

"Take Care."

A simple, though wise, admonition, Yet often we cast it aside, Assured that our task or position Will bring us out on the right side. The long line of footprints we follow, Unmindful of pitfall or snare, Albeit that down by the hollow The guideboard still bids us, "Take care."

BELLE'S DIARY.

June 1, 1877.—Sunday.—We had such a stirring preacher to-day—a home missionary. He set the whole business before us in a new light; he urged upon us the necessity of action. If nearer duties detained us, we ought to give titles of our income, he said. Mr. Andover added a few remarks to emphasize the missionary's, and then the box was passed. Of course I haven't any money. I thought somewhat of putting in the ring Aunt Holyoke left me, but didn't dare. Afterward Mr. Andover said if any one had come to church unprepared, she could leave her mite in his hands at any time to be forwarded for the good cause. I told Philip, who overtook me on the way from church, how much I was interested, and how much I wished I were rich enough to contribute; and he only laughed and pool-pooled and called me a religious enthusiast. Mother says she wishes Philip wouldn't flaunt me so much; that since he has broken our engagement because we were too poor to marry, and no likelihood of growing richer, as his father had just failed, he ought not to act as if he belonged to him still. I suppose she thinks it diminishes my chances; but I don't want any more "chances." I don't believe I shall ever marry now; neither will Philip; and why should we not be friends? Old Mrs. Abernethy told me, directly after the engagement was off, that she always knew Philip Devereaux was selfish and mercenary. I should have given her a piece of my mind if she hadn't been old enough to be my grandmother and hadn't meant it kindly. How unhappy I was when Nell Williams got angry with me and said she didn't believe that Philip ever meant to marry me, and would never marry any girl without a fortune! That ended our friendship.

moonlight, the smooth river and the summer. What they were to the eye, his song was to the ear. I wish Philip could sing. August 12.—The most astonishing thing has happened. I can hardly believe it. I have been in a state of supreme excitement ever since the mail came in. What a happy day! I have never been so happy since the day he told me he had made up his mind that he was selfishly standing in my light, and that our engagement must be broken till he should see his way clear to a fortune. Nothing I urged could change his noble resolve. But now there is no longer any need of separation. His way is clear to a fortune. I have drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery! Good luck under a horseshoe.

August 13.—Mr. Andover came to give me a lesson. He said I looked as if I had heard good news. I wrote Philip all about it, and how happy I am to know that our days of separation are ended—that he must feel it as much his money as mine, and that now he will not need to slave himself to death, and that though we will not be very, very rich—not nearly as rich as Squire Cutts—yet we can live in comfort and happiness, unhampered by debt or poverty. How surprised, how happy, he will be!

August 14.—Philip has received my good news by this, and is in the seventh heaven. 16.—No letter from Philip. Perhaps it is too early to look for one. 20.—I shall never have the happiness of expecting a letter from Philip again. Perhaps I am only punished for my selfishness. I bought the lottery ticket, to be sure, in order to benefit the home missions, but the temptation to benefit Philip and myself was too great. When I drew the prize I doubted at the time whether I did owe it all to the home mission, but as I had only hoped to draw a thousand dollars, at most, for that cause, my scruples were overruled by selfishness. My religious enthusiasm, as Philip once called it, died out when it came into competition with my own happiness. I am punished, indeed. I was so happy, too, when I started, under Mr. Andover's convey, for the church picnic. I had no doubt but Philip was on his way to meet me and make arrangements for our marriage, because he had not written. Perhaps he would be at home waiting for me when I returned, talking it over with mother. I was so sure of this, that by and-by I got tired strolling in the woods hunting for maiden-hair fern with Mr. Andover, and sat down by some trees, a little apart from the others, to think and enjoy myself. And presently I heard Miss Anne Cutts reading a letter aloud to Mrs. Blair, and her droning voice was hushing me off to sleep.

