

CAN'T DO WITHOUT A PAPER.

What, do without a paper? no,
I've tried it to my sorrow,
So to subscribe for one I'll go;
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers drown or hang themselves,
Or other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it—
I do not take the paper.

Why, there's my neighbor, Jotham Stout,
He always has the news,
And, having news to talk about,
He never gets the blues.
While others yawn in ennui,
His mind is light as vapor;
The cause is plain to half an eye—
He always takes a paper.

While neighbor Stout has all the news,
And knows each current price,
And always minds his P's and Q's,
By taking good advice—
I cannot tell the price of calves,
Or poultry, coffee, tape, or
Any kind of merchandise,
Because I take no paper.

Though, I have studies which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time,
As well as Stout, my neighbor;
Though time be precious, I can use
A longer midnight taper;
And thus take time to read the news—
Therefore I'll take the paper.

PATIENCE.

BY MIST.

'Mother!' [no answer] 'Mother! I say, Mother!'

'What now, you little troublesome thing?' asked Mrs. Moore, as she entered from the kitchen, looking very stern and impatient.

'Mother, is it school time?'

'Yes, it is, and after, too; and I am glad of it. I believe you children were never so troublesome before in the world. Go to school as fast as you can go; I shall be rid of you until dinner-time, at any rate.'

So Charley went, feeling very cross and unpleasant, and ready to dispute and quarrel with the first child he met. The influence of his mother's fretfulness was with him all day, rendering him peevish, restless and unhappy. A kiss and a pleasant word from her lips in the morning would have prevented all this, and sent him on his way cheerfully and happily.

'Oh dear, what plagues children are!' exclaimed Mrs. Moore, as he disappeared,—'here is every thing out of place and all over the room; how provoking! Here, you little mischief!' she continued, addressing a little girl of three or four years' experience in this trying state of existence—'how came your shoes off? haven't I told you, often and often, not to unbutton your shoes at all?'

With a rough shake, the child was taken up and the shoes replaced, the mother adding, 'there, take that off again, and you'll be sorry!'

Having finished her morning's housework, Mrs. Moore sat down to her sewing, looking flushed and disturbed. In her girlish days, she had been regarded as a remarkable amiable and pleasant person; as she could then well afford to be; for, like girls in general, she had little to try her temper or patience. That must be an unhappy temper which cannot preserve its equanimity when there is nothing to disturb or provoke it.

Not that childhood is entirely exempt from annoyances and vexations—but then girlish trials are nothing in comparison with the after trials of the woman. In common with many, Mrs. Moore found it hard to be always patient, and she had almost unconsciously fallen into the habit of fretting and scolding at her children—than which nothing could have a more unhappy effect on them and herself.

She had sewed only a few minutes, when the baby, a fine little boy of six months or so, began crying heartily.

'Rock the cadle, Ally,' she said in a quick peremptory voice, to the little girl.

The child commenced rocking it very slowly.

'Rock it faster!' exclaimed the mother; 'strange you never can do anything right! Don't rock hard enough to break the child's bones, either,' she added, as Ally doubled her diligence: 'There, go away, do, I'll rock it myself, and do you go and pick up every one of those rose-leaves, scattered all over the carpet. Every one, I say! Why, you keep the room in confusion the whole time. I shall be glad when the flowers are gone, you make so much trouble with them.'

'But, mamma, those are my little birds, see them fly, now!' and the child took some in her hand, and, blowing them briskly, they fell around her like a snow shower.

'There they are, scattered worse than ever, naughty girl! The place for birds is out of doors, so gather them up and throw them out at the window.'

The child unwillingly obeyed; but she must have something to do. Every child craves employment of some kind; and if proper amusement is not provided for it, it will be continually in mischief. Its nature craves something to do, and something it must and will have. In a minute, Ally was cutting up an embroidery with her mother's scissors.

'Oh, you mischievous child! Bring those scissors here to me, this minute! See how you've spoiled my pattern! Shall I shake you,

naughty girl? Go sit down out there in the corner of the room, and if you do another bit of mischief this morning, I'll whip you soundly!'

The child went, pouting. In a minute she began—'Mother, may I take one of your books and look at the pictures?'

'No, you'll tear them. Books are not for little girls.'

