

The King's Daughter.

Her father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done.
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she too cares for them, every one.
And when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.
She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand;
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command:
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of a King.
Even when the angel comes that men call
Death,
And name with terror, it appears to her;
She turns to welcome him with quickened
breath.
Thinking it is the royal messenger,
Her heart rejoices that the Father calls
Her back, and well within his palace-walls.
For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, a picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that imperial palace whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is the daughter of a King.

BLOTTED OUT.

"He isn't worth a cent in the world,
and he sha'n't have her."
This is what my husband, Col. Lee,
said to me one morning, as I endeavored
to bring him to reason in regard to
the love affair of our only daughter.
I did not contradict my husband, al-
though I felt that he was utterly in the
dark about the whole matter. No one
ever did that. I doubt if his opinion
had ever been disputed in the whole
course of his life. I ventured to inquire
mildly:
"But what have you against the
man?"

"His poverty, for the first item," he
answered; "but this would not influ-
ence me a particle if I saw any way
under the heavens by which he could
earn a respectable living for a family.
Archibald Harris is an artist and a
dreamer; and if that combination is
not enough to condemn him, I should
like to know what is?"
"But, husband?"
"No buts to me, Effie. I have made
up my mind. That landscape dauber
shall not have my daughter. Tell Mar-
ion that this is my ultimatum, and on
no account to mention the subject
again to me."

This was a hard message to take to
my child, and I feared, an entirely un-
expected one; for this "artist,"
"dreamer" and "dauber" my husband
had been unusually polite. By his in-
vitation he had become a constant vis-
itor at our house, and through his in-
strumentality the young folks had fallen
in love.
That Marion would obey her father I
had not the slightest doubt. Never in
her life had she given us a moment's
concern. The giving up would be hard,
of course, and my heart shrank from
the trial the dear child would be com-
pelled to meet; but that she would yield
instant submission I was quite sure.
My face must have told the whole
story, for she gave me a keen glance as
I entered her room and said:
"Don't feel bad about it, mother. I
was quite sure he would say no. Did
he state his objections?" she continued,
quietly.

"He does not like Mr. Harris' profes-
sion; or, at least, has no confidence in
it as a means of maintenance."
How very quiet the girl was. I
looked and wondered.
"Does he know anything against Mr.
Harris' character?" she resumed.
"Certainly not," I answered. "I
think he believes him to be a thorough
gentleman, but lacking sufficient busi-
ness enterprise to insure your future
comfort and happiness."
"Mother!" and now my child's tones
were very firm—"I beg you will say
this to father: If he will prove Archi-
bald Harris a liar, a thief, a gambler, a
loose society man, or a piece of these, I
will promise never to think of him
again in this way; but upon no other
conditions. If he is unable to do this,
I shall share my lover's future with
him, whatever that future may be!"
"And you will marry without your
father's consent?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And break my heart?"
Marion smiled sadly, and replied:
"Don't use that weapon with me,
mother, please, because under these cir-
cumstances it is not an honorable one.
If Archibald Harris is not the upright
man I think him, I want nothing of
him. If there is no black mark found
against him I shall marry him. If I
were not to do this, I should be (un-
worthy to be your child, because we
love each other."
"But your father will never forgive
you—never in the whole world!"
"Let him not, then," she inter-
rupted, as quietly as before. "That
matter is between him and God."
My daughter was right and my hus-
band was wrong. I must sympathize
with one honestly and fully and oppose
the other—a difficult position, and my
heart failed me at the prospect. The
colonel would, I knew, continue obdu-
rate, and of course, after the above in-
terview, what else could I predict of
Marion?

A day or two after these memorable
interviews we found that Mr. Harris
had been very formally but very politely
requested to discontinue his visits at
our house.
Grieved at this insult, Marion sought
her father, but the attempt to draw
him into conversation on the subject
was entirely ineffectual. He dismissed
her with this "fla in her ear," as he
facetiously called it:
"I don't know anything against Har-
ris' character, and sha'n't trouble my-
self to go round hunting up his ante-

cedents. It's enough for me to know
that he is a pauper and will always re-
main one. I have fixed the whole mat-
ter for you, and now you've nothing to
do but make love to your mother and
your ugly old father a while. It'll do
just as well, if you've only a mind to
think so."

