

EMMONS COUNTY RECORD.

WILLIAMSPORT, DAKOTA.

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The police force of England and Wales consists of 682 superintendents, 1,488 inspectors, 3,482 sergeants, and 28,361 constables. The total strength of the Scottish police force is thirty-two chief constables, 110 superintendents, 176 inspectors, 358 sergeants, and 3,267 constables.

The Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair-dyes, patent medicines, etc. Those containing poison must be sold by apothecaries only by medical prescription, and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as prejudicial to health.

NEW HAVEN is said to have 617 more inhabitants than the whole State of Nevada, with its Representatives and two Senators. A Connecticut paper adds that the town of Union, in that State, with 600 persons, sends two Representatives to the Legislature, and has as much voice in that body as New Haven, with a population of over 70,000.

THERE is a craze for gambling in New York at present, which has not been equalled before in the history of the city, and "social" poker playing especially, is an epidemic. No dinner party nowadays is considered complete unless a little draw follows it, and even every boarding house in town has its coterie of players. A well-known society leader says five times as many ladies play poker to-day as did a year ago.

An Arkansas woman, whose husband was recently sent to the penitentiary, wrote the following letter to her loved one: "I don't like to shake you now that you are in trouble, but under the circumstances it is the best thing I can do. The man you stole the hog from has proposed to me, and I have consented to marry him. I am getting tired of the neighbors throwing it up to me that my husband is in the pen. I am going to marry the fellow quietly, and when they come around and say 'your husband's in the pen,' I can call 'em a liar, and have 'em arrested for slander."

THERE was to be a butting match in Colorado between a robust Swede and a negro. They were to start ten feet back from a scratch with their heads lowered, and rush at each other like rams, the collisions to take place until one was disabled. At the last moment somebody whispered to the Swede that he had never heard before—that the African skull is generally deemed invulnerable under concussion that would smash a white man's. This destroyed his courage and he dodged the woolly head that came plunging viciously at him. The negro, missing the expected resistance, was by momentum carried a rod against a fence, on which he was dangerously punctured.

The feet of elephants kept for show purposes are trimmed two or three times a year. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick, horny substance of material similar to the three-toe-nails on each foot; and as it grows thicker and thicker, it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. One showman recently subjected his elephants to a trimming process. With a knife two feet long, great pieces of horn, six inches by four, and a quarter of an inch thick, were shaved off. During the operation the huge animal seemed to suffer great pain, but seemed to know that it would afterward obtain relief, and trumpeted its pleasure at the close. Three times around an elephant's front hoof is said to be his exact height.

The paucity of medical men in Russia, writes a correspondent, and the habits of the rural population combine to make the Russian death rate the highest in Europe. Excepting the two Capitals, where there are many German physicians, there is no district in the Empire sufficiently supplied with doctors. According to the latest returns, the average duration of life in Russia is only twenty-six years. The mortality among infants is frightful. More than 60 per cent. die before they reach their fifth year. Nearly 2,000,000 children perish every year. Of 8,000,000 boys only 3,770,000 attain the age of military service—that is to say, their 25th year; and of these at least 1,000,000 are found, by reason of shortness of stature and weakness of body, unfit for military duties.

It was only natural that a double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with two "Markes" and two "Topsies" should sooner or later lead to a double "Enoch Arden" with two "Annie Lees" and two "Philip Rays." The schooner Joseph Mayfield sailed away from Philadelphia three years ago with Lemuel Williams as her captain and George Daisy as mate. Each left behind a wife, and

they were mother and daughter. Two years past and nothing was heard of the Mayfield and her crew, and so last year the mother and daughter concluded to marry again. A few days ago they received information that their husbands were alive and well and on their way home from Trinidad, and the little sea coast hamlet of Ocean View, where the Annie Lees reside, is all torn up over the matrimonial complication of four husbands for two wives. Who takes the next double?

A PROMINENT English physician says that a great many people who are afflicted with mortal maladies manage to live to a good old age. In his opinion these people are killed by fear than by disease. There are innumerable instances of persons dragging along for years in daily expectation of death, and yet living to the average age of man. Medicine is valuable, but it owes more to the influence of hope than it does to drugs. The brain, or mind organ, is just as much a part of the body as the liver or the heart. The influence of hope is frequently manifested when there is a consultation of physicians in the sick room. Generally the treatment is not changed, but the patient feels the presence of skillful medical advisers, and he at once calls up his reserve forces to fight against disease. A resolute and intelligent hopefulness and confidence will do more to ward off and cure sickness than anything else.

