Yours truly,

C. H. Kent

KENT'S

NEW COMMENTARY:

A

MANUAL FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY C. H. KENT.

DAVENPORT, IOWA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1880.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,
DAVENPORT.

Presented to

Rev. Dr. Walsworth.

By

Col. H. Kent.

"Lives of all great men remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

—*Longfellow.*

DEDICATION.

TO THE

YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA,

WITH THE KINDEST REGARDS FOR THEIR WELFARE, AND A HOPE THAT NONE WHO MAY READ SHALL FAIL OF REACHING THE HIGHEST ROUND OF USEFULNESS, AND OF ENJOYING TO THEIR FULLEST CAPACITY

THE FRUITS OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

"The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold 'adieu,' no 'farewell' lives
Within her choking sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
'God bless thee, boy! — good bye!'"

—*Eliza Cook.*

In the Interest of

The Fathers and Mothers of the Young Men of America,

"Kent's New Commentary"

is published,

with the sincere hope and earnest prayer of the author, that it may prove instrumental in saving some darling boy from ruin, some home from sorrow.

That such may be its mission, it is most affectionately commended to their favorable consideration.

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

BY REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night,
The boy of my tend'rest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?
O where is my boy to-night?
O where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows;
O where is my boy to-night?

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

O could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!

Go for my wand'ring boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

"When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over! That is a sign that the earth has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age."

— George MacDonald.

"I desire to find in books not what may be blamed, but what may be praised, and that from which I may learn something. This course is not exactly in fashion; but it is the most useful. Nevertheless, though there are few books or persons in whom I cannot find something of use to me, I know how to make a difference in granting them my confidence."

—Godfrey Wilhelm von Leibnitz.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet 't was new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

The inspiration of a thought, the magic of a word—how momentous.

PREFACE.

An author is supposed to have an object in view when he writes a book; certainly he should have some purpose, though it may be difficult for his readers to discern what it is.

We must confess that for years we have had a desire to write a book, and our desire is now gratified. We selected the name, "KENT'S NEW COMMENTARY," because we thought it the most suggestive, and as comprehensive as any we could hit upon. We believe that commentaries, as a rule, treat upon various and sundry subjects, and in this particular we judge the reader will be satisfied with the number we have introduced. They are not all classified under the most appropriate headings, for to tell the truth, we ran short of headings, and we ask pardon for the seeming omission.

Our arrangement of topics is novel and original with us, and we are confident our readers will heartily endorse our ideas in that respect. If it should appear that we have been guilty of plagiarism, we shall plead that we have committed the sin without feeling any of the pangs of a guilty conscience, and are willing to be forgiven therefor. As to the many inelegant expressions that may be found, we are keenly sensitive thereto, and that we have murdered good old "Lindley Murray" in cold blood over and over again, we are free to confess, and we expect that critics and book reviewers, if they shall condescend to notice our bantling, will give us a "hazing" that would satisfy a "West-Pointer," or any other man. We shall be most seriously disappointed should we not enjoy such a delightful treat. But if they do "go" for us, we trust they will not fail to satisfy their thirst "for blood" to the fullest extent. With this free and open confession, we commit our work to the tender mercies of our executioners, praying that if they have a drop of the "milk of human kindness" left over, they will not let it spoil on their hands.

We claim no special gift or talent for "book-making," nor have we had any special revelation, and chosen this method of communicating its mysteries to the world. We do not claim a single new idea. How could we do so, when the wisest man of all the ages wrote, "There is nothing new under the sun," and "of making

many books there is no end." This certainly was prophetic. It certainly would be an exhibition of consummate arrogance in us to assume that we possessed wisdom superior to that of Solomon. His wise sayings are incomparable, and will go down to the end of time as the best commentary ever written on the various phases of human life. He drank at every fountain, and was well able to judge which were the right ones to quench the insatiable thirst of the human soul. Human nature is the same to-day that it was then. The same influences that produced a Joseph and a Daniel, an Absalom and a Haman, bring out the same characters to-day. Like influences produce like results. Children are not born with full developed characters. That they inherit traits from their parents is self-evident. It is the training and influences woven into the thread of every-day life, that fixes the character to a very great extent. It was the kiss of a mother that made Benjamin West the great painter he afterwards became. When the mother of James Harper said to her sixteen year old boy, as he was about leaving his home to seek his fortune, "James you've got good blood in you; do not disgrace it," the corner-stone of the great house of Harper Brothers, of Franklin Square, New York was laid plumb.

We trust that the purpose of our work will be discoverable without severe mental effort. There are so many young men in every community who have no worthy object to strive for; living simply for to-day; spending all their earnings for the gratification of their baser natures; developing the lowest propensities; devoid of all aspirations for a higher and better manhood; that we feel constrained to contribute whatever we may to their elevation. If what we have written in these pages shall have an influence for good with the youth of the country, our object will have been accomplished. To make it instrumental for the greatest good, however, much depends upon the efforts that parents will make in addition thereto.

With this brief Preface, we lay down our pen with the sincere hope that our labors may, in some measure, be rewarded, by accomplishing some good wherever our little book goes. If some pathways are made brighter, and every home it enters made happier, we shall be more than satisfied.

THE AUTHOR.

Park Place, Davenport, Iowa, 1880.

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PRELUDE.

A BOY LOST!

In September, 1878, we spent a few days with a farmer residing upon one of the lofty hills of the "Granite State"—the Switzerland of America. The location was one of rare beauty; admirable for enjoying a view, wonderfully diversified, charming, sublime. The harmonious blending of mountain and valley, lake and forest; the cottages of the farmers, nestling among the hills, or high up on some lofty eminence; the gorgeous hues of the maples and other deciduous trees richer in color, in the blending, in all the diversity of shading imaginable, surpassing the highest conception of the best imitations of nature's art-painting; all combined, formed a landscape of marvelous attractions—perfectly grand. To our eyes unsurpassed; one that no human skill could transfer to canvas. We are inclined to believe nature has not duplicated it.

Looking southward from our location down across well cultivated fields, were the grand old woods, beyond and above which arose a high ridge of hills sweeping around on a half circle east and west, where they terminated abruptly, leaving gateways wide open, through which came to view villages with their church spires, and the dwellings of the farmers.

Looking westward, still more remote arose other ranges of hills, covered with the native forest. The Connecticut river—with Bellows Falls, eleven miles away, the roar of which could be distinctly heard—flowed between the two States, and beyond which towered ridge after ridge, each succeeding one growing loftier, until lost in the famous Green Mountains of Vermont, fifty miles distant.

One who has never witnessed a New England sunset cannot conceive the gorgeousness of the scene, here in its glory. Directly south loomed up the lofty head of old Monadnack, forty miles away. Beacon fires on a Fourth of July night have here been lighted, flashing their smiles upon Bunker Hill monument, seventy-five miles to the southward. To the north-east, one hundred miles distant, we almost seemed to see the White Mountains up among the clouds.

Having scanned the most striking objects in the distance, we will look at those less prominent. A little way to the east is a little lakelet surrounded by hills, its margin skirted with forest trees, its surface placid, its waters cold and deep. Only one person, a boy, who stole out from his home on a Sunday afternoon to have a skate on the newly formed ice, was ever known to have been drowned in its waters. The boy's hat revealed his sad fate. Looking southwest over a forest of evergreen trees on a plain, is a little country village with its white cottages. Just beyond this another lakelet, exceedingly beautiful. For more than a century it has been a favorite resort for people near and far away. The late Rev. Dr. Vinton, of New York city, and family, spent many a summer vacation, enjoying the hospitality of a farmer's home near by, and riding or fishing daily in its waters. One of the most remarkable facts, is, that of the many thousands who have here bathed, fished, sailed and skated, not one has ever been known to have been drowned.

We now come to the place and point of our story. The home that now affords us a delightful resting place superseded the original log-cabin, built when the country was a "howling wilderness." The entire region was then covered with a dense forest, only a little clearing had been made around the homes of the early pioneers. There were no roads, except foot paths, or "Indian trails." The guide boards, were "blazed" trees. About one hundred and fifty years ago a man and his wife and a little boy named Jacob, had their home in the cabin. The father, when time permitted, was cutting away the forest to broaden his fields for cultivation, to grow his grain and vegetables.

One pleasant afternoon the little boy asked his mother if he might go out and see his father chop down the great trees. The mother said he could go, and come in with his father at night. When the day's labor was over, the father returned to his cabin. The mother, not seeing her little boy with him, asked, "Where is Jacob?" The father did not know; had not seen him. Instantly it flashed upon them that Jacob was lost. Hurriedly they went out to look for him. They called and searched—searched until night's sable drapery settled down upon the black forest. He was not found. They retired to their lonely cabin. It was very dark within. The sunlight, the light of that home, the little sunbeam was not there. The supper had been prepared and was on the table. There lay the little pewter

plate; there stood the little chair. Each whispered "missing." The rude playthings upon the floor whispered "missing." The supper was untouched; how could they eat! All night long they watched. How could they close their eyes in sleep when the fate of little Jacob was weighing them down, crushing out their fondest hopes, centered and bound up in their little idol! In vain did they pile the wood upon the fire, or set a light in the window, hoping to attract his weary feet in their wanderings homeward. In vain did they peer out into the pitchy darkness, or call "Jacob! Jacob! O, Jacob!" In vain did they listen to hear the childish cry: "Papa or for mamma to come to me quick." No responses came but the doleful "hoot" of some great owl, or the growl of bears, for they were dwellers in the woods. The harrowing and most unwelcome thoughts would come to them. "Has he been killed by the bears? Are they growling over his bones with whetted appetites for more human blood?"

The long night passed slowly away. Early in the morning light the father hastens to the nearest neighbors, a mile away, to tell of their great distress. The news was sent speedily to other neighbors, and with alacrity and sympathy all responded. The entire day was spent in the most vigorous and careful search. Not a trace had been discovered. Another night of fearful forebodings drove sleep from the disconsolate family. The second day dawned. Great numbers came to join in the hunt. When the sun again went down behind the green hills of Vermont, no tidings had been brought to the sorrowing parents. Not a foot-print had been seen. The night set in; the deepest gloom overshadowed that humble cottage—black darkness.

The morning of the third day came at last. It is said that five hundred men came that day to join in the hunt, the news having spread to the more thickly settled neighborhoods. They were earnest men, and they engaged in the search with a determination to find the boy or learn something of his fate. The day wore away, and all had returned from the hunt, the problem unsolved—a mystery of mysteries. All were preparing to return to their homes, having abandoned all hopes of finding the boy; further search was declared hopeless and useless. The mother learned the decision they had made, and in almost frantic agony she came to the door and said that if she only knew that little Jacob was dead she would

be satisfied; but the terrible thought that he might be still alive, sick, dying of hunger and cold, alone, with no kind hand to soothe his last moments, or to listen to his little sad story of his being lost, and how he had wandered so far away from his home to die alone in the woods, was greater than she could endure. Brave men wept who never shed a tear before. It moved them to activity. It was proposed that one more effort should be made at once, although night was near at hand. They formed into companies, each taking separate directions. Signals were agreed upon, and quickly they disappeared into the woods. A few remained to console the mother. In breathless silence they stood around the door, hoping to hear a signal. At last the echo of a distant gun away down by the lake reverberated up through the woods. It was a relief. A trace, a shoe or hat, or his bones, perhaps, have been found. Anxiously they listen, hoping against hope, to hear another signal. It comes, he is found! "Is he alive or dead?" In breathless silence all were eager to hear. Hearts almost ceased to beat, so great was the intense anxiety, fearing they might not hear the *last signal*. It came—"Jacob is alive!" The great old woods rëechoed the gladsome refrain: "Jacob is alive!" "Is alive!" "Alive!" reverberated through the valleys and over the hill-tops. Companies far away caught the echoes as one company after another passed the gladsome tidings along: "Jacob is found." The old woods rang as never before, from five hundred voices in glad shouts of joy. Gun after gun answered other guns in carrying the news to the most distant. The victorious party soon came in sight, bearing triumphantly the little hero on their shoulders, seated on a hastily constructed "chair" made of poles and evergreen boughs, and presented him alive and well to the overjoyed mother. There was joy in that home that night.

MUST HAVE A GUIDE.

People unaccustomed to travel in our country when they are about to start on their first journey, procure the latest guide-book and consult it carefully before starting, and then take it along with them so as to be sure that they do not make any mistakes, or get on a wrong train, to be carried in a wrong direction. We have seen persons almost frantic for fear that they would make a mistake. Every time the train stopped they would hop up and ask the conductor, or brakeman, or the passengers, "Is this Albany?"

Now a journey of a few days is nothing in comparison to a journey for life. Yet how heedless and unconcerned many young men are about it. "They don't care." When they start out on that track they are on a down grade, and every turn increases their momentum, faster and faster. Like the engineer who neglected to apply the brakes in time, he lost control of his train, and all went to destruction. We see young men with noble talents, going from homes where everything has been done that could be done for them, to fit them for honorable positions in society, unheeding the pleadings of a kind father, the tears of a devoted and anxious mother and a loving sister, all to no purpose. They are on the down grade, and all the signals and alarm bells are warning them of the fearful risks they are running, and the impending dangers just ahead. Blind and deaf to them all, they rush on in their mad career to swift destruction. Many a father would give all he is worth, thousands of dollars even; yea, a hundred thousand dollars if he had it, if his son would only come back to the home he has left. Many a father has bowed his head in shame over the downward course of a wayward son, and gone down to the grave before his time in the deepest grief. Some have had the sad experience of standing over the grave of a son as a gentleman did in France. Read what he said as he stood at the grave of his profligate son:

"Gentlemen," said the father, in a voice full of emotion, "the body before me was that of my son. He was a young man in the prime of life, with a sound constitution, which ought to have insured him a hundred years. But misconduct, drunkenness, and debauchery, of the most disgraceful kind, brought him in the flower of his age to the ditch which you see before you. Let this be an example to you and to your children. Let us go hence."

We have said what we have in our PRELUDE, with the hope of arresting the attention of every young man into whose hands this little book shall fall, and that it may be a True Guide to him every day as long as he shall live, a guide to the only pathway to prosperity and happiness—to heaven.

THE MISSING HOST.

"MISSING, MY SON!"—"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD."

There have been hundreds, thousands of boys lost since "Jacob's" time. Yes, and only a few have ever been found. Boys and young men are being lost every day in the year, and every year "Missing! my son!" could be posted on every street corner in every town and every city in the land. No five hundred men to look up each lost boy. Very few are ever found—many have wandered far away, become wrecks, and have no desire to be found, or when found to be carried back to their father's house. What an army it would make if all the lost and "missing" young men were placed in a line; no division of Gen. Grant's army would have equaled it in length.

Many young men leave their homes so confident in all their childish innocence. Ignorant of the great outside world, so different from the little country home where they know every man, woman and child; where they perhaps conceived the world swung around their homes, and that was the centre.

The story of our Prelude is a true one, and our object in giving it a place in this book is for an illustration, to make clear and strong, so that no young man shall mistake, our aim, or his way.

Boys who run away from home, we do not expect to reach; but we hope to gain the ear of many who go away, because they must go if they are to accomplish any good in the world for themselves or anybody else; and also those who are compelled by necessity to "strike out." It is a momentous period in any young man's life, when the time comes to bid adieu to his home, to go out to seek his fortune, to be his own pilot; to hew out his own fortune. It is a trackless pathway to him, and every step is new. Only one step of the way can be seen—only one at a time. The curtain reveals no faster and no more. No two steps are alike; each day the scenes are shifted. If you make a mistake you cannot correct it, or rub it out and commence anew. The chariot wheels of your car are running at the velocity of seventy miles (heart beats) to the minute, day and night; and there is only one stopping place—that comes when the little engine within you stops pumping life's crimson blood

through your veins. So that every mistake you make is so much time lost that cannot be made up—no calling back lost time. The web of life runs right on, and if you fail to weave in the woof as it passes, it will not be filled. "O, weave it well." We have seen so many unfortunate young men; so many who have made sad failures, that we have wished that we had a trumpet through which we could sound the notes of alarm in the ears of every young man in the country, before they start out from home. Little do they know of the dangers that will assail them on the first day they shall commence to act for themselves. They little know of the hungry wolves in sheep's clothing ready to pounce on them at the first opportunity.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY.

A young man left his home in New Hampshire for Boston. It was his first ride on a railroad. You would have known him from all the other passengers, by the way he sat on his seat, by the way he looked at everybody, and at everything in the car or outside. We can tell a new passenger on his first ride on the cars every time, without his speaking a word. At the depot at Boston there were a score just waiting for him. They knew he was on that train. Only one was in time to welcome him, one was enough. How glad he was to see him. He grasped his hand with all the cordiality of "my long lost brother." He took his satchel to carry. Would go with him any where he wanted to go; and find him a boarding house. Or if he preferred, would show him right up to a tip-top house where "*I* stop." Of course he was glad to go right there. Such a warm hearty reception was what he had not expected. He was just waiting for a chance to declare his gratitude for all this attention. He had to exclaim several times, "How lucky I am to have met you right at the depot." "I felt a little timid about coming down alone where all were strangers." "First time in my life I was ever so far from home." "Father told me to be careful who I went with." "I suppose there are some men that would steal a fellow's pocket book if they could get a chance." "I am so glad I met you right there."

The trap was not set for naught. The "bait" took. He is a victim. Would he like to see the sights of a great city? "I don't care if I do." After supper they saunter out; the nice young man takes

the arm of the country youth. They stop in front of one of the gilded palaces. It is brilliantly lighted; the doors, with rich stained glass panels, hang on compound hinges, that swing both ways, *in* or *out*. Strains of music float out on the evening air. "Would he like to step in?" "Do they let a feller in there who does not have no ticket?" "O, yes; those who are acquainted are allowed to take in a friend if he looks pretty well." (Flattery.) "I don't care if I do go in."

The door swings *in* for them. The splendor of the costly chandeliers, with thousands of glass pendants flashing a million rainbows. The great mirrors—all the walls are mirrors—multiplying the guests many fold to his eyes. "I wonder!" is the extent of his expletives. He is simply bewildered. He is invited to take a seat. He sits down on a richly stuffed chair, which yields so readily to his weight that he is frightened. He is assured no harm is done, "they are made that way." Would he not take a glass of lemonade? "I pay for it; you are my guest. It is a custom with me to always treat a stranger on his first visit to our city."

Soon a young man approaches and announces that "the drawing of the grand prize of $50,000 is to come off in a few minutes; if you wish to see it, gentlemen, please walk up stairs; it is free." "Would you like to see the drawing? $50,000 is a big pile." "I don't care if I do."

Up stairs a large hall magnificently fitted up, astonishes the country lad beyond language to express. The ticket office is open for the next grand drawing. Here are tables at which are seated men playing cards for money, and various other devices. They watch the game and see how fast money changes hands. A rough looking fellow tries his hand. He just sweeps the board every time. The pilot begins to warm up, and proposes to try his hand at the game. He puts his hand in his pocket to draw his money. "I declare if I have not left my pocket book at the hotel, in my trunk. I just want to try my hand with these fellows once. If I can't scoop them I am greatly mistaken. By the way, if you have a little money, fifty or one hundred dollars, I would like to borrow it until we get back to the hotel. If you have no objection, I will give you half the profits." "Of course I will. Let you have all I have got." He hands over seventy-five dollars, with the remark, "That is the first money I ever earned. I would let you have more if I had it. It took twenty-five

dollars to buy these clothes, and then I had to pay for my ticket." At first the game goes well, and he is delighted. The seventy-five dollars has doubled. He gets excited, thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents made quick for him. It took him nearly four months at home to earn so much. The play goes on, and they are beaten. The last five dollars is staked and lost. The pilot says, "I was a little careless or I should not have lost. I see just where I made the mistake. I shall try this over again. I believe in the old saying, to 'look for your money where you lose it.' Well, its no matter, its my loss; you are all right. I will return the seventy-five as soon as we get to the hotel. Perhaps we had better go, its getting a little late."

The door now swings *out* for them. They proceed down street a few blocks, when all at once the pilot exclaims, "There, I forgot to mail a letter; just wait a minute and I will run around the corner and drop it in the box, and come right back." The gentleman from the country waited on the corner—waited a long while, waited so long that a policeman waited upon him to the lock-up. Not a dollar of his hard earnings for a whole year's toil was left.

Was not his experience bitter, very bitter. It is only one case out of a hundred that is played every day in the year on young men right from the country.

CHARLIE ROSS.

Everybody has heard of the stealing of little Charlie Ross, and of the fortune the father has spent in vain endeavor to find him. More than twenty-five thousand dollars has so been spent, and the father is still looking, anxiously looking for his darling boy. In his efforts to find him, he found many other lost boys, and returned them to their parents. His own he cannot find.

PROF. LIEB'S BOY.

Prof. Lieb, a successful teacher of music, of St. Paul, Minnesota, while residing at Quincy, Illinois, had a beautiful little boy stolen in broad day light in front of his house. For more than ten years he has been hunting for him, has spent thousands of dollars in traveling and in advertising, and yet "no tidings" come to him of his missing boy. As long as he lives he will look for him.

WHY BOYS ARE STOLEN.

Sixteen years ago a fatherless boy, nine years of age, by the name of Samuel Wasgatt, was by his uncle placed temporarily in the "Home for Little Wanderers" at Boston, Mass. Shortly after a gentlemanly appearing man applied at the Home for a boy to adopt, promising a good home and fine treatment. Samuel was chosen because of his bright and active appearance. The gentleman left his name and residence. Sixteen years passed, and not the slighest clue had been obtained either of the man or the boy, although the most dilligent search had been made to find them. Last July the uncle received a letter from London, England, written by the long lost boy Samuel. The man who took him from the Home was a traveling showman. He had trained Samuel for an actor; had treated him most inhumanly; whipped the flesh off his arms literally in pieces, leaving cavities where they were cut out that will go with him to his grave. He had made him do the most daring of feats, unequaled in the world; flying one hundred and fifty feet through the air, fifty feet above the stage, where the slightest accident would be instant death. He passed the lad off as a *girl* from the start. His stage name was "Lulu." He traveled the first two years in this country, and to cover their tracks changed Samuel's name *fourteen times*, and dressed him all the time as a girl. They traveled fourteen years on the continent, visiting all the great cities of Europe. Samuel was not allowed to communicate with his friends, or know anything but his master's brutal orders. At last he escaped, only to learn he had been held by no contract or obligation, and for more than three years after he had been of age. He advertised for his mother in the New York *Herald*, and she learned of her long lost boy. She was residing in our city, the wife of Leonard Rice, Esq.

Samuel was anxious to see his mother, and sent her a draft for five hundred dollars to pay her expenses to visit him in London. The developments to her were so strange and startling, that it was with no little degree of hesitancy that she undertook the trip, even after money was received, fearing that there was some mistake about it; and not until she saw him face to face was she convinced it was her lost boy Samuel. She is now spending the winter with him at his own home in London. This is the history of one lost and stolen boy who has been found. Only one of a hundred that are ever found or heard from who have mysteriously disappeared.

THE SCHEMES OF SWINDLERS.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

A young man, the son of a minister, was sent by his father, to Chicago, with a load of wheat to sell. He did not return. The father became alarmed. He visited the city, and vainly looked for his "missing" son. The father abandoned everything, spent all his time and money to find his boy. He traveled from city to city, from town to village. If he had an opportunity to preach he would do so, and at the close of his sermon tell of his lost son, hoping some one somewhere would know of his boy. He traveled up and down the earth, everywhere he had the least hopes of hearing of him. After many months of diligent search throughout the great North-West, he went to California, and whenever he had an opportunity to preach, he did so, always closing with the story of his missing son. At last the lost son happened to be present, and heard his father tell of his agony and suffering over the loss of his son. It was too much for the boy. He could not hide longer from his father. He told his father the whole story, how he had sold the wheat, and got the money for it, and was allured into a gambling den, lost the money, and was ashamed to return home; so he sold the team and "here I am." The father only replies, "Enough! Say no more; let us go home."

A young man on the cars, between Davenport and Chicago, was recently beaten out of ninety dollars by three-card monte-men. He was old enough to have known better. You may think you are smart, but you will find others just as smart—perhaps a little smarter.

THE CLERGYMAN FROM ILLINOIS.

Every day in the year the papers sound the alarm, "Look out!" "Beware!" They simply pass on into the very jaws of the sharks who grow fat on the game in spite of all the daily warnings. Ministers are just as liable to be "roped in" as a "verdant" from the country.

A good old Presbyterian minister of Illinois went to New York city recently, where he was gladly welcomed by some nice young men. Learning he was a minister they took special interest in showing him around and warning him against a very wicked class

of "stool pigeons," who were always laying around depots and hotels ready to welcome strangers, pretending to be philanthropists, to protect new comers from being swindled, and to direct them to suitable boarding-houses. The good old minister was very glad of the timely warning; that they were really engaged in a noble christian work. He was unaware of the "stool pigeon" system, which the devil had so thoroughly perfected to lead innocent young men to ruin. He should go home and preach a sermon on the subject to his young men, warning them to not come to so wicked a city as New York.

"Would you like to see how one of their games is played to rob unsophisticated young men of their money." "Certainly, I would be very glad to learn, now I am here, all I can about these 'human sharks.'" "If you will just step around the corner we shall be pleased to show you how one of their tricks is successfully played every time on the unsuspecting." He steps around. A few greenbacks are needed to illustrate the game. The minister lays down the money; he sees the game played—and played well. He is satisfied with the skill with which it is performed, but *awfully* chagrined when he finds that *he is the victim* of the wicked young men he was warned to steer clear of.

SHARP MEN ARE BITTEN.

The devil has just as sharp and shrewd men in his employ as there are in the world.

A bank officer of our city was once taken in by a sharper in Chicago so nicely that he did not know it, until he was a victim. He boasts at home of being "sharp" and "keen."

A very common way to draw out a victim is this: A stranger will step up to a gentleman and offer his hand, and in the most bland and familiar way say, "How do you do, Mr. Jones? Glad to see you. When did you come to town?" "Excuse me, sir, my name is Smith." "O, yes, I know it is Smith, you are from"—— "Davenport, Iowa." "Yes. Davenport is a beautiful city. By the way who is your Congressman now?" "Price." "What, Price?" "Hon. Hiram Price." "You don't say; why Hiram is an own uncle of mine; he is a smart man if I do say it. I ought to go down and see uncle Price; he has invited me repeatedly to make him a visit. The fact of it is I am doing too much business; much more than I ought

to do. I don't have any time to visit my old father even. It is all wrong. By the way, Mr. Smith, when do you return?" "I go home on the 10 P. M. train." "I have a good mind to run down to Davenport with you to-night. Can just as well go to-night as any time. I believe I will go if I can arrange my business. I have a car load of horses, blooded stock, coming in from the north-west to send to Boston. If I can get them transferred to the Michigan Central in time, I believe I will go. Perhaps I could buy a car load of horses at Davenport, and make expenses." He was at the train on time. He engaged a double berth, and very generously offered Mr. Smith the privilege of enjoying it with him gratis. Two minutes before the train started in rushed a man all out of breath to collect "back charges" on that car load of blooded stock. The sharper apologises for neglecting to have called and settled the bill at the freight office. He has not money enough, but plenty of drafts; one of five hundred dollars, one of five thousand dollars. The collector couldn't make the change. Mr. Smith is asked if he couldn't cash a five hundred dollar draft. No, he had only two hundred and fifty dollars, in currency. The bell is ringing for the train to move. The sharper says to Mr. Smith, "Here are drafts on the Davenport National Bank for five thousand—Price's bank you know—if you will allow me to take your currency I will give you the draft to hold for security until we reach Davenport, and then you can have it cashed, take out the amount and give me the balance." Mr. Smith hands over the currency. The sharper wanted to say "good bye to an old friend outside," and that was the last time Mr. Smith saw the Hon. Hiram Price's nephew. He found his draft was "bogus" when he offered it to the bank.

Similar games are played every day in the year upon strangers, with variations to suit circumstances. Sometimes three or more go for one man; each one has a special part to play. The first man will find out name, home, business, &c., then a "trap" is prepared, and the kind of "bait" to set it with. Another will drive in the game. The last man takes the money. Although the papers daily publish accounts of similar swindling operations, and the police stand at the doors of mock auction rooms to warn the unsuspecting of the danger within, the victims pass in only to be swindled, as others have been for years and years.

SOWING AND REAPING.

The inevitable law of whatsoever a farmer sows, that must he reap in harvest, is equally true in the physical world. The farmer sows wheat and always gets wheat in return. Nature never changes or reverses her laws. If the farmer fails to plow and cultivate his land in the spring time, and sow his seed early, he will have no wheat in harvest, and weeds will grow instead, and sap its fertility. If a young man fails to sow the good seed in the morning of his days, to early in life cultivate his mind, and store it with valuable and useful information, he will also fail of reaping the reward that he hopes to obtain eventually. If the golden opportunities are suffered to pass unheeded, the golden harvest time will never come. You cannot be idle for years and keep your mind fresh and vigorous, and as quick and sharp to learn and retain what is learned. The hardening process cannot be overcome. You suffer a loss that cannot be made good, however hard you may try.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

The farmer sows the grain in early spring, that he may reap in autumn. He has to wait for the seed to germinate and pass through all the varied processes until it is matured grain. He does not plow it up in a week or a month, because it has not matured. He has to patiently wait for the full maturity of the ripened grain.

One of the greatest mistakes young men are liable to make is, unwillingness to wait for the harvest. Because their labor, their sowing, does not bear fruit immediately, they throw up the scheme to try something else, which in its turn is abandoned. They are continually changing, and the oftener they change the more unsettled become their minds and the greater the difficulty to buckle down to one thing and stick to it. They desire immediate returns for their investments, and because they cannot get it, they sell out at a sacrifice and go into something else. It is not altogether in knowing what is the best thing to do, so much as there is sticking to it to the end. It has been well said that if any young man would go into any legitimate business and stick to it for ten years he would become independent. It requires courage, patience, and nerve.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

The secret of every man's success, who has worked his way up from poverty to affluence, is that he persistently applied himself to his legitimate business. Early and late, ignoring all outside business, paying no attention whatever to the many schemes offered, promising great returns for small investments, no matter how flattering. We have often seen good mechanics who could earn three dollars per day in the shop, trying to run a farm, or raising potatoes and vegetables that would cost them at least four times as much as it would to have bought them of dealers. Some people conceive the idea that their neighbors' business yields vastly greater profits than their own. A weak and vacillating mind never accomplishes anything. A man undertook to run a barber shop. He undertook to shave three men at once. They all got mad and left without being shaved, and the barber got mad because he had not shaved anybody.

DON'T "CUT THE CORNERS."

A great many young men are inclined to clip off the corners, to round them off carelessly, and the more they clip the smaller becomes the circle, narrowing down their chances every round. Don't cut your corners. Leave them square as a brick. Maintain all the ground and hold all the chances you have; add to instead of contracting. Your success depends upon holding your ground firmly; yielding none and adding when you can.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION.

The very first step a young man takes for himself is the most important one of all. If he would be right all the time he must start right. The first thing a builder does when preparing to erect a good substantial building is to lay the foundation, deep, broad and on a solid footing. If he fails to do this he will repent of his folly when it is too late. A few years ago a granite block was built in Boston some eight or nine stories high, and when it was completed, it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. Its substantial character to all appearance made it as lasting as the granite of which it was built. Tenants to occupy it were numerous. The builder had

the utmost faith in it. They could "pile it full of pig lead." But, alas, before it was half stocked with goods, it went down, filling the street with stone, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods; and several persons were killed who had not time to escape. We saw the block when completed, we saw it in ruins. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar was a few feet of an old wall, and to save a few dollars it was left, and when the enormous weight of the structure began to bear down upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars worth of work saved in the foundation was over a hundred thousand dollars loss in the end, and that was but a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed, which no money could pay for.

