Stateswille

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THE UNCHANGEABLE DEAD.

They change not, though the world is ever chang-In memory still they live, the dear ones gone, While others fice, they seem to fondly linger, To cheer our pathway as we wanter lone. They live to bless us ever. Dissevered from us never.

The world's great throng is swiftly by us hasting, Their eyes intent on laring prizes sought. While our loved dead look kindly on us ever, With smiles more sweet than gold has ever

> brought, Their eyes look coldly never, Their love endures forever.

Upon our minds, our looks, our senses falling, Time chisels changes as the years fit by, Still chisels none upon the features lowing. Smiling upon us with an undinimed eye They look and love forever, I mkindly gazing never.

When all our space have field, the bast departing, When friends have changed, have been and passe

Unchanged our dead are near the only living Adown eternal years prolonging stay. Our dead desert us never,

Are with us now and ever DISENCHANTED.

Pretty little Mrs. Norton sitting behind the urn was as fair and lovely a table at her lord and master.

He was a fine looking fellow, too, that husband of hers, and it was very evident | door. that there was no lack of warm affection between them, for all the subject of conversation was one of very decided epinion, at least upon Mrs. Norton's part, Just now she sugared and creamed Mr. Norton's second cup of coffee, and

handed it towards him with a little indignant remark : "But it's too bad, Frank, and I be-

lieve you think so too. And she looked suspiciously as if there

were tears in her pretty eyes. "Indeed, I think it's just as bad i can be-bad enough for us, but a thousand times worse for Uncle Tom."

"It is ridiculous! The idea of him falling in love at this time of life, but more than ridiculous in falling in love with such a creature as Aura Vane." Frank laughed at Lottie's emphatic

remarks. "We mustn't forget that of course the gentleman has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own, dear. His being sixty years old does not preclude him from even marrying Miss Vane if he

chooses to." Lottie looked very earnest indeed as she answered "I know all that, but why can't Uncle

Tom see her as she is, as everybody else sees her? She is forty if she's a day, said Lottie. He interrupted her with a little tor-

menting laugh. "A very suitable age vou must admit

for him, Lotta,"

"Frank Norton! How can you, when you know just as well as I do that its only Uncle Tom's money she is after? And to think he promised to leave it all to baby if we'd name him after him, and I wanted the little darling called Roland so badly, instead of Tommy. O Frank! you never will know what a sacrifice I made. And I'll change baby's nameves, I will-if Uncle Tom marries that horrid old thing, who never had a beau, nor an offer before in her life. How ever she contrived to entrap him I'd like to know."

Two bright little red spots were flaming in her cheeks, and despite the passionate bitterness of her protest Mr. Norton realized there was a great deal of righteous truth in it, and he was looking grave and thoughtful just as the front door was opened, and in a minute or two Uncle Tom himself came in. "I am sorry to have been so late for

dinner, my dear," he said briskly, with a smile toward Lottie, "but I have been really it was dusk before I knew it."

beauty of the park in its late autumn

And then Lottie purposely avoided her lord's eyes, where she knew, full well would be a cautionary signal. "Not at all intimately, uncle Tom.

When I was a little girl she was a grown up woman, and, of course, I got up and took Frank's arm. never had occasion to associate with her. As a child I never fancied her, however." He laid his knife down in the act of

slicing off a delicious piece of brown

"You mean to insinuate that Aura is s old as—all that?" Then Frank took up the cucgel in his quiet, unimpassioned way.

"I don't think my wife would 'insinuate' anything, Uncle Tom. She simply knows it to be a fact, as I do, and any one else who cares to think at all about it, that Miss Vane is past forty years old. But then, of course, no one ever troubles one's self about it. Complexion and hair can both be bought nowa-

days."
"I am perfectly aware of that fact. that Aura is one of those rarely preserved women who at thirty-for I have it from her own lips that her last birthday was her thirtieth-are more charming and mature, and every way suitable young and girlish." And he looked straightly, defiantly, in

Lottie's eyes.

