

# The Era

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## THE DAYS OF YORE.

A stone falls in an azure lake.  
And sinking to its pebbly floor,  
Send swelling ripples far out to kiss  
The pebbles in the distant shore.  
And memory's depths off idly stirred  
By smiles like some we've known before,  
Breaks forth in thoughts that wander back  
And linger midst the days of yore.

A leaf that on the river's breast  
Goes slowly drifting with the tide,  
Is borne by whirling eddies back  
Within its parent's safe to glide.  
And many a weaned wanderer  
Up a swift, fearless shore,  
Returns on sweet dream-lounged wings  
To greet the happier days of yore.

The chisel on a summer sky  
Descended in tears upon the main,  
North smokes smokes forgot their grief  
To float serene in heaven again.  
And human hearts unloven again  
When sorrow's reign is most o'er,  
And let the golden sunshine stream  
Rependant from the days of yore.

## The Bunch of Violets

Lonely rang the bell at Mrs. Evans' door,  
One morning, and Maud Evans, peeping  
out, saw a small boy standing on the steps  
whom she seemed to recognize. Not waiting  
for Janie, the only servant in the establish-  
ment, Maud ran eagerly down stairs and  
opened the door. The boy smiled in re-  
cognition, and handed her a box.

"Please, ma'am, I was to give this to  
Miss Evans; you're she, ain't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Howard, your employer,  
sent you, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss. He said as how there was  
no answer."

"Very well."

Closing the door and running up to her  
room she opened the box, and taking out an  
elegant bouquet of flowers, stood and looked  
at them with a tender look in the brown  
eyes, as if she was thinking more of the  
giver than the gift.

"So he has come back," thought Maud,  
"and will be at the party to-night, since he  
sent me these; I wonder if he will repeat  
what he was going to say when we were in-  
terrupted?"

Whatever the unfinished sentence was it  
must have been something sweet to Maud,  
for she stood there turning the flowers  
round and round in her hand, with a happy  
look in the bright eyes, till she heard her  
mother call.

"Maud! Maud! Where are you child?  
I wish you would come and help me with  
this head-dress; I want it to wear to-  
night."

Mrs. Evans was a widow. Her husband  
had died five years before, leaving her with  
one child, the Maud of my story. People  
had thought Mr. Evans a wealthy man, but  
it was found after his death, when every-  
thing was settled, that the widow would  
have but a very limited income. She knew  
it would not go far in trying to keep up  
appearances and live in the manner in which  
they had been accustomed. So being a  
sensible woman, she had removed with  
Maud to a small cottage that had been left  
them out of the wreck, taking with them  
what was suitable of their furniture, and  
one servant, faithful Jane, who had been  
with them many years, and who declared  
she would never leave them.

They had many kind friends who did not  
leave at their change of fortune. Judge  
B—and his wife were attached friends,  
the judge sending his carriage to take them  
to and from places of amusement, when  
they chose to attend, and the judge's wife  
kindly matronized Maud whenever her  
mother was unable to go.

The party of which Maud had spoken  
was to be at the judge's house that evening.  
They had been very gay that winter, in  
M— parties and balls following in rapid  
succession. Maud had been to several, and  
had met Frank Howard, a young lawyer.  
He had sought her society on every occa-  
sion, and was evidently in love with the  
little beauty.

The week before there had been a bril-  
liant party at a wealthy banker's. Maud  
had met Frank there, and they had strolled  
into the conservatory together. Standing  
there beside some tropical plant he had been  
telling her of, he felt each love for her  
singing up in his heart that he felt he must  
tell her—must know if his love was return-  
ed.

"Maud!" said he. She looked up quick-  
ly—looked up to encounter such a look  
of passionate love that her eyes sank beneath  
his.

"But the sentence was destined never to  
be finished, for into the conservatory  
hounded a young fox with tan-colored hair  
and mud smudge. "And he was so delighted  
to find Miss Evans! Did she know the  
band was playing the waltz she had prom-  
ised him?"

Young Howard glared as if he would like  
to annihilate him in the spot. Maud, feeling  
in no amiable mood, could do nothing  
but accept his proffered arm.

