The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Introspection.

'Tis waning summer of the year;
The sky bends smiling o'er the land:
In bloom we see, in song we hear,
Earth's praises of her Maker's hand.

'Tis waning summer of my days;
God's smile has ever o'er me hung:
Have I, like Earth, adorned my ways
With flowers, or of His bounty sung?
—*Emma Carleton, in the Current.*

KING OF THE JUNGLE.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives a graphic description of tiger-shooting in India. There are two principal ways in Southern India of destroying the jungle monarch. One is with beaters and elephants gathered in array to drive the game from his cover into the open; and the other method is sitting up all night over a "kill" (i. e., a dead cow or goat struck down by the tiger), and thus patiently waiting until he comes to finish the carcass, when at least one good shot is certain. The first of these processes is never adopted in jungle tracts, simply because the thickets are so dense and vast that the quarry might travel all day at his best speed without once showing himself. The second, a more sure but less exciting style, was the one adopted and carried out with much good luck in the instance described.

To shoot big game requires much care, time and expense, in none of which are the planters able to be lavish. Consequently they do their shooting when and where they can, coming upon a sambur here and there, or sitting up for a night in a tree over the dead body of a cow which some prowling tiger has slaughtered. It was for such a purpose, says the correspondent, that I once started to make a moonlight expedition to a patch of tangled jungle which crowned the rocky summit of a high hill overlooking our coffee gardens.

At this spot, only eight hours before, a herd of the smooth-coated Indian kine had been feeding under care of a native shepherd boy, when, not dreaming of any lurking foe, and intent only on the succulent spear and lemon grass, a young heifer had strayed from her fellows, and passing along the edge of the shola was sprung upon and killed outright, the herd boy and his charges flying for their lives down the mountain side to the homestead. It usually falls to the lot of Englishmen to avenge such forays upon the tiger that makes them, and, the news having been brought in, myself and a comrade forthwith summarily condemned to death the striped terror of the jungles, and agreed to meet at night and ourselves execute the sentence.

As darkness settled on the little encampment my friend and myself, under the guidance of an agile old lowland shikaree, took our way through the dense black jungle, tramping in and out of the water courses which intersected our path to the foot of the mountain. For a little time we walked in silence, smoking and enjoying the cool of the evening, while our guide stole on before us lightly and silently as a wraith, creeping round the tree-trunks and picking his path through the carpet of fallen leaves without making the least noise to betray his movements. After a time the ground began to slope upwards, and we were breasting a steep ascent of the precipitous hill, sometimes on hands and knees; but the top once reached we were amply repaid for our exertion by the loveliness of the scene at our feet. Moonlight in India renders beautiful the most commonplace spots on the face of the globe. Below us, and extending as far as the eye could reach, spread the great ownerless jungle of one of the wildest regions of Lower India, a mighty tract of virgin forest, expanding on all sides in deep green undulations, the ranks of its mighty army of giant trees, broken only by a patch or two of bare rock here and there, or the serpentine course of a river that ran brokenly under the moonlight, now widening into a glittering silent pool, and anon weaving a narrow thread of silver under the shadow of the trees. Not a sound could be heard from the edge of the rocky plateau where we stood leaning on our guns, except the deep belling note of a sambur deer echoing up from the valley, and making the succeeding silence seem even yet more deep.

