A LIFE SKITCH BY ISABEL STRACT.

simplicity of manner which proved a their surroundings. To the critical success.

sufferers. A severe illness in early things of the kind. childhood had sapped her strength, The young nurse must be neither leaving her very fragile. How faithful- nervously appre ensive nor studiously Iv week after week she toiled the weary indifferent. She should seem cheerful flights of the Hospital wards to bring a and hopeful though she does not feel gleam of sunshine to the sufferer's so. It is a pardonable deceit. Indicathrobbing pillow. What delightful tions of alarm and distre s must be little surprises she planned for the suppressed. The dress should not sick: sometimes flowers, "God's thoughts rattle or the shoes creak. The move-

arranged delicacy. comfort of those about her. The poor in sickness the hearing is often unnatmother, weary and faint from a night urally quickened. freshing repast.

her penchant for dispensing gifts upon the patient loathe the food. every conceivable occasion, whenever ouse presented itself.

were as delightful as that of Mar- tidiness. guerite's. Even her faults, arising, as In shaking up a pillow do it with the they did, from the ardour of her nature utmost gentleness. To raise the inbusy, unevent'ul life sped on.

But when nature had tenderly buried came to Marguerite. And in the ful- the room gradually, and, if possible, by forth the treasure of that love, even the apartment. If the windows of the pasweet incense which, all unseen, had tient's room cannot be opened, a good soul from the fragrant blossoms of a wards and forwards. self-sacrifi ing life. Ah! what halcyon | Muslin rags soaked in aromatic vinedays were those! We at cared she that gar, and suspended near the door, so as he whom she loved was poor and un- to be agitated by the draught, will ing humanity. Often the generosity known. He was known to her, -did prevent unpleasant smells and purify of the people provides too abundantly not that satisfy her heart's need? the air. Rags dipped in chloride of and the funds, if left in dishonest What if he was compelled to work with lime, and suspended across the room hands, are never heard of, and if in those hands for his daily bread! Was on a cord are a disinfectant in cases of honest ones are flung recklessly to the not his love wealth indeed? Delightim fever. it seemed to her to watch his daily acts

from their hiding-places, like a troop cal hints herein given. of merry dancing children mad with the new wine of life's pure delight; when nature's robe was fringed with spring beauties-timid violets, chaste blood-root, hepaticas, adder tongue, and all the sweet vows of budding life; then sorrow, that comes to all, came to Marguerite, and the pure lucent flame of joy went out. The budding promises of a new creation were now to her as sometimes fall upon the ear the shouts of merry children when appears the golden water on the wall, and to the spirit of some little Paul the angels are murmuring "Come."

let me not utter it !- He whom she loved so well had proved himself unworthy of her love. Never did her unselfishness shine out more strongly than in this silent endurance of suffering. Never before did she realize show sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." Those about her felt, so intensified her character. The into a loyal, true-hearted woman. O, how a few short hours of suffering can accomplish the work of years in the fruition of a character!

The bruised and bleeding flower breathed forth a perfume which the perfect blossom had never yet revealed.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on All the chords with might, Smole the chord of self, that trembling Passed in music out of sight."

IN THE SICK ROOM.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER. There is a peculiar knack, as one

might call it, in waiting upon the sick. some it is a gift, an intuitive aptitude, which others only acquire by ex-perience. No one is so quick to detect the want of aptitude as the sufferer, and if the latter has taken a dislike to the nurse it is better for her to retire until the aversion has dissipated itself. Boronia—Farcie of Aubergines
The dislike may be but a whimsical (Fruit of the Egg Plant).—Heat about

There is no time when love lends is no time when a young girl is made more conscious of her insufficiency of the fact that she is a most as helpless as the invalid. The failure may largely depend on what she regards as the veriest trifles, and which generally might have been avoided by thought-

