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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is a somewhat sad fact that some people have a higher polish on their boots than on their manners.

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.

All things must change. Friends must be torn asunder and sweet along in the current of events, to see each other seldom and, perchance, no more.

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully or with forced gaiety.

The old theory about getting up early is, at last, happily exploded. One can now go to bed and get up when he pleases without having that fatal proflung in his teeth.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!" When? In the better life to come, no doubt, but here also, and with a most satisfying vision.

You are like one whom a kind and faithful guide is leading along a lonely and dangerous road through the darkness of the night. The form of your guide you can scarcely see, but his words of comfort and assurance are in your ears all the while; you trust him, for you know that he perfectly knows the way, and you commune with him as you go along.

A PORTRAIT. Two eyes I see, whose softest blue rivals the summer skies; Two lips, beside whose cheery hue the bright carnation dies.

PLODDING JIM. "Jim Dunn, do you know your lesson yet?" The question, uttered in an irritated tone, came from a young man who had been reading a newspaper, waiting for the tardy boy of his class.

"No, sir; I don't believe I do, quite," was the hesitating reply.

"Are you aware what time it is?" "One o'clock, sir," said young Dunn.

"You are slow, Dunn; very slow. I don't think I ever saw a fellow just like you; but I guess what you learn you know."

"Well, if here isn't Jim, just at dinner is done!" cried his sister Anne.

"And every bit of the pudding gone," said Oscar, the next oldest brother.

"I don't know what we shall do with that boy," Dr. Dunn often said, when talking over the prospects of their children.

Jim wrote in less than a week. His employer wanted an under salesman. Then he set himself to look carefully into his father's affairs.

Everything there was going to ruin. The were nearly heart-broken, and no one thought for a moment of looking to him.

But nevertheless he laid his plans. To pay the mortgage was quite impossible, but he hired some comfortable rooms in the old house where he stayed, sold what he could from the stock of the farm, had the necessary furniture brought to town, and installed his father and mother in a comfortable home.

One day a gentleman called upon Jim, and was invited into his room. "You've been at work fifteen years on this machine, you say?" remarked the gentleman when he had examined it.

Chewing Gum. Among the quiet little manufacturers of the country is that of chewing gum. Only one factory exists in New York city, and the few others are in New England, New York State, Ohio, Virginia, and Tennessee.

Of course Jim got frugal meals in this place. A widow and her daughter kept the house, letting nearly all the rooms to lodgers; but Jim's quiet ways and pleasant face had won an entrance to their hearts, and they took him to their table for a small consideration.

Jim ran up stairs as soon as he reached the house. He never ran up stairs in any other place, but there was an attraction there which was better than the amusements to which his fellow-clerks devoted themselves.

No sooner had he seated himself at the table and taken up a screw, than some one knocked at the door. At the low "come in," his eldest brother presented himself, dressed in the height of fashion, handsome and even imposing in appearance.

"Well, Jim, so these are your lodgings, my boy," said the young man. "Not much style, I must say."

"Not much," said Jim, cheerfully. "Have you just come from home?"

"Yes, and everything is going on about the same. Father is mightily pleased that I have got my shingle up."

"And are you prospering?" asked Jim, with a sidelong glance upon the ivory cane, the kid glove and the gold chain.

A supper now and then, treat your companions, and frequent the theatre," said Jim.

"The same old slow boy, with no more brains than an ox."

"You are still at the machine, I see," he said aloud, a moment after.

"Oh, yes; it costs next to nothing; and if it never succeeds, it gives me something to think about."

"You don't say that you ever think," was the sarcastic response.

"Well, now and then," was the slow rejoinder.

Charley rose, sauntered back and forth for a few moments, and then stood still, his handsome face reddening.

"I think I could write for the newspapers. Can't you get me a place in some store? and I could write copy for you."

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"And so you smoke ten cent cigars, give

Flame colored Kids. A young man gets on the train and seats himself opposite me. He wears flame-colored kids and a poodle dog. Now, I do not object to a man wearing any kind or color of kids, and love of the angels, how I do hate a poodle dog.