"you'll find out some day." .

out that the woman who will honor me by being my wife is just what I have said she is in all respects. Frank, don't tures and hieroglyphics adorn the face you want tickets for the opera to-night? of the rock

I've a couple to spare if you want to take Lottie to hear Patti. Miss Vane and I

are going. Of course, Frank accepted the tickets, and after dinner, when Lottie went up to the nursery with him for their usual half hour of baby-worship, she declared; she never would call him by his odious name agam.

"He shall be mamma's darling little Reland now " she said, holding him in her arms and showering kisses on his sweet, laughing face. Frank laughed.

"You had better wait a little longer Lottie. Perhaps the old man's disenchantment will c n.e even yet."

"It's disgusting," she said. And then she said good-night to her vear-old boy, with dozens of kisses and hugs, and gave him back to his nurse. "I want you to go on an errand,

please, Frank," she said suddenly as they went into their own room, "up to Blandford's for an invisible net and hair pins. Will you, Peank?"

"An invisible net? What on earth is two year matron as ever smiled over a that? Can't you see it? How shall I know when I've got it? I'll enquire." She gave him a little push toward the

"Never mind, Mr. Impudence! You simply ask for what I tell you, pay what they charge, and bring it home to me.' So good natured Frank put on his hat and started off to Blandford's, the famous hairdresser's, where he was to buy the invisible net, to meet Uncle Tom on the doorstep, impatiently waiting for the carriage that was to take him to his beloved.

"There is plenty of time," Frank said ing? as he stopped a minute. "Get your cane, Uncle Tom, and walk up to Blandford's with me."

Uncle Tom looked at his watch. "Well, I will. I shouldn't like to keep Aura waiting, though."

"There is no need to." Frank answer-And they started off, every bit of

gentleman from discussing Miss Vane. However, by violent effort he succeeded till they reached Blandford's, where an obliging shopman gave them seats,

ment, as they were so very busy just And Frank and Uncle Tom sat down and waited, close by them being a tall Venetian screen, which neither particu-I am glad I 'ave 'ad the opportunity and larly noticed until, in a low, yet clearly the honor of cutting your 'air.' distinct voice, they heard a sentence or

so that startled them. "How will that do, Miss Vane? have applied nearly an entire bottle of the enamel; but, pardon me, the hollows and wrinkles are so deep that it is almost

impossible to obliterate them." "It will have to do, I suppose. Fortusleeves than the old ones. Now, if you will make haste with my hair, I will wear the 'perfection' to-night, I think, pencil on my evebrows. They are getting so horribly thin and pale!"

actually pitied the look that was on the given. old gentleman's face.

catastrophe happened except Uncle Tom, whose foot reached out and touched the door—the door in the screen flew open, and revealed to both gentlemen the startling sight of a woman with a head almost as bare of hair as a pumpkin—only the merest wisp of gray hair. Miss Vane, my dear?" he continued bottle of belladonna, and of enamel, and with precious stones. presently, after dilating upon the various sponges and brushes, and other

paraphernalia. Tom gave a groan of utter horror as he

"I am going home," he said tersely. 'I've seen enough. What an escape! To think—to think I was so near marry-

I think the story is told. Miss Aura Vane did not secure her rich husband. hanged, but Lottie inserted "Roland" for his middle name, and as once in a while they call him, in jest, of course, "T. Roland," I shouldn't wonder if, after all, the little fellow has his pretty name and the fortune too.

More Cliff Dwellers.

Colonel Stephenson, of the United States geographical survey, has turned another page in the long-sealed volume of American antiquities. A large village of cliff dwellers has been discovered be-But I assure you I have satisfied myself | tween the Jemez mountains and the Rio Grande river, in New Mexico. The cliffs rise to a height of from fifty to five hundred feet. Some of them contain two, some three and others as many as five lines of dwellings, rising line above to a discerning man's taste than when line, and, back toward the mountain, tier above tier. The houses on the top of the cliff in the abandoned city are circular, being ten or fifteen feet in "Oh! well," she retorted stubbornly, the excavations are numerous small diameter, with arched roofs. Within rooms. Before each line of dwelling, "Yes," he answered, "I expect to find there appears to have been pavements different hamlets in the neighborhood sometimes four or five feet in width, on the broadest of which Colonel Stephen-

Gough and the Barber.