A few weeks passed, and one evening
I found on my toilet table the following
communication:
"Darling Mother—Don't blame me,
for no other course was open to me.
Would to heaven there had been. I ac-
cidentally heard yesterday that Archi-
bald was very ill. I immediately made
it my business to find out how ill. To
my utter horror and amazement, I dis-
covered that his physician had ordered
him to go either to California or
abroad. He has an acute bronchial
difficulty, which the doctor declares
will not yield in this climate. I found,
too, that he was delaying this trip
firstly on my account, and secondly be-
cause he really had not the means to
defray the expenses of a long journey
and a protracted (perhaps) period of
invalidism. When I had gleaned all
the facts I came home and hunted up
every jewel I possessed and sold them.
Yes, mother, I can do without jewels;
but I cannot, must not, let the man
I love suffer. This morning we were
married (I did it all myself—Archie
fairly rebelled against the whole ar-
rangement), and by the time you re-
ceive this letter we shall be on our way
to California. I realized two thousand
dollars from the sale of my gimcracks,
and this, with what Archie has, will
do the work, I reckon. Tell father
please to try and think well of me and
forgive me. If I had acted in any
other manner in so dire an emergency
I should not have been worthy to have
retained the Lee, which looks very
pretty now sandwiched between
Marion and Harris."

By the way, this was the first bit of
impudence I had ever known my
daughter guilty of toward her father.
Her letter ended in this style:
"Love me and pray for me, dear
mother. I will keep you informed of
our whereabouts. Hoping and believ-
ing that everything will come right
before long, I am yours and dear papa's
loving "MARION."
Oh, the storm that followed this, or
rather the awful calm that preceded the
whirlwind of a few days later. My hus-
band neither ate nor slept for two days
and nights, and we hardly spoke.
When his rage found words, then he
cursed and left me—cursed me in lan-
guage I can never forget.
"You have done this, madam! You!"
he howled. "Now reap your reward.
Five minutes more and you will have
neither daughter or husband. This
house is yours, and you will find your-
self provided for economically, madam
—not a cent will you have to spare for
the child you have aided and abetted
in dishonoring me!"
Then the door slammed and I was
alone.

Twenty years of married life, and
the very first quarrel followed by a
separation! I drained that cup of bitter-
ness to the dregs. For weeks I heard
nothing from my daughter, and for
twelve long months not a word from
my husband.
The colonel's lawyer took charge of
all financial affairs, and my comfort
was strictly attended to. In this re-
spect there was nothing to find fault
with; but, oh! the utter bleakness and
barrenness of my life! How plainly the
whole past stood out before me!

During all the years I had spent with
Francis Lee, I had never once asserted
myself. By entire conformity to his
wishes and implicit obedience to his
will, I had managed never to come in
contact with the angularities of his im-
pugnacious nature. My love for him had
kept me entirely passive, allowing my
husband and my master to rule me as
absolutely and imperiously as ever a
domineering king ruled over the weak-
est of his subjects. To be sure, love
kept the chains from clanking, but they
were there all the same; and now they
cut into my soul. The first ray of
light that penetrated my gloomy home
was a letter from Marion.
"Do not grieve any more about this
unfortunate business," she wrote. "I
say, do not, because such grief is
wicked. You have done no wrong. Let
that thought comfort you first of all;
and then do try and be happy in the
thought of my happiness. Archie is
gaining strength every day—in fact, he
is almost well; and he has received an
order to paint a picture for one of the
wealthiest men in the whole west. He
is to be paid splendidly for it, and we
are so happy about it and everything
else. God only knows how glad I am
that I went to my husband in his mis-
fortune. He just needed me; and to-
gether, dear mother, we can do any-
thing—paint pictures, write poems and
get rich, perhaps; who knows? Father
will come back to you before long, and
we shall evermore be a happy family. I
am sure of it."

Much more my darling wrote, and
every line infused fresh strength and
courage into my veins. At the end of
the year I visited them at their tem-
porary home in California. Orders
for pictures had been crowded upon
Archibald so fast that they had
found it necessary to move to a
more public part of the city of Fran-
cisco and were then boarding at a
hotel. One day, after dinner, Marion,

who had returned from a short shop-
ping excursion, burst into the room
where Archie and I sat talking, with a
face as pale as that of a corpse.
"Come with me, softly," said she, in
a whisper. "As true as I live, I have
this moment seen father in a room just
down the corridor. The door was open
a way, and, as I passed, I saw him sit-
ting in a chair with his back toward
me?"
"But, perhaps," I answered trem-
blingly, "it may not be he!"
"Come!" she interrupted, gaining
confidence as she saw my excitement.
"I guess I know father. Come! We'll
surprise him."
"But, Marion!"
"No buts. I tell you to follow me.
If ever a man's back expressed sorrow
and homesickness and remorse gener-
ally, my father's back did, as I passed
it a moment ago."

