The Chatham Record.

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

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Over and Over Again.

Over and over again
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook in the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

MELISSA'S COOKING.

Mrs. Orena Fales had lost her housekeeper—by death. It was a great calamity—to Aunt Re. For twenty years old Nabby had taken charge of her house, having full control of everything but the garden. The garden was Aunt Re's realm; here only she cared to hold sway. She had a passion for flowers. She had neither husband nor child, and the roses and lilies, the pinks and pansies, were her delight, her darlings, her babies. She tended them, caressed them, held her breath over them lest they be disturbed.

And richly they repaid her care. From May to November the flower-garden at The Chestnuts was a blaze of beauty. Rather close otherwise, Aunt Re never spared expense to gratify her passion. A root or bulb, if rare and beautiful, was never too expensive for her purse. It was said that she had once given ten dollars for a tulip bulb which could not be obtained for less.

For keeping her house she had not the least taste. Old Nabby had kept the house—swept, garnished, bought the provisions, and cooked them.

But old Nabby was dead.

Immediately upon this event Aunt Re shut up the house and went to Florida for the winter. But in April the neighbors looked for her return, and wondered where she would look for a housekeeper.

"Mebbe she will bring home a cullud woman," said Melissa Ruggles.

"A colored woman, who couldn't keep the accounts straight—she'll never do that!" said Mrs. Brown. "But it's a nice chance for some one. Pleasant place up there at The Chestnuts—good beds, good food; though Aunt Re's a little near. An' it's worth *one* dollar a week to have her posies to look at all summer."

"Posies!—th' last thing I'd set by," said Melissa.

"It's money you're after—eh? Well, Aunt Re gives five dollars to them that'll take all the care an' work to suit her. There's not much to do for them that has faculty, an' it's a life-berth, to say nothing of what might come in the will. I say, Melissa, you're second cousin or something to Aunt Re—why don't you try for it?"

"Mebbe I shall," said Melissa, modestly.

Melissa Ruggles was an "old girl" of forty, who had a habit of bridling her head, and believing that "she knew a thing or two."

She had gone out nursing, and had the reputation of being a good cook. She was alone in the world, but was known to be "beforehanded," having quite an account at the bank.

Still, there were those who did not like Melissa's cold gray eyes, eminently respectable though she was. Mrs. Brown had heard Aunt Re remark something of this kind.

"I shouldn't wonder, after all, if she took Sylvia."

Sylvia Fales was Aunt Re's niece—her deceased brother's only child. She was poor, worked at sewing and supported her mother, and was just seventeen.

She was pretty and good, and when Aunt Re returned she came to the cottage to see them. She had not been there before for two years.

"You're quite a young woman now, ain't you, Sylvia? And you look like your father. Daniel had the same dark blue eyes, with black lashes; only you're a little too pale. Are you well and strong?"

"It's the confinement and the sewing makes Sylvia pale, Aunt Re," said Mrs. Daniel Fales, an invalid.

Aunt Re looked thoughtfully at Sylvia; still, she did not ask her to come to The Chestnuts.

Melissa had already offered her services.

"I am thinking of asking my niece and her mother to come and live with me," Aunt Re said to her. "Sylvia's young, but with her mother's help—"

"Law! Sylvia don't know a thing about cooking, and her mother can't make anything but gruel."

"That settles it. Will *you* come, Melissa?"

"I'll try to," said Miss Ruggles.

Yet Aunt Re gave up the thought of Sylvia with a secret sigh. She was young, fresh, pretty as one of her favorite white roses, and she knew she might have been kinder to her poor relations than she had been.

But Aunt Re, who had good health, and spent nearly all her time in the fresh air among her flowers, had a good appetite, and must have an experienced cook. So she took Melissa.

"Here are the keys," she said. "Now, don't bother me about anything. My garden is dreadfully behindhand this year."

She bustled away to her flower-beds.

In twenty-four hours Melissa learned that nothing annoyed Aunt Re like referring any household matter to her. She made Melissa understand that she paid *her* to take care of the house.

Larder and cellar were fairly stocked. The kitchen was large and pleasant, the adjoining sitting-room overlooked the beautiful garden, and a nice bedroom for the "help" at The Chestnuts opened from the kitchen hall.

