RIDGH BLADE.

J. H. HALLYEURTON, Editor and Proprietor.

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Playing-Cards.

Not many French cards were ever sold Not many French cards were ever sold in the American markets, comparatively speaking, although these manufactures were exceedingly fine—a linen card, thin, strong and delicate, and nice to handle. The great bulk of imported cards were from English manufacturers, as they are to-day. The English cards excel in the beauty of their finished geometrical designs for their backs being ornamented with fine colors and gildidg to an extent never attempted with the American article. This elegance of ornamentation seems to This elegance of ornamentation seems to have always been a specialty with the English makers, and alone, or in connection with the heavy duties, appears to warrant the price asked for them—about double that of American cards, the latter

being even a better article.

But, as has been hinted, of late years great progress has been made in the manufacture of playing cards in this country, until at present no better goods can be found in any market than are af-forded by United States makers. The modern, round-cornered card of the present makes is a vast improvement over the old style square-cornered affair; and the manipulation of stock in their make-up results in an article possessing all the attributes considered desirable by cardplayers. The English manufacturers have been trying to copy the results at-tained in American round-cornered cards by "dieing out" the stock; but in this effort they failed signally, since the card cannot be cut in that way without fatally injuring its edges and quality. Consequently a couple of card-cutting machines have been sent to England from this country, and, by the use of Yankee (or Jewish) methods, no doubt our cousins will achieve better success.—Boston Herald.

A French Woman's Valor.

Visitors to Paris cannot fail to have seen in the great central market an old woman seated behind a goodly array of cabbages and cauliflowers, wearing the Order of the Legion of Honor on her breast. Her name is Annette Drevon, and her history is a remarkable one. In her younger days she was cantiniere in a regiment of Zouaves who served in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. She was present at the taking of Magenta, and during that melee saw a couple of Austrian sol-diers lay hands on the flag of the regi-ment to which she belonged. Undeter-red by the whistling of the bullets, the to save the flag, killed one wounded the other with her revolver, and returned triumphant with the standard she had saved from the enemy. For this act of courage she was decorated; but it is not her only one. During the Franco-Prussian war she followed the Thirtysecond Regiment of the Line as cantiniere. One day after the armistice had been proclaimed, she was insulted by a Bavarian soldier, near the gates of Thionville. The plucky cantiniere drew out her revolver and stretched the aggressor dead on the ground. For this she was screeted, tried by a court martial sitting at Metz, and condemned to death. On the day she was to be executed Prince Frederick Charles happened to be passing through Metz. Having learned that a woman was to be shot, he inquired into the circumstances, granted her a respite, and four days later sent her back to France, pardoned. Since then Annette has established herself as a market woman, and, aided by a pension allowed her by the State, manages to live, as she is proud of saying, independently.

Man's Self-Importance.

Mrs. Jameson, in more instances than one, shows her belief in self-importance being man's prime quality. Here is one thing that breathes a hard spirit. "Personal vanity in a man is sheer, unmitigated egotism, and an unfailing subject of ridicule and contempt with all women, be they wise or foolish." The Countess of Blessington, who was almost as wise as she was handsome, has left r few outspoken opinions, of which one is that "Self-possession and dignity ought to characterize a man of birth and genius, and a poet should neither be gay nor flippent." Here is a stinger: "Men can pity the wrongs inflicted by other men on the gentler sex but never those which they themselves inflict on women."
Though the following would apply equally well to women it is worth remembering as showing that to a delicateminded woman the man who prides himself on being a bear, growling out unpalatable truths at every breath, is not considered the pleasantest of companions: "Your plain-speaking men,' says the Countess, "are usually either of obtuse intellect or of ill-natured dispositions, wounding the feelings of others from want of delicacy of mind and sen-sibility, or from intentional malice." The Countess grows concise, and in saying that a woman's head is always influenced by her heart, and a man's heart is enced by her heart, and a man be made in the pony. Weren't you arraide always influenced by his head, utters pony. Weren't you arraide "'Not a bit," laughed auntie. "A few 'Not a bit," laughed auntie. same epigrammatic mood must this have days before, when our old Nellie had bebeen conceived: Great men direct the come frightened, and jumped so quickly events of their times, wise men take adas to throw me off, I picked myself up "In the society of persons of mediocrity ride, burdocks and all."

of intellect a clever man will appear to have less spirit than those around him "I wish I had you for a playmate. You placed in their company."