The mother generally, knows through mother. The yearning sympathy and the earnest desire may be present, but that is not enough, although the strong, healthy girl is apt to think it is. She pass a salamander over them

fails for want of method and a knowledge of what is essential-of what ought to be done and how it ought to bo done. She becomes agitated when she ought to be calm; she becomes ir-Harguerite was the e'dest daughter raised when she ought to be serene; ef a clergyman whose flock was gently her patience becomes exhausted just fended by the green meadows and the vien is is most needed; she replies sulrippling waters of a sweet suburban lenly to complaints, she rebels against hamlet. Reading thus the thoughts of unca led-for reproaches, and flually nature, the had acquired a childlike goes off by herself to have a good cry. r is an unpleasant experience to her, shibboleta to the hearts of those with but may prove profitable. She diswhom sie came in contact. In study- covers that she was not sufficiently ing armanity how fully do we realize equipped, and will very likely inform that, as in the physical, so in the herself as to what is requisite, and spiritual, our souls assume the color of meet the next emergency with better

eare of a stranger Marguerite was pro-nounced plain looking, but never so to sui ing food to a taste which illness has me, for I had learned to penetrate the made ten times more fastidious than filmy veil of mere physical contour and usual, or in giving the proper medicine discover beneath the inward beauty of in proper quantities at proper intervals, or in bathing the languid head, or From those soft brown eyes there in moving the weary body. There is a shone that kindly sympathetic light delicacy besides delicacy of food and which is its own interpreter. Although delicacy of touch. It includes the her years could scarce be counted by a modulation of the voice, the movescore she had been initiated into the ments about the room, to e suppression membership of the great society of of needless noises and a score of other

in bloom," at other times some daintily | ments to and fro shou'd be gentle and unobtrusive. Nothing should be said How exquisitely thoughtful for the that the patient ought not to hear, for

an early visit by the reality of a re- lowed to remain in the room under the de usion that they will be fancied by-I cannot forbear a smile as I recall and-by. It is a certain way of making

In giving stimulants or nourishment the merest shadow of an available ex- the bowl of the spoon should be carefully raised, so as to not spill any of its Would that all our little eccentricities | contents or to annoy the patient by un-

ture, quickness of temper, and an ab- valid to a sitting posture, put a scarf or horrence of any kind of restraint, only long shawl behind the pillow and let endeared her to us all. And thus her two persons each take an end and gently draw up the patient.

No medicine is so beneficial to the her dead leaves, and covered them with sick as fresh air. It is the most reviv- a year passes that the nation is not their fleecy shroud, spun from the ing of all cordials if administered with treasures of her snow-flakes; when the prudence. Doors and windows should "foam flowers" of winter were all in not be thrown open suddenly or at blossom; then love, that comes to all, random. Fresh air should be let into ness of her gentle heart she poured opening the windows of an adjoining allently distilled in the chalice of her plan is to swing the door quickly back-

There are books of instruction for supplied. of kindness to the poor and forsaken. nurses, but as they may not be within Miss Barton's clear mind formu-But when the tiny leaves burst forth be well for her to remember the practiof America be anthorized to provide

> RECIPES. SPANISH DISHES.

Red Sauce Piquante for Fish -Pound into a paste a little garlie and two red capsicums which have been softened by steeping them for half a minute in boiling water. Dilute the mixture with water and put it into a of vinegar. In this sauce cook any kind of fish that may be required and serve with it.

Fresh Cod with Saffron Sauce .some salt, chopped parsley, chopped garlic, a blade of saffron, a pinch of flour and the piece of a lemon; let it rather than saw, the change which had Then add the fish in pieces and stir it while cooking. When the fish is child-like Marguerite had developed browned on one side, turn it to the other. Moisten with hot water, give it one boil up and serve.

Ribs of Mutton "a la Mallorquina." mutton, and part each rib without represents. actually separating them. Put a small mixed with various herbs or pounded anchovies and a little lemon juice.

Couveflor com Tomatos (Cauliflower them in the usual way, drain them thoroughly and place them on a hot Then pour over them, covering dish. them completely, a well-made, wellseasoned tomato sauce. They should be well arranged on the dish, side by side, with the heads upwards. Serve very hot.

fancy, and yet is as injurious as if based a tea-supful of good olive oil with some upon abundant cause. The hand of minecd garlie; take out the garlic and one watching, toying gently with the slightly cook one or two aubergines in hair of the sick one, will woo to slum- the oil. They must be previously ber with its soothing touch; the band peeled and cut in dice; put in the oil of another may irritate and induce in-creased wakefulness. The touch of and a blade of saffron. Add some both may be gentle, but there is in one pumpkin cut in dice, and the pulp of a sincerity of sympathy, an abiding two or three tomatoes, moisten with a patience, a personal magnetism, or little hot water, and salt it to taste. whatever it may be, that is wanting in Have ready sufficient crumbled bread mixed with sal; and a few cummin seeds, to make a purce of the whole; such a charm to every word and action put it into the pan with the other in-as in the hour of sickness; and yet there gredients and let the whole simmer for about a quarter of an hour. Serve at

