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#### SUMMER'S DONE.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show, Motionless held in the languid air; Painter by waysides the sweet briers grow, Wild blooms laying their gold bearts bare. Languishing one by one. Summer is almost gone.

Deeper haed roses have long since died. filent the birds through the white mist fly Down of the thisties, by hot sups dried, Covers with pale fleece vines growing high; Little brooks calmer run; Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps. Shortening the reign of the slow coming day Earlier shade of the twilight creeps: Over the shadows skimming away; Crickets their notes have begun Summer is almost gone.

Darkened to mourning the sad colored bee Empty the bests in its purple boughs lie; Something situate we never can reach Deepens the glory of days going by; Aftermath left in the sun Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go? Nweet lies the aftermath lies in the sun; Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow Out of a childhood in beauty begun; Harvest of gold can be won

## The Twin Bracelets.

Only-when summer is done.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but the money will still be

yours." The quick, indignant flush upon Hilton Grame's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words. Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow. he looked little like a man to be bribed: but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by hls affections. When he spoke, his voice was low and his tone

pleading. "Do you mean, Uncle George, that

marry Ada Willet?" "Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of

"Only that she is the lovel:est, noblest

"Only what she told me herselt, that They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to ton? You are as white as death." give work to Ada's mother. When she died, Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home; and, after giving her every advantage her own child could have en- was." joyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name!" "Smith."

know of her family?'

"Bah!" s: id Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here;" and, with a I hoped I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his bled with emotion.

"You are a man now." he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before lived in society, and respected all its re- stand it another minnte! I believe it's passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I over Myra Delano when I had seen her the door a little open. three time. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had travelled extensively, been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, commanding great wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.

I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were The old man could not speak, and the married, travelled two years in Europe, voung one would not break in upon and then returned here to this house, what he felt to be a sacred emotion. and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra, I gave to Baby Anna. We were very popular being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were travelling, all in all to each other, there was sleep ing in my heart a demon which stirred to life when we returned. Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was a fool, a mad, jealous fool-for I stung a sensitive woman to contempt of my the one in your locket? Must I tell opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was from poverty, and adopted for her own, but filling her proper place in society is my cousin, and your daughter?" as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. thought most probably would best con-I cannot tell you now of every seene ceal her identity, and Ada was the name strengthened by enjoyment.

that turned her love for me to fear and of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in dislike. She became pale and misera- infancy." ble, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me !"

"Left you!" life of constant quarreling and reproach. uptil her father came quickly to meet She had taken her child, and would her. never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

aft of whom I went, but who denied all | Can you forgive me, knowledge of her. After searching and sincere and love most profound, finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child.

"Yet you think they live?" "I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as yon knew, went to see my only sister, dying of consump-

"And to become my second father. "Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heartbroken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, travelled with you, George Hilton only welcomed his to entertain a sort of friendship for him. made you my one interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby-daughter, whose childhood is a closed, scaled book to me."

"But now, Uncle George-can noth-

ing be done now?" "We have been here three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, trust her to your care and generosity. It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten

the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his scat shall lose your love and respect if I and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said "I had this bracelet made of Myra's woman I ever saw. If you knew her hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny cotl of "Yes, yes; but I mean, what do you gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some her mother died of poverty, after strug- lingering love that made Myra still keep gling to support herself by her needle. the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hil-

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?" "Yes. You see how beautiful she

"I see more than that!" said Hilton: and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give one little hour to see if-"If what?"

"Only one hour-I will be back then!" gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing no woman here, to remind me of a past | ed the clock till the hour should be over. | jumping up, said : He walked up and down, he tried to so moved. His voice was sharp with so vividly recalled. With Myra's pic- undershirt!" the pang of some sudden memory, his ture before him, he thought again of

"Why was I not calm, reasonable, as quirements? I lived an idle life-Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What Utter astonishment kept Hilton has he discovered? Only thirty minutes gone, and it seems a day since he

was here! But even before the hour was over. Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice | Let me get out quick." was past forty years old, I fell in love. that he came through the drawing-room Fell in love, for I was fairly insane to the library where he waited, leaving and stripped off his clothing. His chest and began:

