

THE OLD FIDDLE.

We little know the thoughts that sweep
Each heaving breast, and breast,
As on life's tidesome march they bear
The sounds they once loved best.

The cricket with his shrill refrain,
The thrush at close of day,
The cowbell swinging in the lane,
The bleating far away;

The partridge drumming on his log,
The trestle in his tree,
The yellow hammer's first spring note,
The humming of the bee;

The meaning winds, the beating rain,
The siff of drifting snow;
All these are sounds that bring again
The thoughts of long ago.

But of them all each one that brings
Some part of life's young riddle;
White noise calls back so many things
As one old, well-tuned fiddle.

OUT OF THE SEASON.

"But why not?" There isn't a soul left in London—who's to see? What harm is there in it?"

"Oh, none of course—a cup of tea is a cup of tea, and whether you drink it here and there, what matter!—only—well, the thing I think of is, would Rowley mind?"

"Mind his own business, I should say, rather! That's what they have to swear to do in the marriage service, haven't they?"

The lady to whom this question was addressed, Mrs. Rowley Dacres, shook her head reprovingly. She was young and very pretty; and Teddy Vere was not averse to seeing her make a pretense of being angry.

"Don't let me hear you speak so flippantly of matrimony," she began severely; "and for your future education, it is not the man but the woman who swears to obey."

"Then why in heaven's name don't you do as I bid you?"

"As you bid me? Come, that's rather strong form, I must say! You're not Rowley, are you?"

"No, worse luck for me, I'm not," and the good-looking fair face put on such an intensely woeful expression that the reputation of the beholder gave way.

"Poor boy! it really was dreadfully unucky that he should be so desperately in love with her, more especially since Rowley had taken to be absurdly jealous of him, as if—now that she was married—she could ever think seriously of anybody. Only after you'd been brought up—to eat your teeth, as one might say—flirting, well it was just a little bit hard to give it all up at 23. What more natural than that when she came up to town for a few days' shopping Teddy should offer to act as escort to her?—it was such a pleasure to him poor fellow! And as there wasn't a single cove left to see them, what harm could there be!"

Notwithstanding, the lady never lost sight of propriety—Garden was always near enough for her to be able to say "I've my maid with me."

Now it happened that on the previous evening Teddy had shown visible signs of becoming unruly. He didn't see why he should be sent away. Why could he not stop—stop and have dinner with her?

"Why? Because, in the first place, it wouldn't do; and in the second—I forgot though," she said; "being a man, I ought to have reversed the order—there's nothing to give you."

"That don't matter," said Teddy heretically; "I don't care what I eat."

"Oh, don't you, but I do—you might be wanting to eat me."

Teddy threw a look intended to convey that he could conceive no more delicious morsel.

"There, there, say good-by and go away, do!" she cried. Teddy was forced to obey her command that he should take his departure.

"I must take care not to let that boy go too far," Nina reflected when he had gone.

Her face softened with a smile that flattered across it as she assured herself that 10 minutes with Rowley would make her forget the very existence of Teddy: Poor infatuated boy!

Possibly Mrs. Dacres's velvety brown eyes would have opened a trifle wider could she have followed the footsteps of her devoted admirer. Teddy, wise in his generation, made the provision of a consolation a matter of principle. Matters turned out as he promised, and he only picked up his grievance against Nina the next day when he was urging her that they should go to his rooms and have tea.

After that the question of the tea became a question of who should be conqueror.

"If I give in again, I'll be hanged," said Teddy to himself, and he brought to bear the various resources he was master of with such effect that Nina was fairly beaten, and confessed to herself, that it served her right—she's been allowed to go too far, and this is the upshot of it."

She made these reflections, however, with a face that told no tales stepped into a handsome woman with a pair of eyes being overruled by a wiser and stronger than her own, and only insisted on keeping up her ungainly-sized parasol because "the sun in one's eyes is so disagreeable."

Now, as chance would have it, instead of fishing in the country, Captain Rowley Dacres was spending that day in London. Circumstances had brought him to town early in the morning; but to his discredit do I tell it, he hated shopping, and hadn't Nina told him in every letter she sent that she was with the dressmaker every hour of the day? During those few months they were engaged, what a purgatory he had gone through. He was a lover then—he was a husband now, and he whistled the air of a popular tune known by the name of "Not for Joe."

