

### THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little boys' mothers  
Can find it all out as they do.  
If a fellow does anything naughty  
Or says anything that is true,  
They'll look at you just for a moment  
Till your heart in your bosom swells,  
And then they know all about it—  
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,  
Or where the little bird goes,  
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,  
Or black as the wing of the crow,  
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,  
Or clear as the ringing bells,  
I know not, but am sure of—  
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,  
The moment you do a thing bad,  
Or angry, or sulky, or hateful,  
Or spiteful, or spiteful, or mad,  
Or tease a dear brother or sister—  
That instant your sentence is sealed,  
And the whole world in a minute  
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet,  
Where nobody sees but a mouse;  
You may be all alone in the cellar,  
Or out in the top of the house;  
You may be in the dark and the silence,  
Or out in the bright and the sun,  
No matter! Wherever it happens,  
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop it  
Is just to be sure what you say—  
Sure of your facts, and your figures,  
Sure of your work and your play;  
Be honest, be brave and be kind,  
Be gentle and be true,  
And then you can laugh at the stories  
The little bird tells!

### WINTER IN CAIRO.

BY MRS. TALBOT CORN.

To me there is a glamor in the very  
words, and truly do I envy the many  
friends just starting for the sunny  
East.

Memory brings back the cheery voyage,  
the interesting places touched at  
en route, and the gradual warming up  
of the atmosphere, till ere one reaches  
Alexandria the trusty fur cloak is laid  
scarcely aside, and a green lined um-  
brella becomes one's nearest and dearest.  
Then comes the slow, jolting rail-  
way journey, alleviated by the interest  
of the novel sights by the way (an  
Egyptian train does not dash recklessly  
onwards like an English express); the  
wondrous groups of people—like pic-  
tures from some Bible story book—the  
strings of shaggy camels, clumps of  
feathery date palms, and still, lotus-  
laden pools. Verily, in spite of the  
unromantic surroundings of a railway  
carriage, one feels that here at last is  
the Land of Egypt.

And now for the never to be forgot-  
ten first peep into the wondrous kalei-  
doscopic Cairo street life! See the  
crowds of quaintly dressed, chattering  
natives; the bare-legged, bustling don-  
key boys urging on their patient little  
animals, the merry jingle of whose coin-  
laden neck chains sound even above  
the loud, low-draw "Haarga" of their  
owners! See, too, that group of stately  
looking merchants in their spotless tur-  
bans, yellow shippers, and shimmering  
striped satin galabieh; a kind of long,  
close-fitting gabdine—Here comes a  
toil-worn Bheestie, stooping beneath  
his heavy musknet, or skin of water;  
here a slim blue-clad Fellah girl  
moves gracefully along, with a pile of  
cut-up sugar cane on a quaint copper  
tray, deftly balanced on her veiled  
head. A peculiar *sostenuto* shout is  
heard, and the crowd (natives always  
walk in the middle of the street) di-  
vides before a little white-clad eye,  
his scarlet and gold jacket flashing in  
the sun, and the long blue tassels of  
his fez floating behind him as he runs  
swiftly on; using his long wand he car-  
ries to clear the way for his master's  
carriage. Here comes an old pasha,  
riding solemnly along on a magnificent  
snow-white donkey; with elaborate red  
and gold trappings and here a fluttering  
group of ladies in the harems, closely  
veiled in dainty white yashams and  
ballon-like, thin black silk cloaks from  
head to foot, the only touch of coquetry  
being in the brilliant little shoes of red  
or green velvet, heavily embroidered  
with gold, and sometimes high gilded  
heels.

Again comes a string of dusty, sad-  
eyed camels, each slung with two nets  
full of green clover-like burseem, the  
last one bearing a wild-looking Bedouin,  
huddling his picturesque brown-  
strapped rags round him, and casting  
ferocious, eagle-like glances, as he sways  
slowly with every lurch of the ship of  
the desert. Verily, I shall never forget  
my first drive through such sights as  
these—through long-stretching streets  
past beautiful mosques, up to the  
stately Citadel, which crowns Cairo as  
with a diadem (and which was to be our  
home as long as my husband's regiment  
remained in beautiful Cairo), nor did  
these street scenes ever pall on me  
during my daily drives.

