PROFESSIONAL.

THE JOURNAL.

[illegible]

The Mormon Bible

I find in my scrap-book, writes an old reader of the Ledger, set down there fifty years ago, an item which may be of interest at the present time, when the Mormon problem is evidently approaching a civilized solution. The truth of the statement herein given was vouched for in my presence by a man who is above deceit. The origin of the "Book of Mormon," so called, has been a puzzle to many, much of it being evidently the production of a cultivated mind, and yet springing to light from the hands of illiterate men.

It was written in 1812-13, as a literary recreation, by Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, at that time residing in New Salem, Ohio, and as he wished [illegible] to be a historical romance [illegible] the remains of whose numerous mounds and inscriptions are found on the banks of the Ohio. After the work had been completed the author [illegible] thought of having it printed, and for that purpose he gave the manuscript into the hands of a printer, [illegible] retained [illegible] years, but the design of [illegible] not carried into [illegible]

As [illegible] the printing office where Mr. Spaulding's romance was lodged was employed Sidney Rigdon, who afterward figured conspicuously [illegible] Mormon history; and there [illegible] doubt that he copied the manuscript, and subsequently gave it to Smith. Upon the appearance of the Book of Mormon, [illegible] there were those living to whom Mr. Spaulding had read portions of his romance, and they recognized [illegible] in the book. Upon [illegible] the original manuscript was found among the papers of the deceased clergyman, and on a comparison the Mormon Bible proved [illegible] materially altered from the [illegible] text. Of course the discovery soon made considerable talk. A great many people went to see the manuscript, and at the expiration of a few weeks it mysteriously disappeared. As there was a Mormon preacher in New Salem at the time, with proselytes at his heels, the mystery of the disappearance was not very deep.

A Point for Storekeepers

One of the chief points in the New York store system is accessibility. There must be perfect facility of access. A very small obstacle is now considered [illegible]. A store approachable by steps would be placed at a serious disadvantage in comparison with one level with the street, and in point of fact few stores are now built with steps at the door.

The principle which guides the objection to steps rests on a well defined feeling. The person who visits stores may be divided into two classes—those who go with a deliberate intention to buy, and those who are inclined to buy something, but are not very sure if the store which they enter possesses the kind of thing they would like. This latter class is by far the most numerous, and it is to them that the storekeeper must in the main look for support. His art, therefore, consists, first, in rendering the exterior of his store attractive, and, second, in rendering it perfectly easy of access.

Inasmuch as a small pebble at the margin of a brook will divert the course of a stream, so will a small obstacle at the door of a store turn aside a customer. The entrance ought to be so convenient that the passenger should slide in almost imperceptibly, as if drawn insensibly into a whirlpool. One instant he is in the street, and the next, before he knows rightly what he is about, he should be alongside the counter. Thus, his half formed notion that he wishes to buy something, must not be impeded by steps. His purpose is not sufficiently strong to encounter the trouble of mounting an elevation; and, besides, steps tend very much to cut off his retreat, should he not find what he is in quest of. There is a feeling about him, that, by mounting steps, he would show his determination to buy, and that he should have some difficulty in coming out again with any degree of decency if he did not make a purchase; all of which is most injurious to the interests of the storekeeper who heedlessly planted himself at the top of a stair, or who has even more than [illegible] three steps at his door.

The Women Praise B. B. B.

[illegible] suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). [illegible] Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, [illegible] writes: "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. C. H. [illegible], Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism caused by kidney trouble and indigestion. I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other remedies had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says there is nothing like B. B. B. as it quickly gave her relief."

Closing Exercises of Vance Male and Female Academy.

On Tuesday evening, June 18th, the commencement exercises of Vance Male and Female Academy began with an entertainment given by the primary department. The entertainment opened with the novel tableau and song "The Thirteen Sisters." It consisted of twelve little girls forming a semi-circle, and one lady, representing the goddess of liberty, seated in their midst, with the smallest girl representing Rhode Island kneeling before her, bearing a flag, the ensign of the thirteen States. The whole program was very entertaining. Suffice it to say all did well.

Wednesday, June 19th, 11 a. m., Mr. A. H. White of Pollocksville, the orator, selected to represent the Jefferson Literary Society, addressed a large and appreciative audience. Although a young man, Mr. White is a good orator and profound thinker, as was evinced in his treatment of his subject—"Woman, Her Place in History"—which was handled in a masterly manner. The eloquence and graceful style of the young orator elicited from the cultured audience warm expressions of approval and admiration. Mr. White was introduced by Mr. T. S. Bender, who afterwards presented him some lovely flowers, a gift in appreciation of his talents, from the young ladies of the Society. Mr. Bender's remarks in the introductory, and in the presentation of the flowers, were beautiful and well chosen.

Wednesday evening the program opened with "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." The song is beautiful, and was executed admirably. When the singing began, the house was in complete commotion, but a few seconds only served to quiet every one. The program consisted of recitations, dialogues, songs, etc., all of which were creditably rendered. At the conclusion of the exercises, Prof. Skinner became the recipient of a beautiful boquet from the young ladies of the school. Mr. A. H. White presented the flowers in an appropriate speech.