The first few bars had but just escaped him, when who should be stumbling across but an old chum, Nick Walcott, who gave a mysterious wink of his eye saying: "All right, old fellow, I'm going somewhere, and I'll take you."

The somewhere proved to be a small bijou residence in the neighborhood of Thurloe Square; and, arrived at the door, it suddenly struck Rowley who lived there.

"Oh come, I say," he began, drawing

back a step or two. "I don't half think this'll do. I'm married now, you see, and I've given up this sort of society."

Nick took at him with an air of injured surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "There's nothing against Miss Fisher that I know of." Rowley hastened to disabuse any prejudice against Miss Fisher. "Only, don't you know, women get an idea, and though my little wife's the best sort in the world, if she got scent that I'd been lurching with an actress instead of going straight off to her, there'd be the very deuce to pay."

"Fiddle de dee! besides, how is she to know? Who's to tell her?" And before there was time to answer, a vigorous pull was given to the bell.

"Confound this fellow; I wish I'd gone straight off to Nina. What a fool I am!" These were the reflections of Capt Dacres.

"Good gracious on me! Capt Dacres," said Miss Fisher, "what a time it is since I've seen you, to be sure; I took it for granted you were dead."

"Dead!" repeated Nick Walcott. "Why, he's married; didn't you know?"

"Oh, it's about the same to me," laughed the lady, as she called to "Daddy I say, come in here—there's a surprise for you."

And in answer to the summons a young lady appeared who threw herself into a dramatic attitude, exclaiming, "What! Captain Dacres! Well I never! Why—who'd a thought of seeing you?"

Certainly it was not Captain Dacres who had anticipated that pleasure, for while responding with the best grace he could command to the chaff and banter which began to be dished at him, he was consigning Miss Fisher, and more especially the effusive Doady, to every depth between this world and the one below.

The announcement of luncheon opened a more cheerful visit. "Here I am, and I must make the best of it," thought Rowley, following in company with Doady, Nick Walcott and Miss Fisher. "But if ever anything of the sort happens again may I be tarred and feathered. To think I ever thought this woman pretty, and to fancy that to this day Nina is jealous of her."

The luncheon took a long time getting through. Then it was discovered that every body was going the same way, and it ended with two husbands being called. Miss Fisher and Nick Walcott got into one, Capt Rowley and Doady Donne occupied the other.

"How tiresome the sun is; let me put up your parasol!" said our friend Rowley, with evident anxiety to screen her; but Doady begged he wouldn't trouble.

"I don't mind the sun a bit," she said. "And I'm not in the least afraid of any one seeing me, because evidently since you've married you've grown so very respectable."

"Confound her," ejaculated Rowley mentally, and he congratulated himself on the emptiness of London, resolving to keep his head well back and sit a little on one side as they went through Piccadilly. "Hang the fellow, he's run into another hansom!"

"Why, if it ain't Teddy Vere, oh, my!" ejaculated one feminine voice shrilly, while from under a red parasol, still open, another groaned, "Rowley! it can't be! Oh, what will become of me?"

Self-preservation is the first law of nature; the woman who hesitates is lost. Before another minute had passed Nina was out of one cab and into another close by.

"Drive off as fast as you can—never mind where! I'll tell you when we get further on," and five minutes later she gave the cabman the address of Mrs. Chetwode's house.

Bursting into the room she cried, "Oh, Bella, such a horrible thing has occurred! Do help me." And she told her the whole story.

Mrs. Chetwode said something by way of calming her, and then she rang the bell.

"Tell Martin to go to Mr. Dacres," and say she will not return to dinner, I've prevailed on her to stop with me. Now, my dear, we must trust to Providence to help us through."

"But suppose he saw me?"

"Oh, no, we'll suppose he didn't see you; and I think you may trust Teddy—he's got his head screwed on the right way."

Nina wiped away the tears which had flowed over.

