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ADVERTISING.

The Chutham Becond.

The Jilted Star. I was sitting alone in the gloaming Gazing into a quiet sky;

My thoughts were tired of roaming, As weary and tired as I, When all at once in the sky above Shone a star of radiant light,

And then it was that I fell in love With this star, so strangely bright. I knew 'twas a world many miles away, Far greater and fairer than this,

But I watched for its coming at close of day And always threw it a kiss. To my tired self it became a friend. Bringing rest before unknown; Its tender radiance seemed to blend

In my heart and make me its own. But alas! too soon I grew weary Of its cold, dispassionate face,

And a little mortal pang In my heart crept into its place. And when at the close of day, With my new love at my side,

We talked in voices gay,

And she promised to be my bride. The star looked down from above As we stood there talking together, And I thought of the change in my love, And she of the change in the weather.

But that night, when the world was sleeping The rain in torrents fell, And I thought could my star be weeping For the false one she loved so well?

HE LEARNED TOO LATE.

The summer was like no other summer the world had ever known. Never was June so sweet; never were mornings so rosy and radiant; never were lights so tender.

A young and beautiful girl stood looking at the sunset as the last farewell glow bathed the blue waves with golden radiance. To look at her face one would never dream that her position in life was not among the proudest; but a glance at her simple dress would dispel the illusion. Flossy Thayer had been brought up by her grandfather in a quiet, Thayer lost his money. He was the most | had left was converted into gold." honorable man alive; he returned home, As Mark Norton listened varied ex- brown, and seem to turn black in mopaid his liabilities to the last farthing, pressions flitted across his face. He ments of excitement, and they are capasold the beautiful country seat where knew that the maiden whose heart he ble of conveying, with electrical effect, Flossy had spent her childhood and es- had won and cast aside for his own the most diverse meanings-the solemtablished himself in an old farmhouse amusement and this beautiful heiress nity of lotty thought, the tenderness of by the sea, with hardly enough money must be one and the same person. Might affection, the piteousness of forlorn sorleft to live upon.

granddaughter had lived quietly enough regain the love he had once held? in their retreat. So far as the old gentleman knew, Flossy had been happy, but in truth she was always waiting for manage to present me to her?" some wonderful change that was to free her from the humdrum life in which her life was passing. But it was nevertheless true that no palace ever sheltered a maiden more royally fair than she. And so thought some one else as he drew near her with quick, light footsteps. Tall and straight, with dark, laughing eyes and mouth shadowed by a moustache, Mark Norton was just fitted to win the fancy of a young, inexperienced

"So you have been waiting for me? Happy man to have won the love of one so fair and sweet."

A glow of crimson tinged the girl's face as the eyes uplifted to meet her lover's told plainly what was in her heart. While the young people conversed Mark took Flossy's hand in his heart will be the stake!" and told her something which made the teardrops quickly start.

"Do not grieve, dear Flossy. I shall only be gone a short time, and you know that if it were not necessary nothing could take me from you. You are not afraid that absence could alter my love? Flossy, you do not doubt me?"

She was young and unused to the world, and it is no wonder that she trusted Mark Norton, who, to her, was the noblest and grandest of men. They parted. Mark Norton, following his physician's advice had come that summer to the quiet country town by the sea to regain his health, which had long been delicate. In one of his rambles he had met Flossy, and being shy and shrinking, it had been the work of a long time to establish himself upon friendly terms with the girl, whose beauty surpassed any he had ever seen. It was not long before, with a thrill of vanity, Mark could see the hold he had gained in her innocent heart. One day, in answer to his whispered question, Flossy acknowledged that her heart was his, and he placed a golden band of betrothal upon her slender finger.