Melissa found her domain pleasant, and resolved to make her situation a permanent one.

"Do you like sweet potatoes?" she asked, rather timidly.

"Yes," responded Aunt Re, briefly.

She did not like to be consulted regarding the dishes cooked.

Now, Melissa had discovered among the apple barrels and potato bins of the dry, airy cellar a few gray-colored tubers. It was not the time of year for sweet potatoes, and these might consequently be considered choice.

She thought she would not cook any for herself, but she boiled four for Aunt Re—the tubers being rather small—and thought they would go nicely with the chicken she stuffed and roasted.

But in her anxiety to boil the sweet potatoes to a turn she forgot to baste the chicken, and it was dry and unsavory. As for the sweet potatoes, Aunt Re cut open one after the other, and left them uneaten upon her plate.

"I'll bake some for breakfast," thought Melissa. "Baked sweet potatoes are always good."

So, the next morning, she baked four more. But Aunt Re seemed to relish these still less, and they did look very pale and watery, Melissa thought, as she surveyed the broken fragments which Aunt Re had failed to partake of. But if the latter liked a good dinner, she had the idiosyncrasy of never remarking upon what she ate; and Melissa, secretly troubled by these two failures, yet valiantly resolving never to give up so, decided to make a pie of the remaining four sweet potatoes. So she consulted her cook book, and carefully read the receipt:

"Boil four medium-sized sweet potatoes and sift. Beat the yelks of three eggs light. Stir, with a pint of sweet milk, into the potato. Add a small teacup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon and bake as you do pumpkin pies."

Melissa got the directions well into her head, and proceeded to make the pie.

It was baked in a large, deep, tin plate, and looked very nice when baked a delicate brown.

"There, she'll like that—can't help it," said Melissa, when the pie had cooled, and she placed it upon the dinner-table.

The lamb stew was very nice, and Aunt Re, who had been sorting out pansy-roots and tying up tulips all the morning, ate with an appetite. Then Melissa helped her to a generous slice of pie. Aunt Re tasted, and a shudder stole over her countenance. She tasted again, and pushed aside her plate.

"The pie—" stammered Melissa.

"Is execrable!" pronounced Aunt Re, with emphasis. "Such a very peculiar flavor! But I am through with dinner. Perhaps I shall want your help a little while this afternoon, Melissa; I have so much to do! I am going now to plant my dahlia bulbs. Will you go down the cellar and get them? They are on the swing shelf—twelve of them—in a wooden bowl. I hope they have kept well, for they are very rare and expensive. I only got them as a favor. No one in town has any like them. Be as quick as you can, Melissa; I am in a hurry."

Melissa stumbled down the cellar stairs and stood looking at the empty wooden bowl upon the swing shelf like one in a dream. Then she went slowly up-stairs again.

"Aunt Re, I may as well tell you first as last, I—I—boiled them things. I thought they was sweet potatoes."

"Boiled my bulbs—my magnificent Queen Anne dahlia bulbs, that I paid twelve dollars a dozen for?"

Melissa bowed dismally.

"What a fool!" ejaculated Aunt Re, and then was speechless for ten minutes.

"I don't think your style of cooking suits me, Melissa," she said, at last. "Sylvia Fales would never have done such a thing as that. If you will let me know what you think I owe you for your services, we will part at once, and I will send for Sylvia this evening."

"Oh, you don't owe me nothin'. Only don't let folks hear—'twould make make me such a laughin' stock."

"Teach you to have more sense," responded Aunt Re, as she left the kitchen.

* * * * *

In the shades of evening, a wiser and, let us hope, a better woman, Melissa crept down the avenue of The Chestnuts, followed by a man bearing her goods and chattels upon a wheelbarrow, and, positively, from that date, forbore to bridle her head.

Meanwhile Sylvia—pretty Sylvia—had been bitterly disappointed that her aunt had not asked her to live at The Chestnuts.

"I don't care for myself, mother, though the sewing gives me a stitch in the side; but it would be such a good home for you—so many comforts that I can't get for you! Oh, I am so sorry! And, mother, I heard to-day that Melissa Ruggles told Aunt Re that I couldn't cook. It's a right-down falsehood—isn't it?"