After that, there had been no opportunity  
for the pair to speak together alone that  
evening; but as Maud stood with several  
others, bidding their hostess good-night,  
Frank had, in answer to some invitation ex-  
tended him, answered that he would be un-  
able to attend, as he should be obliged to  
leave the city on business for a week.

When Frank returned from his business  
trip, he found invitations awaiting him to  
several merry-makings, and among them  
one for the party at Judge B—and that  
evening. He knew that Maud would be  
there, and being rather impatient young  
man, thought he would risk another in-  
terruption, but would write and tell her of  
his love.

Seating himself at his desk, he proceeded  
to dictate the momentous epistle, and after  
using about half a quire of paper, he at  
length finished one. He told her how dearly  
he loved her; of how sweet the hope  
had been to him that he might call her  
"wife," and asking her, if she could return  
his love, to wear the bunch of violets he  
sent her in her hair that evening.

"I shall watch for these flowers, and  
shall learn my fate from them. If they  
are in your hair I shall know you return my  
love; if not—then God forever bless and  
make you happy, darling, though I can  
never call you mine!"

Taking a box from his desk, he placed  
the letter and flowers in it, and, tying it  
tightly, called by the woman's acquaintance  
we have made on Mrs. Evans' steps.

"I want you to take this to Mrs. Evans'  
and inquire for Miss Maud; be sure you  
give it to no one else. You know where it  
is, don't you?"

He then proceeded to relate to Frank how

"Yes, sir; any answer?"

"No," said Frank, absently thinking of  
the answer that Maud would perhaps give  
him that evening.

He knew she had always seemed pleased  
and happy when with him, and though not a  
concocted or vain man, he hardly thought  
her answer would be no.

But their love seemed destined not to run  
smoothly, for the note that would have  
made Maud so happy never reached her,  
and this is how it happened: The aforesaid  
small boy, having received the box, pro-  
ceeded to carry it in the way boys invariably  
do, swinging it from side to side, wrong  
side up or any other way, it made no dif-  
ference. Of course this one came to grief  
accordingly. Having one finger in the  
string tied around the box, he was swing-  
ing it to the best of his ability, at the same  
time gazing in open-mouthed admiration at  
a boy about his size who was pomponing  
one several degrees smaller on the opposite  
side of the street. Now the string had  
slipped off the box, when Johnnie sat  
down with such force, and the poor little  
violet slid off the walk into the gutter,  
while the note, lying against the snow did  
not attract his attention. Taking up the  
bouquet of flowers, he deposited them in  
them in the box, and tying the string se-  
curely round it, started off at a good round  
pace, arriving at Mrs. Evans' door without  
any further calamity befalling him.

A young man was talking with some  
one had been Johnnie's fall, and espied the  
note. Picking it up, he called to Johnnie;  
but as that youth's heels were just disap-  
pearing around the corner, he did not hear.  
"Good evening," thrusting the note in his  
pocket, forgot all about it, being in a great  
hurry to catch the train, with only five min-  
utes left in which to reach the depot.

Ten o'clock saw Frank making his way  
through Judge B—and's lighted parlor.  
Looking eagerly, he espied Maud surround-  
ed as usual by a crowd, for she had many  
admirers, and he was conscious that his  
face was the subject of many glances, and  
he could catch a glimpse of her now and then,  
so, standing quietly, he waited till the crowd  
parted and he was able to see her plainly.  
Looking, he could see no violets; he rubbed  
his eyes and looked again; but it did not  
improve his vision; there were certainly no  
violets in the bonny brown hair.

He stood there, feeling himself grow  
white and cold, till he was conscious that  
his face was the subject of many glances,  
and he could catch a glimpse of her now and  
then, so, standing quietly, he waited till the  
crowd parted and he was able to see her  
plainly. Looking, he could see no violets;  
he rubbed his eyes and looked again; but it  
did not improve his vision; there were cer-  
tainly no violets in the bonny brown hair.

Barrett, the Piper.

Barrett, the Piper, you see, lost his skill,  
and was advised to go to the Black North  
to recover it. (Barrett was a Munster man.)  
Well, he took his little boy with him, and  
they walked till the dark came, and then  
went into a cabin by the roadside to look  
for lodging.