For some minutes we drank in the fresh, cool air of the mountain top, and then, in obedience to the impatient gestures of the shikaree, proceeded upon our march to a clearing some couple of hundred yards further along the ridge, making as little noise as possible, for we were now in the enemy's territory. The place where the kill had taken place was a wonderfully "tigerish" one—a grassy level of a few hundred yards, fringed on the upper side by a long strip of thick jungle which ran over the brow of the hill into the neighboring valley, and bisected by a deep stony nullah, high banked, and doubtless filled by a foaming torrent in the wet season, but now boasting only the smallest trickle of white water, finding its way amid a disproportionately large bed of sand and loose bowlders. Proceeding cautiously along in the deep gloom of the jungle we soon saw the dead body of the slaughtered cow, lying in full moonlight, and most strange and "uncanny" it looked. But our native guide whispering that we were already late, now glanced round, and selecting a neighboring tree, signed to us that we should climb into it. Nothing loth—for the shadows of the jungle were fearfully dark, and the tiger was, as my comrade said in my ear, "overdue"—we were speedily aloft and safely perched in the hollow of a deep fork commanding a good view of the dead heifer. Our rifles loaded and arranged, we proceeded to brace our nerves to an iron-clad calm, while enjoying the contrast of bright white light and deep shadows on the plateau before our eyes. But the suspense of waiting soon became very hard to bear—every rustle in the jungle, every chirrup of a cricket, made us grip our guns under the impression that the enemy was at hand. Royalty, however, at home, is not to be hurried, and the beast took his time. The delightful quietness of the evening was broken only by the familiar voices of the forest, grown so common to our sense of hearing that they were now hardly perceptible. Every twig had its humming night-performer, every blade of grass or loose stone was an orchestra for a chorus of winged insect musicians adding to the general murmuring. Now and again the black monkeys in a sal tree in the valley below appeared troubled by dreadfully bad dreams of wandering panthers or gliding snakes, and disturbed the universal peace by a sudden chorus of barking. Overhead the leaves made a fairy tracery against the purple vault of heaven spangled with glittering constellations, and a shooting star flashed occasionally across the vault, dragging after it a pale streamer of saffron light.

Suddenly the cobl, black, nervous fingers of the shikaree tightened on my arm, and I could feel his agitation, though he was invisible, for at this moment the moon went behind a fleet of light, fleecy clouds sailing up from the westward before the faint midnight wind. My own hands closed on my rifle, while eyes and ears were strained ineffectually to see or hear anything in the gloom, and heart and breathing were kept under close control to prevent the possibility of any sound escaping. How long this tension was preserved it is difficult to say; but in perhaps forty seconds the windward edge of the cloud shrouding the moon turned silvery with light, and another second or two saw the great shield of silver ride out triumphantly into space. Instantly all eyes were turned to the "kill" at our feet, and there, his approach unannounced by the cracking of a single twig or the displacement of one pebble, stood our quarry, his royal livery of striped gold and black showing with wonderful richness in the clear glimmer of the stars; one monstrous paw planted firmly on the swelling flank of the dead kine, and the imperial jowl already at work "nuzzling" under the creature's body for the trickle of blood yet welling from the ugly gashes in its neck. Then the royal beast, giving way to his appetite tore a long gobbet of flesh from the shoulder, and was settling himself down to a comfortable evening's repast. But he never said grace after that meal! I saw my friend's rifle go up to his shoulder as the tiger turned his broadside for a moment, and the next a tongue of flame leaped forth, and the sharp crack of the rifle hushed every wild thing in the forest, while its own echoes rolled away among the distant hills to right and left.

It was clearly a hit, for we noticed the bullet "plump" on the mark and heard the short, sharp, angry growl which responded like an echo to the shot, and when the smoke drifted off through the branches we perceived "stripes" limping away badly wounded in the direction of a nullh or deep water-course thirty yards over the dead grass. Into this he was hastening just as I got a good sight upon him, and my ball, taking him in the back, made him leap high in the air and plunge, apparently dead, into the corinda bushes. My companion—ever impetuous—was down to the ground and running after him quick as thought. Following, but keeping a steady finger on the trigger to meet any charge of the enemy—for nothing is more dangerous than a badly wounded tiger—I was at the brink almost as soon as my comrade. "Where is he?" was then the question, and for a moment we were uncertain; but two stones thrown into a patch of dwarf bamboo elicited a feeble stir and a faint "waugh! waugh!" from the tiger, who actually endeavored to crawl up at us, stumbling across the stream bed. Our rifles were on him as he made a feeble spring at the bank on which we stood, but he could, as we saw, do nothing, and, scratching ineffectively at the dry bushes on top, fell back. It was now really pitiful to see the royal beast in his furious helplessness. He lay writhing for a space on a neck of smooth, sparkling sand, whining and moaning in savage tones, our barrels always covering him, while he gnawed his great paws and dug the claws of his hinder legs into the soil, lashing the streamlet into foam with his tail. Then suddenly, as his end approached, perceiving the indignity of these actions, he screwed himself round to face us, and, half raising his massive head, glared at us with undying ferocity for a moment, and then gave forth such a final roar as I hope never to hear again. Crag and precipice shook with it all around. It set the elephants trumpeting in the forest, and drove sleep for the night from the eyes of the black monkeys. While the savage cry still sounded I fired the coup de grace into his brain and the strong neck of the jungle monarch bowed: death fell like a cloud upon the green glitter of his eyes, and limp and harmless, as the broken bushes around him, the terror of the forest and the plunderer of the shepherd's herds lay still! We were safe enough after that second, but the shikari was vexed with the rashness shown in descending the tree. "Never go down from a machan to kill a tiger, sahib," he said, unconsciously Irish, "until you are pretty sure that he is dead."

