

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET AL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT. BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Josephus Daniels, Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1881.

VOL. 11 - NO. 21.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

Wilson, Friday, July 8, 1881.

POETRY.

The Station Agent's Story.

Take a seat in the shade, here, lady,
It's tiresome, I know, to wait,
But when the train reaches Verona
It's always sure to be late;
'Specially when anyone's waitin',
'Been gatherin' flowers, I see?
Ah, well, they're better company
Than a rough old fellow, like me.

You noticed the graves 'neath the willows,

Down there where the blossoms grew?
Well, yes, there's a story about them,
Almost too strange to be true;
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story,
Than was ever written in books:
And God made the ending perfect—
There, now I see by your looks.

I will have to tell the story:

Let me see; 'twas eight years ago
One blustery night in winter
When the air was just thick with snow;
As the freight came round the curve
there,
They beheld a man on the track,
Bravin' the storm before him but
'Not heedin' the foe at his back.

And, ere a hand could grasp the bell-rope

Or a finger reach the rod,
On a pile on the cruel snow-pile
Laid him out here in the freight-
houses.
And I stayed with him that night,
He'd one of the pleasantest faces,
So hopeful and young and bright.

There was only a worn out letter:

I know it by heart—it said:
'Dear John, baby May grows finely,
I send you this card from her head.
We will meet at Bra-kenboro'.
The grandfather's sad and lone,
But I read him your kind words, say-
ing,
When we've a home of our own;

He shall sing the songs of old England

Beneath our own willow tree.
That was all there was of it, lady,
And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh."
So we made a grave in the morning
And I buried the man out there
Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's
land,
With only a stranger's prayer.

But when he'd slept in his lonely grave

Out there, high on to a year,
My freight run away down there;
There were of y two passengers that
night
Dead, when we found them there—
A sweet, little English woman,
And a baby with golden hair.

On her breast lay the laughing baby,

With its rosy finger tips
Still warm, and the fair, young mother
With a frozen smile on her lips.
We laid them out here in the freight-
house,
I stayed that night with the dead;
I shall never forget the letter
We found in her purse; it said:

Dear Alice, praise God I've got here

I'll soon have a home for you now,
But you must come with the baby,
As soon as you can anyhow.
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him
That by and by he shall come
And sing the songs of old England,
'Neath the willows beside our home.

For, close by the door of our cottage

I'll set out a willow tree,
For his sake and the sake of old Eng-
land,
Lovingly yours, John Leigh."

The tears filled my eyes as I read it:

But I whispered—"God is just!"
For I knew the true heart under—
'Them' only a handful of dust.
Had drawn this sweet, little woman
Right here, and God's merciful love,
Had taken her from the sorrow,
To the glad reunion above!

So, close by the grave of the other,

We laid her away to rest;
The golden haired, English mother
With the baby upon her breast.
I planted those trees above them,
For I knew their story, you see;
And I thought their rest would be
sweeter
'Neath their own loved willow tree.

Five years rolled along, and lady,

My story may now seem to you,
Like a wonderful piece of fiction;
But I tell you it is true,
As true as—that God is above us!
One summer day, hot and clear,
As the train rolled into the station
And stopped to change engines here:

Among a company of Mormons

Came a tremblin', white haired man,
He ask'd me with voice very eager,
'Will you tell me, sir, if you can,
Of a place called Bra-kenboro'?'
And how far have I got to go?
'It's the next station north," I an-
swered,
'Only thirteen miles below."

His face lit up for a moment,

With a look of joy complete;
Then he threw up his hands toward
heaven,
And dropped down dead at my feet!
'Old Hag! Leigh is dead," said a
Mormon,
And sighs of trouble he's be'n,
Nothin' would do when we started,
But that he must come with us then.
To find Alice, John and the baby;
And his heart was well nigh broke
With waitin' and watchin' in England,
For letters they never urde."
So we buried him there with the
others
Beneath the willow tree,
'Twas God's way of ending the story—
More perfect than man's could be.

The President Shot.

President Garfield Shot Down
Last Saturday Morning by
a Murderous Assassin.

THE ARREST OF THE CRIMINAL.

Charles J. Guiteau, the Assassin.

Intense Excitement and Indignation.

The President's Condition.

We publish to-day a full account of the dastardly attack made on the President's life last Saturday morning. Our report is condensed from the complete and exhaustive account published in the New York Herald of Sunday, and gives a correct account of the act.

