THE FO WOLF IN

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER I. - (CONTINUED)

On this occasion the gathering storm had decided Holcroft to return without availing highest tribute which some people can pay himself of his friend's hospitality, and he is that entering the lane leading from the highway to his dooryard. Even as he approaches his dwelling he hears the sound of understood or not. He gave no thought to

Quiet, patient men, when goaded beyond a certain point, are capable of terrible ebullitions of anger, and Holcroft was no exception. It seemed to him that night that the God he had worsnipped all his life was in league with man against him. The blood rushed to his face, his chilled form became rigid with a sudden, passionate protest against his misfortunes and wrongs. Springing from the wagon, he left his team standing at the barn door and rushed to the kitchen window. There before him sat the whole tribe from the shanty, feasting at his expense. The table was loaded with coarse profusion. Roast fowls alternated with fried ham and eggs, a great pitcher of milk was flanked by one of foaming cider, while the post of honor was occupied by the one con-tribution of his self-invited guests—a villanous looking jug.

They had just sat down to the repast when

They had just sat down to the repast when the weazen-faced patriarch of the tribe re-marked, by way of grace, it may be suppos-ed, "Be jabers, but isn't ould Holcroft givin' us a foine spread the neight! Here's bad luck to the glowerin' ould skin-flint," and he poured out a bumper from the jug.

your lives, get out of that door, and never that they had little place in the thoughts or show your faces on my place again. I'll not interests of the occupants of the hill farm. be eaten out of house and home by a lot of jackals."

His weapon, his dark, gleaming eyes and desperate aspect, taught the men that he was not to be trifled with a moment, and

they slunk away. Bridget began to whine. "Yez wouldn't

you to beware! I give you this chance to get off the premises, and then I shall watch for you all, old and young!"

There was something terrible and flame-like in his anger, dismaying the cormorants, the in his anger, dismaying the cormorants, the shall was a stake.

and they hastened away with such alac ity that Bridget went down the lane screaming, "Sthop, I tell yees, and be afther waitin" for me.

words that sounded like an imprecation. house, He cherished the hope that she He next turned to the viands on the table could see him and hear what he said, and with an expression of loathing, gathered he spoke in her viewless presence with a them up and carried them to the hog-pen. freedom and fulness that was unlike his old He seemed possessed by a feverish imparent carried and habit of repression. He was tience to banish every vestige of those whom he had driven torth, and to restore the apartment as nearly as possible to the aspect it he sat down where his wife had been accustomed to sit, unbuttoned his waist-coat and touch what she had touched, and look long flannel shirt and from against his naked breast took an old, worn daguerreotype. He flooked a moment at the plain, good face results shall left them; he would take them out fleeted there, then, bowing his head upon it, and recall the well-remembered scenes and strong, convulsive sobs shook his frame, occasions when they were worn. At such

storm, caught his attention. The life-long although unable to express her approval. habit of caring for the dumb animals in his the did not know it, but his nature was being charge asserted itself. He went out mechanically, unharnessed and stabled them as deep and unwonted experiences; the hard carefully as ever before in his life, then remateriality of his life was passing away, turned and wearily prepared himself a cup rendering him capable of something better of coffee, which, with a crust of bread, was all the supper he appeared to crave.

CHAPTER II .- A VERY INTERESTED FRIEND.

For the next few days, Holcroft lived The weather remained inclement and there was no occasion for him to go He would rather face the "ever angry bears" farther away than the born and out build than breathe the subject of matrimony to

"I must either sell or marry," he groaned, and one's about as hard and bad as the Who'll buy the place and stock at half what they're worth, and where could I his life. find a woman that would look at an old fel. The o low like me, even if I could bring myself to source. One morning, Holcroft received a look at her?" call from a neighbor who had never before

look at her?"

