

BEYOND.

Never a word is said, But it trembles in the air...

Never are kind acts done To wipe the weeping eyes...

Never a day is given, But it tones the after years...

There is no end to the sky, And the stars are everywhere...

HIS AWFUL MISTAKE.

Doctor Wilfried Atkinson and Dr. Fredrick Read sat in a pleasant room...

Both were young somewhere between twenty-five and thirty...

They had become intimate at college, and a strong friendship existed...

It was Fred Read who said: "You will accept this offer?"

"Accept it?" cried his friend. "I should think so. It is what I want most in the world..."

"Yes, I know all that, but it will be very confining. I think I prefer general practice after all..."

And then the talk drifted into other channels, until Dr. Atkinson discovered that it was time for his train to leave...

"You will come over often," he urged in parting from his friend...

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly woke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum...

He had deluded himself with the thought that it was pity, professional interest, even curiosity...

But so simple a matter as the reading of a poem had opened his eyes to the truth...

It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence...

And on this particular July day he had read a little love-poem nestled in the corner of a newspaper...

Looking up, Fred saw a pair of blushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still...

It was when June was young, and the air soft and pleasant, that Doctor Read strolling about in the prettiest part of the grounds...

It was a very pale face, and the large dark eyes were languid, while the slender figure seemed weak...

But it was, too, a beautiful young face, shaded by waving brown hair, and with purely oval outline and regular features...

"A new patient," was Fred's mental exclamation. "What a lovely face!"

Then he sauntered over to the summer house and spoke to the lady. To his consternation, she started, gave a quick gasping sob, and fainted...

It was not a very long insensibility, and under Fred's prompt treatment, the large eyes opened, and she whispered:

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you! But I have been very ill, and you startled me."

"I was very much to blame," he said penitently, "and I hope you will pardon me. Are you well enough now for me to run up to the house for a glass of wine?"

"I am well enough but I do not need it," and she sat up again, and took up a piece of needle-work that had dropped from her hands...

"Are you one of the physicians here?" "Only by courtesy," he replied. "I have the run of the place, but Dr. Atkinson is the head doctor, but he does very little."

"Yes, I know! It is a lovely place, is it not? Out here, I mean! Inside," and she shuddered, "the sounds are often dreadful. But the doctor at home thought a change of air would be good for me and so mamma sent me here."

"Change of air?" thought Fred. "Poor little thing! Quite unconscious of her infirmity!"

And he chatted away with her, discussing the weather, the beauty of the grounds, the songs of the birds in the trees around them...

Whatever it was evaded him, and he looked as vainly for any wandering or vacancy in the soft brown eyes that met his own, full of intelligence...

They were still conversing when one of the nurses came down the path leading to the summer house. "Miss Bessie," she said, "Dr. Atkinson sent me to say you had better lie down for an hour or two, and he has sent some medicine to your room. Let me help you?"

Dr. Read, being a physician, made no attempt to detain the fair patient, noting with sincere sympathy how weak she was, and how wearily she leaned upon the nurse's strong arm.

He did not feel inclined to have any jesting about his interest, such as his friend was wont to indulge in when ladies were the subject...

"The doctor said I must be in the open air as much as possible," she told Fred one day, "and as no one seems to care much for this summer-house, I have appropriated it. Sometimes I have visitors," and her face saddened, "the poor patients here, you know, but they do not like the quiet, and soon leave me to myself."

She never clasped herself with her companions, Fred noticed, often speaking pityingly of those more heavily afflicted. But this phase of mental delusion was very common.

But Fred had not, when July closed, found out the delusion of the sweet little girl he called "Miss Bessie." She had gained perfect health in the two months of quiet and open air...

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly woke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

He had deluded himself with the thought that it was pity, professional interest, even curiosity, that drew him again and again to the summer-house, where he was sure to meet a warm, if shy welcome, and where the hours flew by in utter content.