Thursday, 11 a. m., the Academy building was again filled to overflowing with a large and cultivated audience, eager to hear the annual address by Hon. Kemp P. Battle of Chapel Hill. The speaker was introduced by Hon. F. M. Simmons, who performed that ceremony in his usual earnest and appreciative style; after which Dr. Battle announced as his subject the "Political History of North Carolina for the Last Hundred Years." We would like to give a synopsis of his address, but fear any comment we could make upon the words of so distinguished a speaker would be commonplace and tedious. Suffice to say, the address was, in our opinion, everything it should be—practical, comprehensive, and pleasantly spiced with wit throughout, and this is no doubt the opinion of the audience if one may judge from the many expressions of approval. After the address the speaker was presented with a beautiful boquet from the young ladies. Mr. H. C. Foscue presented the flowers in a speech which was a specimen of true oratory. The citizens of Pollocksville appreciate the visit of so distinguished a guest, and will be pleased to welcome him in our midst again, should opportunity offer.

On Thursday evening we met at the final concert, and the first thing that greeted us was the grand and beautiful strains of "Drifting With the Tide." This evening the exercises consisted chiefly of music, both vocal and instrumental. The closing song, "Good Night, Gentle Folks," will be long remembered. It had a pathos in its melody that touched the softer emotions of all.

The program of the commencement was well selected and every part was worthily executed. Every student, even the smallest, reflected honor upon the school and showed efficient training.

There was not a single failure or even blunder, to mar the pleasure of the occasion, and all who were present must speak in commendation of the patient and efficient work of the teachers.

Prof. and Mrs. Skinner are competent teachers and deserve the patronage of all surrounding counties. Just here let us commend the two assistants, Misses Nellie Pearce and Mary C. Harvy, both of whom are intellectual and literary.

On Friday the school and many friends went on an excursion down Trent to Fowler's ferry and spent a day peacefully "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." E. F. C.

How a Good Cow Looks.

A good cow is flat ribbed just back of the shoulders, and has well-sprung ribs further back. She has broad, flat ribs, and so far apart that one can lay two fingers between them. Her skin should be loose and flabby over the flank, and her udder development should be firm and strong, with the veins under the belly very prominent. She should be broad between the eyes, should have a short and slightly dished face, and bright and prominent eyes. Besides, the poll or forehead should be long between the horns and the eye, the neck should be fine in and thin, the backbone strong, the pelvic arch high, the hams thin to give ample room for a large udder, and the tail should be long, slim or flat. She should have a long udder, extending well back and in front, one that will be soft and flabby when milked out, and should have a three-fold, wedge-shaped form, the general tendency of weight being toward the udder, indicating power to produce milk.—Exchange.

A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead and is walking around to save funeral expenses. "Please omit flowers."

A CALENDAR OF GEMS.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn,
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship, and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born shall find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth, and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing Ruby shall adorn
Those who in warm July are born,
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity.
The August born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind,
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know,
But lay an Opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

The Height of Wood-Engraving.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic, writes to the New York Evening Post that M. Herbert, Director of the Academie Francaise at Rome, "one of the most thoughtful of modern French painters, and perhaps the best representative still living of the great poetic French school of art," says of Mr. Cole's engravings now appearing in the Century, that "he had never seen such work on wood, and did not suppose wood-engraving to be capable of it."

As was stated in the announcement of this series, the appearance of the engravings is in chronological order. Specimens of the work of such pre-Raphaelites as Cimabue, Giotto, Spinello, and others have already been shown; and while the reproductions of the paintings of these artists are of the highest value to art-students, the general public will be more interested in the latter work, which is to include admirable specimens of the art of Perugino, Leonardo, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Tintoretto, and many other well-known names—the masters of the world's art. Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" and "The Jeweler," Titan's "La Bella," "The Man with the Gloves," and "The Entombment," Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus," Velasquez's "L'Infante Marguerite," and Albertinelli's "The Salutation," are among the engravings to come.

It is said that this series of pictures is being received with great interest in Italy where are most of the originals which Mr. Cole has reproduced. All of his pictures are engraved directly from the originals, Mr. Cole doing his work in the galleries or churches in front of the paintings, and the great value of the series is in the absolutely faithful rendering which the engraver has given of the artists' work.

The Ethics of Journalism.

