

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR. No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 3.

TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 10, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one month - \$1; One Square, one month - 30c; One Square, three months - 60c; One Square, one year - 100c; Two Squares, one year - 150c; Quarter Col. - 30c; Half - 50c; One - 100c.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Masque of Months.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT. With bright or sombre gear, With smile or frown or song, In a masquerade of gliding Perpetually along, First January is here, With eyes that keenly glow, A frost-mailed warrior striding A shadowy steed of snow. Then February, a form Pale-vestured, wildly fair— One of the North Wind's daughters With icicles in her hair. Then March, black-robed in storm, The droll of homebound ships, Who flies o'er lands and waters With a trumpet at her lips. Then April, gloom and shine, Sad, merry, wifely, mock, With a crocus in her tresses And with tears upon her cheek. Then May, the nymph divine, With shoulders white as curds, O'er-embroidered by caresses Of butterflies and of birds. Then June, whose tresses vie With the roses' richest shade, So sweet as to set us dreaming That a rose has grown a maid. Then passionate young July, That proud, hot-tempered lord, Who bears, though of genial seeming, A lightning-flash for a sword. Then August, grave, serene, A dame of stately grace, With the touch of time laid surely On her lovely dimpled face. Then soft September, seen In a sunlike veil of mist, With lashes that hide demurely Two glimmers of amethyst. Then flushed October, she Whose joys with pain are blent, Like a queen whose soul is aching Amid pomp magnificent. Then dull November, free From hope, desire or care, Having done with all heart-breaking, Being simply cold despair. And last December drar, With piteous, low-drooped head, In a voice of desolation Crying out, "The year is dead!" And so, with changeful gear, With a smile or frown or song, The month's, in strange variation, Are ever gliding along. Lippincott's Magazine.

AUNT HEPSEY'S HAIR TRUNK.

It was an old-fashioned trunk, iron-bound and antiquated, with the name of its former owner inscribed on the lid in brass nails. Much longer than it was broad or high, it bore a funeral suggestiveness, and bespoke nothing of the wardrobe it might contain. Aunt Hepsy called it a hair trunk, why we do not know, for there was very little vestige of the capillary substance visible on any part of it. It was a historic trunk; she said it descended to her from the revolution—and it certainly looked as though it had. Aunt Hepsy had never been much of a traveler, and her experience, even after fifty years, in that particular direction was limited; however, on the day of which we speak, she started on a "journey," she said the hair trunk, and a handbox, and a calico bag, and a rose-bush. A niece who lived with and bid fair to follow the maidenly precepts of her aunt, assisted her in packing, and saw her safely seated in the antislavium vehicle which was to convey her to the railway, and it rolled away with this solitary passenger. The vehicle had only proceeded a few rods from the house when "Driver, driver, hold on, stop," was heard from the inside of the coach "What's the matter, narm?" asked John. "I forgot my umbrella; won't you run back and tell Jane to give it to you? It's in the right hand corner of the keepin' room pantry. Tell her to be kerful and not knock down the penny royal." "Blame the umbrella, 'narm," quoth the knight of the whip, as he dismounted, and hurried toward the house. Hardly had he proceeded a dozen steps when the horses started; moved by some unprecedented impulse they broke into a run, and shouts of "whoa, whoa, driver, driver," issued from behind the flapping curtains of the coach. Suddenly there was a cessation and a moment later could you have looked into the coach you would have seen the driver fanning Aunt Hepsy with the lid of that favorite hand-box. As she opened her eyes and looked half consciously into the driver's face, her first words were "Is the trunk safe?" not for a moment realizing the romance of her position. "I guess so, narm," replied the protector, "but if we keep on this way, I can't ketch that there train no how." Everything being restored to order again, the driver mounted his seat and they rolled away once more. Every thing went smoothly except when the wheels struck an occasional stone in the road, which did not improve Aunt Hepsy's opinion of traveling, nor the condition of the rose-bush. They arrived at the station just in time to join the confused crowd who were rushing hither and thither. Aunt Hepsy became mixed up in the multitude, was whirled and jostled along, all the time calling at the top of her voice "where's my trunk, where's my trunk? Have you seen anything of my trunk?" she asked of the engineer as she fetched up against the side of the cab; a terrible shriek of the whistle,

