TELL ME AGAIN.

Tell me again you love me—me alone.
How can I weary of those tender words?
Do not the birds sing ever but one tone?
Yet what were life without the song of birds?
Earth does not weary of the ocean's song,
Sea cannot live without it hears the breeze.
Tell me again—and all the joy prolong—
Life has no sweeter, dearer sounds than these.

Then, when we part, and you are lost to sight,
And we can speak no longer, I and you,
In busy day and in the dreams of light
Love me in silence with a love as true.
Love me in silence as the days go on
Until we meet; and then, like bird and breeze,
Tell me again you love me—me alone;
Life has no sweeter, dearer sounds than these.

THE BELLE OF THE GARRISON.

By P. F. W. RYAN.

GEORGE and I sat over the fire after dinner enjoying our cigars. George was my uncle and I was his guest, but, although a middle-aged man when I was but a boy, he had always treated me as a younger brother. I was lucky in my host, for he had traveled wherever the foot of man had trod and fought in every campaign for half a century, and read everything worth reading from the Bible to the latest novel, and withal was as modest as a schoolgirl on her holidays.

"George," said I, "let us have a story."

The dear old chap threw himself back in his chair and set himself a-thinking.

"I declare," said George, "I am quite out of practice as a reconteur. I find it as hard to put my finger on a story now as if I had lived my life in a convent cell."

"Don't trouble; let us talk of the past and the stories will come," I said, mindful of earlier days when our evenings always ended in a tale.

"To be sure," said George, "there's enough to talk of from the day that Haughton and I landed at Bombay to begin our soldiering till I returned swords after half a century."

"Haughton," I repeated; "I never heard you mention his name before that I can remember."

A shadow seemed to flit across the fine old face, and he stroked his luxuriant silver hair, buried in thought.

"Poor Charley! It was a dark crime laid him low—a dark crime committed, like many another, for a woman. Years have since passed, and I have seen human blood flow in torrents, yet I still look back with horror on the deed of murder I permitted in the trackless jungle when I might——

"But a truce to vain regrets. You will hear the story. Haughton and I were at Eton together, and chums all our time there. We were in everything together, from making love to the head master's twin sisters to the floggings meted out by their brother. On the same day we were gazetted to the same corps in John Company's service, and embarked on the same vessel, which, by the way, you would call a convict hulk, for the Hast.

"Our regiment was quartered at Ghaznapore, and we had been quartered there scarcely three months when Haughton was the idol of his brother officers. I do believe there was not a man among them who would not have trusted the handsome, debonair youngster with his life—except, perhaps, one, a junior captain named Barnet.

"Barnet was as jealous of Charley as the serpent of Adam in the garden because Milly Pritchard brought all her forces—horse, foot and artillery—to bear on the heart of the dashing, golden-haired sub.

"Milly was just such a girl as you may find in every garrison town in the kingdom—fond of fun and jollity, and always ready for a flirtation, whether it be with the gray-haired commandant or the dapper sub. She is always handsome, always a coquette, ready to laugh at the fellows' jokes or be the confidante of their troubles, and the favored subaltern invariably looks forward to his captaincy to marry her. If such a girl is common at home, in India she is an institution, and the 'Garrison Belle' was a standing toast at every mess in my time.

"Milly Pritchard was the daughter of an old officer of the company. Her father had the reputation of being extremely wealthy, and as she was an only child she had in addition to her other charms all the attractions of a great heiress.

"This regimental affaire de coeur was watched with lively interest, and there was many sly jokes cracked at Barnet's expense, which, no doubt, did not help to soothe his wounded pride. Haughton bore himself splendidly. He neither courted nor avoided the girl, nor betrayed the slightest consciousness of unusual favor at her hands. No old campaigner could have worn his laurels more gracefully, and no gentleman could have behaved with more perfect breeding to his less fortunate rival.

"But Barnet was bitterness itself. At first he affected to treat Charley contemptuously, but the latter soon showed himself his equal in most things, his superiors in many. Then matters became more strained. Barnet was barely civil and Haughton was contemptuously indifferent.

"So things continued for about six months. Then one evening Haughton came to my quarters. His face was deathly pale and his lips were firmly set. I knew he was struggling to suppress some violent emotion. It was evident something serious had happened. A row with Barnet was the first thought that flashed through my mind. He threw himself into a chair and there was a pause for several minutes.

