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# The Chatham Record.

ADVERTISING.

#### Sleep.

cae copy, three months, - - - - -

He sees when their lootsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and taint He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;

he bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep; And, tolded in mir, green pastures,

He giveth His loved ones sleep. Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,

He knows that they oft are longing for hon and its sweet repose: So He calls them in from their labors ere the

shadows around them creep, And sileptly watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly

on her breast. Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep; For with many a soothing promise

He giveth His loved onessleep. He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;

But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow.

Their fees may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep, But, guarding them sale from danger, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that opprest to-day, Like mists that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.

Nor call nor clamor can reuse them from slumbers so pure and deep,

For only His voice can reach them Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over; weep not that their race is run.

God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done! Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,

And rejoice in the sweet assurance He giveth His loved ones sleep.

-Golden Hours.

### VOSS.

one morning last April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and half a dozen others with their sisters and

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls to see the effect.

"What do you say to the race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, Leid."

Leid nodded, threw off his coat and was beaten, in both race and wrestle. He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeannette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger then of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, under-sized fellow, the eon of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeannette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at

"Come, girls!" cried Bund. The girls drew nearer, shy, but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss, but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color; he played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength, but it was hard to be told it; before little Jeanette, too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I." "What is it ?" said Nicholas, eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me, and see which of us can reach the other shore !" The girls looked at the river. It was

swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crunched and tore each other as they went rushing by. "Ah, that would be a brave deed!"

they said, looking admiringly at Bund. Jeannette looked, and turned away with "Well done, Bund !" said the other

lads. "There's no cowardice in Bund, that's certain !" Bund tore off his woolen tacket and boots, straightening himself and clapping his hands. He was not sorry that

the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces. "Come, little one, off with your coat ! You're a famous swimmer—and Jean-

bitte is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eye. Nicholas looked at the lads waiting, and at the excited, silly girls, and then

could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness-perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund. "Afraid, The lads and girls looked at Voss;

even Jeanette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim." If he had bluffed it out in a strident, ocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward.

He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick. "Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund, insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not

Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to hear. Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his old father in that mood. He went to the bear pits. Now, everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese, and Nicholas, like his neighbors, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in their pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the bar-

not see them at all. There were many strangers there that day, principally English travelers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

rier and looked with the crowd, he did

"Take care, youngsters!" cried a workman. "They are fierce-those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring, and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murder-

er!" cried a woman. All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse-maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean fur-A group of young men were standing ther over. There was a push-a

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone!" The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death as people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing it curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore-legs and dragging himself toward

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away sick. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There came a wild cry from the crowd. A man had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes; but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him!" "The others are coming on him!"

" Ach, what blows!" "Well struck!" Again, again!"

shouted the Englishman. " But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces !"

"Oh, the poor boy!"

" See, the bear has torn his flesh!" "He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting, sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The men, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the center of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then, with a mighty bound, he reached it, and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot

of the trunk. "A rope! a rope!" The rope was brought and flung to-

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child, and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put her baby in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help pull him up. As he swung across the chasm, going half-way to the bottom of the pit, the beast caught at him, but it's hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety; everybody talked at once to his neighbor. "God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?" "It is Nicholas Voss, the schoolmaster's boy." "Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the Nothing else was talked of the next everything. at the icy river. He did not trust him- day in Berne. In the shops and kit- The modern majesty consists in work. Them seems ever to have seen a well day. The Michigan observatory, whose death tell to look at Jeannette. In summer chens, at the balls, in the brilliantly- What a man can do is his greatest or- Why, it's a regular bonanza! Four cook place recently, was the discoverer ment. he had often swam the Aar at this very lighted great houses, even in the govwoint. But his lungs were weak. He ernment council, the story was told, and dignity by doing it.

the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. At the theater, somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with the vivats! Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot, attended by his old mother and father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at

home. In the afternoon a messenger from the council knocked at the door and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now, father, you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said. He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting, and wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to

shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him. A few days later his father put a lit le case into his hands.

