The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, ... $1.50
One copy, six months 1.00
One copy, three months, ...50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. V. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JULY 26, 1883. NO. 46.

The Chatham Record.

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.

If

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "mine" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would set the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer muted strings
To isolate them kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strive together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be better for it.

A LUCKY SHIP.

It was about twelve o'clock on a dark, cold February night; the rain had been pouring down steadily for several days. One could hardly imagine a more bleak, desolate station than Elmwood on that night, with one lamp making darkness visible, the platform an inch deep in rain, and a sleepy station-master and porter giving the only indications of life.

Mr. Hugh Lambert, as he got out of the train and went to look after his luggage, felt very thankful that he had only a mile to drive before reaching home. He was a man of about forty, old for his years and slightly gray; in figure he was tall and well made, and his face had an expression of cleverness.

As a rule few passengers alighted at Elmwood by that late train; but on this night there were two besides Hugh Lambert—a young lady and her maid, with a goodly pile of luggage. Hugh was wondering a little as to where they could be going, when he heard the girl ask the station-master if there was a carriage waiting from Mrs. Newton, of Priarten.

"Why, the road has bin blocked since six o'clock, miss! There's bin a big landslip, and they're working all night to get it cleared. I don't think you'll get to Priarton this week, what with the slip and the floods."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the girl, with a face of blank despair. "Is there no other road to get to Priarton?"

Hugh Lambert was listening with some interest. Mrs. Newton was his nearest neighbor, and a great friend of his; this must be her niece, of whom he had often heard. He approached the lady and raised his hat courteously.

"I am sorry to say there is no other road to Priarton; nor is there any way of getting there to-night. I heard of the landslip only about an hour ago, and know that the road is completely blocked."

"What can I do?" the girl asked again. "Is there any inn here, or must I take the next train back to the nearest town?"

"The last tram's gone an hour; there ain't no inn in the country-side save publics"—this from the porter.

"You must let me arrange this matter for you," said Hugh Lambert. "I think I must be speaking to Mrs. Newton's niece, Miss Nayton?"

"You have guessed rightly;" and Dorothy looked up eagerly, delighted to find some one to whom she was known, if only by name.

She was a bright little body, pleasant-looking, though she could not lay claim to great beauty—a brunette with a clear olive complexion, dark eyes, and a straight nose. She had crossed from her home that afternoon, she told her new acquaintance; and so of course her aunt might not have expected her to arrive so early.

"You must let me take care of you," Lambert said. "My place is close by. I will take you there, and send a message to your aunt as soon as possible to let her know that you are safe."

Just at that minute a horse was heard galloping up the dark road, and presently a man came hurrying into the station.

"Is there a young lady here for Priarten?" he asked.

Dorothy went forward eagerly.

"If you please, miss, here's a note from Mrs. Newton. I've been four hours getting here; I had to ride twelve miles round, for the road is blocked and the floods are out. I had to get a boat at the low meadows, and borrow another horse on this side; and this has delayed me in getting here."

Hardly waiting to listen to this long explanation from the old coachman, Dorothy tore open the note and read:

"My Dearest Child—I am in great distress. The road between here and the station has been blocked by a tremendous landslip; so it is impossible to send the carriage to meet you. I have therefore forwarded a note to my great friend, Hugh Lambert, asking him to send for you and give you and your maid shelter for the night, till we see what is to be done. He is the only neighbor on that side of the landslip, and is so charming you need not mind going to him; it is indeed the only thing to be done. In great haste,

"Your loving aunt,

Mary Newton."

The coachman had also given Hugh Lambert a note.

"I was to have left it at Leyton, sir," he said; "but I heard you was coming by this train."

Lambert glanced at the contents, and then turned to Dorothy.

"Your aunt has kindly trusted you to me; so now you won't mind accompanying me home, will you?" he asked.

"I think it is you who ought to mind," was Dorothy's answer. "I am afraid we shall be giving you so much trouble. It is very good of you."

