The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 22.

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June 17, 1880.

LIFE.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times*, from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Young.
Life's a short summer, man a flower.
Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
Prior.
To be, is better than not to be,
Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:
Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb
Daniell.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come,
Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;
Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here no man befall.
Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
Churchill.
Custom does often reason overrule.
Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven;
Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven,
Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,
Trench.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Thomson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
Smollet.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
Messenger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Cowley.
Then I renounce that impious self-esteem;
Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Willis.
Only destructive to the brave and great.
Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
Quarles.
How long we live, not years but actions tell;
Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Herrick.
Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
Dana.
For, live how we can, yet die we must.
Shakspeare.

THE SAINT-GARBELLE INN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

You would have been very fortunate, my children, if you had known my Uncle Bayle, because he alone knew more stories than you have ever read. My uncle did not live in our little city of Mirepeix; he did not lodge in our large house with red window shutters, which was the family residence. He was an advocate, and lived at Foix, and almost every Saturday we would see him coming on his horse, and our joyous cries hailed him at a distance. The servant, my old Jeannette, came immediately to salute our Uncle Bayle who carefully informed himself as to the supper. Then, after having added or changed something in the bill of fare, he seated himself in a large chair of carved wood, which we dragged up to the fire, and without delay we all began to cry, "A story! a story!" On this evening the cry was less boisterous, because we had formed a little conspiracy and no one dared to speak first. Finally my pretty cousin Dorothee, the most talkative little girl of the house, and now the grave Superior of a convent of the Sisters of Charity, ventured to cry: "A ghost story!" and we replied together: "Yes, a ghost story!"

My uncle frowned and looked toward Jeannette, who was very much confused, and wished to appear absorbed in peppering her children pot-pie, and she really peppered it so well that we were not able to eat it. It was she, in fact, who had read us repeatedly the story of the Spectre Leg and the Open Eye, and who had urged us to make this demand.

"There are only fools or rogues who believe, or pretend to believe, in ghosts," said my uncle in a severe tone. We all waited in silence, so much authority was there in his words, but a moment of reflection seemed to calm him. We saw him smile, as if to himself, and he added, in a tone full of sweetness: "You want a ghost story, my children?—All right; I will relate one to you which happened to me, so that it cannot be doubted."

We gathed around him closer than usual; the lamp hung by a chain attached to the mantle-piece, and there our uncle told his story:

One autumn evening, it must have been forty years ago, because I was scarcely twenty years old at the time, I was returning from Toulouse. I had made a good journey, because I had already passed Auterive, where some friends had urged me to pass the night, but I was very anxious to reach Swerdun, which, you know, is nine miles farther, and I resumed my journey. I had arrived almost in front of the Bolboune monastery, beyond the beautiful woods of Lecourien, where Father Vaniul (whose Latin works you will have to translate some day) composed his "Preadium Rusticum," when a sudden and frightful storm, like those that come down from our mountains, unexpectedly broke forth. In less than no time the night became black and traveling impossible. I would certainly have asked shelter at the monastery, but the moment I took that resolution my horse, frightened at the flashes of lightning and noise of thunder, darted into a little by-path, and carried me with him in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. Notwithstanding his rapidity I soon recognized that he had taken the road to St. Gabelle, and that he was leading me there all right. Some day this summer we will visit St. Gabelle, where the church is built on the top of a hill, commanding a view of the entire city, the foot of which is higher than the roofs of the highest houses. I will take you to see the choir balcony built entirely of oak, with beautiful carving, and we will ask M. Lanigue to play for us on the organ, which is perhaps the best in all France. In the meantime my horse galloped on until he stopped of his own accord as he had started, and I perceived that I was at the door of an inn. I entered. The company was numerous, a mixed crowd of Spanish merchants and young sportsmen of the vicinity, overtaken like myself by the storm.—After drying ourselves at the fire, composed of a dozen vine branches which had been thrown in the fire-place, supper was announced, and we all sat down to the table. At first the conversation turned on the frightful weather. One had been thrown from his horse; another had been detained an hour in getting himself and cart out of a pool of mud. Finally, some one exclaimed, "It is an infernal night, just the time for a meeting of witches." This remark, which was very simple, gave place to a singular observation, made in a tone still more singular.

"Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their meeting a beautiful moonlight night to a night so unpleasant as this."

We all gazed at the man who said this and saw that it was one of the Spanish merchants. You have often seen them, my children, with their leggings and short breeches open at the knee and showing their naked, hairy legs. You know what a mingled air of pride and misery they have with their espadrilles attached to their feet by narrow bands of leather, their red cloak, which they wear so gracefully, their brown faces, browned with black hair, and their large gold ear-rings. He who had spoken had, more than any you have seen, that savage bearing which is characteristic of them all. None of us had thought of replying to this observation, made in a grave and severe voice, when my neighbor, a young man with a frank and open manner, burst out laughing as he said:

"It appears that this gentleman knows the habits of ghosts, and that they have told him that they do not like to get wet or dirty."

He had not finished his sentence when the Spaniard threw on him a terrible look, as he said:

"Young man, do not speak so lightly of things you know nothing about."

"Do you think you can make me believe there are ghosts?" replied my neighbor, disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man jumped up, red with anger, but calmed himself, and sat down again quietly, saying:

"You would have paid dearly for that remark if it were not that of a fool."

"That of a fool," cried the Spaniard, jumping up in his turn. "Well, then," added he, slapping his fist on the table and throwing down a big leather purse. "Here are thirty quadruples (about $216) which I offer to lose if within an hour I do not make you see, you who are so positive, the face of one of your friends that you will name, let him be dead for ten years, and if, after having recognized him, you dare to permit his mouth to attach a kiss to yours."

The Spaniard had an air so terrible in saying these words that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved his laughing, mocking manner, and replied:

"You will do this, you?"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and I will lose thirty quadruples if I do not do it, on condition that you will lose an equal amount if I keep my promise and you acknowledge it."

The young man was silent a moment, then he said gayly:

"Thirty quadruples! My worthy sorcerer, that is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed; but if you will keep your word for the five quadruples which are here I am your man."

The Spaniard silently took his big leather purse again, and said, scornfully:

"Ah, you back out, my little gentleman?"

"I back out!" cried the young man. "Ah, if I had the thirty quadruples you would see if I backed out."

"Here are four," cried I, "which I add to your stake."

I had no sooner made this proposition than five or six persons, attracted like myself by the singularity of this challenge, offered to take part in it, and in less than no time the Spaniard's amount was covered. This man seemed so sure of his work that he confidid the stake to the young student, and we got ready for the demonstration.

To that end we selected a small pavilion, perfectly isolated, in the garden, so that there could be no deception. We searched it minutely; we assured ourselves that there were no other openings than a window securely fastened and a door which was closed in the same manner, and at which we all stood after we had left the young man alone in the pavilion. We had placed writing materials on the table and took away all the lights. We were eagerly interested in the issue of this scene, and were all keeping a profound silence, when the Spaniard, who had remained among us, commenced to sing in a sweet and sad voice a song which may be rendered as follows:

Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has
broken in the half-opened tomb.
And the white phantom's black foot
is resting on the grass.

After this verse he raised his voice solemnly and said:

"You have asked to see your friend, Francois Violet, who was drowned three years ago in crossing the Pensagnoles Ferry. What do you see?"

"I see," replied the young man, "a pale light which has risen near the window, but it has no form and is only an indistinct mist."

We all stood stupefied.

"Are you not afraid," replied the student.

We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he stamped on the ground with his foot three different times, and began all at once to sing again, but in a higher and more sombre voice:

"And the white phantom, whose face has been withered by the surge of the waves, wipes with his shroud the water from his garments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard turns again towards the door, and, giving to his voice an accent more and more solemn, he said:

"You, who wished to pry into the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

We listened with anxiety. The student replied in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens:

"I see this vapor which grows larger and takes the form of a phantom; the phantom has the head covered with a veil. It remains in the same place where it arose."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard in an insulting voice.

The proud and brave voice of the young man replied, "I am not afraid."

We dared not look at each other, so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce, after which he chanted the third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant:

"And the phantom said in leaving the tomb, in order that he may recognize me I will go towards my friend, proud, smiling and beautiful as in my youth."

