

H. A. LONDON, Jr., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

The Music of the Rain. alling, fulling, on the house tops, With a music quaint and rare, LA e the sound of human heart-throbe On the silent midmeht air: Or the tears of angels falling When they weep with those who weep, Or the luliaby of mothers When they rock their babes to sleep,

Like the drowsy wine of poppies With its wierd, enchanting power, Coming to the weary listener Like the dew to drooping flowers; Like ca'm sleep to those who suffer, Or like tears to those who mourn; Like remembered words of loved ones From our aching bacoms torn. Strangely sweet, bewitching music, All enteralied my senses lie. As I watch the mystic Future With the shadowy Past go by,

While a calm and holy qui Steals upon my heart and brain, Then I fall seleep, still listening To the marmur of the min. So, mayhap, sometime hereafter I shall lay me down to rest,

Overweary, and shall listen For the music I loved best; When, its gentle cadence falling Through the midnight silence deep, Soltly soothes my troubled spirit, While it lulls me into sleep

When, at last, my soul has fallen Into sweetest, glad repose, That on earth sunshine nor shadow No awaking over knows-Like the voice of waiting angels, Or the vesper bells in toll, May the softly-falling raindrops Clant a requiem for my scul, -Abbe Kinue in Baldwin's Monthly.

SPEAKING TOO SOON.

It was a sunshiny May day, with an immense bee booming among the lilacs and peonies in the school garden, an slightly compressed; while Mr. Barintense glow of golden light on the thorne, a pleasant-faced gentleman of grass, and a dreamy languor in the air that made Alice Hopkins sleepy in spite of herself, as she sat with the httle children's copy-books in a pile ing post, and, totally unconscious that before her, inscribing the month's he was observed, alike by Miss Negley marks upon their covers, according to from her post of authority on the their respective merits.

Alice was scarcely more than a child herself. Barely ninetcen, with a slight, young figure, a color that came and went at the slightest variation of her pulse, and pleading bazel eyes, it was the hardest work in the world to assume the dignity that was necessary for her position as assistant teacher.

"I never saw such babyishness in my life!" said Miss Negley, the principal; "and I shall not put up with it, Miss Hopkins-don't you think it! Dignity, in the educational line, is everything. And I do not call it fitting to the position of assistant prinripal to be racing around with the children in their noonday games, and dressing a corn-cob doll on the sly for little Priscilla Jones, to say nothing about bursting out crying like a great baby, when Billy Smith killed the robin-redbreast with astone. Dignity-Miss Hopkins-dignity should ever be the watchword of our profession."

Miss Negley was tall and grim, with heavy black hair, a sallow complexion several missing front toeth, and something very like a moustache.

Alice Hopkins cowered before her

wheedle a consent out of us before- for the shady cedar-woods, where she hand, so that everything shall seem still sat arranging ferns around the ribbon of her hat. smooth to-morrow when the committee meets. But he'll find that he has "There's no use trying to run away," thought she, "I may as well mistaken his customer this time!"

Little Alice began to tremble all over, and to grow pink and white by turns, after her usual fashion when she was disturbed. "I-I am so frightened!" hesitated

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this battle."

woods,

she. "Please may I go home?"

pleasantly. "Yes, you little coward," impatiently "Fine day, Miss Alice!" said he, responded Miss Negley; "that is, if you wiping his brow with the identical haven't the courage to stand up for yellow si% pocket handkerchief which yourself and your rights." had but now served as a duster for his "But Mr. Barthorne has always been boots

so kind to me." faltered Alice Honkins, "Yes," said Alice, standing like "and if he should tell me that it was best, I almost know that I should conspring, "Please, Mr. Barthorne, what it. sent to having my salary reduced, did she sav?" You know, dear Miss Negley, that if it "What did who say?" said the midhadn't been for him, I never should dle-ageil gentleman, turning scarlet, have received the appointment at all." "Miss Negley. Don't think me in. "I don't wonder," said Miss Neg'ev, trusive," she added: "but I know all anostrophizing the ceiling, "that they about it "

