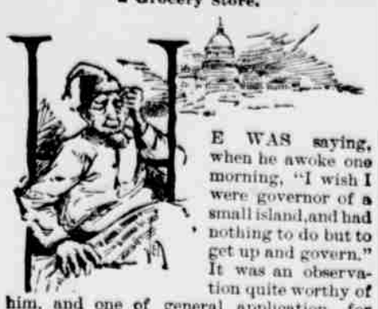
UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

Why It Is Easier to Govern Than to Run a Grocery Store.



"HE WAS saying, when he awoke one morning, "I wish I were governor of a small island, and had nothing to do but to get up and govern." It was an observation quite worthy of him, and one of general application, for there are many men who find it very difficult to get a living on their own resources, to whom it would be comparatively easy to be a very fair sort of governor. Everybody who has no official position or routine duty on a salary knows that the most trying moment in the twenty-four hours is that in which he emerges from the oblivion of sleep and faces life. Everything perplexing tumbles in upon him, all the possible vexations of the day rise up before him, and he is little less than a hero if he gets up cheerful.

It is not to be wondered at that people crave office, some salaried position, in order to escape the anxieties, the personal responsibilities, of a single handed struggle with the world. It must be much easier to govern an island than to carry on almost any retail business. When the governor wakes in the morning he thinks first of his salary; he has not the least anxiety about his daily bread or the support of his family. His business is all laid out for him; he has not to create it. Business comes to him; he does not have to drum for it. His day is agreeably, even if sympathetically, occupied with the troubles of other people, and nothing is so easy to bear as the troubles of other people. After he has had his breakfast, and read over the "Constitution," he has nothing to do but to "govern" for a few hours, that is, to decide about things on general principles, and with little personal application, and perhaps about large concerns which nobody knows anything about, and which are much easier to dispose of than the perplexing details of private life. He has to vote several times a day, for giving a decision is really casting a vote; but that is much easier than to scratch around in all the anxieties of a retail business. Many men who would make very respectable presidents of the United States could not successfully run a retail grocery store. The anxieties of the grocery would wear them out. For consider the varied ability that the grocery requires—the foresight about the markets, to take advantage of an eighth per cent. off or on here and there; the vigilance required to keep a "full line" and not overstock, to dispose of goods before they spoil or the popular taste changes; the suavity and integrity and duplicity and fairness and adaptability needed to get customers and keep them; the power to bear the daily and hourly worry; the courage to face the ever present specter of "failure," which is said to come upon ninety merchants in a hundred; the tact needed to meet the whims and the complaints of patrons, and the difficulty of getting the patrons who grumble most to pay in order to satisfy the creditors. When the retail grocer wakens in the morning he feels that his business is not going to come to him spontaneously; he thinks of his rivals, of his perilous stock, of his debts and delinquent customers. He has no "Constitution" to go by, nothing but his wits and energy to set against the world that day, and every day the struggle and the anxiety are the same. What a number of details he has to carry in his head (consider, for instance, how many different kinds of cheese there are, and how different people hate and love the same kind), and how keen must be his appreciation of the popular taste! The complexities and annoyances of his business are excessive, and he cannot afford to make many mistakes; if he does, he will lose his business, and when a man fails in business (honestly), he loses his nerve, and his career is ended. It is simply amazing, when you consider it, the amount of talent shown in what are called the ordinary businesses of life.

It has often been remarked with how little wisdom the world is governed. That is the reason it is so easy to govern. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" does not refer to the discomfort of wearing it, but to the danger of losing it, and of being put back upon one's native resources, having to run a grocery or to keep school. Nobody is in such a pitiable plight as a monarch or politician out of business. It is very difficult for either to get a living. A man who has once enjoyed the blessed feeling of awaking every morning with the thought that he has a certain salary despises the idea of having to drum up a business by his own talents. It does not disturb the waking hour at all to think that a deputation is waiting in the next room about a postoffice in Indiana or about the codfish in Newfoundland waters—the man can take a second nap on any such affair; but if he knows that the living of himself and family that day depends upon his activity and intelligence, uneasy lies his head. There is something so restful and easy about public business! It is so simple! Take the average congressman. The secretary of the treasury sends in an elaborate report—a budget, in fact—involving a complete and harmonious scheme of revenue and expenditure. Must the congressman read it? No; it is not necessary to do that; he only cares for practical measures. Or a financial bill is brought in. Does he study that bill? He hears it read, at least by title. Does he take pains to inform himself by reading and conversation with experts upon its probable effect? Or an international copyright law is proposed, a measure that will relieve the people of the United States from the world wide reputation of sneaking meanness toward foreign authors. Does he examine the subject, and try to understand it? That is not necessary. Or it is a question of tariff. He is to vote "yes" or "no" on these proposals. It is not necessary for him to master these subjects, but it is necessary for him to know how to vote. And how does he find out that? In the first place, by inquiring what effect the measure will have upon the chance of election of the man he thinks will be nominated for president, and in the second place, what effect his vote will have on his own re-election. Thus the principles of legislation become very much simplified, and thus it happens that it is comparatively so much easier to govern than it is to run a grocery store.—Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine.

