

SENTENCE SERMONS

Selfishness is the suicide of happiness. The divine is not discovered by definition. Virtue is the moral fiber that comes from soul struggle. Thinking bitterly of others strikes a blow at my own heart. Our neighbors are not lifted up by looking up their records. He who spreads himself in prayer is not likely to rise in it. People who practice duplicity naturally label it diplomacy. It's always easier to sing about heaven than to serve earth. Every great public victory has many a private struggle behind it. Many believe they are sanctified because they feel so self-satisfied. Square dealing means to many making all others fit to their angles. It is not much use talking over your fidelity if folks do not find you friendly. Disappointment is often only a turn in the road to the highest appointment. The great life expects to fall often, but it determines never to stay in failure. Seeing the way that others should go is not equivalent to going in the way we see. It is always easy to make difficulties in doctrine a hiding place from the demands of duty. He has little faith in truth who rushes out with a blanket every time the wind of criticism arises.—Chicago Tribune.

QUIET THOUGHTS

The deepest of the mysteries is man. It is through association with others that the human will makes its most wonderful advance in freedom. Every invention is an instrument through which the human will reaches out toward the mastery of nature. The emancipation of the individual is always accompanied by a deepening of the content (meaning) of personal life. Religion, which was once an institution of the state, is becoming more and more the faith and ideal of the individual soul. Life means growth. The knowledge of yesterdays is so much intellectual power, but unless vitalized by new thought it quickly becomes dead. The forward progress of the world means that in every sphere the sacredness of each human being, the importance of the individual life, is increasingly evident. Dante's avowed aim was to show the working out of isolated moral laws; Shakespeare's subjects are men and women, each working out the tendencies of his own life; Goethe gives us the developments of the single soul through all the storm and stress of circumstance. Even in the last century men felt compelled to apologize for writing about themselves; modern literature is autobiographical. Men now realize that the development of a human being is the most interesting thing in the world, and that if they can tell openly and clearly the story of their own lives there are many who will find a deep interest in this.

THE HEDGEVILLE EDITOR.

No fresh egg ever hatched a chick- en. David Craun is too stingy to use a little wind when he wants to whistle. Give a man credit for what he does, but if he does not 'n' be careful about givin' him credit. Hetty Telling's husband is improving, but he won't be able to listen to his wife for a few days yet. Eke Reynolds say that it is funny how exactly the same diet will make a man fat and a woman fleshy. Miss Pafau has broken off her engagement, sayin' that she wishes to remain an individual.—John L. Hobbie.

BACHELOR PHILOSOPHY.

If you have any troubles, tell them to a lawyer. It's nice to be good natured, if you don't mind being imposed upon. Everything has its drawbacks. Even success may have a string tied to it. It isn't always the strongest men who carry the heaviest life insurance. In the matrimonial firmament even the honeymoon may be obscured by a cloud. In Quest of Thrills. "What's doing in New York?" "There are several roof gardens coming." "I didn't come to New York to waste time on roof gardens. What murder trials have you?"—Pittsburg Post. Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulax operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 75c. Ask your druggist for them. Attractive sale posters—Dispatch office.

SO THERE!

Miriam's mother, after sitting for an hour and a half on the topmost step in the hallway, breathed a sigh of relief as the vestibule door shut with a reluctant click. "Miriam," she called, as the pride of the neighborhood tripped lightly up the stairs, "isn't that young Shmidt coming to our house pretty often nowadays?" "I s'pose he is, mamma." "Do you know anything about him?" "What is he worth, for instance?" "Well, he's worth any dozen of the ordinary young men of my acquaintance." "Yes, my dear; but—"

A Drummer's Trick.

A youthful bride and bridegroom, fresh from the prairies, were taking a trans-continental trip on their honeymoon. The car was filled with "drummers" as the Yankee "knights of the carpet bag" are called, and many and various were the allusions to "Love's Young Dream," and "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," which however, did not disconcert the happy pair one iota. It was late at night. The newly married pair were the last to seek repose. They had just entered their well-appointed Pullman when the lady found that she had forgotten her traveling bag. The sleeping apartments were not numbered, and, being fearful that she might become confused—the berths being so similar—she said, in a loud whisper, "Johnnie, dear, just put your big toe out through the curtain when I come back." That was enough. When she returned there were fourteen pairs of big toes from as many feet, and not one of them was labeled "Johnnie."