It is very amusing sometimes to see  
the innocent surprise of new arrivals,  
who had fondly imagined—after the too  
common practice of our country women  
—that "any old things can be worn  
abroad" for Cairo society is very  
much the same, evening gowns are re-  
quired by those anxious to hold their  
own in the matter of dress. Not for-  
getting a warm wrap, which should  
always be put in the carriage, for no  
matter how hot the sun may be, the  
moment he hides his fiery face behind  
the desert one feels a chill, and it is for  
want of an extra wrap at the sunset  
hour that so many unwary strangers  
are at once laid up with fever, which  
they attribute to the unhealthfulness of  
Cairo.

The fact that none of our own party  
ever had a touch of fever, either in  
Egypt or India, I attribute to our al-  
ways wearing fine natural wool under-  
clothing; indeed, I believe were such  
worn entirely in hot countries, not only  
would illness be less frequent, but, owing  
to the wool being porous, the heat  
would be far less felt. To return, how-  
ever, to the outer woman. A long  
warmly wadded evening cloak is also  
an essential, for, unless the hotels may  
possess them, no nice closed carriages  
can be hired in Cairo; all our going  
out, therefore—sometimes five nights a  
week—was done in my pretty victoria,  
to which the buggy, or hired carriage,  
is, by the way, very similar in shape.  
A light long crepe scarf put lightly  
round the head and round the throat,  
and over this fastened with one large  
headed pin, so as to be easily removed  
on nearing one's destination) a fine  
gauze veil keeps the hair from being  
blown about, and adds much to one's  
comfort. In that delightfully dry

climate one never troubles about rain,  
and, indeed, we only once had to go  
out on a wet night.

Turning to quite a different sort of  
pleasure, I ask my readers to come with  
me to that happy hunting ground of the  
collector, the Turkish bazaar. Gaily  
we drive down the steep Citadel hill,  
through the long-stretching Shariah  
Mohamed Ali, the Esbekieh Square  
with its pretty gardens and imposing  
Opera House, and turn into the crowd-  
ed narrow Muski, the business street  
of the natives. I think this was the  
only street which danted my other-  
wise dauntless eyes, who, in spite of  
shouting and belaboring, could not  
here always fulfill his ambition of never  
allowing the carriage to be brought to  
a standstill by the vulgar herd. On we  
go, till at last a sharp turn into a narrow,  
irregular street on the left, brings us  
to the famous Turkish bazaar. Narrow, ir-  
regular, the roofs almost meeting over-  
head, and with an uneven mud floor, it  
yet holds treasures of gold, diamonds,  
Eastern rugs and carpets, and, above  
all, embroideries such as make a col-  
lector's mouth water. The shops—if  
so they can be called—are mere little  
recesses, with in some cases a chair or  
two for European customers, on the  
edge of which the owner sits, cross-  
legged and sharp-eyed, waiting for his  
prey. We arrive, are seated, coffee, or  
delicious Persian tea in tall, narrow  
glasses, is pressed upon us, and now  
our host shows us his stock in trade,  
and the bargaining begins. I am told  
by those well versed in Eastern bar-  
gaining, that the natives are not pleased  
when they get the price they ask, but,  
au contraire, are overwhelmed with  
self-reproach for not having asked so  
verdant a customer double, and you  
may be quite sure that they never sell  
at a loss. Knowing this, I always en-  
joyed the fun of bargaining, and made  
many a friend in the bazaar. A very  
pleasing—and I may say unusual—fea-  
ture in such a transaction was the utter  
absence of any offense if nothing  
pleased, or if one's offer was refused.  
I was sorry to see, in the bazaar  
—which is a sort of side street from  
the Bazaar Turc—an increasing tend-  
ency to make things of English shape  
in their beautiful work, such as pen  
trays, match-boxes, bed candles, &c.,  
the demand, I fear, being created by  
the tastelessness of the ordinary tour-  
ist, who can see no beauty in the quaint  
shapes of native design. It was a great  
pleasure sometimes to secure a friend  
who spoke Arabic well, or Mustapha—  
a most courteous of dragomen—and  
penetrate to the native bazaars where  
French and English availed one nothing,  
where chairs did not exist, so one  
sat on the edge of a stall and sipped the  
Persian tea, surrounded by a curious  
throng of Arab children, who could not  
think what the English "sitt" wanted  
with things so common in their eyes.  
Many an hour have I spent in the flag  
bazaar; their quaint flags, with the white  
appliance words from the Koran, are  
now draped from my conservatory  
roof to soften the light, and remind me  
of many pleasant things. Then the  
fascinating slipper bazaar, with its  
sides lined with hanging red and yel-  
low leather shoes with turned-up toes  
—those for babies make such charming  
little pincushions to hang up; the silk  
bazaar, the gold and silver bazaar, the  
scent bazaar, all were full of novelty,  
and of the wondrous pictures which  
every-day life in the East produces at  
each turn, and which to an observant  
eye add so much to the pleasure, and  
I may say instruction, of one's so-  
journ.

