

HOW TO LIPPER.

Man is a creature of cast iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances. This is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to use anything from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors. If she does not succeed readily she puses the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes everything must be in apple pie order—pen, paper, and ink must be just so, a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, tears it perhaps from a book or portfolio, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air or holding near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitating in the box; a woman re-reads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure and then throws it violently in the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "goodby" signifies the end of a conversation, and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior.—Lippencott's Magazine.

No More Babies on Bicycles.

The man who thinks he has a right to do what he pleases with his own baby will doubtless feel inclined to resent the proposed interference of the humane society with the apparently harmless parental pastime of strapping babies in baskets in front of bicycles. But the Illinois Humane Society is operating under state law. It is the genius of all law that the State has a right to invade even the domestic precincts if necessary to protect human beings from the effects of baneful and dangerous practices.

The action of a parent in strapping a youngster in a basket or other contrivance and giving it a ride on a bicycle is animated, of course, by motives of parental affection. To see a fond parent giving the babies an exhilarating airing in this manner has produced a sense of gratification in minds of thoughtless observers who are glad to note every manifestation of parental solicitude in these days when children quite often have a rough shift in the economies of life.

But it must have been apparent to the most indifferent observer that the practice is fraught with peril. Nearly all the boulevards and parks are crowded with wheels, many of them going at reckless speed. It is easy to see that in case of a collision the baby, which is placed in front could hardly escape serious if not fatal injury.

Moreover, the society has obtained the opinions of leading medical experts to the effect that the rapid and unnatural motion affects the child's brain. Upon the basis of investigations already made it would seem that the society is amply justified in taking measures to stop the dangerous practice by friendly admonition to the parents and by invoking statutory aid if necessary.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Ten people out of a dozen are invalids," says a recent medical authority. At least eight out of these ten, it is safe to allow, are suffering from some form of blood-disease which a persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would be sure to cure. Then, don't be an invalid.

Who should Advertise.

Every one who has anything to sell, whether it is the product of the head, brain or machine, and in cases where those who wish to buy, or secure, or exchange anything that they cannot get conveniently, should advertise.

Advertising should be treated precisely as any other investment, and in nine cases out of ten it pays a better profit than anything for which the money is spent.

The best evidence that advertising pays is the fact that millions of dollars are invested in it by all sorts and kinds of trade and by the most successful business men in the land. Of course it pays.

No sensible man can believe that successful business houses advertise and become advertisers for the fun of the thing. With them it is business just as much as buying stock or selling products.

There are certain principles of trade that men ought not to ignore and among them the principle one is regular, legitimate and persistent advertising.—Western Stationer.

Frank E. White, Minneapolis, Minn. writes: Have used two boxes of your Pile Cure and must say it has done wonders for me. I would not know I ever had the Piles only when I stoop low. The itching is all gone. Sample free at Hargrave's.

Ladie's Hats, trimmed and untrimmed. M. T. Young's.

Saved by an "Ad."

Hers had been a life of keen disappointment and sorrow, and as she advanced step by step to the edge of the deep precipice the climax had come. When she reached the brink and stopped there a moment to offer a last prayer, one could see the look of despair on the fair young face of the girl that death had no terrors for her.

Two hundred feet down to the black and gurgling waters below, and the bruised and bleeding body would be left on some hidden bank, where only the skeleton would remain to slowly crumble away as the years went by.

With a look upward she was about to take the awful leap, when the wind turned over a newspaper at her feet and as she looked down these words met her sorrowful eyes:

"ONLY THREE DAYS—Joe's celebrated gloves, never sold before for less than \$2.00, for the next three days only \$1.98."

With a cry of delight the girl reached for the paper, and read the words a second time. Then she turned away with a glad smile on her face—turned from the black depths and the rushing waters and crumbling skeleton—and gasped out:

"Saved! Saved! No proper girl can die with such a bargain as that to hold her feet down to earth!"—New York World.

The new mill at Durham Shoals, N. C., has been named "Irene" in honor of President Wheat's little daughter, and work on the buildings began last week. Secretary and treasurer Wardlaw says it will be pushed to a speedy completion.—Ex.

ASSOCIATES, INTIMACIES.

A Young Man is Generally Judged by the Company He Keeps.

In our fond attachment to the idea of independence we forget how very little there really is of it in the world. Boast as we may of being self-centred and free from control, there is not one among us who is not dependent upon others for much that he has, and is and does. Especially is this true as regards character and conduct. Those with whom we mingle are constantly moulding us into mental and moral forms resembling their own, and no possible effort or determination on our part can prevent it. It is true that each individual is separate and different from all others, but all are being insensibly modified by their associations with each other.