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

The Pemberton mill at Lawrence, Massachusetts, a few years ago, fell down while in full operation and full of operatives. The ruins immediately took fire and one hundred and twenty-five lives were sacrificed. It was simply the result of the grossest carelessness of the superintendent, or master-builder. Iron columns were allowed to be put in that were defective in casting. They were thin as paper on one side and as thick as a plank on the other, when they should have been as true as a hair all around. When the pressure came upon them they were crippled. All this came by trying to save a little money by getting work done cheaply. No man can afford to cheat himself in the foundation. So it is in character building. Every one must look well to the foundation. If that is defective it will tell on him, and may bring him down.

THE DAVENPORT BRIDGE.

When the great iron bridge that spans the Father of Waters at this city was built, the utmost care was exercised in putting down the piers, to get them on a solid foundation. They went down until they struck the rock, and then cut down into the rock for the first layer, and bolted it down. The layers were cemented and doweled together, making a piece of masonry as firm and solid as though it was hewn out of a quarry, one solid block. It will stand for centuries. Young man, lay your foundation deep; go down to the bed rock!

CHARACTER BUILDING.

A good reputation, based upon a good character, is a fortune to any young man. No one can eventually fill the positions in the community that he ought to fill, and which he hopes to fill, unless his character is spotless. Two men in two different counties in Illinois were elected to the office of treasurer of their respective counties. Neither could enter upon the duties of the office because he could not give the bonds required. The character of each for integrity and honesty was not backed up by their friends. Consequently they failed to get the offices, and the shadow will hang over them to the day of their death.

Hundreds of young men fail to get good positions in banks and public offices because they cannot give bonds. A cloud rests on their reputation. Better to sacrifice your right arm, than to have a cloud of suspicion on your character. Remember that you are building up your character every day, every hour. The public are scrutinizing it all the time, watching to see how you are building, how you are laying the foundation. The public have keen eyes and sensitive ears, and some terrible eave-droppers to tell on a fellow. Telephone wires run to every man's door.

Four young men went into an alley late one night to quarrel quietly over their ill luck at a gambling house. A night clerk in the post-office heard every word they said, and knew every voice. They were employed by firms in the city holding responsible positions. If their names had appeared in the morning papers there would have been some vacancies, and an advertisement like this would have appeared, "Wanted a clerk; none but those having the best of references need apply."

A gentleman was riding in a street car, and heard two young men talking over a Sunday's carnival, and learned what this one and that one did, and what one of his own clerks did. He was thunderstruck. He could not believe it. It must be some other young man of the same name. It set him to thinking. He put a detective on his clerk's tracks, who followed him for two weeks. He put a watch on his every day work, and on the cash drawer; also on the customers that were always *so particular* to transact all their business with him. The detective reported, and the next day the young man

was "off duty." He was not feeling well; had not been feeling well of late. Thought he would have to change climate, and he did.

We tell you young man that you cannot ride two horses at the same time, especially when they are going in opposite directions. We often hear young men complaining that they cannot get anything to do. Other young men succeed while they fail. They forget, or do not realize the fact, when sowing their wild oats, that they will some day have to reap them. O, the briars, the thorns how they scratch and tear; yes they prick to the very quick. That is not all, they leave the scars, that will not wash out, or heal up. However much a merchant may value smartness or business talent in a young man, it all goes for nothing, if he is not reliable. Integrity first, integrity last. That must be your corner stone if you are building up a character that will stand against every temptation, every snare, every allurement, and give you a spotless reputation, and what money cannot buy.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

Admiral David G. Farragut tells the story of how he laid the foundation of his splendid career, as follows:

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command, as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such princi-

ples as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble.' And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour."

Congress has just ordered a TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR monument to the boy who was a hero at ten, and greater at that age than ever after; greater than Alexander the Great, who, when he had conquered all known worlds, wept because there were no other worlds for him to conquer—conquered everything but himself, and died at thirty-three. Farragut fought the greatest battle of his life alone, single handed, leaving dead at his feet every foe. An example that challenges the world to produce a brighter illustration, or a greater hero.

Up on the side of some mountain, or in a lonely glen, isolated from civilized society, other heroes have commenced their battles of life unknown to the outside world, with Nature their only teacher. David, the Psalmist, caught his inspirations while tending his father's sheep; one of the greatest astronomers wrought his great problems upon the mould board of the plow, while the oxen were resting. What man has done once can be done again. Young man this is a lesson for you to read and learn by heart.

FORTUNE.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down:
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands,
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love or hate.

—*Tennyson.*

A good or bad fortune rests with each individual. It has been well said that "the boy is index to the man;" that "each one is the architect of his own fortune." These trite sayings need no proof. The history of men of all classes in all ages of the world down to the present, bears indisputable evidence of this truth. The boy grows into manhood and the same characteristics that were prominent when a boy will show themselves in the man. It becomes every young man to heed these injunctions, and shape his course early in life, mark out the man he wants to be, and then follow the pattern closely, remembering that he cannot go contrary to his plans for years, and then jump into a character entirely the opposite.

We often hear young men say that if their circumstances were different they might succeed, but, as it is, there is no use of their trying. Everything is against them. What did Napoleon say about circumstances. He asked one of his marshals about a movement he had in contemplation, and the answer was, if circumstances were favorable, it might be accomplished. Napoleon replied, "Circumstances! I care nothing about circumstances; I make circumstances!" "Only give me a standing place, and I will lift the world," says one. The man of business, of energy, makes his own standing place. Captain Stevens was a man of this sort. He never wanted to take hold of a great undertaking until everybody else had failed

and pronounced it an utter impossibility. Then he was ready to undertake the job. The engineers who first undertook to build a dam across the Merrimac river at Lawrence, Mass., were swept away with their dam, before it was completed, and narrowly escaped drowning. Captain Stevens was in his glory. He put in the dam and it will stand for centuries.

WHAT TO DO.

No question more difficult to answer, was ever asked by a young man than: "What shall I do?" Probably there is not a young man in the United States who has not asked himself and his friends the question hundreds of times. It is a very perplexing problem to solve. The great majority of young men to-day are like the man lost in a dense forest, who in his wanderings comes to where several paths meet, crossing each other, diverging to all points of the compass, and no guide board to point out the right path homeward. When they come seriously to think what their life-work will be, they are standing at a point where numerous avenues converge to a common centre. They look down one and up another, and are lost; and why? Simply because they do not know the greatest of all secrets—one which every young man ought to learn very early in life, and the ignorance of which has ruined thousands. It is the old maxim, "Know thyself."

Of all the numerous acquaintances a young man may have on his list, they are all entirely valueless in comparison to the individual acquaintance with one's self. Serious mistakes, trouble and despair over miserable failures, come to many because of being simply ignorant of themselves. To every young man we would say that success or failure in a great measure hinges on the knowledge you have of yourself. You may be a superb scholar, a capital teacher, and yet make a miserable failure in merchandizing. It is better to be a first-class blacksmith, pounding red hot iron with a sledge hammer—playing the anvil chorus—than a dull preacher, vainly trying to pound theology out of a church pulpit that is neither there nor in the head. It is better to be a wood-sawyer's clerk than a briefless lawyer. If you have no conception of colors, of light and shade, portrait painting is not your business. If you have no taste for music, and cannot distinguish a concord from a discord, let that

pass. If you dislike mathematics, surveying would not be a pleasant pastime. To be a successful grocer, you must be a good taster, and know the goods, or you will be "sold" every day in the year.

FORTUNE TELLING.

"Fortune tellers" have been found in all ages of the world. No nation, no tribe, however low and degraded, that has not its fortune tellers. There seems to be a natural craving or desire in the minds of many to have their fortunes made known to them faster than an all-wise Providence sees fit to reveal. They resort to professionals who advertise that they have power to lift the mystic veil—the curtain that hides from ordinary mortals the future—and read off the events as they are to be acted out by each one who may seek to know of coming events. But, who holds the mystic key with which to unlock the mysterious future, and of unborn years? Where is the artist that has the power to throw upon canvas the scenes and secrets these years are to unfold, with all the events that will be crowded into them? Who holds the creative power to speak in to life the men, the women and children unborn that are to live, with whom you are to act, to mould and be moulded in all these years? Who is able to make them stand upon the stage and rehearse the parts that each one is to play in the great drama of life? Who can harness the elements and bid them perform their part in the grand unison chorus—one harmonious anthem without a break or discord? Where is the fortune-teller that can accomplish all this?

THE ASTROLOGERS.

The astrologer brings his horoscope to bear upon the planetary world, and by knowing the hour of one's birth, he tells what planets were in or out of conjunction, and reads your future with unerring certainty. The planets hold all secrets with him, and they never fail. But what have the planets to do with you or me, or the people of this world?

Has mighty Jupiter the destinies of the human family bound up in his archives, to be passed out on call to some professed astrologer, some fortune teller? Has fiery Mars or beautiful Venus a share in these revelations? What difference will it make in your life or

mine to know what planets were in conjunction, or out of it, at the hour of our birth? What has that to do with your life or mine? Just as much as the effect of the new moon, whether it appears over our right or left shoulder, and no more. Either way it is simply moonshine, and the best evidence of your lunacy, and of your being a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

It is simply foolishness for you to worship the planets. As well worship all the stars, paying your devotions to the uncounted millions, and invoke the entire celestial powers, for fear some evil star may be left out to ruin your happiness, upsetting all your plans, present and future. Astronomers will tell you that the revealing of fortunes by the stars is but the trick of knaves. If there is any one planet that has anything to do with humanity, it is the one from which we come—the one to which we all must return. It is utterly inconceivable, incomprehensible to any thinking mind, how a star, a million times larger than the earth, millions upon millions of miles away, sweeping through its orbit with a velocity incomprehensible, requiring centuries to perform a single revolution, could possibly have anything to do with the destinies of the inhabitants of the earth, much less of one single individual. Would it stop on its course to reveal earthly mysteries to some astrologer for his profit? Astrologers tell us of stars so far distant that a ray of light flying with the swiftness of 200,000 miles a second, would require more than 6,000 centuries to reach our world, and more than 4,000 centuries to perform a single revolution in its orbit. That star may have been blotted out more than 5,000 centuries after a ray of light started on its long journey earthward, yet that star may have just as much influence over human destiny as the millions upon millions that illuminate the milky way. When you can find an astrologer who can or has seated himself upon some projectile, or a cannon ball, propelled by a power that will not permit it to slacken its velocity, sweeping through constellation after constellation, through fiery comets, showers of shooting stars, meteoric rocks hurled from volcanic abysses of other worlds in convulsion, sweeping out of one system into other systems, on and on through immeasureable space to reach some other remote system unknown to the wisest astronomers of earth, a journey occupying six to ten thousand centuries, and having arrived in safety to your guiding star, and sends back

the telegram of his safe transit and his welcome thereto, and that his journey and mission is a success, then by all means accept the revelation. But a myriad of centuries have intervened since he started. Where will a message reach you? What will be your address then? You may say that your guiding star is not so far away. Perhaps that may be, but look at the figures. We are told that seventy births occur every moment of time, or 100,800 every twenty-four hours. This is forty millions a year. Multiply it by centuries, and solve the problem if you can. What star has been assigned to hold your destiny, and is it near or far away? We think after you have well considered this stupendous proposition you will write "*reductio ad absurdum.*"

The palmist measures the long and short lines upon the palms of the hand, and thereby one's fortune is unfolded to a mathematical certainty! Another reads from pasteboard or prepared picture cards, and they become revealers of fate. Ground up rags! O, if they could speak what tales would they not tell! The settling of the grounds in a coffee cup settles ones hereafter beyond question. If the coffee should not be strictly pure, we should fear the result. Probably one's fortune would be a little mixed.

A seventh son is a wonder. His power to penetrate into futurity is marvelous; but when a seventh son of a seventh son puts in his appearance, all the lesser lights are extinguished. His power is augmented according to the rate of geometrical progression. We have not time or space to compute the magnitude of his power. Why, on simple multiplication he can see just forty-nine times farther into the future than a seventh son. How wonderful! How favored one must be who can scan the future and look down so far into its hidden secrets!

THE "SPIRITS."

They cap the climax. They have been there and seen it all. The grand panorama has been unfolded before their eyes. They hold the programme. The parts that each will act are all printed in letters of gold. Their residence in the spirit world has fitted them vastly better than any one who is confined within the bounds of this mundane sphere, consequently they must be believed. Spirits won't lie unless they are very wicked. Sometimes wicked spirits do slip in

on the sly, however. This brings to mind the following epitaph prepared for a man by the name of Keazle, who had expected to climb the "Golden Stairs" and enter the beautiful city. The epitaph reveals his sad fate, and is a warning to all who consult spirit-rappers, or fortune-tellers.

"There was a man who died of late,
And by angels borne to heaven's gate;
While hovering round these lower skies,
In slipped the devil like a weazle,
And down to the pit he kicked old Keazle."

THE GYPSIES.

But if all others fail to read the "signs of the times," as a last resort, consult the Gypsies. Should you have five hundred dollars in cash in your pocket, don't fail to make the fact known, as great or small events hinge on the contents of your pocket book. They can read all the future, and see coming events as clear as noon-day, but they cannot look inside your pocket book! So be sure to make known your financial condition, and as they can see just when and where to invest, they will satisfy you beyond a doubt that it will only take your pile on a margin to make sure of ten times the amount. Untold wealth will flow in upon you rapidly, only you must allow them to hold the money to fool the fickle "goddess of fortune" with.

That an all-wise Providence should, in his infinite wisdom, veil the eyes of his most devoted worshipers, and communicate hidden mysteries to roving, thieving bands of Gypsies—vagabonds of the meanest and lowest class—is too preposterous for a moment's consideration.

Once on a time a lady was walking out in a beautiful park, enjoying its loveliness, when she was approached by a person who proposed to tell her fortune. She very unwisely consented to allow him to show what power he possessed to read the future. Although she was well satisfied with her situation, he explained to her what she ought to do to enjoy far greater happiness, and how she could rise above her present circumscribed bounds, by simply changing her present way of living, and stand upon a higher plane. She finally decided to follow the fortune-teller's advice. It was a terri-

ble mistake. She gained nothing, but lost all her former possessions, and her happiness. All this for allowing her fortune to be told. For full particulars of the sad calamity that befel her and her children, see a very old book known as the history of the Jews. It can be found in all public libraries. It is among the relics of the collection of Jewish antiquities. No one can read it without feeling saddened and grieved at the untold misery and sorrow it brought to that once happy family simply by allowing a fortune-teller to gain their attention and accepting his advice.

Let me say here with earnestness that no possible good can come to any one, rich or poor, by consulting any fortune-teller, no matter under what name or pretended system he may advertise. They are all of one class—stupendous humbugs and swindlers. It is absolutely dangerous for any young person to consult one of them. Persons too lazy to walk, too mean to go to the poorhouse, make it a profession, because they can find dupes to patronize them.

A few years ago a fortune-teller and his wife engaged rooms in a large hotel at Lawrence, Mass. They issued flaming bills, inviting everybody to come to them and have their future unfolded. One night the hotel took fire and was burnt down. The fortune-teller and his wife lost everything but their night clothes, and would have lost themselves had they not been taken out of a room, and down a ladder by the firemen. Surely people who know so much about other people's fortunes should be able to read their own. Give fortune-tellers a wide berth, and you will be the gainer.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, look on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out I was possessed. —*Shakspeare.*

READING FICTION.

No young man should spend his time in reading fiction, for it is a waste, and he has no time to lose. Every hour he devotes to reading novels is worse than wasted. It fills the mind with that which is not true, giving a false coloring to real life. It weakens the mental powers instead of developing them. Reading that which requires no thought to comprehend, is harmful to the mind. If you were training for an athlete, you would not use feather pillows for Indian clubs, or india-rubber foot balls for cannon balls. Toy playthings are not the implements used to develop muscle. When one thing is learned, something more difficult must be attempted. It is the constant exercise of the muscles that develops the power. No one knows what power he can develop by daily practice until he tries.

What is accomplished by physical training can, by the same laws, be accomplished by mental discipline. It is development that a young man needs most. Not one person in ten has fully developed his capabilities, his native talent. Any man can ruin his system, become helpless as a stone, if he chooses so to do. Tie up your arm for six months and you will realize what inaction can accomplish. Let the mind have nothing to feed upon year in and out, and you will become an imbecile, idiotic. Read flashy novels, exciting fiction, night and day, and you will become as simple and foolish as the characters portrayed. Is the flavor, the fragrance of a good dinner better than the dinner itself? Is brass jewelry better than gold? Are mock diamonds better than real diamonds? Is counterfeit money better than the genuine? If so, take the counterfeit—read fiction. Fiction is all counterfeit, therefore why read it at all, when "truth is stranger than fiction." If froth and foam will develop muscle, and make a Hercules of a weak body, then take froth and foam for a diet. How long do you think a blacksmith's arm would swing the sledge hammer if he was fed on gas? He would probably get as fat as Job's wild asses did when they snuffed up the east wind. We have known persons to sit down and read fiction all day, and weep over the story of some poor unfortunate creature, a victim of cruel and heartless treatment in the cold and unsympathizing world; yet when a real living, breathing, unfortunate, knocks in person at

the kitchen door, with a sick child in her arms, wet and cold, asking for bread, while the tears fall upon the pages of fiction, the reader can tell Bridget to say to the poor woman she has "nothing for her to-day, don't let her come in." This is true in fact. It is no fiction. All sympathy for real suffering is dead and buried, by novel reading. It is the natural fruit.

The library of Cornell College contains 40,000 volumes, and it is said there is not a single book of fiction in the number. Why excluded? For the wisest and best of all reasons, that they are harmful to any student.

DIME NOVELS.

One of the curses of the late war was the multiplication of low, trashy, and vile literature. Ten million of rattlesnakes let loose among the young people, and school children, could not have done the harm that has been and is being done by these vile nuisances. We have seen small boys sitting on curb-stones, on side-walks, on the floor-at the post-office, in the alleys on boxes and barrels, anywhere that they could find a place to stop and read. School boys would have their pockets filled with dime novels to read in school, in church, at home, when their parents were not watching them. Well, what's the harm? Young people must have something to read. They do not want to sit down and read the bible all the time, or Webster's dictionary. Of course they know they are only stories! Very well. Arsenic is only arsenic; everybody knows it is poison; knows it will kill. For all that, there are hundreds who are feeding on arsenic to beautify their complexion. It is splendid for that purpose, and there is nothing equal to it; it gives the finest complexion for a *corpse* of anything we know of, when laid in a casket. Flowers always show off to advantage when nicely arranged to harmonize with the beautiful complexion of the dead. "What a beautiful corpse, how sweet." Arsenic eating is simply death to the eater. Storing the mind with the contents of dime novels and that class of trash, is worse than eating arsenic. It poisons the mind, filling it with that which will in the end wreck both mind, body and soul. The direct teaching is downward. In short it is nothing more or less than "the criminal's true guide," their "first reader." Almost every day in the year you may see advertised, "Missing, my boy

Willie Smith," or, "My daughter, Mary Smith." City marshals are busy hunting up the Willie Smiths, and Tom Joneses, and Mary Smiths and Mary Joneses, who left their homes on the direct road to ruin; all poisoned by trashy, yellow covered literature.

Hundreds of boys have been lured from their homes to become heroes like some of the characters they have read about. Yes, the saddest of it all is that, unlike the Prodigal Son, too late they come to themselves, and a father's house is then too far away, and in despair they take the next step, suicide. Not a day in all the year but that some of these unfortunates "pass over the river." You can write it down in your diary, that every young person whose name you read in the papers, under twenty years of age, as having committed suicide, was led to it by reading dime novels and similar publications. Young man, beware! Know well the character of the fountain before you drink. You can well take the judgment, the verdict of those who have analyzed these fountains, and know the deadly poison they contain, and the victims that have fallen, without your testing them. The way to tell mushrooms from toad-stools is, if you eat them and they kill you, they are toad-stools; if they don't kill they are mushrooms. The safest and surest way is not to try the experiment. Then you run no risk. So we say as to novels, don't try the experiment simply to test the rule. The world is full of good and pure literature, suitable for all classes of minds. When you once have acquired a taste for the pure, you will loathe the sight of the impure. We would not throw out Shakspeare and Dickens, and that class of writers, who have written true to nature to expose great public evils. Tearing off the cloak of hypocrisy, and bringing before the people knowledge of great wrongs, of "wickedness in high places," that they may be corrected. Æsop's Fables, allegories, and that class of writings, are able to hit hard when facts and names cannot be stated. One holds up to view crime in all its hideousness to make people abhor it, while writers of the other class bring before their readers the worst of characters to hold up their wickedness as worthy of emulation, and to gloat over their crimes as though they were virtues, as though crime in heroes was worthy to be followed.

WHAT TO READ.

Read the best books; lives of distinguished men, of statesmen; books of travels, the rise and fall of nations, biographies, scientific works, on astronomy, etc. Libraries are filled with the choicest books, and every one can select something that will not only entertain but be instructive and useful.

Every young man should take a newspaper or two, and a magazine, if he can possibly afford it. There are but few who cannot invest ten or twelve dollars in papers and books each year. If all the little needless expenses were cut off, it will be found to cost no self-denial, no sacrifice whatever. If a young man wishes to keep up with the times and know all the important events that are passing daily around the world, he must take a paper or he will miss information that is of great advantage for him to know. He will miss opportunities that he cannot afford to miss. Newspapers are being introduced into public schools, and instead of reading what happened a thousand years ago, they read what happened yesterday, and last night, fresh by telegraph from all principal points, countries and cities in the world. Reading history, page by page, day by day, as the events transpire. A live newspaper is the best of histories. One need not wait until he is ten or twenty years older to learn what happened yesterday, or away back a week, or a month. There are people who isolate themselves from all society, live in the woods and think they are very wise. They look at a paper as they would at a mad dog, as something terrible. Handle it as they would a rattlesnake, with tongs. We meet such persons sometimes. We laugh to hear them talk; we cannot help it. We pity them more. A man who thinks he can keep up with the times without a newspaper is simply a fool. We pity the children brought up in such homes. Do not fail to read the papers. They are the best educators. The expense is trifling. There is no family but what wastes ten times the cost of a good weekly paper every year. Thousands of families spend foolishly more than the cost of half a dozen good papers. If they used one thousandth part of the financial ability that the man we knew of, did to take his family to the circus, they could be well supplied with choice reading material. And this is

HOW THE MAN WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

With the class of people that never take a paper, nothing stirs them equal to a circus bill. They commence planning weeks beforehand to get the change ready when the circus man comes around. A family of this kind live in Texas. The man had been to market several times with butter, eggs and "sich," to secure the sum of money required. The circus day arrived, and with the combined mathematical talent of the household, they could not cipher out the problem; the whole tickets and half tickets, and extras for reserved seats; the uncertainty of who was over and who was under twelve years of age, was too much for them. The problem was unsolved. An extra roll of butter, some eggs and a calf skin were taken along to make sure. Pater familias presented himself with his family before the ticket-vender, to be "counted up" and "rated." The total cost came to just seventy-five cents more than the cash capital in hand. Here was a dilemma. Who was to be left out? Not one would pull the straws—draw lots—in a game of such magnitude. It was the first circus for six months, and nobody could tell when any other would be around, and then this was Barnum's, the "greatest show on earth." Curb-stone brokers were not around with funds to loan. A desperate move must be made. The band struck up, and ravishing strains of music were wafted out from under and over the canvas; the howling and growling of the animals, and the squealing of the monkeys, all came in on the chorus, making the children crazy to be there. Every moment's delay was so much precious enjoyment and sight-seeing lost. The father was equal to the occasion, and he made the quickest time he ever made in his life, down town. He rushed into a pawn-broker's shop all out of breath, and made known his important business quickly. He must have seventy-five cents right then and there. "Take anything you please for security, even to the shirt." The pawn-broker selected the "boots," and off went the boots; and with the swiftness of a deer he was back and standing at the tent door to see his numerous progeny pass in before him; then in his bare feet he brought up the rear, the proudest man in Sherman that day. That was financiering that could not be surpassed. Had that man been educated to business he would have made his mark in the world. The old saying was well exemplified, "Where there's a will there's a way."

IMPROVING LITERATURE.

"What do you read?" said Mr. James T. Field, upon a visit to the Boston boy fiend, Jesse Pomeroy, convicted, among other atrocities, of the murder of three children. "Mostly one kind," was the reply, "mostly dime novels." "And what is the best book you have read?" "Well," he replied, "I like 'Buffalo Bill' best. It's full of murders and pictures about murders." "And how do you feel after reading it?" "O, I feel as if I wanted to go and do the same."

Since writing what we have on Fiction, we fortunately came across the following editorials, which we have clipped from *The Congregationalist*, published at Boston, Mass., one of the best and most reliable papers of the christian press. Read what it says, and see if we have said one word too much of the terrible evils resulting from dime novels, and all that class of trashy literature:

"WHAT SOME BOYS READ.

"The young lady teacher of a Sabbath School class of boys, in a New York city church, proposing to present her scholars with a Christmas gift of books, asked them to hand in the names of the volumes they would like best. Two applied for "Robinson Crusoe," and one for "Swiss Family Robinson;" but to her surprise there was a decided majority of votes for "Indians." The Ponca delegation were around, and the lady surmised that sundry newspaper paragraphs might have interested her charge in them. But on looking into the matter more closely, she found that not the fate of Standing Bear, Mr. Woodworker, nor even of Bright Eyes herself, had wrought on their young hearts. One of the class had somehow captured, and had shown to the rest, a regular "blood and thunder" story of the "dime" order, replete with gore shed in night assaults, with tomahawks and scalping knives; and the hair-lifting perusal each boy wanted to enjoy alone and at leisure.

"These boys were not ragamuffins either, but members of respectable households; the church being on Fifth Avenue, and one of the wealthiest in the city. No wonder that something of a damper was thrown on the fair teacher's plan for putting a useful class of books where they would do the most good; but the practical lesson in boy nature may be to her a fair compensation. The question as to how

much those boys' parents knew of their tastes in books, and how much they did or failed to do in shaping them, is a suggestive one. How about *your* boy?"

And again a few days later:

"By a singular coincidence the brief editorial in our issue of January 28, on What Some Boys Read, received a striking corroboration on the very day the article went to our readers. At two o'clock on the morning of the 28th, three runaway boys from Worcester, aged eleven, twelve, and thirteen years, were arrested in the streets of New York, armed with revolvers and a clasp-knife, and carrying for stores a can of oysters, smoking and chewing tobacco, fishing lines and hooks, a song-book, and one or two murderous Indian tales. When questioned, it came out that they had stolen twelve dollars, and with the remaining eight and a quarter of it, were making their way to Colorado and the mountain territories beyond, with bloody intent, to exterminate the Indians. Their opportune capture gives the gentle savages a longer lease of life, and affords the government an opportunity still to do them justice. But what of the boys—their reading, the molding influences thus early mastering them, their probable future? And what, by the way of prevention or remedy, is to be done with men who so abuse the press, to the perversion and poisoning of such unripe minds? Must this vile corrupting process go on forever?"

We also take from the same paper, the following, which appeared as editorial on February 25th last, in relation to the same subject:

"Two more illustrations of the natural outcome of the "Jack Sheppard" sort of reading, so freely furnished for boys, have come to light within a week in the vicinity of New York. At Milton, a little way up the Hudson, three boys, aged respectively thirteen, eleven and ten years, got access to the closed summer home of a New York lady, stole whatever took their fancy, and reveled for a week on her stores of fruits, preserves, etc. Not content with this, they showed their manly independence by destroying the mirrors, curtains, and such other property as they could not use.

"At the same time another and larger gang, some of them not over ten years old, under the leadership of a "big boy" captain, a little older, were "working" the stores and dwellings of Jersey City Heights in regular burglar style; the little fellows being thrust

through the fanlight, or a broken pane, and passing out the plunder, which was taken to a thief's den near by, kept by an imitation "Fagin," who disposed of it, and gave the young scamps an occasional dime. But the boys are of reputable—some of them of wealthy—families, and evidently plied this secret trade by night rather for the romance, than the profit of it.

"Now what of the parents who allowed them to form such associations and tastes, and then did not know whether or not they were in their beds from midnight to morning? It is abominable that men should be allowed to print and circulate stuff so ruinous in its tendency; but it does seem as if watchful parents might so preoccupy the minds of their boys with something better, as to keep them from ripening into criminals before they reach their teens."

Read what a poor heathen in Africa thought of the power there is in a good book to influence a brute—a dog:

"When Robert Moffatt, the missionary, was in England he told an amusing story of a poor African, who lived near one of the missionary settlements, and whose dog, by some accident, had got possession of a Testament in the native language, and had torn it to pieces, devouring some of the leaves. The man came to the missionaries in great dismay and laid his case before them. He said that the dog had been a very useful animal, and had helped to protect his property by guarding it from wild beasts, and also in hunting and destroying them; but he feared it would now be useless. The missionary asked him how this was. As for the injury done, that was but an accident, and the Testament could be replaced by another copy. 'That is true,' said the poor man, 'but still I am afraid the dog will be of no further use to me. The words of the New Testament are full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them, it is not likely that he will hunt or fight for me any more.'"

The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* of March 6, 1880, also says:

"Parents and guardians who neglect their sacred duty of directing the intellectual as well as material diet of their children, are having frequent and painful reminders of the dangers they incur. The recent report of young burglars, highwaymen, and suicides, have shocked the community, but in every case the fact has appeared that

the reading of dime novels and Boys' Papers have incited them to their crimes. Reckless dealers in poison are held to strict account by the law. Why should these wilful corrupters of youthful imaginations be exempt from the responsibility of their heinous business?"

At a recent dedication of a branch of the Boston Public Library, in Dorchester, Mass., William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) said:

"When I began to write stories for the young, I had a distinct purpose in my mind. How well I remember the books I read unknown to my parents, when I was a boy! They were 'The Three Spaniards,' 'Alonzo and Melissa,' 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' 'Rinaldo Rinaldini,' 'Freemantle, the Privateersman,' and similar works, not often found at the present time on the shelves of the booksellers, though I am sorry to say, their places have been filled with books hardly less pernicious. The hero of these stories was a pirate, a highwayman, a smuggler, or a bandit. He was painted in glowing colors, *and in admiring his boldness, my sympathies were with this outlaw and outcast of society. These books were bad, very bad, because they brought the reader in sympathy with evil and wicked men.* * * * * * *I am willing to admit that I have sometimes been more sensational than I now wish I had been.*"

GOOD BOOKS TO READ.

"God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages." —*Channing.*

"A library is not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling and needing repair, but like a spiritual tree. There it stands, and yields its precious fruit from year to year, and from age to age."—*Carlyle.*

Would you be delighted to hear the roar of cannon, the clash of armies, the shouts of victory, the groans of the dying; to wade through rivers of human blood; to scale the Alps; to follow a defeated army in its retreat from Moscow in the deep snows of a terribly cold winter, harrassed by an army foaming with rage, maddened over their city in ashes, rendering thousands homeless; to see the dead corpses of fifteen thousand soldiers, of an army of forty thousand men, lining the way, the snow their only winding sheet,

and their grave! If you have a taste for scenes of this class, read "Abbott's Napoleon." So vividly will all the scenes come before you, that your blood will almost curdle in your veins.

Do you wish to see Old Mexico, and revel in the halls of the Montezumas? Prescott will conduct you safely there and back. You may prefer a cooler climate, or a trip to the north pole; Dr. Kane will welcome you to a journey with him, and take you where eternal silence reigns supreme, and night hangs her sable curtain for two long months in the year, and it is twilight for nearly four months additional; to feast on polar bear steak, and drink train oil by the gallon.

Perhaps you would prefer an ærial voyage, and to soar away from earthly delights? Prof. Mitchell awaits your coming. The chariot is ready for the trip to the most remote star. He will gladly guide you to other worlds and systems, through the unexplored regions of infinite space, on a voyage requiring centuries to make the tour. If you are timid and have not the time to spare for so grand a journey, an underground trip may suit you better; Prof. Winchell will conduct you down to, and through earth's mysterious chambers, and read to you of the ages past, when life was unknown; of the intervening centuries before man appeared upon the earth; or Hugh Miller will be delighted to sit down with you, with his little hammer in hand, to crack the rocks and read up their testimony, and he will also tell you what he knows of the old red sandstone.