The First President's Journey to New York.

If the election of Washington were unique, his arrival was no less so. He was the first President, and probably will be the last, to reach the seat of Government in an open boat. Going back to his election, it may be mentioned that Congress sent one of its Members to notify him, and, as it was a four-days' journey, the messenger reached Mount Vernon by the 11th. Washington was soon ready, and made the journey on horseback attended by his suite, which included Tobias Lear, his faithful secretary. He was welcomed everywhere with the highest honors, and his route lay through Trenton, which was the scene of his first victory. On reaching New Brunswick he found a barge of State awaiting him, each of its rowers being the captain of a ship. In addition to the crew was the committee of reception, which included the magnates of the Nation, and on this barge the first President was conveyed to New York city. It was a rather slow voyage of fifteen miles down to the mouth of the Raritan, and then from the Staten Island channel (better known as the Kill von Kull) was a heavy pull of eight miles, but, slow as it might be, it was better than land carriage, and six hours after leaving New Brunswick the first President landed at the foot of Wall street. The same distance is now made by rail in less than an hour. He reached New York city just seventeen days after his election, and his inauguration took place just a week after his arrival. He was the only President elected and inaugurated in New York city, and the city has responded to the honor by erecting a statue to the Father of his Country on the very spot where he took the oath of office.—*Troy Times.*

An Application that Was Refused.

A Washington correspondent to the Philadelphia *Record* tells the following: I think I have a new Lincoln-Stanton story. At least the congressman who told it spoke as though he had just discovered the document which is its basis. It was an application for a chaplaincy in the army, with a series of endorsements by Lincoln and Stanton on its back which ran over the available space on the application and down on a slip of paper which had been added to receive them. These were the endorsements, each being dated: "Dear Stanton: Appoint this man a chaplain in the army. A Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln. He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton." Three or four months elapse, evidently, and then we have: "Dear Stanton: He is now. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: But there is no vacancy. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him a chaplain-at-large. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him anyhow. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not. E. M. Stanton." And he didn't. But apparently he told the applicant that he could leave his application on file, for there it is among the dry old documents.

AN ESSAY BY BILL NYE.

A Humorist Gives His Views on Butter-Making,

And Also Tells How He Once Undertook to Milk a Strange Cow.

Butter is the mature fruit of the full blown cow. It is the greatest effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory could not beat her on hand-made, or rather milk-maid butter. This subtle joke I have repaired and newly upholstered for use during the winter.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a total stranger. I once sought to woo the lacteal fluid from the milk-retort of a large speckled cow to whom I was a comparative stranger. She wasn't one of those bloodied cows that look as though they have been cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow, with coarse instincts, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty—O, so haughty. The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow desired one evening to hie him away to a neighboring village, where he might trip the light bombastic to: till the wee sma' hours ayent the twa.' (Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.) He wanted me to milk his large, speckled, plebeian cow; and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do as I had agreed, but failed. From the moment I entered her stall and made a commonplace remark to her I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment. Somehow I felt constrained and uneasy in her society from the moment we met until loving friends pulled me out through the stable-window and brought me back to consciousness. I shall never undertake to milk a strange cow again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

I might be sent on a Polar expedition and get stranded on an iceberg, with no other alternative but to milk a cow or eat an old friend; but I should hate to tackle the cow unless the friend was a very old friend indeed.

