

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 10, 1890.

MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the tolling of alarms,
The angel song so far away
I welcome at my door.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet calm days, in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong,
The graven flowers that breathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
Than I the more enjoy.

All as God wills who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That whence my feet have strayed,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with Eternal Good;—

And death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain rain of yore,
The purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of the strife,
Now rounded into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—John G. Whittier, aged 82, December 17.

MR. CACKLE'S CARPET.

"Carpets, young man, if you please!" said Mrs. Cackle.

"What sort of carpets, ma'am? Moquette? Wilton? We have some very desirable importations of royal velvet."

"No, Brussels! The cheapest thing you have in Brussels that is any way decent."

Mrs. Cackle sat up on the eighth floor of Meddle & Minturn's great store, her silken flounces rippling around her ample form, the bird of paradise plume on her hat nodding, as if to give extra significance to every word she spoke. Her tan kid gloves, glistening with many buttons, were fastened with a gaudy diamond set bar, and her plump visage bore the traces of pearl powder and cream of roses, laid on with no sparing hand.

Beside her sat her dear particular friend, Miss Rosina Ruford, who always played the part of Damon to her Pythias, and invariably went shopping with her.

"You see, Rosina," said Mrs. Cackle, who was one of the kind that talk very loud in public places, and indulge in all sorts of details, "it's for a wedding present. Lemme give me a check for a hundred dollars, and I'll buy a nice parlor carpet for my cousin, who is to be married next month."

"Mr. Cackle is always so generous," smiled Miss Ruford, whose new set of false teeth made her smiles very smiling indeed. "A hundred dollars, did you say, dear? That will buy a very nice one, indeed!"

"It would," said Mrs. Cackle, "if I was goose enough to buy it. But I don't mean to. Cackle's only a man, and men never do understand things. What do these out of the wilderness people understand about carpets? And what do they want of the best grade? No, young man, I don't want any of the dollar and a quarter lines. That's too high. Haven't you anything for about a dollar, or ninety cents? It needn't be the very finest quality, I tell you. If I spend fifty dollars on it, turning once more to Miss Ruford, "it'll be all that is necessary, and the extra I'll invest in a new satin gown for myself. Ha, ha, ha; Cackle is so very close with his check book, that now and then I have to circumvent him."

"You are so witty, dear," tittered Miss Ruford.

"Nothing under a dollar and twelve cents?" shrilly repeated Mrs. Cackle, as the salesman came back again. "I couldn't think of paying that. Have you no unsaleable patterns nothing that nobody else will buy? The people that I want this carpet for are dreadfully old fashioned, and never will know the difference."

"Oh, my dear, you are too funny!" said Miss Ruford, behind her fan.

"We have one," hesitated the young clerk—"a scarlet ground, with immense olive-green pineapples all over it. We haven't sold a yard of it. Everybody seems afraid of it, and I don't really think."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Cackle, promptly.

The porter presently wheeled up a mammoth roll on a hand barrel; the clerk unfolded its hideous, glaring proportions where, against a scarlet ground, some monster vegetables entwined itself among impossible scrolls.

"You see, ma'am, it's quite unsaleable," said the clerk. "Mr. Meddle was talking of donating it to the reception room of the Blink and Doodle Orphan asylum."

"It is a little peculiar," said Mrs. Cackle, eyeing it through her lorgnette. "Quite a gem!—what I should call an art carpet."

"Oh, my dear Louisa! giggled Miss Ruford.

"But very striking," said Mrs. Cackle.

"Quite so, ma'am," said the clerk, coughing spasmodically behind his pocket handkerchief.

"What will you let me have it for?" said Mrs. Cackle, in a business like way.

"Eighty cents, ma'am," said the clerk.

"Say seventy-five," spoke the customer.

"We couldn't, indeed, ma'am. It cost us more than that to import it."

"I'll take thirty yards," said Mrs. Cackle. "Let me see" (calculating on the fat tan colored fingers where the rings bulged out so obtrusively), "naught's a naught, eight times naught—that will come to twenty-four dollars, won't it, young man?"

"Twenty-four dollars, ma'am!" said the clerk, scarcely able to repress his amazement that any one in their senses should buy so ugly a carpet.

"And that will leave seventy-six out of the check," said Mrs. Cackle, gleefully. "I'll tell you what, Rosina—I can trim the black satin with the very nicest Escorial lace. I suppose those back country barbarians will invite me to the wedding, and I'd like to wear something that will just paralyze them! And my husband will never be any the wiser. Do you look, Rosina!" nudging her companion. "What a beautiful moquette that tall young lady in the black silk suit is choosing! I've got to have something new in my reception room next year. I wish I could afford!"