To return to civilization, those who  
find no pleasure in studying the bazaars  
will, at any rate, enjoy the cheery, so-  
cial race meetings and gymkhana on  
the pretty racecourse in the Ghezirieh,  
with its background of feathery date  
palms and our dear old Citadel, with  
the tall minarets of the mosque it in-  
closes, shining radiantly white and  
beautiful in the far distance against the  
deep blue Egyptian sky.

### Mutilated Money.

Unless the money's identity is en-  
tirely gone it is redeemable. In fact,  
money in the shape of ashes can be re-  
stored, and after the great Chicago fire  
ashes were redeemed. It came about  
in this way: It is customary in banks  
to do money up in packages, say of  
\$10,000 each, and in the big fire, of  
course, hundreds and hundreds of these  
packages were reduced to ashes. But  
now snags of the packages remained,  
and whenever the package could be  
sent on to Washington without  
crumbling the ashes, the money  
was sure to be replaced. It was done  
by nimble-fingered women in the Treas-  
ury Department, whose trained touch  
and sight are wonderfully acute. It is  
well known that the ashes of a news-  
paper if dampened will show traces of  
the printing. So it was with bills.  
These women would moisten the pack-  
ages of apparently useless ashes, and  
to their experienced eyes the number  
and character of the bill would at once  
appear. So thousands and thousands  
of dollars were redeemed by these  
patient women.

A country merchant, afraid of banks,  
placed a large sum of money in bills in  
a stone jar on a shelf in his store where  
he thought it would be quite safe.  
When he went to look at it one day  
some time after it was a mass of frag-  
ments. Mice had got into the jar and  
chewed the bills into the minutest parts.  
They had mixed them all up, and alto-  
gether it was a fearful looking mess.  
He sent a cigar box full of it to me. I  
forwarded it to Washington, and what  
do you think? Out of the \$1145 original-  
ly in the pile a little over \$1000 was  
redeemed, the parts beyond recall being  
only the mere fibres of the bills. So  
the man lost only \$100 by his foolishness.

—More now than at any previous  
time the style of a dress is made to de-  
pend on the material of which it is  
composed. The rich silken stuffs with  
velvet stripes and gay Pompadour gar-  
lands, and the handsome failles and  
other soft corded silks, are employed  
for straight skirts that are almost des-  
titute of drapery or looping. On the  
other hand, the Bengaines, foulards,  
India tissues and kindred soft silks de-  
mand the folds and loopings for which  
the richer silks are not adapted.

### HORSE STEAKS.

#### FRENCHMEN THINK THEY ARE VERY NICE.

#### Something About the Paris Horse Abattoirs.

The Frenchman who has set up a  
horse sausage factory at Newtown,  
Long Island, says he learned his trade  
in Paris, where the sale of horseflesh  
is licensed. He predicts that Americans  
will soon be dining off horseflesh like  
his French compatriots. Frenchmen  
are too economic to throw away any-  
thing, and when horses become used  
up with work whatever remains of  
them is killed and eaten. There were  
15,000 horses and 300 asses eaten in  
Paris last year. There are four special  
abattoirs for slaughtering them, and  
horseflesh is eaten in all forms.  
Strangers, however, will have some  
difficulty in obtaining a horse steak for  
the asking, although it is often palmed  
off on them under another name. It  
is deftly concealed in beef à la mode,  
or is used in making soups and stews.

