

Don't try to express your meaning till you have made it clear to yourself.

Don't argue for the sake of arguing; always have some practical and useful object in view, or else hold your peace.

Don't grudge imparting what you know, and do it with simplicity.

Don't prosecute any study out of idle curiosity or vanity. If you have time for intellectual work, be a serious and honest worker.

Don't be too eager to "get credit" for what you do.

Don't undervalue the work of others.

Here we have a score or so of maxims of the prohibitive kind, and the number might be indefinitely increased. There is no doubt the intellectual progress of the world might be hastened, and the good order and harmony of society greatly improved, if these precepts and others like unto them were more carefully observed. Whether we get another "Don't" manual or not, sensible people should think of these things, and try to bring their intellectual habits at least up to level with their social ones. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

### LORD WELLINGTON'S EXPERIMENT.

In a ground-floor room in one of the public buildings of London, a man sat writing at a table covered with papers. He was a short, strongly-built figure with a prominent nose, and a face hard and massive as a granite statue, wearing a look peculiar to men who have surmounted great difficulties and confronted great perils. Few, indeed, had had more practice in both than this man, for he was no other than the Duke of Wellington, and his crowning victory at Waterloo was still but a few years old.

There was the tinkle of a bell outside, and then a murmur of voices in the anteroom; but the Duke never raised his head from his writing, even when his secretary entered and said:

"If it please your grace, that man with the bullet-proof breastplate has called again, and wishes very much to see your grace for a moment."

The Duke's face darkened, as well it might, for the man in question was the most pertinacious bore whom he had ever encountered. The bulletproof cuirass was his own invention, and he never lost a chance of declaring that the safety of the whole British army depended upon the instant adoption of this "unparalleled discovery," which he carried about with him, and exhibited at all times, and in all places.

"Show him in," said he, briefly.

The observant secretary noted both the tone and the smile that accompanied it; and he inwardly decided that it would have been better for the inventor if he had not insisted on seeing the Duke.

In came the great discoverer—a tall, slouching, shabby, slightly red-nosed man, with a would-be jaunty air, which gave way a little, however, before the "Iron Duke's" penetrating glance.

"I am glad to think that your grace appreciates the merits of my invention," said he, in a patronizing tone. "They are, indeed, too important to be undervalued by any great commander. Your grace cannot fail to remember the havoc made by your gallant troops at Waterloo among the French cuirassiers, whose breastplates were not bulletproof; whereas, if —"

"Have you got the thing with you?" interrupted Wellington.

The inventor unwrapped a very showy-looking cuirass of polished steel, and was just beginning a long lecture upon its merits, when the Duke cut him short by asking, —

"Are you quite sure it is bullet-proof?"

"Quite sure, your grace."

"Put it on, then, and go and stand in that corner."

The other wonderingly obeyed.

"Mr. Temple," shouted Wellington, to his secretary; "tell the sentry outside to load with ball cartridge, and come in here to test this cuirass. Quick, now."

But quick though the secretary was, the inventor was quicker still. The moment he realized that he had been set up there on purpose to be fired at, and to be shot dead on the spot if his cuirass turned out to be not bullet-proof after all, he leaped headlong through the open window, with a yell worthy of a Blackfoot Indian, and, darting like a rocket across the courtyard, vanished through the outer gateway; nor did the Duke of Wellington from that day forth ever see or hear of him again. — *David Kerr, in Harper's Monthly*

### UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

All political parties are made up of foxes and geese — about five thousand geese to one fox.

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I am an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservative, if it is the best thing to do.

Men of great genius should not forget that their failings or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

All Conservatives have once been Radical, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

My friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even if you have to split a hair to do it.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

The great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.

THE CENTURY for July.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good to wash and clean windows, as they leave no dust nor lint, as cloth.