"Our wedding is fixed for October. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but my lord and master objected. My gown is already ordered of Worth. I shall be married in church, by Mr. Andover." "Your affectionate niece," said Miss Anne Cutts, still reading aloud, or had I dreamed this about the wedding and Mr. Andover? I opened my eyes, and saw a little bird tilting on a spray, and immediately Mrs. Blair broke the spell by saying, "Bless me, Anne! it's a good match for Philip Devereaux, now isn't it? A lucky day for him when he broke off with Belle Ford!" And I heard no more; the trees and the bird seemed to swim before me in a cloud of mist. I stood up and steadied myself against a boulder, and Mr. Andover came and put my arm in his and took me home. And this is the end.

Philip untrue! Philip the lover of another! It is unreal. I cannot seem to grasp it. August 22.—A letter from Philip Devereaux. After all, I thought, maybe it was gossip and hearsay. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent the blood spinning through my veins. He congratulated me on my good luck, and added: "Having broken our engagement when we were both beggars, how could I renew it now because you have become rich? Why did you not point the finger of scorn at me? I cannot accept your generosity, Belle, even for your sake, but must still plod on." Once I should have thought these sentiments so noble. Whereas I was blind, now I see. He thinks that I know nothing about the affair of Annette Cutts, or he has not courage to break it to me. September.—I have resumed my German studies, to divert my mind. Everybody is talking of the approaching marriage. I told Mr. Andover about the prize, and asked if he would take it for home missions. "Have you the money in hand?" he asked. "No; I have not even sent on my ticket. I have merely been notified that I had drawn the amount." "My dear Miss Belle," he said, "pardon me—but I do not approve of lotteries." "Neither do I, any longer." "It may be a foolish scruple," he pursued; "most people would laugh at it; but it seems to me that money obtained in that way does more harm than good—it will not be blessed in the use." "Perhaps not," I said; "but what shall I do with it? I feel like the man who drew the elephant." "Suppose you destroy the ticket and do nothing about it?" "Very well," I returned. "I wish I had never bought it." And so I held it in the gas jet, and reduced the fortune that was to have made me happy to a pinch of ashes.

mer nights, and sweet scents, and tender words, in the instant before I could turn. I never once thought of Philip Devereaux; but there he stood, smiling and debonair, as if he had only parted an hour ago. "Your mother told me I should find you here," he said, taking my unwinding hand. "See, I picked a thousand-dollar clover as I came across the meadow; that means luck. Isabelle, can you forgive me?" "Yes, indeed," I answered, heartily, "and thank you too." "I was a fool, Isabelle." "And so was I." "Isabelle, don't turn away your head. I never loved Annette. I love you. You have no cause for jealousy. I have come back to marry you, Isabelle." "I shall never marry you, Philip," I said. "I do not love you any longer." "Not love me?" he cried. "Oh, I understand; you have some natural resentment—" "But no love." And then he fell to protesting and expostulating, while we walked out of the pine woods together; and just as we emerged into the road we met Mr. Andover. He bowed and passed on. I knew he had come to look for me. I parted with Philip at the gate, where we parted once before, and to-day it is all over town that our engagement is renewed.

June 16.—Mr. Andover has not been to see me since the day I met him coming out of the pine woods with Philip. Philip called, but I declined the interview. June 18.—Met Mr. Andover walking on the causeway by the river. He turned and joined me. An old woman came out of a fishing-but presently and begged for money. As he opened his purse something glittering fell out at his feet. It was Aunt Holyoke's ring. He picked it up. "You used to wear this," he said; "that was why I bought it." "You were very good. Did you mean to give it to me?" I asked. "If you will take my heart with it, Belle."—Harper's Monthly.

Catching Crabs for the New York Market.

Not the least important of the various branches of industry on the south side of Long Island is that of crab-fishing. Many of the inhabitants of the villages bordering on the western portion of the Great South bay depend, during a portion of the year, almost entirely upon their sales of soft crabs for the necessities of life. Nearly all the soft crabs received at the New York markets from this section of the country are taken from the waters lying between Amityville and Rockaway. Of these, by far the largest number (fully seventy per cent.) come from Merrick Cove, a small bay situated between Merrick and Freeport, and within twenty minutes' sail of either place.