A visit to one of the horse abattoirs  
in Paris is not calculated to make one  
a confirmed hippophagist, or horseflesh  
eater. The writer visited one of the  
largest of these slaughter houses early  
one morning, and saw the sort of ani-  
mals that are thought fit for human  
food in Paris. This abattoir is in the  
south of Paris in the Boulevard de  
l'Hopital, not many yards from the  
famous Manufacture des Gobellin.  
There were forty horses waiting to be  
slaughtered. They were decrepit old  
invalids, lame, spavined, diseased and  
fleshless old hacks, suffering all the in-  
firmities which afflict the equine race.  
When a horse becomes useless for  
everything else he is taken to these  
abattoirs and killed, unless he dies on  
the way. Some of those in the stables  
were so rickety that they could not  
stand up. There were several asses  
among the stock. When alive the ass  
is characterized by great endurance and  
phenomenal toughness, and it preserves  
those qualities when dead. A little  
ass steak goes a long way.

The butchers did not spare the  
horses' feelings, and that they still had  
feelings was evident from the way the  
poor brutes trembled when  
brought forth to await their fate. Be-  
fore a horse was killed his shoes were  
knocked off, his mane and tail clipped,  
and while these preliminaries were  
being performed he was allowed to  
stand and see others being knocked  
down. He appeared to understand  
what was going on and what was  
awaiting him.

A blind was placed over the animal's  
eyes, and a sharp pointed hammer driven  
into its skull a little above the eyes.  
A horse is easier killed than an ox.  
After the skin was removed what re-  
mained was to all appearance a mass  
of bones. But they were carted away  
all the same by the butchers and sold  
to the poor people and the cheap restau-  
rants. It was during the siege of  
Paris that the French people became  
habituated to the use of horse flesh.  
Before the imprisoned Parisians were  
reduced to eating dogs, cats and rats,  
horseflesh was the staple article of  
food for many weeks. The consumption  
of horseflesh, however, had been  
authorized several years before the  
war. The first horse abattoir was  
opened in Paris in 1865, and a restau-  
rant, where nothing but dishes made  
from horseflesh was served, was estab-  
lished in the Latin Quarter in 1866.  
The siege popularized the food, and  
ever since then the quantity consumed  
has increased every year.

French soldiers kill and eat their  
wounded horses. When Napoleon's  
army was retreating from Moscow  
amid the snows of Russia the only  
food of the soldiers was horseflesh.  
During the Crimean war, when the  
commissariat of the French and Eng-  
lish troops was in a bad way, the  
French soldiers lived sumptuously on  
horseflesh while the English were at  
most dying of starvation. The French  
also fed on horseflesh in the Franco-  
German war.

From a scientific point of view there  
is no reason why horseflesh should not  
be eaten by man. Its wholesomeness  
depends on the condition of the horse,  
and horses are not usually raised for  
the shambles.

Before the consumption of horse-  
flesh was authorized in France, a num-  
ber of scientific men held a series of  
conferences and banquets to demon-  
strate that the horse was good for  
food. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire declared  
that it was absurd for the French peo-  
ple to lose millions of pounds of good  
meat every year, when thousands of  
poor people were in want of food.  
M. de Quatrefages tried to prove that

horseflesh was superior to beef. The  
fibre was much finer, he said. These  
scientific gentlemen, in order to show  
that they were not afraid of a piece of  
horse themselves, held a hippophagist  
banquet, at which the menu consisted  
of horse soup, horse sausage, boiled  
horse meat, roast and ragout, and salad  
dressed with horse fat.

A young horse which has not been  
worn out with work may be good to  
eat, but, except one now and  
then that is accidentally wounded  
and rendered unfit for work, all  
the horses slaughtered in Paris are  
old hacks. Unless the smell of the  
flesh is deftly concealed or changed by  
the cook, horseflesh is somewhat repul-  
sive, and soup made of it has an oily  
appearance. But the natural repugnance  
which people have for horseflesh  
arises more from inherited ideas than  
anything else. In Pagan times the  
horse was a sacred animal, just as the  
cow is among Hindus to-day. Hares  
used to be considered unfit for human  
food, and are so still in some parts of  
Russia. Religion prevents the Jews,  
Turks and Arabs from eating pork.