For a time after his departure letters from her lover came regularly to Flossy; but after awhile the letters came less frequently, and then when three months had passed the looked-for letter came. It read, oh, how coldly, and contained his farewell: "I am going abroad. I shall probably be absent several years. the man living next door to be a Our immediate marriage is now, of course, an impossibility. I could not ask you, nor do I feel it right to hold you, through an indefinite time, to your

Once, twice she read the letter through; then, with white face and tearless eyes, held it to the match with a steady hand, nor let it fall until the flame crept so close that it blackened the tender flesh and the letter lay singed and charred under her feet. That day she went into her grandfather's room and laid her head on his. "Don't talk to me, grandpa," she said, "and don't ask me any questions, but we will keep

house alone, you and I, and we'll forget that we intended to let anybody else in." "The scoundrel! If you had been rich, my child, this sorrow would not have come upon you. But, mark my words, some time you will have your re-

Four years have swiftly passed. Seated in a room in one of the popular hotels in New York were two young men. Suddenly one of them, looking out of the window, exclaimed:

"Look, Aubrey! See if you know who that lady is. What a lovely woman. Do you know her?"

myself honored that I do. She is the of black vetvet. "You look like Hambelle of New York and the most beautiful girl I have ever known."

A smile curled Mark Norton's lips as

"You speak warmly, Aubrey," he said. "You would not blame me for speaking warmly if you knew her," he answered. "Her history is a romantic one.

"Her name is Miss Flossy Thayer. When I first knew her she was not wealthy, though in my eyes even then her beauty surpassed anything that I season; but this latter achievement, in had ever seen. It was not long after the present day and in the capital city you went on your travels that an uncle of mine, who had purchased a place by than Edwin Booth's exploit was, perthe sea, invited me to spend the summer with him. It was a very quiet, secluded village, and I soon became acquainted with Flossy. Not long after that the muscular man, with a splendid chest, a old grandfather died, and my kind aunt symmetrical Greek head, a pale countetook the sorrowing girl into her house. nance, a voice of wonderful compass secluded country neighborhood. The My uncle had the papers in his posses- and thrilling power, dark hair, and blue old gentleman was wealthy. Flossy was sion of some mining shares that the old eyes. Edwin's resemblance to him is the darling of his heart, and great pains gentleman had long deemed worthless, chiefly obvious in the shape of the head were lavished upon her education. The which suddenly arose, first to par, then and face, the arch and twist of the heavy grandfather's health was not good, and so widely above as to enable Flossy to eyebrows, the radiant and constantly they traveled a great deal, often spend- regain her footing in the world. As be- shifting light of expression which aniing the winter in the South. They had fore, all that the grandfather had mates the countenance, the natural been there when the crash came; Mr. crumbled into powder, now all that he grace of carriage, and the celerity of

So for four years Mr. Thayer and his fascination to the ntmost he could soon roundings, the woful weariness of de-

meet this Miss Thaver. Could you

the drawing room, in which a brilliant crowd was assembled. A little later Mark Norton stood beside Flossy. She had never looked more beautiful than she did then in her creamy costume of satin and fleecy lace, looped with diamond stars.

Flossy bowed as to an utter stranger. An instant her lip curled, and then she hid it in an alluring smile.

"As he has made me suffer, so shall his suffering be."

"She loves me still," thought Mark Norton, proudly, as, later, he went out into the starlit night. "I feared I had lost her, but I shall win her yet. How lovely she is. I believe this time my

With proud confidence Mark but waited the best time fitted for him to speak the fateful words. At last the opportunity was his. She smiled, as he thought, with joy as he asked her now to give him his reward. Then the smile turned into icy scorn, the look he had interpreted of love altered into contempt, the sweet tones grew harsh as in and those who never sawhim can obtain a few cutting phrases she spoke the a very good idea of what sort of an actor

words that doomed him. "I love you, Flossy-believe me, I love you for yourself," he replied, and

eyes as she withdrew her arm from his. 'Mr. Norton," she said, "your repentance has come too late. As I once loved,

Mark Norton's face flushed before the contempt in her voice. He felt that she had read aright the selfish motive of his false heart. Not long after Mr. Norton received a letter and a small packet containing two cards tied together by a knot of bridal ribbon. Upon one was the name "Flossy Thaver; upon the

A contemporary has been asked: "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way. But if he is a member of a brass band, and is given to practising on a cornet or trombone at home, it is a very difficult thing for

Miss Fannie May Witt, who writes for to the Sunny South.

he turned from the window.

