The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One copy, one year - - $2.00
One copy, six months - - $1.00
One copy, three months - - 50

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VOL. VII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 16, 1881. NO. 6.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - - $1.00
One square, two insertions - - 1.50
One square, one month - - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

"I Woke One Day,

I woke one day to find that Youth was going,
With Time, who takes good things and ill,
To join a vague procession, ever growing
Of ghosts who people dreamland still.
Those whom the years have won world-wide asunder,
Old friends once daily looked upon;
Sore at oil upon this earth, and some rest under,
No doubt; and do some still regret. I wonder
The glad old days, the good time gone?

Time takes away his dole of hopes of dead years,
Of empty cups, of broken vows,
Spent love, and all that memory thinks dears,
The meaning of Youth's curious;
He shows us shades of unforgotten loves,
We hear the voices far away,
Of revelers, who have us still some traces,
Of songs whose echoes haunt old haling places,
Who sought was often turned to day.

And many rest in sleep's dreams unbroken,
By winds unwept by stars to vex,
Never to speak as once they have spoken,
Or know lost joys that might have been
When slow-departing summer lay yet lingering,
Between the purpling western bars,
When winds sound faint, as if some farewell singers
Were touching harps with tired, trembling fingers;
We see but eyes smile in the stars.

JACK'S EXPEDI NT.

"I say, Charlie, you've done for yourself this time!" said pretty Doris Thornton to her adorer, Charlie Ringwood of the Chalkshire Regiment, as they were sitting together after dinner in the conservatory attached to the pleasant riverside villa belonging to Doris' father, Mr. Thomas Thornton of the Stock Exchange.

"Why how, Doris?" asked the young man.

"By speaking as you did at dinner against steam launches, and saying that the men who owned them and used them were cads," replied Doris. "Papa's just bought one, and next to fishing, has made it his great hobby."

"By Jove! that's unlucky," said Charlie. "Now, what's to be done? It's no use my going and telling him that I was only chaffing, because I spoke so straight."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Doris, seriously. "You could hardly have made a more unfortunate mistake, for papa considers the real cads to be those who growl because others like to move fast without any trouble to themselves."

"On a crowded river, washing away banks and kicking up no end of dust and noise," continued the young officer. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Doris, for the old boy's rather touchy, and it might influence his ideas with regard to you and me, eh?"

When the young people had returned to the drawing-room it was very evident that the "old boy" was disturbed. In vain Charlie sang his best songs; in vain he tried to inveigle the angry old gentleman into a pleasant conversation; in vain he exerted every effort to show himself off to the best possible advantage. The blow had been dealt, and it rankled beneath the capacious waistcoat of the wealthy old stock broker. He answered his guest in curt monosyllables; he made much rustling with the newspaper, and coughed inordinately during the performance of Charlie's songs, and finally, when it was time for the young man to return townwards, instead of offering him one of his famous Antonino Carunchos, shaking his hand heartily, and expressing a hope to see him again soon, the old gentleman assumed a severe air and said:

"Ahem—Mr. Ringwood, of course—ahem—a gentleman of your refined tastes could never—ahem—think of marrying the daughter of a cad who keeps a steam-launch! Ahem—good night, sir."

Charlie was staggered, and looked pleadingly at Doris, who, however, only shook her head slowly and significantly.

There were probably few more unhappy young men that night within the metropolitan radius than Charlie Ringwood as he turned slowly homeward and pondered that, in the terse language of Doris, he had done for himself.

The next morning brought him, instead of hope, a letter from his sweetheart, which made him absolutely miserable. It was as follows:

"MY DEAREST CHARLIE: I have snatched a moment to write these few lines. Papa was in an awful rage last night after you had gone; called you an insolent puppy and all sorts of things, which I should not have minded had he not wound up by forbidding me to hold any further communication with you, and saying that a man who would be ashamed of his father-in-law because he kept a steam-launch was not a fit husband for his daughter. What are we to do?

Ever your affectionate,
DORIS THORNTON.

"Aye!" muttered Charlie, when he had read the letter over for the twentieth time. "What are we to do? It's no use arguing with this sort of old fellow; once he gets a notion into his head, no power on earth can drive it out. I wish to goodness I'd never said a word about steam launches."

