

"History Repeats Itself."

Such is the adage. Did you ever stop to think what it meant?

Reduced to its last analysis it means no more than this: that mankind is continually forgetting the lessons of experience and is continually having to learn them over again.

What one generation learned from bitter experience the next generation forgot, and the third has to learn it anew. Whereupon some blundering fool of an historian says, "History repeats itself."

History does not do anything of the sort. It is mankind that repeats itself, running blindly into the same mistakes from century to century.

Our fathers learned certain political lesson, and embodied them in our organic law, but their sons do not grasp the meaning. To most of the present generation the precious principles of the Constitution are meaningless phrases.

"Church and state are to be kept separate, our fathers said. What is meant by it? Few know; few care. To our fathers the words had a profound meaning, driven into their minds and hearts by terrible experience in the Old World.

But to our sons the words convey no meaning, and the union between church and state is growing closer in America every generation.

Another generation may see a revival of church tyranny. Priesthoods may deny to the laity freedom of thought, speech and conscience, as in the past.

When that time comes the struggle for liberty of conscience will again be fought, and again we trust be won, but with immense sacrifice of blood and treasure. In that event the state will again divorce itself completely from church affairs, and the fool historian will chirp, "History repeats itself"—when the fact is that mankind has merely forgotten one of its lessons and was forced to learn it all over again.

Take the matter of corporations, as another example. They have always been dangerous to the body politic. A wise Roman Emperor had to abolish them because their mighty influence threatened to erect within the state a power greater than the state. Queen Elizabeth of England also had to abolish them for the same reasons.

The corporations have introduced into America the evils of European class-rule, unaccompanied by that sense of responsibility and that pride of patriotism which, to some extent, redeem the class-rule of the Old World.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Thrifty.

A city boarder who spent a few weeks on a New England farm early in the summer says that he one day rode down to the village with his landlord, who, he had already discovered, had the New England instinct of thrift to an almost alarming degree. While they were in the village "general store" together the boarder noticed a soda-fountain at one end of the store, and pointing to it said to his host:

"Supposing we try a glass of that drink?"

"You goin' to pay for it?" asked the wary farmer.

"Certainly I am."

"How much will it be?"

"Five cents, I suppose."

"Wa-al, say, if it's all the same to you I'll take fi-cents' wuth o' ten-penny nails. I'm needin' some the worst way."

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Proof

is found in the many testimonials of those who have tried Shiloh and been cured. Mrs. Archie Taylor, Asaph, Pa., writes: "I bought a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and found it very beneficial. I have two children and they had a terrible cough. I gave them everything I could think of, but they got no better until one evening my husband brought a bottle of Shiloh. We gave it to the children when they went to bed, and they slept all night. It cured them completely. I shall always keep it in the house."

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee wherever medicine is sold.

RACE-TIPS GIVEN IN ANGER.

Experiences Indicate That They are Boomerangs.

"What d'ye think?" said the turf follower to his companion.

"I never think," said No. 2. "I'm a form player, and as such have no right to think."

"I'm not kidding," said No. 1. "I mean what d'ye think of me? There's a woman up in the grandstand who's always bothering me for tips and I got so tired of it that to-day, when she asked the steenth time what I liked, I told her I thought Brother Frank. She bet \$2 on him at 150 to 1. You know what he did."

"Nothing but win, said No. 2.

"That's all, and she will pursue me all my life asking for long ones. I thought if there was one horse in the race that couldn't win it was Brother Frank."

"Serves you right for being peevish with the fair sex," said No. 2. "Listen, and I will tell you my story, little one.

I was running a faro room in a busy little city in the middle west and a former partner of mine, who was on the tracks around Chicago was sending me a string of tips every day. They were good tips, too, and I was taking on an average at \$500 a day from the poolroom across the street from my place.

"The information was so good that the proprietor of the poolroom used to lay off my money over the wire and he frequently put a bet down for himself. I made all my bets quietly so that the gang in the room wouldn't get wise to my information.

"They knew I was getting the coin and looked wistfully at me, but I was cold of heart, for I didn't want to embarrass the poolroom with a flood of piker bets on sure things. Not that my tips always won, but the average was splendid.

"I learned, however, that one room player was betting on most of my horses and telling some of his friends about them. I couldn't understand how he got next until one day when I went at noon to get my message full of tips at the telegraph office the manager took me aside and told me that the room player I refer to had been hanging around the office every day for a week.

