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The Empty Cradle.

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past—
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.

What Came of a Dream.

Hans Getter was a wealthy old Dutchman, whose broad acres of field, woodland and meadow are now partly covered by the compact blocks of Brooklyn or the village lots of Flatbush, L. I. They had descended to him, in the third or fourth remove, from the ancestor who first cleared and tilled them, and there he was living in all the rude and sumptuous plenty of the thrifty Hollanders in and around New York and along the Hudson, whom Irving has so pleasantly immortalized. His numerous barns were bursting with the products of his golden harvest; his stalls and sheds ranged housed the choicest breeds of cattle, sheep and horses then known; while his house, broad like its master, rather than lofty, was stuffed from attic to cellar with every commodity that could contribute to the comfort and respectability of the portly and ease-loving proprietor. Servants, stewards and helpers he had in abundance, so that his personal participation in the management of his affairs was mostly confined to their general supervision and the care of his income. This afforded him abundant leisure for the indulgence of his pipe and that dreamy inaction which is the paradise of all fat Dutchmen. Besides his wife—a fair, round, fresh-looking woman—two children, a son and a daughter, both adults, aided in the business of farm and household; while their position and prospects thrust them into prominence as specimens of the rustic nobility of the times. In the squat old mansion, with its broad verandas, hospitality reigned supreme; all the festivals and holidays of the old country were duly observed; the dominie and the schoolmaster were often and ever welcome guests; and during the autumn and winter months, at the harvest-home and husking-bees, the premises were the focus of luxuriant cheer and good times generally.

Our story takes us to the opening of the American Revolution. Dunker Hill had been fought, and the British, driven from Boston, were concentrating their forces to capture and occupy New York and its vicinity. As the quarrel with the mother country progressed, men were compelled to avow partiality for one party or the other with more pronounced distinctness. Hans Getter's leaning, during the preliminary troubles, had been toward the colonial side; but being constitutionally sluggish and timid, he would have greatly preferred to remain a non-combatant and to have his territory considered neutral ground, supplying either belligerent, or both, for a proper consideration. The prospect of trouble which threatened his quiet annoyed him extremely, and as the cloud of war neared his own locality, the incident confusion made a chaos of his restful ideas and threw him into a condition noticeable in some persons over a burning dwelling. Compelled to think and act rapidly, he became bewildered, lost all presence of mind, and finally tottered on the verge of insanity. But we are anticipating a little.

While the Continental army lay in his neighborhood, and in partial occupancy of his farm, Hans, though sorely grieved at the unavoidable disturbance of his ease, had passed as a sympathizer with the colonial cause and had contributed to the commissary stores, not so much for the love of the paper currency tendered in exchange, as because he could not help it. No military rules could prevent countless petty vexations by an armed host encamped on and around him. But he was not treated as an enemy, nor was the sanctity of his household openly violated. His paramount concern was for the safety of a certain earthen crock—the treasury of his annual revenues when turned into gold coin—which had always been kept in a secret nook in his cellar, accessible only to himself. There

were no banks in which to deposit it; or stock companies in which to invest it, and of landed estate he had all he cared for. And so his household had continued increasing, until Plutus, or some other deity, might please to enlighten him as to a better disposal thereof. Such information must come, if it all, as an affluant; for necessity did not compel, and protracted thought on the subject was entirely incompatible with the temperament of the proprietor. He had enough; his heirs must look after the proper employment of what he might leave them. What would you more?

But matters changed for the worse when the British ships of war appeared off the island, threatening invasion and another kind of occupants. Visions of devastation leered from the smoke of his pipe and troubled his slumbers. As he pondered the subject, his anxiety deepened into chronic dejection; his appetite dwindled; his days were doleful, his sleep stiff and his reason seemed nearly unbinged. At length he began walking in his sleep—an occurrence which at first occasioned some alarm in the household, and prompted a watch upon his movements. But when it was found that they resulted only in harmless peregrinations about the premises and then a return to bed, close observation was relaxed and the circumstance settled into a matter of course affair. He never remembered these nocturnal rambles, but occasionally mentioned dreaming of inspections of the plantation and the transfer of his crock to another place of security.