A RECENT writer, who is himself a gambler, is not inclined to believe the statement that professional gamblers have a high standard of honor among themselves. He says they are a very suspicious body of men whose bond takes the form of collateral security. The two chief component parts, he says, that go to make up the professional gambler are cupidity and laziness. These two characteristics predominating result in the complete demoralization of the map. He sums up the whole matter in this way: "A business that is illegitimate in itself and draws to its support criminals from every walk in crime, must on its face be demoralizing. I do not attempt to say that every gambling room in Boston is the constant and only resort of criminals, but I do wish to be understood as saying that there is not a game in this or any other city that would exclude a man on social or moral grounds. Cash, no matter how obtained, is the 'open sesame' in every instance. The conclusions arrived at in this article have their foundation in solid fact, and the deductions and suggestions are the outcome of mature thought, by one who has made the subject a study, from the vantage ground of the dealer's chair."

In a recent interview with a reporter of the *New York Mail and Express*, Mr. Joshua Billings reiterates the popular notion that "humorists are the saddest and soberest of fellows." Then he goes on to say that Mark Twain does not know how to laugh, and Nasby never laughed in his life. Bah! Mark Twain does his share of laughing, and don't you forget it. It isn't fair to judge Mark Twain or Nasby or any other professional humorist when he is on dress parade, for a professional humorist knows very well that when he is on dress parade he is expected to look melancholy, and accordingly he looks. But in their private lives they will find these humorists as sociable and merry as other men. As for Nasby, he is notoriously a social man—he revels in a good story and in a good joke, and his laugh is as boisterous as a peal of August thunder. Burdette is as frisky and chirrupy as a cricket, and Bailey, of Danbury, is eminently a social fellow. People are apt to get an erroneous impression of these people by seeing them on the lecture platform when they are repeating the same funny things they have repeated for season after season, and at which other folks laugh, but which have become old chestnuts to them. Gravity of countenance is the same which make the humorous lecturer's wit more palatable to the average audience, and having discovered this great truth the humorists utilize it for all it is worth. On general principles, it is as unfair to regard humorists as melancholics as it is to call all preachers libertines, all lawyers thieves, and all doctors conspirators with sextons and undertakers against the lives of their fellow-men.

Never Heal.
So sudden and unexpected the shot, the axe-stroke, or the blow from a falling tree, that may shatter a limb, sever a cord, or fracture the brain, causing one hitherto strong and athletic to go through the remainder of life a helpless cripple or invalid. One moment of time has done a work which long years can never undo. So friendship may receive fatal wounds. There are words and deeds which can so wound a great love as to kill the very root of it in the soul, so that, although kind feeling, a memory of the once absorbing passion, a tender pity, perhaps, remains, no miracle of God could place again the fallen idol on the pedestal it once occupied in that worshipful trustful heart. To possess the confidence and esteem of a friend is a boon so precious to win and hold let us beware of losing such through indiscretion.—*Christian at Work.*

SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE.

Oxalic acid will almost always remove stains left by mud which cannot be removed by soap and water. A pretty cover for the table in your bedroom is made by using one of the large lace tidies or pillow covers that may be bought for a very small sum. It will be improved by lining. It costs less than a nice towel, and will keep clean longer as the dust may be shaken from it.

To purify the air of the cellar, and to destroy parasitical growth, a German authority says: "Put some roll brimstone into a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tight as possible for two or three hours; repeat the inexpensive operation every three months."

Knives with ivory handles which may become loosened or have fallen out entirely can be cemented at home, and with small expense by using this cement: Take four parts of rosin, one part of beeswax and one part of plaster of Paris; fill the hole in the handle with the cement, then heat the steel of the handle and press it firmly into the cement.

ARTICLES of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water, and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

TO GET the full flavor of dried or evaporated peaches they should first be allowed to soak for at least three hours, then cook them slowly; when they are almost done add the sugar, then set them away and let them get perfectly cold. If not used until the second day they will be still better, as they will absorb the sugar and be much richer apparently. If for use in puddings treat in this way also, as it will repay you for taking thought. Use the juice in the pudding sauce.