Pa—Edith, how often do you practice on the piano when I'm away? Edith—Every day pa. Pa—How long did you practice yesterday? Edith—Four hours. Pa—And today? Edith—About the same. Pa—Well, I'm glad to hear you're so regular. The next time you practice, however, be sure to unlock the piano. I locked it last week, and I've been carrying the key in my pocket ever since. Here it is!

When Lord Thurlow first opened a lawyer's office in London, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded the lawyer. "And what do ye sell?" inquired the Irishman, looking at the solitary table and a few books. "Blockheads," responded Thurlow. "Begorra," said Pat, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business; ye ain't got but one left."

Henry Blossom, the author of Checkers, had a woolly dog he was showing to some friends in front of the Lambs Club in New York. Outcault, the cartoonist, came along. Blossom exhibited his dog. "You want to be careful about that dog, Henry," warned Outcault seriously. "I had one and had a lot of trouble with him. You must be careful about washing him. If you are not his eyes will get sore and he will die." "Gee!" said Blossom, much impressed. "I'll have to have him dry-cleaned."—The Saturday Evening Post.

Rivers (editorial writer on the Thunderbolt)—Here's a circular letter I've just received from a physical instructor who wants me to give his system a trial. He says I'm not doing half the work I am capable of doing. Brooks (who writes on space)—Well, it's a good deal better for you to receive a hint of that kind from an outsider than to have to take it from the managing editor.

Elder Brother (who has to do the work for the family)—"Ed, did I hear you say the other day that you knew how to milk a cow?" Younger Brother—"Yes." Elder Brother (benignly)—"Well, if you will black by shoes for me, I will let you milk the cow tonight." The arrangement was made and performed.

Watts—Tebson must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he doesn't hurry home. Potts—That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is bossed by his wife never says a word about it.

Mr. Newlywed—The moths have eaten every single thing in the closet, Ida. Mrs. Newlywed—I don't know how they could get in. I've kept the door locked all summer long.

A certain English mayor, whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying the work of the year. "I have endeavored," he said with an air of conscious rectitude, "to administer justice without swerving to partiality, on the one hand, or impartiality, on the other."

Why Rome Fell. Teacher—Why did the population of Rome decrease just before the fall of the empire? Eager Pupil—My book says 'cause the Romans had ceased to practice husbandry.

Method in Her Tightness. Nell—When she is so stout I wonder why Maude laces so tightly. Belle—The man she is engaged to has such a short arm.

So many generous men haven't anything to give away.

TOO AMBITIOUS.

"Alfred Vanderbilt, in a white coaching coat and a white top hat, with his colors in red and white carnations in his buttonhole, drove me down to Brighton one fine June day," said a Chicagoan. "Mr. Vanderbilt talked on the ride about horses. He is a shrewd and witty young man. Apropos of the way, in horse breeding, you must sacrifice speed to strength or strength to speed, he told me a little story. "He said we could never eat our cake and have it. We could never arrange things as the little girl in Sunday school desired. "Minnie," said this little girl's teacher, "which would you rather be, beautiful or good?" "Minnie answered promptly: "I think," she said, "I'd rather be beautiful and repent."

COME, COME, JAMES.



James, James, aren't you ever going to give me the tickets? They are in my pocketbook, which you put in your inside pocket.

A SHIVER FIGURE.

"Now, Arthur," said his father, "you've been going to school long enough to write decently. Don't you know how to make a figure three?" "Sure," said the boy. "You put your pencil on the paper and then you shiver."

A Line on the Eighth.

Mike Mullen is fond of telling this good little joke on his own district—the Eighth ward—which sends him, their benefactor and guardian, to Council regularly. "It was during a hot city campaign and a colored preacher was exhorting his congregation to vote the right ticket and bring peace and righteousness to the community. He pleaded for them to stand for the man who would bring about law enforcement and rid the city of dishonesty or immorality. "He preached and waved his arms, called forth the wrath of the Lord on those who did not 'line up right,' and his blessing upon those who stood for the right, and ended with the solemn statement and benediction: "'God will rule Cincinnati!" "Up jumped a freshly dressed young negro in the rear and shouted: "'Ten to one he doesn't carry the Eighth ward!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Master of Framing.

