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The Shelby Aurora

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING RATES.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT. What's the use of always fretting

Over ills that can't be oured? What's the use of finding fault with What we know must be endured? Does it make our burlens lighter If we grumble 'neath their load? Better use our time than fill it Full of sighs and vain regrets Over some imagined blunder-As does he who always frets.

We cannot expect life's pathway To be always strewn with flowers Nor the time which God has given To all be made of happy hours. Storms will follow every sunshine, Grief be mixed with every joy; And tie best that it should be so-Gold's too soft without alloy. "Half our trouble's our invention"-Were to blame for balf our strife;

Then, if life is what we make it Why not make the best of life? The Two Wills.

"Leave me, Annie, you need fresh air i will stay with your uncle." And almost joyfully the young girl accepted her release

from the confinement of the sick chamber and lifting up her pretty rosy mouth to her father for a kiss, she said affectionately: Dear, good paps, if it is not too much, I would love to go and stay at Cosie's till

"Certainly, my pet," answered Mr. Alen, with almost unseemly haste to be rid of her. "Your poor uncle is very low, and if—if anything—well, if the worst should come, he would much rather have me by

Another kiss, and Annie took herself away, and her father returned to the sick room, where the irregular breathing of the sick man, and the dim light, gave a sepulchral gloom to the scene.

escutcheon shone brighter than John Allen's. No church member ranked higher, and no man was more lionized in society. Three years before our story opens, his half brother had come to him in deep grief at the spendthrift behavior of his only son, and his indignation was in no-wise molified by the wily John.

"I'll cut him off without a farthing !" he shall the fellow have! I paid ten thousand dollars gambling debts-for him last week; debts of honor, they call them, but in no time. Your religion teaches you to forgive seventy times seven, and kill the fatted calf for the prodigal. I've done it, and I haven't your religion, either; so don't preach to me; I shall make my will to-day, and will give all-"

"To found a societa" ing of to some church, or—" nd your churches and your societies! No-if home influence fails, what's the good of either? I'll will all to you, John-everything! You are next nearest of kin after the boy, and mine

John Allen, on the strength of his brother's promise, and, in fact, having seen that promise executed, entered largely into speculations, and at the time at which our story commences, reckoning up his profit and loss, found the greater portion of his fortune dissipated and looked with daily increasing dread upon his halfbrother's feeling toward his wayward son.

"I don't know, John," he had said, "but I've been too hard with the boy, after all; I think, some of these days, I'll put a

chances are even."

That doubtful "if" had the desired fect ; there was no haste, and the relenting parent would wait awhile. And now disease was here, and the doctor said grave

"Your brother cannot last forty-eight hours. John Allen had pr pared himself for

terrible struggle with the dying half- Annie. brother, and had sent his daughter away that she might not be a witness. He feared gar. no interruption from his wife. No, poor woman! she had been suffering from a disordered mind for years, brought on by a sudden shock, the doctor could not tell the cause, and her husband said he could trembled to think of the past, and the my father's heir. That was nothing, but from her to the library, where, locking Annie to become the wife of a poor man; thread of the lace will be injured, but the himself in, he would pace the floor and

if feeling obtiged to explain, John Allen approval," would repeat the story that when she was first deranged, he used to give her medicine (from a small bottle) that was very bitter, and, like a child, she remembered

it. This seemed plausible. No, John Allen feared no interruption from his wife; so he turned into the sick room, and took his chair again by the sick John, I haven't felt like this before; do

you think I'm dying?" "Oh, I hope not-I trust not." "John took his hand as he spoke; his palse was very slow. "John, you won't mind-you'll bear no wear it, and tell your friends whose store it

Ill feeling when I'm gone-to know that I've made a new will I" "A new will!" John Allen's face

"No; certainly not, your money was yours, to do what you chose with it. "I've left all to the boy."

