EXTRACTS FROM EMERSON.

A Column of Shining Sentences Picked Out From His Irregular Masonry.

We owe to man higher uoces than food and fire. We owe to man man.—Domestic life.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.—Quotation an Originality.

Nature is a rag merchant, who works up every shred, and odd, and end into new creations.—Beauty.

B t the people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.—Secie y and Solitude.

One of those conceited prigs who val ue Nature only as it feeds and exhibits them is equally a pest with the roisterous.—Clubs.

Poetry is the only verity—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent.—Poetry and Imagination.

Wherever there is power there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.—Old Age.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities nor the crops—no, but the kind of a man the country turns out.—Civilization.

The man t at works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.—Farming.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the age.—Circles.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, assistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—Consideration by the Way.

Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as th earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things.—Art.

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.—Greatness.

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration that nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.—Culture.

The less government we have the better—the fewer laws and the less confined power. The antidote to the abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.—Politics.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in some easy employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statutes or songs.—Considerations by the Way.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.—Illusions.

It never was in the power of any man or any community to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to pl ase his fancy. These arts have their origin always in some enthusiasm—as love, patriotism, or religion.—Art.

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on midnoon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.—Circles.

It only needs that a man should walk in our streets to make it appear how pitiful and inartificial a contrivance is our legislation. The man whose part is taken, and who does not wait for society in anything, has a power which society cannot choose but feel.—New England Reformers.

The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds—Æsop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin. * * The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word—things as they appear.—Poetry and Imagination.

Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a forep ain borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all around with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.—Representative Men.

We are natural believers. Truth, or the connection between cause and effect, alone interests us. We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things; all words are string on it, as beads; and men, and events, and life come to us, only because of that thread; they pass and repass, only that we may know the direction and continuity of that line.—Representative Men.

A Stutterer's Mistake.

No philosopher ever yet has found great good in that local infirmity whence stuttering comes. The tongue-tied are saved from hasty speech and it may be that Charles Lamb's lingual defects helped along his jokes, but ordinarily, as in the case of a certain young man of Minneapolis, stuttering is a misfortune. This young man had been thrown into the company of a husband-hunting woman, who, t ough not exactly young, heroically struggled to keep within the twenties. As the story runs, the stutterer was obliged to take the woman home from a party the other night, and as they drove along in a sleigh he gallantly entertained her with current topics. As they neared the woman's house the stutterer rememoered that in his overcoat pocket was a paper bag filled with mixed caramels bought for another girl, and, placing his hand to that part of his co t, he asked: "Lu-Lu cy, do-do-do you love mix-mix-mix—" But Lucey feeling the youth's right arm fumbling at her side, as if to encircle her waist, and hearing what she supposed were words of declaration, fell fainting upon his shoulder. All that the poor stutterer could do or say upon her recovery failed to release him, and now he is defendant in a breach of promise suit.

Reminiscences of Lincoln and His Times.

From a report of Judge Usher's Lecture.

Last night when Judge Usher finished in a second lecture, his reminiscences of "Lincoln and his Times," he began by rel ting incidents in the President's great faith in the final success of the Union armies. One day he received a letter from Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, filled with for bodings. Everything w s going wrong and Morton was losing hope.

"Don't you know, Usher," said Lincoln, "that Morton is one of the very best Governors we've got?"

Judge Usher replied that he so considered him.

"Well, it's so," reiterated the President; "but he's the easiest stampeded of any man you ever saw."

Lincoln looked at everything in a hopeful way. When others were crushed by the disasters the armies suffered, he kept his spirits up. It was not until after the Confederacy was practically dead—after the fall of Richmond—that he seemed oppressed, as though the heavy strain had been too much and final y broke him down.

Stanton was a peculiar man, a man of iron will, and one who never smiled. He had a son, a bright and promising fellow; and, when he died, he left the lad nothing, absolutely nothing, out of his ample fortune, not even a book from his splendid library, but ordered in his will that every volume be gathered up and sold. The son obeyed his father's instructions to the letter. He is now dead. Stanton was a man of great resources, of great executive ability, and could hardly have been spared from the war department. He w s very unpopular, and in fact it may be said he was almost hated. He was morose and uncivil, though the speaker never thought he intended to be. He was never well, and that, of course, accounted for a great many of his actions. He was never engaged in free and easy conversation. He was an accomplished lawyer, and had the faculty of expressing his views and opinions with a precision and force rarely equalled. The written requests of Mr. Lincoln he would sometimes, after reading, rend in pieces and throw on the floor or in the face of the bearer, and then rudely deny the request. Of course his conduct would be promptly reported to Lincoln, who would reply: "Well, you see I have not much influence with this Administration, but I expect to have more with the next." The fact was there was an understanding between them that Mr. Stanton should refuse, if granting the request was detrimental to the service.

"We read in the papers now," said Judge Usher, "a good de l about Cabinet meetings and the discussions of questions at these meetings. There was nothing of that kind with Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. Each was too busy with his own department to discuss any question relating to the other departments. When Cabinet meetings were called, Stanton would usually put his head in at the door and inquire, 'Is there anything to-day, Mr. President?' To which Mr. Lincoln would reply, 'I guess not, Stanton.' The Mason and Slidell affair caused some discussion, but Mr. Seward decided that question and not the Cabinet. There were never but two questions brought before the Cabinet, and one of them was the fearful massacre at Fort Pillow. Mr. Lincoln was very much in earnest about the matter, and retaliatory measures were talked of, but never resorted to."