Africa may have a charm for its wealth, its diamond fields. You may prefer to join an exploring expedition to determine the source of the Nile. If so, Mungo Park, Cameron, Baker, Livingstone, and Stanley, are ready to give you their experience in that dark land, over which the shadow of ignorance and superstition hangs like a pall.

The Holy Land has been carefully studied, explored and surveyed by the best classic scholars of the age. Jerusalem and its environs have been described most graphically. Robinson, Smith, Thompson and others, will give you their experience and travels. A run down to Egypt and a look at the pyramids may not be uninteresting. The problem as to the science of astronomy having been well understood at the time of their building six thousand years before the Christian era is still unsolved. Layard will tell you of the wonders

he has exhumed from Ninevah and Babylon, two of the most remarkable ancient cities of the old world, with walls one hundred feet high, and eighty feet thick; with fifteen hundred towers, two hundred feet high at intervals along the wall.

When you have become interested in and familiar with the works published in relation to the world and its inhabitants, we think you will not feed on novels of the "dime" order.

HEALTH.

Of all the blessings in this life, none are of so great value as good health. A young man possessed of a robust frame, a strong constitution, free from any hereditary disease, has a fortune that he cannot afford to be careless or indifferent about. It is a prize that cannot be estimated by any human arithmetic, or valued by gold piled high enough on the scales to make an equivalent. It is a priceless treasure. No wealth, no rank, no position, can equal it in value. All the united and combined treasures of the world cannot compare with the value of good health.

It is of the utmost importance that every one should rightfully estimate its worth, that they may exercise the most diligent watchfulness, that it may not slip from them, or be prematurely injured or lost. Every fountain of pleasure, every enjoyment in life, is marred when there is pain.

To be free from pain for a single day, some would give thousands of dollars. Millions of money are spent annually by invalids hunting for the fountain of eternal youth; sparing no expense or time traveling up and down the earth, hoping to find a climate that will bring back health. No one can be successful in active business life if he has a broken down constitution, that is continually demanding his care and attention. It interrupts all plans of business or pleasure, causing great disappointment when least prepared to meet it. Only those who have once enjoyed perfect health and lost it, know its value.

GOOD LIVING.

Good living consists in eating good wholesome food, well cooked, three times a day. Remember, we eat not for the simple pleasure of eating, but to nourish the system, to repair the injury, loss and waste that is going on continually. The blood, the brains, the bones, and the muscles, call for fresh supplies to keep them satisfied, healthy, hearty, strong. Each one requires a special diet, and will not accept of any substitute. If it is not supplied it suffers, and other parts are compelled to submit to loss. Oat-meal is classed as one of the best articles of food for health, and superior for developing brain power. It has been, and is to-day, the standard article of food with the Scotch, and where is the nation that has produced greater men intellectually than Scotland. Not less than one thousand barrels of oat-meal are shipped from Iowa every day in the year to Scotland. That which produces good blood and a healthy constitution, is what everyone should eat. If properly cooked and eaten slowly, thoroughly masticated and mixed with the saliva, one never need to have the dyspepsia or any other ills.

But if you are too lazy to take care of yourself, and indulge your appetite, you can be assured that you will have all the ills flesh is heir to, gratis.

CLEANLINESS.

Nothing conduces so much to good health as cleanliness. Nothing but free use of soap and water will keep one's person in a healthy condition. Every person should bathe as often as once a week, and in warm weather several times a week. It is absolutely necessary that the pores be kept open, thereby increasing the vigor of the system and fortifying it against disease. We always prefer a good bath in the coldest of weather if we are to ride all day in a carriage.

A warm bath followed by a dash of cold water all over, with thorough rubbing with crash towels until a warm glow is felt all over, with a few gymnastic exercises, and the system returns to its normal state, and the rigor of a long cold ride is greatly relieved without the least danger of taking cold. Some fifty ladies and gentlemen took baths at the Hot Springs, Ark., in water from 90° to

100° Fahrenheit, on a very cold day when the ground was frozen, and we all went on our journey, and not one suffered in the least from the bath. A lazy person is sure to take cold, simply because he is too lazy to rub himself and bring the blood to the surface. If your feet are inclined to perspire, you cannot be too careful about keeping them clean, and not wearing socks without changing often. Nothing is more offensive than the perspiration absorbed into the sock, and then warmed up to fever heat. We have had persons to dine with us, the odor of whose feet was sickening.

THE BEST MEDICINE.

The best remedy for a young man is plenty of water, internally and externally. We never take any physic. There is no necessity for it. We can tell you a remedy worth a thousand dollars for you to know. When you are in need of a cathartic or are bilious, take a hot bath, as hot as you can endure it, followed by a dash of cold water, when there should be work, and lively at that. Rub yourself until your flesh burns, and be sure to rub well. One application will do you more good than a carload of pills. If you have not strength for the work, get some one to help you. A bath once a week will be all that is necessary. If the bowels and liver have become dormant, friction upon the surfaces will restore them to healthy action; medicine will not do it. Remember that in taking medicine the dose must be increased a little every time. A tumbler of water every morning, an hour before eating, will keep your bowels regulated. Fruit is good and lemons are excellent, *but no sugar*, nothing but the lemon juice and water. If you can not sleep at night, get up and take a towel and rub yourself well, and you will drop to sleep immediately. The philosophy of it is simply this, that certain parts of the body are over-tired, and by rubbing the blood is put in a healthy circulation throughout the entire system. When all parts are waked up by its flow, all will rest harmoniously, and sleep is the natural result. Water is the best medicine, it is the cheapest. If everyone would use plenty of water they would have little use for medicine or doctors. To keep the pores open, frequent bathing is necessary. When a person is tired and weary he stops work and lies down to rest. That is just what the stomach and organs of digestion require. They become tired by overwork, and need rest and must

have it, or there will be damages to pay for. One-half of the sickness is caused by over-work or over-eating, or by eating indigestible food. The crowding down ill-masticated food without the proper mixing of the saliva, and washing it down with cold ice-water, or iced-milk and tea, thus reducing the temperature of the stomach twenty or thirty degrees below where digestion begins its process of converting into chyme—to blood—is a dangerous proceeding. Late suppers, with food as difficult to digest as pig lead, will ruin the strongest constitution. The whole system becomes gorged and breaks down, and the wheels stop. Then comes the forcing process, and stimulants, bitters, beer, whisky, etc., are freely imbibed, driving on the poor tired organs to greater efforts.

The horseback rider, to increase the speed of his animal, applies the whip and spur, urging the horse until he drops dead in his tracks. Drinking bitters and whisky is the whip and spur to the stomach. The horse that is constantly ridden at the top of his speed under the cruel goading of whip and spur, becomes accustomed to the forcing process, and will after a while not move without. We have all seen horses with great scars and welts where the whip and spurs have lacerated the flesh. If some of the old whisky soakers could for once see the inside of their stomachs, they would find it all covered with patches, scabs and sores, the delicate covering destroyed. When the stomach gets into that state it loses its natural power to crave food, and nothing but an artificial stimulant will restore the appetite. The mouth tastes bad on rising in the morning, so the morning dram must be had before breakfast. It becomes a disease. The true way is to let the stomach rest; refrain from eating as much as possible. The system will return to its normal condition of itself.

Thousands, who have the money and time, visit Saratoga Springs to recuperate. What do they do there? Well, the first thing is to get up early in the morning and go to the springs, and drink one to five glasses of water. Then, exercising an hour before they take breakfast. The great point of emulation is to see who can drink the most water. Now, if the same parties would drink good cold water every morning at home, they would be just as well off and save at least a trip to Saratoga and $5 a day expense. The same people would not dare to drink a tumbler full of cold water at home

in the morning; it would be dreadful. That there is great virtue in drinking Saratoga water *early in the morning* we have the fullest assurance, and also that anywhere else there is nothing equal to drinking good water an hour before breakfast. Water is a tonic. It tones up the stomach, cools down the fever heat, and passes off through the kidneys readily.

BEWARE OF THE DOCTORS.

"I feel it not!"—"Then take it every hour."
"It makes me worse!"—"Why, then it shows its power."
"I fear to die!"—"Let not your spirits sink,
You're always safe while you believe and drink."

"Can the patient pay?
And will he swallow draughts until his dying day?"

If you take proper care of yourself, are temperate in all things, and do not become exposed to sudden changes of weather without dressing accordingly, you will never need any medicine, unless you meet with some accident, in which case only a surgeon can treat you. But remember that all medicine is *poison*, or it would have no effect. The most deadly poisons are given as remedies by all leading physicians.

A few years ago one Dr. E. J. Fountain conceived he had discovered the matchless sanative for all human ills, and was writing up its virtues. Dr. F. lectured before an eastern medical society, dilating upon the great medicinal virtues of his new discovery. A physician in New Jersey heard the lecture and became a disciple. He gave his first patient the prescribed dose. The second dose was the last, and resulted in the death of the patient. The physician was prosecuted for manslaughter or mal-practice. He wrote to Dr. Fountain asking him to furnish him with all the facts in connection with his practice; for all the information possible. This was just what Dr. Fountain desired, and he was too glad to do so. It would bring him at once before the public and his reputation would be established as one of the leading physicians of the country. He secured the reputation. To be a better witness, Dr. Fountain took about six doses in one to prove it was a safe remedy. He stepped into the store of a well known druggist and requested him to weigh out the specified amount, which was one-half ounce of *chlorate of potassa*.

It was weighed with the most scrupulous care—that there should be no mistake as to the exact quantity—and the doctor took it in the presence of the druggist, and bade him to make a record of the fact. The doctor started homeward, and meeting a brother physician told him what he had taken. The physician remarked to him that he didn't "look any the better for it." Arriving at his home he went immediately to bed, and for more than a week he suffered untold agonies. Although he knew what he had taken, and his brother physicians also knew, yet they couldn't save him and he died a martyr to his own ignorance; and thus before the impending trial came on, Dr. Fountain had breathed his last. The prosecution had the best of it—a dead witness. "Dead men tell no tales." One dead witness to them was worth a score of living ones. It is unusual, we believe, however, for a dead witness to give the best testimony, as it certainly did in this case.

Dr. Fountain was *no* "quack." He was a regular graduate of an eastern medical college, and had a diploma. He was a thoroughbred old school practitioner, and a leading member of the Scott County, Iowa, Medical Society. The friends of many he had treated, laid away in the cemetery, had no very pleasant reflections over his demise. The unhappy thought would come, "Have they been made victims of similar experiments?"

You may be the subject for some doctor to experiment with. There are some human butchers for the sublime interest and devotion they have to science, who delight to cut and slash when and wherever they have the opportunity. We are reminded of the surgeon in the army who cut the wrong leg off of the wrong man, and when the hospital steward reminded him of the fact, replied it was a matter of no consequence as it would have probably been "shot off" in the next battle, anyway. Very consoling to the sick soldier when he returned to consciousness. We suppose that science demands the slaughter of a few subjects annually.

The newspapers frequently chronicle some "Remarkable Surgical Feat," "Triumph of Science," "Patient doing as well as can be expected." We have no doubt about it. It is all true so far as it goes, but, to be true as to the results, a "P. S." should be added: "Patient survived the operation about two hours," "Obituary notice will appear in our next issue," "Fault of nurse," no doubt. More than *one*

physician has had to pay "hush money" to keep friends from prosecuting for inhuman butchery.

We do not wish to be understood as conveying the impression that all who belong to the medical faculty are experimenters, and delight in cutting to pieces their patients for the purpose of gaining a great reputation for surgical skill; far from it. We know personally some noble christian gentlemen who honor the profession, and are good physicians. They have the fullest sympathy for their patients and suffering humanity at large. It is a noble profession, and for that reason thousands have assumed the title of "M. D."—and that is why the country is over-run with "quacks," gulling the people and killing more than they cure. If your think you are ill, and need advice, consult a local physician, not a traveling mountebank who is here to-day and is gone to-morrow. Skilled physicians do not need to travel to gain practice. It is merit that wins.

To be well and to remain well you must exercise constant daily care of the house you live in, or it will go to decay long before there is any need of it. If you have a healthy body and take proper care of it, there is no reason why it should wear out in 25 or 30 years, or why it should not last a century, and run down gradually like an old clock. Proper food and exercise should keep it in running order at least 75 or 80 years. Sidney Bartlett, Esq., of Boston, made a strong and vigorous appeal before the United States Supreme Bench at Washington, D. C., a few days ago, and he is over 81 years old. Our grandfather lived to be 93 years old, and at 90 he mowed in the hay field.

"Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passion's lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay."

THE CONNECTICUT DOCTOR'S REMEDY.

A Connecticnt doctor won a great reputation as a very successful physician. It was a mystery to everybody why he had so much better success than other doctors. He was frequently importuned to reveal the secret, but always refused to tell any one. At last, however, he told them that his principal medicines were bread pills, and

his syrups sweetened water. For years, some persons had to have one of his pills every night, or they could not sleep. But when they knew the secret, although cured, they were so indignant, he was obliged to leave the place. Not one of them would afterwards employ him.

INVALID'S RETREAT.

Years ago there was a physician residing near Boston, Mass., who made a specialty of treating invalids—ladies who were not suffering from any special disease, but who simply needed exercise. He had a beautiful carriage in which he would invite them to take seats. Then the way he would drive would be a caution. The carriage was without springs—set right down to the axles. The way they hopped around was very amusing. They would cry out, "Oh, doctor, doctor, you are killing me; do stop; I shall die." It was the only way he could do them any good. They would not take exercise, and that was all they needed, and when they took his prescription they got the exercise.

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

Young men must arise in the morning if they "mean business." To get up early one must retire early. If you are awake until one or two o'clock in the morning you cannot rise early. You will be late to breakfast, late to business, and too late to succeed. You will miss the best chances and the best bargains. Take exercise, plenty of it. If your business is in-doors, you must take exercise, and you cannot take too much. Your system demands and must have it, or suffer the consequences. Every one ought to be out of bed an hour, at least, before breakfast, and half of that time out of doors. A walk, a run, a jump; go through with gymnastic exercise; swing the arms backward and forward over the head; strike out, strike back, any way, every way, to wake the dormant muscles and send the blood tingling through the extremities into a healthy circulation. Last but not least, you must have lung power. Half of the people do not know how to breathe. One-half of their lung power is not brought into action. "Too lazy to breathe" is a saying which is too true. Tying up the lungs is like tying up your knees in splints, and undertaking to walk or work. Many are hampering their lungs; destroying them by tight lacing.

HOW TO DEVELOP LUNG POWER.

Place a pipe stem in the mouth and hold it fast. Inhale through the nostrils until your lungs are filled to the utmost capacity, then "blow off" through the pipe stem. Repeat it several times before breakfast, in pure air—not the poisoned atmosphere of sleeping rooms, or fetid air cooked in the sitting room, full of fine dust. Hundreds of model housekeepers must have fresh water to drink and to cook with, and will not use water that has been boiled once, but pour it off to have it fresh, yet never think of throwing open the windows and doors to let out the cooked air, which has all the goodness baked out of it, all the oxygen burned out of it by hot air furnaces, coal stoves, gas and oil lamps—air that has been breathed over and over by a dozen persons through the day and night before, for weeks even, robbed of all its life-giving elixir and loaded down with the deadliest of gases.

Every window and door should be thrown wide open the coldest morning in the year, to let off the poisons and to let in the life-giving, pure oxygen fresh from heaven. Instead of doing this they cork up every door and window air-tight, to keep in what should go out and to keep out what should come in. To ward off diptheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, and that dreaded of all diseases, consumption, fresh air must be given access, or the doctor will come in, followed by the undertaker. If you want to see these gentlemen, cork up your houses air-tight, and don't allow any doors or windows to open. They will respond to the call you will be sure to make. Poor children sleeping under doors for bed spreads, and where the wind plays waltzes and quicksteps with the ill-fitting windows all the night long, are hearty and strong, while the children of the wealthy are pale, puny, pulselesss and lifeless. Without pure air life is enfeebled, developing a feeble constitution, ready to break down under the least effort. If they grow up it is only to suffer for the sins of their parents.

Church sextons often have but little sense in this respect. Instead of throwing open the windows and letting off the foul air, they undertake to heat it over and over again. No wonder some ministers are dull, and sleepers are numerous. It is enough to put to sleep seven times "seven sleepers."

But we have digressed from our starting point. The great secret

of building up a strong and healthy system is the proper development of the lungs. Deep breathing, way down—to your boots. Look at the blacksmith's bellows, watch the long sweep of the lever, every inch of space in the bellows filled to its utmost expansion. If you were to study elocution, we think the first lesson would be how to breathe. Half of the people do not know how to breathe. Great singers and elocutionists understand it. If they did not they would break down in a month. The muscles of the chest must be brought into play and disciplined. Proper use of the vocal organs is necessary for health. Good singers and teachers of elocution increase their corporeal system greatly and become portly. Persons have increased the girth around the chest five inches in six months' practice, by simply inhaling fresh air as we have already suggested, and "blowing off" through a pipe stem.

MINISTERS VS. LAWYERS.

A minister stoops over to read his manuscript; the muscles and chords of the vocal organs are compelled to work under a brake, unnaturally. The tones are muffled, guttural, or squeaky. The air from the lungs is loaded with the rankest of poisons, and is thrown against the windpipe, and the delicate coating is scorched and burnt by the hot poisonous gas, at a temperature of 100 degrees. Sore throat is the natural, inevitable result of such unnatural breathing. The minister breaks down, while the lawyer, standing up, harrangues a jury ten hours a day for ten days and grows fat in flesh and fee. The stump orator speaks a hundred days in all kinds of weather, in-doors and out, four to six hours a day. Actors and elocutionists follow their profession for years—for a life time—and do not break down. Prof. Churchill, of Andover, Mass., the best elocutionist in the country, is quite portly. We knew him when a young man. He was slim and not strong and hearty—net weight now 215 pounds avoirdupois. He has a deep, rich voice under perfect control. Mrs. Scott Siddons has given readings for years, has traveled in all countries and climes, reading in ill-ventilated rooms, hot and cold, under gaslights or tallow candles, yet she keeps her voice in nice trim. The great vocalists, singing thirty or forty weeks in a year, maintain their voices remarkably. Why is it that ministers break down speaking two hours a week, one hour at a time? The whole secret is

in not knowing how to control their breathing and to use their vocal organs properly. Singing or speaking in a perfectly natural manner, as nature designed the organs for use, is the most health-giving exercise known. Persons who are consumptive, with weak lungs and feminine voices, have been cured, and become healthy, hearty and rugged. It is an exploded idea that singing and speaking conduces to lung diseases and consumption. The entire system depends on the lung power. If that is weak the system is weak, and if strong, a healthy system is found. Remember and practice daily the rules for the development of lung power; it is the working capital of the system, and success in any undertaking depends upon having a perfect machine to do the work. Your body is the machine and your lungs are the most prominent and all-important mechanism of the system. When they fail to do their work well, the machine fails of doing good work.

ADVICE.

"Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whisky.
Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you *oughter*."

—*Anonymous.*

HABITS.

The repeating of certain movements or doing certain acts over and over again an indefinite number of times, forms a habit. If we change night into day, we cannot sleep at night. If we accustom ourselves to eating at certain intervals, we shall feel the cravings of appetite at such intervals. The man who takes his glass of "bitters" regularly becomes miserable if he is debarred from his accustomed glass. He has formed a habit that will be a prompter every time the clock strikes the hour. At first it has no force and no control over him, but often repeated, it accumulates power. One link is easily forged in the chain of habit, and by-and-by the chain has many links and it coils around him noiselessly, and before he is aware of it his feet are fast in the fetters. To break away from it is almost an impossibility. The habit of drink takes hold of its victim with a death-like grip. Like the boa-constrictor, it gradually coils itself around its victim, growing tighter at every round, and holding him in a vice-like grasp.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

A few months ago in a foreign city, an exhibition was given by a snake charmer One part of the performance was to allow the snake to coil around the charmer's body. The snake coiled around as usual, and then began to tighten up the coils. The man screamed in agony; the spectators clapped their hands and cheered, thinking it was but a part of the sport; but when the poor man's tongue was forced out of his mouth and his eyeballs from their sockets, and the dull cracking of his bones was heard as they were being broken and crushed, then did they realize that it was the death grip of the snake. Once too often had the charmer fooled with his snakeship. Too late he realized the power of his pet and his terrible heartlessness, his relentless fury when called into action.

We remember well a man who came to our city poor, but who, by hard work and careful saving of his earnings, acquired considerable property. He had a good situation, one that he could have held for many years at a good salary. The habit of drink had been formed, and after a while he began to feel its power. He tried to

break off. For a short time he succeeded, but only to be more firmly bound down to it. He tried to break its bonds. He begged friends to go along with him who did not drink, when he knew he had no power to withstand the temptation alone. "If I go with those fellows they will drink me to death." When at last he found that no earthly power could save him, he wept like a child. Too late he realized he was in the coils of the demon that would never slacken its hold when once within its grasp; on the other hand it was constantly tightening up its coils for the final conflict, which is sure to come at last. Every bad habit is a foe that is armed to the very teeth, to conquer and overcome which requires a power more than human.

FILTHY HABITS.

Filthy habits conduce to a great amount of sickness. No one should sleep in an article of clothing worn through the day. We have heard of people who put on a shirt, and wore it until it was worn out. Another habit is not to respond to the calls of nature daily—in plain language—are too lazy to visit a privy. But nature is not to be cheated. The fæces are taken up by the system to poison the blood. The blood revolts and throws it upon the skin, and when you see a person's face all covered with little festering sores, full of matter, you can mark it down that that person has some low, filthy and disgusting habits. If you want the piles you can have them. If there is anything more disgusting and sickening, it is to be brought in contact with one of these people. The aroma of skunks would be a relief and relish better. Would that they could smell themselves for once. A young lady was recently made deathly sick by a young man of this class, who breathed in her face at a party. She turned from him and went home quite ill and was sick with fever for weeks in consequence. We sometimes are seated in church beside a person whose clothing is loaded down and reeking with a stench worse than a slaughter house, if that is possible. Clothing as well as the person must be ventilated, purified by exposure to the air and sunlight, the greatest of all deodorizers. Some housekeepers throw open their beds and windows in the morning; others make up the beds early in the day all reeking with the sickly emanations from the body, to keep it in, to become a deadly poison to the sleeper.

GOOD MANNERS.

Pleasant address, respectful attention to every one rich or poor, high or low, is what wins. A sour, gruff, surly answer to questions asked, never pays and never will. A pleasant "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," goes farther than most young men think. Acting out the boor may be a natural trait of character, but it don't win.

At the old Lindell House in St. Louis, a gentleman out of health stopped a few weeks. The table girl who waited on him took special pains to get what would be relished best by the sick man. Most waiters avoid invalids and do not care to wait on them. She had a sympathetic nature, and it showed itself whenever there was an opportunity. The sick man left the hotel and about a year after there came a draft to the table girl of *three thousand dollars*. The man was dead but her name was not forgotten in the will. It pays to do well. It pays to be civil.

A young lad, a bootblack in the streets of New York, obtained a position in a bank by his pleasant "Yes, sir," "No, sir," to everybody. It made him president of the bank. "I don't know," "Don't care," "None of my business," always pays, "over the left." Many a boy has been lifted out of poverty to affluence in the end, by his gentlemanly manners in his boyhood days.

DRESS.

The style and neatness of one's attire have much to do with one's success in any respectable calling. A young man who is careless of his personal appearance, wearing illy-fitting garments, boots slouchy and run down at the heels, a hat as illy becoming, stands a very poor chance of securing a first class situation. It is the dress that in a degree is an index of the man—*i. e.* makes the first impression on a stranger. It is not the quality, neither is it the costliness of the suit, but the neatness and care that is noticed in the personal attire at the very approach. No merchant will hire a clerk who is devoid of taste and that pride which permits himself to neglect his personal appearance. It is a fact that the world at large judge of a person much by his dress and not by his accomplishments. If a man has made his fortune and retired from business and prefers to dress like a boor to the disgust of his friends and in violation of

the rules of etiquette, of course he has a right to do so, but no gentleman will ignore the good will of the community in which he resides by wearing outlandish or slovenly apparel.

No young man can afford to neglect his wardrobe. If he prefers to go carelessly attired, swaggering along, he had better go to some coal mine under ground, and stay there forever, for he never can secure a first class situation above.

Every one should dress according to his business, and should be proud to wear the insignia of his trade or profession. A brick-layer or a hod-carrier will not look well in a minister's garb, neither will a minister look well in a hod-carrier's suit. There is an appropriateness in dressing to the place you occupy. A dandy in broadcloth, kid gloves and stovepipe hat wouldn't stand much of a chance to engage himself to a farmer; neither would a farmer's boy be eligible to a situation in a fashionable dry goods store, dressed in his field suit. Although dress plays an important part in aiding a young man to secure a situation, yet it requires superior qualifications to be able to hold one after it is obtained. It is economy for every young man to dress well; it is a recommendation to good society; it is a stepping stone to a higher position, which means, financially, a better salary. It pays to dress well.

HOW TO DESERVE SUCCESS.

POLITENESS.

"True politeness is the poor man's capital."

No accomplishment will atone for the want of genuine politeness. Affable and courteous manners always win. Many a young man has won his way to success by uniform politeness to everybody. Snobbishness don't pay and never will. This dropping on one's knees to aristocracy, and falling back on one's dignity to ordinary people, is an exhibition of the absolute want of genuine politeness. It is a virtue that young men should cultivate constantly, for they never can tell whose friends they may or may not insult if they disregard this injunction. They are liable to be caught as were some students of an eastern college.

President Nott, of Union College, found out that the boys were going to rob his hen roost, and so laid watch for them. They came and one of them climbed up and pulled the chickens down for his comrades to wring their necks. As he passed them down, he named them after the president's daughters, thus: "This is Mary Ann; this is Dolly; this is Kate," etc. At this juncture the old doctor made a noise, and the students fled, leaving the chickens on the ground. The following morning each one had a polite invitation to dine the next day with the president's family. The chickens had been nicely dressed, and the doctor asked one of the young men whether he would take a piece of "Mary Ann," or "Dolly." The shot went home and the students didn't hanker for chicken just then.

TWO WAYS OF DOING THE SAME THING.

A young man entered a bank as teller on a small salary. His gentlemanly manners and true politeness made him very popular. His salary was increased from year to year. A rival bank desired his services at a higher salary and he changed counters when his year was up. A third bank also coveted his services at a still higher salary with an offer of "three thousand dollars a year." True merit is always at a premium.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."—*Pope.*

Another young man stood behind the same counter where the first young man began his career. He put on many airs. It seemed to be mortifying to his aristocratic notions to be obliged to wait on ordinary customers. A civil answer was not always given. Nearly every one was treated with the most haughty and heartless indifference. When a check was presented for payment, the currency would be thrown out over the counter as though it was infected with the small pox, and with an air that spoke louder than words to the recipient, "Take it and clear out." Sometimes a customer could not make his currency "tally." "It is right, sir," replies the teller. Depositors' accounts sometimes fell short but there was never a surplus with him. When the days' balance was made up the answer was sure to come: "You were mistaken; your count was wrong." After a time the bank directors have numerous complaints made to them, and depositors are withdrawing their balances and placing them elsewhere. The bank is losing money by a teller who acts the boor; and finally a polite intimation is given the young man to hand in his resignation, and that it will be accepted without notice. The morning papers announce his resignation and that he intends to go into business for himself "out West." Young men of that stamp are just fitted to be muleteers—to drive jackasses and dwell with the brutes all their days in some underground mine.

Success can never be won where a young man is above his business and treats with the utmost contempt those with whom he must have daily business transactions. Monied men are not beggars or town paupers, and will not do business with an uncivil bank official, be he teller or president.

HOTEL CLERK.

Thirty years ago there was a clerk at a Fitchburg, Massachusetts, hotel, named Easterbrook, who for politeness probably never had his equal. At least, in our travel in eighteen states of the Union, we never met one. He was a perfect gentleman to every guest, rich or poor, in broadcloth or homespun. The moment you stepped into the office, he was ready to greet you with a most cordial welcome; an only brother could not have done more. All wants were anticipated with such a genuine brotherly kindness, that one felt that he was in the house of his best friend. At the depot on the arrival of

trains, his quiet and gentlemanly approach to a stranger was so attractive that one was sure to accept a seat in his coach. No catching hold of your satchel and importuning you with all the fierceness of a starving hyena. No howling, no swearing at runners of other hotels. It was the perfect gentleman everywhere and all the time. When he secured a customer he had a life lease on him. It paid the hotel proprietors, and paid its guests with genuine satisfaction that they had been well cared for, and if they never traveled that way again they advertised the house wherever they journeyed.

PLEASE YOUR EMPLOYERS.

The reason so many fail of success is because they are not willing to give their employers all their time. They will cut off at both ends and out of the middle. Always tardy, always in haste to quit ten or fifteen minutes before time. A young man who cheats his employer out of his rights, cheats himself in the end. If there is an easy job to be done he never will get it. If a man is to be sent out 500 or 1,000 miles to set up a machine, or on a collecting tour, he will not be the man to go. If a foreman is wanted, he never will be recommended for any better position, and it serves him right. He is not worthy of any place when he cheats his employer every day in the year, and every time he draws his wages takes more than he has earned. Nothing but a selfish interest controls his entire being.

It is the duty and it is for the interest of every man to devote his entire energies to the interest of his employer. Why, we would stand on one foot or on our head, if necessary, to advance the interest of our employer. When we could not do it we would quit. This whining and growling all the time is mean, contemptible. It exhibits a low, selfish, ill-bred disposition. They are a class who claim that the world owes them a living; and pray for what? Balance up your accounts; show your figures. If the world owes you anything more than a decent burial, our mathematical computations are wrong. A young man of that stamp would see his employer's property go to destruction, burn up, before he would go ten steps out of the way to save it. A man of this disposition cannot but feel mean all the time. Work goes hard with him. A man that don't like the business of his employer is an unprofitable man to have at any price. It is the out-cropping of communism, only wait-

ing for reinforcements to usurp power, to disregard law and order, and to break down every safeguard to society. To enjoy anything you must fall in love with it, else it will be irksome, tedious. It wears upon the system like a machine without oil. A happy, jovial disposition makes hard work easy, light and devoid of friction.

MAKE YOUR EMPLOYER'S BUSINESS YOURS.

To win a reputation that is worth more than money, every young man should make himself thoroughly acquainted with his employer's business. He should know it in all its details, and take as much interest in it as though it was his own; devote his whole time and talents to help make the business pay every dollar possible. You may have a hard place. Your employer may not fully appreciate the full value of your services, but you are not a slave. There are other places to fill. Others will see your devotion to your employer and will seek to obtain your services at a greatly advanced salary. Unrewarded talent will not long remain uncompensated. It cannot be concealed. You might as well hold your hat before your eyes and think you had shut out the noon-day sun. Every hour of faithful devotion to your employer's business is making capital for you, and is better than money deposited in banks.

A young man never knows who may be watching him. Business men have keen sight. They recognize talent wherever it is seen. Changes are constantly going on. A salesman retires; another must fill the vacancy. Who shall it be? A hundred, five hundred, apply and only one is wanted. The proprietors have been watching a young man in some other establishment for six months. They have had his name in a memorandum for that length of time, and, as occasion gave them opportunities, they have watched his business tact and the hold he has on customers. They employ others to "sound him." His habits are looked into, to know where and how he spends his evenings; where he is on Sundays, and how about his vacations; are they frequent; and last but not least, who are his associates? These are all read up. The records are compared and they show: First, he is prompt, always on hand; second, his employer's business is made his own; third, customers will not buy of any one else if they can help it; fourth, his habits are correct; don't smoke, chew or drink; never was seen at a theatre; don't play cards

or billiards; is active in the Young Men's Christian Association; record, A No. 1, extra. It is voted to secure his services if he can be honorably released from his present situation. Salary is a secondary consideration. The bookkeeper is instructed to drop him a note asking him to call at the counting room at 8 P. M., which reads as follows:

"A. B. & Co.
"Importers of Silks, English, French and German Cloths,
"Pearl Street.

"BOSTON, December 1, 1879.