"Yes. You have prepared the daintiest dishes to tempt my capricious appetite for years, and are naturally the neatest of housekeepers."

So Aunt Re, to her delight and surprise, discovered, and in her satisfaction took pains to make Sylvia and her mother feel entirely at home at The Chestnuts.

Housekeeping agreed with the former. Her cheeks grew rosy and her spirits merry; while her mother, relieved from care and surrounded by comfort, became much improved in health. And by-and-by, Sylvia, having added the good fortune of marrying to suit Aunt Re, became her heiress. The wedding took place at The Chestnuts, and it became her permanent home.

How the American Minister to England Lives.

An unpretending house in a quiet London square, painted that dull red color—an American importation, by the way,—with which we are now so familiar in the western districts of the metropolis. It is the residence of a minister who represents the vast republic of the west, over which the sun takes four hours to rise, and which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is nothing ambassadorial in his surroundings. The arms of the United States are nowhere conspicuously emblazoned, as would be those of some petty German state. Mr. Lowell is not approached through an antechamber filled with secretaries and gilded attaches. You are introduced by a man-servant out of livery into a little room on the ground floor at the back of the house, which contains a few well-filled bookshelves, a writing-table strewed with papers and letters, while a few simple engravings here and there cover the walls. Seated in an easy chair reading is a slight, spare man with a profusion of curling hair and a luxuriant beard which is almost white. His manner as he rises to greet you is singularly quiet and unaffected, and, though he has made the Yankee dialect of New England immortal, you cannot detect in the tones of his voice the slightest trace of Americanism. He has long passed his sixtieth birthday, having been born in the same year as Queen Victoria, yet it is impossible to regard him as old. He reminds you of nothing so much as the beautiful Indian summer of his native land, differing only from midsummer in the circumstance that the subdued tints of the foliage, and the still dreamy air tell you instinctively that they are heralds of coming winter. Taking a well-colored little meerschaum from a rack, he proceeds to smoke, and hands his visitor a box of cigarettes. Leaning back then in his chair, he turns toward you his full, deep, gray eyes, at once thoughtful and penetrating, and seems more inclined to listen than to talk. The conversation drifts from one subject to another, and it is only when some chord which interests him is struck that you can catch a momentary glimpse of the varied knowledge, the rich cultivation, the genius, and power, which have made for him so great a name on both sides of the Atlantic.—*London World.*

Republican Conventions.

Since the organization of the republican party it has had seven national nominating conventions, located and resulting as follows:

1856—Philadelphia—Tremont and Dayton.

1860—Chicago—Lincoln and Hamlin.

1864—Baltimore—Lincoln and Johnson.

1868—Chicago—Grant and Colfax.

1872—Philadelphia—Grant and Wilson.

1876—Cincinnati—Hayes and Wheeler.

1880—Chicago—Garfield and Arthur.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVES.

Mexican Methods Applied to the Apaches—A Big Price for Scalps.

A Chihuahua letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle* thus describes an incident in a Mexican town.

"There they come," said a little fellow, as he raised a yell that fairly made my throat ache to hear.

"And what are they?" I asked, still ignorant of the cause of all the uproar.

"Why, the rancheros and the Indians," he said. "Come to the tower, senor, and see the grand sight," he continued, darting away toward the cathedral. But, heedless of the invitation, though still excited, I pushed my way along to the wall in front of the church, and, crawling to a place made for me, looked as directed, and caught sight of a slow-moving body of men, horses, flags, and women coming down the street. A band leading the procession was performing some sort of wild, soul-stirring march, but the music was hardly audible above incessant cheering by the people lining the streets. Marching steadily toward me, I soon saw the composition of the strange army. Directly behind the band came some thirty horsemen, each man carrying the gun he had used, while his pistols hung from his well-worn saddle. Of all the swarthy, heavy-bearded, and tan-browned faces which looked upon the cheering masses, not one wore an expression other than stolid indifference. The furious welcome, manifested in a hundred different ways, never drew even a smile from the set lips of the brave-hearted fellows who had risked their lives for the people's safety. Calmly looking upon the upturned faces, they rode slowly along, as immovable and undisturbed as the white walls of the houses they passed. Behind the ranchmen, who rode two abreast, came eight men on foot, who held long poles, and fastened to them were eight long-haired dark, blood-stained scalps, the proofs among the people of the death of so many hated Apaches. When these hideous trophies were seen, the people grew frantic with joy. Bravos resounded on all sides; men shouted until hoarse; women waved their shawls, and the excited gazers applauded.