NERVOUS children who toss and turn, and cry out that they can not go to sleep, may sometimes be quieted by having their feet rubbed vigorously with a flesh brush. A warm bath will sometimes be effectual, but generally it does not conduce to quiet as much as weaken. See that the room and the bed also has been thoroughly aired and is properly ventilated. All study in the evening should be forbidden to such a child, and after adjusting the physical appliances which tend to sleep, tell him to picture to himself a little winding brook, off in the deep woods, carrying upon it a leaf or a chip. Or, after reading that lovely story of Hans Anderson, tell him to think of Ole Luk-Oie's gay umbrella which he spreads over the heads of good children, and upon which is painted their happy dreams.

Dining at the White House.

The table in the State dining-room in the White House will seat, by close crowding, thirty-six people. This, then is the number invited, and usually there are not less than thirty on these occasions. Where it is convenient to do so, many ladies as gentlemen are invited, though at diplomatic dinners, when all the foreign Ministers here are to be present, it is found impossible to seat as many at the table as this plan would require, so that the rule is not always followed.

The table is usually very handsomely ornamented with flowers, a huge floral design of some sort appearing as a centerpiece, and smaller ones near the ends. Two large golden candelabra, or branching candlesticks, holding perhaps a dozen candles apiece—reminding one very much of the pictures of the "golden candlesticks" in the old family Bible—occupy places on the table, one at either end of the floral center piece. These contain the finest of wax candles, which are lighted just before the dinner begins. Near the ends of the table are smaller candelabra, with perhaps a half dozen candles apiece, each having a little pink-lined shade at the top supported by a silver rod which clasps the candle near the bottom.

The plates are placed "right side up with care" about thirty inches around the table. On each plate the napkin is laid, and on the napkin a bouquet, for the ladies a flat corsage bouquet of rose buds and sometimes lilies of the valley; for the gentlemen usually a single half opened rose bud. Beside these is laid a card, one on each plate, and on it the name of the person who is to sit at this place. The head of the table, on these occasions, is not at the end, but in the middle. The seat occupied by the President is half way up the side of the table, at the side next the door at which the guests enter. The lady whom he escorts to dinner sits at his right; and the honored guest on the occasion sits directly opposite the President, with his lady on his right. Those who arrange the table and the order in which the guests sit, of course arrange so that gentleman and wife do not sit side by side under any circumstances.—*Washington Letter.*

The Founders of American Methodism.
Bishop Coke was by birth Welsh, having been born at Brecon, Sept. 9, 1747. In his seventeenth year he became what was known as "a gentleman commoner" of Jesus College, Oxford, and after graduating had charge of South Peterton parish, Somersetshire, and while there came under the influence of Metho ism. The increased fidelity and earnestness of his ministry excited so much opposition that he abandoned the place and joined Wesley in 1776, whom he equalled, if he did not surpass, in itinerant ministerial labor. In 1784 Wesley consecrated him a bishop for the Methodists in America, and in the same year he presided at the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore, Md., and December 27 consecrated Francis Asbury a bishop. Bishop Asbury was a native of Handsworth, Staffordshire, England, having been born there August 20, 1745. His parents were pious Methodists, and raised him with religious care, so that, says a biographer, it is no wonder that he was converted at the age of 13 years. Philip Embury, the first Methodist minister in America was born in Ral-

lan, Ireland, September 21, 1728 or 1729. His parents were Germans of the Palatinate, and he was educated at a school near his native place. He was converted in 1752, and in 1758 was entered upon the roll of the Irish Conference as a preacher. In 1760 he emigrated to America, but it is a matter of doubt whether he preached during the first few years of his life in New York. In 1766, however, aided by the advice of a pious Methodist, Barbara Heck, he organized a class, and began preaching, first in his own house, then in a hired room, and in 1767 in the "Rigging Loft," famous as the birthplace of Methodism in New York. A chapel was soon needed, and in 1768 the pioneer Methodist church was erected on the site of the John Street Church. Embury's labors continued until 1775, when having removed to Washington County and started a society there, he died in consequence of an accident in moving.—*Inter Ocean.*

The Audacious Bismarck.