"MR. HENRY GRANDERSON—*Dear Sir:*—If convenient, we should be pleased to have you call after business hours at our counting room—say 8 P. M. Strictly confidential. Yours. A. B. & CO "

Promptly at the hour named, Mr. Granderson is at the counting room of A. B. &. Co. He is told that their head salesman will leave on the first of January, 1880, and they need a man to fill his place. That although they have hundreds of applicants they are satisfied he is the man they want, and if he is situated so that he can make the change without compromising himself, they are ready to engage him. As far as salary is concerned, they will make it satisfactory to him. Mr. G. replies that his year will be up in a few days, and he has not said anything to his firm or they to him on the subject; he will confer with them at once, and see them again. Three days later Mr. G. is at A. B. & Co.'s office and informs them that his firm has proposed to double his salary, which has been $5,000 for the last year, rather than to have him leave. A. B. & Co. say, "Please call to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Promptly at the moment Mr. G. is on hand. He is asked to step into the private office. A. B. & Co. say that they have concluded to make him a proposition to become one of the firm. He might consider his interest to be $10,000 paid up capital, and if he wish to add to that sum he could do so. Mr. G.'s name was added to the firm. This may look a little overdrawn, but it is all literally true; nothing but the names are fictitious.

PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

When this large and wealthy corporation was ready to commence business, at a directors' meeting the question came up as to where to find an agent to take charge of the mills, and it was suggested

that each one should take special pains to find a suitable man for the place. At the next meeting every one of the directors had found a man who was just fitted for the place, and one of the most remarkable coincidences was that the man that each one felt specially proud to name, all the others had the same identical name. So it was made unanimous. The next question was, could he be secured. He was proprietor of a small mill and was well situated. A committee was delegated to engage him on the best terms possible, but to secure him. They went to his place and asked him to name his terms. He did so: to pay so much for his mill, a round price, $10,000 cash bonus over the price for the mill, and a salary of $10,000 a year. They closed the contract at his terms at once, and for ten years he drew his salary of $10,000 a year. Were it necessary, and had we space, we could multiply similar cases. There are hundreds of men who are receiving a better salary than the President of the United States receives. There are a great many men who receive a thousand dollars a month; yes, and there are millions who do not receive over $15 a month and board. Why the difference?

PUT ON THE APPEARANCE OF BUSINESS.

There is nothing like being always busy, doing something. Sitting down and waiting for customers is no way to build up a trade. People prefer to go into a store where the proprietor is so full of activity that it seems almost impossible for him to stop to wait on customers. It gives an impression of a live man and plenty to do. No one cares to go the second time where all is still as a graveyard, and the proprietor looking as if his last day had come, and moving about with a face as long as a yardstick, with a voice as doleful as though he had been singing, "Hark from the tombs," for a month. To a lady who has the least horror for ghosts, such conduct would make her stop as short as possible, and never go there again.

We knew a young physician who opened an office in a country village, and every day he would drive out ten or fifteen miles into the country at a rapid rate, and when he came back to the village his horse would be white with foam. Some days he would drive two horses, one in the forenoon and a fresh one in the afternoon. Everybody said, "What a big practice our new doctor has." There was not a farmer within a radius of twenty miles who didn't know the

new doctor. The result was that he did get a large practice but for the *first three months he didn't have a patient.* He put on the appearance of business, and he secured what he sought after.

A few years ago a young man, a mason by trade, went to Boston to seek employment. For two weeks he did nothing but walk the streets dressed in his best Sunday suit, and failed to find any one who wanted his services. He concluded to change his procedure and to put on the "appearance of business." So he bought a pail and a whitewash brush, and put on his working suit, well ornamented with whitewash and started out early the next morning to advertise his profession as a "whitener." He went into the most fashionable portion of the city, the residences of the merchant princes, and along the streets at a rapid pace, as though he had a big job on his hands and was in a great hurry to be at the work. He had not proceeded far before a lady on the opposite side of the street espied him and raising her window called to him to come across as she wanted to speak to him. He crossed over and she asked him if he would stop and whiten some ceilings for her. "No, I am too busy to-day, but I will come to-morrow," he replied. She told him to come, and away he went on his advertising tramp for the day. Before night he had engaged all the work he wanted; and from that day until he made enough to retire from business, he didn't have to tramp the streets of Boston for work.

Young man there is nothing like "putting on the appearance of business,"—that is if you *mean business.* The public always want to employ the *busy man. They invariably have suspicions of a man who has nothing to do.* And well they may.

DON'T BE ABOVE YOUR BUSINESS.

Some young men fail because they have so exalted notions as to what they think is proper or becoming. This class, when clerks, are too proud to carry a bundle of any kind, and must hire an express or porter to carry a yard of muslin.

A young man purchased a turkey in Quincy Market, Boston, and looked for a boy to carry it home for him. Seeing no boy near, he called out to an elderly man standing near by, "Here, old man," said he, "take this turkey home for me." The old man took the turkey under his arm and followed the young man to his residence,

received a quarter for his service, and as he turned to leave said, "When you have any more errands to do send for Billy Grey." If the young man had carried the turkey home himself, it would have tasted all the better, for the old man was none other than Billy Grey himself, the richest man in Boston.

The late Amos Lawrence, one of Boston's most successful merchants—a millionaire—when a clerk in a dry goods store, sold a bill of goods, promising to have them delivered in Charlestown by 12 o'clock M. The porter, who was to take them over, failing to return as soon as was expected, young Lawrence loaded the goods on a wheelbarrow and trundled them over the long bridge through the streets thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and had them there on time. Not one clerk in a thousand would have been seen following a wheelbarrow, even if their fortunes were at stake.

A snobbish young man on his way to dinner, stopped at a grocery store, purchased a little tin box of ground mustard, less than a pound in weight, and asked to have it sent home, although he was going directly there. A large four-horse truck (tandem) was loaded with the box of mustard, with as much show as if it had been a hogshead of molasses. The driver drove up to the front door of the young man's residence, backed his truck up to the sidewalk, and rolled off the little box of mustard, rung the door bell, called the young gentleman to the door, delivered the mustard and charged 37½ cents for the job. The display in front of his residence did not add to his happiness in the least for his loving neighbors enjoyed the show better than a first class circus parade. It did not require any mustard poultice to warm up his wounded pride that day. It was a good lesson to his snobbish aristocratic notions. These instances are but samples of thousands of exhibitions of mock aristocracy occurring every day in the year.

CHOICE OF BOARDING HOUSES.

Select the best private family accessible where culture and refinement are prized above show, where the choicest books and papers and music are thought more of than theatres, parties and gossip. Better be at the foot of the table than at the head every time. Development comes by contact with superior minds, not inferior. One elevates, exalts; the other degenerates—letting down one's self to a

lower level. Do not to save a dollar a week take board at a second class house. You can't afford it. Economise in everything else, rather than to associate with a class devoid of all ambition for improvement. The society of refined young ladies will improve any young man. It will be a good school to those who may not have had the advantages of a liberal education. The case of a young man who took his intended home to his father's to tea, and when they were seated at the table, said to her: "Take hold and help yourself, we don't have much manners here," was an example of boarding house etiquette generally.

A young man cannot be too particular about the society he moves in. The old saying still holds good that "a man is known by the company he keeps." Many a young man has lost golden opportunities unknown to himself, simply by being seen in questionable company. "Show me his friends, his associates, and I will tell the character of a young man whose voice I never have heard," is true almost to the letter.

HOW TO ENSURE SUCCESS.

PLUCK.

Pluck is everything. You may just as well be contented and satisfied to remain where you are as to expect to meet with any degree of success in any business you may engage in, unless you are possessed with an abundance of this essential element. It is a fast age. Everything goes with lightning rapidity. Time and distance are annihilated and to win success one must come to time, or he will be ruled out. Some people, however, are so far in the rear that they would not be missed if they should drop out of existence at any time. It is an astonishing as well as indisputable fact, that a great majority of the people of our own country never make any mark in the world. They live and die as the beasts, like so many sheep and cattle. The only force they exert, distinguishing one over another, is animal. So many "horse power," weighed by the same scale as a steam engine or a turbine wheel is weighed to find its power.

A SERMON IN A PARAGRAPH.

President Porter, of Yale, gave the following advice to the students of that institution, the other day:

"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of youself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR.

Some young men are devoid of the least ambition to work for their own advancement. They may have some fancied aspirations, perhaps to occupy respectable positions in the community in which they live; wishing for some prominent place, a little above their associates, while they do not exercise the least ambition to work their way there. It reminds us of the steam elevators used in all first class hotels, by which the guests are carried to their rooms. They have nothing to do but to step in and take a seat in a little, elegantly furnished room, and in a few seconds they are up to the top story. No long flight of winding staircases to climb, when tired and weary. It is one of the greatest luxuries of modern hotel life. In a great rush sometimes one has to wait a few moments for the elevator before he can ascend. Thousands of young men to-day are waiting for an elevator, one that will carry them right up to the highest pinnacle of their lofty ambition. In vain they may wait for it. If ever they reach a respectable standing in any community

it will be by the old way of climbing up step by step. No patent elevator has yet been invented or ever will be that will lift one up any other way than by his own individual efforts. Every one must construct his own elevator and run it by his own inherent motive power—elevate himself—or he will never rise to any position worthy of the noble powers nature has endowed him with. If you are born a prince of royal blood, in due time, if you live, you will reach the throne, wear the crown and sway the sceptre over loyal subjects, bowing to your nod; but that will not happen on this continent. My advice to every young man is to spend no time in tracing back your pedigree, as it is a great waste of time, for if of royal lineage, you will not be lost sight of, for "blood will tell." You will be found out and in due time elevated to the throne you were born to sit upon. So if you are satisfied that such is not your destiny *do not wait for the elevator*, it never will come down to carry you up. Your only chance is the old staircase, and the sooner you satisfy yourself of the fact and commence climbing step by step, the better, making every step count one step higher than the last, and if you can pass your competitors on the up grade, do it. Emulation is a noble quality of the soul and should be exercised continually.

A word of caution: Do not become too greatly elated and lose your balance. Be sure of your footing, go strong, placing every step you take firmly on the treads. Although the staircase is very old it will be found just as firm and secure as it was when the first traveler passed up. Do not wait then for an elevator. We often hear young men telling of their future prospects; laying back on their oars at ease; building air castles on the wings of the wind to vanish with the breath that inflates them. They are waiting for an elevator.

A young man says, "My father is a candidate for sheriff, and if elected I am to be his deputy." He is waiting for the elevator. Another says, "When my old uncle is dead, I shall come into possession of a fortune, enough to keep me without any business to bother my head about." He is only waiting for his elevator. Thousands of young men have in store for themselves "great expectations," of fortune or position—all are waiting for the elevator. Just where or how it is to come they have not the faintest conception. They anticipate that some motive power will be brought into requisition

which will just lift them right up to the very places they have selected as congenial to their tastes and ambition; a class that is always hanging around the foot of the staircases waiting for the elevator that never comes down to take them up.

BURNED HIS SHIP—BLEW UP THE BRIDGE.

We read of the general who after landing his troops in the enemy's country, blew up his ships so that his men might know there was no going back with him; it was fight or die. So it was with the general who burned the bridges behind him. When an army knows all retreat is cut off it will fight. Like the man teaching a swimming school—he threw his boys overboard and told them to "strike out," and they had to do so or drown. In battle the raw recruits are often put in the front and the old veterans in the rear to prevent a hasty retreat or a panic. If every young man was harnessed where he could not get away, and "must pump or drown," they would dazzle the world by their brilliant achievements.

DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

This putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, is but putting off the main chance, to be defeated at last.

A general in the British army who was asked when he would be ready to sail for India, replied, "Now;" and he won the title of "Marshall Forward." General Grant won his battles by being always ready to move at once and with alacrity at the right time. "I propose to move on your works immediately," was what gained the battle. This timidity, this seeing a bear or lion in the way is fatal to any man's success. If you once commence to dodge or go around the first little obstacle that confronts you, you will do so the next and so on. How many young men say on New Year's day, "I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am going to strike out," but find when the year comes around that they didn't turn over the leaf and did not strike out. The majority of men fall into a rut and remain in it until they die. A year only counts one, and don't count anything else. They come in on the same track they went out on. Unlike the old man's dog that came in "a little ahead of the fox."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE CONFLICT IS YOURS, ARE YOU READY FOR THE BATTLE.

It will never do for a young man to sit down and wait for something to turn up; he must turn up something for himself. If he expects any one to neglect his own affairs to work for him individually, personally, he will be greatly mistaken. Each one has a battle of his own on hand to fight, and if he does not strip himself for the conflict he will be ingloriously "laid out," defeated, overcome, annihilated. It is a free fight and every one has a chance for himself. If he sits down and waits for assistance, or for some one to fight the battle for him, his chances for winning success will be lost, and he will be lodged in a ditch from which he never can extricate himself.

This waiting for "Blucher," or some one else, to come to your aid is simply to be vanquished while you are waiting. Waiting for some rich relative, some old aunt or uncle, to die, strikes the death knell for your opportunities—tolling the bell for your own funeral, and when you are ready for burial mourners will be few. If you succumb to the first little obstacle that confronts you, the next will be more formidable and so on *ad infinitum*. To lie down and give up to the slightest opposition is fatal to your success in anything you undertake.

OPPOSITION.

Every young man, if he expects to rise, must have opposition. The kite will not go up in a calm or remain up when it is calm. A vessel cannot sail on a quiet sea—a dead calm. It is the storm that hastens the bark homeward. To develop power you must meet opposition. It is competition, opposition, that brings a man out. It avails nothing for a young man to be at the head of his class all the time. It is a positive damage to any student to be always the best one of his class. No stimulant to nerve him up to greater efforts. You must have opposition if you would excel.

EVERY ONE MUST TAKE CARE OF HIS OWN HEAD.

A lot of boys broke into a house where there was a quantity of powder stored in barrels. They ran up stairs and everywhere, while in their fun and frolic one boy below applied the match to the powder and sung out to those up stairs, "Every boy take care of his own head."

A notorious fighter, when on his death bed, was asked by one of his sons why it was he never was whipped in all the fights and rows he had been engaged in. His answer was that "Whenever I saw a head I hit it." So to attain success you must hit every obstacle that stands in the way of your success, and hit it hard. No legitimate means should prevent your progress onward and upward.

When one of Napoleon's marshals told him the Alps were in the way of his proposed campaign, he answered him with tremendous emphasis: "There are no Alps." Mountains piled upon mountains, gorges, chasms or glaciers, however broad or deep or slippery, were but mole hills before his resistless, unconquerable ambition. No such word as fail was in his vocabulary.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

General Taylor won imperishable renown in the war with Mexico, and was designated, "The man who never knew when he was whipped." With all of his bull dog tenacity he ever kept on fighting. Propelled by his invincible spirit of never to surrender, never to give up, his army repeatedly cut to pieces and half lying dead on the battle field or *hors de combat*, he rallied his broken and shattered ranks to again charge the enemy with redoubled fury. Although every advantage was with the Mexicans, yet his invincible spirit incited his gallant soldiers with a dash and daring that carried dismay into the very ranks of the enemy, and sweeping down upon them with terrific impetuosity, no force was left on the battle field to oppose him. The enemy had fled like chaff before a whirlwind. General Taylor won the *sobriquet* that will ever attach to his name, never to be forgotten—"Rough and Ready,"—the soldier who "never knew when he was whipped." That unconquerable spirit made him the man he was, the gallant soldier of his time, and made him the twelfth president of the United States. Such is the stuff

that heroes are made of. No milk and water composition in the men who make their mark in the world. They do not spend their best days lying around street corners and saloons, waiting for something to turn up. Far from it. They were preparing for the fight years before the battle was begun, and that was what made them victorious when the crisis came.

ON THE VOYAGE—EACH ONE HIS OWN PILOT.

Launched on the voyage of life, every young man eventually arrives at a point where his little bark must be cut loose from pilotage, and the guiding hand of parental care be withdrawn. Each returning wave will carry him still farther away, and if he would reach the desired port in safety, he must "paddle his own canoe." No one can or will paddle it for him, and the sooner he becomes aware of this fact the better. However much he may dread its hardships and dangers, or however weary he becomes, there is no escape from it, *there is no going ashore.* Inexorable fate compels every one to make the voyage. Success or failure rests with each voyager. Already he is adrift. He is in the current, ever increasing as it bears him farther and farther out to where the billows run the highest and storms rage the fiercest. The desired haven is up stream and the current is full of wrecks, stranded barks, sweeping past, greatly increasing the danger. The trip affords no quiet harbor, no lee shore, no anchorage ground, no stopping place along the way for rest, no place for the current to slacken its swiftness. It never slackens—it is always rapid, ever increasing as the years speed along. There can be no resting on the oars. Every lost stroke imperils the safety of the voyage. Only by constant and vigorous pulling at the oars can the rushing current be overcome. Drop the oars or lie down at ease and the current sweeps the bark downward, and the longer the rest the swifter it goes with ever accelerating speed. Every moment it rapidly nears the whirpool, the vortex. If once caught by the boiling surges your fate is sealed. A leap, a plunge, and you are engulfed in an abyss from which there is no rescue—no escape. The vovage is up—it's lost. "Oh! the wrecks along the shore!" It is lined with the stranded barks. Would you look at them? Visit the jails, State prisons, lunatic asylums, the mad houses; they are there. Listen to the sad tale they tell, and the songs they sing. The refrain

is but the wail of thousands, of millions; of fortunes lost, of hopes blasted, or disappointed ambitions and of hopeless despair over the failure of a voyage that cannot be repeated. Daily the tale is told, the song is sung in doleful strains like funeral marches to the dead.

Do you want to see the barks that are floating down stream. They are everywhere. Young men loafing on the street corners are floating. Young men hanging around saloons, playing cards for the drinks, are floating down stream. Young men wasting their precious time in idleness are floating down stream. Young men who neglect all cultivation of their intellectual talents are floating down stream. Young men who squander all their earnings, saving nothing, are floating down stream, A dangerous class in any community. Property, life, are nothing to them.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN MUST HAVE.

Every young man must have a chart, a compass and an anchor with a cable that will not part. Hundreds of young men start out having none of these pre-requisites. Going to sea without a compass is to be lost. Going to sea without a chart is foolhardiness. Going to sea without an anchor and a strong cable, is simply to be driven by every gale, to be dashed upon the rocks and to be lost. You must lay out on your chart in detail the way you wish to go. You must man the helm and hold it firm on the course against all combined forces. Never let go the helm.

DON'T GIVE UP.

The continued dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone. It is the repeated blows that break the rock. It is the last stroke of the pick that turns up the shining dust. Many a man has been right on the brink of a princely fortune and lost it for not striking one blow more. When you take hold of an enterprise stick to it until you have tested it. Go to the end. It was the last shot that hit the magazine and blew up the enemy's works. Add one step more before you abandon the race.

Governor Morton, of Massachusetts, was a candidate for sixteen successive years before he was chosen to the office, and at last was only elected by a majority of one vote.

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean,
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near,
And having once begun the work,
Resolve to persevere. —*Selected.*

A Davenport boy went to New York to solicit a position to travel for a wholesale house. He went five times to one establishment and every time he was told they did not want to engage him. He tried to prevail on them to allow him to make a trial trip. No, they would not do that. Finally he proposed to buy a small stock of goods. This was business. They were ready to sell. He went upon the road, sold out his stock, and made money. The firm saw that he "meant business," and they were ready to employ him to travel for

them. Now he is one of the firm and is worth considerable money. It was his persistence that won. Not one boy in a hundred would have had the courage to apply a second time after one refusal. Nothing like courage and faith when an object is to be accomplished. One of the partners of the house had only fourteen cents left when he reached New York to seek his fortune.

Ninety per cent. of the best business men of New York and Boston were born upon the farms of the country. A young man brought up to hard work on a farm, trained to the closest economy in his earlier years, has the power of endurance that a city boy does not possess, consequently he will make the best business man.

HOW JOHN MORRISSEY WENT TO CONGRESS.

John Morrissey, the notorious prize fighter, and keeper of gambling hells, when first married could not read or write. His wife taught him these accomplishments. In the day time she would study the lesson and at night teach it to him. The morning after his fight with Heenan, with his head all bandaged up, she made him sit up in bed and recite his lesson. He would often get discouraged in studying fractions and the like, but she told him if he gave up he never would go to Congress. He asked if she meant what she said, and she told him she did; so he would keep at the nightly lessons, and he did go to Congress. It shows what a man can do when he puts himself to the work.

CATCHING THE TRAIN.

We have seen a man start out to take a morning train. He would look at his watch and say, "Well I am a little late this morning, I guess I shall miss the train," and he goes moping along just as though he meant to miss it. He hears the whistle and then begins to quicken his pace. As the train nears the depot he runs lively, with all his might, and arrives at the depot just as the train moves out at the opposite end. All out of breath he exclaims, "That is just my luck. I expected I would miss it when I started." See the difference: His neighbor looks at his watch and says to his wife: "Only three minutes to train time; I'll make it; good bye!" and the way he tears down street is a terror to small boys on the sidewalk,

and he dashes into the street for fear of knocking down half a dozen people or being tripped up by them, and just as the train enters the depot he enters at the opposite end, and remarks to a friend that this is a little the quickest time he ever made; "I told my wife I'd make it, and I am here." This man runs to win, the other runs to miss. Each had the same time and same distance to span.

Resolution is mighty when backed by an unconquerable will to carry it out. Resolution is powerless, worthless, when there is nothing to back it. It was at the starting place where the race was decided.

$10,000 LOST! $10,000 WON!

The man who went on the first train bought the morning paper, and looking over the market reports found that nails had advanced seventy-five cents per keg. As soon as he reached his counting room, he withdrew from sale all the nails he had on hand. He sent out his confidential clerk to buy all the nails he could buy at "yesterday's prices." He drops into the store of the man that missed the morning train, buys his entire stock of nails to be delivered on call, and passes over a check for the same. The next train, three hours later, brings in the man that missed the first train. Clerks are busy, and a large pile of letters from correspondents require his first attention. When lunch time arrives, he steps into the merchants' dining rooms, and while waiting to be served looks over the morning paper, reads the market reports and learns that nails have advanced seventy-five cents per keg. Bolting his dinner hurriedly down he hurries back to his store to "mark up prices" on nails, and finds that his neighbor has bought him out at "yesterday's prices." He exclaims, "Just my luck; missing the first train, I have missed a clean profit of $10,000 on the stock of nails I had on hand last night." Luck! There was no luck about it! It was the two minutes too late for the first train. Young man remember to take the first train. The first man made $10,000, the last man lost $10,000.

HOW WE LEARNED TO PLAY THE ORGAN.

Our home for twenty-one years was upon one of the high hills of New Hampshire. A farmer's boy, we knew nothing of the outside world, and much less of organs and pianos, and had never seen a

piano. When we were about thirty years of age, we conceived the idea that it would be a good investment to own a cabinet organ and know how to play it. We were employed at the time as a salesman in the largest dry goods establishment in a flourishing manufacturing city in Massachusetts. The proprietor was very exacting. The store must be the first one opened in the morning and the last one to close at night. We could not move the first thing towards shutting up until the city hall clock had struck the hour of nine. Then the goods outside were to be brought in and those displayed in the windows removed, and the curtains hung over all the shelves, and the show cases covered. The floor then had to be carefully and thoroughly swept. We could not reach our boarding-place until after half-past nine o'clock any night. Occasionally on Saturday night the store was kept open until ten o'clock.

It was winter; we had no fire in our room and could not afford one. We sat down to the organ, wearing hat and overcoat with collar turned up around our ears. The ivory keys and the air coming up beside them benumbed our fingers. By the time we read the notes for a "chord," and pressed the keys down and "sounded the chord," our fingers ached with pain. We would hold them over the lamp to "warm up." Then another chord would be "figured out," and "played." We practiced this way all winter. It was no easy task. We had hard work before us, and stubborn opposition. The strongest kind of a combination, worse than a printer's union or any other union we have any knowledge of, was working against us. The battle was with our stubborn fingers; they must be conquered or we must give up trying to learn to play the organ. It was a doubtful problem which would succeed. Our will was strong, and we waged a constant war with the enemy. They had had their own way for thirty years, and proposed to have it forever. They were very harmonious in their movements; if one moved, they all moved in unison on the same line. We could not play good music in that way. The union movement must be overcome. It was will versus muscle, chords, ligaments and joints. The will was unconquerable. The aching and swollen fingers showed how severely the battle raged and how terribly they suffered. To move them separately was the great thing to be accomplished. Too long had they grasped the plow handles and swung the axe to adjust themselves to an entirely

new business, to work independent of each other. Slowly, but not very gracefully they yielded. We had, however, excellent encouragement, aside from our own gratification over our ability to "hold on" to a chord to the fullest extent allowable, when we were *sure we had it.* Also from the compliments by the boarders at the breakfast table, as to how they *laid awake* all the time we were playing, listening to the ravishing strains of music as they rose and swelled through the corridors of the house. They wondered whether we had the power of continuance; and whether we would and could continue to bring out such harmonies; surpassing Haydn, Mozart, and those great composers, for ever and ever. Well, we could not do it. For those who had no ear for music, and could not distinguish the pealing notes of the organ from the cats that performed nightly in the back yard, we had supreme contempt. They never seemed to have any more love for our music than the solemn catawaulings outside. *They preferred to sleep.* We cannot now recall all the high compliments we were daily the recipient of; but if they slept they missed the greatest opportunity of their lives, and we ever had pity for them. Many of these compliments were of a so decided personal character that it would look too much for our modesty to have them appear in print.

Several times we came near giving up in despair. Probably we should have done so had we not run across the following lines, which we cut out of a paper and pasted over one of our hardest lessons, and it sticks to that lesson to-day, and we now occasionally read them with great satisfaction: "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination.* A purpose once fixed, and then—death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."—*Buxton.* As Charles Lamb once said about an oyster pie dinner, "That did the business for us."

It is wonderful what power there is in half a dozen lines to rouse up the latent, dormant and undeveloped energies of the mind. Words that never have been heard by mortal ears, silently entering into the windows of the soul, how they will ring loud and clear upon our inner perceptions. Often times when we strive the hardest to

drive them out of mind, louder and still louder they ring out and deeper down in our minds they plant themselves, there to remain. Is there anything more difficult than trying to forget what we dislike to remember; to forget an unkind remark or a questioning of motives. Bury it if you can. No grave has yet been sunk deep enough to keep it down. "Banquo's ghost" will keep coming up just when we want it to "keep down." Read the above lines! Every word is worth a dollar; every line a hundred dollars. Complete, they are worth a thousand dollars to every young man who will engrave them upon the tablets of his memory. To some young man it will bring untold wealth; honors that will not die with the vanishing breath of vain lamentations. Good words well spoken never die.

There are many young men who will commence business without a dollar in money. All their capital will be in the good use they make of the lines above quoted. They will lay the foundation to a magnificent fortune—to be counted by millions. It has been done by many living millionaires. It will be done by some young man perhaps now chopping wood for his board. Young man it may be you! Read them carefully! Write them in a book and when you are about ready to give up, read them again. Hold on one day more. Make one more effort with all your might. They will be your talisman to success, to a glorious victory if you are on the "right track."

Well, did it pay us? We surpassed our first teacher, and at his request we took his seat at the pipe organ in church. We were very soon wanted in another church at a much *better salary*. Owing to the state of our finances we needed the change and accepted the "*call*." We always thought it was our financial situation that made it so LOUD A CALL. After a time we came West. Our talents could not be hid. We had four more calls to play in church than we could possibly fill. We were called upon for a great many gratuitous services, which we most cheerfully rendered. We did not do it for advertising purposes, yet it did advertise us nevertheless. A new man at the organ had all eyes upon him, while we might have sat with the congregation six months and not six persons known us by name. Sabbath school conventions, picnics, social clubs all wanted our services, much more than we had time to give. Did it pay? Yes; it paid the best kind of a dividend. It gave us an acquaintance that we never could have secured in any other way. And it paid finan-

cially. A music dealer had failed in whose affairs two Boston firms were interested. Each had instruments on consignment; one of them pianos, the other parlor organs. Some one that knew something about music was wanted to take the instruments and sell them; some one who was responsible. Our reputation stood investigation and we took charge of the instruments although not in our line. However, it paid us well. Our struggle over our "first lessons" resulted in a profit of more than *two thousand dollars in cash* to us.

Young man do not lose an opportunity to improve every talent you have. It will pay you sometime, and that well. No young man could have learned music under greater discouraging circumstances than we did. To be able to play common church music, and that was about the extent of our attainments, will pay a hundred fold more than all the cost in money and time devoted to it. In fact the time devoted to it counts nothing. Every one has spare time ample for the practice. A few minutes at a time is far better than ten hours a day. When the mind is fresh and active, more can be accomplished in a few minutes than in a whole day.

We were spending a few days in a city in Texas, recently, and going to church on a Sabbath afternoon we, being a stranger, were singled out by the minister and he came and shook hands with us, and inquired if we could not sing or play the organ. We admitted we did play sometimes, and as the regular organist was unable to be there, we were pressed into the service. Every one noticed the "stranger," and had to shake hands with him. Well, it was not very much that we did but it made it very pleasant for us in a strange city to meet with such a cordial welcome. It will be treasured up as a bright memory of our trip. Had we been destitute of the knowledge in special demand just then we should not have had any such attention paid to us. We probably would have gone away without a kind expression from any one. Young men often ask: "What good will this or that do me if I learn it." There is no danger of a young man acquiring too much useful knowledge. He never will know just when or how his services may be wanted to fill some position requiring special talent or experience. If you have any taste for music develop it. It will be a great benefit to you individually. Nothing is more restful, when tired, perplexed or discour-

aged, than to sit down at the organ and play some of the grand old tunes. It will relieve many a tedious hour. No one can get up from an instrument without being made better. Our advice is free; what use will you make of it?

Hark! We hear voices—telephonic messages—coming from one, ten, a hundred, from thousands, "We will at once commence to practice upon this advice." In one year from now nothing would please us more than to hear from the thousands who have been improving their musical powers by learning to play the organ or piano, and to have such write us of their proficiency, and if they have any regrets to offer for having commenced to carry out our recommendation. Who will do it? We have so much faith in this *one* article that we verily believe it to be as good, yes, better to every one who will practice its teachings, than a present of a THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD would be.

EXPERIENCE MUST BE PAID FOR.

It has been and always will be with hundreds of young men, however enthusiastic or however hard they may work to win success in a business they never have learned, they will find by the bitterest experience that they will have to pay liberally to learn any business, and possibly they may make a miserable failure at last. It is a very absurd idea that a person can enter into a business without the least knowledge of it, to compete with old and experienced men who have been trained up to it from boyhood, and thoroughly educated to it. Suppose some foolhardy fellow should step up to the engineer of a passenger train some dark and stormy night and say to him: "Mr. Engineer, allow me to take your place at the engine. I have seen how you pull those levers. I can do that as well as you." Do you think that there would be a single passenger who would remain on the train with such a fellow to hold the throttle valve? Do you think a pilot of one of the great Long Island Sound steamers coming into New York Harbor, in a raging storm, or even in a clear moonlight night, would stand aside and allow a stranger who never was on a steamer before in his life, to take the helm? Would not the passengers rise and hurl the fellow from the wheel? Every passenger's life would be in fearful peril, liable to death every moment. An indignation meeting would be held at

once. The pilot, captain and all hands would be condemned as guilty of the grossest carelessness and utterly unworthy of the positions they occupied. The idea of allowing an ignoramus to act as engineer or pilot where lives and property are in constant jeopardy, would bring down the anathemas of every one, simply because the fellow is unskilled, ignorant of the requirements of the position he assumes to fill. It is precisely so with a young man who thinks he can run any kind of business he may wish to engage in, when he knows not the first requisites to make it a success. Not one in a hundred will succeed who makes the trial. In England it requires seven long years of apprenticeship before one can set up in business for himself. So you can write it down as one of your maxims that "It costs money to learn how to do business successfully."

HOW SOME MEN HAVE SUCCEEDED.

ECONOMY THE SECRET.

