

A LONELY STATION. (UNION PACIFIC R. R. 1893.)

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them
stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through
the wet.

North, south, east and west—the same dull
gray persistence,
The lattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the
distance,
Or break the columns of the far-off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure
waking
The long bushed level and stark shining
waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fell in sudden haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the
station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed
by.

Yielding me place beside him with dumb ges-
ture.
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one ges-
ture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought—around us
darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching
tracks,
Each following those dim parallels and heark-
ening
For long lost voices that will not come
back.

Until, unasked—I knew not why nor where-
for—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken
there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at
last.

“Long had he lived there. As a boy had
started
From the stacked corn the Indian’s painted
face;
Heard the wolves’ howl the wearying wail
that parted
His father’s hut from the last camping
place.

“Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed
the reaping
With a sythe of fire of lands he once had
sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone
leaping
Rafter, dead faces, that were like his own.
“Then came the war time. When its shadow
beckoned
He had walked dumbly where the flag had
led
Through swamp and fen—unknown, un-
praised, unreckoned—
To famine, fever, and a prison bed;
“Till the storm passed, and the slow tide re-
turning
Cast him a wreck, beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of
earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to
die.”

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half
blending
With the low murmur of the coming
 breeze,
“The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.”

“Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far-off
 cry,
The coming train! I glance around the sta-
tion.
All is empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure
waking
The long bushed level and stark shining
waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull
shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless
haste!

“Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The
station master?
That’s none! We stopped here of our own
 accord,
The man got killed in that down-train dis-
aster
This time last evening. Right there! All
 aboard!”

London, England. —Bret Harte.

A FLOURISHING TOWN.

The most extraordinary newspaper I have ever had any knowledge of was published up in the Sierra range about fifteen years ago. The Manganetus Index.

The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail-box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of Manganetus, as well as of the man who edited the paper.

He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and in everything transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of bewildering rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the vicinity of Manganetus and I decided to make the editor a call.

It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the Slavin house, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the Index, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing.

“Only a mile more,” I said to myself, as I thumped my weary breast with a good-sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I persuaded myself that each mile was the last.

Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkles from cottage windows that in darkness tell the traveler of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster, perhaps than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked, stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door.

A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled, leathery face, came to answer,

and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand.

Seeing the pistol I said: “Here is civilization.”

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my fished face and tired horse, he opened the door a little wider, and then, swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in.

“How far to Manganetus?” I asked.

He looked at me in a rather queer way, and then bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

“It is far from here? Can I reach it to-night?”

“Hardly think you can make it to-night,” he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; can’t you stay all night?” he added. “Better stay; you can’t possibly make Manganetus to-night.”

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers.

My ear did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and I read the title:

“THE MANGANETUS INDEX.”

“By industry we thrive.” Devoted to the material interests of Manganetus. Subscription \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance.

My host smiled as he handed me the paper.

“Then the town is here,” I said.

“Let me go to the hotel; the Slavin House, I believe. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger.”

“You will remain here, sir,” he replied. “I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganetus, and this cabin is the only habitation for twenty miles.”

I stared at the man in astonishment.

“You may well be puzzled,” he continued. “But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place upon the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing here.

I nodded vaguely and he went on: “My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I have no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganetus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the index. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the City Council; here is a runaway team, knocking the salithereens out of a cigar-store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar-store in another column. Here is the killing of Texas Pete and the investigation of his death by a Coroner’s jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness. There is also in another portion of the paper, a legal summons advertised calling on a cofray to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look and shows no flaw, yet it is absolutely made from whole cloth.”

“This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of,” I said to him.

“This country is full of extraordinary things,” he quietly replied.

“Where does this edition go?” I asked.

“Clara, bring me the mailing list.”

I glanced over the list, and saw that it embraced the leading banking houses of London and New York, as well as the centers of finance and mining. My own name was oddly enough on the list. About a hundred copies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good.

I found that my friend edited the paper and did the typesetting, and his daughter was learning the art.

“I have no companions except my little daughter—and the town of Manganetus,” he added, with a smile.

I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind through the pines and the rocking of the cabin had a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in the warm bed thinking and resting until morning before I slept.

My friend, the editor, was very talkative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

“Tomorrow,” said he, “I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail backboard comes along to take them.