As President James A. Garfield, accompanied by Sec'y Blaine, was entering the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad at Washington Saturday morning to take the train for Long Branch, he was shot twice by a scoundrel named Charles Jules Guiteau, who had been lying in wait for him. This occurred at 9:20 a. m. The first ball from the assassin's revolver struck the President near the left shoulder and passed over by the shoulder blade; the second struck him in the back over the left kidney. The President turned at the first shot and fell forward on his knees at receiving the second bullet. Postmaster General James and others of his party who had preceded him ran to his assistance. The assassin was instantly overpowered and arrested. The President was carried to a room on the floor above, medical aid was summoned, and stimulants administered. The great, strong man thus basely stricken down soon rallied from the shock and was at once borne in an ambulance to the White House, where efforts were made to ascertain the nature of the wounds. The patient remained conscious, conversed cheerfully and hopefully, but his pulse was high, he was suffering some pain and internal hemorrhage was believed to be taking place. Morphine was hypodermically injected and he became easier, obtaining some sleep. The danger from shock and from internal bleeding having been, in the estimation of his physicians last evening, tided over, it was hoped the remaining danger from inflammation would be surmounted. Nothing occurred up to the hour of going to press to destroy this hope. At eleven p. m. the President was cheerful, pulse 124, temperature 99, respiration 20. All the symptoms were favorable.

The most intense excitement prevailed through the length and breadth of the country on the news becoming known.

To Mrs. Garfield, convalescing at Long Branch and awaiting her husband's return from the national capital, the news came with terrible shock. She instantly proceeded to Washington on a special train and was admitted to her husband's bedside, bearing up under her weight of sorrow with true womanly fortitude. The sympathy of the world goes out to her.

Vice President Arthur, who arrived yesterday morning in this city by boat from Albany, in company with ex-Senator Conkling, was shocked on hearing the news. A telegram from Secretary Blaine summoned him to Washington, whither he departed at midnight.

The story of the assassin's life, which is given in our columns as it was gathered from various cities of the Union, speaks of a man of erratic temperament and low habits. He was a persistent office seeker, and his crimes may have been the result of malice from disappointment or of sheer insanity.

Despatches of condolence from foreign governments were hourly received in Washington.

THE CRIME.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

The President's party was to leave Washington this morning on the limited express for an extended journey through New England. The party was to comprise the President and Mrs. Garfield, who was to meet him in New York, their two older sons, Harry and James, Miss Mollie Garfield, their daughter, who is now with her mother and friends.

From New York they were to go directly to Irvington, on the Hudson, where they were to spend Sunday. On Monday morning they were to go to Williamstown, Mass., to attend the commencement exercises of Williams College, of which the President is a graduate. They were to remain there until Thursday noon and then take the cars for St. Albans, Vt., spending Friday at that place. From there they

were to go to the White Mountains, staying at Maplewood or Bethlehem and remaining over Sunday. On Monday they were to go to the top of Mount Washington, and on Tuesday to Portland, Me.; from thence to Augusta, where they were to be the guests of Secretary Blaine. The Secretary had secured a revenue cutter, and the party were to take a trip along the Maine coast, visiting Mount Desert and other places of interest. They were then to return to Bangor, Me., and from there to Boston. The Legislature of New Hampshire, having by resolution invited the President to make them a visit, the party was to go to Concord. From there they were to go to New Concord, Mass., then begin the homeward trip, going to New York by way of Hartford and New Haven, expecting to get back to this city about the 17th or 18th of July.

THE PRESIDENT SHOT DOWN.

This was the programme marked out for a pleasant vacation, and the last of the party to complete it had not arrived when the twenty minutes past nine a. m. train, presiding the limited express, departed from the depot. A few moments later the President's carriage drove in front of the depot, and the President and his only companion, Secretary Blaine, alighted and both entered the depot by the main entrance on B street. There was a slight pause on the steps, and a moment later the President and Secretary of State, side by side, were walking across the ladies' reception room, in which there was not at the time half a dozen persons. One of these was a man of short stature, a wicked expression in his face, who moved about nervously until the two statesmen had half crossed the reception room, a distance of not more than ten feet from the door. A report as of a big fire cracker challenged the attention of the policemen at the main door, who thought some boy had fired it in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor of the reception room wounded in the right arm and in the side just above the hip. The mysterious nervous individual was Charles Guiteau, a half Frenchman, now from Chicago, about thirty years of age, who had been imitating the President in his conduct in France. His excited condition had changed in the presence of his intended victim, and he stood as firm and as calm as a statue, the "English bull dog" pistol still drawn and in his right hand. Secretary Blaine had in turning the corner of the seat near the main entrance to the head of the depot gone just a little ahead of the President. The first shot not being noticed by the President or his companion, the second and the fatal one found Mr. Blaine on the sill of the door, who instantly called for help. It is believed that the second shot was intended for Secretary Blaine. Guiteau wanted to be Consul at Paris. Last fall he bored Blaine with simple-minded letters proposing to take the stump in Maine, and was not regarded as a useful man in the campaign. He has been stopping at the Riggs House, and has shown no peculiarities during his stay to lead to the belief that he is of unusual mind. Secretary Blaine's private secretary says from what he knows of the persistent appeals of Guiteau that he must have intended to shoot Blaine. The second shot gave him a very narrow escape.