The poor man did indeed feel that he was shut up to dreadful alternatives. With his ignorance of the world, and dislike for contact with strangers, selling out and going away was virtually starting out on an unknown sea without rudder cr compass. It was worse than that—it was the tearing up kindly intervention.

of a life that had rooted itself in the soil After some general whereon he had been content from childhood Mr. Weeks continued, "I've been saying to to middle age. He would suffer more in going, and in the memory of what he had parted with, than in any of the vicissitudes which might overtake him. He had not much range of imagination or feeling, but know middle-aged woman keep house for within his limitations his emotions were you. That would stop all talk, and there's within his limitations his emotions were strong and his convictions unwavering. Still, he thought it might be possible to live in some vague, unknown place, doing some kind of work for people with whom he need not have very much to do. "I've always been my own master, and done things in my own way," he muttered, "but I suppose I could only find 'em. One thing is certain, anyhow,—I couldn't stay here in Oakville, and see another man living in these rooms, and pleughing my fields, and driving his and ploughing my fields, and driving his cows to my old pasture lots. That would

finish me like a galloping consumption.

Every day he shrunk with a strange dread from the wrench of parting with the familiar place and with all that he associated with his wife. This was really the ordeal which shook his soul, and not the fear that he would be unable to earn his bread elsewhere. The unstable multitude who are forever fancying that they would be better off somewhere else or at something else can have no where else or at something else can have no no use of you're trying to get along with comprehension of this deep-rooted love of such hap-hazard help as you can pick up

locality and the binding power of long asso ciation. They regard such men as Holcroft as little better than plodding oxen. The revelry and readily guesses what is taking what people said or might say. What were place.

Quiet, patient men, when goaded beyond pathetic sense of being hedged in and driven Even to his neighbors, there was to bay. Even to his neighbors, there was more of the humorous than the tragic in his plight. It was supposed that he had a goodly sum in the bank, and gossips said that he and his wife thought more of in-creasing this hoard than of each other, and that old Holcroft's mourning was chiefly for a business partner. His domestic tribula-tions evoked mirth rather than sympathy; and as the news spread from farmhouse to cottage, of his summary bundling of Bridget and her satellites out of doors, there were both hilarity and satisfaction.

A 14.00

While there was little commiseration for the farmer, there was decided disapprobation of the dishonest Irish tribe, and all were glad that the gang had received a lesson which might restrain them from preying upon others.

Holcroft was partly to blame for his present isolation. Remote rural populations are given to strong prejudices, especially against those who are thought to be well-off against those who are thought to be well-off from an over-saving spirit, and who, worse still, are unsocial. Almost any thing will be forgiven sooner than "thinking one's self better than other folks;" and that is the usual interpretation of shy, reticent people. But there had been a decided tinge of selfishness in the Holcrofts' habit of seclusion; for it became a labit rather than a principle. The farmer waited to see and hear no more. Hastening to a parlor window, he raised it quietly and clambered in; then taking his rusty shot gun, which he kept loaded for the benefit of the vermin that prowled about his hen-roost, he burst in While they cherished no active dislike to apon the startled group.

"Be off!" he shouted. "If you value these were not wholly astray in believing Indifference begat indifference, and now the lonely, helpless man had neither the power nor the disposition to bridge the chasm which separated him from those who might have given him kindly and intelligent aid. He was making a pathetic effort to keep his home and to prevent his heart from being turn a woman out in the neight and storm,"—torn bleeding away from all it loved. His restriction of the storm of the storm and the storm are not a woman is thundered Holoroft, "you are a jackal too! Get your cring himself to keep the dollars which it traps and begone! I warm the whole lot of had been the supreme motive of his life to

At times, during these lonely and stormy March days, he would dismiss his anxious speculations in regard to his future course. He was so morbid, especially at night, that Holeroft hurled the jug after them with he felt that his wife could revisit the quiet reticence and habit of repression. He wanhow much she was to him. Late at night, and fixedly at things associated with her. Her gowns still hung in the closet, just as strong, convulsive sobs shook his frame, though not a tear moistened his eyes.