"God save all here!" says they.

"Save you kindly!" says the man of the  
house, but he left out the Holy Name.

"How are you, Jack Barrett?"

"Musha, pure and hearty, sir; many  
thanks for the axing, but how do you know  
me?"

"Och, I knew you before you were  
weaned. Sit down and make yourself at  
home; here you may talk morning."

Well, faith, they got a good supper  
of proteas and milk, and a good bed of straw  
was made for them by the wall up near the  
fire, and they lay down quite comfortable  
to a good sleep. But some bad thoughts  
came over Jack Barrett in the dead of the  
night, and he got up and went out of the  
bed, and into the kitchen, and there he  
saw a couple of mad dogs running after him.  
There was a big tree near him with ever so  
many crows' nests in the top, and he ran  
and climbed up into it from the dogs, and  
if he missed the dogs he found the crows,  
and didn't they fall on him to tear his eyes  
out! He bawled, and he roared, and the  
man of the house came into the kitchen,  
and stirred the fire, and there was Jack  
Barrett on the hen-roost, and the cocks and  
hens cackling about him.

"Musha, the sorra's on you for a Jack  
Barrett! How did you get up there among  
the fowls?"

"The goodness knows; it's not their  
company I want. Will you help me down,  
honnest man?"

Well, he got into bed again, and if he  
did he was not long there when a bad  
thought came into his head, and up he got.  
He was going into the next room, when  
where did he find himself but by the bank  
of a big river, and the same two dogs tear-  
ing along like vengeance to make gibbets  
of him. There was a tree there, and its  
boughs were up over the river. Up climbed  
Jack, and up after him the dogs; and to  
get out of their clutches he scrambled out  
on a long bough, and he going out farther  
and farther, till he was afraid it would break.  
At last he felt it cracking, and he gave a  
roar out of him that you'd hear a mile off,  
and the man of the house came into the  
kitchen and stirred the fire, and there was  
Jack, straddle-legs on the pot-rack.

"Musha, Jack, but you're the divel's  
square youth at your time o' life to be mak-  
ing a house of your pot-rack. Come down,  
you oncuch, and go to bed."

"Well, the third time, where did the  
divel guide him to a bed in the next  
room, and when he flopped into it he let  
such a howl out of him that you'd think it  
was heaven and earth coming together.

"What's in the win' now, Jack?" says  
the man of the house.

"Och, it's the pains of labor I am!" says  
the unfortunate piper.

"Will we send after the midwife for  
you!" says the other.

"Och, the curse of Cromwell on yourself  
an' the midwife!" says the poor man; "it  
wasn't God had a hand in us the hour we  
darkened your door. Och, tatteration to  
you, you could thier! won't you give us  
some ale?"

"Father, honey," says the boy, "it's  
pishogues is on you. A drop of holy  
water will do you more good nor the mas-  
ter o' the house, God bless him!"

"I'll tear you limb from limb," says the  
old villain, when he heard the Holy Name,  
"if you say that again."

"Well, anyhow," says the boy, "make  
the sign of the cross on yourself, father, and  
say the Lord's Prayer."

The poor old piper did so, and at the  
blessed words and the sign his pains left  
him. There was no sight of the man of the  
house on the spot then; maybe he was in  
the lower room.

When the piper and his son woke the  
next morning, they were lying in the dry  
moat of an old rath that lay by the high  
road.

The conqueror is regarded with awe,  
the wise man commands our esteem, but  
'tis the benevolent man who wins our  
affection.

He had met his divinity, made fierce love to  
her and had been accepted; going into  
lover's raptures over her; to all of which  
Frank listened patiently.

"But I've her photograph here," taking it  
from her pocket, and handing it to Frank,  
and at the same time pulling out the lost  
note. "Hullo! I'd forgotten about this."

Turning it over several times, but not  
gaining much information from the blank  
envelope, he proceeded to open it. Having  
perused a few lines he broke out with—

"I say, Frank, here's a go! Some one  
has been writing a declaration of love and  
lost it! Want to hear it?"

He then related how it came into his pos-  
session.