Here scores of crab fishermen from the neighboring villages congregate every summer, many of them living during the season in a sloop's cabin or a small wooden building erected on the marsh for the purpose. The season for crabbing usually begins here about the middle of June or first of July, and closes about the last of September. During this time the crab fisher must work both day and night; not a tide must be missed if he would make his business pay him well. His food he carries with him, and his sleep and rest is taken at any time when he can spare an hour or two from his business, and during stormy weather. The crabber's outfit consists of a small rowboat, a small scoop-net with a hole about ten feet long attached, two or three empty butter tubs, a jack-lantern and from one to five or six "cars," according to the success of his labors. The two empty tubs are filled with water and placed on the stern of the boat, for the purpose of receiving any "buster" —to use the professional term—which the man may take during the day.

When a crab "shows up" the fisherman has no time to lose; for the crab is quick on the fin, or rather on the leg, and will be off like a shot unless intercepted in his flight by a dexterous use of the scoop-net. The professional crabber is, however, an adept at his business, and with a single twirl of his net he will frequently land the most active member of the crab family. The catching is done at low water, and occupies from two to three hours of the crabber's time during each tide. After catching all that he can find, the fisherman returns to his cars and begins the work of sorting and distributing to those which he has taken. The ripest or those which weigh shed their hard shell in from twelve to forty-eight hours, are termed "shedders," and placed in a car by themselves. Next to these comes the "ripe comers," and then follow the "green comers."

The ripe and green comers are usually put into a car together and overhauled by their owners daily, for the purpose of transferring those which have become sufficiently ripe to the shedders' car. When a crab is ready to "shed" he will begin to swell gradually until the back and ends of his shell burst open. He is now termed a "buster" by his owner, and will literally back out of his "old coat," and come forth considerably enlarged and very much improved in appearance by the transformation. They are left in the water for about three hours after they become soft-crabs, when they are taken out and packed in baskets for the New York market.—New York Graphic.

The Second Summer.

The American year has two summers. The first includes the months of June, July and August, and the second the months of September and October. The first summer is for rest, the second for activity. In our climate the two latter months commonly exhibit the perfection of weather. The torrid, exhausting weeks of the hot solstice are gone, and time of brightness and warmth without burning has come. The nights and mornings are invariably cool and bracing, and sleep, for the first time since May, can be counted upon as a certain luxury. In the middle of the day the sun is kind, but not more than kind. It is a season adapted, as no other is, to a combination of outdoor and indoor pleasures. There are the mornings for exercise, the afternoons for reading or what you please, the evenings for the most enjoyable of entertainments, and the dark hours for a variety of rest not to be had in July and August. The country is especially referred to—not the city—and those who really love the country for what it can give them, as well as for what it can deliver them from, should not hasten to return to town simply because the date "September 1st" appears on the tops of their letters and bills. Of course, business is business, and many must leave whole summers haunts willy-nilly.—New York Graphic.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

How a Man's Wife Was Stolen from Him by Her Brother—Killing the Brother and His Wife—Meeting His Remarried Wife and Marrying Her Again.

At the hospital in the Soldiers' Home there is an old soldier, a veteran of the war of 1812, now in his eighty-third year. His frame is somewhat stooped with years, but otherwise indicates a vigor that promises to last for many years. He has a cheerful, intelligent face, and his record at the Home is of the best character. A few weeks ago he met with brutal treatment at the hands of a rough fellow in West Dayton. He has not yet recovered from the injuries that were inflicted on him.

The name of the old veteran is Elias S. Jones, and his history is one of a kind often recorded in romance, and the counterpart of which the poet Tennyson has rendered immortal in the pathetic tale of Enoch Arden. The story of Elias Jones' life is more dramatic and even more painful than Enoch Arden's, though its end is happier.