But so simple a matter as the reading of a poem had opened his eyes to the truth.

It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence, little bits from one of the books on the table, or a selection from a favorite work he brought with him, while Bessie sewed or knitted and listened to him.

And on this particular July day he had read a little love-poem nestled in the corner of a newspaper. It was not a wonderful production of genius, but it was pretty and tender.

Looking up, Fred saw a pair of blushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still.

He read the truth in a flash. He loved the lovely girl before him, and she—alas! she returned his love.

His first feeling was one of keen self-reproach. What if he had added to the mental infirmity that had caused this beautiful young creature to be sent to an asylum?

Would she forget him, or—dreadful possibility!—would the whole reason give way if he deserted her?

He scarcely knew how he reached home; but once there he sat down and looked the situation squarely in the face.

His own share of the affliction he put aside for the present.

He was a man, and he could bear his trouble manfully. That he loved, where his love must die, was, in a great measure, his own fault and folly; but that he had won a pure sweet heart, only to wound it, caused him bitter pain and regret.

Long meditation brought him to one resolution: He must see Dr. Atkinson, make a clear confession, and have his opinion of the danger to be anticipated.

"He knows where the weakness I have to discover lies," Fred thought, "and he can tell me whether it is safest to break off my visits suddenly or gradually."

It was not an easy matter to catch Dr. Atkinson, or, having caught him, to secure his attention, but something in Fred's troubled face aroused his friend's anxiety, and he turned his back for the time upon his manifold duties and shut himself in his private office with Fred.

At first he listened gravely enough, but as Fred proceeded his face became more and more amused, until, to the consternation of the penitent speaker, he threw himself back in his chair, and broke into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, Fred said, 'it is funny, is it? I do not see it in that light. Even if his poor girl is insane—'"

"Stop!" interrupted his friend; "don't get angry, my dear fellow. You really love her, you say?"

But Fred was too angry to answer. "And she loves you—at least, you think so—and you want to know if it is a curable case, and— Well, I will not torment you any more. Your charmer, Fred, is not a patient, nor, as far as I know, a lunatic."

Fred gave a long sigh, but only looked his eager questions.

"She is my sister, Bessie Atkinson, who has had a long winter of illness from typhoid fever, and is paying me a visit. I thought she was quite safe from intrusion in that summer-house, as the attendants have orders to keep the patients away from there, and I did not think of you. But since you have been prowling around so long, perhaps you had better come now and be introduced in form."

"One moment, Will. I have been a puppy, it seems, in taking her love for granted; but I have won it?"

"I am her eldest brother, and her father died years ago. I am quite sure that what I approve, my mother will sanction, and you must know nothing could please me better than to know Bessie has a lover I esteem so highly as I do you."

"And—you will not tell her—will you, my awful mistake?"

"I can't promise. I'll try to keep the secret, but," and the doctor roared again, "the idea of Bess as a raging lunatic! Well, there, I won't tell her, at all events, until you have told her something far more interesting."

And he kept his word so loyally that Bessie Atkinson had been Bessie Read more than a year before she knew that her husband had ever considered her an interesting patient in a lunatic asylum.

A SANDSTORM.

A wanderer in the desert says later in the day the sky assumed a grayish tint, then a deep yellow, and the sun became darkened and appeared as a blood-red disk. I perceived a cloud of sand rolling up from the west. With a roar it was upon us, and I had to bury my face in my burnous to shield it from the cutting particles of sand.

The camels floundered about, blind and helpless; the Arabs howled and cried "Ada-Allah!" the whole caravan was in a state of confusion. What track there had been previously was obliterated. The drivers had lost their way, and there was the ugly fact of our water being very limited in quantity; and water in the desert means life.

Moreover, my anaarab (litter) slid off, and I was precipitated to the earth, miraculously escaping anything worse than a mere shaking. The distance between a camel's hump and his feet is a respectable one. Afterward I was placed for additional security between two camels, slung athwart; but one was rather smaller than the other—they, therefore, did not, strictly speaking, keep step.

