The Chatham Record.

Better Than Gold. Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than ranks and titles a thousand fold, Is a realthy body and moul at case, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for another's wow, And chare its joys with genial glow, With sympathics large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold,

Though tell for bread in an humble sphere Doubly blessed with content and health, Untired by the lusts or cares of wealth; Lowly living and lefty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine tests of a gentleman. Better than gold is the sweet repose

Botter than gold is the poor man's sleep And the balm that droops in his slumber deep. Fring sleepy draughts to the downy bed Where fuxury pillows its aching head, But he his simple opiate deems A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Bottor than gold is the thinking mind. A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore; Toe glories of empire pass away; The world's great dram will thus cufold And yield a pleast re better than gold.

Better than gold is a perceful home, When all the fireside characters come. The shrine of love, the heaven of lite Hallowed by n o her, or eleter, or wife, However huml 1: the home tray be, Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's degree, The Hessings that never were bought or sold, And contro there, are better than gold.

A LOST KEY.

Edgar Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled lam. He was a surreon, and one given to examining hearts. For a full hour, in the gathering summer twilight of the Park avenue, he had applied his sternest faculties to the testing, in another sense, of his own. The decision to which, very nawillingty, he came was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well fonsded. He was in love. The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving ther uncle's gates that very evening pointed in that direction. The expansion of soul and the exhibaration of mind which he continually experienced in her presence, the longing that often seized him in his moments of professional disgust and weariness to feast his eyes, if only for an instant, on Kate's bouny face, all drove home the unwelcome conviction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whi pering poplars Eigar formed a resolution. Entering Br xby he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult.

Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical navissenior, and his only confidant in all the country-

"If you are disengaged for ten minntes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk with you about Mr. Gerrow's niece."

"I am perfectly at your service. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it

coming a long time." Edgar smiled a little sardonically in the dimuess.

"It's a lawyer's business to be farsighted," he said. "I have found it out now—the fact of which you speak—and I sm afraid only just in time."

surprised the listener.

"I do not understand." said Mr. Trent. "Why, I mean that, had the disease

gone further, I might have been unable to overcome it, as I mean to do now." "You astonish me more and more,

Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth, and well-educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and, if she cares for you, and your uncle consents, what possible obstacle can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar, moodily, "she is an heiress,"

a loud explosion of misplaced merri-

"The very thing that whether she the truth. were pretty or plain, would make her quite an attraction to most suitors."

the majority. I am poor, my prospects say I was fortune-hunting-marrying for money if it came to a marriage. She found beside this. I suppose he put might learn to think so, too, and that I the business off, as so many people do. could not bear. I have seen plenty of until it was too late. The property all this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, and the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be less this cousin does something for room of the British Museum. Wits, on tempted to do ; my living lies in Brixby. her." But you can help me considerably in the struggle, if you will."

o a tete-a tete with Miss Gerrow and y u can possibly interfere, do so."

"I shall not hate you-I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, youth," he said, "came through a marat the houses of mutual friends You riage for money, and through misplaced will often be able to make me your

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debtor in the way I say."

Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared | beaten me in the end." among the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and shyly. gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; "and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

CHAPTER IL

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent tirmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kste Gerrow's company even more constantly and intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labor hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

wealthy, eccentric owner of Brixby at the fast-falling snow-flakes. Lodge and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighberhood. Consens, Kate believed she had somewhere in the North; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

"Is it anything dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will be not?" Kate asked, as, after a careful for a moment or two in the wide oldfashioned ball.

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; of course, I dare not disguise from you that there is risk-grave risk that is inseparable from such cases; but I see not the least reasons for despair. Pray do not worry yourself un-

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole West of England," she said. "You will not conceal his real condition from me at any time, I ber, Mr. Arnton," she subjoined.

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank, although it is a medical privilege though." to be discreet, you know. But you will need a trained nurse; the work will be too wearying by far for you. May I send you one from the Holstead In-

firmary ?" "If you think that that will be the best course to take. But I shall certainly wait upon uncle principally my-

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was firm as ever.