and the hiss of demons startled the old lady off of her feet, and the next moment, jostled along, she tumbled in at the baggage car door much disconcerted. "O my trunk!" she murmured. "What's the matter with yer trunk?" inquired an able bodied baggage smasher. "Does this part go to Newark?" she inquired; then with satisfaction beaming in her eyes and a smile gradually spreading itself over her bewildered features, she exclaimed: "Laws! there's my trunk now," and quietly seated herself on her precious old revolutionary friend. Be it said to the everlasting credit of that baggage smasher, he escorted her to a comfortable seat in another car, and the train started. "Elizabeth," shouted a man at the door, as the train soon halted before another station, "Elizabeth" shouted another one at another door. Aunt Hepsy looked inquiringly round for a moment or so, no one got up; then she remarked to a gentleman in the next seat, "I guess Elizabeth ain't here." "Fare, madam, fare," asked a very spruce looking young man of Aunt Hepsy, as the train once more moved along. "Well, I am very sorry," said the old lady, "but I didn't bring any ticket with me; if I had thought there was a chance to sell any I would have, certain." "Fare, madam," repeated the conductor. "I was just sayin'," continued Aunt Hepsy, "that I hadn't none with me, would like to accommodate you but perhaps if you're anxious you might drop a line to Jane.—The fair don't come off in three weeks yet." "I don't care about the fair, what I—" "Well then," interrupted Aunt Hepsy, "what did you speak about for then?" "What I want," continued the conductor, "is your railroad ticket; where are you going?" "Oh, laws, why didn't you say so; howsomever I'm going to Newark, and I wish you'd be good enough to stop at my nephew's house; it's one with brown blinds and a silver door-bell instead of a knocker. I haven't got any ticket." "Then I must—" Just at that juncture there was a sudden confusion; the car reared, plunged and stopped short. Aunt Hepsy turned a double summersault over the seats in front of her, and landed against the wood-box; the rose-bush demolished, that beautiful band-box twisted into unrecognizable shape, the conductor in the course of his proucting had sat down on it. The old lady was unhurt, and with unusual composure, she turned to the conductor, who sat beside her, and asked "What place is this?" "Don't know," groaned the conductor. "Do they always stop that way?" asked the old lady. Just then a man came in at the door and asked "anybody dead here?" and proceeded to pick up the damaged conductor. "Dead," remarked Aunt Hepsy, "well I never, what's the matter now?" "Had a collision," said the man. "That's a complaint we don't know anything about down to the Corner's; do folks die of it?" asked our undisturbed heroine as the man helped her to her feet. After some delay the passengers were transferred to another train and in time arrived at Newark. Here the news of the accident, having preceded them the crowd and confusion was worse than ever. "Hack ma'am," "Hack ma'am," "Hack ma'am." "Yes," remarked Aunt Hepsy as she was assailed by a half dozen of the sharks, "hacked all to pieces." Rose bush gone and just look at this hand-box, with say brand new hat in it." "Hack ma'am," shouted one impudent individual as he grabbed at the hand-box which now looked like a used up acorlecon. In spite of protests she seized the box, and was leading the old lady along the platform. "Well I never! I told Jane it would be just so, everything mixed; Mr. young man where be you goin'?" "Got a nice hack, ma'am; take you anywhere, hotel, private house; take you anywhere you want to go." "Well, you are accomodatin'. I'm glad I met you; if it hadn't been for you I don't know what I would have done." "Here's the hack ma'am; git right in; have you got any baggage?" "Yes, yes, I've got a trunk; a hair trunk." "Then give me your cheek ma'am." "Oh, that's it, now be careful, don't drop that trunk for there's a jar of preserves in it and it might break." Away went the driver on his search, leaving the old lady to her cogitations; every sign within readable distance was duly perused and her musings were only interrupted by a boy who put his head into the window and shouted, "black yer boots." "The insolent critter," thought Aunt Hepsy, "as though my boots needed blacking." "They must have given your trunk a pretty good shaking down out here, ma'am; ain't much left of it but the straps," remarked the driver as he returned with the precious piece of baggage. "They did use it a little careless," replied Aunt Hepsy, "the man that was takin' care of it they say got killed, stove up on him and roasted him; but the trunk I guess wasn't scorched. Driver just run over to that insurance office and ask the man what they will charge to insure my life. I can't take the responsibility of taking care of myself much longer." "Can't do it narm; no time now. Where would you like to go?" "Up to my nephews—" "Where does he live?" "Why, in Newark of course—he's a grocer, sells snuff and—" "I don't care about that; what's his name?" "Oh! his name's Prosper."