aren't willing to allow women the "The deute you do?" said Mr. Barprivilege of suffrage in this benighted thorne. "Why, she wouldn't let no country. And you, Alice Hopkins, get in a word edgewise that's what you may go home! You certainly will she said. Perhaps, however, I've had be of no use at all to me in fighting a lucky escape?" "But you must own that it is hard,"

there under the cedar. He nodded

And Alice, heartily thankful for said Alice, carnestly, this grudgingly-accorded reprieve, put "Hard?" echoed Mr. Barthorne. "I the copy books into the desk-drawer, should have supposed it would have piled up the dictionary and definer, suited her exactly! But," a new idea caught her little pink lawn sun-bonnet bursting athwart his brain, "there's asgood fish in the sea as ever were caught from its nail, and vanished like a flying out of it? Miss Alice, what would shadow into the nearest patch of cedar

you say if I were to ask you to be my Miss Negley sat very upright, with wifeY folded arms and prominent elbows, Alice Hopkins looked at him it her nose slightly tinctured with the ama 'execut

rosy hue of coming battle, her lips 1. Mr. Barthorne" discoverationed. "You are young enough to be my daughter, sure enough," said the five-and-forty or thereabouts, trotted worthy man, not without some bitter up to the school house door, leisurely "But I'm not so very old, either, ness: dismounted, tied his horse to the hitchand I've a good bonne to offer any woman who will take pity upon my Ioneliness."

"Loneliness ?"

school room dais, and little Alice Hop-Alice looked at Mr. Barthorne in kins by the spring in the woods, surprise. It had never occurred to paused to dust his boots with his her little innocent heart that Mr. Baryellow silk pocket handkerehief, and to thorne, in the big white house, with adjust his thick, dark locks before be the pair of horses and the close. "I'm glad I'm not there," said Alice perhaps there was something in the Hopkins, with a long sigh of relief. dewy brightness of her eyes, as she And then, having cooled her face raised them to Mr. Barthorne's face, and hands in the transparent spring, that emboddened him to plead his

cause with more energy. "I should love you very dearly, Alice," he said, with a tremble in hisvoice. "I would be very good to you. Won't you answer me, Alice?" Her head drooped; there was an in-

stant of silence, and then she said in a low tone: "Yes, Mr.Barthorne, I'll marry you."

He bent and kissed her forehead. "You'll not regret it, my lass," said me. "And you're the very girl I would

"Come in?" she had answered, brusquely, to the knock at the door, without taking the trouble to move glad, now, that Miss Negley wouldn't listen to me." Alice started

"Oh, Mr. Barthorne," said she, "was "Good afternoon, Miss Negley" said that your errand?"

"Of course it was," said Barthorne the trustee, depositing his hat on the nearest desk and venturing on an apolo-

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JULY 5, 1883.

The Chatham Record.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT. Idleness is the door to all vices Success is a fruit slow to ripen. Egotism is the tongue of vanity stay where I am. And after all, why Many are estecuted only because they should I be afraid of Mr. Barthorne?" are not known.

Mr. Barthone checked his rein as he Conscience warns us as a friend be saw the pretty young school teacher fore it publishes us as a judge. Hints are like thistle-down. You

cannot tell where they will light. expect to be judged by that standard. Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks-Thought is slow-paced-imaginasome fair wood nymph beside the tion often reaches the goal ahead of

> A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

You may depend upon it he is a

all good. The light of friendship is the light of phesphorus-seen plainest when all around is dark.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render them service.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.

UNDER WATER.

A Diver's Experience With Sharks and Other Creatures of the Vasty Deep. Harry H. Ballard, of New Orleans, one of the eighteen marine or salt water divers of the United States, was found confined to his room in the pay ward of the Cincinnati hospital by an attack of inflatomatory chomostism, caused by exposure as a diver. "Did you not fear the shacks in your

diving expeditions?" asked an Enquire | piece to-morrow?" er reporter.

