Let me no wrong or idle word Unthin ing s Bet Thou a seal upon my lips, Just to-day. Let me n season Lord be grave, Let me be fa third to thy grace

Just for to-pay. And if to-day, my the of life Should ebb away Give me Thy sacraments divine Sweet L r.i, to-day. In Purgatory's cleansin fires, Brief be my stay; O bid me, if to-day I die, Come h me to-day.

Id not ray:
But guide me, guard me keep me, O Lor
Just for to-day. POLLY.

So for to-morrow and its needs

"O John! I got somethin' tuh tell

FRANCES L. VEIRS.

Polly Ranshaw stood at the dormer window of a Maryland farm house and rew the much-faded curtain aside, eeping out. As she looked down the narrow winding road, skirted on each side by a worm-fence, her face betraved considerable curiosity mixed with a degree of anticipation.

a green slope brightened here and there by beds of phlox and marigol s I say." trimmed off, and the others redolent with bloom clambered up the old squat him. chimney, then in long, graceful tenthem birth. The front piazza was still damp in spots where the floor had been scoured, and on it some broken rocking chairs, looking as if they belonged to Colonial days, swayed to and fro, as if rocking the ghost of some former to the house planter, but, in truth, they, too, had been scrubbed, and it was only the gentle June wind which stirred them. A rickety wagon drawn by a rawboned mare and driven by Polly's

father slowly came up the road. There was a serpentine flourish of

Polly's curiosity got the bet'er of one, out of the wagon.

As these people went into the house. some little pet under their arms. Mrs. | thrown over his spirits. Ranshaw met them, pets and all, and soon made them feel quite at home, for their gabble.

Ben Raushaw had 'aken out a few odds and ends-band-boxes, curling tongs, a coop containing a setting hen, besides what-not-and was tussling with the trunks when a young man other things. followed by two beautiful setter pups crossed the field. Unmi-takably, he was a kinsman of the portly lady, and mawnin' and evenin'. Yo' never see wards her—"Polly." But already her as a second section of the invasion. gry fur er sight o' yo'."

Having assisted his host in lifting out "Yo' know where to fin' me." Her the baggage he sat down on one of the boxes, saying:

"You had a hard pull." "Wa-al, tole'ble." rejoined the farmer, shifting his hat atilt and leaning against the mare. "But Nance she's first-rate on pullin'. She's got mo' tight grit an' mos' th' younger hosses.

Ain't you tired yo'se'f? Sorry, I hadn' S a hoss at th' station, but I didn' know let

Polly did not wait to hear more. She bounded down the back steps and over the hill towards a tenement house in the valley. As her supple feet pattered down the path, her merry voice rang out, free as the pir: "O John! I got somethin' tun tell

John Carsten stepped in his doorway, his trousers tucked in his russetcolored boots, his shirt sleeves rolled

fellow 'mongst them boarders up at th' house-a regelar city chap."

The girl burst into peals of laughter, its soft ripples dancing about her com-

beside him, shaking her baby ringlets of hair playfully. "Waal, I do; he's awful nice lookin'."

"Humph," returned John, again, as If fast turning into a pig.

Polly glanced up with clear, laughing, blue eyes. "They've come fur th' whol' summer," said she; then she told all she had heard and seen from the garret window.

As she chatted, her companion's face assumed a thoughtful, serious expression, unlike the happy one it was wont to wear. He set his teeth together and listened hard at every intonation of her voice. Something within its depths - you. he knew not exactly what-told him

"You are Miss Ranshaw?" he asked,

bowing as if to the finest lady of the land. "Your father said you would kindly show me the creek. Is there good fishing about here?"

of the oaks spreading their broad-heads above made the air refreshingly cool.

the girl, alluding to the country. "I think not. I am never lonesome where there are such sports as fishing and hunting."

birds fly too high," she replied, in an the fields, the leaves of the widespread off-hand way. All the way she kept up oaks redden then fall to the sodden, a brisk, even chatter, her voice free as | chilled earth, leaving their naked limbs the wind, her manner innocent as a gnarled and sapless. child's.

Having reached the creek she unfastened her line from the crotch of a watched that of autumn to winter. supple hickory and cast it into the Meantime, she too had changed. Her water. As the stranger sat upon the eyes had grown wistful and the lines bank watching her movements he about her mouth curved down as if thought to himself: "She's a darned from sorrow. One day she made a repretty girl, if she only didn't murder solve, so decked herself in her finest

After the fisherman's usual luck they and stole away. both were carefuly rewinding their lines when a sudden commotion, bark- the house to call, but finding the Ranstartled them. Polly knew instantly and sat on the warm side of his hearth what it was; she ran forward, shading her eyes with her hands and cailing, "Roland, Roland, Roland."