“In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the parties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements.”

FROM the foundation of the world mankind, in one form or another, has sought to acquire the art of creating something from nothing.

Ever since wood was made to float on water and sustain some human freight, sailors during storms have been pitying those on land in danger from falling trees and buildings.

DON'T LIKE TWINS

HOW THE AFRICAN MOTHERS MUST SUFFER.

A Disgrace to Have More Than One Child at a Time.

Few things are more mysterious than the undefinable sympathy which often exists between two human beings who came into the world together. There can be no doubt that this sympathy is real, and not the effect of the imagination, as some have supposed. So far as is known it does not always develop itself, and when it is present its cause is not by any means understood. A very real affection generally exists between twins, and often seems to show itself in the earliest days of infancy. It is no uncommon thing for a twin who has lost his or her counterpart to pine away, dropping gradually into the clutches of the destroyer, who, in taking away the other, has deprived life of all its joy. But though intense fondness is no doubt to a great extent the cause of such sad occurrences, the sympathy which twins have for one another shows itself here.

With many savage races twins are hurried out of the world immediately they have entered it; others allow them to live, but only under certain conditions. In Western Africa, a little below the equator, between ten degrees and twelve degrees east longitude, lives a large tribe called the Ishogo. They have many peculiar customs, but none more so than their treatment of twins and of the mother who is so unfortunate as to bear them. An idea seems to exist with them that no woman ought to produce more than a single child at a time, and they seek to rectify the error by giving their deities every chance of killing one of the children before they are considered able to take care of themselves. This is held to be at about six years old; once that age has been passed, it is thought by these people that a proper balance between life and death has again been struck, and they do not deem any further precautions necessary.

Immediately the birth of twins takes place, the hut in which the event happened is marked in some manner which will render it readily distinguishable from all others in the village. Those who have read accounts of African travel will probably remember the unanimous testimony which explorers of the dark continent bear to the extraordinary locacity of its natives. Africans talk as they breathe—unceasingly—and yet the unfortunate mother of twins is forbidden to exchange a single word with any but the immediate members of her family. She may go into the forest for firewood, and perform the household work necessary for the existence of herself and her children, but it must be all done in strict silence, unless she finds herself near one of her close relatives. The consequence of this peculiar custom is that the Ishogo woman dreads the advent of twins more than anything, except, perhaps, being childless; and nothing irritates a newly married woman more than to tell her that she is sure to become the mother of two children at a birth.

When the six years of probation have dragged out their weary length, a grand ceremony is held to celebrate the release of the three captives, and their admission to the society of their fellows. At a break in the village is aroused by a proclamation made in the principal street, and the mother and a friend take up their stand on either side of the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. The rest of the inhabitants of the place congregate round about, and at a given signal the white legged women march away from the hut, followed by the twins, the mother clasping her hands, and capering about, the friend beating a lusty tattoo upon a drum and singing a song appropriate to the occasion. After this procession has gone the round of the village there is a general dance. Then every one sits down to a great feast, and eating, drinking, and dancing are carried on for the rest of the day and all through the night. As soon as the next day dawns all restrictions upon the mother and her offspring are held to be removed.

This ceremony is known as “M’pasa,” a word which signifies both the twins and the rite by virtue of which they and their mother are admitted to the companionship of their kind. Cases in which one of a pair of twins has felt a disturbing influence at work within him when evil was befalling his other self are numerous. As with all matters of the kind, the instances related are apt to border upon the land of fiction, but there are many which are perfectly well authenticated. Though twins are usually alike in form and feature, this is not invariably the case. The writer knows twin brothers who can scarcely be said to bear even a family likeness to one another and whose complexions go to the very extremes of darkness and fairness. But though unlike bodily they so resemble each other mentally that they passed from the bottom to the top of one of our great public schools side by side.

American Cattle in European Markets.
A short time ago the attention of the Department of Agriculture was called to a recent shipment of American cattle sold in the Rhenish provinces. Through the Department of State, the Department of Agriculture was placed in possession of a communication from the United States Consul at Cologne, in which this gentleman reported the sale of some thirty head of American cattle in that market, in reference to which he made the following statement.