Bismarck's life of Bismarck contains the following amusing account of the manner in which the Prince treated the Australian President at Frankfurt who monopolized the privilege of smoking. It is from Bismarck himself. I asked about the famous cigar incident. "Which one do you mean?" "That in which your Excellency, finding Reebberg smoking, lit up a cigar too." "You mean Thun. Yes; that was a simple matter enough. He asked me to wait a minute. I did wait some time. When I began to feel bored, however, as he did not offer me a cigar, I took one out of my pocket and asked him for a light, which he gave me with astonishment depicted upon his countenance. But there is another story of the same sort. At the sittings of the Military Committee, when Reebberg represented Prussia at the Federal Diet, Austria smoked alone. Reebberg, who was an inveterate smoker, would have gladly done the same, but did not dare to. When I arrived, seeing no reason to the contrary, I asked the presiding power to oblige me with a light. This request was apparently regarded by the chairman and the other gentlemen with amazement and displeasure. Obviously, it was an event. As matters then stood, only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the others considered it a question of such importance that they reported upon it to their respective governments. Somebody must have written to Berlin about it, too; for an inquiry reached me from his late Majesty, who was not a smoker, and probably did not find the occurrence to his taste. The incident called for serious consideration at the smaller courts, and six months elapsed, during which only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenki, the Bavarian, began to vindicate the dignity of his position by smoking. Next the Saxon, had doubtless a great mind to do as much, but had not received permission from his Minister. When, however, at the next sitting, he saw the Hanoverian, Rotmes, light up, he must have come to some arrangement with Reebberg (Nostitz was under Australian influence, having two sons in the Imperial Army), for he took a cigar out of his case and puffed away vigorously. The only ones left were the Wurtemberger and Darmstaeter, neither of whom smoked. But the honor and importance of their States imperatively required that they should smoke, and so the next time the Wurtemberger (Von Reinhardt) also produced a weed—I think I see it now, a long, thin, pale yellow thing, the color of rye straw—and smoked it with sudden determination half through, as a burnt sacrifice for his Saxonian fatherland. The only one who altogether refrained from tobacco was the representative of Hesse-Darmstadt."

Bad Temper.

If there be any one element which makes a home either a home or fills it with all the ugliness of constant bickering and strife, it is temper. In fact, if rents were not so high, and space so dear, every residence would be provided with a "milkery" where bad temper could be lived off without the rest of the family being disturbed by the manifestation.

And the worst of the matter is that temper comes and goes of its own sweet will. You get up one day and all the world is pleasant. All goes smoothly, and things in general wear a smile. The next day the very opposite reigns. As soon as you set foot out of bed you are conscious that matters are turning topsy turvey. From that moment till bedtime life will not run straight; breakfast is a bother. Indoors and outdoors, all is awry. If you go down the street, you meet people whom you detest. If you stay home, the chances are that those very people will come and insist on seeing you.

Then, if you have a family, this day, the day when you feel out of sorts, is the time the children select for the worst of bad behavior. Baby will squall with persevering monotony. Jim will tease Dick till Dick takes refuge in tears and his fists. The servant will break things, and from dawn till dark the aggravations will pour down on your luckless head till you wish you had never been born. Even nature contrives to rub you the wrong way. You are worried with a dozen cares, and it is washing day at home. Whether the children are fractious or not, the purgation of linen must go on. The morning breaks bright and clear and then just at the time that the first batch of things are pegged out on the lines, down comes a deluge, and every blessed thing has to be dried at the fire.

Thus, when night comes, the house is full of damp moulds of cloths, and steam and contrariness from one end to the other; and if only bad temper can get up a nice little domestic quarrel when the husband comes home from business, it lays down with you on your pillow, conscious that it has had a very successful time, indeed.—*New York Dispatch.*

The Babies Go On Forever.

"There is one thing about babies" said a recent traveler, "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries.—*Kachanga.*

THE ZENITH CITY.

An Authentic History of the Famous Duluth Speech—Proctor Knott to an Interviewer.

