

young heart to villainy and disho

are various. It matters not how I be

came the hypocrite I always was; I

think it was born in me; that it was

my nature to deceive, and mismanage-

my insurance was drawn. I have had

in all five thousand pounds, within the

NUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS READING.

STATESVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

A Baby S

On a cold, clear

of 1860, a rich

Louis was on the

to his handsome h

pondering very gra

lect of great appl

many years he was

the first time, a fa

was not a favo

for help by a poor bad often employ who lived in one

his own ma

uses a short di

hastened along.

nose eyes so feared to look that they to speak the truth for once in my life. nust needs put on the vell of death? Listen, both of you : No answer-no stirring of those lips -no lifting of those heavy lids with "The processes of converting a warm

leath for coin-weights! A tear fell upon the marble brow of the dead; the doctor's hand fell caresaingly upon the damp locks. "Poor boy!" he murmured.

Statesville

ment strengthened the natural propensity : Well, doctor, I am going to make But there came a time when the sad auty of that face was hid away to the story short, to give the frame-works await the awful change already comas it were, which you can fill out at alms, and hence nenced; when the smile seemed like a neer wherewith the dead mock their your leisure; for already I feel the death-clutch at my vitals. Three sepa-rate times have I, with the aid of an own decay, and Edgar Percy was foraccomplice, feigned death successfully. Each time my life was insured to a otten by all save one.

He had no clue as yet. Percy had been for two years a resident of the large amount; each time I hore a differ had been successful as an artist, sourse, was the person in whose favor

country, that was all. Who were his friends no one could tell. It seemed he had none save those he had made in town. He was not in debt. He left behind him enough to pay the expenses of his funeral. Among his effects, orderly and common-place, there was not a sign of mystery, nor a scrap of writing, not even an unfinished sketch to point a clue. One thing the Doctor felt sure of. Edgar Percy, mentally or

rested now and then on a number letters brought in by the postman. The Doctor was a middle-aged bache lor, well-to-do in the world, and having a comfortable practice. Life had gone on smoothly enough for him, with scarcely a break worth recording. He had no mournful memories of the past; his youth he had spent in getting rich, and now he was satisfied with his would. worldly accumulations, but in no haste

to secure aid to dissipate them. But the dead level of life get strangely stirred up now and then; and as Dr. Winter unfolded the paper his eye fellon a paragraph headed,

"SUDDEN DEATH .- Our readers will regret to learn of the sudden demise of the talented young artist, Edgar Percy. He was found dead in his spartment last evening. His disease was probably some organic affection of the heart. We are as yet unable to give further partic-

"Edgar Percy dead! Why, It was only yesterday afternoon that I met him in perfect health l"

He took up his hat and gloves with the intention of visiting Percy's lodging, and was carelessly putting the letters away, when he suddenly exclaimed. "Percy's hand! Sealed with black. too! I wonder I did not notice it beand starts. fore. Can it be possible that he writes to tell me of his own death ?"

Dr. Winter sat down again. and opened the sombre missive. It was ted the evening before, and sure

space of five years, obtained in this way. The last time I undertook it, my accomplice, after drawing the money, refused to give me my usual share, twothirds. Knowing that I was in his power, I dared not proceed to extremeties with him; so I let him depart with his ill-gotten gains: But the disappointment of my last effort was too much physically, was the personation of his for me; and here I am defeated at last. own mystery. His death destroyed its and brought to a bed which is really a power, put an end to its threatenings. couch of death.

swallowed it up in internal oblivion. It "Then," said Dr. Winter, "by my might be guilt-it might be misfortune silence, dreading lest I betrayed the -it might be fate. Whatever it was, it concerned the dead man alone. It dishonor of a dead friend, I connived at a felony, and helped two scoundrels lay between him and the world. God to prey upon society. Oh, Edgar Percy, I would not have believed it of you? might pardon and overlook it if it were sin; but the world, he knew never "Can't you see," responded the dying man, with a feeble sneer, "that that is

But was it sin ? The world, we know, the reason why I was so successful? forgives that easily enough when it is My face stamped me not only pure, but sanctified by success, and beyond the reach of the law. If it was something above suspicion. So much for faces." Dr. Winter turned abruptly away, that the world could not forgive, what shocked, disgusted, and angry. Duncould it have been ?