Butter is produced by expunging the juice from a rare and costly chemical known as cream. Cream is the head on the milk. Milk is known as dry and extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you whether you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An old well-digger named Grady told me about going over into Southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Witham. Witham was said to be very close. He was the most contiguous man in Indiana. His wife used to skim the milk on one side, and then turn it over and skim the bubbles off. It was a constant struggle between Witham and his wife to see which would be the meaner.

The first day that Grady was there they had a round ball of butter about as big as a lemon and as hard as Pharaoh's heart. The butter-knife had a handle that would turn every time any one tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would flop over on the other side and smile. Now and then a hired man would reach over with his own knife and make a slash at it, but the butter, confident of its own strength, would tip over with a dull thud, and the man would heave a sigh and give it up. Then another farm-hand would make a wild dash at it, but burst into tears and quit. Finally Grady, who had watched this performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chunk and successfully cut it in two. In the centre was a small solid wooden top. "There," says Grady, "I've found out what the b'amed thing is wound on, anyhow."—*Bill Nye, in Cooke's Journal.*

Who was Davy Crockett?

The famous backwoodsman, hunter, soldier and legislator, Col. David Crockett, says a Southern paper, was born at Limestone, on the Nolachucky River in Tennessee, Aug. 17, 1786. His father—of Irish birth—after various other vocations, opened a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, where David passed his youth from sever to twelve years of age.

He was sent to a country school but on the fourth day quarreled with the schoolmaster, and, after playing truant for a time, fled from home to avoid a flogging, threatened both by his father and master. For five years he roamed about with drovers and carriers, till in his eighteenth year he returned home, attended school for two months, learning his letters for the first time, and soon after married. He then went to live in the wildest portion of the State, where he distinguished himself as a mighty hunter and crack shot, as attested by the famous "coon" story; though as a matter of fact the real hero of that anecdote is said to have been Capt. Martin Scott—a person scarcely less distinguished in his day as a sportsman than Davy Crockett himself.

In 1813 David Crockett served in the Creek war under Gen. Jackson, and after the peace settled at Shoal Creek, in a desolate region in Tennessee. A community of reckless characters having flocked together, it was found necessary to establish a temporary government, and he was appointed one of the magistrates. He soon after became a candidate for the Legislature and made a successful electioneering tour by shooting at matches and telling amusing stories. He was twice re-elected to the Legislature, but in his leisure intervals devoted himself especially to bear hunting, till in 1827 he was elected by the party of Jackson a representative in Congress.

At Washington, he obtained notoriety by the eccentricity of his manner and language. In 1829 he was again chosen to Congress, but soon after changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration; and in 1831 it required his most strenuous exertions to secure his re-election.

Finding the influence of Jackson irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett subsequently sought a new career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and after a series of military exploits, met his death at Fort Alamo, in San Antonio de Bexar. After a hard siege, the survivors, six in number, including Crockett, surrendered, but by order of Santa Anna, they were put to death March 6, 1836.

Throwing the Slipper.

Popular customs are long-lived. Usages whose origin is hid in the mists of antiquity, and whose primitive meaning has long been lost, are still practised by force of habit among the populations of Europe and America. Many of these popular customs have been carried from the far east to the far west by that irresistible westward drift of the peoples which has now been going on for thousands of years. Mr. G. Lansing, of Alexandria, Egypt, contributes to the last number of the *Hebrew Student* an oriental explanation of the occidental custom of throwing the slipper after a newly married couple. Mr. Lansing writes that the custom of throwing a slipper at another, or striking him with it, is still practised in the east as a sign of renunciation. A father, for instance, who would renounce his son after he has been convicted of being a wicked son, will, before witnesses, take off his shoe, and, if near enough, strike him with it, or, if more distant, throw it at him. Recently we have had three cases of Moslem converts to christianity, whose relatives and co-religionists have, in this manner, signified their renunciation and cutting off of all relations with with the perverts from their fate. The oriental shoe being usually a soft slipper, is not thrown as a missile, or weapon, for the purpose of causing bodily pain . . . This explains the throwing of a slipper after the bride as she leaves her father's house. It is saying to her in a playful way: 'Be off with you. We renounce you, and will have nothing more to do with you.'" Mr. Lansing explains in the same way the taking of the shoe from the foot in the case of the kinsman who renounced his claim to the inheritance of Elimelech (Ruth iv., 8), the loosing of the shoe being merely a legal formula of renunciation, which drew its meaning from popular lore. The modern Arabs, instead of throwing the shoe, sometimes use the expression, "My shoe at you, in token contemptuous renunciation.—*Sunday School Times.*