Cebollas rellenas (Stuffed Onions). Tomatos rellenos (Stuffed Tomatocs). -Take either tomatoes or large onions (Spanish), cut them into halves and hollow out the centre; make a force-meat with whatever cold meat, poultry or game may be at hand, with the adexperience, how to nurse her sick dition of ham or tongue, a little onion, daughter; but very otten the daughter fine herbs and crumbs of bread. Use does not know how to nurse her sick a beaten egg to bind it and make it in-

RED CROSS ARMY.

CLARA BARTON'S AID TO THE DESTITUTE FROM FIRE, FLOOD AND FAMINE.

The Story of Miss Barton's Career.

In the hour of public calamity e national disaster the noble workers of the Red Cross Association stand out silhouetted in bold relief against the clouds of suffering by war, fire, flood or famine. They have just been before the public eye laboring without rest for the homeless Johnstown sufferers, and the name of Clara Barton the leading spirit of the colony of nurses encamped in the mists of the Conemaugh Valley, is worshipped by the afflicted community and welcomed like an angel sent from heaven. The story of the life of Clara Barton and the noble work of the Red Cross is a staggering blow to the whine of the pessimist who glories in the frailties and depravity of human nature.

Those who have chanced to be a hand while the Red Cross nurses were ministering to the wounded or dying on a battle-field, or who were held in quarantine during the recent vellowfever epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla. will need no recounting of the work of the society to tell them how the nurses noiselessly perform their errands of mercy. The Johnstown sufferers happily enjoyed the attention of the young women of the Red Cross. Miss Barton, the president, was in charge, of anxious watching was made aware of Rejected dainties should not be al- and directed the movements of her assistants. In all sections of Europe Miss Barton's ministering hand has been felt.

This woman, of whom Sumner once wrote: "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman, recognized that from our geographical position and isolation we are far less liable to the disturbances of war than the nations of Europe; and also that no country is more subject to overpowering National calamities, plagues, famine, fire, floods, drought, and disastrous storms, than are we. Seldom shaken from sea to sea by the shock of some sudden horror, in alleviation of which men thrust their hands into their pockets and fling money to-they know not whom, to be sent they know not where or how, and women in their eagerness and sympathy beg in the streets and rush into fairs, working day and night, to the neglect of other duties and the peril of their health in the future, to obtain money for suffer-

of America be authorized to provide for the relief of National calamities; let it be a medium through which funds can be sent to sufferers in disaster too great to be relieved by local measures and by people trained to know the needs and to understand the alleviation of great suffering. As Miss Barton expresses it, "Let it be a calamity fire-engine, always fired up and ready, and when the note of need sounds the Put into a sancepan a teacupful of oil, floods, of the Michigan fires and the as a boy could do it. The first trick he instant with food, clothing and money but flies to the rescue, and so quickly -Trim neatly a piece of the ribs of people know aught of the Society she turned the faucet .- Lake Region.

This, then, is what the Red Cross piece of butter on a baking tin and on means. It is not an order of knight-that the ribs, which must then be cook- hood, not a commandery, not a secret hood, not a commandery, not a secret ed in a quick oven. When done, place between each rib a small ball of butter sign, and the reducing to practical use sign, and the reducing to practical use | London Daily Telegraph. He rarely most needed philanthrophies the world has ever known-the symbol of divine

And what has Clara Barton received for all this? In her little jewel box there gleams a royal jewel, an amethyst cut in the form of a pansy, the gift of the Grand Duchess of Baden, her personal and beloved friend; the jewel of the American Red Cross, the Servian left for Sir Edwin to fill, in time for decoration of the Red Cross, presented by Queen Natalie; the Gold Cross of Duke and Duchess of Baden; a Red Cross medal, the gift of the Queen of Italy, and the Iron Cross of Merit, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Germany. That is all, save the love gratitude and veneration of the soldiers and sufferers of two continents.