GREATEST EXCITEMENT AT THE DEPOT.

Colonel Jameson, who was to have had charge of the President's party, was the first to communicate the sad news to the Cabinet officers. From the scene to the rear of the train was a distance of perhaps two hundred feet. As though drawn by an invisible power or the presidential party in a second was surging toward the room where the prostrate form of the President lay. Five members of the Cabinet were then present, Messrs. Blaine, Windom, Lincoln, Hunt and James. In a few minutes Attorney General McVeagh, who was at his office when the deed was done, had arrived. The President's son Harry, scarcely realizing what had happened, for but little blood fell from the wounds, stood ready to fight or die in his father's defence. The scene beggars description. A beautiful summer morn, warm and tranquil as the face of nature in early spring, encouraged the brightest thoughts and happiest feelings in the hearts of the company that was journeying with the President. Now their countenances were black with sorrow. "President Garfield assassinated," exclaimed Secretary Hunt. "Impossible." No, if a meteoric stone had singled him out as its victim it could not be more impossible. Secretary Lincoln realized in an instant his position. The son of an assassinated President and the Secretary of War of another victim by the assassin's hand, he quickly gave the order for the troops stationed at the arsenal to hold themselves for immediate orders.

The same was done by the Secretary of the Navy, who directed that the marines should be held for similar orders. Meanwhile word was sent to Surgeon General Barnes, Drs. Norris, Lincoln and Woodward requiring their immediate presence at the depot. With the messengers trooping over the pavements it was not long before every part of Washington was informed of what had happened, and the fact became generally known. Then a crowd soon assembled, and in less than ten minutes Sixth street and B street were packed with people, and the news of the horrible affair flew from mouth to mouth and spread over the city like wildfire. An attempt was made to rush into the building and erie were raised to lynch the assassin, but a strong force of policemen, summoned by telephone, had arrived promptly on the scene and preserved order. In the meantime the President had been carried to a room upstairs and the physicians summoned.

POLICEMAN KEARNEY'S STORY.

Policeman Kearney, of the Island precinct, who first tried to arrest the assassin, makes the following statement of the shooting:—

"Guiteau arrived at the depot about half an hour ahead of the Presidential party, and moved about and acted quite restless. The officers attention was attracted by his movements, but he did not watch the assassin particularly until he heard him ask a hackman at the Sixth street depot if he could drive him off in a hurry if required. "I thought," said Kearney, "that that was a peculiar thing, but before I could follow it up closer I saw the President's party driving down Sixth street to the depot and I had to go and look after them. They drove to the B street entrance. Secretary Blaine was with the President, and the two entered the depot together. The President walked up to me and asked how much time he had before the train left. It was twenty minutes after nine o'clock, I saw by looking at my watch, and I told the President that he had ten minutes. Just as he thanked me I heard a pistol shot, and turning, I saw the man that I had been watching previously standing about ten feet away, in the shadow of the main entrance to the waiting room, leveling his pistol across his arm. He fired a second shot before I could speak to him, and darted between myself and the President and Secretary Blaine into the street. The President reeled and fell just in front of me. As he fell he said something I could not exactly understand, and Secretary Blaine, with a terrified look, pushed toward him, exclaiming, "My God, he has been murdered. What is the meaning of this?"

"In God's name, man," I shouted, "what did you shoot the President for?"

GUITEAU IN JAIL.

Charles Guiteau, on being arrested was hurried off to the District Jail. When the prisoner arrived there he was neatly attired in a suit of blue, and wore a drab hat pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character. It may be worthy of note to state that some two or three weeks ago Guiteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused admittance on the ground that it was not "visitors' day." He at that time mentioned his name as Guiteau, and said that he came from Chicago. When brought to the jail to-day he was admitted by the officer who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Guiteau saying, "You are the man who wouldn't let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark he made before being placed in his cell was that Gen. Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The jailers state that they have seen him around the jail several times recently, and that on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits, subsequent to the one mentioned, these officers say that Guiteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building where he was noticed examining the scaffold from which the Hirth murderers were hanged.

