

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

## The Chatham Record.

VOL. III. NO. 24.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1881.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

RATES  
OF  
ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, . . . . . \$1.00  
One square, two insertions, . . . . . 1.50  
One square, one month, . . . . . 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

## Where is Yesterday?

"Mother, some things I want to know,  
Which puzzle and confuse me so.  
To-day is present, as you say;  
But tell me, where is yesterday?"

"I did not see it as it went;  
I only know how it was spent—  
In play and pleasure, though in rain;  
Then why won't it come back again?"

"To-day the sun shines bright and clear;  
But then to-morrow's drawing near.  
To-day—oh, do not go away!  
And vanish like dear yesterday."

"Tis when the sun and all the light  
Has gone, and darkness brings the night,  
It seems to me you steal away  
And change your name to yesterday."

"And will all time be just the same?  
To-day—the only name remains;  
And shall I always have to say,  
To-morrow you'll be yesterday?"

"I wonder, when we go to heaven,  
If there a record will be given  
Of all our thoughts and all our ways  
Write on the face of yesterday?"

"If so, I pray God grant to me  
That mine a noble life may be;  
For then I'll greet with joyous gaze  
The dear lost face of yesterday."

## A DUEL OR A WEDDING.

I am an ardent admirer of female beauty. I ought to have been an artist or a sculptor but I am neither. I was bookkeeper for Brown & Co., wholesale dealers in hides and tallow. Henry Bower, a young man of very lively disposition, was employed in the same office. We boarded and roomed together.

One night Henry and I attended one of the lyceum lectures in W—. We had hardly been in the hall five minutes before my attention was fixed upon one of the ladies upon the front seat. She was a little to the right of me, but as she was talking very earnestly to the lady next to her, her face was turned toward us, and susceptible as I am, I could not but be impressed with the beauty of it.

Indeed, I couldn't withdraw my gaze from the beautiful young lady before me. She had golden hair, and her bluest of eyes swam full of love and sweetness. Her nose was small and straight, and she had just the prettiest dimple among the blushes on either cheek. And then such a mouth! What red lips! Teeth of pearl, flashing between the roses. Her forehead was smooth and broad, and her neck, I saw, as the fur cape dropped low on her shoulders, was white as alabaster, and smooth as a marble. In brief, I did not hear a word of the lecture.

A month passed without my seeing anything of the beautiful stranger. But about that time I received an invitation to visit my friend Mrs. Sgard in M—. She is a widow of forty, and is the mother of a certain Miss Sgard, familiarly called Clara. I knew that Mrs. Sgard had tried to bring about a marriage between Clara and myself, and I believe I was not much opposed to the match. Clara was a good girl, everybody said; a very pretty brunette, with flashing black eyes and hair, but her form was short, thick and dowdy. I admire a handsome form quite as much as a handsome face. I might have married her—I really think I should, but for a little affair which happened at U—.

The morning I started for M—, Bowers accompanied me to the depot. While I was buying my ticket I noticed another gentleman come into the waiting-room. My first thought was that it was my shadow that I saw before me. He was about my height, had a light complexion like mine, and eyes of crizly gray, and one of them turned in, just like mine. He had on a tall silk hat, tipped on one side of his sandy locks, and so did I; and furthermore, he carried in his hand a small carpet bag, with a tag marked "J. McD." tied to the strap. So did I.

I looked at him, and he returned the compliment.

"I say, sir," said the stranger, looking down at the carpet bag that I held, and examining the tag, "are you John McDolan, or am I?"

"My name is McDolan. I hope you are an honest man, for you see if you should happen to rob a bank, force a note, pick a pocket, or cut somebody's jugular, I might have to suffer, perhaps swing for it."

"I can give you reference as to my character," I answered.

"Yes, that's very good. But, Mr. McDolan, which way are you going?"

"Down. I have bought my ticket."

"Then I'm going up. I don't think we'd best travel together. There's the train starting now. Good-bye, Mr. McDolan. I wish you success, and for my sake don't spoil your character."

To get to M—, which, by the way, is a rather out-of-the-way place, a small, one-horse town, with one tavern, two churches and a poorhouse, I had to leave the cars at T—, and then take a private conveyance to M—, five miles distant. I could have gone by the stage, but that only leaves U— once a day, at five o'clock in the morning.