At length news came of the landing of the enemy. Then followed the battle—a portion of it on his own farm—the result of which gave the British possession of the island. At its close a body of the dreaded Hessian comorants encamped in a grove not a mile from his own door, and immediately appropriated one of his fat beaves for their supper, without so much as saying: "by your leave." The crisis had come. Old Hans was terribly excited that evening, talked much of his treasure, ate little, and yielded to the entreaties of his family to take an anodyne and go early to bed. As usual he rose during the night, but so silently as not to disturb his wife at his side. His return toward morning, however, awoke her, and she noticed that he seemed wearied as though from extra exertion. But a sound sleep thereafter and a later rising put him into a more cheerful frame than he had worn of late. His daily visit shortly after to his subterranean treasury revealed the astounding fact that the crock, with all its precious contents was missing! Consternation immediately pervaded the household, and Old Hans seemed absolutely stunned. When capable of expressing an opinion, it was—that some Hessian burglar had invaded his deposit and that the act was only a preliminary to further operations of the red right hand upon his possessions. An I time lamentably verified his surmises.

From that day forward he was a broken-down man. His apprehensions of the Hessians became a sad reality. They regarded him as a rebel at heart, but too imbecile for harm. His son, to avoid arrest for complicity with his father's supposed sympathies, fled and ultimately joined the patriot army. His wife and daughter, to escape the constant danger of mortification and insult, took refuge with relatives on the Hudson, urging old Hans to accompany them. But he could not be induced to do so, and with a few of his elder servants remained to abide the devastation of his premises, being treated by the usurpers as a moping dotard. Everything on the once thrifty manor went to ruin. Hessian officers were quartered in his mansion and tenant-houses; his groves and fences supplied them fuel, and several of his out-buildings were pulled down and sent after them. His stock was butchered for rations or devoted to other service. His furniture—some of it the heir-looms of generations—was banged and battered like the fixtures of a dram-shop, and all articles fancied by the rapacious foreigners lawlessly appropriated by them. In fine, at the close of their seven years' possession, the buildings of the once prosperous old Dutchmen were a wreck and his farm a desolation.

At length the war closed with the welcome acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies. After the last red-coat had left the country, those who had been driven from their homes for opinion's sake began to return and to gather from the general ruin the wherewithal to begin anew the struggle for a livelihood. Among these was the family of old Hans Getter. With sorrowing hearts they surveyed the wrecks of their former prosperity. Of their whilom abundance nothing remained save the bare territory and the dilapidated buildings. Except shelter every thing necessary to household comfort was as completely wanting as though they had been dropped down in the midst of a western prairie. But by dint of hard work and borrowed money,

wherewith to restock the farm to a limited extent, the son, who now assumed control of affairs, made a push for the revival of better days. The contrast with their former opulence rendered this a depressing labor, while the old man seemed to be whelmed in a melancholy daze; his rare utterances being those of a cheerless crone, looking for his grave. The household had always held suspicions that Hans had robbed himself during his somnambulist performances of the years ago; but the most careful search, far and near, had failed to substantiate them, and though present necessities revived the wish—O how strongly!—for the recovery of the needful, all prospect thereof was as dim as ever.