"That is a subject about which there is a great deal of humbug. Obl sailers down for you?" with lots of alle time on their hands love to spin yarns about the ferocity of sharks. The shark is a cowcarriage, could ever be bonely. And ardly fish. He never attacks you un. you provoke the Inst quarrel. I have met thousands of them and had them swim all around me, with their horrid, glassy, deathlike eyes glaring at me and their huge mouths under their belly snapping as though ready to swallow me. The noise that the air makes rearing into the shells frightens them and then they see that the man is moving about. At Callao harbor, which is a regular sharks' nest. I went down forty feet or more and met lots of these ocean devils, but none of them offered to molest

Divers have various expedients for have picked out of a thousand. I'm avoiding these animals, and one was toid me on the Peruvian coast. A diver was at work on the wreck of a Spanish man-of-war in West India waters. A safe containing \$3,000,000 was the object of his search, and after hours of patient labor the treasure "Dr. Smiley said she was the very was found. While he was shackling heavy iron chains to the treasure box hold. But the moment I hinted at the a dark shadow, long and motionless suddenly attracted his attention Looking upward he saw a huge spotted shark, twenty feet long, poised above and watching every movement as a cat does a mouse. The diver for got about the \$3,0.0,000, and walking a short distance, was on the point of signaling to the tender to pull him up, when a glance convinced him that it would be sure death. The shark watched his every movement, and with a scarcely perceptible movement. of his tail, overshadowed his victim with its huge proportions. Never be, fore had the diver more need of coolness and nerve, together with his wits about him. He spied a long layer of mud close at hand, and he moved toward it. The shark followed, gliding stealthily toward him, while a thrily of horror ran through his veins. With an iron har he stirred the mud, which rose thick and fast above him; the clear, golden light of the water disappeared, and the diver excaped. "The only scare I ever had with a fish was when I first went d wn off the South American coast. I had a great big crowbar in my hand, which perhaps fell about a foot or eighteen inches below my feet. Just beneath me lay a huge cuttle-fish fast asleep, Of course I did not see him, and the crowbar went clear through him. The cuttle-fish has a peculiar mode of atthat in 1868 the practice was begun in tack. He discharges a black humor the United States by a California which makes the water look like ink "sport" named Clendnyn, but Dr. Allan The first thing I knew it was so black McLane Hamilton says that he saw all around me I could not see my hand white smokers in San Francisco joints | before my face. I couldn't imagine long before that time. The habit what had broken loose and I signaled traveled rapidly Eastward, and reached to pull me up. The natives all laugh, New York in 1876. In Park, Mott ed and told me it was only a cuttleand Pell streets among the Chinese the fish. Not long after the cuttlefish was first joints were opened. Now more worked ashore and there was my crow-

ANTHUR AS A POET. The President as a Schoolmaster - An Early Poetiest Effusion - Row He En-couraged a Diffident Youth weather.

A pleasant reminiscence of President Arthur's college days is told by Dr. Asa G. Stillman, of Albia, a sub urb of Troy. In the little village of North Pownal, Vt., thirty-one years ago, Chester A. Arthur, then a student of Williams college, taught school during vacation at the college to earn Those who set up a standard must money to help defray the expenses of Journal. his education. Among the country lads who were placed under the in struction of the struggling student was Stillman, then a boy of eight summers. It appears that the future president of the United States was unusually strict in the rules governing his rural school, and rigorously insisted that each of the young ideas in his charge should speak a piece every examination day. Young Stillman lacked good man whese intimate friends are the courage to declaim in the presence of the visitors who called to note the progress of the pupils. This want of bravery served as a sufficient excuse for exemption until Mr. Arthur resolved that it was no longer available. and insisted that Stillman should spont with the rest of the boys. Stillman had been led to believe that the pieces the other lads had recited were all original, and complained that he was unable to compose anything that would prove acceptable. The day be fore the examination arrived, and all the scholars excepting Stillman were prepared for a burst of eloquence on the morrow. Stillman was requested to remain after the school had been dismissed, and visions of a boy receiving the benefit of a birch rod, wielded by our chief magistrate, flitted through his mind. The scholars had all departed, when Mr. Arthur, addressing

the quaking Stillman, said smilingly; "Don't you think you can speak "I haven't got one," was the answer.

"Will you learn one if I write it

"I'd try, but I can't read writing well enough," was the reply of the boy, anxious to be excused.

"Then I'll print it for you," said the persistent tutor. "Will you learn it if I do?

"I'll do my best," sighed the juve. nile, corpered at last.

