

One copy, one year, \$2.00
One copy, six months, 1.00
One copy, three months, .50

The Chatham Record

VOL. I.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 3, 1878.

NO. 3.

One square, one insertion, \$1.50
One square, two insertions, 2.00
One square, one month, 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Advertisements.

LARGEST STORE

LARGEST STOCK

Cheapest Goods & Best Variety

CAN BE FOUND AT

LONDON'S CHEAP STORE.

New Goods Received every Week.

You can always find what you wish at London's. He keeps everything.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpeting, Hardware, Tin Ware, Drugs, Crockery, Confectionery, Shoes, Boots, Caps, Hats, Carriage Materials, Sewing Machines, Oils, Putty, Glass, Paints, Nails, Iron, Plows and Plow Castings,

Sole, Upper and Harness Leathers,

Saddles, Trunks, Satchels, Shawls, Blankets, Umbrellas, Corsets, Belts, Ladies' Neck-Ties and Ruffs, Hamburg Edgings, Laces, Furniture, &c.

Best Shirts in the Country for \$1.

Best 5-cent Cigar, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Salt and Molasses.

My stock is always complete in every line, and goods always sold at the lowest prices. Special inducements to Cash Buyers.

My motto, "A nimble Saxepe is better than a slow Shilling."

All kinds of produce taken.

W. L. LONDON,

Pittsboro, N. Carolina.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

Attorney at Law,

PITTSBORO, N. C.

Special Attention Paid to Collecting.

DR. A. J. YEAGER,

DENTIST,

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

PITTSBORO, N. C.

All Work Warranted. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. H. COWAN,

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hardware,

CROCKERY and GROCERIES.

PITTSBORO, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA

STATE LIFE

INSURANCE CO.,

OF

RALEIGH, N. CAR.

F. H. CAMERON, President.

W. E. ANDERSON, Vice Pres.

The only Home Life Insurance Co. in the State.

All its funds loaned out AT HOME, and among our own people. We do not send North Carolina money abroad to build up other States. It is one of the most successful companies of its age in the United States. Its assets are ample sufficient. All losses paid promptly. Eight thousand dollars paid in the last two years to families in Chatham. It will cost a man aged thirty years only five cents a day to insure for one thousand dollars.

Apply for further information to

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Gen. Agt.

PITTSBORO, N. C.

Dr. A. D. MOORE,

PITTSBORO, N. C.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Chatham. With an experience of thirty years he hopes to give entire satisfaction.

JOHN MANNING,

Attorney at Law,

PITTSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Chatham, Barnet, Moore and Orange, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

O. S. POE,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Groceries & General Merchandise,

All kinds of Plows and Castings, Buggy Materials, Furnit. re, &c.

PITTSBORO, N. CAR.

THE LITTLE FEET THAT NEVER STRAY.

I know not what you would think of my home, my home, with its rollicking boys, overflowing with mischief, and laughter and fun. And crowding the rooms with their toys!

The moment the sun peeps over the hills, I am awakened by small, restless feet: And I although I am weary, and long for more rest.

Their patter is music most sweet. For I think of the day when they carried away One prattler, who dropped off to sleep: And they laid him to rest where joy is unknown, And where silence is long and is deep:

So I love to list to the hum of the top, To the thud of the ball and the ball; And I smile if I find in my study a kite, Or a schooner, half-rigged, in the hall.

For the sweetest rose in the garden of bloom Has surely a thorn for its mate; And the tendrils of boyhood will bloom as the rose, If with patience we prone and we wait.

Toosoon the foot learneth a soberer tread, To take a more manly gait; Too soon the heart knoweth a man's wiser thought, And youth forever hath flown.

Naught, naught to me is the trouble and care; My boys are my own to-day; No I'll scatter the roses of love o'er the path of my rollicking boys while I may; For I never remember those other feet— The feet that never shall stray.

THE STORY OF A WALL-FLOWER.