"The address, ma'am, please!" said the clerk, pencil and pad in hand.

Mrs. Cackle hesitated.

"Well, I don't know," said she. "I suppose it had better be sent at once, with our card, to the bride. Give me the paper, young man, if you please. I'll write it down, so that there can't possibly be any mistake."

"I tell you, Rosina," she added, as she sat in the elevator, being lowered down to the level of the surface world. "I wish I knew who that elegant young lady was looking at the white-and-pearl moquette carpet! I'd like to ask her for the pattern of that shoulder cape. I'm sure it must have come direct from Paris."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Cackle, as he sat down to the soup and roast beef of the plentiful table at home, "what sort of a parlor carpet did you buy for cousin Erminie?"

"Oh, a beauty!" said Mrs. Cackle, spreading out her napkin to protect her dress.

"Did you use all my check?"

"Yes, every dollar of it," answered Mrs. Cackle, saving her conscience with the recollection of the black satin and the Escorial lace, which were already in the dressmaker's hands.

"I hope they'll be pleased," said Mr. Cackle. "It's very essential to make a favorable impression, I beg you to remember, my dear, on these relations, for the young man Erminie is to marry in a r-lative of the head of our firm, and could, I have no doubt, recommend me for advancement."

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" said Mrs. Cackle, with a pang of tardy remorse. "But how on earth did your country cousin come across such a good match?"

"Oh, I don't know. I believe he came out to Glassybrook fishing or gunning or something. Minnie's very pretty, they tell me."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cackle. "Red cheeks and black eyes, and hair cut in a pointed bang right down to the top of the nose—I know what these rustic beauties are!"

The time for the wedding arrived. There, on the drawing room floor of an elegant semi-talian villa, Mrs. Cackle recognized the very white and pearl moquette carpet that she had so coveted at Meddle & Minturn's. And the bride—already in her white silk and floating veil, to whom she was introduced as Miss Erminie Brooks, soon to become Mrs. Howard Crespiigny—was none other than the elegant young lady in the Paris wrap and the perfectly fitting gloves and boots who had heard every detail of the bargain for the unsaleable carpet!

If the cracks in the floor underneath the moquette colors could have opened and swallowed Mrs. Cackle up at that moment, what an indescribable relief it would have been!

"I have to thank you, Mr. Cackle, for your present," said Erminie, in her slow, queenly way; and her smile was a riddle.

"I hope you like it," said honest Mr. Cackle, looking down at the rose-and-pearl shades of the soft pile, that closed around his foot like forest moss. "It certainly is a pretty pattern."

Mrs. Cackle shot an imploring glance at the bride—a glance that said, plain-er than words, "Don't betray me!"—and the bride began to talk with somebody else about something else.

She did not enjoy the black satin dress with the Escorial trimmings so much as she had expected. The Paris costumes of the "back country cousins" left her far in the shade.

"I'll never go to that dowdy dress-maker again," said she, in a rage.

But she did, for Miss Biggs was cheap, and Mrs. Cackle was economical. On the very first call she made there after her trip to Glassybrook, however, she gave a great start and stared around like one who beholds a ghost.

"My goodness me!" exclaimed she. "Where did you get that carpet?"

"Isn't it nice?" said Miss Biggs, beaming through her eyeglasses. "It was a present from Mrs. Howard Crespiigny. Her mother was once a customer of mine. Wasn't it thoughtful of her?"

Mrs. Cackle made a little noise as if she was swallowing something, and said yes, she thought it was.

Mrs. Howard Crespiigny was the bride. The carpet was her own wedding gift—the identical "unsaleable pat-

tern," said Mrs. Cackle never received promotion in the firm of Harriman & Crespiigny on the recommendation of his new relation-in-law.

Mr. Cackle thought it very strange; Mrs. Cackle didn't—*Helen Forrest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

Inmate Hogghishness.

"Now just stand beside me a minute and notice how much inmate hogghishness there is in human nature," said a conductor at the Boston and Maine station last night to a *Globe* reporter. "The 5.45 train is just backing in. Watch."

The long row of empty cars slowly rolled into the station. The large platform and the little platform between the tracks were covered with men and women waiting to get seats as soon as the cars stopped. But as the speed of the cars slackened somewhat a movement began all along the crowd. Men jostled against each other in frantic attempts to board the moving cars, clutching at the rails and stumbling all over the steps, trying to clamber aboard; and when the cars came to a full stop nearly every one of them was almost filled with men comfortably reading their papers.

