

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &c.
The *QUAKER* is published every Friday morn-
ing at the following rates:
One Year, (in advance)..... \$2.00
" (if not paid within six mos.)... \$2.50
" (if not paid within the year)... \$3.00
All papers outside of the county discontinued
without notice, at the expiration of the time for
which the subscription has been paid.
Single copies of the paper, furnished, in wrappers,
at five cents each.
Communications on subjects of local or general
interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure at-
tention, favors of this kind must invariably be
accompanied by the name of the author, not for
publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.
All letters pertaining to business of the office
should be addressed to:
DUBBORROW & LUTZ, Bedford, Pa.

Bedford Quaker.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DUBBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1867.

VOLUME 40: NO. 40.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertisements for less than 3 months 10
cents per line for each insertion. Special prices
apply to all kinds of advertising. All resolutions of legisla-
tion, communications of a United or individual
interests and notices of marriages and deaths, ex-
cluding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notic-
es of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and
other Judicial sales, are required by law to be pub-
lished in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents
per line. All Advertising done after first insertion,
at a liberal discount made to yearly subscribers.

One square.....	\$ 4.50	\$ 6.00	\$ 10.00
Two squares.....	8.00	12.00	18.00
Three squares.....	12.00	18.00	27.00
One-fourth column.....	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column.....	28.00	40.00	70.00
One column.....	56.00	80.00	140.00

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank.
Counsel given in English and German. [April 22]

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of
the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South
of the Mangel House. [April 1, 1867]

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

M. A. POINTS,
Respectfully tenders his professional services
to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter,
Esq., on Juliana Street.

HAYES IRVING,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all busi-
ness entrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang,
Esq., on Juliana Street, three doors south of the
Mangel House. May 24th

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

P. M. AINSIE,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all busi-
ness entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining
counties. Military Claims, Pensions, back
pay, Bounty, &c., specially collected. Office with
Nass & Spang, on Juliana Street, 2 doors south
of the Mangel House. April 1, 1867.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

M. EYERS & DICKERSON,
Office nearly opposite the Mangel House, will
practice in the several Courts of Bedford County.
Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and
the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [May 11, 1867]

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

J. B. CESSNA,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on the square near
the Presbyterian Church. All business
entrusted to his care will receive faithful and
prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c.,
specially collected. [June 9, 1867]

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

E. B. STUCKEY,
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth,
Opposite the Court House.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all busi-
ness entrusted to their care. Special attention
given to collections and the prosecution of claims
for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana Street, south of the Court
House. April 15th.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

S. H. SHARPE & KEHR,
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and ad-
joining counties. All business entrusted to their
care will receive careful and prompt attention.
Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., specially col-
lected from the Government.
Office on Juliana Street, opposite the banking
house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar 21

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

D. WARBORROW & LUTZ,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to
their care. Collections made on the shortest no-
tice. They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents
and will give special attention to the prosecution
of claims against the Government for Pensions,
Back Pay, Bounty, Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana Street, one door south of the
"Mangel House" and nearly opposite the *Quaker*
Office. April 28, 1867.

PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to
the people of this place and vicinity. [Dec 15]

D. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services
to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office
and residence on Pitt Street, in the building
formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofus. [April 1, 67]

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located respectfully
tenders his professional services to the citizens
of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana Street,
opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Pal-
mer's office. April 1, 1867.

D. S. G. STALLER, M. D.,
Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland
county, having accepted of the license in the
practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their profes-
sional services to the citizens of Schellburg and
vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same
as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STALLER,
Schellburg, April 12th. J. J. CLARKE.

HOTELS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been
renewed by the subscriber, is now open for the
reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are
large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished.
The table will always be supplied with the best
the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with
the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose
to keep a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. Thanking
the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a
renewal of their patronage.
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the
Hotel and the Springs. WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.
may 17, 67-ly.

MORRISON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PA.
I have purchased and entirely renovated the
large stone and brick building opposite the Pen-
nsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened
for the accommodation of the travelling public.
The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are
all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in
saying that I can offer accommodations not ex-
ceeded in Central Pennsylvania.
I refer to my patrons who have formerly known
me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel
and Jackson House. may 25th

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUPP & SHANNON, BANKERS,
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and
South, and the general business of Exchange
transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and
Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE
bought and sold. feb 22

DANIEL BORDER,
FITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BED-
FORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

**WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWEL-
RY, SPECTACLES, &c.**
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Sil-
ver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refra-
ction Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold
Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best
quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order
any thing in his line not on hand. [Apr. 25, 67]

Q. YES O YES! The undersigned has taken
out auction sales, and tenders his services
to all who have sales or auctions to cry. Give
him a call. Post Office address, Spring Meadows,
Bedford County, Penn'a. April 25th

HENRY B. MOCK,

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

Upon the brown and far off hills
The hazel lies soft and blue,
Where nuts are dropping thick and fast,
Where Summer wild flowers grew.

