

# HURRICANES OF FIRE.

SEVERAL VILLAGES DESTROYED.

SEVERAL PERSONS FATALLY BURNED—RAILROAD TRAVEL IMPEDED—BY THE WIND AND SAND.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 4.—

During the past two days South Dakota and Minnesota have been swept by a series of wind storms, which have caused hundreds of thousands of dollars damage to property, and several lives have been lost. The storm started Monday night and swept over a large area South of the Northern Pacific Road in Dakota, and extending into the Southern tiers of counties in this State. The greatest damage has not been caused by the wind alone, but in many places fires, fanned into fury by the storms, have wiped out of existence several small villages and hundreds of farmers' houses. The towns almost completely destroyed are Volin, Oliver, Pukwana, Lesterville and Mount Vernon, and three or four other villages were badly damaged. At Volin every house in the place, except three, is demolished, and 100 people are homeless. Lesterville was flattened to the ground and 20 families are without a roof. A terrible gale of wind struck Mount Vernon, and a fire started from a small house that was blown over early last night. No human power could stop the flames, and in an hour the business portion of the place was one great raging fire. Nearly 200 families are homeless, and the loss will foot up \$200,000. It is reported that several persons lost their lives in this fire, but no confirmation has yet been received. Four large elevators and the Milwaukee depot were destroyed. Near Blunt one man lost 500 head of sheep, which were caught in a prairie fire. Several head of horses were saved by swimming the river. In many places the crops were covered by the loose sand and dust and will have to be replanted. Travel was suspended on some lines of road, so great was the force of the wind. The clouds of dust prevented engineers from seeing the track.

A report from Gary says the sun was almost totally obscured, and the superstitious thought the end of the world had come. Farm houses and barns were swept away, and horses and cattle were burned to death by fires. Near Milbank 50 head of live stock are reported lost, and the fire has swept over twenty miles of the country, causing immense loss. The storm has abated somewhat, but the wind is high enough to keep the fires burning fiercely, and further heavy losses are almost certain. The damage in Minnesota is much less than in Dakota, as the force of the storm was pretty well spent before it had reached the boundary.

A Jackson, Minn., special says: The prairie fires prove more general than at first believed. Additional losses are reported from all directions, and messengers bring news of stubborn fights to save endangered property. Fires were raging in every direction, and each seemed to pursue a distinct course of its own. The fire which would have swept this village from the face of the earth has been traced to its origin. The search culminated in the arrest of James Travnick. When arranged he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay \$25 and costs, or in default thereof, 60 days in jail. Much dissatisfaction is expressed about this sentence. Public opinion is that justice has been too highly tempered with mercy.

The Miller, Dakota, correspondent of the *Minneapolis Press* telegraphed: "Prairie fires Tuesday night destroyed about 40 houses, many barns, a large number of horses and cattle, and left about 40 families destitute in the southern part of this county. A terrible gale of wind added to the terrors of the situation. The loss is estimated at \$50,000. The County Commissioners are in session and will see that no one suffers for the necessities of life."

From Huron, Dakota, comes the following: No prairie fire in the history of this part of Dakota equals that of Tuesday. In this county the losses are much less than in the counties west. Half a dozen houses were burned and many settlers lost their barns, some stock and a large quantity of hay and grain. The wind was from 50 to 60 miles an hour and sent burning embers over the plowed ground and fire breaks several rods wide, setting fire to everything in their course. The fire came up so rapidly that settlers had only time to save themselves, leaving their property to the mercy of the flames. In Sully and Hughes counties \$200,000 worth of property has been destroyed. Near Highmore Miss Sweeney was burned to death, and near St. Lawrence Mr. Babcock perished in the flames.

SPARKS WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR, BLUNT, DAK., April 4.—The storm of the fire continue to be brought into town by stragglers. They say that the wind would gather up the loose timber, and hurling it high in the air, carry it ahead of the surface fire, alighting on barns and houses and igniting the prairie fifty yards in advance of the surface fire. Houses and barns were burned where the fire was carried over 100 yards across the new broken ground. The losses are estimated at \$200,000 in this vicinity.

## LOSSES BY FARMERS.

YANKTON, DAK., April 4.—The stories of the terrible losses by the hurricanes of fire that swept over the country north of here continue to come in. Columns might be written of the horrors of the last few days and the heroic struggle to save home and property that the farmers have worked so hard to secure. Volin village has only three buildings standing.

