

UMENTARY MEDITATION.
I sometimes list to my grandpa's clock
As I'm sitting there and looking at it
And it seems to me that its strange "tick
tock"
Is a language of its own.
And my thoughts go backward year by year
In a pleasant retrospect.
It fills my mind with a gracious cheer—
Does the old clock's dial-act.
Ah! when shall time wind up its work
And its spring refuse to flow.
While its hands which never a moment
shirk
On an endless strike shall go.
But its old face shows not a shade of fear
From its patient toiling clique.
And 'twill still do its business year by year
While its tick in trade is tick.

THE CHILIAN'S OATH.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people of Chile show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for republican government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chile it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiso" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the south Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to reef, and as Ned was a man to be trusted the "old man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city, he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilean, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, señor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way I'll walk, as you say, but not before."

"No, no," cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man. That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the señora claims my help, Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him indignantly down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilean at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saint not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!" Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, señor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch here yonder. But when he reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves lead-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, señor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But shall be your detour forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, señor." She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening, and on the slope of the tabled before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by buildings and corals for cattle.

"This is the place, señor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I remember you, señor. I danced with you at the fandango in Valparaiso last week."

They entered the house and were met by Señor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, señor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty on shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure, señor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for her to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were very deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accused Americano," he hissed. "Now Isola—" But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four of five of the bandits. But there was not a man in Chile who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was gaining rapidly and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena. "Now 10,000 curses on the girl!" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast so that he can not fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted bound!" cried Ned. "If you think to bring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage and complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and a shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to bring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully, he stepped close to his prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger, when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Señor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said softly. "You're amo!" (I love you).

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chile, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—Boston Globe.

A Question of Discipline.

A German was boasting in the presence of some Russians about the obedience and discipline of the German army, citing numerous instances from the war between France and Germany. "Gentlemen," replied one of the Russians, "what you say about the discipline in the German army amounts to nothing at all when compared with what occurs continually in the Russian army. But I will merely recite one instance of what occurred at the beginning of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, when the discipline in the Russian army was comparatively lax. At that time, before the telegraph was discovered, the Russians used signal stations, which were a few miles apart. The soldier made the signal which was repeated by the soldier at the next station, and thus the news was conveyed thousands of miles.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and, dreading the punishment that awaited him for negligence, deliberately hanged himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next station mistook this for a signal, so he deliberately but promptly hanged himself, also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal stations from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hanged themselves on their signal towers. Of course, a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and—"

"That will do," replied the German. "I give it up."—Texas Siftings.

The walking craze is the latest agony among a set of young clubmen who live and have their being in athletics. A ten-mile spurt after dinner is considered a fair distance to start with, but ambitious pedestrians increase this from one to two miles nightly until twenty or twenty-five miles are covered. Flat shoes, with low, broad heels, are worn at the pasture.

Our views are incidental views. We see things mainly through prism. The only microscopes we use. Are vanity and egotism.

A MYSTIFIED EMPEROR

Foiled by the Tricks of a Very Clever Youth.

The Three Great Wonders—How a Conceited Chinese Monarch was Hoodwinked by Three Simple Feats of Jugglery—He Couldn't Do It Now.

Many hundred years ago China was ruled by an Emperor who was looked upon during his reign as the most remarkable man of his time. But though Tai Tsung possessed a more than ordinary mind he had been trained in the superstitious school of those days, and considered himself the greatest of all men, and descended from a line of emperors of divine origin.

So conceited did he finally become that he caused it to be announced throughout the empire that he would give an important office to the subject who could produce any invention or object that he could not explain. So great a reward naturally attracted the attention of bold adventurers all over the empire, and so many presented themselves that certain days were set apart for an examination of their claims.

But one day a youth, having the bearing of a person of rank, and with two attendants, presented himself at the palace gates and demanded an audience with the Emperor. After a little delay they were led before Tai Tsung, who sat upon a throne in the court garden.

