

THE NUT-SHELL, MARCH, 1890.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

Those who follow after others in sinning are in danger of following them in suffering.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties which, when fulfilled, give it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

Life to be worthy of a rational being must always be in progression; we must always propose to do more or better than in time past.

There are two sorts of content. One is connected with exertion the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue; the other a vice.

The next best thing to being happy oneself is to be able to make others so. Perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

There is no true happiness outside of love and self-interest, or rather outside of love, for it includes the other. That is gold, and all the rest is gilt.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

Gold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is.

Bacon tells us that the virtue of prosperity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude; but it depends upon ourselves whether we suffer these and other precious fruits from either of these positions.

Conscience is like a snail. If you let it trudge along it will stop you right; but you may cover it over so that no truth can fall upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."

For the earnest man or woman there is no end to effort. One sin reached and its difficulties surmounted, another will quickly present itself to the aspiring spirit; and before that is reached other difficulties must again be met.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

MILES OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.
The Swiss mile is 8,153 yards.
The Italian mile is 1,796 yards.
The Scotch mile is 1,984 yards.
The Tuscan mile is 1,908 yards.
The German mile is 8,106 yards.
The Arabian mile is 2,143 yards.
The Turkish mile is 1,976 yards.
The Finnish mile is 6,899 yards.
The Vienna post mile is 9,236 yards.
The Roman mile is 1,928 or 2,025 yards.
The worst mile is 1,167 or 1,337 yards.
The Dutch and Prussian mile is 6,890 yards.
The Swedish and Danish mile is 7,315.5 yards.
The English and American mile is 1,760 yards.

GOOD RULES TO GO BY.

Never obtrude any advice unasked. Aim at cheerfulness without levity. Never dispute if you can fairly avoid it.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship. Never judge a woman's character by external appearance.

Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you. Never affect to be witty, or just as to wound the feelings of another.

Never court the favor of the rich by flatterings either their vanities or vices. Never dispute with a man more than 70 years of age, nor a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what

others may esteem to be such, however absurd they appear to be.

Never think the worse of another on account of his differing with you in politics or religious opinions.

Always take the measure of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, nor seek any occasion to retaliate.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

There are 2,750 languages.
America was discovered in 1492.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Envelopes were first used in 1830.
Telescopes were invented in 1608.
A barrel of rice weighs 60 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 140 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A hand (iron measure) is four inches.

Watches were first constructed in 1475.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first horse railroad was built in 1827.
The average human life is thirty-one years.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1821.
The first newspaper was published in England in 1688.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.
Until 1778 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.
Albert Durer gave the world a portrait of future wood-engraving in 1527.

Measure 238 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.
The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1733.
The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1550.

OKLAHOMA HOTEL RULES.

Gents goin' to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.
There's rags at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up.

Please write your name on the wall paper, so we know you've been here.
The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.

If you find that pane of glass is out is too much for you 'you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in it.

The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.
If you're too cold, put the oil-cloth over your bed.

Kerosene lamps extra: candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.
Don't tear off the wall paper to lute your pipe with. Snuff that already.

Gents will not take out 'em bricks in the mattress.
If it rains through that hole overhead you'll find safe umbrellas under the bed.

The rate won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face.
Two men in a room must put up with one chair.

Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillars.
If there's no towel handy use a piece of the carpet.

HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.

It is a fact well known by dealers in cutlery, that not one man in fifty knows how to sharpen a pocket knife. A razor must be laid flat on the hone being hollow-ground, and requiring a

fine edge. The pocket knife, however, requires a stiff edge, and the moment it is laid flat on a stone so as to touch the polished side, its edge is ruined. The blade must be held at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees, and have an edge similar to a chisel. This is called the "camel," and is marked on all "w" knives by a fine white line, which does not remove or touch the polished surface.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

When tempted to go off with the boys for a lark,

Think! Can you afford it!

The most of their money is spent after dark,

Think! Can you afford it?

You may sit round the tables where cards are dealt out,

Or go at the town red on a rollicking bout,

And you're both money and character out,

Think! Can you afford it?

How they're to be paid for nobody knows,

Think! Can you afford it?