She led me out of the room and
through the corridor, and never once
halted until she had thrown the door
wide open, and finally pushed me in.
Marion and Archie followed. A second
room and I had passed around the
chair, and was kneeling before my hus-
band.
"Effie!" said he with a shout of joy,
"you here? God be praised!"
"And can you?" I was going to
say forgive, but he interrupted me.
"Don't say that word to me, Effie
Lee!"
"But the children Marion and
Archie?" I stammered.
"Oh, yes," he smiled, "the children!
Where are they? I have nothing to
forgive even there. I wonder if they
can ever forgive their obstinate old
father!"
Then Archie and Marion came for-
ward and the past was blotted out.

A Death Test.

If most people are afraid of anything
it is of being buried alive. Not long
since the writer stood by the bedside of
an aged lady who was passing away.
She was gradually growing weaker,
and unmistakable signs of death were
visible. When she could not talk, by
reason of her weakness, and a pen was
placed between her fingers, and with
great difficulty she wrote, in straggling
characters: "Don't let them bury me
alive." That cases do happen where it
is very difficult even for the most ex-
perienced physician to determine
whether a person is really or only ap-
parently dead without having recourse
to means which, while they would at
once settle the dispute, would place
life, if it really still existed, in jeop-
ardy, may be judged from the fact that
the French Academy of Science, ten
or fifteen years ago, offered a prize
equal to \$5,000, for the discovery of
some means by which even the inex-
perienced might at once determine
whether in a given case death had en-
sued or not! A physician obtained the
prize. He had discovered the follow-
ing well-known phenomenon: If the
hand of the suspected dead person is
held towards a candle or any other ar-
tificial light, with the fingers extended
and one touching the other, and one
looks through the space between the
fingers toward the light, there appears a
scarlet red color where the fingers
touch each other, due to the blood still
circulating; it shows itself yet congealed;
the tissues which have not yet congealed.
When life is entirely extinct the pneu-
mation of scarlet space between the
fingers at once ceases. The most ex-
tensive and thorough trials established
the truth of this observation.

Cost of Living in Hong-Kong.

Last April a commission was appointed
by the Government of Hong-Kong to
consider the question of increasing
the salaries of the colonial officials. It
has now presented a report, which con-
tains some interesting facts respecting
the cost of living in a foreign settle-
ment in the far East. It finds that in
the last ten years the cost of living in
Hong-Kong has increased 20 per cent.
For Chinese, clothing being the only
necessary which is cheaper now. Rent
has increased from 10 to 150 per cent.
For Europeans and 100 per cent. For
Chinese houses, servants' wages have
increased 10 to 15 per cent. Imported
articles have risen in proportion to the
fall in exchange, the cost of medical
attendance has doubled, while the de-
creasing purchasing power of the dol-
lar is severely felt by those who have
families to maintain or educate at
home. The commission, therefore,
proposes that official salaries generally
should be raised to an amount in cur-
rent dollars equivalent to their origi-
nal sterling value, taking the dollar at
4s. 2d., with no European officials
should receive an advance of 20 per cent.
The report is signed by five leading
merchants, one being a Chinese, and
the Chief Justice, who was the only of-
ficial on the commission.

Lady Pauncefote.

Lady Pauncefote, of the British lega-
tion, is winning popularity by her fad,
for it is the most open love of every-
thing American. She is not a bit offish
or English, and every one is taken by
her unmasked desire to know the peo-
ple among whom she will live. "I like
America and Americans," she said,
when asked her impressions of this
country, and the way she goes sightsee-
ing and invites the world to call proves
that Lady Pauncefote speaks in good
faith.

BOOKS IN ANCIENT TIME. Changes in Libraries Caused by the Art of Printing.