So when the cars stopped at U— I took my carpet-bag in my hand, and got out upon the platform.

There was quite a large number of people at the station, but I took no notice of any of them, except a tall, brawny man, in a brown overcoat and slouched hat, who stood near me as soon as I stepped off the cars.

I was about to move away, when the slouched hat laid his hand heavily on my shoulder.

## "You're a villain!"

"Sir?"

"I repeat it—you're a villain!"

"A miserable scamp!" said a corpulent gentleman, coming forward and scowling fiercely.

Now, I felt that I was a match for the latter, but as to the other one, I didn't doubt but what he might work me up into shoe strings in less than three minutes.

"Will you explain yourselves, gentlemen?" I asked, trying to smile.

"Yes, I will," answered the big one, putting great stress on the "will."

"Certainly," growled the corpulent gentleman, with a grim smile.

"Come this way, you rascal!" said the tall one, drawing me along with him.

His companion followed us out back of the station, where we were out of sight and hearing of the rest of U—.

"Now," said the tall gentleman, turning and confronting me, "I'll introduce myself. I am Captain Augustus Boynton. This gentleman is my father, John Boynton. Do you know us now?"

"Well, really," I replied, wondering in my own mind what the deuce was coming; "really, I don't know anything more about you than what you've just told."

"Hush!" said the captain; and he bent down and hissed in my ear, "I am Carrie Boynton's brother."

"And I am her father," growled John Boynton.

"Ah, really, do you say so?" I could not help smiling, the whole affair seemed so ludicrous. "Give my regards to Carrie."

"Hail you laugh at us, do you, villain?" cried the captain. "Look here," said he, lowering his voice to a horrid whisper. "Look at these."

I did look; for just then he drew from the pocket of his brown overcoat a handsome case, and opening it, displayed a pair of splendid silver-mounted dueling pistols.

"Take your choice."

A cold tremor ran through my frame. Was I to be murdered?

"Choose quick," urged the captain.

"Sir," said I, in a tremulous voice, while the cold drops of perspiration stood out upon my brow, "there must be some mistake. I'm bookkeeper for Brown & Co., dealers in hides and tallow. My father was Norton McDolan, my mother was Mary McDolan, my grandfather was—"

"Confound your grandfather! Either marry my sister as you promised to do a month ago, or take one of these pistols and—"

"Oh help!"

"Dry up, you whelp," and the captain clapped his broad hand over my mouth.

"Choose quick, youngster," said the older Boynton.

"I won't fight," I cried.

"Then marry my sister, or we'll drag you through the mill pond."

"It was hopeless for me to remonstrate. I could not convince the enraged father and son that I was not the villain McDolan. I dared not cry for help.

What should I do? Marry a woman whom I never saw before, whom I knew nothing about? I had little time to consider. Life was sweet to me, a ducking was disagreeable, and as to a duel I should have been a dead man at the first shot.

"Choose," said the captain, giving me a kick with his boot.

"I'll marry her."

"All right."

And the captain smiled grimly as he returned the pistol to the case.

The elder Mr. Boynton went after the carriage; but before I had ceased to tremble he returned.

He captain helped me in, and then seated between the chivalric father and son, I rode away. There were plenty of people on the street; but I was warned not to shout, if I knew what was healthy for me.

We rode at a smart trot for about two miles I should think; and then the captain drew rein before a large two-story white house, that stood near the road, surrounded by a high white fence. There was a gravel walk up to the front door, and several large cherry trees stood in the front yard.

"Here we are," said the captain, getting down, and motioning me to follow.

The door opened just as we reached it, and who should fall into my arms but the identical young lady who had made such a strong impression upon my heart the night of the lecture in W—.

"Oh, John! I knew you would be true," she cried; and the captain snickered as he led the way into the parlor.

But once there I succeeded in convincing Miss Boynton that I was not McDolan. Her father apologized, and so did the captain and the upshot of all was that I consented to stop over night with them, and I am happy to state that I passed a very pleasant evening indeed.

