

A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife, How years ago we two together...

SOME LARGE THINGS.

An interesting compendium of facts gathered from everywhere.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa...

The most remarkable natural bridge is probably the Jisrel Hajar, which spans a gorge not far from the ruins of the Temple of Adonis...

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the New York and Brooklyn bridge. It was commenced under the direction of J. Roebling in 1870...

The largest tower in the world will be the Eiffel Tower when completed. The iron tower which the engineer Eiffel proposes to erect on the banks of the Seine...

The largest church in the world is the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. Its dimensions are as follows: Length of interior, 613 feet...

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Education polishes good nature and corrects bad ones.

Teach the young that a merry heart is not incompatible with a profession of the Christian religion...

We can not begin too early to teach our children the little courtesies of life, and, although it may be trying to ourselves and them at times...

Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile.

The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of Divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

Show me that he who has the worse principles can get the advantage over him who has the better.

All education begins in work. What we think, what we know, or what we believe is, in the end, of little consequence.

Cornell University has examined the records of its athletes, and finds that athletes, kept within reasonable bounds, are not in conflict with the educational purposes of the university.

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery...

Be not persuaded for fear of man, or from a weak desire to please to forego your good resolutions, and to do what you know to be sinful and wrong.

The word character is derived from a Greek verb which means to cut into furrows, to engrave.

Fortunes are made by taking opportunities; character is made by making them.

No man can answer for his own valor or courage till he has been in danger.

Great men begin enterprises because they think them great, and fools because they think them easy.

The time has been misapplied, devoted to mere self-indulgence, to the gratification of unworthy appetites, he lost, and time lost is not lived.

What unthankfulness it is to forget our consolations and to look upon matters of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.

An extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him, but a false generosity, is often more beloved than a person of a much more faithful character, who is defective in this particular.

Fear, above all things else, suppresses the vigor of man's actions, supplants decision by vacillation, and opens the road to error.

Duty is the power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

True felicity does not consist in possessing the frail favors of fortune, but in knowledge and practice of wisdom.

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand...

Thomas A. Edison says that his phonograph is now absolutely perfect. There is no sound that can be made that it does not reproduce perfectly.

How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true.

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EAGLE AND RATTLESNAKE.

A Forty-Five Minutes' Fight to the Finish On the Wild Prairie.

On a beautiful September morning I was cantering along on my pony, crossing a mountain divide, drinking in the fresh air, admiring the snow-capped mountains, the lofty pines, the waters of the creek alive with trout...

The eagle, with its crest thrown back, ran up to the snake and gave it a blow over the head with its wings that completely stunned it, just as it was in the act of striking at him with all its force.

The eagle made a second attack in the same manner as before, but the snake was not so easily thrown off his guard.

The rattlesnake now remained some feet apart, and seemed to be resting, while the rattler kept up a deep buzzing, perhaps to intimidate the bird.

The eagle next tried another plan, wheeling around his enemy in a circle; but the serpent was acquainted with this dodge, and kept full in his face.

The eagle then made a feint, jumped to one side and struck it a fearful blow, caught it by the middle and shook it until the snake was about to entwine itself around his body.

The eagle was around and around his victim, in every conceivable way, but so far the snake managed to hold him off, until he threw back his head and made a desperate drive.

The snake struck with all its force at the eagle came in contact with its head, and while trying to coil around his body, was caught and carried up into the air, where it was almost jerked in two.

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A WAKE IN HONDURAS.

Simple-Minded People Who Have Not the Least Fear of Death.

It was in British Honduras that I first attended a velorio, or the ceremony of watching with a corpse.

The family consisted of a single long or narrow apartment, rounded at each end, with earthen floor, and roof thatched with guano leaves.

The middle of the room, upon a rude bed made of two boards upheld by casks, lay the dead woman, with a weep infant clasped in her arms.

The mother, who could not have been more than fourteen years old, was calm and peaceful, but that of the baby was strangely distorted, as if terrified with its brief look on life.

Fresh flowers were scattered upon the scarlet blanket that partially covered the still figure; lighted candles stood at the head and foot, and near by sat the sisters and parents of the dead woman, silent and sad.

A great crowd occupied the house of mourning, laughing and jesting as though the occasion were one of rejoicing, rather than sorrow.

The ceremony of el velorio is always observed where there is a death in the family and is intended to keep up the spirits of the relatives and prevent their thoughts from dwelling on the sad side of the occasion.

Between the place where Stieckler was standing and the spot where the cubs were there was stretched a huge trunk of a tree which had been denuded of its branches.

The new turn of affairs encouraged Stieckler, who did not let the chance slip by. Grasping his weapon by the barrel he advanced and struck the brute on the head.

Stieckler found that the last shot had entered the bear's mouth, which, he remembered, as it came across the log, was wide open.

The bear's tongue was cut off at the roots and was killed with shot.

Somebody has published the statement in Philadelphia that if one wished to have good luck in the daily transactions of life all that was necessary was to watch the first humpback man or woman who chanced to pass down the street and touch him or her upon the hump.

The King cobra, the largest poisonous snake known, sometimes measures over fifteen feet.

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STICKLER'S CLOSE CALL.

He Joked About Finding a Bear and Found One in Earnest.

A Philadelphian named Stieckler spends several weeks each year in the Catskill mountains.

Stieckler left his retreat, which nestles among tall pines in a picturesque valley, early in the morning.

He took with him a double-barreled gun, and a small Scotch terrier dog followed at his heels.

Following mountain paths he soon came in sight of the Hotel Kaaterskill, where he stopped a short time and chatted with friends, who bantered him about shooting a bear.

Stieckler took the jest good naturedly, and remarked that he would return with a bear.

Bidding his friends good-by, he sallied forth on what he anticipated would be an enjoyable day's sport.

Stieckler soon came to the brow of the hill which overlooks a deep valley south of the hotel.

The hunter descended the mountain side into the valley, which he crossed, and then he tramped on for a mile or two.

Stieckler kept a sharp lookout for game. His little dog kept several yards ahead of him.

Suddenly he heard it bark, and it ran back to him. It acted as if it were badly frightened.

Advancing cautiously, Stieckler saw something that filled him with pleasure and his pulse quickened with excitement.

Between four tall trees, which formed a space of about twenty feet, were two cub bears at play.

Their antics amused him and it was some time before he awakened to his senses that what he had started out for was right before him.

Raising his gun, he took aim at the largest of the cubs and fired. The little animal was badly wounded, and it set up a crying that could be heard a long distance.

The plaintive sounds were heard by the old mother bear, which had been feeding on berries. It went tearing through the bushes to its young, licked the wounds of its offspring, and looked around for the hunter.

The old bear caught sight of Stieckler, and with growls that sent cold shivers running up and down his spinal column, it made for him.

Between the place where Stieckler was standing and the spot where the cubs were there was stretched a huge trunk of a tree which had been denuded of its branches.

The log rested in such a position that a small animal could crawl under. This proved a fortunate circumstance for Stieckler, for his life was saved by it.

Bruin was rapidly approaching, and the hunter raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim, as it was the only charge he had.

In the excitement that followed the shooting of the cub he had forgotten to reload the other barrel.

The charge hit the bear near the shoulder and inflicted a terrible but not fatal wound.

The only served to enrage the shaggy brute still more, and it reached the log and had its fore paws on top of it when the little terrier, which had stood trembling with fear behind its master, darted under the log and caught the beast by one of its hind legs.

The bear turned its attention to the dog, which slipped back under the log.

The new turn of affairs encouraged Stieckler, who did not let the chance slip by.

INSPIRED THE JUDGE.

How a Kentucky Dispenser of Justice Settled His Liquor Bill.

Colonel Porter McPeal, of Louisville, Ky., went into a saloon the other day—a most natural performance—and after taking a drink of whisky, turned to the proprietor of the place, a portly German, and said:

"Yo' licker ain't very old, sah." "No," replied the German, as he began to rub the bar with a rag, "it ain't as old as dot bill you owe me, but it ain't your yast de sames."