'Well, may I have a pencil and a piece of paper, then?'

'No, I can't stop to find them now for you.'

'Well, may I have a needle, and sew something?'

'Oh dear, what a tease! Yes you may, and perhaps it will keep you still two minutes.—Here's a needle, now thread it, and sew till you are tired.'

Ally took it and busied herself for a few minutes in trying to thread the point of it, but not succeeding, ventured—'Mother won't you thread it?'

'Oh, yes, that's the next thing, of course! I might have known you would vex me half an hour about it. Here, take it, and if you pull out the thread, it will stay out, for I shall not stop to put it in again.'

The child stood with her needle in her hand—but what good did it do her? She had nothing to sew! She looked timidly in her mother's face, but she saw nothing encouraging there, and she dared 'tease' no farther, so she took up the skirt of her frock, and began sewing and puckering it in every direction with her needle and thread. Presently her mother looked up.

'What are you doing, gipsy? See how your frock looks, all drawn every way! Don't you know better than that? And she gave the child a slight blow on the ear. 'Let me know you to do that again, if you think it best for you!'

At this moment, Mr. Moore entered. 'It seems to me, Emeline, that you are rather impatient with Ally,' he said, gently. 'If there is one virtue which a mother needs above all others, it is patience, and this is the very thing in which most mothers are sadly deficient. I am sorry to say, Emeline, that you have a "plentiful lack" of this same good quality.'

'Well, I'd like to have you stay with the children just one day, and be fretted, teased, worried and annoyed as I am every day, that's all. If you didn't scold, I am much mistaken. If I only saw the children two hours in a day, I think I could afford to be pleasant and patient with them for two hours.'

'But, Emeline, do you think they behave any better for this continual fretting? Wouldn't they be less trouble if you were a little more gentle with them?'

'Oh, you don't know anything about it. They never behave half so badly when you are here. Ally is more quiet now, standing there counting your fingers, than she has been before to-day.'

'Which only proves, my dear, how easily she may be amused, and kept from those mischievous pranks which so trouble and annoy you—You are always telling her what she may not do, but you never think to propose any amusement for her. She is not, nor is any child of her age malicious and wilful in her mischief, she does mischief because she can find nothing else to do, and she must do something.'

'Oh dear, well, if you are not satisfied with my way of training the children, you must stay in the house and do it yourself. It would be a great relief to me, I assure you. How that baby screams! Do give him to me—I believe these children will craze me!'

'Patience, Emeline,' said Mr. M. taking up the crying child and carrying it to her. 'I believe this fretful disposition is growing upon you. Do try and govern it, for your own sake as well as for that of the children. I know you have many vexations and trials, but this continual worrying and scolding only makes them harder to bear.'

'I can't help it. Charley has come to be one of the most obstinate, headstrong children that I ever saw. He does not pretend to obey me until I have spoken three or four times, and he is so noisy and turbulent and passionate; I can't think what makes him so. I'm sure I never was ill-tempered, it can't be that he takes it from my side.'

'Possibly not,' returned the husband, smiling—but a little gentleness would be an excellent palliative for this naughty distemper of his.—But here he comes.'

'Charley,' said his mother, 'go hang up your hat and put your book on the shelf where I bade you. Hurry!' she continued, sharply, as he hesitated a minute to speak to the baby, which laughed and crowed as he approached—'haven't I told you to start quick when I bid you?'

He went sullenly, and in a minute returned.

'How came your jacket torn?' she asked presently.

'I tore it playing on the pile of boards at the corner,' he answered, hesitatingly.

'Didn't I tell you only yesterday not to go there? Naughty boy!' and she gave him a spiteful box on the ear. 'Oh, me, what plagues children are!'

In vain did Mr. Moore venture—'Patience, Emeline!' Poor Mrs. Moore had allowed herself to fret until the disposition to scold and rebuke had become a part of her nature.

Is it any wonder that she was always unhappy and low-spirited, always 'plagued to death' and 'tired of living'? Is it strange that her children grew stubborn and disobedient, and were entirely beyond her control at a dozen years old? Is it strange that they 'learned the trick' of fretfulness, and inherited a disposition which, carried into their respective homes in after life, were followed by the same disastrous consequences to their children?