John's dog had attacked the setter pups. One lay dead, and the other's it;" but whether he referred to his Even the horse and yard showed white, curly hair was fiecked with signs of expectancy, the palings had blood. Polly caught the furious dog been propped up and freshly white-washed, the long grass mown, making showing his fierce, snarling teeth. "Down, you beast," she cried, "down,

and pretty-by-nights; the straggling Langdon looked sadly at the havor the interloping setter pups. The fire branches of honeysuckle had been of his thoroughbreds, but felt himself had burned out leaving the chimney powerless lest the brute should attack

"Go home, you beast," shouted drils fell back to the earth which gave Polly, stamping her foot at the recreant Roland, who drawing his tail between his legs slunk off.

She then wiped away the dripping blood. sympathetically lifted wounded pup in her arms and bore it

After that her time was so taken up with the boarders she saw very little of John. She did not even run to and master's feeling licked her limp, numb from his house with the same freedom as | fingers. in by-gone days. Whenever he came to Ranshaw's sh generally was otherwise voice, "John, I've been tuh th' city. I engaged, and if by chance he did see saw him. 'Twas at night; he was the whip-lash; the mare jogged a little her, her manner was shy and reserved. | comin' out o' a house where there was faster, then halted outside the yard Once several days passed without his music an' flowers an' beautiful dressed meeting her. Then a restlessness took ladies—they tol' me 'twas th' opera. strong hold of him during which his He was with his wife. Oh, dear John, her: she drew the curtain back still emotion conquered him. Towards I didn' k ow till now how miserable further and held it about her fresh, evening he stopped work early, and yo' was, how yo' suffered. I'm so dimpled face, watching the arrival of went to call on her. As he opened the sorry I laughed at yo' good honest love, summer boarders. Her eyes old garden gate he laughed as he fur twas wuth heap mo'n his'n. I didn' pared in April, sown with seeds of danced with an elfish glee as her father glanced down at his starched shirt and know it then—I know it now; he has a zinnias balsams, phlox Drummondi, alighted, took off his Sunday coat, his blackened boots. It all seemed so bad, false heart under his fine clothes." asters, and the like, but must be carehung it on the fence, then helped a different f om the easy, careless way he | She did not more in any wise and port y lady and three children, one by used to drop in. He entered the little kept her still sad eyes on the man beparlor where Polly was leaning out of side her. John's heart was full of

> "Polly," said he, coming closer to them kindly. the window, "yo' don' keer fur me any "He was me leave.

She leant over the sill and spoke to him without turning her head. be foolish, John," said she curtly.

with his canine followers only served me, although yo' know my eyes air hun- senses were deaf to all mortal plead-

by the dozing air without. "My God, Polly, don' trifle with me less eyes.
any longer." He came forward and

knelt beside her, motionless, as it were, with suspense and dread, his lips tightened with a tenseness almost pain-

She did not speak, but sat still and let him lay his head upon the hem of her frock. Was she going to repent of her harshness? Nay, dear love!

Was she going to accept him? "Polly, say somethin'—say somethin'. Air yo' goin' tuh keer fur me as you did oncet? Air yo' goin' tuh give me-" His heart rose in his throat and choked him. Then she laughed a short, hard laugh, and rose, drawing her gown from beneath his head.

She went out toward the orchard up, showing the strong, sinewy mus- where she stopped under an old, cles in his arms. His plain, honest stunted apple tree, and from its shad-face lit up as he saw her coming. ows watched Langdon, not far off, "John," said she, at once reaching smoking. The spicy smell of his cigar, the spot, "don't yo' know there's a which tempered the air, she drank in with the thirst of an inebriate.

ouse—a regelar city chap."