If you like I will tell it to you."

That night the two friends entered

"Miss Thaver, allow me to present you to Mr. Norton."

for once the man was sincere.

A look of scorn flashed from Flossy's I now despise you."

other, "Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Merritt."

The Younger and the Elder Booth, From an early age Edwin Booth wa associated with his father in all the wanderings and strange and often sad adventures of that wayward man of genius, and no doubt the many sorrowful experiences of his youth deepened the gloom of his inherited temperament. Those who know him well are aware that he has great tenderness of heart, and abundant playful humor; that his mind is one of extraordinary liveliness, and that he sympathizes keenly and cordially with the joys and sorrows of others; yet that the whole man seems saturated with sadness, isolated from companionship, lonely, and alone. It is this temperament, combined with a sombre and melancholy aspect of countenance, that has helped to make him so admirable in the character of Hamlet. Of his fitness for that part his father was the first to speak, when on a night many years ago, in Sacramento, they had dressed for St. Pierre and Jaffier, in Venice Preserved. Edwin, as "I should think that I did, and think Jaffier, had put on a close-fitting robe let," the father said; "why don't you play it?" The time was destined to come when Edwin Booth would be accepted all over America as the greatest Hamlet of the century. In the season of 1864-65, at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, he acted that part for a hundred nights in succession, accomplishing thus a feat unprecedented in theatrical annals. Since that time Henry Irving, in London, has acted Hamlet two hundred consecutive times in one of the world, seems less remarkable formed in turbulent New York in the

closing months of our terrible civil war.

movement. Edwin's eyes are dark it not be that if he exerted his art of row, the awful sense of spiritual surspair, the mocking glee of wicked sar-"Aubrey," he said, "I should like to casm, the vindictive menace of sinister purpose, and the lightning glare of baleful wrath. In range of facial expressiveness his countenance is thus fully equal to what his father was, and to all that tradition tells us of the countenance of Garrick. The present writer saw the elder Booth but once, and that in a comparatively inferior part-Pescara, in Shiel's ferocious tragedy of The Apostate. He was a terrible presence. He was the incarnation of smooth, specious, malignant, hellish rapacity. His exultant malice seemed to buoy him above the ground. He floated rather than walked. His glance was deadly. His clear, high, cutting, end to end of it; there is no fixed limit a fiend then, and making the monster not only possible, but actual. He certainly gave a greater impression of overwhelming power than is given by Edwin Booth, and seemed a more formidable and tremendous man. But his face was not more brilliant than that of his renowned son; and in fact it was, if anything, somewhat less splendid in power of the eye. There is a useful book about him called The Tragedian, a walk much more in all European written by Thomas R. Gould, who also parks than with us, made a noble bust of him in marble. he was by reading that book. It conveys the image of a greater actor, but not a more brilliant one, than Edwin Booth. Only one man of our time has equalled Edwin Booth in this singular splendor of countenance. That man was the great New England orator Rufus Choate. Had Choate been an actor upon the stage—as he was before a jury her husband. In such a home the greatwith those terrible eyes of his, and that passionate Arab face, he must have towered fully to the height of the tradition of George Frederick Cooke.-Har-

per's Magazine. Avoid Slander. None of us are perfect, and we have no right therefore to expect perfection it will be a great blessing to the nation. in others. So if you cannot speak well And the remedy is simple. American of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The why American women should not be. way to be happy is to make others hap- All that is needed is proper attention to the opera I saw a man who had begun friendship; the president will not con- ar' oftener spoken of dan any of de hunpy. To do good is a luxury. If you dress and exercise. Let women dress, are not wiser and better at the end of as men do, so that their bodies shall not the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but to speak one not. Learn to control your temper and go out into the air and sunshine, as men your words. Say nothing behind one's do, and exercise their bodies, and the the railroad cars everybody smokes thoughtless words of censure.