"I have three tests I wish to submit," said the youth. "Two had their origin in thy country, O Tai Tsung, and the other comes from my people." Taking a package from one of his attendants he placed it upon the ground and displayed the contents to the Emperor. These were simply a coil of rope, an umbrella of native make and a small box.

"Your Imperial Majesty observes," said the stranger, "that we are three, surrounded by thy officers and unable to add to our numbers or to deplete them without thy wish. You look!" and seizing the rope the young man, who had thrown aside his outer garments and now appeared in a suit of gleaming silver, tossed it up into the air. The effort was a slight one, yet the rope rose as if propelled by great force, and when above the palace walls disappeared. A moment later down it came, and upon it the Emperor and his officers saw sliding down a human form, and before they could recover from their astonishment a young man had reached the ground and, saluting his Majesty, handed him a square package wrapped in rice paper.

"Canst thou tell from whence came this messenger?" asked the youth.

"Perhaps he came over the palace wall," suggested one of the Emperor's advisers.

"Surround the wall with soldiers," said the youth, who overheard the remark, and these precautions being taken he took his cast-off garment and threw it into the air. Over that was placed the large umbrella. Then uttering an invocation the young man tore aside the robe—the new comer had disappeared.

"This is some trick of the imagination," said the Emperor. "Did you all see it?" turning fiercely to his followers.

"Yes, your majesty," answered his chief adviser, "it is some trick—our eyes have deceived us."

"Did not the messenger leave a package?" replied the youth.

"True, he did," said the monarch, who now unfolded the package, finally holding up to view a small painting representing a pastoral scene. A range of snow-capped mountains were seen in the distance, skirting a valley covered with green grass, and in the foreground, in bold relief, stood a pure white cow.

"The picture is a gift to your majesty," said the youth, "and possesses this peculiarity: That while the cow is but the expression of the instincts of the living animal. Your majesty observes that now, in the light of day, the cow is feeding; but take the picture into the darkest room in the palace, or examine it at night, and it will be found that the cow, thinking it night, has passed into an enclosure and is lying down."

"Watch this man," said the Emperor, "that he does not fly away with his messenger," and, with his chief adviser, he took the picture and returned to a darkened room. At the entrance he halted again to look at the painting and saw the cow standing upon the green. Crossing the threshold and drawing the curtains, the Emperor was amazed to see the picture stand out in startling distinctness when all else was invisible in the room; but the cow was now seen to be lying down behind a fence. "Can you explain it?" asked the Emperor of his attendant.

"It is magic," replied the latter. "I see you cannot explain it," retorted Tai Tsung, "and, until you can this prince shall have your place." As they returned to the garden the cow was seen standing as before, and, turning to the strange youth, the Emperor said: "You are my adviser, for I cannot explain your works, and now, for my consideration, exhibit the third test."

"As thy adviser I would suggest that the third test be made to thee alone. It is called the talking string and, by its use, one of thy subjects can hear thy words from afar."

"Leave us alone!" said the Emperor to his attendant, and when they had departed the youth unbound from an ivory stick a cord having upon each end a bamboo cup.

"Hold it to thy ear, sire," he said, "and for great distances it will carry my words to thee."

The Emperor was incredulous, yet he held the cup to his ear, and when the prince had reached the end of the courtyard and the cord had become stiff with the tension, he listened, and out of the bamboo cup came a soft voice saying: "O, mighty Emperor! I have no wish to be thy adviser, but thy friend. If I have shown thee

that there are things yet new to thee in high life and other things yet to learn, my mission is ended. The talking string is thine."

Astonished, the Emperor replied to the talking string and summoned the prince to his side, now eager to have so wise a man as his counselor. But the latter would not accept his favors, and after a week of feasting and merriment he departed for his own country in the unknown West.

