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## HAPPINESS,

"What didst thou say to Happiness? I saw her at thy gute." "This I said to Happiness, 'Thou comest all too late:

Nay! I cannot let thee in, Where these graves are growing green. "Is't meet, thou thyself shall say,

That where my dead repose Thou shouldst hold thy revels gay Thou shouldst wear the rose? Nay! I will not let thee in,

Where these graves are growing green.' "Turned she round a little space, Smiled and softly said, 'I would even ask a place There above thy head, To plant flowers, myrtle and rose,

Making fair their last reposed

"So she entrance gained at last; How could I gainery Such request? My tears fell fast, But she won her way; But she won her way; And the rare, upspringing flowers Wreathed to glorious summer bowers.

"She has won my grief from me, Wherefore, then, complain? Made my place of graves to be Bright with hope sgain, And, obeying each behest, Joyfully I serve my guest.

HOW TWO LEARNED A LES-SON.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little, shapely hand a brand-new \$10 bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what these who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now, what is it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head and, with a small jerk noway conciliating, sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate-who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and, backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation, "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me-it's really aborbin-

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess-that's all !" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little erect figure up to its utmost dimensions, "Forever instinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her bead again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life!

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes-only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen

their expression. "I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure!" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead

with a saucy, indifferent gesture, That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew

it he was saying-There is no help for it now, I sup

"Oh, yes, there is," said betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care !" "What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look

up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly, "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a moment; and then, when the time did



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long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and said through white lips very slowly:

"Yes, it may be as you say, better all around. You know best ;" and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the \$10 bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and, flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tearsthe first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it-oh, what have I said? Oh, John, John!" The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms, hind. and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he said in his tender wav, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit, And now !

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rosy cars to shut out the bird's chirp-

"If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays-nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said, "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvementh previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-cleaning. dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocathe same time, pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had-and new, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had roully commenced.

"Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking chairwith an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy-but la! I wouldn't mind-I know 'tain't your

fault." Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this! John and she not to live happy! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon-a story in everybody's mouth?

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me if things

don't go easy for you, I'm sure!" "You tell folks so?" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still.

"What? I don't understand." "Why, that the blame is all his'n." cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her duliness, "I say says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is.

how cross, an'-"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extremest thunder!" height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eye and face rosy with righteous indignationher only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair. and , blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could. "My husband!", cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun-at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last

come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault-"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him-I've been

cross, impatient, and-" "Hold!" cried a voice, "vou're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms, and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all!

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly. "And, now that you've learned all

that you can," said John, turning round o her, still hold ing Betty, "why-you may go!" The chair was vacant, A dissolving view through the door was all that was

to be seen of the gossip, who started up

the road hurriedly, leaving peace be-"Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sigh for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you

might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't." Betty smiled and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom she presently returned still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. This she put on her husband's

knee, who stared at her wonderingly. "I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out, now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after tomorrow is your birthday!"

"So 'tis!" said John. has it come round so soon?" shaking out before his eyes a pretty needless ravage and destruction no brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown-"this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh, I didn't want you to

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes :

know!"

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the gown, 'had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment tion, that of newsgatherer, at one and she could not finish. "Oh. John, I was worrying so over those buttons ! They weren't good, but they were the best I could do, then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday. Two whole dozen. And when you put that \$10 bill in my hand I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-

> John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all! I don't think they have ever quarreled since-at least I have never heard of it.

WHAT'S GOING TO MAKE POLYGA-

MY A FAILURE. A man stepped into a Main street barber shop to get shaved. While the barber was passing the steel over his face, the man began to shed tears. This attracting the attention of the proprietor of the shop, he directed the manipulator of the razor to sharpen the implement. As the shave continued the man's tears flowed unceasingly, and the barber continued to whet his tool, occasionally changing razors, and striving as diligently as possible to ameliorate the sufferings of his customer.

"We are using the best razor in the cup. "Your face must be very tender. Does it pain you much?"

"A razor pain me! Do you suppose war shrinks from physical suffering?"

from the East. Another mother-in-law knowledge of the north seas. The north comin' out next week to spend the pole is still wrapped in impenetrable ice, winter. Here's the money for the and continues to be as much of a mys-

the barber, sadly. "I never bleed man's pocket when his heart's bowed down. Come in occasionally, and mingle your tears with mine. I've got

ful man as he slammed the door .- Salt Lake Tribune.

THE Mining Record makes a point, thus: "In the standard dollar about 3.06 per cent, more silver is given as the legal-tender equivalent for 100 cents in gold than is given by France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Spain in their silver circulation, to the extent of about \$1,000,000,000. By what right, therefore, do the New York Tribune and the Evening Post newspapers characterize that dollar as undervalPROTECT THE FURESTS.

