

Lesson Text: "Close of Solomon's Reign." I Kings xi, 26-43—Golden Text: Eccles. xii, 13—Commentary.

WISE WORDS.

The noblest mind the best contentment has. Guilt fills the air with visionary terrors. Grief treads upon the heels of pleasure. An enemy can always do you harm, but a friend cannot always do you good. Do not offend. Every offence a man commits makes one more defense for his enemy. The worst passions are occasionally of use to society; jealousy has caused thieves to fall out and tell on each other. Sense shines with a double luster when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom. They who are most weary of life, and yet the most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived. There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do, the more we are able to accomplish. Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive and impious; they leave a noisome trail upon the lips and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense while they outrage taste and dignity. There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we measure those that submit to it. The one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must. Good nature gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable. One watch set right will do to set many by, but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the cause of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to some around us.

Willie's Prayer.

"Dear Santa Claus," prayed little Willie in words truly shocking. "I've been a good boy, so please fill a heaping tin with stockings. I want a drum to make pa sick, and drive my mamma crazy. I want a doggie I can kick, so he will not get lary. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie, and a big trumpet I can foot just awful loud at granny. I want a dretful big false face to scare in fits my baby. I want a pony I can race round the parlor maybe. I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some chopping upon our grand piano new when mamma goes a shopping. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash all into splinters the great big mirror in the hall, and lots and lots of winders. And candy that'll make me sick so ma'll hold me and make pa get the doctor quick and never try to scold me. And, Santa Claus, if pa says I'm naughty, it's a story. Just say if he whips me I'll die and go to kingdom glory."

A Peculiar Coincidence.

"Speaking of coincidences," said a good-natured fat man, "reminds me of one which I consider remarkably singular. An old chum of mine died not long ago. We were great friends. He was a jolly dog, and we were together a good deal. He used to say very often that when he died he wanted to be laid away by my side. This argued that he thought I would be the first one to pass in my checks, but he died first. His relatives intended to take his remains South to his old home for interment, but later on they decided to bury him in Graceland. The casket was placed in the vault until the widow could buy a lot. She was anxious to purchase a lot in that section known as the 'old cemetery,' but she was told these had all been sold. While she was in the office a man came in and said that as he was about to leave Chicago for good he would like to have his lot sold. It was a desirable lot in the 'old cemetery,' and the widow of my old friend purchased it then and there. I went out to the interment not long ago and was astonished to find that the lot adjoined that of my own, in which my parents are buried and in which I expect some day to be laid at rest. The widow had never heard of her husband's oft-expressed desire to be buried by my side, and I think the coincidence a very strange one."

Ancient Brick Making.

The great perfection to which the ancients carried the art of brick making is probably due to the abundance of labor, plenty of time to devote to each stage of the work, their great patience and painstaking, and the natural drying and preserving climate of the East. The dry, warm atmosphere of Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, which countries were the nurseries of the ceramic arts, have kept in a good state of preservation for more than three thousand years, the sun-dried bricks so common to those countries. Many well preserved adobes are also found in towns and walls of ancient India.

Curious Skin Grafting.

A novel and interesting case of what may be called nose building has set people who keep the run of surgical work in mind talking. Mrs. Hoffman, who lives in Brooklyn, had suffered from nasal catarrh until she had no nose left. Bones as well as tissues were gone. In this condition she applied to Dr. F. L. R. Tetamore, of New York city, who had had a good many cases of skin grafting and facial repairing generally, to see whether he could build a nose. The doctor, after an examination of the case, had her placed under the influence of an anesthetic. Then he cut away the skin that covered the nasal cavity. Next the flesh on the forehead, immediately above the nose, was dissected back in flaps, so as to lay bare a wedge-shaped portion of the skull there. The bone is covered with a skin, as nearly every one knows, and a flap of this bone skin (periosteum) of the shape of a truncated V was dissected from the bone, save only that the point of the V was left attached to the skull between the eyes. This flap was twisted so that when it was laid down over the nasal cavity the side that had been next to the bone was down. Meantime a live chicken had been cut open, and a bit of its breast bone of the right size and shape to form a nose was cut out and stitched fast over the nasal cavity. This bone formed a bridge which supported the flap of periosteum upon the shape of a nose. The periosteum was therefore stitched over this bridge. Then, when that was done, the skin and tissues from the cheeks of the patient were drawn up over the new nose and stitched there, forming the fleshy part of the nose. Of course, every care was taken in the use of antiseptics. At the end of ten days the chicken bone came away. Meantime the periosteum had developed into a thin shell of bone perfectly able to support itself, and a membrane had grown over what had now become the nostrils of the new nose. Of course, provision had been made for the growth of a central cartilage as well as an outer frame work. At the end of twelve days the outer wounds had healed, including the wound on the forehead, from which the periosteum had been removed. The interior of the nose was longer in healing, but is now well, and Mrs. Hoffman once more has a nose that she is proud of.

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A CHRISTMAS DEBT.

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made an... hundred times... bitter wind. He was off the road. He dared not leave his burden to try and find the track; but he turned, as he thought, directly back with his load, hoping to come upon the road again. Poor boy! He did not know that the road, as he turned, was just behind him, and that he was leaving it at every heavy, tired step he took. He was nearly done out now. His ill-clad feet and bare hands were biting cold, and the snow had worked under his trousers up to his knees. Almost every second moment he stumbled, and once his burden slid off the sled and he had terrible work getting the unconscious man on again. He became very sleepy, too. He tried hard to keep up, but flesh and blood were beaten, and he sank down completely exhausted. He lay beside Robins, his parcel of little purchases clasped under one arm and his head resting upon his sleeve. Was that a shout? But he was too tired and sleepy to raise his head. How snug he felt! And how sleepy! Surely that was a shout, very faint, but repeated, sounding louder and nearer. One voice, two, three—a dozen of them! He need have no care now! Wouldn't little Laura laugh and clap her tiny hands when she saw him; and the sled. But what had come over the sled? It seemed to have wings and to be traveling through the air like the famous wooden horse in the fairy tale, above the snow, and he upon it. Yet all the time the voices continued beside him, that sounded to his dreamy brain like the hum of bees. Suddenly the air grew wonderfully bright and warm, and Tommy opened his eyes to find himself—at home! When Tommy's father and a party of men, with lanterns that looked like so many winter fireflies glimmering here and there over the vast field of white, came to where Tommy lay they placed the lad upon the sled, and, covering him with a warm coon coat, shouldered Tommy, sled and coon coat, and carried the boy home that way. Robins was saved, too, though his life was despaired of for a short time; and in respect for the brave little lad who endured so much to save a drunkard's life, he swore never to touch liquor again, an oath he has not since broken. That was ten years ago; little Laura was six years old then. And if you know your addition and add six and ten together you will get what is considered a very delightful age when a pretty girl is concerned.

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