ning sent for a magistrate who took the It must not, however be suppos confession of the impostor, who, how that Dr. Winter thought of nothing ever, refused to give the name of his else than Edgar Percy's suicide. Very confederate in crime. He died at last, eldom is man faithful to a memory repenting at the eleventh hour, as is and having his hands upon the good the custom with such ment. things of this life, Winter believed in

Dr. Winter said he would rather have enjoying them, and after puzzling his gone on fretting now and then over brain on a hundred possible solution to mystery he could not solve, than to the riddle, he gave it up; so that when have it solved as this was, and that he Edgar Percy had been dead for a year, the thing was precisely where it was could never forgive himself for being when first he read the suicide's letter. duped by Percy's lying letter.

Another year dimmed the memory of the tragedy; the third effaced it entirely A Great Land suit. from his mind, to return only by fits

Governor Pillsbury, of Min It was during the close of the third has determined to transfer about 700, year that Dr. Winter made the aquain- 000 acres of land to the St. Paul and tance of a young surgeon belonging to Pacific Railroad Company, that amount one of the principal hospitals. Young of its land grant having been earned by William Dunning took a great fancy the company in the completion of its road our little Cossack friend, and could

at of the winter afford to loose a weapon or two and yet be a very dangerous customer. Weapon brewer of St. number one is the long black fingless om the brewery lance, with its venomous head that in Market Street, seems ltching to make daylight through upon some subomebody. He carries a carbine slung anxiety as he in an ollcloth cover, on his back, the a marriage of stock downward. In, his belt is a coming, for long and well-made revolver in a leather case, and from the belt hangs wayside a curved sword with no guard over its hilt. Through the chinks of his greatwhom he ig jobs, and coat are visible glimpses of a sheepskin w of forlorn undercoat with the hair worn inside uthward from even when the thermometer is 70 deg. in the sun. His whip com se was not followed him pletes his personal appurtunances; h wears no spurs. He rides, cocked entreaties addle wish a le

strapped over it, a wiry little rat of a baby, scarcely an hour old, was wailing for covering and warmthin his wretch pony, with no middle piece to speak of ed den of a tenement. This nitiable with a ewe neck and a gaunt, projectinformation touched the worthy Gering head, with ragged flanks, hocks, limp fetlocks, shelly feet, and a man's heart at that moment with irresistible effect, and he handed the petigeneral aspect of knackerism-the sort tioner a generous gift, with the promise of animal, in fine, for which a costermonger would think twice before he to see what better could be done for him offered 'three quid' for it at the northon the morrow. Toward the dawn of ern Tuttersall's on the outskirts of the that morrow the good Samaritan's wife Metropolitan Cattle Market, on a Friday became the mother of a son, which afternoon. But the screw is of indomlived not an hour. At the time of the itable gameness and toughness-live child's death the sick lady was uncon where most other horses would starve scious and in a very critical condition is fresh when most other horses are and husband, nurse and physicia knocked up-and is fit to carry ha rider trembled at the thought of what might across Europe, as Cossack pontes have done before to-day. The Cossacks seem be the fatal effect of the news when first the poor mother should demand to to be used indiscriminately for all sorts be shown her babe. Xearly frenzied for some means of averting what all of work. They were the first to enter dreaded, the brewer suddenly bethought Roumania, they ride about alone with him of the destitute and desparing fadispatches, they escort suspected spies ther who had addressed him in the keeping the head of their lance carestreet. Why might not that man's fully within easy distance of the small child be substituted for his own dead of the suspect's back, to be handy for skewering him, if he would attempt

son in the recognition of the sick escape; and Cossacks are placed on mother until that mother should have guard over the ships at the Galatz quay regained her physical strength suffito prevent their attempting departure ciently to endure a knowledge of the Dismounting and shackling his pony truth? The idea was communicated to the physician and nurse, who approved by a hobble on each fore-leg, connected it as an only, if desperate, resource, and in a short time thereafter, the nurse and by a leather strap with another hobble around the left hind leg above the hock father repaired to the tenement house the Cossack takes up a position on the for its attempted execution. Upon extreme edge of the jetty, with his hearing their oft-time benefactor's lance pointed in the direction of the ship, as if he would transfix it should it strange proposition, the impoverished parents of the living baby could not but attempt to escape, and there he stands, consent. They were near starvation, self-contained, affablec alert, and with a

