

The Family Circle.

By the way, my dear friends, I have just received a copy of the new book, 'The Family Circle'...

Do not come at the Fall of night, for the moon is full and bright...

My Debit.

'Add the planks, mum? It's yourself always, looker after it on the wash-days, I'll be doin' my best to please you.'

'Yes, indeed,' I sighed, trying to lift my head from the pillow, but it throbbled so, I fell back in despair.

'And the vegetables, mum?' I inquired, for the canned tomatoes were all gone, and no potatoes...

'Mr. Lovejoy is to go on the train and was dinner at two. He is very fond of fried onions; it don't take long to cook them and there are some small ones in a paper bag on a shelf in the cellar. Pick out the largest, also thin, and fry them with the steak. Get anything else you can find, Biddy.'

As the willing Biddy went clattering off, I remembered that I had not been almost unbearable to me, but I was too full to ring the bell and call her back...

Before dinner was ready in came Henry. There was a hasty preparation for the inevitable trip, 'justified for my welfare, a very hurried boiling of his dinner when he found that time had been changed, and a kiss of good-bye, and he was off.

Having recovered during the night, and, next day, again interested in life, when my neighbor, Mrs. Rose called. We got to talking about bulbs; and, boasting of my superior ones, I went to the cellar for mine; but, behold! of all my beautiful large gladiolus and hyacinth bulbs...

Greatly I wondered, until I espied the bag of onions on the same shelf, intact, and asked Biddy about it. 'An' faith, mum, I thought it queer they didn't make my eyes to water when I was a peelin' of 'em, but thought my eyes was a gettin' stronger than they was.'

When the whole story had been told to Henry, and after he had recovered from his fit of laughter, he said: 'They looked like onions, and I laid their want of taste to my episcotia.'

'O, Henry! three dollars' worth of bulbs at a meal! It's as extravagant for us as Cleopatra's pearl-drinking was for her.'

'Never mind, it can't be helped now and we'll have to make it up out of something else. Here's a V to get some more,' and Henry went away still laughing.

Curious Facts About Blind Tom.

Blind Tom's birthplace is Georgia, and he began to excite attention as a musician at the age of four years. All sounds afforded him delight, even the crying of a child caused him to dance at a state of ecstasy.

God staideth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

of snakes. When in London a fate was produced for him of a very complicated pattern, and having twenty-two keys. He frequently rises up at night and plays this instrument, imitating upon it all sorts of sounds which he may hear at the time. Once, when the agent attempted to make him stop playing a piano in a high-toned clock at three o'clock in the morning, Tom seized him and threw him through the door. In Washington he threw a man down stairs who came to his room. When at Athens in Georgia, he lives in a building about two hundred yards from the house, and there remains all day with his piano, playing all day and night, like one possessed with madness. Bad weather has an effect upon his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons, he plays somber music in minor chord; and when the sun shines and the birds sing he indulges in waltzes and light music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours producing the most horrible discord imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony, taken from the best productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot, and he played nearly as well at the age of seven as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger, as he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about seven thousand pieces, and picks up new ones every where. It is a curious fact that he will not play Sunday-school music if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.

Two German Girls.

The Secretary of the Bloomington Association, Mrs. McFadden, makes mention, in a recent letter, of two young German girls who have a class every Saturday afternoon to teach crocheting, for ten cents a month. This has enabled them to make a donation of \$15 to the work of Foreign Missions. Their gains may seem small, but their continuance in well doing, and their consecrated Saturday afternoon services, will surely win a blessing from the Lord, who, they say, 'helped them because they were doing it just for him.' Will there not be a strange and beautiful link between the lives of these young girls and those of some 'other girls' in basket homes, who may be helped by these dollars, and the prayers which accompany them, to grow up into a brighter, purer womanhood? Their own lives are also ennobled and enriched by this far-reaching helpfulness, and we may hope to see in their maturer years a gain of the strength which is the power of service. It is a great mistake to be over-nice, fastidious about work. Pith is readily, and your willingness will be appreciated, while the 'high-toned' young man who quibbles about what it is, and about what it is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest emperor of Russia worked a ship-wright in England to learn the business. That is just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your word and on your act. Be mindful; have your mind in your business; because it is that which is going to help you, no whose outside attractions which some of the 'boys' are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work, do not go about in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that they are laying the foundation of your own success in life.—Our Morning Guide.