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton

with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too -Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. shirt?" At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked, "Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but surely, in heaven she has forgiven you! She never of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?" "I know and love her. Did you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued

"Ada Smith?" "Smith was the name her mother

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, "I came home one afternoon, after the door Hilton had left ajar opened. conducting an intricate criminal case, and across the threshold stepped a tall and found a note on my table, telling | beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, me Myra could no longer endure the and large blue eyes, who waited timidly

Apna!" he said, softly. "Can thi be my baby-my wee daughler? "She had but few. Her father died must, for it is my Myra, who has not while we were abroad, and baving been grown old and gray, as I have, but lives considered a rich man, was found to in perpetual youth. My child, I once have left less than his funeral expenses. | wronged your mother, but I have sorshe had an aunt and some cousins, to rowed and repented for that wrong,

The tears were falling fast from An- revenge. with the eagerness of penitence deep as Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said, "My hyena with another of the same spedear father."

folded his child in his arms, he knew one appropriated to the leopards. that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making as usual, and the hyena's have, since

Good Mrs. Willett mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her eyer get, which is nothing to speak of. adopted daughters good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that couple of ladies, were gathered about Ada must have left her to be Hilton's the carnivora house looking at the aniwife, and, after all, they would still be mals, when Winners, the keeper, than-

neighbors. But she would not give her up until

## gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Having It Hot. My neighbor, Cooley, suffered a good deal last winter from rheumatism in its mate was a little ways off. Winners be induced to try any remedy for this ugly brute awaiting his opportunity cent \* \* \*-devils-! ! ! trouble, and Mrs. Cooley was nearly for months, saw it at last, and, quick as a-h-h-h ! !" worried to death about it. At last she lighting, caught the kindly hand in his determined to try strategy. She made mouth, sinking its fangs into it deeply. up a dry mustard plaster, and one night There was a frightful struggle. The while he was asleep she sewed it on to man sought to tear his hand away, and the inside of his undershirt, so that it at the same instant, with a growl, the plaster, and went down stairs At the arm drawn in through the bars, but ble.' breakfast table, while he was talking to with a supreme effort he wrenched himhis wife, he suddenly stopped, looking self away a cripple. The strong jaws cross-eyed, and a spasm of pain passed of the hyena had not loosened their grip. over his face. Then he took up the and the left portion of the right hand thread of the conversation again, and was torn away as the man released himwent on. He was in the midst of an self, the bones and sinews parting like explanation of the political situation in thread in the grip of the ugly brute, Ohio, when all at once he ceased again, who drew back yelling with his bloody grew red in the face, and exclaimed:

be anything wrong." Mrs. Cooley asked what was the matter, and Cooley said :

"Oh, it's that infernal old rheumatism again, come back awful. But I never felt it exactly the same way be-

fore; it kinder stings me." Mrs. Cooley said she was sorry. Then Mr. Cooley began again, and

was just showing her how the ravages rence. The men who carried him to a grasshoppers in the West would affect "Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking the political result next fall by making keeper of animals, and is understood to with excitement. But his nephew was the people discontented, and so likely sudden flerceness, he added. "I want what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watch. he suddenly dropped the subject and at the grounds, reproached him recently

read, he lived over and again that past, that? Ouch! O Moses!! I feel's if I ter than to trust a hyena, but the woungrave, quiet uncle had Hilton seen him whose remorseless memories had been had a shovel full of hot coals inside my ded man did not consider himself much

became my years and position?" he worse than rheumatism. Feels like the ugliest of choruses. asked himself, bitterly. "Why did I fire burning into my skin. Ouch! Owgive a boy's love to a woman who had wow-wow! It's awful! I really can't cholera or something, and I'm going to

"Do try to be calm, Mr. Cooley." "Calm!! How can a man be calm with a volcano boiling over under his shirt? G'way from here! Get out of my way, quick, while I go up stairs to tures during the "late war." The broundress. Murder-r-r-r, but it hurts.

was the color of a boiled lobster, but he "To procure this," Hilton answered, on something white on his undershirt. were heavily armed, many of the pasgravely, placing in his uncle's hand th He picked up the garment and exam- sengers carried revolvers, and we were The same braid of sunny brown hair, slowly down stairs with a dry mustard the strikers would displace a rail, let scribes the crater of the great Sandwich plaster in his hand, while his brow was clothed with thunder. Going up to Mrs. Cooley he Cooley

> said in a suppressed voice: "Did you put that thing in my under- den.