"Humph," grunted John, sitting flat stretching forth her sun-browned on his doorstep. "I don't keer if there hands, then locking them they pressed each other hard against her bosom, as if to strangle its prayer. Her breast rose and fell impatient, restless with panion's ear. She took her hat off, labored breathing. The breaking of a tossed it on the gr und, and sat down dry twig beneath her feet told Langdon she was there. With an unwarranted extravagance which men who smoke will indulge, he threw away his cigar and sauntered towards her, saying:

"Miss Polly, do you know I am going away to-morrow?" "Going away-to-morrow? Ah, dear God, would there were no to-morrow?" Polly almost let the words escape her, ut checking them, she pressed her hands still harder against her breast and quietly answered:

"Father tol' me so tuh day." "My stay here has been very pleas-ant, for which I am indebted solely to

Common pleasantries were as natural she was dividing her thoughts, which ito Langdon as the silvery ripples are hitherto had been his, with another. The red June sun nestled its warm them to the veriest flirt it would have breath caressingly against both their sheeks, then, as clouds, gauzy like angels' to that innocent child, untutored in the wings, veiled its face, Polly started artifices of the world, it meant somehome. John went with her as far as thing. She glanced up in a pleading. home. John went with her as far as the bars, then turned back to his hoeing in the cornfield.

She had scarcely crossed the hill when she met Langdon with his fishing to the corner of the world, it meant something. She glanced up in a pleading, half-hopeful way, her eyes looking like beautiful stars. He saw them, walked quickly away, then as if too weak to resist human impulse he turned back, the same things are those of the world, it meant something. put his arm around her and kissed her

"I will come back soon. You will not forget me-dear?"

Oh no, Polly would not forget him. In all the wide world she then was the Purty fair."answered Polly, already happiest w man. She spoke his name making friends with the dog; "but it's slowly, tremulously, as if not used to mo' an a mile tuh th' deepest hole." its soft accents; then she gave a soft. its soft accents; then she gave a soft, She turned into a path leading nervous, little laugh—so unlike the one through the woods. The dense shade she had given a few moments ago.

John heard it as by chance he was passing through the orchard on his way She swung her hat over her arm n a home. He could have dashed this desultory fashion and walked on stranger's brains out against the roots Her long strides matched of the stanted tree, but he could not Langdon's. The rapid motion over the bear to think of Polly being unhappy thickly weeded path quickened their through his instrumentality. He set his teeth together and passed on. But "You'll find it dull out here," said entering his door he felt a sense of weariness, of uselessness of life, without knowing exactly how to remedy it.

As the autumn came Polly watched the marigolds and pretty-by-nights die "Sometimes th' fish don' bite and th' in the gorden, the corn gathered from

As she had watched nature's transition from summer to autumn so she stuff frock, with airy, blue ribbons,

The next morning John went up to

ing, yelping, at the edge of the woods shaws inconsolable he returned early "owling." Knocking the ashes from his cracked clay pipe he placed it on the wooden shelf above him, and said: "Humph, no good'll ever come o' pipe or some other crackable bowl wherein are contained both pleasures and grievances, a physiognomist could not have told. At his feet Roland lay asleep occasionally starting up and growling, as if in his dreams he saw

the interloping setter pups. The fire sooty where the fire-dogs had licked it. A kettle simmered on the still hot embers. Outside, the wind, like some winged creature, swooped the cra kling leaves ahead as in coveys, then as if too heavy for its wings, it dropped. John opened the door to look out.

Polly fell before him on the step. Without speaking he laid her on his bed and with a sad heart he looked at the pinched, wan face now stripped of its roses. Roland as if divining his

"John," said she, in a low, humble

they each smuggled a cat, a bird or different it acted like a wet cloth could not speak it-he could only act. He took her hands in his and stroked

"He was married when he first come grow, and nasturtiums a little later, Polly who was still in the garret heard longer. I'll be glad when them folks here, an' his wife was at th' Springs.' she went on slowly. "O dear God"-plaintively—"somethin' hurts my heart like a weight was bearin' me down. I'm so tired, but, John dear, I couldn' "Yo' know my time's taken up with res' till I'd got yo' tuh' furgive me. " her voice, mellowed by sorrow,

"Yo' know where to fin' me." Her voice came back into the room softened hes come o' it," then with his brown, roughened hands he closed her sight-