"Look at this, my son! Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honor!" It was the gold medal of the Humane

Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest. "And here," said his mother, "is a

bunch of violets which little Jeannette left for you." Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal. But the flowers he held close

### Hibernian Courtship.

to his lips.

Galway is one of the few towns of Ireland that still clings to its primitive simplicity in dress and custom. The "love matches of Connaught" are spoken of by the more civilized provinces with supreme contempt. "Love in a cottage," or rather in a hovel, is a real every-day occurrence there. It is usually supposed that the Irish are very susceptible to the "tender passion," but we doubt this being the case, especially among the peasantry of the present day, who are too wise to let their heart get the better of their head. No man of sense will allow himself to fall in love with a girl, however charming she may has some worldly advantage to recommend her besides her face. Consequently the same bartering goes on about mar-

ringe as about other matters. In a certain village we know of it used to be the custom to employ a confidential friend, considered suitable for the purpose, to look out for a wife for any one desiring to settle in life. The usual stipulation was that she should not easily obtained, as may be imagined. A man would remain a bachelor all his days sooner than marry a penniless girl. Indeed, to do these wise heads justice, we must own that there are very few cases on record of men who have so far forgotten what was due to themselves as to fall in love with a penniless girl of obscure family. No, the bride-elect must have either cattle, or a farm, or something to recommend her. or, be she a very Venus for beauty, she may remain all her life unsought for, and "waste all her sweetness on the desert air." The pioneer sent out on this delicate matter of investigation must be a man of experience, prudence and judgment, who will go about his work cautiously. But even the most experienced in this line of commerce are liable to err, as the following anecdote will show: A father wishing to get his daughter, who was portioned, married

to a wealthy man, sent out the village oracle to investigate. After some little time the pioneer returned with a brilliant account of his success; he had heard of just the man that would do. Accordingly on a given day the father went to the desirable personage to inspect matters. True enough, there were plenty of cows grazing in the meadows, cars full of hay, ready for sale, a sty full of pigs, flocks of geese, etc. No sooner was the marriage accomplished than all the bridegroom's possessions melted into air, and it was discovered that he was as poor as a "church mouse." He had gained a rich wife, and had nothing to give in return; the cattle, geese, hay, etc., had all been borrowed from neighbors, and set out for inspection on the day that the bargain was to be completed. It must be owned that one's sympathies go with the improvident Connaught boy," who marries the girl he loves without thinking of her portion, even though love in a hovel in the midst of a able. bog, and a swarm of healthy barefooted children, be the result .- Leisure Hour.

Words of Wisdom. What is joy? A sunbeam between

two clouds. Beware of the man who hates the laugh of a child. Strong minds, like hardy evergreens

are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are If you can say nothing good of any one say nothing at all, for in friendship

as in love we are often happier in our knowledge. Good temper is, like a summer day. the sweetener of toil and soother of disquietude. It sheds a brightness over

The Cotton King.

Mr. Richardson, of Cresson, Miss., is the largest cotton planter in the world, and is the cotton king of America. He has worked hard all his life, and is still working. He is popular with the masses, and especially so with his colored laborers. He is generally believed to have accumulated from \$15,-000,000 to \$20,000,000, all made in the South, the poor South. Eight hundred hands are employed in the factories, three-fourths of whom are women gathered from the surrounding country, good, faithful, industrious and intelligent. The remaining fourth are men and boys, gathered from various places, a few from the North and a few from England and Scotland, who work 400

looms and 18,000 spindles. In cotton these mills consume daily from eighteen to twenty bales, besides an enormous quantity of wool obtained mostly from the Florida parishes of Louisiana on Lake Pontchartrain. The prices of the products of these mills are kept down to rock bottom, and these mills being situated in the southern cotton belt and in the wool producing districts, and no freights to pay on cotton, their facilities for buying the raw material are without doubt unsurpassed and they can thus undersell all others. Their savings in freight, having to pay none at all, amounts to seven or eight dollars per bale. These goods find a