"'George,' he said at last, 'I must get away from here.' His voice, hoarse and uncertain, betrayed the turmoil of his soul.

"'Get away!' I repeated. 'Something is wrong, Haughton. What has happened?'

"'You are right. Something has happened. I cannot go into particulars, George, but it's a woman—Molly Pritchard. I love the girl—but she is not indifferent. I should have gone long ago, but she seemed such a flirt. Who could have guessed that she—'

"He hesitated, but my knowledge of his honorable nature made his emotion, his reserve, his resolve to quit the station, more eloquent than words. I could have sworn that there had been a scene, that in a moment of uncontrollable passion the girl had in some way betrayed her love for him, and in the delirium of the moment he, too, had been weak. It was all as clear to me as day.

"'Don't be a fool, Haughton. Marry the girl.'

"'Marry! Be my wife's pensioner! Never!' and the proud spirit flamed in his eyes. 'Excuse me, George, for the heat,' he continued, ashamed of having shown temper, 'but it is impossible, even if the old nabob were willing. Poor men must pocket their pride before money bags; I cannot do it.'

"I knew he was as proud as Lucifer, but I tried to reason with him; it was quite useless, however. His mind was fully made up, and I have no doubt the thing would have ended in commonplace fashion enough but for a chance stroke of ill luck.

"That night half a dozen of us sat late over our cards, and we were all more or less excited with wine and play when Haughton strolled in and began to watch the game while he smoked a cigar. I well remember the look of hate that flashed from Barnet's eyes when some one invited him to join us, which Charley excused himself from doing.

"Barnet had been losing all night, my own luck was just as bad, which, considering the skill of my antagonists, was hardly surprising. We doubled the stakes; Barnet lost again. Again we doubled, and again he lost. For the third time we doubled. It was our last game. I noticed Barnet's hands tremble as he gathered up his cards. I looked at my own and found a handful of trumps. I glanced at the pile of gold; nothing could beat me.

"I led off with my worst trump; I won the trick, and the next, and so on. As I was about to throw my last card Barnet made some remark about 'onlookers' which was plainly meant for Haughton.

"'If there is any objection I shall be happy to withdraw,' said Haughton.

"'Don't be a fool, Barnet,' said one fellow.

"'Don't croak if luck's against you,' said another.

"'I object to any communication between players and spectators.'

"All eyes were fixed on Barnet. He was making a serious charge. I looked at Haughton. The proud blood mantled his face for a moment, then retreated, leaving him as pale as marble.

"'As I am the only spectator, I demand an explanation.' The calmness with which the words were uttered were in striking contrast with his blazing eyes and bloodless lips.

"'Demand!' sneered Barnet. Haughton said nothing. He was not the man to bandy words like a woman.

"'What do you mean, Barnet?' said the senior captain.

"'I mean that Haughton directed a player by glance.'

"'Nonsense, Barnet!' exclaimed the whole board as one man. 'You are mistaken.'

Haughton smiled at the hearty unanimity of the chorus. Then his eyes flashed like those of a tiger as he turned on Barnet.

"'Barnet, you have spoken what you know to be false!' he hissed, and, turning on his heel he left the room.

"I don't know how you manage these things now, but in my service days we laughed at regulations. A man went on a hunting expedition, and was brought home dead, or perhaps he was found in his quarters with a bullet in his head. Nobody asked inconvenient questions.

"I followed Haughton to his quarters to talk the matter over with him. I found him examining his pistols. 'I never thought to turn them on a comrade,' he said. I tried to hope that Barnet would not fight, but my heart told me that he thirsted for his rival's blood. Any doubt I had on the matter was set at rest next morning. Barnet came to me, and with the utmost sang froid detailed a plan for a meeting. I said something about not 'liking the business.' He laughed and jeered, and in the end so exasperated me that I wanted to shoot him myself. And it ended by my agreeing to second Haughton.

"Next morning we drove from the station to the completion of this, my life's tragedy."

George paused a while, apparently overcome by emotion. Then he continued:

"The meeting place was a few leagues distant, and when we arrived Barnet was awaiting us alone, though he had promised to bring with him a friend. But I might have guessed that no officer would go out with him under the circumstances.