Toward the close of their first year's struggle with poverty and depression, the mind of old Hans seemed suddenly to burst the crust of hopeless apathy that had so long overlaid it, and he betrayed a keener sense of his situation and surroundings. He once surprised the family at the breakfast table by the impassioned exclamation to his son, "O John, if ye had that crock the cursed Hessians stole, ye might knock off work and be a nabob!" He farther enlarged upon its aid in the restoration of their former status, and from that hour his thoughts, sleeping or waking, appeared to be energized over his lost hoard. At length, so completely did his longings possess him, as to occasion a repetition of the consequences of his former anxiety for its safety. He again commenced his nocturnal peregrinations about the premises, of which, as before, he remembered nothing when awake. On the morning following one of these, he told the family he had dreamed that he saw his crock with its contents intact, where, he remembered meanwhile, himself had bestowed it—a hint which, corroborating as it did the opinion his son had always entertained of its disposal, was improved forthwith. His next midnight tour was awaited with solicitude; nor was it long delayed. After a day of great mental perturbation, Hans, after smoking his evening pipe, retired early to his restless bed. Near midnight he rose, dressed and went forth, silently followed by his son. Taking a spade from the tool-house, the old man moved cautiously across the paddock into the field beyond and toward an oak that once sentinelled a considerable grove now laid low by the Hessian axe, whose size alone had saved it from a similar fate. At its foot the sleep-walker stopped, looked furtively around; then, removing a covering of withered leaves, began digging. The son, lying down at a short distance, watched his manœuvres by the dim star-light, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. It was some time ere the spade was laid aside, and then the old man knelt down, seemed to remove something and to bend inquiringly over the excavation. Next he proceeded to return the earth, smooth the ground carefully and deftly replace the covering of leaves. Then he stole homeward and back to his bed. The sequel which his son acted thereupon may be at once surmised. Repeating the operation he had just witnessed,—albeit with more speed and less caution,—he unearthed the veritable crock, heavy with treasure, and took it to the house. The next morning Hans told the family that he had again seen in dreams his precious treasure, lamenting that he must wake to the distressful sense of its loss.

Then followed the joyful denouement. When the crock was produced, and while its golden thousands were being counted, Old Hans laughed for the first time in many years, and fairly danced with delight. Never Paas festival, with its boisterous merry-makings, found so happy a household. The result may be anticipated without further description. A twelve-month thereafter saw the buildings and fences renewed or repaired; the farm re-stocked with the choicest breeds; trees re-set; helpers and tenants regained; debts paid and the smile of former thrift overlaid. Hans renewed his age, his flesh and his ease; married his daughter to a nice young Holland neighbor, whose buxom sister espoused his own son, and as the old Dutchman smoked once more his evening pipe on his veranda, he forgot the Hessians and smiled over his remunerative dream.—Springfield Republican.

Editors' Troubles. If an editor omits anything he is lazy; if he speaks of anything as it is, he is mad; if he smooth down the rough places, he is bribed; if he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of editor; if he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is stupid; if he does, he is a rattle head, lacking stability; if he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion; if he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward; if he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is insipid. In short, if he edits a paper properly, and sticks to truth and facts, he is a fool and doesn't know how to edit a paper half as well as his readers could.

Some Snake Stories.

Mr. Calkins, a gentleman on his way to La Crosse, from Sabula, had three pets in a box which he was taking home as a present to a gentleman who has a private museum. He had occasion to stop off at Dubuque, and the pets were placed in front of Jaeger & Romberg's store, where they were viewed by hundreds of people. They consisted of three species of snakes, the venomous rattler, the blue racer, and a garter. Mr. Calkins found all three coiled lovingly together and in a comatose state. Their bodies were as hard as rocks, and they appeared as if all life had been frozen out of them. When the sun shone upon their bodies life returned, and the warmer they became the more frequent were their split tongues exhibited. The rattlesnake was the liveliest in the party, and kept moving about and darting his head against the wire covering the cage. It could be seen that he was just about to crawl out of his old skin, as his new coat of yellow shone brightly through the dried and worn one. Mr. Calkins stated that by throwing a shovel of snow over them they would straighten out and pass into the spirit world, and apparently be as dead as a door nail. He has on several occasions frozen them as stiff as a bar of iron, and could bring them back to life by the least bit of warmth. While viewing the snakes the spectators engaged in snake stories which were highly interesting. One gentleman claimed that a piece of mountain ash would do wonders to knock the life out of any snake, and not by pounding it either. To prove this assertion he stated that several years ago in Mayor Bush's field, Frank Bush and himself saw a large fat rattlesnake sunning itself. At first they wanted to club it to death, but having heard that mountain ash placed upon a snake would cause it to pass into a dead state, they wished to satisfy themselves. Securing a large limb of ash they poked the old fellow under the nose and he died as sick as a whistle. He didn't seem to know what struck him. Previous to the time he smelt of the ash he was hissing, rattling and playing quite a bluff game, but the ash fixed him. In a few minutes after that wood had been removed, the snake returned to life, and was the same active old fellow, and as saucy as ever. Having satisfied their curiosity, they beat the life out of the reptile and resumed their work. Another gentleman said he had been bitten three times by a blue racer, but none of the bites proved fatal, and he didn't believe a racer was a poisonous reptile. His hearers were well aware that they didn't prove fatal, but think that man is liable to say most anything.