The result was the most excruciating movement ever experienced, which combined with the bruises and abrasions from the recent fall and a frame weakened by dysentery and an African climate, together with forbodings as to our probable fate if we did not strike the track again, produced a frame of mind far removed from that of Job's.

We rested for the night, or rather a portion of it, in the midst of these unstable sands, and I was devoutly thankful to find my camel treading on firmer ground next day when we came to a plain of a similar nature to that we had passed previous to wading through the mounds of sand. But at length the track is hit off and at last O-Bak is reached. This small oasis has about 30 wells. The water is brackish and barely drinkable. The wells are small shafts sunk in the sand, with wooden curbing. The wells are constantly filling, and new ones being sunk. Before reaching this station we passed many graves of those who had perished in the desert. They were marked by borders of stones—simple memorials of simple lives and lonely deaths.

Before reaching O-Bak we passed a strange block of granite, the base of which is worn by the sand so that it is pear-shaped. This well-known landmark is known as Aboo-Oda. Some few miles further on we passed another mass, weird and solitary.

The Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners.

To open an umbrella means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting.

When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it, means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you.

To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well never mind what it means, nobody ever does that!

To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh! do take it; I had much rather work than not!" signifies lying.

To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off."

A Bridal Tower.

One of the steamers plying between Detroit and Cleveland ran over a skiff one night and drowned its occupant. When he had been identified, an agent called upon his wife to see if a settlement could be effected. She was not in tears nor prostrate with grief.

On the contrary, she was at the wash-tub and in good humor. When the matter was broached, she said:

"Well, now, my husband took home the washings, brought in the coal, and was of use in several other different ways, and his death is quite a loss to me."

About what sum do you feel would make you good?" he asked.

"Now then, be honest, with me," she replied, after taking a moment to think. "How much will a bang-around brick tower from here to Niagara Falls and back cost?"

"Well, \$300 ought to put you through first class, and give you three days at the Falls."

"Well, say \$350. That gives me money for new shoes and a bonnet, and I may want to dye my hair and buy some stockings."

The money was handed over and a receipt taken, and the "tower" took place the next week.

Among the Danubians.

The Dankard Church in Washington, at the late celebration of the Lord's Supper, the aisle was divided down the center by a long table, and this table was divided in the center to allow passage between. At one end the men sat on benches ranged along the table.

The other end or division of the table was in like manner occupied by the women. A strip of planks with pegs in it was over the men's table, and was hung full of their immense hats. A staircase in one corner went up into the loft above, where all the congregation who have come any distance sleep on the floor and in bunks.

They bring their bedding with them, and, as they do not insist upon the separation of the sexes, a great many can be accommodated in this garret. People acquainted with their habits said that they slept in sackcloth and ashes while here for several nights. A door at the foot of the stairs led into the kitchen, in which a tremendous fire crackled under a great iron pot, hanging on a crane in a spacious chimney, that would easily burn a cord of wood uncut.

From this pot a savory steam escaped and made its way through the open door, pervading the atmosphere with a most appetizing odor of beef. Soon there were prayers from first one and then another of the men, alternated with exceedingly brief and crude addresses. If any were also lined out and sung to very monotonous tunes.

During all the time the men at their respective tables were embracing and kissing each other. It looked rather strange to see two men with Esau-like beards kissing each other. There were several negroes at the tables, who were embraced and kissed just the same as the other members, and bestowed their kisses equally as freely.

After these addresses, prayers and hymns had gone on for an hour or more some of the men and women brought little wooden tubs and towels. Then one man or two woman, as the case might be, washed the feet of another.

After this, the feet of another, were washed in soap and water, and the stockings were removed, kissing them both before and after it. Another, with his coat removed (if a man), and a towel about the waist, wiped the feet after bestowing the kiss of brotherly love, as it is called; then gave up the towel and tub to some one else, who performed the same office for them in turn.