"Let me see it," said Frank, excitedly, a  
gleam of hope crossing his mind that it was  
his note to Maud.

When assured that this was really the  
case, he astonished his friend by jumping  
up, over-turning his chair in his excitement,  
and demanding his coat and hat forthwith.  
Johnnie, entering about this time, caught  
a pleasant little diversion. Frank pounced  
upon him, asking what he meant by doing  
erands in such a manner? While Tom  
tried to impress upon the mind of the be-  
wildered youth the awful retribution that  
would surely overtake him if he did not own  
up and tell the truth.

But Johnnie protested he had carried the  
box all right; he owned he had fallen and  
the flowers rolled out.

"But I picked 'em up," sniveled Johnnie,  
"and gave 'em to the young lady all right."

"Frank was too happy to be very unfor-  
giving toward the delinquent, so, after de-  
livering a short lecture on carelessness, he  
told him he would overlook it this time, if  
he would be more careful in the future.

That evening found Frank ringing the  
bell at Mrs. Evans' door. Jane ushered  
him into the parlor, where Maud sat. She  
had not heard the door open, and was quite  
startled when a manly voice at her side  
said—

"Maud!"

She started up with a glad cry as she  
saw Frank, and he needed no other assur-  
ance than the happy, blushing face that his  
love was returned. Stretching out his  
arms to her she went straight into them,  
and as he folded them round her he knew  
that for him the winter of his discontent  
had ended at last in a glorious summer.

The Game that "Jeems" Played.

There was an awful time in a farm-house  
near Pontiac. We haven't received any  
particulars, but solemnly believe that a cer-  
tain husband whose front name is "Jeems"  
was made to wish he'd never been born into  
this dreadful world.

There arrived on the Western express a  
nervous, wiry, black-eyed woman of forty,  
who kept closing and opening her fingers  
all the time, as if she was clawing noses or  
pulling hair. She had a straight business  
look in her eyes as she got off the train,  
and one of the hackmen at the depot door  
ventured the opinion that she had come in-  
to the city to foreclose a mortgage or make  
up a "shortage" on wheat.

"Sir!" began the woman as she walked  
up to the depot policeman, "I want answers  
to a few questions."

"Yes, mum—just so," was the humble  
reply as he followed her into the waiting-  
room.

"Now, then," she continued as she took  
a seat, "I live near Pontiac. My Jeems  
was in here the Fourth of July, and didn't  
get home till midnight. He came in here  
on my money, and I want to know how he  
spent it. Here is his bill of expenses as he  
made it out. He has put down \$2 for rid-  
ing up town in a hack."

"That's twelve shillings too much," re-  
plied the officer.

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" she  
whispered as she put down the figures. "I  
here has got down one dollar for seeing  
the balloon go up."

"No, a balloon went up that day,  
madam."

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" He  
looked as innocent as a lamb when he wrote  
that down, but he didn't know me! Here  
is eighty cents for riding across to Canada  
back."

"That should be ten."

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" I thought  
last night when he kissed me and said it was an aw-  
ful price, but lots of comfort," she observed  
as she put down a "70" opposite his figures.  
"He has it out here that his supper and  
dinner cost him \$1.50 per meal at the Central  
Market. It strikes me that three dollars  
would buy two pretty festive meals."

"You can knock off about two dollars  
and a half from that," said the officer after  
he had figured a bit.

"Just exactly as I thought. He smiled  
as softly as an angel when he wrote that  
down, but he was smiling at the wrong  
woman. While I was home milking the  
cows and having an awful headache he was  
eating his high-toned meals like a second  
bric-a-brac! And now he has put  
down fifty cents for seeing the bears."

"The fifty what?"

"He says it cost him fifty cents to go  
into a menagerie and see the bears," she  
explained.

"If there was a menagerie in town on  
that day, that I didn't hear of," solemnly  
replied the officer.

"She looked so thoughtful as when she  
said that and looked so loving and fatherly  
and said it made his hair stand up. There  
will be a 'walk' when I get back home,  
and somebody's hair will stand straight up!  
That's all, and I'm much obliged."

"You won't kill him at once, will you?"  
pleaded the officer.

