What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April retal

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure that are fled—
D dry, mute lips! ye are the type
Of something in me cold and dead.

Of something wilted like thy leaves, Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim; Yet, for the love of these white hands That found thee by a river's brim—

That found thee waen thy dewy moute. Was purple as with stains of wine—For love of her who love forgot, I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou should'st live when I am dead. When hate is dead for me, and wrong, For this, I use my subtlest art, For tais, I fold thee in my song.

MISS BABY'S NEW SHOES.

BY JESSIE F. ARMSTRONG.

"The fact is, Miss Baby," said nurse, eyou got out of bed the wrong side this morning; you have been cross all day." Miss Baby, "you took me out your ownself, nurse. And O, do put on my new shoes, because they are so pretty!'

"No, you cannot wear them to-day. so it is no use to ask. Here are your other shoes; try to put them on yoursolf while I go and dress." And nurse put down a nice little thick pair of shoes by Miss Baby, who sat on the floor ponting.

Then nurse went into the next room, and baby, who was dressed to go out, last!" looked around. Opposite to her was a wardrobe, and through its open door baby could see the new shoes.

ing Nurse was so long dressing. And very fashionable. she could hear music, and wanted to if she could get the start of nurse, and and perseverance till the pattern is never know that she had on her new the time and effort expended. Some of

A little black-eyed boy with a violin, was looking through the garden gate, and when he saw Miss Baby coming he laughed and nodded to her in the most friendly manner, as he played.

room, heard such merry sounds coming to the window to see what was going

"Surely that is Miss Baby's voice!" her to run out alone!"

Now nurse was rather a "slow-coach" It took her a long time to put on her jacket and bonnet; and then she generjacket and bonnet; and then she generally found she had buttoned her jacket ladies excel all others in the art of women. Much of their beauty lies in it all again, So she had plenty of time to watch baby and the little violin boy, as the stood dressing at the window.

And this is what she saw. First of all baby stood at a little distance from the gate, shyly laughing at the little musician, as he sang his merry song, rolling his black eyes and tosshis black curls. Then the little girl drew nearer to the gate, and stood, beating time with one tiny foot. At last the boy began to dance with his little bare feet, and nurse heard a shriek of delighted laughter from Miss Baby, and then she saw her open the gate and drag the boy into the garden. "O. Miss Baby!" screamed nurse.

"You naughty child! How dare you?" Quickly she finished buttoning er jacket-all wrong-for the third t me, hastily she caught up her garden hat and put it on, wrong side before. Down the staircase and through the hall went nurse, really in a hurry for once. When she reached the children on the lawn she could hardly believe her eyes. At first she was too amazed and shocked

The little Italian boy sat on the grass trying to force a grimy, bare foot into one of baby's bronze shoes, and baby, deeply interested and unaware of nurse's approach, stood watching him, with the other shoe ready in her hand. In another moment nurse had joined the pair.

Then there was such a noise as is not often heard anywhere but in the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens. Miss Baby's mamma heard it, and came running from the house, wondering what it could mean.

There stood the little Italian, rubbing a dirty little fist into each eye, and shrieking shrilly at the top of his voice. Nurse, with a face like a turkey-cock, was talking loud and fast, as she shook her finger at the boy and threatened him with the dog and a policeman, and Miss Baby, screaming and stamping in a passion of rage, was beating nurse with the "Grannie" net she had snatched from her head for

"O, baby, baby! What is the matter?" cried mamma, as she came up. "He-he-hadn't gotted any shoesand so-I gaved-I gaved him mine!' sobbed baby.

"Well, well, darling, but you must not beat poor nurse. Come, leave off crying, and tell me why nurse is angry and why that little boy is crying? Then mamma sat down and took baby on her lap, and while nurse put on her shoes, she and the little girl together

told her all about it. "But he is a poor little boy, and I wanted to give him my shoes," said baby, dolefully.

Well, darling, I am glad you are sorry for the little boy, but your shoes will not fit him, he shall have some others. Go upstairs, please, nurse, and bring down an old pair of Master Har-old's; they will fit him, 1 should think."