It is not what we earn, but what we with me." successful

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. DON.

This is Don, the dog of dogs, sir, Just as Hons outrank frogs, sir. Just as eagles are superior To buzzards and that tribe inferior

He's a shepherd, Ind—a beauty—
And to parise him seems a duty,
But it pate my pen to shame, sir,
When his virtue I would name, sir,
"Don! come here, and bend your head
Let us see your best well-bre d bow!"
Was there ever 'uch a creature!
"Don! rise up and look around you!"
Blessings on the day we found you.

Sell him! well, upon my word, sir, That's a notion too absurd, sir, Would I sell our little Ally, Barter Torn. dispose of Sally, Think you I'd negotiate For my wife, at any rate?

Sell our Don! you're surely joking,
And 'tis fun at us you're poking!
Twenty voyages we've tried, sir,
Sieeping, waking, side by side, sir.
And Don I will not divide, sir;
He's my friend, that's why I love him—
And no mortal dog's above him?

He prefers a life squatic,
But never dog was less dogmatic.
Years ago, when I was master
Of a tight brig called the Castor,
Don and I were bound for Cadiz,
With the loveliest of the ladies
And her boy—a stalwart, hearty,
Crowing, one-year infant party,
Full of childhood's myrlad graces,
Bubbling sunshine in our faces
As we bowled along so steady,
Half way home, or more already.

How the sailors loved our darling! How the sailors loved our darling!

No more swearing, no more snarling;
On their backs, when not on duty,
Round they bore the blue-eyed beauty—
Singing, shouting, leaping, prancing,
All the crew took turns in dancing;
Every tar played Funchinello
With the pretty laushing fellow;
Even the second-mate gave sly winks
At the noisy mid-day high jinks.

Never was a crew so happy
With a curly-headed chappy,
Never were such sports gigantie,
Never dog with joy more antic.

While thus jolly, all together, There blew up a change of weather. Nothing stormy, but quite breezy, And the wind grew damp and wheezy, Like a gale in too low spirits To put forth one-balf its merits. perchance, a dry-land range

Soon our stanch and gallant vessel With the waves began to wrestle, And to jump about a trifle, Sometimes kicking, like a rifle When 'tis slightly overloaded, But by no means nigh exploded.

Twas the coming on of twilight, As we stood abaft the skylight Scampering round to please the baby, (Old Bill Benson held him, maybe), When the youngster stretched his fingers Toward the spot where sunset lingers, And with strong and sudden motion Leaped into the weltering ocean!

He sprang and express—sir; Seized the infant's little dress, sir, Held the baby's head up boldly From the waves that rushed so coldly; And in just about a minute Our boat had them safe within it.

Sell him! Would you sell your brother? Don and I love one another.

- J. T. Fields, in Youth's Companion

MILLY'S RUNAWAY.

"Oh! Aunt Milly. Tell us something that happened when you were a little girl," said Jamie Williams, as he threw himself down on the carpet, before the glowing coals, which both warmed and lighted the pleasant sitting-room. Yes," said Mabel, "something that happened ever and ever so long ago. when you were about as big as I am. and the blue eyes looked up lovingly.

It was an evening in early fall, when careful mothers call their children in out of the damp, chilly twilight, and the restless feet and thoughtless heads find it hard work to fall into the traces of school-life and the quiet evening games seem dull indeed, after the merry out-ofdoor romps, of the long summer days.

On each evening, Aunt Milly volunteered to tell the children a story, while the little mother cleared away the supper, and made preparations for breakfast. "Well," said Auntie, musingly, "did I ever tell you, about the time a great, big horse ran away with me?"

"Oh, no, no;" exclaimed the children. "tell us about it, do, please." The visit of this suntie was regarded as a great treat by the children; she had the knack of story-telling, and was always ready to bring forth stories, new or old, from her treasure house of facts and fancies. "Well," she continued, "it was when your grandpa was living at C-, and kept a pony which I was used to riding around the yard, though I was thought too young to be trusted in the street.