Mr. Arthur thereupon printed in letters large and distinct the following "poetic gem." The original manuscript has been preserved by Dr. Stillman since the day President Arthur printed the verses in that little Vermont school

Pray, how shall I, a little lad, In speaking mide a little lad, Ton arc but () sting. Fin strad, Do was that () set logger. Bat since you wish to hear my part, And args me to begin ut. [II strive for) nice with all my art, Though small my chance to win it.

I'll teil a tale, how Farmer John A little roan colt bred, sir, And every night and every morn, He watered and he ted, sir, Sant Neighber Joe to Farmar John, "You surely are a dolt, sir, To spend such daily care moon A little uncess colt, sin,"

The farmer answered won lering Joe

if it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything." All locomotive engines are low spirited in damp and foggy They have a great satisfact tion in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is their po uliarities and varieties of character that are most remarkable. - Flocal d Railway

THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

An Account of the Slaughter Given by an Indian Woman.

Since General Custer and his com, mand of 300 were massacred by the braves of Sitting Bull, two or three ac counts have been given, each of which purported to be a correct history of the light. But of the particulars of the scene there have been only menger men. accounts. The St. Paul Privater Press respondent at Standing Bock Agency

and the wife of Tatatokahegleska, or Spotted Horn Bull. This woman is first cousin to Sitting Boll, and the story is vouched for as being a true account of the battle. After describ-

ing the advance and the retreat of Major Reno-whom she declared to be either drunk or crary and his men thoroughly panic stricken-the woman stated that the retreat and its con-

sequent slaughter was searcely ended when the blare of Custer's trumpets told the Sioux of his approach, but they were prepared for him. The men quictly crossed the river, and hundreds galloped to his rear out of range at first but soon hemming him in constant. ly narrowing circles. The woman mounted her pony and role behind her camp, where she could get a good

view of the hills beyond. She saw the troops come up and dismount. Each fourth man seized the bridles of three horses besides his own. The rest de-

ployed and advanced on the run toward the river. She saw the terrible effect of the withering fire which greeted the as proach from the willows on the Indians' side of the stream, and laughed as she said: "Our people, boys and all, had plenty of guns and aumunition to kill the new soldiers. Those who had run away left them behind." Slowly trotting north along the outskirts of the encampments, she noted the Indians

who had crossed getting closer to the troops. She watched the latter-these who were left of them -- retreat to their horses and mount. She heard the yells of her kindred and the shouts of the whites; but soon, as the former you." grew plentier and the latter fewer, she

could distinguish little save here and there an animated cluster of men and horses.

Slowly her pony jogged down the stream. When she reached the Minnes ero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickconjo camp, on the extreme left, not an hour's ride, she said not one white soldier was visible on the field. Of

A Canine Critic. horses there were plenty; these the Indians spared. The Custer men were soon stripped and the Indians knew they had killed the long-haired chief-

In the year 1839 a phonomonon ap. peared in the musical world which attracted considerable attention in Germany. A centleman well known

NO. 43. The Train. Hark I It comes! It hums! With ear to ground 1 eatch the sound, The warning, courier-toar That runs along before. The pulsing, struggling now is clearer!

The hillsides echo "Neator, nearer," Till, like a drove of rushing, frightened cattle, With dust and wind and clang and shrick and nittle, Passes the Cyclops of the train!

The white z noke flics Up to the akies; The sound Is drowned Harkt - Charles H. Crawfall in the Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"A dream of fair women" - rich

What a mother lacks in skill she publishes an interview between a cor- makes up in enthusianit when she cuts her low's hair.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully rained the one he was OB.

Strong as is the power of imagination you cannot make a woman believe that she does not need a new bonnet.

"Whisky," said the doctor, "hardens the brains." "Maybe it does," replied the borrible example, the t if softens the knees most won'erfully."

A Venetian glass manufacturer is fabricating laties' bonnets by the thousands, and selling them, too. That style of bonnet ought to make good looking-lassys.

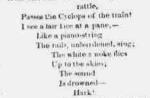
"Where are the springs of long ago?" writes Edith M. Thomas, in sweetly dowing verse. Give it up, Edith. Some of them may be longing in that old hoop-skirt in the attic.

