

OKLAHOMA OPENED.

Thousands of People Flock Into the Contested Country.

FORT SMITH, April 22.—Oklahoma was opened at noon to-day, and into the promised land rushed the boomers. There were several fights by night between the troops and the different squads of intending settlers. At the first signs of daylight the vast army of boomers began breaking camp preparatory to rushing across the border.

Several hours before the appointed time immense trains of white-topped wagons, headed by fleet cavalades of horsemen, were far within the limits fixed by the law. The small bands of sentries and guards on the eastern and southern borders were utterly unable to check the mighty tide of men that poured into the Promised Land. Although heavily reinforced during the night by regular troops from Fort Reno and by the Indian police from the Creek Nation, the guards were beaten back like straws before the wind. So far as known only two collisions between the guards and boomers were attended with fatalities, but in these two men and one woman were killed. Fully 500 boomers were surprised in attempted night marches and compelled to retreat. Crooks, blacklegs, swindlers and rascals of all kinds are in Oklahoma now, and they are practicing among all classes of boomers. The thieves in no hurry to move ahead, but content to stay with the masses. Instead of one man having been sandbagged and robbed at Purcell, it is said a hundred have been similarly treated all along the border. Many are swindled in less violent ways by pretended officers, who secure money from claimants to leave them alone on their land.

ST. LOUIS, April 25.—An Arkansas City special to the Republic says: "A number of claims have been deserted in various parts of the Territory, and wagons can be seen frequently on the back trail. Many of the disgruntled threaten to 'squab' on the Indian lands surrounding Oklahoma. Some will fall back on the Cherokee strip, others will go down into the Chickasaw country and lease farms from the Indians. That country is being rapidly settled by farmers, who pay an annual head right or lease for the privilege of tilling the soil there. The country is as much superior to Oklahoma as is the Cherokee outlet, and there is a great deal of complaint among boomers that the poorest land in the Indians' Territory should have been the only land opened to settlement.

Twenty claims have been deserted in one neighborhood, and last night in the depot at Oklahoma City, a broken homesteader offered to sell his claim for \$25.

The contest and excitement over town sites continue, and much trouble is promised for the future.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The Daily News special from Diamond Bar Ranch, I. T., says: The occupation of the Cherokee strip has begun along the whole line. A much harder nut to crack than was any of the Oklahoma booms is now presented to the Government. The Cherokee strip, which is now in progress of being gobbled up, comprises nearly 8,000,000 acres, being thus four times as large as Oklahoma, and it far transcends the latter in beauty and fertility.

AN INDIAN UPRISING.

THEY WON'T ALLOW BOOMERS TO TAKE THEIR LANDS.

OUTRAGE IN A STATE OF CONFUSION.

CHICAGO, April 24.—A special from Guthrie, Oklahoma, says: A rising of Indians is reported on the border on account of boomers who failed to get Oklahoma claims squatting on the Indians' lands. A party of troops are on the way to the scene of the trouble.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 24.—A Journal special from Guthrie says: If ever the Government opened the way to trouble and difficulties this has been the time. No town was ever built under greater difficulties, nor so quickly; nor has there ever been so many disappointed men in so short a time. The anticipated bloodshed over quarter sections will not be recorded, as the farmers seem disposed to peacefully adjust all difficulties, and when they find one quarter section occupied move on until they find another.

But here in Guthrie is a confusion, and the feeling that an imposition has been practiced grows stronger and stronger, and the bitterness is now intense, as the full import of the action of the Government officials becomes better understood. Public meetings are being constantly held by States and unities, at all of which the question is raised how best to overcome the present situation.

The unauthorized and unwarranted settlement of the best portion of this town by Government officials and others has complicated the situation, although no feasible plan has yet been proposed by which they can be ousted from their possession. As a result of the choice portions of this town were staked out Sunday night and by 10 o'clock Monday they were taken possession of.

Among those who took part in these proceedings were United States Marshal Jones and Needles, with at least 30 deputies each, United States Attorney Waldron, United States Commissioner Galloway, Register Dille, Judge Guthrie of Topeka, District Judge Hiram Dillen and others as prominent. This is what causes the dissatisfaction that now exists, as the Journal representative saw the unlawful squatting done. There is no heresy about it. Until a late hour last night meetings were being held. Finally representatives from the several States were elected, who met and appointed a sub-committee to prepare a plan of action. To-day another meeting was held, which adjourned until to-morrow at noon without action.

