

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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YOUNG PEOPLE

DROPPED STITCHES.

Grandmother smiled as she sat there rocking. And leisurely knitting a long black stocking. The girls were telling what they would do if their dreams of unlimited wealth came true.

"What would you do, dear grand-ma?" said the girl whose visions came out ahead.

Said grandma: "If I'd unlimited riches, I'd buy me some needles that wouldn't drop stitches."

"But it wouldn't matter," said one of them.

"Then you never need pick them up again." Grandma shook her pretty white curls.

"Listen to me," she said, "my girls."

"No matter how high your wealth may mount.

Dropping stitches will always count!"

Grandmother never sticks them in—

The morals—with a needle or pin;

She simply puts them up on the shelf,

And leaves them for you to help yourself.

—Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.

STORY OF TWO BOYS.

One Succeeded in Everything He Undertook, the Other Remained Poor All His Life.

Of two boys with the same advantages and equally good training, one will succeed in life, while the other, without being bad, never amounts to anything," as the saying goes.

Perhaps the following anecdote will explain something of the disparity in results:

A nurseryman left home for a few days on a business trip. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer did arrive from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen, where two boys were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. Barnes at home?" he asked.

"No," said Joe, the eldest, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno. Maybe not for a week."

The youngest boy, Jim, promptly jumped up and followed the irritated stranger out of doors.

"The men are not here," he said, in a bright and courteous manner, "but I can show you the stock."

The stranger was conciliated, and followed Jim through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill of the season, Jim," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

A few years afterward these two boys were left by the father's death with but \$300 apiece. Joe bought an acre or two near home, and, although he worked hard, he is still a poor, discontented man.

Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired out as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at a dollar and a quarter an acre, built himself a house and married. To-day his herds are numbered by the thousand, his land has been put up in town lots, and he is one of the wealthy men of the Centennial state.

"I might have done like Jim," said Joe, ruefully, "if I'd only thought in time. There's no good stuff in me as him."

Joe was right. He had the same stuff in him, but it was not developed. The quick, wide-awake energy which causes a boy to act promptly and boldly in an emergency is partly natural, but it can be inculcated by parents, and it is worth more than any gift of nature.—Golden Days.

KIND LITTLE DOG.

It Played the Role of Good Samaritan and Thereby Won Everybody's Admiration.

A butcher of Wassahickon, Pa., has a little dog that is so clever that it is sent every morning to the baker's with a basket for a dozen rolls. The baker always gives it 13, but there came a day when the dog only brought home 12. Next day and the next it continued to be a roll short. The baker declared that he had never placed less than 13 in the basket. It was determined to watch the dog. It got its basket filled at the baker's, and then set out for home in a round-about way. It entered the yard of a

stranger. In a kennel lay a mother dog, with a family of little puppies. The visitor took out a roll in his mouth, pushed it into the kennel, took up his basket again and came home. The trick was so captivating that the dog was not interfered with. He continued his attentions to his friend until she could leave her puppies long enough to go after food for herself, and since then he has brought home 13 rolls.

The Erie Language.

Ten thousand Irish children are being taught the Erie language.

TALK ABOUT MONKEYS.

Search for the So-Called "Missing Link" to Be Resumed by an Old German Scientist.

Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the great German naturalist of the University of Jena, is going to make once more the long journey to the Celebes and Java. There he will spend next winter studying the fossils of apes that became extinct thousands of years ago. He hopes to be able to show that this ape is the famous "missing link" in nature between monkeys and human beings.

Ever since Darwin wrote "The Descent of Man," men of science have been interested in tracing every step in the order of creation of animal life from the sponge to man. There has always been a gap between the highest order of monkey, which is the chimpanzee, and the lowest form of human beings.

It is believed by Prof. Haeckel that there was once a creature that was more like man than any now living, and that the petrified remains of it have been found in the East Indies.

This is a long journey for an old man to take, and it may end the life of the German naturalist, who is near 70 years of age; but men of science, says the Little Chronicle, are always ready to face hardships and dangers in their search for truth. Only a few years ago Mr. Walter Savage Landor penetrated the land of the Grand Lama on the tableland of Tibet only to be tortured and nearly blinded by the inhabitants.