“The quality of those oxen was good, but too fat, which, however, can be remedied. The price obtained per 100 pounds of the dressed meat, that is, exclusive of the head, hide, feet and entrails, which fall to the butcher, was Marks 7. (16.80), being the same price paid for the home stock. Therefore, American cattle can compete with the home production.”

“There is a difference among oxen fattened on pastures and those fattened in stables. The latter are preferred here, especially the red and white checked ones, which might command a higher price, say Marks 7.25 per 100 pounds. Both kinds are readily marketed here. There being rather a scarcity of cattle here this year and a consequent rise in the price of beef meat, it is thought that a considerable number of American cattle can be sold here, and I am informed that another large shipment is on its way from America for the German market.”

In order to be able to give to our American stock raisers full information on this subject, the Secretary of Agriculture addressed a communication to the Department of State, requesting information in regard to the laws now in force in Germany with reference to cattle imported from the United States, and in a recent communication from the Department of State, enclosing the report on this subject of the American Consul at Hamburg, the Secretary of State promises to obtain further information which shall include the law on the subject of the exclusion of pork and any efforts that may have been made recently to secure its repeal, allusion to which was made in American papers in the form of a press dispatch, purporting to have been sent from Berlin, under date of November 20.

In the meantime, for the information of those interested, the substance of the correspondence between the Department of State and the American Consul at the points referred to, is here given. It would appear from the report of the Consul at Hamburg and the enclosures forwarded with his communication, that cattle imported into any of the German states and provinces from the United States, South America or Great Britain, are subject to a four week’s quarantine, and furthermore, that there is no likelihood of such quarantine being either abolished or modified. It should also be stated, that the cattle sold in Cologne formed part of a shipment of 160 head sold in the Rhenish Provinces, and that the data in regard to them was obtained from Messrs. Salm & Whil, one of the largest cattle dealing firms in Cologne.

It appears further, that during the early part of last fall, some six or seven hundred head of cattle were landed in the port of Toening, in the United States, and that these were subjected to only five or six days’ quarantine, but that this was due to a special permit from the Imperial Chancellor, which was granted in view of the fact that the persons interested had entered into contracts for the delivery of said cattle, without a knowledge of the existence of the quarantine regulations, and would consequently have sustained a heavy pecuniary loss had the cattle been subjected to the regular four week’s quarantine.

At the same time, however, strict orders were issued, that henceforth the regulations must be rigidly enforced. The Consul at Hamburg also informs the Department of State, that until recently large quantities of American beef have been used in the province of Schleswig in Prussia for the consumption of the German army. An order has since been issued, however, prohibiting its further use for that purpose.

The above is substantially all the information the Department of Agriculture has been able to procure on this subject up to date.

A Village That Is Some Pampkins.

A special from Knoxville, Tenn., says—The village of Rogersville, in Hawkins County, has several things of which it can boast. The town itself is just one hundred years old. It has the oldest Masonic lodge in the State, and the house which sheltered General Jackson for months still stands in a state of almost perfect preservation. A huge hearth in a front room, which he laid with his own hands, shows scarcely a trace of wear. The first newspaper published in the State was issued from Rogersville. Within the corporate limits of the town are the graves of the parents of Davy Crockett. The only budding spring in the United States is but a short distance from the public square. It has regular tides, and ebbes and flows every two hours with unvarying uniformity. The water is always intensely cold, but never freezes, even in the coldest weather. The oldest woman in the State gets her mail at the post office there, and a few miles in the country is the oldest organized church in the State, the New Providence Church, at Stony point.

The Queen-Regent of Spain.

Dona Christina, who is so affectionately watching by day and by night at the bedside of her sick child, is a slim woman, rather above the medium height, a daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand and Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, and is nearing the completion of her thirty-second year. The strain, physical and mental, caused by the youthful monarch’s illness, is leaving its impress on her appearance, at the best of times not of the healthiest—a very pale complexion, large eyes, and golden hair. She is an intellectual woman, can freely converse in Spanish, French, German and English, loves music and society. Hardly an artist of note visits the city without being invited by the widowed Queen to sing at the palace.

If some people never had any teeth they would live longer.

INSECT EATERS.

THERE’S NO DISPUTING ABOUT TASTES.

LOCUSTS, ANTS, SLUGS, WORMS AND SPIDERS ESTEEMED DELICACIES.