Nurse went away, and then baby's mother told her that she must tell nurse she was sorry that she had put on her best shoes when she had told her not to do so; and that she ought not to give can be sadden, and no place unfavor-any of her clother sway without asking able. One step, and all roads meet.—

"Are you angry, mamma?" asked

baby, tearfully. "No, dear; I am not angry now I see you are sorry. It always makes mother very orry when baby is disobedient and passionate; but I alway love you, darling, even when you are naughty.' Baby was silent for a few minutes, then she asked:

"And does God, too?" see us naughtv."

"Yes, mamma." said baby.
And then nurse came back with swer brother Harold's shoes, and baby gave them to the little Italian boy, who by

this time had stopped crying.

'These are bigger.' she said to him, and your feet will go into these because they are brother Harold's, and Harold is a big bov!"

Then they made the child sit down on the grass and put on the shoes, which really did fit. And then baby's mother gave him sixpence, and Miss "Beg pardon, sir, but am I Baby picked a flower and gave it to the President of the road." her little friend, and then stood holding her mother's hand and smiling at the little boy as he walked away nod-"I didn't getted out at all," answered ding and smiling, with his little violin tucked under his arm.

> "And he never once said "Thank you!" remarked nurse. "But he looked it," said mamma.

"And now, dear, you must go back into the house and have another pair of shoes put on." "Yes, mamma, I wifl," said Miss Ba-

by; "and I am sorry, nurse; and I feel good again now, really." "Hum!" said nurse, "I hope it will

DECORATIVE WORK.

It is always extremely pleasant to They had been bought for her birth- have some kind of fancy work which day party the week before the day she will occupy but a small space till it is was five years old-very pretty little nearly completed, and which can be bronze shoes they were and Miss Baby done by piecemeal. For such a purwas rather proud of them. She looked pose we know of nothing prettier or at them, and then in two minutes they more satisfactory than a cover for a were on baby's little feet, and these bed. Very beautiful ones may be made very soon carried Miss Baby herself of alternate squares of linen and fine into the garden. She was tired of wait- crochet, which work is again becoming

Many of these crochet patterns reknow what it was. And also, deep in manble old guipure and Venetian laces, her little mind, baby had an idea that and although they require patience wait for her in the garden, she would learned, still they amply repay one for the delicate cambric or linen d'oyleys, which can be bought ready finished with hem-stitched edges and a pretty design traced in the centre, are very suitable to use for the linen squares. The designs may be worked with wash-Soon nurse, who was still in her bed- filoselles or with very fine flax thread. Shades of gold on white are most exfrom the garden that she quickly went quisite and a very desirable change from the reds and navy blues which says Dress. That is explained to mean have so long reigned supreme. The the throwing forward and upward of edge of these spreads should be finishshe said to herself; "how naughty of ed with a crochet lace or torchon lace; taken to select a pattern and quality

> deal of their work I can fully indorse of their heads. the statement, A beautiful spread

ceding great beauty. circles, round and round, until they are about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Sometimes five or six rows are injurious to the heart and lungs. placed round the edge of a tea-cloth or a spread, the wafers in each row being a trifle smaller than those in the preceding row, till the smalest are only the s ze of small peas. With the help of a little artistic talent a great variety can be given to their arrangement. With a silk or satin foundation, added beauty is given to the wafers if they are made of strands of gold thread piaced as closely together as possible and fastened with the finest of strong, yellow silk.

With the great variety of materials and the vast number of beautiful pat-terns which can now be found in every art store, no woman or girl need be without a bit of fancy work, no matter how simple, with which to occupy the iew spare moments which come nearly all; and till one has tried to save these spare moments she does not know how many little articles, which tend to make the home more pleasant, will be the result of her efforts.

The Traveled Alphabet.

Numbered with amusements for evening hours, suggested by Good Housekeeping, is the "Traveled Alpha-bet." This game sufficiently taxes the ingenuity to make it quite as suitable for the older as the younger people Deciding on the person with whom the alphabet should begin, each one must take a letter in turn and apply it to the country to which he or she is going, and the object of the journey, thus: No. 1. I am going to Africa to get

Ants and Anacondas. No. 2. I journey to Brooklyn to get Bread and Beets. No. 3. I travel to Cleveland to get a

Church and Choir. No. 4. I am going to Denver to obtain Dandelions and Dainties.

No. 5. I journey to Egypt to Eat Lggs at Ea This should be continued until the alphabet is exhausted. Any player failing to comply must pay the forfeit of introducing a new game, singing a song or telling a laughable story.