But the scalp bearers had hardly passed before there came the squaws who had been taken. The moment these dirty, bare-headed, homely, hard-faced women were seen, the cheering and excitement increased, while the boys in the streets pressed hard against the guards and tried to strike at the wives of those who had killed and tortured their parents, brothers and sisters. Some of the prisoners held their nursing babies in their arms, and heeded only them. The big-eyed nurslings, held as lovingly by their wild mothers as ever the women of civilization hold their young in time of danger, cried with fear, and even the food their mothers gave them so piteously did not serve to comfort them. It was enough to make the heart ache to see these ignorant mothers, hated and struck at because born in a wilderness and the wives of savages, caress their children to their breasts and hold them away from the cruel hands outstretched to strike. And yet so hated is an Apache that every wail was hailed with joy by the friends of the victors. I saw not one face among all the mothers there that had pity written upon it. Women held their children up to see the ragged squaws, and laughed at the unhappy wives and cursed them. Chihuahua forgot its Sunday and the people forgot their religion. The cathedral stood near by, the air was soft and beautiful, and still not one mother's heart apparently pitied or prayed for the unfortunates who marched to a living death with the scalps of their husbands swinging before them.

"An hour later, when the city was enjoying its Sunday evening quiet, I met the Consul of the United States and asked him what became of the captured women.

"They are to be confined in the fort at Vera Cruz for life."

"And the children?"

"They are given to whoever wants them, and are brought up as servants."

Slaves, then, you mean?"

"Hardly that. They will be paid wages when they earn them, and such lives will be better for them than if they had been captured."

"What is done with the scalps?" I asked.

"The scalps? Why, the government buys them. Every one brings $200. The Apaches have long been the scourge of northern Mexico.

An octopus, on exhibition recently in a San Francisco market had a radial spread of 27 1-2 feet. Such an animal is reported to have killed an Indian woman at Sitka several years ago. They form part of the bill of fare of the Italian and French population of California, and are said to be quite up to frogs.

THE DEADLIEST DRUG.

Some New Points on Prussic Acid and Its Powers

"I will wager $1,000 that it was not prussic acid," said a medical man who had read an article about the death of a cat from prussic acid mentioned in the Cleveland (Ohio) *Press.*

"What is prussic acid worth?" was asked of the chemist at a wholesale drug store.

"We never sell it," was the response. "It is not an article of commerce. Scheur, the Swedish chemist who discovered chlorine, Scheuer's green, &c., was found dead in his laboratory, about which there lingered a peculiar, pungent smell. When one has eaten a fresh peach and cracked the pit he will get a faint odor that resembles prussic acid, although the smell of this acid is slightly sweeter. It can also be found in bitter almonds.

"Some housewives, in preserving peaches, add a few pits to the confection by way of improving the flavor. It may sound extravagant, but it is nevertheless a fact that the improvement of the confiture is due partly to prussic acid. It is in such minute quantities, however, that it is not injurious to health. Indeed, what is commonly called prussic acid is given as a medicine. It is really hydrocyanic acid, two parts of the acid to ninety-eight parts of water."

Prussic acid is the most deadly of all poisons, and the fumes would instantly kill the person who inhaled it. It is not known just what the symptoms attending the death are, for the victim dies too suddenly to manifest any. There appears to be a sort of suffocation and a general paralysis. Hydrocyanic acid is sometimes taken internally with suicidal intent and death is almost instantaneous, the blood taking up the acid wonderfully quick. It is as colorless as water. A tragic story of a strange duel between a medical man and his rival in a beautiful New Orleans woman's affections, many years ago, is told. The medical man, who had the right to choose the weapons, selected the deadly poison before mentioned. Two pills were made, one harmless, the other containing enough poison to kill a dozen men. The dentists threw dice for the first choice of the pills. The medical man, pale but firm, swallowed one and his rival the other. Then the medical man saw his rival make a move, as if to place his hand on his heart, while a look of horror came over his face. The doctor turned away, unable to witness the terrible sight. Almost before he could turn on his heel his rival dropped dead.