"I did it for the best, Charles," she said, "I thought-" "Oh never mind what you thought

you crooked-nosed, chuckle-headed old You've taken the bark clean off my bosom till I'm as raw as a sirloin steak, as long as I live. That lets you out. book read: You play any more tricks on me, and I'll hist you into the coal bin and keep fessed-\$38,000-Charlie Ross-!!!!!you there till you starve to death."

out. Mrs. Cooley doesn't know to this ing- \* \* -!!" day exactly what effect the grasshopat once, whose face is a living copy of pers are going to have on the fall elec- continued the engineer, "also prepared

> 147,000,000 square miles of water to 49,-500,000 square miles of land.

Mental pleasures never cloy. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by A Hyend's Memory.

A desperate struggle recently took place in the carnivors house at the Fair grounds at St. Louis between a striped female hyena lately purchased and a large spotted hyens occupying with its mate one of the cages. The fight was a bloody one and the striped animal received injuries which caused its death in a few hours, despite the brave efforts to rescue it from its assailant made by Winners, one of the keepers at the fair grounds. He boldly entered the cage when the animals were fighting and wounded the spotted animal upon the head with a club, until it was stunned and its victim released. Recensly the spired byens had its

Since the fight in June, the spotted cies, has occupied a cage in the carni-That was all; but as George Hilton vore house, between a tion's cage and

Winners has attended to the animals, relieved of their objectionable striped associate, seemed as tractable athyenas Recently a few people, including a ced to pass along between the raling and the cages. He is familiar with the after a most brilliant wedding, and animals and the ferocious beasts seem

daughter to her home when he also As he passed alongh e patted the leopard on the head, and the beast seemed rather to like the attention. Then he came to the hyenas' cage. The big

"I wonder what in the-no, it can't The ladies who witnessed the terrible scene were to be pitied, one of them almost fainting at the time, and being il from the effect of the sight even after getting into a street car. Assistance was promptly summoned, and Winners will, of course be crippled by the occur-

of the potato bugs in the East, and the physician came back pallid as spectres. Winners has been long engaged as a have been once seriously hurt by a lion to strike at the party in power, when in his charge. His brother, also a keepwith his carelessness, saying that one "Thunder and lightning, what was so experienced should have known betto be blamed. The hyenas, after the oc-"Must be that rheumatism, getting currence dashed about like mad things. eyes flashed, and his whole frame trem- the wild, fierce love that had been his worse," said Mrs. Cooley, sympatheti- They shrieked continually, and the other animals joined in, making the "Oh! gracious no! It's something gardens resound for quite a time with

# The Grim Engineer.

A locomotive engineer from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was in Detroit lately on a brief visit to his sister. In some way or other a new reporter on one of the daily papers ran across the man and appointed an interview, in order to secure the engineer's adventher of the footboard was willing to tell his story, and without stopping to Then he rushed up to the bedroom take on wood or water he rang the bell

"I ran the last passenger train over couldn't tell for the life of him what the road-the last train allowed to pass was the matter. Then his eyes rested by the strikers. All the train officials some gravel pit, and just before we left the station I kissed my wife and told shook the plaster under her nose, and her where she would find the sum of fire, 100 feet below us, and nearly a \$38,000 which I had buried in the gar-

"Possible!" gasped the new reporter, as he made a note of it.

er, confessed to me that he was the ab- the cliffs to toss their gory spray high idiot! Never mind what you thought. ductor of Charlie Ross, and that he in the air. The restless, heaving lake once murdered a man in Missouri." The reporter made his pencil fly for and I'll probably never be well again a minute, and when he let up his note-

"Great Heavens- \* \*-coolly conmurdered seventeen men-name of the Then he slammed the door and went fireman Tom Collins-!!!-more com-

"And the conductor of the train." for death. He returned to the company \$2,558,644.13 which he had knocked -There are on the earth's surface down during his connection with the road, and humbly asked forgiveness. He was much troubled to think he had invested his share of the plunder in founding an orphan asylum and could of 1,100 yards, is equal to 15,000 pounds not restore it to the road. He owned to the square inch.

up to having killed an old woman o two, but I forget their names, whether they struggled very when he was choking them."