He simply elected to drift with the tide. The patient gradually recovered, and bore grateful testimony to Edgar's pro-

fessional skill. The mend was not for long, though ; A harshness was in his tone which away to Brixby Lodge, to find that panion of his old age, and the faithful another seizure had proved fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have appeared cold and distant in the dark days before her uncle's funeral, for he now felt himself compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his yow of personal silence would have been

irretrievably broken. But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not The lawyer bit his lips to keep from an heiress after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions within his breast Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live "I am aware of it. But I am not like with her uncle," said the solicitor : "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one-I did myself-but none can be goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufac-

> "How does Kate-Miss Gerrowtake it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by "What shall you do then?" he the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she in not an heiress now. Indeed, she'll nave barely sufficient to live upon, un- lay's head to the dome of the reading-

Edgar took the advice and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed, When you see me running any risk and then that old, old story burst forth which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written in detail. Ed-

"The saddest experiences of my confidence Very early I vowed that

that mistake should in no shape ever be The route the pair had taken brought mine , that nobody should ever throw them at this point within the cordon of fortune-hunting of that kind in my teeth. And yet"-with a smile of in-With a few more words of less special finite content-"I am not certain, Kate, interest they parted for the night. As after all, whether love would not have

"I hope so," the maiden answered,

CHAPTER DL.

There was a cale at Brixby Lodge and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as etiquette prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and poor as, by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house be furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing They were a lonely couple, the with his wife at the window, gazing out

> Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look round. A Persian kitten, gamboling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cupbearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into a dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to then," said examination of his patient. Edgar stood | Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Old, certainly," answered Edgar let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small, inlaid cabinet of exqui-ite workmanship. The key fitted

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the hox open; that would inevitably have spoiled it. I don't suppose there is anything in the casket,

"Oh, but there is !" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the too delicate for ordinary servants, and delicate lid and caught sight of a tight

little roll of paper. Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly undid the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him, and making his ordinary firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your nucle's real will, his last and legal will, I should say, rather," said Edgar, with a gasp, "found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searchers might equally have expected to miss it. Quite a wonder I bought the cabinet !"

And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realized by both brains, how land, and houses, and money snugly invested in consols, had been devised, without a message in the dead of night some reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerfew weeks after took Edgar burriedly row's beloved niece, Kate, "the comguardian of his interests."

Husband and wife gave each other a long, carnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress, then, Edgar," said Kate, merrily; the pity of it is it's quite too late in the day to disown her now." "As if I could possibly wish to!"

Mr. Trent laughed likewise. "All's well that ends well," he said. He was speedily put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mudbury with the circumstances and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his consin's claim.

In a very brief space the Lancashire

gentleman returned in disguet to his

own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance two loving souls might have remained apart. To it Kate says she owes her husband; and by it Edgar thinks truly that he has

won a wife with a fortune.

Phrenological. Amongst philosophers and historians we look for a dome-shaped head, and generally find it. The photographs of the other hand, have generally small, quently spare in frame and dyspeptic in constitution. Sterne had a narrow head, Pope had a very small one, To prevalent type of the American MRS, SOUTHWORTH.

The Chatham Record.

The Wherenbours and History of this Pro-tific Author. Fanny Ward writes from Washington to the Cincinnatt Commercial: Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, who is probably the most prolific novelist by the nose or whiskers will often laugh America has ever produced, has just concluded the first lengthy visit she has made in Washington for many years, nocent joke by standing hoad downand gone to her summer home at Yonkers, on the Hudson. She has a cottage at Georgetown, adjacent to Washington—a rather ancient and rickety affair, as are most of the labitations in that "deserted village," but beautifully situated on the heights. I went over there to see her, and was shown into the cozy library, three sides of which are lined with books, and whose windows command a superb view of the quiet Potomac and the sleepy old town. Mrs. Southworth is by no means a sen timental-looking woman, but decidedly the reverse, her face showing strong practical common sense rather than the florid facey that has been making such constant flights for the last quarter of a century. Her familiar chat with me that hot summer's day, in the library is calculated to encourage other workers who find the slippery street to literary distinction by no m. ans lined with roses, and so I give it to you almost cutire. "Yes," she said, "I have been a great worker for so many years that it has grown to be the liabit of my life, so that I could almost as easy stop breathing as scribbling. Hard, faithful and persisteat labor is the true genious and without it there can be no permanent seecess." And then she went on to say, as a question or a remark defily interpolated drew her out, that never in her life had she enjoyed a day of perfect health. That insidious disease, consumption, is hereditary in her family, and she is always battling it. She has never stopped work even for a day, to enjoying himself, and bears not the recaperate. Her career is indeed a shining exemplification of the gospel of pathetic melancholy which always action provided himself with a pole long labor. When a girl of fifteen, she spent her holidays (after hard study at school with a view to preparing herself for a teacher) in copying land warrants in order to contribute to her own support, as the family were in reduced circum stances. On leaving school at the age of eighteen, she immediately began teaching in a Washington female seminary. Afterward she taught a term or two at Upperville, Va., and later at Springfield, Ohio. Sile has written no less than sixty-five novels, most of them being in large two-volume editions. Her first work appeared thirty-five years ago, in the Saturday Visitor, published at Baltimore, in 1847. It was written as an experiment and the first half of the story, called "The Irish Refugee," was sent tremblingly to the editor with the statement that if he liked it well enough to want the rest the authoress would finish it. He did like it. She

