

CHEMAWA, OREGON,

FRIDAY JANUARY 10, 1902.

Like An Anvil.

"Stand like an anvil" when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

— — —

"Stand like an anvil" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

— — —

"Stand like an anvil" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

— — —

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of pondrous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

—[Selected.]

He Never Fell in Love with His Work.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer:—

"That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work."

"He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to git none out of him."

This man never fell in love with his work, and hence was regarded as a good-for-nothing by his employer. [Ex

An Honest Eye.

A BUSINESS man said that he once devoted half a day to hiring a man whom he needed in his office. In answer to his

advertisement, a great many applicants called. He rejected the first because he would not look him in the eye. "The second man," said the merchant, "was armed with a double-barreled recommendation from his pastor, with testimonials as to his business ability and good character; but, though he looked me in the eye, I saw that we could never hope to get along well together, and so I dismissed him. The third interested me, the moment he stepped inside the door. He was poorly dressed, and, though his clothes were whole, they were at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not the least, for he held his head high, and, as he approached my desk, looked me squarely in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation, that he had no business experience, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant, it dawned upon me that before me was the man I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye, and a pleasant face; but that was sufficient. I engaged him on the spot.

"Since then, I have seen fit to advance him over a man who had been with me three years. The latter grumbled, but there was reason for my move,—the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion.

Instances might be indefinitely multiplied of the value of an honest eye. That wonderful window of the soul, the eye, is a sure index to character. If you have not cultivated a bright, honest, straightforward look. It will more than repay your effort. Look up and fearlessly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. Many a choice position has been lost through an indifferent, flinching eye; and many a coveted position has been won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of eye is better than a hundred recommendations.

—EX.