Horseflesh is eaten openly in Berlin  
and Vienna, but not to the same extent  
as in Paris. A Frenchman opened a  
store for the sale of horse meat in  
London a few years ago, but it wasn't  
a success. Many thousand horses are  
killed for cats' meat in London every  
year, and in poor districts it is sold in  
place of beef. There is no law  
against the consumption of horseflesh,  
if sold as such, but every now and then  
some butcher is prosecuted for selling  
horseflesh as beef.

#### Russian vs. American Kerosene.

American kerosene oil is encounter-  
ing decided competition in the East  
Indies and China. The Shanghai Mer-  
cury, referring to the immense quanti-  
ty of Russian kerosene oil that is arriv-  
ing at that port, says that Bro. Jonathan  
had surely needs bestir himself or the  
oil wells of Pennsylvania and other  
states will cease to supply this illumina-  
tion to the far east, as they have done  
for years past. It is not hard to ex-  
plain the reason of the facts. Russian  
oil here is somewhat cheaper than its  
older rival, and its sources of supply at  
Baku are simply unlimited. There is  
nothing a Chinaman appreciates more  
than being able to save the most trifling  
sum, and it is because of its being a  
trifle under the cost of American oil  
that Russian kerosene is finding such a  
frenzy in Shanghai.

From January to July of the present  
year 225,000 cases of Russian kerosene  
oil were received at Shanghai, against  
553,000 cases of American; that is  
Russia sent 40 per cent, and America 60  
per cent. of the oil taken. But then the  
Russian exportation is not yet two years  
old, and up to a short time ago the  
American producers had the market to  
themselves. A somewhat similar re-  
port is received from Manila, our consul  
there stating that, in consequence of the  
arrival of cargoes of Russian oil, the  
price of American oil had fallen from  
\$3.25 to \$2.75 per case, the Russian  
selling at \$2.62 1-2 per case. At this  
difference he thinks that the American  
producers can control the market, for  
the reason that the Russian oil is an in-  
ferior article, as it is dull and smoky,  
and emits a disagreeable odor unless  
the lamp is kept clean and in perfect or-  
der—a somewhat unusual thing in that  
country of easy-going servants. The  
advantage possessed by the Russian oil  
producers in this commerce is the ease  
with which shipments can be made.  
The oil can be taken on board, either in  
bulk or in cases, at Batoum, and carried  
at a low rate of freight, and without  
change, to its port of destination in the  
east.

#### Domestic Felicity.

Caller—Has your daughter's married  
life so far proved a happy one, Mrs.  
Vernon?

Mrs. Vernon—Very. Her husband,  
you know, is a traveling salesman.

Brown—You show a good deal of  
boyish enthusiasm over your coming  
trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed  
several times before, haven't you?

Robinson—Yes, but this is my first  
trip without my wife.—Epoch.

#### Opportunity.

A man who sat day-dreaming in his  
chair beheld a vision, which stood be-  
fore him and beckoned him to follow  
her to fortune. He waited sluggishly,  
heeded not her call nor beckoning,  
until at last she grew dim and dis-  
appeared. Just as the vision faded he  
sprang to his feet and cried out, "Tell  
me who thou art!" and received the  
answer, "I am Opportunity; once neg-  
lected, I never return."

Take codliver oil in tomato catsup,  
to make it palatable.  
Nothing in life is more unfortunate  
than the position of man and wife when  
both realize that they have married be-  
neath them.

A man is not made rich by what he  
can't lose.

### BURYING A CHINAMAN.

#### How the Dead Monks and Disposed of.

We are in the Chinese quarter of  
San Francisco. Here is a house where  
a death has occurred. A Chinese friend  
procures admittance for us, so that we  
may see something of Chinese funeral  
customs. As soon as breath has left  
the body professional mourners are  
called in, who deck it with all the  
finery possible. If it is a female that  
has died her cheeks are heavily rouged,  
and, if the deceased in life was not the  
owner of sufficient jewelry to decorate  
her remains with, friends and relatives  
are called upon to furnish the desired  
amount.