As for the women. Well, one or two brave but careless souls may have tried to step upon a car before it stopped, but for the rest there was nothing left to do but wait while the men, unencumbered with skirts and petticoats, jumped in and got good seats.

"Not only do the men steal all the seats," remarked the conductor, "but they never think of offering a woman a seat. Street-car etiquette sort of half compels a man not to allow a lady to stand, but in a steam car she gets a seat only when she is able to fight for it. Some one will get killed jumping on the back of a car one day, and then perhaps you will see a change in things. Women have no divine rights I suppose, but they ought to be allowed a fair start in the race."—*Boston Globe.*

Mark Twain's Boyhood.

"He was always a rascal," said R. E. Morris, the painter, at 220 South Fourth street, speaking of Mark Twain. "I was born and raised in Hannibal; and know when Mrs. Clemens (Mark's mother) moved from Florida, Monroe county, to Hannibal. Mark was a dull, stupid, slow-going fellow, but he was full of pranks, and while he didn't do the meanness, he planned it and got other boys to do it. We went to school to Dr. Meredith, and Mark always sat near the foot of the class. He never took any interest in books, and I never saw him study his lessons. He left school and went to learn the printing business, and soon after that left Hannibal and went to steamboating."

"I studied school, got a good education, and am a painter, while Mark is a millionaire. It is a scandalous fact that as a boy from 10 to 16 years of age, Mark was a dull, stupid fellow, and it was the wonder of the town as to what end would be his. He was pointed out by mothers as a boy that would never amount to nothing, if he did not get other boys to do it. We went to school to Dr. Meredith, and Mark always sat near the foot of the class. He never took any interest in books, and I never saw him study his lessons. He left school and went to learn the printing business, and soon after that left Hannibal and went to steamboating."

"I say, old man," said one, "do you know who you've been playin' with?"

"Yes," replied my victim calmly; "Hermann, the magician, and he's a good player."

The wife was somewhat of a surprise all around. But I laughed and handed him back the money I had won. He wouldn't take it. No sir. Said I had won it; had he won mine he would have kept it, and under no consideration would he take it back. That was not his way of playing poker. It was no use for me to protest, to tell him that I had deliberately robbed him. He was sorry that he had got in with a man who didn't play a square game, but that it was his lookout. He ought to have seen that he was being fleeced, but as he had been fleeced and with his eyes open, too, he was not the man to squeal. I tell you I felt mean. I didn't think it half so funny then as I do now. But I could do or say made no impression on my victim, and with a dignified bow he left us.

"All I can do," I said to one of my friends, "is to give this money to some charitable institution."

"Then I have the waiter one of the bills I had won to pay for the wine. He came back with it, and the information that it was a counterfeit. Yes, sir. That guileless youth had won my good money and rung in over a hundred dollars' worth of paper on me that wasn't worth a cent a pound. I'm pretty good on handling cards, but poker is a mighty uncertain game—mighty uncertain."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Electrical Execution Described.

The preparations necessary for electrical execution are very simple. The condemned criminal's cell is visited by the prison authorities and his hands and feet are saturated with the weak potash solution which so rapidly overcomes the skin's resistance; during this space of thirty seconds or less, his electrical resistance may be measured, though Mr. Edison's researches in this line have rendered even this unnecessary. Should in wet felt slippers, the convict walks to the chair, and is instantly strapped into position; his feet and hands are again immersed in the potash solution contained in a foot tub connected to one pole and in hand basins connected to the other. With this perfect contact there is no possibility of burning the flesh and thus reducing the effect of the current upon the body. Dials of electrical instruments indicate that all the apparatus is in perfect order and record the pressure at every moment. The deputy sheriff closes the switch. Respiration and heart action instantly cease, and electricity, with a velocity equaling that of light, destroys life before nerve sensation, at a speed of only one hundred and eighty feet per second, can reach the brain. There is a stiffening of the muscles which gradually relax after five seconds have passed; but there is no struggle and no sound. The majesty of the law has been vindicated, but no physical pain has been caused.—*Harold P. Brown, in North American Review.*

Herrmann's Poker Story.

"I never play cards in earnest," said Herrmann after the show last night.

"Those who know me wouldn't play with me anyhow, and of course, I would not take any advantage of those who don't. But I remember one night, not two thousand years ago, that in order to amuse a few friends, I sat down to a quiet little game of poker. You see, it was this way: I met the friends, and was introduced to an innocent-looking youth of the dude persuasion, whose face was as vacant in expression as a pound of putty. This youth had been bragging of his powers as a poker player, and had made the others so tired that they whispered to me to take the conceit out of him for the fun there was in it. I was ready, and we sat down."