"She looked over his head at the wall,  
breathed hard, clenched her hands, and  
answered:

"I've 'specked it a long time, and now  
I'll claw him if I die for it!"

She walked up and down the depot with  
her teeth hard shut and her eyes growing  
brighter and brighter, and when she finally  
took the train for home, the bill of expenses  
tightly clutched in her hand, the officer  
looked after the receding train and mused:

"Now why did he give himself away in  
that manner? Why didn't he tell her right  
out that some one picked his pocket?"

Artesian Wells.

The first artesian well bored at Antioch,  
France, over a century ago, has since then  
flowed steadily, the water raising eleven  
feet above the surface at the rate of 250 gal-  
lons a minute. The famous Grenelle well  
in the Paris basin was commenced in 1833,  
with the expectation of obtaining water at  
the depth of 500 feet, in the secondary green  
sand formation which underlies the lower  
part of the uppermost of this series. At 1,500 feet  
the government would have abandoned the  
enterprise but for the urgent appeals of M.  
Arago. It was continued till on February  
26, 1841, at the depth of 1,797 feet, the  
boring rock suddenly penetrated the arch of  
rock over the subterranean waters and fell  
fourteen feet. In a few hours the water  
rose to the surface in an immense volume,  
and has continued since. It is well known  
that at the depth of a few feet below the  
surface of the earth the temperature never  
changes. At St. Louis, Missouri, the tem-  
perature of water at 1,500 feet below the surface  
is eighteen degrees higher than the mean  
temperature at the surface, making the in-  
crease one degree for eighty-three and one-  
third feet descent; and, strange to say,  
the increase of temperature is one in  
every fifty-two and one-half feet at Charle-  
ston, South Carolina. The hot springs that  
flow out to the surface in many parts of the  
world are natural artesian wells rising  
from great depths. In Virginia these  
springs are found along the lines of great  
faults or breaks in the stratification of the  
rocks, by which formations usually separated  
by thousands of feet are brought into  
contact with each other. There is a class  
of hot springs called geysers whose force  
would be as servicable as that of the hy-  
drostatic presses if it were practicable to  
boil water. Geysers, or eruptive fountains of  
boiling water, are found in different parts  
of the world. There are some very large  
geysers in the southern part of Iceland. In  
a circuit of about two miles are more than  
fifty springs which send forth hot water.  
These springs are of different degrees of ac-  
tivity. Geysers are to be found in Califor-  
nia and in New Zealand. The two prin-  
cipal geysers in Iceland are called the Great  
Geyser and the Strok or Churn. The  
Great Geyser, when quiet, presents the ap-  
pearance of a circular mound of siliceous  
incrustations, inclosing a pool with sides  
sloping inward and outward. The height  
of the mound is about twenty feet. The  
diameter of the basin varies from fifty to  
sixty feet, and its average depth is four  
feet. In its centre is the mouth of the ver-  
tical tube which connects it with the sub-  
terranean passages. The tube is about  
nine feet in diameter at its mouth, and sev-  
enty feet in depth. When the geyser is in-

A Pennsylvania Geyser.