In the evening he went to his club where he met with an old school-fellow, Jack Raggles. Now, Jack Raggles, although continually in difficulty himself, was famous for his ingenuity in getting other men out of their troubles. More than once Charlie had been obliged to have recourse to him for advice, and he had never regretted it. This was a far more serious case than any preceding one, but Charlie was simply desperate, and would have clung to the maddest device suggested, as a drowning man clutches to a straw. So he got Jack Raggles into a quiet corner, and there he laid the facts of the case before him.

"Well," said Jack, when Charlie had concluded, "it certainly is an awkward case, and it would be deuced hard lines for you to have to chuck up all thoughts of marrying a nice and pretty girl like Miss Thornton for such a trifle. But I've got fellows out of far worse holes before now, and I daresay I shan't fail this time."

"You are a good fellow, Jack, upon my word you are," said Charlie, enthusiastically; "but, by Jove, if you get me out of this you'll be a genius."

Jack was silent for a few moments and puffed vigorously at his cigar. At length he said:

"I say, Charlie, isn't the old man a regular maniac for fishing?"

"Rather!" replied Charlie. "He takes a holiday about three times a week on purpose to fish. He starts on after breakfast with a big hamper and sits in a punt until evening. Still, now he's got this wretched steam launch, I expect he'll cut with the old love and on with the new. But what has fishing to do with the subject in hand?"

"Never you mind just now," answered his friend, "but you find out from Miss Thornton when her father next intends to go out in his punt, and in the people's likely to be, and then send me a telegram to Charing-cross, and I'll tell you what to do."

Charlie had such implicit faith in Jack Raggles' ingenuity in the world of scheme that evening in a comparatively happy frame of mind.

He wrote to Doris the first thing the next morning, and in the evening got a reply to the effect that Mr. Thornton was already making preparations for a long day's fishing upon the Wednesday following. He telegraphed immediately to Jack Raggles, and received the following reply:

"Keep close to him, but out of sight, at about five o'clock in the evening."

Charlie wondered what on earth his friend's scheme could be, but resolved to obey instructions. He knew very well that Mr. Thornton's happy hunting ground was a secluded back water, famous for tench and perch, a couple of hundred yards above the lawn of his house. Thither he repaired, stealthily, like a malefactor upon an evil errand, at about five o'clock, and took up a position upon a rough river-side path, well-nigh hidden from sight by bushes and foliage, whence he could observe the enthusiastic old fisherman without being seen himself. The old gentleman was sitting like a wax figure in his punt, with a large cigar in his mouth and rod in hand, when Charlie arrived. So completely absorbed was Mr. Thornton in his sport that a regiment might have filed behind him without attracting his notice. Charlie watched him until a distant church clock chimed the quarter to six.

He then saw the old gentleman take out his watch, look at it attentively, and after a few moments' hesitation, slowly and reluctantly begin to pack up his rod and line and put his paraphernalia together.

Charlie began to get anxious. Whatever plan Jack Raggles concocted would have to be carried into execution quickly, or it would be too late.

At last Mr. Thornton had arranged his tackle and untied the punt poles, and was pushing off into mid-stream.

Charlie's heart sank, but he crept swiftly forward to a little promontory to watch the old gentleman faithfully, according to instructions, until six o'clock.

Mr. Thornton, being old and obese, punted slowly and with difficulty, and as the clock struck six he had not yet got out of shallow water. So intent was Charlie, however, in looking at him, that he did not perceive the dark outline of a steam launch coming directly down upon the punt, and he was only made aware of the fact by seeing the old gentleman wave one arm vigorously and by hearing him shout lustily at the same time that he endeavored to get his unwieldly punt back out of the way. But it was too late, the bow of the launch went gently against the punt, though with sufficient force to tilt it up, with which movement the poor old stockbroker was sent floundering into the water, yelling madly as he went.

Quick as thought Charlie dashed in. The water was fortunately barely up to his waist, so he seized Mr. Thornton under the arms, and after much splashing and shouting and fuss, got him first into the punt and then onto the steam-launch.

Directly Mr. Thornton felt himself on his feet he burst into a violent passion, which was in no way appeased by the approach of Jack Raggles, whom he did not know, with the most admirable expression of contrition in his face, and the words, "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry, sir," on his lips.