By GABRIELLE LEE.

Mildred Clare—the young lady whom I wish to introduce to you—is a member of that fraternity whom society scornfully classes under the head of wall-flowers. I admit the circumstance without a shudder, for to me the obnoxious epithet suggests only remembrances of roses, red and impetuous, climbing through the wall, and ready to pleasure the eye of the meanest wayfarer with their beauty and blushes. Neither can I forget that wall flowers are ever the sweetest, or cease to remember, though tasted so long ago, the magical flavor of peach, and pear, and plum, brought to perfection through the medium of which I speak. Therefore, trust me when I say, that this favoring grace of the wall may develop quite as desirable characteristics in the human growth as in the horticultural.

At all events, it cannot be asserted that the class, to which I allude, are by any means uninteresting to society. Ask forlorn and cheerily huddled, grown too stiff for redoubt, and the German, who endures its small talk, and accepts its ice and small civilities with unabated and smiling politeness? Inquire of patient Benefactors, waiting for gay young men, who will be the most eligible, and which the union of affection; together with divers other matters hidden from those who, involved in the game themselves, cannot comprehend what is so plainly visible to those outside of it. All that has been said will apply particularly to Mildred Clare. Looking in from some quiet nook of observation, she discovered numerous elements in the atmosphere about her; all of which discoveries she meant, some day, should be of advantage to her.

Whatever the answer may be, one thing is certain, that of all the plants of the parterre, those yepest wall-flowers are the most knowing. Sitting in quiet corners, they discern, in spite of carresses and fondled words, who love and who hate; who will be the most eligible, and which the union of affection; together with divers other matters hidden from those who, involved in the game themselves, cannot comprehend what is so plainly visible to those outside of it. All that has been said will apply particularly to Mildred Clare. Looking in from some quiet nook of observation, she discovered numerous elements in the atmosphere about her; all of which discoveries she meant, some day, should be of advantage to her.

The nearest relatives Mildred had in the world were her cousins, the St. Johns, and for some years, just their home had been there. The young ladies, Helen and Louise St. John, were fine-looking girls, with dashing, vivacious manners, accustomed, wherever they came, to find a welcome. The only son, Vincent St. John, was a quiet, unassuming, and somewhat slow and phlegmatic, and was alternately vexed and teased by them; but in the end admitted to be the "best natured fellow in the world."

Now Mildred was an exceedingly pleasant person to live with, and there was not a member of the family who had not a cordial liking for her. She had a sufficient income of her own, which she spent unassumingly in the gratification of certain quiet, but not inexpensive tastes, and in works of charity, for which the world was not one whit the wiser. The Miss St. Johns, while they accepted the numerous kindnesses of their cousin as the dispenser, yet felt that she possessed attributes which rendered her unlike themselves; their intimate friends were not apt to be hers, and they acknowledged the distinction between them by wishing, not infrequently, that they were "half as good as cousin Mildred."

But of all the St. Johns, Vincent's appreciation of Mildred was the most decided. Her influence over him was great. He often declared her the most "sensible" girl within the range of his acquaintance; and for many a brave, manly idea that found its way into his honest brain and lodged there, he stood indebted to her whom he was wont to call "cousin Mill."

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John, observing all this, was accustomed to whisper to her friends, that it was easy to see in what quarter the "wind blew." And, for her part, she was perfectly satisfied. Mildred was such a girl, and Vincent would make any woman happy," etc., etc.

But the young people in question understood one another better. Vincent had long ago acknowledged to himself, with a little heartache, that cousin Mill was "a deal too clever to be ever contented to jog through life with him."