# Garments While You Wait.

A Reading tailor announces that he has made arrangements to meet special and urgent cases, which will enable him to make a suit of clothes in 210 minutes. This makes a capital advertisement, and may continue to do so if no opposition tradesman offers to do the same thing half an hour quicker. But even then the feat would not be a very safe "record," as races are reckoned. Some eighty years ago a Newbury manufacturer won a wager of 1,000 guineas by producing at a quarter past six in the evening a complete damsoncolored coat, of which the wool had been on the backs of two sheep at five seen several copies of a print representing a commemorative festival held at the village of West Underwood. North Bucks, about the close of the last century, to celebrate the coming of age of one of the Throgmorton family, in which are shown the shearing of the sheep, carding and spinning the wool, the weaving of the cloth, the tailor at work, and the fitting on of the finished garment-all done between sunrise and sunset. This feat might even astonish the enterprising Reading tailor. Some cotton was once made up into cloth at Preston within six hours of its being taken out of the bale, and in the evening of the day on which it was delivered at the factory, the weaver was wearing a dress made from it. So, too, particular credit was taken by the dressmakers of Marie Roze when they once provided her with three costumes at a day's notice, as she was unexpectedly called upon to play Marguerite. There would surely be more difficulty in making three dresses in a day than one suit of clothes in three and a-half hours, but still no time would have to be lost in either case. — Warehousemen & Draper's Trade Journal,

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be

the younger man of the two. If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had

# Gardening.

SPRING GARDENING. With the first warm April days we long to begin our gardens, but in this latitude one can rarely do much in the open air gardens until the first of May, and can bardly feel secure against lite frosts until the early days of June. But there is much that can be done in preparation so that the flowers will come on faster. Fir-t, there is the sowing of seed and the rooting of bulbs and plants ready for trans, lanting when the ground is fit. The orders should be sent in early to florists, but it is still not too late for that. Pansy seeds can scarcely be sown too soon, in boxes in the house, the earlier sown, the s ronger the plants and the earlier

the blooms.

Tuberose bulbs should be planted in April. Remove the small offsets, if any, and smooth the base of the bulbs; let them lie in a warm place for ten or twelve days, turning them occasionally. Then pla t in pots in good sod, being careful not to cover the crown of the bulb. They should be kept warm, but not watered until a green shoot makes its appearance, when it should be given. sunshine and platy of warm water.

Do not remove to the garden until the sun has warmed the ear h thoroughly. The plant should have a sunny place and be kept well watered, using occasionally a little ammonia or liquid manure in the water. As the stalks grow they should be tied to stakes, when they will soon throw up their fragrant spikes of waxen flowers, which remain in bloom a long time. Where a success on of bloom is desired, they may be started a few at a time from early spring until late in May.

The tuberose is especially recommeuded for window boxes in city homes, where no out-door garden can be had. They make excellent growth, also, on flat roofs and piazzas where they can luxuriate in the sunshine.

They can be procured at very low prices, but the bulb will only blossom once, although it will throw out off-sets which, however, require a year or two of growth before they will bloom.

Gladiolus bulbs, which have been taken from the ground in the fall and bung in bags in a dry cellar, should be in fine condition for planting as soon as the weather is settled, and the beds may be prepared for their reception during April.

Set half a foot or more apart and cover deep, say about four inches. Their vivid flowers will be a delight all

Figridias are a curious Mexican bulb of easy culture, requiring much the same treatment as gladioli. The flowers are about four inches across and of gorgeous reds and yellows, with spots is full and attractive. and blotches of a deeper color.

A hot bed or cold frame may be preasters, and the like, but must be carefully watched to see that the plants do no grow up weak and spindling. Pansies may also be sown there if

the window, but her manner was so in- sympathy, but his was a nature that they have not slready been started early in boxes. Sweet peas may be sown very early in the open ground where they are to

During April and early May the garden borders may be cleaned, the small hyacinths, crocuses and snowdrops blooming more freely for this

Dead leaves and stalks should be cleared from peonies and daffodils and narcissi, lilacs, syringas, snowballs and spirias stripped of superfluous growth so as to throw more vigor into the flowers.

As the sun shines warmer and the frost leaves the ground, take away dead leaves and coverings so that roots and bulbs may get the benefit of the

Plan the places for all plants to be transplanted and the form and size of garden beds, and with what seed they shall be sown, so that no time may be lost as the busy seeding time comes on. Reserve one spot for a carpet bed where all superfluous seed from longgrowing plants may be sown thickly together, either in stripes or just as it happens. This makes an odd, bright looking spot of color, and may be resorted to for cutting.

# DON'TS FOR AMATEURS.

Valuable hints for the inexperienced in the care of flowers, are given by a writer in Vick's Magazine, as follows: Don't plant seeds as small as the eye of a needle, such as petunia and portulaca, under an inch of soil. They should be merely covered, and that with soil as fine as you can make it. Don't pour water on plants or flower beds out of a pail, or a dipper, or anything else; use a sprinkler or a hose with a fine spray.

