## 

T. H. MABTER

| axpranionci |
| :---: |
| Don't lose your temper or your thes <br> Or fret your soul a minute, Because this good old roomy world Has toolish people in It. <br> By not one wholly useless weed <br> Thes count not those can do no good Or with them you'll be numbered. <br> If all begnn by being wise, <br> Each one his si hore adorning. <br> Frem wisdoms way we yet may stray <br> But Nature kindly rests her signs <br> On Danger's chosen dwelling ; Without them, what would come to <br> There fs'nt any telling. <br> Just reckon up your foolish friends. <br> Each one's peculiar failing, And of that folly cure yoursel <br> At which in thew you'r railing: <br> While, if yon find some luckless one <br> You'd better far be unifice him <br> Than find a four-leafed clover. <br> I lay no claim to any store <br> Or philosophic knowledge, But this I'vo learned by stu'lies in <br> That best and dearest college; <br> For other peoplo only : <br> Or, maybe, you are wise in truth- <br> But don't you find it lonely? M. Davis, in Frank Leslie's. |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

TON HEMPaRS Escapa
saved old Tom Tom Cemper froun the ven

$\qquad$ them
they w


|  |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$

CASTORIA