Astrachan fur with a scarlet busby bag,

and their greatcoat is black, having its

bosom slashed with a receptacle for

and the unwitting little one, now general aspect conveying the idea that he is patronizing that section of Chrisshivering with cold, could experience no harm. In short, the brewer and his tendom within his purview. He will attendant carried back the wailing mite accept a cigarette, and tender you a with them, and the dead child was for light from his in the friendliest manner the nonce Conveyed to the tenement but you will never coax him to take his

When the sick mother, in the eye for a single minute off the ship course of a few hours, resumed conwhich he has in custody. The Circascionaness, she at once made the anticisian Cossacks differ in some respects pated request, and upon seeing the bor- srom the Don Cossacks. They ride rowed babe, gathered it fervently to her larger ponles, they wear busbles of

A Bird Combat. That trim, gentle-looking, drab-colored bird, erroneously called turtle-dove by dwellers in the United States and generally deemed so utterly inno-

merican.

cent, and pure that to kill it for the table or any other use is branded as criminal in the extreme, is not so innocent after all. Its moaning, sad-sounding voice is a mockery and a cheat; its soft, dark eyes are a sham ; its sober, Quaker garb is calculated to deceive ; its timid movements are not to be trusted. When once it has been insulted or injured by one of its kind, the dove becomes as cruel and outrageously heartless as any nurderer can be. Some years ago ritnessed a fight between two moaning

in a brook for sun perch, half pro a grassy bank, lost in a brown study, with a cigar between my lips, when I happened to see a dove slight on a gnarled bough of a plane-tree a few yards distant. Immediately it began to coo in that doletully plaintive strain so well known to every lover of nature, and was soon joined by a male, who perched himself within a foot or so of her. I espied their nest, not yet finished, in the fork of an Iron-wood tree near by. The birds made very expressive signs to each other with their heads by a series of bows, nods and sidewise motions, of which I understood enough to know that some intruder was near-perhaps they meant me. The fish were not biting any too well, but the shade was pleasant and the grass fragrant, the sound of the water very oothing, and the flow of the wind steady and cooling, so I did not care to move just to humor the whims of a pair of billing doves. It proved however, after all, that I was not the cause of alarm. Another female dove presently dropped like a hawk from a dark dense

struck the first on the back with beak and wings. A fight ensued, witnessed with calm interest by myself and the male dove. At first the combatants struggled

nass of leaves above the pair, and

desperately together on the bough, flercely beating each other with their wings, and plucking out the feathers from breast and neck, all the time uttering low, querulous notes, different from anything I had ever before heard. Pretty soon they fell off the bough and

The Foot and the Pound.

came whirling down upon the ground, where they continued the battle with onstantly-increasing fury, their eyes

flashing fire, and cutting and thrusting with their beaks like swordsmen. Blood began to show itself about their approach. heads, and in places their necks were

There is one single fact, says Hannah More, which one may oppose

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Wit resembles a coquette; those who the most eagerly run after it are the least favored. There is no heart so utterly hardened

NO. 3.

that it cannot be touched by love and tenderness.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

A man writing an anonymous letter is like a puppy inside an enclosure barking at you with his nose under the

Opposition is what we want and have to be good for anything. Har is the native soil of Independent

If a man is not ris

A He is a blitless sword, which is sure to cut the hand of him who strikes with it. It is better to find this out at first than after ward.

The consecrated life is not a life of perpetual joy; it is an humble, pure, vehement life, all givon up to the ser-vice of God and our brothers.

Reproof, especially as it relates to children, administered in all gentleness, will render the culprit not afraid but ashamed to repeat the offease.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Watch over yourself; be your own accuser, then your judge; ask yourself grace sometimes, and, if there is need, impose upou yourself some pain.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little epring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years. As frost to the bud and blight to the

blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the

Oratory and poetry are of little value unless they reach the bighest perfec-tion; but history, in whatever way it may be executed, is a source of pleasure.

Too much is said to children; too much notice taken of them and their affairs. In this way restlessness, fretmuch fuiness and self-importance are pro-

I believe in building fine houses, that they are well proportioned; and in beautiful furniture; and in beautiful men and woman to use them. It's not elfah.

