The Most Gifted of Mortals.

The dazzling genius may startle and amaze mankind by his divinely gifted endowments, but the man who knows how to get along with people is very apt to reach the heights, while the dazzling genius, like an eagle with a broken wing, is floundering in the valley below.

But the dazzling genius and the man who knows how to get along with people side by side on the track of life, and then let them start abreast. The dazzling genius will excite the curiosity of the crowd by the brilliancy of his gyrations and his involved and intricate evolutions. He will leap like an unbroken colt, and prance like a two-year-old filly, but the man who knows how to get along with people will come swinging down the homestretch, past the judge's stand, with his brilliant but erratic competitor far in the rear.

The faculty of getting along with people is, perhaps, the most fortunate gift which nature can endow a man. The whole secret consists in liking people and taking an interest in them. So many men are armed with dislikes, like porcupine quills, which they shoot in all directions, letting them strike where they will. They are like those pivotal guns which we see in the navy, which turn on a swivel and shoot toward every point of the compass. They keep their batteries loaded, and every man who approaches them they regard as an invader and an enemy. They scrutinize their acquaintances as a proof-reader examines his proof, to see what errors he can discover. Their lives are a perpetual quest for the vices of their neighbors. They never get along with people, for people object to having a perpetual inventory taken of their faults and weaknesses.

Opticians tell us there is one little spot in the eye that is entirely blind. The mental eye of the man who knows how to get along with people has a large spot that is blind to all his neighbors' vices, while his vision is unusually keen in regard to their good qualities. Everybody likes him because he likes everybody. No wonder he climbs high in the world, for everybody stands ready to give him a "boost."

Homley Philosophy.

Fretting cures no evil, it is true, but it sometimes relieves the monotony of too much happiness.

It is advisable to put our heart into whatever work we may have to perform, but it is wise to think well before we put our money in.

When a person becomes to good to overlook the faults of the unfortunate, then it is he that makes the error which loses to him the glory of his goodness.

Delusions are the natural consequences of ignorance. A lack of knowledge of a thing necessitates the invention of a theory to account for its being.

The chronically unhappy man, who persists in trying to sour humanity, should get him to his closet with his woes, and give the sunshine a chance to warm his neighbors.

A man with a red nose is always suspected of men. He may also be wronged of men, for it may be that he is, instead of a heavy drinker, a sufferer from some painful malady.

When you see a person trying to play the fool, and you hear it remarked of him that he is a fool, you may take it as an evidence that he was created for the part.

One strong, well directed blow sends the nail truer to its home than do a dozen coaxing taps. One fit and earnest word carries more weight than does a whole yard of high flown eloquence.

The trouble with people nowadays is they give much attention to the exterior, to the detriment of the interior. They think more of the sack than they do of the grain. The consequence is there is much poor grain parading in fine sacks.

When tossed on the angry waves of a sea of trouble a good motto is: "Never give up the ship." But when the ship manifests a tendency to sink, it is a wise move to swim out and not go down with the wreck.

"Never a rose without a thorn" is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows, then, that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbeautiful faces or lack of wealth.—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Took It Back.

An extremely stout, choleric old gentleman sat in his office one day fuming over a lot of papers and swearing to himself. He was in a beastly temper, for things had gone wrong ever since morning, and now and then he cast his eyes about as if in search of something to kick as an outlet for his tempestuous state of mind.

"That book agent is out here, sir," said a clerk, thrusting his head through the door.

"Show him in," yelled the old gentleman, greedily, "and I'll kick the everlasting stuffing out of him."

A minute later a pretty little girl came demurely in, and, calmly drawing a chair up to the old gentleman's desk, smiled sweetly.

"Just excuse me a minute," said the old fellow; "there's a nasty book agent coming."

"I am the book agent, sir," said the girl, and she thrust a hand away down through a hole in her dress and brought up a volume.

"Can't I sell you a copy, sir," she said cheerfully, running through the leaves. "It is only $5, and is profusely illustrated, and so needful that no home is complete without one. Buy a copy, please, and I shall forget that you called me nasty."

"I didn't," puffed the old gentleman, excitedly. "I swear I never said anything of the kind. Leave the book."

Then the old man yelled: "John, give this young lady $5."

When the old gentleman pickek up his book to carry it home he discovered that it was a collection of love songs.—New York Sun.

The Rhinoceros.

The idea for bringing out the rhinoceros was to get something that no other country could beat for ugliness. While there are several brands of the beast, all put in different packages with different labels, all amount to the same thing when you cut the string and unite the bundle. While the Giraffe is two stories high with lip root, the rhinoceros stopped short at the basement and has never been finished up. To reward him for not being quite so homely as the hippopotamus, he was given a hide so thick that a grape shot would only tickle him, and an offset for not having a mouth as large as an alligator he was given a temper as hot as wildcats and hornets boiled down together.