Inventors of Reapers and Mowers.

Pliny the Elder, the great Roman naturalist and historian, born A. D. 23, describes a reaping machine used by Lowland Gauls; consisting of a wagon with a row of sharp, comb-like teeth projecting outward from the rear of the wagon-box. This was pushed against the grain by an ox hitched in the shafts with its head towards the wheels. A somewhat similar rude contrivance was used with little success in England about 100 years ago. Both these machines are clumsy headers. The first English patent for a reaping machine was issued to a Mr. Boyce in 1799, and between that time and 1825 at least seven individuals or firms experimented in this direction, one of the inventors being the present Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Gladstone, who took out a patent in 1806. In America, French & Hawkins took out a patent in 1803, Mr. Comfort in 1811, Mr. Ten Eyck in 1825, and Cope & Hooper the same year. A Rev. Patrick Bell, of Scotland, invented a rude harvester in 1828-29 so imperfect that it failed to command public attention, or gain the confidence of farmers even of the immediate neighborhood. Beyond any reasonable question the first successful mowing machines were those of the Manning patent, 1831, and the Ketchum patent of a little later date, and the first successful harvesters were those patented by Obed Hussey, of Cincinnati, and C. H. McCormick, of Chicago. Of these, the Hussey machine was made in 1833, and the McCormick in 1834.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Made Ill from Sight of Stripes.

Dr. Ferguson, in the *Medical News* writes of a remarkable case of astigmatism. A lady was seized with retching and vomiting whenever she looked at stripes. She became ill after ironing a striped shirt, and always left this shirt until the last, so that she might lie down when she had finished her work. One day, when she called for medical treatment, the doctor had on striped pantaloons and a striped cravat, and she became so sick that he had to cover over these articles of clothing before he could examine her eyes. Suitable glasses so relieved her that she afterward looked upon the stripes with perfect composure.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A shark recently forwarded to the Smithsonian had two small swordfish swords penetrating its head. They were broken short off.

Three large stones having deeply indented footprints of birds have been taken from the quarries in Portland, Ct., 300 feet below the surface.

Both E. Meissl and F. Becker assert that the soja bean, which has been but recently imported into Europe from Japan, is a very valuable fodder, being exceedingly rich in fatty constituents.

The revolution of ecliptics was calculated by Calippus, 330 B. C. The Egyptians asserted that they had observed 373 eclipses of the sun and 832 of the moon before the time of Alexander, who died 323 B. C.

A new mineral, named "Bichellite" by G. Cesaro and G. Despret, has been obtained from Bichelle, near Visc, Belgium. It occurs in large masses, cream yellow in color at first, but afterward changes to an ochre yellow.

In the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, is a nest built of seaweed by a fish called the Antennarius. The nest is about the size of a base ball, and is bound together with glutinous bands from the fish. The eggs can also be seen and look like white coral seeds.

If in the window shutter of a dark room you open a small aperture, and look in the jet of light as it streams through the room, you will discover that the air is full of floating motes. The air of our houses, says Dio Lewis, is always crowded with these. In their ordinary condition they are not harmful, but after they have been exposed to contact with a heated furnace they do poison us. Millions of these carbonized particles come from the stove or furnace to poison our lungs and blood.

A Tonquin Legend.

There was once a king of that country so well skilled in magic as to make a bow of pure gold, whose arrows never failed of dealing death, and which, therefore, was a sure guarantee of perpetual victory. This king being attacked by another easily defeated the aggressor. The daughter of the conqueror married the son of the conquered king; and the husband prevailed on his wife to obtain possession of the bow and substitute another just like it in its place. This she did in ignorance of its virtues, but the result was that her father was conquered in his turn and compelled to fly. A demon informing him of the source of his misfortune, he seized his daughter and, drawing his scimitar, prepared to kill her, but before he did so she had time to predict that in order to afford to future ages an enduring proof of her innocence, the blood that he shed should be turned into pearls. And so it was, for the spot where she was slain is still the place where men discover the loveliest and fairest pearls.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Senator Frye's Titles.