This custom, as one of the preachers explained, "was to show their humility and brotherly love," and also to follow Christ at the last supper. After this office had been concluded, praying, singing and speaking went on as before.

A man now entered bearing a great basket of bread, a slice of which, about nine inches long, five wide and of an indefinite thickness, was laid in front of each person; next a spoon was put at each place; then dishes of soup with square bits of bread broken in it, was placed so that there was one for every four persons; then appeared huge pieces of boiled beef. Everything being thus prepared, one of the preachers explained that according to their reading of the Scriptures the communion did not mean simply the taking of the elements of bread and wine, but that the last supper of Christ was a feast, and their aim was to imitate Him exactly.

After a blessing had been asked in the ordinary way, with all standing around, they began to eat heartily. Without waiting to clear up the table they proceeded to complete their communion by taking the latter part of the feast.

This consisted of what appeared to be unleavened bread, made into long thin strips eight inches long, an inch wide and about the thickness of a newspaper when folded. An explanation of the ceremony was made by a minister, and a sort of informal blessing of the elements were pronounced. The slices of bread were lying in a napkin, while the wine was in two patent medicine bottles labeled "liver corrector."

The bread was distributed, one person taking a strip with two of his companions and breaking it into three pieces, thus again following out their idea of a preservation of the Trinity, as they do on every possible occasion.

The wine, or "liver corrector," was next poured into tin cups, and likewise distributed, both among women and men, as the bread had been. During and after the ceremony there was much kissing and embracing, and after the communion singing, praying and speaking was again resumed.

Making a Lead Pencil.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" said the manufacturer. "First let me tell you how we make a pencil. See this small black powder? That's graphite. It costs 25 cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay and this powder together and grind them in a mill, allowing moisture to be added during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty."

"This paste we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead, except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into the proper length and bake them in an oven kept at a very high heat. There we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in the harder the lead."

"The cedar we use comes principally from the swamps of Florida, and it is obtained entirely from the fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths, some thick to receive the lead, and others thin; for the piece that is glued over the lead. The blocks are saved for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie."

The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done the thin block is glued fast to the thick one. When dry the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Then they are run through a machine that shapes and burnishes them, and they are ready to be tied in bundles, boxed and put out."

The different grades in value are made by finer manipulations of the graphite. Here is a pencil that is about the average quality used in everyday business. It costs a little more than 1/2 of a cent to get it ready for market. We sell it to dealers at 100 per cent profit, and the dealer makes much more than that. Of this grade an operator and the machinery will easily make 2,500 a day."

"There is a pencil in that case. It is a cheap looking thing isn't it? Don't look worth more than a cent, does it? Well, it would take a \$10 bill to buy that. The cedar that surrounds the lead in that pencil was centuries old, I guess, before any cedar that is standing to-day began to grow. It was taken from a marl-bed in Orange County, New York, at the depth of sixty feet, and near it was found a mastodon's remains. That bone knob on the pencil was a piece of that mastodon's tooth. No, I don't think \$10 would buy that pencil."

A Detrouler.

A Detrouler who put in a part of the winter in a Tennessee town made a number of friends, among whom was a gentleman called Colonel, and another known as Judge. Both were recent arrivals in the place, and no one knew just how they came by their titles or by what right they wore them.

The Colonel and the Judge were good friends for awhile, but at length they had a falling out over politics and the lie was passed. This brought a challenge, which was duly accepted. In the course of a couple of hours the Colonel called on the Detrouler and said:

"The Judge is a good fellow at heart, and I hate to kill him. May be you had best go quietly to the Sheriff, and he will appear on the ground in the morning and interfere."

"The Colonel had scarcely disappeared when the Judge came in and said: "I've been challenged by the Colonel."

"Yes I know."

"And I've accepted."

"Yes."

