

SPACE.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year
1 inch.....	2 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 inches.....	4 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
3 inches.....	6 00	15 00	22 00	30 00
4 inches.....	8 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
5 inches.....	10 00	25 00	38 00	50 00
Half column.....	18 00	45 00	70 00	100 00
One column.....	30 00	75 00	110 00	150 00

Marriage and obituary notices over one square, charged for at half regular rate.  
All local notices 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

### "GIVE HIM A LIFT."

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,  
Nor moralize with his despair;  
The man is down and his great need  
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.  
The time that the wounds are washed and  
Healed,  
That the Christy motives be revealed;  
But now, whatever the spirit may be,  
More words are but a mockery.  
One grain of aid just now is more  
To him than tons of saintly lore!  
Pray, if you must, in your full heart:  
But give him a lift—give him a start.  
The world is full of good advice,  
Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice;  
But the generous souls who aid mankind  
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.  
Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;  
A noble life's the best of deeds;  
And he shall wear a royal crown  
Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

### Daisy's Courtship.

The old-fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the sandalwood floor, swaying in slow, graceful waves the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of steeled flowers in a shallow glass dish.  
"Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough—here, at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me—gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving wherever I want to, and always sent luscious things to eat—and in winter rides and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music."  
"And John Maurice?" Her aunt tacked the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face.  
The pretty lips pouted charmingly.  
"Maurice! Oh, John's good enough, of course; but—"  
"It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Engaged to one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—a Miss Winchester, visiting at Castledean's."  
Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly.  
"He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's perfectly natural, I am sure. I suppose Miss—Miss Winchester, did you say?—I suppose she is a decided blonde, and petite?"  
Daisy didn't say that Maurice had often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own.  
"Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow."  
Daisy rose and took down her garden hat.  
"I dare say he is—only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark women to captivate anybody. I'm going over to Minnie Castledean's awhile—may I?"  
Mary watched the petite, graceful figure in the navy blue foulard cambric and white tulle and shade hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled serenely.  
"You darling—you perfect darling to come to us. Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly time this summer, you know. The house is full, and there is Nellie Winchester especially I want you to know, and the handsomest young officer on leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel Cressington; and we've impressed John Maurice—you remember John. He's the handsomest fellow—beats the colonel, I tell you, and Nellie's just bewitched after him."  
And Daisy laughed and assented, and declared she had remembered John Maurice, and was dying to see Miss Winchester, and intended inaugurating a flirtation at once with the military gentleman.  
Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-year old girls have a way of doing.  
"It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbons for the picnic—oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cressington will be delighted to be your escort."  
"Colonel Cressington will be happier than ever before in his life, if he may have that honor, Miss Minnie."  
When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it—not because he was so handsome and so entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because—well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little.  
And, as if the very fates themselves were propitious, who should see and her gallant avaller meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but John Maurice!  
John Maurice—so perfectly splendid in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his stylish clothes—everything just as it should be.  
This John Maurice—and engaged to Nellie Winchester!  
Daisy's heart gave a bound as he extended a hand which she saw had a plain gold ring on the little finger.  
And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her hand with a cool, graceful little bow.  
"Daisy May! Is it possible? Why,

you are prettier than ever, and—I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again."  
He was so easily familiar, so frank—and engaged to her?  
Daisy smiled.  
"Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your good will. I am glad to see you."  
It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome face.  
"I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshine over her head. Good bye till I see you again."  
His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight when Daisy bowed good-bye to her uniformed gallant at the gate.  
"What a handsome fellow John Maurice has grown to be, hasn't he, uncle?"

Daisy was slipping her coffee slowly that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June day, that the gods had arranged for the Castledean party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her forehead in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to get through her toilet.  
Her uncle buttered a slice of homemade bread with keen relish.  
"You might travel a seven years' journey and not come across his equal. And he's lucky, too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, enough to buy him the prettiest farm in the country—Edge Wire, and its stocked first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that Winchester girl'll bring him considerable."  
"He'll never think of her money, He's not that kind of a man at all." Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's face.  
"John's a splendid fellow and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have pleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you."  
"You should have said if I had taken a notion to John. But you see—I haven't."  
She threw a kiss coquettishly, and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she dressed herself.  
And when Colonel Cressington drove up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture of girlish beauty and happiness in all his life.  
And Maurice dashed by in his chase with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good—very good friends.

