

A THOUGHT OR TWO.

EMILY GUIWITS

For The Courier.

One cold afternoon last winter a farmer drove into town with a load of wood and tied his horses just across from our office window. He covered one horse with a blanket, while the other remained uncovered. Both horses stood quietly for a few minutes, but soon the one exposed to the cold began to fidget and twist, while the one that was covered stood perfectly still, from time to time fixing a mildly inquiring look on his less fortunate neighbor.

How like is this, we thought, to human life. One person is left without protection in the world, while his neighbor, for no apparent reason, is provided with everything necessary to his comfort and welfare. The possessor of these temporal blessings looks with the same wonder and sometimes with pity on his fellow-being who is wriggling and twisting under his less favorable circumstances, thoroughly uncomfortable, yet seemingly unable to better his condition.

As we sat in our cozy office with the fire burning cheerily in the grate, we were filled with a feeling of compassion for the mass of poor, struggling humanity to whom the aforesaid office would appear a sort of earthly paradise, and whose ideas of grate fires are gained chiefly from glimpses of them through their employers' windows.

Our fire's merry crackling ceased; it settled down to a steady, deliberate burning, and again we drew conclusions, and many were the world-pictures which arose from the bed of glowing coals.

In the enthusiasm of youth, humanity is like the dancing flame. It rushes wildly from one thing to another, and much valuable time is wasted, sometimes in the pursuit of the bubbles of fame or of pleasure, and sometimes in an honest endeavor to find or to make an appropriate place in the great moving world.

By the time this place is decided upon and we are ready to settle down to earnest, moderate living, the fire is half burned out; for a few years we may continue this state of existence, but the end is inevitable, and soon a few ashes will be all that remains to tell of our existence, with the exception, perhaps, of some lonely traveler who has been warmed and cheered by our blaze.

This being the case, what is the advantage of this confused, tumultuous living? Why spend our days in frantic striving after fame and wealth and power, since these must be laid aside so soon and all will be equal in the grave? Why not live moderately, rationally, one day at a time, attending to the duties of each hour and gathering such of its pleasures as we may, with less of care and concern for the future?

The fire burned low and red; a coal fell down through the grate with a clinking sound, and we were reminded of the verses entitled "Uncounted Blessings," written, we think, by Eben E. Rexford:

I sometimes tire of making vain endeavor
For things I never win, tho' sought so long;
And wonder if my pains must fail forever!
And minor chords creep into life's low song
Until my heart is heavy with its sorrow,
As things beyond me, always far away.
Keep beckoning on, and whispering
"tomorrow,"
But never hold the music of today.

The things just out of reach seems always
fairer
Than anything today can have or hold;
Tomorrow's sunshine will be brighter,
rarer,—
And so we miss the present hour's gold.
Today is lost in dreaming of tomorrow,

And when tomorrow comes, the heart will
lay

Plans for the future, thinking o'er in sorrow
The squandered blessings of the yesterday.

We lose the little joys of life forever
In thinking of the far-off unattained:
And by and by, when fainting hope says
"Never,"

For what we've missed life's long regret is
gained.

If we could take life's blessings as we find
them,

Making the most of bright or cloudy days,
Departing, they would leave content behind
them,

And vague unrest be banished from our
ways.

"I like whiskey," said Leon Champney, of Pecos City, Texas, with a frankness that made Wesley Austin, chairman of the Brown hotel clerical board, blush to the very roots of his wavy auburn hair, "and I drink a good deal of it and have a good time, and don't care who knows it."

The extent to which Mr. Champney didn't care who knew it was amply shown in the way he swaggered back in the big chair he occupied, tilted his wide hat sidewise on his round head and smiled up out of the midst of his big red face.

"But I'll tell you one thing," he went on. "I'm stuck on one man in Denver. He's as white a feller as ever I met, and I met him under peculiar circumstances, too. As I said I like whiskey, and I generally have some of it along with me. I had some along last night when I went out, all by myself, to see the town. I had hoisted in four or five highballs, because I didn't know a soul in the town, and I went wardering around and around, up and down and—first thing you know my cigar went out. I was up on Sherman avenue—I saw a sign—and it was twelve o'clock at night and I didn't know a soul in town.

"Well, sir, do you know what I done? I just went in at the first gate I came across and went up on the porch of a big, fine house and rang the bell.

"I waited a short spell and an upstairs window went up and a man said: 'Well, what is it?'

"'Nobody but me,' I answered.

"'And what's the trouble?'

"'Oh, nothing,' said I; 'at least not much. My cigar has gone out and I don't know a soul in town. Have you got such a thing as a match about you?'

"He didn't say a word, he he disappeared. In a minute he was back, and what do you think he done? He throwed a whole box of matches out to me and said, 'There you are,' and shut down the window without giving me a chance to say as much as 'Thank you.'

"But I did thank him in my heart," concluded Mr. Champney, "and when I got back to the hotel here, which I did after about eighteen miles of walking around two blocks, I said to myself just before dropping asleep: 'Say, he's thor-bred, huh?'

"And I answered myself, 'Shore thing'."—Detroit Free Press.