"I didn't care for Teddy. What could a boy like that possibly be to me? Why, of course I loved Rowley dearly—more than I could tell you. And to think I should risk it all in this stupid way. Oh! it's my abominable vanity, that's what it is. Aunt Jane always said it would be my ruin, and so it will be—after this, you see, Rowley will believe anything of me. Oh, Bella, what shall I do? I shall die."

"Well, my dear it is the best thing that could happen to you if you are going to behave in this absurd manner. If I am to help you it's not by letting you sit there and cry."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"To dry your eyes and come down with me to dinner and chat away as we always do. If your husband was going home Martin will bring back word that he is there, or else he will come here and fetch you."

"You took the message?" Mrs. Chetwode asked as the two ladies descended to dinner.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Really, Nina, I ought to have ordered a better dinner for you."

"Oh, I'm not a bit hungry."

"But you ought to be, after going about so much as we have to-day. By-the-by, how did you decide about that hat I saw? Do you think it will suit you? Describe it to me?"

Forced to answer, Nina was trotted by her friend from one subject of toilet to the other, until there came a thundering knock at the door.

"Dear bless me! What a late visitor! Who can it be? Martin, just go out and look—never mind the door," and Mrs. Chetwode jumped up and stood so that she could hear the inquiry: "Is Mrs. Dacres here?"

"Yes, sir; the ladies are at dinner."

"Oh! Ah!"

"Captain Dacres, is that you?" Bella had run out to meet him. "What a surprise—Nina, fancy, here's your husband, dear," and she preceded Rowley back into the dining room.

"Rowley!" For her life Nina couldn't say more—every atom of color had forsaken her.

"My dear child, have I frightened you? I'm so sorry, but I found after all I had to come to town. Came has made such an awful mess about the gun, he was to get for me, and so I didn't write I thought I'd surprise you."

Nina laughed out like a busterous child. "What a silly thing I am," she said. "I was afraid something had happened."

Rowley put his arm around her, for though she was laughing, her voice sounded like crying all the time.

Under other circumstances he might have been more struck with the little embarrassment which she could not perfectly control, but at the moment he was not quite himself either. That impudent Doady Donne had played a shameful hoax on him—had actually had the audacity to declare that she had seen his wife—Nina, Mrs. Dacres—in Teddy Vere's hansom! The bare notion made him furious, and—though telling himself all the while that he didn't believe it—until he had found Nina seated with her friend it was impossible to feel any security.

"Pon my life, it's too bad!" he was saying mentally.

While these reflections occupied his mind he was giving scraps of news to Nina, and answering Mrs. Chetwode, who was frankly saying that she hadn't a morsel of dinner to give him.

"But I don't want any; I've only just had a most enormous luncheon."

"Luncheon! Where?"

"Why, my dear, at the station—ham, beef, beer—you know—veal pie—that sort o' thing."

"Rowley! how could you! You'll be awfully ill you know."

"Not a bit of it, not I. I—but at this moment rat-tat-tat-tat-went the knocker.

Oh! agony—there wasn't a doubt this was Teddy!

"I say, what a game—here's another visitor!" remarked Captain Dacres cheerily.

"One who is expected, I shouldn't wonder," Mrs. Chetwode, as usual, rose equal to the emergency. "We may as well let the cat out of the bag, Nina, and tell him. We've got a young man coming to take us to the play," and turning to Martin she said: "Show him into the boudoir if that's Mr. Vere."

"Mr. Vere! What, Teddy! Here stop, I'll open the door!" exclaimed Rowley hastily. "Don't you go."

"But why?" interrupted Mrs. Chetwode amazedly.

"Because it's interrupting you so awfully in your dinner. No, no, we'll go up stairs together—it'll be all right you'll see."

"I'm not going to leave them together. Teddy," called out Mrs. Chetwode, "come in here. Have you brought tickets for the comedy?"

"Tickets, eh?"

"Oh, it's no use disguising; we've—"

"No, no!" broke in Rowley, "not a bit. I know all about it, old fellow; they've told me what you came to do—I'll go with you. By Jove, capital idea. Ha, ha!"

"Oh, it must be the beer," thought Nina.

"Mrs. Chetwode, I'm awfully sorry," began Teddy, "but do you know, I've made such a mess about the comedy, they ain't playing that piece at all there now, I hope you'll both forgive me."