Those who have read the late census reports of the rapid destruction of the timber in the great lumbering districts, and note on the maps the location of forests distant from nav gable streams. will see at a glance that if the near future lumber must larger increase in . value from necessary increase of cost in procuring it. Men raiced in woody countries seem to cultivate an enmity to trees and the destruction, from the ax. from carelessness and from fires can scarcely be overestimated. It has been the history of the West and Northwest, There are millions of acres which have been denuded of their feests to make way for farms, where to-day single trees that were then sacrificed would sell for more money than and acre of the ground. It may be said that this was a necessity, which is doubless true to a certain extent; but that frecessity does not continue. The man who owns a forest should guard it and reasonably expect in the future a rich reward for his care. It would seem as if the time had arrived when the United States should imitate something of the wisdom of the German empire in protecting its timber, and, as well, replanting large districts not otherwise used. Germany hat acted far more wisely in this matter than other European countries. Italy, Spains Austria and Russia have allowed the destruction of millions of acres of as fine forests as ever grew, and are now maying the penalty of gathering their lumber from mountains and places difficult to reach. or importing from other more favored countries. . The Gulf States and Oregon in fine timber. That there should be "And, you dear boy," said Betty, some sure means of protecting it from

> HOW MILTON CAME 19 WRITE " PARADISE REGAINED."

thinking man can doubt - Inter Ocean

It was at the time of the great plague that the poet of "Paradise Lost" took up his abode at Chalfunt, and it was through the instrumentality of a common friend of his and William Penn's that this retreat was selected: Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, had made Milton's acquaintance in London some years before, when hunted out of house and home by the Bucks Justices, and read Latin to him in his longings in Jewin street. When the plague grew flerce in the city the blind poet bethought him of his one-time secretary and asked him to find him some retreat in his neighborhood. Ellwood took this "pretty box" for him; and it was here that he suggested to him the idea of "Paradise Regained." Milton lind handed him the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," to pass his judgment on "I pleasantly said to him," Ellwood relates in his "Life." " 'Thou hast said much here of paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and theoffy well cleansed, he returned thither; and when afterward I went to wait on him there he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."-Alfred T. Story, in Harper's Magazine.

WHEN they shall have made the long and wearisome journey from the Siberian river where they have landed, the survivors of the Jeannette will be warmly welcomed home. That journey may not be the most perilous part of their trip, but it will be one of great length and of but slightly natigated fatigue. shop, sir," said the man with the lather Two routes are open to them. One a six weeks' sledge journey up the river to Irkutsk. Thence in another six weeks they may reach St. Petersburg, or they that a man that has been through the may strike for China. It is a matter for rejoicing that they have been spared: "Then what the dence have you but, notwithstanding all the expendibeen blubberin' about?" queried the ture of energy and money, all their trials and adventures, they return with-"I got to thinking over bad news out adding an iota to the geographical tery as at any time since the active navi-"I shan't charge you a cent," said gation of the north commenced. It seems to be high time to quit an enter prise which, promising nothing but a barren discovery, costs so greatly in men and money and ships. The cost some mothers-in-law myself. Four, by of the Jeannette cruise fell not alone upon the projector, Mr. Bennett. The "That's what's goin' to make polyg- whole people shared in the expense of amy a failure in Utah," said the tear- the search expedition directed to be made by Congress. There will always be found adventurous souls ready to dare a polar voyage and hope for the discovery which seems to be denied to man ; but the gratification of their wish for fame and adventure, slways barren of substantial results, is too costly for long continuance.

ENGLAND is rejoicing over the recovery of her great surgeon, Sir James Paget. No member of the healing art ever stood higher in the estimation of his country. men or of the profession which he AN ABOTIC TRAGEDY.

With Horn sound begins the interest in Spitzbergen, as the place was the scene of as cruel a tragedy as was ever enacted. The story has in it all the dramatic elements of a thrilling novel of the old school, and finds a fitting de nouement in the mines of Siberia. On one of the innermost islands of Horn sound, a few years ago, were found a heap of nine skulls, said to be those of a Russian crew murdered by a party of English whalers. These murderers were never discovered, but another and still more remarkable discovery was made in the year 1853 by a Norwegian sea Captain, near this place, and it is of this that I intend to tell. It is the commonest occurrence for ships that venture up here to lose one or more men a trip, and so when the other members of the small crews-say five or six men-return home and report that they have lost comrades, no particular attention is paid to the news beyond the little circle wid-It happened somewhere about 1849