Just at present the St. Johns are spending the summer at Newport. They are beginning to tire of the daily routine of making endless toilets, taking the same drives, and repeating the same programme generally, when a new zest is given to these dull duties by the arrival at the "Ocean" of Mrs. Leonard Paxton. This lady was a belle, a wit, and a beauty; and, moreover, the wife of a millionaire, and so expectation was on the qui vive. It was amusing to notice the next morning, at breakfast, the eager eyes that watched the door, waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Paxton. Some women guilty of the most un pardonable violation of taste, that of appearing in the morning with a profusion of jewelry and dresses devallette, occupied themselves in wondering, internally, whether the wife of a

millionaire could possibly present a more "dressed" appearance than themselves. But Mrs. Paxton, fatigued by her journey perhaps, did not bestow her presence upon them at breakfast, nor yet at dinner. In the evening the weekly row was to take place, and she could not fail to favor them. While those present are awaiting her advent, a few words concerning Mildred. She sits somewhat withdrawn from the rest, her cousin Vincent beside her, as he is apt to be. To use an expression of the lady, Mildred never took any pains to "make the most of herself." If her income was expended, it was, certainly not in the purchase of an expensive wardrobe. She always wore grey or brown, or some other undecided tint, in no way remarkable. Now Mildred was a brunette, with a skin clear and somewhat pale, soft grey eyes, and hair noticeably black; to all such the above tints are peculiarly inappropriate and unbecoming. There was some excuse, however, for Mildred; her early life had been saddened by the loss of those she loved, and she had worn sad colored garments so much, that now bright ones seemed out of place to her. To-night she has on a most colored tissue, the effect of which almost totally annuls that of the clear, decided tints, which are the predominant characteristics of her style.

"You are not enjoying yourself, at all," says Vincent; "nobody but me to talk to."

Mildred replied, with a pleasant smile, that "nobody but me" is a very kind and interesting companion.

Just here, the music striking up, a brilliant idea seemed to flash upon Vincent. He started up, and presently returned with a young man gotten up in the most faultless style. This gentleman eyed Mildred somewhat dubiously; then elevating his eyebrows, in patronizing tones, extended an invitation for the redowa.

Disregarding a vigorous nudge from Vincent, Mildred returned quietly: "Fancy dances are quite out of my line, sir."

The gentleman elevated his eyebrows still further, plainly expressing in his face, "What upon earth are you good for then?" and bestowing an indignant glance upon Vincent, who had evidently regarded as having intentionally deluded him, stalked off.

"Now, cousin Mill," broke out St. John, in an injured tone, "that's the way you serve me. I introduce you to the best dancer in the room, and you refuse him. Don't tell me that you are afraid of him, know you've tried to teach me, and would have succeeded if anybody could, only I'm so awkward nobody can. You'll never make any stir in society if you do not depend upon it."

Mildred had just returned serenely, "My time has not come yet, cousin Mill," when there was a stir and a sudden turning of heads and Mrs. Leonard Paxton came floating down the long room, attired in an Indian fabric so fine as to be almost impalpable. There was not a bracelet on her perfect arms, nor did her breast or hair acknowledge the sparkle of a single jewel.

"I have no doubt, ladies, that on this warm July evening, were wearing heavy brocades and ornaments in profusion, gave vent to ejaculations of disappointment and surprise. "Patience! nobody would ever think that she was the wife of a millionaire. Why, I thought she'd be dressed to kill, and ready to hold a conference in her private parlors, among them the St. Johns. Each one eagerly complied, in a flutter of curiosity to know what the invitation might forebode. When they had assembled, Mrs. Paxton, taking a position in the centre, said: "Ladies, I have no doubt, ladies, that, like myself, you are beginning to find Newport fearfully dull."

Now most of those addressed were enjoying themselves wonderfully. But then Mrs. Leonard Paxton had given them to understand that this was impossible, so they all murmured in chorus to hold a conference in her private parlors, among them the St. Johns. Each one eagerly complied, in a flutter of curiosity to know what the invitation might forebode. When they had assembled, Mrs. Paxton, taking a position in the centre, said: "Ladies, I have no doubt, ladies, that, like myself, you are beginning to find Newport fearfully dull."