To the Emperor the acts and gifts were nothing less than magical; but in reality they were simple affairs. The appearance of the young man apparently descending from the clouds is a bit of jugglery familiar in India even to-day. The picture was skillfully made by using phosphorescent paint, prepared by the natives of certain portions of the East nearly a thousand years ago. By using ordinary paint for the day picture and luminous paint for the one at night the illusion was created. In other words, the cow pictured lying down behind a fence was seen only at night—a simple arrangement, easily accomplished to-day. The "talking string" was the telephone, which, like many of the supposed modern inventions, was known centuries ago and used as a toy by the people, appearing to many as having some mysterious significance.

Business Capacity.

A popcorn vendor on one of the streets near the junction, in Kansas City, says the Times, is turning a pretty penny, while it seems that another engaged in the same trade is not doing so well. A daily patron of the successful merchant after buying his sack of corn yesterday, asked:

"Why is it that you don't keep one stand? Yesterday you were nearly two blocks down the street, and the day before you were at some other place. Why don't you get one place and keep it, and you will have a regular custom?"

The Italian responded after persuasion.

"No regula customas. People a buy when da tank of it. Passa one man and buya of another. Sessa Mericana down street? His popa corn slow cause nobody buy. Wind blows from him to me. Mana passa him come! up street; small popcorn and tink he lika buy. Mana goin' down street and smell de corn before he reacha me. Stoppa ana buy. To-morrow maybe wind blow other way. Ia go below otha man. Him m-ka de appetite, I see de did. Him thinks stays one place people know him and he gets all trade. People know nobody but daselfa."

Modern Humiliation.

The facts disclosed in the process of anointing a mummy present in striking contrast the difference of the mode of embalming pursued by the ancient Egyptian and that carried out in modern times. Now the embalmer can conduct in minutes a preserving process which cost the Egyptians as many days as he did to perform. It is completed he should take pains to seal up the preserved body with all the skill possible to modern art, he might leave a human body so perfect in regard to natural form and color that after 3,000 years not a lineament need be wanting for its identification that would not have satisfied even a contemporary of the dead person. We are inclined now to experience regret that in Egyptian times the art was not advanced enough to leave the embalmed in such likeness of life. But whether it is worth the trouble in these days to revive the art, in the more perfect type of it, for the edification and satisfaction of the men and women of thirty centuries hence, is a wide question. Cremation is, at this moment, becoming the fashion, but possibly some persons would rather be so did to their bodies as to be preserved in scientific study, like William Gilbert's flies in amber, "shining in eternal sepulchres."—London Lancet.

Game of Shadow Buff.

The game of shadow buff differs very materially from blind man's bluff, but it is equally as amusing. A large piece of white linen should be fastened neatly up at one end of a room, so that it hangs smoothly. Buff (not blinded) seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the line, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, should be placed about four or five feet behind him, and the rest of lights extinguished. Buff's playfellows next pass in succession between the candle and him, distorting their features in grotesque manner as possible—hopping, limping, and performing various odd antics, so as to make their shadow very unlike their usual looks. Buff must then try and guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he guesses correctly, the player whose shadow he recognizes, takes his place. Buff is allowed only one guess for each person, and must not turn his head either to the right or left to see who passes.

American and German University.

The average age of the American college student at graduation, is certainly not greater than that of the German student in leaving his university. The American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of the word, but the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology or science, but has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or East-hampton, and four years at any of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test, to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.

A Meeting Worth Than Parting.

Ah me! how sadder than to say farewell it is to meet.

Dreading that Love has lost his spell I would we were again to part With that full heart.

—Matthew Field.

EMINENT OLD BOOZERS.

Distinguished People Who in Their Day Transported Prodigious Jags.

Great men have their weaknesses the same as little men, says the Keokuk Gate City, and the number of the intellectual giants who have lacked the moral courage and stamina to control their appetites for strong drink forms one of the most astonishing portions of biographical history. Going way back we find Plato taking a matutinal cock-tail, Horace warning his system frequently by means of alcoholic stimulants, while Aristophanes, Euripides, Alceus, and Socrates were all given to imbibing wine freely.

