

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., APRIL 30, 1885.

NO. 31.

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.

Here or There!

May God bless them, friend,
When we are far away,
May I smile as light as day,
And make all cheer as they,
Look up! the sky, the stars above,
Will whisper to thee of its changeless love.

TWICE SAVED.

Frank de Vaud was climbing up a particularly stiff part of a particularly stiff hill. Sometimes he called in the assistance of the Alpine-stock he held in one hand, but just as often he clambered on and up without it.

Why was Frank de Vaud smiling? Well, one reason was this—he was singing, and the song he was singing necessitated an occasional smile.

But he had—I am bound to say—one other reason for smiling, for Frank de Vaud was going to see pretty little, bright-eyed Johanna, the goat-herd's daughter, and Johanna loved honest Frank, and he knew it right well.

Other trees grew sparsely here and there all over the table-land. High up on the far-off horizon rose the snow-capped jagged peaks of the Alps, tinged with the carmine of the setting sun.

But he was not so. He was down with a fever, and for weeks he lay twisted death and life. When at last he became convalescent, nothing could exceed the kindness of Johanna's parents to him, nor, indeed, of Johanna herself.

"Well," said Poddlesley to himself that evening, when he found himself snug in his hotel, in the town down in the valley, "I don't feel over-strong, I'll stop here a few months and fish, and do the civil to that charming Johanna. A sweet child she really is, and I can't do less after all their kindnesses. I'll take her everywhere and show her everything. She is too good for that sort of a Frank. I'm not sure that I won't marry her myself."

Have you ever seen a tiny cloud, riding, rising over the sea, or over the hills in a mountainous land? Up and up and up into the blue sky, getting bigger and wider and darker every minute, till at length the storm breaks and the thunder roars, and all is chaos and destruction.

Well, Johanna was waiting for him, and they met as true lovers who are betrothed, and soon to be wed, usually do meet. They did say that Johanna was the prettiest girl in all the canton, and I think they were not far wrong.

But could she name the day, think you? Not she. "Oh! I don't know," she always answered bashfully. "Well, then," she added on this particular evening, "say in six months' time."

"Oh! dearest, we don't know what might happen before then," said Frank, somewhat thoughtfully.

Frank de Vaud was out almost every day in the mountains. A very daring hunter, he! And a very successful one too. His gun, though, was not much to look at; it had many little eccentricities, but as Frank knew them all, and made allowance for them, he wouldn't have given that old gun for one worth double the money.

One beautiful afternoon, when high above the mountains, he shot up a chamois a long way down beneath him. It was no easy task to reach it, but he succeeded at last. He sat down beside it. He lit his pipe, and began to dream and build castles in the air, or, if he did not build castles, he imagined one sweet little chalet, which would be all his and—Hullo! was that a shout from his crevasse far, far below? He listened. Yes, there it was again, ringing and clear, though, owing to the distance, no louder than the voice of a midge!

"Help! Help! Coosee, Help! Help!" De Vaud looked over the ledge and saw a dark figure in the snow.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "I'll go back for assistance. Keep up your heart. Wait."

And away went Frank, leaving his gun beside the slain deer.

"Wait, indeed!" growled little Mr. Poddlesley to himself. "I'll have to wait! What a fool I was to come away without a guide! I shall lose a good dinner, too!"

Little Mr. Poddlesley hailed from Ealing, where he had a fine house and all kinds of fine things, his uncle having died heirless, and left him wealthy. So Poddlesley required to be a clerk no longer in the city. He determined to see the world!

A very vulgar, self-conceited little fellow, I'm sorry to say, was Poddlesley. He had had an idea, even when a poor clerk, that he was rather attractive than otherwise to the fair sex, but now that he had riches, he deemed himself irresistible. He joined an Alpine club, and it used to be his boast that he never required a guide.

Hence we find him at the bottom of the crevasse, where, had he not been found by Frank de Vaud, he would certainly have perished before morning, and become food for the eagles.

In three hours' time Frank was back with assistance, and Poddlesley was safe, but more dead than alive. He was then carried to the nearest chalet, the goat-herd's, where pretty Johanna lived.

"I'll be as fresh as a daisy to-morrow," said little Poddlesley as they put him to bed.

But he was not so. He was down with a fever, and for weeks he lay twisted death and life. When at last he became convalescent, nothing could exceed the kindness of Johanna's parents to him, nor, indeed, of Johanna herself.

"But of course I shall pay them well for it," said Poddlesley to himself.

But was this gratitude, reader? I trow not.

Poddlesley was somewhat surprised when, on bidding his host and hostess good-by, the crisp bank note he tried to slip into the hand of the latter was firmly but respectfully declined.