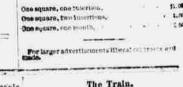
"Let us pursue the subject a little farther," said the medical students at the bulside of a dying patient. So the next night they went and stole the body from the cemetery.

A fence-rail was blown right through the body of a mule by the Mississippi cyclone, so the story goes, Even a cyclone has to approach a mule sideways to get the better of him.

The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking docsn't inconvenience

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young hady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicly replied, adding, "I hope so, if you think of getting off there."





The Chatham Becord.

RATES or

ADVERTISING.

2.66

severe glance.

"I'm very sorry!" faltered she. try to be good!"

"More like a child than ever!" said Miss Negley, despairingly.

"I-I mean," Alice hastened to cor rect herself-"I will endeavor to set a guard upon my rash impulses."

"That sounds more like it!" said Miss Negley. "And now, Alice, see here! I expect some of the school trustees here to-morrow."

"Oh, dear!" said Alice, remembering the signal failure of her class upon a similar occasion, not so very long ago, "It isn't another examination, I hope?"

"Worse than that," said Miss Negley -"far worse!"

Alice lifted her hazel eyes in amaze ment. What could possibly be worse than Fanny Dow spelling cat with a k. and Lucy Malley asserting that Baltimore was situated on the left bank of the river Nile.

"There is a proposition on foot to reduce our salaries," said Miss Negley. 'Actually, to reduce our salaries!"

"Oh," said Alice. "But mine is very small already. Only one hundred dol-lars a year. I don't think they can reduce it much."

"They can reduce it to fifty, can't they?" said Miss Negley, shortly.

"In that case," ventured Alice, "I could go and be a shop girl in my uncle's store in the city. One must livel"

"You've no proper pride," said Miss Negley. "A shop girl indeed! But 1 a scoraful laugh. "Did you mistake don't intend that they shall carry out their nefarious plans. If- My good gracious me! there comes Mr. Barthorne now jogging slong on his old gray horse just as composed as if he wasn't bent on an errand of evil, head and front of the whole business. I'll show him! A reduction of salaries.

getic bow. "Good afternoon, Mr. Barthorne" Miss Negley answered, with just about

"TH

different mood.

from her seat.

rapped on the door.

she sat down to think.

To her, a reduction of her scanty

salary meant nothing less than starva

tion. As things were she could scarce-

And sitting there in the shifting

shadows of the wind-blown branches,

she cried a little, to think how solitary

Miss Negley, however, was in a very

And when Mr Barthorne entered, he

espied her sitting stiff, silent, straight,

and friendless she was in the world.

ly pay her board and other expenses.

as much warmth as an icicle in her address. "I hope I do not intrude," said the trastee, civilly.

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Negley. "A-hem!" said the trustee, evident ly ill at ease. "It ain't easy to broach the business I've come on, Miss Negley." "I should think not," said the lady.

"But I called just at this hour, when I expected to find you alone -----

"Oh, yes, I haven't any doubt that you did!" Miss Negley interrupted him, in accents of fine sarcasm. "Even you, Squire Barthorne, would be ashamed to hint at such a thing before the poor, dear children "

"Eh?" said Mr. Barthorne, instinctively retreating a pace or two, for there was something pythoness-like in Miss Negley's attitude, as she rose and darted her head forward at him to emphasize her words.

"I know what you're going to say," said Miss Negley; "and I won't listen to a word of it -not one word! No one but a set of narrow-minded misers could have thought of it. I'll leave

Wyndale school first!" "Well, well, no harm done," said Mr Barthorne, clutching at his hat. "If I'd have known that you'd taken things as hard as this-"

"How did you suppose I was going to take 'em?" said Miss Negley, with me for the dust under your feet?" "I assure you,' ma'am, that nothing of the sort was in my mind," humbly uttered Mr. Barthorne, "I wish you good afternoon""

He hurried out, remounted his gray They do say that old Barthorne is the steed, which, poor beast, was just com. posing itself for a comfortable doze in the sunshine, and rode off, making, to than 6000 Americans are said to be bar gone clear through him."-Cinindeed! I dare say he means to Alice Hopkins' intense dismay, straight | slaves to the habit of opium amoking. cimult shouther,

coman I needed to regulate my house subject, she as good as ordered me off the premises. Not that I'm sorry for She has a face like a man, and a figure like a Prussian grenadier!" She Alice broke out laughing.