ready sale in all the large cities. The mills are now running day and night, using the Brush electric lights. making the buildings as bright as day. The night hands are separate and distinct from those that work in the day. All hands work harmoniously together. There has never been a strike or any threats of such a thing. There is no colored labor employed, except five men as firemen. This labor cannot be utilized to manage the looms and spindles. The monotonous humming and droning of the machinery, it is claimed, would invariably soothe the negro to sleep and let the looms run wild and the spindles foul. Hence he is not considered available as a laborer in cotton factories. Cresson is a very thriving town, and its population orderly and temperate. There ville Courter Journal

#### A Fantastic Pair.

The Figure states that two phonomanal specimens of humanity are now in Paris; one is a giant and the other a dwarf. The giant named Nicolai Simonoff, seven feet five inches high, is a young Russian of twenty-four, who served in the body-guard of the emperor of Russia during the Turkish have "three F's," namely, family, face campaign. He is one of the one hunand fortune. These requirements were dred and seventy men who forced a passage across the Danube near Semnitza on the 15th of June, 1877, and was rewarded with the Saint-George medal for his bravery. During the war many of his companions fell around him while he escaped unhurt, and as some people expressed their astonishment at the fact, "It is very simple," he said; "All the shots passed between my legs." Nicolai Simonoff began to grow so enormously only when he was about twenty; until eighteen he was of ordinary stature. He had married before joining the wife, much astonished to see a giant enter her house as her husband, refused to recognize him.

> Princess Paulina, the dwarf, is Dutch; she measures only one foot two inches. The giant holds her on his stretched-out

How Andersonville Looks.

The Andersonville prison has just been visited by a correspondent, who found oaks fifteen feet high growing on part of it, while near the southern limit was a thrifty cotton field. The caves in which the men burrowed are all fifteen years have carried away their roofs and have washed the earth away until they have gullied ravens thirty feet across at the top, and deep, with crumbling, perciptious sides. On the south hill, facing the north, the caves are marked only by the depressions of ground where the roofs have fallen. The hollows have not entirely filled, and probably never will, now that they are covered with the meager grass and weeds of Southern Georgia. The stream is now a clean brook about four feet wide and ten inches deep. The sides which, trodden down by the feet of tens of thousand of men daily, were a soggy quagmire, are gaining solidity, though still swampy, and in some places impass-

## How the Landlord Managed It.

Two new tenants, a doctor and a man of family, had just moved into the building. On comparing notes they discovered that they were paying more rent than their predecessors in the lodg-

This was how the wily landlord had managed it: He had said to the man of family: "These second-story rooms are precisely what you want: and there is a doctor in the story just above you, so that if any member of your family is taken sick all you have to do is to slip upstairs and summon him. Why, it is worth 200 francs a year for convenience and satisfaction!"

And unto the doctor he had said: There is a man downstairs with eleven children and a wife, and none of the very least !"-Paris Paper.

#### A BABY WITH TWO READS.

A Strange Cresture in the Smithsonian Institute--Mystery as to its Origin. A recent letter from Washington to the Philadelphia Times says: One of the officers of the Smithsonian Institute sent me a note a day or two ago asking me to come over and see the strangest thing that had ever been in the institution. I went, as a matter of course, and was surely shown a very amazing thing. It was a two-headed baby, nicely dried and preserved. It was about a foot long. The heads, about the size of a base ball. were perfect, and so were the two trunks, which came together at the waist. The shoulders seemed to be perfect, the four arms were perfect, and the two chests were, so far as I could see. natural and normal. The hips appeared about the proper size for an inwere natural. Every part of the boys ribs seemed to grow together. The right to die on his hands. arm of the left boy was over the head of along the sides. The child or children not have been born alive. The scientists far there does not seem to be any natural reason why the children should not