What is Tin Ware?

It does not appear to be generally known that the article so commonly used for household utensils, for cans, for roofing, etc., called "tin," really contains very little tin, seldom more than one part in forty or fifty. Tin—pure tin—is a silvery white metal, and is the lightest and easiest melted of all the metals in common use; it being only about five-eighths as heavy as lead, and requires only about two-thirds the heat to melt it. Pure tin is called "block tin," but it is rarely used pure, the utensils, said to be made of block tin being alloys with other metals. Our common tin ware is really *tin plate*—a thin sheet of *iron, coated* with a film of tin. Plates of iron of the proper size and thickness are scoured with sand and acid until perfectly clean, and then dipped several times in melted tin; a coating of tin of variable thickness, adheres to the iron. The object of coating iron with tin in this manner is to protect the iron from rusting. Tin when exposed to air does not rust or even tarnish, while iron readily does so, but the thin coating of tin completely protects it.

A TALE OF THE COMMUNE.

Curious History of a Famous Parisian Landmark.

Destruction and Restoration of the Place Vendome Napoleon Column.

The famous Napoleon column in the Place Vendome, Paris, was constructed by order of the great soldier from cannon captured in his wars, and was designed to illustrate in bronze the wonderful career of the Corsican boy. It was modeled after the Trajan column, and is to-day one of the conspicuous and notable landmarks of the French capital. But it has had a curious history. In 1871, when Paris was held by the commune, it was resolved to pull down the pillar, and steps were immediately taken to undermine its base, the idea being to cause it to fall with one great crash, symbolical of that national fall which the communists hoped to see take place as a result of their misguided efforts.

A bed of sand, fagots and manure was prepared for the huge mass to fall upon, that the concussion to the surrounding buildings might be lessened. The Office Journal, on the morning of May 16, announced that the column would positively fall that day at 2 o'clock. At the hour named a large crowd of spectators assembled. The members of the commune and their staff, amounting to two hundred, attended on horseback. Bands played and everything was done to give the occasion a festive character. Colonel Mayer, commanding in the Place Vendome, ascended to the top of the column and waved a small tri-color flag. He then tore the flag, cried "Long live the commune!" tied the flaghead to the rails of the summit of the pillar and descended. When the ropes were tightened the band struck up the "Marseillaise," and all eyes were fixed on the doomed monument. "It falls!" exclaimed the onlookers, and the great mass bowed slowly toward the Rue de la Paix. As it fell it broke into pieces in the air and struck the ground in four distinct pieces. A loud yet dull report followed, and clouds of dust rose into the sky, but the concussion was nothing like so bad as the people had expected. The column forced itself some way into the ground, but no windows were broken, nor was the square in any way injured.

As soon as the huge fragments had settled themselves, Col. Mayer mounted them and waved a red flag, the populace cheering and shouting "Long live the commune!". At nearly the same moment there was posted at Versailles, the headquarters of the government troops, a brief yet significant despatch, dated Mont Valerian: "The top of the Vendome column has disappeared from view."

The excited communists immediately set about making the indignity to the memory of Napoleon even greater than it had already been, by breaking the bronze pieces of the column and throwing them into the Seine and carrying them into hiding in different parts of the city, so that by nightfall of the following day not a piece weighing so much as twenty pounds of the once magnificent monument which towered into the air 105 feet remained in the Place Vendome, or was anywhere to be found.