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnickers it was time to be preparing to return.  
Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledean and a dozen others were lounging on the soft sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a *dolce far niente* generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with his head bent down as if in close search for something lost—his ring that had until several minutes before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for it.  
Not that it was so valuable.  
But a pained white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why.  
He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until, sobbing, low, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakably attracted his attention, and a second's continuance in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.  
Seeing him she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes said:  
"I found your ring, Mr. Maurice."  
She drew it off her finger and handed it to him, calling all the powers of an unhappy, foolish little head to aid her to make her strong and indifferent—who had been sitting there kissing and crying over John's engagement ring.  
John took the ring, and holding it between his fingers and thumb, looked in her face, with his own pale and eager.  
"Daisy, tell me you were crying because you love me. Is it so? Daisy, my only, my own darling. I almost dread to have your answer, for I fear it will be no. But—do you love me, my darling?"  
A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then her lips quivered piteously.  
"Oh! John, how can you talk to me so? Nellie Winchester—"  
He pressed her suddenly close to him and pushed her head down on his shoulder.  
"Look up, little one. Nellie Winchester is nothing to me, although rumor has said so. You are all the world to me, darling. Am I so to you? Will you take the ring I bought when I heard you were coming home, and determined to secure you for my own as soon as I saw you? Daisy, I have been engaged to you since I can remember. Will you ratify it?"

And with all her soul in the kiss she gave him, Daisy knew her heart was all rest in John Maurice's love.  
That night it was announced in the Castledean's parlor privately, of course, that the picnic had been a great success.  
Colonel Cressington had proposed to Nellie Winchester and had been accepted, and Minnie confidentially whispered to Daisy:  
"Wasn't it cunning? For Nell carried on with John Maurice just to try to make the colonel pique, so that he would propose. That's the way I mean to do; don't you?"  
And Daisy smiled and blushed, and stole a glance at John's happy face, and thought how good everything was.

### Varieties of Canaries.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive; these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great centre whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Hartz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in boxes, cups, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away around to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably 25,000 came to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or so singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

### The Charm of Simple Cookery.

English cooks overdo everything, and the great charm of a French dinner is the simplicity of its dishes only, but even of its sauces. An English cook, for instance, puts butter into her apple sauce, and considers that every joint ought to be accompanied by three vegetables at least, if not by four.  
The English host is never so proud as when he sees upon his table some gorgeous dish, such as a salmon a la Chambord, or a Normandy sole. Now, carp a la Chambord, or club a la Chambord—if club is to be eaten at all—is all very well; for lean and muddy fish require to be thus dressed up. So, too, when a sole is not quite so fresh as it ought to be, an ingenious cook will smother it with mussels, oysters, truffles, onions, mushrooms, and a hundred other such garnishes. But fresh salmon or a fresh sole, cannot be cooked too plainly and simply.  
We spoil half our dishes by English barbarism. There is, for instance, only one way to eat an artichoke; but at an English table artichokes are literally served as a vegetable with the meat. Asparagus is similarly desecrated. Salad is taken in conjunction with hot meat, and as often as not on the same plate; while the English idea of salad is that you cannot thrust them together. The result, of course, is that each neutralizes the flavor of the other, and what we get is a jumble of lettuce, onion, taragon, olive, cucumber, beetroot and celery, all mixed up together.  
The French, who know better than this, allow some one herb to predominate distinctively in every salad. Too much artichoke may be as fatal as too little.—[London Examiner.]

### The Great Wall of China.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-five feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about 3,300 but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw it on the borders of Aik-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upwards of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the hordes of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