The Spaniard finished his verse and again repeated his terrible question:

"What do you see?"

"I see," repeated the student, "the phantom advances—it raises its veil—it is Francois Violet—he approaches the table—he writes—he has written; it is his signature!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, furiously.

There was a moment of inexpressible silence, and the student replied with more strength than assurance, "No, I am not afraid!"

Immediately, as if siezed with a fit of madness, the Spaniard commenced to sing with a strange howl this last horrible verse:

"And the phantom said to the mocking man, come then, that I may touch you, put your hand in my hand, press your heart to my heart, your mouth to my mouth."

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"It comes—it approaches—it pursues me—it extends its arms—it will seize me. Help! Help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, with a ferocious joy.

A piercing cry, then a smothered groan was the only answer to this terrible question.

"Help that impudent young man!" said the Spaniard to us in a cruel voice. "I have, I think, won the wager, but it is enough for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money and be more prudent in the future."

He went away rapidly after these words. We were utterly dumbfounded. We opened the door and found the student in horrible convulsions. The paper, signed with the name of Francois Violet, was on the table. Scarcely had the student recovered when he demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation; he wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn, and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

We were all trembling with fright huddled closely about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around us. Jeanette herself had forgotten her roast, which had fallen into the fire and smelled very strongly as it burned. No one had the courage to speak; then I gathered strength to say to my uncle, "And how is it after this, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer were ever seen afterwards, nor the beautiful quadruples which the other travelers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard; and because these two rogues carried them away after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simpletons, and which I found very expensive, but which will not have cost too much if it enables me to fully persuade you that none but imbeciles or rogues believe or pretend to believe in ghosts.

☞ A French physician takes three columns in which to tell why a man dies from hanging by the neck, when everybody knows it is because the rope isn't long enough to let the man's feet touch the ground.

☞ A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night, with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

☞ The mark of cane—Dust on the schoolboy's jacket.

AN INCIDENT ON THE CARS.

"Cars stop twenty minutes for refreshments!" called out Conductor Richardson, at Allen's Junction.

Then as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back with me to the first passenger-coach and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of."

The engineer nodded, without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands in a bunch of "waste," took a look at his grimy, dusty face in the narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam-guage, pulled off his frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for his soft felt hat—taking these "dress-up" articles from the tender-box, where an engineer always has them stowed away for an emergency—and went back to the coach, as requested.

He entered the coach and made his way to the seat where the kind-hearted conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely-old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My father was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Susie and Willie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said, if the conductors wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer, and tell him I was James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M—— and G—— road."

The pleading blue eyes were now full of tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank now quickly stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears away from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then, turning to the group of passengers, he went on:

"I knew Jim Kendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana—before I got acclimated—I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got home-sick and discouraged. Couldn't keep my board bill paid up—not to mention my doctor's bill—and didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day, when the pay car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from the ague, nor worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so 'blue,' that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a great boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along and said, in a voice that sounded like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy out there, although the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face: 'Indeed, I cannot take the money. You need every cent yourself.'

"'Indeed, you *will* take it, man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few weeks, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper, and see the babies; it will do you good.'

"I took the bank-note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I rather guess Jim Kendrick's little girl here will not want for anything if I can help it."

Then turning again to the child, whose blue eyes were wide open enough now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me, Bessie, dear, when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether those Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they don't care much about you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless his memory!"

Just then the Eastern train whistled. "All aboard!" was shouted, engineer Frank vanished out of the car-door and went forward to his engine, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve, while the conductor and sympathetic passengers could not suppress the tears this touching little episode evoked during the twenty-minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.—*Golden days.*

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

AN OYSTER YARN.

A New York correspondent to the Philadelphia Press tells the following amusing story:

I never found anything but once here in excess of my expectations or even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had then just come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eat a hundred there at a time, and had always felt that I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropolitan hotel I order my dinner to be served in my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me a moment, and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; raw, on the half shell, with vinegar; no lemon, and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, did you want a hundred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice large ones."

