











Family and Home Circle.

DO NOT STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, please. Don't stop my paper, please. Don't stop my paper, please.

Death by Extraneous Cause.

On Tuesday night last Leonora Grover, who resided in the city of New Haven, Conn., died.

A Home Sweet Home.

"Home Sweet Home." The "Home Club" of New York City, recently went on a trip to the eastern end of Long Island.

A Husband Reform.

Fathers and mothers and heads of families justified in taking those papers which are daily filled with matter which is only fit for a police-garret or a dime novel of the worst class.

Robert Kay's London Travelling Alone.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in a review of the difficulties and dangers encountered by ladies traveling, suggests that they observe the following rules:

- 1. Before starting on your journey, familiarize yourself with the route, and the names of all the good hotels at the various stopping places.
2. Never travel with just enough money, but always carry enough for a possible emergency. This will save much anxiety.

A Party Failure.

It is now considered the height of fashion in this city to be among the late arrivals at a social party given at a private residence.

Our Little John.

He has his eyes with rosy red twinkles; Dimples over running; Hair like golden threads; Puffed hair of sunny hue; Cheering with an ever smile; This is my boy!

Home Sweet Home.

Do you have a heart to love? Do you want a charming girl? Do you have a certain way? Look around for twenty boys; Do you love to travel the stairs? This is my boy!

Polly Morsey's Pet.

It was Polly's, whatever anybody says, for the baited the trap and fed him afterward, and named his John Henry.

"I never sleep in the corner of the road" is gone, though, which he described as "swinging between the two posts," while the girls stand with slow and somewhat stilted to their eyes.

A game for winter evenings. A writer in the Christian of Work describes an article which is likely to afford pleasant recreation for both mental and manual skill.

Slips of paper and lead pencils must be distributed among all present. This paper must contain a sketch on the top of the paper, representing anything he pleased, as unambiguously as possible.

A picture meant to represent "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" was by successive examinations pronounced "Chicago in France," "A Madonna," "Something of that sort," "Big in a Upright," and "The Hurling of the Vouchers."

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He was a young rat, not much bigger than a well, so much bigger than a goose's egg, which everybody knew the size of, of course. He was soft and luscious, delicate shade of slate color.

I have done John Henry's portrait.

carefully, because he was for some time quite an important member of our family, and Polly's object. He was kept just when she caught him in the corner of the road, but he got away, and hid himself very safe.

And from that day—when atting up his hind legs and washing his dainty little hands with his pink little tongue, he looked into Polly's face and saw the goodness there—and he became fast friend. Polly was so afraid of him, and so his little body would get hands into the trap and stroke his rattyish back, and even tickle his ears with his tail, without remonstrance.

One Sunday morning, just as Polly was starting for her school in all the glory of her new seal-like cloak, it began to rain, and as a waiting is rather bad for fat, Aunt Elmer was forced to insist on Polly's changing her new cloak for her old one.

"The idea," said Polly, "of anybody wearing an every-day cloak to Sunday-school! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. It would be ashamed all the time."

"But Aunt Nell insisted, and so Polly made the best of it, and off she went, bringing a great tear-drop from her eyes as she sat the door."

It was late when Polly reached the Sunday-school, and the services had begun. They were just singing. Polly took her place in her class as quietly as she could, and got settled just in time for the Superintendent's prayer.

"Polly was bewildered," said the little girl who were after, and what it all was about, and she opened her eyes wide at such a confusion in her Sunday-school. She had just made up her mind that it must be a rat, when he jumped right out from behind the book case.

And sure enough it was, and Polly caught him easily enough, poor little fellow, all brained and bleeding, and frightened almost to death.

More and Patsies.

"I never could understand," said Polly, said, "why I should own a pistol. A pistol is a very peculiar thing; it is made for a very peculiar purpose. It is quite natural for some boys to want rifles or shot-guns, with which they may kill game; but a pistol is intended to kill human beings, and this is about all it is good for."

"It is useless to say that he may need a pistol for purposes of defense. No boy in a thousand is ever placed in such a position that he need defend himself with a pistol. But it often has happened that boys who carried loaded pistols thought that it would be a nasty thing, under certain circumstances, to use them, and yet, when the time came, they killed somebody, or their father, and his mother, or their sister, or, in many cases, themselves."

"But the way in which boys generally take human life with pistols is more school-way. They do not kill high-spirited and noble, but they kill their school-mates, or their brothers, or their sisters, or, in many cases, themselves. There is no school where boys are taught to properly handle and carry loaded pistols, so they usually have to learn these things by long practice."

"And, while they are learning, it is very easy for some one to be shot. I saw it in newspaper, not less than a score of fatal accidents, all of which happened on the same day, from careless use of fire-arms. And one of those dreadful mishaps was occasioned by a lad who carried a loaded pistol in his overcoat pocket, and who carelessly thrust down the neck."

"And then again, a boy might be ashamed to carry a pistol, especially a loaded one. The possession of such a thing is proof that he expects to go among vicious people. If he goes into good society, and has honest, manly friends for his companions, he will not need a pistol. A loaded pistol is a boy's proof is not only useless and dangerous, but it is a disgrace to have it on him as a bad boy, or one who wishes to associate with bad boys and vicious men."—St. Nicholas.

Good for Nothing.

"Some folks are good, and some are good for nothing." There was once a lady fellow who had a brother a bishop. He thought, that because of this, he would be made a great man. To do so, he depended on his brother to take care of him and to make him somebody.

"Boys and girls, do not join the Good-for-Nothing Club. Make up your minds that you will be somebody; that the world shall hear about you; that you will do some good in the world before you leave it for a better.—St. A. Adoo.

Humming-Bird and Bumble-Bee.

A mortal combat between a humming-bird and a bumble-bee was witnessed the past summer by a lady, in a Springfield flower-garden. The bird was busily gathering its breakfast of honey from a bunch of lilies, when it dipped its long bill into a blossom which had been pre-empted by a bumble-bee, and the enraged insect might have been smothered by the three or four right collisions, hadly occupied by many seconds, followed; and then the humming-bird, with the faintest note of pain, darted off, and dropped in the grass not five feet away! It had evidently been stung to death.—Oreg. Geologist.

There is no affection, no habit, no strength that is not held out in the long run against the misrepresentations of a man of talents in whom we place our confidence. Something of what he says always eludes us.

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VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY. (Extract from the "Illustrated Messenger," December 2, 1881.) "The Pulvermacher's Electric Belt is recommended to general use for the following reasons: First, for its wonderful properties for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Blood; secondly, for its extreme simplicity, and the ease of its being applied; thirdly, for its safety, as no electrical current is introduced; and, as an external remedy is universally acknowledged to be safe. Another advantage is the facility with which the progress of the disease and cure can be watched, as the belt can be put on in the right place, it can be very easily readjusted so as to cover the parts affected. The Pulvermacher's Electric Belt, and its construction, has been hailed with delight, not only by the sufferers who have regained health, profession, and a new lease of life through its beneficial use, but also by the medical journals, who very frequently prescribe its use to their patients."

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