"Yes?" Well, I feel better, John; I though perhaps you might be angry, and I wanted you to know from me-it's a natural looked fatherly feeling, ch, John? And the two lar hat. wills are side by side in my secretary."

"Very good." Disappointment was torturing John Allen too much for him to say more than a word or two. Then the siek man lay as well as the best." quiet; after a few moments he said,

with very little searching he found the two

comed the young man. "You have come, Horace, only in time to see the last of your poor father, I tear." it operated in Florence, which no one who "O uncle! Tell me you do not think has ever read it can forget. Within a few my wickedness hastened this?"

The young man's voice was husky with "No, I trust not," answered John, with ruel slowness. "William, brother, don't be startled, but here is some one come to

his father's feeble breast.

"The sick man stirred in his steep,

to be a good boy ?"
"ludeed, I will, tather! And in proof There was not a man in all N- whose he spoke, a roll of bank notes. 'It's only that scarcely the tenth person of all sorts

> ch, father?" He counted out three thousand dollars as he spoke.

why, I can't see—never could; and that is and they soon gathered in the library. I can't see—never could; and that is and they soon gathered in the library. I can't see—never could; and they soon gathered in the library. I can't see—never could; and they soon gathered in the library. I can't see—never could; and that is and they soon gathered in the library. The plague was swift in execution; those soil could be seed to the country of the plague was swift in execution; those seized with it dying within six hours, and frauded of his inheritance.

"Well, my friends," said the attorney, erratic turn of mind, and though some of to take their revenge on the living by add-"our deceased friend was a man of an

will make his peace." "Certainly !" said John. He felt he ought to speak like that, to appear indifferent. Horace said nothing, and the attorney continued-

"And now we will proceed." He examined the seal and then broke it. The silence was appelling. Aunts, places which awhile had been the seats of uncles, cousins, people that during the dead man's lite had kept away from him, sat ready to substantiate their kinship, as places which in large churches that were thousands were left between those relations whose tears fell hot and heavy for the 'dear departed."

"I hereby will and bequeath," read the lawyer, "five hundred dollars to every female cousin, daughters of my late Uncle codicil to my will, giving him something if sand dollars to my half-brother, John "Yes, very good do so," answered my principles, to donate it to any religious by it, as the 'foul death of the English."

"I'm sure I cau't bear to see a or reformatory society he deems werthy; For a time Scotland escaped, and the Scots, father hard to his child; and the chances and the remainder without reserve, conare that if he promises he will reform, re- sisting of forty-five thousand dollars in form he will, and if be don't-well, the bank stock, my house in town together with all the real estate situated in the town

of W-, to my son, Horace Allen." The lawyer ceased reading, and there was a general murmur of dissatisfaction. "I'm sure it was very ungrateful to you, John," said one.

"Yes, after all you did for him," said another. "Wasn't it good for uncle, papa?"

"Good, child! It has made you a

"Uncle, I shall not think-I-indeed ," began Horace. "Never mind, sir !" answered John. an exceedingly brusque manner.

"Yes, but I do mind, and you, too, not; yet there were times when this man must. I had given up allides of becoming childish, simple laugh of his wife sent him I knew, sir, that never would you permit lace, and pass it under the blast, and not a and so I resolved to reform, and make a sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it "You won't give me anything from that town needs a mistress; I need some one to lace, and you have every delicate and beautiny bottle, John! Say you will not!" help me spend my money. Annie, long tiful figure raised upon the glass. In this the poor woman would say; and then, as ago, promised to be mine if she had your way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in

> "She has it," groaned John "Is a year too soon ?" Annie stole her hand in h for answer. At least John's daughter was not beggared.

The Difference. A good story is told of a well-known di-

cheap hat in a store, and the clerk when he named the price, said: "But that isn't good enough for you to wear, Doctor. Here is what you want, and I'll make you a present of it if you'll

"Thank you-thank you," said the doctor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a castor so cheap. may this beaver be worth?" "We sell this kind of hat for eight dol

"And the otherf"

looked into the glass, then at the three dol- so that after the inevitable loss caused by

"But you had better take the best one. "I think I can sleep."