### Sponge and Spougong.

As is well known, sponge is a marine production; and the finer kinds have long been an adjunct to the toilet, the bath, the nursery, and in surgical operations. There are more than two hundred and fifty species. Until within a few years it has for a long time been questioned whether to class it among the animal or the vegetable kingdom. Naturalists now agree that it belongs to the animal kingdom. The finest sponges are always of a pale color, very soft and light, having very small holes. They are found in great abundance in the Mediterranean and adjacent seas, Turkey, Aleppo, and the Grecian Archipelago. Sponge adheres to the rocks at the bottom of the sea and the coast where the water is comparatively shallow. All the finer sponges are procured by diving. The fishing-grounds of Florida cover a wide extent of surface along the coast among the "keys" and adjacent islands. The principal grounds are Rock Island, a scope of land forty miles long by seven miles broad, and sixty miles north of Cedar Keys; St. Mark's eighty-five miles from Cedar Keys; Pine Point, seven miles south of Rock Island, and ten miles from Cedar Keys, extending fifty-five miles; the mouth of the Withlacoochee river, Bay Port to Annex creek, eight miles north to St. Martin's reef, sixteen miles north to Anoleto keys—a distance along the coast and islands of nearly three hundred miles. Sponge-fishing on this coast is of much greater magnitude and importance than is generally supposed. The number of vessels engaged is between seventy-five and one hundred, with an average crew of from five to fifteen men to each, and an average of three "dineys" to each vessel. A "diney" is a small boat used to gather the sponge, and is usually managed by two men. There are about six hundred men daily engaged in gathering when the weather is fair. Quiet weather and a calm sea are always taken advantage of. These dineys, when likely to be called into service, are towed Indian-like at the stern of the larger vessel.  
Each sponger is provided with a sponge-hook, made of iron, with three prongs, a socket fitting on a pole one-and-a-half inches thick and from eight to thirty-five feet long; also, a "water-glass"—a bucket with a pane of glass fitted in the bottom. This adds to the power of vision by excluding the light from behind, enables the sponger to penetrate with the eye at least ten to fifteen feet deeper into the water. The "sculler" propels the boat along very slowly. In the meantime the sponger sits hanging over the edge of the diney, with his head at the bucket held by the hand, and the eye penetrating the depths below, taking in all that passes within his line of vision. As soon as he sees his legitimate prey, he raises his sponge-hook with his right hand—in which he is assisted by the sculler—still keeping his eye at the glass, grasps the sponge, then, frequently his sight is darkened and his view obstructed by the intervention of the monsters of the deep. A huge shark, a saw-fish, or perhaps an enormous devil-fish, and very often larger schools of beautiful fish—Spanish mackerel, cavalle, "sailor's choice," "pompano"—pass beneath him in such numbers as to seriously interfere with his occupation. Again, his sight is regulated with lovely coral formations, deep fissures and grottoes, gem-lined within. When a diney-load is gathered, the sponges are taken to the vessel—roots down, eyes up—where they die. This part of sponge fishing is the most disagreeable, and causes the vessel to be almost unbearable, the sponges exhuming a bloody, slimy matter of most offensive odor—another and palpable evidence of their being things of life. When the vessel has completed her cargo, the sponges are taken to a "crawl"—made of mangrove or oak-staves driven into the sea of some island—for about a week or ten days. The sponger then goes into the "crawl" with a "bruiser"—a small paddle—and with a few strokes on the top of the sponges, clears them from the filth and skin, after which they are strung and ready for market.

### In Russian Hotels.

You are bound to enter a succinct but exhaustive autobiography in a volume kept for the purpose, and are compelled, under awkward penalties, to put yourself in intimate relations with the authorities. You are bound to make up your mind as to your plans, and you must purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage*, good for a fixed number of days. If you overstay your leave, you do it at your peril, although you may have been the victim of circumstances beyond your control. Happily, this bureaucratic tyranny is freely tempered by bribery, another sign of a primitive society, and there are few officials so highly placed as not to be accessible to the Russian equivalent for backsheesh. The traveling arrangements are good on the great lines of railways, if you do not object to a most oppressive atmosphere in the carriages. But in the hotels out of the Capital, comfort is unknown, to say nothing of luxury. Bedding is scarce and linen unobtainable, for in the most favorable circumstances you must content yourself with blankets. Thus at Nijn Novgorod, which is the seat of the great fair and frequented by all the high commercial aristocracy, the travelers found the best establishment utterly unscrupled and redolent of the fumes of stale tobacco. For a great part

### Celestial Enjoyment.

After the labor of the day is over the weary Chinaman in San Francisco betakes himself to the club room, theatre or opium den for an evening's enjoyment. The club rooms are filled nightly. The Chinaman is an inveterate gambler. With him it is one of the necessities of life. He will stifle his stomach to have a few cents to gratify his insatiable desire to win or lose. He does not seem to care what the game is. It is said that in many places in China it is no unusual sight to see rich merchants carrying beetles and large grasshoppers in the large sleeves of their coats. A certain mark is placed upon each insect. A saucer is produced, and two of the beetles are placed in it to fight a battle. The respective owners make their bets, and the battle goes on until one or the other of the insects are killed. The same thing is done with tame quails, which are bred and tamed in the same manner as gamecocks. Since the effectual raids made by the police upon the game of tan-tan, and the severe penalties imposed upon all who are arrested for playing it, that game has been generally abandoned. The game which is now universally played is "dominoes." Instead of playing the game as the whites do, the Chinese mix the dominoes well together. Two dice are thrown for the choice. The man getting the highest number of spots on the dice draws off the first six dominoes. The second best throw takes second choice, and so on. The game is generally played by four persons. The first choice then plays first domino. At the end of the game pieces of Chinese coin are given out. These coins represent a certain amount in American money. All bets are settled outside of the club room. In this way the Chinaman is enabled to gratify his passion for gambling without trespassing upon the city laws prohibiting banking games. It happens sometimes that a police officer arrests the domino players by mistake. He sees the dice shaken, and being ignorant of the game, thinks that the men are playing a dice game. The Chinese have been raided so much during the past year that the appearance of a police officer at the door of one of their club rooms instantly creates a panic, and it requires the assurance of the officer that everything is "all right" to quiet them down.