"Prosper what?" "Prosper Judge, named after our late respected pastor; his father lives down to the Corners, and his sister made so much talk by her coming to church with a strange young man with a blue neck-tie and—" "But I don't see as how that's to the pint. I want to know the number and the street where your nephew lives." "Here it is, right here, on a card that Jane writ and gave to me when I was startin'." "All right ma'am," and before the old lady knew it, there was a sudden start that nearly threw her out of her seat. In due time the carriage halted in front of a comely brick dwelling, the door opened and there stood the nephew "Law sakes, Prosper, how do you do? Oh dear me, what a nice house you've got, but I'm tired out; why didn't you paint your blinds green. Look out for that hair trunk." All this was spoken while she was going up the steps, and at the top she met Prosper's wife and here again she stopped. "Why, Susan! how do you do; if you knew how glad I was to get here; just look at that cobweb on your hall lamp, Jane said—but, me, I'm so flattered, I don't know what all she did say. I thought I never would get here; my best bonnet is all smashed, and I had to give the rose-bush to a boy to carry and I never saw it after that; law! what a pretty collar you've got on, and where did you get that pin with the rubies in it?" "Why, Aunt, you must tired out?" "Tired, child; that's no word for it. I thought I never would get here. The engineer broke loose and run smash into another, and a man with a big sign on his hat came to me and says he, 'old woman, be you much hurt?' and says I, 'I ain't hurt and I ain't an old woman, either,' and says he, 'its a wonder; for I guess there's three or four hundred on 'em killed.' 'Just to think of three or four hundred old women being killed,' says I; 'is my trunk safe?' Says he, 'I guess so, ma'am'— Oh, law, I'm so tired." "Here's your trunk, Aunt," said Prosper, as he brought a bundle of lath into the hall. "Is that my trunk," gasped the old lady. "Sakes, Prosper, how under the canopy can I ever get away from Newark. All ruined! And I sot so much store by it. To think that old grandma Charity's trunk should come to such an end! If that man that was takin' care of it was only alive, I'd like to see him just to tell him what I think of him. But we must unpack it, Prosper." And they did unpack it; but a sad sight indeed was it. There was the jar of quince preserves smashed all over Aunt Hepsy's best cap, which lay deeply imbedded in a pumpkin pie; over it was generously spread all her snuff, by way of spice; a bottle of hair dye had soaked its way through the purple and blue linen into a loaf of cake, on the bottom of which was pasted a box of corn salve. Susan comforted the old lady, while Prosper extricated the cap from its bed of pumpkin pie, and Betty, the maid, ran for a glass of water; it was evident that accumulated misfortunes had overcome Aunt Hepsy, for Prosper was only through with his work in time to save her from sitting down in the coal hod. She had fainted. At the conclusion of Aunt Hepsy's visit to the Judge mansion, she had so far recovered from her fatigue and trepidation that it was decided she should visit another nephew in Boston, the Rev. Parsimon Pucker; furthermore, to make the trip as agreeable as possible, Prosper was to go with her as far as New York, and then see her safely on board the Fall River boat. The hair trunk meanwhile had been neatly repaired and was in as good condition as ever, barring its faded and ancient look, and Susan had put a few extra touches on Aunt Hepsy's bonnet, which gave it a more recent air. Her old shawl gave way to a brand new cloak, and there was a general transformation in her appearance. She looked ten years younger than when she arrived in Newark. Still all these elegancies of attire could not extinguish those characteristics of person which distinguished her from other individuals. How many times she inquired of Prosper concerning the safety of that trunk as they hurried along on the cars, it would be difficult to enumerate. At last they stood together on the wharf close by the steamer; Prosper saw her safely on board and then hurried off toward home. As she sat looking out of the window of the ladies' cabin she discovered her trunk on the wharf and alarmed lest it should be left behind she hurried out and along the gang plank just in time to meet a truck load of baggage. The porter did not see her but kept on, the truck struck