To one who is living aright no death

Railroad Human Nature.

Now and then one finds a person who the Poor Negress Who Perjured Hersel? understands railroad human nature, as exhibited by the gatemen in the depots. There orders are to pass no one in without a ticket, and it is the easiest thing in the world for them to wave back old age, youth, beauty, and anybody else who wants to pass in to meet "Yes, my darling; God loves us al- a friend expected on that train. One ways, even when we are naughty. And of the surfiest officials I every saw has because he loves us so much we cught a gate in the L. & N. depot in Cinto try to please Him, don't you think cinnati, and I have seen him turn so? Because it makes him so sorry to stiffly away from desperate men, weeping women, and howling children. To every protestation he had but one an-

"Can't pass 'thout a ticket." The other day while I was watching him a little blue-eyed woman came gliding into the throng waiting at the gates. Of the two tenders she selected this one to operate on, although anyone could have seen that the other had the biggest heart. After several people had been turned away she slid forward in a graceful way and inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but am I speaking

"N-o, ma'am!" he stammered, thrown on his beam ends by the query. "Ah! you look so much like him. Are you the superintendent?"

"No, ma'am-not exactly." "Then you must be the manager?" "Hardly, ma'am."

"Dear me! but how could the people be so mistaken?" she went on. "Half a dozen of them said you were one of the high officials, and I am so disappointed to find you are not. Perhaps, though, you have the general manager's powers when he is not here." "What is it, ma'am?"

"My sister will be in on the 6:30, and I so want to go inside the gates and help her with the children. As you must have the authority of the manager in his absence, I make bold to-" "Certainly, ma'am; walk right in," he interrupted. "You are so kind."

"Don't mention it." "But all leading railroad men are ever courteous," she said as a parting bit of taffy, and then she made a beeline

down the depot.
"We turned to look at the gateman. and the change was surprising. He had braced up until his height was increased by four inches, his chest was thrown out, and he was standing as stiff as a crowbar while a man pounded him on the back and offered to lick the stuffing out of him if he would come off the perch. The little woman of all had found his weak spot .- N. Y.

Aristocratic Carriage.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. the shoulder-blades held in their proper if the latter is used care should be places, and the definite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the but he was sentenced to serve a term in hips. No other women hold themselves the penitentiary for the charge on cross-stitch embroidery, and having their proud carriage, the delicate erecthad the opportunity of seeing a great ness of their figures, and the fine poise

The same aristocratic carriage is made by a German lady, in her spare moments, consisted of strips of light cream-colored canvas, embroidered in the question of a few years of external shades of blue, and set together with vigilance, never relaxing her watchstrips of Russian lace insertion. The fulness over herself; and, sitting, or spread was then lined with blue silk standing, always preserving her erect-and finished with a flounce of Russian ness and pose, the result being that at edging-lace about eight inches deep. the end of that time it has become sec-It is really necessary to see this work ond nature to her, and she never loses before one can be convinced of its ex- it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles A very popular style of decoration in firm and well strung, and prevents the fancy work at present is one extremely sinking down of the flesh around the simple and easy of execution. This is waist and hips, so common in women called wafer work and is done in chain over 30, and which is perfectly easy to stitch upon a linen or serge foundation. escape. Another thing to avoid is a These wafers are commenced in the bad habit of going up-stairs, which centre, and are worked in enlarging most women do, bent forward with the

Augusta's Beautiful Shoulders.

The Empress Augusta was famous in her younger days for her personal beauty and especially for her magnificent shoulders. In the later years of her life her beauty of feature had quite disappeared, but to the day of the wonderful shoulders redeath mained the same. And court gossip tells the following story about it: The Empress has always been excessively proud of her beauty, and so, when the unkind years began to leave their trace upon her, she devised the most skillful aids from art. For her neck and shoulders indeed, for the entire upper body-she had a waxen covering made which perfectly simulated nature in coloring, texture and outline. This armor once assumed, she was never known to remove it, and indeed for many years the fact of its being the product of art was a matter of suspicion rather than actual knowledge. Certainty came about in this way. One of the young women of the court of an experimental turn of mind slipped slyly up behind the august presence one day and gave just the tiniest touch of a needle on the smooth white shoulders. The Empress did not stir. She pushed a little harder, still the Empress did not wince, and court speculation was silenced forever.—N. Y. Sun.