"Intolerable! A perfect bore!" All but Mildred, who merely smiled a little.

"Well," continued their hostess, "it occurred to me that if we could get up a concert, ballroom, or better than all, a play, it would relieve the monotony of my acquaintance to several literary men of my acquaintance for assistance, but they plead overtasked brains, or offer MSS, which the theatre managers have been so blind to their own interests as to reject. Now it would be a pleasant revenge if we could get up something fresh and sparkling among ourselves."

The ladies all agreed that this would be "charming indeed;" but then, who would have the daring to take the initiative step? So there was much discussion and various plans proposed, but nothing decided upon; finally the ladies, taking out their watches, and looking at the dial, there were barely two hours left to dress for dinner, and dispersed, with the exception of Mildred, who remained behind.

"Well, Miss Clare," exclaimed Mrs. Paxton, laughing heartily; "I imagine, something like myself, you can accomplish a toilet in half an hour."

"Or less," returned Miss Clare; then said: "You were anxious for a play, you said."

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "that is, if I can possibly coax or threaten anybody into writing one."

"You have no need to attempt either method; I will furnish you what you require."

Mrs. Paxton "took in" the speaker, standing quietly beside her in a morning dress, in color that of a dead leaf, the abundant hair hidden under a brown net, and the serene face possessing a mouth where resolution and latent power were tempered by sweetness. Mrs. Paxton was a quick reader of character, and in a minute she returned cordially:

"I am sure I can trust entirely to you, Miss Clare. When would your production be ready?"

Mildred thought a moment, then answered: "A week from to-day. And in the meantime this is a secret between us."

two acts, satirical, witty, and not without a deal of the pathetic. Not for nothing had Mildred patiently analyzed the restless, glittering life of society, not for nothing had her eyes been keen and shrewd, and her judgments accurate and true. Mrs. Paxton listened quietly until the expiration of the first act, then broke into exclamations of delight.

"My dear, I never dreamed you were so clever. I've seen and heard these people talk time and again. Scribe himself could not have written a more piquant comedie de societe than you have done. It is certain to be a success, and you are the best girl in the world for writing it."

The next day, Mrs. Paxton allotted the parts. Mildred refused to act; but Helen and Louise St. John were not of the same mind; and the former smiled to herself as she saw them cast in parts that could not have suited their style more exactly if prepared expressly for their wear. Under Mrs. Paxton's energetic supervision, there was no lagging. In ten days the whole affair was in readiness, and the "Ocean" electrified by an invitation to witness the performance of an original play, the author unknown.

Two or three days beforehand, Mrs. Paxton, knocking at Mildred's door, said, with an affection of timidity, "May I come in, Miss Clare?" Then added, as she entered, "Since I know you are so clever, I am half afraid of you."

"Keep your sarcasms for some one else," retorted Mildred. "You know very well it is only a matter of time before you will be as afraid of me as I am of you."

"I am come on an especial errand," said Mrs. Paxton, presently; "but I trust you will not think it an impertinent one."

"An impossibility," declared Mildred. "Well, then, my dear child, I wish to know why you do not wear those sober drabs, and greys, and browns, as they are your invariable habit. Allow me to insinuate they are totally unsuited to you."

"Because," returned the object of this attack, with a little sigh, "I never thought bright colors seemed to belong to me somehow."

"Nonsense! Now be a good child, and see if you can't find something in your wardrobe that doesn't look as if it were intended for somebody fifty years old at least."

Mildred complied with this request; and after opening various drawers and receptacles, finally produced a very pretty pink silk of the variety styled lace.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Paxton, opening her eyes in affected astonishment. "I didn't think you were capable of possessing such an article, you little Quakers."

"Well," rejoined Mildred, apologetically, "the fact is, a dear friend of mine, out of the West, has carried me out I traveled all that distance to her bridesmaid; and by her special request wore this very dress. I never had it on but that once. Wasn't it a good friend to do all that?" concluded the speaker, laughingly.