The Kane Geyser Well is located in Mc-  
Keen county, Pa., four miles southeast of  
the "Summit Summer Resort." This well  
was drilled for petroleum in the spring of  
1878 to a total depth of 2,000 feet. No oil  
was found in paying quantities and the well  
was abandoned, since which time it has been  
throwing periodically—ten to fifteen min-  
utes—a column of water and gas to a height  
varying from 100 to 150 feet. Mr. Charles  
A. Ashburner, assistant in charge of the  
survey of McKean county for the geological  
survey, has made a study of the "Geyser  
Well" and furnished the following facts:  
During the operation of drilling a number  
of fresh "water veins" were encountered  
down to a depth of 364 feet. All of this  
water was shut off by a cast-iron casing 6  
inches in diameter, which was inserted in  
the six-inch hole to the requisite depth.  
Thus the hole was kept free from water  
during the after-drilling. At a depth of  
1,415 feet a very heavy "gas vein" was  
struck. After the well was deserted from  
failure to find oil the iron casing was with-  
drawn from the hole and the fresh water  
permitted to flow in on the top of the gas.  
Here the conflict between nature's elements  
commenced, which has made this well one  
of the most interesting natural phenomena  
in Pennsylvania. The water flows into the  
well on top of the gas until the pressure of  
the confined gas becomes greater than the  
weight of the superincumbent water, when  
an explosion takes place and a column of  
water and gas is thrown out of the well.  
This occurs at present every thirteen min-  
utes, and the spouting continues for one and  
a half minutes. On the evening of July 31  
Mr. A. W. Sheaffer, of the McKean Survey,  
measured two columns which went to a  
height respectively of 120 and 128 feet.  
On the 9th of August Mr. Ashburner mea-  
sured four columns in succession and the  
water was thrown to the following heights:  
108, 132, 120 and 138 feet. During the  
time that the columns are thrown out of the  
well the gas is thoroughly mixed up with  
the water and is readily ignited. The sight  
after nightfall is grand beyond description.  
The antagonistic elements of water and fire  
are so promiscuously blended that each  
seems to be fighting for the mastery. At  
one moment the flame is entirely extin-  
guished, only to burst forth at the next in-  
stant with increased energy and greater  
brilliance. In winter the columns become  
encased in ice and form a huge translucent  
chimney.

The Art of Keeping Cool.

It is not by fretting or worrying or ply-  
ing the fan that we can keep cool, but by  
taking up our work, doing it bravely and  
cheerfully, with as little fuss as possible.  
"Take time by the forelock" and rise early,  
getting as much done as possible before the  
heat of the day. Never do any work  
directly after breakfast, for the heat of the  
body in the forenoon let it until the night,  
you will live just as long and the family  
as comfortable. It is a mistake to keep  
the house close as a cell all day, lest the  
suns rays should enter it. Pure air must  
be allowed to circulate through the house,  
and this is of importance in keeping the  
body cool. They are open the windows and  
blinds very early in the morning and keep  
them so until the dew has dried off; then  
close them tightly and the rooms will re-  
main quite comfortable until evening, when  
the blinds can once again be thrown open  
to admit the cool evening breeze. Drink-  
ing large draughts of ice water when the  
body is heated or partaking too freely of  
food or ice, should be carefully avoided.  
Bathing when heated or in excessive per-  
spiration is a good cause for illness; but an  
ammonia or salt water bath once a day,  
but not directly after a meal, is not only a  
luxury but a positive necessity. Also we  
should be careful in our food, for a very  
little meat is desirable, but fish, lamb,  
chickens and all white-fleshed foods are  
in season; also, all kinds of vegetables and  
fruit. Berries as well as stoned fruits can  
be eaten in moderation. Much is said  
against the unhealthfulness of cucumbers  
and watermelons; the first can be eaten  
without discomfort if allowed to remain a  
few minutes in salt water, then prepared  
with oil and vinegar put in its place. Water-  
melons can be eaten if fresh and thoroughly  
ripe. Iced tea and coffee are very desir-  
able; as they act as tonics upon the system.  
Only enough should be cooked to be  
eaten the same day, for even if put in an  
ice box it will taste stale. All animal food  
should be eaten sparingly, but milk and  
fruit, bread and vegetables, ice cream,  
(which can be bought at a small cost), iced  
fruit, oat meal, hard-boiled eggs, served in  
vinegar and salt—they have lately been  
pronounced by medical authority more di-  
gestible than soft-boiled eggs—all these  
articles, when eaten sparingly, will be found  
fresh, crackers, dried fish;—of these  
very good for summer meals, or for picnic  
lunches.

Changing the Names of Streets in Paris.