A man with a freckled face and a sun-brown nose told about the wonderful joint-snakes he had killed on his farm near Bollevue. "I tell you, gentlemen," he said, "them's the snakes which am snakes. Hit 'em with a stick, and every hit makes a dozen snakes. One day I was walking in my field with a rake thrown over my shoulder. Looking down, I see a snake run between my legs. I come down with the old rake, and durned if that old snake didn't unjoint itself and run in fifty different directions. I was confused and didn't know what ter do. By and by I see all the jointers comin' toward me, and as they met, all hitched together and pulled one way. They came directly to me, and as I made another hit again they dissolved partnership and each joint paddled its own canoe. I watched 'em again, and durned if they didn't come to me again hitched together. While I was thinking I felt something under my shoe, and lookin' down I see one of the joints squirmin' and trying to get away. I then knew what was up and hurried home to tell my boys. We all came out, but the snakes were gone and I haven't seen any since." He recently took the pledge. For fear that an honest man might come along the party adjourned.—Dubuque Times.

Inventor of the Ulster. A story is told to prove that Donizetti was the inventor of the ulster. One day at Paris, so it goes, he sent for his tailor to measure him for an overcoat. The tailor found him at the piano surrendering himself to the rapture of composition. Nevertheless, he was persuaded to quit the beloved instrument and deliver himself up to the man of tape and chalk. The tailor made the first measurements, then stopping began to take the length of the garment. "To the knee, sir," he said, timidly. "Lower, lower," said the composer in dreamy voice. The tailor brought the measure half way down the leg, and paused inquiringly: "Lower, lower." The tailor reached the composer's ankles. "Lower, lower." "But sir, you won't be able to walk." "Walk! walk! who wants to walk?" with an ecstatic lifting of the arms, "I never walk, I soar."

There is a sort of Lenten affinity between the haddock and the hassock. Devotees will take first a kneel in church and then an eel for dinner.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The Close Relation of Indian Traditions and Ceremonies to Ancient Rites. A correspondent, writing from Ponca, Neb., says: The Sioux entertain many fanciful ideas concerning the future world and the condition of those who inhabit it. They believe that for some time after death the soul lingers about the body, in consequence of which idea they are unwilling to visit or approach a newly-erected scaffold on which has been deposited one of their dead. This feeling of dread is enhanced by a belief in the vicious propensities of the lately freed spirit, which is inclined to harm the presumptuous mortal who ventures too near. A spirit blow is liable to produce death, and is, I believe, always followed by direful consequences, as delirium, paralysis, or some permanent injury. The Sioux, following the practice of many other tribes, place the bodies of the dead on a scaffold raised on poles some eight or ten feet in height. The corpse is wrapped in folds of cloth or blankets and buffalo robes. The occupants of old scaffolds, which are often met with on the plains, resemble Egyptian mummies. Persons of distinction, as noted warriors and chiefs, including sometimes the families of the latter, receive more honor in sepulchral rites, their remains being frequently incased in boxes—a dry goods or shoe box, obtained at the trader's store, answering the purpose. Sometimes in the graveyards our frontier posts may be seen towering above the stone that marks the white man's burial place the scaffold on which reposes the body of the Indian chief.

The soul of the departed Sioux finally ascends to the milky way, which, in their system, is a highway leading through space to the happy hunting-grounds which lie somewhere in the far-distant regions beyond. To sustain the spirit during this long journey food and drink are required. The noted warrior and chief should be ushered into those realms in becoming state; to provide which, one or more horses must be sacrificed. There is an element of refinement in the savage idea attending the disposition of the supplies thus furnished. It is not believed that the material food is eaten, nor the actual water drunk, nor the veritable horse ridden; but in all material resides the soul, and this resident spirit of the food and drink is consumed by the spirit of the deceased, and the spirit of the horse accompanies the spirit of his master to the Indian paradise, where they are both received into the spirit land. These provisions appear to be needed only during the journey from earth, the probable supposition being that the blissful regions to which they are destined will be amply supplied with everything that can contribute to the happiness of its inhabitants.