"And I'll certainly kill him, for I'm a deadshot."

"Well, he must take his chances."

"Yes, but he's a good fellow and I hate to slaughter him. You might drop quickly around to the Sheriff and give him the wink, and of course he'll prevent the duel and the Colonel's life will be saved."

Both principals understood that the Sheriff was to be notified, but that official did not receive the slightest hint of the affair. On the contrary, every effort was made to keep any knowledge from him, and morning came to find the men on the ground and in a great state of anxiety. Things were delayed as long as possible, and finally, when it was realized that the Sheriff would not show up, the Colonel apologized, the Judge said he was sorry, and the duel was declared off. Neither of the men would afterwards walk on the same side of the street with the Detrouler.

Plowing by Steam.

If Cincinnati, with a couple of his long-horned steers and his old-fashioned straight beamed plow, with its wooden spike driven through, simply to tickle the ground, had been out to Fargo a short time ago, when the Dakotians were breaking the virgin soil with a steam plow, the old gentleman would think likely have sent a special to Washington advising that the new people of the Northwest be admitted into the Union at once.

With his rig Cincinnati could not have broken one acre a year in Dakota.

In prairie countries, like Dakota and Iowa, the plowing field is often the whole length of the farmer's quarter section of land—that is, a half-mile furrow. And at the first plowing or breaking of the soil it takes a man with four horses or four oxen, and a boy to drive them, a day to break a little over an acre. An acre and a half a day is good work. And it is hard tugging for man and animal and plow.

The new sulky plows, by which a man takes his seat on the plow a good deal as he does in a road sulky, made it far easier for the man but a little heavier for the beasts. By the arrangement just tried at Fargo a traction steam engine draws eight plows after it, and instead of one breaks twenty-five acres a day. Breaking by the old method is worth \$3 an acre and it is held that the steam plow can afford to break at \$1 an acre. The main advantage of course in this is in the fact that by this saving a great many men are freed from manual labor and sent into politics, while two-thirds of the agriculturist's capital is left free for speculation.

Hygiene.

Never begin a dinner with pie. Never sleep in your overshoes. Never ride a thin horse bareback. Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.

Never put your feet in the fire to warm them. Never swallow your food before you chew it.

Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head. Never jump out of the window for a short cut.

Never drink more than you can carry comfortably. Never give a tramp your summer clothing in the winter.

Never jump more than ten feet to catch a ferry-boat. Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.

Never sit by a red-hot stove with a seal-skin cap or ulster on. Never thrust your knife more than half way down your throat.

Never kick an infuriated bull-dog when you have slippers on. Never let your clothes dry on you when you are caught in the rain.

Never walk into a parlor at a reception, and put your feet on the mantelpiece. It will cause the blood to run to your head.

The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1295 yards, or a fibre nearly three quarters of a mile in length.

The Montana Rainbow.

"New drinks? Of course. Lots of new napes, anyhow."

The speaker was John Mahon, a well-known bartender and mixer of fancy beverages. He served in the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans during its palmy days, and in the Cercle des Etrangers in Havana, Cuba.

"I understand," said a reporter at Denver, "that a great many new fancy drinks will be introduced during the coming season."

"I hardly think so," said Mr. Mahon. "There will be some new fancies in drinks, but the greater majority of them will be some of the old southern and western mixtures under new names. I want to say as a beginning that one of the best drinks ever thought of for summer is coming into fashion this year, although it has been neglected since before the war. I mean port wine sangaree. How I remember the time when the planters came down the river and docked into the St. Charles bar. 'What will you have gentlemen?' I would say: 'Well, I think I will try a sangaree,' said the first one of the party, and all the rest would follow suit. 'How do you make a sangaree in the old way?' 'Well, you fix your mixing-glass with cracked ice, put in three spoonfuls of sugar, a dash of lemon juice, two strawberries or slices of pineapples, and fill with port wine. Shake well, so as to extract the flavor of the strawberries or the pines, strain, and serve with fruit and straws. Price 20 cents."