TWO MURDERS.

CHICAGO, April 24.—A special from Guthrie, Oklahoma, says that two men

were killed there on Monday in disputes over claims. That of S. T. Compa was reported in these despatches yesterday. Of the other murder the special despatch says the body has been identified as that of J. C. Cylind, late of Franklin county, Mo.

All information shows that it was a most heartless and cold blooded murder, perpetrated by three desperate characters who desired to take possession of a claim that he was the lawful owner of. One of the murderers of young Cylind has been found and executed. He was discovered in the bushes near the river. A posse of 30 men was formed for the purpose of capturing him.

When they arrived at his hiding place they demanded his surrender. His answer was to pull his revolver, and instantly a volley was fired, and he fell mortally wounded and died in an hour. His name is unknown. The Vigilance Committee made no effort to conceal the killing of the assassin, and rely upon the community to sustain them in their efforts to overtake the turbulent and lawless element of the camp.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Edward Tilden, President of the Drovers' National Bank at the Union Stock Yards, at Chicago, has been arrested on a charge by George Fleming, an ex-school trustee, of attempted bribery. Fleming declares that on April 20th, 1888, Tilden offered Fleming \$5,000 for his vote and influence in the school trusteeship. Tilden denies the charge and intimates that Fleming's action is for revenge, Tilden having exerted himself at the recent election to defeat a brother of Fleming.

—A passenger train on the Short Line, due in Louisville from Cincinnati at noon on the 19th, was run into by a freight train near Glenoco. A driver on the passenger train engine had broken, and the train stopped till it could be repaired. A flagman was sent back, but when the damage was repaired he was recalled. Just as the passenger train started the freight train came around a curve in the same direction and dashed into the sleeper "Pontotoc," which was overturned and badly damaged. The injured passengers are Mrs. Ranand, of New Orleans, right arm sprained; C. M. Morton, Calvert Texas, left arm and side bruised; Mrs. S. Kirper, Allegheny City, Pa., scalp wound; A. J. Devel, Manniston, Mich., head cut and left arm sprained; A. J. Dovel, Pinkney, Ohio, right arm and side bruised. Wm. Kipper, fireman of the freight train, had his right arm broken and his scalp wounded. Wounded in jumping from the train—Adolph Messer, the flagman, left leg bruised, and John Walker, brakeman, badly bruised. None of the wounded were dangerously hurt.

—Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service, was on the 23d informed by the President of the Board of Health of Sanford, Florida, that a case of yellow fever existed in that city. Every precaution has been taken to prevent a spread of the disease. The Health Commissioner of Baltimore was on the 23d notified by Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service, that at Santos and Rio, the ports from which the coffee importers of Baltimore receive nearly all their coffee, the yellow fever is raging more virulently than ever before. At the time of the last report from Rio there had been 186 deaths from yellow fever in four days. A case of leprosy has been discovered at Spring Lake, Wisconsin. The victim is a woman. The character of the disease is well marked.

—Patrick Carroll, 26 years of age, jumped from the south roadway of the Brooklyn bridge into the East river, at half past 6 o'clock on the evening of the 23d. He was picked up by a tug and placed under arrest. The safe in the law office of Hubbell & Co., in Elkhart, Indiana, was robbed on the evening of the 21st of notes and money amounting to \$500. George Jones, a young colored man, was arrested on the 23d and confessed his guilt. The house of Jacob Reichard, in Allentown, Pa., was robbed of \$5000 in cash, four gold watches and other jewelry, during the absence of the family on the evening of the 22d.

—At noon, on the 23d, a man named McCarthy entered Collins & Sons' bank, in Ventura, California, where Jack Morrison was alone. McCarthy complained of his poverty and desperation, which had drawn him to think of suicide. He laid a package on the counter, which he said was dynamite, and drew a six-shooter and demanded thirty thousand dollars. Morrison dodged behind the counter and ran out of the bank door. The robber then seized a tray containing about \$4000 and walked into the street. Morrison gave the alarm, and McCarthy was arrested and all the money recovered.

—J. J. Scheepers, an employe in the auditor's office of the Burlington Railroad, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, committed suicide in Chicago, on the 23d by drinking two ounces of carbolic acid.

