

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Activity is life. Stagnation is death. In Heaven alone is rest. A mean man is never happy. Don't mistake vivacity for wit. Be liberal if you want to have friends. True rest remaineth ever in perfect life. The man who hasn't an enemy is really poor. A timid man is defeated at the very outset. Friendship is often of far greater value than gold. To achieve great success, you must be courageous. A man must feel at home to be easy in conversation. The most excruciating bore is excessive politeness. Husband and you means if you want to become wealthy. Keep yourself actively occupied if you want to be healthy. The man who told you so is in nearly every neighborhood. Charity should frequently begin at other people's homes. Gravity is no more an evidence of wisdom than it is of ill-nature. It is hard to remember the good qualities of those who forget us. Statesmen are the only people who are permitted to pass bad bills. These days it appears that nothing succeeds as often as failure. If a woman can deceive another woman she can succeed at anything. While learning adorns a man, let us remember that truth enables him. The greater the man, the less his virtues appear, and the larger his faults. Weariness can snore upon flint, when resty sloth flnds the down pillow hard. No woman ever made a hit by striking her husband for money before breakfast. Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice. The head, however strong it may be, can accomplish nothing against the heart. There are better things in this world than money, but it takes money to buy them. A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks and reflects on what he has uttered. By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but passing it over he is superior. It is the man in prosperity who talks glibly about adversity bringing out our good points. Take all the interest out of this world and there wouldn't be friendship enough left for seed. Don't put too much trust in Providence. Prowdence has her arms full of fools already. It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things. The most humble man in the world knows of suggestions he would like to offer the Lord. There are a good many people who are always away from home when a good opportunity knocks. Some men are so full of vanity that they cannot endure the sight of a peacock with his tail on parade. There is no moment in life in which we cannot find comfort in the thought that God loves us. Let insult be added to injury and difficulties will begin to multiply. Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself. Youth is the season of hope, enterprise and energy to a nation as well as an individual. It is a good plan to say as little as possible about that of which one knows absolutely nothing. What seems to be virtue is derived from an innocence that ignorance is always blessed with. You will find the fewest nickels in the pocket-book of the woman whose husband is a public benefactor. Don't always judge by external appearances. An unpaid wash bill will make one's pocket bulge out. Repentance never comes too late, if it comes from the heart. There is glory in anything you do simply from a sense of duty. Men need moral courage more than they do physical fortitude. Health may be wealth, but it is pretty hard to make the doctors believe it. If an alligator could talk, he would probably declare he has a small mouth. How many people there are whose souls lay in them like a pith in a goose quill. Secrets are a burden, and that is one reason why we are anxious to have somebody help us carry them. It is not easy to become good all at once, but we can very easily become a little better than we are. The man who can tell a lie ten times without changing it is the sort of a man the world needs to tell the truth. The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavoring to fix the stigma of failure upon others. It is a good plan never to become well acquainted with the people who have been held up to you as shining examples. The tramp is an easy-going sort; he just takes things as they come, and if they won't come he takes them along anyway. Practice saying the right thing at the right time. Say the wrong thing whenever you will, only try and say it to yourself. The rails of a railway always get along smoothly together, because they know how to keep a proper distance, although united by strong ties.

TRUE ECONOMY.

By Mrs. George Archibald. A thrifty and most economical dame, owned a pair of fine fowls whose fair qualities came through a line of fine fowls of an excellent name. And Madam, the hen, had a musical way, of duly announcing an egg every day. While Sir Cockolorum would join in the lay. And once on a time in the cold of the year, when eggs they were scarce and when eggs they were dear, still daily their cackle was truthful and clear. And ere their commendable labors did cease, a bountiful basket full showed the increase. All fresh and all fair and worth four cents apiece. Since eggs they were scarce and since eggs they were dear, the thrifty old dame, with a natural sigh, (for she liked a good egg), put the basketful in the list of my sins, with decision said she, "The sin of eggstravagance never shall be. Such eating is quite too expensive for me." It chanced, when the far-away farmers had heard the price of good eggs, that their spirits were stirred to send in by ear-loads the fruit of the bird. And long ere these efforts for profit did cease, an overstocked market had felt the increase. And eggs, they were selling for a halfpenny apiece. The thrifty old dame with a heart that was gay, brought forth her full basket without a delay. From where she so lately had stowed it away. "The price has come down while the eggs are yet sweet," she said, "which will give me a plenty to eat. At sixpence a dozen they're cheaper than meat."

OLEVER AUNT KATE.