"B-u-t—b-u-t," replied the parson, hesitatingly, "I don't know—but—per-haps—
the the the even breathing gave
you would as lief I would take the cheap
the vegetables are washed several times besir, it costs you no more." notice that the sick man slept. Tempted one, and leave the other—and perhaps you fore they are inclosed in the vessels, when by all that was base in his sordid nature, would not mind giving me the difference they are subjected to the usual high tempted when the watcher rose and went to the secretary; in a five-dollar bill."

Wonderful in its origin, in its characterself in a guilty whisper. "Which is the istics, in its consequences, was the great last?" There was no clew. "I will break pestilence known as Black Death, which the seal," he thought. But no, he could swept half the people out of England in not do that; he could not get his brother's 1348. For two years previously there had ring with ut discovery. "It is a shame! been gradually spreading over the eastern parts of Europe a virulent disease, from marked it; and it was not sealed; it was unsealed last April." He studied both some of the finest portions of the world. So seals eagerly; one was stamped with his dreadful indeed had been its ravages that, brother's ring, the other bore the date according to the most respectable monkish December, 1878. "Ah! that is the last," writer of the time, many Saracens, conhe eried, inaudibly, and hastened with it vinced that the pestilence was a sign of God's wrath on account of their unbelief, Before the document had crumbled to became Christians till, finding the Christashes, he heard Annie's voice without, and lans to be likewise sfilicted, they returned to a step heavier than hers ascending the their old faith. A series of earthquakes, stairs with her. He hastened to the sick which shook the whole of Eastern Europe, man's side, and was in a feigned sleep ushered in the year 1348; men's hearts when Annie cautiously opened the door. | quailed in fear, and many were the steps "Papa-uncle," she said, breathlessly, taken-short of draining the towns and pro-'here is cousin Horace; isn't it funny he viding better ventilation-with a view of knew me, for when he saw me last 1 was propitiating the Divine wrath. In vain. The plague which had scourged Asia and John Allen grew pale, very pale; if the Greek empire crept slowly but surely only his half-brother would not tell Hor- westward, seemingly uninfluenced by the ace of the new will. He rose and wel- coldness of climate, or intervention of sea. Boccaccio has written in the preface to his "Decameron" an account of the plague as

G. rmany, and had crossed the straits of From June to December, 1348, there had fallen in England an almost incessant downpour of ram; the ground was damp, and the streams became polluted with surfacedrainage, which was washed like compost all over the country, in default of a proper "Yes, father." And the lad fell upon outlet into a proper receptacle In August s father's feeble breast. the first case was reported; by "Now I can die happy—if you'll promise Novmember the capitol was reached, and from London the plague spread all over the kingdom, and, says

months of its slaughter of the Florentines,

it had swept through Spain, France and

see here." He drew from his wallet, as Stowe, "so wasted and spoiled the people, a small part of what I owe, I know, but it was left alive." This is not an exaggera-will prove I have turned over a new leaf, tion of what happened in some places; "there died an innumerable sort, for no this handkerchief and wipe your face." man but God only knew how many." Beacres of Spittle Croft (the site of the exis-Every ceremony over, John Alllen, who ting Charterhouse,) which was given by had rather delayed the opening of the will, Sir Walter Manny for the burial of the dead, sent for the executor, saying all was ready, because London churchyards were choke to the heir he had so satisfactorily de- none lasting over three days. The ties of nature seemed loosened, parents forsook

their children, the dead remaining in many instances without burial, and were allowed wition he has ing fearfully to that pestilential character the atmosphere. Cattle became infected

ith the disease, and their bodies in the field wound even by the birds of prey. How many of the people died it is impossible to say with certainty; but the most reliable accounts state that taking England all through half of the population died. The castern counties never recovered from the ravages of the plague; manufacture became obscore villages, and to this day may be seen in those counties once too small for the congregation, have survived only to attest what the villages they presided over once were. Half the population! The labors of agriculture were neglected; the courts of justice were not opened. Parliament was prorogued from time to time; the whole business of William, whose name I bear, One thou- the country drifted for very lack of hands to attend to it, and the course of the plague Allen, who may feel at liberty, in spite of became so notorious that the Scots swore taking advantage of the weakened condition of their southern foe, collected an army for the purpose of finishing what the plague had spared to do. But into the camp of Selkirk the "foul deth" came and slew five thousand men, and put a stop to the project of invasion.

