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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The great question of life is, "What shall we do?"
There are many fishes in the world and but few voices.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Woman is the sanity of man—not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

We carry all our neighbors' crimes in sight, and throw all our own over our shoulders.

Truth should never strike her top-sails in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.

The man who is always boasting of speaking his mind usually has the least mind to speak.

Sorrows are our best educators. A man may see farther through a tear than a telescope.

Private troubles are very much like infants—the more you nurse them the bigger they grow.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

It is every man's duty to labor in his calling and not to be spoiled for any miscarriages or disappointments that were not in his own power to prevent.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness never commensurate. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Outwitted.

A Washington scribbler sent the following story about United States senator Sawyer to the Cincinnati Gazette.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, is one of the wealthiest senators. He is worth at least \$200,000, perhaps more. It is not worth counting, at any rate, when you get above \$1,000,000.

He made his first money buying pine lands. He was a practical lumberman. He would go off prospecting and out all the good sections, and then, when there were public sales of lands, he would know what to buy.

So well was this understood that a sharp New York firm of land-buyers concluded to utilize Mr. Sawyer's private information by buying up all his good land away from him.

At the next sale at Oshkosh, Mr. Sawyer found that whenever he started to bid on a lot, it would be run right up on him. He stopped after one or two efforts and went out. He returned in a moment and resumed bidding.

The New York men bid against him all day, beating him on every bid, capturing thousands of acres. They did not grieve their hand for some years, until Oshkosh had grown to be quite a city and Senator Sawyer to be a very rich man.

They all came to Oshkosh, then, and as they neared there they felt very happy over the way they outwitted Sawyer. He kindly invited them all to his house, gave them a good dinner, and formally forgave them for getting the start of him.

The next morning after their arrival, Senator Sawyer invited them to come to his house after they had inspected their land. He wanted them to stay and make an old-fashioned visit, but they never came.

Senator Sawyer never saw them again. They discovered that Mr. Sawyer had arranged with a friend, as soon as he discovered their game at the public sale to bid upon the good lots, while he (Sawyer) put in bids on all the marsh and water he could find.

Not a single foot of the purchase made by the New York people was good for anything but a duck pasture.

Blocks of Milk.

Irkutsk is a city of Central Siberia where people have more occasion for fire and less than for artificial ice cream or thin clothing.

A correspondent of the Boston Commercial Bulletin says: The markets of Irkutsk are an interesting sight in the winter time, for everything on sale is frozen solid.

Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord-wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similarly frozen and piled up.

Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as you go through the markets you seem to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen and fowls standing up and watching you as though you were a visitor to the baryard.

But stranger yet even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, with a string or a stick frozen into or projecting from it.

This is for the convenience of the purchaser, who can take his milk by the string or stick and carry it home, swung across the shoulder.

DOCTOR AND JUDGE.

A NEW POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. At the late annual banquet of the Boston Association of Young Lawyers...

The fearless soldier, who has faced The fierce "Elysian" arena of politics...

The justice, who, in general eye, Considers a verdict on strangulation...

Ab, life has many a reef to shun! Before in port we drop our anchor...

Three Paros anchored the laggard law, Here reigned and ruled majestic Shaw...

What keeps the doctor's trade alive? But air, bad water, and the city!

What call for judge or court, indeed, When righteousness prevails so through it...

Who breaks pays. "It must be a man who plays at least seven times," said Mrs. Wrangley...

"I'll speak to Mr. Malcolm, the proprietor," said Miss Elson, the girl behind the counter...

"But I'm in a hurry," said Mrs. Wrangley, impatiently. "Can't you show me some muscadines?"

"I'll speak to Mr. Malcolm, ma'am," said Ella Elson, who was accustomed, out of duty, to receive an endurance...

"Oh, my brother!" said Mrs. Wrangley. "Why, Robert, when did you come in?"

"I've been here this some time," said Mr. Robert Rudford; "I've been waiting for you to get through and recognize me."

"But it wasn't quite the fair thing of you, niece Amanda," went on this terrible old gentleman...

"I saw it all," said the old gentleman; "I know Malcolm. I've lent him money to carry on this very business."

"I don't know, sir," Ella answered, with varying color, "but it was not I."

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WHY MEN CANNOT FLY.

Lack of Progress in Man's Competition with the Birds—Reasons Why No Practical Flying Machines Likely to be Invented.

The New York Sun concludes that this century is likely to be forever memorable for its mechanical and engineering triumphs.

Other men may have surpassed us in literature and art. Some of our metaphysical science may not be so wonderful in the future as it seems to us.

After due reflection she went to Malcolm's, the next day, to inquire how much damage she was liable for in the matter of her daughter's carelessness.

"I don't think she's pretty a bit," said Amanda, sullenly. "Be quiet, Amanda," said her mother, sharply.

My brother, he said to Ella, who sat disconsolately by the window trying to mend little Mary's frock...

"We are very glad, sir, to have so good a home as this," said Mrs. Elson, meekly. "Rents are high, and—"

"We have said that the reason men do not fly is not merely because they lack wings, but also because they are not strong enough."

"What?" Mrs. Wrangley cried. "My brother has established those upstarts, rent free, in his Harlem cottage!"

"Sister Serena don't like it," said he. "Very well. I don't marry to please Sister Serena, but to please myself."

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HIGHER THAN THE PRESIDENT.

Amusing Scenes at One of President Lincoln's Receptions.

The Rev. C. Van Santvoort describes in the Century "A Reception by President Lincoln," at which he was a spectator...

When this visitor had withdrawn a massive specimen of a man presented himself. Broad-shouldered, robust, with thick and sinews to match...

"I'm glad you think so," answered Maria, shortly. "Perhaps if you had your back to a cold room without any fire or prospect of one, you might feel differently."

"That reminds me, Maria, of the old happy past. Do you remember when I used to visit at your father's and we would sit for hours gazing into the glowing depths of a wood fire?"

"I should think I did," responded Mrs. J. "I used to wonder if you would ever go. Mother was waiting to set the backwater cakes, the last thing, and we always had them heavy for breakfast."

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MAKING HOME HAPPY.

The other night Jones went home one of those moody which seem to fit a man for a better world, and after supper was over and the children had gone to bed, he sat down to spend an evening of unalloyed bliss with Mrs. J.

"How to Make Home Happy," and though he thought it best at present to leave it at the office and gradually introduce it into the family circle, he was inspired by a slight perusal of it to do better.

So he drew the most comfortable chair in front of the blazing coal fire in the parlor grate and seated himself for the evening, while Mrs. J. filled a rocker on his right.

"I say, Maria, this is comfort," he said, holding the newspaper between him and the too ardent glow of the fire.

"I'm glad you think so," answered Maria, shortly. "Perhaps if you had your back to a cold room without any fire or prospect of one, you might feel differently."

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AIDED BY HIS WIFE.

Hamilton, the governor of Illinois, it seems, owes much to the great ambition of his wife, who is described as both an intelligent and lovely lady.

She was engaged to be married to the youthful governor while both were attending the same school in Ohio. She then predicted a brilliant future for her betrothed, and had the greatest confidence that he would make his mark in the world.

She persuaded him to read law, and it is said that in all his political battles Hamilton has been guided by the wisdom and good sense of his wife, who, like Mrs. General Logan, never takes a back seat when her husband's political advancement is involved.

A century since the Hawaiians were savages and cannibals. Now there are over 300 telephone wires in use in the city of Honolulu, and the application of the telephone is made throughout the islands on the plantations.

Some of the planters cut their cane at night with the aid of electric light.

How to expedite the male—Get papa to ask what their intentions are.

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