Fashion Sprays.

Watered silks are worn again. Steel appears on the straps of the low

Painted French mull is a novelty for Capes made entirely of jetted tulle are

Little golden cats are suspended from the bracelet.

Velvet is sparingly used on the sumner costumes. Pink and ruby shades are combined

n French toilettes. Overskirts are not worn, the drapery

being fastened to the skirt. Spanish lace is used for trimming parasols instead of fringe.

Folded stocks of illusions are worn with high-necked white gowns. Bonnet strings should be tied in

normous bows under the chin. Bonnets are shown, covered with currants, grapes, and other small fruits. Young ladies still wear the plain

round skirt and waist, with sash at the Some of the little bonnets have exacty the curves of a horse-shoe over the

Children wear coachman's drab frocks and they soil almost as easily as if they

were white. The coral pink roses, lately introducd, damage any complexion but one exceptionally fine.

"A bonnet of wild oats, lined with carlet satin" is the description in a New York paper. Buckles will be very fashionable,

vorn with sashes, and they match the outtons worn on the dress. "Mountain bunting" is used for travling costumes. It is stiff and wirv and

comes in gray and brown. Riding skirts are cut quite short, with ince gores, adapted to the position of The elder Booth was a short, spare,

the rider when she is in the saddle. Beeties in colored glass are used to fasten French neckties. Hope it will stay in France; it's an ugly fashion.

Duchess, Dot, Dimple, Charmer, Flirtation, Carey, Gerster and Bernhardt are the names of some of the new

Spiders with bodies made of humming-bird feathers, and gilt legs, are used to fasten the strings on new bon-

The Row. Rotten Row, the famous ride of Hyde Park, and the delight of fashionable Londoners, is about two hundred yards short of a mile in length, and a trifle cross it on foot. The carriage entrances to Hyde Park are here abreast of the fashionable quarter of London, and are twice as far apart as those provided for Central Park. There is no carriage road adjoining the Row; it is separated in most of its length by the Serpentine (water) from the fashionable drive and from the more attractive rural parts of the park. No one goes near it except at the ends, unless it is to ride or see the riding. Owing to these circumstances great freedom can be allowed in its use. It is common to gallop from measured tone was the exasperating of speed, and the police are instructed they whispered to the merry wives of note of hideous cruelty. He was acting only to check at discretion dangerous riding-what is dangerous depending on the quality of the rider and horse. The men and women who show themselves upon the Row are as a rule finished equestrians. There are walks on each side of the ride guarded by strong railings and furnished with seats. One of these walks is nine yards wide, the other five. They are fashionable promenades, ladies leaving their carriages for

How to Gain Health. What is more charming in all Nature's dominion than a thoroughly healthy woman-a bright-eyed, rosy, happy girl who finds keen pleasure in merely living? There is nothing charming in illness. An invalid wife and mother furnishes a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to her family and friends, and a subject of unlimited expense to est of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored: but too often it is the one blessing that never comes. American homes, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this shall be so no longer, men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason be squeezed and pressed together, but ers of a growing race.