The Maple's gold and crimson leaves
Like blood-stained banners gleam,—
And purple aster's ope their bloom
Beside each forest stream.

The woods like some grand temple stands
Beneath the glowing skies,
While down the long dim aisles, the haze
Like slumb'ring incense lies.

No organ's deep, majestic notes
Come peeling on the air—
No choral strain triumphant flies
Along those arches fair—

No voice is heard—no sound, save but
The brooklet's rippling flow,
Or whistling quail in covert thick,
Where scarlet berries grow.

Perchance some frightened rabbit's tread,
May wake an echo there,
Or drowsy hum of honey bee
Fall on the dreamy air.

The sunflower and the golden rod
Their gaudy hues unfold,
And seem as if some Midas touch
Had changed them into gold.

The grapes in purple clusters hang
Upon the clinging vine,
And in the orchard, 'mid the leaves,
The ruby apples shine.

But through the forests, o'er the hill
A voice comes whispering low—
It murmurs of the wintry winds
And of the falling snow.

The crimsoned leaves to earth must fall,
And breezes o'er them sigh—
Oh! sad it seems that aught so fair
Should ever fade or die.

We read on every falling leaf
This lesson most sublime,
That Resurrection's holy power
Shall triumph over time.

For though the summer flowers may fade,
The Spring with sun and rain
Shall call them from the vale
To bud and bloom again.

Miscellaneous.

ARRIVAL OF A LIVE GORILLA FROM AFRICA.

The New York *First* of September 25th,
says: For the first time there is a live
gorilla in New York—a gorilla like those
which Du Chailu has told us so many won-
derful stories in "Equatorial Africa," and
"Ashango Land."

At a late hour, yesterday afternoon, there
was an extraordinary excitement in the
neighborhood of Barnum's Museum. The
gorilla had arrived, and his roars attracted
a crowd of spectators.

The animal was caught in the interior of
Africa and was put safely on board the sail-
ing ship *Harding*, and conveyed to this port.
The box in which it was caged during the
voyage was made of teak wood plank—the
toughest material that could be found in
Africa. A huge cart-chain, fastened to the
neck of the gorilla, passed through this box
and was nailed fast to the outside.

From the jarring the gorilla received yester-
day during its transportation from the
ship to the Museum, it became exasperated,
and growled furiously during the trip. Af-
ter the box had been taken into the Mu-
seum, Mr. Charles Brothwell, the Museum
carpenter, loosened the chain from the out-
side of the box, and, by direction of Pro-
fessor Davison, attached to it a rope, by
which the animal was to be led from the box
to the cage, by running the rope through
the bottom of the cage and then fastening
the chain to a beam of the building beneath
the cage.

The rope was attached, when the gorilla
began pulling in his chain. Professor Davi-
son and Mr. Brothwell both grasped the
chain, and several men behind grasped the
rope, but their united efforts were unequal
to the task. The animal, with apparent
ease, pulled into his box both chain and
rope, and untying the rope from the chain,
dropped it from a hole in the cage.

Mr. Brothwell then got the largest cage-
scraper in the building—a huge wrought-
iron bar, an inch and three-quarters thick,
to which is attached a small square—for the
purpose of bringing out the end of the chain.
This scraper had been used successfully in
several contexts with the lions of the estab-
lishment, which had vainly tried to make
an impression upon it with their jaws.

Mr. Brothwell and Professor Davison
each took a scraper, and from opposite ends
of the cage endeavored to foil the gorilla,
and grasp the end of the chain. Finally
the gorilla seized the bar which Mr. Broth-
well held. Another man, who is noted for
his muscular strength, came to the rescue,
but the animal proved their superior, and so
that the best heavy piece of iron double, so that
ends the touch.

During this effort, however the chain was
secured and the box put to the cage, the
animal entrapped, and his chain secured to
the beams underneath.

During all this excitement, the gorilla
growled furiously, the sound resembling the
excited roar of a lion.

All the beasts in the building became ex-
cited, and the place resounded with their
cries. Women fainted and children cried,
but the crowd would not leave the room
until the manager ordered them to be put
out by force. A large barricade was erected
and the doorway blocked up.