The Sand Blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone. You cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax, and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, cover it with fine fortune to lay at her feet. My house in is not covered by the lace. Now remove the way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass and at a small expense. ' The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for inger nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them vine, now dead. One day he picked out a away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see philosophy in it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance-even glass-but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton or fine lace, or even the human

Spoopendyke Growled.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready," and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap. Mrs. Spoopendyke primped around before the gl ss putting on the finishing touches. For the worthy counle were getting ready for the

"Where-where-where's the towel rasped Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his head down and clawing around with both "What-what's become of the lowel?" he sputtered, washing handfuls of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. Spoopendyke glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone. "I don't believe there's a towel uphere.

the commenced. "What d'ye suppose I'm going to do?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke- "Think I'm going to the theatre looking like a soda fountain? Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full ! Ain't ye going to get a towelf Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?"

"Wait, and I'll ring for one," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, telling away at the bell. 'Be patient a moment.'

"How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? Think I'm going to stand around here all winter and freeze up? Gimme something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. . Tear up a earpet. Gimme a skirt. Where's the bed-spead? Dod gast this measly soap," and Mr. Spoopendyke tore the shams off the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though hey were skates, "What am I going to do with these?" he yelled. "I won't be dry in four months," and he grasped the sheet and rubbed his eyes as though he was polishing silver.

"Ain't you got something coarse?" and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin. "Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs.

Spoopendyke. "You're all right. Take "Good-by—I am happy—God bless you tween the first of January and July, 1349, there died in the city of Norwich 57,104 and anything is all right. Some day I'll am dying. Brother—" right? I'll go to bed and wait for a towel,"

> over the center-table. "Why here," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what's this?" and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. "You must have put it there when you were shaving," and Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled sweetly as her lord growled away through the rest of the

A Remarkable Animal.

the Lama will bem- neither beating nor ili-treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as a worker on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waiyng his hand coaxingly toward them, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, reiterates ic ic ic ? If the Lamas are disposed to resume order, and at a regular pace, but very fast, for their legs are very long; but when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn toward the speaker, but remain notionless, huddled together, standing, or ying down, and gazing on Heaven with a priest Mastai Ferretti, who after joining look so tender and so melancholy that we might be led to imagine that these very singular and interesting animals had the consciousness of another life, or a happier state of existence.

The straight neck and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motion, all give them an air at once sensitive and noble. The Lama is the only creature employed by man that he dare not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom the case) that an Indian wishes to btain, either by force, or even by threats, what the Lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by words or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without making any attempt to escape ill treatment by flight, he Heaven; large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his besom, and in a half or three quarters of an hour

at most, he expires. The respect shown these animals by Peruyiau Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head, that he may not see the load on his back. It is the same in unloading. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone have sufficient patience and gentleness to manage the Lama.