"No, no, miss. All right, you shall have them," and he went out. I continued my writing and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin'," and the door opened and in filed three more waiters, each with a big tray of oysters on the half shell. I was staggered but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the washstand and one on the bed, and said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh! no, miss, de bery largest we'se got."

"Very well," said I; "you can go. If I want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"Fore heaven, Jo, if she eats all them oysters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand, and they all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They jeered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. Our California oysters are small and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dare not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior, so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the keyhole after I locked the door, and just outside my window found a tin waterspout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down one by one—one hundred and two of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked if I would have some more. May he never know the internal pang he inflicted upon me; but I replied calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful."

EXAGGERATION.

Some habits are so unconsciously practiced that a movement to mend them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's own eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family while at the breabfast table one morning pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequences."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it:

"What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't—" and then, true to her compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding: "I never was so cold in my life."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly with, "Oh, I don't think it was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-So was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-So was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted, by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new law.

Bull Run Russell, in his army journal, gives a statement of a recent march of a Russian force which throws into the shade the fifteen or sixteen miles a day of the Candahar march. The Russian column accomplished one thousand miles from Tashkend to Kuldja in sixty days. Inclusive of halts, it may be assumed that the Russians covered the ground at the rate of eighteen miles a day, as they generally give a day's rest out of every seven. In one day the Russians made a march of thirty-six miles.

A tall man having rallied a friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground—what more can yours do?"

All Sorts of Clippings

Sesqui is Latin for one and a half.

It's mere chaff to call a needy man seedy.

The man who wouldn't rather be a woman is Dr. Mary Walker.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

A generous soul is sunshine to the mind.

A momentous question:—Is the proposition seconded?

A peony can never outblossom a toper's nose.

A fitting opportunity—the visit to the dressmaker.

Trusting to chants—expecting to get to heaven by singing.

A write-hand man—the amanuensis.

Going to market—the man with a blacking pot.

Unprofitable employment—laboring under a mistake.

Love should always rule the court. The camp can shift for itself.

A thoroughly good man is invariably a brave one.

He who does a good deed makes heaven his debtor.

A bolt does not hold a political convention together.

Responsibility is a hard thing to fix when it gets out of order.

A barber is not always a wise man, if his labor is mostly head work.

Most successes spring up, Phœnix like, from the ashes of some failure.

There is no suffering equal to fear, for it has no limit.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

The more virtuous a man is the more virtue does he see in others.

Prairie chickens are game to the last.

A dressmaker should be careful of her habits.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.

Isn't it strange that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

More tobacco has been planted in Pennsylvania this year than ever before.

The Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco own property valued at $22,290,000.

When a man buys a penny paper he becomes a missionary, simply because he is one cent out.

Ceremonies differ in every country; but true politeness is ever the same.

People are never playing the fool so much as when they think themselves extra wise.

Let your will lead whither necessity will drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we see what may be expected in future.

The firefly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind: when once we rest we darken.

The young man of the period is one whose career has come to a full stop.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Hartford has a cow that is afraid of women.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for $200,000. His annual premium on this sum is $4,000.

The man who digs a hundred feet into the ground for water, gets a long well.

The world is always satisfied with words; few care to dive beneath the surface.

Truth is always present; it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles.

Taking a penny that does not belong to one removes the barrier between integrity and rascality.

The baker's business should be profitable; a good part of his stock is rising while he sleeps.

A man cannot do good nor evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

Those men whose brains are few but active, are the most successful in business.

A weak man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.

Mankind all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.

One reason why we all grow wise so slowly, is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

The divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

A man is great, just in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

A strong man is one whose passions stiumlate his reason and whose reason controls his passions.

Unfortunately, the only pedigree worth having is one that can be neither transmitted nor inherited.

Next to silence comes brevity—the wise man's strength and the fool's refuge.

A Texas dog was born without a tail, and he will sit down right beside an old kettle.

An old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved on him.

It was the man caught by a prairie fire on his own section of land who ran through his property rapidly.

A true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his powers as an elephant.

It requires wisdom to be able, and it requires honesty to be willing, to call things by their right names.

A French statistician says there are 8,000 persons in Paris who spend $10,000 a year and upward,

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