"Sorry, sir!" roared the old gentleman, "so you ought to be, sir! I consider it positively iniquitous and abominable that a man can't go out for a day's fishing without being run into by a lot of cockneys who have no more idea of handling a steam launch than they have of handling a balloon! And I shall take the very earliest opportunity, sir, of laying the matter before the authorities, in order that such unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject may be immediately put a stop to. It is abominable, sir, abominable!"

"Can I put you ashore anywhere?" asked Jack, deferentially.

"Yes, sir, you can, as soon as possible, and before I catch my death of cold," replied the old gentleman. "You see those steps ahead, sir?"

"I do," replied Jack.

"Well, then, if you can see those steps, how the deuce was it that you couldn't see me?" said Mr. Thornton. "But as you can see them, steer to them—that is, if you know how to. They belong to me, sir, to Thomas Thornton, Esq."

As yet, the irritated stockbroker had given no thought to his preserver, but as they were floating gently down the stream toward the steps, he turned and said:

"And to whom am I indebted for my rescue from a watery grave?"

Charlie stepped quietly forward and bowed. The old gentleman started back, and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringwood! Sir, allow me to shake your hand most heartily. You have performed an action to-night which shall not pass without recognition. You are a noble fellow, sir—a noble fellow.

"I did nothing, Mr. Thornton, but what any other man would have done under similar circumstances," said Charlie, feeling himself to be a dreadful hypocrite in assuming the deprecatory air of a hero; "but now that we are here together I should like to express my extreme regret that I should have given you offence the other night by expressing my opinion about steam launches a little more candidly than perhaps I should have done, but, believe me—"

Mr. Thornton interrupted him—

"Believe me, sir, you did not say enough. I am a complete convert to the opinions you hold. Steam launches are an abomination, sir, and mine is for sale from this very moment."

London Truth.

The Solace of Sitting in the Firelight.

"I think the time is coming," said a builder, "when houses will be furnished with more grates and open fireplaces than they are to-day. Of late years everything has been running to hot-air furnaces and steam-heating apparatus, and the system of warming flats has been reduced to a science. But only those who have been brought up in the country can realize the charm of the big, wide fireplace with its crackling back logs and its bed of red-hot embers that form themselves into so many fantastic shapes to fascinate the family gathered around. Did you ever notice how earnestly people gaze into a good fire? What do they see there, what thoughts does the fire suggest, that all who gather around it sooner or later find themselves staring vacantly at it, oblivious to all surroundings? What good cheer does it cast over the household to see the unsteady flicker of the flame and watch the dancing shadows on the floor! What is more consoling than to blow out the lamp, or to turn out the gas, and sit by the firelight alone with one's heels perched upon the fender? There's little of that in the city, but I believe there's going to be more of it—not open fire-places, but grates.

"Do you know how we build fires in Vermont? No! Well, our fire-places in the country sometimes take up the whole side of the house—a cabin, I mean. On each side is a door big enough to drive a wagon through, and when we want a fire we just open one door, drive in, unload the wagon in the fire-place and drive out the other door. One load will last about a day. That's what I call living."

It is stated that non-residents of Texas own 1,000,000 head of cattle in that State from which they derive an annual revenue of $10,000,000.

ANTIQUITIES TO ORDER.

Where Bogus Art Works are Turned Out.

Imitation Aztec Relics, Home-Made and Artistic Shams from Persia.