The rhinoceros was not expected to cut anything of a dash in this world. He was given to understand that if he took good care of his appetite and made it unpleasant for every living thing which came within a mile of him, nothing further would be expected of him. So far as man has been able to discover, the beast never cracks a smile or makes a joke, and nothing ever steps on his coat tails and gets away alive. The legend in regard to him is that he puts in the hours between daylight and sunrise grieving because he wasn't made a turtle dove, but legends are not to be depended upon.—Detroit Free Press.

Killed a Deer at Thirty Paces with a Knife.

One of the most curious deer stories of early times occured about 1854 at White Sulphur Springs, Napa county. A large party of people were there, some of them the best-known citizens of San Francisco. Some of the guests went on hunting expeditions, and among these was Dr. Josselyn, now of Madrone, Santa Clara county. His gun was "loaded for quail" and saw a fine buck within thirty paces. He dropped his pocket-knife down his gun-barrel, aimed at the shoulder and fired. The deer leaped high in the air and dissappeared over a bush and the sportsman returned to the hotel, thinking his shot a falure. He told the story at the hotel, and, he says, "had to set up the campagne all the evening," besides enduring universal skepticism. The next day, however, the deer was brought in and it was found that the pocket-knife had penetrated to the heart.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Only Half Married.

The Rev. G. W Featherston tells this: I was puzzled by a Tennessee lady about her marriage. Sitting by her in a parlor and wishing to introduce conversation I asked her 'Are you a married or a single lady?' She replied, 'I am only half married,' and remained silent as before. This stumped me, as I had never heard of such a case before. She saw she had excited my curiosity and no doubt enjoyed it. At length I ventured to ask: 'Will you please explain that half married? I don't understand it.' She replied: 'If you must know the truth about it, I have gained my own consent to marry, and when the couple to make the other half of the match gives his consent we will have a wedding.'"—Louisville Western Recorder.

Fleeting Fame.

What does the world care for dead folks? George Eliot's grave is shamefully neglected—over grown with weeds and grass. Gen. Grant's tomb in New York city would disgrace a back-country cementery, it is so poor and meanly surrounded. Great people ought make their wills in favor of cremation, and so avoid the danger of lying in neglected graves. It has just been discovered that Mirabeau reposes under one of the foundation stones of a new building in Paris, but the city did not think it worth while to pull up the foundations, now nearly completed, to discover beneath which stone the mighty orator's coffin of lead is stowed away.—Exchange.

The Growing Fig.

A Californian paper menritous some of the peculiarities of the fig. It has no blossoms, and evidently requires breathing places, for from the little button at the end there are minute ducts of air spaces which run through the fruit and clear into the stem. If, in drying, the fig is not placed as it grew on the trees the fruit sours and molds. The fruit does not hang from the tree, but inclines upwards, held by the stem, and this button, or mouth, opens toward the sun. If not so placed when being dried the button is shaded, and the fruit then spoils.

The Big Fiddle.

The bass viol is the most expensive of all musical instruments to its owners. Its first cost is not the greatest expense. It is so large and awkward to carry around that it is continually getting injured by accidents which would not happen to smaller instruments. Somebody may kick a hole in it by dancing against it in a room, or it may be knocked against something while carrying it around. It is most frequently injured on street cars while the musician is carrying it to the place where he has to play. After a man has had an instrument for a long time he comes to look upon it as actually worth all the money that it has cost him, and in this way a bass viol sometimes is valued at $1,000 or so by its owner. In fact, I really knew a musicial who sued a railroad company for $5,000 for a viol smashed in an accident, and he actually got $3,800.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why rub, and toil, and wear out yourself and clothes on washday, when, ever since 1864, Dobbins' Electric soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor and save your clothes. Now try it. Your grocer has it.

Work the Source of Happiness.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately, if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature and with heroic truth in every word thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—M. Antonius.

There will be a large American colony at Cannes this year.

The faith cure is bad, but the bogus medical diploma is worse.

A miser is known by the money he keeps.

More people than ever married in haste are now repenting.

Kennedy's East India Bitters.

An Ohio youth of sixteen has developed a long and luxuriant mustache.

Were it not for vulgar parents, no baby beauty show could be a success.

Kennedy's East India Bitters.

The man who has traveled abroad never grumbles at American hotels.

The dry goods clerk can go on a tear every time he sells a yard of mu...n.

When they overtake a horse thief in Texas they call a halt, and then they call a halter.

Kennedy's East India Bitters.

The more a man becomes wrapped up in himself the chillier he gets.

Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask your grocer about it to-day.

The quarrels of the doctors do not affect the sale of pills.

Ladies—We take pleasure in drawing your attention to Alfred P. Knight's advertisement and can assure you that you may feel safe in sending him money for what he advertises. Your orders will receive prompt attention.

The time to test friendship is in time of personal disgrace.

Kennedy's East India Bitters.

It is the small man who is fearful he will not get all the credit he deserves.

The liquor question is an absorbing theme.

The Paris exposition will close November 6.

Kennedy's East India Bitters.