"Eather had taken pains to teach me at home, and almost my first experience at school was 'upstairs' with the old scholars. I was ten years old, but very small of my age and frail-looking. Two or three young ladies rode in from the country, a mile or two, every afternoon for a recitation in Latin. As I was an especial pet with them, I asked one of them one day if I might ride around the yard at recess. She answered, 'Yes,' of course, without a thought of any dan-

What, auntie," asked Mabel with wide open eyes. "You ride a strange

vantage of them; weak men are borne from the midst of the patch of burdocks, down by them." Elsewhere she says: where I had fallen, and took another

who possess the least, because he is dis- could climb trees I'll warrant, and wouldn't have been so afraid as Mabel is, when I want her to romp in the barn

save, which makes us rich. It is not "Yes, I was a sad romp," said auntie, what we eat, but what we digest, that "but as I was such a delicate child, makes us strong. It is not what we mother allowed me to play as hard as I read, but what we remember, that makes pleased, and to this freedom I owe my us learned. It is not what we intend, good health. My favorite play-house but what we do, that makes us useful. was under the shade of a tree, on the top It is not a few faint wishes, but a life- of the leanto of the house, which was so long struggle that makes us valiant and nearly flat, there was little danger of my falling off."

"Oh, Aunt Millie!" and Mabel drew a long breath, "how could you."

Auntie stroked the brown hair as she

continued: "The school-house was clear across the play-ground, which was fenced in. This particular afternoon the gate had been left open. As I seated myself on the saddle for a ride around the yard, a large boy, almost a young man in fact, mounted the other pony. Seeing this, the boys all at once commenced to yell, more like wild Indians than civilized white boys," and she smiled roguishly at Jimie.

Recollections of a certain noisy game of the forenoon, made Jamie blush, but he laughed, too, and said: "Well, auntie, what is a fellow to do? The noise just hollered itself." Auntie drew the plump fingers into her own, and petting them affectionately, went on: "At the first scream, the horse pricked up her ears, and at the second started for the gate on a run. The little hands holding the bridle were powerless to hold the frightened creature. On, on-faster and faster, she sped with her frail burden, still clinging to the reins.

"After running in this way about a mile, I thought of the lane which led to the house, and felt certain in turning the charp corner at such a pace, I could not hold on, and then looking up, I saw the house of Mr. Shaw near by. This was the home of my dearest friend, and a place familiar also to the runaway horse. It was the work of an instant to turn the horse's head towards the gate, and the horse when she found herself to the old hitching-post-stopped!"

Jamie's grey eyes had been growing bigger and bigger, and now with a sigh of relief, he exclaimed, "What did you do next?"

"Oh!" answered auntie, "when the horse stopped and I realized that I was saved, I began to tremble a little. In a few mintes the young man, Henry Adams, rode up. He had started as soon as he found my horse was running away with me, but could not catch me. His pony could not run as fast as mine. I won that race fairly," and auntie smiled on the two eager faces. "I began to feel weak and faint and rather afraid of the runaway, so Henry let me ride his horse home, and took the one I had him-

"When nearly home we met father coming on old Nellie. Some one had told him of the runaway, and he was nearly as baylly fright hed as L" you," asked Mabel.

"No, I believe not," said Aunt Milly. "I limped a little, for two or three months, but was not cured of my passion for horseback riding. Since then I have had many horseback rides, but never a

The mother coming in with the lamp, auntie took up her sewing, and with a kiss of thanks, the little folks turned to their school-books for a little while, before seeking dreamland. - Interior.

Gen. Sam Houston's Romance.