"He's Tom Simpson, an operator himself, explained the manager. 'He comes in here every day about the time your tips are due and hangs around pretending to be expecting a message. I'm sure he listens to the Morse when your tips come.'

"Fine business," said I. 'I'll give him a punch in the nose.'

"I wouldn't do that," said the manager who was a crafty person. 'Let me tell you how to get even.'

"He explained his idea, and I told him it was great. Next day Tom Simpson dropped into the telegraph office about 11.30 o'clock, and the manager was all ready for him.

"He had rigged a transmitter in a room upstairs and his brother, an operator, had a full set of phony tips. I had fixed them up for him and they contained the names of the worst bunch of horses that I could find in the list of entries.

"So While Simpson was listening intently as the grapevine wire begins to pound out the gold brick information, my friend the manager pretended to write it down. Simpson, furtively taking notes, stayed in the office until the message was ended and then made his sneak to be prepared for the day's battle with the poolroom.

"A few minutes later the genuine tips came in from Chicago and the manager brought them over to me. How he did laugh at what would happen to Simpson. We decided over a bottle of wine that we would repeat the stunt every day until Simpson and his friends left town on the cattle train.

I'm not going to bother you with the details. I just want to say that five of the six phony tips went thru at prices that ranged from 5 to 1 to 100 to 1; that Simpson and his friends cleaned up that poolroom down to the last ten spot, for of course we

had put the proprietor onto our game; that every one of the genuine tips was a rank bloomer, and that our wretched victims left the burg in parlor cars with money in every kick.

"The tip given in anger recollected like a boomerang my boy."

Courage.

Of the two kinds, physical and moral, the moral is the more desirable. With a good stock of moral courage on hand, almost anything can be accomplished. The question is, How to acquire it?

Fortunately, it happens that even among the commonplace incidents of life there are situations always arising that may be made use of in the development of true moral courage.

Thus: Whenever a thing is hard to do, do it!

Perchance you are a lover. If your best girl's father be a hard-headed man of affairs, so much the better—this will give the needed practice.

Saunter into his office some day when he is busy—select his busiest day, if possible—and slapping him jauntily on the back, say: "Old fellow, I'm in love with your daughter. I hope you'll like me, and that we'll get on well together; but if we don't—well, I can stand it if you can. And now, in honor of my approaching wedding, let's step out and open a bottle. I'll order it; you'll pay for it."

Your main point, of course, is not to falter—even if you are thrown out of a fifth-storey window. Only in this way can you acquire a fine line of moral courage.

Later, when married and somewhat settled, maintain the same gait.

When the stork has gone and the trained nurse is in charge, don't be abashed. Lead her into your study and say, sternly:

"Now, my good girl, remember I am master here. If I want to take the baby out in a linen sweater, with the thermometer below zero, or feed him on shredded felt, I shall do so."

For you will find in your wife a constant source of moral courage, and a stimulus for you to have your own way.

If you should chance to approach the house at three o'clock in the morning, it will be well to announce, by a loud whoop, that you are coming. And the next morning, too, when she has gotten her second wind, don't yield. Look as pleasant as your head will permit you to and tell her that married life would lose half its charms if you couldn't do just as you pleased.

And thus, by and by, you will become a moral giant—if you are still alive.—To Masson.

The Development of Oliver.

Dark leaden clouds hovered ominously overhead as Oliver Comer tripped blithely down the busy thoroughfare, ready to begin another day of toil. To the country-bred youth, just embarking upon an urban career, the city with its bustle and business-like ways was all strange and wonderful, but he had entered upon the new life with a spirit and enthusiasm that argued well for his speedy adaptation to his present environment.

A sudden puff of wind set a little cloud of dust in the street whirling and a few large drops pattered spitefully upon the sidewalk at his feet.

"Verily," said Oliver, "this portendeth rain."

And he raised an umbrella.

Five years had passed. Oliver Comer, no longer a callow, country youth, stood in the doorway of a substantial office-building, looking out upon the street. It was evident that he had prospered since his transplantation from his native soil and his sleek, well-groomed appearance and easy bearing indicated that he had "caught on" to city manners and customs most decidedly. Dark clouds overhung the scene, and as he was about to pass out, a few scattering raindrops, forerunners of the impending storm, commenced falling.

"Well, this looks like rain, sure," observed Oliver.

And he lifted an umbrella.

Piles

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