The first day of my first visit to Eng- beauty, saked his fellow-toper whether land I was in Liverpool. I had spoken he would sell her to him, and this the the evening before, and was to give my husband promptly agreed to do for the farewell speech that evening. In the moderate price of one silver florincourse of the day I went into a barber's about two shillings of English currency. shop. While the "professor of tonsure," As soon as the money had been paid, speak of the plentiful harvest in Ameri-

ca. I said: "I sail for America to-morrow."

"Ah, indeed, sir! You will have as a fellow-passenger John B. Gough, "Does he sail to-morrow?"

"Yes; and I have a ticket to hear him to-might." "Have you heard him lecture?" "No, sir; have you?"

"How do you like him ?" "I do not think much of him?" "Then you are not a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I am," "I wonder you do not like Mr Gough.

"I said I did not think much of him, not that I did not like him." "Ah, that's very much the same thing What sort of an appearing person is he?'

"A very ordinary-looking person," "It is plain to see you do not like nim. What might be his size, sir?" "About my size, I judge."

"Have you heard him more than "Yes, many times." "I beg your pardon, sir, but do you

know him?" "Tolerably well." "Shall you hear him speak this even-

"Yes, I expect to do so." "Did you hear him last evening?"

"I have been quite desirous of hearing him, and I have secured my ticket, Does you'r air suit you, sir? Shall I put some hoil on it?"

"No, thank you, it will do very well and you will have an opportunity to Frank's determination and tact kept con- study your work on the platform, for innously on the alert to prevent the old von have been cutting Mr. Gough's

"Bless my soul, sir! I beg your pardon, I ope I 'ave not said anything wrong, or been in hanny way disrespectand begged them to wait only one mo-

"Oh, no; on the contrary," you have been quite complimentary. "So you are Mr. Gough. I shall 'ear you to-night. Enery, sweep up all this

A Wonderful Window.

The stained glass windows so much used in churches, and representing flowers, or foliage, or pictures from the Scriptures, are usually made of colored glass put together in lead sashes and painted. The glass gives the color, and nately all my new costumes have longer the painting gives the drawing and shading. Some of our native artists have recently tried to make improvements in this beautiful art, and now the most del-And, oh! please remember the touch of licate and complicated pictures are made in this country entirely out of glass and without the use of paint. To under-Beyond doubt of mortal comprehen- stand this some account of a wonderful sion it was Aura Vane's voice, and Frank | window made in New York may be

It is for a church, and is in three And then—no one in all the world ever parts, and represents a view of the sea at knew how much an unheard of, awkward sunset as if seen through the window. Three curtains are represented as if hanging up before the window. The center curtain has fallen down, but those on the side shut out the view save at the top, where the rosy sky and the clouds

may be seen. The colors of the curtains are made by driving in the park with Miss Vane, and | twirled in a little pig-tail on the crown | the bits of colored glass, and the figured and on the dressing-table beside her a pattern is marked by the leads or sash. "Are you personally acquainted with heap of soft, rippling tresses, and a At the bottom is a heavy friezestudded

In the centre, where the curtain is down, is the picture. In the foreground There was a shriek of horror from the are flowers in bloom. Then comes the bald-foreheaded lady, a series of "Oh-o- sea with a distant hill and over it the o-o-h's !" and then-it all seemed in less sky with a white dove flying upward and than a 'minute-the attendant threw a the silver bowed moon. Ail this is done shawl over Miss Vane's pate. Uncle in colored glass and without any paint.