The gorilla was now safely in the lion's cage
and got down. An immense chain, with
a resistless force of six thousand pounds, is
attached to the animal.

For five years past, Mr. Barnum has
been endeavoring to secure an animal of this
species, and ordered his agent in Africa, to
secure one without regard to cost.

Mr. B. P. Clayton, Mr. Barnum's agent,
a few months since wrote that he could se-
cure one for \$8,000, but that the British
Government were making every exertion to
secure it for the Zoological Garden in Lon-
don. Mr. Barnum sent word that he must
have this one, if it cost a much greater.

Accordingly, the gorilla was brought to Amer-
ica, and is now safe at the Museum.

When standing upright it is about five
and a half feet in height, and is about the
color of an elephant. Its face has more the
appearance of a human being than of a
monkey, with an eye exactly like that of a
human being. Its hand is as delicate as that
of a woman's, and it would not seem possi-
ble that there is in it such muscular power.

GIGANTIC MONOPOLY.

George Alfred Townsend, writing from
Canada to the Boston *Post*, makes the fol-
lowing curious statement concerning the
Hudson Bay Company: "What is the giantic
monopoly, with two-thirds of a continent
for its game preserve? Whence come this
modern Nimrod, slaying his millions of beaver
and buffalo every year? Are we aware
that upon this hemisphere there is a private
corporation owning nearly as much land as
the United States? This is the Hudson's
Bay Company, founded in 1670, sixty years
before a house stood in Baltimore, twelve
years before the Quakers sailed up the De-
lawar, and three years before Boston had a
wharf. King Charles II. made the Hudson's
Bay Company arbitrary and despotic over
all the region watered by the streams of
Hudson's Bay, and for two centuries its
Governors have shut all this world away
from civilized mankind. They have lied as
to its capacity for cultivation, preferred to
keep it a heathen wild for the hiding of
wolves and catamounts, and the English
Government has backed them up, to the
wrong of the Canadian people, who have
just been excluded from the fairest of the
Northern lands. This enormous monopoly
employs 3,000 white men to haul its boats
and make up its furs, and 100,000 Indian
hunters. There were two million seven hundred
thousand square miles under its control, on-
ly 120,000 people live in it. For 110 years
it paid annual dividends of seventy per cent.
As far back as 1689—a hundred years be-
fore our Government organized—it paid di-
vidends of fifty per cent. It ate up a rival
fur company, the "Northwestern," about
forty years ago, and in 1865 sold one million
two hundred thousand gold dollars worth of
furs, which cost it in imports only two hun-
dred thousand dollars. It has one hundred
and sixty-four trading posts, is subject to
no law, waxes people of its immense estate
as you would want a man out of your office,
and protests that grain shall not grow in
the haunts of the racoon, nor prayers be
said where the lynx crunches the bones of
the Indian squaw. This association of deer-
slayers killed in 1856, 90,000 beavers, 161,
000 martens, 2,000 lynxes, 10,000 bears,
33,000 foxes, 300,000 muskrats, 12,000 ot-
ters, 18,000 skunks, and about 30,000 lesser
animals, besides 140,000 buffaloes. It gives
the Indian a pint of glass beads and a bot-
tle of rum for a silver fox skin, which it sells
for \$250 in gold. It steals, besides, from
United States lands, \$200,000 gold in furs
every year, and we ought to have had a
military post on Red River twenty years
ago. At the north end of Lake Winnipeg
there is a place called Norway House, where
the Governors of five sub-territories meet
Governor Dallas, commander over the might-
y region, and the spoil of the year is promp-
tly divided and the Indians duly swindled.
The hunts for buffalo are two in number,
each lasting two months, and begin respec-
tively June 20 and November 10. The cap-
ital of the company is seven millions of gold
dollars, and they own a million gold dollars
worth of property in American Oregon, se-
cured to them by the treaty of 1846.

This enormous company is now a stum-
bling block in the way of progress. It is a
dark age romance to see its canoes come
down the rapids freighted with furs; to see
its files of half breeds disappear into the
forests where all the long year the Indian
has been slaying the game, making a bloody
wilderness war, lying in ambush against the
wolf, and challenging the white bear to sin-
gle combat. At last the long period of his
hunting is over; the overflow of thirty mil-
lions of people will make a fresher up the
streams of the Winnipeg to drown out beast
and slayer together, and take by the throat
the unmerciful corporation that would
plant its avarice across the gates of a hemi-
sphere and turn back the sluices of man-
kind.