I learned, too, that this John McDolan, for whom I had been taken, was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, with only one fault, and that was promising to marry every pretty woman that he became acquainted with. Then I told my story, and both Mr. Boynton and the captain seemed pleased, and so did Carrie, especially when I offered to stand in McDolan's shoes. And—well, my dear reader, I did about a month after.

We had a great wedding, and Clara Sgard was one of the bridesmaids, and Henry Bower was a groomsman. And I am very well satisfied that McDolan took the up train instead of the down.

In a war of words the dictionary gets the best of it.

## AN OUTLAW'S LIFE.

The Career and End of a Noted Deserter.

There died a day or two ago since at Peach Orchard, Clay county, Arkansas, a man who was by odds the most daring desperado that ever lived. He was known and dreaded all over the South-western border, where the news of his death will be received with general satisfaction. His name was E. A. Gray, but he was familiarly known as "Kete" Gray. His deeds would fill a volume, and his history is full of romance and mystery. He was born in Tennessee, where his parents, wealthy and respectable people, are yet living. At an early age he developed wayward propensities, and many there were who sagely predicted that he "would fetch up on the gallows."

When only eighteen he fell in love with the daughter of a Baptist deacon by the name of Mary Wells, a gentle, lovely, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, who loved him in return. But her father was obdurate. "Mary should not wed the young ruffian," he said. Coercion was resorted to, but locks and bars failed to change the young girl's fancy. She remained true to her first and only love. The trouble which it brought her, however—the knowledge that it had estranged her from her parents—told upon her health, and she slowly faded away. Yet she would not consent to give him up. Perhaps the dream was sweet to her even in affliction; at any rate, she hugged her claims more tightly than ever. But the color faded from her cheeks; her eyes shone with unearthly lustre; her step lost its elasticity; and without a murmur she went to the grave, dying, as the neighbors affirm, of a broken heart.

Perhaps, had she lived and become Gray's wife, her influence might have saved him, for after her death he grew utterly reckless. Yet his grief at her loss was profound. We were shown at an obscure paper published in the neighborhood at the time of the occurrence, and in it noticed a few stanzas Gray had written upon her death. One passage read thus:

Can I forget those halcyon days  
Ere my guiding star had fled?  
Or the peasant pain which smote my heart  
When he told me thou wert dead?

Showing that there were traces of poetic genius mingled with his wayward nature. After this event, however, he went from bad to worse. His parents made every effort to save him, but, at last, even they were compelled to turn their backs upon him and leave him to his fate. Wherever he went he stirred up strife; wherever he went he left the stains of blood. At last the country in the neighborhood of his old home became too hot to hold him. He had shot and dangerously wounded a score of men, and carried his life in his hand. In addition, warrants were out for his arrest, hence he decided to seek other fields, and came to Arkansas. He inaugurated his advent into the State with the murder of Fayette Fletcher, at Walnut Ridge. His victim was respectable and highly connected, and the murder was unprovoked and cold-blooded. It created intense excitement, not only in the neighborhood, but all over the commonwealth. It was thought that Gray would hang; but to the surprise of every one, he succeeded in cheating the gallows, and after a brief term of imprisonment was set free. But public opinion ran high against him, and he fled from the State going to the Indian Territory. Amid the wild and lawless people of the border he was in his element. Here he was joined by another ruffian, "Comanche Jim," who was almost as bad as himself.

Together they inaugurated a carnival of blood and set the law at defiance, openly boasting that there was not an officer in the Territory who dared lay a finger upon them. While dividing some plunder the two men quarreled, and each swore that he would have the other's life. The dispute was settled by an agreement to fight a duel. Arming themselves with derringers, they measured off the ground upon a lonely spot of the prairie, and stood facing each other just as the sun disappeared beneath the western horizon and the shadows of night fell slowly upon the landscape. When the word "Fire" was pronounced Gray sent a bullet crashing through the brain of "Comanche Jim," who fell on the earth and died without a struggle or without a word. Gray had escaped without a scratch.

Fearing the vengeance of the friends of the man he had slain he fled from the spot, and never halted until in Arkansas, miles away from the scene of the tragedy. Perhaps the thought of the rigid, blood-stained ace lying prone on the prairie acted as a stimulus and forced him to put all forcible distance between that ghastly object and himself.