Mr. R. L. Garner, the naturalist, who claims to have discovered that monkeys have a language, once lived in a steel cage in the heart of West Africa for three months in order to study the gorilla in its kingdom. In those wild solitudes this giant ape is sole monarch, and no other animal disputes his right to rule.

Mr. Garner says that the call of a gorilla family chief can undoubtedly

be heard three or four miles. It is not a roar or a howl, but more like a terrific human yell, prolonged into a scream. He never found out whether this call was intended to frighten an intruder or to collect his family for a migration. It was always sounded between two and four in the morning, and if the animal happened to be close to his cage it made his blood run cold.

Gorilla's walk on all fours and have not a ferocious look. They are good climbers, but spend most of the time on the ground. The chimpanzees, on the other hand, live mostly in trees. They climb very much like the native negroes in the bush, using both hands and feet. The gorilla is not able to stand straight on his hind legs, since the knees turn outward, but he sits on a log or on the ground like a human being—often on one foot. In captivity he drinks from a cup like a man, while the chimpanzee puts his mouth in the basin. The chimpanzee is sociable and friendly and imitates his captors, but the gorilla is selfish and surly.

All of the East Indian islands have numerous monkeys. In Mauritius, which is the scene of "Pani and Virginia," mischievous jockies come at night to the sugar plantations. Their favorite time of depredation is Sunday afternoon, when the workmen are off for a holiday. Then the old sentinel monkeys steal up to see if the way is clear. With a sort of chattering chirrup one calls the others, who tumble up the bank from the ravine. Such games as they play, those rousing ones, but the sentinels never relax their vigilance, and if a harmless little lap dog toddles down from the veranda of the plantation house each mother monkey grabs her own special baby by the leg, throws it over her shoulder and the whole tribe vanishes before one could say "Jack Robinson." The sentinels cover their retreat and finally retire in good order like brave soldiers.

Pet monkeys are notoriously jealous and make life a burden to any other pet animal in a family. They will even fight little dogs, and although they are not strong, their agility in getting out of the way and jumping on the dog's back makes them antagonists not to be despised.

Origin of "Dixie's Land."

The original song, "Dixie's Land," was composed in 1859 by Daniel Emmett as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels. Mr. Emmett frequently heard the performers in a circus make the remark: "I wish I was in Dixie," as soon as the northern climate began to be too severe for the tent life which they followed. This expression suggested the song: "Dixie's Land." It made a hit at once in New York, and was speedily carried to all parts of the union by numerous bands of wandering minstrels. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in the burlesque of "Pocahontas," and before a week had passed the whole city had taken it up. A New Orleans publisher saw possibilities in the music, and without the authority of the composer had the air harmonized and rearranged, issuing it with words embodying the strong southern feeling then existing in New Orleans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WE NEED GOOD ROADS.

The Quicker This Idea is Generally Accepted the Better for National Prosperity.

The work of the League of American Wheelmen in behalf of good roads is receiving recognition from some of the most influential sources in the country. The Washington Times gives the following editorial opinion:

The question of road-building in this country is receiving, as it should, increased attention from the public at large. There is no topic on which discussion is more profitable, and none upon which it is more important that public interest should be awakened.

The problem has been, in this country, an exceedingly difficult one, owing to the immense extent of territory over which highways have to extend and the diversified nature of it. In no other civilized country has a single modern government had to wrestle with the problem of making good, solid roads over thousands of miles of country, some swampy, some mountainous, and all more or less unaided by the hand of man.

The Romans laid foundations of good roads all over Europe, and still remain the champion road-builders of the ages. But we had no Romans in this country to lay foundations for us, nor had we barbarians whom we could put into involuntary service to do the stone-breaking, even if we had wanted to emulate the works of Caesar.

Another thing which has complicated the matter of making turnpikes is the rapid and phenomenally successful development of the railroads. They have cast their network of steel wires all over the country and absorbed the transportation business, so that where they went it was not so very necessary to have roads that would stand heavy hauling or promote fast driving. In Kentucky, famous for her good roads, travel by coach or horseback was common, and it was worth while for the community to make it easy and swift.