A minute later she was seated beside him in the dog cart, spinning along the dark road into what was to her an unknown country.

Dorothy was very tired, and was thankful to reach the house and be handed over to the care of the housekeeper. Very soon she was fast asleep in an old-fashioned, oak-panelled room that would have seemed very ghostly to her but that she was too fatigued to take much heed of her surroundings; and, beside, her maid was in the dressing-room and within call.

The next morning Dorothy was down for half past nine breakfast, and was shown into a bright little morning-room. Mr. Lambert met her, and was kind and anxious to make her happy and at home that she very soon found herself talking to him as if she had known him for years, instead of his being an acquaintance of a few hours only. She was rather an unconventional little person, and by no means still or cold. She had warm-hearted manners, and looked at the world in a trustful way, believing people and trusting in them firmly, unless she found that they were not to be depended upon, instead of proving before trusting, as colder natured and perhaps wiser folks do. She had been brought up by an old uncle, for whom her elder sister kept house. They had no brothers, and their parents had both died years before. Mrs. Newton was their mother's sister-in-law; but her husband had quarrelled with the girl's uncle and guardian, Mr. Nayton; so it was not till after the death of the latter that Dorothy and her sister had been allowed to go to Priarton. Now however they had hoped to spend a good deal of time there; but this was Dorothy's first visit.

Mary Nayton, her sister, was about twenty-seven, and exceedingly placid and sensible, but he took things so quietly that Dorothy was always allowed to go her own way and do whatever she liked; consequently, at twenty-three, she had learned to think and act for herself, and, as her nature was impulsive and warm-hearted, she indulged in a great many theories of her own, hated conventionalities, believed firmly in Platonic friendships, and not unfrequently got into trouble in consequence.

It very soon struck Hugh Lambert that she was different from most of the girls he had met, and she interested him accordingly.

It was with a feeling of relief that he found the road would be impassable for some days, so he wrote to Mrs. Newton, begging her to let Dorothy remain with him, instead of returning home, and asked an elderly cousin who lived a few stations off to come and act as chaperon.

The old lady accepted the invitation and the post allotted her; but, as she was a great invalid, Dorothy and Hugh were constantly left alone together. He liked to sit in the dusk and hear her sweet voice singing to him, to watch her arranging flowers, and to consult her about the garden. The girl felt supremely happy—he was so kind to her, such an agreeable companion in every way, that she thoroughly enjoyed his society.

A fortnight went by, and the road was pronounced perfectly safe; even the floods had subsided. So Hugh had no excuse for detaining his fair guest longer; and, though very reluctant to part with her, he drove her over to Priarton.

She was standing in the hall as he left that night, after dinner, and held out her hand to say good-by.

"I can't thank you enough for all your kindness," she said softly.

"Nay, my child, I cannot tell you what a pleasure it has been to me; but perhaps you will know some day," he replied, and she went upstairs wondering what he meant.

She believed so firmly in Platonic friendship that she would not let herself think that the feeling toward Hugh Lambert was anything else; and, although she knew he disbelieved in her theory in the abstract—for they had argued the subject very warmly—still she thought that his sentiments were well defined in her case.

Hugh Lambert felt as if something very bright had come into his life since he had known Dorothy. She was so quaint and naive in speech, new and fresh with her ideas and theories, so free and unaffected in manner, and yet so womanly withal, that during those few days they had spent together she had completely won his heart. But he was not likely to act on the spur of the moment; he was so much older than she; how could he ever expect that bright little body to regard him as anything but a steady-going friend?

But still, day after day, he would ride over to see her at Priarton, and when he returned would sit and think of how she used to look in the rooms that now seemed so desolate. How he longed in the evening for the sound of her voice singing to him "The Land o' the Leal" or "Auld Robin Gray!"

