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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.

Don't Borrow Trouble. Don't borrow trouble, nor meet it half way; Sufficient to all are the ills of to-day; Misfortunes, reverses and trials may come; Even those we deem the most happy have some.

Don't borrow trouble, 'till come soon enough; With aspect forbidding, habiliments rough— But wait till he's here, and, unheeding his frown, Meet boldly the onset and battle it down.

Don't borrow trouble, this debt will remain; And can only be cancelled by suffering again; The ills we thus borrow by prophetic fears, Baptizing the reced in sorrowing tears.

Don't borrow trouble—it springs in each path; A harvest that beareth an aftermath; It planneth itself with a plenteous seed, And is gathered in sorrow by hearts that bleed.

Don't borrow trouble; despair is a cheat; Sowing seeds for thistles instead of wheat; Ah! the crop is a full one that springs from his hand,

And the harvesters many, all over the land. Don't borrow trouble, nor gloomily weave; A harvest of tears in a shadowy groove; But, rather come forth from the dark and the night,

And garner the thistles that grow in the light. Don't borrow trouble, on hillside and slope; For the children who always look upward in hope;

Bright flowers spring up with a heavenly bloom, Unknown to the realms of despair and gloom. Don't borrow trouble; to sure, in the sky, The light will burst forth when the clouds have gone by;

Be hopeful, and brave, and patient, and soon Will shine out a glorious, gladdening noon.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"Strange! what can this man? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared most vacantly at the closely-written sheet he held in his hand. He read:

"Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say I have heard your history, heard of your struggle, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never repeat that which takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful sign to your name, and yet not seek to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was so terse and so unfeeling in its details that he was tempted to believe some of his male friends were playing a joke on him.

"I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself. He flung the massive down, then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it in his pocket.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left to his consideration—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He threw them down and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he moaned. "I do not know which way to turn."

She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless chaos seemed to envelope him.

"Ah, if that letter was only real," he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—on a moment yawning he would not go near the place, the next tempted to see the "farce" out.

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could but just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies and she then advanced to meet him.

"Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am."

She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said; and Pomeroy recognized in him the president of the city bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, "to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was reality. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quickly performed.

Dr. Pomeroy registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it and thrust it in her bosom. One moment more and the two glided swiftly away from sight.

Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked: "Who was she?"

"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it a secret. It is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise should be faithfully fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman but he thought that could not injure him. She must have been in deadly peril. He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and added considerably to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their endeavors to catch him had been in vain. He felt no preference for the opposite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the town they had marked out before they had started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door and calling for him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlord, who told him, in broken English, that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit, and seeing his name registered M. D., they called him up.

He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat by the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient, and found it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of her health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower.

Her only remaining relative was a young sister, who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Paris.

After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted on their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time they should have to be separated.

She told them confidentially not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her too deeply that it was not love that held her to his side; and in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free.

Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last he began to be reserved and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him greatly.

"I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound."

Then, for the first time, he felt how heavily were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently weighing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said, impetuously. "I love you; and yet I am not free to love!"

She recoiled, but bade him tell her all.

"It was cruel, unkind of her to bind you so," she said.

"No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable forever."

"You may meet her."

"Impossible!"

"But possible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you up."

"You know her?"

"Yes; to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and—she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought you to be."

He loved his face in his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him. The hour had come which he had hoped for in bygone days—he was to learn whom he had wedded; but it gave him no pleasure now.

At an early hour the servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room. He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did, they fell upon Miss Sydenham.

"I am Ellen Latour," she said, simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you. Listen to my story before you blame me," she said.

"The man whom you saw die was my step-father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that was to be paid down to him out of my property the moment Turner became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me traveling about the country."

"At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started for England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise. I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost. I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, but remained to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety."

"But this intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen!"

"Yours forever!" she answered. And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the whole world.

Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by strategy.

Cause of Stotlenliness. Undoubtedly many women who are not slatternly by nature become so on account of the unvarying routine of domestic life. They lose interest in acts continually repeated, and slight small duties. Perhaps the housewife does not sweep her rooms so thoroughly to-day because the operation must be repeated to-morrow, nor dust so particularly, since dust, unlike her coffee, has a trick of settling often. Why should she take unending pains with food which is to be eaten as soon as it is out of the oven, and not by visitors either, who would credit her with skill? Or why is "fussy" about the beds that are to be tumbled in a very few hours? At the same time, what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, they tell us. Why did she undertake a business for which she had no talent, and in which she finds nothing congenial? For whom does she seek to make home attractive? Is it not worth while to persevere in her inimitable routine for the sake of those she loves? For that matter, is not life itself monotonous? A certain suicide made the excuse that the routine of sleeping, dressing and eating—indeed, of life in general—was too wearisome for endurance, and so quitted it.