The picture-dealer had a sign in his window which read, "Anything Framed Up in Any Style," which he thought would catch the floating trade, and it did. A man came in with his face like a hair-brush and his clothes like a Salvation Army collection. "Can you make good on what that sign says?" he inquired half-hopefully. "Sure," responded the dealer, with the confidence of the man who advertises. "Well, I haven't been home for two nights, and I wish you would frame up an excuse for me to take to my wife. I'll pay any kind of a price if it will work. And I want it right now."

Not for a Gentleman's Ears.

"Repeat the words the defendant used," commanded counsel for the woman plaintiff in a case of slander being tried in the First Criminal Court of Newark recently. "I'd rather not," bashfully replied the plaintiff. "They were hardly words to tell to a gentleman." "Whisper them to the Judge, then," magnanimously suggested counsel—and the Court was obliged to rap for order.—Lippincott's.

Acme of Cautionness.

Seymour—Young Tiger looks like a cautious man. Ashley—He is cautious; he's so cautious that he wouldn't ask the prettiest girl in all the world to let him see her home unless he had learned how far away she lived.—Chicago News.

Wanted to Know.

"Have you ever read any of my husband's poetry?" "Yes, I have had that—er—yes, ma'am." "What do you think of it?" "Madam, are you looking for a compliment for your husband's verses, or for sympathy for your—self?"—Houston Post.

Lunch Al Fresco.

"Ten under the trees is delightful, isn't it? How many lumps of sugar, Mr. Wopp?" "Two lumps of sugar, and only one caterpillar, please."

Strenuous Action.

Tailor—Has Mr. Owens taken any action on that bill of his yet. Collector—Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.

Paradoxically speaking, it takes less money to get ahead than it does to keep up.

Kismet.

By EDITH L. JOSLIN

It was noontide. The hot tropical sun shone with a fierce white splendor, the palm trees drooped with languid grace, the roses nodded as though sleeping and their breath filled the air with a seductive fragrance, the splash of the fountain was like the alluring voices of gent and the occasional tinkle of a herd bell distant and hazy, sounded like a fairy peal of enchantment. On a hill overlooking the valley, the white palace of the Rajah reared its stately turrets and spread its proud length. Within its walls reigned the quiet of the tropical noon. Court and menials alike had yielded to the witchery of the hour and Katwa's stately halls were wrapped in profoundest slumber. In the inner court where the shade of the fountains fell thickest and coolest, lay Ashya, her head with its wealth of raven hair, pillowed on the sleek coat of a sleeping tiger. One ray of sunshine caught and imprisoned in the palms, cast a soft, caressing light into the shadows and showed a picture of rare beauty.

And the Rajah in his hall, and the slave in the office, and the maid in the shade of the palms slept and dreamed, but not so Deld, the tiger! A soft shuffling sound of approaching footsteps grew nearer and nearer!

A dark face looked into the shadows and then with upraised arm a man sprang forward only to pause in the face of a pair of gleaming yellow eyes. For a second there was no sound save the regular breathing of the sleeping Ashya and the low swish of Deld's heavy tail. A frog jumped into the fountain with a splash and a bird in the palms piped to its mate. The man drew back with a stifled curse and the sud, sud, of sandaled feet grew faintly distant and Yerbo, the dervish, was gone as he came.

It was twilight. The languorous, seductive twilight of the tropics. In the west the heavens were a mass of indescribable color, while nearby an opalescent gray prevailed. Deeper and deeper grew the gray—fainter and fainter grew the glorious hues in the West. Here and there a silver star twinkled in the heavens and a nightingale, in a huge magnolia, was pouring out its passionate love notes to its lady love. The dew laden blossoms sent up a delightful offering of fragrance and the fountain murmured joyously. Now and then a snatch of song was heard and from the garden came the sweet tinkle of a guitar. Romance and love ran riot in Katwa's stately palace.

On a luxurious divan in one of the inner courts sat the Rajah Katwa, and opposite him the dervish, Yerbo, while near the doorway stood a queenly maiden with clean cut features and large glorious eyes and soft bronze hair that fell rich and rippling over the shimmering black of her draperies. She was Fantina, the hope, the joy, the ambition of the dervish, Yerbo; and the rich young Rajah Katwa had just refused her for his queen.