The austere old Cato was often the possessor of a jag that paled the best efforts of the habitual lushers. Tasso would violate the orders of his physicians to aggravate his mental irritability by potatoes, and Goethe used to make it a business to drink three bottles of wine daily. When Goethe attended the theater he was never guilty of annoying the audience by going out between the acts for a drink, but with commendable consideration had his glasses of punch served to him at his seat. Schiller, who did most of his work at night, wrote regularly under the influence of Rhenish, strong coffee, and champagne, with which he would look himself up in the evening and stimulate his jaded brain through the hours of the night. Ben Jonson had a record for being constantly plucked, and this habit entitled him to stand among the first of his class.

The poet Savage used to get on some high old times, and would spend his week's salary in an evening's revelry. Churchill drank porter to excess, and Addison bounded his walk at Holland house by a bottle of port at each end, and sometimes lingered so long over the bottles that he was compelled to apologize for his illegible writing, made so by his shaky hand. Domestic unpleasantness and a cold temperament are Addison's excuses for his intemperance. Pitt drank wine to excess, but his head was so strong that neither his speeches nor public business often suffered from his indulgence. Fox was also given to "wetting his whistle" occasionally to drive dull care away. Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" under the influence of successive bottles of that wine (port) which, Bently said, claret would be if it could.

Fielding, Steele, and Sterne also bowled up freely. Keats, stung by the ridicule of the envious, flew to dissipation for relief, and for six months he was hardly ever sober. Hayden, the painter, says of Keats: "To show what a man of genius does when his passions are aroused, Keats once covered his throat and tongue with cayenne pepper as far as he could reach, in order to enjoy, as he said, the delicious coolness of the claret in all its glory." The last time I saw him was at Hampstead lying on his back in a white bed, helpless, irritable and hectic. He muttered, as I stood by him, that he would cut his throat if I did not recover. Poor, dear Keats! Moral: Be good.

Our Kaleidoscope.

Talent and genius are considered as wonderful gifts to their possessors, but, after all, good common sense and hard work will accomplish more in the battle of life. The man of industry and common sense often gets nearly to the top of the ladder of success, while the man of talent and genius is still resting under the shade of a neighboring tree or guzzling beer in the nearest saloon. A man may have talent, but if he is lazy he is soon distanced in the race by competitors less speedy, who have a steady, staying quality that will land them winners every time. A man may be a genius, but if he is not well-balanced he is liable to bolt the track at a critical moment and lose where, had he stuck to his work, the victor's laurels had surely been his. Look about you a little says Texas Siftings: in all the walks of life you will see these truths exemplified. There is a man whom everybody admits is a genius, but he lacks but one thing. Strong drink is his besetting sin. And so, dispute his brilliant intellect in a given direction, he is weak and foolish in another to an extent that proves his utter ruin in the end. Here is another who has talent, but lacks energy, and eventually he proves a failure, too. So, when you hear a man spoken of as a genius, reserve your admiration, and envy, until you discover whether or not with his genius he has common sense and willingness—nay, a desire—to work, and work hard at that. If so, then stand afar off and worship him, for unless you are yours' up and doing with all the might there is in you the chances are you will never get within good speaking distance, anyhow.—Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

The Best.

A rod of brass and wall-eyed pike,
When over sandy shoals they throng,
Adapted both to "cast" or "strike."

Of split bamboo and lithe and long;
With pliant tip that wavers like
Some shivering aspen slim and strong.

And at the butt the clicking reel
With braided silken line is wound,
A miniature of fortune's wheel
When a good fish the lure has found,
And in your nervous grip you feel
Its shining circle whirl around.

A good plain roll by all that's fair
To whip the water like a throng,
In northern lakes all lonely where—
The muskallunge and bass belong—
Supple and straight beyond compare,
And worthy of a better song.

About Watches.