The water is a sheet of glass marked pay him \$15,000 a year. with wavy lines or ripples; the flowers are pieces of white glass stamped when hot in the shape of flowers, the clouds are made of white or colored glass that

is of very uneven thickness. The light comes through the thin places, and is kept out or shaded, by And the baby's name was not exactly the thick parts, and it is these differences in the thickness of the glass that make the waves, the leaves, the fringes on the curtains, the clouds, and, in fact, the lights and shades of the picture. The precious stones are bits of thick colored glass chipped and cut into diamonds of many faces.

Stand near the window and it looks ike a confused mass of glass of every degree of thickness. Stand at a distance when the sun is shining on the window, and it is a wonderful and beautiful picture made without paint. This is the beginning of a new art, and it is thought that it will lead to still more remarkable

windows in the future.

The Sale of Women. It still appears to be believed in the wilder regions of Eastern Europe, that a man's wife is a marketable commodity, of which he is at liberty to dispose by sale whenever it may please him so to do. The other day, at the annual fair of Papoez, a large village in the Eisenburg Comitat, two peasants from had sat drinking together for some hours, when the wife of one of them-a to the wineshop to look for her lord and pin in the hash,

as I saw announced the other day, was and the contract ratified by a libation, with Let France, one of the leading their deproduces. They have been being simulated presention of his beattlems bargain; but, seeing that what she had until then Porgemol. This officer is a martinet, finally discovered the cause of their - It seeks more to arouge wrongs than regarded as a convival jest threatened to and entertains the most rigid ideas re-probable disappearance in a very wide- to bear them. followed by the claimant to her charms. tion left Algiers, he, in codjunction with time in a vigorous combat with an un-Two gendarmes, however, appearing on General Vincendon, concected the fol-usually large-sized rat. The latter Virtue offends itself when complet with the scene, she appealed to them for pro-lowing pledge, which all the journalists proved too much for his adversary, and tection, and not in vice. Failing to were obliged to sign: obtain delivery of his goods, the disappointed peasant demanded his florin transmit no back, with another for interest, in which graph or by man, or by any other means, without requisition he was stoutly supported by amonation of the officer commanding the expecta number of his fellow-villagers, who, tion, or to such officer or officers as he may designed upon the husband's absolute refusal to pay up, seized him and beat him sound- martial law signed

ly. He contrived, however, to extricate This document was signed by all the himself from their clutches, and made correspondents attached to the expedioff at the top of his speed, but was tion. When Farcy's turn came, he took caught by the peasant whose money he the pen, but it was with evident reluchad pocketed. Turning upon his tance that he signed. When he had the weasel's body. The weasel darted. If slander he a scake it is a scinguid. pursuer, he drew a hatchet from his done so, he turned to Forgemol and belt, and with one savage blow split the said unfortunate man's head in twain, killing "General, I sign this document only the other side, ran quickly around the

him upon the spot. Sim Graves The smartest Texan, and in fact the smartest farmer, I ever met: says Eli Perkins, is old Sim Graves who lives on a 1,000 acre farm west of Waxahatchie, in Central Texas. After Mr. Graves had shown me his cattle and cotton, he took

me over to his woods. "Well, what of it?" I said, as he pointed to a ten-acre forest. "What of it?" Why, them's black walnuts, sir. Ten acres of 'em. Plant-

ed 'em myself ten years ago See, they're nine inches through. Good trees, ch?' And sure enough there were ten acres of hand-planted black-walnut trees. They stood about twelve feet apart, 200 to the acre—in all 2,000 trees.

"Well, how do you get your money back?" I asked. "Black-walruts are worth \$2.50 a this year. That's \$1,000. A hundred quarters. dollars an acre is a good rent for land worth \$15 an acre, 'aint it?"