PURSUANT TO HIS ORDERS FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE JAIL DECLINED TO GIVE ANY FURTHER INFORMATION, NOR WOULD HE STATE IN WHAT CELL THE PRISONER WAS CONFINED.

This officer was an attendant at the old city jail at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln.

THE MURDERER'S FORETHOUGHT.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at headquarters:—

JULY 2, 1881.

TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it unites the republican party and saves the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream and it matters little when one goes—a human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down with-

out a tea. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is likely to go at any time, any way. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his company, journalists, at No. 1,420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUITEAU.

On his way to jail the prisoner said that the President's assassination was premeditated, and that he went to Long Branch for the purpose of shooting him there, and was deterred by the enfeebled and saddened condition of Mrs. Garfield, which appeared so strongly to his sense of humanity that he came back without carrying out his intention. Those by whom Guiteau has been examined since the shooting say that he shows no symptoms of insanity, and it is understood that the letter "To the White House," is the only document in the collection which supports the theory of insanity. Byron Andrews, who is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says that while it is true a package of papers is in the hands of the police, accompanied by a note addressed to himself (Andrews), he has no personal acquaintance with Guiteau, and never heard of his existence until this morning. From what he has gathered from the police Andrews believes that Guiteau's home is in Freeport, Ill.

A LETTER TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

This letter was found on the street shortly after the arrest. The envelope was unsealed and addressed:—

"Please deliver at once to General Sherman (or his first assistant in charge of the War Department):—"

To GENERAL SHERMAN:—

I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician; I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully,

CHARLES GUITEAU.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Washington, D. C., July 2, 1881.

This letter was handed me this minute by Major William J. Twining, United States Engineer, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above named parties as testimony in the case.

W. T. SHERMAN, GENERAL.

THE PRISONER ISOLATED.

The District Jail was visited by the press reporter shortly after eleven o'clock for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Guiteau. The officer refused admittance to the building, stating as the reason therefor that they were acting under instructions received from Attorney General McVeagh, the purport of which were that no one should be allowed to see the prisoner. At first, indeed, the officers emphatically denied that the man had been conveyed to the jail, fearing, it appeared, that should the fact be made known that he was there, the building would be attacked by a mob. Information had reached them that such a movement was contemplated. A large guard, composed of regulars from the barracks, and a metropolitan police force, are at the jail, to be in readiness to repel an attack.

THE PATIENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

It was evident that whatever was to be done must be done quickly, and as it would be impossible to proceed with medical and surgical treatment at the depot, it was decided to remove the wounded President to the mansion. Carefully the mattress on which he lay was taken up and borne down the long flight of stairs to the police ambulance now awaiting his coming. It was a pitiable sight to see the somewhat shabby looking ambulance which contained the prostrate form of the President driving rapidly along Pennsylvania avenue to the White House, surrounded by mounted police. When one remembered in what excellent spirits, General Garfield had ridden over the same pavement scarcely an hour before, or how joyously he had ridden along to it and from his inauguration four months ago. And by the same route, in the rear of the

Treasury Building, as the President drove on the 4th of March, surrounded by the Cleveland Horse Troops, to-day drove the ambulance surrounded by the mounted police. Arrived at the mansion, the President was carried upstairs to the large chamber in the south side, and the bedside was soon surrounded by physicians and agonized friends. The regular troops shortly after arrived and all the gateways leading to the President's grounds were closed. Armed sentries took their places at the main gateway and only those having passes were permitted to enter.

It was now half-past ten. A feverish excitement added to the intense heat of the day. "Will he die?" "Is he badly wounded?" "What do the doctors say?" and a hundred similar inquiries were addressed to anybody supposed to have superior facilities in getting news from the White House. The sidewalks fronting the White House grounds, and the square opposite were packed with people peering through the iron railing at the house a hundred yards distant, as though something could be discovered in the atmosphere that would tell them just the condition of the President's wounds. At eleven o'clock Dr. Barnes, the Surgeon General, sent over the wires from the White House a statement that the wound in the loin would probably prove fatal, though nothing could be decided until consultation. It was not five minutes that this sad news was on the wing and the eager crowd, whispered it and sent it to every part of the city. The possibility of the President's dying was realized now for the first time. There had been hope that Providence, which precludes the aims of assassins, had turned the bullet in a harmless direction, but too soon was it suspected that the lower wound was of a nature from which the President could scarcely recover and that death was only a question of a few hours.

SOUTHERN SYMPATHY.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 2, 1881.

There is great indignation here at the attempted assassination of the President. A public meeting of the citizens has been called to denounce it.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 2, 1881.