But this noble association does not begin and end in America alone. The Red Cross is a confederation of relief associates in different countries, acting

consequent upon war. The whole of Europe is marshalled under the banner of the red cross, and from their wrists, thinking that they waves in Siberia, on the Chinese front- especially efficacious in warding an pointed if she doesn't get them. ier, in Algeria, Egypt and Oceanica. evil snirits."

"Get rich in any legitimate way you ean, for we can do nothing without money," says Miss Barton. "Eut never beg a dollar. The sorriest sight I know is a beggar giving alms. I never begged a penny in my life for any object, and if you cannot give yourself let those give who have the megas." The societies are usually composed of carnest, benevolent people, whose ready offerings, together with the voluntary contributions from interested people, furnish the funds requisite. lesides the collection of funds, week ary material is collected for sanitary ervice, clothing is made, bandages, int, etc., prepared, practical improvements and inventions in all sanitary relief apparatus are made and perfected and training schools for nurses are esablished, whose members upon graduation seek employment always with he understanding that with the first note of war they go to the front.

He Knew Her Well.

Redding Cape was known far and wide in the mountain country around Hillsborough as a butcher. No killing sould properly take place unless Cape was there. He was tall, powerful, ed haired and cross-eyed. His perenaial costume was a red flannel shirt and a pair of butternut pants tucked nto the tops of enormous rawhide boots. His wife was nearly as tall and heavy as himself.

One spring she speerienced religion and with some fifty others of both exes went down to the branch oond for baptism. The minister was short and undersized, but he got along all right until he came to Sis. Cape. They waded out into the water hand n hand until she was up to her waist, | byways. while the parson was up to his neck and almost floating off his feet.

The minister went through the usual formula, wound up with "I baptize ou, Sister Cape, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and made an effort to duck the convert. She stood like a rock, but the pastor missed his footing and got a mouthful of water.

Again he essayed it. "Sister Cape, when I say the word on must let yourself fall back into the

water and not resist." But the good woman glanced over ner shoulder, and didn't like the looks of the pond. When the word came she stood like a telegraph pole, while the minister nearly drowned himself in his endeavors to have her properly immersed. The crowd on the bank got considerably worked up.

Redding Cape was a silent witness of the contumely which his wife was oringing upon his good name. At the ast failure he strode violently into the pond, plump, plump, plump. Ranging alongside the couple he caught his wife by the neck and wrist and growled out:

"Give the word when you are ready pastor; she's hard fur ter throw." -Washington Post,

Antics of an Educated Alligator in Florida.

A few weeks ago mention was made of an alligator about four feet long that had been captured by Dan Warner on the sidewalk in the most thickly settled portion of our city. Dan felt as soon as he saw the young saurian that it possessed unusual intelligence, and set collars drop on the horses' necks and about to teach him. It is perfectly saucepan, in which is already a cupful away they fly to the rescue. When wonderful the progress "John"-he of hot oil, with salt and a tablespoonful once the fire is out, though, the big has been christened John-has made. engine hastens home, not wasting The bake shop is to him a revelation. time to sprinkle the streets or clear the He will, after the bread has been taken rubbish." To the wisdom of her the- from the pans, take the utensils and ory the sufferers of the Mississippi pile them them in the corner as neatly drought can testify. Ready on the learned was to stand on his tail and hind feet. It is pathetic to see him as \$175,000 being spent in four months he assumes the position and crosses his all slightly brown, stirring all the time. in the Mississippi Valley; quick to fore feet over his breast, awaiting the comprehend the needs and know the loaf which is given him as a reward relief required, she wastes no time, for his skill. He is very fond of cider Schmidt & Warner have found it and quietly accomplishes her mission necessary to place the barrel beyond and is gone that comparatively few his reach, as he has half a dozen times

A Noted Editor.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the Light of Asia, is also the editor of the fulness of one of the broadest and goes to the office of that journal, however, and does all his editorial writing at home. He is most methodical and with Tomato Sauce).—Select small humanity destined to bring universal practical as regards his work and takes cauliflowers, and after boiling peace. office requirements, and is so regular in his methods and so punctual, that his paper can depend implicitly upon a certain amount of copy from his pen daily, and could almost be made up in safety with just so much blank space press. He never signs an article, but stamps it ineffaceably with his individ-Remembrance, presented by the Grand | ual style, and although he has written over eight thousand editorials, it is averred by Londoners that he could be recognized by any single one of them. His wife was an American, gifted and charming, and since her death, Sir Edwin has retired from society and accepts no invitations.