It is difficult to imagine what would have been the result if the reader had been told with a German gentleman who is said to have eaten spiders, spreading them, like butter, upon his bread! This, it must be admitted, was a most depraved use of the ordinary prey of the insect world. But the eating of even cleanly and pleasant-looking insects is regarded by most people with abhorrence. We are told in Clarke’s Travels, that the Arabs “are as astonished at our eating crabs, lobsters and oysters, as we are at their eating locusts.” It should be borne in mind that insects chiefly feed on vegetable matter, and are, therefore, much more cleanly than, for instance, swine or ducks. Examples of the eating of insects, as a staple item of food, can be brought from almost every part of the world both in ancient and modern times.

Locusts have been eaten from the remotest antiquity, and some Ethiopian tribes, from this circumstance, received the name of Acridophagi, or locust-eaters. The Arabs, when there is a famine, grind locusts in their hand-mills, or pound them in mortars, and mix with flour and water into a dough, which they bake as ordinary bread. But they not only employ locusts during a scarcity of corn, but, at other times, eat them as a delicacy. They boil them for a good while in water, and afterwards stew them with butter into a kind of fricassee of good flavor. The Hottentots are said to rejoice at the appearance of a swarm of locusts, although the destructive insects devour all the verdure in the district. The natives eat them in such quantities that they soon grow perceptibly fatter. They also gather the eggs, and make of them a kind of brown, or coffee-colored soup. Wagon loads of locusts are taken into the markets of Fez, as a usual article of food. In the Maharatta country, people preserve them in salt, and in some parts of Africa they are smoked.

Large quantities are used as food in Greece. Jackson, a traveller of the last century, says that, in 1799, locusts were generally served up in Barbary with other dishes, and were esteemed a great delicacy. They were preferred by the Moors to pigeon; and it is said that a person might eat a plate of about two or three hundred without feeling any ill effect. The following was the method of cooking adopted: the heads, wings, and legs were thrown away, and the bodies boiled for half an hour. They were then sprinkled with salt and pepper, and fried, a little vinegar being added. An English clergyman, the Rev. R. Sheppard, cooked the common grasshopper in this way, serving with butter instead of vinegar, and found it excellent.

In doing this he was really following the teachings of the Bible in Leviticus, xi. 20: “These ye may eat, the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind.” Locusts are now eaten in Crimea, Greece, India, Asia, Persia, Africa and Madagascar. The Chinese, who are noted for their economy, eat the chrysalis of the silkworms, after they have unrolled the silk from the cocoons. They fry them in butter or lard, and the yolks of eggs, and season with pepper, salt and vinegar. A missionary named Favard said that he found this food both refreshing and strengthening.

White ants are much prized as food in various parts of Africa. The Hottentots eat them both raw and cooked, and thrive wonderfully on this diet. One traveller says that the natives parch them in pots over a fire, and eat them by handfuls as comfits. He asserts that he several times ate them prepared in this way, and found them to be of delicate flavor, nourishing and wholesome; resembling in taste sugar-cakes or sweet almond paste. Slugs are not so frequently eaten as snails. Mr. Vincent M. Holt tells of two gardeners who were in the habit of eating them. One of these said he ate them because he thought his chest was weak; the other, because he liked them. Allian speaks of an Indian king who set before his guests a quantity of roasted worms, of which he said Indians were very fond, for desert.

Some Greeks, who tasted them, are said to have pronounced their flavor most delicious. Humboldt mentions that the Arabs of Fezan ate some kinds of worms. The wire-worm, the larvae of a small beetle, is eaten in large quantities by Turkish women, and the Chinese also eat some species of worms. Spiders nearly an inch in length are roasted over the fire and eaten by the natives of New Caledonia. Even educated Europeans have been known to eat them. Resaumur tells of a young lady who, when walking in her grounds, never saw a spider which she did not pick up and eat. The celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, also, used to eat them, and said they tasted like nuts. She used jestingly to remark that she was born under the sign Scorpio.

Round the World in Less Than a Second.

A French savant has calculated the time required for a journey round the earth, and has obtained the following results: A man, walking day and night without resting, would take 428 days; an express-train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32 1/2 hours; a cannon-ball, 21 3/4 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity passing over a copper-wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Few suffer uninvited insult, Truth is a meretricious concubine, Alas! For those advanced in years only.