But the fortunes of war changed. The communists were driven from the city, and order once more reigned. Immediately an effort was made to restore the many ruined public and private portions of Paris, the Napoleon column among them. Rewards were offered for the finding of the missing pieces, under the stimulus of which the Seine was dragged and thousands of out-of-the-places explored. Strange to say, every piece of the great monument was found. It was once again raised, and to-day the heroic figure of the great emperor stands as proudly on the summit of the magnificent pile in the Place Vendome as though it had never been plunged piecemeal into the Seine by an angry populace.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A Valuable Hint.

"What are you buying now?" asked Ned Stevenson of Andrew Powell, on meeting the latter in Bell's jewelry store.

"I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you, making presents costs a heap of money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years, and I am not out a cent thus far."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came around I gave her a twenty dollar gold piece. When my birthday came around she gave me the twenty dollar piece back, and we have kept that up ever since, and neither of us are out a cent."—*Siftings.*

"Whatever is Best—It Best."

I know, as my life grows older,
And as my eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose—
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But a—sure as the Sun brings morning—
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere, punished
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the evil doubled
Sometimes by the heart is cursed,
And to grow, in consequence, troubled
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul wakes
In the good Hereafter,
I shall see as I look back on earthly ways,
Whatever is, is best.
—*Effie Wheeler Wilcox.*

HUMOROUS.

Newspaper puff. The smoke of an editor's cigar.

An agricultural item. Never cultivate an acquaintance with a "rake."

Yellow is a fashionable shade. Twenty-dollar gold pieces are very stylish.

"Girls to be married," says a writer. So are other men, but when they get old enough they generally reform.

The hardest thing in this world for a consumptive to do is to make a choice between cod liver oil and death.

They are trying in Germany to find a substitute for lightning rod. Can it be they have forgotten the American claim?

"Is land high in Vermont?" asked a speculator of an old Green Mountain farmer. "Yous just bet it is!" was the reply. "If the trees weren't so stunted the crows didn't pass by at all.

He was at breakfast, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him: "You always say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I guess you'd be puzzled in this instance." "Not at all," he responded, stopping to breath; "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it when it was young."

Marriage.

One man can be a painter, another an author; but only the conceited fool thinks he can be everything. We are obliged to unite with others in order to fully develop our individuality.—Among the many differences in human nature the most obvious is that of sex. There are certain things in which man is deficient and women excel, and vice versa. Man is strong and woman weak. He is fitted for muscular effort and continuous activity, and he should take the lead in gaining the means of support, while she supplements his efforts by wisely administering the household affairs. Man is brave, that is, he can overcome obstacles; woman is fair. "None but the brave deserves the fair," and none but the fair deserve the brave. The relation is knighthood and lady-hood. The woman who possesses neither beauty of form and feature nor beauty of character, is unsexed. Man is self-affirming, woman is self-denying. He must enter into the struggle against competitors, while she, standing apart from this can cultivate sympathy and tenderness. She is made stronger by contact with him, while he is softened by her influence. We judge him by what he does and her by what she is—her smiles, her movements, her ways. Customs and usages have their firmest support in her; she is the guardian of religion. The holiest relation which man has evolved is the home. The husband and wife should grow together, sharing prosperity, joy and sorrow. They should be intellectual companions. Only of late has it been admitted that woman has intellect and is not merely a creature of sentiment. The real fact is that man's intellect is fitted for generalization, woman's for specialization. Between these two poles lie all art, science and morality. Egoism or altruism is not the true basis of life, but to live for the unity, for the highest development of the other and of self.—*Professor Felix Adler.*

A Petrified Oyster.

While digging a well at Rome, Ga., a workman found, at the depth of sixty feet down in the bowels of the earth, a petrified oyster. A legend exists to the effect that a church supper held in Rome twenty-five years ago was almost a failure on account of its oyster escaping from a back window and taking to the woods. It is supposed that this petrified bivalve is the missing oyster. We suspect it was recognized by a mole between its shoulder blades. The oyster must have been terribly frightened to burrow so deep in the earth.—*Norristown Herald.*