the old lady; there was a squeak and a splash; a few minutes after a very wet old lady was carried into the cabin; she didn't look so pretty as she did a few minutes before. She was put in charge of the stewardess, and the hair trunk was resorted to. An hour later she occupied one of the sofas in the cabin arrayed in other attire and seemingly as composed as ever. Just then an elderly, benevolent-looking gentleman approached her, and in a quiet way inquired: "Air you sufferin' from the effects of your fall, ma'am?" Aunt Hepsy stammered and hesitated a little, and then pulled out one of her new hem-stitched, replied, "not particularly; a little sore in spots howsomever; I suppose it always happens to people who travel. It's temptin' Provi-

dence, as I heard my nephew say once in a sermon, to try to carry sweet-meats and rose-bushes on a railroad train." "May I ask," inquired the gentleman, "who your nephew, the pastor, is?" "Certainly," replied Aunt Hepsy. "He's my brother's oldest son, and lives up to Boston. They say he's one of the best preachers thereabouts. He's preached there ten years." "Yes, yes," mused the old gent, "and his name is Rev. P. Pucker." "How did you know it?" asked Aunt Hepsy, with a start. "Because he was installed ten years ago, and I am a deacon in his church, Deacon Squeakleather, if you please." "You don't say it. I've heard Pery speak of you agin and agin. Why, deacon, I feel as though I had known you for years." "I-a-I-a helped you out of the water," continued the deacon, as he tried to pull the cloth over a worn button on his coat. "Now, deacon, how can I thank you; did you see anything of my calico bag? Now come to think, I haven't seen anything of that bag since, and the trunk—my hair trunk—I do wish I knew what had become of that. What does make this boat shake so?" "It's the engines," replied the deacon. "They have just started." "You don't mean to say they have Injins aboard, do you?" inquired Aunt Hepsy nervously. "Steam engines," suggested the deacon, "the motive power of civilization." "Surely deacon; yes I see; but I don't think they are much safer than a real Injin," and Aunt Hepsy went on with a long account of her experience to which the deacon listened with evident pleasure. "There ma'am," said he, rising from his seat and pointing out of the window, "there is Castle Garden, a famous old building where Jenny Lind once sung." "Yes, and would you believe it," observed Aunt Hepsy, "there was Prosper, put on his best clothes, came all the way down from the Corners to hear her sing, staid a week, and would you believe it, when he came home he was so particular, he said there wasn't a girl in the whole town could sing like her, and he had the impudence to tell the leader of our choir that she could not hold a candle to her, and he actually laughed at her when she said she'd just like to try her on old Windham once, Jenny Lind may have been powerful good, but I don't believe she was ahead of our leader, no how." The trip to Boston was entirely without incident. Our heroine was safely landed at the parsonage, the deacon was seeing her to the door, in spite of the fact that his pastor had met her at the station. Originally she had meditated only a short visit, but week after week passed away; still she remained, and nearly every day might have been seen in front of the mansion, the deacon's horse and new chaise. Where was the deacon? Why he was inside of course, seeing after church matters. Nothing of the sort. He was sitting on the sofa by the side of Aunt Hepsy as chirp as a chirping bird. Aunt Hepsy grew younger every day, and one morning came down stairs singing, "This is the way I long have sought And mourned because I found it not." "Aunt Hepsy," remarked the Rev. P. Pucker, "I have an intimation that Deacon Squeakleather has taken a great interest in you." "Now Pery!" remarked Aunt Hepsy, "why Pery, now what makes you think so?" "Appearances, only appearances; now Aunt Hepsy, isn't it a fact?" "Well Pery, you are so pressin', I think I must tell. There it is, just look there," she said holding out her hand, upon one finger of which was a bright ring. "When," inquired the pastor. "Next week," replied the old lady, "and I've sent for Jane and Prosper, and all the folks to come up, and—" just then there was a ring at the doorbell, the door opened, and a stout fellow brought in a stylish new trunk marked in big letters on the end, "Hepsy Tublin Blimkin Squeakleather."—Water-town (N. Y.) Reunion.