owed by the lost men. that the crew of a Russian whaler made their way back to Archangel and reported that they had lost their Captain and two men on Spitzbergen through an accident, details of which were given. The Captain and his men were mourned, and in a little while the affair was forgotten. In 1853, however, the Norwegian Captain in question, while out hunting for reindeer, found three human skeletons. and beside them a gun from which the stock was rotting. On the barrel of the gun were scratched a number of inscriptions in Russian, which the Norwegian vas unable to make out. He brough the gun home with him, and sent it to Archangel, where it was found to contain the history of the Captain and the two men, previously reported as having been killed by accident. The inscription told how the owner of the gun and his two men had been basely deserted by the others of the crew, for whom they were out procuring food, and left to die of exposure. Those of the crew then alive were arrested and sentenced for life to work in the mines of Siberia. The poor Captain and his men must have suffered terribly, for, from the dates on the gun-the last of which was March 3-it was learned that they had

survived a greater part of the winter. WANTED TO SEE THE SHOW. A low moan caused the city editor to look up from the work of writing a notice of Col. Bumper, who had merely called to announce his arrival, declaring that "these newspaper fellows will find it out anyway." Another low moan,

like the moan of a wounded dove. "Can I do anything for you, madam?" She removed a tattered shawl and handed the scribe a paper, which in bad chirography stated that Mrs. Millripple was a poor widow with six children. "I am sorry that your husband is dead, madam. Died of yellow fever in Memphis several years ago, I suppose; or was probably recognized as a St. Louis man and shot?"

"No, sir," she answered, with a sigh, "he was killed by a mule."

"You draw a large draft on my sympathies, madam; but I am morevless. You have heard of Stanton's moneyless man? Well, that piece of poetic literature was dedicated to me."

"You mistake me, sir. I do not want money."

"Then you want bacon and flour?" "No. sir. I am poor and my childreu are in need, but I do not want anything to eat."

"Want to get a relation out of the

"No. I have no relatives there."

"Then what can I do for you?" "You see, we are denied much of this world's amusement, being so poor, There's going to be a man hung next Friday, and I want tickets of admission to the jail-yard. Give me the tickets and my poor children will sing your praise. We have missed all the theaters, and, as Friday will be my son Jim's birthday, and as I am too poor to give a suitable entertainment, I thought I'd take the children to the hanging."-Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

THE call of Thurman upon the Senate was characteristically heralded: "A noise like unto a clap of thunder at sea was heard in the Senate chamber to-day. Davis, of Virginia, sprang to his feet in amazement, Hoar trembled, and Vest laughed. Beck looked as though he had heard that noise before, turned his head toward the Democratic cloak-room, and beheld ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman. with his old bandana in one hand and a gold snuff-box in the other. Beck told Davis not to be alarmed ; it was nothing but Thurman blowing his nose; and the Senate proceeded to business,"

THE dogs having learned, perhaps from the wolves, that sheep are good eating, it has become necessary now to protect the sheep from the dogs. Down in Jersey the farmers use goats for that purpose. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs. A few doses of their peculiar treatment will cure a dog, and he leaves the premises without any more ifs or butts.

THE FUTURE OF THE MORMON SYSTEM

In the Century, the "Legal Aspects of the Mormon Problem" are discussed by Arthur G. Sedgwick, who concludes

as follows: The failure of the attempt to break up the Mormon system by Congressional legislation does not, by any means, show that the Mormon system will ultimately prevail in Utah. The operation of natural causes is certain, in the long run, to sap the foundations of polygamy. The railroads have already brought the Territory into communication with the rest of the country, and the development of the mines must ultimately bring in a large Gentile population-almost altogether male. A strong tendency in the direction of marriages between Gentile men and the daughters of Mormon parents must spring up. Indeed, this is said to show itself already. There is no surplus of women in the West from which to recruit polygamous households; the births of the two sexes are always very nearly equal, and the Mormon population is no longer being rapidly increased from abroad, as it was in the times of the early persecution of the church. It is now stationary, or nearly so, and being rapidly hemmed in by a community having a social system which all experience shows is the only one permanently adapted to modern industrial life. As the Territory fills up, and the Mormons are brought more and more into relations with the rest of the world, one of the strongest internal causes of disintegration will unquestionably be the sense of shame operating upon the younger female generation. In the nat-

ural course of things, some of the daughters of Mormon householders must marry Gentiles, and others, who do not marry outside the church, will be made keenly not forbid the audience from doubling aware that they are surrounded by a itself up and fairly screaming with community which regards their position | laughter when the ball hits the umpire could keep themselves separated from Detroit Free Press. the rest of the world, this Gentile feeling was of very little coasequence to them. It did not affect them in their daily life; it was something remote from them, which they did not even need to disregard. This cannot continue forever, and indeed a change must begin, if it has not begun already, as soon as the surrounding monogamic Gentile system of marriage has a fair opportunity to enter into competition with its rival. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done with the Mormons but to let them alone. Persecution has been tried, and has only served to strengthen and increase them. Lawhas been tried, and has proved of no use, because it has not been enforced. From the circumstances of the case, it can-