Moreover, the configuration of the country favored road-building. As it is, the bicycle associations have urged an improvement in the highways. A bicycle is a less patient animal than the horse, in some respects. It will work untiringly as long as it is humored, but it has to be humored. A good horse will endure—because he must—struggling out of a boghole which has mired him to the depth of a foot or two, or picking his way over a sliding mountain path covered with rolling stones, but nobody can get a bicycle to do that. A horse will stand the spur, whereas if a spur was used on the tire of a bicycle it would calmly lie down in the road. In short, the wheel is an exacting creature to ride, and the bicyclist very soon discovered that for his own comfort, if he intended to ride that wheel at his own sweet will, he will have to bestir himself and make the legislatures provide good roads for him to travel.

By whatever means the roads are improved, it is well that it should be done. The difference between a good road and a bad one may mean much to the community. It may make or mar the civilization of the whole region to be more or less accessible by turnpike. The quicker this matter of public highways receives proper attention the better off the public will be.

CLEANING BY STEAM.

The Only Absolutely Sure Way of Keeping a Creamery in a Wholesome Condition.

A Canadian dairy instructor says: I am sorry to say that the creameries of Canada are not being improved as much as they should be, particularly in the way of equipment and sanitation, or in providing suitable steam-rooms which can be held at a low temperature for storing the butter in. A great number of the summer creameries are being run on the cream gathering system. This necessitates an abundant supply of cold water which is oftentimes allowed to run over the floor, or in open gutters, and has a tendency to keep the room damp and prevent the churn and butter worker from becoming dry, and the result is that they soon become foul smelling. The remedy for this is to conduct the water away in pipes, and also attach a hose and a steampipe. After the churn is thoroughly washed, close the lid and insert the end of the hose in the buttermilk outlet, and then steam thoroughly for 20 minutes. The intense heat will destroy all germ life. This is also an excellent device for steaming the butter worker and utensils, and also the cans or tanks used in drawing the cream.

BRIEF DAIRY NOTES.

Remember that the milk should be cooled as promptly as possible after it is drawn from the cow. Cool and aerate thoroughly, in order to prevent the milk from retaining unpleasant odors.

Ice water will chill and kill as well as fill the cow, and the thoroughly chilled cow cannot secrete milk freely. The dairyman who forces his cows to drink through a hole in the ice in winter should not expect a good flow of milk from the cows.

The milk cows should have abundant supplies of water. Milk is 75 per cent. water, and that fact shows how necessary water is to the cows. Moreover, the very fact that so much water must be drunk by the cow indicates that the water should not be much below the temperature of the cow's body.

Artificial ponds are not liable to contain pure water. Such ponds are generally located in natural depressions on the farm, and into such depressions there is sure to be more or less drainage of filthy water. If the dairyman deems it necessary to have such ponds, he should at least fence them in, so that the stock cannot turn them into filthy wallows and sources of disease.—Farmers' Voice.

Nutritive Ratio in Food.

Cows give a trifle more milk when receiving some succulent food, such as roots and ensilage, but practically the same amount of butter or other milk solids. We select the cheapest foods and so mix them that the cow gets about one pound of carbohydrates. If we should feed a much wider ration, that is, one that contained more carbohydrates and cereals, bohydrate equivalent than the amount stated, she would gradually lay on fat, shrink in milk, and failure to breed would probably follow; but when the above mentioned nutritive ratio is maintained, no such difficulties are encountered.—Prof. Haecker, in Rural World.

Dakota Woman Orchardist.

Mrs. Laura A. Alderman owns the largest orchard in South Dakota. According to W. N. Irvin, chief of the division of pomology of the department of agriculture in Washington, she has, near Harley, Turner county, 150 acres in which are 8,000 trees, two acres being given to plums. Besides the trees there are 1,000 currant bushes, 1,000 gooseberry bushes, 500 grapevines and three acres of strawberries.

UNLOADING OF CORN.

Extension Box Which Saves Lots of Work and Adds to the Capacity of the Wagon.