The Sioux, or at least some of the Dakota hands, seem to possess quite ancient records, embracing prominent events in the history of the tribe. These records are inscribed on parchment, the events of one generation being recorded by an individual who has received the appointment of historian, in virtue of which he writes the history of his people during his life. On his death another is appointed. Thus the more interesting events are perpetuated. Among the more prominent that appear in these barbarian annals is the account of the coming of the first white man who appeared among them. He is represented in a very favorable light. At first he came poor and defenceless among the Indians, who gave him a cordial welcome and ministered to his necessities. He did not prove ungrateful, but after leaving them, returned to the tribe, bringing articles useful to the Indians, with which he engaged in trade, the traffic being continued to the satisfaction of both red and white men. The records inscribed on this parchment, or skin prepared by savage skill, extend back to a remote date, perhaps reaching over nine hundred years. The early portion appears to be of a legendary character, relating to the creation of man on this continent, or at least the first appearance of the Indian race. The Black Hills was the theatre of the earliest of those historic or mythological events. Perhaps the fondness of the Sioux for this special territory, and their reluctance to part with it, was owing to the associations connected therewith, as in Dakota annals the Black Hills appear to have constituted a new-world garden of Eden.

The superstitious element of Indian character is manifested in the peculiar regard paid the medicine man of the tribe, and the implicit confidence with which his mediations are received and his advice followed. Perhaps among all religions known to mankind the priests exert no greater influence over the minds of their followers than does the medicine man of the North American savage. His incantations were watched with the most profound respect, and the result thereof awaited in fear and trembling. Their fortune in hunting and their success in war are foretold by, and perhaps depend upon, the incantations and mysterious charms of the medicine man. His rude lodge is invested with a mysterious awe equal to that which

hallows the stately temple whose grand dome towers above the habitations of half a million worshippers in other lands. Many of their dances and other ceremonies partake of the same religious character. The great Dakota festival, the sun dance, appears to partake both of a religious and patriotic character. During its continuance, which is generally for three days, various ceremonies take place, perhaps the most prominent of which is the self-torture inflicted by the young men to give evidence of their bravery and test their endurance. The white visitor to the scene is attracted by the ghastly spectacle of men in various postures undergoing all the pain that their nature is capable of sustaining. Vigorous methods are devised to exhibit the courage of the sufferer, and particularly with the design of attracting the admiration of the spectator. One favorite method is to cut incisions through the skin of the back, and through these pass thongs, the ends of which are secured to some support above, after which the victim throws his weight on the rope and remains in this position until unconsciousness or the setting sun gives relief. There appears to be a like element pervading all barbarous or semi-barbarous religions. The priests of Baal cut themselves and lift their bleeding hands in supplication to heaven. The followers of Brahma inflict physical torture as a powerful aid to their invocations. The worshippers of Odin and Thor delighted in pain and bloodshed. The druidical priests offered human sacrifices. The natives of the North American plains, in their great annual festival, indulge in ceremonies similar in nature to those practiced centuries ago in the mountains of Syria, the forests of Scandinavia and Germany, and until a recent day in Hindostan.

A Ship's Log.

The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log-line is a small cord, one end of which, divided into three so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale-pan from a balance beam, is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel in the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand-glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray-line.

A Gentleman.

If you cannot find a gentleman to marry, girls, do not marry at all. By that term I do not mean a man who is above the need of work; he may be anything but a gentleman; but a man who knows how to work, who has self-respect enough to keep him from low habits both of speech and action; who is courteous and honorable; who is not afraid of soiling his hands; the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, any man may be a gentleman under dust and soot and chips, but if he is not, girls, don't marry him at all! There is enough trouble in life without increasing it in any way. Do not subject yourself to the mortification that would be sure to come with a husband who would continually cause you to blush for his lawless actions, for his coarseness and roughness, for his slippery dealings or for his hypocritical polish. It is not sufficient that a man looks and dresses well; he must act and live well beside.