He was born in Vermont, and was only in his sixteenth year when the war of 1812 broke out. After peace had been concluded Jones removed to New York State, where he bought a small tract of land in Steuben county. Another person was bargaining for the same piece of property, which was a section located in a very favorable position, and when he learned that Jones had obtained the property his anger was so extreme that on several occasions they had nearly come to personal encounters. Jones lived on his property, and some time after met, loved and courted a young lady who lived in that section of the State. Her name was also Jones—Miss Aida Jones. She was a handsome country girl of seventeen, and though her home was at some distance from Elias', young women, and pretty young women, were a scarce article at that time in the neighborhood, and his calls were frequent. One day he met the brother of the young lady, her only living relative, and he recognized in him the enemy he had made in the purchase of his land; a scene ensued, in which Elias was ordered from the house, with a threat of being shot if he returned.

This did not check the attachment between the young people, and a few months later she left her brother's house and was married to Elias Jones. Her brother swore, however, that he would be even with them both. This was in 1820. They had been married over a year, and had one child, a boy. When the father returned home one night, after several days' absence, he found his house burned down and his wife and child gone. A note was pinned to a tree near by from his wife's brother, stating that work had been done by him in revenge. He also added if Jones followed and tracked him he would shoot him on sight.

Elias, finding no prospect of recovering his wife, as he says, having been shot at in the war, he thought he could risk again for his wife and child. An opportunity offered and he disposed of his farm, and set out upon a clew that he had obtained. It proved right, and he found that his brother-in-law was living in the Genesee valley, in New York, and the house he discovered setting back in the woods. From the distance he saw his wife in the doorway, and he was advancing toward her when a rifle cracked and he fell over pierced with a ball. He instantly recovered himself and looking in the direction of the smoke, saw the direction of his wife step from behind some brush with the discharged piece in his hand, and advance toward him. It was the work of an instant for Elias to bring his own piece to a level and fire. He felt, as proved to be the case, that the shot was fatal. Elias was a sure shot and his own injuries made him desperate.

Hardly knowing what he did, Elias sprang to his feet, waved an adieu to his wife and child at the doorway and rushed away. His own wound proved to be slight, though had the aim been the least truer, it must have caused his death. He pushed right on to New York city, and there engaged a board ship for a three years' cruise, sending a letter to his wife before he left.

She remained a time at the place after her brother's death, and another child was born to her, whom she named after its father. Then an old friend stopping at her house, she removed with him to Pennsylvania, where she had other friends living. No further word was heard from her husband for several years, when one day the death of an American sailor, Elias S. Jones, of Liverpool, was chronicled in a newspaper, and she subsequently married the friend who brought her to Pennsylvania, a man named Anthony Swope, with whom she lived twenty-five years and became the mother of ten more children.

In the meantime Jones returned from his cruise, but received no word from his wife, and started upon another voyage. In Liverpool he fell from a mast, was severely injured and was taken to a hospital, which fact probably gave rise to the report of his death. Subsequently he learned that his wife had married again after he left her, and Jones continued his seafaring life for thirty years, when, getting into the decline of life, he determined to renounce the sea.

He drifted out to the place where he had last seen his own wife, and where the fatal tragedy had occurred. He did not have any definite purpose except a yearning desire to learn something more respecting them. They had been forgotten at the scene of the shooting, and the homicide itself was only remembered as a distant legend. He was able to get some clew which led him to Sandy Creek, Mercer county, the place she had gone to live in Pennsylvania. She had, however, gone still further West, and the old man lost all further trace. Chance led him to Conneaut, Ohio, and there he heard the name of Bradford Jones mentioned. This was the name of his oldest son, and it proved to be he. He was a blacksmith and lived in the town. Elias recognized himself in the man as soon as he saw him, but it was hard to convince the son that his father was living, and the old man was turning away when his son invited him home to dine with him. His son's wife recognized the resemblance between father and son at a glance, and the old man related the varied story of his life.

When he spoke she suddenly threw up her hands and cried:

"The dead has come to life," and fainted. When she revived the first words she uttered were: "Elias, you can't blame me." He told her his story, and they returned together to Connecticut, where they were remarried in 1852. For more than twenty-five years they lived together, but their means failing two years ago, he came to live at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, in virtue of his services for the country in 1812. The fourth of last March his wife died, and the old man went home to attend her in her last days and to bury her.—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

Interesting Facts about Oysters.