Be this as it may, it is certain that it did not change him. In Little River county he was arrested, but while in the courtroom and while his preliminary examination was in progress, he snatched a pistol from one of his captors, shot and dangerously wounded the sheriff, jumped through a window and escaped, though the town was full of people. Heavy rewards were offered, yet none of them secured his recapture. In an affray with a man named Alexander Chenoweth, at Peach Orchard, in Clay county, he met his doom, as he was mortally wounded in the encounter. Chenoweth was also badly wounded. Gray lived six days. Skillful physicians attended him, hoping to save his life so that he could be brought to trial and punished for his

many crimes. Gray told them he never meant to die with his boots on. "You are getting better, Gray," said the doctor, noting what he thought to be a favorable change in his condition. "Doctor," Gray responded, "I wasn't born to be hung like a thief!" With these words he turned his face to the wall, and soul and body parted.—Chicago Times.

## The Western Metropolis.

A summarized statement of the business done in Chicago during 1880 shows the following: Hundreds of new industries have been established, and thousands of dwellings and business houses erected. Manufactures have in some cases more than doubled in value and amount. Bank clearings have increased over last year, which was the heaviest in the history of the city, by \$336,000,000, and the banks give a flourishing financial exhibit. But the chief increase is in the trade. There have been received at the elevators, of grain, 161,000,000 bushels, against 139,000,000 in 1879, and 60,000,000 in 1870. The increase of this year over last is in corn and oats, the other cereals showing a falling off, owing to the corner of 1879, which brought out heavy quantities of old grain.

In 1879 the receipts were 3,370,000 barrels of flour, 34,000,000 bushels of wheat, 64,000,000 bushels of corn, 17,000,000 bushels of oats, 7,000,000 bushels of rye and barley. This year the receipts were 3,000,000 barrels of flour, 32,000,000 bushels of wheat, 75,000,000 bushels of corn, 22,000,000 bushels of oats, 7,000,000 bushels of rye and barley. The shipments this year were 156,000,000 bushels, last year, 126,000,000. The prospect for the winter and spring is the brightest possible for a continuation of the increase in the trade of cereals, as well as for a general business revival. In nearly every other commodity dealt in on 'Change there has been a marked increase in the amount and in the price paid. Thus, there were 52,000,000 pounds of grass seed against 46,000,000 in 1879.

There were 188,000,000 pounds of flax seed, against 118,000,000; 65,000,000 pounds of butter, against 54,000,000; 68,000,000 pounds of hides, against 54,000,000. In the provision trade there has been a forward stride for the year. Ending November 1, 1880, 5,375,000 hogs were slaughtered here, against 5,189,000 in 1879, and this in the face of serious labor disturbances lasting through the better part of the packing season. The average daily capacity of the packing houses is 100,000 hogs. This business has all grown up since 1853, when the first hogs were slaughtered here to the number of 22,000. The aggregate weight of this year's killing was 1,100,000,000 pounds, valued at \$62,000,000, an increase of \$20,000,000 over the hog crop of 1879. Receipts—7,000,000 hogs, 1,351,000 cattle and 329,000 sheep. Shipments—860,000 cattle and 1,360,000 hogs.

## Census Figures.

The census returns show that our aggregate population has advanced from 38,555,963 in 1870 to 50,160,000 in round numbers. The number of States having over a million inhabitants has risen from 15 to 19, but there is no change in the relative position of the first eight, which are New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Massachusetts and Kentucky. Iowa has risen from eleventh place to ninth, Michigan from thirteenth to tenth, Texas from nineteenth to eleventh, Georgia has dropped from twelfth to thirteenth, Virginia from tenth to fourteenth, North Carolina from fourteenth to fifteenth, Wisconsin from fifteenth to sixteenth. The four States that have passed the million line in the ten years are Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and New Jersey. The number of cities having more than 30,000 inhabitants has increased from thirty-six to sixty-four. The number having over 100,000 is twenty against fourteen in 1870. New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn hold their relative position at the head. Chicago has risen from fifth place to fourth, and St. Louis has fallen from fourth to sixth. Boston has come up from seventh to fifth, and Baltimore has dropped from sixth to seventh. Cincinnati continues to hold the eighth position, and San Francisco takes the ninth, crowding New Orleans from tenth to the thirteenth. Those which have passed the 100,000 line in the ten years are Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Jersey City, Detroit, Milwaukee and Providence.