The American craze for bric-a-brac and curios had been a godsend to the craftsmen all over the world. They make pretty good Japanese articles in New York, and Queen Anne furniture and decorative brasses, "which formerly belonged to a noble English family," are turned out in great quantities by the dealers of the metropolis. Bogus art work is cheap in Paris. Home-made mummies to suit any taste or style are among the industrial products of modern Egypt, and even the poor misguided Indians of Central and South America are making first-class Aztec and Inca relics. A Boston firm has a specially fine line of old arm chairs which came over in the Mayflower, and another New England concern has turned out enough of Miles Standish's muskets to equip an English expedition to rescue Gordon. According to the report of the English consul general at Teheran, the capital of Persia, that ancient kingdom is putting its western neighbors to shame in the way of relic making. It behooves the wealthy American who wishes to decorate his modern home with a lot of choice ancient armor to be careful lest he be bamboozled into buying something that has been turned out by an Ispahan metal worker within the year. In the days when Shah Abbas led the Persian hosts, the soldiers' armor often displayed work of extraordinary beauty, costliness and skill. This armor has been bought up almost entirely for the great European museums, and only a little remains in the parlors of the old noble families. The imitations of modern workmen are no mean ones. They are inlaid sometimes with gold, silver, and sometimes with gems, and are superb specimens of metal work but they are not worth the fabulous prices asked for them. They are so prepared that they look almost exactly like the genuine armor four or five hundred years old, and only an expert can detect the fraud. The famous Khorassan swords, whose wavy steel equalled in temper the swords of Damascus, are now imitated by means of chemicals. They look just as they did two centuries ago, but they are not as good in quality. In Hamadan an enormous number of "ancient" Persian coins are made and sold to American and English dealers. Hamadan is the ancient Ecbatana and is richer in relics of metal than any city in the east, and of late years it has been selling over in search of ornaments and coins. Coins of Alexander the Great and Sassonide are in common currency there. Glazed ceramic ware is made at Ispahan, but it is not of good quality. Some tiles recently found there are 1,000 years old. The way to test the ware is to cut it with a knife point. If it is hard it is old and genuine; if soft it is a sham.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Seasons in Mexico.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thus discourses about the weather in Mexico: May and June are the hottest months in the city of Mexico. If one is too thickly clad at noonday it is usually possible to take the shady side of the street. Since nobody is ever in a hurry, it is, of course, quite unnecessary to walk in the sun. And when the new comer gets thoroughly Mexicanized he will stay in doors at noonday. Umbrellas are sometimes useful as walking sticks or parasols; save in summer they are never wanted to shed rain. Just now the rainy season is on and we have had some tremendous showers. So has the country down below. The rainy season, in fact, ought to be called the showery season instead. It never rains drizzle, drizzle, after the Eastern style, but it pours, and yet there is no continuous downfall. In June, July and August in Mexico, rain descends almost every day in copious showers, but the summer sun shines with as less regularity between times, and every day has a clearing off. During eight months out of the twelve it is as certain, day by day, that the morrow will be pleasant as that the morrow will come. It seems to be the American opinion that Mexico will make a good winter resort, but it is a country that it must be wise to keep out of in summer. This is a great mistake. Denver and Santa Fe are summer resorts; the towns of the Mexican plateau are no less fit to be. They are southern, but they are elevated, and high elevation counteracts low latitude. In the summer, again, the face of nature is beautiful, while in the dry season it becomes withered and unattractive. But, of course, the contrast between Northern American and Mexican winters is greater than between the summers of the two regions, and on the whole Mexico is a better country to flee to to escape cold than heat. Traveling suits for men or women, ought to be dust proof. In the cities the upper classes display European fabrics and styles exclusively. Women of refinement appear almost universally without head covering. This is the only noticeable departure from the habits of their American cousins. The best silk hat will never be found at the hotels, and the better kinds are expensive in Mexico. As for the customs officials, courteous and just treatment is the rule. A visitor proposing to make a stay of much length beyond the Rio Grande, I should say, would do well to take from home whatever clothing or other paraphernalia seems likely to be needed. For a brief tour, light marching order is, of course, sensible.

An Imposing Flower.

A correspondent says in a letter from California: The Yucca, or Spanish Bayonet, from which we named our camp, is one of the most imposing flowers in the world. The plant itself is a bunch of bayonet-like leaves, stiff and sharp enough to inflict a painful wound, and twelve inches or eighteen inches in length, growing close to the ground. Out of this cluster the single flower-stalk rises to a height of about fifteen feet. The flowers are cream-white, about two and a half inches in diameter, pendulous and delicate, stems in horizontal racemes which spring from the stalk in lengths so regularly graduated that the massed blossoms present the appearance of a gigantic white cone, about six feet long and two feet wide in the middle, tapering gradually above and below. The specimen erected in our Fair when we named the camp had seventy racemes, each containing from ten to thirty flowers. This gives about 1,000 or 1,500 blossoms for each stalk, and they shed a heavy lily-like perfume, whose strength is commensurate with their grand proportions. These stately plants seem to be climbing precipitous mountains, and standing like sentinels on the crest of the range. I am afraid it will seem prosaic if I add that the Yucca is good to eat. Mr. Albert Durer brought in the top of a young one which had not yet burst into flower. It looked like a stalk of asparagus, four feet long and as thick as a man's wrist. The tender top cut in pieces and stewed with cream sauce, made a pleasant addition to our dinner. It tasted something like salsify and something like artichoke, and a good deal like Yucca. I believe that it is a favorite dish with Spanish Californians.