Secretary Blaine spends an nour or two a day on literary work. He is engaged upon some historical treatise the subject of which is not known. Mr. Blaine has been much pleased at the success of his book, 'Twenty years of Congress," and longs for further literary laurels

A RESIDENT of Tampa, Fla., has a natural curiosity in the form of a pair of deer horns with a clearly defined hound's head on the tip of one of them, formed in a manner that makes it impossible that it should be a work of art

IF I CAN only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.—Phillips Brooks.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A dramatic story was told at a diner party recently by a lawyer in whose practice the incident had occurred, says the N. Y. Evening Sun: Just before the emancipation of the slaves a young mulatto, owned by a South Carolina planter, in a sudden fit of anger struck and killed his master's son, who was also his own half-brother. With the assistance of his mother the young negro managed to escape before way north, where all trace of him was

As soon as she was freed the unhappy mother followed northward, determined that somewhere and somehow she would find her son if he was stil not set speeches. They can be varied alive, for he was all she had in the world. Year after year she drifted vaguely from place to place, providing for her wants by doing the work of a laundress and never resting from her efforts to find her boy. She had been a comely young woman in her early days, but hard work and her restless heart had made her old at 40, and at 50 she was bowed and wrinkled like a woman at three score and ten.

One day a summons came to her from an adjoining state, a fearful legal document which she did not comprehend, but which she understood in the welfare of her child. In her perplexity she sought out this lawyer and told him the story of her life. Inquiry showed that she had been summoned to prove the identity of a crime-hardened negro who was under trial in a neighboring state on a grave charge. A curious train of evidence had revealed much of the early life of the out of balance is, also, a trifle stale, criminal, and had fastened upon him Where did you get that hat, and whose the suspicion of being the negro who is it? Mother's coming to-morrow to had so many years before killed his stay three weeks. She wats to see master's son in South Carolina. The question rested upon the testimony of the aged negress as to whether or not

this was the man. She was brought into court. Before her was the strange and imposing array of court officials; the solemn nature of the oath was carefully explained to her and she was then sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The story of her life was drawn out by skillful questioning, and then the prisoner was brought before her. Mother and son stood again face to face; he with all the sins of a criminal's life on his shoulders, and she bound by what was to her devout soul the strongest yow a human punishment. She gave one devouring look at the slouching figure and hard-ened face before her. All the hunger of her life appeared in her eyes. Then she raised her bent frame to its fullest height, and, lifting her right hand, looked calmly at the judge and law-yers. "Befo' heaven, I swears," she said, "dat I nebber saw dis boy befo'." She had saved him from the gallows,

nich he was originally arrested. But it cost her own life. Remorse and terror for the not-to-be-forgiven sin which she believed herself to have committed together with the deep wound which her heart had received after the hope of so many years were loads too heavy for the tired soul, and in a few months the frail body was buried in the potter's field with the lawyer as the only mourner.

"Fly With Me."

Consider what love-making on the Aage really means, says Mrs. Kendal in Murray's Magazine. A young girl comes into a theatre to play ingenue parts. She stands in the wing ready to be called upon the stage and she sees a man and a woman making love. The man says, "Dearest, fly with me." The woman says, "I dare not." The man says, 'We will go at once; come." The first time such words as those fall on the ears of a young girl unaccustomed to hear them they might, if said with fervor and passion, mean something, but this is the way it generally goes:

"Dearest, fly with me."
"No, no, no!" from the stage manager; "when you say that you stand at the back of the chair, you lean over Miss Snooks' back; she waves her hand

against you. Now, try it." This is gone over twenty times, until at last the idea of "Fly with me." understood by the young ingenue, must be of a most appalling kind. The gentleman has had his right arm, his left arm, his right leg, his left leg, his back, his chest, both his hands, his head—all talked over. He has tried it in a high voice, he has tried it in a low voice. he has tried it in a thin voice, he has tried it in a heavy voice, until there is no sense left of what "Fly with me" might under other circumstances mean. All the romance of love-making is gone. Therefore, what effect can it have? In love is it not the fact that some of the charm lies in treating of an unknown land?

Old Chairs.