The discovery of the art of printing
wrought many curious changes; but in
no respect was the transformation more
striking, perhaps, than in the appear-
ance of library interiors. So long as
books were written by scribes upon
leaves of parchment it followed of neces-
sity that matter which might now be
compressed into a small duodecimo
filled what is called a folio—a book of
the shape and size of a huge ledger.
So heavy were these folios, that the
wife of the day asserted that ladies read
books which they could not lift. It was
customary to ornament only the
upper cover, and in order to show the
carving, chasing and enamel work, the
book was invariably laid upon its side.
To protect the work of the silversmith
or carver, the book was usually encased
in a thin leather cover, called its
"frel," the edges of which met in front
of the book, where they were tied to-
gether by leather thongs, so that all
dust and dirt might be excluded. To
distinguish one book from another, the
title was written upon a parchment tag
which was fastened to the thongs of
the frel or to the metal clasps often
made use of. It was not unusual also,
to inscribe the title upon the clasp it-
self, or even upon the front edges of
the book. From what has been said,
it will occur to the reader that the first
thing to meet the eye upon entering
one of these old book-rooms was line
upon line of books, lying flat upon the
shelves with their front edges turned
outward—a very different sight from
that presented by a modern library,
with its shelves of books all standing
on end with their backs brilliantly
ornamented. But the makers of these
old folios did attempt to beautify the
edges of their books. This process
was termed "gauffering." The book
was placed in a press and the edges
were gilded, after which a delicate
tracery was worked upon the edge by
indenting it with a steel die struck by
a small hammer. In other cases sym-
bols and verses were painted in bright
colors upon the front edges; so that,
after all, the appearance of one of
these old libraries was not so dreary
as might at first be supposed.

Mending With Pins.

"Oh, that's nothing," said a young
woman, "I'll put a pin in. I can't stop
to mend it now."
It was a hole in her pocket that Helen
Russell mended that morning with a
pin. Several days passed, and she for-
got the circumstance.
"Pinning it up" was one of Helen's
favorite makeshifts.
"I hate to mend," she would say,
"and, after all, pins will do. They
have to do, anyway."

Even holes in her stockings were
caught together in this fashion, and a
button off her glove was replaced by
the same shiftless expedient. It was
not that she lacked time to use needle
and thread, but simply that she had
fallen into a lazy habit.
Helen Russell was a school-teacher,
and a few days after pinning up the
hole in her pocket she went to the town
treasurer and drew sixty dollars, her
earnings for ten weeks' teaching. She
put the money into her purse, and the
purse into her pocket.

Then she made a few calls and went
into the postoffice. As she was descend-
ing the steps of the postoffice, she
caught her foot in the trimming of her
skirt, which had ripped and had been
fastened with a pin; she stripped and fell
heavily on the stones.
Her wrist was broken by the fall. A
pin, which fastened her glove in de-
fault of a button, was planged into her
hand and inflicted a painful wound.

She was taken home in a carriage and
her injuries were dressed. A few
hours afterwards she thought of her
money, and felt in her pocket for her
purse. It was gone. The pins which
had repaired the hole in the pocket
were likewise gone; so there was no
doubt as to the way in which the purse
had disappeared.

Searching and advertising proved of
no avail. She had saved a few stitches
at the expense of ten weeks' wages, a
broken wrist and sundry painful
bruises.
"Twas all my own fault," she said,
penitently; "I'll never mend with pins
again."

Falling Eyesight From the Grip.

The ravages from the grip are yet
felt by its victims and a new form of
disease resulting from it has appeared.
The oculists are busy with patients who
complain of a burning sensation in the
eye, which has become inflamed, and in
some cases the range of vision is affect-
ed. It is observed that the majority
of persons so affected were victims of
the grip. One of the leading oculists,
in speaking of the disease, said that the
eye seems to be the last part of the
body affected. The number of cases of
eye trouble has increased to an alarm-
ing extent, and in most cases it was a
secondary complaint. The disease
seems to be a sympathetic one as the
eye is affected as are other parts of the
body, more particularly the muscular
system, to which it causes great pain in
performing its functions. A noticeable
fact is that in the majority of cases
there had been former trouble with the
eyesight, and evidently the grip had the
effect of renewing this latest disease.

THE ORIGIN OF PREJUDICES. How it is That They Are so Hard to Overcome.

You see things from the stand-
point of your previously acquired
groups of ideas; I from mine. Strictly
no two persons can see the same thing
in the same way, for it can never hap-
pen that two persons have precisely the
same groups of ideas relating to any sub-
ject. These depend on our past experi-
ence, on our education, on the beliefs
of our times, on our various sects
or parties, on our pet theories,
our interests, and our desires. Here
is a simple illustration. Suppose an
artist and an engineer, standing side
by side overlooking a tract of country.
What they perceive is the same; what
they appreciate is wholly different. To
the engineer the country presents itself
as a possible line for a railroad; with
here advantageous grades and there
economic bridges. Before the artist is
spread out a landscape, with light and
shade and harmony of colors. In the
primary laws of knowing, we discover
the grand principles of the psychology
of prejudice. The results may be
summed up in the form of two laws:
1. We see only so much of the world
as we have appreciative organs for see-
ing.