RELIGIOUS READINGS.

A Death-Bed Sermon.

A gentleman died at his residence in one of our up town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen.

On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave occasional expression to his remorse at what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life.

"Oh," he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relatives gathered around his bed, "if I could only live my years over again, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter."

His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall.

"You have never reproved my avaricious spirit," he said to the minister; you have called it a wise economy and "forethought," but my riches have been only a snare for my soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul."

In this state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the acquisition of riches. Many came away impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding horse to horse and dollar to dollar until he became a millionaire.

All knew him to be a professed christian and a good man as the world goes; but the terrors and remorse of his death bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory.

Religious News and Notes.

The report of the American Board shows an increase of seventeen missionaries, one hundred preaching places, 2,500 common schools and three hundred high school scholars, and more than 2,000 additions to the mission churches.

The Free Baptists of New-Brunswick have added three hundred and forty-four communicants and received \$25,000 for church purposes during the past year. The increase in communicants during the last ten years has been \$3,500.

The annual meeting of the Indians of the American Board's Dakota Mission was held in September, when a class of thirty-six native pastors and teachers was organized for Biblical study, and spent six hours a day for three days in receiving instruction and discussing the topics which were suggested by the lessons.

A Scotch clergyman who was performing the funeral service over the remains of a neighboring pastor said of the dead man: "He was a good man, but he was not perfect." He said this with an air of sadness, as if the poor man ought to have been perfect, and was greatly to blame for being anything short of perfection.

The Catholics are reported to be making advances in Africa, particularly in Algeria, where they have 185,000 adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries in the equatorial regions.

The New York Yearly meeting of Friends has, during the last three years, added four hundred and fifty-one members by request, and one hundred and eleven by birth, and has had an increase of one hundred and ninety-nine members above the losses. This gain, which is unusual in the history of the society, is ascribed to the influence of the revival services which the meetings have recently permitted.

Every Mormon, by the present ratio of sexes in the state, has his chances in two and one-third wives.

The Human Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderful delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate as a series of winding passages which, like the lobes of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched, like parchment curtains, across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of the tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains, a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread, called nerves, stretch, like the strings of a piano, to the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass inward to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing certainly departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by a piano or violin when its strings are broken.—Pittsburgh Times.

One Meal a Day.

Dr. C. E. Page sends to the Journal of the Academy an account of experiments made to show that one meal a day is enough for a man:

"S. N. S., twenty-eight years old, resolved to adopt the one-meal system, and did so, leaving off meat and all condiments, as salt and pepper, and eating chiefly wheat-meal bread and fruit, the bread made from unsifted meal and mixed with water only, no salt or bread-raising devices—unleavened bread. Within seven months his weight increased from one hundred and forty-five pounds to one hundred and seventy pounds, and his strength of both body and mind had increased in proportion. His labor had been severe; he is a machinist and an inventor, working ten hours every day, and doing a good deal of practical and profitable thinking at the same time. It is now a full year since he came to one meal, and the weight gained has been maintained, and his health is perfect. During the last winter, for the purpose of testing the sufficiency of one meal of pure food for the most trying labor, he worked in an iron foundry for three months, and notwithstanding the extreme and frequent changes of temperature incident to the work, on cold mornings, with the mercury below zero, and in the afternoon at 120 degrees above, and all this sweating like rain, he had not a cold for the winter, and was the only employe thus exempt. He had formerly been subject to frequent attacks of the above disease. His daily ration consists of six ounces to nine ounces (according to labor) of Graham flour, beside fruit sufficient to supply all the liquids necessary—half a dozen apples or their equivalent in other fruit. He is rarely thirsty, but sometimes, if too little fruit is taken at meal time, he takes a small draft of water in the course of the day. This meal is taken at night, after entire recovery from fatigue, usually at about seven o'clock. During the month of May, 1881, just passed, he gained sixty hours, or six full days, working extra hours at his bench, sometimes working right through to midnight, and taking his breakfast after a short rest, before retiring. No man in his employ had gained so much time. He has occasionally made a trial of boiled-flour bread, but has invariably experienced a loss of weight and strength."