A Rattlesnake's Attack.

When a rattlesnake is disturbed, it sounds an alarm, and then, if compelled, it will fight. When the victim is within reach, the jaws of the snake are separated, and the head thrown back so as to bring the fangs into a favorable position to penetrate the object. The body is then darted rapidly forward, and the unshelved tooth, the poison is injected into the flesh. The same muscular action which opens the wound, injects the venom through the duct, and into the part penetrated by the tooth. The divergence of the fang-points when the snake bites, often causes a considerable distance between the two wounds. The power with which the venom is ejected from

A Strange Defiance.

A wild cat recently took possession of a spare bed in a boarding-house, located near Salt Lake City. The adventures of the cat, who he scared one man, and was killed by another, are thus told: A Mr. Burns had been left in charge, and for several nights, after he had retired, was disturbed by a scrambling noise in the chimney, followed by the sight of two glaring, fiery eyes in the opposite bed; and when he (Burns) moved or made a noise the cat, three growls of some wild animal was heard.

This occurred for several nights in succession, and so discomposed Burns that he finally left the ranch, and for some time the intruder had things his own way. With plenty of fat beef and venison in store he must have come to the conclusion that he had struck comfortable quarters.

John Garrison, a miner, hearing of the circumstances, made his way to the boarding-house, determined to interview the beast that had taken possession. When he arrived at the ranch, about four o'clock P. M., he was somewhat surprised to find the animal in bed, and disposed to fight for the establishment, but at sight of the gun the miner carried he flew up the chimney and into the brush. Garrison hung around until dark, then went to bed, placing his gun where he could reach it, and quietly waited for Mr. Cat.

About ten o'clock he heard a scrambling in the monstrous chimney followed by the sound of stealthy footsteps across the floor, and the sight of the flaming eyes peering out at him from the spare bed. John carefully raised his rifle, took as good aim as he could in the gloom and darkness at the shining orbs, and fired.

The report of the rifle was followed by a short scream of agony, then the sound of struggling in the opposite bunk.

The intrepid hunter struck a light, and there, some twenty feet from his feet, lay the life-blood slowly oozing through a bullet-hole in its breast, debauching with its crimson stream the blankets on which it had sought repose.

Pat Life Into Your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him.

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Tales of the Telegraph.

When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the deposition of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said, lost no time in interposing in his behalf, by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-sultan would not be subjected to any ill-treatment. Soignez le bien.—Take good care of him—said her majesty; but the cruel telegram that he at once sent her how they had killed him, all the world knows. The story is impossible. In his last annual report, the Postmaster-General owned that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, 'Mary is dead,' and her message rendered, 'Mary is dead,' and that a pleasure-party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had 'arrived all right,' scandalized the anxious ones with an announcement, 'We have arrived all right.' But many jokes are perpetuated by the wire without receiving official recognition. A lady living near London, whose hotel and man-servant went to town every day, was not a little puzzled by a message from him telling her he would bring Bal on for dinner; nor was she quite easy in her mind until orally con-

vinced that his only companion was a fine salmon. A gentleman telegraphing to a bookseller, at Cambridge, to forward him a copy of a book of prize poems containing Johnson's poem on Plato, was surprised at receiving by the first post a letter from the bookseller, saying he could not find any such work; but his surprise did not outlast the discovery that by the time his message reached Cambridge the title he had given had become transformed into 'John Ponson on Plato Money.'—Chamber's Journal.

Our Little Folks.

'DOT FUNNY LETTER BABY.'

Dear Mr. Mum, I see every day I laugh me till I see the way Dot shall young baby dry to sleep—Dot funny little baby.

Yes I look of dem little toes, and see dot funny little baby, and hear dot see dot reester crows, and think dot see dot see dot.

And ven I hear dot see dot see, dot ven comes to my eye dot see, 'More like his father every day.' I was so proud like please.

Somedays dot comes a little squall, dot's a doo viddy viddy will crawl Right in his little shoes, but not for baby. Dot makes him sing at night so sweet, and porrie-barrie he has eat.