A Consilience of Titles. This is not a "Winter's Tale," for it

was in midsummer when "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," by the wish of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," set forth to visit "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Now begins a "Comedy of Errors," for Hamlet's ghost was their guide. He led them through the corridors of the past; into ancient castles where the tragic and comic scenes of life were enacted; all of which were made familiar

by Shakespeare's matchless genius. On "The Twelfth Night" of the journey "The Tempest" arose, and the two gentlemen of Verona being in the city of Venice, gave a traveler's homage to "Othello the Moor," from whom they received greetings to "Julius Cæsar." Wishing to bear some gift to the virtuous Romans, they bought of the famous "Merchant of Venice" a beautiful pet asp which "Antony and Cleopatra" appreciated highly. They met, as they journeyed from the city, "Timon of Athens," who told them that he had arrived from Verona, and as he passed by Capulet's residence, in the early hours of the morning, his attention was arrested by gentle sounds, like as the cooing of doves. He stopped to listen, and looking around beheld a noble youth in the garden, who sent sweet glances of love with words to verify them to a window from whence leaned as beantiful a maiden as ever was created by fancy, or by the moulder of all things beautiful, and she did wink at him the tender message, just "As you Like It." Quoth the gentleman, "they were 'Romeo and Juliet." As the travelers approached Rome, "The Passionate Pilgrim" told them about the terrible domestic tragedy of "Titus Adronicus" and then made a silly "Lover's Complaint" on account of his "Love's Labor

Lost." After tarrying in the city of Rome for a day, Hamlet's ghost led the gentleman Denmark they journeyed directly to material; the publication of books, which London, from thence to Windsor. As nobody ever supposed could be done who cut deeper with her tongue than the men did with their lash. They asked what meant such barbarous conduct. "It is the 'Taming of the Shrew," was the reply. But the bitter tongue of women testifies that the shrew still gives "Measure for Measure."

The travelers now arrived at Windsor. ess than forty yards in breadth. It oc. and the merry wives had a great banquet cupies a district apart from the main in their honor. Kings and princes were park; it is entered only at its two ends: in attendance. "Cymbeline" being the it is crossed by no road, and during eldest, was master of ceremonies. promenade hours no one is allowed to "King Richard III.," having killed "Henry IV.," was in a killing mood to woo the lovely Imogen. After they had all feasted, "Henry VIII." made a toast on "free love." "King Lear" arose, but his fool was not present, and he became confused. "King John" arose, made "Much Ado About Nothing," and sat down. "Richard II ," "Henry V." and "Henry VI." were discussing the mutability of the kings of England, when three witches cried out to "Macbeth,"

"When shall we meet again?" Then a great change came over the' scene; all faded into mist, and as the two gentlemen of Verona disappeared, Windsor, "All's Well That Ends Well." I awoke; my Shakespeare was by my side. Then I knew I had had "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Cuba. Hotel life in Cuba is by no means

what it should be. The hotels are deany place where Spanish is the language, the safe way is to go to the newest hotel. The day is begun with fruit and coffee at about seven in the morning. Breakfast, ladies smoking, though no one refrains because they are present. Cigarettes are more frequently used than cigars. No apology is required for introducing them, and no one asks his visitor or companion to join him in smoking because he assumes that the visitor has his own tobacco in his pocket and would are the churches and the theaters. A quit the indulgence; but at the same time a cloud of smoke blown from one | ing hands with notabilities. have free room for motion, and let them of the private boxes back of the proscenium excited no attention whatever. In Cuban.

The Man who Went West. It is stated that the center of popula

tion moves westward at the rate of ninety feet a day, and is slowly passing across the southern portion of Ohio. It is evident, therefore, that the "gorgeon East," to which the West has hitherto looked for its literature and lucre, its manufactures and arts, its pedagogues and pills, its capital and culture, is fast losing its grip, and if it were to be sunk out of existence to-morrow, or raised out of sight in its own estimation, the West would merely pause to say tra-lalu, and keep right on with its work. The loss of thirteen Congressmen to the East, and a gain of nineteen to the West by the recent census, shows where the crowd is rushing, and in ten years more the East will be taken under the that no harm comes to it. We feel sorry for the East. It has always done as well wiching in sketches of its eminent as it knew how, and there has never been a time when it would not sell us dry goods and Yankee notions and take it out in wheat, or loan money on a farm at ten per cent. If its people generally a monkey or not, provided he has decannot yet regard the West as anything | scended far enough. but a howling wilderness, where the Indian and the wild bison roam at will, instead of a land possessing the refinements of enlightened civilization, why then it is their misfortune and not their No enmity can ever come between the

