AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SECTIONS

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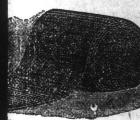
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Sociology may be defined as the line of the state of the

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Mistaken reference is so often made to what is termed the "epitaph written by Mark Twain for his wife," that it is worth while to set the matter straight.

The epitaph referred to was not placed upon the tombstone of Mr. Clemen's wife, but upon that if his daughter Susie. It was not original with Mark Twain, but was taken by him from a little poem written some fifteen years ago by an Australian poet named Robert Richardson. It appeared in a book of poems by Echardson, which was published in Edinburgh in 1893, under the title of "willow and Wattles."

The verse used as the eepitaph is as follows:

Where my fathers walked driving the Where my fathers walked driving the Where my fathers walked driving the

the stone.

A Willing Hand

"They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now." said a well-known met an old one-armed veteran.

"How did you lose your arm?" he asked.

asked.

A Willing Hand

Where my fathers sleep turning to dust, This old body throw when die I must!

There my Mother calls—wakeful is she—Sound o' the west wind! Devon to me!

Where my fathers lie—when I am gone who need pity me, dead? Never one!

There my fathers sleep turning to dust, This old body throw when die I must!

There my fathers sleep turning to dust, This old body throw when die I must!

There my fathers sleep turning to dust, This old body throw when die I must!

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There my fathers sleep turning to dust, This old body throw when die I must!

There my fathers sleep tu

Those are diaries," said the smith, that I am soing to put locks and key to the control of the poloning of that size annually, and along the the two volumes of that size annually, and along the two volumes for the coming are seen that the said in the poloning of that size annually, and along the two volumes for the coming are seen that the said in the poloning of that size annually, and along the poloning of the size and the size and the poloning of the size and th

Trust

Still we trust, though earth seem dark chastening rod: Rough and steep our pathway, worn

ointed,
And our blind choosings bring us
grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way
appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou
hast designed;
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through his golden gates;
Our rough path leads to flower enamelled meadows
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shinking not
from loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of
trial; Our crown beyond the cross.

—W. H. Burleigh.

Hostelry

The doorway opens on a creaking over-head with worms and weather where a name had been.—
Telling the empty title of the dead. Was he a hard man in his time of gain?
Or were his cronies costly to his purse?
Had he a goodwife? Was she wise or vain?
How many mourners followed at his hearse?

abode,
"Oh, he's been dead." she said, "for
years and years."

I asked the countryside, and no one you've I asked the wasted signboard over-head, and heard the hinges and the wind that Crying the empty title of the dead. His ledger broken, debt and debtor gone, His corner dark with rottenness and

Where my fathers walked driving the plow—
Whistling their hearts out—who whistles now?
There my Mother burns fire faggots free Scent o' the wood-smoke! Devon to me! Where my fathers sat passing their Good night, good night.

The verse has so often been referred to as being Mark Twain's own composition that he has recently had the name of the actual author of it carved upon Taste o' the cream pan! Devon to me!

"Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier, "Your majesty names me chevaller because I have lost one arm! What would your majesty have done had I lost both arms?"

"It is? O—er—yes, of course. The original Hawkinses were English, you will have because I have lost one arm! What would your majesty have done had I lost both arms?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you Officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immade you Officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immade you Officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immade you Officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immade and out off his other arm."

There is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how offils two volumes of that size annually, and along in November the two volumes for the coming year are sent to me. I have made all her diamont."

John Sharp Williams, at the end of the reading, and our senses real fast since '20'