Don't let any one make you believe that luck has anything to do with success in cultivating flowers. It has not unfailing watchfulness and industry? with a mixture of common sense, is three years, eac worth all the luck in the world in killed separately.

flower gardening, as in other things. Don't begin with high priced novelties, or failure will most likely attend your best endeavors. Select for your first venture kinds and varieties of flowers and plants most easily grown. Any friend who grows flowers can tell you what these are.

Don't fuss too much over your plants, they like to be let alone when they are doing their best, and so do

Don't follow everybody's advice. Select some good authority on plants and be guided by it, Above all, don't "try everything" to make your plants grow. Nothing will kill them sooner than persecution of this kind.

Don't let failure dismay or discour-

age you. One must serve a sort of an apprenticeship in flower growing as in other occupations. Study your climate, your soil, the location of your flower beds, and the kinds of plants particularly adapted to your locality. Don't do as the lady did who said that she watered her plants regularly every Wednesday and every Saturday, whether they needed it or not, because

she believed in having "a regular sys-

tem for anything." Water your plants when they need water, and at no other

Don't be too eager to bny seeds and pl nts where you can get them the cheapest. The best is always the cheapest, and you cannot get the best for nothing or for half price. 1 once had a bare, ragged, sickly looking flower garden all summer, as the result of an experiment with cheap seeds and

Don't think you can't have flowers because you haven't half an acre of Wonders can be done on ten square feet of ground, and I once saw a flower garden in an old washtub that was a thing of beauty from June until bel'eve right. Octo' er.

Don't be stingy with your flowers after they have come. Give them to the poor, the sick, and even to those who love flowers, but cannot have them because of living in blocks or flats, or boarding.

PETINIAS. Petunia seed planted in boxes in the early spring, will be ready for planting out in May. The new strains of petunias are very different affairs from the limp, old-fash oned sorts. The double flowers with exquisite markings and the beautiful, fringed varieties are plants of great elegance and grow extremely large. For contant display all summer there is no plant that will give greater satisfaction.

The wonderful improvement in these flowers of late years has been the result of long and patient work on the part of growers, now fully repaid by the remark ble advance in color, size and beauty.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED. From Jessamine, Florida, we have a fine catalogue of rare, tropical and green-house plants, issued by Pike and Elisworth. It presents two beautiful colored plates; one of scarlet trumpet

vine, and one of colored Zanzıbar water lilies. It is sent free on applica-James Vick sends out his Floral Guide, which has been previously noticed in our columns.

Guide to Horticulture, issued by J. T. Lovett Co., of La tle Silver, N. J., is graced with colored engravings of luscious-looking fruits and has a well selected list of hardy flowering plants, fruits and ornamental trees. A neat little cata og e is sent out hy

F. R. 1 ierson, of Tarrytown, N. Y., with design of dai ies on the front cover, while the back gives illustration of remarkable growth of the Easter Lily from photo taken in Bermuda. Parker and Wood, of Boston, Mass.,

send a fine catalogue of seeds, plants bles and flowers, while their seed list Dingie and Conard, rose-growers and

seedsmen of West Grove, Pa., offer large and desirable lists of roses, which is their specialty. They have prepared sets of valuable and hybridperpetual roses which they offer at very low prices. Burpee's Farm Annual, as adver-

tised in our pages, is cheerfully sent to all applicants. The first colored plate shows some wonders of the vegetable world and the second, exquisite specimens of

ed from nature. Nearly all these catalogues are sent free on applica ion, and those who ask a small price for them, refund the money with the first order for seeds.

# Coasts of Africa

A Boston man, who has spent about ourteen years on the east and west of the natives of the Congo country is lifficult to acquire, and that he knows of only one European who has mastered it sufficiently to understand it, though he can speak very little. It appears to be composed of short words, which, in the rapid manner of speaking, seem to be run together, and each sentence to consist of a longer or shorter compound word. It is capable of strong emphasis, and as quite expressive, but the natives are not given to gesticulation even when talking excitedly, excepting always the feticharo or fetich man when lealing out damnation to transgressors. The trouble in acquiring the language seems to be the general unwillingness of the natives to teach it to white men. It is said, however, that some of the Portuguese who are born and raised there have acquired the language, and speak it as fluently as natives.

"How CHARMINGLY you sing, Miss Guseberry." "Do you think so?" Oh, yes indeed, I never liston to you without wishing you were where my cousin out in Colorado could hear you.