How long the paroxysm would have lasted it were hard to say, had not the impatient soothed his perturbed spirit. He felt that whinnying of his horses, still exposed to the she appreciated such loving remembrance same and recam hard recam the were were worn. At such times, she almost seeme I beside him, and he was almost willing to employ her again for the privilege of remaining on his paternal acres. As to marrying the widow,—a slight shudder passed through his attention. The life-long although unable to express her approach.

In the morning, all the old prosaic problems of his life would return, with their hard, practical insistence, and he knew that want to look on it as a business arrangement. e must decide upon something His lonely vigils and days of quiet had brought him to the conclusion that he could not hunt up a wife as a matter of business. ings. He felt that a crisis in his life was approaching, that he would probably be self marrying. He was therefore steadily compelled to sell his property for what it would bring, and begin life again under different auspices.

He felt that a crisis in his life was any woman that he could ever imagine him approaching, that he would ever self marrying. He was therefore steadily drifting towards the necessity of selling every thing and going away. This event, however, was like a coral-reef to a sailor, with the solution of the could ever imagine him approaching that he would probably be self marrying. He was therefore steadily drifting towards the necessity of selling every thing and going away. This event, however, was like a coral-reef to a sailor, with the solution of the could ever imagine him approaching that he would probably be self marrying. He was therefore steadily drifting towards the necessity of selling every thing and going away. This event, he was the every thing and going away. with no land in view beyond it. The only thing which seemed certain was the general breaking up of all that had hitherto made

The offer of help came from an unexpected shown any interest in his affairs. On this occasion, however, Mr. Weeks began to display so much solicitude that the farmer was not only surprised, but also a little distrustful. Nothing in his previous knowledge of the man had prepared the way for such very

After some general references to the past, our folks that it was too bad to let you worry on alone without more neighborly help. You ought either to get married or have some thoroughly respectable and wellbeen a heap of of it, I can tell you. Of course, I and my folks don't believe any-

thing's been wrong."

"Believing that something was wrong, is about all the attention my neighbors have given me, as far as I can sec," Holcroft remarked, bitterly.

"Well, you see, Holcroft, you've kept yourself so inside your shell that people don't know what to believe. Now, the thing do is to change all that. I know how hard it is for a man, placed as you be, to get decent help. My wife was a wondering about it the other day, and I shut her up mighty sudden by saying, 'You're a good manager, and know all the country side, yet how often you're a complaining that you can't get a girl that's worth her salt to help in having and other busy times when we have to board a lot of men." Well, I won't beat around the bush any more. I've come to act the part of a good neighbor.

here and in town. You want a respectable woman for house-keeper, and then have a cheap, common sort of girl to work under Now, I know of just such a woman, and it's not unlikely she'd be persuaded to take entire charge of your house and dairy. My wife's cousin, Mrs. Mumpson"—at the mention of this name, Holcroft gave a slight start, feeling something like a cold chill run

down his back.
Mr. Weeks was a little disconcerted, but resumed, "I believe she called on your wife once?"

"Yes," the farmer replied, laconically.

"I was away and did not see her."
"Well, now," pursued Mr. Weeks,
"she's a good soul. She has her little
peculiacities; so have you and me, a lot of
'em; but she's thoroughly respectable, and there isn't a man or woman in the town that would think of saying a word against her. She has only one child, a nice, quiet little girl who'd be company for her mother and make every thing look right, you know."

I don't see what there's been to look wrong," growled the farmer.

wrong," growled the farmer.
"Nothing to me and my folks, of course, or I wouldn't suggest the idea of a relation of my wife coming to live with you. But you see people will talk unless you stop their mouths so they'll feel like fools in doing it. I know yours has been a mighty awkward case, and here's a plain way out of it. You can set yourself right and have everything looked after as it ought to be, in twenty-four hours. We've talked to Cynthy—that's Mrs. Mumpson—and she takes a sight of interest. She'd do well by you and straighten things out, and you might do a plaguey sight worse than give her the right to take care of your indoor affairs for life."