"I think you are, Mildred," replied Mrs. Paxton, with unusual softness; then continued coaxingly, "and now you have some black lace to wear over it, I am sure."

"Not over pink silk," denied Mrs. Paxton, taking the lace and disposing of it in graceful folds over the dress, whose shining surface, however, she was unable to hide the coral admirably well, as the silk saying, "See, they match exactly. I would not have guessed that you had such exquisite taste." For this lady, though so well accustomed to magnificence of attire, had the good sense to judge of costume, and to note the incongruity and general effect than by its ostentatiousness.

Mildred's reply to this last remark was a dainty little smile that just curled the edges of her mouth. At this, Mrs. Paxton shook her head, accused Mildred of being "sly;" then, kissing her on the forehead with a tenderness she did not often show, finished by saying, "Having relieved my mind, I think I'll go," and went accordingly.

On the appointed evening, Mildred assisted her cousins, Helen and Louise to costume themselves for their parts, arranging their hair after a fashion peculiar to herself, in large, full curls, especially becoming to the face, and admiringly as she said, "See, they match exactly. I would not have guessed that you had such exquisite taste." For this lady, though so well accustomed to magnificence of attire, had the good sense to judge of costume, and to note the incongruity and general effect than by its ostentatiousness.

Helen was positive it was that tall, distinguished-looking man, with the long, floating beard, she had seen hovering around; while Louise, inclined to the belief that a certain slim youth with fair hair was the guilty party. Mildred affirmed stoutly her belief that it was neither; then, having performed her office of friend, departed to make her own toilette.

This work completed, she sought the parlor belonging to her suite of rooms. Entering, she found Vincent waiting for her.

"Why, cousin Mill!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Now that looks something like it!" Then rising honest Vincent looked down at Mildred, and with his good child's heart, he said, "You've got a fellow, a little cousin?"

Mildred, with a pretty movement, held up her cheek and let the petitioner's moustache sweep against it for a moment. Just here Helen and Louise came in, and Mildred thought a moment, then answered: "A week from to-day. And in the meantime this is a secret between us."

During the ensuing week, Mildred spent most of the time in her own room; there was nothing new, only the St. Johns remarked that Mrs. Paxton seemed to have taken a "wonderful fancy" to Mildred. On the day she had promised to be re-tapped at Mrs. Paxton's door, then entering, drew a MS. from her pocket; while her companion, courteous, yet prepared for criticism withal, placed herself in readiness to listen. Mildred's play was in

repartees was lost, not an atom of the sparkling wit thrown away.

During its progress there was much laughter and many conjectures as to the individual by whom it had been written; it must certainly be the work of Mr. A., or B., or C., all of them well known literateurs. At the close of the last act, when the applause had a little subsided, there was a loud call for the author.

After a moment's hesitation, who had taken a leading part, floated into the room upon a gentleman's arm, and said, in her simple, graceful way: "Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to thank you, on my own behalf and that of Miss Mildred Clare, for the kind reception you have given her play this evening."

Hereupon there was more applause, and presently everyone knew that "Miss Mildred Clare" was the young lady in rose-color and black lace, and discovered still further that genius was expressed in every line of her delivery; for there is nothing that opens the eyes of society so wonderfully as success. Then every one must crowd upon Miss Clare and congratulate her; and the St. Johns were so proud and pleased, particularly honest Vincent, who smiled behind his moustache in a furore of delight.

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John waved her ostrich in triumph, and moved about among her friends, declaring, confidentially, that she had always said Mildred was "such a good girl," but she had never dreamed her niece was so "genius."

And now, of course, she was more pleased than ever that a certain event which she understood what she included—was likely to take place, and so on.