Rhetoric in serious discourses is like the flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement; but prejudicial to him who would reap profit from it.

Time sheds a softness ou remote objects of events, as local distance imparts to the landscape a smoothness and mel-lowness which disappear on a nearer

quite bare of feathers. When at last e of them became so exhausted that further struggle was impossible, the man ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed. other proceeded to take its stand upon



table was drying the morning paper still damp, and exhaling the odor of the press before the fire, while his eye

enough Edgar Percy's name wassigned to it. Dr. Winter read : "MY DEAR FRIEND :--- It is now time

for us to depart-for me to die, for you to live, and which of us meets the best fate God only knows. Do you remem-ber those words of Socrates, Doctor? While you are reading this I shall be cold enough, and quiet enough, too. The yell will have been rent apart, and the darkened glass withdrawn. You will hear of my death. You will stand over me and wonder that one so young should recoil down so suddenly. The world will raise uplifted hands of astonishment, and then rush on and forget us ere a single morn has waxed and get us ere a single morn has waxed and waned. And yet it is the fear of this same cold, indifferent would that com-pels one to rush unbidden from its haunts. To you the secret is revealed. Remember, it is the secret of the dead; betray it not. I have taken a subtle and deadly polson; so subtle that it leaves no trace to betray its presence --so deadly that in one half-hour I shall be comparisone half-hour. I shall -so deadiy that in one half-hour I shall be a corpse-one half-hour! Then the unveiling of eternity! To you, I repeat, I bequeath this secret. To you I be-queath the task of finding out why I took my life in my own hands, and went out of the world dreading its power. I might tell you. They say the deeds of all men shall one day be known. Ah, my God! I had rather thrown myself at thy mercy, who know'st my sins already, than live to be at the zercy of man! My lips shall never live to frame the confession-my pen never write it. My death alone, ends all. With me the secret dies. If I lived it must become known. You I lived it must become known. You dare not betray the trust of a dead man. Come and look at me after you have read this. Farewell! EDGAR "PERCY."

Dr. Winter's astonishment was too rast to find immediate utterance. He ut the letter carefully in his pocket d went forth to obey the dead man's summons, to "Come and look at me after you have read this." Aye, that

nding over the dead in the darkened parlor, the doctor learned all that the world was to know of Edgar Percy's fitting. The servant had taken him in the world." ome warm water the evening before, nd he had given her a letter to post. eing to his room two hours later to on the sofa, quiet enough, as he hi TAVE P

had said. The room was in its us arder. He had evidently dropped without a struggle. She did not kn to whom the letter was addressed. uld not read writing, but notice

ed that kind of envelope always That was all she had to say, an ald her that she might go

hetle was that dead face. al beauty velled the at is sad . smile wreathed the ex th. The P

ips had blosed for

r the middle-aged, jolly practitioner, a penchant reciprocated by the Doctor; and when off duty the two were always together.

One day Dr. Winter accompanied Dunning to the hospital, and went the rounds with him. There were many sad sights there, moans of pain, and thin, pallid faces on which Death's signet was plainly stamped.

Dunning stopped at one of the pallets, on which was stretched the slender form of a man yet in his early youth, whose pale, regular features and dusky on for half a dozen years between the eyes sent a thrill of remembrance two great railroad companies above named as to which is entitled to the through Dr. Winter's soul. Where had he seen that face? land grant at the intersection of these

"Who is he?" was the question that two roads at Glyndon, embracing the ose to his lips.

alternate sections upon a strip 40 miles "It is hard to tell who he is," replied wide by 80 miles long, and taking in, Dunning. "He was found wandering it is said, something like 500,000 acres of land. There are a good many knotty in the street, wild with delirium. He had been robbed, it seemed, and turned points to be solved in this controversy. out of a sick bed by some treacherous which only the lawyers who have fiend, doubtless hoping that he would studied the case can intelligently experish in the street. Poor creature! His hour is near at hand !" plain, but it seems to stand in a general way like this: The Northern Pacific "Is he conscious ?"