Depopulation of St. Helena. A curious description has been given of the decrease of the population of the island of St. Helena, memorable in all history as the scene of the last years of Napoleon. Its industries have been all ruined by the opening of the Suez canal, which has diverted most India-going vessels from its shores, and the employment of steam condensers for water on sailing vessels, saving them from the necessity of calling at the island for fresh supplies of water. One-fourth of the population has immigrated, and now there are only 2,684 males, of whom 1,154 are children, left on the island. The revenue, chiefly derived from customs duties, is but very little more than \$80,000, and but little more than \$25,000 is spent on all the public establishments of the island. The people are asking for a grant of money from England, but they are urged to have recourse to improved agriculture and attempt the growth of fine species of tobacco, of the cinchona plant or the oil yielding rose, all of which are, it is said, adapted to the climate and soil. A sympathetic but inquisitive young man, who was visiting a county prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "I stole a water-mill, and got off safe, but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The sympathetic young man left immediately. THE PHONOGRAPH. A Cut of the Wonderful Talking Machine and a Description of How It Works. We present to our readers a sketch of this wonderful machine which is now causing so much sensation. A machine that can talk, laugh or sing, that can record the human voice in silent type and reproduce it in vocal sound a minute or a thousand years after its record, is, indeed, such a wonder that one can hardly realize its possibility. The inventor, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who has already made so many surprising inventions, has in the production of the Phonograph capped the climax of human ingenuity thus far. The Phonograph is as remarkable for its simplicity as for its wonderful effects. On one side of the instrument, as seen in the sketch is a sensitive diaphragm, which vibrates in accordance with the sounds made in front of it. This diaphragm carries a point as represented, which closely approaches the surface of a cylinder, around which tin foil or other easily indented material is wound. The cylinder is revolved by clockwork at a regular speed before the point, and as the diaphragm is vibrated by the sound, the point vibrates correspondingly against the tin foil in a manner exactly corresponding to the length and frequency of the vibrations of which the sounds are composed, thus making an exact record of the sounds upon the surface of the cylinder. Having thus recorded the sounds in the form of indentations, it now only remains to reproduce it or make the instrument "talk back," or repeat vocally what was previously recorded. This open stem is simply the reverse of the other. On the opposite side of the instrument may be seen a second diaphragm, also provided with a point, which, as the indented surface revolves, rides in and out of the indentations made by the recording point, and thus causes the reproducing diaphragm to be thrown into vibrations corresponding exactly to the original vibrations, and thus reproducing the original sounds in all their integrity. This reproduction can be effected any time after the recording, so that the tin foil can be removed from the cylinder, be preserved for centuries, and again wrapped upon the cylinder and made to speak, sing or laugh, according to the nature of the recorded sounds, years after the speaker or singer had turned to dust. If such a thing is possible, as is now, in fact, accomplished by the Phonograph, the question may, indeed, be asked, what is impossible to human genius? and we are forced to exclaim with a recent writer on the telephone: "Oh! Science give us one more link. That we may hear our neighbors think."—New York Scientific News. Act from Principle. How few persons there are whose lives are governed entirely from principle rather than inclination. Even those of us who may be endeavoring to live for high purposes, come far short of our aspirations; alas! how very far short. How often we find our convictions of right and duty questioning if it might not be as well for us to yield to inclination, just for the time, promising our disturbed consciences that we will make vigorous self-denial and strict attention to duty. Vain, fallacious reasoning of a weak nature! we can never make up for one neglected opportunity, one mis-spent hour, one wrong, selfish act. Once past, the opportunity unimproved, the hour wasted, the act committed, it is beyond our reach to recall, except in thoughts of regret. We may atone for it, but we can never change the past. Alas! how painfully we are aware of this fact. Then should we all endeavor the more earnestly to make our lives embodiments of principle: for we all know that, after all, the path of duty, though sometimes rugged, is not without sweet pleasures; and let us never follow our inclinations, if they would lead us away from right. Then shall we be permitted at the last to look back upon our lives with satisfaction, feeling that we have "done what we could," and that our Father regards us with approval. A Medical View of Cats. The well known English medical paper, the Lancet, speaks thus unkindly of the domestic cat: Apart from the mischief these creatures may do by lying upon your young children for warmth, and suffocating them, they are by no means to be despised as enemies. When excited or stirred to anger it is more easy to defend the body from the direct attack of a dog than to repel the sly and sudden onslaught of a cat. It is, moreover, a mistake to suppose that there is no danger in the bite or the scratch of one of these animals. There have been abundant and melancholy proofs of the peril of contracting hydrophobia from cats. The danger is scarcely less than that which attends an injury inflicted by a dog. This should be borne in mind, and if the consideration should have the effect of diminishing the number of cats maintained, or rather kept without any adequate provision for their support, the population will be the gainers. The Earl of Beaconsfield is one of the best dressers in England, and one of his dressing-gowns cost \$3,000.