And Dorothy began to watch for his coming, and, if, by chance, something detained him at home, how long the day seemed and how uninteresting everything was! At first she justified it to herself by the thought of her friendship to him—a friendship which had ripened quickly in the peculiar circumstances of their meeting; but little by little, as time passed, and she had been at Priarton nearly three months, it dawned upon the girl that the feeling she entertained for Hugh Lambert was something more than mere friendship. She fought against herself with all the strength of her nature; she could not bear to prove false to her own theories, and traitor to her favorite cause; but finally she felt the struggle was hopeless, and made up her mind to keep her secret securely locked in her own bosom.

While gathering primroses one sweet spring afternoon, Dorothy heard a step crushing the dead leaves, and saw Hugh coming toward her.

"I want to speak to you," he said, "Will you walk with me a little?"

Presently he turned sharply and took both her hands, and looking more in earnest than she had ever seen him look.

"I can't stand this any longer!" he cried out. "I must know my fate one way or the other. It is true that I am years older, but no one will ever care for you better than I do. If you cannot love me in return, I will go away and never worry you any more. I give you my word. Am I to go, Dorothy?"

"No! oh, no!" she gasped out, hardly able to realize what he was saying, only feeling as if she could not breathe.

Not long afterward there was a happy wedding at the dear old home; and then Dorothy came back to brighten up the old house at Leyton.

Hugh Lambert would have been less or more than a man if he could have resisted triumphing over her a little; and, as they went into the library, where he and she had often argued together, and she had bravely defended her theories, he turned and said:

"By-the-by, Dorothy, who was right after all, about Platonic friendships?"

Earth's March Through the Heavens.

It is difficult to comprehend that, in addition to the earth's motion around the sun, the latter is also moving through space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles a year. The astronomers of the last century discovered that our solar system was flying through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules; in other words, if the spectator were to take a stationary point in the heavens, he would see our sun with its attending planets passing through the space at the rate of 150,000,000 miles per day. Six thousand years ago, it is computed, our solar system was a million millions of miles farther from the stars of Hercules than it is to-day. The region in which we are entering is more thickly studded with stars, that is, with suns of other solar systems, than the heavenly regions we have left behind us. What a marvelous universe we live in! When we travel on a railway car at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it makes our heads swim; but when we call to mind that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours and around the sun, 92,000,000 miles distant, in 365 days, and that sun is flying through space 160,000,000 miles in a year, human consciousness cannot comprehend the mad whirl of worlds by which we are surrounded. What fairy tale or Arabian Nights story is half so marvelous as the simplest and most ordinary facts in astronomy?—*Demorest's.*

LIFE-SAVING MEDALS.

How the United States Government Rewards Those Persons Who Save Others from Drowning.

The Washington correspondent of The Philadelphia *Record* says: If you jump into the Delaware and, at the imminent risk of your own life, save the life of another, the secretary of the treasury will give you a medal. If your risk was "extra hazardous" or your services particularly distinguished you will get a gold medal; if your risk was of a lower degree it will be silver. When the life-saving service was reorganized under its present efficient chief, Sumner J. Kimball, congress established these rewards. They were then called the first-class and the second-class medals, and were given only for the actual saving of life at the actual risk of life. People who had saved life at the risk of life objected, however, to receiving a second-class medal for what they deemed first-class service. One spirited young lady returned the silver second-class medal sent to her. She wanted the best or none, and it now reposes on its velvet bed in Mr. Kimball's office safely. It was found, too, that men often saved life at a risk of property or of limb not tantamount to a risk of life, but deserving of some recognition. It was thought, for instance, that the master of a laden vessel who delayed his voyage to save a wrecked crew at great personal expense and inconvenience deserved a medal equally with the man who simply moistened his clothes in the surf. So congress, to meet these suggestions, changed the names of the medals to "gold medal" and "silver medal," and made the provisions of award so comprehensive as to take in all life-savers at risk. The terms of award are, however, not loose. This is evident from the fact that while many applications are recieved (through "my congressman," of course), few medals are issued in a year; sometimes as few as four or five, and never more than a score. The applications, which must be supported by affidavits, go to a committee composed of the chief of the life saving service, the chief of the navigation division of the treasury department, and the chief of the steam-vessels inspection service. These gentlemen have to be convinced by evidence that would satisfy a court of law. They cannot be bulldozed by "your member." Once convinced, however, they recommend you to the secretary of the treasury, and he sends you your medal with a handsome little letter. The medals are very handsome in themselves. A new series, somewhat differing from the old, is now being prepared in the Philadelphia mint. Those I have not seen, but the old ones were good enough. The gold one has a lifeboat in the act of rescuing a drowning man on the obverse, and an angel or two on the reverse with the necessary inscriptions. It is not strange, perhaps, that a man or woman should deserve a medal of this sort several times in the course of a useful life. As a matter of fact, these medals have been earned, again and again, by the same person. They never get more than one medal of each class, though; but for each subsequent achievment deserving of a medal, they are given a bar of gold or silver, as the case may be, to be placed on the ribbon of the decoration as the clasps are on European war medals.