Bousehold Expenses

Household expenses have increased this country greatly during the last fifteen years, mainly from increase of luxury rather than from any advance in prices. Persons are not satisfied with the kind of houses they had then. These are called old-fashioned; they sell at reduced rates, and are rented with difficulty. They have not the improvements and conveniences re-A new process by which a green color sow in the artistic and decorative period, as he believed, a direct call from Gcd. can be given to preserved vegetables, in- and art and decoration are very dear. Men "Tell her now," he said, "it was a trial vented by M. Lacomt and Prof. Guillemare, end women, particularly women, wear the Holy Father imposed upon me that I The man of sermons put on the beaver, tables employed a surcharge of chlorophyl, more desires and pleasures to gratify, more expensive tastes to consult. Householders boiling them at 1200 centigrade, they may were wont to estimate their rent as nearly "I think sir," said he, taking off the stall retain just about as much as when they one-third of their annual disbursements. beaver, and holding it in one hand, as he were fresh. The inventors obtain the Now it is barely one-fifth or one-sixth donned the cheap "tile." "I think, sir chlorobhyl from spinach in solution in thereof. What was superfluous lias bethat this hat will answer my purpose full water alkalized by soda. The vegetables come essential. Hundreds of things are to be preserved are first plunged into boil- needed to-day which could not be ing water, to which a small quantity of had, which, did not exist twelve hydro-chloric acid has been added, and or fourteen years ago. National prosperity then the required amount of the solution of chlorophyl is turned into the water. Lastly, the vegetables are washed several times be-

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

Plus IX.'s Love Story.

The young Count Giovanni Mastai Feretti, a rative of Sinigraglia, met and loved few years that the medical world has at Rome Camilla Devoti, the levely and ac- recognized the vital properties of blood complished daughter of a widow lady, and when taken by the mouth as a remedy to whom he had been especially drawn by against phthisis, or, as it is more comher marvelous singing. They read the monly known, consumption. Recently a poets together, and it came to pass that the reporter visited the Crescent City slaughyoung nobleman desired to be a soldier, to terhouse, below the Barracks, New be more worthy of his promised bride. He Orleans, for the purpose of witnessing ence. applied to Prince Barberini, Commander some patients take their daily drafts of of the Papal Body-Guard, and was re gore, and his visit was not without recompulsed somewhat rudely with the remark that his slender frame was better fitted for he gave nany details of blood-drinking a priest's garb than a dragoon's. The young Count appealing to the Pope, Pius VII., was promised his commission and spent a happy evening with Camilla. The men. They reach the slaughter-house by next day he did not visit her, nor the next. the cars from Canal street by about noon, the pitcher, Weeks passed and he seemed to have dis- and stand near the slaughter pens awaiting appeared from the city. She fell sick of the killing of an animal. A beef is driven them, and go to fever at last, and on that same day the into the pen and the door is closed. A fast as possible. Count knelt before the Pope and told his butcher aloft on a scaffolding, armed with story. He had been stricken with epilepsy a long spear-headed pole, watches his opin the street. With the disease hanging portunity and with a sudden thrust, drives over him he dared not marry. The Holy the steel point deep into the base of the Father bade him interpret the affliction as steer's brain. The animal, paralyzed by a token of the will of God directing his the blow, drops to the floor, when a second thought heavenward and his life to the butcher advances, and after cutting down Church. He sent the young Count a pil- a portion of the skin, severs the arteries of grim to the shrine of Loretto to learn God's will. No tidings came to Camilla, and The ladies have their large pint glasses after some little time, knowing that a hid- ready, and the butcher catches the blood den, yet good and proper reason for this flowing in a pulsating stream from the seeming desertion must exist, and yielding to the earnest persuasions of her mother, she consented to listen to the solicitations of the Baron Camucini, who sought her feeling of disgust at the first draught has | tion of the sons of God. hand in marriage. It strangely happened on that same evening, while Camilla and her mother were sitting together in their | tancy in taking it. . The taste is a sweetish, quiet and comfortable home talking over salty one, not very different from that of the past and future events, the door was sweet milk, and is likened to that experisuddenly opened and the figure of a young | ence when a cut finger is involuntarily put | part with virtue and honor? nan elad in black stood before them. The in one's mouth to stop the pain. This mother of Camilla looking up immediately taste lingers in the mouth for a considerecognized the face as that of Count Mastai and gave a cry of joy, but he remained complain of it as being unpleasant. perfectly silent and motionless. Camilla's

heart at once sank, for she quickly dis- several remarsable results from it. One a of which grace is the principle. cerned that he was dressed in the garb of a young lady who, when she first went priest. She now saw that all was ended down, looked ill and far gone with conbetween them. The Signora Devoti, not sumption. He could mention her name, noticing in the darkness of the evening but it would not be proper. After some the priestly robes he wore, asked quickly | weeks' trial drinking blood she began to A smile of perfect contentment hovered over the dying man's face and settled there; he never spoke again.