"How tiresome! What a naughty boy you are!" said Bella. "Now there's nothing for us to do."

"Nothing to do," said Rowley. "Not a bit of it; we ain't going to be stumped for one failure; we'll go somewhere—where shall it be, Nina, eh?"

"Any place you like, dear, so long as I am with you," the big brown eyes seemed to say; and Rowley, looking back again, thought, "And I could doubt her—bless her heart, the darling!" while Nina kept repeating, "This will be a lesson for me as long as I live. Never again, no more flirtation—never, never, never!"

Later in the evening Nina and Rowley went off together.

"Are we to follow the turtle doves?" said Teddy with sarcasm.

"As you please," said Bella, "but it doesn't in the least matter—you know I've a scolding in store for you, Teddy?"

"No, not now," and he held up his hands pleadingly.

"Yes, but you've been most imprudent and it's by the very greatest luck in the world that Rowley didn't see you. If he had, it would have been anything but pleasant for Nina."

"Hm! and Teddy gave his nose a screw."

He was terribly tempted to tell what he looked on as the very best joke in the world—only—well—no—perhaps better not; and as Rowley had whispered at the door, "Teddy, I say, not a word about having seen me before," and he had answered "Honor bright, old chap; you may trust to me," he'd keep the matter dark; only there was one to score against Miss Doady Donne for telling him last night at dinner that she was going to play propriety to a friend that day. He hated to lie without a reason; and as it seemed to him that direction, this would serve as a capital peg to hang a quarrel on.

"Shall we say good night?" said Bella.

"Do you want to get rid of me?"

"N-no."

"Oh, I see you do," and he held out his hand to her.

"Good night," she began, trying to hold herself very severely, "and let this little adventure be a lesson to you. All's well that ends well, but remember all doesn't always end so."

"Quite free," he said, feigning to have listened penitently. "By-the-way, would you mind repeating the same little sermon to our friend Rowley?—it might be of service to him. What do I mean?—oh, nothing—only that one good turn deserves another."

Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong.

Stamp With Care.

"There is one of the sort of letters that makes me tired, absolutely so tired that I can't even swear," remarked a clerk in the Post Office in Philadelphia in a tone of deep disgust as he tossed aside a pink envelope from a pile of letters on which he was cancelling the stamps. The offending missive fell on a corner of the table among a dozen others which had all in a measure contributed to the clerk's "fatigue," and after he had concluded his task he reached over and pulled the lot toward him.

"Just see here," he said, continuing his wail; "not one of these letters are properly stamped. Look at this, the stamp on the upper left hand corner, and this one is down at the bottom, and this right in the centre, with a heart drawn around it, and hang it, here's a new racket, the stamp stuck on the back," and as he rattled on he gave each, and the epistles a vicious jab with the cancelling stamp and then tossed it into the mailbag.

"Do you run across many of that kind?"

"Do I? Well, I'm pretty good natured, and you wouldn't hear the kicking it was only once and awhile; but they come along by dozens, and by Jove, around Christmas and St. Valentine's day about half the extra mail is stamped in some awkward way."

"Who do it?"

"Well, principally silly people who are in love. I fancy most of the letters stamped in these queer ways are love-letters or valentines or Christmas cards. Look at this," and he fished out the pink envelope before mentioned. It was directed in a feminine hand to a man in Norristown, had the stamp in the centre with a conventional heart drawn around it, and sported like a cake of hotel toilet soap. "Now, I must say I don't often get 'em that bad. If I did, I'd soon go crazy, for you don't know how expediting it is to have to stop and changing your regular clock-like work because one of these things comes along and breaks up your steady trot as it were."

"Perhaps there is some language of postage stamps, and different positions mean different sentiments," suggested the reporter. "For instance: Up in the left corner, 'I love'; in the lower left corner, 'Do you love?'; and I'll tell you just how it goes. Whenever a stamp is put anywhere but in the upper right hand corner, it means just this: The man, woman or child who stamped the letter is either a fool or a crank, or an idiot, or wants to be smart, or—"

"Here the conversation was cut off by the irate clerk being called away, and the scribe went out into the dark night.

Parrot Jokes.