Thursday morning a very polite, pleasant gentleman came into my room and told me that on the following Wednesday a bill would come up to improve the harbor at Duluth. I turned to him and said with an honest, questioning smile, "My friend, will you please tell me where Duluth is?" Of course I knew its situation, but I wanted him to understand I did not think much of his bill, and thus the easier refuse his request. He did not see the irony of the remark, but put his hand into his breast pocket and pulled out a map and handed it to me. As soon as I looked at it I saw that here was the finest field for a funny speech that had ever been presented in the country. No one can rightly appreciate that Duluth speech without having seen that map. On its face the whole civilized world was drawn in circles. These circles became smaller and smaller, until they terminated at a dot in the center, and at that dot was written "Duluth." On the different circles were the words 100 miles from Duluth, 200 miles from Duluth, 300 miles from Duluth, 1,000 miles from Duluth, 4,000 miles from Duluth, and so on. All the great cities of the country were noticed, and their distance from Duluth given. Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and New York on that map looked like hamlets compared with Duluth, and the distances from Liverpool, London and Constantinople were given, as though Duluth was co-equal with them. Below it were printed numerous statistics, showing that here were 2,000,000 square miles all tributary to Duluth. I looked at the map while the bland young man delivered his eulogy of this prospective metropolis, and as he closed I said: "Would you have any objections to leaving me this map? I must consider the matter. I live in the interior of Kentucky, in a defile away up at the head of a little creek, and most of my constituents have never seen a ship. I have to be very careful of my conduct in Congress to not displease them"—and went on for some time in this manner. Strange to say, he suspected nothing. He not only cheerfully lent me that map, but he gave it to me. As he left my room he looked back and said: "Mr. Knott, after you have studied that map I hope you will go for our bill."

"Yes," said I, "I'll go for it." I never saw him afterwards. On going up to Capitol I could not keep the fun out of my mind. It took entire possession of me and stayed with me. I then saw Mr. Kerr. He told me that Holman had consented to let me have the half hour. It then occurred to me that as Superior City was near Duluth and almost connected with it, that I could make some funny remarks about Duluth in the introduction of my speech on the land subsidy, get the good will of the House and have my time extended indefinitely, so that I could deliver my prepared speech. I sent for Friday's *Globe* and by the next day had thought out many things which I used in the speech. But the great part of it came from the inspiration of the moment. The situation was peculiarly favorable. Every word seemed to be appreciated, and the mind of the audience responded in perfect harmony to mine. After I had spoken out my half hour, I was forced to go on in the same strain or to risk a failure in the sudden change to my sober and carefully prepared sobriety speech. I saw my danger and wound up as I began. The other speech, over which I had spent days of labor, was never delivered.

"Were you not astonished at the reception of your speech by the country?" was asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "I was never more astonished in my life. It was delivered late in the evening, and the House adjourned immediately thereafter. The next morning the journals of the country were full of it, and at the Capitol every one was laughing over it and congratulating me."

Cottages and Villas.

You will be told about the "cottagers" turning out to greet the President. Why, there are no "cottagers" here, except the permanent residents who subsist on summer boarders. They occupy the cottages, pretty, simple, modern structures for the accommodation of those who spend a month here, or two or even three, for health and rest. Newport seems to have just two classes—these cottagers, who, as I have said, subsist on summer boarders, and the wealthy people from New York, Philadelphia and Boston, who occupy the magnificent villas on Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs and Narragansett avenue. Why not give them their proper name—"villagers" instead of "cottagers." "What is there to indicate a cottage in the elegant and expensive structures of stone and granite, or brick, spacious as a city residence, and reveling in the "early English," at the cost of sixty or a hundred thousand dollars. "What is a name." Much sometimes. The so-called cottages of Newport are as substantial and expensive residences as any city brown-stone front can be. Love in one of these "cottages" finished with old mahogany and furnished with Moquette carpet, Turkish rugs, Persian draperies and Dresden china would hardly be doomed to the fate of "love that goes out of the window when poverty comes in at the door." To call them cottages is a satire on simplicity. But villas they are with beautiful grounds of bewildering variety. There are no two alike, each one seeming to have its own landscape gardener with his own ideas of beauty and harmony.

The Elevator.

The person that first put an elevator into high structure, so as to save passengers the labor of walking up many steps of stairs, little dreamed of the important results that have followed the adoption of that expedient. It has practically revolutionized the domestic and business architecture of large cities. In New York there are literally hundreds of high buildings accommodating thousands of persons, although the apartment and office buildings are a thing of yesterday. In this city there are scores of dwellings between 140 and

160 feet in height. The lower part of New York has a number of enormous structures filled with offices luxuriously furnished. The occupants of the upper floors prefer them to those nearer the surface of the earth. The air, they think, is purer, and there are fewer annoyances, while the elevator is a swift and pleasant means of communication.—*Dumores's Monthly.*

Grand Portage and the Old Voyageurs.