Oh! Can you afford it?

Think! Can you afford it?

If you save every dime they'll be dollars in time,

Think! Can you afford it?

You'd like to be dandified and sporting new clothes,

Think! Can you afford it?

How they're to be paid for nobody knows,

Think! Can you afford it?

It's all very well to keep decent and clean,

And when with the boys not appear very mean,

But your bank account's much better fat than that of a leech,

Think! Can you afford it?

A wife is a good thing to have in a house,

Think! Can you afford it?

She'll keep you at home and stop many a carouse,

Think! Can you afford it?

She's a luxury, sure, and if you would try,

To keep her you'll find, perhaps with a sigh,

That woman, like the hats they wear now, come high,

Think! Can you afford it?

MY NATIVE LAND.

I love the land of Canada—
The dear land of my birth,
I deem my native country
The fairest place on earth.
I love her lakes and rivers,
Her forests, grand and high,
And ever yon chain that brightens
The landscape to the eye.

I love the slender tamarac,
The tall and stately pine,
The bonnie birch and kingly oak,
With clinging ivy vine,
So beautiful, so glorious,
In their autumn splendor dressed,
I love them all, but oh! I love
The maple tree the best.

Old England has her royal rose,
The thistle Scotland's pride,
While many brave and gallant men
For Erin's shamrock died,
But I will keep my maple leaf—
And they may keep the rest—
Our country's precious emblem,
The dearest and the best.

We'll take the red and queenly rose,
The maple's gloomy leaf,
The shamrock and the thistle,
And twice them in a wreath,
We'll take those well-loved em-
No fairer can be seen, O blems,
And wear them in a garland
For our dear and gentle Queen.

Oh! lovely land of Canada,
My joy and pride be thine,
May the sun of bright prosperity
O'er thy Dominion shine;
May thy sons be brave and noble,
Thy daughters true and kind,
And the love of Queen and country
Our hearts in friendship bind.
—*Friend Joselyn.*

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

At a gathering of young ladies one evening last week one of them proposed that the party draw up in a

circle, and each give her opinion as to the qualifications of an ideal husband. It was immediately agreed to, says the *Midweek Wisconsin*, and oh! the diversity of prerequisites would cause a man to fear and tremble as to his assumed qualifications were he an angel sent to establish such a thing. One wanted a rich man, a famous one, another a handsome one, another a man of most of them wanted all these things combined.

At last it came the turn of a sweet, sunny little creature in pink and white. For a moment her face grew crimson, and then came her verdict:

"He must be moral, well-bred and have some fixed and honorable method of making a living."

What! not one word about his being titled, rich or handsome!

"But," she continued, "the man I marry must be my other self. He must be sympathetic with me in my tastes and pursuits. When he comes I shall know him, and all the love I have to give shall be his, and I shall expect love in return for love. Of course, if he is young, and rich and handsome so much the better, but I don't want to love him less were he none of these things."

True womanly sentiments! Would that they could be an echo to every woman's heart. The number of unhappy marriages would be lessened, and divorce unknown. Many, far in excess of all the other virtues, rank high into matrimony, and too late find that the tastes and inclinations of husband and wife differ as widely as night and day. For instance, one is literary and fond of retirement, the other despises literature and is inclined to society; each will find that the society and conversation of those whose tastes and opinions coincide with his own. The consequence is an estrangement of husband and wife in things that the world calls trivial, but which, in reality, decide their happiness; and each would find it easy to sacrifice all the other's charms for the one charm not there, namely, a responsive heart in all things.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that work. Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that. She can safely stick 50 pins in her dress, while he is getting one under his thumb nail. She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will fret and fume and growl in one loose shirt. She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, and those two men would be punching each other's head before he had exchanged ten words.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms, yet in some cases expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours and then bring him back to sanity in a two-minute ride by simply tickling him under the chin, and she does not live that mortal son of Adam's race that can do it.

KNOW WHAT HE WANTED.

"In there anything I can do for you?" asked Mrs. Cumso, tenderly, when her husband was suffering from rheumatism. "What do you want?" "I want the earth," puffed Cumso, as he again leaned over the rail.