M. Anatole Duinc of Paris advertises himself as the professor of a new art—that of teaching parrots. As a rule, it is the safest course to educate one's own parrot. Ready-made educationists are not always reliable. The lady president of a suburban Dorcas Society, who buys a pretty pol from a poor seafaring man, is liable to be shocked some time or another by the racy language of the foreigner; and the parrot that has had its schooling on board a Thames barge is apt to have an inconvenient memory for phrases which had much better have been forgotten.

The Parisian professor would, of course, instruct his class of birds in none save the most genteel of phrases. But parrots, no doubt, talk at random, and say more than they have been taught—and nine times out of ten the most irrelevant context—every now and again hitting on a remark which comes in so exquisitely pat for the occasion that every eye is astonished. The fact is, our world is very small, and like the fool's gold, it will be found there more exactly in sympathy with the situation or more innocent. But this is not always the case.

The respectable maiden lady who purchases a sailor's parrot is liable, on the slightest provocation, or none at all, to find herself addressed, even in the presence of the clergy, in the gruffest and strongest language of a boatswain. Parrots have no respect for select company. They scatter their nautical terms broadcast upon the just and upon the unjust, upon the butcher's boy when he drops in for afternoon tea. Like the Afghans, if they have a charge in their guns they must fire it off. It does not matter what they fire in at; in the least; if there is nothing better they will blaze away at a blank wall. They shoot their arrows, as the prince does in the fairy tale, at random, and by-and-by when he comes to pick them up he finds that one has pierced the heart of his venerable grandmother. So with the parrot. It lets fly its "familiar quotations" at every mark or at none, and the time comes some day or other when it inflicts a mortal wound upon the susceptibilities that are slow to recover from such shocks. So, as a rule, it is the wisest plan to educate one's own parrot.

This is not, of course, very easy to do, for young parrots of a suitable educational age are not abundant in the British Isles. Yet when juvenile the bird is very impressionable. Adult, it is liable to be obstinate, and, like the proud Briton who refused to truckle to the German system of genders, it oftentimes learns a new language very imperfectly. The old birds, indeed, show extraordin-

ary antipathies to syntax, and get whims into their heads about the construction of sentences which they make up, in powerless to dissipate. You cannot dissipate an old parrot's name of an error that it has once cordially entertained. It has its own ideas of grammatical proprieties and clings to them like a limpet. You cannot shake it on a matter of English. You may teach it another phrase altogether, but it will not forego the first. It will tag the two together and mix them up—like the "Protestant kettle" of the immortal Barnaby's raven—but this compromise is the best terms you will make with the bird.

A Coal-pit Romance.

About thirty years ago a farmer residing in Springfield township, Ohio, named Maxwell, visited a deserted coal-bank in the neighborhood, attracted thither by sheer idle curiosity. He stood at the slope opening for a time, and then started to walk down it, when at the entrance to this dark and gloomy place he saw a bucket. He picked it up, and soon there came from it the tender and suppressed cries of an infant. He carried it to the light, and then after removing the wrappings he saw a sweet little babe looking into his eyes as if it wanted to say: "Please take pity on me. I am a poor little outcast without a home. Won't you take me and love and take care of me?" Mr. Maxwell was a young married man, with a large, generous heart, and having then no children of his own he took the little waif home with him, and Mrs. Maxwell took care of it, and loved it as parents love their own children. The little foundling grew to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she repaid her foster parents with an abundance of affection and tender devotion. Twenty years had come and gone, when one day a young man called at the house of the Maxwells and declared that the babe found in the coal-bank was his sister, and that he had come from a pleasant home in Iowa to see her, and if possible persuade her to return with him. Their mother had died a few months ago, and on her deathbed she told how she had hid the babe in the coal-bank, of Mr. Maxwell finding it, and all about it, and made a dying request that the family should hunt the child up and claim her. The Maxwells were well pleased with the young man, and he remained with them several weeks. When he returned to his Western home he took his sister with him. He also took the promise of one of Mr. Maxwell's daughters that she, too, would share his home and fortune ere long. This promise was kept.

Matrimonial Convicts.