2. We see things not as they are, but
as we are—that is, we see the world not
as it is, but as molded by the individual
peculiarities of our minds. The eye is
limited by its structure to the reception
of ethereal vibrations between the colors
red and violet. The ear converts into
sound only air vibrations of a limited
rapidity. Just so the mind, in its recep-
tion of knowledge, is limited by the
quality and amount of its previous ac-
quisitions.
"No man," Emerson tells us "can
learn what he has not preparation for
learning, however near to his eye is the
object. A chemist may tell his most
precious secrets to a carpenter, and he
shall be never the wiser—the secrets he
would not utter to a chemist for an en-
graving idea. Our eyes are holden
that we can not see things that stare us
in the face, until the hour arrives when
the mind is ripened; then we behold
them and the time when we saw them
not, is like a dream."

Instinctively, therefore, we seek the
mental food that our minds are prepared
to digest—that, namely, which is most
clearly related to what we know already.
In conversation, notice how people
brighten up when you tell them some-
thing that they know already, especially
if it is something that they have long
believed or themselves discovered. We
fall naturally into the vice of parading
our own knowledge, and we like to
hear others talk, not of their interests,
but of ours. Sometimes even we indig-
nantly refuse mental food that might
serve as a corrective of our possible one-
sidedness, instinctively avoiding that
which we feel cannot be assimilated
without a dangerous readjustment of our
mental possessions. The skeptic in evi-
dence opens a book on Christian evi-
dence only to close it in haste when he
perceives its trend; while the pious be-
liever, who picks up the work of Strauss
or Renan, drops it like a burning coal.
We avoid books, men, sermons, society
that are not, as we say, congenial.

About Pianos.

"Very few know how to take care of
a piano," said a musical man to a re-
porter who visited his warehouses.
"How do you do it here?" asked the
scribe.
"It is a popular notion that pianos
ought to be kept very dry. Nothing
could be more fallacious. Pianos are
not nearly so much affected by heat or
cold, as they are by dryness, and, re-
versely, by dampness. It is not gener-
ally known that the sounding board, the
life of a piano, is forced into the case,
when it is made so tightly that it bulges
up in the center, on the same princi-
ple as a violin. The wood is sup-
posed to be as dry as possible, but, of
course, it contains some moisture, and
in handling. Now, when a piano is put
into an overheated, dry room all this
moisture is dried out, and the board
loses its shape and gets flabby and
cracks. Even if it doesn't crack the
tone loses its resonance and grows thin
and tinny, the felt cloth and leather
used in the action dry up, and the
whole machine rattles."
"How do you prevent this?"
"Keep a growing plant in your room
and so long as your plant thrives your
piano ought to, or else there is some-
thing wrong with it. It should be noted
how much more water will have to be
poured into the flower pot in the room
where the piano is than in any other
room. In Germany it is the practice
to keep a large vase or urn with a sopping
wet sponge in it, near or under the
piano and keep it moistened. This
sponge keeps up all the time the fire
is on."

In a paper read before the British
Scientific Association on the Hum-
boldtia lanrifolia as an ant-harborer
plant, Professor Bower observed that
the peculiar relations between plants
and ants had been the subject of consid-
erable observation of time immemorial.
"The literature on the subject could be
traced as far back as 1750, and Captain
Cook, in describing his voyages, dis-
tinctly alluded to the matter. In one
place he said that he had seen on a cor-
sion tree a number of black ants, which
perforated the twigs, and, after eating
out the pith, formed a lodging in the
cavity, and yet the tree continued in a
flourishing condition. In tropical cli-
mates there were many plants pre-
eminently associated with ants. The
Italian botanist Picari contended that
the relationship was advantageous alike
to the plants and to the ants. The
former afforded shelter to the latter,
and in some cases supplied them with
food. In the course of a short discus-
sion, Dr. Tieman said there were five
species of Humboldtia in tropical coun-
tries. The ants took advantage of the
hollowness of the plants, but he did
not think the latter derived any benefit
from their presence."