An Eccentric Captain.

"Our captain was a straight up and down disciplinarian, and was always rushing us into a fight," said a veteran to a Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gossiper. "One day, while in camp in West Virginia, he ordered the company formed in light marching order, and coming out of his tent, placed himself at the head and without explanation, we marched away at a swinging quick step. Scarcely a word was spoken during that march of three or four miles up a mountain road, but as the Captain directed the march along the bridle path, the boys nodded at each other as much as to say, 'This means trouble for somebody.' We moved along this path until we came to a ridge. We skirted along the lower edge of this and came the order to front face and deploy. We went up the hill, stumbling over stones and briars, the captain exciting himself to keep the line without a kink or a curve. Suddenly he gave the order to halt and to fix bayonets. The boys began to think the old fellow had lost his senses when he thundered out in measured tones: 'I call the attention of the men who have obeyed my orders so unquestioningly that there lies not more than five paces in front of them the finest patch of luscious blackberries I ever saw in my life. I discovered them yesterday, and after tasting them I resolved to make a secret raid. And here we are. The men will stick their rifles, bayonet down, in the ground, and proceed to pick and eat blackberries.'"

A Powerful Man.

Stanley, the African explorer, describes a strong man who was to be 6 inches high and rather disproportionately slender. He could toss an ordinary man ten feet in the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Muscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on its back. He could carry a 3-year-old bullock half way round his master's plantation. Once he actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest a distance of 300 feet.

New England has more seaside resorts than any equal extent of coast in the world.

THE SPONGE FISHERIES.

An Industry of Importance in Nassau.

Methods of Fishing for Sponges and Preparing Them for Market.

A writer, describing the sponge fisheries of Nassau, the capital of New Providence, one of the Bahama group of the West Indies says: There is no single industry of so much financial importance to Nassau, I think, as the sponge fisheries. "Sponging" is a regular business in Nassau, of such large proportions that a sponge Exchange has been established, governed by rules on the plan of the Stock Exchange and to do a sponge business successfully in Nassau a firm must be represented in the Exchange. Sponge is an important thing in Nassau. It is plenty, of course, and cheap. You see sponges lying in the streets and kicking about the wharves that in New York we would have to pay 50 cents or $1 for. Wherever sponge can be used in place of cotton or woolen cloths it is used. Kitchen maids use sponges for "oil-cloths," and frequently the seat in a boat is nothing but an immense sponge as big as half a barrel. Windows are invariably washed with them, glasses polished with them, and they are used for almost every conceivable purpose. Around the bar in winter are always two or three "boys" with long strings of them, trying to sell them to the Americans. Hardly any visitor leaves Nassau without taking a box of them along. I thought a string of about fifteen sponges that stretched out far higher than my head for some seven or thirty-seven and a half cents. They make very fine presents to give to your friends when you get home, they are so cheap, and a sponge is more valuable when you know it has just been brought by somebody you know from the sponge fisheries. Some of the servants about the hotel understand the knack of pressing sponges, and for a trifling consideration will take a basket of sponges and pack it in a cigar box.

The sponge fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from ten to forty tons. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and makes periodical trips out to the sponge beds around Abaco, Andros Island and Exuma. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long-handled things like oyster tongs to fish them out of the water. In this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate, light-colored things we see in shop windows. When taken first from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else I can compare them with. They are slippery, slimy, ugly and smell bad. Their color is generally a sort of brown very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker. Most people are taught, in their days of freshness and innocence, that the sponge is an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if indeed they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills. But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market, and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea. After the sponges reach the deck of the vessel they are cleaned and dried and go through a curing process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas. Some, called "lambswool" or "sheepswool," are as fine and soft as silk and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless. There are, too, bonnet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges, and finger and glove sponges. The process for curing them, I believe, is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which "kills" them. Then they are put in a crawl and are kept there from eight to ten days, and are afterward cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach. When they reach Nassau the roots are cut off, and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation.