have lived. It is certainly a more curious freak of nature than the Siamese twins, except in the matter of living. The remains arrived a day or two ago from a Southern State. The case is enshrouded in a good deal of mystery and still more secrecy. The authorities pretend that they have not a full history of the singular thing, and whether they have or not it is doubtful that it will ever be given to the public. Even the "specimen" itself is kept locked up in a room with a lot of rattlesnakes, and the people are not allowed to see it, and this is the first publication about it that has ever been made. The probability is that the existence of such a child was concealed by the parents, and that the remains were found by accident, the parents being ignorant of the finding. One thing I noticed particularly about these baby, or that babies, and that was the shape

the Siamese twins. What is to become with him is a question no one can answer at the Smithsonian. Ole Bull's Costliest Fiddle. "In 1839 I gave sixteen concerts at Vienna, and then Rhehazek was the great violin collector. I saw at his house this violin for the first time. I just went wild over it. 'Will you sell it?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'for one-quarter of all Vienna.' Now Rhehazek was really as poor as a church mouse. Though he had no end of money put out in the most valuable instruments, he never sold any of them except when forced by hunger. I invited Rhehazek to my concerts. I wanted to buy the violin so much that I made him some tempting offers. One day he military service, and on his return his said to me: 'See here, Ole Bull, it I do sell the violin, you shall have the preference at 4,000 ducats.' 'Agreed,' I cried, though I knew it was a big

of the heads. They were as well de-

"That violin came strolling, or playing, rather, through my brain for some years. It was in 1841. I was in Leipsic, giving concerts. Liszt was there, and so also Mendelssohn. One day we were all dining together. We were having a splendid time. During the dinner came an immense letter with a seal-an official document. Said Mendelssohn: 'Use no ceremony; open your letter.' 'What an awful seal!' cried gone. On the north hill, which [sent its | Liszt. 'With your permission,' said slope down to the south, the rains of I, and I opened the letter. It was from Rhehazek's son, for the collector was dead. His father had said that the violin should be offered to me at the price he had mentioned. I told Liszt and Mendelssohn about the price. 'You man from Norway, you are crazy,' said Liszt. 'Unheard of extravagance, which on'y a fiddler is capable of,' exclaimed Mendelssohn. 'Have you ever tried it ?' they both inquired. played on at all just now.'

'Never,' I answered, 'for it cannot be " I never felt happier than when I felt sure that the prize was mine. Originally the bridge was of box-wood, with two fishes carved on it—that was the zodiacal sign of my birthday, February times that violin and I have had! As to its history, Rhebazek told me that in 1809, when Innspruck was taken by the little fishes to witness, to see their French, the soldiers sacked the town. This violin had been placed in the Innspruck museum by Cardinal Aldobrandi in the deep, with a cross-bar between at the close of the sixteenth century. A his distended jaws. French soldier looted it, and sold it to Rhehazek for a trifle. This is the same violin that I played on when I first came to the United States, in the Park | Then observe the following rules: theater. That was on Evacuation day, 1843. I went to the Astor house, and made a joke; I am quite capable of doing such things. It was the day when John Bull went out and Ole Bull came in. I remember that at the very first concert one of my strings broke, and I had to work out my piece on the three strings, and it was supposed I did it on purpose."-Harper's Magazine.

Professor Watson, the astronomer of steroids and of two comets.