has a land grant of 20 sections to the "He has not been hitherto; but] mile, and the St. Paul and Pacific a hink he will recover his reason before land grant of 10 sections to the mile. he dies. Ah! there is sanity in his eyes and the principal point is as to which wen now. Speak to him, Doctor." was the first to claim the lands at the "My good man," said Winter, "do

first to build its road and occupy the

and of settlers for

that the

the the

Glyndon crossing. It is alleged that the St. Paul and Pacific was the first to you see me?" "Dr. Winter!" uttered the feeble locate its line, but the Northern Pacific

"You know me !" he cried, with as mishment. "Who are you?" A feeble smile curled his thin lips. "If you will sit beside me, I have a

ground. Right here come in several collateral questions, such as that the original Congressional land grant of 1857 to the St. Paul and Pacific conong story to tell you. Yet, no, it shall templated a route from St. Paul to St. ot be long." Cloud and Crow Wing, and thence The sick man stretched his hand for

north-westwardly to St. Vincent, which cordial. It was given him, and again route was changed by Congress, in 1871, from St. Cloud up the Sauk Valley to the dusky eyes were turned upon Winter's face, and the low voice began :

"Five years ago, I met you first. For two years you were my friend. I died, bequeathing you a strange task. For Alexandria, Fergus Falls, and Glyn don, and thence northward to St. Vin-cent. What effect this change of base may have upon the general result re-mains to be tested in the courts, where hree years I was dead to you and all the case has for a long time been pend-

"You then, are Edgar Percy ?" "What is left of him."

ing. The complications are such that the executive officers of the General "You were not dead then? In what Government seem to be as much in the manner were you rescued from the dark upon the merits of the question sa

verybody else, and Secretaries Deland 'No, I was not dead," he said. " ing has been my profession. I have lived upon the proceeds of my deaths at various times; but I am not dead ted land, and the other consider

claim of the Northern P To say that Dr. Winter was a hed would but feebly express the the good man's mind, while Dur points at issue, and that

"But what," demanded the doctor with difficulty forcing himself to speak was the disgrace to which you alluded

that latter ?". "A blind, my friend; a blind merel throw you off the track. You say and as noth cal and no one has ever ime of people now living is not

ted it. "Twill be a port of rallef tienlarly

arms and fell asleep with its head upon from a point south of Glyndon north her breast. Deception, even for the ward to Crookston. This action of the most generous purposes, is always dan-Governor has consequently agitated gerous, and now that it has been so the Northern Pacific Railroad Com-

catridges, while they carry their carbine in a cover of Astrachan fur." practiced upon his wife, the brewer pany, and its attorneys have proceeded dared not undo it. Finally, forming a "They are all comparatively young to file notices of *lis pendens* in the offices of Register of Deeds in the Counties of daring resolve, he sought again the men, and nearly all married, of course squalid father and mother, and offered to young wives. It often happens, as Wilkin, Otter Tail, Becker, Clay, Polk, in the present instance, that they are hem a sum of money sufficient to keep Todd, Douglas, and probably others, away from home during a war for one, them in comfort for life if they would by which the company gives warning or even three or four years, and one suffer the dead infant to be buried as to the purchasers that they have a claim their own and allow their boy to be left unfortunate result is that some of the or lien upon the lands in question. It is known that a contest has been going

with him in perpetual parental adop-tion. According to the local paper which completed the strange story, this proposition was a first strange story, this aware of this, and many of them, on returning home, buy a white scarf or handkerchief, which they take with them- Upon entering their villages, proposition was, after some hesitation, greed to. Before the wife of the rewer had become convalescent, the parents of him who she yet believed to the whole population-women, girls, be her own son, had removed to another old men and children-come out to meet them, including, of course, the wives of the returning wanderers. city, richer than ever before in their lives by many thousand dollars; nor is Now those of the wives who have been it known that the secret was revealed to her for several years from the date of unfaithful to their lords, of which its inception. Two or three years ago the brewer died; and, although his will there is usually a considerable sprinkling, go forward to their husbands, related enough of the story to make kneel down before them in the road

valid its bequest of a fortune to the fosput their faces in the dust, and place ter son at his majority, that now well educated and well-grown youth knew their husband's foot upon their necks. This is a confession of guilt, and at the not his whole story until it was confided to him lately by his own true sire, calling him to his dying bedside in the workhouse. Losing his wife soon after their removal from St. Louis, the man had turned his curiously acquired for-tune to bad account, squandered it all, and thus came to pauperism. Thus one has a right ever to reproach the ends a strange tale .----

Cessacks of the Don.