wo sections, for very many of the wealthy farmers of the West, who own broad and fertile acres, will never for- fight with fists. get that their early manhood was passed amid the steep and rocky hillsides of a mallet and cold chisel, and, after being washed out by rains a couple of times, grew and flourished to the height of two and even three feet, with an ear on almost every stalk. No one who is worthy the name of a man ever forgets the scenes of his boyhood. But the cotton factories of the East are passing to of Verona to Denmark, and "Hamlet" the South and Southwest, where they did actually see his father's ghost. From will be nearer the source of the raw seemed to be a great commotion. Six denly been begun in the West, and two large men were beating one frail woman, million dollars' worth were executed with neatness and dispatch in one Western city alone in 1880; Eastern illustrated papers, reflecting the culture, humor and police doings of the country, still hold their own, but their time will come; Eastern pills, which have drained so much money from the West and built so many palaces in the East, yet have a grip upon the affections of our people; but their influence is weakening, and pad factories are springing up and manhood is being restored right here in the West by Western firms; car factories are coming nearer to Western iron and wood every day; our flouring mills, which already make flour enough for paste, are increasing in number and capacity, and the woods are full of saw mills; we shall need Eastern oil and ter or their looks is not explained. coal a little longer, until a way is found to decompose water, and then we shall have no favors to ask, and the East must not recognize us when we meet on the

"I'll Take Care of Cæsar."

Ex-Gov. Thomas A. Hendricks, now en route for Mexico, told a Kansas City reporter a very good story about an old friend in St. Louis. Said he: "Late one evening last year Col. Don Morrison and a party of boon companions were returning home from down-town, where they had been enjoying whist and wine. Pausing in front of his elegant residence Col. Don insisted upon the party's comcidedly dirty. There is no clean hotel | ing in and taking a parting glass. "No, in Havana, and those most frequented no, Don: we'll go home." "It's very He came on airth, libed out his time, by foreigners seem, if possible, to be late, and we won't keep you up." These the dirtiest. It is said that in visiting and similar expostulations were made, but Col. Don kept on insisting. At last one of the gentlemen suggested that maybe Mrs. Morrison might object. The colonel seemed deeply offended by a very substantial meal, with wine and a this. He drew himself up proudly and dessert of sweetmeats, follows-at noon said scornfully, "Now you shall come in, about eleven, and dinner from six to for I intend to show you that I am seven. The best cooks are Chinese. Cæsar in this house!" Scarcely had he There is a great deal of dram drinking uttered this proud declaration than a among the people. Gin is the favorite second-story window raised and a femiliquor, and large quantities of it are nine voice, cold and cutting, rang out sold, but I did not see anywhere a man on the pale air: "You are right, gentledrunk. Smoking is as universal and men: go home to your wives. I'll take constant as breathing, but I saw no care of Cæsar!" Of course the party Who was he? Nuffin but a poo' ole slave went home, and Col. Don pensively

taste for the stir of public life. He gives few receptions and only now and then a dinner. He is of simple manner. and may be always found in the mornlight his cigarette if he wished to do so. ing by those taking the trouble to call The only places where one can't smoke upon him. But the visit must have up dar in Potter's Field, widout a mark some positive motive of business or on his grave, but his deeds an' his name to smoke in the parquet compelled to sent to be an obliging celebrity, acces- dreds who sleep beneaf de big monusible to those who like to boast of shak ments. Make friends. Make 'em by

To those who have wondered why ar- cold marble. One sigh of regret—one back that you would not say to his race of American women will not be- without restraint, and a special car for tificial currants were made both of jet single tear—one sorrowin' word dat you face. This habit of reticence, beside being a kindly one, is safe. Many a come extinct, but be improved, built up the purpose would be ridiculous. Nico- and silk, the information is given that am called from airth away, will be a torner are to ripe and the latter up. the Detroit Free Press, also contributes bitter harvest has been reaped from and beautified—fit to become the mothing poisoning has no terror to the the former are to ripe and the latter unigrander monument dan de hands of man ripe fruit; so states a Parisian authority. | eber yet put up,"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The London Spectator says that the Greeks have always been cursed with too much cleverness.