In the vicinity of Jamestown, 12 miles north of Yankton, eight farmers sustained losses running from \$1000 to \$3000 each. One man lost \$1000 in money which he had in his coat on a piece of plowed ground, 300 feet from the grass. Two new wagons were burned 100 feet from the fire. Sixty miles of Western Union wires were blown down between Centerville and Huron.

## LEOLA DESTROYED.

ABERDEEN, DAK., April 4.—The

terrible story of the complete destruction of Leola, the county seat of McPherson county, has been brought in by couriers. Leola was a fine little town of 300 inhabitants, and the country for miles around was well settled with an industrious and thrifty people. It is 25 miles from railroad and telegraph facilities, and it is difficult to get complete information. Out of thirty places of business, including two banks, two newspapers, two churches, three or four hotels and all lines of business, but four are left standing, and of from thirty to forty residences, less than a dozen remain. The loss is practically complete and will reach \$150,000. The insurance was very light. C. W. Old and Thomas Wardell were terribly burned, and the couriers say they cannot live. Parties who drove across the country to Westport, the nearest railroad station, say that the surrounding country is nearly devastated. Hundreds of farm houses are in ashes, and carcasses of burned stock are lying about the road. News continues to come in slowly and shows the details of a great disaster. It is probable that not one-tenth of the damage is yet reported.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A still at the Empire Oil Works at Long Island City, New York, exploded on the 30th ult. The flames extended to the sheds and the immense coal bins, and then spread to the Long Island Foundry, the Niter Ink Works, the New York Iron and Chemical Works, Geo. E. Bulwer's storage shed and A. H. Hew's flower-pot warehouse. More than an acre of ground was burned over. James Nolan, 24 years of age, was killed by a large quantity of blazing oil falling upon him. The losses aggregate \$150,000. The American Hotel and Christ Church, in Corning, New York, were burned early on the evening of the 30th ult. Loss, \$30,000. The Presbyterian Church at Flanders, Morris county, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire on the 30th ult. A fire at Camden, Arkansas, on the 29th ult., destroyed business property valued at \$30,000.

—A freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad broke through a burning bridge over Hart's Creek, 84 miles east of Wheeling, on the morning of the 1st. The locomotive and 14 cars fell through, and were burned, being ignited by the burning timbers. The engineer, fireman and brakeman saved themselves by jumping off in time, but two tramps went down with the wreck and were burned to death. The caboose remained on the track and the crew escaped. It was not noticed that the bridge was on fire until too late to stop the train. The tramps killed are said to have been from Philadelphia. Their names are not known.

—Three cars loaded with logs jumped the track at Jerry Run, 18 miles above Reno, Pa., on the 2d, while going at a high rate of speed. Two young men, named Grastley and Smith, who were riding on the first car, were killed by falling logs, which struck them. Michael Huff, 45 years old, was fatally injured at Hellertown, Pa., on the 2d, by falling under a train. Harry L. Hogue, Superintendent of the electric light plant in Fostoria, Ohio, was instantly killed on the evening of the 1st by coming in contact with the current while repairing a dynamo. Richard Thornton, a well-known boat captain, was drowned on the morning of the 2d in the Pennsylvania Canal, at Beach Haven.

—A man of respectable appearance was seen to steal a box of household nails in Boston, on the 2d, and was arrested. He gave his name as Charles Faulkner, of East Boston, and said he could not explain the theft. He had been seized with an uncontrollable impulse to steal something. He had never experienced the feeling before. While speaking, the man suddenly fell to the floor, having been stricken with paralysis. He was removed to a hospital. A number of laborers on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, at Shamokin, Penna., got into a fight on the 2d, and several of the men attempted to escape by running on a high trestle. Cusk Dulski lost his balance and was dashed to pieces on the ground seventy feet below.

—The public debt statement, issued on the 1st, shows a reduction of \$13,605,655 during March. Total cash in the Treasury, \$617,591,000.

—Investigation of the accounts of Edward Deshier, Assistant Postmaster at New Brunswick, New Jersey, shows a shortage of \$1250. Thieves entered the old State House in New Haven, Connecticut, on the evening of the 1st, and, entering the rooms of the New Haven Historical Society, carried away the sword of Admiral Foote, held by the society as a relic. It is a presentation sword, studded with jewels and precious stones, valued at \$6000.