"I mentioned the matter to him. 'Oh!' he replied, purposely raising his voice that Haughton might hear, 'when gentlemen want to fight they don't stick at trifles of that sort.' It was then I made the fatal mistake. I should have refused to bear alone the responsibility, but boys are so afraid of appearing cowardly.

"Haughton saw me hesitate. 'Never mind,' he said; 'I don't care.' Then he gripped my hand a moment and continued, 'Be her friend, George, for my sake. Goodby.' Then he took up his place.

"I can recall as though it were but yesterday those two men standing face to face in the depth of the trackless jungle, with the fiery Indian sun beating upon the handsome, fearless face of the younger, while his foe stood with lowering brows and eyes gleaming with the deadliest hate calmly measuring the gallant, soldierly form outlined against the tangled shrubs with their network of luxuriant creepers.

"At the word 'three' they were to fire.

"At the word 'one' I trembled in every limb as my own husky voice intensified the grim reality of the scene, but Haughton stood as calmly erect as though on parade.

"'Two!' The ponies looked up lazily from their browsing and gazed with wondering eyes upon the strange spectacle. My tongue cleaved to my palate and the perspiration stood in large, cold beads upon my forehead.

"'Three!'

"I scarcely recognized my own voice as the word fell on my ear. Both pistols flashed simultaneously. Haughton staggered forward a few paces and fell into my arms, shot in the throat. The blood poured in torrents through mouth, nose and ears. Ignorant as I then was of such matters, I felt that he was done for. I laid him on the ground and looked into the depths of his frank blue eyes, and they turned to meet mine with the old loyal look, and he tried to smile bravely.

"His lips stirred, but no sound escaped them. The film of death dimmed his vision, his heart that had but a short while before throbbed so gayly with the vigor of a young, joyous life fluttered a moment, and then while the graceful, supple limbs stiffened ceased to beat forever.

"Barnet stood apart, smiling disdainfully, while his steely eyes gloated over the rigid, lifeless form and the pale, girlish face which would never again brighten at a woman's smile nor win a maiden's heart.

"'Go!' I said, and he turned away with the brand of Cain upon his brow. I never saw him again. He obtained six months' leave, and, prudently taking a hint from the colonel, he did not rejoin his regiment.

"Duty has often found me tough work to do, but God knows I would prefer to face a battery of artillery to delivering again Haughton's last message to the girl whose favor had cost him his life.

"'Take me to him,' she begged when I had finished my story. The awful thing she said appalled. I tried to persuade her, but in vain. And in the gloaming I led her heavily veiled past the sentries to the chamber of death to bid the dead soldier a last farewell.

"I opened the door for her and she passed in. And as I stood outside I covered my ears with my hands to shut out her convulsive sobbing. And the endearing terms which he had never heard from her lips now burst from her unchecked in the agony of grief.

"A day or two afterward his funeral procession wended its way along the dusty road to the little cemetery. The route lay past the Pritchards' house, and though they tried to get the girl out of the way all their efforts were unavailing. And her screams of anguish rising above the shrill wail of the fifes and the solemn roll of the muffled drums struck pain to many a heart, and lusty soldiers bowed their heads to hide their emotion. Fainter and fainter grew the screams of the girl's hysterical grief, till at last they sounded like an echo of the mournful strains of the funeral march, and then the rattle of our farewell volleys as we laid him to rest told her that her lover was done with earth forever.

"Years passed, and when the Mutiny broke out I was again in station at Ghaznapore. Old Pritchard was dead, but Milly still clung to the old spot for the sake of the gallant tenant of the little cemetery. Dark days were coming, and mindful of Charley's last words I offered her the shelter and protection of my love for his sake and her own. So one morning I stood with her before the altar in marching order, and while I made the old formal vows I swore in my heart to redeem the mad folly of the past by my love. And if years of devotion could atone, then I have explated my sin."—The Sphere.

India's Industrial Art.

A noteworthy feature of the Durbar, at Delhi, was the splendid exhibition of Eastern art. When such an exhibition is held in the Western World the individual artist is conspicuous in the fact that each example bears the name of the producer. In this Delhi exhibition, on the contrary, it was the country, not the individual, that had the honor. It was shawls from Cashmere, rugs from Anatolia, brasses from Persia, ivories from Siam, faience from Japan, pottery, silks and embroideries from China, and teakwood carving and jewel work from India, all representing centuries of cultivated taste in form and color, and years of toil, where art is really an inheritance of the people.