Economizing one's resources is the true secret of success. It is the only foundation upon which every successful business man has built his fortune. A young man, a stranger in the city of Boston, travelled up and down the streets seeking for employment, but unsuccessful in finding what he wanted, stumbled upon a load of coal lying on a sidewalk, and took the job of shoveling it into the cellar for a York shilling (12½ cents). He saved the shilling, and it was the first step towards the acquisition of a magnificent fortune he afterwards secured.

We know a young man who started business on his own account with a small capital in a city among strangers. At first trade came to him slowly. Profits were small, and he was compelled to cut down his expenses to the lowest cent. Did he board at a first class hotel at $60 or $70 per month, and treat the acquaintances he made with cigars and the drinks? Did he come out with a new suit every six days? Did he spend his Sundays behind a fast horse? No! He lived with his business, slept with it and set his own table. His

regular diet consisted of baker's bread and fruit, apples, raw tomatoes, etc., at the cost of ten cents a day. Did he succeed? Yes. Every young man can and will succeed when he makes up his mind to it. The trouble is they will not make up their mind, and don't half try. A thousand good resolutions are but a waste of paper and ink, when not backed up with an invincible spirit to carry them out, or die in the effort.

To any of our readers who have not been to St. Louis, we will say that should you ever go there you will find two very remarkable attractions over which St. Louis prides itself. One is the great bridge across the Mississippi River, a wonderful piece of engineering skill surpassing anything on this continent. The other will be Shaw's Botanical Gardens, where the choicest and rarest of every flower, shrub, plant, or tree in the known world can be seen growing in perfection. It comes, to our idea, the nearest to Paradise of anything seen or read of on earth. If you have anything that grows in soil that Mr. Shaw has not a duplicate of he will pay you handsomely for it. Mr. Shaw is nature's nobleman. His generosity reaches to the ends of the earth in securing every variety of nature's works, for which he has spent thousands of dollars, bringing together the entire product of this globe within his garden walls, and no expense or labor is withheld to bring everything to perfection; and yet, after all this immense outlay, and many years of toil and labor, the whole world is invited to come in and enjoy it with him, and the great iron gate swings wide open to admit the humblest, the poorest man, woman, or child, that knocks at its portals. One naughty woman strayed in and was so charmed with its beauty, she thought it so delightful a place she wanted to live there, and as Mr. Shaw was a bachelor, she wanted to be his wife; but Mr. Shaw objected, (he probably remembered how Adam lost his place in the Garden of Eden), so the would be wife, for her terrible and bitter disappointment, asked Mr. Shaw to just hand over a little money to pacify her with. She only wanted *forty thousand dollars*—that was all. Although Mr. Shaw is a generous man, and had the money, yet he refused to comply with her demands. She sued him and brought him into court, and in the presence of twelve good men she sighed and told how she expected to become Mrs. Shaw, and for the bitter disappointment she sighed for just $40,000; and not a dollar less

could cure her broken heart. She may have been honest in her demands but the jury sighed for her, and their verdict was that Mr. Shaw must pay her damages—and a *round* sum it should be, all in *hard* money; the total amount was "ONE CENT!" Oh, how she must have sighed then and there!

How did Mr. Shaw become so wealthy? Was it left to him by some rich uncle in the old country? Not much. When St. Louis was simply a little trading post, Mr. Shaw lived in a log hut on the banks of the river, and sold jack-knives, fish-hooks, etc., and as he could spare a little money from the profits of his jack-knife sales, he invested it in land around St. Louis, which the government was selling at $1.25 per acre, and as the city increased in population his lands increased in value, and Mr. Shaw was made immensely rich by the rise on his land investments. Mr. Shaw practiced the strictest economy until he secured a fortune.

EMMA ABBOTT

Was born in poverty, and deprived of every advantage for improvement. Some ladies and gentlemen of Moline, Ill., heard her sing on the streets, and they were pleased. They heard her childish wish to become a singer, and they helped her. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg also heard her sing and was delighted. She gave her some instructions and advice and assisted her to a situation in a church choir in New York city. A wealthy gentleman was charmed with her fine musical talents and sent her to Europe to finish her education and furnished the money to pay all her expenses.

Young men have been helped into good situations, to become business men eventually, and partners in the largest establishments in the country, who spent their best days on a farm. Ninety out of every one hundred successful business men in the large cities were brought up in the country as farmers, with perhaps not more than three months of schooling in the winter, while rich men's sons fail for the want of the early discipline of hard work.

WORKING TO WIN.

Two young men entered into a partnership and bought a manufacturing establishment in the vicinity of Davenport, expecting with an ordinary amount of diligence to succeed. They very soon learned

that they had been grossly deceived as to the amount of business there was to be done, and that the establishment was so run down and worn out that it would require a large outlay before they could do or realize anything. Not being thoroughly conversant with the business they needed to rely upon others to say what should be done, and in this they were outrageously imposed upon and deceived. It did not take them long to comprehend the situation—that they were badly involved. Two ways opened before them, either to quit work, abandon the property and lose all, or buckle down to the task of trying to carry the heavy burden saddled upon them. The latter course was decided upon, and they went to work with a will and courage that nothing could dampen or turn them from. The first move was to cut down their personal expenses to the very lowest possible cent; to spend not a dime except when absolutely unavoidable. Their table expenses were adjusted on a similar basis. Butter, tea, sugar and coffee was stricken from their bill of fare. Flour and corn bread was their standard diet. For years they lived this way and worked incessantly day and night; saving everywhere, wasting nothing. It was business with them year in and year out, and no holidays—no vacations. Five years passed and with it passed the burden, the heavy load, and to-day they are able to live without labor. It was the indomitable spirit of sticking to it that won the victory. It always wins.

Twenty-five years ago four young men were attending the Iowa College, when it was located at Davenport, and having no income or friends to help them they were obliged to work their way as best they could. They occupied a garret over a store near the corner of Second and Brady streets. On Saturdays they did little jobs around the town, sawing wood or whatever they could find to do. One of them cleaned bottles for D. C. Eldridge, when he was in the drug business. They finished their college course, graduating with honors, and the partnership of bachelor's hall was dissolved each going his own way to make his mark in the world. Three of them have become ministers. One of them, Rev. Mr. Tade, is settled in Oregon. Two of them were brothers: one Rev. William Windsor, an honored pastor of the Congregational church at Marshalltown, Iowa; his brother Rev. J. H. Windsor, has been settled in Grafton, Massachusetts, for ten or more years. The fourth became a lawyer,

and went to St. Louis, married into a wealthy family, and to-day he stands as one of the first lawyers in the profession. During the war he held a very important office under the government. Should you ever have business in St. Louis call on Lucian Eaton, Esq., and you will find a gentleman whose acquaintance is worth having, and see the boy who washed the bottles for Mr. Eldridge that he might earn his bread while pursuing his studies in Iowa College.

These are examples of the class of men that Iowa College turned out then, and is turning out every year. Men who are making their mark in the world; and many more to follow from under that master mind, Rev. George F. Magoun, D. D., President of the college, and the accomplished professors of the institution. There is no necessity for Iowa boys to leave the State to secure a thorough college education. The distinguished positions already filled by those who have gone out from its walls is ample endorsement of the excellence of the training Iowa College students have received. We venture the assertion that neither Harvard or Yale can show a larger per centage of successful talent in the same time among its graduates.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Getting trusted for an article is by some considered equivalent to paying for it. Make up your mind that you never will put on a single article of apparel until it is paid for. Better go with patches on both knees and a crownless hat, than to run in debt for new ones. It is better to have patches on your knees than a patch on your credit. If you only start right, and pay as you go, you will be right all the time. We know of young men who are always behind in their payments. They get trusted for a suit of clothes, and wear it as long as they can, and then order a new one paying up for the old one only to get a year's credit on the new. It costs full 40 per cent. more for them than it costs the pay down customer. When a tailor takes a long-time customer he holds him right down to the grindstone. Who desires to be seen on the street in mortgaged apparel? Here a tailor says, "There goes one of my customers with a suit that's not paid for." Make up your mind to never have your name on any man's books, for personal expenses of any kind. This getting trusted for a box of collars or a toothpick is a bad practice,

besides being expensive. No dealer will take his chances of losing without a round profit. It injures any young man's reputation. When you are a merchant another course may be advisable. If you have a small capital it may be necessary to make some indebtedness, yet we are of the opinion, that in the long run, buying and selling strictly for cash is the best way to do business. A cash buyer can go wherever he pleases. He is independent of everybody.

HINDRANCES TO A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

IS POVERTY A HINDRANCE?

Boys born in poverty have the best chances for success, for the best of all reasons that they are compelled to rely upon themselves, upon their own individual efforts, while the sons of the rich rely upon the wealth of their fathers and have no incentive to spur them up, no dire necessity which places them solely upon their own resources. Their wants are well supplied, while the poor boy has to work hard to live; and if he acquires an education it is by great personal sacrifice. If a poor boy once gets a thirst for an education, gets his ambition "fired up," it will carry him through. Some of the most distinguished men of our country left the humble cottages where they were born, up among the hills, with their personal estate all tied up in a cotton handkerchief, never to return until they had drank deep from the fountain of universal knowledge. Hundreds of illustrious men could be named who were born in poverty, reared in poverty, and left their homes penniless; homes of the plainest kind, where comforts were unknown; where it was a constant struggle of the family to live, daily fighting the wolf from the door; where hunger and want sat daily around the family board.

Many noted men were born in homes that were cold and cheerless, around which storms howled and screeched for admittance; the snow of winter often covering the beds wherein lay sleeping the men of the future, and when to awake was to crawl out from under

a snow bank. No hot air furnaces there to burn up the pure oxygen —life's greatest elixir—sapping the bloom and flush from the rosy cheeks, and health from the system. That's the way the men of the great cities commenced their early life. They had a discipline superior to the hot houses of learning, where an unnatural growth is stimulated at the expense of an impaired constitution, resulting in premature old age, and early death. Witness the mortality among the graduates of Mount Holyoke and Vassar College for example. It has been stated that a very large percentage of the graduates of Mount Holyoke die in less than three years after graduation. It is a sad comment on popular education of the day, wherein the mind culture overshadows the house it occupies.

Sons of distinguished men, of the great statesmen, seldom have risen above the positions reached by their fathers; seldom have they held an equal position; not one in one hundred or perhaps one in a thousand. The majority drop far below, down to the level of the commonest people. Some have become roving vagabonds, dishonoring, disgracing their family names. Only once in the history of our country has the mantle of the father rested with equal honors on the son of a distinguished statesman; that was John Quincy Adams. Where are the sons of the other presidents? Of other public men; of Clay, of Webster, and scores of illustrious men who have electrified their hearers with their glowing eloquence? They are dead—dead to all that was noble or grand in the lives of their fathers. Dead to all ambition, to every noble impulse of a noble nature. Dead, buried, unmissed from society, without mourners, no monument erected by a grateful people over their graves to carry their names down to generations unborn.

MONEY WELL EARNED GOES THE FARTHEST.

When a young man earns $100 by hard work he knows its value. Rich men's sons who never earned a dollar in their lives, and have all they want to spend, do not know, cannot know the value of a dollar, and never will until they are compelled to earn one by hard labor. There are young men in college who spend annually more than $5,000, while classmates are compelled to cut expenses down to less tnan $500. We will venture the prediction that the one who spends the least money while at college will be by far the bet-

ter scholar, and have the most money in ten years. One goes to college because he has a rich father to pay all the bills, while the other goes because he is anxious to secure a good education, knowing its value for his future success, and to secure it must fight his way through poverty and deny himself the ordinary comforts of life.

A story is told of a young man living in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, who was a steady, industrious young man, driving an ox team at $18 per month, for his aunt. She died leaving him with an estate worth $2,000,000, besides a royalty worth $2,000 per day. Becoming so suddenly rich, he did not know what to do with himself or his fortune. He had never been away from his mountain home. He knew nothing about the great world outside of the narrow bounds in which he had lived. He decided to see the world and for company he hired several young men to go along with him to help enjoy the sights and spend the money. They started out for Columbus, Ohio. On arrival at the depot he got up a quarrel with the hackman about the fare and finally settled by buying the hack and hiring the driver to take them to a hotel. Here he engaged an entire floor for his party, and lay all night drunk on the parlor carpet. Next day he bought more horses and selected a driver to take them around the city. When there were no more sights to see he presented the driver with the hack, horses and all. So he went from city to city, spending his money in the most lavish manner, astonishing boot-blacks, hotel-runners and table-waiters with hundred dollar or five hundred dollar bank notes. Any way to get rid of $2,000 a day. He drank at every fountain of pleasure, giving free rein to all the passions. But this style of living could not last long. The end came in less than two years.

The money did not fail; there was no lack of funds; no lack of places to visit or sights to see. He was arrested for a debt. A stern officer had laid his hands upon him. He was bound fast. No bonds would be accepted, he could not get bail. His two millions could not purchase his release or a reprieve, and he had to accept the inexorable fate—death. Do you think when he came down to the border land he was happy as he looked back over two years of his life. Was not $18 a month driving oxen better than $2,000 a day with all the dissipation and disgrace and disease that he had contracted, for which there was no relief, no cure. Truly the way of the

transgressor is hard, and the "wages of sin is death." There is a greater misfortune than being born poor. It is in being heir to great wealth. Wealth that comes without effort, without toil, is not always a blessing.

A young man in Boston was left with a fortune of $50,000, and in one year's time he had spent it all in gambling and dissipation. Such instances are by no means rare in this country.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY.

The sons and daughters of the wealthy are given the very best advantages afforded in this country or abroad. Everything is done for them that money and influence can do. A distinguished teacher said to us that it was almost a hopeless task to make a good musician, vocal or instrumental, out of pupils from the wealthier classes; that they should often send them home were it not for the interest the father or mother had to have their son or daughter learn music. A poor man's daughter would get her tuition money returned to her if she did not possess superior musical ability.

What is the early history of all the singers in the fashionable churches of the large cities. Are they from the aristocracy? No. They came from the poor families, from some country home up among the mountains, where they had no advantages for improvement. There was where they became inspired. The singing of birds and the music of the "rocks and rills," fitted their souls for diviner strains. The more they became filled with nature's music, the greater became their thirst to drink deeper from its fountains. Mountains and hills echo gladsome strains, songs almost divine. A party from the city, roughing it in the woods, catch the echos as they leap from hill to hill, from crag to cliff, and they are thrilled, entranced. Where could such strains of music come from, "sweet as an angel's voice." The song ceases. The singer must be found. They search. A log cabin is discovered. They approach. A timid girl retreats behind it. A rap at the door meets the response, "Come in." They tell of the music that charmed them, and enquire who and where was the singer. The woman knows of no singer there. "That is strange. Have you not a daughter or a little girl that sings?" "Oh, yes; my little girl sings to herself, she knows nothing about music." "Will you have her come in and sing for us?"

And the timid girl comes reluctantly out from her hiding place to sing one of her wild mountain songs. "Ah, we have found you out; you are the angel we heard singing so sweetly." Five years pass. If you are in New York go to Dr. ——'s church, on Madison Avenue, and you will hear the same sweet singer, singing for a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

BRAINS AND LABOR. RESULT: SUCCESS.

BRAIN POWER.

It is brains that wins, that conquers, and controls all powers. It puts into harness and holds the reins to all the combined forces, animal and mechanical, as well as the elements. A celebrated painter was once asked what he "mixed his paints with." He replied, "with brains." The great battles of the world were not won by brute force, or by the superiority in numbers of men engaged on one side over the other, but by the brain power of the victorious commanders, who could arrange all the plans for the battle days, weeks, even months before a movement was made or a gun fired, with every division and every man assigned to the right position in advance. Victory was simply the inevitable results of brain power developed.

Individuals are born with unequal brains. It is simply quality and cultivation that makes the difference. It is a fact that many a man has made his mark in the world who had, by actual weight, a very small brain, yet wonderfully active; while other men, with Websterian brains, have hardly made a ripple. Like the rich deep soil of the Mississippi valley, of no more value without cultivation than the rocky soil of New England, or an African desert.

THE PATHFINDER.

When General Fremont, the great pathfinder, undertook to lead his pioneer soldiers over a trackless waste across the Rocky Mountains, through the deep and constantly falling snows of a terribly

cold winter, a long march of untold suffering, which was only surpassed by the army of Napoleon on its return from Moscow, he had an experience that tested his mettle, and developed his power to control his men and himself under a great and trying emergency. He had not proceeded far on that perilous march before his men began to falter, disheartened, overcome by the fatigue of wading through the deep snow, and by the intensely bitter cold of the high altitude. Falling behind, many of his men, they lay down in their tracks to die. Squads of men would be sent back to bring in the stragglers, but no amount of persuasion, no realization of the horrors of death, of freezing, or being a feast for wolves, or any force used upon them, could arouse them up to even reach the camp, and they had to be left where they were, to their fate. Fremont became alarmed as he saw his ranks diminishing, and he was fearful that the whole command would perish in the mountains.

But he was equal to the emergency, and issued imperative orders to shoot the first man who laid down on the march. The result was electric. Not a man straggled behind; not a man was shot; the command was saved. An indomitable, unconquerable spirit, was master of the situation. Until the last man was dead in his tracks, and his own last drop of blood congealed in his veins, would he unfalteringly execute his plans. It was victory or death. To have halted was sure death; to go forward was death if he slacken his discipline in the smallest degree.

Was it from the sudden unexpected difficulties that he found himself surrounded with? Far from it. It was the discipline, the training, the conquering of himself years before this, which had fitted him for just such an emergency. How unlike Alexander the Great, who subdued everything but himself. When he mapped out a plan of action, it was to win. Everything, every movement, was planned to its accomplishment. Probably not one man in a million could have crossed the Rocky Mountains under similar circumstances. General Fremont well earned the name of "Pathfinder."

WANT A TURNPIKE.

Some men can easily follow a well beaten road, but when it comes to cutting their way through a trackless wilderness, over mountains towering up among the clouds, in the deep snow, to facing the ter-

rific blasts of an Arctic winter, sweeping down upon them from the lofty and barren peaks of the Rockies, they are out of their element. Contrast General Fremont's achievements with the Donner Lake catastrophe. Here was a party of some seventy persons, that undertook in mid-winter to go through to California, and were lost in the snow, and compelled to eat the dead bodies of their companions. Every soul perished. They had no Fremont for a leader and so leader and all perished.

BORN GREAT.

Men are not born great. Greatness is not thrust upon any one. Men who have distinguished themselves have carved out their own fortunes by indefatigable zeal, and unconquerable determination never to surrender, never to give up. They became the "architects of their own fortunes." The way is clear; the doors stand wide open for every young man in America to accomplish something that may make his pathway through life bright, and leave for him a name that will not be forgotten when he shall have finished his career.

AFTER THE BUGS AND ROCKS.

A few years ago a Davenport boy might have been seen running up and down the bluffs, anywhere and everywhere, across the fields at break neck speed, with a scoop net in hand, scooping up bugs, butterflies, grasshoppers, fleas, etc., and in fact, everything he could scare up or scrape up into his net. Sometimes he was digging in the earth after grubs, or peering under old logs after beetles, or climbing trees like woodpeckers, after worms and bark lice. Everybody asked, "What ails that boy? He must be foolish or crazy." Nobody complained, however, and they let him run. When the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences had completed a building, and thrown it open to the public, everybody was delighted with the Indian war clubs, the stone hatchets and arrowheads, and the thousand and one relics of the red man and the unknown mound builders. But the entomologist department was complete, a wonder of wonders. Every known insect in Iowa, and almost in the West, from Mexico to California, and to the life line of the North, was on exhibition, all arranged in classes, with their scien-

tific names attached. Who could have collected such a multitude and arranged them with such skill. It was the work of the "foolish boy," who had been seen so many years before, running down butterflies, bugs, and beetles. Davenport has the finest entomological collection in the West, and the best entomologist. His achievements have been recognized at home and by the savans of Europe. It was the result of the concentration of talent to the one idea. He had one single object, one end in view. Do you wonder that he succeeded.

Another young man owns a fine cabinet of geological and mineralogical specimens in the same institution, the large cases filling one entire side of a large room, a collection costing much time, labor and money to secure and arrange. It displays a talent, and desire to read the records of the rocks; a thirst for the knowledge to unlock their hidden secrets; to know their compositions, and the mysteries of long periods marking each epoch of time.

Here are illustrations of what two young men have accomplished by faithful concentration of their efforts to special lines of scientific investigation. The same opportunities have been and are now open to hundreds of young men in our city, and in every city in the country. Why do they not improve them? Are their minds occupied in scientific researches in other directions, preparing to bring before the world new discoveries in the sciences and arts? It is one of the saddest thoughts to every reflective mind that so many young men, endowed with good natural abilities if exercised in the right direction, are wasting their talents aimlessly. They could distinguish themselves in the world if they would only turn their efforts in the right channels. Instead of that, they neglect the cultivation of their talents, and the fires that ought to burn clear and bright are smothered. The fine ability of the young men of to-day, if properly developed, would, in twenty years, revolutionize the world. The wheels of progress would roll on, and the wonders of to-day would be forgotton by the new and greater discoveries in the world of science. The present modes of travel, and of interchange of thought, would become too slow and obsolete.

There was a time when the earth was supposed to be the centre of the universe, and the heavenly bodies revolved around it. Astronomers then discovered that the sun was the centre, and everything

revolved around the sun. More powerful telescopes were constructed, which revealed stars that did not seem to revolve around the sun. The heavens were scanned for years to solve the mystery. Larger telescopes were made, sweeping across the immense spaces without limit, and other stars, other unknown worlds appeared. This new and startling discovery was overwhelming. The stupendous proposition could not be solved by any previous hypothesis. In vain have philosophers tried to fix the bounds, to limit the power of the Infinite, beyond which He could not act or exist; yet when the mind was about to grasp each new discovery, the curtain lifted to unfold still greater mysteries. The vastness, the immense distances intervening between our systems and other unknown systems, is as yet, unfathomable, incomprehensible. Where is the end, where the bounds? "Who can find out the Almighty by searching?" What a field remains to be explored in the starry heavens! Who are to build the greater instruments of the future? Who are to read the heavens under the light of the next new revelation? Who are to be the men to startle the world by revolutionizing the present methods of travel, by sea, earth and air?

The world is in its infancy. Each day brings a new revelation, each year brings new demonstrations of man's progress in physical supremacy over the elements above and under the earth. A decade, and the world of science and of arts erects a barrier between the past and present that buries in obscurity the wonders of a dying generation. What possibilities for the young man of the period, just stepping upon the stage of active life, to revel in the new and startling developments, surpassing all the achievements of centuries gone before. What opportunities to inscribe their names high, above all of the combined wisdom of the past and present! Young man look up and not down! There is plenty of room at the top for you. Will you occupy it? The burden is on your shoulders. Will you carry it? And concentrating your efforts to one thing with indomitable energy you will be the victorious champion of whatever you shall undertake.

HOW ONE MAN WON.

Some twenty-five years ago a young man left his home is Massachusetts and took a situation in a mercantile house to sell dry goods

and yankee notions. It was not, however, congenial to his tastes or education. He therefore dropped the yard stick, jumped the counter and said good-bye to all. He entered the law office of a leading attorney of Davenport and went to reading Blackstone, Coke, Kent's Commentaries, etc. His financial condition was such that he did not need to solicit the banks to take charge of his surplus funds; neither did they, to our knowledge, solicit his deposits. There was in this regard a mutual indifference all around. He may have been troubled with dyspepsia, for he avoided hotel fare, and accepted in lieu, plain boarding house diet. His theory was, that to become a good student whether for business or for a profession, the best plan was to fall in love with it. He practiced this theory, and became thoroughly enthused for legal lore, applying himself dilligently to his books day and night. His wardrobe answered the double purpose of dress for the day and dress for the night, bed spreads and all. His economy was worthy of the highest praise; a financial crisis hung over him continually, and all that saved him from going under were the insignificant cases before police justices that the Judge would not undertake and turned over to our hero to make what he could out of. He would load himself down with ponderous volumes of authorities, whether touching the case in point or not, we do not understand, and neither did the Justice. But he trembled at the sight of them, and knowing that the Judge's library was the largest in the State, and knowing that there would be no end to the case if all the books therein were to be brought out, the shortest way was to accept the *ipse dixit* of the young attorney of the law, and so decide.

Opportunities of this kind to our hero were exceedingly welcome; the practice and the fees were well relished. Indefatigable in his attention to the duties of the office, always ready to work day and night if necessary, reading up the authorities, preparing cases for trial, etc., his services became very valuable. All this, however, did not go for nothing. Such devotion to business is sure to bring its reward in due time. Most young men do not realize this fact, however, till too late in life. The business of the office was constantly increasing. A partner was wanted, and although a score of young men had been educated in the same office, none had been so devoted to the interests of the Judge as he, and so he became the junior partner. Poverty had been his boon companion in all these years.

Now the wheel of fortune begins to revolve for a new deal, (not a fortune-teller's wheel), and it brings around to the new partner from one case gained, a little fee of more than $40,000. Other suits gained rolled in additional fees fat and heavy.

Our young attorney does not eat boarding house hash now, or sleep in his clothes on a bunk under the shadows of cords of legal opinions, or set up night after night to write up briefs. He has retired from the practice of the law, owns a charming villa, lives in the quiet enjoyment of one of Davenport's most beautiful homes, where friends are always welcome. He has spent nearly two years traveling in foreign countries. He is a true gentleman, greeting all with a genuine cordiality that makes one feel better every time of meeting. He did not consult fortune-tellers or spirit rappers, but went to work to make his fortune, and made it by labor, the way all legitimate fortunes are made.

Let us suppose that he had been indifferent and unaccommodating every time he was asked to do a little extra work; the result would have been that he would be where hundreds of other young men are to-day, without money and without reputation; filling a place that is better unfilled. Whenever we hear "My country, 'tis of thee!" sung, we think of its venerable author, and *his son*, S. F. Smith, Esq., of Oak Lawn, Davenport, Iowa.

MEN WHO STARTED AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.

General Grant, when the war broke out, was tanning hides at Galena, Ill. He had been a farmer, had hauled wood into St. Louis, and had failed to make a fortune at farming or anything else. When he was appointed Colonel of an Illinois regiment he had not the money to buy his uniform and necessary equipage. His old friend, and our old friend, E. A. Collins, Esq., loaned him the money—$400. He had failed in everything he taken hold of, but his military record shows that he had found his *forte*, also the enemy's fort, and taken it. To-day he stands upon the highest round of fame ever reached by any human being. The entire world has paid its compliments to U. S. Grant.

Daniel Webster had no remarkable traits of character in his boyhood. He was sent to Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. After remaining awhile he gave up and started home. A neighbor found him on his way by the roadside, crying. He asked him what was the matter. He said he never could make a scholar; he was always at the foot of the class, and the boys were making fun of him, and he had given up school and was going home. The neighbor told him that he must not do that, but go back to school, and if he would study hard it would no be long before he would stand at the head of his class. Daniel took the advice and went back, He applied himself to his studies with a determination to win, and it was not long before he changed his position from the foot to the head of the class, and kept there, and silenced those who had ridiculed him for his poor scholarship. When he graduated at Dartmouth College he was not assigned to the position he thought belonged to him. After receiving his diploma, he went back of the College building and said to his associates: "This diploma will not make me a great man. If I ever distinguish myself hereafter it will be by my own individual efforts; this sheep-skin will not do it." He tore up his diploma with the remark that "Dartmouth College will hear from me;" and they did hear from him, for they had to call him back to save their charter, the charter of the College that did not appreciate his talents

when he graduated; and they were compelled to employ him in its defence, and it was by his masterly efforts that it was forever established on a foundation as lasting as the granite which it rests upon. When he appeared at the trial the question was asked by the leading men of the bar: "*What can that young man say in defense of the College Charter?*" The odds were against him. A rich and powerful State, with finest legal talent against a young man alone, and he was engaged simply because the College was too poor to employ first-class counsel. The young man found something to say, and it is said that his masterly eloquence brought tears from the eyes of the presiding judge, as well as from many of the spectators. He did have something to say, and said it well.

Hon. George W. McCrary, late Secretary of War and successor to Judge Dillon on the bench of the United States Circuit Court, started life as a poor lad, and worked on a farm to help his widowed mother maintain the family. His manly bearing in his youthful days won for him the respect of every one. One straight-forward course won for him the place he now occupies.

Judge James Grant started low down on the ladder. He walked all the way from South Carolina to Davenport, Iowa, with his entire worldly effects tied up in a bandanna handkerchief slung on a stick over his shoulders. He owns the largest law library in the State of Iowa, and has tendered it to Scott County as a free gift. He has received more than $150,000 in fees from a single suit. He owned the largest smelt works in the world located at Leadville, Colorado, which he has recently sold. He has given four of his nephews the best opportunities at home and abroad to acquire a first class education. His whole success may be summed up in three words, work, pluck, push.

Judge John F. Dillon's early life commenced under very unfavorable circumstances. His father was not blessed with an abundance of worldly goods, and was obliged to labor by the day to support his family. The country was new and sparsely settled. The Indians had just left and there were no public schools. The only educational privileges he could avail himself of were from itinerent pedagogues, who came along occasionally to teach a few weeks at a time. But John had a thirst for knowledge, and he made the most of his opportunities, and applied himself with a will that knew no defeat.

He studied medicine with a resident practitioner and entered upon the practice. His physical powers were unequal to the hardship of riding over trackless prairies and bridgeless streams in all weathers, and perhaps it was not his forte, perhaps not congenial to his tastes. He "threw his physic to the dogs" and went to reading law. At twenty-five he was a partner in one of the leading law firms of the city. At twenty-seven he was elected district judge and occupied the position until he was chosen to the Supreme Court of Iowa. This new position he filled until appointed United States Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial District, and only resigned last September to fill a more prominent position, and at a better compensation, having received an appointment as profsssor in Columbia Law School, New York city, and being chosen as advisory counsel of a large railroad corporation. His name had been often mentioned for the supreme bench of the United States, but the fact that Iowa had already one judge on the supreme bench prevented his name being brought forward for the place. Besides performing most acceptably the duties of a conscientious and upright judge for twenty years, he has found time to compile numerous law works, and his publications have became standard authorities in all the courts. He is comparatively a young man, and greater honors await him should he live to the ordinary age of "three score and ten.." Here is a model for every young man to study well. No young man has started under greater difficulties than did John F. Dillon. College honors and diplomas were not won by him to make boast of. He succeeded through his own individual efforts, with none of the advantages that thousands of rich men's sons enjoy. Young men do not be discouraged, do not give up. If you have the fire within you stir it up, make it burn brightly, clear and strong. Make it hot. The road is open, the track is clear, drive on. Remember, however, that it is the concentration of all the powers to a single purpose that wins the race.

Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes worked his way through college, and through Andover Theological Seminary under very unusual difficulties. The day he graduated at the Seminary he went upon the stage with his boots "pinned up," to hide his stockingless feet, and with his vest buttoned up to his chin that the ladies should not see the style of his shirt front, which was fashioned by the same hand that fashioned the first man's similar garment. The poverty stricken young man

was not ashamed to do his best and to do his duty with such apparel as he owned. Such young men make their mark and he made his. He became a distinguished divine, and was settled at Hartford, Connecticut, for many years. He wrote and published numerous works, among them his "Lectures to Young Men," which had a very extended sale. Had he been filled with that exquisite fastidiousness that makes some young men and perhaps young ladies so very nice, that all their thoughts and anxieties are on "etiquette," and to be fashionable, he would, like them, have accomplished nothing.

A. Kimball, Esq., General Superintendent of one of the best railroads in the West, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, is a New Hampshire boy, who commenced railroading as a fireman, and often worked the brakes. By his faithful devotion to the interests of his employers in whatever position he attempted to fill, he developed his capacity to fill a higher station. Slowly and steadily he advanced, step by step, and at every turn of the wheel came the order to go up higher, until at last he has reached the highest round in the gift of any railroad corporation. His name has been chosen to christen the new hotel of our city. Should the proprietors run it on the "Kimball plan," they will not fail for want of patronage. But where are the young men who started out to seek their fortunes with Mr. Kimball. None have reached a higher position; the minority have not even been heard from. And why not?