"Well, what else?' I inquired, growing interested. "The trees," continued Mr. Graves. "are growing an inch a year. When they are twenty years old they will be nineteen inches through. A black-walnut tree nineteen inches through is worth \$25. My 2,000 trees ten years from now will be worth \$50,000. If don't want to cut them all, I can cu half of them, and then raise a bushel of walnuts to the tree-that is, get \$2,500

a year for the crop. Two hundred and fifty dollars an acre is a fair rent for \$15 land, ain't it ?" The more I examine into the possibilities and probabilities of ten acres black-walnut trees, the more astounded I become. There is no crop on earth that will come within fifty miles of it Calculate it any way you may, ten acres of black-walnut trees will pay \$250 annually an acre for the forty years. Ter acres of black-walnut trees fifty years old, be worth \$100,000. There is no fruit that will pay \$250 a bushel, the market price of black-walnuts. Ter acres of black-walnut trees, at any age would always find a market, like a marble quarry or cool wine. It could always be sold. Mr. Graves says he ha never seen a time since his black-walnut

have sold it for more than as many crops Now, any farmer who has ten acres overflow land on the Illinois Bottom can do just what this smart Texan has done He can make it worth more than ter acres in the suburbs of Chicago inside of ten years. Any Chicago man can buy fifty acres of low, black prairie within fifty miles of Chicago at \$25 an acre, plant it to a black-walnut, and make it

forest was two years old that he couldn't

Softening of the Brain. There was a man sitting in one of the Saratoga hotel office chairs one night clerks behind the counter began to con- have me send for a priest?" verse confidentially. "I 'spose you've peard the 'boss new rule?" inquired the grant my last request?" cashier of the room-clerk. "You mean that we are not to charge guests all they've got hereafter?" 'Exactly, Th idea of allowing boarders to leave with at least ten dollars in their pockets Why, the old man must be getting the softening of the brain. At Long Branch and Newport they understand the hotel business better. If a guest gets away with his life and baggage, he considers himself in big luck I can tell you. Well, the Governor explained his idea to me," he said thoughtfully, "and I must say it sounds reasonable. He says that when you clean out a man completely he generally takes to drinking and brings up in the poorhouse, and in that way a customer is lost. By leaving 'em just a little corn for seed, as it were, they have a chance to get started again and ready for a new assessment, so to mand. speak." 'May be something in it, but -s-s-h." For the guest in the chair appealed to groan and shiver in his sleep, and for fear he should wake up the clerks dexterously turned the conversation to the subject of a boarder who remarkably pretty young woman-came had that day choked to death on a hair-

"To be Shot at Mr. "

master. The other rostie, struck by her garding discipline. Before the expedi-

that power to. I further agree that any failure to

because I am forced to do so ; because compant pule, and again entered the without doing so I could not fulfil my hole, this time in the enemy's rear duty as a correspondent; because with. The gentleman, interested in the pro- puse a greater fault of our news. out doing so I could not accompany the creedings, watched the place some time. Half the ills we haved in our houses. expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I and found that only the weasel came are all because we hoard thous. shall speak the truth, the whole truth, but Digging into the compact he found. A man of integrity will never hele and and nothing but the truth, touching the rat quite dead, and partly eaten, and reason against conscious such matters as may come under my. The weasel had arranged his trap so. Propie to ver attack reference but when at the General, Camille withdrew.

mustache to conceal his wrath. He did vantage and easily killed. what perhaps most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps

evenings after, the spy detected the journalist, under disguise, quitting the Like the heathen Chines, his countecamp. He followed, and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor post-offices upon the Algerian than kangaroo chasing. To the hunter a glass gobiet, and found room to space frontier. He was at once arrested, bushel, ain't they? I'll get 400 bushels and conducted to Forgemol's head-

the envelope. "Hum-addressed to La France. Evidently some correspondence which you were sending without my knowledge.

"Yes, general," said Farey, calmly. as he began to peruse the letter. "General," said Farcy, coldly, "per mit me to remind you that you are

violating private correspondence.