We will pursue Mildred's career no further, but leave her in the midst of her triumph. It is enough to say that, though she was pleased to have either as a belle or a beauty, yet she as certainly was forever after missing from the ranks of the wall-flowers. For society, with all its glitter, and penchant for frittering life away, cannot refuse to do homage to merit, when once it undeniably asserts itself.

Vincent St. John married a charming little woman, who thought that there was nobody in the world as clever or as good as he; and to her he would often talk of his "dear cousin Mill." And as he saw, from time to time, how Mildred's society was sought after by those of noble attainments, he would say to himself, "I would make the oft-repeated declaration of little wife, that 'whatever others had thought, he had always foreseen it was in her.'"

INFANTRY LONG-RANGE FIRE.

Perhaps there is no other question connected with military matters in the manner of regarding which so great a change has taken place during the last few years as that of the employment by infantry of long-range fire.

Until a short time ago the notion of allowing men to open fire at great distances was absolutely rejected by the great body of military writers and authorities on tactical subjects, and the one or two officers who ventured to suggest that under certain circumstances it might be expedient to employ long-range musketry fire were regarded as dangerous enthusiasts, whose hastily formed conceptions were to be unreservedly condemned.

The one doctrine preached was that which incited the necessity of reserving the fire of infantry until the enemy was within what was called "effective musketry range," by which expression was meant a distance certainly not exceeding from five to six hundred yards. The evils which it was almost universally maintained would result from allowing men to fire at longer ranges than these were painted in the darkest colors. Elaborate calculations were worked out to show that the losses which would be inflicted upon an enemy by distant fire would be insignificant in the extreme; and that, further, "any chance effect which may be obtained by opening fire at long ranges"—to quote the words of a work on Minor Tactics, published in 1875—would not counterbalance the inconveniences which would inevitably be occasioned by its practice. On the other hand, the efficacy of fire at closer quarters was extolled; and, in a word, it was argued that distant firing must be stringently prohibited. But if we look abroad we shall see that on the Continent, at all events, a reaction has set in against this teaching. The doctrine that long-range firing is an utterly mistaken practice is evidently no longer unhesitatingly accepted.

Experiments, accounts of which have been published from time to time, have been recently carried on in Italy, in Austria and in Germany, with a view to ascertaining what amount of damage it may be reasonably expected will be wrought in the ranks of the enemy by distant musketry fire delivered under various conditions, and in order to assist the authorities in framing regulations for its employment under different circumstances; while in France a committee has been appointed within the last few weeks to supervise experiments which are to be undertaken with a similar object. The experience of recent campaigns has, in fact, caused the authorities of Continental armies to recognize that in many of the phases of a modern battle long-range musketry fire may be used with great effect. When, for instance, during the battle of Gravelotte the Prussian guard advanced to the attack of the village of St. Privat, "the effect of the enemy's fire was," to quote the words of an eye-witness, "so tremendous that at more than 1,500 metres from the defender's position over 6,000 men were shot down in ten minutes."

In the lately concluded war, again, a vast number of instances occurred in which immense loss was inflicted on the Russian assaulting columns by the long-range fire which, it is well-known, was constantly employed by the Turks in the defence of the positions they held.

General Todleben, in his letter to General Braimont, speaks of the enormous losses suffered by the Russian assaulting lines while they were still 2,000 yards and more away from the enemy, and the same tale is told in the despatches of General Skobelev, in the notes of Captain Kouropatine, in the articles published since the war by General Zeddeker, who fought with the

Russian Guard at Gorni-Dubnik, and in the writings of all who have recounted the events of the campaign. Gen. Zeddeker indeed relates that at the onslaught on Gorni-Dubnik men were struck down by the enemy's bullets at 3,000 paces from the Turkish trenches, adding that at 2,000 paces the attacking force suffered very severely, and that as the attack proceeded the reverses suffered nearly as much as the front lines.

