

made their appearance with a regularity that was all but phenomenal, the parents began to designate them according to their consecutive number, Nine, Ten, Eleven, etc. One of the sons has recently been appointed postmaster for his own town, and he now signs his official papers "Ten O'Clock, P. M."—Ex.

#### Ambition.

Has it ever occurred to you what an important factor ambition is to the progress of man? From the hopeful season of his youth, on until his form is bent beneath the burdens of rosy age, it is an ever-repeated endeavor to gain a station he can never attain. He walks in the wide field of human life. With the glad dawn of each succeeding day he is inspired with the undaunted, untiring zeal to gain a greater and more distant prize.

But hope is a perquisite to ambition. How dark and dreary is that man's life which is not illumined by the star of hope. To him how uncheerful seems every happy landscape; how discordant is the sound of every song. In the rosy garb of babyhood we see its inceptive achievements, and in the white-haired old man we view its culminating work.

In the morning of our existence we begin the erection of a structure on which is exerted all of life's activities. And to the fact that we are ever at work upon it, yet it is never completed, is attributed the cause of human progress.

Who makes the world move? You and I. Each one lends his little force to the mighty power that moves the world along. The clarion

words of great leaders ring out and stir the people. But they only point out the way and each person must make his individual advancement. Each is but one musical note in the great symphony of being, yet its presence is essential to the beauty of the great refrain.

Who can picture the agonizing retrogressions, the unhappy backward movements, if each person saw no hope in the dawning morning and his ambitions were dead? How long before man would be above the beast only in so far as he could reason and speak?

All the way from the cradle to the grave life is hurry and excitement. From the swaddling clothes to the somber crape, man pursues the ever-fleeting object of his hopes, as the last lingering shades of darkness are chased by the glory of the coming day. From early morning to the gathering of twilight he ever works upon this structure of his lofty ambitions, yet it is never completed, and it is because of this that we grow.—*The Industrial Collegian.*

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may gain an honored place,  
And like Hollis leave behind us,  
Lip prints on a sweet girl's face.

When a young man proposes the girl should always lose her self-possession.

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