The pale-faced reporter wrote again "Further horrors-" stricken with remoras- !!! restores money-owns up to murders-sees the ghosts of his victims around himbiggest item ever published in a Detroit paper- . . . scoop the Detroit

Free Press stone blind-"Well, we finally pulled out," said the grim engineer, as he wiped his hig heated brow on the back of his hand, "I had a Derringer on one side of me,s revolver on the other, a bowie knife ton a come my dust coller, and a way musket loaded with one hundred and seventeen buck-shot was strapped on For the last ten years, though neither a count my back. The fireman had four revoland six one-pound cans of nitro-glycerine. We meant to give them the best we had, you see."

The reporter wrote "Revolvers-muskets- Derringersnitro-glycerine-all ready-brave as

lions, but modest as school girls. The plot thickens-full particulars in this issue-no other Detroit paper has a line "We lit out at a speed of forty miles an hour," the engineer went on, "for

reasoned that we might as well go down with flying colors as to crawl like a snail. We whizzed through cuts dashed past farm houses, and across highways, and everything was running finely, when far ahead, in the deep gleam of the headlight I saw a man on the track. The moment had come." "I see," whispered the reported, as

his breast, and his wife was badly carelessly as he passed reached out his he seized his pencil again-"rails torn frightened about it for fear it would hand and patted the hyena as he had the up-flends waiting to wash their hands end in consumption. Cooley could not leopard. It was a cruel mistake. The in blood-horrible massacre of inno-

"I should have put on all steam and dashed ahead," resumed the engineer, but the fireman entreated me to give him time to confess that he had been hiding the Bender family in his front would just about cover the rheumatic other hyena sprang to the assistance of bedroom, and I slowed down till the place. Cooley dressed himself in the its mate. For a moment it seemed as train stopped just where I had seen the morning, wholly unsuspicious of the though Winners would have his entire crowd. Only one man was now visi-

> "The rest were in ambuscade!" exclaimed the reporter.

"I guess so. This one man approached. Had he something in his "Yes, he did-a hand grenade-a

omhshell !" shouted the listoner. "He came closer and closer, walking ike a man who means murder." "Hold on!" shouted the reporter,

and he wrote "Dark figure came nearer-nearer-

nearer-skulking-sliding-murderous purpose displayed in every move-full account in this paper-newspaper enwas conveyed to a physician, who bound | terprise will tell! ! -chance for up the mangled stump, the man suffer- graphic writing here- \* -- whoop excruciating pain from his injuries. He | it up heavy and make the other papers feel bad!"

"Well, he was finally at the step. said the engineer. "He looked up; he raised his right hand. He held some thing out towards me, and he spoke.

"He did! Great heavens what a terrible moment! What a fiend he was He handed you something and spoke?" "Yes, he handed me up a flask of brandy, and he wanted to know, being that the train had stopped, if I didn't think that the conductor would let him ride to the next station, seven miles ahead, for an old jack-knife and half a bottle of cough medicine! That was the best brandy I ever tasted, and I shudder now as I realize how narrowly I missed it!"

"Is-that-all?" asked the reporter, as his jaw dropped and his ears grew

"Yes, that's all. Seems to me you can make a graphic thing of it-something to travel all over the country." "Yes-ahem-jess so," coughed the reporter, as he reached for his hat.

"And you'll give me seven copies of the paper, won't you?" "Seven-yes - seven - just exactly seven," was the faint reply, as a pair

of boots went down the walk. For further particulars see "the very latest edition.