Several of the Connecticut and Maryland jails contain prisoners who were arrested for stealing from oyster beds at night. New York's oyster trade is said to amount to \$10,000,000 every year. About 1,000 vessels are engaged in the business in that port. Notwithstanding the fact that every saloon in New York city advertises "Saddle Rock" oysters there is not an oyster brought from that bed for the last ten years. That bed was near Sand's Point, but was cleaned out in the '60s.

American oysters sold in Liverpool last winter for \$10 a barrel; and 35,000 barrels were shipped to that port. One of the heaviest transatlantic shippers says that oysters are delivered in Liverpool in better condition than in Chicago, because when sent across the country the jolting of the cars opens the shell and kills the oyster. The enemies which the owners of the oyster beds have to contend against are the red drumfish, starfish and a small shellfish called a "drill," which bore through the shell and extract the liquor. The red drumfish varies from two to three feet in length, and his method is to crush the oyster in his powerful jaws and eat the meat. Eleven years ago a shoal of drumfish attacked a bed at Prince's bay, and in the course of two days ate up 7,000 bushels.

If menhaden are caught by steam, oysters are also dredged by means of steamers. The first boat of the kind is the Lockwood, which works an oyster farm of 1,500 acres on Long Island Sound. The grounds are in deep water off the oyster lighthouse at Saven Rock. The Lockwood is equipped with steam dredges. When the dredges are thrown overboard they sink to a depth of thirty-five or forty feet and are pulled in by steam. They are often filled with a remarkable collection of big oysters, queer-looking horse fish, hammock crabs, water spiders, periwinkles, soft-shell crabs and other marine wonders.

Oystermen of Long Island are looking forward to a season of unusual prosperity, as more oysters are being grown in their waters than at any other time within twenty-five years. Oyster planting associations have been formed in some of the south side towns, holding and planting hundreds of acres. A few years ago great rivalry existed between the planters and no united efforts for protection was made. Oyster beds were often robbed at night of their entire contents. A better feeling was soon brought about by the immense profits of the business. It is estimated that the yield from the bays on the lower end of the island will be 500,000 barrels more than last season.

European demand for the oyster is expected to be much larger this year than ever before. The American oyster was introduced in England about five years ago. At that time the English dealers succeeded in influencing the assistance of the health authorities there, and a very stubborn effort was made to keep the article out of the market. In fact, so strict a watch was kept for the arrival of the oyster that men and women, who were well paid, were compelled to peddle them about in small baskets for fear of having them condemned by the sanitary inspectors. The people, however, showed a preference for the Yankee oyster, so that last year the shipments ran as high as 50,000 barrels, some dealers sending as many as 1,200 barrels at one shipment. Last year prices for Long Island oysters ranged from \$2 to \$4.50 a barrel, and before the European demand the prices ran between \$1.50 and \$2.—Philadelphia Times.

Japanese Politeness.

The Japanese are born polite. Their parents were, and these in turn, came from centuries of polite ancestors. As an infant, the native's soft bones and waxen mind took shape from the national mold. From his mother's apron strings—no figure here—he passed into the judicious care of elderly gentlemen, learned in deportment, who instructed him, through various degrees of pupilage, till proficient in all niceties of an etiquette which, as we shall see, approached to the character of an exact science. Arrived at years of discernment, he could not fail to perceive that he not merely should be but must be a gentleman. Decorum was a part of his duty as a citizen, and rudeness a breach of the peace, if not indeed a capital offence. A due observance of the ceremonies was statutory law, and violation of them a misdemeanor which rendered the offender liable to the severest penalties which the linked tyrannies of law and fashion could devise. These regulations covered every relation of society and extended beyond to dictate the etiquette of devotion. Even the gods were to be worshiped in good taste.

The operation of this singular social code resulted in as beautiful a science of manners as the world has ever seen. As nowhere have manners been held in higher esteem, or more studiously cultivated, so nowhere have they been brought to a nicer perfection in any age or country. The relation of good breeding to goodness we may leave to the metaphysicians. We all feel the advantage which the polished address and culture give the possessor of such accomplishments. At the same time we can see how possible it may be that the very "prince of darkness" is a gentleman. There is no scoundrel, after all, like the scoundrel in roadcloth. That the Japanese themselves perceive there is no necessary connection between formal and real courtesy may be seen from one of their popular maxims, which says that "Those skilled in speech and manners have little kindness."—H. R. Elliott, in Good Company.