"In Philadelphia?"

"Bless you, no. This was in my native Philadelphia. This was in W. I., when we began the game I allowed the youngster to win in order to get him interested, and the better to enjoy the circus, the others dropped out and my victim and I had the table to ourselves. Of course I was to give him back whatever I won from him—that was understood. We didn't play with chips as we had none, but made the game a quarter ante and a dollar limit, so that we could use the money without making any awkward change. Every time my callow friend won a pot he put the silver and bills in his pocket and would chip in the stuff as he needed it. After he had won a respectable pile I began to get my work in, and by handling and dealing the cards in my own peculiar way I soon had him pile in a fair way to innocuous desuetude. Occasionally I would let him win, just to keep the fun up, and I don't know but what I enjoyed my opponent's innocence as much as did my friends. But all things must have an end. Finally I cleared him out, much to his surprise, and ordered a bottle. My friends could not say any longer.

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He was Big Enough for Three.

There is a story of a lately deceased portly Bishop, who never lost sight of himself and his importance to the flock. He was a kindly, good-hearted old gentleman; but it cannot be denied that his bump of self-esteem was abnormally developed. Once, while making the rounds of his conference his duties brought him to a certain church, and a friend persuaded him to make a pastoral call under somewhat unusual circumstances. An estimable lady had lost her reason. The Bishop was asked to call upon her in the hope that he might say something which would rouse her from her despondent condition. At the house the Bishop was ushered into the parlor, and there he encased his portly frame in a large old-fashioned chair, and awaited with serene benignity the appearance of the lady.

The door opened, and it was immediately evident that she was in one of her queer spells. She came toward the Bishop, walked slowly around him, eyeing him closely, and peered timidly at him. Finally she seemed to summon all her courage, and said in a frightened way as her glance dwelt again on his well-rounded form. "Please, sir, are you the Trinity?"

"Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy."

Senatorial Tipplers.

What the Senators Like in the Way of Drinks.

Many of the Senators do not like to go into the public restaurants and take their refreshments. In the Senate cafe at room is kept apart for the use of Senators only, and the vulgar public is not expected to break in there and watch the great men eat and drink. But the vulgar public does break in and orders its own luncheons and cold tea precisely as if it had a right there, says the writer of the Washington letter to the *Philadelphia News*.

Robbed of this privacy, the good old Senators who like a quiet "nip" are thrown upon the resources of the committee rooms. The resources of the committee rooms are usually equal to the emergency.

Many sensational stories have been written about the gorgeous drinking places kept in the Senate committee rooms. As a matter of fact, the buffets are usually very simple affairs. No attempt is made at display, and the stock of glassware is usually limited to three or four pieces. Two or three decanters stand on the shelf in a secluded corner, with the glasses and the hydrant water conveniently near. That is all.

In Senator Pendleton's day the Library Committee had a tolerably extensive array of glassware, but that was owing to Mr. Pendleton's fondness for fancy, mixed drinks, and to his possession of a messenger who was an artist in that line.

Mr. Pendleton himself knew all about the mysteries of absinthe, vermouth, mescalito and benedictine, and it is said he could mix a patriotic red, white and blue pouffe cafe.

When Senator Pendleton left the Committee Senator Beck took charge, and he reduced the stock of pretty glassware to a basket-covered demijohn and a tin cup.

Mr. Mahone used to keep some very fine fruit brandies in his committee room, and Senator Edmunds is and for many years has been a moderate drinker of brandy. Mr. Riddleberger took his liquor, good Virginia whisky, from the mouth of a quart flask, without the interposition of cup or glass.

There is quite a rivalry between several of the Senators as to the quality of the liquor which they keep on tap for their friends. It is conceded that up to this time Senator Blackburn has carried off the prize with some very fine old hand-made sour mash from his Kentucky home.

Senator Voorhees is one of the best judges of whisky in the Capitol, and the wrinkled countenance of the now considered as the people who have had a good time. The creases and furrows mark the rounds of pleasure they have taken, and it will be dangerous for any joker to try any chestnut on them unless he is proof against the chestnut-bell.—*Herald of Health.*

Lincoln Skinned Him.

How the Lamented President Won a Widow's Suit.

"If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," Abraham Lincoln used to say, when confident of the justice of the cause he represented. He was weak in defending a wrong case, for he was mentally and morally too honest to explain away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry.