"Sacrifices!" repeated Jim, in a tone that made Charley's blood move faster; and that he said to himself, with the addition of an oath.

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going in the direction of this particular town to pass them. The conductor signalled it to stop, the detective got aboard, and in the course of an hour or so was standing in the little village where he desired to be. It was a primitive Ohio hamlet, and the only alleged hotel it could boast of the most wretched description.

"The detective thought it was better than sleeping out, so he asked to be shown the room. He had just unrolled, and was about extinguishing the tallow dip, when something prompted him to take a look at his bedfellow. He did so, and what was his surprise to find his whilom prisoner snuggled up in the bedclothes. Accustomed as he was to repressing his feelings upon all occasions, he could scarcely restrain a joyful shout at his good fortune, and it was some time before he recovered sufficient calmness to act with coolness. After much self-congratulation he secured the forger's clothing to a piece of twine and suspended them from the window. He then resumed a portion of his own clothing, and hid the remainder, locked the door, and placed the key in his pocket, and getting into bed he placed his revolver in such a position that, although out of sight, it was within easy reach, and sank into a peaceful slumber. In the morning he was awakened by the sound of some one talking in the room, and peering cautiously around he noticed the forger rummaging about, clothed only in an abbreviated undergarment and endeavoring manfully to give proper vent to his feelings in choice but emphatic expletives. His search for his clothing proving unavailing, he approached the bed opposite to investigate. As he did so, he saw the revolver, and the detective started as if he had been struck, and before he could recover from his astonishment he was properly handcuffed and at the detective's mercy.

"He was soon assisted into his clothing; the next passing train was hailed and they arrived at their destination without further adventure."

"What became of the forger?" inquired the reporter, as the detective applied a lighted match to his cigar.

"Oh, he was tried soon afterward," was the reply, "and the evidence against him was of such an overwhelming character that he was convicted and sent up for a long term."

Napoleon's Parents. The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them.

One pleasant evening recently two men were seated in a cosy little room not far from the city hall.

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A Mad Wolf's Ravages. During the month the peasants from the adjoining villages had not collected together at a fair which was held at the settlement of Barrenkoff, district of Izume, Russia, the mad portion of the assembly had dispersed to the drinking shops to make bargains and drink each other's health, leaving the women and children in charge of the carts. Suddenly there resounded through the square a heartrending shriek for assistance, and then all was quiet. The peasants rushed out of the drinking booths into the street, and before they had time to collect their thoughts there appeared from behind a building situated on the edge of the square, an enormous wolf. Everybody rushed in great confusion to their carts, shouting, "Mad wolf!" Meantime the gigantic wolf, frothing at the mouth and with his tongue hanging out, made for the carts. A dreadful tumult occurred. The horses and oxen dashed in all directions, but the majority, getting entangled, fell, overturning the carts, while the noise made by the pigs, sheep, geese, fowls, etc., added to the uproar and confusion. The wolf when within a short distance of the first group of carts, turned round, sprang on to a woman who was running past, and in a moment she was prostrate on the ground, having lost her nose, scalp and the upper part of her face. The wolf then turned and attacked a small lad of about seven years of age, but just at that time a pig rushed at the wolf and bit its tail. The wolf turned on his assailant, but not before it had bitten the boy's face and hand. Leaving the pig, the wolf ran down the main street, attacked a woman with a baby, then two boys about fifteen years of age, and having bitten their heads through to the brain, rushed up the street, and after hitting several other persons, turned off upon the railroad. By this time a large crowd, headed by the village elder, and armed with whips, guns, scythes, etc., gave chase to the terrible animal. They came up with the wolf about one mile from the village, and a peasant, allowing it to approach him within about fifteen paces, shot the animal straight in its open jaw. Notwithstanding the wound he had received, the wolf sprang up and attacked the peasant. The latter did not lose his presence of mind, and struck the animal with the butt end of his gun, which shattered at the blow, and the wolf seized the peasant by the side, but owing to the man wearing three coats his skin was only scratched. The courageous man then firmly gripped the animal with both hands. During this struggle between a man and a mad wolf the crowd which had come up hesitated through fear to attempt the rescue of their comrade. Fortunately a local policeman galloped up at this juncture, and drawing his revolver shot the wolf through the head. The wolf had bitten no less than twenty-two persons, ten of whom are in a dangerous state. The sufferers were isolated from the rest of the inhabitants and medical aid was at once administered to them. It is reported that the wolf came from the settlement at Dovenyigit (situated about thirty miles from the town of Barrenkoff), but so carelessly that on the following morning his body was found scattered about.