could fancy exactly how Miss Negley had looked. There was comfort in the reflection that Miss Negley would never lecture her more. Miss Negley battled with the com-

mittee next day, but in vain. The ruthless trustees reduced her salary one half, and when it transpired, in some unaccountable way, that she had actually refused Mr. Barthorne (without being asked) she telt that life was indeed a failure. And the arrival of Alice Hopkins' wedding-cards did not better matters.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she said, "I spoke too soon. Why didn't I wait to hear what Mr. Barthorne had to say before I answered in such a hurry': My tongue always was my besetting fault"

Opium Smokers. •

Most authorities agree that the first opium smoked by a white man in America was consumed in California but there is a division of opinion as to when the vice was introduced. Dr. II, H. Kane of New York, who has given the subject careful study, says

Not for the good he now can do, Bat may do when he s grown up." The moral you may plainly see, To keep the tale from spolling. The lattle colt you think is me. I know it by your smiling

I now entreat you to excuse, My liquing nod my stammers, And ence you're learned my parent? Fill humbly make my manners.

When Asa Stillman made "his manners" after relieving himself of the above, he was met with the congratuthe visitors. President Arthur frequently refers to this maiden effort in letters to the physician, whose first son he named Chester Arthur Stillgathering, a few evenings ago, recited the simple lines, he having then arrived at precisely the same age as his father was when the latter delivered them .- Chicago Tribune.

Locomotive Caprices.

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that if a dozen dif. farent locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power. for the same purpose, of like material, in the same factory, each of these loca motive engine would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coal and water once; another will not listen to such a thing, but insists on being coax. sd by spadefuls and bucketfuls. One is disposed to start off when required at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at the work and to get well into it. These pecudarities are so accurately mastered by deillful arivers that only particula nen can persuade engines to do their would seem as if some of est. It. these "excellent monsters" declared, on being brought from the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive. I won't go; heap of dust soon after exposure,

by his backskin coal trimmed with beaver which they found upon him. The Sloux lost thirty killed, and more than twice as many wounded, the Indians numbering five thousand in all.

Preserving Power of Salt,

It is well-known that in soil where time abounds, dead bodies are tossilized lations of his teacher, his parents and in a few years or even a few months after burial. In soil where there is no lime there are sometimes other elements which often preserve the features of a buried body unchanged for man. This boy, at a Sunday-school many years. The philosophic Hamlet, musing by an old grave over the fact that man turns into dust, and dust into earth, exclaims;

"Imperial Casar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away to

But what would have been his musings if he had stool beside the disin. terred body of his father and seen brow and form appearing as natural as when he gave "the world assurance of a man?" Yet this might have been, for there are numerous cases on record where bodies disinterred for removal after years of interment, have been found to be as well preserved as if they had been only a few days dead. General Washington's features were quite perfect when his body was taken up to be put in the sarcophagus where they now repose. The same was true of General Wayne, when his body was removed forty years after death; and of Robert Burns, twenty one years after burial. But it scems almost incredible that the body of John Hampden, who was disinterred 200 years after death, should have been in a similar state of preservation. But Lord Nugent records the fact. His word is not to be questioned. Possibly the most remarkable fact of all these rases is that the bodies crumbled to a

as an enthusiastic musical amatent of Darnistalt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, had a female spaniel, called Poolle. By striking the animal whenever music was played, and a false note struck, she was made to howl. At last the threat of the upraised stick was equally effective, presently a mere glance of the master's eye produced the same howl, and at last the false note itself. A German paper of the period says: "At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S. and his wonderful dog are not invitedor, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarbonet, hautbois or bugle-all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, creets its cars, shows its grinders and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce the same effect." It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its musical career. towards its close a vicious modulation or a talse relation of parts produced the same result. "Sometimes to tease the dog," says our German authority, "Mr. S. and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eves shoot forth fiery flashes. and long and frightful howls respond to the inharmonious concert of the mischlevous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far, because when the dog's patience is much tried it becomes savage, and endeavors to bite both its persecutors and their instruments.- London Society.