"My own experience goes far to prove the efficiency of the above regimen for either the brain or muscle worker. I am now taking but one meal a day, and find myself perfectly nourished, weight and strength maintained, on about fourteen ounces of unleavened wheat-meal bread, to the mastication of which I devote an hour or more. I find that six cold eggs, weighing about fourteen ounces, without either butter or milk, chewed deliberately and thoroughly dissolved by the juices of the mouth, will sustain me much better than when eaten warm with butter or milk, or both together added, and eaten as fast as one naturally eats hot rolls and butter or bread and milk. Considering the manner in which people in general bolt their food, it is not strange that a large proportion of it fails of digestion. Starchy food cannot be transformed into pure blood either, except as far as the change is begun in the mouth."

"Until a few months ago I took my food in the morning, but I find the evening a better time. During the day the brain and muscles can have everything their own way, without interfering or hindering digestion, and at evening, after sufficient rest, there is perfect tranquility of body and mind and leisure to digest." I had never been a "good sleeper" until I adopted this system of diet. People who eat several meals a day do well to take the last one early, and the lighter they make it the better, but dyspeptics may rest assured that, if self-considered, the evening meal is not the cause of their wakefulness or troubled dreams. When I ate three meals of a mixed diet, I could not make the last one simple enough to give me complete rest at night, but when rested from my day's labor, I can eat my full vegetarian meal and sleep like a well-fed babe. I could give quite a number of examples like the foregoing, of one-mealers, did space permit, all tending to prove the superiority of vegetable over animal diet, and of the entire wheat over the most scientifically improvised article."

Although early in the season, we announce, at the request of Mr. Vennor, that during the coming winter water will be usual freeze with its slippery side up.

The Welsh Congregational church of Plymouth, Pa., one of the largest churches of its kind in this country has received as its pastor the Rev. Mr. Morris of Wales.

The school lands of Texas are estimated to be worth \$100,000,000; a sum equal to the school lands of all the other states combined.

The Irish Presbyterian Church has started an Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.

The Grass Crop.

A question widely discussed involves the relative value of the wheat, cotton, tea and hay crops of the world. Which of these products involves the greatest amount of the world's capital? It is said by the "Hay Reporter" that hay leads the rest, and the items that enter into the account as stated are somewhat startling. Cotton and tea are local crops, while hay is produced everywhere the world over, and the hay crop generally outweighs either of the other two. The aggregate reported value of all farm products in the United States for 1879 was 12,477,538,658; but as this includes additions to stocks, "detirements," etc., it was probably too high then, but the census of 1880 would not doubt show even larger figures. Now, the hay crop for 1879—that is, the grass dried or cured for use or sold—is reported at over 27,000,000 tons. This, at half the selling price in the large cities, would amount to \$105,000,000, and is far greater than the aggregate value of the cotton crop or any other crop. But the "cured" hay is but a portion of the grass crop. The other portion is used on the ground, and it requires considerable calculation to get at the value so used, even in the roughest way.

In the first place, live stock, including horned cattle, horses, sheep, swine, etc., to the value of \$1,325,000,000, were fed from it that year. Averaging the lives of these at 5 years, we have one-fifth of that sum as representing the grass fed to them in 1879—viz., \$265,000,000, next, we find the value of animals slaughtered for food in that year to be \$300,000,000; and as this is an annual product, the whole of it will for the present be credited to the grass crop; next, we find that the butter crop of 1879 was 514,000,000 pounds, which at the low average of 25 cents, amounts to \$128,500,000, and this goes to the credit of grass; next, we have 225,000,000 gallons of milk, which average at the low estimate of 10 cents per gallon, adds \$22,500,000 more to the credit of the grass crop; then we have 100,000,000 pounds of wool at 25 cents per pound, adding \$25,000,000 more, and, finally, 53,000,000 pounds of cheese at 10 cents, adding over \$5,300,000 to the total of these credits to the grass crop of 1879, which aggregates \$887,000,000.

Now, says the "Hay Reporter" let us add the value of the "hay" crop as given above—viz: \$105,000,000—and we have a grand total for "hay" and the products of grass consumed on the ground amounting to \$1,292,000,000. This, of course, subject to deduction as the meat, butter, milk, cheese, and the wool-producing animals consume other food besides grass and hay. To make ample allowance for this, we deduct the entire value of corn and oats of 1879, estimated at \$270,000,000, and this leaves a remainder of \$1,022,000,000 to be credited to the hay and grass crop of that year, when the reported aggregate of all farm products was \$2,447,538,658. If our estimate makes even the roughest approach to accuracy, the value of that crop was two-fifths of the aggregate value of all farm products, and hence we may infer that two-fifths of the capital then invested in agricultural pursuits was devoted to the grass crop, and this in the United States (equals in round numbers) \$4,575,000,000.