—The Morgantown Female Seminary, at Morgantown, West Virginia, was burned on the 23d. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$5000. About 30 of the pupils lost their clothing and effects. McGroarty's bakery in Prescott, Ontario, was burned on the evening of the 22d. Miss Gainsford perished in the flames.

—While crossing the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad track in a wagon at Newport, Delaware, on the afternoon of the 24th, John Wade, aged 62 years, his wife Matilda, aged 59, and James M. Linderman, aged 12, were struck by a train and killed. The horse was also killed, and the wagon smashed in pieces. Wade and his wife lived on a farm at Appleton, in Cecil county, Maryland.

—Terrible land slides have occurred in Peru from the perpendicular walls through which the tunnels on the Groya route were cut in order to enable the Verrugas bridge to be thrown across the chasm from tunnel to tunnel. A cloud-burst caused a mass of rocks and earth to crash down and sweep away the bridge. The bridge, which cost \$500,000, was 575 feet long and 260 feet high, the highest in the world with one exception.

—An explosion of natural gas in McKeesport, Pa., on the 24th, wrecked the Hotel Lundmark and dangerously injured the proprietor, John Lundmark, and a little girl, who were standing in the door and were blown across the street. The building took fire and was entirely consumed, together with the three frame dwellings adjoining. During the progress of the fire Chief McCallister, of the Fire Department, was painfully but not fatally burned. The loss was \$25,000, three-fourths covered by insurance.

—A forest fire is raging on wood and timber lots near Auburn, New Hampshire. Already 450 acres have been burned over, and 300 cords of wood prepared for market and a large quantity of timber have been destroyed. Men are fighting the flames.

—During an election on the liquor license question at Bickley's Mills, Russell county, Virginia, on the 24th, a difficulty occurred, and pistols were drawn. William Porter was killed, and Irvin Howell, Joseph Sargent and Martin Johnson it is feared are fatally wounded. J. G. Cowell was slightly wounded. On the evening of the 21st a colored man, named Dempsey, was shot and killed on the farm of Isaac N. Eason, near Hickory Ground, Virginia, by another colored man named Harding, while playing the White Cap joke and forcing himself into Harding's house at midnight. Harding was arrested and tried, but released, as it was a clearly proved case of killing in self-defence.

—One of the heaviest rain and hail storms ever known in Atlanta, Georgia, began to fall at half-past four o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th. The storm burst suddenly. At the time the gust came on firemen were inside the walls of the Jackson building, burned on the 21st, flames having again broken out among the debris. One of the walls fell upon the men, killing W. P. Leach and Henry Howell and injuring several others. The wind also blew down the Ivy Street Mission building and the fence of the base ball park and damaged buildings in different parts of the city.

—An engine and eight cars, one of them a tank filled with oil, broke through a trestle near Riverside, Pennsylvania, on the morning of the 25th. The oil caught fire and the engine and cars were destroyed. John Brosius, engineer, and James Malone, brakeman, both of Sunbury, were injured internally. One section of the trestle had been burned through by ignition from a fire lighted under it by some fisherman. A neighboring farmer said "he saw the fire, but made no effort to extinguish it, because he had put out a fire on the same bridge some time ago, but had not been rewarded by the company." Two freight trains collided near Glen Mary, Tennessee, on the 25th, as a result of the forgetfulness of the engineer of one of them. Brakeman Taylor and Conductor Hinelene were killed, and Engineer Rusk fatally injured. Two others were slightly injured.

—Andrew W. Bogert, 45 years of age, a real estate dealer in New York, committed suicide on the 25th by shooting himself in the head. He had been ill for some time and sustained business losses.

—The Emmons dynamite factory, about a mile from Harrison, Westchester county, New York, caught fire in the engine room on the evening of the 25th, and soon afterwards the factory blew up. Newton Emmons, son of the proprietor, and Anderson, the fireman, were injured, the former seriously. A storm on Lake Superior on the evening of the 23d broke up a number of beams of logs and scattered the timbers out in the lake, causing a loss to lumbermen estimated at \$100,000. James Connor and James Harris were killed by the premature explosion of dynamite, near Homer, Michigan, on the 24th. They were blowing out stumps with the dynamite.