—A big land slide occurred on Second avenue, at the lower end of Lock No. 1, in Pittsburg, on the morning of the 2d. A huge mass of rock and clay started at the top of the hill above the railroad, opposite Pride street, and slipped down, covering the Baltimore and Ohio tracks and Second avenue. Nearly half of Bluff street slipped away, and it is thought some of the property along that thoroughfare is in danger. The debris covered the railroad and Second avenue to the depth of several feet, and reaching for many rods along the tracks. The telegraph wires were broken and travel was stopped entirely. No one was injured.

—Mrs. Margaret Kinlein and her three children were burned to death in their home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 1st. There was every indication that the mother had deliberately burned herself and her children. They all occupied the same bed, and the smoke from the fire, built beneath it, smothered them all. The bodies were horribly burned. Mrs. Kinlein's husband, who was a carpenter, died about ten months ago, and she supported herself and children by taking in washing. James Calhoun, a tinner, in Chattanooga, Tennessee, attacked his wife and daughter with a hatchet on the 31st ult. He then cut his own throat and swallowed an

ounce and a half of muriatic acid and zinc. It is thought Calhoun and his wife will die, and that the daughter will recover. It is supposed that Calhoun became insane over financial matters. Betty Shay, a white domestic, 21 years of age, was found murdered in her room at her employer's house in Lexington, Kentucky, on the morning of the 1st. Thomas O'Brien, who was engaged to marry Miss Shay, has been arrested. O'Brien shot and killed Henry Metcalfe about a year ago. Henry Bell stabbed and killed Wick Whitliff, in Curdsville, Kentucky, on the 31st ult. They worked in a tobacco factory and had a quarrel. M. M. Marshal, an old soldier, was struck and killed in a saloon, in Milwaukee, Wis., by Thomas Egan, a hack driver, on the morning of the 1st. Egan was abusing a boy and Marshal interfered. Seven prisoners in the workhouse in Lexington, Kentucky, attacked and fatally wounded the keeper on the evening of the 31st ult., and escaped. A despatch from Hancock, Dakota, says that old William Edwards, a squaw man, who had the mail contract from Washington to Coal Harbor, was murdered on the 30th ult., by his squaw wife. He bought the young girl from her parents for \$40. She tried to leave him several times with a younger man, but Edwards baffled every attempt. William Green, a crippled violin player, was fatally injured by his son-in-law, Philip Miller, in Esom, Ohio, on the 1st, during a dispute.

—In Guelph, Ontario, on the 3d, the coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against William H. Harvey, who killed his wife and two daughters several days ago. At a dance in Xenia, Ohio, on the morning of the 3d, Sherman Jackson stabbed and killed Frank Lawrence, colored. An effort was made by a mob of colored people to lynch Jackson, but, after a hard fight, the police succeeded in getting him in jail. Frederick Schuitz, a farmer, near East Saginaw, Michigan, shot and killed an unknown man whom he found in his barn on the evening of the 2d. Detectives Baldwin, Robinson and Wallace went from Charleston, West Virginia, on the 2d, to Tug river, to arrest a desperado and moonshiner named William Moran. A fight ensued and Moran was killed, not, however, until he had badly wounded all three of the detectives.

—Mrs. Christian Weick, her son and two maid servants were suffocated by coal gas in their house, near Bethlehem, Penna., on the evening of the 2d, and were found unconscious on the morning of the 3d. Mrs. Weick is dying; the others are recovering. A freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ran into a Cincinnati and St. Louis express near Rockville, Maryland, on the 3d, and a number of cars were badly damaged. No person was injured except Walter A. Cox, freight engineer, who had a leg broken and was badly bruised.

—Every business house and nearly all the dwellings in Mt. Pleasant, Dakota, were destroyed by fire on the 2d. The loss will be about \$300,000, with but little insurance. It was caused by prairie fires.

—Emma T. Day, aged 19 years, and her sister, Henrietta Frances, aged 16, have been arrested in Summit, New Jersey, for incendiarism. They confessed that they not only caused the recent fire in Summit, but had also caused those at Plainfield, for which William Van Ness is now serving a sentence in the penitentiary.