Venezuelan Voters.

In Venezuela males become voters at eighteen years and eligible to office at twenty-one.

Pluck and Adventure.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

LORD CHARLES DE LA POER BERESFORD and his younger brother, Lord William Leslie de la Poer Beresford, were a noble pair of brothers, built of the stuff that Jasons were made of. Perhaps it is the Irish that is in the blood. The name Poer was originally Poher, and later Power. Lord Charles is heir presumptive to his great-nephew, the Earl of Tyrone, a lively youngster of two years, who will be Marquis of Waterford on the the death of his father. The difference between their ages is fifty-five years. Lord Charles has earned high honors and decorations on both land and sea, and in peace times is up to any sport going. He is an expert at the lathe, is able to earn a living as a carpenter, and can shoot, fish, wheel, golf and swim about as well as any man of his age.

When Lord "Bill" Beresford married our first Duchess of Marlborough the St. James's Gazette wrote of him: "In India he has been the soul of the vice-regal court. As an organizer of vice-regal tours, as a promoter of races (and the most reckless rider in them), as a hunter of tigers, a driver of four-in-hands, the manager of amateur theatricals (and an actor in them), a player at polo and the entrepreneur at innumerable picnics, he has no equal among military secretaries. In Lady Dufferin's book Lord William appears on every other page—a dashing, cheery man, overflowing with high spirits and of inexhaustible energy; at one moment coming as near as possible to breaking his neck in a steeplechase, at another organizing an extensive tour to Southern India, to Burmah or to the Northwest; at another making himself good naturedly ridiculous at private theatricals. And in England he is as popular as he was in India. Every one knows Lord Bill, and every one likes him. As soldier, sportsman, courtier, and man of the world, he is one of the most attractive and congenial figures on the stage of life."

Lord Bill was the subject of an article entitled "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," by Archibald Forbes. In a sudden attack by Zulus several scouts under Beresford were killed, and in the retreat a wounded soldier fell from his horse, which slipped. Beresford, riding behind the party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise from the ground, and that his horse had run away. The Zulus were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Beresford galloped back, dismounted, covered his adversaries with his revolver and ordered the soldier to get on his own horse. "I refuse, my lord," said the wounded man. "Why should two men die, when one may escape?" Beresford turned upon him: "My man!" he cried, "by all that's holy, if you don't help me save your life, I'll punch your head to a jelly!" He partly lifted, partly hustled the soldier into the saddle, scrambled up himself and set the chestnut a-going after the rest of the command.

Sergeant O'Toole, missing his commander, rode back and shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool courage, and then aided Beresford to keep the wounded man in the saddle, till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or the rescued who was wounded, so smeared was Lord Bill with borrowed blood. When he was summoned to Windsor to receive the reward for "valor" from the Queen, Lord Bill declined the honor unless he were permitted to share it with Sergeant O'Toole, who, he persisted, deserved the greater credit. Her Majesty, graciously yielding, the brave Sergeant was ordered to appear with his commander to receive the proudest reward a British soldier can aspire to.—New York Press.

TIMEKEEPER'S PERILOUS TRIP.

W. A. Smith is timekeeper for the Roelding Company. One of his duties is to investigate all accidents and make reports on them. So when he saw that there was a fire on the top of the Manhattan tower of the new bridge he started to come across from Williamsburg to find out about it and see if any of the workmen were hurt. He had as narrow an escape as anybody from tumbling 300 feet or so into the East River. He got off the south footwalk about two minutes before it fell.

"I started across on the south side," he said, "and was about half way over when I began to wish I was somewhere else. I realized that I should have taken the north footbridge, as the fiercest part of the fire was burning on the south end of the tower. I didn't know how soon it would burn off the temporary cables that held my support.

"I crossed over on one of the transverse footbridges to the safer side. I had no sooner got there when the expected happened and the footbridge that I had been on fell. It didn't fall down into the river because it was caught in a snarl by the loops which extend down from the main cables to hold the span.

"Two men who had crossed over to the north footwalk with me went on to to Manhattan side after Engineer Boscome.

"I didn't. For awhile I wouldn't trust any footbridge. I climbed up onto the number 4, that is, the northernmost cable, straddled it, put my arms around it and then worked my way slowly back toward the top of the Williamsburg tower.