## A Lake of Fire.

Mrs. Brassey, an Englishwoman, who accompanied her husband in a recent duplicate of the bracelet upon the table. The same braid of sunny brown hair, slowly down stairs with a dry mustard the strikers would displace a rail, let us through a bridge, or switch us into Island volcano Kilanea: "We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean waves of blood red, fiery, liquid lava hurled "And my fireman, feeling certain their billows upon an iron-bound headthat he would not live two hours long- land, and then rushed up the face of boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base On the other side was a huge cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones.

-Boston consumes 2,190,000 barrels -The pressure of the sea, at the depth

of flour per annum.

In Brundway, St. Louis, is the house of a man named Christian H. Thepel, and distance; and adventup is not daughter. The man is a shorousker, but | No man can keep long turked up sere appears little mecessity for a pur- | his needs a strong desire to no good; init of his trade since the family are to will show lumif so section. conf circumstances, Tiepel being reported as worth from Aftenn to twenty have been ack thousand dollars. Topel himself, is a quiet, mild-mannered man, past middle age, who attends to his work, and who your fellow men to work to. from his own half-admissions, is not altogether the autocrat of the household Mrs. Tiepel is a woman of perhaps sixty years of ago, of decided force of character, and with what appears to be life, a singular menoments. The daughter, "The series proper as a servetteen years of age, has, save to a be mindful of things past, excetul of very few been until lately a nonentity. things present, provident of things to

been in bed A reporter found Mr. and Mrs. Tiepel at their house. They were very

much averse to admitting him or conversing with him, but at length the wo-'My daughter has a fever in her She has had it since she was too. I told my husband of it before we

were married, but he does not believe When my daughter was very little, I bathed her with saltpeter water. Do the whole world is but one family you know what that is?

"Then you don't know much.

"Oh, I know what it is, of course, meant only that I did not understand angels.

Well, saltpeter water, when you are sick as we are, makes you strong and contemptible teditions to do incaire happy. It does that for three months, jable mischief. Only when you are bathed in it, and it | Angiety is the poison of life; the parmakes you feel better, it makes whoever ent of many size and of more misses see. is with you sick, just as you have been. My husband was sick when I bathed in After three months bathing the

saltpeter water makes you feel well no inger, but sick if you continue it. put her in bed. She has been there since. Not in bed all the time, but in the room. The reason of this is that the air or the sun would kill her. Sometimes the blood goes to her head, I have tight and away from her head, and have with others. It costs them only one cut off her hair and put on a hood like day, but me three: the first in sinning, this. My nusband does not think she is sick, and says she should work and go out, and has made me great trouble

but I must erdure that.' "Does your daughter think she

"Oh, yes, she knows it. The visitor wanted to see the invalid ut the old lady's concessions had reached their limit. He next sought for Mr. Tiepel, but he had disappeared of the first, and the weakest weapon of totally. From the account of the police- the second. Be more anxious, then, to man who had actually seen the girl, deserve a good name than to possess it. these further facts were obtained:

The young woman was seventeen years old in April, and has not been out of the house since she was seven. She an enormous hood. Her legs, arms and give to him. she has the appearance of a person share our goods with each other, and supply each other's wants. We can in veighing at least two hundred pounds, no way assamilate ourselves so much though rather slight of figure. Her face, from the longconfinement of years, has Creator, as by contributing to the assumed a wonderful whiteness, but health, comfort, and happiness of our otherwise she does not appear to be ill. fellow creatures. She appears from her conversation to possess intelligence, though she seems blesses flowers! They are wreathed patient in her situation, having proba- round the cradie, the marriage altar, bly become impressed with her mother's and the tomb. The Persian in the far idea that should the air strike ber or the sun shed its rays upon her she would Indian child of the Far West claps his die. She is never allowed, even when hands with give as he gathers the abunout of bed, to sit at the table lest an un- dant blossoms-the illuminated scripexpected current of air should reach tures of the prairies. The cupid of the her, and, part of the time, when in bed ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with

she is kept between mattresses of feathers. Mr. Tiepel was interviewed by the officer, and stated that he thought the with honey, opposition and wrath even course pursued by the girl all wrong; are baffled by love. "Prepare yourthat he had combated Mrs. Tiepel's ma- selves as the athletes used to do for their nia for years, but in vain. He did not exercises; oil your mind and manners know what to do in the matter.