> Jewelry of Low-Class Chinese. A traveler says: "The only ornamen worn by the Chinese of the lower or under the Geneva Convention, whose laundrymen class is a wristlet, a aim is to ameliorate the condition of polished translucent ring of white or wounded soldiers in the armies in greenish stone, just large enough to campaign on land or sea. The idea slip over the hand. They are quite exof such a society was conceived in the pensive, ranging from \$3 for an inmind of M. Henri Durant, a Swiss ferior dull white specimen to \$50 for gentleman, who saw the battle of Sol- the green rings that are most highly ferino and became impressed with the prized. They must be entirely free need of more efficient and extended from imperfections and emit a clear, means for ameliorating the condition sonorous ring when struck a light

blow. "Some Chinese never remove them wherever the din of war is heard is give increased strength to the arm, and planted the white banner that bears specimens dug from graves are most the ble ssed sign of relief. The ensign valued, as they are believed to be

WHITECHAPEL BY NIGHT.

LOREIBLE SCENES OF MISERY AND RIBALDRY.

A Waste of Wickedness in London.

"There goes Jack the Ripper." It was not a cry of alarm that was heard on the Whitechapel pavement, yet it was a woman's cry, the gin-voiced shout of a young girl who ambied along the sidewalk in draggled skirts, with a tattered shawl over her shoulders, her greasy, scraggy hair uncovered, her face bloated, her eyes blind, a creature horrible to look upon. The cry she uttered was meant in jest. It was her idea of fun, and was taken up by a group of her kind, all shouting after a respectable stranger who had come to Whitechapel for curiosity's sake. "There goes Jack the Ripper," the woman laughed hoarsely, and the eve was taken up by the rough men lounging along the streets. You might have thought, had you known nothing of the Whitechapel murders, that there was nothing so funny in the world as Jack the Ripper.

Yes, they sported with the assassin's name to-night here in horrible Whitechapel, and I heard women in the gin shops drinking to the murderer's health. They were merry in their cups according to their ideas of merriment, and they flaunted out upon the street, some laughing at the murderer's name, some venting incoherent defiance. Tonight was a typical Saturday night in Whitechapel. The East end seemed to have turned its million people into the broad highway and the principal

I went all through Whitechapel tonight, far from the garish high road to the back alleys, and the stuffy, dingy courts. Narrow and crooked and dark were the streets. There may have been a thousand policemen lurking in dark corners, but for ten minutes at a time I did not see one, and I went into places so lonely and wretched and gloomy that the sight of them almost made one's flesh creep. One does not go alone into Whitechapel byways after dark, and we were glad to get away from the horrible slums that seemed to have been designed for murder. It is very easy, altogether too easy, to lose one's way in these East end labyrinths, and the people one meets there are not likely to be friendly. They are burly ruffians. foul-mouthed women, evil-looking beggars, cut-throats, pick-pockets, rascals of all nationalties. At every turning you hear sounds of fighting; you hear oaths and shricks and blows and ribald songs and drunken brawls; you see humanity of all ages, all in rags, but, saddest of all sights, are the children. There must be more children in proportion to the population in Whitechapel than anywhere else in the world. They swarm everywhere; hey seem to get into the streets as soon as they are born, and as soon as they can talk they brawl and swear and lie, and then it is only a step to stealing, and the whole catalogue of crimes. It has been warm to-night in Whitechapel, and everybody who could do so got into the streets for air, or for what passes for air in the over-

populated East end. I am sure Whitechapel was never more horrible than it is tonight. All its wretchedness and vileness and brutality came forth, sickening to look at, deafening to hear, depressing to think of, and then, perhaps, Jack the Ripper was prowling among the crowds, with his knife sharpened and ARTHUR WARREN.

Penmanship at the Vatican.

