

A broken reputashun is like a broken vase—it may be mended but alwuss shows whare the brak waz.—Josh Billings.

Confidence is the most delicate and sensitive plant that grows in the human breast. Even in the effulgence of sunlight it often cannot see; but better blind than not at all. He who would destroy it, when rightly bestowed, is a human hyena.

“Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.”

Clearly, as one of Shakespeare's swell characters is made to tell us, no one can command success, but anyone may do better by deserving it.

Know thyself, and you will know all mankind; but in deceiving yourself you cannot deceive all.

The swallows perch and sing just over the muddy water. A sow lies in the mire. But the sweet swallows sing on softly; they do not see the wallowing animal, the mud, the brown water; they see only the sunshine, the golden buttercups, and the blue sky of summer. This is the true way to look at this beautiful earth.

—Richard Jeffries.

#### FATE.

“The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,  
The spray of the tempest is white in air;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.  
The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.”  
But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

Bret Harte.

“She was walking with my rival  
And they chanced to homeward roam,  
It was from my garret window  
I was seeing Nellie home.”

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A wealth of silence—that is all. The air  
Lacks life, and holds no hint of tender  
spring,  
Of flowers wholesome-blowing, birds  
a-wing,  
Of any creature much-alive and fair.  
Perhaps you guess a murmur here and  
there  
Among the tomes, each book a gossip  
thing,  
And each in her own tongue—yet slum-  
bering  
Seems more the bookish fashion every-  
where.  
And yet, could but the souls take flesh  
again  
That wrought these words, their hearts  
all passion-swirled,  
What companies would flock and fill  
the stage,  
Resuming now their old, imperious reign,  
Knight, noble, lady, priest, the saint  
and sage,  
The valor, bloom and wisdom of a  
world!

Richard E. Burton.

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