"I think the next best is a Florida drink known as the orange cocktail. It's very simple, but it makes a luscious drink. Fill your glass with ice as before, put in a pony glass of orange biters, fill with gin or whisky, as called for, shake well, and strain; serve with three strawberries or pineapple. Price 25 cents."

"Do all fancy drinks run about the same way?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, dear no," said Mr. Mahon. "Here's the famous St. Charles' spitfire, which very few men drink, but which is coming into favor as a winter night-cap. Fill your glass with a sufficient quantity of the best brandy. Burn it with loaf sugar, and when you have your brandy sufficiently burnt and your sugar dissolved, then stir it thoroughly, add a slice of orange and lemon juice with ice, shake thoroughly, strain thoroughly, and serve with straws and strawberries or pineapple dice. Price 40 cents. This drink is only intended for old-timers and sporting men."

"Is there anything especially out of the way, Mr. Mahon?" said the reporter, with the deference due to such a Nestor in the art.

"Well," said Mr. Mahon. "I have studied out a couple of drinks—one of them is square and the other is fancy. Though for the matter of that both are fancy as far as the name goes. I call the first a strawberry cobbler. Take a dozen strawberries, picked and clean, bruise them against the sides of your glass until you have all the juice, take out the pulp with your spoon, add two spoonfuls of sugar, ice, and a medium-sized glass of Catawba wine, or California Angelica, if you have not the Catawba. Shake well, then add the strawberry pulp, fill up with milk, shake again, and serve with nutmeg if desired. Thirty cents for that luxury."

"You mustn't go until I show you my dude drink. I spent nearly three months on this before I could get it to work right. Now watch me. I call this drink the Montana Rainbow. I fill this big tumbler with cracked ice, having previously placed four spoonfuls of sugar at the bottom. You see this stumpy tottle. It contains a cordial manufactured by a French chemist named Chalvin, in this city. It is sticky, and the secret of this drink is that I found out this cordial would leave a sticky film over ice. Now I pour two glasses of this cordial over the ice, allow it to settle a couple of minutes, and then strain it off. Then I begin to build the drink. A layer of dark Burgundy comes first, then some light sherry, then a little fine claret, then some Chartreuse, and then some good brandy. The brandy permeates through the rest, but their relative positions do not change because each one is lighter than the one before it. Add the white of an egg at the top, shake well, and let it settle. See what you have got. The different-colored liquors follow in rotation, the cracked ice retaining the color gives the glass the appearance of a kaleidoscope, and the white of an egg crowns the edifice like the snow on the top of one of the Rockies. How much had a drink like that to be worth? Don't know? Well, every dude that calls for a Montana rainbow has got to lay down 50 cents, and I expect to make money enough at that."

The Decay of Manners.

With the departure of the stately graces and formal politeness of the old school from society, went several social arts which have hardly been replaced by any modern accomplishments. To turn a compliment neatly, to hand a lady to her carriage, or assist her to mount her horse gracefully, to tell a good story, or to read well a poem to a room full of cultivated listeners, are among the arts not lost, perhaps, but certainly mislaid in these piping, active times of ours.

It was considered essential in our grandfathers' days that the young men should be taught these graceful notions, the education of a gentleman; and those of us who have had the good fortune to know a survivor of that well-bred generation have been charmed, perhaps, with that ease of manner, and courteous consideration for the feelings of others, which are as rare now as a rich family heirloom or real antiques. To rise a step higher, the art of conversation, how uncommon it is! How few men, even of abundant leisure, care to cultivate the talents required to make a good talker; to refine the voice and the manner of using it; to read discriminately; to polish the stock in trade of language, and add to it with taste and care. Verily the telegraph and telephone are making of us mere automata, which jerk out certain syllables and inflections, the secret of their motion consisting simply in winding them up periodically.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty.