

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

THE HAPPY FACULTY OF LOOKING ON THE BEST SIDE OF LIFE.

Too Many People Allow Themselves to Be Weighed Down by the Daily Cares of Life That Must Be Met and Fall to See the Pleasant Things Near By.

Everything has at least a good side to it, and sooner or later some one will be able to see it. It is a happy fortune to be able to see what is good, though I do not believe in shutting our eyes to the evil. I have a friend who never sees the evil until it overwhelms her. She considers all things to be well enough at least and so has no foresight to ward off disaster. This is certainly a curious disposition and not a good one for those who have the care of families. What I do mean is that it is a capital thing to see the good that really is in all things.

I said to my neighbor, who is deaf in one ear, "It is a pity, my dear, if there is no remedy." "I don't think there is," she said, "but then there is a great blessing in it, for I have learned to sleep with my good ear to the pillow, and so no noise can disturb me." It was a curious illustration of how one may use a deprivation and make it a real advantage. "It is a great art to find out all the good there is in life," Emerson says. "Do not dilate on your private wrongs and personal ills." But no one ever becomes tedious by dilating on her privileges and joys. The longer I live the more I find that most of our troubles are imaginary.

There are half a dozen things we have to learn, and many never do learn them. One of these is that we have will power to control a vast deal that we sit down underneath. Life has no blessing greater than its antagonisms. Differ as we may from professional faith curists, they have a great truth in store, and I wish they may have vast influence in reconstructing sentiment. There is no need of being an extremist in belief, yet it is a fact that we have cultivated a kind of moral cowardice about our diseases. I believe they are right that we are vastly more powerful than we have supposed ourselves to be.

But I am a broader believer than they, for I am confident we cannot only cry "down and out" to half our physical ills, but to a large proportion of our troubles and what we call our bothers. And that is just the meaning of life—it is a series of defeats or of victories over small affairs. The habit of making much of petty evils indicates defeat. Many a woman is thoroughly whipped by her ordinary household duties, as many a man is whipped out by weeds and thistles. She never can face a day with a smile and a strong will. She does her duty as a task and never as a joy. This befits our duties down; the opposite way lightens them.

Life everywhere has a better side to it than we are always willing to confess or able often to see. Our choicest gifts and blessings lie just the other side of our saddest moments. It seems like mountain climbing to get a view of a sunrise, but we are willing to toil hard to get to the mountain top. It pays not only at the top, but all the way up. I have a delicious fern bordered glen that every summer I visit and do not mind the bracken that tear nor the extremely hard climbing to get in and to get out. Ah! the lovely brook at the bottom, and the old moss covered beech logs, and the banks of "creeping hemlock." It pays. Every step pays. I come back full of rest, not of weariness, of joys that sparkle and run like the brook itself. Last summer I took with me an enthusiastic lover of nature into my pet ravine, and she being a good scientist found in an hour's search five sorts of salamanders.

If we live widely and think nobly and study what the world is, we find that the cheapest and poorest conceal grand facts that make character and joy for us. The world is a ready spread feast for our senses and intellect. But there are races that will not eat eggs, and there are others that will not use milk. So there is a possibility of not seeing the best things about us and hearing the finest harmonies. The best question one can ask of herself is: Are you getting the best of the world about you? I have heard the narrowest kind of man preaching on the parable of the prodigal son, not knowing that they were themselves feeding on husks—the poorest husks of thought and manhood.

I suppose, in fact, there is a good side to everything, only I am not able to see it on the occasion. The best effect of studying history is to teach us to look back at events some time after their occurrence, when we are almost surely struck by the real advantage that comes out of what at the time seemed totally evil. There is no question but that American character has been made stronger by the great fight with and victory over slavery. There is just as much good accumulating from the fact that intemperance is so hard an evil to eradicate. Harriet Martineau says, "The greatest advantage of long life—at least to those who know how and therefore to live—is the opportunity which it gives of seeing moral experiments worked out, of being present at the fruiting of social causes and of thus gaining a kind of wisdom which in ordinary cases seems reserved for a future life." This is fairly what any one may reap from life, that apparent evil is or may be made to become good.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thirty-two Years in a Workhouse. The death has been reported to the Shippay board of guardians of Eliza Humphries, who has been an inmate of Shippay Union workhouse, Sherrness, for 32 years. The deceased was born in the establishment and remained chargeable until her death, a somewhat weak intellect debarring her from earning her own living. She was affectionately known as the "mother" of the house. Frequently she would ask the visiting guardians whether her long residence had not entitled her to a pension.—Exchange.