"I don't expect to marry again," said

Holeroft, curtly.
"Oh, well, many a man and woman has said that and believed it, too, at the time. I'm not saying that my wife's cousin is in-clined that way herself. Like enough, she isn't at all, but then, the right kind of persuading does change woman's minds some-times, ch? Mrs. Mumpson is kinder alone in the world, like yourself, and if she was sure of a good home and a kind husband there's no telling what good luck might hap-pen to you. But there'll be plenty of time for considering all that on both sides. You

can't live like a hermit—"
"I was thinking of selling out and leaving these parts," Holeroft interrupted.
"Now look here, neighbor, you know as well as I do that in these times you couldn't give away the place. What's the use of such foolishness? The thing to do is to keep the farm and got a good living out of it. the farm and get a good living out of it.
You've got down in the dumps and can't see what's sensible and to your companies. Mumpson was her peculiar phase of piety. She saw the delinquincies and duties of others with such painful distinctness that she felt compelled to speak of the second of the vantage."

Holcroft was thinking deeply, and he turned his eyes wistfully to the upland slopes of his farm. Mr. Weeks had talked plausibly, and if all had been as he represented, the plan would not have been a bad But the widower did not yearn for the widow. He did not know much about her, but had very unfavorable impressions. Mrs. Holcroft had not been given to speak ill of any one, but she had always shaken her all. head with a peculiar significance when Mrs. Mumpson's name was mentioned. The widow had felt it her duty to call and counsel against the sin of seclusion and being too much absorbed in the affairs of this world.

"You should take an interest in every one," this self appointed evangelist had declared, and in one sense she lived up to her creed. She permitted no scrap of information about people to escape her, and was not only versed in all the gossip of Oakville, but also of several other localities in which she

But Holeroft had little else to deter him from employing her service beyond an unfavorable impression. She could not be so

Slowly he began, as if almost thinking aloud, "I suppose you are right, Lemuel Weeks, in what you say about selling the place. The Lord knows I don't want to sell it. I was how and have been to the suppose of the sup place. The Lord knows I don't want to sell turbulence of the south, which makes boyit. I was born and brought up here, and that counts with some people. If your wife's cousin is willing to come and help me have heard Lowland teachers grieve at this own, and things behave quiet ways of my longing to the past to think about, and I've selves, and then died out, killed by the cligot a right to think about 'em, I ain't one mate or the Ossianic misty melancholy of the marrying kind, and I don't want people to be considering such notions when I don't. I'd be kind and all that to her and her little girl, but I should want to be left to myself as far as I could be.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Weeks, mentally chuckling over the slight prospect of such immunity, "but you must remember that Mrs. Manager in "1". that Mrs. Mumpson isn't like common

help,"—
"That's where the trouble will come in,"
"That's where the trouble will come in," ejaculated the perplexed farmer, "but there's been trouble enough with the other

"I should say so," Mr. Weeks remarked, emphatically. "It would be a pity if you couldn't get along with such a respectable, conscientious woman as Mrs. Mumpson, who comes from one of the best families in the country.

Holcroft removed his hat and passed his hand over his brow wearily as he said, "Oh, I could get along with any one who would do the work in a way that would give me a chance to make a little, and then leave

me to myself."
"Well, well," said Mr. Weeks, laughing, "you needn't think that because I've hinted at a good match for you I'm making one for my wife's cousin. You may see the day when you'll be more hot for it than she is. All I'm trying to do is to help you keep your place, and live like a man ought and stop

people's mouths."
"If I could only fill my own and live in peace, it's all I ask. When I get to ploughing and planting again I'll begin to take

some comfort." These words were quoted against Holcroft far and near. "Filling his own mouth and making a little money are all he cares for," was the general verdict. And thus people are understood. The farmer had never turned any one hungry from his door, and he would have gone to the poorhouse rather than have acted the part of the man who misrepresented him. He had only meant to misrepresented him. He had only meant to express the hope that he might be able to fill his mouth,—earn his bread and get it from his native soil. "Ploughing and planting where he had toiled since a gers. The locomotive car is warmed by ing,"—working where he had toiled since a gers. The locomotive car is warmed by child, would be a solace in itself, and not a the exhaust steam from the engine, by

grudged means to a sordid mind. which arrangement an important Mr. Weeks was a thrifty man also, and in the consumption of fuel results.