A party of fifty women recently left Bordeaux for New Caledonia under rather peculiar circumstances. They were, in fact, women sentenced to a lengthened term of imprisonment for grave offences, who have elected to go to the French penal colony, where they will each find a husband in one of the "convicts of the first class."—That is, those convicts who have by their good behavior entitled themselves to a Government grant of land and obtained permission to marry. An inspectress of prisons recently made the round of the six central female prisons, and selected the fifty inmates—all of them described as young and good-looking—who are now going abroad to make a fresh start in the world. Once out they will be housed in a religious establishment at Noumea, managed by a community of sisters, where bachelor convicts of the privileged class will be permitted to visit them, and as often as a marriage is arranged, the Colonial Government will provide the bride with a trousseau and set the couple up in housekeeping in a small way. It was Prince Napoleon, who, while he was Minister for Algeria and the Colonies, introduced this system of convict marriages, which has given excellent results so far.

"Who was the greatest man you ever met in public life?" was recently asked of Gen. Tombs.

"Mr. Webster. He was a noble, genial, warm-hearted gentleman without a flaw."

"You knew Mr. Calhoun intimately?"

"Why, certainly. We messaged together in Washington."

"Did Mr. Calhoun have any vices?"

"No, sir; not one. He never drank norgambled. Mr. Archer, of Virginia, was once at my house to dinner, and we were speaking of Mr. Calhoun, who, by the way, was no favorite of Mr. Archer. I had remarked that Mr. Calhoun never drank anything but claret. Mr. Archer never tasted wine in his life." "But, Mr. Archer, I have seen him drink claret." "Well, I don't dispute that, but he never tasted it in his life." I said I thought that was likely."

Talk With General Tombs.

Tea.

When tea was first introduced in England the ignorance of its preparation was illimitable, and fine ladies, determined to tread closely on the heels of fashion, were compelled to take lessons in the art of brewing it. One lady before consenting to become a candidate for culinary honors, boiled several pounds and served it as a vegetable. Another, equally stupid, set forth her table with it as dried fruit, and naturally failed to relish it. At the tea-parties in the seventeenth century, the leaves from which the tea had been drawn were handed around to be eaten, as a great delicacy, with bread and butter. To refuse to do affront the giver of this old entertainment, and to stamp oneself an "outer barbarian" in the realms of gentility. Not so very long ago it was the general custom in many parts of the country to carry to tea-parties one's own cup or tea-dish. The latter curious vessel—from eight to ten inches square and an inch deep—gave rise to the phrase, "A dish of tea."

Every sickness growing from other men's happiness.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Those who can command themselves command others.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

If you desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy—be still a man.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it.

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.

Better be unborn, than untantraged; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose.

Every time we sin there is something in our souls that sounds the death knell.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for saying it.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life only a day repeated many times.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

The two powers which in my opinion constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others.

The more we fear, the less reason we have to fear; that is, if we fear God, we need not fear anything else.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself; and, by habit, you will bear them well.

When a person loses his reputation the very last place where he goes to look for it is the place where he has lost it.

It is never the opinions of others that dispense us, but the pertinacity they display in outraging them upon us.

Dispute not with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of an enthusiast.

Tie down a hero, and he feels the puncture of a pin; throw him into battle, and he is almost insensible to pain.

There is no part of man's nature which the gospel does not purify, no relation of his life which it does not hallow.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it will never have one of his own to show.

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who have more dinner than appetite.

The gratification which wealth can bestow is not in mere possession, nor in lavishing it with prodigality, but in the wise application of it.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Fame, as a river, is narrower where it is bred, and broadest afar off; so exemplary writers depend not upon the gratitude of the world.

It is all very well to talk of and write long articles about the Mormons. Mormonism allows many wives at once. Divorce simply allows them in succession.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer.

Our life experiences, whether sad or joyful, should be fertilizers to a larger and stronger growth of character, as the dead leaves of trees stimulate them from year to year to higher and nobler proportions.

Who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.

Fame confers a rank above that of gentlemen and kings. As soon as she issues her patent of nobility, it matters not a straw whether the recipient be the son of a Bourbon or of a tallow chandler.

During the active period of their lives, men who live to please are more popular than any of their fellow-men, yet these favored beings are almost sure to be forgotten in their hours of trouble. Human nature can be detestably mean to those who touch only its self-loving side.