"I crept along, hugging that cable for about half the distance, and it was very slow work. The north footbridge was still just below me, in fact, and I finally decided to trust it, so made the rest of the trip on that. Soon after I had got down to the ground by way of the ladders in the Williamsburg tower that north footbridge fell, too, and was caught, as the other had been, in the loops."—New York Sun.

REMARKABLE CASE OF NERVE.

Dr. T. H. Bean, of the United States Fish Commission, while on board the revenue cutter Baer, off Unalaska, witnessed a remarkable case of nerve.

A whaler signalled the cutter for medical aid. Dr. Bean was taken aboard. He found that a Kanaka sailor had had a foot smashed some weeks before by a hogshead of whale oil rolling on it.

The injured member was in a terrible state, and the man was evidently suffering intensely, although he gave no outward sign.

When the captain asked the doctor what could be done, the latter started to tell him in confidence. At that the sailor spoke up:

"Don't be afraid to tell me, doctor," he said; "I can stand it all right."

"Well, say man," responded Dr. Bean, "amputation is the only thing that will relieve you, but I have neither the necessary instruments nor anaesthetics."

The sailor smiled.

"Don't mind about little things like that," he said.

"But——" began Dr. Bean.

The sailor smiled again.

"Oh, start in now," was all he said.

Dr. Bean had with him a case of pocket instruments for dissecting birds. When he pulled this out the sailor seated himself on a cask, unceremoniously crossed his legs and held out the injured foot.

The doctor started to work. He first removed the toes with the little bird knife, which hacked more than it cut. Then he found that up under the flesh the instep bone was injured for nearly an inch. So he had to cut in and turn back the flesh. Then with tweezers, for he had no saw, he snipped off the diseased part of the bone a little at a time.

That done, he pulled the flesh down, and sewed up the wound. After an hour's work he announced that the job was finished. And the sailor's foot had not quivered nor a muscle in his face moved with pain.

Smilingly the sailor uncrossed his legs, slid off the cask, reached for the doctor's hand, shook it heartily, roared a grateful "I thank ye, sir," and then hobbled off toward the fo'csle, whistling a rollicking sailor's jig.

RIDE ON A WOUNDED DEER.

Jesse Abbott, a middle-aged man and a hunter of many years' experience, of North Sullivan, Me., had an exciting adventure in the woods recently. He was out hunting deer and came upon a big buck.

His first shot tumbled the animal over and Mr. Abbott supposed that he had killed the deer. Rushing forward, he cut the throat of his prize and left him while he went in search of more game. He had only taken a few steps when he heard a noise and was astonished to see the deer come dashing down upon him.

He had not time to use his rifle, being barely able to spring to one side, and then, just as the buck dashed past, to spring upon the deer's back. He secured a firm hold upon the infuriated animal's neck and clung on.

A fierce struggle followed. The beast used every tactic at its command to dislodge its unwelcome burden, while the man made a determined effort to draw his hunting knife. Over fallen trees and through thick brush they went for nearly a mile. The hunter's clothing was torn to shreds and his body was lacerated and bruised, but he clung on.

At last, just as the knife came from the sheath the deer succeeded in breaking Abbott's hold and throwing him from its back. As he felt himself going the man made one wild slash with his knife. It was his only chance and he took it. It proved to be a lucky chance, for the steel reached a vital spot and the animal dropped dead. It was a splendid buck, weighing 314½ pounds, which is the record for Maine this year. The bullet which first brought the deer down struck him on the horns and evidently stunned him, while the first knife-wound was not sufficiently deep to reach a vital spot.

Petit Larceny in Stamps.

"There is a fraud upon the public that we would like to root out," said a Postoffice Inspector, "but it is almost impossible to reach the culprits, and to make out cases against them—difficult even to get evidence on which to base a stop order against their mail. This fraud is simply the larceny of two-cent stamps by means of 'fake' advertisements in the 'help wanted' columns of reputable newspapers which have no means of knowing the fraudulent nature of the advertisements. It costs only a trifle to advertise for some kind of help, and some of these advertisements will bring from 1000 to 1500 replies from people who are looking for work or seeking to better themselves. Four-fifths of these applicants for the bogus 'job' will inclose stamps for reply. You can figure it out. Eight hundred stamps are worth $16. These stamps are taken out of the letters, done up in packages of twenty-five or fifty, and sold at a small discount."—New York Times.