nothing was he more economical than in charitable views of his neighbors' motives and conduct. He drove homeward with the complacent feeling that he had done a shrewd, good thing for himself and "his folks" at least. His wife's cousin was not exactly embraced in the latter category, although he had been so active in her behalf. The fact He regarded her and her child as barnacles with such appalling adhesive powers that even his ingenuity at "crowding out" had been haffled. In justice to him, it must be admitted that Mrs. Mumpson was a type of the poor relation that would tax the long suffering of charity itself. Her husband had left her scarcely his blessing, and if he had fled to ills he knew not of, he believed that he was escaping from some of which he had painfully distinct consciousness. widow was one of the people who regard the "world as their oyster," and her scheme of life was to get as much as possible for nothing. Arrayed in mourning weeds, she had begun a system of periodical descents upon his relatives and her own. She might have made such visitations endurable and even welcome, but she was not shrewd enough to be sensible. She appeared to have developed only the capacity to talk, to pry and to worry people. She was unable to rest or to permit others to rest, yet her aversion to any useful form of activity was her chief characteristic. Wherever she went she took the ground that she was "company," and, with a shawl hanging over her sharp, angular shoulders, she would seize upon the most comfortable rocking chair in the house, and mouse for bits of news about every one of whom she had ever heard. She was quite as ready to tell all she knew also, and for the sake of her budget of gossip and small scandal, her female relatives tolerated her after a fashion for a time; but she had been around so often, and her scheme of obtaining subsistence for herself and child had become so offensively apparent, that she had about exhausted the patience of all the kith and kin on whom she had the remotest claim. Her presence was all the more un-welcome by reason of the faculty for irritating the men of the various house holds which she invaded. Even the most phlegmatic or the best natured lost their self-control, and, as their wives declared, "felt like flying all to pieces" at her incessant rocking, gossip-ing, questioning, and, what was worse still, lecturing. Not the least endurable thing about Mrs. Mumpson was her peculiar phase

When Mr. Weeks had started on his ominous mission to Holcroft his wife remarked to her daughter, confidentially, "I declare, sis, if we don't get rid of Cynthy soon, I believe Lemuel will fly off the handle."

To avoid any such dire catastrophe, it was hoped and almost prayed in the Weeks household that the lonely occupant of the bill farm would take the widow for good and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Highland Children.

An idiosyncrasy of the children is the pau city of games and general ineapacity for play. However it may be accounted for, by social tendencies, their food, or other poverty-stricken causes, Highland boys and girls cannot only not play with the rollicking, robustabandon and enjoyment of their Saxon brothers and sisters, but can scarcely be said to play properly at all. They run about, are happy, and even joyous, but their repertory of sports is of the most limited kind, and most Lowland games are unknown. The games of camanach or shinty, putting the stone, tossing the caber, and other so-called Highland sports belong to manhood, and are confined to young men, though at times the children do mildly attempt some of them. They much prefer to loll about on the grass or play at quiet "tig" or touching each other. They seem devoid of the inborn suppressed steam and that seems to cling even to the children, to become a settled tone in manhood and age in average adult Highlanders—a tendency in creased no doubt by their over-severe Calvin ism. The boys, notwithstanding, delight in physical excreise in a mild way. There is one thing they certainly can do and they do it extremely well-and that is, they can run and race with each other. The clean and rapid style of their running, done all below in," the haunches, without useless hitching of the but frame and shoulders, is remarkable; as seen, for example, behind a carriage on the way to the Quiraing in Skye. To this they are un wisely tempted by the coppers of the tourist, who, as a rule, consults only his own pre sent pleasure without a moment's consideration of the moral effects on its subjects.