An electric needle and battery are now used quite extensively for destroying the roots of offensive hairs upon the face. In the case of a young woman with a heavy beard, 8,000 hairs were removed, the process requiring two or three years, each root having to be

# THE BABY-SPRING.

'Make way! make way!" er ed the blithe "For me and my bonny prize:

1 found her under a snowdrift deep,
Rosy and dimpled and fast asleep,
With the dew of dreams in her eyes. " lifted the folds of her blanket white
And her silken scarf of green;
She put out a wee white hand and sighed,
And drowsily opened her blue eyes wide
With the smile of a tiny queen.

"I caught her up from the frozen ground, And oh, but she fretted sore. Till I kissed her a kiss on her dewy mouth As sweet as the breath of the blosson

And she laughed in my face once more. She clings so close with her baby-hands, She babbles and cook so low, care no more for my revels wild; The innocent breath of the stranger child Has melted my heart like snow.

"Play low, rude Wind, on your mighty harp;
Shine, Sun, in the wintry skies;
Bloom, Flowers, and weave her a garment
swert;
Be soft, e id Earth, for her tender feet,
And fair for her pretty eyes!

'Make way! make way!' cried the lordly year,
"For me and the prize I bring:
found her under a snowdrift deep;
caught her out of the arms of Sleep...
The fair lettle stranger Spring."
— Harner's Pares. Passale.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Small temptations are extra danger-

Love is always the gainer by being

A face that cannot smile is rever good. Love is always doing, and never stops

If you look wrong you will be sure to step wrong. No man bec mes dizzy while he is look ng up.

No man can live right who does not Failure is always the next door neighbor to success.

No man has a right to throw his troubl s at other people. No man can be a hypocrite and succeed at anything else.

People who succeed generally aim to do it, and plan to do it. Every form that comes and stays be-

gins in the individual. The man who has no joy in giving has no joy in anything.

Good compuny and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. No man can be truly brave who is only try ng to be truly good. A good m ny people would say more

if they didn't talk so much. Y u can get some men to go anywhere by daring them to go. "Elbow grease" will "gum" like any

other lubricator, unless it is used. l'atience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair, No woman but his own wi e ever finds out how disagreeable a man can be.

One of the hardest things to do is to alarm he man who thinks he is safe. The time when we most need faith is when things look black all around us, There is nothing good in the man who does not desire to be thought well

If every hog who barks would bite, the world would soon be full of sore

If it wasn't for its light nobody would ever find out that the sun has spots on A discouraged man is one of the sad-

dest sights that angels ever have to look Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the

Those who live on vanity must not and buibs. They offer special bargains unreasonably expect to die of mortifica-It ought not to take any more courage

to dare to do rght than to dare to do WIOUG. Soch ty is like a large piece of frozen

water, and skating well is the great art of social life. What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to som thing better.

A great many people are gloomy because they believe all their joys are behind them. One of the duties every man owes to

himself, is to live so that he can respect double balsams and dwarf canna, paint- bimself. The man who expects to out-run a lie

had better start with something faster than a bicycle. An easy chair for a discontented man is something that cannot be found at a

furniture store. If you care anything for a man's friendship, it is dangerous business to

lend him money. The man who can not respect himcoasts of Africa, says that the language | self has only one more step to take to

fall into the pit. The reas on some people do not have more power is because they do not have enough weakness.

It is seldom that a man ever gets to be wise enough to know what to do with a large fortune.

. If some people would always think

twice before they speak, they would keep still a good deal. If all people would learn to behave themselves, what a famine there would

be among the lawyers. As a rule women have poor memories, but they never forget the people who say nice things about their bonnets.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. There was never law, or sect, or opin-

ion, did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth. Happiness, in its full extent, is the

utmost pleasure we are capable of, and misery the utmost pain. What has become of the old-fashioned. people who had family prayer in the evening and before breakfast.

Among animals the most ignorant are the most stubborn; and it seems to be much the same with men. What an unreal life most folks lead:

they don't ever have a genume taste of sorrow during their existence. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scat-

ter joy and not pain around us. When ever a man dissuades you from doing well, because perfection "Utopain," beware of that map. Its makes very little difference how

badly a man treats his wife, she will talk of him with pride to strangers. To become enamered of a creature of one's own imagination is the worst, because the most ...stn z of follies.

Only one never can tell whether a poes's poetic existence and feeling has any true relation to his own real life.

The pleasantest thing in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible. There would not be leaff as much wickedness in the world if a man were compelled to give his excuses before