By Frances E. Claire. "It ain't no use in a-goin' agin' you, Jennie; he's had his own way 'round here continual for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss." Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband, and allowing him to carry his point without opposition. Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child. She had been away from home nearly three years—this pretty, brown-haired girl, with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better—for better for her, for even after her going there were plenty of children to keep the miserable old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters. It was May, and the country were one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town. This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork rattled noisily, as she whipped some eggs to a froth. "Yer sisters had to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; if you don't there'll be awful fuzes, so you'd jest better give in." That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority. He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along." Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so, after her husband had left the kitchen, she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs, though father should threaten to murder me." The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table, she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake-baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing, as she began softly: "There is some one in Peol I like very much, mother, and he's comin' out here to—" "He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott, grimly, as he stopped quietly into the

kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind-rodened cheeks were distorted by the encroaching curves of his hard-lined mouth. Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the boot-jack toward him, and took off his heavy shoes, with a cunning and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor, little, nervous, broken-spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his foot-gear, always preceded a burst of passion. Hiram Olcott set his cow-hide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table and, turning toward his daughter, shouted: "Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em: not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger megrowled, shaking his long finger megrowled. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' ef I ketch yer Aunt Kate makin' matches for you, I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an set you workin'." Before Jennie could speak, he had gone into the dining-room, slamming the door behind him. Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes, and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her, the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain-drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake." "That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss." Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My dear Nicco: Your father needs manag'ing; and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens." Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world, who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse, to be played on the unsuspecting farmer. Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother, she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if the girl only could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest. "I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well-appointed drawing room the night of his arrival. "Yes, and I'm willin'." She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly. "It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard-lined face intently. "To depend on a girl's choice, and—" "Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer. "There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement. The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together. "Yes," was the answer, and then she went on. "Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—" "Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures. "Ef I like that young man I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'." Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his now friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country." Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father scornfully rejected at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter. Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter. A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme; and give his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation. He often speaks now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty-noddied city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along." They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts, they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate. —[Drake's Magazine.] AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER. BY SUSIE F. KENNEDY. One evening in May my little girl brought in a large butterfly which she had found lying in the damp grass. It was apparently nearly lifeless. We placed it upon the kitchen table expecting to find it quite dead in the morning. We would not kill the pretty thing as much as we desired it to add to our rather limited collection. In the morning I was called to see what had taken place. Upon the table cover lay a quantity of tiny eggs. From the table she had flown to the window, and upon the casing was another pile, and further up the sash still another. Here she remained through the day, but the next morning we found her upon the window of an adjoining room, where she had deposited another heap. With the aid of a magnifying glass I counted them, and found that in all there were about one hundred and fifty eggs. They differed from ordinary ones only in size, with the exception of a small indentation at the larger end. Having the curiosity to break one, I observed a tiny yellow substance which much resembled the yolk of an egg. Of course, these investigations were made by the aid of a glass. We were becoming more and more interested in our captive, and allowed her to go where she chose. Once we missed her and searched a long time in vain, but what was our surprise to find her at last in the depths of a gentleman caller's tall hat. But the next morning the unfortunate creature was found drowned in the cream pitcher upon the dining-room table. Determined to make the most of her short stay among us, we cherished with the tenderest care the legacy she had bequeathed to us. We left some of the eggs unmolested, and others were carefully placed in a tiny paste-board box, to await developments. At the end of two weeks our care was rewarded—if reward it might be called—by the appearance of a struggling mass of hairy brown worms, each about one-eighth of an inch in length. The crawling heap was any thing but pleasant to look upon, however, interesting from a scientific standpoint. We watched the tiny creatures as they arranged themselves in Indian file, and started off up the casing as if about to make a tour of the world. After watching these for a while I went to my box to see what developments might await me. There was the same wriggling mass, evidently intent upon getting somewhere. Of course we were obliged to destroy most of them but procuring a glass jar I placed several in it, and congratulated myself that I was in a fair way to pursue the study of my little captives with ease and pleasure. But alas for my hopes! In less than twenty-four hours they were all dead. Surely they could not have starved to death, for did I not give them a profusion of green leaves? In the following sentence taken from an article which contained much valuable information, I found the cause of my failure: "The butterfly lays her eggs and glues them to some dry substance nearest the future food of the young." Our pretty captive searching in vain for a proper place to lay her eggs was forced at last to deposit them where her young must die of starvation. Bed Franklin's Corn-stalk. Broom-corn is a native of India. Mr. R. A. Traver, a broom-corn broker of Mattoon, Ill., says that Ben Franklin is the father of the broom-corn business in this country. Ben picked a seed from an imported broom once upon a time, planted it, and raised a stalk. This stalk was the father of all the broom-corn in the country. It was first cultivated in large quantities in the Connecticut valley, and the first brooms from native corn were made at Hadley, Mass. The broom-corn centre traveled west, along with the flight of empire. It came from Connecticut to the Mohawk valley, in New York, thence to central Ohio, and now central Illinois produces the finest broom. —[Chicago News.] To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.