Just as He Said It.

An excited gentleman, who took exception to a personal notice made of him in the paper, called at the office the other day to demand a correction. He said that he did not take any stock in newspaper apologies; that they were generally an aggravation of the original offense, and to guard against any such possibility he insisted that not what he would dictate should be printed in contradiction and precisely as he uttered it.

Perhaps the gentleman did not consider that, as he had a very bad cold in the head, his caution to print his remarks "precisely as he uttered them" would involve his name somewhat ridiculous, for he was especially emphatic in saying that he "did dot vaiit dy dotieds about it;" but having agreed to his demand, we feel in honor bound to abide by our promise, and the following is what he said and just as he said it:

"Id lass week's dudder of this dewspaper ad itch appeared statidg that Bister Johd Diodas spelt Sudday id Cobliduus. As this was dot id accordadce with the facts add reflect with the geddledad's stadesdelt to his fabuly old friedds that he was id Greed Towdshib of Sudday, the correctiod is cheerfully bade that Bister Diodas did spel Sudday id Green Towdshib add dod id Cobliduus, as erroleously dotieed."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A LONGEVITY LIST.

The Names and Records of Persons Who Have Lived Beyond One Hundred Years.

"I have records of more than ten thousand persons who have lived one hundred years and upward," said Joseph E. Perkins to a reporter of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Standard*. "I have spent thirty years in collecting these materials, which I am preparing for publication. I have ransacked almost every branch of literature, magazines, newspapers, medical works, encyclopedias, etc., and I have personally written to a large number of centenarians to procure authentic statistics."

"Who is the oldest person you have discovered?" asked the reporter.

"According to the historian to the king of Portugal, a man named Xuneca de Cagna died in India in 1550, aged 370 years. I have sixty-three names of persons who died more than 150 years old. I might mention of those of that number who died in America a slave named Simmo, who died in 1728 aged 180. In 1760 Louisa Truxo died in South America, aged 176. Of course I cannot take into account the aged people mentioned in the Old Testament, because in those days a different method of computing time was in vogue."

"What country produces the greatest number of centenarians?"

"The cold countries. Perhaps Russia comes first, Switzerland, Sweden, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland produce a great many. Our country is among the first, although many of our centenarians are of foreign birth. The American Indians have remarkable longevity. We do not look for extremely long life in the tropics, but a celebrated physician in Algiers, Africa, collected in thirteen year 942 cases of Africans more than 100 years old. I wrote to him for the names, but he had not preserved them. The Chinese are not very long lived. In 1785 the emperor called a convocation of all the old residents of his empire, and of the number who responded only four were more than 100 years old. India has on record a large number of cases."

"Do you find that civilization has anything to do with longevity?"

"Indirectly, perhaps. Almost all cases of extreme old age belong to the lower classes. They have more robust constitutions to begin with, and they are not subjected to the wear and tear, the late hours, and the tendencies of dissipation that fall to the lot of a cosmopolitan. Of the European countries France has the fewest centenarians. In fact, they are extremely rare there. Their nervous temperament has much to do with it. A curious fact, however, is that Frenchmen in very large numbers live to be between 60 and 80 years old, but drop off without going beyond the latter figure."