Anna Dickinson won her way by persistent and indomitable energy. How many young ladies would like to be honored as she has been in the "lecture field." Yet how many would get down on their knees on a public street and scrub a sidewalk, as she did, to earn a quarter that she might hear Wendell Phillips lecture. The same man who hired Phillips to lecture afterwards engaged Anna Dickinson at *four hundred dollars a night.*

Young man, do you covet an honored position in the world? Would you have your name spoken of only "in praise?" Then learn the A B C's if you have not. It is no game of chance, no lottery. It is the universal law of "endless progression," by which the good positions are reached.

> "The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight:
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling up and in the night."

WHAT BRINGS HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS VERSUS GOLD.

Perhaps there never was a greater mistake made, and one that never can be corrected in this world, than this, the idea that wealth brings happiness; that all a man needs is plenty of gold to enjoy unalloyed happiness to the end of his days. A greater mistake is not possible. The abundant testimony of those that have vast wealth ought to be conclusive of the fact. A rich man is in peril every moment of his life, at home or abroad. There are ten thousand foes on his track. All the combined talent of the most desperate and daring thieves, blacklegs, cut-throats and murderers, conspire to get his money. Hungry children, a dissolute son, or some distant relative, hungry for his anticipated inheritance, are wishing him dead. All are setting traps to ensnare his feet; or hiring some villain to break into his house in the quiet stillness of the night to murder him in cold blood, to steal a will and destroy it. A rich man can not sell a piece of property but it is known by "layers in wait," to steal the proceeds from him.

The murder of Mr. George Davenport on Rock Island, Ill., one fourth of July, furnishes an illustration. He had received considerable money a few days before. An acquaintance comes over to see the family, stops to tea, finds out who are going to the celebration the next day, and learns that Mr. Davenport will remain at home. When the celebration is the liveliest, five strangers steal into Mr. Davenport's house. He is sitting in his parlor at the time and gets up to see who is coming. They shoot him, only wounding him. They then drag him up stairs to make him open his safe. They choke him until he is senseless, then throw water in his face to revive him. They get his money. Mr. Davenport lived long enough to tell of his terrible struggle with his murderers. The man that took supper was the "stool pigeon," who engineered the plot.

A man draws $5,000 at a bank to take home to pay off a mortgage on his farm. Two men ask to ride with him. As soon as they are fairly in the wagon they knock him senseless, and take his money.

The door bell rings in the evening and the man of wealth steps to the door, opens it, and three masked men spring upon him, bind him fast, and silence the family with a display of revolvers. The house is then robbed.

Only a few days ago an aged couple in Illinois were living in quiet retirement. Burglars break in, kill the husband and torture the wife over the fire until she cannot endure it longer, and force her to tell where the money is hid.

The man of wealth is annoyed constantly with anonymons letters, threatening him that if he does not send $1,000 or $5,000 immediately, he will be shot the first dark night caught out or fixed in some way. A man cannot travel without being liable to be "taken off."

Gold will not give health when lost, or buy off death. A rich man rides in his carriage and sees the farmer ploughing in the field and says, "What would I not give if I could take that man's place at the plow." The poor man footing it wearily along sees the carriage roll past and wishes he could ride in "such fine style." Baron Rothschild was constantly threatened if he did not "shell out." Thieves and murderers are regularly organized and have their agents in every city. They plan the work, watch every movement, know all the trades and transfers and who gets the money, and then send for an outside accomplice, a stranger to the community to come in and take the pile. He comes in the night, does his work in the night, and leaves in the night, and the police are all in the dark as to who could have done the deed. Various devices are resorted to, to learn all about a house they propose to break into. A man in a working suit comes to see about the gas or water, or a leak in the roof; any excuse simply to get inside to see how the rooms are arranged and occupied; or perhaps, in broad day light, if the husband is away, kills the wife and then robs the house. A most amiable lady at East Boston, some three or four years ago, heard her door bell ring and on opening it a man dressed in a working suit said to her, "The gas company sent me to look after the meter." And he wished she would show him where it was. She goes down into the cellar to show him and he murders her in cold blood and steals the rings from her fingers, and robs the house; all in broad daylight. A man of wealth never knows when he or his family are safe from these desperadoes.

A MILLIONAIRE'S ENJOYMENTS.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars:

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment; "why, you are a millionaire. Think of the thousands your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway; "all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can you not do as much?"

"Ah! but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring to you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man; "I can only live in one house at a time. As for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, fine carriages and horses; in fact anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot procure me power to keep afar from the hour of death; and then what will it avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and I leave it all, forever. Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

A few months ago a millionaire died, and the first question asked was: "How much money did he leave?" The answer was: "*He left it all.*" "Burial robes have no pockets."

ONE WEALTHY LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Hooper writes of a lady residing in Paris, under a disguised name, but none other than Mrs. John Mackay, the wife of a California millionaire. She gives numerous instances of how Mrs. Mackay was annoyed as soon as her great wealth and her residence was known in that city. She received a great many letters and numerous calls from professional beggars and impostors. We quote a few of the most amusing and barefaced impositions attempted. A penniless Spaniard wanted to return to his home in Cuba, and begged for one thousand dollars to buy an outfit for himself. A Frenchman wrote that he was in desperate need of ten thousand dollars, and if he didn't get it immediately he would drown himself in the Seine or jump off the Arc de Triomphe. A woman must have five thousand dollars or she would be driven to a life of shame. An English woman only asked for $100,000 to redeem an estate in England, so that she and her brother could live in affluence the balance of their days. A fellow had given his betrothed $60,000 worth of jewelry, and the bill had become due, and he wanted to *borrow* that amount for a short time. Mrs. Mackay was equal to the occasion and advised the lover to go to his lady love and explain the situation of his finances. He left in a hurry. A pretended South American consul represented that he was commissioned by a friend who was worth *eight million dollars* to select a lady for a wife, and he understood that she had an unmarried sister and he would condescend to recommend her to become the countess of his rich friend. An American lady was in deep distress; all her furniture had been seized and her children were starving, and she was fainting for the want of food. Mrs. Mackay gave her quite a large sum and while out for a drive the next day, she met the lady riding in great style, with a new bonnet, six button gloves, etc. At first the tales of woe affected Mrs. Mackay so that she often cried herself to sleep, and in her dreams she would see these unfortunates drowning, or jumping off from some dizzy height, to be dashed to atoms. She soon learned that nearly every applicant was a professional imposter.

Rich people have more trials and annoyances, and often suffer more than a man who labors for his daily bread. Wealth does not secure unalloyed happiness. It is the cause of much unhappiness.

It is said that there are as many disadvantages on the side of wealth as there are on the side of poverty.

"POOR RICHARD'S" ADVICE.

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be for you to diminish your wants it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young and in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means and diminish your wants. But if you are wise you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and, if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary,—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary."

—*Thomas Hood.*

INDULGENCE OF APPETITE.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all." —*Longfellow.*

RUINED BY WHISKY.

About twenty-five years ago, a young man with a good common school education, left his Vermont home and came to Davenport. He learned a good trade, was steady and economical in his habits. His father sent him a few thousand dollars to become one of a firm, —to be a business man. He laid aside his poor apparel and dressed in first class style. Unacquainted with the office work, and not having a faculty for soliciting outside business, there was little for him to do but stand as a figure head. Too proud to go to work in the department he had learned, he became "a gentleman at large." The business was not a success. It was a failure. The war broke out; he obtained a clerkship in the quartermaster's department. The Sanitary Commission of St. Louis, Mo., wanted funds to carry on their work. A lottery was resorted to to raise the funds. He bought a ticket; it drew for him $5,000 cash. His father died and more money came to him from the estate. He married, and shortly after the wedding he invited a friend who had just married to spend an evening with him. He brought out the wedding cake and a bottle of wine. They enjoyed themselves alone, eating and drinking. The hour to separate arrived, when the guest said, "George, now we cannot afford this." It did not please him. He was angry and replied, "I can drink or let it alone, as I please." It was their last meeting as friends. The war closed and other business was obtained. Friends became his bondsmen. They had to make up deficiencies and he was soon out of business. The habit of drink was now his master. As business and friends departed, the harder he continued to drink. The last time we saw him was early one morning, and he was entering the rear of one of the lowest groggeries on Front street, a place we should have been afraid to have entered at the

front door even at noon time. When all was gone, money, reputation, credit, and the last friend, he in hopeless despair of the present future leaped into the unknown future. Retreating to a solitary place, he sat down and placing a revolver to his temple, its bullet entered his braln, and his soul sped on its journey to the land of departed spirits. Twenty-five thousand dollars in money, wife, friends, reputation, all went to satisfy the demon of drink—whisky. He died in the very prime of manhood. This was a young man who could "drink or let it alone."

In the light of this terrible example, young men who saw the beginning and the end of this sad wreck, followed the same track, step by step, and are now also laid near by in the same cemetery; and there are "more to follow." The spider's web that a breath would sunder, has been, is weaving, a net, a cord, that will become like a chain to hold, and will hold them like a vice to the last.

We stood upon one of the beautiful bluffs, that line the shore of the "Father of Waters," one beautiful June day, just before the sun had dropped behind the western horizon, and were watching one of those grand floating palaces gliding along down stream, freighted with human life. The passengers were happy in the enjoyment of a voyage, wherein all was so delightful and with the brightest anticipations of its happy termination, and the glad welcome awaiting them from loving friends, far away—but hark! a fearful crash is heard. Screams of alarm and terror break the stillness of that quiet hour! We look for the floating palace; it is sinking and passengers are leaping overboard, or climbing to the upper deck. The river is strewn with broken planks and freight. The pilot had missed his course just a little and discovered it too late, and the boat had struck a pier, cutting a broad slice off from stem to stern, carrying with it one of her wheels, breaking all connection with steering apparatus. The boat was left to the mercy of the current which was rapidly sweeping her down stream and she was rapidly sinking to the bottom. In less than five minutes the magnificent palace had gone to pieces and rested on the bed of the river. At the stern a man, a criminal in the hands of the law, being carried to prison, had been chained. When the passengers were fleeing for safety to the upper deck he was fast. The waters gathered about his feet as the boat was sinking. He could not break the chain; the iron bolt would

not give way. He struggled in his terror; in his desperation he pulled hard to break away from his fastenings. The chain he could not break. He cries for help, "Oh, save me! help! help!" There were none to help. No one could help. In his agony, in his despair, crying for help, the waters closed over his head and he went to the bottom chained fast. How terrible are the final consequences of the slighest departure from the pathway of virtue. How easily could the first step towards the final catastrophe been left untaken. The demon of drink weaves a web around the feet of its devotees so quietly, silently, that the poor victim knows it not until he arrives at the verge of the awful abyss which yawns to receive him. In his horror he awakes for a moment to behold the awful fate that is looking him squarely, sternly, in the face, and in his desperation he makes one mighty struggle to break the bonds—the iron bonds that have bound him—but in vain. Once a prattling child, the bright eyed boy, the mother's pride, who so often had nestled on a fond mother's lap, and who had so often looked in his bright face, and on whom she had placed her hopes to lead her gently along down the declining years of her life, as she was leading him so lovingly, so gently up to his years of strength, to manhood, to fill an honored place in the ranks of the good and true, how terrible the revelation. Swept away forever, and she mourns over the grave of her fond hopes, buried beyond recovery, and darkness gathers around her lonely door. Vainly she listens for the footsteps that come not—looking for and welcoming the grim messenger that will bear her to a gentle resting place, where unwelcome scenes and disappointed hopes will be forgotten.

Young man, where do you stand? Are your feet in the meshes of that web?

"WANTED—A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

We have often seen in the newspapers notices similar to this, and one of the requirements often added thereto was, that the applicant must not use liquor. Sober men, yes, temperance men or boys only, are wanted to deal out the soul-destroying poison. Here is a temperance lecture from the drunkard-makers themselves. Why is it that saloon keepers, and liquor sellers desire total abstinence men as their employes? If liquor is of any benefit to men in other em-

ployments why is it not beneficial to him who deals it out? The seller of liquor knows full well the value of temperance, when practiced by those he employs and trusts; and also the curse it brings upon those who are addicted to its use.

Mr. Lill, the well-known Chicago brewer before the great fire, when burned out upon that event, was afterwards asked if he intended to rebuild. He replied, "No; I have seen all I care to see of the business." "But what will the people do for want of Lill's ale?" they asked. His answer was: "Go without it; it will be better for them."

Jay Gould, the greatest railroad magnate in the world, does not use, nor did he ever use, liquors of any kind, or tobacco in any form. The man who can so manipulate financial affairs as to make three million dollars at one grand stroke, keeps his head clear from the fumes and fogs of liquor and tobacco.

General Grant, at the banquet given in his honor in Chicago, turned his glass bottom side up, and kept it so. He does not use liquors. He told the professors at Girard College, in Philadelphia, not to let the students of that institution use tobacco in any form. Yet General Grant is an inveterate smoker. If it is good for a man to smoke tobacco, why does he give advice against its use?

The commander of the Annapolis Naval School advises his students to not use tobacco in any form, and says: "No gentlemen will be seen smoking on the street."

Dr. Dudley A Sargent, director of the Harvard gymnasium, says that of the large number of students he has already examined, at least one-half suffer to a considerable, and in many cases to an alarming extent, from palpitation and other affections of the heart, caused by excessive cigarette smoking, and by drinking strong coffee.

P. T. Barnum, the "greatest showman on earth," who is now "three score and ten," was lately congratulated by a friend as being "just as hale and hearty as he was ten years ago." Mr. Barnum replied: "I ought not to be, my dear sir. I am an old man. I'm seventy, though you'd hardly believe it. But I gave up rum and tobacco years ago. I haven't smoked a cigar for eighteen years, nor have I tasted a drop of liquor for many more years. That has kept me young and hearty."

TEMPERANCE.

One of the best and strongest arguments against the use of liquors or stimulants of any kind, is the fact that trainers of prize fighters, teachers of the science of mauling with the fists, to bring out full muscular development and power of endurance, require their students to abstain from the use of liquors or stimulants of every kind. Even coffee and tobacco are forbidden. Occasionally a cup of weak black tea is allowed. The trainers of young men for rowing matches impose the same restrictions upon their pupils. If liquor is good for the system, if it gives strength, and powers of endurance, why do these professors of the "manly art" forbid its use.

TOBACCO AS VILE AS WHISKY.

Whisky drinking is a terrible evil, a curse, and the use of tobacco is but one step behind, at the farthest, on the road to ruin. A young man commences with the cigar; smoking creates thirst; but he is a fashionable young man—"no vile whisky for him; wine is the only thing fit to drink." Yes, but we can right here tell a sad tale of a young man of this city, (now dead), who went from a glass of wine down, down to the lowest den on Front street to quench his burning thirst for—40 rod whisky. It was the first glass of wine that made him a drunkard. It is the *first glass* of liquor that makes any man a drunkard. Cigars and wine always keep close company.

To us the breath of a man who uses liquor is not worse than the man who is constantly breathing out the most vile, sickening, nauseating and deadly emanations of the fumes of some cigar or villainous old pipe; whose person presents the most disgusting appearance. We pity the wife of a drunkard and none the less the wife of an inveterate tobacco eater. We are happy to know that there are ladies in Davenport, Des Moines, St. Louis and other cities at whose homes no tobacco user can find a welcome.

We are glad to know that no minister can now enter the Methodist pulpit in Iowa who uses tobacco in any form. Tobacco users are precisely on the same ground that whisky drinkers occupy. Each acknowledges fully the use is a bad habit and injurious, and wish they could leave off and would if they could. When you ask a man to leave off using tobacco, and he replies that he can't, tell him it is because he will not—that is all.

How can temperance reformers expect to reform the drunkard, when the habit of using tobacco has coiled around them a chain so tight and strong that they are powerless, that they cannot sunder it. Then tobacco is the greater tyrant, the greater evil. "Oh, I shall die if I leave off." Die then, we say, the sooner the better, though we cannot find in the Bible any place for them in heaven, for "*no drunkards*" can enter, nor anything "that is filthy." If that does not mean tobacco users we cannot read correctly. "Oh, my doctor says I ought to use it." Yes, doctors give prussic acid and other deadly poisons. Doctors use it! Yes, they use whisky, too. Some doctors have neither sense or reason. We know one who claims he has "cut up people by the score, and he never found a soul, and didn't believe there was any." Yet some of the medical talent say that "tobacco kills as many people as whisky." We never bought or knew the taste of whisky, or used tobacco in any form, but believe they are alike a terrible curse to our land, and the cause of all, or nearly all, the woes human flesh is heir to.

We recently visited that great, noble institution, Cooper Institute, New York City, where hundreds of young men and women are enjoying its most liberal advantages. Its varied scientific courses, the weekly lectures and its great library are all free. The annual cost to Mr. Cooper is *fifty-six thousand dollars*. Yet with all his liberality he is in one particular a perfect despot, a tyrant. He hates tobacco. At every turn is a notice which reads, "*The use of tobacco in this building, in any form, is strictly forbidden.*"

We also visited the new Art Museum in Central Park, where it would require weeks of time to examine all its rare curiosities, its relics of past ages, its magnificent paintings. The building and the arrangement for displaying everything to the best advantage seemed to us a model of perfection, only marred by scores of notices that stared out at every one at every turn. These were notices to tobacco squirters that if caught spitting upon the floor the police would at once arrest them and walk them out of the museum. The police were there watching for the man who dares to "spit on the floor."

We are glad to see that railroad companies are becoming disgusted with tobacco eaters. Notices like this are being placed in their coaches: "*Every tobacco chewing gentleman will have the gallantry to keep the ladies' coach clean, by riding in the forward car while chewing.*"

Of tobacco users, J. B. T. Marsh, in the *Sunday School Times*, says: "I don't believe, other things being equal, there is any other class of men who show such a disregard in public for other people's comfort as tobacco users do. I don't mean the chewers who spit in country churches and leave their filthy puddles on car floors. They're hogs. A man would be considered a rowdy or a boor who should wilfully spatter mud on the clothing of a lady as she passed him on the sidewalk. But a lady to whom tobacco fumes are more offensive than mud can hardly walk the streets in these days, but that men who call themselves gentlemen—and who *are* gentlemen in most other respects—blow their cigar smoke into her face at almost every step. Smokers drive non-smokers out of the gentlemen's cabins on the ferry boats, and gentlemen's waiting rooms in railway stations, monopolizing these public rooms as coolly as if they only had any rights in them. I can't explain such phenomena except on the theory that tobacco befogs the moral sense and makes men specially selfish."

If some of the inveterate tobacco eaters were compelled to get down on their hands and knees and lick up their filth expectorated on the floor of an elegant coach, it would do them good. We wish railroad officials had the power to make them do it.

The consumers of tobacco are specially liable to heart disease; so say the best medical writers on the subject.

* * * * * * *

"Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume,—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent."

"Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!"

—*Charles Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco."*

THE MAGNITUDE OF TRIFLES.

One of the prime causes of failure, is the ignoring of small things in detail—the insignificant matters as they are styled. The forgetting or neglecting to dot an "i" or cross a "t" has swept away fortunes. The failure to close a door or to turn a key has laid great blocks of buildings in ashes, causing not only the loss of the property, but throwing hundreds of poor people out of employment, to suffer therefrom. The old story, of the loss of the nail from the shoe of the horse, where horse, rider and battle were lost, is true, in fact, in a thousand ways. It is the grain of sand that turns the scale. It is the ounces that make the pounds, and the pounds that make the tons; the cents that make the dollars, the dollars that make the fortunes. A flake of snow comes sailing gracefully down—"the beautiful snow." A breath will dissolve the falling flake into a drop, causing it to weep. Another and another of the tiny little white winged messengers falls upon the ground and in a little while everything is mantled in snowy drapery. How gracefully it sits upon the trees and every thing, hiding the many unsightly objects with its snowy whiteness. A charming sight. Look at a flake under a glass. What artist can design so unique a pattern. It is perfection. How innocent and so harmless. They keep coming. The winged messengers are light as a feather. They drop upon the roofs of all the buildings, each little flake adds its mite. Happy children! They lie down close together in their downy bed. No quarreling, as silently they take their places, adding slowly to the weight, until down goes the roof upon the worshippers below, and scores are crushed to death. Many people are crippled for life by the "beautiful snow," that came so noiseless down and rested upon the roof.

The iron horse sweeps through the fleecy whiteness, whirling and crushing the beautiful crystals under its heavy wheels. It laughs to see them light upon its hot boiler, and dissolve in tears. They come down all the same and cover the track. The iron horse begins to tire, as the snow packs around the rails, and from a forty mile pace it comes down to twenty, to ten, to one, to a dead stop.

It is "snow bound," and can go neither forward nor backward. It snorts and puffs and blows, but it is no go. The snow has bound it fast; it is a prisoner. So silently gathers around one's footsteps, imperceptible influences for good or evil. Only by watching closely the pathway can we know whither they are leading us.

TRIFLES—LITTLE THINGS.

Trifles, lighter than air turn the scales for weal or woe, deciding the destinies of nations and of individuals. The greatest events in the world's history turn on the smallest pivot. There are no such things as little things or little moments, when weighed in the scales of the mighty possibilities. The briefest point of time marked by the ticking of the clock, is fraught with momentous consequences, and there is often crowded into one of those almost inconceivable spaces of time the greatest events of the world's history. It is but yes or no that sheaths the sword or draws it, to deluge the world in blood. It was but the falling of a tear drop that made Washington the father of his country, the first president of the United States. It is but the moving of a lever a few inches that saves a train from a plunge into the abyss. It is on the breaking of a hair spring in a conductor's watch and two minutes silence, and two crowded express trains, under fearful headway, come together; an awful wreck results; the wounded, and the dying, fill the air with their wails of pain and anguish. Upon the breaking of so small a thing as a hair spring of a watch the effect is felt around the world. Tears and sorrow darken scores of happy homes, mourning for the loved ones who are never to return; happy families are scattered to meet no more, and tender feet must travel life's rough journey alone in sorrow's darkening pathway.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The morning after the great fire that laid Chicago in ashes, we walked amid the ruins of palatial residences, elegant churches, stately hotels, and the great blocks of the merchant princes, viewing the desolation. Here and there a tall column or chimney stood in solemn silence, monuments of departed glory and blasted hopes. Streets were blocked and made impassable by the debris. It baffles all description, the utter desolation and ruin that reigned supreme

At night the scene changed. The blackness and darkness was lighted like as by ten thousand camp fires, blazing from ten thousand cellars, from coal that had been laid in for winter; while on the wharves acres of anthracite coal was one living mass of fire, casting a wierd and ghostly glare that was hideous to behold. This terrible calamity, the burning up of 2,100 acres of costly business blocks and happy homes, all came from the burning of a little cow-stable, fired by a cow kicking over a lamp. One little match not larger than a pin head lighted the lamp. Several hundred million dollars worth of property were consumed; many lives were lost in the conflagration, and hundreds died from the terrible ordeal they passed through. Thousands of happy homes were broken up and ruined. Business men, men who had made their fortunes and retired to spend their days in quiet enjoyment of delightful homes, were ruined, made penniless, and dependent on charity for bread and shelter. Broken-hearted some became insane, others committed suicide. This awful calamity, the result of firing a single match! Whisky lighted the match. Friends from the old country must be entertained; a milk punch must be made, and Mother O'Leary's cow must furnish the milk; and the cow was waited upon. New hands attempted to do the milking, the cow objected, and let her heels fly, and the lamp is broken. A match, a stroke of the hand, so little a thing, a flash and it is done. What possibilities are crowded into a single beat of the pendulum.

A CITY DESTROYED.

Many years ago, a dyke was built on the coast of Holland to keep out the sea from the low lands, which became the homes of happy families and industrious farmers. A city was built. Everybody dwelt apparently in perfect security. Suddenly the dyke gave way, and the sea rolled in upon the farmers, quickly swallowing up their lands and homes. The waves rolled against the city. Great blocks of buildings went down before their resistless fury. Every succeeding wave rose higher and higher, accumulating greater power, as they rolled on. What one-half hour before were beautiful fields of waving grain, and happy homes, the thronged streets and crowded market places of a great city, became the home of the sea. The noise and bustle of the city was hushed into silence. As the great

waves rolled on in their grandeur, they chanted a requiem over the dead buried beneath their waves, in the deep diapason notes of old ocean. The low, sad wail of woe was wafted landward, over hill and dale and the dark mantle of mourning was seen everywhere in Holland. For a century tears ceased not to fall over buried hopes and bright anticipations, for a morrow that came not. And why this awful calamity? A little animal, a muskrat, digs a little hole in the dyke and the water follows it and trickles through the dyke. A handful of clay would have closed it up. It increases in size by the wear of the water. Nobody is alarmed. No attention is paid to it. Bye-and-bye the tide rolls in; the dyke yields to the pressure, and the little hole of the muskrat becomes an immense gateway to let the floods in upon the careless inhabitants. Too late they awake from their sleepy lethargy.

It was but a little thing that opened the way for the sea. It is but a little thing that turns a young man from the right to the wrong. It is but a little word, a little deed, at the right or wrong time, that leads on to momentous results for good or evil. The great scales turn on a very small pivot, great events hinge upon the tick of the watch, the swing of the pendulum.

FOURTH OF JULY TIME.

The city of Portland, Maine, was visited by a most disastrous fire on one fourth of July A little boy lights a fire-cracker, gives it a "send off," and it falls upon a roof of a house. The wind fans it into a blaze; it burns the house; the wind drives the sparks to adjoining houses, setting them on fire. The wind increases and sweeps the fire along furiously; it leaps from house to house from street to street until a great portion of the city is in ashes. The glorious fourth ends in a night of sadness, of sorrow, of desolation and death. Hundreds of happy homes and happy families are ruined, all to gratify the sport and fun of a little boy with a fire-cracker. The effect of that little boy's fun was felt that day, to-day, and will be felt for all time. It killed the brightest hopes of thousands, took from them their property, their all. Happy families were broken up, some of the members carried to their last resting places; others were left to linger in pain and sorrow, while some became insane and went to the insane asylum, raving maniacs, and some committed

suicide. One little act of one little boy with one little fire-cracker and one little match, set in motion a train of events, the results of which will never cease—never end. What are trifles when weighed in the scales of mighty possibilities? The least divergence of a millionth part of an inch at the outset.

A worm is a trifle compared to a lion or a whale, yet it has sunk many a ship with its little auger. The little insect that builds the coral reefs on the bottom of the ocean is possessed of but little physical strength, yet it works on until it forms a sea wall, over which the great ships cannot sail; and many have been lost by running upon them.

A lame man was walking in Pittsburgh one day when the walks were slippery, and he fell and his hat rolled along the sidewalk. A boy came along and gave it a kick, sending it out into the street. Another boy came along, helped the poor man up, picked up his hat, and assisted him to his hotel. He asked the boy his name, and thanked him for his kindness and assistance. One day about a month after, there came a draft for the boy who didn't kick the lame man's hat, for *one thousand dollars*. It was a little thing, but it paid.

It has been calculated that if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be counted, and yield proportionately, the produce of the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime; in twelve years the single grain will have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000 times.

DISCOVERY OF STEAM.

About one hundred and thirty years ago a little boy came in from play and sat down on a bench in the chimney corner of his mother's kitchen, "tired and hungry." While waiting and watching his mother prepare the supper, his attention was attracted to the singing of the tea kettle, which hung on the crane over the fire in the old-fashioned fire-place. Soon the water within was boiling, and hot steam poured out of the nose of the kettle. As the water became hotter, faster it generated into steam, faster than it could escape out of the nose, and it forced up the lid and kept it dancing to the music of the escaping vapor as it rose and fell. Soon the supper

was ready, and the family excepting the little boy were seated at the table and had commenced eating.

Several times the mother had called her little boy to "come to supper, Jimmy," but Jimmy did not come, and she wondered why that boy didn't come to his supper, when he was so tired and hungry. Quietly she left the table, and stepped to the kitchen door, which was standing ajar, and looked in to see what "that boy was up to." He was still sitting on the bench watching the "steaming kettle," and its "dancing lid," spell-bound. His young and inquisitive mind was trying to solve the reason why the tea kettle lid should keep "hopping up and down." He solved the mystery by discovering that it was from the power that was in the steam. He was the first one to "harness up" this new found power and bid it to "turn the wheel;" and from that day to this it has not refused to obey the order with alacrity.

So to that little boy, James Watt, sitting on a bench in the chimney corner, waiting for his supper, the world is indebted for the discovery of the power there is in steam. And what a mighty power! What would become of the railroads, the steamships, and the ten thousand industries of the world of which steam is now the propelling power, should it cease to "turn the wheel," or fire and water should fail to generate steam? Every wheel, every shaft, every spindle now driven by steam, would come to a stand-still. The hum of the manufactories of the world would be hushed into silence. Millions of people would be thrown out of employment, millions would be driven to the wall, to starvation, to death. A greater calamity is hardly possible to conceive.

Steam not only affords employment to a host of people, but it is a great civilizer of nations; it is the world's best educator. Wherever goes the "steam wagon," goes along with it light and intelligence, dispelling the ignorance and superstition of the darker ages.

ELECTRICITY—ITS POWER.

Dr. Franklin sent up his little silk kite to the clouds, while a thunder storm was passing over the city of Philadelphia. A frail string held the kite under his control. He placed a door key on the string, and with that key he unlocked the doors to a new world—the world of electricity—and left them unlocked. Dr. Morse was

anxious to explore this new world, to learn of its elements. He soon became acquainted with its peculiarities, its fondness to "play upon the wires," its willingness to become a very obedient servant, and he "harnessed up the lightning." He invented an automatic machine which recorded each pulsation as it ran to and fro upon the wires. And it became the swift messenger of thought, and wires now encircle the globe, and swift as the lightning's flash, flashes tidings around the world. To Professors Gray, Bell and Edison, is accredited the honor of making it "talk," not only in one language, but it readily responds in any language addressed with equal fluency. It is a ready messenger for all, at all seasons, anywhere, over trackless deserts, over mountains or under oceans. Neither heat or cold impedes its flight. It never tires or grows weary.

The telephone is the "mystery of mysteries." How the voice sweeps along the wire through storm and tempest, passing by all the babel and noises of a great city, and yet does not lose its way or become confused or unrecognizable as it enters a quiet home, is to us incomprehensible. Electricity, instead of being a dreaded foe to mankind has proved to be its best friend and servant; one we cannot dispense with. It has greater good to render yet to be developed. It is to be the great luminator, to light up the darkest night into the dazzling brilliancy of the sun in its strength. It is invaluable as a remedial agent. Its healing powers surpass all medicines known to the medical profession.

Yet the greatest marvel is still to come. The telephone permits us to converse with friends hundreds of miles away, but the newly discovered diaphone brings friends face to face, so that we can not only hear their voices, but see them as well. It is too incredible to believe, but the fact is nevertheless affirmed. What would Franklin or Morse say if they could return to earth and see what wonderful advancements have been made in the uses and appliances of electricity since they left the world. And yet how insignificant were the appliances by which Dr. Franklin obtained a practical demonstration of the adaptability of this marvelous agent to become so willing a servant to man. How immense is the wealth it has added to the world's assets. And yet it cannot be bottled up and packed away in warehouses for railroad kings and stock jobbers to buy and sell. It is too abundant, it pervades all space and

is free as the mountain air. Speculators cannot get up "a corner" on lightning. They can patent as many "harnesses" as they please, but they cannot "chain up" the lightning, or put it under a padlock. Nothing in the forces of nature surpasses electricity in its intrinsic value to the welfare of the human race.

There are no "little things," when linked to the mighty possibilities enveloped in the unknown future. No discovery in nature dwindles away as its secrets are unfolded and revealed to human conception. But each step advances humanity upward to a greater and grander existence as they are unfolded to our comprehension. So it will be for all time, to all eternity.

In 1866 the Emperor of Russia had a narrow escape from assassination, as he was about to step into his carriage. An assassin had leveled his revolver at the czar, when his arm was instantly struck up by a serf standing near, and the pistol was discharged in the air. At evening the serf was brought into the presence of the Emperor, and by him was informed that he had been elevated to the rank and dignity of a nobleman. It was a trifling thing for the serf to do, but it paid him to be forever after a Russian nobleman.