There are many occasions when a judge is obliged to render decisions in cases which are unique and unprecedented. Grave issues sometimes hinge upon technicalities, on interpretations which must be made on the spur of the moment, without recourse to the ponderous volumes which embody decisions made previously in similar cases. Once upon a time a case was brought before a learned judge, says the Boston Transcript, in which the question at issue was whether a button was made for a buttonhole or a buttonhole for a button. Counsel for the button held that it was so plain as to render argument super-

fluous that the buttonhole was made for the use and behoof of the button; still, for form's sake, he would give a few reasons why his contention was the correct one. It was apparent, he said, that without the buttonhole the button would be unable to perform its function, and hence it was plain that the button preceded the buttonhole, and that the latter was invented in order that the buttonhole might be of service to mankind. It should be clear to everybody that had it not been for the button the buttonhole never would have been thought of. Its existence necessarily presupposed the existence of the button. The lawyer for the other side was equally positive in the stand he had been employed to take. He averred that the buttonhole preceded the button: that, in fact, the button was merely an afterthought. He said that, as everyone knew, the buttonhole can be employed without the button, as witness Farmer Jones, who invariably uses a nail or sliver of wood instead of the conventional button, whereas it was impossible to make an effective use of the button without the aid and assistance of the buttonhole. Hence it was shown beyond peradventure that the buttonhole was of greater importance than the button, and it was natural to infer that the buttonhole was first invented and that the button came later simply as an ornament, or, at best, as an improvement upon the nail, sliver or other instrumentality wherewith the buttonhole was made to perform its duty. To show the relative value of the buttonhole and the button, he said, take this simple example. When the button comes off the buttonhole can still be made serviceable, but if the buttonhole is slit open the button is of no use whatever. With this the learned counsel rested his case, although he claimed he had not exhausted the subject. When the court came in after recess the learned judge promptly decided the case in favor of the buttonhole—clearly a just decision, although it was whispered about the court house that the decision might have been different but for the fact that while changing his linen between adjournment and reassembling of the court his honor had dropped his collar-button and hunted for it without success for half an hour, and perhaps might never have found it had he not stepped upon it. But of course this suggestion came from the partisans of the button and may fairly be imputed to their disappointment and chagrin.

This is an age of athletics. In colleges and high schools the gymnasium classes grow noticeably larger from year to year. Basket ball, tennis, bicycle riding and golf supplement the regular class work for girls, while with the men base ball and foot ball retain their old-time popularity. Yet there never was a time when the newspapers were so full of patent medicine advertisements as at the present day. Flaunting headlines announcing some marvelous concoction stare at us from every page. The medical colleges, too, are turning out the usual number of licensed practitioners each year, and seldom is a case recorded of a physician's starving to death or turning to another occupation. Possibly in this as in other lines the law of compensation is operating. The balancing of opposites is everywhere apparent in nature. Light finds its counterpart in darkness, heat in cold, happiness in misery and weakness in strength. More than ever before this is an age of intensity of devotion to ideals and ideas. Ideas dominate eras, ages, countries, nations and individuals. The world is seething with ideas; they are here in all shapes, colors, sizes and grades; they are the penetrative and controlling power in all departments of

human activity. They are universal and particular; general and specific; worthy and unworthy; divine and satanic. So masterfully does an idea sometimes take hold of a personality that it becomes the fixed, controlling purpose of life, overtopping and overshadowing everything else. Nations, like individuals, are possessed by ruling ideas. Rome was ruled by the idea of empire; Sparta by that of physical manhood; Athens by the expression of the beautiful; France by that of glory; England by that of commerce; our own land by that of liberty. The value of a man as a member of human society depends very largely upon the sort of idea that gets hold of him. Hence, before we allow ourselves to become the exponents of an idea, we should be very certain that it is worthy of us. And the more noble and unselfish the prevailing idea, the more nearly does it approach to immortality. Poetry never encountered a more resonant chord than when it responded to "Rock of Ages." Music never encountered a thought that impoverished its power of expression until it undertook to render "The Messiah." Architecture never felt the moving of a spirit that demanded more of cunning and skill than the hand could find until it undertook to embody the idea of the cross in marble pile. Patriotism never encountered a successful rival for the control of human hearts until it met Him who rendered unto Caesar the things that belonged to Caesar only, and unto God the things that are God's. Human clinging to life never was shaken in its firm grasp upon desire until this great thought came flaming from the cross,—"to die is gain."

"I want a positive answer, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?"

"No."

"That's hardly fair. I asked for a positive answer and you have given me a negative."—Philadelphia Times.

UTAH AN IDEAL CLIMATE

The first white man to set foot on Utah soil, Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, who reached the **GREAT SALT LAKE** on the 23rd day of September, 1776, wrote in his diary: "Here the climate is so delicious, the air so balmy, that it is a pleasure to breathe by day and by night." The climate of Utah is one of the richest endowments of nature. On the shores of the Great Salt Lake especially—and for fifty miles therefrom in every direction—the climate of climates is found. To enable persons to participate in these scenic and climatic attractions and to reach the famous **Health, Bathing and Pleasure Resorts** of Utah, the **UNION PACIFIC** has made a rate to **OGDEN** and **SALT LAKE CITY** of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00, from Missouri River, to be in effect June 15th to 30th inclusive, July 10th to August 31st inclusive. Return limit October 31, and \$30.00 for the round trip on July 1 to 9 inclusive, September 1 to 10 inclusive.

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