Candid.

Tramp—No sugar nor milk in my coffee, mum. Sugar is bad for the kidneys, and milk gives me dyspepsia.

Lady—You are very careful of your health.

Tramp—It's necessary, mum. If I didn't keep my health, I couldn't travel as a sick man.—Tid Bits.

Professionally Intent.

Hostess (to young Spriggins, M. D.)—Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?

Dr. Spriggins (absent mindedly)—Oh—er—let me look at it, please.—New York Sun.

Natural Inequality of Men.

Thus men are certainly not born free and equal in natural qualities; when they are born the predicates "free" and "equal" in the political sense are not applicable to them, and as they develop, year by year, the differences in the political potentialities with which they really are born become more and more obviously converted into actual differences—the inequality of political faculty shows itself to be a necessary consequence of the inequality of natural faculty.

It is probably true that the earliest men were nomads. But among a body of naked, wandering savages, though there may be no verbally recognized distinctions of rank or office, superior strength and cunning confer authority of a more valid kind than that secured by act of parliament; there may be no property in things, but the witless man will be poverty stricken in ideas, the clever man will be a capitalist in that same commodity, which in the long run buys all other commodities; one will miss opportunities, the others will make them; and proclaim human equality as loudly as you like, Witless will serve his brother. So long as men are men and society is society, human equality will be a dream; and the assumption that it does exist is as untrue in fact as it sets the mark of impracticability on every theory of what ought to be which starts from it.—Professor Huxley in Popular Science.

Senator Palmer's $35 Plates.

I hear that Senator Palmer has been entertaining magnificently at Madrid. Mrs. Palmer is a millionaire, and she and the senator are the most accomplished entertainers at the capital. Their house here cost $85,000, and they have a china dinner service which is worth its weight in silver. Senator Palmer bought this at Paris just before he came here to take his seat in the senate, and Gen. Cutcheon was present at the house at the time this china was opened. He saw that it was very fine and he asked Palmer how much the plates cost. The senator replied: "I paid $35 apiece for them, and when I bought them in Paris Mrs. Palmer objected, saying, 'Thomas, do you think we can afford to use such expensive dishes as these?' 'O, yes, my dear,' said I. 'I want the best thing I can get in this world. I live in hope of a hereafter, and when I get to heaven I expect to eat off of just such dishes as these every day, and I want as far as possible to get used to my future surroundings.' 'O,' said she, and the result was that we bought the dishes."—Washington Letter.

Hatching Chickens in Georgia.

While a man in Americus, Ga., was boiling eggs to be used on the lunch counter he heard the chirp of a chicken. Looking, he found a young chicken, which had kicked out of its shell, in the tepid water in which he had placed the eggs. He took it and carefully dried it and gave it food. It now is as lively as a cricket and promises to grow to maturity.—Exchange.

A man's opinion should be good for him. It should fit his conscience and make him feel comfortable. But a man with an opinion has no right to insist that others should have the same opinion.

They Were on the Collection Plate.

Landlady—Our new boarder is a good churchman.

Daughter—How do you know?

Landlady—There are no buttons in his pockets.—Chatter.

What They Spared.

Mrs. Tangle—John, the kitchen is just over-run with cock-roaches. They've eaten up every thing in it.

Mr. Tangle—What, every thing?

Mrs. Tangle—Yes. The only thing they haven't touched, is all that Patent Deadshot Roach Food that I put all around for them.—Light.

More diseases are produced by using brown and perfumed soaps than by anything else. Why run such terrible risks when you know Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure and perfect. Dobbins' prevents hands from chapping.

About the first thing that strikes the Boodle Alderman who runs away is the scarcity of places to run to.

First Citizen—Do you think Congressman Billy Mason will become a United States Senator? Second Do.—Is he worth a million?

Accommodating.—"I hope you don't object to my smoking." "N—ot in the least. That is—if you don't object to my being sick."

An Intercepted Telegram.—"Newport, August 5, 1890—Please look up the standing of A. de Riche in Bradstreet's. He proposed last night."

Like Others.—Mrs. Bunting—What does your husband think of the warm weather? Mrs. Larkin—He often applies a heated term to it.

It is remarkable how disgusting a person at breakfast can be with a single peach.

"She is not pretty. You said she was as pretty as a picture." "Oh, well, I meant an amateur photograph."

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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