Items of Interest. Keeps lent—The umbrella. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Catch a barber with a dull razor and he is bound to hone up. They propose to proscribe bachelors from school boards of Iowa. A Cleveland county (N. C.) man has had three just and lawful wives in the last year. The shoemakers don't mind dull times. Their shoes are sold before they go into the market. Many a tear of wounded pride. Many a fault of human blindness, Has been soothed or turned aside, By a quiet voice of kindness. The Cincinnati Enquirer observes that marriage is often a mirage. And still young people will make haze to the wedding. Professor Gunning makes the shivering announcement that the glaciers will plough over New England again in about a million years. General Mite, the dwarf, is said to have earned \$20,000 for his mother in the last two years. This is a fine illustration of the value of the "widow's mite." According to recent returns France has 1,982 important bridges, erected at a cost of nearly \$60,000,000. Of this number 861 were in existence at the beginning of the century. "Can that horse run fast?" asked a boy of a milkman the other morning. "No, sonny," replied the purveyor of aqueous lactical fluid, "he can't run very fast, but he can stand the fastest of any horse you ever saw." A young man, just engaged on a ranch in Truckee, Cal., was set to driving a yoke of cattle, and at noon, when he wanted to feed them, was observed trying to unscrew their horns, in order to get the yoke off the animals. It is feared that the atmosphere of London will soon damage the surface of Cleopatra's needle. The Luxor obelisk erected in the Place de la Concorde in Paris in 1836, is some three thousand four hundred years old, having stood with another still larger one before the great temple of Thebes. The stone is syenite granite, of a brownish red color. Thirty-six years of exposure to the atmosphere of Paris has affected the stone more than the same number of centuries' exposure to the purer air of Egypt. The trunk of a tree three hundred feet high—or a section of it—from Mississippi, is to be among the wonders of the Paris Exhibition. Last year's geological survey in Southern Utah revealed the fact that the areas occupied by standing timber are much smaller than those which are capable of supporting such growth. The destruction by fire greatly exceeds that of the woodman's axe, and it seems desirable that some methods for preventing forest fires should be devised, and as a measure of public economy, adopted in Utah, and perhaps in other Territories. Right is right. No one seems to question this somewhat startling argument. Still there is little doubt that it may be better, in some cases to submit to a slight wrong, than to battle for justice to the bitter end. Take, for instance, that Quebec apple case, which the two farmers began three years ago. There is no disputing the fact that both farmers cannot own the barrel. The first cost was only three dollars, or to avoid argument, let it be three dollars and twenty-five cents if you wish. Now the case has been decided by a Quebec judge and the total cost thus far amounts to over \$1,700. Besides, the end is not yet, as the defeated farmer says he will appeal the case. It would have been better if they had a-peeled the apples together in the first place and given the dried fruit to George Francis Train.—Detroit Free Press. Words of Wisdom. To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures. The enjoyment of being able to make a very little go a great way has a real zest. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. Some speakers and writers have a river of words, but only a spoonful of thoughts. No woman can be beautiful by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech. We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others. The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments. If you know a man who is willing to kiss your boots because you are rich, you may be sure that there is some one whom he feels compelled to kiss before one who is bigger than himself will play the tyrant over one smaller than himself. You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinions, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know the things of yourself, and care not to do them to yourself.