Born in Virginia in 1793, left an orphan in boyhood, Sam Houston went with his mother to Tennessee, where he supported her with his own industry, thus early learning family loyalty. In 1813, at the age of 20, he enlisted under Gen. Jackson in the Creek war, and for his repeated deeds of gallantry he so gained the esteem of Jackson that he urged him to remain permanently in the army. Resigning, however, and studying law in Nashville, he rose from office to office, and in 1823, at the age of 80, he was elected to Congress, and then again in 1827 was elected Governor of Tennessee, Up to this time Houston was unmarried. Universally admired, and urged by associates to form an alliance, which seemed essential to his station, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments was commended to him by family influence. His proposal of marriage was accepted, and late in 1828 the marriage ceremony was performed with unusual pomp. The next day Houston resigned his office, crossed the Mississippi into Arkansas, and Dec. 11, 1828, wrote from the agency of his old Cherokee acquaintances the letter to President Jackson which called forth his letter of Jan. 24, 1829. No one of Hous-ton's companions knew till his death the cause of his new course, which his best friends, like Jackson, regarded as partial insanity; no one but his widow could reveal it, and she only through a sense of conjugal and Christian duty. That cause was the highest test of loyalty of which any man could be ca-

On the eve of the marriage Gov. Houston observed a tremor in the voice and in the hand of his bride, when the vow of undivided attachment was pronounced, which convinced him some secret had not been revealed to him. Before retiring he frankly told her of his suspicion, asked a frank confession and pledged her that it should not work to her injury. His frankness and firmness led to the confession that her affections had been given and pledged to another before their meeting, and that filial duty had prompted her acceptance of his proffer. Houston retired to his own cot, next day resigned his position, allowed the entire fault to appear to be his, permitted and encouraged her application for a divorce on the plea of desertion, and his bride was married to the man of her former affection. Many irregularities, rumor, of course, charged on the man who had really sacrificed everything to save one who had erred only in mistaken duty; but no charge of domestic infidelity could be true in a man who denied it to the estimable lady who afterward became his wife.

Credity and Civilization.

nightly Review.

Stenographic Blunders.

From a paper on blunders, by F. J. Morgan, of syracuse, we extract the following as ludicrous instances of stenographic interpretation and transcrip-

Cross receips—Grocery seats. Tamarack knees—um rickety knees. The mother's pray —The matters prior. He was a little fellow—He was a little full. The captured two Parrott guns—They captured two pirate guns. The woman was pasture—to that posture—Counsel offered paper in evidence—Counsel brought paper in Choctaw evangelist. The showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of millmen-wants of milkmen. In the intervening time he said nothing-In the entire evening time he said nothing. I came with my brothers, Horace and Henry-I came with my brother's horse and Henry. A medical witness, speaking of the illness of a lady patient, said : "She appeared to be somewhat unstrung and nervous." The transcriber made him say "She appeared to be somewhat kneesprung and nerv-ous." A minister, preaching a sermon on the death of a gentleman named Samuel, quoted: "And buds and blossoms in the dust." He was delighted to read in the next issue of the paper: And buds and blows Sam in the dust." An attorney asked a temale witness how she came to be employed by plaintiff, and she answered: "I saw a sign in the window, 'Female cleris wanted here,'" The blundering reporter rendered it: 'Family color warranted here." An orator referred to the different religious sects or denomination "going for one another" throughout he country, and said: "Here we have one sect persecuting another," and was so reported, but the transcriber renderd it: "Here we have one sick person feding another," and so it appeared in the next-morning

Several years ago an eminent lawyer hired a stenographer to take testimony in an important case. The transcribed minutes astonished him. A "patent, upon which much depended in the suit, was converted into a 'potentate;" a "solid frame" was turned into an "isolated farm;" the "furnaces of this country" were set down as "Fenians of this country;" "clerks and bartenders" were made "clocks and barometers;" and the question, "Were you in the habit of visiting the house?" was written, "Were you in the habit of fastening the hose?"

A Drummer's First Trip.

A Cleveland merchant determined to send his son for a trip on the road in the interests of the house. The young man was rather averse to going, but his this strong wind from the south is to father's persuasions were all-powerful, transport the low center in a northerly and he went. He was out some ten days, and on his return his father anxiously inquired, "Well, my boy, did you get many orders?" "Yes, father," answered the new-fledged drummer; "I the north and west .-- Prof. Elias got quite a number." "Good!" exclaimed the delighted father. "I knew you would succeed. The young man My third order was 'chase yourself and—" But the old gentleman hastily arose and, kicking his hopeful's sample-case across the office, sternly command-ed the young man to see a cross the office, sternly command-ed the young man to see a cross the office, sternly command-ed the young man to see a cross the office, sternly command-ed the young man to see a cross the office, sternly command-ed the young man to see a cross the office and the second the cross of the second the cross of the second the cross of the cross o case across the office, sternly commanded the young man to go out and help Jim load the truck.

and thrust out of the building by an enraged professor, who said to him, as he struck the ground, "Do you know why you are like Noah's Ark?"

