

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

Position of the Catholic Church on the Marriage Question.

Cardinal Gibbons has been interviewed regarding the position of the Catholic church to the question of divorce and remarriage, and he said:

"The church holds that under certain circumstances separation may be necessary, but in no case does it sanction a divorce implying the right to remarry."

"The church holds marriage to be irrevocable. There is no absolute release allowed a vinculo. The Gospel forbids a man to have more than one wife or a wife to have more than one husband, and we follow the Gospel teaching."

"Marriage is the most aviolable of all contracts. Adultery alone may justify a divorce, in the cases of a separation. But not in any case does it justify a remarriage during the lifetime of the two partners to the wedding contract. Moses, we know, permitted separation in principle, but in this toleration the great law-giver had regard to the violent passions of the Jewish people for whom he legislated, and to their inability to fall into greater excess if their desire for a divorce were altogether refused."

"Then, you know, our Lord Himself says: 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another, committeth adultery,' while, though an injured consort may be justified by the Gospel in obtaining a 'divorce from bed and board,' the church firmly maintains that this does not imply the privilege of remarrying, whatever Protestant commentators may assert to the contrary."

"When the Pharisees tempted Christ, you may remember, the Saviour answered: 'And I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery.' Hence no man and no legislation can validly dissolve the contract."

"Mark, Luke and Paul all flatly forbid divorce a vinculo. The law of the Catholic church is inflexible. Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, and England was lost to the church."

"The ease with which releases from matrimonial contracts are obtained in some of our States is fraught with dangerous consequences. Some of the pretended causes evoked are so trivial that they would raise a smile if the matter were not so terribly serious."

"You may shrink from the rigor of the Catholic teaching, but surely it is merciful beside the cruel consequences of indiscriminate divorces we see nowadays."

"Yes, the marriage of a divorced Catholic during his partner's lifetime necessarily involves his being put without the pale of the church. In such cases it is not only the right, but the duty, of our priests to refuse the offender absolution or the sacraments. But I should hesitate to go so far as to refuse the sacraments to a Catholic who had merely obtained a divorce." —Baltimore American.

THE EARTH'S DURATION.

Instructive Speculations on a Theme of Never-Ceasing Interest.

The present age of the earth has been placed by Sir William Thomson at 100,000,000 years, while the speculations of others have given much larger figures. M. Adolphe d'Assier, who believes such estimates to be greatly exaggerated, considers the life of the earth in three periods, which he terms, the igneous or nebulo-stellar stadium, the stadium of solar illumination or of organic life, and the stadium of darkness, cold and death. The first—which began with the detachment of the terrestrial nebula from the solar, and ended in the formation of the crystalline crust of the globe—he calculates from physical laws to have been 500,000 years in duration. The second—comprising the present epoch, and to close with extinction of the sun, embracing the entire cycle of geological formations—is found by geological and physical evidence as likely to have a total length of 25,000,000 years, of which more than half has passed. The third stadium—starting from the end of solar illumination, and closing in the terrible and inevitable catastrophe of the fall of the earth to the sun, and momentarily brightened by the incandescence of the earth as the moon crashes into it—will have a length that can not be calculated until the precise rate of acceleration of the motion of the earth around the center of attraction is known, but will probably be, at the lowest estimate, 100,000,000 years or more. Upon the whole, the present age of the earth appears to be about 16,000,000 years. This is but a small part of its existence, and every thing leads to the belief that its total evolution through the immensity of space will exceed a million centuries. —Arkansas Traveler.

An Editorial Victim.

"How do you make such beautiful verses, Herbert," she asked, as she gazed admiringly into his face.

"Oh, it's easy enough after you once get started," said Herbert, modestly.

"It must be delightful to be able to express your poetic thoughts. I sometimes have them, but I can not put them into words. There is poetry everywhere if you only know where to look for it."

"Yes; it's surprising how much there is," said Herbert, who had called on an editor that day. "I know where there's a whole basket full of it right now." —Merchant Traveler.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The crown of Charles II., made in 1660, is the oldest existing in England.

The monastery of Melk, in Austria, lately celebrated the eight-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

Some of the handsomest shops in Paris are now devoted to the sale of Japanese wares, and are wholly conducted by Japs.

Holland claims an average of eight acres per day from the sea, and the salt water is no sooner crowded out than cabbage is crowded in.

Queen Victoria objects to the general use of electric lights at Windsor Castle, because it is too strong for her eyes, and it is therefore restricted to a few localities.

Including policemen, post-office officials, market men and women, caretakers, hospital nurses, and newspaper writers and printers, it is estimated that fully one hundred thousand of the inhabitants of London are night workers.