If the weather is favorable the body  
is laid out on a table that is placed in a  
street or alley adjoining the late resi-  
dence of the deceased, but covered from  
sight with a large white cloth. Next  
to the table holding the deceased is  
another table covered with meat,  
candies, preserved coconut and ginger,  
together with a liberal supply of  
Chinese wine and brandy.

Among the funeral meats will always  
be found a pig or hog roasted whole,  
the size of the porcine offering being  
graded according to the age of the de-  
ceased.

As soon as the body and east are  
laid out in state the serious work of the  
professional mourners commences. The  
number of mourners according to the  
social standing of the deceased in life—  
from six to ten being the average  
for an adult.

The mourners are dressed from head  
to foot in white, the face and hands be-  
ing hid from sight by a sort of a hood,  
so that one cannot tell whether the  
mourners are male or female.

The first move is to gather around the  
bier and chant a mournful dirge, not  
for getting to extol the many virtues of  
the departed. During this time they  
are constantly moving around in a  
circle to prevent any evil spirit from  
creeping in and so getting possession of  
the body.

As soon as the dirge is over the mu-  
sicians commence beating the gongs,  
cymbals and tom-toms, the mourners at  
the same time giving vent to groans,  
sighs and howls, varying the pro-  
ceedings by beating themselves and  
others with clenched fists, pulling their  
hair and knocking their heads against  
the adjoining building. They keep this  
up until they work themselves into a  
perfect state of frenzy and together  
with the musicians make such an up-  
roar that one would think that pande-  
monium had broken loose.

The object of beating the gongs, etc.,  
is to frighten the devils away. In the  
meantime every two or three minutes,  
handfuls of small pieces of paper are  
thrown in the air, over the body of the  
deceased, so that if by any chance any  
of the devils should get by the mu-  
sicians and mourners they would be  
frightened by the pieces of paper, as  
they are supposed to represent so many  
good spirits.

Then joss sticks, punk and incense  
are kept burning. The mourning and  
racket last for at least twenty-four  
hours.

The morning of the funeral the body  
is taken from the bier, and after being  
stripped of the ornaments and other  
finery is placed in a coffin. A piece of  
money is placed in the hands of the de-  
ceased, a written prayer or charm is  
put in the mouth and a bottle of wine  
or brandy, together with a liberal al-  
lowance of food, is included in the cof-  
fin.

Then an express wagon is obtained  
and the food and liquor are placed in  
the wagon, and two or more men are  
continually throwing joss papers in the  
air until their burying ground is  
reached. Second in the line of the pro-  
cession is a wagon filled with the hired  
mourners, then the relatives and friends  
follow, the deceased bringing up the  
rear, with the exception of two men  
who are detailed to follow behind and  
scatter joss papers.

When the grave is reached the real  
agony begins. The mourners redouble  
their efforts and the musicians beat  
their gongs, etc., with all the power  
possible. The coffin is lowered into the  
grave, another piece of money is placed  
upon the top of the coffin and the grave  
filled up. The money is for the pur-  
pose of paying the god of waters for  
rowing the deceased across the dark  
waters. It is supposed that the god of  
waters will be satisfied by merely seeing  
the money in the hands of the deceased.

The money on top of the coffin is for  
the benefit of the evil spirits. After  
the grave is filled the eatables, sweet-  
meats and liquor are placed over it, as  
the mere sight of the food will appease  
the hunger of the gods.

The food does not remain at the  
grave very long. The morning after  
any one is allowed to take it away, as  
the spirits are supposed to have satis-  
fied their hunger during the night, so at  
sunrise the next morning they are gen-  
erally plenty of impecunious Chinese  
who are glad to avail themselves of the  
food of the gods, as they call it.

General Sherman's Trained Eye.  
An interesting story of General Sher-  
man is told by a park guard. When he  
was last in this city he was riding  
along the Wissabickon when he saw  
the sergeant of the guard riding toward  
him. "That man is an old cavalry-  
man," said the general, and when he  
got opposite to him he was saluted by  
the sergeant in a military manner:

"Halt, sergeant," said the general.  
The latter stopped and again saluted.  
"You are an old soldier, a cavalry-  
man, sergeant," said Sherman.