WHEN letters and papers come in late, did get along without the fast mail.

The Lendon Cabby.

The mulations of prisoners exhibited on Asyrian sculptures are not surpassed in evelty by any we find among the most bood-thirsty of wild races; and Eames. II. who delighted in having himself sulptured on temple walls throughout leypt as holding a dozen captives by the hair and striking off their heads at a how, alaughtered during his conquests more human beings than a thousand chief of savage tribes put together. The artimes inflicted on captured eamines by head findians are not greater than were time, afficted of old on felons by crucision, or on suspected rebels by sewing them up in the hides of slanghtered aimals, or on heretice by smearing themover with combustibles and setting first othem. The Damaras, described as a netterly heartless that they laugh on seing one of their number killed by a wild beast, are not worse than were the lomans, who made such elaborate provious for gratifying themselves by watching wholesale alaughters in their arena. If the numbers destroyed by the hardes of Attila were not equaled by the numbers of the Jews massacred under Hadrian, it was simply because the occasion did not permit. The crucities of Nero, Gallienus, and the rest may compare with those of Zingis and Timor; and when we read of Caracalla, that fafter he had murdered 20,000 friends of his murdered brother, his soldiers force the Senate to place him among the gods, we are shown that in the Roman people there was a ferocity not less than that which defifies the most sanguinary ichiefs among the worst of savages. Nor did Christianity greatly change matters. Throughout mediums! not less than that which deifies the most sanguinary chiefs among the worst of savages. Nor did Christianity greatly change matters. Throughout medieval Europe political offenses and religious dissent brought on men carefully devised agonies, equaling, if not exceeding, any inflicted by the most brutal of barbarians. Herbert Spencer, in Fortmiabile Review. 1,100 convictions, a reduction of 250 on the previous year. They were also rather addicted to furious driving, a fault that probably bears a corresponding ratio to gin.

Origin of Cyclones.

For the purpose of discovering the causes which determine the progressive

movement of storms, I have made an extensive examination of the course and velocity of storm centers in tropical re-gions, and also of abnormal paths in the middle latitudes of Eourope and America. have examined the course of all those west income the ave originated paths have been carefully more schools. evidence. Arthur Waite, the chalk-talk evangelist - Arthur Waite, the those hurricanes in Southern Asia and its vicinity whose paths have been best determined, and all the storm tracks delineated on the maps of the international series of observations. The following summary presents some of the results derived from this investigation: (1) The lowest latitude in which a cyclone center has been formed near the West India Islands is ten degrees, and the lowest lat-itude in the neighborhood of Southern Asia is six degrees. Violent squalls and fresh gales of wind have, however, been encountered directly under the equator. (2) The ordinary course of tropical hurricanes is toward the northwestward. In a few cases they seem to have advanced toward a point a little south of west, and in a few cases their course has been almost exactly toward the north, (3) Tropical hurricanes are invariably accompanied by a violent fall of rain. The rainfall is never less than five inches in twenty-four hours for a portion of the track and frequently it exceeds ten inches in twenty-four hours. (4) Tropical storms are generally preceded by a northerly wind, and after the passage of the low center the wind generally veers to the southeast at stations near the center, and the southerly wind which follows the low center, is generally stronger than the northerly wind which preceded it.

> planation of the origin of the cyclone and the direction of its progressive movement. The prevalent direction of the wind in the neighborhood of the West India Islands is from the northeast. Occasionally a strong wind sets in from a southerly quarter. The interference of these winds with each other gives rise to a gyration and a fall of rain sometimes results. When the rain commences the latent heat which is liberated causes an inflow of wind from all quarters, by which the rainfall is increased; and since the wind is deflected by the rotation of the earth an arch of low pressure is produced and the force of the winds will be maintained as long as the rainfall continues. The effect of direction, and by the combined action of the south wind and the normal from the northeast the center of low pressure is usually carried in a direction between Loomis.