It has been said that 'domestic happiness is the nearest earthly approach to heaven,' and if this be so, it is no less true that a home which is the scene of continual fault finding, bitterness and ill-feelings, is 'the nearest earthly approach to' the other supposable extreme.

Home may be the happiest or the most unpleasant place on earth, a Paradise or a Purgatory, only in the latter case lacking the redeeming feature ascribed to Purgatory, in that it prepares its inmates for misery instead of happiness.

The practice of calling children 'plagues, torments, and trials,' is one of the worst in which a parent can indulge, and it has embittered the life of more children than any other one thing.

Let a mother talk to a child always as though he is a care and trouble to her—as though he came into the world uncalled for, and so fell into the very natural error of going to the wrong house, and he will soon lose all self-respect, and cease to try to be good and loveable.

But let her, on the other hand, treat them as though he is necessary to her happiness, and as though he has a claim on her love and forbearance, receiving it not as gifts bestowed grudgingly, but as a right, coming freely with no unwillingness—and he becomes another being.

The consciousness that we are beloved will go farther towards stimulating us to goodness and worthiness, than all the threatenings and punishments which could be invented. So long as children are born into this land of tribulation without their consent, so long as, for the first few years, at least, they are entirely dependent on you for happiness, O, fathers and mothers, be patient!—[Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

THE CHOICE.—'Passing up Chestnut street, the other day, in a leisurely manner, we had abundant opportunity for commenting upon the crowds who passed us like a brilliant panorama. All hues of the rainbow were there, fairly dazzling our eyes with an indistinct mass of feathers, flowers, and glancing tints of the richest description. At length, our optical organs rested upon one figure, whom we immediately throned, in our own opinions, as 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form.'

Her emerald-tinted dress of the richest brocade, gave her the appearance of a huge sea-wave, as she flitted before us with an undulating motion; and an airy frost work of pink satin and white lace, that rested somewhere between her head and neck, was no inapt representation of the foam that gave birth to the Queen of Beauty.

There was a great display of lace handkerchiefs, and a splendor in detail, that impressed us with an idea of wealth and elegance. The velvet mantle alone, that covered her shoulders, must have cost a small fortune; and our masculine choice, in point of magnificence, at once fell upon the lady in green.

Her companion was quite plainly dressed, and appeared to be deaf; for only on that account would so elegant a personage have pitched her voice to the very highest possible key, and shrieked, rather than said:—

'It was to a ball to Niblo's—but you know that if gentlemen only comes and visits.' We unfortunately lost the consequence of the visits, for the speaker dropped her handkerchief at this interesting point, and we, of course, could do no less than restore it to its owner. She turned full upon us one of the most vulgar faces we ever beheld, and without so much as 'thank you, sir,' almost snatched the handkerchief from our hand, as if fearful that we might retain possession of it.

We 'passed on, in bachelor meditation, fancy free'—convinced that it takes something more than velvet and brocade to make a lady.—[Graham's Magazine.

TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS.—The experiment is simple, and can be tried without difficulty.—Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart of soft spring water, (observing proportion for a greater or less quantity) by boiling it gently in a close tinned vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula, until the solution is complete. When the liquor is almost cold, suspend the subject to be crystallized, by means of a small thread or twine, from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose into which the solution must be poured.

The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours; when taken out they are carefully to be suspended in the shade until perfectly dry. When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. The best temperature is about 95 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Among vegetable specimens that may be operated on, are the moss rose of the gardens, ears of corn, especially millet seed, and the bearded wheat, berries of the holly, fruit of the slowbush, the hyacinth, pink, furze blossoms, ranunculus, garden daisy, and a great variety of others; in fact there are few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation.

The fitness of the solution for the purpose may be ascertained by putting a drop of it on a slip of grass, and seeing if it crystallize as it cools; if so, the solution is sufficiently strong. Then twist around a spring of plant a cinder of wire ornament of any kind, some cotton, or still better, some worsted. After being immersed, as already directed, the surface of the whole will be found covered with beautiful crystallizations.

The effect of the above is very pretty; it is

especially adapted to winter bouquets.—[Prairie Farmer.