Autotype machines have just been served out for the first time to some of the copying clerks at the Vatican; but (according to a Continental correspondent) they are only to be used for the roughest kind of proof-work, which has to be done in a hurry. The Pope dislikes the innovation, for he is anxious-and rightly so-not to break out killing scmething good in himself. up the admirable school of penmanship which flourishes at the Vatican. There is no such writing in the world as that which is seen on the documents sent out by the Curia. All the copying clerks of the first rank are priests and monks, and many of them real artists in cal graphy. They are allowed for, to exercise their fancy in the tracing of illuminated capitals and ornamental rubrics or margins; but there must not be a single erasure on a page which has to be issued in the Pope's name. A misplaced comma causes a whole page to be re-written.

A Million at Twenty-Seven. The career of DeWitt J. Seligman, the editor and proprietor of the New York "Epoch," is one which has a few parallels in the annals of literature. When twenty-seven years old he with-drew from Wall street, after having made a fortune of nearly a million dollars, and is now devoting himself to journalism. It was after his marriage that Mr. Seligman took to study, entered Columbia College, and graduated with honors.

A Remarkable Old Man. The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher easily

carries off first honors as a Grand Old Man. Where will you find another like him, who, at 86 years of age, can stand the shock of being run over by a railroad train, suffer amputation at the knee joint, and then, in a few weeks, sing at the same time ingratitude and get upon crutches and walk about as if nothing had happened.

Whenever a woman asksone favor she expects to receive two, and is disap-

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Error is wear sighted. Ignorance is stone-blind.

A mean man is never happy.

Nothing is eternal that can be seen. The wheels of time turn only one way? The soul has more diseases than the

All must respect those who respect them elves.

Those who command themselves command others. A dandy never set fell in love-only

with him-elf. Repentance should be the effect of love, not fear.

Faith and coriosity are the gln cocktails of succe s.

No gift can make rich those who are poor in wisdom.

Goodness is just as much of a study as mathematics is.

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft hands. Caut'on and curiosity are the privy

counsellors of truth. Paganism strengthens the strong by weakening the feeble.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal line between duty and desire. Good character is property. It is the noblest of all possessions.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotien. Revenge sometimes sleeps, but vanity

always keeps one eye open. It is impossible to be a hero in any-

thing unless one is a hero in faith. Christianity strengthens the weak at the expense of the strong.

Those folks who expect to fall in an enterprise most generally do.

The worst slaves are those that are onstantly serving their passions. Things that we can't do wouldn't be of any use to us if we could do them.

There are some things that can't be counterfeited-a blush is one of them. Many of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by standing in

our own light.

Advice is a most useless thing-a wise man doesn't need it, and a fool won't have it.

Be gentle. The sea is kept in check, not by a wall of brick, but by a beach of sand.

All that is due to us will be paid, although not always by those to whom we have lent. Take the humbug out of this world,

and you won't have much left to de business with. We are always looking ahead, and that is the way to look; if the man at

the wheel looks back he will soon beach his ye sel. The man who contradicts is very disagreeable company-particularly when you happen to be in the wrong and heis

n the right. Wisdom is magnified common sense. One self-approving hour whole years

outweigh. The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart. Weakness on both sides is, as we

know, the motto of all quarrels. Every bare occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.

The man who believes nothing is nothing.

Love is free, but it takes money to keep house The easiest thing to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

Fame is a shining garment, but it soon wears out at the elbows. Perple who try to be funny do exactly what they try to do. They try.

Diamonds please the eye, but nobody ever gets fat by looking at them. No man can oppress the weak with-

The right kind of success is the kind that blesses every thing it touches.

People who never have anything to

overcome never amount to very much. The spider and the honey bee can not agree as to what the flowers were made

You can do more good with a kind word than you can with a silver dollar. Those who have not suffered for love do not know very much about the meaning of the word.

The father did not fall upon the prodigal son's back, as the boy thought he deserved, but upon his neck.

If we could only get up high enough to look into the hearts of our enemies, compassion would take the place of enmitv. There never was a cheeky man who

did not think native modesty his distinguishing characteristic. No man ever won great battles who did not fight under some kind of a flag

that meant something. Above all things always speak the

truth; your word must be your bond through life. Next to laziness the hardest thing on earth to resist is the impulse to take

sides in a fight. We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the

truth that is bitter. Let your alms-giving be anonymous, It has the double advantage of suppres-

Whatever else may be wrong, it must be right to be pure, just and tender, merciful and honest.

A sound discretion is not so much inlicated by never making s mistake as by never repeating it.