

THE MAN WHO NEVER SWEARS.

I've often wondered how he feels,
When troubles come his way,
When everything goes wrong, and clouds
Obscure his sunny day;
For instance, when a gust of wind
Takes off the tile he wears,
I wonder what he thinks about,
The man who never swears.

Or when to make a business trip
He hastens through the rain,
And gains the station just in time
To miss the morning train;
How does he feel as in the west
The express disappears?
I wonder if he thinks bad words,
The man who never swears.

The world is full of trying scenes,
No matter where you go,
The truly good are tempted sore,
As you, perhaps, may know;
And when I find him vexed and mad
My sympathy he shares,
For I imagine how he feels,
The man who never swears.

—*Cincinnati Times.*

PLENTY LEFT OVER.

IN a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text "The Feeding of the Multitude." He said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand fishes." An old Irishman said: "That's no miracle; begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard. The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said: "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second or two and then leaned well over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Mr. Murphy replied: "And sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it, Mr. Murphy," said the priest.

"And sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."—*Glendale Enquirer.*

VALUE OF BRAINS.

This office was in need of a mailer, but instruments such as are in general use were too high in price for us. Seeing the advertisement of a new patent and very cheap we ordered one. When we opened the pill-box and examined the machine we involuntarily ejaculated "sold."

Indeed we would have parted with it then and there at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent discount, but we read the directions and experimented with the seeming toy. It gradually rose in value and by two hours it had reached par and is still a going up.

Really it was not the machine alone for which the price was asked, but the brain work of the inventor. Well, why shouldn't a man have pay for exercising his brains in inventing any labor saving implement? This reminds us of an incident that well illustrates this point.

Something got wrong with the water pipes connected with the steam engine of a large factory. The work was in a rush and to shut down even for a day would cause a loss of several hundred dollars.

As a last resort an expert machinist and all-round genius was called in. He removed the obstacle in a way that no one else knew how to do and in five minutes had everything in running order.

His bill was \$25.50. Though somewhat astonished at the amount, the proprietors paid the bill but out of curiosity asked why he made it just twenty five dollars and *fifty cents*. The reply was that he charged fifty cents for his work and \$25.00 for "knowing how." As he had saved the company many times that sum, they could not complain. It is said that one invention of Edison's has saved \$15,000,000 to the United States alone.

Sir Humphrey Davy by the invention of the safety lamp was the means of saving thousands of lives and untold millions of wealth to Great Britain. Surely brains—some brains—are valuable and we should not grumble at paying a reasonable royalty to inventors. Henceforth our subscribers will see their address neatly printed on the margin of the News but they needn't feel at all sorry for us when they are told that we pay at least 1500 per cent royalty for the machine that does the work. We are willing to pay for brains.