There are different degrees of this influence. Some persons are very susceptible. They take the form of every pressure as wax takes the form of the seal. Others are more original and less mobile; yet, even as the rock cannot resist the constant action of the waves, neither can they resist the perpetual influence of their fellow men. It is true that occasionally one who seems to be so strong and self-poised that, while working powerfully upon the community in some direction, he receives but little impression from them in return. He carries all before him, but is not himself carried by any one. But this is the great exception. Most of us are hourly being worked upon and moulded by those with whom we mingle, while we in turn are modifying and changing them by the same silent influence.

Much of the process is beyond our control. We find ourselves in circumstances which we have not made, and surrounded by influences which we have not selected. Our nation, our city, our business, our relationship are fashioning us, with or without consent. Still, the strongest influence of all is one over which we may have much control. This is the one that comes from our chosen friends and intimates. Out of the large number of people who are acting upon us, we usually draw to ourselves a few who, from sympathy of taste, or interest, or aim, become closely allied to us. We naturally grow fond of them, cherish their society and admit them to our confidence. Insensibly, but surely, we become assimilated to them. Their thoughts, their opinions, their standards, their manners and morals, all modify ours to a much greater degree than we suppose possible.

It is truly said that "a man is known by the company he keeps," for he grows more in their likeness, and the change is irresistible. Now, while much of our social and business intercourse is marked out for us by circumstances, our intimacies are certainly within our choice, and we are responsible for whatever influence they exert upon our character. Of the multitudes that surround us, and with whom we rightly maintain civil and even kindly relations, we can select without any compulsion those whom we welcome to the closer bonds of friendship. No accident, no mere circumstances should decide a matter so fraught with important consequences.

This responsibility needs to be especially impressed upon the young, and those who have charge of them. Parents often strangely overlook it, and permit as intimate associates for their children those whose character they would be very sorry to see duplicated in them. In youth every influence is received most positively, and assimilated most easily. As years pass on principles become fixed and habits formed; giving much power of resistance; but with the young this cannot be. First the parent for the child, and then the youth for himself, proves his character and orders his conduct very largely by the choice of intimate companions. With them he throws off reserve, yields to the pleasure of their society, and gradually comes to partake of their nature. If they are pure-minded, honorable, generous, intelligent, he will grow insensibly to the same. If they are weak and shallow, of doubtful honesty and principles, pleasure-seeking and selfish, so must we expect him to become in time.

Very often the blame of misdoing is thrown upon the enticement of an evil companion, but who shall bear the blame of choosing such companionship? We may not be able to resist the effect, but we need not have welcomed the cause. One who goes into a malarial atmosphere and remains there, cannot help taking malaria into his system) but why did he court its baneful influence? So with a poisonous moral atmosphere; we cannot withstand it, but we can and ought to avoid it. Certainly there must be congeniality to make friendship possible. Yet

a mutual interest, in certain pursuits, or a similarity of opinions, or a unity in certain aims, is not sufficient of itself to warrant that intimate tie.

Many parts of our nature need sympathy, but in ministering to them we must beware of admitting injurious influence upon other parts. It is character that should be the one indispensable foundation of our intimacies; upon that innumerable structures of sympathy and fellow-feeling, of mutual interests and aims, of tenderness and affection may be safely placed. This is not, as may be supposed, a merely self-regarding precaution. It is self-protective, but only in that best sense which alone enables us to be of any value at all to others. He who recklessly injures his health does not thus prove his unselfishness; he simply curtails his powers of doing good, and he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is hereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community. To protect our own moral nature from anything which tends to pollute or to lower it, is one efficient means of protecting the morality of society. To welcome those influences which lift us into a higher sphere of intelligence, which give us a loftier standard of virtue, which enrich our hearts and arouse our enthusiasm and enlarge our capacities, is to benefit not only ourselves, but the entire community in which we dwell.

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A Paper Restaurant.

An eating house made of paper has been erected in Hamburg. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frame and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. The roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges, so that the entire structure may be rapidly taken to pieces and put together again. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is effected by a couple of isolated stoves.—Ex.

An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England. "Tell me, my good man, how you manage it," he said, condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket. "It is werry simple, sir," replied the gardener; "you cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and you rolls it and cuts it for 600 years—Exchange.

Where to Find Out a Man.

The Langhorn (Pa.) Standard has evidently been studying human nature as revealed by the masculine sex. The following terse, logical and commonsense article, which shows that his observations have not been without results, should be pasted in the hat of every husband and father in the land:

The best place to take the true measure of a man is, not at his place of business, or at church, but at his own fire-side. There he lays aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is a gentleman of a humpbug. No matter what his reputation may be, if his children dread his home coming, and his wife swallows her heart every time she asks him for a dollar, he is a fraud of the first water. You can forgive much in a fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

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