finished it and the labor of her life was Her second book, "Retribution" was written for the National Era. She intended to complete it in two chapters, but as she wrought the story grew, till gradually from the embryo of the original idea sprang the book which has delighted thousands. When finished, she finally plucked up courage enough to offer it to the Harpers. Henry J. Raymond was at this time their reader. He try?"
"We should have dismissed the par reported favorably upon it. Harper published it. It speedily ran through several editions, being translated into French, Spanish and German. While writing it she was one of the hard-worked teachers in the district schools of Washington, and was, besides, a wife and mother. The exposure in going to and from daily school labors, the care of her little ones, with the fatigue of writing night after night, with all the world asleep, aggravated hereditary consumption tendencies, and brought on a sovere attack of hemorrhage. All the inclement winter the brave little woman worked on, with a clow bleeding at the lungs, which was only kept in check by the counter irritation from blisters on the back and breast. She says that as she got absorbed in her story she somehow forgother troubles, and, having no time to be sick, they

Most Arab women tattoo; the old women dve their bair a dull red color. both kept his vow (in the spirit), and and frizzle and pull it down over their faces. Nothing can be more hideously ngly than an old Arab woman; but I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than a young Arab girl, say from thirteen to sixteen years of age, and who has been brought up in the same house. Dr. Darwin give a familiar example. They have beautiful forms, small feet and Thackersy used to compare Macau- and hands, large black eyes, round chin, small rosy lips, white teeth, and very smooth, good complexion. They wear their hair plaited and thrown back, to back. They soon fade, however, and become as ugly as they were before their faces when on the street in the sight of men, out they like to have "And make you hate me for it. I will gar made a full confession, and not in bright eye, a weak chin and a narrow Christians see them, and will uncover their faces if no Musselman is looking. of the scene.

Who that has kept dogs can deny that they possess a keen sense of humor? Nor are they the only animals who enjoy a joke. The parrot who has succeeded in gripping a careless scientific person hour, and show his enjoyment of his inlaugh is evident from the familiar on the ground just beyond his reach with a broad grin on her face, which must have been to the Lat degree exa perating to the canine mind. Not content with this, the cat went in search deposited with a two inches of the dog. and then sprang up and down, balance ing herself alternately on her hind and which drove the dog frantic. There can be no possible doubt that the cat was playing a practical joke on her enemy and that she enjoyed it to the utmost possible extent. A dog laughs audibly. He opens his mouth as widely as possi ble, and, with his tongue hanging out utters a sound somewhat resembling

Humor of Animals,

a keen sense of humor.

both a white and a bark, but differing

essentially from either. The expression

slightest resemblance to the look of

companies a genuine whine. But enough

A Beautiful Story. Coloridge relates a story to this effect Alexander, duving his march into Africa came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he re fused it, saying that his sole object wato learn the manners and customs of the inbabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chie!, "as

ong as it pleaseth thee." During this interview with the African chief two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground whit ., after the purclose was found to contain a treasure. for which he felt himself bound to pay; the other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain,

apparent or concealed. Said the chief, looking at the one You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the treasure given them as a dowry.

Alexander was astoni hed. "And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your coun-

king's use."
"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon the herbs and

"Ah!" said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine. the rain to fall and the grass to grow in vonr country."

A Virginia Story, The Rev. Mr. Carrington, of Charlotte

county, Virginia, belonged to one of the remarked: old families, was an elequent preacher estate, while his brother Paul was noted for his thrift and industry. The preacher dat," replied the dog owner. usually bought his supplies of butter from Paul. One Sunday morning after breakfast, and just as the reverer d gentleman was starting for church, he butter that would be needed at the Sunmission. The preacher was in the midst what Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had said in relation to his text. Just as git at de muttent" the breathless negro had arrived at the light, and the dog man turned away necessity of false teeth. take a seat, the Rev. Mr. Carrington, stready considerably warmed up, said bird-like heads, and are not unfre- hang down over their shoulders and in thundering tones, "And what did Paul say?" The negro, thinking the question addressed to him, replied, in beautiful. In towns the women cover the hearing of the whole congregation, "Marse Paul says as how you can't get any more butter till you've paid for dat you got last week." Imagine the rest

HOW A QUAKER DEFENDED HIM-Bees as Weapons Against Disturbers of Nocturnal Peace.