"Private correspondence! Bah retorted Forgemol, "Very private, ndeed; all Paris would know it in anther day," and he resumed his read-

ie was purple with wrath.

you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law to add to your knowledge of military affairs.

man was placed in charge of a lieutenant this is a plain case of hysteria. and a squad of soldiers, put upon a "I don't know about that," said Dr. to the capital city. Algiers, where the

At half-past five o'clock the train there dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grevy, the governor-general, lives in state. The windows were brightly borne to the ears of the prisoner. The al derangement."

last summer apparently asleep, which prepare for death," said the lieutenant, was doubtless the reason a couple of compassionately; "would you like to

At six o'clock the officer spoke;

"The file is waiting," said he. "Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers, and withdrew. When he

"May all journalists do as I have derance of evidence upon both sides. done," said he; "it is their duty. Then, folding his arms, he cried :

dead, pierced with balls.

was accomplished.

A terrible example has been made in . The remarkable segurity of the wound Tunis. One of the special correspond- was well illustrated the other day by an ends attached to the expedition now in incident which actually occurred in the the field against the Khroumirs was suburbs of Santa Barbara, California. Camille Farry, well known as a brilliant A gentlemen's burn was infected with journals. The army which he was de- gradually disappearing, however, during Children have more used tailed to accompany was that of General the last few weeks. The gentleman than of critical

first having submitted my manuscript to the east suggested in a similar leaffic. The winned keep this piedge, will expose me in the rigors of ever, the weased run into a hole it had than want of knowledge.

The old general gnawed his grizzled the hole, could be attacked at a disad. suffered can never have thought in

The expedient was successful. Two

"Aha!" said the general," "at it al ready, my fine fellow. Well, what have we here?" and he seized and broke open

"Let us see what it is," said Forgemol,

the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Forgemol's reading was interrupted by oaths, and when he finished "So," said he grimly, "you consider courself competent to judge of the

operations of a general in the field, do

Farcy disdained to defend himself. A ourt-martial was immediately convened. its proceedings were summary - its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is con-

execution was to take place.

governor was giving a ball. "You have half an hour in which to

"I suppose," said Farey, "you will "Then let me go to the ball. I would

like to have a waltz before I die. The officer bowed, and repaired to Monsieur Grevy's palace. "His request shall be granted," the president's brother. "Who could efuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent upon a ball-room

reached the ground where the file was awaiting him, he refused to allow his eves to be bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of com-

"Fire !" The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell

Meanings of the Women

awake wousel, which was engaged at the . Fortune does not change most it only finally chased his weaschthip out of the barn. A few mornings later the gentleman again found the same animals burrowed through a rule of hardened compact. This hole was quite large at world, but the worst cloud. the entrance, but the cutlet was sewere. Hemembranes is the only parallel out y large enough to admit the passage of of which we cannot be driven. into the hole, with the rat at its houls. One it flice as well as it orseys. A moment later the wearel emerged from closely wedged in the narrow portion of

The Kangaroo.

Lamb like as is the face of the kangarow, tender and soft as are his even beis by no means so gentle as he looks. nance belies him, and there are few more exciting and withal dangerous sports seeking for some new sensation a visit to garous can be recommended. It requires We carry our neighbor's crimes in a fleet borse to run an "old man" down sight, but throw our own over our shoulif he gets a fair chance to show tail, and ders. dewy lips are strong formidal tenth, Yard which can bite severely. His forepaws, weak as they seem, can lift a dog high when lying down, his favorite fighting give attitude, he can kick with his powerful | Extraordinary virtues are defarmed by hind legs in a manner that rapidly clears. those who want the courage to imitate a circle round him; and wee betide the man or dog that comes within reach s." those buge claws, which can make a stones. flesh wound deep enough to maim the one and kill the other. Of course we spoken of in connection with you don't here speak of the great kangaroo, the do one different kinds of kangaroos inhabiting in heaven various parts of Australia, and one species peculiar to New Guinea. They vary in size, from the tiny hare kangaroo of South Australia, the most agile of its kind, which is but little larger than a he who adds kind words to his gift rabbit, to the several grant species, Bad temper is its own scourge. Few of which stand nearly six feet high.