In the Sick Room.

Under all circumstances keep the refreshments intended for the use of the invalid covered. Milk is a ready absorbent. Then there are cooling drinks, jellies, blancmanges, and a variety of liquids usually seen at the invalid's bedside, which are all more or less absorbent. These should be kept covered. I once visited an invalid who had her bedside table supplied with an array of glasses, cups, tumblers, etc., the contents of not one of which could we see, all being covered with a most amusing variety of glass and porcelain lids. The invalid liked to forget the contents of each, and was amused to lift one or another of the tiny covers and select a refreshment which presented itself to her taste. And to keep invalids amused and ready to relish what is provided for them, are important duties in nursing. Such slight attentions cost little trouble, while they prove to the sufferer that he or she is tenderly cared for.

If you want to find a man of taste go into the nearest lunch-room.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chicago and St. Louis now furnish nearly one-half of the manufactured articles needed by Texas merchants. One of the grounds on which an Ohio wife demands a divorce is that her husband habitually sleeps with a pistol in his hand. In Michigan the men who were formerly undertakers, now have their windows painted in mournful black, with the words, "Funeral Conductor." The Princess Dolgoroutki is very rich, the late Czar having invested over two millions sterling for her in France and England alone, to say nothing of money in Berlin. A project is on foot in Vera Cruz to build grand moles, docks and quays, in anticipation of the growing commercial intercourse between Mexico and the United States. So far as heard from, no North American baby has yet been named after Bjornstjerne Bjornsen, the Norwegian poet. Probably American parents do not biffancy the bjname. Ex-Queen Isabella, it is reported, owns thirty acres of land on Capitol Hill, Washington, including a row of brick houses, the purchase being made through a Philadelphia firm. A medical journal in Munich says that diphtheria caught by kissing is likely to assume a much severer form than if the disease were contracted or the contagion imparted in any other way. Buffalo Bill drew better houses in Philadelphia than Salvini or Bernhardt. "I did feel a little anxious," said E. B., "playing against such rivalry, but it turned out all right. Oh, the public knows a good thing when it sees it." The alarm twelve years ago in regard to the exhaustion of English coal fields led to the adoption of various economical expedients which, in the making of pig iron alone, are estimated to have reduced the consumption by nearly five million tons since 1871. That now almost indispensable instrument, the telephone, is being put to improper uses. The Boston Globe says that some of the young people of Fitchburg, Mass., are carrying on courtships by telephone, and that it ought to be stopped before the wires are gummed up with "taffy." Men of rank and title are classified down in Ar-kan-saw. According to the Boston Globe, they call an ordinary man who drinks but little, "captain." A colonel is one who can "stand the racket" pretty well, and "general" is the title given to a man who must have "suthin'" once in so often, or perish but the pickled old toper is called "jedge." "Gath" saw Uncle Sammy Tilden among the old bookshops on Nassau street, New York, the other day, and says he never saw the old man (he is now sixty-eight) looking better. He generally wears brown clothes and a high silk hat. He is seldom seen in company with anybody, and only one or two persons out of hundreds rushing by were aware who he was. In 1877 Mr. de Lavergne estimated the value of the agricultural produce of France at \$4,500,000,000—including wine, cattle, and all other products of the soil. In 1868, Mr. Caird, who is to England what M. de Lavergne is to France, estimated the total value of the agricultural products of the United Kingdom at \$783,000,000. The area of France is double that of the United Kingdom. The Law of Finding. The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner. The proprietor of a railroad car or shop has no right to demand the property which may be found upon his premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to loss of property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench one hundred years ago, in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shop-keeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which time the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shop-keeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shop-keeper, and it was held as above stated, that against all the world but the owner the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost, unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the finder. They have no power, in the absence of a special statute, to keep the article against the finder any more than the finder has to retain the article against the owner.