The Colonel, almost mortally offended, struck the German. A fight ensued, the police rushed in and both men were taken to the police station.

Shortly afterward they were arraigned before the judge. The German made his statement, and the judge, without giving the Colonel an opportunity of saying any thing, exclaimed:

"Colonel, I fine you ten dollars, sah." After court had adjourned, the Colonel went up to the judge and said: "Look here, Bill, what the deuce made you fine me? Why, I thought you would laugh over the matter and dignify the case."

"I would have done so, Porter, but it was too serious a matter."

"How so?" "Why, hang it, I owe the old rascal a bar-bill myself. Have to keep on the good side of him yey know."

"Yes, but why didn't you fine him enough to offset the bill?" "That's a fact," the judge replied, thoughtfully scratching his head.

"Say, Bob (calling an officer), run down and bring that saloon-keeper back here. Tell him that court was not adjourned, that I have only given a recess. My dear Porter, you inspire me, and I faint would believe that if I had you near me, to whisper the gentle words of encouragement in my ear, that I would be much more of a success than I am. Ah, here he comes. Court will please come to order. Mr. Von Muller, I am not done with you. In consideration of the fact that you invited the assault with persistent beckoning—which, in truth, is much worse than committing the assault itself—I fine you—fine you (aside, How much do I owe him?)—fine you fifteen dollars."

"Vell, den," replied the German, "you just owe me twenty-five dollar, so just give me ten dollar, and we gall it square."

"Fifteen, did I say?" replied the judge. "I meant twenty-five. Pay the money and go your way with the moral determination that you will encourage no more broils."

BEATING HIS RECORD.

How a Detroit Jumper Surprised Himself and His Admirers.

At an early hour yesterday morning it was given out on Michigan avenue that the champion jumper of the world would try to beat his record at eleven o'clock.

He was to jump in rear of a saloon, of course, and of course all who passed through the place were expected to buy a glass of beer.

About fifty sports were on hand when the champion arrived. He was a young man of felicitous expression and he had a serious voice.

"Understand, gentlemen," he explained, as he put away his fifth or sixth glass of beer, "that I claim to be the champion jumper of the world. I shall try to-day to out-do all my previous efforts, and I am pleased to inform you that no collection will be taken up."

The crowd gathered to the back yard, where one opened the gate leading to the alley, and the jumper put his hands to the work. By and by, after another glass of beer had been brought out, he jumped. He jumped exactly twenty-six inches.

"I've done it," he proudly proclaimed, as he bowed his head to the crowd. "That's no jump!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"Gentlemen, I have beaten my record," said the champion. "That's further by four inches than I ever jumped before. I set out to beat my record and the result is before you."

"Do you call that a jump?" demanded the crowd. "I do, I certainly do. I'd be only too glad to jump twenty feet, but I can't do it, you know—really can't. Twenty-two inches has heretofore been my limit, and I've surprised myself. As I told you a few minutes ago, no collection will be taken up. Thanking you for your extreme kindness, and hoping to ever retain your esteem, I will now bid you good-bye and withdraw."

And he left the alley gate open so that forty-nine of that crowd could pass out after him and sneak away.

A Convenient Husband.

Husband—Wife, you are everlastingly reading books.

Wife—Yes, I find them very interesting.

Husband—It's a pity I ain't a book; then you might take some interest in me.

Wife—I wouldn't object if you were the right kind of a book.

Husband—What sort of a book do you think a husband ought to be?

Wife—An almanac, so I get a new one every year.

Husband—Brethren, said a Tennessee preacher, "don't put Pontius Pilate down as a bad man. He wasn't a bad man; he was only a weak one. He himself would much rather have released our Saviour, but he couldn't resist the pressure of the Scribes and Pharisees and the howlings of the rabble. He didn't have any backbone. He wasn't bad, but he was a poor creature—in fact, there was nothing to him. Brethren, if General Andrew Jackson had been in Pontius Pilate's place that trial would have had a different ending."