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's l cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or face ache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhoa, spasms, dysentery, &c. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or extern-Buy at your druggist a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

RUSSIAN LOCOMOTIVE CAR.—Much inter est has been excited among engineers by the construction, under the direction of the Russian government, of some locomotive cars of a special type for the Transcaspian railway, and built so as to meet two difficulties, viz. the waterless character of a large section of the line, and the insignificant ordinary traffie. To meet the former the locomotive can is provided with tanks containing sufficient water to last seventy miles; and, as the waterless stretch from Michaelovsk Kazantchik is about fifty miles in length, this supply is amply sufficient under any contingencies that may occur. With regard to the second difficulty, the locomotive is

which arrangement an important economy

HEALTH.

HEALTH AND EATING. The most perfect regimen for the healthy exercise of thought is such as would be advised for a growing boy, viz.: Frequent small supplies of easily soluble mixed food, was, he would be at much greater paids could he attach her to Holcroft or any one else and so prevent further periodical visits.

He regarded her and her child as bounds. or running the risk of generating morbid, half-assimilated products, for it is essential to the intellectual direction of the nervous system that it should not be oppressed by physical impediments. The presence in the stomach or blood of imperfectly assimilated nutriment impedes its functions in close proportion to their amount, so that not only the constituents but the mode of administering food must come into the calculation. Repletus ventor non studet libenter (a full stomach makes a dull brain), is an old proverb, the application of which saves many a brain and many a stomach from being worked against the grain. Rest from brain work twenty minutes before meals, entire abstinence from it during meals, and rest again until the weight has passed from the stomach are essential to the reconciliation of physical exertion with bodily health.

The physiology of the action of alcohol has a very important bearing on the physical management of the mental functions. Alcohol has the power of curbing, arresting, and suspending all the manifestations of the nervous system, so that we feel its influence on our thoughts sooner than on any other part of the system. Sometimes it brings them more completely under our command controls and steadies them; more often it confuses and disconnects them, and then breaks off our power over them altogether.

To continue to labor earnestly and at

the same time take an anesthetic is a physiological inconsistency. The drug merely blunts the useful feeling of weariness and prevents it from acting as a warning. There is no habit more fatal to a literary man than that of taking stimulants; the vital powers go on wearing out more and more without their cry for help being perceived, and in the end break down irrevocably.

As to quantity, the appetite for solid food is the safest guide.
"The aim of the diet should be" (to quote

the words of John Milton) "to preserve the body's health and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require from hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations."

It is especially when the mind of genius is overshadowed by the dark clouds of threatened insanity, of hypochendriasis, or of hysteria, that a rational mode of life preserves it.

POPULAR ERRORS ABOUT DIET.

1. That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them; and to such

eggs are injurious.

That because milk is an important article of food it must not be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not

5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is sim-

by starch and water, useful as a restorative, quickly prepared.

6. That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is a concentrated nutriment and a waste-repairer, and often craved. craved.

7. That the cravings of patients are whims and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8. That an inflexible diet may be marked out, which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in given cases must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal.

A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings; and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it.

WISE WORDS.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—

A man that can not mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's .-[Saville.

ville.

I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

llath pawned an open hand in sign of live.

—[Shakespeare.

What is the worst of woes that wail on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.—[Byron.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—[Tillotson. I think the first virtue is to restrain the

tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right. -[Cato.

Deference is the most complicate, and the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.—[Shenstone.

An egotist will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—La Bruyere. Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude

in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—[Pope.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—[Cheridan.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—[Johnson.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that none but a blind man could ask, since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. -[Clarendon,