—The wife of the Rev. F. M. Kirkham, editor of the Christian Oracle and Pastor of the Christian Church, on Indiana avenue, in Chicago, was arrested on the 25th on a charge of shoplifting. It is alleged that when searched articles to the value of \$15 to \$20 were found concealed about her person. The postoffice at New Rochelle, New York, was robbed of \$2000 in cash on the evening of the 24th. John and Henry Hill have been arrested at Somerset, Kentucky, on a charge of killing two peddlars about a year ago. They were arrested just after the murder, but, as no evidence could be produced against them, they were discharged. A boy on the 25th discovered a coffee sack, which contained the skeletons of two men buried at the root of a grapevine.

Conversation warms the mind, enlivens the imagination, and is continually starting fresh game that is immediately pursued and taken, and which would never have occurred in the duller intercourse of epistolary correspondence.

A certain strain of nobility of character is needed to enable one to see without envy the better fortune of his neighbor, even though that neighbor be also his friend. It sounds absurd to declare that success is not sinful in itself, but it is a truth many never learn, or, if they believe, never practice.

Courage is needed in daily life. A man must have courage to follow the pole star of principle in all things. It needs a brave spirit sometimes to call things by their right names. We are not to condone covetousness by calling it frugality, nor cowardice by calling it prudence, nor wastefulness by calling it goodheartedness.

A life that is lived wholly for self is a disgusting deformity. It is not so seen by every one, but all spiritual minds are acquainted with it, and in the eye of God it is a blemish that exists in injurious contrast to all His beautiful work.

He who makes the best of every thing is sure to have the best all the time. No matter what happens to him that cannot be to him practically the best. He will look upon it as such, and such it will be in fact. Such a man will at all times be on good terms with Providence. The bright side of life will be before his eye with its good cheer.

Daffodil.

Have you forgotten where we met?
The primrose path, the ruined mill?
Our trying place when sun had set,
And daylight done, my Daffodil!
No fate or time would dare combine
To rob our Springtime of its gold
If I were yours and you were mine,
And both were lovers as of old,
If yester eve could be to-day,
If life once more a morn in May,
Ah! then my heart would fill, and thrill
With love awakened, Daffodil!

I call you—and no voice replies.
I wait you, love and wait in vain,
The snowdrop fades, the primrose dies,
And, nothing buried, lives again.
A mist enfolds the silent stream,
The leaves fall sadly one by one.
We pass as shadows in a dream,
For we are parted—who were one!
If yester eve could be to day,
And bring me back one morn in May,
But daylight died behind life's hill,
And closed love's petals! Daffodil!

A NOBLE HEART.

The battle was over. The enemy were vanquishing in scattered groups over the sands of the Soudan far from the ghastly-looking spot which had been the scene of the thickest of the fight. At dawn the ground round the wells had been green with the upspringing grass with which nature covers our rugged mother Earth. At nightfall it was down-trodden with the tread of men who there had met and struggled for supremacy, each one glorying in the death of some fellow-man, who but for war's fell chance might have been his friend had they met in other lands among other surroundings.

The victors were now doing all that lay in their power to relieve the sufferings of the wounded or to identify the slain. No matter now if we were a comrade or a foe who lay upon the sand; the last drop of water from a weary soldier's canteen, or the last of the treasured liquid in some officer's flask, was tendered as freely as though it had been his nearest and dearest companion who was in need of it. Small chance was theirs of obtaining rest and food; for they had made a forced march to intercept the enemy, and the wells were all but dry in the oasis where the opening columns had at last met.

A young officer was among the most earnest of the searchers and at last he came upon the one he feared, yet wished to find. For if alive, he must try to fan the flickering flame of life into an enduring one; and if numbered among the slain, he must write home and torture loving hearts with the terrible news.

It was not alone for love's sake that he searched; it was for honor, which to him was a higher, more compelling motive than any other could have been.

The missing man was his foster-brother, and, although humble in rank, both in social position and in the army, was an obstacle which stood between his superior officer and his realization of what had been his most cherished hopes.

Allan Fairford was the heir to a goodly fortune, and his foster-brother, Richard Oldacre, was the only child of his father's gamekeeper, whose wife had taken Allan to nurse soon after his birth. She had cared for him as tenderly as though the blood which flowed through his veins had been of her own, instead of the purest patrician purple, and Allan had ever kept a warm corner of his heart for her.