The died in the city of Norwich 57,104 and smything is all right. Some day I'll sew you been all this time, and improve, and to-day is well and hearty. Where have you so deserted us?" "I have been on a pilgrimage to Loretto," he like good results had come from 11, but have been on a pilgrimage to Loretto," he like good results had come from it, but Convent of St. Agnes, where I was anoint. stages of consumption, when of course it and he spun around like a top and turned ed a priest." The Signora Devoti nearly was too late to do any good. fainted on hearing these words, so unexpected by her; but Camilla remained perfectly calm, and, forcing a smile, said in pens about killing time, which is after 12 her gentle voice: "It is well that you have o'clock. come to me; heaven has sent you in my hour of need to give me counsel and support. My brother is absent and I have none other; will you take his place, as his old friend and companion, and advise me? The Baron Camucini seeks my hand in

marriage; my mother earnestly wishes it; what shall I do? Will you now counsel me how to act?" "I would strongly advise that you accept him as your husband," If the Lamas are tired, they stop, and the ludian stope also. If the delay be too great, the Indian, becoming uneasy toward sole, having every quality to insure your throat has opened the flood gates of his sunset, after all due precaution, resolves future happiness. I will unite you in holy life-tide. The lady's glass was quickly wedlock to the man you will love and who filled and as quickly handed to her. Withwill prove a true and tender husband to out betraying the least emotion she pressed you, and let it be soon, for I cannot tarry | the crimsoned beaker to her lips, and withlong; I have my mission to accomplish and out withdrawing it swallowed its contents have come out to say farewell. In a few and turned away, as if she had just pardays I leave for the Convent of Sinigaglia, taken of soda water. There was none of the city of my early childhood, there to that gagging and nausea that cod-liver oil cruth, but either should set us upon their course, they follow the Indian in good prepare myself before leaving Italy on a excites, and the effect appeared to be long journey as I intend to prepare for and almost as stimulating and exhilarating as a devote my self to a monastic life." A few glass of champagne. A brighter color that wherein he fancies there is some days later Camilla Devoti knelt before the came to her checks, and her eyes seemed alter by the side of the Baron Camucini and to gain a brillian; y they had not before. the holy rites were performed by the young

their hands, fervently prayed that God would bless them and theirs forever. Years after, when time in its many changes had placed Count Mastai on the Papal throne as Pius IX., at one of the usual Thursday receptions at the Vatican. when ladies of rank are presented to His Holiness, the Baroness de Kinsky, an old friend of Cardinal Antonelli's, presented a plain and venerable-looking matron, whose features still bore traces of great beauty. She happened to be among the last presented, and on her name being mentioned an emotion was visible in the expressive face of the Pope. The lady bent her knee for his benediction, and, looking quietly in ness and melody of other days: "Holy at a pen-holder. "You had a pretty lively hes down, turning his looks toward favor-that you receive my grandson into eager to devote his life to the Holy Father." in charge." Having thus expressed her desire she benediction, said in gentle tones: "I know too well the pain and mortification of such a refusal, having once experienced it. Your wish shall be fulfilled, and your grandson shall at once enter into my Garde d'Elite." After speaking he then quickly walked towards one of the side walks, and inti-

