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GREAT THOUGHTS.

They Have the Gift of Immortal Youth and Strength.

The influence of the law of action and reaction can be traced more clearly in those everyday human affairs which come under our individual observation than in the greater movements of mankind which are often imperfectly recorded. We act and are acted upon. The people we meet make an impression on us; the impression may be for the moment or it may last through life. Bloom, fragrance, grace, harmony, beauty, majesty, affect us agreeably; deformity, imbecility, distress, cruelty, affect us unpleasantly. The plea of the unfortunate, the thought of our visitor, the opinion in the newspaper, the issues of the time, impress us in accordance with our moods or natures. Certain words, tones, sights, awaken echoes within us of old happiness or pain.

There are words and tones which produce beautiful reactions—the lullabies of the mother, the endearments of the lover, the voice of sympathy, the enchantment of music, the messages of the poets, the trumpet calls to honor and duty. And there are words which produce misunderstanding, confusion, aversion, anger—the words of whining, complaining, fault finding, of envy, jealousy, slander, of malice, intolerance, brutality.

The response to the public speaker is reciprocal to his power. If he be dull, the hearers are wearied; if he be convincing, courageous, forceful, the audience will kindle, and he may rouse them to laughter or tears, to indignation or fury, to generosity or sacrifice. He may change the opinions and convictions of some and the course of the lives of others; he may even save a city from slaughter or make a state. If his thought be really great, it may live through many ages, stirring generation after generation. The reaction of moral effort may be prolonged; it may even gain force with time, indicating its connection with some stupendous primal energy. The echo of a great physical convulsion dies quickly, but the echo of the words of Confucius and Buddha, of Plato, Seneca and Christ, still lives. The voice of Socrates before his judges kindles men whose ancestors were untamed savages when Socrates spoke. Buildings decay, monuments fall, rivers run dry, races decline, but a great thought suffers from no impairment or decrepitude; it has the gift of immortal youth and strength.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

Why Some Folks Go to Europe.

When New York society doesn't know what else to do it goes abroad. An ambitious woman gets wind of some rival's intended function. Not to be invited or not to be seen among the guests means a slight easily endured if the world be not cognizant of the fact, but intolerant if it is; therefore the ambitious woman sails away to Europe. She may not be gone six weeks, but her absence is thus to be accounted for. In other cases it is known that society takes this absent treatment to cure heart troubles, to escape social obligations that weigh too heavily on the income or, again, from sheer ennui it departs. This restlessness of certain sets in society would be dangerous were it not for the safety valve which that really overworked Atlantic ocean has become of late years. When all else fails, go to Europe.—Boston Herald.

The Beautiful.

Beauty prevails in spite of all we do. We may build ugly buildings, we may think ugly thoughts, we may wrinkle ourselves in worries or the contemplation of ugliness, we may even worship ugliness under the name of utility, but lightly, without an effort, the gentle hand of beauty descends upon all. Beauty may do her subtle work in many ways. Sun, moon, fog and rain are alike her servants. The fresh red houses, garish eyesores in the sun, become wonderful as they loom blood red before the man in the mist, or in a few years the red is quieted, and the searching light only makes it more beautiful.—Arthur Ransome.

A Conversion.

A country circus advertised that "at 12 o'clock the cannibals will be fed." A large crowd assembled, but to everybody's disappointment the savages ate potatoes. In reply to some indignant questions the manager said: "But, gentlemen, don't you see that their diet is evidence of my skill? I have converted them into vegetarians."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Selfish Man.

A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

The Game of Life.

Life is a queer game of blind man's buff, played in a mist on a mountain top, and the players keep dropping over the precipices. But nobody heeds because there are always plenty more, and the game goes on forever.—H. Rider Haggard.

Good to Have and Bad to Lose.

"A man, like a razor, must have some temper to be any good at all."

"Yes, temper is a good thing to have, but a very bad thing to lose."—Philadelphia Press.

An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but a modest man can never counterfeit impudence.—Goldsmith.

TOM SHERIDAN.

The Handsome, Witty and Spoiled Son of Richard Brinsley.

