

"BETTER TO WEAR OUT THAN RUST OUT."

No philosopher ever understood his subject. In this respect, I am a philosopher. Fools think they know, and are anxious to tell it. I believe the story of Balaam's ass—but now ethnologically some animals do not eat thistles and have not tails—see? Underlying all the superfluous of a subject is mystery. In one respect the principle of agnosticism is correct—Socrates said he did not know; this was the great point he made at his celebrated trial. In this respect he was unlike his enemies—he knew his ignorance. But on the banks of a more beautiful Ilyssus and in a new life, the old man of seventy would renew his youth and converse with sympathetic spirits—not pedants. Enough—and to the proverb—why does iron rust? Mark, it is not in the nature of the iron—it is rather in outside influences. When the old philosopher was young he heard this theory, "There is no inevitable necessity that man should grow old and decay." Is decay inherent in body or mind, or do the destructive forces come from without? I knew a man who drove an engine thousands of miles away—no matter, on second thought, *he* did not drive it; millions of little rarified titanic forces drove it, shoulder to shoulder microscopic imps seeking to rectify a disturbed law. My friend simply operated and controlled it. That huge upright engine was his pet, his plaything—poking up its solution of copper and slime out of depths and from pathways "which no vulture's eye hath seen." It was an old engine and yet every huge and trifling accessory had been renewed—as physiologists affirm is the case with the human body. If it had rested it would have rusted. The doctor passes his examination, but does he know as much as my engineer? A "bigger man" than Sir Morell says the English knight is ignorant of science; but doctors are paid for experimenting, and sometimes through incompetency the engine goes to smash and is thrown out on a cast-iron heap. But, my philosophical friends, the proverb is true, and yet in some cases the "better" had better be left out. For there is too much wearing out—everything is at high pressure—strained tension. God help the poor people that are wearing out—coughing, stooping, dying, sobbing their life out, to minister to pride and selfishness, and, moreover, decked out in delicate traceries which attenuated fingers have woven. We are *very, very* good. My friend petted his engine, but who pets the poor seamstress?—except it be the impish dude, to her ruin? Hear the apostle of labor—the politic apostle—stitch, stitch, stitch!—under the variegated light of the stained windows—under the shadow of the typical Man of all the ages—amidst the rolling, reverberating music—an obligato in all the choruses,—stitch, stitch, stitch!—"stitching shrouds."

# SCHLEIFENHEIMER'S SAYINGS.

PY der barty, mit der barty, but effery man for himself ven it gomes to der fine ding.

It's mighty easy o find der two pirds to kill mit von shtone, as it vas to get hold auf der shtone und dhrow it putty kwick und shtraight.

GIF some man an inch, und you find ouid dot he ontlly vants der resht auf your whole puitling lot, und a chance to perry you away off in some gornor auf it vot aind no use.

A PIRD in your hand is petter as anoder von in der push onid ven you don't got a gun, und dot pird is a spring durkey. But a pird in your cage, ven it vokens you ub pefore daylight, let dot pird gone onid into der push.

AUF I vas a pig shtatesman I wouldn't wait until der beebles but me onid pefore I dook a chob dot vas pooty goot, and didn't hurt me to vill.

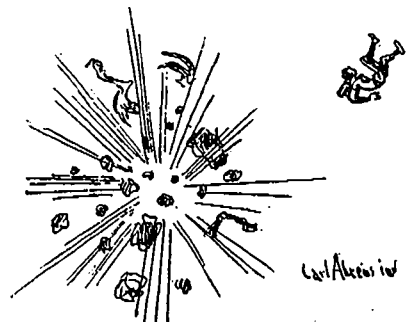
IN der sphring der young man's vancy  
Lightly durns to doughts auf lofe,  
In der fall it's 'bout his oncle,  
Und der glose he had to shofe.

I VOULD liken to be a goot man, myself. But it would be a lonely chob for me drying to schare ub fit und broper gompany to keeb.

It's a pooty short lane dot don't vant a gall vrom der carpage gart more'n 'bonid vonce a week.

EFFERYDING goes, eh? But ven a man dries it on too much, dond he sometime shtop—in der shdation houis ofer night, I bade you?

How offen you zomedimes vind a man who shouts "Gif me Liberty!" really needs der chudge in der bolice court to gif him dree months in chail!



A SUDDEN RISE IN BUTTER.