—The southwest portion of Clark's sausage factory, in Montreal, three stories high, was crushed in on the 3d by the weight of snow upon the roof. Eliza Harding and Kate Byrne were killed in the run under two large iron tanks, and were unconscious when taken out. Both were dangerously, if not fatally injured.

—Burglars blew open the safe of the first National Bank in Plymouth, Ohio, on the morning of the 3d, and secured \$1000.

—Bernard Blume has been arrested in Jersey City, New Jersey, on the charge of arson. It is alleged that he and Frederick Feight, Frederick Freund and Frank Dusing have been freed insurance companies. The method of the gang was to rent stores, put in a small stock and obtain a heavy insurance on the stock and fixtures. When preparations were made for the incendiary blaze a lamp would be broken. Near it were placed bladders filled with benzine, and around a bladder a circle of gunpowder. A slow fuse was used to ignite the powder, which exploded the bladder and, like a flash, the place would be ablaze, leaving no trace of the incendiary work except the broken lamp to deceive the insurance people. The occupants of the store would of course be absent the night of the fire, attending a social gathering at the home of one of the other conspirators, to prove an alibi. The gang are charged with having started two fires in Brooklyn, and Chief Murphy believes they have been operating in Jersey City.

—Edward Dietz, a laborer in Pittsburg, on the evening of the 3d killed his little girl, aged 3 years, and then committed suicide. The cause of the tragedy was the refusal of Mrs. Dietz to send for her eldest daughter, Lena, who was living out as a domestic, to come home. Dietz wanted his wife to live out and the daughter to take her place. After driving Mrs. Dietz and all the children but the baby from the house, Dietz sent a message to Lena that if she was not home in an hour he would kill every one in the family. She did not obey him, and the refusal of the others to return probably alone prevented the monster from putting his threat into execution. Sheriff Greenlee, of Granger county, Tennessee, was shot and killed on the evening of the 2d, while attempting to arrest John Wolfenbarger, an escaped convict.

—Two freight trains on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad collided near Nashville, on the morning of the 4th. Both engines and sixteen cars were wrecked, and Ernest C. Green M. T. Eby, brakemen, were killed. Albert Finch, a fireman, was badly hurt.

## ILVA TO HER LOVER.

An Ingenious Maiden's Speech in "The Witness of the Sun."

"I seem to have belonged to you always," she said, with her beautiful candor. "I seem only to have a right to myself through you. Your love makes me glad to be myself, because if I had been anyone else, no matter how great or good, you would not have loved me and your love is best. No, no; you must not speak; you must not contradict me. Just let me say what is in my heart. I feel that what is there must run into your heart like a stream into the great sea. It is wonderful to think that I have your love— I out of the world! It is as though a great star were to concentrate its light all on some little flower and say, 'I will shine only for this flower that I love.' It is as though some high one in heaven were to refuse to sing in the great choir, that his voice might be heard only in the dreams of some poor woman upon earth whom he loved and waited for. Ah, do not interrupt me! It is so big in my heart. It strains it. I have no one else to speak to—indeed, no one that I care to speak to. You are the only one—the very first—the first since I was a little child and I gave you my silver book. You helped me to form my life. You helped to make me into what you now love. You were like a song through the silence of my life. Always your memory was with me at the right moment. I never had a wrong thought, a wrong impulse that your face did not come to me as clear, as clear—it was as clear as that white magnolia flower there in the moonlight. And your eyes would look so grieved. I longed to ask your pardon, to have you take my hand and say that you forgave me. I dreamed about you sometimes when I was awake, sometimes when I was asleep. When I used to fancy how it would be if you were dead, it seemed to me that my life would never stop going on, on, on, on. And my heart seemed like a tiresome voice insisting that I was alive. I would try not to listen to it, but it would seem to fill the room. And then I would be quite still and think, 'After all, it is you who love him, my heart. Beat on, beat on! Oh, do not stop without you I could not give him my love.'"