A useful device can be made and attached to the back end of a wagon box so that shoveling out may be begun at once upon reaching the crib. It will also add several bushels capacity to the wagon box. Make a sloping floor, a, a few feet long with cross-pieces on the lower side at b and c. Let the floor be

as wide as the outside of the wagon box. Then put on short sides nailed securely to this sloping floor, and extending forward a few inches past the sides of the box and on the outside of it. Take out the end gate and gate rods, put on this attachment and bore holes to correspond with the holes in the box and with four bolts secure it in place. The lower cross-piece, c, should extend out a little beyond the wagon bed on each side and come down against it, the sloping floor resting on the bottom of the bed an inch or two from the back end. If desired this attachment can be fastened on with stout hooks and staples instead of with bolts.—Orange Judd Farmer.

UNLOADING CORN MADE EASY.

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KEEPS WHEELS GREASED.

An Automatic Oiler Which, According to Its Inventor, Saves Labor and Lubricants.

The labor of oiling wagon wheels by the usual method is somewhat arduous, and he who can perform the task without soiling the hands and clothes is an exception to the general

rule. With the idea of doing away with the necessity for removing the wheels every time the axles are oiled Van Don Roe, of Maury City, Tenn., has designed the automatic oiler illustrated herewith. It consists of an elongated oil cup secured to the hub between two spokes, with an opening cut through the hub and box to allow the oil to flow to the shaft. Inside the oil cup is a weighted plunger, which reciprocates at each revolution of the wheel, thus forcing a small quantity of oil through the minute opening in the wheel box. The force of the fall of the plunger is broken by a coiled spring at either end of the internal chamber, thus making the device noiseless, and it is only necessary to keep the shafts and boxes in good condition.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The World's Grain Crops.

A synopsis of the estimate of the world's grain crops made by the Hungarian minister of agriculture makes the total production as follows: Wheat, 2,468,799,000 to 2,525,553,000 bushels; rye, 1,362,095,000 to 1,398,986,000 bushels; barley, 874,012,000 to 908,064,000 bushels; oats, 3,078,904,000 to 3,121,470,000 bushels; and maize, from 2,778,108,000 to 2,814,998,000 bushels. Supporting the countries the crops of which are included in these totals to be the same that were covered by the Hungarian estimate of a year ago, these figures are higher than those generally accepted.



HAPPY LITTLE BABIES.

How Children Are Cared For in a New York Institution Which is a Model of Its Kind.

One of the prettiest and most comforting sights in New York city during the hot weather is to be seen in the Mothers' and Babies' Hospital, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-second street, where from 30 to 35 little babies are being taken care of according to the Golden Rule. At any rate, whether they would put it that way at the hospital or not, it seems to a visitor that "Do unto a baby as you would be done by" is the true secret of their success.

Mrs. Lucy Robinson, the head nurse of the hospital, says there are just three important points in the care of the baby—food, dress and handling.

In the first place, if the baby is being fed from a bottle, the milk given it should always be pasteurized—and that word means, as we have explained before, that the milk should be put through a purifying process which was originated by a man named Pasteur. Every two hours between three in the morning and nine at night the baby should have its milk, but during the night it should have nothing except a drink of cold water, now and then. She says few people seem to realize that babies get thirsty, just like anyone else, and that, unless they have plenty of water, they are sure to be feverish and fretful. It must be water that has been boiled, though, and the bottles that hold the baby's milk must be boiled, too, after each use, so that any possible germ of disease will be destroyed. Then the little one's mouth should be washed out with water that has boracic acid in it, every two hours; there must be two baths a day in luke warm water, and the baby must not flounder about nor get frightened, but be carefully held in the water a few moments and then wrapped in a soft, flannel blanket and patted—not rubbed—until the blanket has taken up all the moisture. Next, a nice powdering, all over, with corn starch, and then some comfortable, plain garments put on over the feet—never over the head to bother a baby and get it to crying. No stiff

starched embroidery, no thick seams to cut the soft flesh, no shoes, no stockings on the little chubby feet; the "little colties go bare, bare," and kick to their heart's content.

Mrs. Robinson says, too, that children have been deformed and crippled for life by being held in wrong positions when they were little. The baby's head must never hang down, nor must the weight of the body be allowed to come upon the delicate muscles of the stomach and bowels. The little head and neck must be supported, and the hips should rest firmly in nurse's hand. It is a good plan, however, to consult the baby's own taste in this matter of position. The little girl in our picture, for instance, is never more happy than when laid over her nurse's shoulder and held there with strong gentle hands. But another baby might not agree with her at all.