Ways of the Editor in India.

This amusing excuse was given by the editor of an Indian vernacular paper, which was printed with two columns left blank on the most important page: "We had reserved this space for an exceptionally powerful article on a subject of universal interest to our readers; but at the last moment we find the article cannot be compressed into the two columns reserved for it. The article will make its appearance next week."

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

According to a German patent the toughness and durability of aluminum can be much increased by the addition of phosphorus. The addition of seven to fifteen per cent. makes the metal extremely hard and tough, and well adapted for forgings. Three per cent. produces a good horseshoe metal, and with a two per cent. addition it can be easily rolled.

A smoke stack which is said to be both sparkless and smokeless has been invented by a Virginian. This feature is secured by the introduction into the interior of the stack of a number of tiny water-jets which are said to thoroughly purify the smoke by throwing down all particles. The streams of water are said to give no interference to the draft whatever.

Two coats of hot oil, carefully applied after thorough cleaning of the metal, are recommended by a Canadian artisan as an improvement over any process now in use for preventing rust of structural iron and steel. The oil would fill crevices, cracks and holes where paint cannot enter. It would cover rough places often imperfectly coated in ordinary painting, and it would be a fine preparation for subsequent painting or covering with cement coating.

While much has been said and written about the sprinkling of oil on roads, principally as a means of preventing dust, the use of the oil in the same way on river levees in some parts of the United States is said to have been found to be an excellent protection against the burrowings of gophers and ground squirrels, which threaten the security of the barrier raised against the encroachment of the flood waters. Crude oil is so distasteful to these that they shun the ground covered with it.

It is reported from Germany that an experimenter there has found aluminium an excellent substitute for a whetstone in giving a fine, keen edge to blades. When examined with a microscope, the edge of a knife that was sharpened on the metal appeared much straighter and smoother than one sharpened on a stone. One peculiar effect of the honing is that the surface of the aluminium becomes coated with a greasy substance with a great power of adhesion to steel, and to this is attributed the fine edge produced.

The great increase in the utilization of water power is one of the notable signs of the times. Waterfalls are now running factories, driving tramcars, lighting cities, irrigating farms and doing various other kinds of service, in many cases at a distance of miles from the fall itself. Italy is conspicuous for the progress it has made in this way, the Alps and the Apennines abounding in waterfalls. Now it is proposed to make use of the Doogh Sagar River, in India, to produce fifty thousand horse-power.

A very striking instance of the deterioration of leather, produced under conditions demanding quicker tanning by the use of various chemicals, thus decreasing the durability of the material, is afforded by the fact that the British Museum expends $20,000 a year in rebinding books in leather. Modern leather is widely different from the material produced by what is now regarded as an effete process, its life being limited to fifteen years. In the search for cheaper and quicker processes of making leather, large quantities of sulphuric acid are used, and this chemical, in combination with others, causes the material to decompose rapidly in the course of a few years.

A Feat of Memory.

Some light is thrown on the possibilities of memory culture by an interesting recital contained in the autobiography of Robert Houdin, the famous conjurer. He taught his son to glance at, say a shop window, and to memorize accurately, as in a brain picture, the window's contents. Then he would ask him to describe the contents, checking and correcting him as he went on. On one occasion Houdin was commanded to the Tuileries to give a performance before the French court. As he passed through an anteroom to the salon he bade his son note the arrangement of the rooms and the contents of the bookcases. Then at the close of the entertainment Houdin astonished his audience by giving what he called a "second sight" test. Declaring his unfamiliarity with the Tuileries, Houdin, blindfolding his son, asked him to send his gaze through the wall of the room to the chamber beyond, to describe the arrangement of the chamber and to read the titles of the volumes on the shelves of the bookcases. This feat the young lad accomplished to the astonishment of the court.—Chicago News.

Pointed Paragraphs.

No man is so wise that he can't learn from a fool.

Love is blind, especially the brand known as self-love.

But few men exhibit their bravery until after the danger is past.

Man is born with a character, but he has to make his own reputation.

Buy what you don't need and later on you will sell what you do need.

A lazy man is always anxious to get busy when there is nothing to do.

The truth would seem less brutal if people were acquainted with it.

It may be hard for some people to be poor, but for others it is the easiest thing in the world.—Chicago News.