mated to one of the Camerieri, who prepared to follow him, that he wished to be The following day, meeting the Baroness de Kinsky be said to her: "I know that you are an old and dear friend of the Baroness Camucini, and that she has spoken to you of the days gone by, and I will also onired to-day; they are often regarded as tell you, my daughter, of a secret that ununtenantable until they have undergone til now has long lain hidden in my heart. expensive alterations. Furniture is of a but which now the old man may release very different and much costlier pattern from its prison and consecrate as a last than it used to be, and there is much more salute to his early friend." He then of it. To build and furnish a dwelling recounted the reason why he had left senteelly demands nearly twice as large a Camilla so suddenly at the time, and why num as it did from 1865 to 1870. We are he had taken the priestly vows, following, more and finer clothes than formerly; have | was to keep silence and give no explanstion of my actions; that at the time I suffered, but God, in his great mercy, ordained it all wisely and well for our good, and that Pius IX., who no longer indulges sage as a memory of the happy evenings spens with Camilla Devoti."

None so thoroughly over-estimate as they who over-estimate themselves. Suspicion is the companion of mean

souls, and the bane of all good society. our eye from seeing the mercy close Drinking Blood.

It is comparatively only within the last pense. Meeting the genial superintendent, ployed. the neck, and a crimson tide flows out. neck and passes it out, when the patients affections are occupied. drink it down while still warm and before it has time to coagulate. After the slight passed away the patients apparently relish it and do not evince the least sign of hesiable time, but the blood-drinkers do not toward to express memselves.

Mr. Dolhonde says that he has noticed

The ladies generally came to his office and he, with pleasure, escorted them to the

The reporter then waited for some of the drinkers to appear, and presently a speak. lady exceedingly thin, with a hectic flush on either cheek, got out of the cars, and down the walk leading to the abattoir. A going tast. large milk white beef had just been driven pole poised, his executioner stood waiting for a favorable opportunity to strike. The

A Man With a Sorrow.

Clinton Smith was a long-faced youn man, about twenty four years old, and his eves were red with weeping. "Some do weep and some do laugh,

observed his Honor, as he polished his spectacles and took a sharper look at the "That's so, and I am one who do weep,

was the answer. "What is your sorrow?" "Everything. I am an orphan. I am

alone in the world. I have been abused." Then Mr. Smith pulled out his faded bandana and wiped his eyes and seemed agitated to the bed-rock. "Sorrow and grief are the share of all his face, said with a voice full of the sweet- mortals," mused the Court as he nibbled surface knowledge, you was gradually

Father, I have come to beg of you a great time yesterday for a sorrowful man. One wouldn't think, to look at your heart-bro- gained over another man than thisyour Garde d'Elite. They hesitate to re- ken expression, that you kicked in the door ceive him because of his delicate appear- of a laundry only twenty hours ago and the kindness should begin on ours. ance; but he is well and strong, and most offered to split open the head of the man

showed a slight emotion, but casting her same, your Honor. I took a shirt there to no otherwise possible to be avoided. eyes upon the ground awaited quietly his be washed and ironed, and after keeping reply. Pius IX., well understood how she | me out of it for a month they said it had feit from his own past experience, so kindly been lost. They refused to either give me acced than is ever performed on the taying his hand upon her white head in snother or pay for the old one. The iron minute stage, beginning and ending entered my soul." "Do you mean the flat-iron?"

"No, sir; I speak theoretically. I felt that I was wronged and abused, and I made

a demonstration. "Well, it is my duty as a Judge to punish demonstrations. Tears may move the man, but they must not influence the Judge. A man with one shirt is no good to society. A man who has a sorrow is a hindrance to business. A man who weeps exercises a per of the saved, not of the siain. depressing influence on the public at large. You must be elevated; you have been depressed long enough I shall make it thirty

'Why not kill me and be done with it?" any man's blood, not even when he refuses | never tempted at all. to pay his election bets. You will get fat up there. Your form will round out; your cheeks become plump, a new light sparkle in your eyes, and your sorrow will be forgotten. You will step forth with lots of time to prepare for Christmas, and where you have lost one shirt you will gain two.'