At the east corner of Bolton street (now 81 Piccadilly) there flourished when the nineteenth century was still young a club devoted to dandyism, diners de luxe and high play, or, to speak cynically, the ruin of mind, body and estate. It was called Watier's. Its presiding genius, or "perpetual president," was Beau Brummel, famous for his cravats, his quarrel with the prince regent and his phenomenal good luck at the then fashionable game of macao. One evening he found the gaming table so full that there was no room for him, but seated there was a friend of his whom he knew to be too poor to play for the extravagant stakes affected by the habitues and who probably would not have been there at all but for the rosy influence of a good dinner with plenty of wine. After a word or two the friends changed places, and before long Brummel rose the richer by £1,500. This sum he faithfully shared with his friend, saying, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper and play no more." The action was kindly and the advice good, and, though the words lacked somewhat respect, the pill was well gilded. Tom was the handsome, witty, spoiled son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Of Tom it has been said that he was endowed with all the wit of his father, all the charm of his mother and the good looks of both. Few men seem to have been more universally liked, and when George Colman wrote, "I love and esteem Tom Sheridan heartily and wish success to any scheme in which he is interested," he only expressed a general sentiment.

A few specimens of Tom's wit have been preserved. None is better than a reply to his foolishly indulgent father when remonstrating with him for some imprudence. The father ended by saying, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing," whereupon Tom replied in a tone of assumed indignation, "Sir, would you dream of comparing your father to mine?"—Longman's Magazine.

THE LAND OF NICOTINE.

Smoking Seems to Be an Essential Part of Japanese Life.

I think every man, woman and child in Japan smokes. This may be an exaggeration, especially as regards the children, but it is no exaggeration to say that smoking is as much a part of the everyday life of the people as is eating or drinking, and it is indulged in by women with the same innocent, nonchalant enjoyment as is exhibited by the men. It was a bit of a shock to me when I first came to Japan to come face to face with this fact before I had an opportunity to form any sort of impressions of the little women in whom I was prepared to be so interested. I landed at Nagasaki and almost immediately took a train for Moji, whence I was to go for a trip through the interior. It was early morning, and, being in the midst of the rainy season, everything was soggy damp.

The first class carriage into which I was shown was anything but first class; it was unclean and badly ventilated, and its only other occupants were two Japanese ladies and a man. The women had evidently just finished breakfasting in the car and were now sitting on their feet upon the seat absolutely enwrapped in clouds of the most evil smelling smoke, which they puffed from long cigarettes. They were beautifully dressed in silk kimonos and were undoubtedly gentlewomen. I knew that even then, when I had seen so few, and I must confess I was rather annoyed, because their daintiness seemed to be entirely destroyed. But after a residence of months I think I would rather see them smoke than not. They do it so daintily, so innocently, with such frank enjoyment, and so constantly, that it seems a very part of their quaint Jappiness.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

A Widow's Charm.

There is nothing that need to perplex one in the secret of a widow's charm. She is simply saturated with wisdom of the particular kind needed in dealing with men. She has lived with one of the number, wintered and summered him and learned when to hold her tongue and when to be loquacious. She may be past mistress in the art of keeping out of the way until her society is very much wanted, and that is the acme of wisdom. There are times when every human being needs to be alone, to fight out the little ill tempers, shed the necessary tears or make repairs in one's personal appearance.—Detroit News.

The Remedy.

"I have a premonition!" hoarsely whispered she, pulling out her first gray hair.

"Premonition of what?" growled her husband.

"A premonition that I shall dye tonight."—Houston Post.

His Hope.

Elder—So you're to be married, eh? I hope you fully realize that it's a serious step. Younger—Well, if I never realize that it was a serious misstep I'll be satisfied.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Different Things.

Nell—So she's fallen in love with young Roxley. Belle—You don't say? Nell—Why, surely you heard about it? Belle—No. I merely heard she was going to marry him.—Exchange.

That is the tragedy of every woman's life. She is pretty for a few years and old for a great many.—Mrs. Craigie.

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