## Swiss Criminal Laws.

The criminal and prison systems of Switzerland are as diverse as the cantons of which the Confederation is composed. Within the very wide limits laid down by the Federal constitution every canton is a law to itself. While in Geneva the utmost punishment awarded to murder is twelve years' seclusion, the penalty for the same crime in Zurich is imprisonment for life, and in Zug death by decapitation. In Schwytz, the most primitive of the primitive cantons, which recently, like Zug, has re-established capital punishment, the only jail is an old farmhouse, where prisoners are placed in charge of a rural policeman and an aged man, the latter of whom accompanies them on pilgrimages, takes them for walks in the country, and trusts to their honor not to run away. The canton most in advance in these matters is probably Vaud, whose reformatories and penitentiaries might well serve as a model for neighboring States.

## A RIVER OF FIRE.

Volcanic Eruption in Hawaii—Thunder, lightning, Explosions—White Hot Rocks and Flowing Fiame.

The Hawaii Gazette gives an account of an eruption of the volcano of Mauna Loa, exceeding in violence any ever before known on the island. The grand outburst of fire is described as follows: It broke out about 7 P. M. on Friday, about six miles north of the summit crater of Mokuawewe on Mauna Loa, and flowed down the elevated plateau lying between Mauna Loa and Kea, sending out two branches, one from near its source toward the old crater of Rilauea, and another branch further down, tending toward the east. On Wednesday the flow could be seen distinctly from Hilo winding its way toward Puna, with a small branch stream running toward Hilo. The stream running toward Puna was about thirty miles in length, and from 100 to 300 yards in width, with a depth of about twenty feet. A correspondent of the Gazette accompanied a party to view the grand sight, and they climbed the mountain side. Soon, he says, as the fog gradually cleared off the sides of the mountain, we saw a tremendous river of fire pouring down the steep sides. We could see it distinctly down the slope, till it ran into the fog bank, which had settled like a huge snow bed all over the lowlands.

The fire was an intense white light and was running furiously downward. They then went toward Puna to see the molten river by night, and, he adds, the moon set, and still it was light enough to see to read. Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain head, and thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava. There lay a river of fire beneath us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. The whole front edge, being about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along the whole edge. Then there were giant explosions, vast and terrible, as if the earth was being shattered by earthquakes, and all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half way up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain. The next day the party crossed the old lava beds for about 1,000 feet. Not twenty feet distant was the immense bed of lava slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight.

The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another avalanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The mass was at its front edge from twelve to thirty feet in height. Along the line of its advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scoria. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once. Some fears of the safety of Hilo are still entertained, but the flow seems turning in another direction.

A correspondent of the Honolulu Press, writing from Hilo, says: The sight on Saturday was indescribably grand. All day, with or without the glass, our eyes were turned toward the mountain. A fountain of liquid lava was pouring out from the summit line of Mauna Loa. Two fiery streams were distinctly visible coursing down its side, one toward Mauna Kea, the other nearer Hilo. At night the sky was a glare of light that made objects distinctly visible in the streets and in our rooms. Wednesday night the sight of the mountain was most glorious. The broken clouds lying around the summits were irradiated and shone in wonderful splendor. The force of the eruption seems now diminishing.

## A Railroad on Ice.

A railroad is to be built on ice in Russia. Cronstadt is five miles from the coast, and eighteen from the capital. In the summer communication is easily and cheaply maintained by means of steamers, but when the Gulf of Finland becomes coated with ice, Cronstadt has to depend for transport to and from the island upon a number of rough little sledges, never trustworthy and always dear. The inconvenience of this system has led the Baltic railway company to obtain permission of the government to throw a line of rails across the ice to the island. The undertaking will not be beset with any serious obstacles, and it is believed that it can be successfully accomplished in eight or nine days. As soon as the ice is reported sufficiently strong by the engineers, gangs of laborers will proceed to lay down sleepers on the flat frozen surface, freezing them into position by means of a few buckets of water. The rails will then be fixed on, and light trains will convey passengers and goods direct to their destination. The only real difficulty about the enterprise is the ability of the ice to support heavy weights, but as it is rarely less than a yard thick in this quarter of the Gulf of Finland, and is supported at intervals by sandbanks, the engineers themselves anticipate no trouble on this score.