Senator Frye tells the following story at the expense of himself: "While attorney general, I left the capital to take an early departure on an outgoing train. Hardly had I left the steps of the state-house before I was accosted with 'Good morning, General.' 'Good morning, sir,' came the reply. Again, further on, 'Good morning, Major.' 'Good morning, sir,' came the answer as before. On, and I was addressed by another: 'Good morning, Colonel.' 'Good morning, sir.' Again the fourth party greeted me: 'Good morning, Mr. Frye.' 'Good morning, sir,' replied I; and I was puzzled. The declaration of so many titles made me wish the matter might be righted. Soon it was in the form of a blushing youth from the woods, unknown, but who approached me with the appellation of school days and college life, as he shouted, 'How are yer, Bill?' 'Good morning, sir.'

The Road to Wealth.

At a recent meeting of clergymen in Chicago, Rev. W. A. Crow made some remarks upon the prospects of the rising generation's future as wealthy individuals. He said that he thought the reason more young men did not study theology lay in the ambition of the parents. Fortunes were so readily made in business that the ministerial field was a sort of poor-house. It was a great mistake to suppose the present generation of boys are going to get rich as easily as their fathers did. What are called chances, the opportunities, are mostly taken. The present generation of rich men had a deal of good fortune, or good luck, to help them along. They came west or they sent money west at a venture. The railroads and the telegraph came. Nobody knew what the west would be. It turned out to be an El Dorado.

Virtue Victorious.

I watched the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,
One onward step of truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chain;
The poets sigh through narrow dungeon grates;
Man's hope lies quenched—but, lo! with steadfast gain,
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Monkery the prophets; fagot, rack and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past;
But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign be only wins the goal at last.

—*Lewis Russell Lowell.*

HUMOROUS.

All miners are not successful, but many dig in vein.

If seven days make one week, how many weeks does it take to make one strong.

"What you need, ma'am," wisely remarked the doctor as he glanced at her tongue, "is exercise."

A patent iron-coffin dealer advertises that any one who uses his invention once will never use any other.

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—minus.

"I know it, doctor, but my husband is away so much that I don't get a chance to talk to him half as much as he deserves."

"Love," says a writer, "is an internal transport." A contemporary remarks: "The same might be said of a canal boat."

"I say No," is the title of Wilkie Collins's new story. It sounds like a husband answering a wife's request for a seal-skin cloak.—*Rockland Courier.*

A new style of stockings is called Voltaire. Socrates would have been a better name, and we never did admire a stocking with a taire at the end of it.

She.—I am fond of poetry. He.—Are you, indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She.—No, indeed; they are so extressing. But, then, I am not troubled much with them, as ma does all the cooking.

"Love is blind." Maybe that's why the gas is so often turned down in the parlor when love takes possession. Because why, love being blind, there is no sense in wasting gas to make light for it. *Louisville State Journal.*

It is said that at a recent wedding the six ushers were chosen from rejected suitors of the bride. It was a grateful act to give the unsuccessful suitors an opportunity to witness the life punishment inflicted upon their successful rival.

Recently, when a handsome young woman went to a shop to get one of those wooden contrivances that are used for mashing potatoes, and said: "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the cashier to the manager, started to wait on her.

Ventriloquism.

Ventriloquism is declared by an expert to be very largely a humbug. There is no such possibility as throwing the voice to a distance. The old stories of Wyman the Wizard, in which he figured as exploiting such ability in the midst of a crowd, were necessarily fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be some distance away from his audience, or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance, he merely lowers it and indicates the direction for their imagination to take. He can deceive them sideways, upward, downward, or backward, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker at their rear. To a listener near by no ventriloquist can be in the least deceptive. Nor is there any truth in the theory that he talks with the top of his gullet, or with aught else than the organs intended by nature to be vocal. By holding his lips as fixed as possible, and avoiding such words as cannot be pronounced without palpably moving them, he assists the delusion. But no man is so skillful that he can get on without a screening moustache.

The Best Life.

The best life has both length and breadth—intense personal devotion to our own line of thought and duty, and a glad recognition of the relations we bear to others. So far from these being incompatible, they form the symmetry of life. He who is energetic and earnest in the one direction best suited to him, and also alive to the joys, sorrows, experiences of his fellow men, is a living exemplification of the truth that the good of the community and the good of the individual are identical, and that loyalty to both is the surest path to perfection in either.