Instead of attempting to bolster up such a cause, he abandoned it. Once he abandoned a case in open court, being convinced that it was unjust. A less fastidious lawyer took Mr. Lincoln's place and won the case.

M. H. Gordon, in his "Life of Lincoln," tells a story which exhibits his ability in getting a case he believed in "properly swung to the jury."

A pension agent, named Wright, secured for the widow of a Revolutionary soldier a pension of \$400, of which sum he retained one-half as his fee. The pensioner, a crippled old woman, hobbled into Lincoln's office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up; he brought suit against the agent, and on the day of the trial he said:

"I am going to skin Wright, and get that money back."

He did so. The old woman told her story to the jury. Lincoln in his plea drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, describing the soldiers as creeping barefooted over the ice, and marking their tracks by their bleeding feet. Then he contrasted the hardships of the soldiers, endured for their country with the hardened action of the agent in fleecing the old woman of one-half of her pension.

He was merciless; the members of the jury were in tears, and the agent writhed in his seat under the castigation of Lincoln's denunciation. The jury returned a verdict in her favor for the full amount, and Lincoln made no charge for his services.

His notes for the argument were used as follows:

"No contract—Not professional services—Unreasonable charge—Money retained by Deft not given by Plt.—Revolutionary War—Describe Valley Forge privations—Ice—Soldiers' bleeding feet—Plt's husband—Soldier leaving for army—Skin Deft—Close."—*Globe Democrat.*

Establishing Their Genealogy.

It was at the depot in Macon, Ga. A colored man from the country stood looking at the locomotive when the colored fireman called out:

"Hey, yo' nigger, what yo' lookin' at?"

"Who's nigger?" demanded the other.

"Yo' is."

"So is yo'."

"Look out, dar, nigger. I don't take no sass off'n shucks!"

"Yo' is shucks yo' self."

"Hump! Do yo' know what my fadder sold fur befo' de wuh?"

"No."

"Fo'teen hundred dollars in gold, sah, an' dey reckoned dat was \$200 under price. Who was yo' fadder, sah?"

"He was de gen'l'man who bought yo' fadder fur a watch, sah, an' he allus loved he paid a thousand dollars more dan he was worth."

"What are yer doin', yo' young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him standing under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."—*Judge.*

The Biggest Earthly House.

The "Freihaus" (free house), situated in Vieden, a suburb of Vienna, is said to be the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains, in all, between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of four hundred dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen court-yards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house. Scarcely a trade, handicraft or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, book-binders, agents, turners, batters, officers, lock-smiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, government clerks, three lakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers and many other tradesmen live in it. The house has thirty-three staircases and fronts on three streets and one square. One day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as 1,000 pieces in this single but Titanic house. To address a letter to the person it is intended for does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it. In order to "make assurance doubly sure," all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and the sur-name of the person for whom intended, the number of the staircase and the number of the apartment, otherwise it is apt to go astray as though addressed to the person to whom it is addressed with directions as to street and number. At the present time 2,120 persons live in this immense building.

Dr. Peppenbrook writes to a St. Louis paper that, contrary to the general impression, wrinkles are caused by laughing instead of worry. It is just as well that this statement should be given as much publicity as possible because there has been a good deal of sympathy wasted if the doctor is right. A person whose face is all wrinkled up is currently believed to have passed through a sea of troubles. The reason for this probably grew out of the fact that, when the hands are kept under water for any length of time, the flesh becomes crinkled. The natural supposition was that the skin of the face would do likewise when subjected to the waters of adversity. There seems to be reason in this deduction. Yet the doctor cannot be wrong or he would not be right. And the wrinkled countenance of the man now considered as the people who have had a good time. The creases and furrows mark the rounds of pleasure they have taken, and it will be dangerous for any joker to try any chestnut on them unless he is proof against the chestnut-bell.—*Herald of Health.*

Ocular Utterances.

They need much whom nothing will content.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Earnestness in a good cause can not stop short of fame.

Victory is foreshadowed by the effort put forth to bring it about.

People sure of their own social position are never afraid to condescend.

Often the "nicest kind of people" become snobs as soon as they get money.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

Time washes away the customs and opinions of mankind, but human nature remains the same in its essential qualities or principles.

Many persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you may become wise as that they may be known as teachers of wisdom.

The power of a strong intellect is mightier than that of kings. Wealth and station unconsciously yield obedience to it. All instinctively honor it, and are influenced by it.

Health Hints.

Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight draft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you throw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull-dog to give up a yard of which he is in possession. Possession in a bull-dog is ten points of the law.

Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy habits that