It wasn't a Hoss-blanket. She had brought that spread forty-one miles over a dirt road, and she was so sure of taking the first premium that she brought her new back comb and a pair of red stockings on the strength of it. When the momentous hour arrived, her spread was left out in the cold. The woman hadn't yet recovered from her shock when along came Andrew Whitcomb, picked up a corner of the spread, and called out:

"Hey, old woman, how much for this hoss-blanket?"

"That was too much. The woman picked up a handy broom-handle and gave him several first premiums over the head. Andrew escaped to the street, pulled off his coat, and he was during the old lady an her bedspread to come on when a policeman took him in charge.

"How mean it was of you to add insult to injury!" exclaimed his honor as Andrew kicked the sawdust in front of the desk.

"I thought it was a hoss-blanket—I really did!" persisted the prisoner.

"I am afraid you have been drinking."

"You honor, I cannot tell a lie—yes, I had been drinking."

"What?"

"Water."

"Water—um? Well I can't help it. If water affected you that way it would change our prices here a bit. I should fine you \$5."

"I'll pay, of course, but I tell you I thought that was a hoss-blanket."

"Can't help you any more; hand the money to the Clerk."

"I'll hand the money to the Clerk, but I must insist that it was a hoss-blanket!"

"I don't want any more talk. You'd better go."

"I'll go, of course, but if that wasn't a hoss-blanket, I never saw one."

The Longevity of Icebergs. Icebergs are subjected to disintegration in somewhat the same manner as rocks. They are full of crevasses, into which the water formed by melting penetrates; in winter this water freezes, and by its expansion all through the glacier a rupture of the mass ensues. "It is highly probable," he says, "that most of the icebergs afloat in winter are in such a condition that a very slight cause is sufficient to make them break because of their state of internal tension. Every polar traveller can tell how a short, the driving-in of an ice-anchor, or any other sudden vibration, has brought about catastrophes; cases have even occurred in which the sound of the voice alone was sufficient. An iceberg is always an unpleasant neighbor." So many are the causes which tend to destroy icebergs that the author concludes that "no berg exists which could withstand them more than ten years, and that commonly the life of a berg is much shorter." However this may be, doubtless the much larger Antarctic bergs last very much longer, as must necessarily occur because of the greater uniformity of the climate to which they are exposed. The iceberg into which the Arizona ran recently must have been an unusually solid one.

You meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinding hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one. As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart as from a hollow one, and from a full mind as from an empty head.

The day fixed for the Princess Louise's return to Canada is said to be the 22d of January.