The Eiffel Tower is now declared, even by those who feared that it would be unsightly, to have a "light and graceful appearance in spite of its gigantic size, and to be an imposing monument, worthy of Paris."

A curious animal peculiar to Tasmania is the Tasmanian devil. It is equal in size to the short-legged terrier. Its skin is nearly of equal thickness of that of a pig, and it is covered with coarse, jet-black hair. It is of the bear species and possesses a power of jaw scarcely inferior to that of the bulldog.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia was so afraid of assassination during his reign that he slept in a room with double doors cased in steel. A powerful moustiff lay at the foot of his bed, and he always kept a loaded revolver on a table by his bedside. When eating alone the King would not use any made dishes, and satisfied his appetite with toast and boiled eggs.

The trumpeter who congratulated the German Emperor early on the morning of his majesty's birthday anniversary by a joyous blast from his instrument, has been fined three marks "for giving a signal which was not required," but his imperial master has put balm into the wounds which the fine inflicted on the patriotic trumpeter by expressing to him, in a personal audience, his pleasure at the birthday salutation, and presenting him with a £5 note.

Over the grave where Matthew Arnold lies with his four children, in Laleham church-yard, there has been placed a plain head-stone of white marble, containing beneath the raised cross the inscription: "Matthew Arnold, eldest son of the late Thomas Arnold, D. D., head master of Rugby School. Born Dec. 24, 1822. Died April 15, 1888. There has sprung up a light for the righteous, a joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted."

A bridge on one of the upper courses of the Yang-Tse river, described by an American missionary to China, presents very unusual features in the way of ornaments. The bridge is of stone, and has buttresses up and down stream at each of the piers raised about five feet above the water. These buttresses are used to support standing or reclining figures of animals. These up stream are water monsters; down stream are land animals, such as the buffalo and bear.

PROTECTING AN EDITOR.

A Second Daniel Discovered in a Small California Town.

At last we have got the printer where we want him. Since the establishment of printing the compositor has held the whip hand over the newspaper writer.

More brilliant efforts of genius have been ruined by the man who has the putting of them in type to do than have been lost by never being printed at all. And there has been no law to punish him. There has been more trouble over how matter has been put in the paper than over what matter has been put there. The compositor is my natural enemy, and it is with a glee I can not and do not care to hide that I get this in on him. Civilization in its highest form has developed itself in a small town of California. We have some fair showing of it in San Francisco, a little less in New York and a trifle in Oakland, but this out-of-the-way little town, unassuming and modest, as all great people and communities are, deserves to be placed at the top of the list. It seems that some time ago there was some trouble in the office of the only paper published there. The editor is proprietor, advertising canvasser, reporter and dramatic critic; the printer is foreman, sub, devil, batty-boy and father of the chapel. He conducted himself a small union, the printer did, and one night he went and got full and independent and refused to get the paper out. The editor, etc., argued the matter quietly at first, but failing to get any satisfaction, he took a mallet and knocked the printer, etc., on the head until the union gave in and pledged his word to get out the paper if he'd let him up. He got up and he got out the paper, and then he went and had the editor, etc., arrested for assault. The case was tried. The decision should be printed in letters of gold and made a prominent legend on all newspaper buildings. The judge, all honor and praise to him! dismissed the case. He gave a reason: "We have only one paper here and one editor, and he must be protected; therefore, I dismiss the case." Oh, upright judge! Oh, wise and learned judge! A Daniel, say I! —San Francisco Chronicle.

EDISON'S FIRST CHECK.

The Wizard's Divinity in Getting It Cashed at the Bank.

"Wizard" Edison came over from Menlo Park the other day on some business connected with some of his numerous enterprises, and during the afternoon spent several hours with one of the officials of the big electric-light company.

During lunch the great electrician became chatty and told, in his quaint way, the story of his first acquaintance with any large sum of money.

It was in the days when he was struggling along with his earlier inventions, and didn't have big capitalists to back him. In fact, he didn't have any bank account himself, and hardly knew what one was. Bank checks were things he had never had occasion to use, and had about as much idea of their value as the man in the moon.

Edison had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph Company for \$40,000, and was coming over to New York to get his money.

He had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears, and had been told that it was full of "sharks," who would fleece a man very quick. So he made up his mind that Wall street was a very dangerous place, and that if he ever had occasion to go there he would be lucky if he got away without losing his overcoat and umbrella.

At that time General Lefferts was president of the Western Union. One morning Edison came into the company's general offices to close up the side of his patent. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for \$40,000.

He looked at it curiously for a moment or two, and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. He knew that he had sold a patent to the Western Union Company for \$40,000, but he didn't see any money. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts told him that if he would go down to the Bank of America, in Wall street, he could get the check cashed.

"So I started out," said Edison, "after carefuly folding up the check, and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought while on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand-dollar bills for that piece of paper I should give him up the check very quick."

On arriving at the Bank of America he hesitated about entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, he mustered up courage and determined to try it. He knew that General Lefferts had told him he would get his money here, so he braced ahead and half tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave Edison a piercing glance and said something which Edison could not understand, as he was hard of hearing.

That was enough. He was now more than ever convinced that his "check" wasn't worth \$40,000, and again thought, as he rushed out of the bank with it, that any man who would give him \$2,000 could walk away with the check. He hurried back to the Western Union and said he couldn't get any money. General Lefferts then sent a man with him to identify him. He said that "This man is Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier, very obsequiously, "how would you like your \$40,000? In what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank. It doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get my money."

Edison was given \$40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of \$20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trousers pocket, buttoned up his coat as tightly as possible, and made a break to get out of Wall street as quick as he could. The next day Edison began to work on his first laboratory at Newark.—N. Y. Journal.

The Head of the Army.

General Schofield's salary is \$13,000. Although he is the successor of Sheridan, who followed a line of soldiers in the office who were National heroes, and although he is rightfully the incumbent by reason of his services to the country, his career has not been such as to make his name over familiar to people generally. His military life has been long and the duties faithfully performed, but in few events he has been very conspicuous. General Schofield was born on the 29th of September, 1831. He graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1853, in the same class with Sheridan, McPherson and Hood. Before the war he left the service to become a professor of natural science in a university, but at the breaking out of hostilities he entered the army as a volunteer. A Major's commission was tendered to him at once and on November 21, 1861, he had reached the grade of Brigadier-General. He served all through the war, notably in the Atlantic campaign, and for a time was Secretary of War in Grant's first Cabinet. At present his duties are practically nominal, for there are plenty of subordinate to look after details. He has an office in the department building which is principally interesting for the relics which it contains of his service. Sheridan filled up his office in a similar way, and it was a favorite spot for sightseers. The remark is frequently heard here that Sheridan died as a result of idleness. He was accustomed to a typical soldier's life and a sneeze worried him more than a campaign.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BEWITCHING MATRONS.

Women Past Thirty the Most Interesting in American Society.

"The buds," says Rustan, "are a nine days' wonder, and are much talked of for that space of time, but it is the women past thirty who are the most interesting in America. They seem to have the gift of eternal youth, and at fifty are more agreeable looking than the women of any other country."

Rustan's observation will surprise people whose sole knowledge of fashionable society is derived from the chroniclers of a quarter or half century back, but to the onlooker, as well as to the foreign traveler, it is patent that there is a great physical change in the American society women as exemplified in New York. They hold their age in an astonishing and unprecedented manner and seem not to attain the zenith of their beauty till a point beyond which they were once hopelessly passed. Men say that the women of to-day are at thirty-five no older than they formerly were at twenty-five, and that there is a corresponding difference all along the line; that, consequently, they dress younger without incongruity; and that beyond and above all this they have learned to grow old with grace, which means that they have at least recognized that it is futile to sham youth and have set themselves to develop wit, style and other attributes which are permanent and may grow instead of lessening with time.

In the time of our mothers and grandmothers, if the society chroniclers are a guide, a woman was considered old after twenty-five. If she did not marry in her first season she was called a "relic" and made to feel in the way. And there was some reason for the railway.

Between then and now two things have happened. Health has become the fashion, and is sought for passionately and successfully. Clear skins, natural color, firm muscles, bright eyes and elastic steps are now the order of the day, and a woman who was once as transient as snow has become as permanent as her husband. That pretension to youthfulness is not now the common weakness is evidenced by the fact that the humorous papers, which once found this the most fruitful subject for jests, have turned their attention to other foibles. With this change men's tastes regarding women seem to have altered somewhat. Where once he admired the beauty of youth alone, and was satisfied with dumb response to emotion, he now demands a great deal more. The woman of to-day must make herself agreeable, not passively, but actively; she must be brilliant and witty, possessed of tact and able to entertain; must have the art of dressing, the knowledge of men, the art of flattering, must be in short a woman of the world with the liberal education which that implies. The day of the doll has passed away; the debutante is in no hurry to get married and the yearling pasture is not the wife market it was.