A small Chicago maiden, who visited the Mothers' and Babies' hospital in New York, this summer, has come back to her family of dolls with new ideas. She allows no one to hold them except in proper fashion; she puts on their clothes over their feet; makes a pretense of bathing them twice daily, and talks a great deal about pasteurizing milk and boiling water. It sounds amusing, now, but, after all, perhaps some warm day, a long time from now, a little jolly, crowing baby will lie and wave his dimpled feet in comfort and joy all because his mamma went to visit that hospital when she was a little girl and practiced on her dolls the good things she learned there, so that she never forgot them.—Chicago Little Chronicle.

Corrected, and Yet.

"In your first edition," said the judge's henchman, "you say: 'Judge Booz, throughout yesterday's session of court, was as drunk as it was possible for him to be.' He was sober, and I want you to correct it."

"All right," replied the editor of the "Evening Wasp." "We'll change it in our next edition. You're welcome, Good-day, sir. (Pause). Mr. Coplekutter, strike out 'drunk' and insert 'sober' in that paragraph."—Philadelphia Press.

Some Thing.

"Edith, haven't you known that young man long enough to find out what his intentions are?"

"No, mamma. But long enough to find out that he hasn't any."—Detroit Free Press.

Sugar for Basting Meats.

A little sugar added to the water for basting meat improves its flavor.

CLEVER MINING MAIDS.

They Went to Dawson as Actresses, Then Became Gold Seekers and Now Are Capitalists.

Two San Francisco girls, who went to the Klondike two years ago, have returned to their native city with a bag of gold and are preparing to make a European voyage.

Misses Dottie and Gracie Browning, after being graduated from the public schools, studied for the stage. Both were possessed of fine voices, and grand opera was the goal of their ambition. Gracie Browning secured a position with the Bostonians, but just after the contract a death occurred in the family, and she gave up the position.

About a year later the two sisters went together in vaudeville, touring eastern circuits under different managers.

While playing with a company in Davenport, Ia., the manager took the funds of the company and decamped.

leaving the performers stranded. The plucky girls returned to their homes in California, and, after a few days' rest, determined to try their fortunes in the gold region of the far north. Their reputation as vaudeville artists had preceded them to Dawson City, and they found the managers of theaters more than ready to give them engagements.

The Misses Browning say they made very good terms with the managers, but believed that fortune would come quicker by mining. Consequently they saved what they could from their salaries, started a few claims and prospecting on their own account. The two girls worked with pick and shovel, and as the claims turned out better, they soon hired men to do the rougher part of the work.

"It was hard work at first," say the fair miners, "but we did the best we could and came out all right. We have two claims, Nos. 9 and 10 on Bonanza creek. We have another claim on El Dorado creek, from which we scarcely ever get less than 20 cents to the pan, and last New Year's day we picked a big, shining nugget out of the frozen ground. We have another good claim on Sulphur creek, and just before we left Dawson we sold a quarter interest in a claim on Dominion creek for a snug little sum."

"Two years in Dawson City is an awfully long, lonesome time, and after we had washed out the dumps from our claims and banked the clean-ups we thought it best to take a trip back to civilization. Before we left we sent two men down into the Tanana country prospecting. Good reports have come from that district, and we have a chance of striking something profitable there."

"We came out by way of St. Michael and went over to Nome. That camp is a disgrace. About all we could hear of was murder, suicide and disease, and we were glad to get away from it. While there, however, we took up a claim on Anvil creek, in the Golovin bay district, and staked some Dawson friends to take care of it for us."

"After all that I think we have earned a holiday. We came to San Francisco to return some kindnesses to our friends in the city, who cared for us before we started in the world for ourselves. As soon as that is done to the satisfaction of all, and the money we have brought out is safely invested, we will start out to see the country on the other side of the Atlantic."

Nice Wash for Dry Hair.