Professor Polansky and Dr. Schin-
delka of the Vienna Veterinary School
having constructed a laryngoscope for
horses by means of which active treat-
ment in cases of glanders can be car-
ried out.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Patient waiting is often the highest
way of doing God's will.
Money makes the man; but the man
has to make the money first.
Most persons can be led; few can be
driven without spoiling them.
If every man could have his way,
the world would be almost depopulat-
ed.

A man who acquires a habit of giv-
ing way to depression is on the road to
ruin.
The means of profligating mental ac-
tion are determined by the nature of
the mind.
Levity is often less foolish, and grav-
ity less wise, than each of them ap-
pears.

Those who live on vanity must, not
unreasonably, expect to die of mortifi-
cation.
There is no man easier to deceive
than he who hopes, for he aids in his
own deceit.
If men wish to be held in esteem
they must associate with those who are
estimable.

There is no surer way of having
everybody's help than by trying to
help everybody.
A good daughter is the morning sun-
light and the evening star of her
parents' house.
The wisest man may be wiser to-day
than he was yesterday, and to-morrow
than he is to-day.

Time will tell, but the ordinary man
with an important secret won't give
time a chance.
A man who puts off his enjoyment
too long will find it mislaid by the
time he gets to it.
The chief difference between success
and failure lies in the single element of
staying power.

He who loves to read and knows
how to reflect has laid by a perpetual
feast for his old age.
The feeble tremble before opinion,
the foolish defy it, the wise judge it,
the skillful direct it.
If all hearts were frank, just and
honest, the major part of the virtues
would be useless to us.

There will always remain something
to be said of a woman, as long as there
is one on the earth.
Humanity must resemble the suc-
culent and seductive strawberry. The
green ones generally go to the bottom.
One may be better than his reputa-
tion or his conduct, but never better
than his principles.

There is such a thing as being so ac-
cidentally good that you make benefi-
caries uncomfortable.
The greatest man living may stand in
need of the meaneast, as much as the
meaneast does of him.
The poor man's purse may be empty,
but he has as much gold in the sunset
and silver in the moon as anybody.

A cause or principle is not necessarily
wrong because some of those who ad-
vocate it are injudicious or inconsis-
tent.
One of the greatest of all mental
pleasures is to have our thoughts often
divined, even entered into with sym-
pathy.

Use not evasions when called upon
to do a good thing, nor excuses when
you are reproached for doing a bad
one.
To be human is to be fickle. The
people who curse a good man loudest
are the first to bear flowers to his
grave.

When a person inspires you with an-
tipathy you become unfaithful to your
convictions, solely in order to contra-
dict him.
It is by his personal conduct that
any man of ordinary power will do
the greatest amount of good that is in
him to do.

In order to measure the mind we
measure the skull. This is like eating
the skin of the grape to find the
bouquet of the wine.
Life's real heroes and heroines are
those who bear their own burdens
bravely and give a helping hand to
those around them.

Popularity is like the brightness of a
falling star, the fleeting splendor of a
rainbow, the bubble that is sure to
burst by its very inflation.
Sometimes when a man seems to be
having the worst of it he is only getting
ready to come out, like a log from a
sawmill, worth double price.

Tears hinder sorrow from becoming
despair and madness; and laughter is
one of the very privileges of reason,
being confined to the human species.
Some men are so unselfish as to be
willing to live in luxury, and abstain
from work for fear they will rob the
poor laborer of his means to obtain a
living.

The progressive man depends upon
what he learns, but the man who is
proud of what was taught to him will
exhibit his ability to follow the usual
custom.
It is easy enough to bring up a child
in the right way. All you have to do
is to watch the way in which most
people bring up their children and then
do something else.

Men and women, to lead worthy
lives, must have a just respect for
themselves and a just respect for
others. Whatever tends to realize and
to strengthen these promises human
welfare.

Cold and reserved natures should
remember that though not unre-
quently flowers may be found buried
beneath the snow, it is chilly world
to dig for them, and few care to take the
trouble.
He who never changes any of his
opinions never corrects any of his mis-
takes; and he who is never wise enough
to find out his mistakes in himself will
not be charitable enough to excuse
what he reckons mistakes in others.
One cannot begin too early in life to
discipline himself to habits of the most
exacting punctuality in keeping every
engagement and the performance of
every service, be it little or great.
Great men in all ages have been noted
for punctuality. They believed an act
to be well done, must be done promptly.