An hour later Yerbo and Fantina had withdrawn and Katwa, all un-mindful of them, descended into the gardens. Everything, even the balmy caress of the gentle south wind, spoke to him of love. His pulses beat madly for the wind bore something else besides its caress; it brought the faint echo of a guitar and the dear melody of a voice he loved. A heavy turn or two in the direction from which they came and he was fondling the sleek head of the tiger, Deld, and his arm encircled the graceful Ashya. Heart spoke to heart, lip to lip, and there under the stars their troth was pledged, and there, too, under the stars a vengeance was sworn, for Yerbo, the priest, crouched in the shade of the palms.

In a bower, on a couch of roses, Ashya slept and dreamed, bright hued dreams of love, and at her feet lay Deld, the tiger, ever wakeful, ever faithful. A stealthy form crept across the pavement, but none of the glories of the night entered into the man's soul for he was ruled and moved with but one thought, revenge, and for revenge murder, so bitter was the disappointment of his ambition. Straight for the bower he headed. Slowly and carefully he came. Cautiously he crossed the threshold and crept toward the couch. Fierce hate gleamed in his eyes as they rested on the beautiful face of Ashya, upon which the moonbeams lingered so fondly. He raised his right arm and a sharp edge of steel flashed in the moonlight. Hark! Was it the wind that sounded so surely, Kismet, or was it the swift movement of a long, lithe body?

A moment the jeweled dagger was held aloft, the next both man and beast struggled on the pavement in mortal combat. Seconds that seemed hours ended and the man's form under the tiger was a quivering, moaning mass. A shadow fell across the pavement and Katwa, Prince and Rajah, stood in the doorway. With wide terrified eyes Ashya sprang to him. The tiger, Deld, raised his head and uttered a low piercing cry and his jaws dripped with bright red blood. —Boston Post.

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FATHER'S WAY.

While sitting here and thinking back to the far yesterday, When brother and myself were boys and all wrapped up in play, And chores were things we both abhorred and sidetracked if we could, The drawing water wash days and the bringing in of wood, I almost can see father—see his patient, kindly eyes; It seems uncanny now that he could have been half so wise As what he was. He was so young—yet understood us so!

He knew a boy—and that's a heap for just one man to know. He gave us tasks to suit our age, and he knew when they irked; And we were just like other boys, and there were tasks we shirked. And did so slovenly that, now, I wonder how he knew. The proper things to say to us and just the things to do; When he would find a slighted task he'd say: "Well, that's too bad!" But he would never scold us. There would be a sort of sad and disappointed look come down and shadow his dear face; And then he'd tell us: "Here's the way," and set each thing in place. And then the worry look would go, and he would never say Another word about the task we'd slighted so that day; But I just wish that I might see his dear old face tonight, With the same look it used to wear when we had done things right! How he would squeeze us both up tight! And laugh. And say, "Well done!"

And he'd remember it for days. And he would tell me: "Son, That was a dandy job you did!" And he'd tell brother: "Say, My boy, you certainly did do fine work that other day!" And praising us that way was just the way to go about Finding the good things in a boy, the way to bring them out, And as we grew we also grew to take pride in our work; In looking back there now I think we forgot how to shirk. And he made good men of us both—we are good men, us two— But I can't understand tonight how it was father knew Boys so well. His heart, I guess, taught him the way with us, And that one little word of praise beats a whole world of fuss. —Judd Mortimer Lewis.

BOYS.

There are ever so many kinds of boys Rollos and Tommys and Faunterloys; Boys that are crude and blunt and rough. And boys that are made of finer stuff. Boys who try in their blundering way, A kindly, chivalrous thing to say, And only succeed in stammering out Some words whose meaning is left in doubt. Boys who are awkward, boys who are bold, Boys who will never do as they are told; Boys who are bashful and painfully shy, Who can't be at ease however they try. Boys who are dull and boys who are bright; Boys who are always ready to fight, Boys with ambition and boys without, Boys who whistle and boys who shout, Boys who wheedle and boys who tease, Boys who wear holes in their trouser-knees. And of them all, which is the best? Away ahead of all the rest? 'Tis not a matter we need discuss— He's just the boy who belongs to us! —Carolyn Wells, in Life.

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Business Directory.

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