Two chairs that have been handed down four generations go to help out on the furniture used in the late Abram Sampson's house in Coleman, Mich. The oldest one was bought in Boston, Mass., in 1749, and has now reached the ripe old age of 140 years. They also have a flour barrel in the house was bought in New York in 1839, has been in twelve different states, and is good for twelve more.

Cel. Bob Ingersoll is real mad. New York tobacconist has seized his genial face and is using it as a colossal chrome advertisement of a cigar.

THE largest gold coin in circulation

in the world is said to be the loof of Anam, the French colony in Eastern Asia. It is worth about \$325. THE inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the "Great Air Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often hard in that country will pounce men there and

A Diabolical Time-Piece.

It is said that one can have too much

of a good thing. Tom Edison is a good thing; ergo, one can have too much of Tom, or rather too much of the fruit by which we all know him. Mr. Edison has lately invented a clock. One of them, it is understood, is now on its way to St. Paul. The startling possibilities of the new time-piece are said to be diabolical. It is a talking instead of a striking clock. When it is 1, 2 or 3 o'clock, Edison's invention comes right out and tells you so to your face, and when it is high or low 12, the methe deed was discovered and made his | chanical fiend jumps into you with an extemporaneous lecture on the waste of time, horrors of eternity, ethics of tempus fugit, a homily on the lark, and a roast of all-night eating-houses and export beer. Remember these are each day according to the satirical fluency of your own wife. There is a measly phonographic attachment, with hew-gag exhaust and tom-tom escapement. Just here is where lurks the danger. While a man is down-town tossing the bears and hugging the typewriter, his wife at home can be winding the combination and putting up a joS on him. What if the man does telephone that he can't come up to dinner! The patient clock runs right along, giving out monosyllables and civility to the rest of the family. with its big storage battery of eaussome vague way to be connected with tic invective bottled expressly for bis own private use-something like this:

'Ah, there, Flimflam, it is now 3 o'clock a. m. Nice time to crawl home to the house where your love lies dreaming the weary hours away! What's the matter with going to roost when white folks do? It's no use to put up the old club and lodge room chestnuts. Books out of balance is, also, a trifle stale. for herself if things are as .ad as has been represented. Yes, there's a land that is fairer than this, a land where they don't shovel snow, and you are en route for it on schedule time unless you slow up and drop off at the next station. Yes, myself, Tom, Lizzie, the who drifts toward destruction, baby are all down with the influenza, but I didn't know we had given you proxies to take whisky and quinine for the whole family. Now hang your boots over the gas jet and go to bed. If you wake me and the baby remember there's a second edition of this monologue in the original tongue, and you will get it."—St. Paul Pioneer Press. THREE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS.

being can make, to speak the word Curious Calculations Concerning This that should send his guilty soul to its Enormous Sum of Money. F. H. Swords, a banker of London,

tat in the Continental corridor recently reading a newspaper. Suddenly he pointed to a paragraph in the latter and "Listen to this statement: The Van-

derbilt estate is now calculated to be worth at least \$300,000,000."" Mr. Swords folded his paper, and, leaning back in the chair, continued: "Of cour-e I do not know whether that statement Standard several weeks ago.

'The sum seemed so enormous that I spent quite a while in calculating the physical proportions of that number of silver dollars. Here is a little slip in my wallet here that may give you some idea. If Adam, when he first looked around in the Garden of Eden, say 6,000 years ago, had been met by Satan and had been employed by him at a regular salary of \$50,000 per annum and his board and clothes; and if Adam had carefully laid his silver dollars away in barrels each year, and had lived to the present time, he would now have \$300,000,000. Again, if a man born in the Christian era, 1890 years ago, had lived and been steadily employed at a salary of \$14,000 per month, \$443 a day, and his living expenses besides, and had saved every dollar of it, he would not to-day have three hundred millions.

"If it were necessary to transport this number of silver dollars it would require 536 freight cars, each of a capacity of twenty tons. If these cars were put into one train it would be more than four miles long. If it were possible for 300,000,000 silver dollars to be laid on the ground in a straight the whole distance, the line would reach farther than from London across the Atlantic Ocean and over the North American Continent to San Francisco. A sidewalk of three hundred million silver dollars could be laid six feet wide and more than fifteen miles long. If three hundred million dollars were laid almost doubts it himself, one on top of the other they would make a column 475 miles high. If taken down and arranged in the form of a cube each side of the latter would be thirty-five feet long and wide, and it would weigh more than 10,000 tons. If such a weight were dropped from the abundantly, roof of the new city hall the concussion would be great enough to destroy that part of the city."—Philadelphia Press.