### Dispersal of Insects.

Winged insects are perhaps, of all, most admirably adapted for the special conditions found in one locality, and the barriers against their permanent displacement are numerous. Thus may insects require for their subsistence succulent vegetable food during the entire year, which, of course, confines them to tropical regions; some are dependent on mountain-vegetation; some subsist on water plants; and yet others, as the *Lepidoptera*, in the larva state, are limited to a single species of plant. Insects have enemies in every stage of their existence; foes are at hand ready to destroy not only the perfect form, but the pupa, the larva, and the egg; and any one of these enemies may prove so formidable in a country otherwise well adapted to them, as to render survival impossible. But, on the other hand, most varied means of dispersal carry insects from their natural habitats to distant regions. They are often met far from land, carried thence by storm or hurricane. Hawk-moths are sometimes captured hundreds of miles from shore, having taken passage on ships which sail near tropical countries, and Mr. Darwin narrates that he caught in the open sea, seventeen miles from the coast of South America, beetles, some aquatic and some terrestrial, belonging to seven genera, and they seemed uninjured by the salt-water. Insects, in their undeveloped states, make their abodes in solid timber, which, transported by winds and waves, may carry its undeveloped, winged freight great distances. Tropical insects are not unfrequently captured in the London docks, where they have been carried in furniture or foreign timber. Insects are very tenacious of life, and nearly all can exist for a long time without food. Some beetles bear immersion in strong spirit for hours, and are not destroyed by water almost at the boiling-point. These facts enable us to understand how not only by means of its delicate wings, but by winds, waves, volcanic dust, and a thousand other agencies, insects may be carried to remote regions.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

### Singular Lake.

Situated on the crest of the Andes, Lake Titicaca is the highest large body of fresh water in the world; and as concurrent traditions point to it as the spot where Manco Capac, the first Inca appeared and woke the aboriginal tribes from their long sleep of barbarism and ignorance, it is the historic centre of South America. Humboldt called it the theatre of the earliest American civilization. On an island within it are the imposing ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and all around it are monuments which attest the skill and magnificence of the Inca. There are also as at Tabunaco and Silustani the remains of burial towers and palaces, which antedate the Crusades, and are, therefore, pre-Incaic. Lake Titicaca is about the size of our Ontario, shallow on the west and north, deep toward the east and south. The eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and precipitous. The lake never freezes over, although the temperature of Puno is often eighteen degrees at sunrise. Two little steamers of one hundred tons each do a trifling business. Steam is generated by llama dung, the only fuel of the country, for there are no trees within 150 miles. The steamers actually cost their weight in silver, for their transportation (in pieces) from the coast cost as much as the original price. A steamboat company has just asked from Bolivia the exclusive privilege of navigating Titicaca and the Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with guarantee of six per cent. cost on the capital, and a share in all new mines discovered. Prof. Orton, the latest traveller in that region, calls attention to the fact that Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually given in geographical works by about 300 feet. Its true altitude is 12,492 feet, and in the dry season it is four feet less. This fact has been revealed by the consecutive levellings made in building the Arequipa Railway, just finished, which reaches from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca.

We are what we eat, and not what we would be. One hour assures not another. The will and the power are divers.

### Weight and Health.

The weight of the body, as is well known, has often been assumed as an infallible proof of the maintenance of the condition of the body, or of a deposition of tissue, and the food which keeps up a man's weight has been regarded as on that account satisfactorily nutritious. Remark upon this, at his recent address at Munich, Prof. Voit says that the weight of the body is really no criterion of the value of the food taken, because while the weight remains constant, or even increases, water may increase in the tissues and albumen and fat diminish; or there may be an increase of weight and deposition of fat, while there is also, at the same time, a diminution of the albumen of the body—the fact being that the body-nourished people are usually not lighter than others, but their bodies contain more water and less albumen and fat than those who are well nourished. Prof. Voit also adds that the subjective feeling of satisfaction is equally deceptive; that the Irish peasant who consumes 10 pounds of potatoes in the day feels quite satisfied, and yet is badly nourished, in point of fact, though not conscious of it.