Yes dot, dot never come same harm To dot shall little baby. He pulls my nose, and kicks my hair, and makes me cry every where, and think dot see dot see dot.

Dot was my small young baby, Around my neck dot little arm, Yes I look of me and my arms, Yes I look of me and my arms, To dot shall little baby.

Slapping in Father's Footstep.

One bright winter morning, after a snow-drum, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring his attention. As he started his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed the father with much dignity, and an assumed business-like air. When they reached the door, the gentleman noticed that no track or pathway had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow looked so tempting, so purely white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took long and rapid strides through the snow, and his boy, when suddenly remembering his 'little boy,' he paused, looked back at him, and exclaimed: 'Well, my son, don't you find it hard work to walk in this deep snow?'

'O no,' said the boy. 'I'm coming; for, father, I step in all your tracks.'

True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where the parent had trodden. The child's reply startled the father, as he reflected that this would his child keep track with him, and follow in his tracks through life. He was not a friend to Jesus, not a man of prayer, and not a Christian, and well might he pause and tremble as he thought of his child, ever striving 'to step in all his tracks,' onward, onward, through life's mysterious mazes and myths, toward eternity! The little boy's reply brought that strong stubborn-hearted man to think, when even the preached Word of God had made no impression upon him. Finally he repented, and sought and found peace in believing in Christ. We believe in his making such tracks through life that at some time they may be proud to say: 'Father, I step in all your tracks.'—British Workman.

God's Gift.

Miss La Fleche, the educated daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been writing and speaking on behalf of her race in the East, this winter, told to a friend lately this little story to illustrate the method by which the red man trains his children. 'I remember,' she said, 'the first time I ever heard the name of God. I was a very little girl, playing about the tents one summer day, when I found a hurt birdying on the ground. It was a fledgeling that had fallen from the tree and fluttered some distance from the nest. 'Ah,' I thought, 'now, this is mine.' I was delighted, and ran about with it in my hands. 'What have you there, Logette?'

of the men who were in the field. 'It is a bird, it is mine,' I said. 'He looked at it. 'No, it is mine, you. You must not have it. You have no right to it.' 'Not mine?' I said. 'I found it. Whose is it, then?' 'It is God's. If you know it, you will die. It will give it back to him. I did not dare to disobey. Whose is God?' I said. 'How about it? It's back to him?'

Reasoning Logic.

Cyrus, in one of his wars, captured an Armenian prince, and, according to the cruel laws of ancient warfare, condemned her to death. Her husband, hearing of her peril, came at once into the camp of the conqueror, and offered to redeem her life with his own. Cyrus was so struck with the man's magnanimity that he released them both, and declared his purpose to reinstate them, with great power and riches, in their own country. And now, while all the courtiers and captains are praising the generosity of the great king, the woman stands silent and weeping. And when the question was asked of her: 'And what do you think of Cyrus?'

'I was not thinking of him as all,' was her reply. 'Of whom were you thinking?'

'I was thinking,' said she, fixing her eyes, all lustrous with love, shining through her tears, upon her husband, 'of the noble man who redeemed my life by offering to sacrifice himself?—Exchange.

The Two Sailors.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said: 'Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor.'

'And,' he said, for he told the story, 'I gave the promise, and I went the globe over to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor.'

Was that not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. 'For,' still continued he, 'yesterday there came into my counting-room a man forty years old.'

'Do you know me?'

'Well,' said he, 'I was brought drunk into your presence on a ship-board, you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate; and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and came to ask you to come to see me.'

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PREVENT YELLOW FEVER. It has been fully proved that prevention is better than cure. A very reliable and effective preventive for Yellow Fever and other tropical diseases is... P. & E. R. Time Table, April 11.

Table with columns for City, Depart, Arrive, and other schedule information for P. & E. R. Railroad.

TIME-TABLE of Lou. & Cin. Short-Line. Depot, Cor. Brook & Jefferson. Includes schedule for Cincinnati, Columbus, and other stations.

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Wheat and Corn

Wheat and Corn. The wheat crop in this section is good. There is a plentiful supply of wheat...