The Municipal Council of Paris has or-  
dered the following changes in the names of  
streets: From Ave. de la Reine-Hortense  
to Ave. Hoche, from Ave. Josephine to  
Ave. Marceau, from Ave. du Roi-de-Rome  
to Ave. Kleber, from Rue du Dauphin to  
Rue de la Convention, from Rue Saint An-  
toine to Rue Lincoln, from Quai Napoleon  
to Quai Fleurs, from Rue Fontaine to  
Rue Valette, from Rue du Freres-Philippe  
to Rue Paul Louis-Courier, from Rue Bil-  
lauld to Rue Charron, from Rue Bonaparte  
to Rue Gutenberg, from Rue Abbateucci to  
Rue de la Botte, from Rue Cambacere to  
Rue de Couliemiers, from Rue d'Albe to Rue  
Rouget de l'Isle, from Boulevard Haus-  
mann to Boulevard Etienne-Maree, from  
Rue Magan to Rue Beaupaire, from Rue  
de Rovigo to Rue de la Bienfaisance, from  
Rue de Bouille to Rue de Duban, from Rue  
Marie Antoinette to Rue Antoinette, from  
Rue Marceau to Rue de la Vallee, from Rue  
Hoche to Rue de Presles, from Rue Kleber  
to Rue de la Federation.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To work out our own contentment,  
we should labor not so much to increase  
our substance, as to moderate our de-  
sires.

Those who can themselves do good  
service are but as one to a thousand  
compared with those who can see faults  
in the labors of others.

It is better to wear out than to rust  
out. We must not only strike the iron  
while it is hot, but strike until it is  
made hot.

Happy is he who has learned to do  
the plain duty of the moment quickly  
and cheerfully, wherever and whatever  
it may be.

The poorest of the poor have been as  
brave as the wealthy; the learned have  
died gloriously, but the unlearned have  
almost stolen the palm.

A mind trained to self-denial meets  
trials with an amount of reserved moral  
force quite inexplicable to those less  
habituated to self-control.

A man should never be ashamed to  
own he has been in the wrong; which is  
but saying, in other words, that he is  
wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Good books effected in Loyola what  
the fear of approaching death, a heav-  
ily apparition, a miraculous restora-  
tion to health had failed to do.

Error is blind, but reason is argu-  
ed; but the mass of mankind will  
seek the first for counsel and wisdom  
rather than the latter.

Flattery is a safe coin which our own  
vanity has made current, and will never  
be out of credit as long as there are  
knaves to offer it and fools to receive it.

How strange that the stratus of love  
and hate lie so close together that it  
takes but little to bring the latter up-  
permost, when under the pressure of  
unkindness or injustice.

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks  
of youth. Rain drops easily from the  
bud, rests on the mature flower, and  
breaks down that which has lived its  
day.

Our customs and habits are like the  
ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle  
into them, and we jog along through  
the mire, because it is too much trouble  
to get out of them.

There are no hands upon the clock  
of eternity; there is no shadow upon  
its dial. The very hours of Heaven  
will be measured by the sunshine—not  
by the shadow.

Beauty, like the flowering blossoms  
soon fades; but the divine excellence of  
the mind, like the medical virtues of  
the plant remains in it when all those  
charms are withered.

If we would have powerful minds we  
must think; if we would have faithful  
hearts, we must love; if we would have  
strong muscles, we must labor. These  
include all that is valuable in life.

When you doubt between words, use  
the plainest, the commonest, the most  
idiomatic. Eschew fine and flowery  
would rouge, love simple ones as you  
would native roses on your cheek.

A sour godliness chills and represses  
every bud of hope about us; a sunny  
soul kindles into a glow of life and  
freshness the whole circle in which it  
moves.

A man's character is like his shadow,  
which sometime's follows, and some-  
times precedes him, and which is occa-  
sionally longer and occasionally shorter  
than he is.

Knowledge will not be acquired with-  
out pains and application. It is trouble-  
some, and deep digging for pure water;  
but when once you come to the springs  
they rise up and meet you.

Be not diverted from your duty by  
any idle reflections the silly world may  
make upon you, for their censures are  
not in your power, and they conse-  
quently should not be any part of your  
concern.

A good deed is never lost; he who  
sows courtesy meets friendship; and he  
who plants kindness gathers love; plea-  
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But little do men perceive what sol-  
itude is, and how far it extends. For a  
crowd is no company; men's faces are  
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but a tinkling cymbal where there is no  
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whole mind, quickens every faculty of  
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Avert your gaze from the crosses of  
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Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath  
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for many times it is a slander, and be-  
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The art of conversation consists in  
the exercise of two fine qualities. You  
must originate and you must sym-  
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time, the habit of communicating and  
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