed into real skins of leather, the grain of the skin to be imitated being thus accurately produced. The article is called leatherette, costs one-eighth as much as real leather, and is alleged to be stronger and of more uniform quality. A patent has of course been issued to the discoverer and preparations are making for counterfeiting boots and shoes on an extensive scale, so that we shall soon know whether it is a new humbug or only an old one revived.

A man may be properly said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

DOMESTIC.

OATMEAL MUSH MADE INTO BREAD.—Oatmeal mush is good and wholesome, but it is generally relished better in its secondary forms, as balls, griddle cakes, or gems. I have already told how the balls, (or mush balls of any kind,) are made—simply by kneading the cold mush into a rather stiff dough with fine flour, with or without the addition (and improvement) of little cream or milk. These are shaped in balls or small biscuits, and baked in the oven.

To make griddle cakes, soak cold oatmeal mush in sweet milk, and thicken to the proper consistency for griddle baking with fine flour—a rather stiff pancake batter. If you can not guess at this, try a little on the griddle. No baking powder is needed, but well-beaten eggs are an improvement, one or more, as you can afford. I put some mush soaking in milk and water, with some pieces of stale yeast bread, one night, thinking to make pancakes in the morning, but when morning came, I dreaded the smudge, and so stumbled upon our much-liked *oatmeal gems*. The mush and bread are mashed and stirred fine with a spoon, and then fine flour is stirred in until there is a batter about as stiff as you can well dip into the gem pans with a spoon. This is our favorite way of eating oatmeal at present, and the bread added is an improvement. Remember that the batter must be cooked and will not rise any more.

Oatmeal has the name, among those who study into such matters, of being excellent food for both muscular and mental activity—very useful alike for student and laborer, and excellent, if thoroughly cooked, to promote the growth of little folks.

NEEDLE-WORK.—Needle-work is thus gracefully eulogized by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the "Marble Faun":

"There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women, be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with artificial beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interest of life, the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of common union with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts then when so occupied."

MANAGEMENT OF A HOUSEHOLD.—Young ladies, cut this out and pin it on your bonnets: "No young woman ought to feel herself qualified to become a wife until she is sure she understands how to do the most that can be done with her husband's money. The management of a household is not a thing to be properly and safely entrusted to hiring hands. A servant is a broken reed for the head of a family to lean upon. There are a thousand little ways in which money must be expended, in which real shrewdness and enterprise are requisite in order to use it to the best advantage; and there are a thousand other ways of saving money, open only to those who have studied aright the art of economy. The Turkish proverb has it that 'a prudent woman is a mine of jewels,' and, like many other Oriental sayings, this is beautiful for the truth it embodies. A wasteful housekeeper not only actually robs those for whom she undertakes to manage of the comforts it is her duty to provide for them, but keeps her husband head over ears in debt, and makes the domestic life of a poor man a continued series of experiments in shunning it from one day to the next, in keeping the stomach full, though the purse be empty."

FIRST EFFORTS.—It is curious to observe the first efforts of the child to exercise his powers and his range of experience. He begins to manifest his innate wish to do something, and to connect his little intelligence with things around him, by inarticulate crows, and by vague, unsteady motions of limbs and body. His tiny fingers are always busy. He soon exhibits curiosity, and picks and pries into everything. His first attempts to walk are most awkward, feeble, and ludicrous. His activity is incessant. He rolls and tumbles and babbles for hours together. After hundreds of falls he learns to stand. How little control he has over his own motions. He starts to go forward, and staggers backward or to one side. His first attempts to utter words are as wide of their aim as his first attempts to walk. He has no distinct idea what he wants to do. His organs of speech are unformed. He makes the oddest approximations to correct articulation. The strong tendency to imitate everything he sees and hears continually incites him to make new trials of his powers. He mimics everything. Almost the whole of primary education is imitation. Therefore, what little children need are good examples.

WARTS may be removed from the hands by the application of hartshorn. The use of it will not cause any pain unless it comes in contact with a cut or bruise. A cure is usually effected in about three weeks.

The Santa Cruz Sentinel compares that town to "the dimple on beauty's cheek." More cheek than dimple, probably.

