

In short, I can never get the things that he could not do, and several things that he did not know.—[Ex.]

The Books Which Helped Lincoln.

It is frequently said that the young people of today read the wrong books. It is not difficult to believe this, when one remembers what striking types of intellectual greatness have been developed through the thorough study of a very few of the masterpieces of literature.

Lincoln in his boyhood had access to four books, the Bible, "Garrett's Progress," "Doro's Feast" and "Woods's Life of Washington." He so memorized many of the chapters of the Bible, that subsequently he seldom made an slip here or on the "stage" a speech in which he did not quote from it. He early learned in his professional life that to a public speaker the Bible is the most useful of books.

Books developed his fancy and imagination, Doro's target his love for fine figurative language, and Woods inspired him with the noble spirit of Washington. Foreign readers of his Gettysburg speech, and his second inaugural address, asked: "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?"

He got it from the English Bible and from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—two books which represent the rhythm, the idiom, the majesty and the power, of the English language.—[Ex.]

Had Too Good a Start.

A remark fraught with wisdom was uttered under tragic circumstances by a New York physician a short time ago. He was called to the bedside of a young man of a fine family who had just ended his life by putting a bullet through his heart. The doctor was a family physician and had known the youth for years. He shook his head sadly as he raised the lifeless hand and let it drop.

"He was a line of brass," he said, "but he had too much money ever to amount to

anything."

That was the root of the evil in this case, as it is in so many others. The young man had a settled income. It turned his mind from work. He led the life of an idler. He had no ambition, no pride. He dived here and there, he became a lounge-faunt thought, he picked up acquaintances who were a damage to him. And finally, when he tired of it all, he resorted to the revolver and brought the worthless game to an end.

"He had too much money ever to amount to anything," said the family doctor, and it is a remark rich in moral warning.—[Ex.]

Character Capital.

Jack is sixteen, ambitious, wide-awake—a thorough American boy. In vacation, on Saturdays, and whenever out of school, he is busy, always securing some place where he can be at work and earning. He provides his own clothing—he prides in displaying his own school books, and is laying up money in the bank, besides. He means to have some capital to start in business with, he says.

He counts his slowly accumulating dollars, and thinks he knows just how much "capital" he has, but it is probably that he has never reckoned the most valuable part of his earnings. Jack has acquired a reputation for steadiness and industry, he being reliable. What he undertakes he will do. The bargains he makes to-day will not depend upon the mood of to-morrow for fulfillment; it is a matter of honor.

To be known in that way is a very valuable bit of capital to begin business with Jack is obliging. He is willing to give good money in his service even beyond the strict letters of the bond, and so he is liked and receives favors in return. To have such the good will of others means for much in business. In short, character is capital. Aside from all higher money represents money's worth in the business world. And failure often comes from lack of character capital than from lack of money itself.—[Ex.]