Dr. Slim "You see," observed Dr. Slim, as he rings the bell, he will generally retire if banged the patient across the back of demned to be shot at six in the morn- the neck with a club, "you see plainly, gentlemen, that there is no organic dif-

special train, and he was borne swiftly Stout, kicking the woman a fearful kick tunity of displaying great courage, of under the ear. "She may not manifest even great wisdom; but every hour in it, but there is certainly sensation the day offers a change to show our good

"If you notice," chirped in Dr. Green, dropping a hod full of bricks on the sub- of use; and whatever we may heap up to she were conscious, though that may re- we can use, and no more. lighted, and the strains of a waltz were sult as much from hysteria as from spin- A swimmer becomes strong to stem the

"This test," remarked Dr. Sapp, as he waves. If you practice always in shallow started a charcoal fire on the woman's the hour of high flood. head, "has been found infallible, If under this treatment she kicks, it is hy- so to determine upon attainment is steria. If she don't kick, we find that frequently attainment itself. Thus eareven more potent tests must be appli- next resolution has often seemed to

"In that case my system is the one to

employ," said Dr. Fist, running a light-

ning rod through the patient. "Under this treatment we invariably arrive at "I am not sure but what we will have it. to resort to the heroic remedies," suggested Dr. Gruel, emptying a gallon of

mild tests do not appear to conduce to conclusions. "Have you noticed any peculiar symptoms?' asked the faculty in chorus of the weeping husband.

vitriol down the woman's throat." These

"She-died about-twenty-four hours

And the question now is whether she own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures died of hysteria or spine, with a prepona composure which is essential to happi-

"Only-one-gentlemen," sobbed the

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. Live well-how long or short, permit

The vengeance of General Forgemol | Sin may be clasped so close we cannot

POOD FOR THOUGHT The height of measurement in he exact in

forkelding names of the

An obstinate man New and half man me, they head how-A court without believ would be a

What maintains one view, would bring

Fromme blight foung children as frosty mights blight young plants. The morality of demostic life is the

Grief emobles. He who has not To break a bad habit requires more

effort than to contract a givel one At a great pennyworth passe awhile many are rained by buying bargains. For want of a nail the above was lost for want of a show the horse was lost.

There are men whose friends are more o be jutied than their worst encurse. Many objects appear of value to us only white they are beyond our ratch

Many a man has measured his farm in Gold is in its last analysis, the sweat the wilds of Australia in search of kan- of the poor, and the blood of the brace.

strong, well trained dogs to tackle him | All real life is cheerful, and the only when brought to bay. Inside his soft, proper place for croakers is the grave.

A weak man will say more than be

dow, a strong one will do more than he in the air and crush him to death; while It costs more to average than to for-

> Let the slanderer take comfort a it is only at fruit trees that thisenes throw

boomer or old man of the colonists. As It often happens that those whom we a matter of fact, there are some thirty speak least of on earth are best known

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for constany. Bell command is the main eleganese. Blessed is he who green to the poor.

albeit only a penny; doubly blossed be

whether black, red, brown or gray some things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venote process himself more than his victim. The cheerful are usually the busy

you send him word you are engaged. Whenever you find a poor man who is truly grateful for the pittance you give It was then midnight. The doomed ficulty. The functions are natural and himself be generous if he had money to

When trouble knocks at your door, or

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are iect's head, "she does not act as though give to others, we enjoy only as much as

> tide only by frequently breaeting the bigwater, your heart will assuredly fail in To think we are able is almost to be

have about it almost a savor of omnipo-We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. Aut the lose will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to hear

Some clocks do not strike. You must look at them if you would know e time. But a clock need not be incorrect because it strikes; a man need not be inconsistent because he speaks as well as The man who can do almost anything

equally well is never certain whether it is a fortunate or an unfortunate circumstance in his life. Versatility, he remembers, may prevent concentration, and thus scatter the forces of a life. If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your

Spite of the critical commonplace, that art is independent of ethics, and that it is possible to achieve greatness with a bad heart, there is something in the soul which rebels and refuses its homage to genius, however bright, when it is detestable.