"Which sex lives the longer?"

"There are more women who attain the age of 100 than men, but more men live to be exceedingly old than women."

"Are there many cases of longevity in this city?"

"I have collected more than fifty cases of persons who died in this county aged 100 and over. There are living here at present three persons older than 100. These are Mrs. Driscoll aged 105, a colored woman named Williams in the poor-house, aged 103, and a United States pensioner 102 years old, living on Water street, named Van Vall."

"When will your work be ready for publication?"

"Within a year or two. It will be called 'The Encyclopedia of Human Longevity; or, Records of People Who Have Lived 100 Years and Upwards. It will contain between two and three hundred illustrations, and, as I said more than ten thousand instances."

How Barnum Emptied a Show.

A story is told of how Barnum once succeeded in emptying his big show at a time when it was densely crowded and thousands were waiting outside to obtain admission. He knew that a start was all that was needed to effect this purpose, but how to manage that was the rub. At length a bright idea occurred to him. Painting up in large letters on a piece of calico, "This way to Egress," he hung it up at a convenient angle of his show. Some of the people thinking "egress" was some strange new animal just added to the collection, passed through the slit in the curtain, and to their amazement found themselves outside the show. The thing was done. Everybody saw every other body making for the corner where the new animal was on exhibition, and in a few minutes the show was emptied, the outgoing stream being so great that it was quite impossible to turn when once caught in its eddy.

Labor and Food.

The human body never ceases to work. Even in the most profound slumber some of the functions of life are going on, as, for instance, breathing, the circulation of the blood, digestion, when there is food in the stomach; and it follows that some part of the nervous system is therefore awake and attending to business all day and night long. In the act of living, some of the substance of the body is being constantly consumed. The amount of work done by the heart in one day in propelling the blood is now estimated as equal to the work of a steam engine in raising 125 tons one foot high, or one ton 125 feet high. We lose in weight by working. Weigh a man after several hours' hard labor, and he will be found two or three, and, in extreme cases, several pounds lighter. If we do not wish to become bankrupt we must replace by food the amount we have lost in labor. Hunger and thirst are the indications which prompt us to do this. They are like automatic alarm clocks, which keep the engine at various points to take on fuel and water. In a healthy man as much is taken in as is required to maintain the weight of the body against loss. Nature keeps the account. On one side is so much food eaten in weeks on the other, so much exercise into the stomach for digestion. They should balance like the account of an honest bookkeeper. In an unhealthy person the appetite is lost or hungry becomes disordered and does not sound the alarm, and as the person goes on working without eating until he becomes paupered, or the machine works too frequently, and he eats too much and clogs the vital machinery. A calculation of the furnaces done in the body reveals the fact that for a hard working person on about eight and one half pounds of food and drink are used up daily, some bodies more and some less, but this is the average. The profit which the body gets on the transaction has been calculated, and may interest our readers. The energy stored up in the eight and one half pounds of food ought to raise 3,000 tons one foot high. Most of this energy, however, is expended in keeping the body warm and in functions active. About one-tenth can be spent in our bodily movements or in work. The profit, then, on the process is about ten per cent. This is enough to raise 300 tons one foot high each day. A profit which is quite enough for earning a good living if rightly expended, and it is probably more than most make; but all ought to strive to reach this point if possible.—*Scientific American.*