"Yes, General, of the Seventh Cav-  
alry; I served twelve years during the  
war."  
"Ah! then you know of Custer and  
Major Reno?"  
"I was one of the fortunate ones of  
that command to escape and be rescued  
by Terry."  
Sherman smiled. When the old sol-  
dier told again the tale of the massacre.  
At the conclusion General Sherman  
said:  
"Sergeant, let me shake hands with  
you; you are a brave man."  
"I never make a mistake," added the  
general as he drove on. "A civilian  
never rides like that, and the salute  
settled all doubts."

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

God never made a homely face.  
Cheek is often mistaken for courage.  
Admire beauty, but don't worship it.  
Patience is a necessary ingredient of  
genius.

It is human to err, but devilish to  
brag of it.  
For the thankless man there is no  
blessing.

No man can know any more truth  
than he will live.

Blessed are the single, for they can  
doubt at leisure.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth  
in an aged bosom.

It is for most persons more easy to  
flatter than to praise.

Selfishness is only another name for the  
spirit of murder.

Truth makes men gentle. Theory  
makes them bigoted.

Neatness may be carried so far that it  
becomes a fault.

Blessed is he who has a big pile and  
knows how to spread it.

If there wasn't any opposition, there  
couldn't be any progress.

Marriage is the medicine which re-  
stores sight to lovers' eyes.

The man that tells good news always  
has a pleasant voice.

Sheep never leave a good pasture to  
hunt up a blackberry patch.

The right way to go into your closet  
is through the door of praise.

Never associate with bad company—  
have good company or none.

Blessed are they who have no ear for  
a key nor ear for a knot hole.

The nearer you get to the Father's  
hand the less the switch hurts.

We always find wit and merit in those  
who look at us in admiration.

He that will follow good advice is a  
greater man than he that gives it.

Perhaps no greater wrong can be done  
to any man than to misjudge him.

The meaner some are, the more  
angelic they want their wives to be.

No man can be any stronger than the  
foundation he stands upon.

Do not tell your wife of things you  
would not wish her to tell you.

A living skeleton is not a good adver-  
tisement for any boarding house.

The real religion of the world comes  
much more from women than from men.

A man should learn to be a good ser-  
vant to himself before he is fit to boss  
others.

The biggest coward you can find any-  
where is the man who is afraid to do  
right.

The test of every religious, political or  
educational system is the man which it  
forms.

The difference between repartee and  
impudence is in the size of the man who  
says it.

The witty man thinks almost every-  
thing ridiculous; the wise man scarcely  
anything.

The fool overestimates himself, while  
a wise man is prone to excessive mod-  
esty.

The chief value of procrastination is  
in putting off ill tempered letters and in-  
terviews.

The man most anxious to maintain his  
rights becomes celebrated for circulating  
his wrongs.

The imagination furnishes us with  
specters, but the conscience clothes and  
nurtures them.

Next to making a mistake yourself  
the easiest thing is to criticize the mis-  
takes of other people.

Those who have never achieved success  
are always the most ready to tell others  
how to do it.

He who plays with sovereigns in his  
youth will doubtless want for farthings  
in his old age.

The pleasure a dog experiences in hav-  
ing his back scratched, a man experi-  
ences in being praised.

There is a time for everything. Tak-  
ing off your boots after you get in bed  
indicates a high old time.

One of the surprises of eternity will  
be to find out whom we have been liv-  
ing with in this life.

A reputation must be tarnished in-  
deed when it no longer returns reflec-  
tions upon itself.

Every man truly lives so long as he  
acts his nature or some way makes good  
the faculties of himself.

It is the work of a philosopher to be  
every day subduing his passion and lay-  
ing aside his prejudices.

The minds of the young are easily  
trained; it is hard work to get an old  
hop vine to travel a new pole.

The revenge that society has taken  
upon man who isolates himself is as  
terrible as it is inevitable.

Just in proportion that a man is thank-  
ful Heaven, and his neighbor, just in  
that proportion he is happy.

The reason why women do not pro-  
fess is supposed to be due to the fact  
that they want to have the last word.

It is funny that while modesty is the  
greatest evidence of merit, it seems to  
be the poorest guarantee of success.