## Gathering India Rubber in Africa.

Having passed fully three years on the southwest coast of Africa, as trader for an English firm, I will endeavor to describe the manner in which India rubber is procured in that country, as the district where I was located.

The natives are in a very rude, uncivilized condition. They have no currency, and do all business by bartering the native products for manufactured stuffs. Their wealth consists chiefly in the number of slaves they possess, who fish, hunt and keep their plantations in good order.

When rubber has to be collected from four to ten slaves get their flint muskets in order, each carrying, in addition, a long sword-shaped knife called a machete, a number of calabashes or jars to collect the juice of the rubber vine and a little food that has been cured in smoke, as they can find plenty of sustenance in the bush without carrying it about with them from place to place.

The vines are in some cases near to the towns, but generally the natives have to go several days' journey into the bush before they can sit down and commence business. The vine itself is of a rough, knotty nature, about as thick as a man's arm, and grows to a length of fully two hundred feet. Its leaves are glossy, like those of the South American rubber tree, and a large fruit, much liked by the natives, is gathered from it. I have tasted it, and found it very palatable, being slightly acid. This vine (what its scientific name is I don't pretend to know) yields several grades of rubber, each of different commercial value, the best quality being taken from the highest part, and the poorest from the bottom.

With their knives, or machetes, the natives slash the vine in several places, and put broad leaves directly underneath the wounds for the juice to drop on, and which, being of a strong, adhesive nature, none of it gets lost. When the top part of the vine is bled, calabashes, or jars, are placed with their openings to the wounds, so that none of it may drop on the branches of the tree, and so get lost; but it is not often they trouble themselves climbing, unless the vines happen to be scarce in the vicinity. The entire day they devote to cutting; next day they gather what was cut the day previous, and so on. Each evening, after collecting, they put all the juice they have into several iron pots, or earthen vessels of native manufacture, and boil it; at the same time they can greatly improve the lowest quality by adding a little salt, and the more they boil the juice the better it becomes. When sufficiently boiled the water is poured off and the juice is allowed to cool, when it is fashioned according to the grade—ball, flake, mixed, or tongue—and is ready for the market. In this way about twenty or thirty pounds a day is generally collected. It is then taken to the factory, and there exchanged for guns, cloth, rum, etc. When it is received at the factory it is carefully marked, classed, weighed, and put into casks for shipment. It contains so much water that twenty per cent. is deducted from the weight of each cask, as that is about the amount of shrinkage on the voyage. This is, however, a loss to the native, as it is deducted from him when selling.

This vine, from my personal observation, is to be found in the south, but along the coast line it is rapidly becoming extinct, as the natives are so careless or rapacious that in many cases they completely sever the vine, thus killing it, instead of simply bleeding it.—Public Era.

## Advice to Young Husbands.

The Rev. C. C. Goss, during a lecture in New York on "The Honeymoon, and How to Perpetuate It," said: Look out for your habits, young man. Don't get into the habit of neglecting the little courtesies of life in your home. Just see the young men in a hotel horse-car sit forward on the edge of the seat, and when a pretty young woman enters the car they watch for the first chance to put her face in the box. Why don't you watch just as eagerly to wait on your wife? Again, my young husband, you and your wife must cultivate mutual confidence. Distrust of each other is the bane of human society everywhere. Of course, you and your wife ought to hold different opinions. I was forty years old before I married my wife, and I knew a thing or two before I knew her. When we were married we did not empty out our brains and become fools. When she comes to vote I want her to vote on the side opposite to me, because if she votes just as I do what's the use of her voting? She might have just as well voted through me as we do now. But don't fight. Husbands and wives do fight and bite and claw each other, and pull each other's hair, and all about a little thing that they would be ashamed of if they hadn't got heated. Cultivate the habit of cooling down. Finally, be honest and upright with your wife, young husband. You ought to be honest in courtship, but if you have had an outside for your girl to look at, and you have all the time kept a bit and bridle on your passions only to be a brute after marriage, then you have deceived her. Be as innocent to your wife as though she was a little baby. You wouldn't hurt a baby. Stand up for your wife—if any one says anything against her, knock him down. Well, I'll take that back—you can knock him down in your own estimation.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Leadville (Col.) product for the year will be about \$15,000,000. This will bring down the figures for the State to about \$24,000,000.