## A Monkey Story.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered studied manners with Talma the actor; a monkey belonging to an itinerant or- and Mirabeau, one of the most hideous gan-grinder, seated upon a bank within and wicked or men, possessed a wizard's the grounds, and at once made a dash spell that bound to him men, and women in jacket and hat, awaited the onset we want strength for the day; we never with such undisturbed tranquility that go to bed at night without needing grace the dog halted within a few feet of him to cover the sins of the past. We are to reconnoitre. Both animals took a at all periods of life; when we begin long, steady stare at each other, but the with Christ in our journey days we n.ed dog evidently was recovering from his middle life our needs are greater, and surprise, and about to spring for the in- in old age we are needy still. So needy truder. At this critical juncture the are we that in lying down to die we monkey, who had remained perfectly need our last bed to be made for us in quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The heaven we should have no place to effect was magical; the dog's head and dwell in. We are full of wants, as the tail dropped, and he sneaked off and sea is full of water. We must keep entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanor showed plainly that he felt the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with.

He that can compose himself is wise than he who composes books.

What length ought a lady's petticoal to be? A little above two feet. The best days of a man's life are those in which he effects the most good.

better than silence.

FOOD FOR THOUGH

we thought our balteriors.

Narrow and your mind to your own section ners, true give it a broad dotel for

What men went is not talent but pro A near beart will power make a vector Plant the craft apple where you

eripple nor in danger of death, she has We must row with the ours we have are obliged to sail with the wind that

Loud gives. The infide! Arab said, "I will inse my camel and trust in Gud.". The man of tattle says, ' I will the my camed and

trust in God. There is no merit where there is no triar; and, this experience stamps the mark of scrength, cowards may pass for

beroes, inith for inisobood. The narrow-minded ask, is this our of our tribe, or is he a stranger? But to those who are of a noble disposition

Character is the eternal temple that each one begins to rear, yet death muty can complete. The finer the architec ture, the more fit for the itsiwelling of With every exertion, the fest man

but it seems in the power of the most

Why, then, allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand The exercise of Approbativeness is specially biamcable when a person alms

at the esteem and affections of people When my daughter was seven years by means in appearance honest, but in old I bathed her no more that way, but their end persicious and desiructive. much about doing good. Doing the best that we know, minute by minute and hour by nour, we insensibly grow to goodness as trult grows to ripeness. Sterne save in his Koran: "I never wrapped her in flannel to keep the blood drink-I can not do it on equal terms

> the second in suffering, and the third in repenting. True honor regules from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us both by religion and the sut-

wisdom and virtue, and it is inseparable from them. Two of the most precious things on this side the grave are reputation and life. And yet, strange to tell, the most contemptible whisper may deprive us

Make not a hungry soul sorrowful, neither provoke a man in his distress. Reproach not a man that turneth from sin, but remember that we are all worthy of punishment. Do good unto thy lies in bed a veritable mummy, with her friend before thou diest, and according to hair cut short and her head encased in thy ability strench out thy hand and body are wrapped in red flannel, and | Nature made us just, that we might

> with the beneficent disposition of the How the universal heart of man East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the

> crown with us, a nation of yesterday. As been sting not the flesh, if smeared to live them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do." This advice of Chesterfield sprung from policy, not love. A child may veil his selfishness in honeyed words and tascinating smiles. Bonaparte

to be kept from sins and follies. In mercy. So needy are we that if Jesus had not prepared a mansion for us in those two adjectives close together in our confession, "I am poor and needy."

I agree with the great scholar Bengel that death should not become a spiritual parade, but should be regarded as the natural close of our ordinary life; the final note of the pealm of which each day has been a stanza. We ought so to live that to die would be no more remarkable than for a man in the middle of business to hear a knock at the street door, and quietly to step away from his engagements. There should be no hurrying for a clergyman to administ r sacraments, or for a lawyer to write a Heroism is the divine relation which hasty will, or for an estranged relative in all times unites a great man to other men. it was a maxim of Euripides, either accounts closely balanced, expecting to keep silence or to speak something an immediate audit. This would make