Collecting Debts in Montreal.

A Daniel has come to judgment in Montreal, where a man has been condemned to pay the sum of \$1 as damages for having called upon a person in a factory with a view to collecting a debt. The court held that the domicile of the debtor is the proper place at which to demand money that is owing. It is further declared that to ask on the street for money that is due constitutes an assault.

Collis P. Huntington is preparing to erect a palatial mansion of granite in New York. Few millionaires can afford two such expensive luxuries as a genuine German Prince and a New York palace in the same year.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilled milk, By judiciously watering what you have left in the can instead, you sometimes have as much as you had before the ac-

the "Great Air Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon them and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

Lady Humphrey, an English woman, is making a business of training servants. She has places for a dezen at a time. Why will not some unselfish woman start an enterprise in this enterprise in the

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Be regular in your habits. Pedigree is not everything. Contentment is mere instinct. Fly pleasure and it will follow you. Continue to keep the brain active.

Bad trees are only good to burn. A pig pen i a poor diamond market: Adversity is a goddess with frozen

Love is the offspring of chance, its nur e is habit. Men are helpful through the intellect and the aff ctions.

The only real kings are those who rule themselves. No man can judge right whose standard is wrong.

Our highest joy comes when others rejoice with us.

It takes something more than wool to make a sheep. A better thing than being a glant is

to be a giant killer. You must have interesting occupation in vigorous old age.

Prudence in a woman should be an in-

stinct, not a virtue. Marrying to suit other folks is the

prudery of politeness. The reason why a cow wears horns is because she's got two.

The man who knows one thing well can write his a me on marble. Discontent is the want of self-reliance;

it is infirmity of will. The higher you raise a little man the more he shrinks.

The most dangerous place in which to be, is to be al ne. No man can ever be rich whose happi-

ess depends on money. The strongest man on earth is the one who can best control himself.

The man who never thinks is a man

It costs more to be proud than it does for every hing else put together. Some men wait for opportunities, but others go to work and make them,

The more love a man has in his heart he more he needs brains in his head. Industry needs not wish, and he that ives upon hope will die fasting.

Fashions are made for some folks, and some folks are made for fashion. Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly. Genius without religion is only a

lamp on the outer gate of a palace. There is a variety of work to be done, and every variety of talent to do it. Friends get on better when each is

willing to "come off" a little bit, Everything that is nice grows on the other side of a barbed wire fence.

is no excuse for letting it end there, The Lord is tended women to be good. The devil is content if they are pretty. There is no success without you work for it. You cannot extemporize suc-

Use Time well, and you will get more from his hand than he will take from VOUES. An Englishman corrects his mistakes

before he makes them; a Yankee afterwards. Many people spend their time trying

to find the hole where sin got into this It is a thousand times harder to be appy with riches than it is without

The man who has the courage to admit that he has been in the wrong is not a coward.

A pledge that will save in every part of the globe, if kept: "I will be true to The best way to rid of your own troubles, is to get interested in those of

If you can't find a hot iron to strike, line, with edges touching each other strike hard enough and often enough to make the iron hot.

other people

ahead.

A man may have a grand motive and yet never accomplish much, through lack of perseverance. The man whose neighbors think he is

honest has days occasionally when he Our eyes are put in front, like the engine's light, so we can see the track

Practice in life whatever you pray for and God will give it to you more

A man asks a woman's love before be marries her; after marriage he demands her gratitude.

He who cannot hold his peace till the true time comes for acting and speaking is no right man. We know what the girl who never

thinks talks about. Now we would like to find out what the girl who never talks thinks about. All good men in this world have the same kind of religion; it is only the deadbeats, frauds and hypocrites whose

religion differs. If a man could live a thousand years he would probabl, spend the last fifty fretting over what he could have done

in the previous wasted time. The man who takes the most pleasure in looking down on the people below him is sure to feel the keenest pain when he

sees to many above him. It is the every-day cares and duties of life that keep a good many people from making fools of themselves,

If you can't have a good deal of both, forbearance will do more to make smooth your pathway than lots of money.

If a man has nothing he must do something to have anything. But if a man has something he needn't do anything to have nothing in a very short