This fact appears to suggest the ex-

The Difference.

"The difference," said Augustus Millthat the former are by a tar and the latter by-tu-men." Before he could cackle,

as usual, people wonder how they ever without," said the professor, as he shut

ENTERTAINING PARAGRAPHS.

WHOLE-SOLED—the Chicago girl. FREE of charge—an empty gun. THE funniest part of a dog's tail is the

It's the Gentile thing in Mormondom to have only one wife,

Nograe—a person who hasn't sufficient back-bone to be a fool.

VESSELS are always called she, and yet we hear of mail steamers.

THERE is more fashion in the city, but there's more stiles in the country. Drine in poverty is not as hard as living in poverty, after all the novelists.

"Hars switches," so reads a sign. So it does, on the south end of a horse in

MAIDEN lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism-"Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives.'

When one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown. Ir was a young housekeeper who set the cake she had baked for a surprise party out-of-doors, one cold night, to be

A PRISONER at the grate. Turnkey-'Are you in for contempt?" Prisoner (with indignation)—"No, sir, I haven't fallen that low—it's a simple drunk."

WHEN a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derricks, pulleys, jack serews, yeast, rope and tackle, and that sort of thing?

"What does 'encore' mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of a universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are

THE funniest patent medicine is the 'humor pad," made expressly to tickle the ribs of the mournful. Paragraphers are manufacturing these pads in quan-

"LINKED for life" is how the Syracuse Standard heads a marriage notice. How forcibly this reminds us of Byron's beautiful lines, "I saw two sausages in the hues of youth. "Come right into the house, children,"

shouted Mrs. Shuttle. "You are making more noise and uproar than a session of Congress. What do you suppose the neighbors think?"

A CAMPORNIA beiress was left \$50,000 possession of on her teachers s not surprising that the first fellow who offered himself was accepted.

"Your opponent was a bright speaker." the citizen said to the candidate who had not been elected by 2,000 majority. "Yes," was the sad reply. "very bright. He cast reflections upon me all through the campaign.

A LADY was praising the amiability of her friend's husband, and asked how in the world she had ever brought him to such perfection, whereupon the friend sweetly answered that she did it chiefly with a croquet-mallet.

THERE was a fight imminent between two boys. One of them darkly intimated that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a deacou. defiantly retorted, "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."-Danbury News.

Queen Vic's Wealth.

A preposterous paragraph has been going on its rounds to the effect that Queen Victoria had insured her life for a large amount, in a Parisian office. Inasmuch as the Queen is sixty years old she will have to pay a pretty heavy premium. No details are given as to her Majesty's having undergone medical scrutiny, and we are left to assume that the company waived such a sordid consideration in the case of a regal client. So far as the Queen is concerned any life insurance would be an absurdity, in view of her having been easily able, for many years, to save \$1,000,000 a year. She is probably the wealthiest woman in the world. Putting aside all other source of income, her Duchy of Lancaster, and legacy from Mr. Neeld, bring her in \$300,000 a year, and her income altogether is probably nothing short of \$3,-000,000 a year .- New York Times.

A Queer Roman Custom.

There is another, custom which is observed by all true Romans, namely, the eating of large beans on the 2d of November. The origin of this custom is not known; but it is thought that in olden times the dead were honored in May instead of November and that, as beans were then in season, they formed part of the feast. Now, however, dried beans have to be esten, and as everyone does not like that food, the church allows imitation beans. These are made of sugar and pastry, made up in the shape of and called dead men's bones. The very name is sufficient to deter many from partaking of this pastry, though it is said to be delicious, but the sight of a human bone, even when being eaten by the prettiest of months, is not pleasant. first order I got was in Squashbog. I whiffles, sauntering into the library the The custom of placing these death-bones went into a man's store there and he said 'git out!' In Bungville I got my second order. This time it was 'skip!' Seaumont and Fletcher is, I presume, to remind the guests that all were mortal to the guest to remind the tal and that it was best to enjoy life whilst they could.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through "Well, it's because you're pitched bal, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one. - Ruskin.