A TOWER OF SKULLS.—Lamertine in
his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," writes
as follows:—"When I was about a league
from Nisa, the last Turkish village, almost
on the frontier of Servia, I saw a large
tower rising up in the midst of the plain, as
white as Parian marble, I sat down under
the shade of the tower to enjoy a few mo-
ment's repose. No sooner was I seated
than raising my eyes to the monument, I
discovered that the walls which I supposed
to be built of marble, or of regular rows of
white stone, were composed of regular rows
of human skulls. Bleached by rain and
sun, and cemented by a little sand and
lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch
which now sheltered me from the rays of the
burning sun; there might be from fifteen to
twenty thousand. In some places, portions
of hair were still hanging, and wadded like
lichen or moss, with every breath of wind.
The mountain breeze was then blowing
fresh, penetrating the innumerable cavities
of the skulls, and sounded like a mournful
and plaintive sigh. These were skulls of
fifteen thousand Serbians who had been put
to death by the Pacha, in the late insurrec-
tion in Servia. However, Servia is now
free, and this monument will teach their
children the value of independence, by
showing them the price at which their fore-
fathers purchased it.

GOVERN HIMSELF.—An Italian Bishop,
who had endured much persecution with a
calm and unflinching temper, was asked how
he attained such a mastery over himself.
"By making a right use of my eyes," said
he. "I first look up to heaven, as the place
whither I am going to live forever. I next
look down upon the earth, and consider how
small a space of it will soon be all that I oc-
cupy or want. I then look around me, and
think how many are far more wretched than
I am.

WHEN WAS BEEF-THE FIRST MADE IN ENGLAND?
When Henry VIII dissolved the Pope's bull.

NIGHT SCENE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mistakes in boarding houses for ladies and
gentlemen are not unfrequent, and often
they give rise to the remarkable gossip and
scandal, which the renown of a nine-days'
board, and then are forgotten. We have
heard of gentlemen mistaking their rooms
because of the important fact of their doors,
and frame work, and hall carpets, being
pretty much like. Besides this, sometimes
gentlemen are in a doubtful state of mental
or vicious uncertainty, all bed rooms, at such
times, are pretty much the same to them—
in they go, and perhaps half undressed,
throw themselves upon the bed, and soon
become enveloped in the dreamy embrace
of somnus, flavored with Bacchus and tobacco.

Boarding houses furnish much material
for shilling novels that would unquestion-
ably sell well. This hint is gratuitously given
to amateur authors, who may improve
upon the following:

A lady, whose husband is in California,
Calcutta or Chicago, suddenly awakened
from her sleep the other morning about two
o'clock, and springing from bed, dashed out
of her room, en *dishabille*, screaming at the
top of her voice, "Murder! murder! murder!
help! man in my room!" &c. &c. Under
the circumstances this was quite natural, in-
asmuch as more than one mistake of this
kind had happened in the house recently.

Now, it appeared that no less than three
husbands were absent when they should
have been there, and consequently there
was more or less wonder, mixed up with
a species of apprehension, on the part of
three wives, each one wondering whether
it was her husband who had just forgotten
himself or the room.

"Oh! come up quickly," shouted the ter-
rified female, holding on to the outside door-
knob, "I've got him in!"

"If it's my Josey," said another discon-
solate, "I'll learn him better. Confound
these night suppers; now he's been at one
of them, and has mistaken the room, and
there I've been alone all night."

"Has he got whiskers?" anxiously asked
the wife, upon reaching the landing on the
upper floor.

"Yes, ma'am, great big bushy whiskers,
laying right alongside of my cheek when I
awoke. Dear me, if my Alexander was
here, he'd learn him better, I'll warrant you."

"Joseph! Joseph! Joseph!" shouted the
wife at the door.

No answer came—not even a grunt, in-
deed a tuberculation.

"May he be jumped out of the window,"
suggested the four or five females, all at
once, who made a splendid group of long
white drapers.

"Here—help! bring a light—bring a
light!" shouted several of the females.

Presently a light was brought, and several
of the male boarders appeared, all armed to
give the thief or robber such treatment as he
had justly earned for himself.

The door was opened, and in rushed the
valiant squad, and sure enough the fellow
was still in bed, with the top of his head just
peeping above the sheet.

"Come out of here, you scoundrel!" said
one of the men, at the same time grasping
him by the hair.

The tableau was strikingly interesting and
graphic.

The resolute boarder almost fell from the
impetus he had given himself, for, instead
of jerking out a man, it was no thing more
than a "frizzed chignon," which the lovely
occupant of the bed had forgotten to take off
when she retired for the night. It had been
detached in her sleep, and grazing her cheek
awakened her. The alarm, of course, was
quite natural. The boarders had a hearty
laugh, and all retired to happy dreams.—
Philadelphia Press.