It always pays to do a good deed. It is a good investment. It returns the largest of dividends.

> "Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,—
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
> And trifles life." —*Young.*

HAPPY HOMES.

A WIFE.

"I want (who does not want?) a wife,—
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid, mind,—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined."

—*John Quincy Adams.*

Every young man needs a home of his own. If he is wise he will in due time, have one. The sooner he makes up his mind to that fact the better it will be for him. A home should be the best place on earth. A delightful retreat to fly to when the day's labors are over; where the care and perplexities of business find no lodging place. If a home is not pleasant, the husband will seek other places to spend his evenings. We know of men who belong to every lodge, club and society there are to belong to, and are ready to watch with a "sick brother" once a week, simply because the house they eat and sleep in is not a home. It is wonderful how long a "sick brother" needs watchers, how he holds on to life. We have known of that sick brother for a quarter of a century; we heard of him before we came to the West; and he "still lives." He never will die until the last man of the last club and lodge is dead and buried.

A New Hampshire woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported: "Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in he'd go all the suddener."

To have a happy home there must be a similarity of tastes between husband and wife, a congeniality of desires and aspirations. If the

husband is an ignoramus, and the wife a lady of refinement and culture, there will not be much social enjoyment around the evening lamp.

The Arabs have a tradition that the human race was created in halves and each half sent out traveling around the world to find its other half, and if the right half was found happiness was the inevitable result. If the wrong one was selected—two odd halves—there was no match and no happiness.

A young man is very unwise to seek to enter into society that he has no relish for, and cannot enjoy. True aspiration to rise above one's natural surroundings is very commendable; but to aspire to move in society entirely beyond one's capacity for enjoyment would only make him miserable. A man would be foolish to run after a railroad train that he never could overtake. Equally foolish is it for him to try to enter into society that he cannot and never will attain to. This excludes no one from enjoying happiness to his fullest capacity. If you wish to rise above your fellows, you have got something to do. Hard work and constant study, will bring any man into a higher and better life. Beaconsfield did not reach his place as chief premier of England, by indolence, or by waiting for luck to elevate him to that high position. Far from it. He belonged to the "despised race,"—was a Jew; and even after he took his seat in Parliament, was "hissed" down on his first speech. They do not hiss at him now. There is a preparation process required of every one who wishes to rise above his environment. If he is not willing to submit to the drill, he cannot expect promotion.

FALLING IN LOVE.

Falling in love and marrying at sight is just as good as a prolonged courtship, provided it should prove to be a happy union. A man in the State of Michigan recently fell in love with a young lady and married her on the same day. She was not inclined to say more than "yes" or "no," and he attributed it to her modesty. It increased the value of the prize for him. He was economical, and was quite satisfied with getting a wife with no lost time at courting, or in neckties; but, unfortunately for him, he quickly changed his mind when he found his neck was tied with a tie he could not untie. He had married a foolish girl—an idiot.

A few days ago a young *lady* in Illinois said she would be married in fifteen minutes if she could find the man. A friend happened to know a "fifteen minute" man and brought him in and they were married. A fifteen minute courtship is just as good, or better, than a fifteen year courtship, if the right halves make the match. If they should not match, what then? It is dangerous business to fall in love at sight. Better go slow.

We commend the prudence of the young man in the state of Connecticut, who, after he had courted his lady love seven years, asked her, "Nellie, dear, do you think it would be improper or wrong for us now to exchange a kiss?" We presume she did not.

We read of a man who fell in love with a "dummy" in a show window. We think it was not reciprocated, consequently no harm came of it.

A young lady who was rescued from a watery grave, and when restored to her senses, declared she would marry her rescuer at all hazards, was not a little taken back to learn that it was a Newfoundland dog that had saved her life.

All matches are not made in heaven. Those that have a good deal of fire and brimstone in their composition are not made there. Green hands cannot exercise too much caution about fooling with dangerous compounds. Some of these unequal matches "go off," and somebody gets hurt.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

In the choice of a partner a young man should exercise the same prudence and caution that he would in any other business relation. It comes right down to that with all sensible persons. Every one should go about it in a straight-forward way and not go sneaking around as though one was ashamed of his job, or was going to do some mean thing. When a man of business enters into a co-partnership he goes into it intelligently, consults those who can advise him, and can judge whether it would be a good move for him. After obtaining all the advice and the best counsel, he exercises his best judgment before he commits himself. A life partnership is of vastly more importance than that of a mere business partnership. One is for life, the other may be terminated at any time, or at any specified time. A young man cannot be too careful

about forming a life partnership. His whole life is to be modified. It is the greatest event that will ever come to him. He needs therefore to exercise the utmost care and caution in *selecting* a life partner. Because a lady can sing and play the piano well, or has a pretty face, dances gracefully, has a fine flow of language, reads French, sings in Italian, and dreams in Spanish, who has all the showy accomplishments of a fashionable young lady, it does not follow that she is a proper helpmate for a young man. Splendid parlor ornaments may captivate, and lead young men to decide thoughtlessly by such exhibitions of showy talents, but they are very certain to bring disappointment and miserable homes.

THE MODERN BELLE.

"She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little.
'Tis a great deal more than she thinks.

"She lies in bed in the morning
Till near the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

* * * * * * * *

"She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches,—
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!" —*Stark.*

There are society girls and home girls. One the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, visits, balls, etc., whose chief delight is in such things. The other the kind that ap-

pear best at home—the girls that are cheerful and useful in the dining-room, the sick room and the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and goodness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

There are other accomplishments of much greater value to a young man who has to depend upon his own labor for living. A "society lady" would be out of place in his home. Such a wife would be miserable unless in the whirlpool of excitement, giving or attending fashionable parties weekly, and would not add to his happiness. A wife who is ignorant of the entire household duties, who is not mistress of every department, is not qualified to take charge of her home. We hear young ladies, even married ladies, boast that they do not know how to prepare a dinner. For a rich man with plenty of servants, it is all very well. He can afford it. A wasteful housekeeper will ruin any young man. If a young lady has been accustomed to extravagance, plenty of everything to do with, and to spend, it will be one of the hardest lessons for her to learn, if ever learned, when necessity compels her to exercise economy.

GOOD HOUSE-KEEPERS ARE A RARITY.

To be a neat housekeeper, a first class cook, without wastefulness, is a rare gift. The French people excel in making the best out of the least and poorest material. Our line of business has allowed us unusual privileges of knowing how all classes of people live. We have been from cellar to attic in a thousand homes. We could tell some awful tales about the way some homes are kept among the *bon ton*. We have seen a lady on the street dressed like a queen in her silks and satins, whose piano was covered with dust so thick you could not tell what wood it was made of; have seen the same lady with one fell swoop of her arm attempt to sweep the dust off, all in her street costume of silks. We have been into a costly mansion, costing fifty thousand dollars to build, where a square yard of pedigree, elegantly framed, was hanging on the wall in the hall, and the lady in silks reclining on an elegant sofa in the parlor. We saw

the dining room and the kitchen so dirty and filthy that it made us disgusted to look around. At the door was thrown out to the dogs, nice cake, rich cuts of beef, large loaves of bread, etc., all spoiled in baking. Still the square yard of pedigree hung on the wall in the front hall. We passed through the chambers and saw even greater sights. We saw the labors of numerous spiders, elaborate festoons that graced every corner; the delicate network sweeping across from corner to corner, ornamented with the "dust of ages." The square yard of pedigree hung on the wall in the front hall all the same. We came to the conclusion that a square yard of pedigree in the front hall, was not a diploma for superior housekeeping accomplishments. Don't go too much on "pedigree."

A good education, the very best that can be secured, is a very desirable accomplishment for a young lady. But when she knows more French than she does of domestic economy, in our opinion, she has too much education to fill the place of a good housewife It is not necessary that she do all the hard drudgery of the kitchen, but that all the appointments of the kitchen may be properly carried out, economically as well as hygienically, is a science superior to all the knowledge found in books. The knowledge of French or Italian will not guarantee good bread or light biscuit, or cook a beefsteak to a turn. It is an independent branch of education, and one's health and happiness is dependent upon the way the food is prepared every day and three times each day. It is what we eat that makes us hearty, robust and strong, or weak and puny. A thousand ills are to be averted or endured by the way food is prepared in the kitchen. Charging up to Providence, sickness, indigestion, dyspepsia, and other kindred ills, is simply wickedness, when all these ills are the direct results of villainous cooking. The most nutritious and easily digested food may be converted into the most unwholesome and indigestible, by the carelessness and ignorance of the cook. If you wish to avoid expense, waste, sickness, doctor's bills, etc., you must have the very best information obtainable on the subject.

We are very glad to know that the subject has been recently brought before the public and is becoming quite popular, and schools established, where the very best instructions and practice are given in the science of cooking. That it has been committed so

long to the hands of the lowest and most ignorant class of servants to prepare the daily food for the family, is one of the mysterious problems that we cannot solve on any enlightened hypothesis to us known. The only good that comes from it is, that it affords the doctors, druggists, and undertakers much better incomes. It would be too bad to let them die for want of business. So their patients are sick and die that they may live. The cooks are in league with the doctors.

WHAT IOWA GIRLS ARE TAUGHT.

At the Iowa Agricultural college every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread, weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing, kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and make biscuit, pudding, pies, and cakes of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare a stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and, in short, to get up a first class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and manual skill have gone hand in hand. If there is anything that challenges the unlimited respect and devotion of the masculine mind it is ability in woman to order well her own household.

An education cannot be said to be finished when totally ignorant of the very first laws of health. Perhaps our readers may ask what this has to do with "love, courtship and happy homes." It has everything to do with it. No man can be happy if he has to eat sole leather, fried in burnt grease, or eat bread that is as indigestible as pig lead. A good, healthy body cannot be kept in running order whenever laden with a great burden that is daily reducing its strength, sapping its life blood. When a bank has to draw daily on its capital to meet running expenses, it is only a matter of time how long it can continue to do business. When one's system is tasked beyond its powers of endurance, that moment it begins to wear out.

Good wholesome food, properly prepared, produces good blood, which nourishes brain, bone and muscle. Happiness to every family has its headquarters in the culinary department of the kitchen. If the manipulations of the cooking process are at fault

or defective, the whole domestic economy will suffer, and unhappiness follows. A fretty and restless child destroys much comfort and enjoyment of a household. All this is often occasioned by the indigestible food that the child is compelled to eat. It is simply inhuman to compel children to eat food that is unfit for them. We believe it would be a wise provision of law that no girl could marry without having first passed an examination and received a diploma certifying to her qualifications by experience and knowledge of the hygiene of the kitchen. We see no reason why laws should not be made to cover the proper preparation of food as well as the adulterations of it. It is due to the health of the community that only pure articles of food shall be sold and used; also that pure articles of food shall not be converted into poison. One is as bad as the other. The time is near at hand when it will be fashionable, when it will be a great acquisition, to know how to prepare the choicest dishes for those in health, as also for the invalid; when the highest art will be, not to know how to decorate a plate, but how to prepare the food that is to grace it. Elegant service, with beautiful and appropriate designs, are pleasing to look upon but will not satisfy the cravings of a hungry man one iota, or make a miserably cooked dinner one particle better. Muddy coffee will not taste any better in gold cups.

A good English education and the knowledge of domestic economy, will add more to a young man's happiness than all the foreign languages or polite accomplishments that it is possible for any one young lady to be the master of. If a young lady's conversational powers are limited to a few stereotyped phrases, as "awful mean," "horrid," "ugly," &c., a little schooling would add to her ability to use more elegant language. We have heard some very coarse expressions from ladies occupying costly mansions, living in good style. Such people purchase their libraries by the square yard, and estimate their value by the quantity of gilt on the back of the covers, not by the contents.

UNHAPPILY MATED.

We have said what we have on the dark side of wedded life that each young man may realize the fact that it is all a lottery if he should marry on an evening's acquaintance. We know of a case

where a young man courted and married a young lady without letting any of his friends know of his intentions to marry. He thought he was doing a shrewd thing. He found that he had not done so well when in two weeks after they were married he had to carry his wife to an insane asylum. He had married into a family where insanity was hereditary. He must either live with an insane wife or support her at the asylum.

We know of two persons in Vermont who were married at an evening party because a justice offered to marry any couple without pay who would "stand up" then and there. Two fools "stood up" and were married. The longer they lived together, the greater became their disgust over their foolishness. It proved to be a miserable union.

In Massachusetts, in 1878, there were *six hundred* divorces, or one in every twenty-one marriages; Vermont had one to every fourteen; Rhode Island one to every eleven; Connecticut one to seventeen. The figures are for legal divorces obtained, while the number of those couples who were self-divorced, or who lived a cat and dog life, would reduce the number of happy marriages to less than sixty to the one hundred. If we could have correct data to refer to we presume we should find that the great majority entered into the marriage relation with little or no real personal acquaintance. The sixty thousand surplus females over the males in Massachusetts, may have had considerable to do with hasty marriages, and the equally hasty divorces in that State.

Any young man who is not willing to consult with his mother or sister upon so important a matter, will stand a good chance of making an unfortunate alliance. Your mother or sister is better qualified to judge of a young lady's capabilities, and whether she has those traits of character and habits that would most likely conduce to a happy union, more intelligently than it would be possible for you to know any young woman. If you refuse all advice you cannot expect to receive any sympathy should you make an unfortunate alliance.

The best way for every young man is to go slow and consider well each move he makes towards a union for life. There have been and are to-day some remarkable instances of that perfect unity, stronger than death.

SOME OF THE EVIDENCES OF CONJUGAL FELICITY.

The best way to judge of the happiness that has existed in a family when dissolved by death, is to see how the husband has willed his property, or how a wife has disposed of hers. It is an unerring guide. As for instance: The husband dies, willing all his property to his wife, making her the sole executrix of his estate without bonds. Another leaves a small pittance to be doled out to his wife so long as she remains "his widow," but in the event of marriage she is "cut off" from any further support. We know a gentleman who was not possessed of this world's goods, but his wife had a competence. She died, not leaving him a cent.

We know of a gentleman who married a young lady, and he died, leaving all his wealth to her, and not a child to care for. It was a fortune, one she could not well spend during the remainder of her life, yet she has not found time to have a suitable monument placed over his grave. She has had time to visit Europe several times, spending two or three years abroad. She is, no doubt, waiting for a new style of monument. Powers, Mills, Harriet Hosmer, or Vinne Ream, are altogether too feeble in their conceptions of what is appropriate for tokens of buried hopes. She has had no time to care for the grave. Nature has had all the care. She has wasted no time on tear drops, or in its decoration. She *has* had time, however, to *marry a second husband*, and if we can read human nature we think he has by this time found out just what virtues his predecessor possessed, and what would be a suitable epitaph for the monument if it is ever erected. He probably also has learned that his name would be a lasting disgrace beside "my first husband," who was a *good and true man.*

Look at another example: Mr. C. dies leaving no child, but all his fortune to his wife. For ten long years, every day in the year, she visited the grave of her husband if the weather was suitable, or her health would allow of it. Her loving hands were ever busy beautifying the lot. Costly improvements were continually being made. Some new improvements were constantly under contemplation.

This restriction by will of the widow should she marry, exhibits a very ungenerous spirit under the most charitable conclusion, and of the happiness existing between man and wife. Contrast it

with an instance of this kind: The wife was dying; she called her husband to the bedside and said "Albert, you have been a good husband to me; have given me a beautiful home, better than I ever expected or deserved; you will miss me, the children will miss me, and you will be lonely when I am gone. The children will need some one to care for them, and when the proper time comes I want you to marry again, to find some one to fill my place. It will be better for you, better for the children. There is my sister Alice or my dear friend Laura Adams, either one will make you a good companion. Promise me you will do as I wish, and I will die happy. If spirits are allowed to visit their friends, I will come to you and be your guardian angel. Do not put it off too long. When the wild flowers blossom over my grave, and the time of the singing of birds has come again, it will be long enough to wait. Kiss me once more, you need not speak, I know it will be well. Good bye."

We were recently in the city of Galveston, Texas, and visted the resting place of the dead. There are no graves but tombs are built upon the surface of the ground. We stopped in front of one of these tombs, of fine architectural design, built of beautiful marble which the master hand of an artist had skillfully worked out. Thousands of dollars had been expended upon it. The door was a single slab of Italian marble, in the center of which was placed a panel of glass, exposing the interior to view from the outside. Through the center of the tomb extended a hall or passage way, on either side of which were recesses for the reception of the caskets containing the dead. Suspended from the centre of the hallway hung a basket filled with the choicest of flowers. The rays of the sun lighted up the interior, dispelling all gloom. It was the palace tomb of a beloved wife, erected by a sorrow-stricken husband. Her memory was there cherished by loving tokens of fresh and fragrant flowers daily brought and placed in the basket.

We were acquainted with a gentleman in the State of Pennsylvania, who buried his wife some ten years ago, and it is impossible to be with him for an hour without his alluding to his great loss. He had been a man of active business habits, and for years before his wife died, she, if well, always went with him wherever his business called him. A happier couple probably could not be found anywhere.

Instances are numerous where a couple have lived together fifty or sixty years, and when one has died the other has followed soon after, sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in a day, and frequently in less than a week; so closely were the ties of affection entwined around their hearts. "They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Whoever marries for money may rest assured it will not guarantee a happy home. A young lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor, and obey this man as your husband, and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if *he does what he promised me financially.*" Love didn't make that match. Love does not require any bargain. Love ignores all conditions. "Confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate."

"Wanted—a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted—an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted—a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace,
Over life's path with me.

Wanted—a form erect and high,
A head above my own;
So much that I might walk beneath
It's shadows o'er me thrown.

Wanted—an eye within whose depth
Mine own might look, and see
Uprising from a guileless heart,
O'erflown with love for me.

Wanted—a lip, whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted—a true, religious soul,
To pious purposes given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to heaven."

We believe the practice is all wrong, which only allows a gentleman to make proposals of marriage. We see no good reason why a young lady shouldn't have an equal chance, and we feel confident

that there would be no greater number of unfortunate marriages than there is now, but the reverse. We believe it to be a noble impulse of a noble soul to seek for a lovable companion.

And what doth express true love better than the following:

"For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

If the Arab tradition be true, a person living single is only one-half of a complete being, and such persons cannot enjoy more than one-half of what there is to enjoy in a happy union. If to live single is for the best good of a man, why was Eve created for a companion to Adam? To live single, *voluntarily*, is to question the edict of the Almighty, when He said, "It is not good that man sould be alone."

NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES.

Of newly married couples the *Golden Age* has this to say:

"It is the happiest, most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out together, and with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires with reference to their present means and to their future and common interests.

"Nothing delights man more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge of industry, joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling on the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

"This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he

marries, that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists—and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, promoting vice; destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortunes and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part, and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a 'helpmeet,' but a 'help-eat.'"

"IN YE OLDEN TIME."

The early settlers of Haverhill, Massachusetts, denied the right of any man to live alone, even if he chose to do so. Old bachelors couldn't do as they pleased then in Haverhill, and the court went for them roughly. Here is the record: "This court being informed that John Littlehale livest alone, in a house by himself, contrary to the law of the country, whereby he is subject to much sin, etc." So John was allowed six weeks to remove to "some orderly family," but John was an incorrigible old bachelor, and wouldn't give up his way of living in single blessedness until FORTY-FOUR YEARS afterwards, when he married, and then probably found out how big a fool he had persistently been for *forty-four years at least.* But they did worse than that to old maids—they hung some of them for witches.

Ministers in those days were not so prostrated with their church services as a presiding elder of the African M. E. church in Georgia was recently, when at the close of a quarterly meeting, a couple presented themselves for marriage, when he said to them to "*Go away and wait until I come again, I am too tired to marry you now.*" No doubt he felt weaker than Oliver Wendell Holmes said he should be, when he answered a lecture committee thus: "The state of my health is such that if I should deliver my lecture before your lyceum, I should be so weak when I got through, that if you should tender me a *fifty dollar bank note*, I wouldn't have strength enough left to *refuse it.*"

Perhaps we have over-drawn the picture a little and made it too

somber; yet no doubt after all we have said, some young man will not heed our suggestions, and rush recklessly into the bands of matrimony! "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

Every home is not destitute of happiness. There are hundreds, thousands, of happy, very happy homes, where love reigns supreme. It does not require a stately mansion, elegant furniture, plenty of servants, horses and carriages and magnificent leisure to make a happy home.

THERE IS NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR MAN.

"I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a King to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."—*Dr. Holmes.*

"Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things."—*Thos. A'Kempis.*

"Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's bright and fair below;
Song was cold and painting dim,
Till song and painting learned from him."

— *Thomas Moore.*

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

— *Whittier's "Maud Muller."*

"By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her *yes*, once said to you,
Shall be YES forevermore." — *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A SONG FOR THE "HEARTH AND HOME."

"Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king!

"Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer and onward we go,
Forces the shadows behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

"Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Fighting the shadows that over us roll.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king.

"Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.
King! king! crown me the king!
Home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

—*Rev. William Rankin Duryea.*

ACTION! ACTION!! ACTION!!!

It is action that wins. Action is everything. People dying of *ennui* never accomplish anything, but block up the way of others who are trying to strike out for themselves. We are sick, heart-sick of that class who hang around and grunt, and whine, and do nothing for themselves, or anybody else.

The spirit that nerves one up to do his best, in whatever place or avocation he is engaged, is worthy of the highest praise. To excel, to do a little better to day than yesterday, to do a little better than a companion is doing, is commendable. Hitting the mark counts one ahead. The leap that carries you an inch beyond your competitor, is a mark in your favor. Ambition to do good, to develop one's talents to their utmost capacity, is praiseworthy. Ambition, controlled by right motives, never harms any one. Linked to patriotism it makes heroes and martyrs. What a noble example in Admiral Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay, when he ascended the rigging, and was firmly lashed to the mast, there to remain until the battle was lost or won. What courage it must have inspired in his men on deck to see their commander above them exposed to the sharp-shooters of the enemy, with no possible chance to shield himself, or escape. He was there to direct the battle and face the deadly fire of the enemy. If his vessel went down, he went down with it.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

— *Frances Anne Kemble.*

TALENT AND AMBITION.

No amount of practice will develop talent where there is no ambition to excel. Where every luxury that money will buy is enjoyed, even to the fullest capacity; where the daily life is but a round of indulgences that weaken the constitution, and deaden the

intellectual faculties, there is not the least inclination to study a branch that requires labor to achieve success.

Political ambition is not worthy of consideration for a moment. It is detrimental to the best interests of any young man. If he allows himself to be drawn into the political arena, it will be one of the worst moves he ever made. It will be at the sacrifice of all his principles of honor and integrity. It is next to an impossibility for the best and the most conscientious man living to make politics his chief ambition and study, without his reputation becoming tarnished. Office-seeking is fraught with many perils. There are too few offices, and too many who want to fill them; all cannot be satisfied. The sad examples of those who have tried, only to fail in the end, and have gone down to their graves before their time, wrecks of their former greatness, ought to be sufficient warning to all.

John C. Calhoun came the nearest of any man living or dead, of reaching the highest pinnacle of his ambition, and only to miss it by a step. When Calhoun graduated from Yale College, he said: "Now for the Presidency!" And he concentrated his entire energies to accomplish his purpose, to gain the coveted place. He came as near the door as any man could, and not pass over its threshold, being elected Vice President on the ticket with Andrew Jackson. Webster, Clay, Everett, Seward, Chase, Douglass and Greeley, all wanted to be President. They all failed. All spent their last days in sorrow over disappointed ambition. They had worked and toiled hard for years to accomplish a purpose only to fail, and to die with an ambition unsatisfied.

POLITICAL HONORS UNSATISFYING.

Men who are ambitious for political preferment, are seldom satisfied with the honors secured. If the highest places are reached, the fruits are unsatisfying and delusive; the honors of doubtful substantiality. Even the President of the United States at the end of four years, or eight years at the farthest, must relinquish the power and honor placed in his hands, and step down and become one of the common people, perhaps to be neglected and forgotten.

> "One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
> Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas." — *Pope.*

EXAMPLES OF HEROISM.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Vendome Column of Paris was erected by the French government in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte. Twelve hundred cannon, captured from the Austrians, were melted down to form a spiral relief which wreathed the column from top to bottom, portraying the scenes, and giving the names, of the great battles won by the Emperor. Upon its top was placed a statue of Napoleon in Roman costume. Many times since its first erection, has the statue been thrown down, and as often replaced, until in 1875 the column was blown into fragments by the French people, who had learned to look upon it with derision. Time had wrought such changes in the hearts of the French that they could no longer look with complacency upon a monument erected to commemorate the name and fame of a despot, whose boundless ambition trampled upon human rights without mercy, and lowered in the dust the high and the low of whatever creed or nationality, that stood in the way of his individual advancement. The heartlessness of this man seems incredible. That he should cruelly drive from him his beautiful and accomplished wife, Josephine, as lovely a woman as ever graced the palace halls of the Tuilleries, is something beyond our comprehension. No language seems adequate to express condemnation for such an act. Yet his life was but a repetition of similar deeds of cruelty. Who but a Napoleon could have condemned to death a soldier who finished and sealed a letter to his wife after the time at night when lights were ordered to be extinguished, and who, when detected was compelled to break the seal, and to insert these words as a postscript: "I die to-morrow morning at sunrise, for disobedience of orders." Such men, we are thankful, are rare in these days; yet Napoleon's inordinate ambition, which impelled him to exercise such inhumanity, has its counterpart in every age; and even in our own times men equally ambitious, and equally ready to level all before them to subserve their own selfish purposes, may be found in every community.

We insert the following stanzas from Byron's poem on "Napoleon," which most graphically portrays the life and character of the world's greatest tyrant, controlled by an unholy ambition:

"'T is done, — but yesterday a king!
And armed with kings to strive,—
And now thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

* * * * * * * * *

"And Earth hath spilled her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! may we hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
O, ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

"Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain;
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again;
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

"Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher spark should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When the Crimean war was in progress, there was wafted westward across the continent to England, a wail of woe and of distress, such as was never before heard by any civilized people. It came from her sick and wounded soldiers, as they lay uncared for on the battle-field. There were no hospitals, no hospital supplies, no nurses, and the poor soldiers were dying from sheer and cruel neglect. England was alarmed as the ranks of her army were melting away by the fearful mortality among her troops. The sad wail, the moans of the sick and dying, was heard by a highly accomplished young lady at her home of luxury and refinement, surrounded with every comfort wealth could command, or loving friends could devise. Instantly she responded to the call of the suffering, and dying soldiers on the field of battle. Enlisting two hundred assistants, she bade her happy home and loving friends adieu, and with the utmost alacrity hurried to the field of carnage and death, where shot and shell had done its cruel work. At the sight of the awful scenes in that "valley of death," she faltered not. The ghastly dead, the mangled and shattered wrecks of the human form—made so by the death-dealing missiles of the enemy, had no terrors for her, when duty and humanity called. The terrible suffering of the sick and wounded, the agonizing cries of those who had passed beyond the reach of human aid, brought to her view scenes never to be forgotten. The sickening stench of decomposing bodies, only added to the horrors of the situation. It was enough to appal the stoutest heart, and to destroy nerves of iron. She went among the dead to find the living; kneeling down amid corpses, to minister to some poor soldier who had fallen beside them, with all the tenderness or a mother's love, or a sister's devotion. The rough dragoon, or the young drummer-boy, some mother's darling, received alike her utmost care and attention.

Hundreds, thousands, lived to bless the name of Florence Nightingale. No monument is needed to immortalize her name. Her memory will be held in grateful remembrance long after the name of Napoleon shall have been forgotten. Her labors were not passed by unrewarded. A gift of fifty thousand pounds was made to her as a slight testimonial of her invaluable services. But her last noble act was the crowning glory of a beautiful life: she donated

the entire sum given her to the founding of an institution for the education and training of nurses. She still lives, an invalid. She sacrificed every comfort, a delightful home and its enjoyments, her health and all the pleasures of life, that others might live, rescued from the very jaws of death on the battle fields of Inkermann and Balaklava. Look at her life-work, and compare it with Napoleon's. Which of the two was the nobler?

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

A steamer on Lake Michigan, crowded with passengers, caught fire and while every effort was being made to extinguish the flames, the captain ordered the pilot to head for land, and to "*hold fast to the helm.*" The fire was soon past all control. The passengers were terrified as the fire was consuming all before it, and driving them into closer quarters. The only hope for them was in the pilot being able to remain at his post, and the engines to continue to work until land was reached. Flame and smoke enveloped the pilot house, hiding the pilot from view. Every few moments the captain would call out to the pilot, "John, are you there?" Every time came back the response, "Aye, aye, sir." The wildest excitement pervaded the passengers. The intense heat was narrowing down their chances of reaching land, and thereby escaping a terrible death by fire or water. Again the captain called to the pilot to know if he was there, and "aye, aye, sir," was heard above the roar of the flames. The captain asks, "can you hold on five minutes longer?" The answer came back, "By the help of God, I will try, sir." As the last passenger took the gang plank and was safely on shore, the heroic spirit of John Maynard went heavenward.

A watchman on a drawbridge knew that the express train was coming around the curve, just as his little boy had fallen from his side into the boiling current below. To save his child, or the train and its living freight, were the questions presented to him for immediate decision. The boy was struggling in the water, and calling to his father for help; a moment more and the on-coming train will be thrown into the river, if the bridge is not closed. The watchman swings the bolts that move the draw, the train with its hundreds of passengers rushes on just as it closes, and is saved. The

father looks for his boy, but he is gone, a sacrifice to duty. What more sublime instance of true heroism than this, can be found?

In a village upon one side of the Alps lived a little crippled boy, by the name of Fritz. One day the villagers went out from their homes for a picnic. Fritz was too lame to go, and therefore he alone of all the villagers remained at home. When the picnicers were in the height of their enjoyment, it was discovered that a "signal fire" had been lighted above their village, which was the usual signal that an enemy was approaching. The villagers hastened back to the village just in time to save their homes from despoliation. The mystery to them was, who could have "fired the pile." Fritz was missing from his home. The people searched everywhere for him, and at last he was discovered near the burning pile, dead; killed by the invading horde, in revenge for having discovered their approach, and given the alarm. On his hands and knees he had crawled up the mountain side and lighted the signal fire. Was not he a greater hero than Napoleon Bonaparte?

WHAT SHALL I LIVE FOR?

Many of our readers may ask, "What shall I live for?" We cannot answer this, the most important of all questions, better than by inserting the following lines:

"WHAT I LIVE FOR.

"I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

"I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And times great volume make.

"I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Dr. Murray, "Kerwan," writes of visiting an old man of ninety years who said to him, "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, and as long as you can."

THE DELUSIONS OF THE AGE.

THE "MIRAGE."

We were once traveling in a country where this fantastic delusion played around us occasionally, to our supreme delight. Indifferent and obscure objects would appear along the horizon, wonderfully transformed. Scrubby brush a foot or two high loomed up like a forest of tall timber. Grass of less than six inches would be elongated to tall reeds, and would seem to be running a swift race. Soil that was red would present all the appearance of a raging, flaming fire. Men and animals would pass through wonderful transformations, assuming many curious and comical shapes.

The water illusion to the poor, weary, thirsty, perishing traveler, is terrible—awful to think of—*the climax of human suffering.* For days he has been anxiously seeking for water, and all at once before his eager eyes appears beautiful lakelets, studded with islands, with fine shade trees gracing the shores. Excitedly he exclaims, "Water! Water! it is found at last." The cherished boon is just before him; ten minutes walk and his raging thirst will be quenched. He bounds forward with new vigor, but soon discovers that the lake that appeared so near remains just as far away. He stops and looks again and again, and says: "Surely there is water; it is a flowing river." He sees the waves rise and fall as gentle zephyrs play over them, sparkling in the sunlight. He almost thinks he hears the rippling waves as they lave the nearer shore. On he goes with increasing speed, if it were possible, that the sooner his burning, maddening thirst may be assuaged. He goes on; so does the phantom. In the burning heat of midday he falters, gasps for breath; his tongue is parched, swollen, and ceases to articulate. Reason trembles in the balance; his eyes are fixed, and with fingers pointing to the illusion, to him so real, he lies down to die. On the margin of that other river, to him unseen, his weary, weary feet halted. .