It might be supposed that women who keep up a continuous round of dinners, operas and balls would look dragged out and weary and old before their time, but in reality they are in the most splendid physical condition. They are up, it is true, till the small hours of the morning, drinking champagne, dancing, conversing and flirting; but this is their sole occupation, and it does not begin before four o'clock in the afternoon. The remainder of their time is spent in the pursuit of health. After a noon breakfast, they drive, twice a week, to the Turkish baths, and are steamed, pounded, plunged and showered, shampooed and manicured, and turned out as if new made from the hand of God. No other creature, unless it be thoroughbred racers, have such care given to their bodies as these women whose business is society. Whatever science and art have discovered and invented, or nature allotted, to give health and beauty, is commanded by them, until it is now beginning to be said, curiously, that the women are outlasting the men.

The society woman depends greatly on luxurious bathing to renew her strength. The Turkish bath must be taken outside the home, but the bathrooms in some of the wealthy houses give evidence by their costliness and beauty of the part they play in the daily economy.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Sunbeam of Existence.

Cheerfulness is the sunbeam of existence. It penetrates into the smallest crevices. It drives away the darkest mists. If ever a man came into the world with a destiny, the cheerful man is that one. It is his mission to preach unconsciously the doctrine of happiness. He is a true apostle. Cheerfulness is the active principle of physical as well a moral life. This active principle lies dormant within every man unless he is spiritually and physically defective. It requires cultivation to make it bear fruit. It is better than money because it can not be lost. It is better than learning, because learning opens the book of life and convinces us that we never can see but an infinitesimal segment of all that is to be known. The philosopher Goethe, with all his inspiration and erudition, on his death bed cried for "more light," "more light." But cheerfulness satisfies. Cheerfulness irradiates the deepest gloom and alone makes life worth living.—Detroit Free Press.

Scientists declare that it would take only eight days for a cannon-ball to reach the moon.

PICTURE OF WASHINGTON.

The Personal Appearance of Our First President in 1789 and in 1798.

As described by David Ackerson, in 1811. Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six-foot-and-a-half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude.

Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of wooden tied around his throat and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at.

At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was every where. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it into the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddle-bags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse pistol. His lungs were his weak point and his voice was never strong.

He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awaking in the morning.

Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit and pushed his under lip outward.—Albany Express.

HONEST CARL DUNDER.

Some Things Which the Old Gentleman Does Not Understand.

When der Americans get so madt at King George dot dey can't stand it no longer enferypody goes by Boston harbor and throws some tea o'erboard—more ash four hoored sheests. Dot tea vhas all wasted in der water, but der principle vhas shust der same if der peoples take it home and drink it. I can't understand vhy dey don't.

Washington goes across der Delaware River by a skiff. It vhas a cold, lark night, and more ice vhas around than you can put in feefty refrigerators. If I vhas Washington I wait until some shteamboat come along, or somebody builds a bridge. I don't take all dose shances mitout any accident insurance on my pody.

Washington goes into camp at Valley Forge for der winter, and she vhas so cold dot enferypody suffers like he vhas in Chicago. I don't quite see how it vhas. If I vhas a patriot and fighting for my country I go into camp in a brick house heated by steam, and I haf fried oysters and shicken pot-pie enferly day of my life. It looks to me as if Shensard Washington makes a big mistake about dot. It vhas no good to freeze to death for your country. Dot doan' lick der British.

Veen Shensard Washington gets dot Lord Cornwallis in a box at Yorktown he vhasks oop and down mit great dignity and doan' gif even one yell. If dot vhas me I gif some whoops and yells and screams—I shump oop and down—I paint dot place so red ash infer vhas. I vwalk oop to dot Cornwallis and I say:

"How you like it so far ash you went, hey? Maybe now you like to go home and behave herself! I haf got some bulge on you, and now you behave herself or I make it party hot!" Dot Paul Shones vhas a good fighter, but I can't quite make out about him. If he goes into a fight mit a bigger ship and gets licked he doan' tell nobody. He shust keeps fighting right along, and he tells der men enferlytings vhas all O. K., and by and by dot big ship pulls down her flag and says she vhas oseck she can't fight no more. Don Me, Shones goes aboard and says he vhas boss, and dot vhas one more victory. I doan' fight dot vhay. If I vhas licked dot settles it, and I holler out dot I gif oop. If der odder man vhas de biggest I doan' fight at all.

Dot Commodore Perry vhas a queer man. He likes to fight so vshell dot he shays oop all night. He goes down by Put-in-Bay and picks a fuss. He doan' haf to, but dot vhas his vhay. If I vhas going to haf a fight I should put out my arms and shpeak:

"Hey, boys, knock der stuffing out of der middle of last week, or I cut your wages down one-half."