Near Mrs. Oldacre's cottage stood another—the retreat of a retired army officer and his motherless daughter. Little was known of them, save that the father, Captain Rathbone, was a cross-grained recluse, and that Nellie, his daughter, was a lovely child, fast growing into a beautiful young woman.

The fine home of the Fairfords sheltered upon the outskirts of the extensive grounds, surrounding it a number of cottages, the rents from which formed an item in the income of Allan's father. In one of these Mrs. Oldacre lived after her husband's death, and in another dwelt Nellie Rathbone, so that even after his return to his own home the old nurse's foster-child could pay her daily visits; and no matter how unpleasant the day might prove, it rarely passed without giving her a sight of Allan's rosy face.

From the first, Nellie was the object of the two boys' affections. For a while each was content with worshipping the pretty child, and with receiving her impartial smiles and thanks for the various gifts they lavished upon her. But, though of the inferior rank, Richard was the more domineering of the two, and soon became foremost in Nellie's regard. There was a curious resemblance between the foster-brothers. Both had fine, clear-cut features, fair skins, and curly, yellow hair; but Richard's blue eyes had a deeper shade in the azure, and his lips had a firmness in their lines which was foreign to Allan's ever gay, innocent, smiling face.

Eventually Richard had won the day in Nellie's affections. All thought of worldly advantages faded before the glances of the dominant, dark blue eyes of the pleasant lad.

So Richard was really an obstacle in the path of the young officer who now searched for him, his face as pale and anxious as though his life's happiness

depended on finding him alive, and if wounded, with a chance of recovery.

For an instant, at the roll-call, when no response came to the young soldier's name, that great enemy of souls, who ever stands ready to whisper some evil thought into the ear, had suggested: "Dick dead on the battle-field, what stands between you and Nellie?"

But Allan's cheek had taken on a pallor which had been strange to it even on the ensanguined day through which he had just passed, and with a horror of himself for once harboring such a thought, he had started with feverish haste to find him.

At last, partially hidden by the body of a dead camel which had fallen across him, Allan had decried him, insensible, but alive.

Lifting him in his strong young arms, he bore him to the nearest ambulance, anxiously superintending what rough arrangements could be made for his removal, and watching eagerly for some sign of life.

After some time Dick opened his eyes and saw Allan standing before him. He was conscious.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the young officer heartily. "I feared you were sleeping your last, Dick, but I hope you will have strength to weather it now. Here, drink this."

Dick obeyed, but soon relapsed again into insensibility. His wounds had not been dressed, and the surgeon pronounced them to be not accessarily fatal, but added that only good care and nursing could save him.

"I will see that he has it," was Allan's reply, and he kept his word so faithfully that before many days Richard Oldacre was pronounced out of danger.

One morning he had been lying awake for a long time with many thoughts busy in his brain.

Allan was using his knapsack for a writing desk, Dick's eyes followed the swift moving pen with languid interest.

Allan glanced up and saw that his charge was awake.

"I am writing good news to Nellie, Dick. I am telling her you are out of danger."

For a moment the young man was silent. His face was working with some emotion. Then he said suddenly—"Why did you not let me die, captain? It is a strange thing you have done. A dead man is in no one's way."

"Do you think I know it not—that I am in your way because of Nellie's loving me?" asked Dick, his voice trembling with emotion. "You are strangely unselfish!"

"No, I am intensely and thoroughly selfish. I want to see all those I love happy, and I love your mother and little Nellie. It is to make their hearts light again that I have tried so hard to keep the breath of life in your body; and then, Dick, we have been comrades in play when children, and now we are comrades in war. We must be warm friends," and Allan reached out and took Dick's pale fingers in his warm, strong clasp. There was no mistaking that he fully meant all that he said.

"Noble! noble!" murmured Dick. Then his eyes closed again, and he drifted off into a refreshing slumber.

Two years later had brought great changes into Richard Oldacre's life. He had served his time in the army, and had received his discharge. Upon his broad breast hung the Victoria Cross, placed there by the Queen's own hand for an act of special bravery. His wedding day was set, and preparations had been made to emigrate to America immediately after the festivities connected with that happy event. Allan had claimed the right to give a handsome dowry to the bride of his foster-mother's son, and with the sum which Dick had husbanded from his pay while in the army it was to make a capital to set him up in business.

Nellie's father had objected strongly at first, but he was a man without means, and really glad to have her off his hands, so he yielded with much ostentatious reluctance to let her consider a *mesalliance* and let her go.