## The Pot Hook Puzzle.

The inventor of the pot hook puzzle, which the street "fakirs" are selling everywhere now, is John Dempsey, an Atlantic City house painter. He tells the story of how he discovered that the diabolical double and twisted bits of copper wire would make a puzzle for the amusement of the populace: "We use that sort of a hook, a double one, to hang our paint pots on when we are painting from a ladder. One day in putting my hooks into a bag to carry them home a couple of them got caught. Well, as they were of no use to me unless I could separate them, I sat down and worked to get them apart. I must have spent half an hour twisting and turning the hooks and tagging and pulling, when suddenly, without any effort, they untangled themselves. This seemed so strange to me that I tried to put them together and succeeded. I then showed the trick to some friends of mine at Atlantic City, where I live. About three months after that I was doing some work at the Brighton, and at noon I showed this trick to a fellow while one of the guests was looking over my shoulder. Well, what does this guest do but pack his trunk, take the next train for New York, and now they are turning them out at the rate of 20,000 a minute, and I never made a cent out of it." The device has almost maddened persons who have sought to take the two hooks apart, but Dempsey is madder than any of them.

## The "Glare" of Our White Skins.

Nothing is more common than for Europeans to complain of the difficulty they have in individualizing men of dark races who to the eye of the white man seem all more or less alike. The natives of India have apparently the same difficulty with white men. Some men of the Lancashire Regiment stationed at Benares recently broke loose and raided a liquor shop in a neighboring village. Some of the culprits were so drunk that the authorities easily discovered them, but in order to spot the remainder the regiment was paraded, and the villagers were asked to point out the guilty men. They absolutely failed to do so in a single case, whereupon a native paper, commenting on the incident, says: "Not a doubt of it. One of the most difficult feats under the sun is to identify Europeans—they are so much alike with their loud, glaring white color. We wonder whether their friends and relations are at a loss to who's who."

## Leisure Hours in Florida.

The Bartow folks are having lots of fun guessing the number of oranges on a tree. There were over 100 guesses about the last one selected, J. Shell-nut winning the \$50 prize for the nearest guess. He guessed 1,954 while there were 1,963 oranges. The other guesses ranged from 1,707 to 3,500.

## THE ART OF DINING.

The Small Party of Six or Eight People the Truest Enjoyment.

"Think of me with envy," Thackeray said to an English friend in Paris who had called to take him to a dinner party at which both were expected. Sir Joseph told me that, so far from being ready, he found Thackeray had sent an excuse based on a very slight cold, and had settled himself to complete comfort. In loose morning clothes, with his feet to the fire, he was established in a deep armchair, with a small table beside him; on it a shaded lamp, with a roasted pheasant, claret and fruit, and by way of company a new French novel. This made the entertainment he had bid his friends remember "with envy" when he found himself imprisoned for two hours next an unknown person, possibly a dull one. "I thought nothing was lacking to my comfort, but to see you in evening rig and know I've escaped from what's ahead of you makes me settle down to complete enjoyment of my book and my bird. Just say you called for me, but found me cowering over the fire."

Thackeray's well-known dislike to formal dinners is shared by many, who like himself, are a fashion of the time and liable to be invited because they are a fashion, not for the real charm of the man, which can never come out naturally in that sort of a company.

No way of meeting in society is more thoroughly agreeable and refreshing than the small dinner where congenial people meet, where the six or eight chosen persons at table can talk freely together and the different minds give freshness to each topic, and where gay nonsense has its underlying knowledge and bias of character. Such dining as this is the fine flowering of civilization, and it is best found in the great centres where the easy play of minds together has been a growth. But all favoring conditions are nothing without tact, that faculty combining all faculties into harmonious and instant perception and execution. This is vital to social success, and, as the Scriptures say of charity, "all else is naught without it." It is as much a lovely gift of nature as the artist's eye or musician's ear, an enviable, charming gift which training and use can develop, but not give.

Constantly one sees people puzzled because they are not the social success they believed inevitably due their position or wealth, or unflagging efforts to do the right thing in the finest way. They can not see why "some little house round the corner" succeeds where they fail, and gathers the important and charming people whose verdict makes the law of fashion a law unwritten but irresistible.