A He'ping Hand "Every man's Nemean Lion lies in waiting

There was a small crowd of boys and men congregated upon an uptown corner the other morning, and the occasion of it was a horse fallen in the harnessa respectable-looking horse drawing a respectable-looking milk wagon, and

driven by a boy, who now tugged at his head, vainly urging him to rise. "Jerk him up," called a man who stood on the sidewalk with both hands in his pockets. "Give him the whip." Each one shouted out some advice. but no one volunteered to assist the boy, who was just far enough away from his childhood to feel like having a good cry: but he coaxed and pulled at the horse that now lay quite still, and with horse sense did not try to move on the slipfant of that age, and the legs and feet | pervice, but stretched his neck out in a

way that brought despair to the heart to the hips seemed natural. Here the of the boy, who believed he was going Just then a man came walking briskly the other boy, while the left arm of the along and saw the prostrate horse, and right boy was around the neck of the the disconsclate-looking boy; he carother. The other arms were stretched ried a heavy piece of machinery in one hand, but this he laid aside as he stepped were larger than usual at birth, and it out to the horse and began to take off is a conjecture whether it or they may the harness. In a moment he had run the shafts back and left the horse free. have not examined it critically; but so Then he took the briddle-rein, gave a quick, sharp cherup and the animal sprung to his feet and gave himself a great shake; the man helped the boy reharness him, the two exchanged a smile of thanks and welcome, and then the man picked up his machinery and walked cheerily off one way, as the boy drove on another. He had slain the Nemean lion to begin the day, and we may well believe that when evening came he would be one of those who can

sing: "Something accomplished, something done Has earned a night's repose." An old colored woman stopped at a corner of one of the most fashionable thoroughfares the other afternoon, just before nightfall, and looked disconsolately up and down the street; then she appealed to a beautiful girl in a Raphael hat and with eyes like some pictured saint who tripped along in rich and costly attire: "Please, miss, mought this be Anthony street, deary," but only a look from the beautiful eyes was vouchsafed her. Then came some fair veloped heads as I ever saw. They and prosperous matrons, ail laughing were large at the top and the foreheads | and chatting over their Christmas purwere full and it did not slope back like chases. The old aunty, with her withered face stood in the way. "Please, honeys, will ye direct me to Anthony street? Ise done got lost."

"We never heard of such a street." they said, and wen, hughing on. It was a weary professor going home from instrumental lesson-giving, with the merest breath of life left in him, who stopped and said: "You mean Antoine street, aunty," and he turned her in the right direction, and saw that she followed it. And so he had slain his Nemean lion before he slept.

For the difficulty of moment in the path of everybody is the small, homely, unheroic duty, which is so unbeautiful we will not see it, and has so little grandeur with which to invest us when we have performed it. Who of us cares to be seen assisting an old woman with an overburden of unwashed clothes, or a blind man groping behind a wheelbarrow. The fear of ridicule is stronger than the creed of ages .- Detroit Free

A Joke on the Shark.

The pearl divers on the Coromandel coast are not infrequently attacked by ground-sharks. As a rule, a shark will leave a man with a dark skin alone, but when hungry it rarely makes a difference between a European and a Hindoo. Knowing this, the divers of whom I speak frequently arm themselves with a stout bamboo in the shape of a cross. with the extremities made sharp. With this four-pointed dagger they will dare any shark to seize them, for as the menster turns on his back and opens his mouth for the bite, they dexterously thrust the bamboo cross between its jaws. Great care is taken of the strength of the bamboo; the consequence is that the shark, on closing its mouth to obtain the first taste of his anticipated meal, drives the spike well home between its jaws. Fishermen say that when a shark has a sturdy, well-pointed and placed bamboo cross fixed in its distended mouth, no efforts of the creature can rid it of the wood. Its efforts are described as being often furious aud comic. The diver, as soon as he has impaled his enemy, has to get out of the way as fast as possible, as a -which was a good sign. Oh, the good | blow from the tail of an infuriated shark is no joke. As for the comic side of the picture, it must be a ludicrous sight for dreaded, but now impotent, arch-foe wildly tearing about hither and thither Boys Who Wish to be Men.

Boys, do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Hold integrity sacred.

Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make few acquaintances. Yield not to discouragements. Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Fight life's battles bravely, manfully. Consider well, then decide positively. Sacrifice money rather than principle.

# MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There are 3,000 miles of canals in

You may give the cold shoulder to the poor; but let it be of mutton, says the Yonkers Gazette.

Some of the palm trees in Jay Gould s late conservatory on the Hudson were

over 500 years old. A Nevada critic, speaking of a harpist, said: "We never before knew there was

so much music in a gridiron." The cook who can give sage advice does not always put the right herbs in the soup .- New York Herald.

The military enrollment of Connecticut shows that there are in the State 79,236 citizens fit for military duty.

"Kissing your sweetheart," says a triffing young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough.'

A railroad station would seem to be the best place for marriage or divorce, for they are used to coupling and uncoupling there.

The comparative value of wood and coal as fuel is shown by the fact that two and a quarter pounds of dry wood equal one pound of soft coal. An Iowa judge, although sixty-eight

years of age and considered a pretty well educated man, has entered a college in Boston as a student. Detroit, Mich., has 820 manufactur-

ing establishments representing an invested capital of \$13,226,373, and giving employment to 17,870 skilled workmen. By investigation at the records in the treasury. Washington, it is found that

out of the 650 millions registered bonds

less than 150 millions are held by for-The Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort, is reported to have just purchased for his collection one of the most superb and expensive silver gilt cups in

the world. It cost \$150,000. Jute culture is one of the rising in dustries. In North Carolina alone 1,200,-000 yards of jute cicth are used annually at one-eighth the cost of cotton.

the Zarafshan river in Central Asia has been explored and recently described by Mr. Mushketof, a Russian geologist. It is fifteen miles long, and a mile wide. The Empress Eugenie is a very wealthy woman. She has estates in Hungary,

The great glacier which gives rise to

Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy and England. She has, besides, the product of savings and speculations and the insurance on the life of her late husband. Some English sparrows built their nests in a box that had a mirror back. and nearly exhausted themselves fighting their own reflections. Failing to

large pieces of gravel, which they take in their bills and beat forcibly against the mirror. There are only 15,000 real estate holders in New York city in a population of 1,000,000. The tenement-house system is the only resort of the masses, and about 600,000 of the population live in this manner. The entire Fifth avenue, three miles long, contains a smaller

number than some of the more densely

get satisfaction, they have resurted to

populated squares A bug has turned up in Asia Minor which feeds upon the eggs of the locust. Where a cluster of locust eggs is examined the destroying insect appears in the midst of them. Locusts from time immemorial have made themselves disliked in Asia, and the new bug, which is believed to deposit its eggs in the live locust's body, has general sympathy and

Sameschima, the Japanese ambassador to France, who has just died in Paris of pulmonary consumption, looked alm st boyish, although approaching middle age. His manners were amiable and his and Madame Sameschima's receptions were a pleasant winter feature of Parisian society. The body of the ambassador was shown to a few friends in a sitting position and propped up with pillows, as it was when gasping for breath he died, and there was in the mortuary chambers a service according to the Buddhist ritual, which Buddhists only were invited to attend.

Of Course She Falled. "So she's all broken up, eh?" replied Detroit landlady when she heard of the failure of another woman in the same business in Toledo. "Well, I knew it was only a question of time. I was in her house for a week, and I saw plainly that she had no economy about her. I tell you, a landlady must think and

" Yes." "Not only in great things, but in small. There's philosophy in running a boarding-house."

plan." .

"How!" "Well, I can't stop to tell you more than one instance. I have buckwheat pancakes every morning for breakfast for fourteen boarders. They use butter on their cakes. I keep the butter on ice until it is as hard as a rock. The cakes are allplaced on the table, not smoking hot, but mildly warm-just warm enough to soften the outside of a lump of butter. In this way I make a saving of two pounds of butter per week over the usual way of rushing on hot pan-. cakes. It's only one dodge out of a hundred, but the landlady who doesn't play more or less of them must ulti-Attend carefully to the details of your mately come to grief."-Detroit Fre