One of the most interesting places in the early history of Lake Superior was Grand Portage, on Grosse Ile or Pigeon River. In 1679 Du Luth built a fort there, the ruins of which were still visible a few years since, but the real importance of the place did not begin until after the establishment of the Northwest Company, though at the signing of the Declaration of Independence it is said to have already been a commercial emporium of the backwoods, bright with a motley and bizarre existence.

Until the boundary treaty the Grand Portage was the general headquarters and rendezvous of trade in this part of the world, and became a sort of home to the voyageurs, or was at least the one place in the wilderness in which their interests centered, and which was associated with social pleasures; and it is in places like Grand Portage and Fort William that one gets the best idea of these heroes of the paddle. They were gay, droll, braggart fellows, full of poetry and music, whose every passing mood found expression in verse, which was often enough doggerel in form, but more or less genuine in feeling. They were true believers, too, in the old German saying: "Ein anderes Stadtehen, ein anderes Madchen" (another village, another maiden), and often enough had a sweetheart at every post from Montreal to the Pacific. It was therefore natural that some *ma Doulette* or *ma belle Rose* should often be made the theme of compositions, the body of which was made up of the impressions of the journey, the steersman touching every passing incident in his composition, and the others joining in a joyous chorus, keeping time with their paddles and their swaying bodies, and nothing could be more inspiring than a brigade of canoes under full song sweeping down some rapid river. There was, however, a life of hardships, and Lower Canada always remained the home to which they would sometime return, but toward which they nevertheless turned the longing eyes of exiles, and the result was a peculiar and pathetic sadness running in an undertone through many of their songs, giving their *complaintes* in particular a peculiar interest, and they might often have been seen at evening slowly moving across the polished surface of some silent forest lake with slowly dipping paddles, chatting a *complainte*, which perhaps related the sufferings and misfortunes of some real or imaginary voyageur.

At certain seasons they came to the Grand Portage, and later to Fort William, in numbers swelling the population to several thousands, and it was invariably a season of festivity and rejoicing, when old friends met after scenes of danger, and old vows were renewed over brimming bumpers. During the day there were wrestling matches and Indian dances in the open air, and night after night the great banquet hall with its low ceiling was lighted for the dance with blazing pine knots, revealing its unstudied decorations—a few pairs of snowshoes leaning in the corners, cutlasses crossed with muskets at intervals along the walls, and an occasional pair of branching antlers, which may have been the gift of some Highland laddie, for Sandy was by no means a stranger to the fur-trade.

The ruling social element, however, was always French, and there are few more picturesque affairs than those border balls, with an orchestra composed of a bagpipe, a fiddle and a fute, to the music of which the dark-eyed half-breeds girls moved through the stately dances with the wild grace and freedom of the woods, with gay partners, who were doubtless very handsome in their soft brown deer skin leggings, their blue capotes and scarlet sashes, from which hung glittering knives and embroidered Indian pouches.—*John A. Butler, in Harper's Magazine.*

Old Russian Sayings.

A father's blessing can not possibly be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

Rogers is the last of trades. Every fox praises his own tail. A debt is adorned by payment.

A good beginning is half the work. When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

Every little dog is great in his own bog. An old friend is better than two new ones.

Trust in God and do not stumble yourself. Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one. The deeper you hide anything the sooner you will find it.

Be praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues. Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet upon the table.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one. Diseases come by hundred weights, and go out by ounces.

Fear not for the threats of the great, but rather the fears of the poor.

"Not So Far as Dedham."

One is reminded of the intelligent contraband who, during our civil war, entertained an audience in Dedham, Massachusetts, with an account of a furious conflict of Federals and rebels on the banks of the Potomac. "But," asked a critical auditor of his flaming narrative, "where were you when the battle was raging?" "Oh! I was back among the baggage." "But how far were you from the bullets and the cannon balls?" "Well," was the instant reply, "not so far as Dedham."—*E. P. Whipple, in North American Review.*

If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness it is this: Cultivate cheap pleasures.