"Watches," said a jeweler "are funny things. Do you know that there are times when a watch will not run regularly? I have had railway engineers say that locomotives are much the same way. When a watch has one of these irregular spells it is almost impossible to make them go. Many a watch is ruined, too, at times when carelessness is the prime cause. Some men will wind a watch to close, and then, if it refuses to run, shake it until everything is out of place. A large per cent of the repairing done is brought about by persons who do not know how to take care of a watch.—Times-Star.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Merit needs no title.
"I will," is a miracle worker.
Love is mutual understanding.
A man without faults has no friends.
Our heaviest burdens are those we borrow.

One may be educated and yet unlearned.
The authority of custom is the law of the imitator.
The man who won't bend will some day have to break.
Genius may be swift, but perseverance has the surest feet.

Illinois has more miles of railway than any other State.
The man who dyes his whiskers never fools but one person.
The invention of the anchor is ascribed to the Tuscans.

No woman can be a real suffragist unless she can tolerate a man.
Honesty is too simple to be included in the study of political economy.

A fact is as difficult to change as for a bigot to be conscious that he is one.
Somebody has invented an "illuminated cat," guaranteed to scare rats.

The purchasing power of money is confined to this earth.
The man who never looks ahead will always be behindhand.

Tomstones are more charitable than a good many living people.
The most expensive thing that can happen to you is to be wrong.

No rich man was ever happy unless he used his money to make others so.
It makes the best of us mad all over to be told the truth about ourselves.

The hog, eating corn, thinks he has a nice time, but the butcher knows better.
"Knowledge is power," but like a firecracker it sounds better the first time.

A reformer to be successful must always be prepared to take his own drugs.
It is interesting to hear two "scholars" convince each other that they are both wrong.

If a man is convinced he is right, he will be mistaken if he tries to convince another of it.
Relic hunters are already disgracing the Hendricks monument at Indianapolis, Ind.

An undertaker has been arrested at Pittsburg for obstructing traffic with a funeral.
You can't make somebody else happy without getting in the same condition yourself.

If ethics were practiced before they were preached it would be difficult to find a preacher.
When the individual has determined his own right, he is a good idea of the rights of others.

There is no question but women are super or to men, but it sounds better for a man to say so.
The principal difficulty in teaching morality, is the necessity of assuming a state of perfection.

If you want to find out how much clear dog there is in a man, find out how he treats his wife.
There are men you would growl that the wind was in the wrong direction if it was raining money.

The man who worships a golden calf can never know the delight of owning a cow that gives milk.
Happiness is the most contagious thing on earth, if you are only exposed to it in the right way.

More shoes are manufactured at Haverhill, Mass., than in any other city of the United States.
No reward can be greater than consciousness of performing a duty entirely free of expectation.

We never do anything well until we realize our own worth, and nothing extra good until we forget it.
If we could look deeper into the hearts of the people it wouldn't be near so hard to love some of them.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is the reply to calumny and defamation.
There is nothing that injures the force of faith so much as an assumed knowledge of what to expect.

A man in Providence, R. I., has a pet spider, which has spun its web in its owner's hair, where it lives.
Heavenly hope is like a star in the firmament, which shines the brighter as the shades of sorrow darken it.

"Nothing is more bitter than to suffer; nothing sweeter than to have suffered," said the old mystics with truth.
The India rubber tree grows wild in Lee county, Fla., and in Fort Myers it is used as a shade and ornamental tree.

The force of life is like two men trying to hide their modesty by each insisting the other to be better fitted to lead off.
The man who thinks he is a fool is far wiser than he who has never had experience enough to know what a real fool is.

A true friend is one who won't say "I told you so," every time you take a wrong step, and feel sorry about it afterward.
The best thing with which to polish eyeglasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glass and rub dry.

What is harvested in every month of the year. In January the Australian crop is made, and in December that of Burma.
Sincerity is only commendable when it is sincere enough to go to the root of things, and will gladly walk in all the light it can get.

A forty-year-old wagon is seen daily on the streets of Denison, Texas. It was made of bolts & nuts, known in the North as orange orange.
Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.