THIRST.

No word in our language, perhaps, carries with it greater weight than the word thirst. It is one of the words the meaning of which changes not. It is used to express all human wants, whether of body, mind or soul—intensified in the superlative degree.

There is no physical suffering more terrible to endure, or a death more awful to die than that of the burning thirst for water. Sailors shipwrecked upon the open sea know its horrors. Vambrey, in his travels in Central Asia, describes most graphically the scenes he witnessed there. He says: "Two of our companions having exhausted all their water, fell so sick that we were forced to bind them at full length upon the camels, as they were perfectly incapable of riding or sitting. We covered them, and as long as they were able to articulate, they kept exclaiming: 'Water! Water!' the only words that escaped their lips. Alas! even their best friends denied them the life dispensing draught. On the fourth day one of them was freed by death from the dreadful torments of thirst. It was a horrible sight to see the father hide his store of water from the son, and brother from brother; each drop is life; and when men feel the torture of thirst there is not, as in the dangers of life, any spirit of self-sacrifice, or any feeling of generosity."

The word thirst is very frequently used figuratively when speaking of an intense desire, or craving for any special object. Thus we say, "He thirsts for revenge;" "thirsts after happiness;" "he seeks his keeper's flesh and thirsts his blood." One of the ineffable joys of heaven is portrayed, by the statement that, "They shall never hunger nor thirst." That is to say, that every longing shall be satisfied. Earth affords no such boon.

The world is full of thirsty people—thirsting for something they do not possess, a craving for something beyond their grasp. The mirage holds out the most tantalizing appearances to the poor traveler dying of thirst. It allures him along only to mock him at last in the death throes. Some persons are permitted to reach the fountain they sought to reach, to drink deep thereof, to find at last it is a bitter fountain. No man who has had a burning thirst for gold, or for wealth, and who has exceeded his first mark—was ever satisfied with it. The same burning thirst, intensified, calls for

more continually, and will not be satisfied. The pleasures of life afford no fountain at which its votaries can satiate their thirst. The man of ambition, "fired up" to "white heat," finds no cool refreshing stream where he may quench the "fire within." The political aspirants, thirsting for office, even if they obtain the office sought, are unable to slake their thirst in the enjoyment of its honors. When they reach the first round of their aspirations they discover a round higher, and so they thirst for that one, and are never satisfied.

THIRSTING FOR FAME.

Dr. X., after having accumulated a princely fortune, thirsted for the honors of the world. He sought to have his name immortalized by having towns and cities bear his name. He gave a large sum of money to a village corporation to induce its citizens to drop the original name, and to take his name instead. He thirsted for political honors. He aspired to have "Hon." in front, or "M. C." at the end of his name. He labored assiduously and spent his money lavishly to get the nomination for a representative to Congress, but, was always defeated. It was a great and sore disappointment to Dr. X. It incapacitated him for any business. His friends carried him to a private medical institution for treatment. The shock to his system, however, had been too great to yield to remedies. He lingered a few months and died—died of an unquenchable thirst: for honors that money could not purchase. He sought to drink from a fountain that seemed to him so near and inviting—just a little way from him. The delusive mirage danced before him most bewitchingly, alluring him on, and inspiring him with the most sanguine anticipations and expectations to soon reach that fountain, and there to slake his burning thirst. No, never! Honors of the world never satisfy.

Does wealth satisfy? Will it quench all thirst, appease all cravings of the body, of mind, and of soul? No. It never has; it never will. Dr. X. had wealth in abundance. He left an estate of over *ten millions* of dollars. With his vast possessions, he was beyond all earthly necessity—for with his money he could supply every physical need. There was no luxury he could not purchase that could in any way conduce to his best and fullest enjoyment of life.

THIRSTING FOR HONORS.

"What's fame?
A fancied life in other's breath.
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death." —*Pope.*

Horace Greeley was born in a humble home, in poverty. At sixteen years of age he started out for himself, penniless. For years his success was anything but encouraging. With indomitable energy he labored on until he became the editor-in-chief of the New York *Tribune*, one of the best papers in the world. The position did not satisfy him very long. He longed for something beyond—to drink at another fountain. He set his affections upon the highest office in the land—the Presidency of the United States. The mirage played most charmingly before him, and the more he speculated upon the delusion, the greater assurance he had of its being what it seemed, and to be so near to him, that there was no question as to his ability to drink to his full, of public favor The thirst increased as time drew near when the verdict of the people was to decide who was to be the winning man. It was a short and spirited race. Mr. Greeley concentrated his entire energies, soul and body, to win the race. He failed. He was a disappointed man. The presidential mirage proved a terrible delusion to him. He fell into a stupor soon after the result was known, from which he never rallied, and his death followed in a very few days.

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?"
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean's deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean,— Fame is the bruit
Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever;
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown,"—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead. —*Schiller.*

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death." —*Longfellow.*

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Every young man of ordinary good sense is anxious to learn in advance what he can, of his future, his fortune, and the happiness or sorrow, success or failure that awaits him before the problem of life shall have been fully solved. It is perfectly right and proper that he should be anxious to rightly comprehend the ever-increasing responsibilities as the years come and go; responsibilities that he cannot escape or delegate to any human being.

There is a sure road to success. Go bravely forward and fearlessly meet the responsibilities of life as they shall arise, with the full determination to yield to none. Bear your own burdens cheerfully and with courage. Surmount all obstacles that are hindrances, though they may be simply blessings in disguise. Aim for something higher at each advancing step, thereby developing increasing power to achieve victory. Thus every step lifts you one degree higher—higher and nearer to the goal.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." —*Bryant.*

PART II.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS PRECEPTS.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

The young men of this country have great reason to feel proud of their birth-right. This is the only land where every avenue for business, the learned professions, or public offices of honor and trust are open alike to all, rich or poor, high or low. We have here no caste, no entailed heirships, no aristocracy to "lord it over the common people." Every young man is absolutely free to select his own calling and compete for any place or position in the gift of the people, even to the highest office, the presidency of the United States. It is his inalienable right under the laws of the land, to choose any pathway that he may deem the most congenial to his happiness. No serfdom can exist where the banner of universal freedom floats to the free winds of heaven.

There are certain fundamental principles which lie at the bottom of all successful achievements in any legitimate undertaking. The very first thing for a young man to do, is to decide for himself what shall be his calling; whether it shall be one of the varied industries of the country; whether he shall aim to be a merchant prince or a scholar, or a man of science. He alone must decide this question. If it is merchandizing, one of the requisites is capital. Yet there is something better than a cash capital to commence business with,—even as long as one continues in active life, there is something better, and what every one must have, to entitle him to be classed "A 1," and that is integrity of character. It is better than a gift of *ten thousand dollars* to any young man, if destitute of that important requisite. Hundreds of young men have

commenced business and made it successful who had not a dollar in cash to invest at the start. They are able to secure capital by their integrity of character, which will always give them credit, while a man of wealth devoid of it, cannot secure equal favors. A dishonest man, no matter how large his bank account may be, is always looked upon with suspicion. He possesses double power. He can violate all rules of true business etiquette, and with his wealth enforce his dishonest schemes. And it has come to this with many wholesale dealers, when selecting their customers they will say: "We do not care a fig as to what Mr. A. is worth; all we care to know is, is he honest." One dealer will have a car load of produce shipped to him with no other instructions but to "sell and remit proceeds less charges," while another dealer cannot get a consignment of merchandise to sell on commission on any terms.

We knew a fruit-dealer, who on the reputation of his father, would order a large quantity of fruit, and as soon as it arrived at the depot, would telegraph to the consignor, "Your fruit is in bad order; will not receive it. It is at the depot subject to your order." The shipper, unaware of the character of the dealer, telegraphs back, "Take fruit; do the best you can; remit proceeds less expenses." There was never anything to remit; the transaction was a clean steal. He did not continue long in the fruit business.

A farmer in Indiana had a large crop of corn on hand, and he concluded to ship it to a commission merchant at Cincinnati, whose flaming advertisement he had read in the papers headed, "Produce received on consignment." The corn was shipped by canal. The commission merchant acknowledged the receipt of it, and reported market price. The farmer concluded to have it held for a better price. After a few months he ordered the commission man, "to sell the corn and remit proceeds." The corn was sold and a statement was made out and sent to the farmer, which charged such large sums for boatage, drayage, storage, shrinkage, ratage, insurance and commission, that the amount received for the corn when applied to the payment of these charges, was pretty well used up, and the farmer got very little for his corn. He answered the commission man thus: "You lying scoundrel; put in stealage and take it all." Men run great risks and try various expedients to realize sudden wealth or to make a big strike. All the tricks of trade, in

the end, turn out unfavorable to those who attempt them. Those who practice them gain unenviable reputations, which will stick to them as long as they live, and follow them wherever they go. The history of the men who were engaged in the "Tammany steal" of New York city, illustrates the fact that ill-gotten gains do not add to the happiness of those who possess them.

A young man engaged in the wholesale trade, and procured a large insurance on his stock, amounting to two or three times its value. A fire occurred in his store soon after. His stock was not consumed, but nearly ruined by water. The insurance adjusters enquired into the matter, and the result of their investigation was, they offered the young man one dollar each for the policies he held, if he would surrender them to the companies that issued them. He accepted the proposition. He received five dollars for a $16,000 loss. His smartness developed itself unfortunately for him. Some men will sell themselves for a dollar. The penalties from cheating in weight or measure, or misrepresenting the quality of goods to secure a sale, always recoils on the man who practices such impositions. You must remember, every man has his friends, and there is but one safe way to do business, to treat everybody as you would a friend, and you will never lack for patronage.

HON. JOHN FRIEDLEY'S MOTTO.

"Self-dependence, self-reliance."

"It is a mistaken notion," he writes, "that capital alone is necessary to success in business. If a man has head and hands suited to his business, it will soon procure him capital. My observations through life satisfy me that at least nine-tenths of the most successful in business, start in life without any reliance except upon their own hardened hands—hoe their own row from the jump."

AMOS LAWRENCE'S WAY OF DEALING WITH CUSTOMERS.

A country trader bought a few yards of cloth at ten dollars a yard. On measuring the piece at home it ran short a quarter of a yard. The trader was almost afraid to speak of so small a matter to so courtly a merchant. On his next visit to Boston, he plucked up courage enough to say: "Mr. Lawrence, when I was here a few

months ago, I bought a few yards of fine broad cloth." "Yes, at ten dollars a yard." "According to my measure, it fell short a quarter." "Fell short a quarter? That will never do; it should have overrun a quarter." Turning to the book-keeper he sad: "Credit this gentleman with a half a yard of our best broad cloth." That customer was nailed for life.—"*Burleigh.*"

HUGH MILLER.

Hugh Miller's worthy uncle used to advise him, "In all your dealings give your neighbor the cast of the bank—"good measure, heaped up, and running over"—and you will not lose by it in the end."

Hugh Miller speaks of a mason with whom he served his apprenticeship as one who "*put his conscience into every stone that he laid.*"

MAXIMS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

"Be frank; say what you mean; do what you say; so shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.

"Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world."—*John Gregg.*

A Boston merchant had these two maxims for his guide:

"Do you what you undertake thoroughly."

"Be faithful in all accepted trusts."

He says of them, "I am satisfied they have served me well *three score years.*" And so they did, for he was one of the solid men of Boston—a millionare.

"As a first and leading principle, let every transaction be of that pure and honest character that you would not be ashamed to have appear before the whole world as clearly as to yourself. It is of the highest consequence that you should not only cultivate correct principles, but that you should place your standard high as to require great vigilance in living up to it."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor makes him easy six months

longer; but if he sees you at the billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day, demands it before he can receive it in a lump."—*Franklin.*

JOHN MC DONOGH'S RULES.

Upon the tomb of John McDonogh, the millionare of New Orleans, are engraved thirteen maxims which he adopted for his guidance through life, and no doubt had much to do in making it a very successful one:

"1. Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. 2. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. 3. Do unto all men as you would be done by. 4. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 5. Never bid another to do what you can do yourself. 6. Never covet what is not your own. 7. Never think any matter so trifling as not to desire notice. 8. Never give out that which does not first come in. 9. Never spend but to produce. 10. Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. 11. Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good. 12. Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality. 13. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence."

BOOK-KEEPING.

No considerable amount of business can be carried on systematically, or successfully without a careful and accurate account being kept of every transaction. The manufacturer figures his profit on a yard of muslin at a quarter of a cent per yard. The banker and broker do certain kinds of brokerage business for an eighth and even for a sixteenth of one per per cent. commission. It is not only the cents that have to be looked after, but the fractions of a cent, and its through the careful watching and accounting for these fractions, that the great enterprises of the country are made successful. Every drop of oil used upon the rolling stock of a railroad, or a loom in a cotton factory, is accounted for in the account of running expenses. Every thread of waste made in a cotton factory is weighed. It is utterly impossible for a large establishment of any kind to do

business, unless every item of the business is "booked." And whatever is advantageous for a corporation to do, is also of equal advantage to individuals, so far as the keeping of book accounts is concerned. No matter how small a business a man may do, even if he is only a clerk or a day laborer, he should keep account of all his transactions with his employer. Unless he does so, he is not fitted to do business for himself, and needs a guardian to look after his interests. Allowing every man to be honest, there is no man perfect, and mistakes are often made, and the only way to avoid multiplying them, is to keep a complete record of every item of business done.

The improved methods of book-keeping are the best for adoption. An endless amount of expensive litigation often results from having no system of recording business transactions daily as they occur. The man who has no system, is at the mercy of every dishonest man he may have dealings with. We heard of a country trader who had a novel way of keeping his accounts, and it was thus: When a customer purchased anything on credit, the merchant would write the customer's name on a slip of paper, and the amount of the purchase, and throw the slip into a barrel kept for the purpose, under the counter. When a customer came in to "settle up," he would empty his barrel upon the floor, and examine all the slips to find those against the name of the particular customer, and by these he settled his account. In the State of New York, a farmer kept his accounts on his cellar door, and he was obliged to carry the door into court, in a law-suit he was engaged in, to prove the original entry. Doors are not very convenient "records" to carry around to prove an original entry. It requires something besides simply knowledge of the multiplication table to know how to keep a set of books in a way that will stand the test, when an account has to be verified by them.

THE VALUE OF A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

The best advice we have to offer is, for every young man who possibly can, to avail himself of a scholarship in some first class commercial college. No matter what it costs, it will be the best investment any young man can make, if he ever expects to superintend his own personal affairs. Hundreds of men have failed

simply because they did not understand how to keep their accounts correctly. It is a very easy thing to lose a hundred, or a thousand dollars, even in one's business, if he has much to do, if he is ignorant of a correct method. It matters not what business a young man may engage in, there will come a time when such knowledge will be of the greatest value to him. No one need expect to fill any place of public trust, who is destitute of the knowledge of book-keeping. So, if he pays a hundred or two hundred dollars for a commercial education, he is absolutely sure of getting it back, and ten times over, should he live to be fifty years old. Then in case of failure of health, or the loss of a leg, he has talent he can always make available.

We wish to add this statement, that young men who have graduated from the best colleges in the land, require after that, a commercial education to do business, just as much as a farmer boy. It is a fact, that ministers as a rule are the very poorest class of men in the country to do business for themselves or any one else. If the minister is well fitted for the "ministerial office," he will most surely fail should he leave his calling for a business where financial ability is required. A commercial education deals with absolute facts, it is all facts. No abstract theories or suppositions, or speculations, current to-day and obsolete to-morrow. Figures are stubborn facts that are unchangable.

A few years ago some parties were prospecting for oil in Canada. They called upon an old farmer, and proposed to him to bore for oil on his farm, offering to give him one-eighth of all the oil obtained as royalty. The old farmer studied over the proposition for sometime, and finally declined their offer. He however, made them a proposition which they were very willing to accept, in preference to their own, which was, that "one-sixteenth" instead of one-eighth should be the royalty granted. This is only a sample of the ignorance of thousands of farmers, and shows the absolute necessity of farmer boys having a commercial education.

ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS.

The good old days of our great-grand-fathers, with their time-honored customs have passed away. The modes of travel are all changed. The saddle and stage-coach have given way to the steam

wagon. Lightning carries the news around the world every day. Telephones bring together friends, hundreds of miles apart, to chat around their own firesides, seated in their easy chairs, although vision is dim to look out into the darkness and see their familiar faces, yet we listen to their sweet and welcome voices, and know they cannot be far away, when we can hold sweet conversation with them by the hour. This remarkable discovery is of great importance as well as convenience. Young people can do their courting with much less inconvenience. Sickness or storm, heat or cold will not interrupt an evening chat. If merchants could have telephones to every house to announce the first arrival of new goods, all the latest styles daily, it would facilitate keeping their customers always posted. This, at present is an impossibility. The newspaper of to-day is the least expensive, and the surest medium to reach the intelligent masses. Hardly a family that does not take one or more papers. Whatever they see in *their* paper they read and believe. Advertisements are read with greater interest than the President's message, or the Bible by the masses of readers. Where there are children they always keep posted with all the advertisers, and what they advertise. If an article is wanted they know just who has it. In fact, they do not know any other dealer. His name is not in "our paper," and with them he might just as well be in Joppa or dead. Advertising in papers that are given away is simply throwing money away.

It is a fast age, everybody is in a hurry. The merchant that is up to the times is anxious to turn his goods over as often as possible. "Quick returns and small profits," is his motto. The customer has no time to spend hunting up the man who does not advertise; in fact he does not want to know him. The man that advertises has everything that is new. Customers like to see new goods, even if they are not prepared to buy. The merchant who does not advertise loses the best class of customers, because his goods are all old style. If he buys fresh goods, and up to style, his customers will not find it out until the goods are "too common," consequently he is ever three to six months behind. When the first flurry is over, prices have to be cut down to make sales. The man who don't advertise, never has as many customers to look at his goods, and cannot sell as cheap as the man who advertises People from a dis-

tance always go straight to the store of the man whose name they have seen "in the papers." They know he has the goods.

In the good old days of our ancestors, every housewife made all the cloth for the entire family. "Store goods" did not have the place that they do now. It required only a very few men then to do the business. Only in large cities would there be usually more than one man in any one branch of trade. Everybody would know him. It would make no difference about his advertising. In fact, but few papers were published. A merchant cannot do business now as they did fifty years ago. He must keep up with the times. If his neighbor advertises he must. The best advertised man leads the trade. Men do not fail by too much advertising, if judiciously made. If he has a small stock, and there are not customers enough, if they gave him all their patronage, it would not pay him to advertise to any great extent. He cannot make customers if the people are not within his reach. A good location in a live community where there is wealth, is the place to make money.

"People do not read advertisements." A gentleman in Philadelphia advertised for a lost kitten. His door bell rang early next morning; a half dozen boys were there, each had the "lost kitten." He looked up street and more boys were coming with kittens, and down street and boys were hurrying along, each had a cat or kitten; in fact the streets seemed to be alive, black with boys bringing home the lost kitten utterly regardless of the size, age and color described in the advertisement. Some of them had "puppies." It took about three days to stop the "Mister here is your lost kitten;" "Mister, is this your dog?"

People don't read the papers? Well, when a hungry man buys a ticket to a church dinner and don't eat his money's worth, water will run up hill. If there is anything on the table he don't taste of, it will be because he cannot see it, or the waiter find it. A good many people are like the man who went into Newburyport, Mass., with a turkey, which he sold to a hotel keeper for a dollar, and remarked to the landlord that he would probably take dinner with him before he returned home. He was on hand for dinner, the only guest; the turkey was there too, nicely cooked, and when he finished the dinner, nothing but the bones were left. He paid twenty-five cents for the dinner, had eaten a nice turkey, a royal dinner, and had seventy-

five cents to carry home. This is a fair sample of a class of men who expect to get a great deal for nothing.

If no one advertised, it would be the very best reason why you should, and as long as some do advertise, it is the best of all reasons why you must, or be left behind. People used to ride in lumbering stage-coaches, or travel with their own conveyances to market to buy their goods. They do not do it now, not even the old fogies. Goods used to be transported by ox teams, but now express trains are too slow. A good newspaper carries your card, your advertisement, into thousands of homes to be read by 10,000 or 100,000 people. People talk less than they used to, and read more. They read the papers, and take it for granted everybody else does. Every family that subscribes to a weekly paper reads it, advertisements and all. A gentleman on the cars, or steamboat buys a paper to read what interests him. In every first class paper, advertisements are all classified. It takes but a moment to find the line of business one is interested in knowing about. Advertise your business if you wish to do business. If you do not want customers to know what you have for sale, by all means keep your name out of the papers.

RESERVE POWER.

The successful general does not exhibit the strength of his army by a grand dress parade in front of the enemy. He deploys skirmishers to draw him out, to learn his position and strength; and not to exhibit his own. When the battle opens the veterans are held in reserve, only to be brought into action in case the enemy presses too hard, or he has not force sufficient to hold them in check, or when a flank movement is attempted. He never employs more men than is necessary; never wastes his ammunition.

A good debater never shows his strong points first. He holds his "big guns" in reserve to the last, using only what fire is necessary to checkmate his opponents, only to knock down "the pins" he sets up.

The great secret of success in business is to economize one's resources in every way possible, expending only where and when absolutely necessary. The expending of money lavishly without getting an equivalent, is useless, and hinders the early accomplishment of the object sought. Always keep a good reserve on hand.

Don't waste your ammunition. You have none to waste. Don't fire your gun for the noise, the report. Many a general has won a victory by resolutely sticking by the "quaker guns," when he was bankrupt in war material and fighting stock.

Hundreds of business men on the extreme verge of bankruptcy, have, by a brave heart and determined will, by keeping right straight along, keeping their mouths shut to their real condition, weathered the storm, and nobody been hurt. It requires nerve power, will power. A nervous, timid man is sure to betray himself. The moment the man himself becomes alarmed, and his creditors know it, they will be greatly alarmed, and the wheels will have to stop. Said Admiral Farragut in a letter to his wife: "As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success. Shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest."

Hold your reserve power, all you have, to the last, to the last moment. Never show your hand only when absolutely necessary. The great railroad magnates do not advertise their plans. They do not boast of the millions they have in reserve to buy up some bankrupt railroad. They never show their heads or hands only as receivers of dividends. Reserve power is capital, it is better than money in the bank, it is credit on the street current any where.

Young man keep a good reserve on hand. Add to it every day; it will pay you more than a hundred per cent. interest annually. It is the anchor and ballast that holds the ship and keeps it right side up through storm and tempest. Your reserve power is your anchor and ballast to hold you right side up, that you may outride the financial storms and crises that are sure to come sometime, somewhere, and perhaps when you least expect them. If you have the anchor throw it overboard, it will hold, and you will be safe. We wish to be clear at this point, as we have been a victim, and paid dearly for the information we give you. It has cost us more than $10,000 to learn it. It may be worth ten times that amount to you. It is worth a HUNDRED DOLLARS to *every young man* to know this fact. It will be worth from $1,000 to $100,000 to some young man who has read these pages, and acts according to the spirit of their teachings. Young man, HOLD ON.

LAND SURVEYING IN THE WEST.

SYSTEM ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The government adopted the present system of surveying the public lands in 1802. It is the most complete system that could have been devised. It is as easy to understand as the multiplication table, and is known as the "Rectangular System." The first step in the survey of the lands west of the Mississippi river, was to fix upon a base line. This was established at the mouth of the St. Francis river, in the State of Arkansas, and runs thence west. Parallel lines run every six miles north of the base lines; the six mile spaces are known as "Congressional Townships;" each one is numbered commencing at the base line. The first Township is "No. 1, north," and so on consecutively. Township No. 65, north, runs through Keokuk, Iowa; No. 78, north, takes in Davenport, Iowa City, Des Moines, &c.; No. 100, north, is the north tier of townships of the State of Iowa; No. 117, north, takes in St. Paul, Minnesota.

A meridian line was also astronomically calculated and established. It intersects the Base Line at the mouth of the Arkansas river, and runs north through the State of Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota. This line is known as the "Fifth Principal Meridian," usually written abbreviated thus, "5th P. M." Washington, D. C., is the base for all meridian lines. Parallel to these meridian lines other lines are run approximately six miles apart. Each one of these six miles spaces is designated as a "Range." They are numbered consecutively from the meridian line. If east, the first space would be Range No. 1, east. If west, the first space would be Range No. 1, west. In Iowa, there are but five ranges east of the "5th P. M.," and about 50 west of it. These lines cross the Township lines every six miles, and divide the land into squares of six miles on each side, making thirty-six square miles to every "Congressional Township." Each square mile has 320 rods on each of its four sides, and contains 640 acres of land, and is called a section, and numbered, commencing at the north-east corner of a Township, which is No. 1; No. 2 is the next one to the left, and so on. No. 6 is at the extreme north-west corner; No. 7 is immediately south of No. 6; No. 12 is south of No. 1; No. 13 is south of No. 12 Numbering from right to left, and left

to right, No. 36 comes at the south-east corner. Every section surveyed by government is divided up into sixteen equal parts, each part being 80 rods square, and containing forty acres. (See diagram No. 5, page 175). Each forty acre tract is described separately.

This plan would be perfection if the earth was *flat*, instead of being spherical. As all meridian lines run north and converge to the north pole, it will readily be seen that the nearer they approach the pole the closer together will be the lines, and the "square sections" would soon be lost and out of square, before many townships were surveyed off. To overcome this difficulty new base lines are run, and are called "correction lines," and from these new lines work commences again on the "square," precisely the same as it did at the principal base line in Arkansas. Sometimes in making these correction lines a section contains less than 640 acres; or it may contain more. In either case these sections are classed as "fractional sections."

It is of the utmost importance to owners of real estate to know whether they have good title to their lands, and above all to know whether they are located where they suppose them to be. We have seen so many mistakes, and so many disappointed land-owners, that we have inserted diagrams (see pages 175 and 176) showing how lands are described, that each one can for himself draw a correct plat of his lands. Unless one can do this, he never will know whether his lands are correctly assessed, or whether he pays taxes on his own land, or somebody's else. Assessors are careless, and often ignorant of their duties, poor scholars and miserable writers. Auditors and their clerks make mistakes. The tax receiver cannot correct errors, unless the tax-payer is able to point them out, and then require a new and correct description to be made in his assessment. The tax-payer must not pay on an erroneous description, as some do, thinking it will be "all right" if he has paid anything once a year. The slightest error in an assessment may subject the owner to absolute loss of his land. To be safe he must know when he buys a tract, its exact location, and be able to locate it upon a sectional map. If he knows how to do that, no one can deceive him as to where the land lies. If he understands the system of land surveying he can in one minute fix the exact position of his land. If he does not, he will make a first class dupe for some land swind-

ler. A swindler will say that the tract he desires to sell lies just outside of Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, or in the suburbs of St Louis, Missouri, or St. Paul, Minnesota; or wherever he may think he can inveigle a customer to think he wants to purchase land. It is always close up to some very important city or town, where all the great railways of the country will form a junction; while the deed you buy may locate your purchase hundreds of miles away from human habitation.

A few months ago a lot of swindlers formed a company to sell out "North Denver, Colorado," at $1 per lot. The lots were forty miles from Denver in the sand hills, and utterly worthless. Thousands were taken in, and a million would probably have been, had not the post-office department cut short the game of the sharpers, by gobbling up all their letters, and returning the money enclosed to the senders. A mistake in a description will often invalidate the title to land that the grantor honestly intends to convey. A mistake in the number of the Range or Township, will make six miles difference in the supposed location of the tract. It may make fifty or a hundred miles. A mistake in the number of the section, or part of a section is equally unfortunate for the buyer. We have known instances where men have lost their farms by a simple clerical error in the drawing of the deed, by inserting east for west, or south for north. A man may pay taxes for twenty years on a wrong description, and lose his land in the meantime, by not knowing of the error, the piece he should have paid on having been sold for taxes, and after five years it has become past redemption.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

Diagram No. 1 represents a square section, containing 640 acres. Each side measures 320 rods.

Nos. 2 and 3 represent sections divided in halves, east and west, and north and south.

No. 4 a section cut into quarters of 160 acres each; each quarter is 160 rods square.

No. 5 shows a section divided into sixteen parts, which is the completed survey by the United States Government.

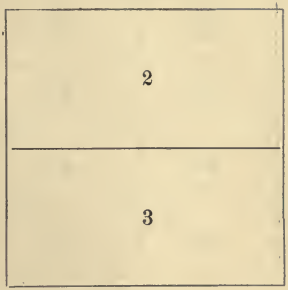
Nos. 6, 7 and 8 show the various sub-divisions that are often made in sections; 42, 55, 58 and 61 being ten acre tracts, and 43, 56, 57 and 60 thirty acre tracts.

With these diagrams and a sectional map, no one need be mistaken as to the location of any tract of land he may be interested in.

DIAGRAMS OF SECTIONS, SHOWING SUB-DIVISIONS.

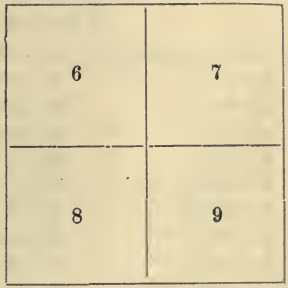
No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.

No. 4.



No. 5.

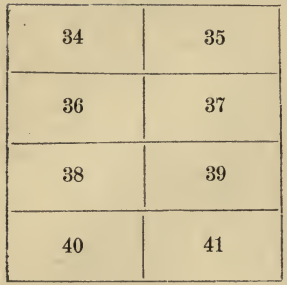
10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25

No. 6.

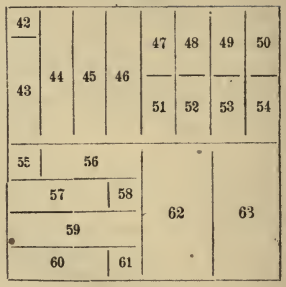
26	27	28	29
30	31	32	33

DIAGRAMS—CONTINUED.

No. 7.



No. 8.



ABBREVIATED DESCRIPTIONS OF SECTIONAL SUB-DIVISIONS.

N, north; S, south; E, east; W, west.

1—Whole Section.
2—N½.
3—S½.
4—W½.
5—E½.
6—NW¼.
7—NE¼.
8—SW¼.
9—SE¼.
10—NW¼ NW¼.
11—NE¼ NW¼.
12—NW¼ NE¼.
13—NE¼ NE¼.
14—SW¼ NW¼.
15—SE¼ NW¼.
16—SW¼ NE¼.
17—SE¼ NE¼.
18—NW¼ SW¼.
19—NE¼ SW¼.
20—NW¼ SE¼.
21—NE¼ SE¼.
22—SW¼ SW¼.
23—SE¼ SW¼.
24—SW¼ SE¼.
25—SE¼ SE¼.
26—W½ NW¼.
27—E½ NW¼.
28—W½ NE¼.
29—E½ NE¼.
30—W½ SW¼.
31—E½ SW¼.
32—W½ SE¼.
33—E½ SE¼.
34—N½ NW¼.
35—N½ NE¼.
36—S½ NW¼.
37—S½ NE¼.
38—N½ SW¼.
39—N½ SE¼.
40—S½ SW¼.
41—S½ SE¼.
42—NW¼ NW¼ NW¼.
43—S 30 W½ W½ NW¼.
44—E½ W½ NW¼.
45—W½ E½ NW¼.
46—E½ E½ NW¼.
47—W½ NW¼ NE¼.
48—E½ NW¼ NE¼.
49—W½ NE¼ NE¼.
50—E½ NE¼ NE¼.
51—W½ SW¼ NE¼.
52—E½ SW¼ NE¼.
53—W½ SE¼ NE¼.
54—E½ SE¼ NE¼.
55—NW¼ NW¼ SW¼.
56—E 30 N½ N½ SW¼.
57—W 30 S½ N½ SW¼.
58—SE¼ NE¼ SW¼.
59—N½ S½ SW¼.
60—W 30 S½ S½ SW¼.
61—SE¼ SE¼ SW¼.
62—W½ SE¼.
63—E½ SE¼.