For hair that is dry an oily wash should be used about once a week or oftener. It should be rubbed into the scalp with a piece of flannel, a superfluity of oil being avoided and only sufficient used to moisten, not drown, the roots of the hair. The application of the oil must be accompanied by friction with the flannel. It is a mistake to suppose that dry hair will be really benefited by oil being poured on to it and brushed through it merely. To do permanent good, it is necessary that the fatty preparation should be rubbed into the skin of the head; a very small quantity will suffice to be of benefit. Violet or jasmine oil is nice. Dry hair should be washed with an egg yolk preparation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Discourtesy as a Sin.

Social duties are Christian duties. What a man owes to his fellowmen he owes to God. It has been said that politeness is very much like an air-cushion, because, while there is nothing much inside it, it adds so greatly to the comfort of life's journey. Yet politeness is a Christian duty just because it adds to the comfort of life's journey. Christ came to fulfill the prophetic exhortation: "Comfort ye the people." The apostle laid this as a Christian duty upon His disciples when He wrote to them "Be courteous." When a man is tempted to boast that his heart is all right, though his speech and manner may be rough, one is tempted to ask whether speech and manner ought to give the lie to the heart. God never made or meant men to be like chestnut burrs—sharp without, though good within. Be not then, like the elephant of which Shakespeare says: "He hath joints, but none for courtesy." Out of the fullness of the heart let the mouth and the actions and all the ways of life speak!—S. S. Times.

True Sympathy.

True sympathy is not mere sensitiveness to the suffering of others; as if they were strangers. It is that feeling of the suffering of others which arises from a consciousness of identity between ourselves and them.—B. M. Benson.



RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

HOLD THOU MY HANDS.

Hold Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that Thou art near,
Hold Thou my hands!

If e'er by doubts
Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands—
These passionate hands so quick to smite,
These hands no eager for delight—
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,
With languid eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some loved last hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!
—William Canton, in Chicago Interior.

ON THINKING.

The Manner and Matter of One's Thoughts a Good Test of One's Character.

Much of our thinking is pointless. It has no aim. How much brain tissue people waste bidding air battles. What use is it to think on what we would do if we had been born a prince or princess? What use is it to think on past troubles? No doubt you have, as Miss Wiggins suggests, been through "seas of trouble, but that is no reason why you should be everlastingly spitting up brine." But you will if you don't watch your thinking.

Sometimes we go so far as to think on things positively vicious. A man may go on a drunken spree in his mind, though he has not money enough to do it in reality. When a man gets into that habit he is in danger of fastening certain pictures on the walls of memory which he will not be able to take down by and by. Sometimes we think on things to damage other people. It is said that the skill used in making some samples of counterfeit money would be sufficient to enable a man to make an honest living easily. How vast an amount of energy is expended in thinking evil! An all the while it is possible for us to be thinking on good things. The world is full of them and the mind will gravitate toward them if we train it right.

Why not think beautiful things? The beauty of nature is increasingly attractive to many. We can hardly believe the story that Petrarch was the first man for centuries to climb a mountain simply to enjoy the beauty of the prospect.

A beauty even more rare appears in life. Modern Stephens are laying down their lives without malice for the sake of those who care nothing for them. Why not think more on the quiet heroisms, unselfishness, self-effacement of everyday life? Doing so will steadily sweeten any temper and give courage to the most dependent.

But you say that this is easy for those who live in houses of beauty and with people of refinement; but your lot is cast close to the soil, amid constant struggles for existence. That makes it harder, in some ways. But this is true: Manual labor often leaves the mind free to go off into excursions while the work goes on. On what kind of excursions does it go? That depends on itself. It may revel in beauty and truth while the hands are soiled. Does it?

A man may control his thoughts. Did you ever make it a rule to have some carefully chosen themes to think on when it chanced that you have a spare moment? Perhaps it is some sweet face of the long ago, now shut out from your sight, but not from memory; or some heroic deed, or some snatch of high song, or some picture you saw somewhere which remained with you. And your mind has formed the habit, when it is free, of returning to those things for a feast. It is well. That kind of thinking enriches the thinker in the very act.

As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. This is a delightful or an awful fact, as we live in one way or in another. We may, indeed, test our lives by asking ourselves what are my stock themes for meditation. There is no power which can drag a man to help that man's thoughts involuntarily and steadily turn to the things which are true and lovely and of good report. That man carries his Heaven with him.—W. P. McKee, in Chicago Standard.

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