After Halleck had been withdrawn from the field, he was kept at Washington by Mr. Lincoln, and was in and around the White House all the time. "He was," said Judge Usher, "a great big, clever, intelligent clerk." Somebody asked Lincoln what he had Halleck around so much for, and he answered that, as there were no military men in the Cabinet, it was handy to have some one around who could explain the movements of the troops in the field when the dispatches came in. Halleck was, in short, a sort of a Presidential explainer.

Lincoln had as kind a heart as any man could possibly have, though he never for a moment thought of giving up the struggle for the preservation of the Union on that account. He would feed the enemy when he took him prisoner, but he thought of nothing else than the enemy's final surrender. Many stories are related of how he permitted food and clothing to be taken to rebel prisoners which were relatives of ante bellum days. Yet when it came to signing the death-warrant of men caught burning Northern circles or sending infected clothing into populous communities, no man could be more sternly just.

Judge Usher gave the history of the famous Gettysburg oration—that short and simple prose poem, which is immortal, and has been compared to the Sermon on the Mount. The President, of course, was expected to say something on the occasion, though Everett was the orator of the day and would deliver the address. Mr. Lincoln was so hurried by business in Washington that he had no time to write out any notes. So, on the cars between the National Capital and Gettysburg, with a great crowd around him, talking, gossiping, laughing and chattering, he wrote the words of which Everett said: "I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration to-day will give me."

Marshal Lamon, who was going down to Richmond, this being two days before the assassination, asked Judge Usher to go to the White House with him. He asked the President not to go out alone while he was gone, nor to go to the theatre. Lincoln was inclined to treat the pleadings of Lamon lightly, but Judge Usher advised the President to pay attention to Lamon's appeals. Lamon went to Richmond, and while there heard the news of the assassination.

Judge Usher described the death-bed scene graphically. Mrs. Lincoln was in a front room with some lady friends, and every few minutes she would come to the bedside and give vent to the most fearful sc eams, that were painful and even appalling to hear. Thus it continued through the night, and just as the dawn of the day was breaking, the soul of the great martyr passed to its final rest.

The Norristown *Herald* has discovered that Carlyle and Emerson were not pretty and didn't wear their hair parted in the middle nor flourish a horse-shoe scarf pin. It begins to look as if Carlyle and Emerson had been very much overrated.

A PATENT CATAPULT.

A Boy Who Wanted to Surprise His Father and Who Succeeded.

Boston Post

A Connecticut man is never happy unless he is inventing someting. Even the children have a fancy for the business. Last summer a Connecticut boy visited Barnum's circus and saw the catapult. It suggested to him a tramp bouncer to be set under a man's door-step, and he went to work to build one. As he wanted to surprise his father he kept the matter secret and worked like a beaver in the hay loft of the big barn building the machine. Finally he got it done. It was a magnificent machine, worked by a spring capable of throwing 150 pounds a distance of thirty feet. This machine he buried in the hay until he should be ready to test it. Something possessed his father's hired man to go up in that loft next days and he contrived to get on the foot-board of the machine, and was slung half way across the barn into a half-filled bale of hay on the opposite side. Alighting on the hay saved him from serious injury but not from surprise. He didn't exactly expect any such business, and was not at all pleased with it. Neither did he understand it, and $500 wouldn't have induced him to go up in that hay-loft again. He didn't find out what it was that threw him. Fear of ridicule prevented him from mentioning it. That night two tramps crawled into the hay and were getting themselves fixed, when one got foul of the machine and immediately his companion heard a whiz, a wild yell, and a call for help from the other side of the barn. He arose to go to his companion, and got there quicker than he expected. He found his friend very curious to know what tossed him, and somewhat scared. The way those tramps fled from the barn was a caution. The next day while all the folks were away on a visit the lad got the machine down and set it under the front door step. Temporarily he attached the wire that set it going to the door-bell. When the folks returned they all stood on the door-step and the old man rang to be let in. With so much weight the machine couldn't throw 'em far, but it arose far enough to dump 'em. The old man was the first to get up. He sprang once more on the step and rang violently. He wasn't a very big man, and it seemed as though the Lord had put that snow drift forty feet away just to catch him. They got him out, and filled with terror, they went in the back way. There they told the story, and the boy explained and the old man ran him out and stood him on the machine six time, and he butted that snow drift all to pieces. He will not patent the machine, believing that it is too cruel a thing for these enlightened days.

Entertaining Company.

The whole philosophy of hospitality is summed up by Emerson in the following manner: "I pray you, O excellent wife! not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woma who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed ch mber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this man see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and work hard in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds." One of he greatest comforts in having a home should be that in it we have a place for our friends and even strangers—rooms, to more than supply the needs of the family and extra "leaves" to the extension-table. The secret of true hospitality, as Emerson has stated, is in its coming from the heart.

Why Some Farmers Do Not Succeed.

The *Southern Farmers' Monthly* gives the following reasons why some farmers do not succeed:

They are not active and industrious.
They are slothful in everything.
They do not keep up with improvements.
They are wedded to old methods.
They give no attention to details.
They think small things not important.
They take no pleasure in their work.
They regard labor as a misfortune.
They weigh and meas re stingily.
They are wasteful and improvident.
They let their gates sag and fall down.
They let their fowls roost in the trees.
They have no shelter for stock.
They do not curry their horses.
They leave their plows in the field.
They hang the harness in the dust.
They put off greasing the wagon.
They starve the calf and milk the cow.
They don't know the best is the cheapest.
They have no method or system.
They see no good in a new thing.
They never use paint on the farm.
They prop the barn door with a rail.
They milk the cow late in the day.
They have no time to do things well.
They do not read the newspapers and books.

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There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. Dr. S will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoratin of the genito-urinary organs.

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