CORN FODDER

Mr. Ansel W. Patton complains of drying corn in the field. He says that the corn is not as good as it used to be...

DUCKINGS

Duckings—Duckings are as liable to die of cholera and campy as young turkeys, and for that reason must be kept from exposure to cold rains and heavy dew...

TO MAKE HENS LAY

To make hens lay, try the effect of giving them a warm breakfast every morning. The feed should be corn and oats...

DR. BOOK, OF LOUISIANA

Dr. Book, of Louisiana, tracing the connection between meat and food, says that with confirmed coffee-takers the digestive organs are in a state of chronic derangement...

A LESSON IN WEALTH

For the past year we have been occasionally called the attention of our readers to the fact that the millers of Richmond, Va., were paying from seven to ten cents per bushel more for the variety of red wheat than for the stout quality...

GENERAL ITEMS

The potato crop of Bourbon county will be large this year. A vigorous counterfeit \$100 note is in circulation. The revenue of the Imperial family of Rome is \$1,200,000...

PREVENTIVE FOR GALLS

An old tannery of 80 years' experience says he has never had a case of gall on his chestnut trees where the following preventive was adopted...

NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM

To a very simple relief for neuralgia is to apply a handful of labels to half a pint of water. It is a sure and a painless relief...

PHILOSOPHY ON THE FARM

A writer in an exchange has a good word for these pretty creatures, and thinks they might be kept on the farm with both profit and pleasure. He says: "No one can afford to neglect the cow without being well acquainted with the great numbers and variety of pigons..."

CURE FOR CANCER

Mrs. Mary Sands, of Leavenworth, claims to have been cured of cancer by the constant application of bruised green tea and salt. She says she has used the tea for the former to one-half pound of the latter...

DEFENSE AGAINST VIOLENT DOGS

A gentleman gives the following advice in relation to dogs: "If," says he, "you enter a lot where there is a violent dog, be careful to remove your hat or cap as the animal approaches you. It will prevent the dog from biting you..."

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP

A medical man discarding upon sleep makes this remark: "One can never do with his health as well as he can with his sleep. It is the best of all things, and it is the best of all things..."

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WESTERN RECORDER

Published weekly, published in Louisville, Ky., every Thursday...

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News in General

DOMESTIC. Counting (?) Bank Notes—Alexander C. Laughlin, engaged as an expert by Count Commissioner John C. Colt...

Spain in Virginia—There are two democratic electoral tickets in Virginia, one nominated by the regular conservative convention...

FOREIGN. Turkey—The Sultan has ordered the army to be reorganized...

Peru—The War—Arica was attacked by a Chilean force six thousand strong about the 4th or 5th ult.

Chile—The Chilean commander summoned the Peruvian forces to surrender...

Spain—The Spanish minister of war has ordered the army to be reorganized...

France—The French minister of war has ordered the army to be reorganized...

Germany—The German minister of war has ordered the army to be reorganized...

A Serious Explosion—A series of explosions in the gas main supplying Tottenham...

The New Transatlantic Expedition—The expedition to the North Pole...

An Aquatic Expedition—George Fearn, the English long-distance swimmer...

As Indian Burial—The Cincinnati (Va.) Herald says that a party of men...

Arrival of Emigrants—On the 4th inst. over 25,000 emigrants arrived in Baltimore...

The Whapping Post in Pennsylvania—The Pennsylvania State...

BETHEL COLLEGE. FULL CLASSICAL COURSE. FULL SCIENTIFIC COURSE. Next term begins Thursday, September 2, 1880.

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LIVE STOCK. Louisville, July 12. CATTLE—Total number on rail to-day 107,322-head.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE MARKETS. WHOLESALE PRICES. Monday, July 12.

APPLES—New, on arrival 1 00/100; peaches, 2 00/100; strawberries, 2 00/100.

WHEAT—No. 1 soft winter, 1 00/100; No. 2 soft winter, 95/100; No. 3 soft winter, 90/100.

CORN—No. 1 yellow dent, 50/100; No. 2 yellow dent, 45/100; No. 3 yellow dent, 40/100.

WHEAT—No. 1 soft winter, 1 00/100; No. 2 soft winter, 95/100; No. 3 soft winter, 90/100.

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