Generosity serves others better than itself.
A little world always makes a little man.
Danger and security are close neighbors.
Head love never sheds any of its own blood.
A poor lock is a good friend to the burglar.
We cannot own anything that we do not enjoy.
To seek the truth is better than to dig for gold.
Love can only be measured by what it will suffer.
The way to make a man right is to make his heart right.
The man who is looking for faults in others will be kept busy.
If there is good in us it will be sure to inspire good in others.
One of life’s richest possessions is the memory of a good mother.
Lions are never so big as we think they are from their roaring.
You can’t make a guilty man happy. He must first lose his guilt.
The love that never goes away from home had better die and be buried.
The easiest thing in all creation to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.
An enemy is an enemy, no matter whether he carries a flag or a musket.
To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.
When a man knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him. Be quick. You can’t use a minute but once—make the most of it.
If there wasn’t any gold in the world there wouldn’t be so much brass.

Some people are afraid to do right for fear they will lose money by it.
A man must keep up at it, but honesty will float without any padding.
The heart is so large that it takes more than the visible universe to fill it.
The man who desires only to be a sounding brass will never be anything else.
The man who grumbles at the quality of a gift would get tired sitting down.
If two persons could ethically agree they could talk and smile continually.
Burdens will grow heavier by trying to shift them upon the shoulders of others.
One of the most powerful elements in every success is the determination to succeed.
Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.
A beautiful person is like a fountain, watering the ground and spreading fertility.
A man is vain just in proportion to his folly, and vice just in proportion to his humility.
You cannot hire a man to be honest. He will want his wages raised every morning.
The world is full of people who are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.
The man who takes everything for granted will fall through a good many bridges.
Fire is always saying, “I’m hot,” and to doubt its word is to sap the penalty.
A life’s happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have parted with it.
He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.
You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they’ll breed like sparrows.
Unhappy people abuse themselves by looking sour at everybody who disagrees with them.
Moral training is impossible, for it depends upon the individual sense to determine good from evil.
The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings, has hands the fullest of work.
The man who thinks he is wise should not waste his opportunity to learn by telling what he knows.
There is no beautifier of complexions or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.
We murmur because we are in want, and, therefore, want because we murmur.
When a man is as polite to men as he is to women he is entitled to be known as a gentleman.
The best cook stove ever made will not bake a biscuit unless there is a good fire in it.
Some persons have plenty of genuine diamond ornaments, but only glass-bead principles.
While the unhappy have still hope, the prosperous tremble with fear. Such is compensation.
Children and plants turn instinctively toward the light. Let us emulate their incipient wisdom!

Those who go hunting for trouble are very poor sportsmen, though they generally bag the game.
You may suspect those persons who boast of some special virtue of having secretly the opposite vice.
By all that we circumscribe anticipation, we exalt fruition, the measure of which was never yet quite filled.
Grand thoughts, like orchard trees, amount to nothing unless they blossom and bear fruit. The fruit of thought is action.
The greatest blockhead is the one whose mistakes teach him nothing.
Wisdom is always knocking at the front door and wanting to come in, to hang up pictures and give away treasures.

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Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.
A beautiful person is like a fountain, watering the ground and spreading fertility.
A man is vain just in proportion to his folly, and vice just in proportion to his humility.
You cannot hire a man to be honest. He will want his wages raised every morning.
The world is full of people who are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.
The man who takes everything for granted will fall through a good many bridges.
Fire is always saying, “I’m hot,” and to doubt its word is to sap the penalty.
A life’s happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have parted with it.
He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.
You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they’ll breed like sparrows.
Unhappy people abuse themselves by looking sour at everybody who disagrees with them.
Moral training is impossible, for it depends upon the individual sense to determine good from evil.
The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings, has hands the fullest of work.
The man who thinks he is wise should not waste his opportunity to learn by telling what he knows.
There is no beautifier of complexions or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.
We murmur because we are in want, and, therefore, want because we murmur.
When a man is as polite to men as he is to women he is entitled to be known as a gentleman.
The best cook stove ever made will not bake a biscuit unless there is a good fire in it.
Some persons have plenty of genuine diamond ornaments, but only glass-bead principles.
While the unhappy have still hope, the prosperous tremble with fear. Such is compensation.
Children and plants turn instinctively toward the light. Let us emulate their incipient wisdom!