Pipe Lines for Tan Liquer.

neighborhood of large tanneries, and the in October fill the air with the ripe cost of hauling such bulky material from truit. Some women ching to their own and that Pius IX., who no longer indulges in earthly illusions, sends her this last message as a memory of the happy evenings means of pipe lines. Grinding mills and attentions by means of pipe lines. Grinding mills and attentions the subtle tragrance of their leaching tanks could be set up where the goodness. bark is produced, and the tan liquor conveyed to the tanneries through pipes of wood or lead. Iron pipes would not answer, as the tan liquor would corrode the iron and become blackened. The cost of pipe lines to be impersionent. To be a dendy is to of four-inch bored logs is estimated at outrage the vanity of every one who The tears of our mis ry often pr vent \$1,000 a mile. It would thus be cheaper has not the energy to be wakefully atto bring the liquor to existing establishnents than to move the tanneries.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Acceptable prayer needs not only the bended knee, but the broken heart. Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kind-

Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasure and in luig-

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better em-

.. Goodness and strength in this world are quite as apt to wear rough coats as

Whethes the pitcher hits the stone or the stone the pitcher, it is bad tor .

Mind not difficulties, but overcome them, and go toward in the right as True eloquence consists in saying all

that is necessary, and nothing but wnat is necessary. The highest and most perfect form of government consists in governing

those who govern. Men cannot be safely intrusted with wealth until they have learned industry and self content.

Dignity can but poorly fill up the chasm of the soul which the house

Be content with a mean condition. This is not the time for the manifesta-The superiority of some men is me-

rely local. They are great because their associations are little. What is it to part with a friend whom we shall meet again to what it, is to

Wise men are never found to be unneocessarily forth-putting, or over There is a wide difference between the distinctions of the world and those

He that walks uprightly before God will walk liduorably before men; and is sale in every place and condition. There is no wise or good min that

would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. When men do not love their hearths. for reverence their thresholds, it is a A sin without its punishment is im-

possible-as complete a contradiction of terms as a cause without an effect. E oquence is the power to translare truth into language perfectly inttelligible to the person to whom you

There are always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever securing her glass, started with her escort so slowly; they will see it no better for

The cuief properties of wisdom are in one of the pens, and overhead with a to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of nings to come. The shell may be coarse that enclos-

reasures of gold. Poor men may e cea Unristains. Only let our light be God's light, and Jir darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe it home when the great

uightfall comes. Neither human applause nor human censure is to be taken as the test of esting ourselves. The darkest day in a mau's career is

easier way of getting a dollar than by quarely earning it. If the mind is wearied by study, or me body worn by sickness, it is well to ie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of sheer amusement.

A man cannot speak but he judges imself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait, to the eye of others by every word. As the sweetes, wine is the fruit of the press, so are the men's noblest

deeds often the result of weighty responsibilities keenly feit. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man, if he be truly a man, mo narm to go slow; for his glery is not all in going, but in being.

If you are only able to gather up what is sometimes lightly spoken of as ecumulate stores of wisdom A more glorious victory cannot be

that where an injury began on his part,

The business of constancy chiefly is prayely to stand to, and stoutly to "Any other man would have done the suffer, those inconveniences which are Man carries under his has a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is

> in cternity. We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from memserves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those wno ex-

pect everything from God The triumphs of truth are the most giorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, derivmy their higuest lustre from the nam-

No place, no company, no age, no person is temptation free. Lit no man coast that he was never tempted; let arm not be high minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very la-"I do not wish to stain my hands with | state wherein ne boasteth that he was

is requires no little learning to be or ect, no little studdy to be simple; and a great command of language to or plain. It is your uneducated, or at Dest your half-educated men who couround their audiences with great puffing of vanity and exhibitions of bom-

Some men fill the air with their In view of the exhaustion of bark in the strength and sweetness, as the orchards

Dandies, like saints, are never much beloved by their fellow creatures. Like costame. .