HOW TIME IS RECKONED? In the present century, when calendars, clocks and watches form easy and convenient means of ascertaining the year, day and hour that is now before us, it would seem strange to be transported to a region where such things were unknown. Yet such was the condition of our ancestors—and by no means our remotest ancestors, either. We can hardly imagine such a condition at the present time, for were everything of the kind blasted from the earth some one would be able to make a calendar of clock from memory alone. Even poor Robinson Crusoe, alone on an uninhabited island, and miles from any other person, had wisdom enough to make a calendar, which, although crude, was far more perfect than any in existence for ages after the fall of man. Of course, excepting what history tells us, we know nothing about ancient peoples, but we are certain that man was instinctively grasping the first object that impresses his mind or suits his fancy. When Julius Caesar invaded Britain he found a fierce and warlike people, whose priests were called Druids. These Druids reckoned by nights, instead of months or days; and the events they recorded took place so many nights ago. Also, the first explorers of our own country found the natives reckoning time by moons. This was certainly a more convenient method than the Druids and easier to remember. Now, as both of these peoples were in or near the stone age, which, scientists inform us, our own ancestors passed through at some period of their existence, it certainly seems as though these two ways must have been the first methods of computing time. Years elapsed before man became somewhat versed in astronomy, and the calendar in some imperfect form was introduced. With whom it originated we shall never know. One authority gives a crumb of comfort and says, "It is very ancient." Undoubtedly it is; for the Roman calendar is said to have originated with Romulus, the founder of Rome. The Persian calendar is also of ancient standing. The calendar in general use at the present day is the Julian, so called from Julius Caesar, who reformed the old Roman calendar and caused it to assume its present year of 365 days, with 366 every fourth year. The Jewish calendar is, if I mistake not, still used by some of the adherents of that faith. The need of something to divide the day into periods was also early apparent. Some genius living under the cloudless sky of Egypt noticed the shadows projected by the obelisks, and has left behind his forgotten name a monument, more lasting than the pyramids, in the sun dial. This instrument had only been in use a short time when another forgotten genius, realizing its value and necessity, improved it by the construction of the clepsydra or water clock. From these two instruments all modern clocks and watches have sprung. These contrivances served to denote the time for more than twenty centuries, and, indeed, their reign is not yet entirely passed. However, notwithstanding their well-merited prosperity, both had inconveniences which were great drawbacks to their utility and a bar to complete success. The sun-dial was useless in cloudy weather, and the water in the clepsydra ran faster or slower, according to the density of the air, and always more freely in the beginning than toward the conclusion. These faults commanded attention, and were not wholly conquered till the present century, when the substitutes at first used did not possess the accuracy which ensures perfection. It is supposed that either Huggens or Galileo constructed the first pendulum clock, and put them into operation about the year 1657 or '58, although some writers claim that clock-work is of a much older standing. The first pendulum clock made in England was some time during the year 1662. Watches were invented, or rather constructed, simultaneously with clocks; but portable clocks would have been a more appropriate name for some years. Their manufacture has become an important industry both in Switzerland and America, though American products have made more rapid progress. Such, in brief, is the general outline of the origin of these instruments. It would be too long a task to dwell on the various changes they have undergone, for nothing but years of thought and labor has raised them to their present standard. Time flies, man forgets, yet often when I note the time of day by my fancy pictures the image of an aged Egyptian, sitting by the Nile and busily engaged in the construction of a clepsydra. Invented during the reign of the Ptolemies, the original clepsydra still remains in the modified form of an hour-glass, and the sun-dial is still extant in some places. The only question that concerns us is, "Will our clocks and watches stand the test of time as long as these instruments?" —Geo. Russell in Good Housekeeping. WANTED TO SEE IT WORK. "What's that?" "That's a kaleidoscope." "Is it? When does it begin to col-ude?"—Judge. UNSATISFACTORY. He—"Can I see you home?" She—"As she accepts another escort"— "I guess so, if you stand at the head of the street. We shall turn no corners." —Darlington Free Press. AN OBJECT OF ENVY. Everybody knows the reply of that dyspeptic banker to a beggar who, accosting him in the street, muttered in plaintive tones: "I am hungry." "Lucky dog!"—Le Figaro. OPERATIONS GO ON ALL NIGHT. Porchester Palham—"A prominent scientist says that mosquitoes invariably go to sleep at ten o'clock at night." Morrison Essex—"Then mosquitoes must be somnambulists."—Pack. Every day is a leaf in life. When the day dawns it is a blank. There is inscribed thereon our thoughts, words and actions.