A bald-headed professor, removing a youth for the exercise of his fists, said, "We fight with our heads in this college." The young man reflected a moment, and then replied, "Ah, I see; and you have butted all your hair off."

The Basques.

The Basques, says a New York paper, are in many respects the most peculiar people dwelling in civilization, of which they really form no part. For centuries they have undergone very little change, being scarcely affected by revolutions or progress of any kind. They number about 800,000, 130,000 being citizens of France, but the bulk and the most distinctive of them occupying the Basque provinces in Spain—Biscay, Guipuzcoa and Alava. There is no record of their ever having been subdued. Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Frenchmen, or Spaniards have never effaced their marked traits, corrupted the purity of their race, or even modified their time-honored customs. They are of medium size, compact of frame, singularly vigorous and agile, having light-gray eyes, black hair, and an complexion darker than the Spaniards. Simple in manners and character, they are proud and impetuous, determined and fiery patriots, and merry, social and hospitable withal. The women are comely and strong, capable of, and often doing, masculine work, are notable for vivacity, suppleness and grace, and wear gay head-dresses over their variously braided and twisted locks. Both sexes are exceedingly fond of games, festivals, music and dancing. The national costume is a red jacket, long breeches, red sash, square-knotted cravat, hampen shoes and pointed cap. Their manners are patriarchal, and their habits also. While the sexes mingle without restraint, they are very moral, and marriage vows are religiously kept. Their soil is fertile, and the Basques are so industrious that they produce good crops generally, notwithstanding their primitive agriculture. They are, practically, democrats, the condition of all being very nearly equal, as the nobility, who derive their origin mainly from the Moors, are very few. They have very few towns or villages, their habitations being scattered over most of the heights of the three provinces. Politically, they are divided into districts, each of which chooses an alcalde, who is both a civil and military officer, and a member of the Junta meeting annually in some one of the towns to deliberate upon public affairs. The alcaldes are always men of age and experience, and fathers of families. The Basques' rights are protected by written constitutions (*fuerzas*) granted them by ancient Spanish kings. They are Roman Catholics; have great reverence for priests and monks, and are inclined to superstition. They are supposed to be the last remnant of the old Iberians, and have ever preserved an exalted reputation for courage among their native mountains. They were the Cantabri of the Romans, who admired them for their sturdy defence of liberty, and are alluded to by Homer as a people very hard to teach to bear the yoke. Centuries later, they fell, in the renowned defiles of Roncesvalles, upon Charlemagne and his army when returning to France, slew his bravest paladins, and compelled him to fly for his life. Eusealdunac is the name the Basques give themselves, and their country they call Eusealdia. They are prouder even than the Spaniards, and the mere fact of being born in their district secures the privileges of universal nobility.

Vital Force.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said "the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year; and certainly it is a habit that those who acquire it. Really, every fit of despondency that any one takes so much out of us, that any one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterized as little less than "a fearful fool." How silly it seems even to ourselves, after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room, and showing other signs of foolish anger, because the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be served exactly at the moment. One day, a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was "seventy-nine." But," he added, with a playful smile, "as I have entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!" How is it that such men work so vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiously refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they give good assent to themselves, "We must now take care what we are about." Of course, they make sacrifices, avoid a number of trenchant gaieties, and, living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does not approve of singularities. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures, forgetful of the great truth that "power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness," miss the ends for which they strive, just because the force that is in them is not properly economized. Then as regards temper—any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old, who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense instances of the power of reason over brute force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.—Chambers' Journal.

Words of Wisdom.

The wounded heart heals, but the scar remains forever. They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites. The smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure. Actions, looks, words, steps form the steps by which we may spell characters. All things are admired either because they are new or because they are great. Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study. If misfortune hits you hard, bit something else hard; go into something with a will. It is with our good intentions as with our days—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.