If we would make good use of our money we should patronize ably con-

ducted and responsible newspapers. A philosopher says that "Liberal trade is good scholarship popularized, and commerce is literature on a signboard." The Chicago Inter-Ocean says that

there is dirt enough in State street, in

that city, to make a State as big as

Rhode Island. A naturalist has discovered that monkeys may be taught to dance. This brings the natural animal only one step

nearer the society man. The San Francisco Chronicle, while wing of the West, and the West will see giving sketches of the eminent men of that State, does itself proud by sand-

> Henry Ward Beecher says he doesn't know anything about evolution, and doesn't care whether he descended from

> When the Southern Baptist Convention was held at Columbus, Miss., the Jewish synagogue was given up on Sunday to a Christian clergyman to preach

Two Carolina telegraph operators quarrelled by wire, exchanged chalengers in the same way, and met half way between Columbia and Charlotte to

The Portuguese Government have made primary education compulsory the East, where corn was planted with for children between 7 and 12 years of age living within a radius of two miles from any Government school, exempting the very poor. A St. Louis dealer in old clothes re-

plenished his stock by delivering bogus telegrams to a number of wives that their husbands had been burned by nitric acid, which destroyed their clothing, and that fresh suits must be sent by the bearer. The effect on some people of the pro-

phecy falsely ascribed to Mother Shipton, that the world will come to an end , in 1881, was illustrated the other day in Indiana, where the sudden appearance of a strange cloud, accompanied by a roaring wind, threw several villages into In Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think

they have ugly ears place these artistic

productions under luxuriant tresses of

false hair, fasten them to the natural hair, false teeth, false breasts, false hips, ears, and wear them for show. False false calves, false ears—what next? Lawyer Snyder of Cincinnati took the occasion of a trial in court to say that Nannie Murray and Mary McKinney were "as bad in character as they were in face," and when he got out-

doors they thrashed him soundly, but

whether for the attack on their charac-

Brother Gardner's Lime-Kiln Club.

"Las' nite a naybur o' mine walked down to de shores of de mystic ribber an' crossed ober wid de endless purceshun," solemnly began the old man as the meeting was called to order. "He had money an' property an' posishun, but he draps outer dis life like a stone tossed into de oshun. I sat down an' thought an' thought, but I could not remember dat dis man had eber won a friend by his sympathies, warmed a heart by his charity, or made any one's burden de lighter by a brotherly word. As de funeral goes past dar will be no sighs; as de purceshun turns into de cemetery men will hardly gib it a glance. an' he passes away widout leavin' a footprint behind. He was not a cull'd man, but if he had bin I should have felt all de worse. None of you am so poo' dat von nebber hab calls to share wid some one more hungry; none o' von hab sich poo' speech dat you can't stop to speak a few kind words to dose in sorrow. Dar am a show for ebery human bein' on airth to make his mark. When Uncle Bolly Williams died a hundred women shed tears, a hundred men had de heartache, an' twice dat number of chill'en looked down on de face of de dead an' turned away wid sobs in deir froats. man. What was he worf? Nuffin but de close on his back. But he made his mark. He had kind words fur achin' President Grevy, of France, has no hearts; he had a willin' han' fur de weak an' helpless; he had soft words fur men in passion an' strong words fur de cause of right. Ebery house had an open door fur him, an' ebery chile met him wid a heart full of trust. He sleeps deserving friendship. Lib to enjoy life, but lib to leave behind you sunthin' better dan a name fur an epitaph cut in