An interesting surgical operation was performed lately at Chicago by Dr. Fenger and Prof. W. K. Harrison, which will undoubtedly prove of especial interest to the medical profession, inasmuch as it is the first successful one of its kind on record in this country. It seems that some two years ago a lady residing in Wisconsin thrust her hand through a nerves and blood vessels at the wrist. A physician sewed the wound, which in ime completely healed. Inside of the last year, however, a deadening sensation was felt in the injured member, which resulted in the arm and hand becoming completely useless. At this period the unfortunate lady suffered great agony, and went to Chicago for medical attendance. The two physicians cut the old wound open, and found the median nerve completely severed and the ends enlarged, forming, as it were, a neurolemma. The divided parts were joined together, as were also some of the other vessels and nerves at the wrist, and the wound sewed up. Although operations of this character have been frequently tried, where necessity demanded, never until now have any been known to be successful.

Orleans Times-Democrat comes to the defense of the Texas "cowboys" against the President's animadversions, saying : "They are no more robbers than Kentucky hog-drovers, Tennessee muledrovers, or drivers of New York milkcarts. These boys are herders of cattle on the plains of Texas-follow that as a alling-and, although they often get upon sprees around the doggeries of the town, are regarded as a harmless set-The robbers exist, it is very true, but

A TEXAS correspondent of the New

The stage and train robbers and the border bandits never molest the cowboys, but seem to respect them for thier poyerty, and were never known to make one of them 'stand and deliver." THIRTY-SIX homicides and eighty-two superiority of intelligence. suicides occurred in St. Louis during the past year. Of all the suicides, twenty-seven used firearms as the means

ten used knives. ONE of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the skepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.

of self-destruction, nineteen poison, thir-

teen drowning, thirteen hanging, and

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PLEASANTRIES.

A coal fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg is a grater.

THE prop-her time to assist a lady

When she is about to faint. Inquiring Duffer asks: "What Kirk of liquor will a man get drunk on quick-

est?" The kind he can get hold of A Boot and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast-iron lasts." We all know

it does, but we don't want any boots made of it. THERE is one difference at least beween a dead man and a drunkard. One

takes beer aboard, the other is taken aboard a bier. MRS. CLARK asks her husband, when he scruples about money for a new dress, how many scruples he has when

he wants a dram! A TENNESSEE girl went out for a sail with a man who was panting to die for her. A squall upset the boat, and he panted for shore and let a negro rescue

A LITTLE girl in a London Sundayschool, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied : "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

It is mighty hard for some people to get out of a room after their' visit is really over. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and waiting to be launched.

An Illinois girl found that she must

either give up her lover or her gum, and, after one day spent in reflection. she pressed his hand good-by, and said she would always be a sister to him. THE new rules for playing base ball do

as a degraded one. As long as they directly below the fourth vest button,-A MEDICAL certificate is among the treasures of the London General Postoffice, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. - in her

last illness, and that she died in conse-

quence thereof. "I DECLARE, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some new wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied, "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle you would have

no place to put it, dear." "I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old, tough one?'; "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "Yes, but I have." "Good

morning." "Good morning." "WHAT'S the matter, old fellow? You look puzzled," "Well, I am: I have dined at Y.'s almost daily for the last three months, and I'm hanged if I know what to select for a birthday present for his wife." "Take her back the

spoons and forks." It is a well-known fact that a grindstone sometimes explodes into fragments. Marble, we fear, is hardly safe pane of glass, cutting off all the tendons, for sculptors to use, as we noticed a placard in an art gallery the other day. evidently intended to warn visitors of danger, which read, "Parian marble

THE missing link has at last been found. Vide the following telegram from Philadelphia: Prof. E. D. Cope, of this city, has secured the skull of an extinct monkey which seems to fulfill in a remarkable degree the condition of the missing link between man and the lower animals. It is not larger than the skull of a small ground-squirrel, and belongs to a species of marmoset. It was found in the valley of the Big Horn river, Wveming Territory. The professor says: "This skull is remarkably similar-in miniature, of course - to the human skull. The brain space is remarkably large, and is, in fact, several times larger than the brain space of any of the skeletons of animals of the same period of time. The characteristics of the formation of the human skull are clearly defined-so clearly as to be remarkable. The teeth are almost the same as human teeth, while the jaw has many strong points of similarity. I consider this skull as the earliest indication of the existence of man. It is a new species of a familiar class, and has hitherto been unknown to scientists. The connection between man and this animal, it seems to me, must have been very close, althey are a totally different set from the though, of course, nine men out of every boys minding cattle at \$15 per month. ten would raise a dispute. No animal at that time except this peculiar species has a head like that of a human being, and the brain space, contrasted with the brain space of other animals, or even of the monkeys of to-day, shows a vast

> GOETHE: "He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. Let him not be troubled by what seemsabsurd, but let him consecrate his energies to the creation of what is good. He must not demolish, but build. He must raise temples where mankind may come and partake of the purest pleasure.