Mrs. Oldacre had seemed quite unlike herself as the various preparations for departure progressed, and at last her nervous uneasiness culminated in a startling revelation to her son.

"Dick," she said mysteriously, after she had called him out into a room and shut the door upon any possible intruder, "I can keep silent no longer. I have done wrong not to speak before, but I was weak. I dared not face alone the anger and surprise of the proud family. Dick, my own boy, Richard Oldacre was not your father."

"Not my father!" The young man uttered the words like one in a dream.

"No."

"Who then?" There was a fierce ring in his voice, and his mother covered before him.

"Richard Fairford, the Squire's elder brother, who was drowned. I was his wife, Dick; I have my marriage lines. You are the rightful head of the house, Dick—the heir of the old name."

Dick stood like one dazed, trying to realize the import of his mother's words.

"I had been married but a few weeks," she went on, "when your father was summoned away on urgent business; but he left me sufficient to make me comfortable in circumstances, although pledged to keep the fact of

our union a secret until he should return. I have never heard one word from him since that morning when he held me in his arms, and pressed his farewell kiss upon my lips. You remember how long the present holder of the property remained in uncertainty, thinking his brother's absence to be a temporary one. But at last all hopes of his being alive vanished, they had proof that he was drowned, and then, Dick, you see how unhappy I must have been. But I was weak, also. I dared not present my claim. But you are strong and determined. You can fight for your rights, if you like, and win the day, too. What will you do, my son?"

"I cannot tell," her son said slowly. "I must have time to think. I shall know my mind to-morrow."

A struggle had already commenced in his grateful heart. He had already won the love of Nellie, while Allan had been the loser of his heart's dearest wish. Now, should he, the peasant-educated, whom his friend had nursed back to life so tenderly—should he also take from him his position? The tempter whispered: "Nellie will then be a grand lady. You can deck her with silks and gems."

That was a bewitching prospect indeed. But gratitude won.

"Mother," he said, "I shall not claim my rights. Bring me the marriage certificate and I will burn it. Allan has been educated to his high position, and it would hurt him to displace him from it. I am used to mine, and Nellie loves me just as well as though I were in a loftier place in the world. We will go to America, and there every honest man is a noble. I will win fortune, and will be happy."

"But, Dick, I cannot obey you in one thing; in all else it shall be as you say, for you are sensible, and are old enough to judge. But I will not burn the certificate. I should then have nothing to prove to myself that my marriage to my darling was not a dream. Oh, no! I will not burn it, but no one shall be the wiser about it. I will lock the box it is in, and throw away the key."

Thus the matter was settled. Richard Oldacre and Nellie were married, and, with their mother, sailed for the New World.

Little thought Allan Fairford, as he stood upon the deck bidding them good-bye, that among the luggage contained in one of Mrs. Oldacre's strong chests was a document which would have made him the poor man, and Dick the rich and titled heir to the estate he deemed his own.

Which gave to the other the greater gift. Which man was the more generous?

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The credit gained by a lie lasts only until the truth comes out.

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.

Levity is often very foolish, and gravity less wise, than either of them appears.

He that boasts himself to know everything is most ignorant; and he that presumes to know nothing is most wise.

The book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think.

Interested benefits are so common that we need not be astonished if gratitude be rare.

Opportunity is a beacon light by which many are piloted into the harbor of success.

He that pleases himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility.

There is no right which is enjoyed by man, without involving, on his part, a corresponding obligation.

Nothing can poison the contentment of a man who cheerfully lives by his labor, but to make him rich.

True independence is to be found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly depend upon him.

If you apply to little-minded people in the season of distress, their self-importance instantly peeps forth.

Riches without charity are nothing worth; they are blessings to him only who makes them a blessing to others.

Submission—courage—exertion when practicable—these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle.

Every man feels himself stronger in his relations with others if he is surrounded with consideration, esteem, respect.

A great man is happiest when he can sit down and write his memoirs and forget all the mean things he knows about himself.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels.

A State, to prosper, must be built on foundations of a moral character; and this character is the principal element of its strength and the only guaranty of its permanence and prosperity.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received we are compelled to dress it up in the snow white robes of truth—as, in passing base coin, it must have the impress of the good era it will pass current. Deception, hypocrisy and dissimulation are, when practiced, direct compliments to the power of truth.