These and other episodes have been carefully noted by vigilant observers on the Continent, and from them and from carefully conducted experiments it has been deduced that it would be a great mistake to any longer refrain from utilizing the power of the far-reaching firearms with which infantry of long-range firing is increasingly tended with certain inconveniences is still admitted, but the advantages to be derived from its judicious and well-timed employment are recognized to be so great as to outweigh these attendant difficulties; while the very fact that these exist render it all the more necessary work out carefully beforehand the manner in which it shall be employed, with a view to drawing up appropriate regulations for its use.

The nature of the inconveniences which, it is feared, may ensue from the adoption of long-range fire have been so frequently and so lucidly set forth that it is almost needless to recapitulate them. The principal objection urged against its adoption is that since long-range fire, if it is to be carried on so as to be in any way effective, necessarily involves the expenditure of a very large amount of ammunition, there will always be danger of men engaging in it running short of cartridges before the decisive moment of the battle arrives; in other words, it is feared that troops who have opened fire at long ranges may find themselves powerless at the very moment when, if they had not expended all their ammunition they could use their weapons with most effect. With regard to this point, it may be remarked that when a brooch-loading rifle was first suggested, its adoption was opposed because it was feared that the facility of rapid firing offered by it would lead men to expend their cartridges in a reckless manner.

It would thus render it likely that they would frequently run short of ammunition. The introduction of the needle-gun into the French army was, in fact, negated by the Artillery Committee before the invention was laid long before the weapon was resorted to in the Prussian army for this very reason. The evil thus dreaded has, however, not made itself felt to any remarkable extent; at all events, not to such an extent as to render a return to the old muzzle-loading rifle an advisable even in the opinion of the most persistent admirer of old institutions. In the same way there is no sufficient reason for apprehending that long-range firing will cause the men employing it to run short of ammunition. It will doubtless be found necessary to increase the supply of cartridges available during an action; it will be necessary to perfect the organization of the arrangements both for bringing up and issuing ammunition to men engaged—a point to which, unfortunately, but too little attention has been accorded in the English army; it may even be found necessary to give to the soldier from the outset a greater number of rounds to carry, decreasing the weight of his kit or general equipment to a corresponding degree; and before all it will be needful carefully to train both officers and men in the practice of long range fire before they are called upon to employ it on the actual field of battle; but, if these precautions be taken, the use of such fire within proper and prescribed limits may be sanctioned without any real danger of the danger of leaving the men deprived of ammunition. That it will be largely employed by Continental armies in future campaigns may be concluded from the experiments which have been lately made, and from the regulations concerning its use given in the latest musketry instructions of more than one foreign force; and therefore it seems to be time that something were done to the matter in England too.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

PRINCE HASSAN AND HIS GLOVES.

Though but twenty-four years old, Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, and commander-in-chief of the Egyptian contingent on the Danube, is an experienced soldier, and has already had his share of baps and mishaps. The young Prince received his military education at Woolwich and Berlin, after which he occupied the office of Minister of War to his father. During the late war with Abyssinia he was seriously wounded and made prisoner. Although treated with great consideration, King John—"to punish him," as he expressed it, "for fighting against Christians—order that a large cross should be tattooed on the back of each of the Prince's hands. This was done; and when his wounds were healed, the young officer was released and returned to Cairo. Arrived at home, Prince Hassan consulted the best European as well as native physicians and chemists, and Copt soothsayers, promising a large sum to any one who should rid him of these mementoes of the Abyssinian King. Advice was freely offered and experiments tried; the Prince underwent much suffering, but all in vain—the Christian crosses were indelible. In despair he finally resorted to a Dervish for advice, and the holy man communicated a remedy which, at least, had the merit of being undeniably efficacious. "Chop off both thy hands," he said to the Prince. "Better live without hands than wear forever those signs of the infidel ghouls!" But Hassan relished it but little, and remains on this day tattooed with the hateful symbols. This is why no one ever sees him without gloves.

The sea is still at a certain depth—Divers report at thirty feet.

Varieties.