HUMOROUS.

A Wisconsin schoolboy handed in the following composition recently: "I go to school to learn to read and write, and siphon to slide on the ice and traid off an old life if I have one, in summer to pick wild flowers and strawberries, and to get out of work hot days, some boys has to go to school to get out of their mother's road, but I would rather stay in winter than to go two miles and set by a cold stove and freeze my toes. I like to go to school to see the teacher scold the big girls when they cut up. Some goes to school to fool but I go to study when we are old we can't go to school and then we will feel sorry that we fooled when we was young and went to school. I don't got no time to fool anyway for I have enough to do when it comes to my geography."

It was long been a curious inquiry whether the iron in the blood is affected by a magnet, by heat and cold, and other agencies that affect it in the red and pure forms. During the past intensely cold weather a Greensburg scientist has been making a series of experiments to ascertain the fact. Knowing the lips to be very vascular, he selected a pretty woman with very red lips, and one cold, frosty morning assayed to kiss her, expecting his lips would stick to hers as if he had pressed them against the pump handle. The experiment was satisfactory; for if the iron in the woman's lips did not respond, a skillet, that lay near by, did.

There is nothing so refreshing and soul satisfying in this cold, wicked world as the spectacle of a graceful woman. After she has knocked you down and pounded you over the head five or six minutes with a rolling-pin, and you get up and say you are sorry and willing to beg her pardon, the look of gratitude that illuminates her heavenly countenance will do all but pay the doctor's bill.

"Sit down, sit down," said a judge to an impatient limb of the law, "I cannot entertain your ridiculous proposition." "But my necessity." "But my necessity." "Yes, yes, your necessity—I admit your necessity—I understand—I admit your necessity—I admit you are a necessity yourself, or at least the next thing to it, for 'necessity knows no law.'"

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweller that "he would-had like to have-had something engraved on it ah to denote what he was." "Certainly; certainly; I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.

An old bachelor says: "When I remember all the girls I've met together, I feel like a rooster in the Fall exposed to every weather! I feel like one who trends alone some barn yard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, or all to market started."

Here's a funny reply given by a little boy in London, to the following question asked him by a gentleman: "What occupation does your father pursue for a living?" He answered, with great simplicity: "He is a dreadful accident maker, sir, for the newspapers."

A SELKIE sexton used to preface the dram customarily given to him at funerals with a general nod to all the company, adding, quite in a serious way, unconscious of the doleful meaning the compliment contained, "My service to you all, gentlemen."

"Where's the molasses, Bill?" said a red headed woman sharply to her son, who had returned with an empty jug. "None in the city, mother. Every grocer has a big black board outside, with the letters chalked on it—'N. O. Molasses.'"

"I SWEAR," said a gentleman to his mistress, "you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

A CLEVELAND youth of rather fast proclivities fell in love with a parson's daughter, and as a clincher to his claims, said to the reverend gentleman, "I go my bottom dollar on piousness."

"WHY ARE YOU SO precise in your statement—are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a female witness in a police court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

A YOUNG man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a good deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different warehouses during the year.

A SCOTCH divine, recently praying, said: "Oh Lord, give unto us neither poverty nor riches, and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

A TENEMENT house landlord remarks that his tatterdemalion tenants ought to be able to pay cash in advance, since they always have rents in their pockets.

A WRETCHED Danbury boy being asked if he would live always, replied that he would live part of the way, and go the rest on the train.

MARK TWAIN says nothing is more useful before an election, and more useless after an election than the "dear people."

WHAT is the difference between a market-gardener and a billiard-marker?—One minds his peas, and the other his cues.

LITTLE George shirked his spelling lessons at W. He feared that he might come to want.—*Fun.*

An auctioneer complains that he is like Enoch Arden, he "sees no sale from day to day."

A MAN sticks at nothing when he tries to stab a ghost.

There may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

YOUTH'S COLUMN.