There is considerable excitement here over the news of the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and great anxiety is manifested to hear from Washington and New York. The impression is that the outlook for the country, and for the South especially, would be very much less bright with Arthur than with Garfield in the Presidential chair, but there is no anticipation of any serious trouble in any event. Much sympathy is expressed for President Garfield and his family. At the Board of trade a resolution was adopted expressing abhorrence of the attempted murder, and proferring the sympathy of the Board to President Garfield's family and to the country. The resolution was telegraphed to the Secretary of State at Washington.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 2, 1881.

The news of the assassination of President Garfield excited universal grief and horror in Charleston. The sorrow felt by the community is seen on the faces of all classes. Hope is everywhere expressed that he will soon recover. The Chamber of Commerce held a large meeting at two o'clock. Addresses were made declaring sentiments of sorrow, condemning the act of the assassin as the deepest crime, expressing the wish that the President will soon be restored to the people of the United States, to whom he is so dear, without regard to political opinions, and declaring to the President and his family the sympathy of the people of Charleston with them in their affliction.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 2, 1881.

The community was shocked at the news of the attempted assassination of the President and popular indignation and abhorrence at the act are universal. Great anxiety is felt here regarding the wounded President's condition, and expressions of sympathy and hope for his ultimate recovery are heard everywhere. Crowds are gathered about the newspaper offices and inquiries for news are dispatched from all parts of the State.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 2, 1881.

The most intense excitement prevails throughout this city at the attempted assassination of President Garfield. All business is suspended and groups of men are assembled on every street dumfounded, anxiously and fearfully awaiting the result. Around the newspaper offices about Baltimore and South streets the sidewalks and streets are blocked by crowds of men. The papers are issuing bulletins every half hour. There is a universal expression of sorrow and indignation.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 2, 1881.

The news of the assassination of

President Garfield created intense excitement, and a feeling of universal horror was expressed for the atrocious act. The greatest sympathy is expressed for the President. Mayor Kramer called a meeting of citizens this evening to take suitable action in reference to the calamity.

WILMINGTON, N. C., July 2, 1881.

The news of the shooting of President Garfield was received here with a universal expression of horror and regret. The act is severely denounced and the President's only recovery is earnestly hoped for by all classes.

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

The shooting of President Garfield naturally recalls the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. It will be interesting, therefore, to recite the scenes attending that event.

It was on the evening of Friday, April 14, 1865, that President and Mrs. Lincoln, with Miss Mary Harris and Major Rathbun, of Albany, who in-law of Senator Harris, visited Ford's Theatre, at Washington, for the purpose of witnessing "The American Cousin," which was running at the theatre. The fact that this dining and supper party was to be present at the performance had been duly announced in all theatrical papers, and the theatre was densely crowded. The President and party occupied a box on the second tier. The scene was a brilliant one and all went merrily with the audience and actors alike until the close of the third act, when the sharp report of a pistol was heard, and an instant afterward a man was seen to spring from the President's box to the stage, where striking a tragic attitude and brandishing a long dagger in his right hand, he cried out, "Sic semper tyranni!" and then, amid the bewilderment of the audience, rushed through the opposite side of the stage and made his escape from the rear of the theatre. The screams of Mrs. Lincoln, who the audience but too plainly that the President had been shot, all present rose to their feet and the excitement was of the wildest possible description. A rush was made to the President's box where, on a hasty examination being made, it was found he was shot through the head. The President was quickly removed to a private house opposite the theatre where, on further examination, his wound was pronounced to be mortal. This tragic occurrence immediately put a stop to the performance and the theatre was closed as quickly as possible. The assassin, in his hurried flight, dropped his hat and a spur on the stage. The hat was identified as belonging to John Wilkes Booth, a prominent actor, and the spur was recognized as one obtained by him at a table on that day. One of the actors and members of the orchestra declared that the assassin was no other than Wilkes Booth, and the evidence almost momentarily accumulating fixed him beyond a doubt as the author of the bloody tragedy. Almost before the audience had left the theatre it was known that the assassin, after his exit, made his escape on horseback.

PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

The purest treasure mortal things afford is spotless reputation.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

Every man has just enough sanity as he wants understanding.

Moderation is the stiffest string of the lyre.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

All habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, and rivers run to sea.

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are, the deeper they burn.

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that to love what is great, and try to teach it, and yet to fail.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task annexed to the tail of it.

Love is the investment of all, save contentions and the contempt of duty.

These are the true sources of life, the great market wherein the chances are always rising.

Usually the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The few rivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet the brooks themselves flow less noise.

A Cincinnati girl spent all her leisure time in learning to read and then when she got married she wanted her husband to read and she said she would pull hair and scolded the husband any other woman would. You could make over human nature.