

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest! Live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine.
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow seeds on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE'S WOOING.

A Texas paper tells of M. C. Shakespeare, a farmer residing in the northwestern part of the county, and possibly a distant relative of the renowned bard of that name, who called on the Rev. J. H. Richey, of Waco, at two o'clock one afternoon and said:

"Parson, do you know all the ladies in Waco?"

"No," replied Mr. Richey, "I don't know half of them."

"Do you know a widow lady named Mrs. Ward who is employed in the family of Dr. McGregor?"

"I have not," said Mr. Richey, "the honor of her acquaintance; but why do you ask?"

"Well," said Mr. Shakespeare, "I don't know her either; never saw her in my life, but thinking as maybe you knew all about her, I thought I'd come and ask you. I'm thinking about marrying her."

"I should think," remarked Mr. Richey, "that you would refer the matter to the lady herself."

"I will, so I will, said Mr. S., but not until I have first seen Dr. McGregor," and so saying he turned and walked away.

About three-quarters of an hour later in the day Mr. Shakespeare stood in the presence of Mr. Richey.

"I've seen Dr. McGregor," said he, "and he's known the lady 16 years and she's all right." Then exacting from Mr. Richey a promise that he would wait in his office a "little while," Mr. S. walked off, saying he would "call on the lady."

And he did. "It's all right, parson," said he, on walking into Mr. Richey's office less than an hour afterwards. "I seen the lady and she says it's all right. Quick as I can get a pair of licenses I want you to go up and tie the knot."

At 4:20 o'clock M. C. Shakespeare was married to Mrs. Nancy Ward, Rev. J. H. Richey officiating, and the newly wedded pair left at once for their rural home. Mr. Shakespeare has a good farm and is well able to make his wife comfortable. Mrs. Shakespeare is a good housekeeper and is otherwise well qualified to make him a good wife. Two hours and twenty minutes, dating from the moment the would-be bride-groom's first inquiries were made, is the precise time occupied in the accomplishment of the alliance. The original Shakespeare never imagined anything half so expeditious, his nearest approach to it being—

She is fair and may be wooed,
Woman, and may be won.

ETIQUETTE OF CONVERSATION.

Do not manifest impatience.
Do not interrupt another when speaking.
Do not find fault, though you may gently criticize.

Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters.

Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of anyone present.

Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather.

Do not, when narrating an incident, continually say, "you see," "you know," etc.

Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, distinct, yet mild, gentle and musical voice has great power.

Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence never betray it.

Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring the blush to anyone.

Do not intersperse your language with foreign words and high sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

Do not speak with contempt and ridicule of a locality where you may be visiting. Find something to truthfully praise and commend; thus make yourself agreeable.

Do not make a pretense of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant of any notable family. You must pass for just what you are, and must stand on your own merit.

Do not contradict. In making a correction say, "I beg your pardon, but I had an impression that it was so and so." Be careful in contradicting as you may be wrong yourself.

Do not be unduly familiar; you will merit contempt if you are. Neither should you be dogmatic in your assertions, arrogating to yourself much consequence in your opinions.

Do not feel it incumbent upon yourself to carry your point in conversation. Should the person with whom you are conversing feel the same, your talk will lead into violent argument.

Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, of having been to college, or of having visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of real genuine worth on your part.

Do not use the surname alone when speaking of your husband or wife to others. To say to another that "I told Jones," referring to your husband, sounds badly. Whereas, to say, "I told Mr. Jones," shows respect and good breeding.

Do not indulge in satire; no doubt you are witty, and you could say a most cutting thing that would bring the laugh of the company down upon your opponent, but you must not allow it, unless to rebuke some impertinent fellow who can be suppressed in no other way.

Do not spend your time in talking scandal; you sink your own moral nature by so doing, and you are, perhaps, doing great injustice to those about whom you talk. You probably do not understand all the circumstances. Were they understood, you would doubtless be much more lenient.

Do not flatter; in doing so you embarrass those upon whom you bestow praise, as they may not wish to offend you by repelling it, and yet they realize that if they accept it they merit your contempt. You may, however, commend their work whenever it can truthfully be done; but do not bestow praise where it is not deserved.—*Hill's Manual of Social Forms.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A singular accident, attended with a remarkable display of presence of mind, occurred a short time ago at Dr. Buelow's quartz mine five miles east of Nevada City, California, which is thus spoken of by the *Transcript*: G. H. Kirchbacker, a middle-aged man, had put in a blast at the bottom of the shaft, which is 80 feet deep, and then after lighting the fuse gave the men at the windlass the signal to "hoist away." When the bucket he stood in had been hoisted to a point about 30 feet from the surface, a splice in the rope gave way, and Kirchbacker was precipitated a distance of 50 feet straight down into the lower depths. Strangely enough the force of the fall did not render him insensible, although he was stunned for an instant. One ankle was dislocated, a knee-pan hurt, neck cut and other slighter injuries received.

Almost as soon as his downward course was checked, he realized the fact that but a few seconds would elapse before the explosion of the blast, and his consequent annihilation, unless he took immediate measures to save himself. He managed to draw his mangled body over to where the fire was creeping down to the heavy charge of powder beneath. No time was to be lost. Grasping the burning fuse, he summoned up his remaining strength, and drew it out from the tamping.

His companions on the surface were in an agonizing state of suspense for a few minutes. When several moments had elapsed and no explosion followed, they started down for the purpose of getting the remains of the victim, whom they supposed had been dashed to pieces. Their surprise and joy was unbounded at finding him alive. He was hauled up, and Dr. Buelow at once sent for. So far as yet ascertained he received no internal injuries, and will be as well as ever again in a few days.

How THE BODY IS BUILT UP.—The muscle and fat of the body, remarks the *Journal of Chemistry*, are derived from the food, and animal heat is evolved from their combustion or their combination with the oxygen admitted by the lungs. When the muscles are inactive, slow combustion goes on; and for every grain of carbon burned, a perfectly definite amount of heat is produced. When the muscles contract, the combustion is quickened, and the additional heat is liberated in the muscles themselves. If external work be done, as in lifting a weight or hammering a nail, the heat is no longer developed in the body, but transferred to the weight lifted or the raised hammer, and is liberated when they fall, and the heat thus liberated is exactly equal to the combustion inside the body. Thus the body is an apparatus efficient beyond all others in transforming and distributing the energy with which it is supplied, but possesses no creative power. A man weighing 150 pounds, by the consumption of a single grain of carbon can lift his body to a height of eight feet, and by the consumption of two ounces, four drachms, twenty grains, to a height of 10,000 feet. Mayer maintains against Liebig and others, that the muscles in the main play the part of machinery, converting fat into the motive power of the organism. He saw that neither nerves nor brain possessed the energy necessary to animal motion, and believed they held fast or let loose muscular energy as an engineer, by the motion of his finger in opening or closing a valve, liberates and controls the mechanical energy of a steam engine. These views are now quite generally accepted by scientific men.

Do not aspire to be a great story-teller; an inveterate teller of long stories becomes very tiresome. To tell one or two witty, short, new stories, appropriate to the occasion, is about all that one person should inflict on the company.