THE IMPRISONED ROBIN.

We heard his cry this morning, and his wail Was like the sad song of a whippoorwill. It seems that in his prison cage he still Has memories of the fields, and he recalls the tale

The loomsome night bird sang at vespers till He deems it is his own. His joyous thrill And natural piping are now all in jail. How different from the notes when, wild and free,

He sang his happy greetings to his mate And pleasure seemed the business of his days! No night bird's acts were mimicked in his ways When he strode o'er the lawn in pride alone Or filled the air with melody from a tree. —Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

Not Big Things Only Excite Wonder.

It is not always the things of gigantic proportions that excite the greatest curiosity. Mastodons, elephants, whales and other creatures of monstrous size are and have been wonders indeed. So, too, are the pyramids, the great cathedrals, towers, monuments, etc., the great Corliss engines, the 16-drive wheel locomotive and other triumphs of mechanical skill. But while this is true beyond question, how about the wonders revealed by the microscope and the work of the deft fingered artist, D. A. V. Meer, who painted a landscape on the side of a grain of wheat? By the use of a strong microscope only could the wonders of this minute painting be distinguished.

Yet when a good glass was brought to bear upon what appeared to be a spot of variegated paint upon the side of the wheat grain all was changed into a beautiful landscape—a forest, a mill at the side of the river, a miller climbing an outside stairway with a sack of grain upon his back, a tall cliff at the side of the mill and a winding road along which some peasants were trying to drag a refractory pig!—St. Louis Republic.

Gloves to Rain Husbands and Lovers.

The revival of light kid gloves for wear with walking dress is rather a blow to the thrifty minded. Those who have a limited dress allowance have delighted in the convenient black kid or brown suede, which could be worn quite a number of times without showing signs of being weatherbeaten in any way. But light gray, pale lemon and the new horrid green are sold in an hour when worn with sealin, dark cloth or serge. Fortunately four or six button length does very well at present, but there are some indications that in the season sleeves will be short and gloves long. If so, light kid will be atrociously extravagant, even though they will not soil so readily when worn with light colored gowns.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Harrying by a Formula.

The woman that took part in a late marriage at Newcastle, England, had a mathematical formula to guide her. At 16 she married a man of 52. At 20 she married again and chose a man of 60. To conclude the series, she now at 43 marries a man of 64. Her first husband was a Quaker, the second a Catholic and the present one a Protestant. If she lives much longer and is determined to go on with her mathematical matrimonial ventures, she will have to advertise in the want columns for a centenarian or two and specify a new religion as one of her provisions.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wardroom "Boy."

The wardroom "boy" on board a man-of-war is often as old as many of those he serves, but the old-fashioned title and form of address stick to him. Wardroom boys usually are colored men or foreigners. When a Haytian or Jamaican negro is obtainable, he is regarded as a catch. This is truer still of the Jap. The latter seems to understand by instinct to remember a multitude of details without effort and obey promptly and without question.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Living in the Suburb.

It was several months ago that Mr. Tavish, who had never lived in the suburbs, moved with his family out to West Hobtown. The other day one of the old residents said to him:

"Well, Mr. Tavish, how do you like West Hobtown?" Mr. Tavish sighed slightly and then said, "The merciful man is merciful to his suburb!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good For Another Term.

Lobbyist (confidentially, displaying roll of bills)—Of course money is no object. What we want is to have this bill passed.

Alderman (indignantly)—Bribe not No, sir! I am really in favor of the passage of the bill, but—but—I'll just hang my overcoat here in the hall before going in.—Truth.

A Friendly Hint.

Postoffice Clerk—See here, boy! No living moral can read the address on this envelope you just handed in.

Boy—Well, if this 'ere postoffice department wants fine handwriting, why don't you keep better pens at these desks, say?—Good News.

The population of the kingdom of Spain, as reported in last census, taken six years ago, was 17,500,000. As the population is nearly stationary the count for this year would be about the same as that of the year in which the census was taken.

As Japan was the first nation to have her exhibit completed for the World's fair, Major Handy says that that country is the most advanced, businesslike and newspaper sort of nation in the world.

Celluloid is becoming quite popular for numerous fancy articles. It comes in several shades of the delicate colors and is an inexpensive material. The thin transparent sheets are the prettiest.

Alabama boasts a woman who was struck by lightning seven years ago, has never spoken since, and whose eyes grew lustrous and brilliant at the approach of a thunder storm.

In portions of the south the old time negro still lingers, preserving toward the white race the exact relations of 40 years ago, so far as outward relations go.

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