A Girl and a Bear. About a month ago Miss Alice Corey, of New York city, came to visit her uncle, a German, who owns a small farm in the mountains, six miles northwest of Hunter's Range, Pa. Miss Corey is about sixteen years old, and her parents are well to do. Her uncle has a daughter, Clara, also aged about sixteen years. Her father having but one son, Clara has for years helped to do the work on the farm, and she has become an expert shot with a rifle. She has a mania for hunting, and frequently goes into the forest in search of game. A few days ago Clara invited her cousin to accompany her on a hunting expedition. They started from the house shortly after breakfast. Alice with a double-barrelled gun and Clara with a rifle. After scouring the woods for several hours without much success they visited "Dark Swamp." This swamp embraces several hundred acres, is densely wooded, and bears are frequently seen there. The girls reached the edge of the swamp at noon, and started into the thicket. They had gone but a short distance when Miss Corey, who was walking a few yards behind her cousin, heard a crackling noise in the bushes a short distance back. Looking around, she saw a large black bear coming toward her. Clara, who had frequently encountered the shaggy monsters, called to her frightened cousin to come to her. She then drew her rifle to her shoulder and, taking deliberate aim at the animal, awaited until it came within easy range, and then fired. The bear uttered a howl of pain, and fell bleeding. As Clara's rifle was a single-barrelled one, she seized the double-barrelled gun from her cousin, and discharged both barrels at the infuriated animal, in the hope of killing it outright. But, with the disappearance of the smoke from the gun, the bear was seen writhing, but not dead. The brave young woman then approached cautiously to within reaching distance of the wounded animal, and, taking from a large leather belt encircling her waist a bone-handled deer knife, plunged it to the hilt into the bear's neck. At this moment the dying monster gave a sudden lunge and fastened its sharp claws into the girl's skirts, pulling her down. Her frightened cousin ran about wildly and screamed at the top of her voice, but as there was no house within two miles, her cries were not heard. She then returned to where Clara was still struggling with the animal. The bear still held the girl in his grasp, but was rapidly growing weaker. The girl was all the time using her knife with good effect. She dealt the dying animal blow after blow until it finally released his hold and rolled over dead. Though very much exhausted and considerably scratched by the bear's claws, Clara, with the assistance of her cousin, was soon able to walk. They marked the spot where the dead bear lay, and then returned home. Clara's father and brother drove to the swamp and brought the bear in, which, when dressed, weighed 340 pounds. The skin is to be sent to a New York taxidermist to be stuffed, and it is believed that the bear's skull will be a fortunate escape.

Quails and Pigeons. There is a physician in San Francisco who is an iconoclast in the broadest conception of the term. To shatter an idol, a time honored truism or a popular delusion gives the gentleman as great a delight as the discovery of a new and interesting disease. To disprove an accepted article of faith in religion, politics or medicine he has been known to devote weeks or months of study, and in some instances to undergo actual suffering and deprivation, success alone repaying him for all his efforts and trouble. He is now engaged in disproving by actual demonstration the popular belief that a man cannot eat a quail a day for thirty consecutive days. A reporter recently called on the gentleman to learn how the experiment is progressing. The reporter found the doctor, who is a hearty, healthy, rosy-faced Teuton, in his office on Kearney street.

"Well, doctor, how are the quail faring?"

"How did you happen to enter into the undertaking?"

"Well, I was seated at a table with some friends a few weeks ago, when the old subject of a quail a day came up for discussion. All the gentlemen saving myself supported the theory. As a matter of course, wagers were offered that the diet could not be sustained, and I accepted them. When I disprove a thing I always attempt to do it thoroughly. I wagered \$500 that I could eat one quail each day for thirty days, and after the first day I was offered a quail and one pigeon a day for the specified time."

"How long have you been engaged in the task?"

"This is my fifteenth day."

"What effect has it had upon you?"

"None whatever, physically or mentally."

"Tell me about the arrangement of the diet."

"I eat the two quail for lunch at noon, and the pigeon in the evening, for dinner. I am allowed to have them cooked in any manner I please, but thus far have not changed my first order to the cook. The quail I have served as a fricassee, the pigeon I have fried and served with a butter gravy. As the men with whom I made the wager supply the game, I am having a rather happy time of it. It is nonsense to suppose that bird-meat should have any more deleterious effects on a person's physical condition than meat of any other kind. In point of fact it is less harmful as an article of regular diet, being lighter and more easily digested. Why, when I finish with this wager I will offer to bet \$1,000 that I can continue the diet for thirty days more. I am confident that, unless I meet with some accident, I will win my wager."

"The doctor certainly does not look like a man suffering in any degree in mind and body, yet those who uphold the old theory say that the critical time does not arrive until after twenty or twenty-five days are passed. The result is looked forward to with interest."

What could be more intensely American than the act of the Yankee who, on visiting an Italian convent and being shown a lamp which had not been permitted to go out in five centuries, quickly stepped up to it and blew it out, with the remark, "Well, I rather guess it's on now."

Senator Chandler's estate is valued at \$1,800,000.

A South Carolina man cut 22,000 shingles from one cypress tree.