HYPOCRISY.—Is a funny fellow! It walks into the church of a Sunday morning, sleek, clean shaved, and as smiling as a man with a new wife for the third time. It joins in the anthem, responds to the prayers, listens attentively to the sermon, and deacons. It is as free with the women as rough or prepared chalk, and talks to young girls with the greatest of freedom. The missionary cause is its special care; all the neighbors are drummed up to come 'forward and aid a benevolent object.' Some subscribe large sums, and others throw in small amounts—the large contributors get their names into the paper, while the small ones are content with having done their duty. The same hypocrisy we have seen severely prayerful of a Sunday, and on Monday it bartered a pair of gaiters with a courtesan. It has been known to turn up its eyes with horror at the uttering of an oath, and before fairly recovered from the shock, to swindle a laboring man out of money which should buy his children bread. It is prevalent in some cheap groceries, in the shape of short weights; is exhibited in wet goods—predominates in coffee; is powerful in milk, and—it's everywhere.—Wherever you meet the fellow shake him off; eschew his acquaintance—don't let your wife know there is such a character. Better be a Mormon, a thing a my, a street contractor, or extortioner, than hypocrite. It's a hazardous ballast, if you paddle your own canoe.—[Williamsburg Times.

TUNNELS.—The United States has 67 tunnels on canals and railways, the longest of which is about 1 mile.

England has 48 canal tunnels, of an aggregate length of 40 miles, the longest being over 2 miles, on the Huddersfield Canal. She has also 79 railway tunnels, 49 of which amount to 33 miles, the longest being 3 miles.

The longest tunnel of which we have record is one in the district of Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its length is variously stated at from 10 1-2 to 11 1-2 miles. It is used to drain an extensive series of mines, and also for the transportation of ore on railway cars.

In France there are 56 tunnels on railways, and 8 on canals, 36 of which are of an aggregate length of 45 4 miles. The largest of small size is 7 45 miles, and that of large dimensions, 3 5 miles. The Ronen and Havre road has 8 tunnels; Paris and Lyons also 8.

On the German railways are 10 tunnels.

In Sardinia there is a tunnel 2 miles long, through Mt. Giovi, on the Genoa and Turin railway. On this road, in 25 miles through the Apennines, are 9 tunnels.—[Scientific American.

MIRAGE IN THE GULF OF BOTHNIA.—In a letter from an officer in Napier's fleet, we find the following:—

'There is not an inch of the Gulf of Bothnia but we have crossed over. It is a strange place; the effect of the irregular refraction is very singular. The other morning we saw a light-house up in the air, and, on looking at the chart, it was proved to be fully 50 or 60 miles off—Ships appear, when you are nearly a day's sail from them, now with three hulls, now without sails, in a moment with a cloud of canvas, now turned upside down, and half a dozen ships are over the other, all as large as the biggest three-decker; when you come up with her she is some insignificant little coaster. We are within a couple of degrees of the Arctic circle; the sun does not set until 10 P. M., and he rises about 2; we have broad daylight all the time he is below the horizon. We are going on up to the head of the gulf, and when we do we shall see the sun at midnight.—[Ex.

Two Irishmen, on landing in this country, and sitting down to their first dinner on shore, found on the table a dish of prepared mustard, which neither of them had ever happened to meet before. One of them took a spoonful at a venture, which quickly brought a deluge of tears over his face.

'What are you crying for?' asked his companion.

'I was crying at the recollection of my poor father, who was hung 20 years ago.'

The dinner proceeded, and soon the other made a dip into the mustard, with a result similar to the former.

'What are you crying for?' was the grave inquiry of his comrade.

'I am crying because you were not hung when your father was.'

The following is the translation of an advertisement in Hindostanee of idols for sale of Birmingham manufacture:—

'Yamen, (god of death) in fine copper; very tasteful.

Niroudi, (king of the demons) in fine variety; the g'ant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style.

Vaconnin, (god of the sun) very spirited; his crocodile in brass and whip in silver.

Conberen, (god of wealth) this god is of the most exquisite workmanship, having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers.

Smaller demi-gods and minor demons in every variety. No credit, and discount allowed for ready money.'

Instruct your son well yourself, or others will instruct him ill for you. No child goes altogether untought. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by a lady with the cap and bells! There is always teaching of some sort going on, just as in fields, vegetation is never idle.