The Confederate Salt Works.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger gives an interesting account of Saltville, near the Clinch mountains, in West Tennessee, where the southern people obtained their salt during the rebellion. The locality is a basin inclosing about six hundred acres, the bed of a former lake, forming one of those rich fluvegrass bottoms that are worth a fortune to the cattle-raiser, and underlying it a salt rock. Here is made the salt that supplies Georgia and Alabama. In 1858 George W. Palmer, a New York salt-maker from Syracuse, came to the region and went into the salt-making industry in a small way. Wells were sunk, piercing the salt rock, the water beneath it was raised to the surface, boiled in pans, and the salt thus obtained. The industry was in moderate operation when the rebellion began, and it then extended in an amazing way. The blockade of the southern ports cut off all the outside supply of salt, and here almost the entire confederacy had to come for it. The manufacture was made a national one, each southern state establishing its agency, paying a royalty for the salt produced, and Col. Palmer, extending his business, took in Gen. Stuart as a partner. They are now probably the two wealthiest men in Virginia. During the war federal troops destroyed the works, but after they left the manufacture was resumed. It was enormously profitable for the owners, who turned out as much as ten million bushels a year. The receipts of confederate money were at times so heavy that they had not the opportunity to count it, but bundled it up, taking the account as sent them. As gold appreciated and the paper accumulated they bought land. In this way Stuart got seventy thousand acres and Palmer bought out all the region surrounding Salt Lick, thus getting a magnificent estate of twelve thousand acres, on which he now lives with his brother, and breeds many thousands of sheep and hundreds of fine cattle. The salt industry by this process often produced them an acre of land for a bushel of salt in the high war prices, but the production has now fallen off, about 600,000 bushels being turned out annually.

A Wife to Her Husband.

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear!
But one—
Will kneel by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep,
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one!
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be;
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may just be done—
Which one?

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

It is pleasant to know that the big bridge between New York and Brooklyn is a suspension and not a failure.

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window-blind?

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir; "thank Heaven, you are not twins!"

Fruitful of trouble: Green apples.

A man may be ever so absent minded, and yet he never forgets his first wrestle with a carpet tack.

None but the most inhuman would think of pulling down the blind.

A company has been formed in Vienna to undertake the general business of washing windows, scrubbing, cleaning pavements, etc. The originator of the idea is supposed to have been at one time a Philadelphia servant girl.

A vigilant sentinel is posted at the door of a picture gallery, with strict orders of the customary character. A sight-seer happens along and is promptly halted. "Here, sir, you must leave your cane at the door!" "But, my friend, I haven't got any cane!" "Then go back and get one! No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his cane at the door. Orders is orders!"

"Don't you forget," exclaimed a man, arising during a discussion, "that I lay over the deck." "Do you mean that you can whip me?" replied a long-haired Arkansaw man, also arising. "No, sir," said the first speaker. "Then what do you mean when you say you lay over the deck?" "I mean that I am a steamboat man and sleep in the pilot house."

Soap and Sound.

Some curious demonstrations of the effect on the color and figures in soap bubbles were given at the Franklin institute in Philadelphia the other evening. A film of soap was placed across the end of a phoneidoscope. To bring the sound in direct contact with the soap a tube was used. A reflection of the film was thrown on a canvas screen, where it first assumed a bluish-gray appearance. An intonation of the voice, with the lips close to the mouth of the tube caused a number of black spots to appear on the reflection. When these passed away a beautiful light green, intermingled with pink, remained. These two appeared to be the principal colors caused by sound. It was noticeable, however, that while a certain tone would cause the same figure to reappear, it had no control over the color. A tone which, for instance, caused one solid color to appear, would bring out, perhaps, a dark blue at one time and a yellow at another. No difference was noticeable in the effect of the male and female voices.

The Sparrow Classified.

This journal has distinctly demonstrated in several editorial papers during the past two or three years where the sparrow stands in ornithological classification, and that his place is not, and never has been, among insect-feeding birds. He is a finch, and therefore essentially a grain-feeding bird. Mr. Jonesby says he believes a sparrow would eat an insect provided you could convince him that some other bird wanted it; and, in confirmation of this assertion, he says he once saw a bluebird about to appropriate a worm, but he was driven off by two sparrows, who greedily and heedlessly seized a short string instead of the worm, and, after a stubborn conflict, one of them secured it and immediately swallowed it, the worm in the meantime making its exit into the ground.—*Lancaster Farmer.*