HOW NELLY SAW THE OLD YEAR GO OUT.—Little Nelly Nelly couldn't quite understand it. She heard folks talk about the Old Year "going out" and the New Year "coming in," and she wondered to herself where the Old Year went to, and if any one ever saw him go, and where the New Year came from, and if anybody ever saw him come. It was a puzzle. She determined, however, that she would watch this season, and see for herself the Old Year "go out" with her own eyes. Therefore, when she overheard mamma say to Aunt Josie one night, as she undressed the children, "When Nelly goes to sleep we'll go down to 'Trinity watch-meeting' and see the Old Year out," Nelly just made up her mind she wouldn't "go right to sleep" as mamma bade her, but she would stay wide awake ever so long instead, and then, may 'be she would see the Old Year go too.

But after mamma and auntie had kissed her good night, and she heard mamma say to papa, "You sit up for us, the girls are tired, and look at the children once in a while, Nelly felt very sleepy. Her eyelids felt so heavy they wouldn't stay open at all, not even when she tried to hold them apart with her fat little fingers; and it wasn't very long before Nelly was away off in that beautiful country of childhood's dream-land. She must have been there some time, for she had been having some real good times with her dollies, who always conversed with her in real voices in that happy land, when suddenly with a little start Nelly opened her eyes, and, sure enough, there stood the Old Year, right by mamma's bureau. He was a dark, cross-looking, old man, to be sure, and he seemed to be roving around very cautiously. Nelly saw him open the top drawer and take out mamma's new watch that papa had given her Christmas. She supposed, in a sleepy sort of way, that must be time he was taking along with him. She did not stir or make any noise, but just watched him put things in a bag he held in his hand, and waited to see where he'd "go" to, so as she could tell Dollie Dean and Susy Silver all about it next day. She lay very still until she saw him move over toward the crib, where Baby Bunn lay sleeping. Oh, no; she couldn't let him take the baby too. Why, the New Year only brought him to them last winter; and no, no—the Old Year should not "go out" with their baby!

Just then a very shrill, piercing scream startled papa. "No, no!" it shrieked, "you shan't have my baby brother!" From the library to the nursery was but a step, and papa rushed wildly over to discover the cause of the outcry. On the stairs he met a figure which pushed past him swiftly and rushed rapidly down the stairs and out of the door, dropping a package as he ran.

"What is it, Nelly? Speak, my darling! Are you hurt?" cried papa, with pale lips, as he came towards the little white-robed figure that stood beside the crib.

"No, papa,—but he was going to take Bunn too, and I wouldn't let him—and I hate him, and I'll never watch to see another Old Year go out," and Nelly burst into a passion of tears.

Papa understood now, and, seeing his little ones were unharmed, he bade Nelly take care of baby, who opened his brown eyes and seemed to quite enjoy the excitement and dissipation of the hour, while he should go down stairs to see if there were any traces left of the burglars.

It was too late, however, to catch the thief, but all his spoils were secured, for the bundle he had dropped in his haste to escape contained all the valuable booty he had selected. Mamma hugged her darlings close to her bosom when she came home and heard the story, and declared she would never leave them again to go to "watch-meeting." Nelly felt herself quite a heroine when papa told everybody next day how brave she had been to give the alarm and frighten off the burglar. But Nelly still declares when she tells the story to her playmates that it was the Old Year she saw "go out!"—*Heath and Home.*

USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.—Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt more distinctly by the animal, although the hairs of themselves have no feeling.

They stand out on each side of the lion as well as of the common cat, so that from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the leaves which would give warning to its prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush, and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushion of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads, they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness even greater than that of a snake, which creeps along the grass, and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey. These animals are all beasts of prey, and thus we see how even these seemingly useless hairs become great helps to them, and how wisely God prepares every creature for its work.

There is a dog belonging to a Concord fire company which always takes it upon herself to spread a fire-alarm, and makes a great ado about it. When a fire broke out, a few days ago, she rushed to a sleeping fireman and, seizing him by the throat, waked him. She then went to the house of another fireman, and, having called him out by her loud barking, fastened upon his clothes and tried to hurry him up.

Whatever bustlings and trouble, tumults and outrages, quarrels and strife, arise in the world, keep out of them all; concern not yourselves with them.