I wonder to how many newspaper writers it ever so much as occurs that they are morally responsible for what they write? Certainly there are many who, however alive to the obligation of veracity in the private relations of life, do not apparently suspect that it continues to claim their allegiance when they exercise their profession. I suppose I should not greatly err if I said that truth is, as a rule, the last thing which the journalist thinks about, as he girds himself up to the delivery of his daily burden. "Truth," writes Cudworth, "is the most unbending and uncompliable, the most firm and adamantine thing in the world." The mere adjectives would in most cases suffice to make the able editor or the nimble writer drop his pen. He is of opinion, with Mr. Speaker, that "thinking is relationing." The manipulation of relations is the business of his life. It is merely with "relative realities" that he is concerned: and the relative is flexible, pliable, shifting, and dissolvent. I confess the more I see of the London journals, which I suppose will compare favorably with any other, the more clearly does it seem to me that their writers are, for the most part, dominated—consciously or unconsciously—by the philosophy of Balzac's Vautrin:

"There are no such things as principles, there are only events; there are no such things as laws, there are only circumstances. A wise man embraces events and circumstances to shape them to his own ends."

Such are, in most cases, the ethics of journalism. I say "in most cases." That it is not always so, I cheerfully admit. There are among English journalists—it is my privilege to count such among my own friends—many whose loyalty to principle is unquestionable, whose veracity is unimpeachable, whose motives, whether we agree wish their views or not, are beyond suspicion.—Forum.

Good Points in a Woman.

A clear bright eye
That can pierce the sky,
A rounded cheek
Where the roses speak,
A chest so grand
That the lungs expand:
A steady brain
That can bear the strain,
A manner bright
And a spirit light.

A REPLY.

The figurative expression, "If you need me, send for me," was used in a note to a young gentleman the other day, who had been accused of being under a shadow for some time past. The note was written by a young lady friend of his. The following reply was written impromptu. Moral: There is more than one way of popping the question.

Then come! bring me hope, for I need it this hour,
Too long has this sorrow o'ershadowed my heart:
Come! for thy smiles alone can restore
That hope which in pity you once did impart.

Ah! why did you hold the bright mirage before me,
Was it only a mockery and meant to deceive?
It brought on a madness, and since it came o'er me
I mourn o'er the fancies my heavy thoughts weave.

For no one but you is my sad heart a-pining,—
There is no one but you can awake the old strain,
Arousing old memories, and round my heart twining
A rapture I thought it would ne'er know again!

Then come! for I love you! my heart is all yours!
And why do you leave it so lonely and sad?
Thy smiles are like dew upon famishing flowers—
Then smile again, darling, and make my heart glad!

You know that I need you—I need you each hour—
Then do not deny me—Oh! do not delay:
But send to me, swift as a bird to its bower,
A thought that shall save me and bless me alway.

The Original Robinson Crusoe

When captain Watling and his company escaped from Juan Fernandez they left a Mosquito Indian on the island, who was out hunting goats when the alarm came. This Mosquito-man, named William, was the first and the true Robinson Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude.

A few years afterwards, when Dampier, the celebrated English navigator, visited the island, he and a few of William's old friends, together with a Mosquito man named Robin, put off for the shore, where they soon perceived William standing ready to give them welcome. From the heights he had seen the ships on the preceding day, and knowing them to be English vessels by the way they were worked, he had killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage of the cabbage tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and running up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet! William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted him up, and they renewed their embraces.

"We stood with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the surprise, tenderness and solemnity of their interview, which was exceedingly affecting on both sides; and when these their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with him in the woods his gun and knife and a small quanity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition was expended, by notching his knife into a saw he cut up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he converted into harpoons, lances and a long knife. To accomplish this he struck fire with his gun flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened for this purpose in a way he had seen practiced by the buccaneers. In this fire he heated his pieces of iron, hammered them out with stones, sawed them with his jagged knife or ground them to an edge and tempered them; "which was no more than these Mosquito-men were accustomed to do in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a good deal of time about them."

Thus furnished, William supplied himself with goats' flesh and fish, though, till his instruments were formed, he had been compelled to eat seal. He built his house about a half mile from the shore, and lined it snugly with goat-skins, with which he also spread his couch or *barbecue*, which was raised two feet from the floor. As his clothes wore out he supplied this want also with goat skins, and when first seen by Dampier and his companions, he wore nothing save a goat's skin about his waist.

Comicalities of the Courts.

The court criers in Australia were at one time generally Irishmen, and their agile fancy sometimes led them to blunder curiously. Many Chinese names sound like a burlesque, and are probably barbarous renderings of the original Mongolian. A newly-appointed crier was ordered by the judge in a case in which a Chinaman was a witness to call for Ah Song. He looked puzzled for a moment, and cast a sly glance at the judge, but, finding him grave as an undertaker, he turned to the audience, and blandly simpered:

"Gintlemen, would any of you favor his honor with a song?"

In another court a new policeman was ordered by the judge to go in search of the official interpreter, whose name was Ah Kat.

"Constable, go for Ah Kat," said the judge.

"Yes, your honor. Is it a tomcat your honor wishes for?" the constable innocently inquired.

"Does Julia's singing annoy you?" asked the landlady of the new boarder, after her daughter had been exhibiting her vocal powers at the piano half an hour.

"Oh, no," replied the new boarder, "I work in a saw-filing factory, and don't mind it."