### Distribution of Animals by Swimming.

Very few mammals can swim over any considerable extent of sea although many can swim well for short distances. The jagular traverses the widest streams in South America, and the bear and bison cross the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that they could swim over equal widths of salt-water, and if accidentally carried out to sea, might sometimes succeed in reaching islands many miles distant. Contrary to the common notion, pigs can swim remarkably well. Sir Charles Lyell tells us in his *Principles of Geology* that during the floods in Scotland in 1829 some pigs only six months old that were carried out to sea swam five miles and got on shore again. He also states, on the authority of the late Edward Forbes, that a pig jumped overboard to escape from a terrier in the Grecian Archipelago, and swam safely to shore, many miles distant. These facts render it probable that wild pigs, from their greater strength and activity, might under favorable circumstances cross arms of the sea twenty or thirty miles wide; and there are facts in the distribution of this tribe of animals which seem to indicate that they have sometimes done so. Deer take boldly to the water, and can swim considerable distances, but we have no evidence to show how long they could live at sea or how many miles they could traverse. Squirrels, rats, and lemmings often emigrate from Northern countries in bands of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and pass over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea; but they generally perish in the salt-water. Admitting, however, the powers of most mammals to swim considerable distances, we have no reason to believe that any of them could traverse without help straits of twenty miles in width, while in most cases a channel of half that distance would prove an effectual barrier.—[Harper's Magazine.]

### Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—Dunyan.

Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.—George Eliot

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Order gave each thing view.—Shakespeare.  
Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakespeare.  
Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.  
We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.  
You cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellences.  
Many persons are more desirous to know what they should do, than to do what they know.  
Salve not thy wounds with poison, as if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday.  
Voltaire said: "Our physicians put drugs, of which they know nothing, into bodies of which they know less."  
We treat men like the letters we get; we read them once with eagerness, and do not re-read them.—Voltaire.  
It is not to taste sweet things but to do noble and true things, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs.—Carlyle.  
I admire passively but I know lots of people who are passively just because they are too lazy to be anything else.  
Time is inescapably long, and every day is a vessel into which water is being poured, if one only wishes to fill it up.—Goethe.  
There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and, who find in the former an inextinguishable fund of conversation.  
To neglect, in any time, preparation for death, is to keep our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.  
Fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, you are no maiden, but a monument.—Shakespeare.  
The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness.  
When you feel as if you have violated a rule of propriety, you feel ashamed; when of prudence, regret; when a rule of right, you feel remorse.  
I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.—Steele.  
It is the amends of a short and troublesome life that doing good and suffering ill entitle man to one longer and better.—William Penn.  
God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make shift to find as much as he needs.—Lovel.  
The difference between a fashionable hat and a fashionable bonnet is very simple. One is worn over the ear and the other is worn on the nape of the neck.  
Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or woman to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.  
No man is poor who does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants, and his boggardly condition.  
The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.  
It is never too late with us so long as we are still aware of our faults, and bear them impatiently; so long as aspirations, eager for conquest stir within us.—Jacobi.  
So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.  
An Englishman's umbrella is something to be held sacred. It cannot be stolen with impunity. A man was sentenced to a day's imprisonment in London recently for borrowing an umbrella without the owner's knowledge.  
The custom in Eastern Turkey is to remove the boots and shoes at entering church. An American saw at Antial, Turkey, 1,200 boots and shoes at the door of a church presenting a very curious sight. The men go in barefoot, but keep their hats on.  
Every cannot be hid. It accuses and judges without proof. It exaggerates defects; its conversation is filled with gall, exaggeration and injury. It stands out with obstinacy and with fury against striking merit. It is hasty, insensible and brutal.  
Botanists have a class of plants which they name *incompleta*, we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longing and struggling, are not in proportion to their doing and performing.—Goethe.  
The faithful devoted Christian is all heartedness. While others do things coldly and without interest, he puts his whole soul into his labor, and does it with hearty good will and a vigorous healthy zeal, because he loves to do it.—Murray.  
"Storm King," the highest of the Highland peaks, is 1,229 feet above tide water. The chain which was stretched across the river at West Point in war time was 1,350 feet long, and was manufactured from one obtained near Bear Mountain, which is 1,350 feet high—a singular coincidence.  
Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which all rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the field where "the enemy sows tares while men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place.  
Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly slipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do!"