HORSE NOTES. —Allerton has at last reached Axtell's record of 2 12. —His Highness easily outranks all other 2-year-olds. —The profits on the Cleveland meeting were about \$15,000. —Jockey Tatal has been riding in splendid form of late. —Jockey George Taylor is experiencing a run of hard luck. —Jockey Britton, who was injured at Chicago, is slowly recovering. —Direct is likely to soon go into the free-for-all pacing class. —The St. Paul meeting was both a racing and financial success. —There have been more accidents to jockeys this year than ever before. —Happy Lady, a 2-year-old sister to Happy Bee, is said to be very fast. —C. J. Hamlin has decided to build a covered half-mile track at Buffalo. —Span has been driving Budd Double's horses during the latter's illness. —Nineteen heats were trotted or paced in 2 18 or better at the Buffalo meeting. —Trainer Dolph Wheeler has severed his connection with W. C. Daly's stable. —Hon. William L. Scott, of the Algeria Stud, lies seriously ill at his home in Erie, Pa. —Seldom more than half the horses started in a running race try to win nowadays. —It is said that "Knapsack" McCarthy will return to his first love, the trotters, this season. —Volney and Colonel Walker now hold the Belmont track double-team record—2:24. —Johnston's mile in 2:11 1/2 at Rochester recently indicates that he is coming to his speed. —It is said that Manager did the last half of his mile in 2:14 1/2 at Independence in 1911. —The pacing stallion L. C. Lee, 2:15, will be seen in the Western-Southern Circuit this fall. —John Condon's Surpass will start in the big Hartford pacing race and Dod Irwin will drive him. —Previous to this year the Champion and Junior Champion stakes have been decided on the same day. —John E. Turner is having rare luck on the turf this year. Everything seems to be coming his way. —Los Angeles is coming into form, as shown by her victory over Abi and Racine at Saratoga recently. —Huron may be permitted to start for the Futurity since his declaration was not authorized by Mr. Corrigan. —The yearling brother to Sunol, 2:10 1/2 is said to be growingly that he will not be worked for speed in his yearling form. —A quiet effort is going on in the American Trotting Association to remove President Beaman for his decision in the Nelson case. —There talk of a match race for from \$1000 to \$5000 a side between Happy Bee, by Happy Russell, and Little Albert by Albert W. —Walter Herr, by Sir Walter, trotted to a record of 2:19 1/2 at Danville, Ky., recently. This is the second of the get of Sir Walter to beat 2:20. —It is said that Tenny and Ed Kingston or Eon will be sent to Chicago to start for the big Garfield \$10,000 stake. Racine is a sure starter. —The yearling brothers to Sallie McClelland and Longstreet, purchased in Kentucky by the Dwyers last spring, have arrived at New York. —Jockey Lambely, on whose services Pierre LeBlanc now has a claim, rode two good races recently and was made happy by \$1000 present. —At Worcester, Mass., recently the cheetah gelding King William, owned by W. A. Baug, died on the track. He was the favorite in the 2:37 class. —Shibboleth, by Felo's craft, a pretty good performer at New Orleans and other points this season, died at St. Paul recently. He was valued at \$50,000. —The pacing horse Levee, recently sold by Wiggins & Myers, of Dayton, Ohio, to Pittsburgh parties, was killed in a railroad wreck near Columbus, Ohio. —Secretary J. H. Steiner, of the American Trotting Register Association, says it is regrettable that the industry of the stock is selling freely. —Frenzi and Mr. Matthew are the champion and junior champion respectively of 1911, by virtue of their victories in the champion and junior champion stakes. —Mr. Bonner's assurance that Sunol is not broken down is good news to the trotting world. The last daughter of Electoneer is a little lame, but nothing serious is anticipated. —C. W. Williams, Independence, Ia., has sold to W. H. Hugelie, Des Moines, the 2-year-old colt Drib'n, by Nutwood, dam Miss R. J. J. by Bourbon Wilkes. Price, \$5500. —Nancy Hanks' mile in 2:12 1/2 at Rochester recently was a very creditable performance, and her subsequent quarter in 3 1/2 shows what a wonderful flight of speed she has. —Jockey Garrison has made application to the Board of Control for re-licensing. There was a meeting of the Board recently but no quorum being present no action was taken. —In the programme of the autumn meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, the 2:20 trotting class has been changed to the 2:19 trotting class; the 2:25 trotting class has been changed to the 2:33 class. The team race has been altered so that it will be eligible to the 2:20-class, and the purse will be \$300. —The horsemen of Norristown, Conshohocken and Manayunk held a meeting at Ward's Hotel, Conshohocken recently, and organized a trotting association, with Joseph H. Athinson, President; H. M. Laycock, Secretary; and Julius Billebeck, Treasurer. A trotting meeting will be held at the Teun Square half-mile track.