## Why Organs Are Discordant.

A well-known organist in Brooklyn says that he is sometimes blamed for using bad combinations when the fault lies wholly in the atmosphere. Organ pipes are affected by cold and heat, and this organist says that he has known the pitch of a certain stop to alter three-fourths of a tone in a few hours. "Often," he says, "on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning when I rehearse I find the instrument in perfect tune, but as soon as the furnaces are stoked up and a big audience assembles the thermometer rises and the pitch of some of my pipes rise with it. Commonly, the organ builder allows for this, and as the reeds seldom change he pitches them a trifle high in order to allow for atmospheric sharpening of the other stops; but how if the temperature is low and the other stops don't change? Then, you see, you've got a discord, and you have to shut off the reeds altogether.

"Dampness and other changes affect organs, too, and it is distressing when you are playing smoothly to have one of the notes 'clipher.' It brings you up with a round turn and you have to stop and disengage the obstinate key. Organ playing is not all play. I've seen Dudley Buck, while directing a performance in Steinway hall, write when the organ struck in and signal to the organist to stop playing, for the heat created by the audience and the gaslight had thrown some of the pipes entirely off, and the result was a horrible discord."

## Heroic Cure for Fainting.

"I saw a girl cured of, or rather prevented from, a fainting fit once," said a gentleman recently.

"We had been misguided, and a man and his daughters, with whom I was travelling, drove into a river that was swimming.

"As the mules began to raise a rumpus in the water one of the girls collapsed and started to go into a faint. Her father struck back and slapped her a stinging blow in the face.

"The girl recovered, braced up and showed that she was angry and hurt. As we pulled out on the opposite shore the father remarked:

"I am sorry I had to slap you, but I saw you were going to faint, and might tumble into the stream, so I slapped you to prevent your fainting."

"It was heroic treatment, but it answered the purpose."

—New evening toilets for debutantes are of soft Sicilienne silk, in rose, pink, magnolia, oral blue and water green, combined with silk lisse exquisitely embroidered.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Don't be what you are, unless you are what you should be.

When the bee sucks it makes honey; when the spider, poison.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

Pride is a good thing, only so long as it is not the pleasure of fools.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

It is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge.

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it.

Your absence of mind we have borne till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.

The man or woman with agreeable manners will make headway in the face of the worst difficulties.

The miser is a riddle. What he possesses he hasn't got, and what he leaves behind him he never had.

Take things always by a smooth handle. When angry count ten before you speak; if very, a hundred.

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

In private watch your thoughts, in the family watch your temper, in company watch your tongue.

It hurts a man just about as much to burn him in effigy as to have his shadow on a wall butted by a goat.

We should take due care of books, and do our best to facilitate the distribution of good books among the people.

Wealth governs in the interest of the rich; intelligence takes advantage of the ignorant; righteousness does justice to all.

Persistence and labor in our everyday business life are always based upon faith, and are almost invariably successful.

There is in effect no virtue properly so-called, without victory over ourselves and that which cost nothing is worth nothing.

Graces cease to flow from Heaven into our soul if, by our unfaithfulness, we cease to make them rise again to their source.

When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

After all, the old truths are the freshest. Like the Alps or the Rockies, they have a perpetual grandeur—every view seems new and fresh.

Great is he who enjoys his earthward as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

When some great sorrow is our portion, there are no considerations that furnish comfort like those which are drawn directly from scripture.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

Friendship has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success talks himself into a new pleasure, and, by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with from day to day that a man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices.

It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impassable, that a happening comes. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world all the time.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and you will find that it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king and the simple with the wise.

Labor in its various forms is the foundation of all comfort, all progress, all enjoyment, and even of life itself. Our food, our clothing, our dwellings, our schools, our government, our comforts, and the money which they cost are all representatives of the hard work of many people in many places; and only thus could they exist. Yet work has other functions less widely recognized. It is valuable for its effects upon the worker himself. It strengthens his muscles, develops his powers, raises his courage, exalts his character. It is the path and marrow of a happy, healthy life.

The pains which the faithful teacher takes with pupil or class seems a trifling matter compared with the worth of the education itself when gained and the influence which it may exert on society and hand down to future generations. Yet all these far-reaching results may be traced distinctly to the hours of patient and earnest work by teacher and pupil. The same is true of all labor. The wonderful growth of a city is due to the enterprise of some, to the skill and ingenuity of others, to the productive toil of many. The establishment of some noble institution for the benefit of mankind, of which we are justly proud, might never have taken place but for the humane feeling and the intelligent foresight that were happily united in some one individual, who never dreamed of the grand result which would ensue.