" One Don Cossack is so like another that the idea is difficult to get rid of lace for taking the edge off one's sen-

ibilities regarding smells; and we can tet to windward of the Cossack we wish to inspect, which is more than we can do in regard to the Galatz drains. Friend Cossack is a little chap, ve feet five, even on his high ut at once sturdy and w TY His aten face is shrewd's all, bu nd merry. His eyes are een; his mouth large, and and his pug nose- rather rede he reat of his face-if a tufs besor a sta h a knowing cuck und his chul o to them. He is me

It is a special trick of low cunning its helpless opponent, and would have to squeeze out knowledge from a mode man, who is eminent in any science quickly made an end of it had I not interfered. The vanquished bird was and then to use it as legally acquired and pass the source of science. minus an eye, and was unable to fly for some minutes. The secret of the How wilely he has lost himself that

battle was jealousy. The male sat by becomes a slave to his servant and ex-alts him to the dignity of his Maker! Gold is the god, the wife, the friend. and watched in a nonchalant way until it was all over, when he very lovingly of the money-monger of the world. To love all mankind, from the greatstrutted up to the victorious bird, and began cooing in a low, soothing tone.

est to the lowest, a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more, From that day to this I have repudiated the figure "innocent as a dove," and whenever opportunity offered, have into ourselves, suffering is required. sped a two-ounce arrow full at the

We should never forget that home is breast of the bird, widow or no widow. the residence not merely of the bod but also of the mind ; and that the o When properly cooked by parbolling. stuffing and baking, a dove is a choice bit for the table. While on this sub-ject, I may add that in the Southern ject of all ambition should be happy at home, and to render happy.

States doves often congregate in innu-merable swarms, like pigeons, and do great damage to the peanut fields, yet there the prejudice against killing them is so great that you rarely see a trap or spring set for them, or a gun levelled at them The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of gives form and color to the ture of life.

A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily reslities; who can amother down his heart, its lowe or woe, and take to the work of his hand, and defy fate, and, if he must die, dies fight-ing to the last-that man is life's best

The rec luable from the lips of a man who ates it, since truth forces him to ac-nowledge it; and though he may be willing to take it into his immost oul, he at last decks himself out in its

A man may be a heretic in the and if he believes things only his paster says 20, or the assen determines, without here here reasons, though his belief be true the very truth he holds become heresy. There is not any burder some would gladlier pat off to ano than the charge and care of their length, were transferred to Greece, and. the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the ordinary standard of the Romans. At the same time the

The only thing which gives prayer is the inward convictio double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have sur-vived in the form of the ell of mediaval sitting or standin g down, surrounded Europe, and in that of our own land. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the hu-man body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin to remote antiquing we may carry with on whe to, into our work or play, out our parlor. Not much prayin

ted, however, that the coincioe of length among all civilize ons is very striking. The derive The deriva-

flour, and from eight to ten bushels toes. This is decidedly nty pot pie, and is regard

Although there is generally a consider-able sprinkling of women who come for-ward to kneel down and put their faces in the dust, it rarely happens that they

A Colemal Pot-Ple for Paupera

are not forgiven. Occasionally a pot-pie dinner is served the Berks County, Pa., Almahouse hich requires the following ingre-ients: The slaughtered calves, making ty rather than directly to the length of he forearm or of the foot. It must be nt 250 pounds of yeal; eighty po beef; one and a quarter in of the pound weight is mo

us at the will of the m

to have been of B

The foot and the pound are found in every country, and have evidently been derived directly from the Romans. But same time a prayer for forgiveness. If the husband then covers his wife's head they can claim a far higher antiquity, with the white scarf it means that he for Mr. Chisholm traces their origin to forgives her, asks no questions, and obliterates the past. In this case no the Babylonians or Chaldmans, who, as the Babylonians or Chaldrans, who, as nuits of length, used both the cubit and the foot. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who intro-duced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the

wife with her inconstancy; and if any one should be rash enough to do so, he would have to answer to the husband,

who is the protector of his wife's honor. If, on the contrary, the white handkerdifferent kinds of cubit and foot. The natural cubit, of about 18 inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this

chief is not produced, the woman re-turns straight to her father's house without again entering her husband's elling, and a divorce is pronounced.