The Men Who Succeed.

The great difference among men of all callings is the energy of character or the want of it. Given the same amount of learning and integrity, and the same opportunities, and energy will make one man a conqueror. The want of it will see the other man a failure.

Dead-beats are all men without force. They had as good a chance as any of their companions. Others went ahead and carried off the prizes, while they were lying by the wayside dispirited and dependent. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force will not earn salt to his porridge. He will drag through life with the help of friends, getting some credit with them for being a well-meaning man, in delicate health and unshaky. The real trouble is that he lacks energy.

This is just as true of the minister as of the lawyer or the physician. Piety is not enough, and piety with much learning is not enough. All the Greek and Hebrew in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness in the ministry. It wants push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word, energy. If the youth knows a little Greek, he knows what an *erogon* means, and without it Dr. Parr's knowledge of Greek will not help him to usefulness or success in the pulpit.—N. Y. Observer.

Bishop Simpson declared in the Ecumenical Conference in London, that the loss of children of Methodists in America in favor of other denominations was one of the most disastrous facts connected with Methodism.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Plates made of paper are now used in Berlin restaurants for serving bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns, and similar articles.

Mr. Walter, of the London Times, says that the American people spend too much for public buildings and do not spend enough for pavements.

The Cochlinate water of Boston tastes so bad that the leading hotels and many private persons are buying water from farmers in the suburbs for drinking purposes.

Young James Garfield, who returned to his class at Williams College, is again very ill with the malaria which his system absorbed while in Washington.

After the experience of American cities with wooden pavements, it is strange to hear that Piccadilly, London, has been paved its entire length with blocks of wood.

The editor of a Virginia paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that that little town kept up four newspapers, and the reply was, "No, it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

A Massachusetts judge has officially ruled that the ringing of a church bell at 5 o'clock in the morning is a public nuisance, and that if people must worship at that hour they must do so without disturbing their neighbors.

The Rev. John A. Lansing, the Methodist exhorter, is now in prison at Boston charged with swindling his dupes out of \$20,000. He used the motto: in promoting the Jacques Cologne Company, which finally wound up in bankruptcy. Among his dupes were four Boston widows.

The Lane-Kin Club.

"Doorin' my three score years of life I have observed some curious things," began Brother Gardner as the thermometer showed 98 degrees and rising. "I have observed, for instance, dat the men mos' consarned 'bout de welfare of de kentry am de men who do de least to prosper her."

"I hev observed dat de politishun who sots out to save de kentry am generally hailed up for robbin' her."

"I hev observed dat de men who seem to hev de mos' sympathy fur de poor' nether walt five minutes to foreclose a chattel mortgage."

"I hev observed dat good cloze an' impudence will pass fur riches an' education."

"I hev observed dat brag an' bluster am better weapons dan argyment an' truth."

"I hev observed dat a grand monument in a graveyard 'doin' little de meanness of a dead man's relashuns."

"I hev observed dat charity kin make paupers almost as fast as a conflagration."

"I hev observed dat while all agrees dat honesty am de bes' policy, not one man in a hundred hesitates to work a lead nickel off on a street kyar company."

"I hev observed many odder things equally strange an' inconsistent, an' I am prepard to say to you: 'Mottos don't mean bizness, 'Maxims kin be forgotten faster dan written, 'Promises am a wheel with one cog gone, 'Friendship will las' as long as you kin afford to pay ten per cent. per annum. Let us now proceed to bizness.'"

Kind Treatment of Horses.

It has been observed by experienced horse trainers that naturally vicious horses are rare, and that among those that are properly trained and kindly treated when colts they are the exception.

It is superfluous to say that a gentle and docile horse is always the more valuable, other qualities being equal, and it is almost obvious that gentle treatment tends to develop this admirable quality in the horse as well as in the human species, while harsh treatment has the contrary tendency. Horses have been trained so as to be entirely governed by the words of his driver, and they will obey and perform their simple but important duties with as much alacrity as the child obeys the direction of the parent.

It is true that all horses are not equally intelligent and tractable, but it is probable that there is less difference among them in this regard than there is among his human masters, since there are many incitements and ambitions among men that do not affect animals.

The horse learns to know and to have confidence in a gentle driver, and soon discovers how to secure for himself that which he desires, and to understand his surroundings and his duties. The tone, volume, and inflection of his master's voice indicate much, perhaps more than the words that are spoken. Soothing tones rather than words calm him if excited by fear or anger, and angry and excited tones tend to excite or anger him. In short bad masters make bad horses.—Scientific American.