NO. 51.

A new method of dealing with serenaders was I tely invented by Mr. Fox, of Stillbrook, Iowa, which reflects the at the top of his lungs for the next half highest credit upon the gentleman's ingenuity, and which promises to be a precedent of inestimable value. Mr. ward on his perch, and writing in the Fox, when nearly sixty four years old, most fautastic attitudes. That cats married for the first time about a week ago. He has resided in Sullbrook for proverb in regard to Cheshire cats, many years, and his reputation as a man which must have had origin in some of strewduces and integrity has never thing. There was a public cat-or, in been suilled. Nevertheless, Mr. Fox other words, a cat without any private bus never been regarded as a liberal owner-living in a suburban town a few man. He does not approve of the use sears ago who was full of grim sarcastic of ardent spirits as a beverage, and he humor. She had frequently been closed does not smoke. Hence he has never in a rude and alarming manner by a been known to invite his fellow citizens local dog, and naturally, had no love to drink or take a cigar, and has thus for her persecutor. One day the letter won a reputation for miserly habits was chained up as a punishment for mis- which not even the fact that he gives conduct in connection with a clerery- liberally to all charities and never turns man's leg, and the cat, finding that he a beggar away hungry from his door, could not break his chain, came and sat cannot alter. Finally, Mr. Fox is a Quaker, and a firm believer in the doc trine of non resistance. When such a man ventured to take a wife the propricty of giving him a serenade was in stantly perceived by the young men of of a large and tempting bone, which she | Sullibrook. "The old man won't stand nothing," remarked the buller of the young men, "because he's too mean, and he can't fight because he's aQuaker. fore legs, with a display of hilarity Boys, we'll just go down and serenade him all night and see how he likes it."

Now, Mr Fox, although a non-resistant, had quietly made up his mind that he would not suffer from any prolonged screnale. He was addicted to the cultivition of bees, and he tall on his premixes twelve large brehives, each one of which contained a thousand or so of the largest and fiercest variety of bee. On the evening of the expected seronade of his face meanwhile shows that he is Mr. Fox conveyed the twelve bechives to the roof of his front piazza, and placed them very near the edge thereof. enough to reach from his front ledhas been said to prove that animals lave room window to the beelives, and with a sweet placid expression of countenance eat down to await the screnaders.

In due time they arrived in force There were at least fifty of them, and, grouping themselves in the front yard close to the house, they began their uproar. Mr. Fox listened silently for ten or fitteen minutes and then appeared at the window, and with a gesture induced the musicians to pause. He told them that they must leave his premises, and that if they refused they would be sorry. With scornful laughter the young men declined to depart, and drowning Mr. Fox's voice with irraical cheers, they resumed their serenade. t was then that Mr. Fox deftly upset his twelve beebives with the aid of his pole, and, closing his window, proceeded to go peacefully to bed, undismayed by the wild rells which suddenly arose from know why they fled headlong from his

front yard. "There wasn't one of them bees that lieus and mortgages. would let up on a man under three mile," remarked Mr. Fox next day -

" Think of the Dog."

At Cashville, Ga, we had just taken and talk when up came two colored men lature refuses to pass a new law. who were evidently greatly agitated. ties and seized the treasure for the One of them made inquiries for the justice of the peace, and, being told that he was out of town, he turned to the other and sails

"Pil leave dis cuse to any of desc gem'len to decide on. What do you

"I'll du de same."