LAST TIME.—Let any man pass an even-
ing in vacant idleness, or even in reading
some silly tale, and compare the state of his
mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next
morning with its state some other day when
he has spent a few hours in going through
the proofs by facts and reasoning of some of
the great truths in natural science, learning
truths wholly new to him, and satisfying
himself by careful examination of the
grounds on which known truths rest, so as
to be not only acquainted with the doctrines
of themselves, but able to show why he be-
lieves them, and to prove before others that
they are true, will find as great a difference
as can exist in the same being—the differ-
ence between looking back upon time un-
profitably wasted, and time spent in self-im-
provement; he will feel himself in one case
listless and dissatisfied, in the other comfort-
able and happy. In the one case, if he did
not appear to himself humble, at least will
not have earned any claim to his own re-
spect; in the other case he will enjoy a proud
consciousness of having by his own exertions
become wiser, and therefore a more exalted
nature.—*Lord Brougham.*

A DAY.—A Day! It has risen upon us
from the great deep of eternity, girt round
with wonder; emerging from the womb of
darkness; a new creation of life and light
spoken into being by the word of God. In
itself an entire and perfect sphere of space
and time, filled and emptied of the sun.
Every past generation is represented in it;
it is the flowering of all history, and in so
much it is richer and better than all other
days which have preceded it. And we have
been recreated to new opportunities, with
new powers—called to this utmost prom-
ontory of actual time, this centre of all com-
ing life. And it is for to-day's work we have
been endowed; and to-day is the day we are
surrounded with these faculties. The sum
of our entire being being concentrated
here; and to-day is all the time we abso-
lutely have.—*Chapin.*

HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.

Some genius has recently reduced to a
system the popular habit of getting up flirta-
tions by means of handkerchiefs. The
language of flowers is out of date. It is too
elaborate and roundabout a mode of convey-
ing the tender emotions. Commend us
to the handkerchief. The use of it is so handy
so natural, and so easily acquired, that any
one who has tried it will at once perceive
its advantages over the old complicated sys-
tem. The handkerchief, too, is suggestive
in connection with flirtations. Think of
the troubles that poor Desdemona got into
by not taking proper care of that ill-
fated handkerchief which the Egyptian woman
gave to old Mrs. Othello. Truly, as his
Moorship remarked, "there's magic in the
weebie!" Let any one look in of a Satur-
day afternoon, to the matinees at some of
our theatres, and he will say there is vast
deal of meaning in a handkerchief. But
hitherto it has been an unwritten language,
and those who use it have known but little
of its fundamental principles. Hence the
many mistakes and misconceptions which
too often follow, just as with two persons
conversing in a language with which both
are unfamiliar. The following key may
serve as a useful guide to the young of both
sexes who are ambitious to acquire this ele-
gant accomplishment.

Drawing across the lips—Desires of get-
ting acquainted.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Taking by centre—You are too willing.

Dropping—We will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—Indifference.

Drawing across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.

Twirling in right hand—I wish to get rid of
you.

Folding it—I wish to speak with you.

Over the shoulder—Follow me.

Opposition corners in both hands—Wait
for me.

Drawing across the forehead—We are
watched.

Placing on left ear—I have a message for
you.

Letting it remain on the eye—You are
cruel.

Winding it round fore-finger—I am en-
gaged.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Much of the happiness in this world
comes from giving utterance to hasty, unkind
words. Many a sorrowful hour and sleep-
less night have been spent brooding over
some harsh or angry word, which has drop-
ped from the lips, in a moment of unguarded
passion. How much pain we would save
ourselves and others, if we would guard all
our ways and actions. Kind words, spoken
in the right time and place, do more to heal
the wounded spirit than all the gold which
this world can give. They cost nothing
while they enrich the heart and scatter sun-
shine all around, winning many true and
faithful friends.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A smile, perhaps a tear,
"Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

How indelibly does a little act of kind-
ness, performed at the right moment, im-
press itself upon the mind.

Many years ago a little child stopped to
admire the flowers in a beautiful garden.
It was an orphan, and already had felt the
hand and bitter pangs of an orphan's lot.
The owner of the garden noticed the child
and spoke kindly to him.

"Do you love flowers?" said he.

"Oh, yes, we used to have beautiful
flowers in our garden."

The man gathered some and handed them
to the boy, saying as he did so, "here is a
nice little bunch for you." The child took
the flowers in a manner that plainly told his
gratitude. It was an act of spontaneous
kindness, and scarcely thought of again.
Years went by, and through toil and pater