Dot Perry goes about like a lamb, and he shames a leedle shmile, and all he says vhas:

"Boys, I like you to whoop'er oop for me."

Und dose boys vhas whoop, and der eagle vhas let loose, and der bell of Liberty rings out dot we vhas on top der whole crowd.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MAKING OF PINS.

Processes Employed in the Manufacture of the Indispensable Little Things.

The manufacture of a pin was a tedious process when entirely made by hand; no less than twelve or fourteen processes had it to pass through before it was completed. The wonderful machinery now in use has much simplified matters. First of all the wire must be prepared. It is placed in a coil on a revolving block, and drawn through holes pierced in a steel plate, until it is of the size required for the particular pin to be made. It is then taken to the pin-making room, where we find rows of machines moved by steam power, and producing a constant stream of pins at the rate of 180 to 220 per minute, which are removed from the receptacles into which they fall by the workman and his attendants, who look after the proper working of the machines.

If we stand in front of a machine we see a coil of brass wire on a revolving drum. The end of the wire passes through a hole, and then between iron pegs, which straighten the wire and keep it in its place as it is drawn into the machine. In the machine we see a pair of sliding pincers take hold of the wire, carry it forward a short distance, and put the end through a hole in a small iron plate. Watch carefully, and we see a pretty little hammer strike the end as soon as it appears on the other side of the iron plate. By successive blows of this hammer the head is made. This done, down falls a sharp blade and cuts the wire into the length required for the pin (the machine can be adjusted to cut the pins of any length desired.) This process of drawing in, heading, and cutting off goes on continually, and the pins are thus carried on to the pointing part of the machine.

The pointless pin now falls into a slanting groove, just wide enough for it, but too narrow to let the head through. Thus we see a row of pins hanging by their heads nearly the whole length of the machine. Beneath is a revolving cylindrical file. The surface of the cylinder represents a series of graduated files, on which as they are worked backwards and forwards the pins are pointed. They fall into a receptacle below, but as yet they are yellow—the color of brass wire; they are also greasy. They are now put into barrels, which are turned round and round, and by this means thoroughly scoured and cleaned, and are ready to be "silvered." They are now put into kettles heated by steam, and spread about as evenly as possible. A powder of fine tin is then spread over them, and a certain portion of acid added. In this they are boiled for about two hours. When taken out they are found to be covered with a thin coating of tin, which gives them the bright and silvery appearance which all pins possess.

The pins are then dried by being thrown into sawdust, and polished by being put into barrels revolved by machinery. Thence they are placed in a flat tray, and the workman, by a peculiar tossing motion, which requires much skill, separates all the dust from the pins, which are now clean, bright and ready for use. There is a very ingenious machine used for "sticking" the pins which are to be sent to the market on papers. The paper is placed on a piece of curved metal, and crimped and placed in position to receive the pins, which are passed out of a receptacle at the top of the machine by a girl, who with a brush dexterously sweeps them into grooves placed in an inclined plane leading down to the paper. Thus arranged, they pass down the machine in long lines, and by a lever the paper is brought under the points of a row of pins, and by a beautiful bit of machinery they are pressed through the crimped edges of the paper. Thus row by row the whole sheet is filled.—London Queen.

THOROUGH PREPARATION.

The Golden Key of Business Success in the Hand of Youth.

It is the commonest thing in the world to hear men lament the lack of opportunities in early life, or the lack of appreciation of opportunities when they were to be had. No one gets to middle life amid the pressure of competition in the professions and in business to-day without seeing clearly that very much of a man's success depends on the thoroughness of his preparation. It is the fittest who survive, and the fittest in these days are men who have trained themselves to most effective work. The thorough-bred lawyer leaves behind him in the race his most brilliant compeer who has not the same complete preparation and the same thorough-going habits of work. The merchant who gradually emerges from the ranks of the comparatively successful, and takes his place among the eminently successful, is the man who has given himself the most thorough business training. The thoroughly equipped book-keeper is never long out of a situation. The men and women who are soonest discharged when times are unprosperous, and who are longest in getting reinstated, are the men and women who do their work fairly, but not eminently well. The man or woman who gives his or her work the stamp of superiority need never fear for the future. Such a person is always certain to find place and remuneration. It ought to be instilled into the mind of every boy who goes to any kind of business, that he is there to master every detail of it, to know it from beginning to end, so completely that when it comes into his hands he can reconstruct it on better lines. Through preparation, next to thorough integrity of character, is the golden key of success in the hand of youth.—Christian Union.