It was a case where one owned a dog and the other owned four sheep. The sheep didn't care for dog meat, but the cur hankered after mutton and got it killing the whole four. It was now a question of damages, and when a referee had been chosen the owner of the sheep

"De walue of dem sheepses was three and universally popula. He was care- dollars apiece jist as dev stood, sayin less about the management of his large | nuffin 'bout de increase fur next yeah.' "Yes: I reckens dev was wo'th all of

"Then why den't you settle at that

figure?" asked the referee. "Bekase, sa'i, bekase ize got damages. too. I own up dat de deg killed de despatched his servant over to his sheers, an I allows dat \$12 am a fa'r paid by an offender, it must be worked brother's house for a fresh supply of price, but you orter seen dat dog when be cum home! Why, he was all ober day dinner. The negro was told to blood an wool an mud an hurts, an de hurry back and report the success of his | hull fam'ly had to work ober him all | false teeth are made every year in Philnight to pull him frew. I claim, sah, adelphia, and that gigantic total is still of his sermon, and elequently a marked dat he should knock off fo' dollars fur more impressive when considered in de way my dog had to cripple hissetf to connection with the fact that the same

with the remark: "Werry well, sah, dis case will be fits an' shakes an' shibers for eighteen straight hours, den ize gwine to pack right up fur Tennessee."- Free Press.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but - Longfellow.

Waiting.

Waiting while the shir loss gather, And the sunlight factor away. While the tender gleaming deepers

And the golden turns to gray. Watching while the starlight quivers

Beightly in the heaven above; I am waiting for her coming, Waiting, watching for my lows. Listening for the well-known tootfall And the voice whose leving tone weetly hide microsed my waiting, Watching, listening for my own.

Lineseeing still among the shadows, As they deep u on the brach; Bearts exchange in secret stilling Thoughts that would be sailed by sineth,

Thus in perfect love and trustitus, Winged moments passaway : Till the felly, star-sowned night is

And as readerly the gleaming Gathered on the book of slay, God shall be spher, God shall bless her, When Life's gooden turns to gray.

VARIETIES.

Four-fifths of the dergymen in New York either chew or smoke.

The King of S am has decided to establish a legation in Washington.

living children.

A colored woman, known as "Aunt Anarchy, who died recently in Far-ida, was the mother of twenty-eight

The great seal of Great Britain and Ireland is affixed to yellow wax for English documents, red for Scotch and green for Irish.

Eleven school boys in Geneses walked o Niagara Fa Is on August 4, 1852 and gread to meet there again, if living, in fifty years. Seven of them kept the promise, coming with their wives and children While Americans are ruthless, denud-

ing the forests and drying up the streams and hardening the climate, 'anada, more wise, is organizing a plan for extensive rewooding of its denuded mountains, A lady lately looking at a printing press at work, turned to her companion, and in a most earnest manner inquired:

Well, Charley, an' them's the things

s writes the papers. Be's them what they call editors?" Pagilistic: A gentleman talking the other day to a bright little five-year-old boy who lives up the street somewhere, isked him: "Do you ever fight at home?" "O, yes," said the boy. "Well,

who whips?" "O, ma area whips!" Jumbo is the first Englishmen of note that ever landed in America with only one trunk and no umbreila. His large and increasing popularity is largely due to the fact that he cannot

go back and write a book about us. The presiding elder who went to conduct the dedication of a new Methodist church at Grand Rapids did not do it. his seienaders, and without seeking to The debt was not all provided for, and he said he had promised God not to dedicate any more due bills, mechanics

Pennsylvania is now the only State which has persistently refused women admittance to the bar. A lady in that State has been trying for seven or eight years to gain such admittance, but the court refuses to allow her to enter unseats on the veranda for the usual smoke | der the existing statutes, and the Legis-

> Professor J. Madison Watson says that the rock maple. American elm and Norway maple are the best for streets and parks, as combining in the largest degree strength, beauty and durability. He thinks the planting of the selver I al maple a mistake. The black Austrian pine is the greatest succ as as an ever-

> Precocity : First proud mother-"My boy is only eleven years old, and he comes in every day with his pockets full of fruit. He can get over the top of any fence they can put up, the darling! Second proud mother-"Pools for your boy! Why, my Jimmy is only ten, and he's a corner loafer, and has been to the police court twice."

The Queen of Madagascar has ordered the framing of a prohibitory law in her dominions forbidding the manufacture and importation into her territories of brandy. A breach of the ordinance will entitle the forfeiture of ten oxen and \$10 fine. If the penalty cannot be out at nine pence a day.

There is something appalling in the statement that two Ive and a half million city produces annually five tons of The referee couldn't see it in that tooth powder, designed to prevent the

Attained Its Majority : "I don't understand," said the landlady, "why notooken into law, an' if de law of Georgia body touches that cake. It's been on dean' sympathize wid a dog who had the table every night for a week and not a soul has eaten a piece of it. It is unnecessary to say that it is particularly nice. Look at it; it speaks for itself "Possibly," remarked Fogg, 'that is hard words bruise the heart of a child, the reason that nobody else speaks for it."