California has now seven legal holidays. Admission day, September 9, having recently been added to the six already existing.

The tea crop of India this year is estimated at 700,000,000 pounds, nearly double the yield of 1878. Ten years ago it was only 14,000,000 pounds.

It is better to praise a man for his virtues, although they may be few and his faults many, than to condemn him for his faults and forget his virtues.

A lioness kept in confinement at the Dublin Zoological gardens was the mother of fifty-four cubs, and she succeeded in raising fifty of them.

A family never becomes extinct in Japan. If there are no male descendants, a young son of another family is adopted, and takes the family name.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, takes a deep interest in M. de Lesseps' Panama canal scheme, and was one of the first to subscribe to the stock. "Money placed in it will reap fortunes," she tells her friends.

Mrs. United States Senator Logan superintends her husband's correspondence, dictating to a stenographer for hours at a time. She also assists the senator in collecting materials for reports and addresses.

General Garibaldi's health has been entirely restored by his residence on the Genoa coast. He frequently visits the villages along the shore in a canoe or small boat. His friends believe that he will live ten years longer, at least.

The bonanza kings of the Comstock mine, of Nevada, are assessed as follows: James G. Fair, \$42,300,000; Jas. T. Flood, \$36,550,000; J. C. Flood & Co., \$10,500,000; J. C. Flood & Co., trustees for John W. Mackey, \$21,322,500.

A firm at Winnipeg has received instructions from their London agency to make preparations for the reception of sixteen Irish families, to be sent out, with a good farming outfit, by the Duchess of Marlborough, in the spring.

In 1611 Holland offered a reward of \$5,000 guilders (about \$10,000) for the discovery of that northwest passage which Professor Nordenskjold, the Swedish explorer, has at last in our day accomplished. This offer was long forgotten, but it was never recalled; and it is now probable that Holland will pay the promised reward to the successful explorer, little though he dreamed of the possibility of such compensation when he started on his enterprise.

They fish now by telegraph in Norway. Stations have been built along the coast, and during the herring season which is at its height for about six weeks, a sharp lookout is kept for shoals. Wherever one is sighted word is sent along the line, and the available fishermen promptly give chase. The old way was for the fishermen to cruise along the shore, trusting to luck or the reports they might hear to come upon the herring. Now, every morning during the season, the position of the shoals which are watched is noted and posted at the principal telegraphic stations.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Platinum is the heaviest of metals. A series of experiments described in a German chemical journal indicate that the mellowness of old wine is not so much due to a decrease in the proportion of tannin which it contains as to an increase in the proportion of glycerine.

Gold is the most ductile and the most malleable, iron is the most tenacious and titanium the hardest of metals in their native state. Titanium, discovered in 1791, is rare and little used in science or industry.

There is no uniformity in metals, as regards weight or specific gravity. While platinum and osmium, which are the heaviest bodies known in nature, are twenty times heavier than water lithium, potassium and sodium are lighter.

When potatoes are frozen the amount of sugar they contain is doubled, the starch undergoing a corresponding diminution, while part of the protein passes from the coagulable into the soluble form. During the process of rotting the potato loses half its nitrogenous constituents and the whole of the sugar.

By passing air through a fermenting mash E. C. Hansen has observed that the number of yeast cells is increased twice or thrice as much as when no air is bubbled through, and that about twice the quantity is fermented. A constant supply of oxygen is, therefore, very favorable to fermentation.

The cable to Europa has enabled geographers to fix definitely and with almost absolute precision the longitude of six places on the eastern coast of South America—Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevidéo and Buenos Ayres. These observations show that the longitude of the Brazilian coast, as determined by a French expedition twenty years ago, was about two-thirds of a mile too far east.

A Philadelphia man has perfected an invention whereby sour-kraut can be boiled in the house without any of the inmates smelling it. The invention consists of a small liver-like pad of limburger cheese worn under the nose.