The American Holiday

Poor Jones, now I pity him. He always has a haggard look on his face. Yet he works at least twenty hours a day.

And then this morning I saw him lugging six large baskets. He looked as if he hardly could move along.

Oh, that's all right.

All right! I don't understand you. Why, he's off for a holiday.—*Fun.*

After a Little While.

There is a strange sweet music in the thought
That all the sorrows we shall have here below
May be turned into music, if we but wait enough
For we to wear, sometimes we call it woe,
Proves at last, with a relenting smile,
After a little while.

Sometimes I wonder, but keep certain end
Clearly in view, that the weary way may
Well be traversed, and the heart be cheered
Along the rough and thorny ways.
The—[illegible]
After a little while.

Sometimes we see the flowers we thought we lost
Blooming in the heart, and
We wonder how we could ever think the heart can
Thrive
Through the long years, and to the heedless
Eyes
Even our loss is as within story state,
Lo, a wonder, and some cannot guess
Of many lost blessings.

Not always is the sorrow long-lived,
Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh
In the morning, and we, looking back, can see
Clearly that God's ways are best and
Strongest,
Yea, even we, who at the time of our heart-rending
Loss
Thought God had forsaken us, and
Refused to hear our cry.

—*Golden Hours.*

HUMOROUS.

A cheer is sometimes a jar, and an earthquake always is.

Dentists make a course in signs, because cutteurs look louder than words.

Lay Eye-See and Mind-S are not, but Dr. Tanner was a taster.

The most contrary young man of the period was the one who attempted to cut grass with a bicycle.

"Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent than love," says the man who never had a soft corn.

A Chicago lawyer has written a poem entitled "Mythematics." He must have a powerful imagination.

All you have got to do is to plant the cabbage and nature will come along after a little while and put a head on it.

It is said that a good book is the best companion man can have. This, we imagine, is especially so if it happens to be a bank book.

A cab has been arrested in London for scaring horses by screaming for a long ride. In less than two hundred instances it was discovered.

"An after-cool wave," as the young man said when his two sisters and three cousins standing in front of an ice-cream saloon beckoned him to come over.

Watches.

Edward VI. appears to have been the first Englishman to wear a watch, and this consisted of "some larum gilt, with two plummets of lead," that is to say, it was driven by weights. This is supposed to have been received by the king as a present from Nuremberg, and was playfully called a Nuremberg an mated egg. The word "watch" is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to wake. The first portable time-piece of which we have any record was that of the Chinese pocket dial mounted upon the head of a cane or carried by a chain round the neck. Queen Elizabeth had a watch shaped like a duck, with chased feathers, the lower part of which opened, and the face or dial of silver, ornamented with a gilt design. The outer case was of brass, and that in turn was covered with black leather ornamented with silver studs. Mary Queen of Scots gave a curious token of affection to her faithful maid of honor, Mary Seaton, in the shape of a watch in the form of a skull, the dial occupying the place of the palate and the works that of the brains. The hours were marked in Roman letters. A bell in the hollow of the skull received the works, and a hammer struck the hours.

Rub the Rust Off.

Dr. J. M. Reid, Secretary of the Missionary society, tells a story relative to himself. Once, when on tour, he was invited to preach in Chicago. He was taken to the church by a good brother, who landed him there early, and, no one being present but himself, he took a seat in the church alone to meditate and rest for the evening sermon. It was just at dusk, and he heard persons engaged in a prayer service in an adjoining room. He listened. Presently a loud, zealous brother engaged in prayer. He touched up on various matters, and invoked the Divine blessing upon them, including "the speaker of the evening," Dr. Reid. For him he prayed very much as follows: "O, Lord, bless him who is to speak to us this evening; he is a poor, weak man, but make him a power. We know that he is only an editor, and that he is rusty; but, O, Lord, rub the rust off." Dr. Reid said that the man prayed earnestly, oblivious to the fact that "the editor" was listening; and, as an emphasis to his prayer, he (the Doctor) uttered a hearty "Amen."—*Methodist.*

Paris annually consumes about 36,500,000 pounds of butter.