They had only done their duty, said this honest couple, if they deserved any reward at all, it would come from Heaven.

"Well," said Poddlesley to himself that evening, when he found himself snug in his hotel, in the town down in the valley, "I don't feel over-strong, I'll stop here a few months and fish, and do the civil to that charming Johanna. A sweet child she really is, and I can't do less after all their kindnesses. I'll take her everywhere and show her everything. She is too good for that sort of a Frank. I'm not sure that I won't marry her myself."

Have you ever seen a tiny cloud, riding, rising over the sea, or over the hills in a mountainous land? Up and up and up into the blue sky, getting bigger and wider and darker every minute, till at length the storm breaks and the thunder roars, and all is chaos and destruction.

he did not know a horse from a hazel catkin!

I have now come to the disagreeable portion of my little tale, and will hasten over it. Poddlesley made himself a very great favorite with Johanna's parents, and they always thought their child safe when with him. Meanwhile the cloud grew and grew 'twixt Frank de Vaud and his betrothed, for he was jealous of the insinuating Saxon, and at last the storm burst, and—the lovers quarreled and parted.

Frank spent most of his time among the mountains now. He loved that somewhat ancient gun of his more than ever, but Frank seldom sang. The joy and the happiness seemed clean gone away from his big heart forever and a day.

He gave the little chalet, at which he had spent so many a pleasant evening, a very wide berth indeed. He could not bear the sight of it. He would not have gone near it for worlds. He dreaded to look upon Johanna, lest the old love should return, with such force that he might be constrained to make a fool of himself—that was how he phrased it—make a fool of himself, trample on his pride, and own he had been wrong and unjust in his jealousy.

But was he unjust? He often and often asked himself that question. What right had she to accept the gifts of that hateful Saxon? How dared she—the abandoned bride of Frank de Vaud—accompany Poddlesley in his wanderings among the hills and on excursions with him on the lake? Nay, he had been wronged; he never, never, never would forgive her.

Simple-minded, innocent Johanna, she, and even her parents, had accepted presents from Poddlesley, and she did not like to seem ungrateful. What harm could there be, she often asked herself, in acting as guide for the poor little Englishman in his rambles over the hills and in his studies?

Ah! but many and many a night, for all that, Johanna sobbed herself to sleep.

One Autumn day, Frank, lying on his side on a bank of snow, upon which the sun was heating so warmly as almost to soften it, spied something black in a crevasse far down beneath him. Presently he saw the something move, next he heard it hallo.

"It is," cried Frank; "no, it can't be—but, by everything that is remarkable, it's nobody else but Poddlesley! Ay, screw away, my little man. I took you out of one crevasse; now, indeed, you shall become food for the eagles. Revenge is sweet!"

Yes, reader, revenge is sweet, but vengeance does not belong to man. Frank lay there for two whole hours watching Poddlesley, then, his better nature prevailing, he went straight away and got assistance, and in a short time the Englishman from Ealing was out of danger. When he saw who had again rescued him, Poddlesley positively burst into tears.

"Come with me, come with me," he cried, "I shall die else."

And he led Frank straight to Johanna's cottage and dragged him in, and took his half-unwilling hand and placed it in blushing Johanna's.

"I have done you both an injury," he said, "I have now to crave forgiveness, which I sincerely do."

Well, there was some good in little Poddlesley's heart after all!

I need not say that Frank and Johanna were married. Yes, and Poddlesley was at the wedding, too, and the most charming gift that Johanna had was Poddlesley's.

Liked His Oration.

Abraham Lincoln's fondness for fun was well known. It is said that on one occasion, when it was thought that there should be a new surgeon general appointed, the late Dr. Bellows was asked to go to Washington to urge the appointment of Dr. Hammond, he went, and had an interview with Lincoln, whom he found signing papers.

"Go on," said Lincoln. "I can hear you while I write." So Dr. Bellows made his plea with his usual energy. Lincoln kept signing his papers. At last after Dr. Bellows had got through, and stopped, Lincoln said: "I like to hear you talk, doctor; but I rather think Hammond has been appointed, at least a week ago."

"Is that so?" asked the astonished doctor. "Yes that is so," said Lincoln, "but I thought I would like to hear your oration."

Know Him.

Agitated to acquaintance: "By gracious, did you see me rush up just then and shake hands with that fellow?"

RUNNING DOWN THE DEER

How Apaches Hunt the Animal in the Far West.

Following the Game Until it is Exhausted and then Cutting its Throat.

A gentleman who has long resided in the far west has given a New York reporter the following account of the way Apache Indians hunt deer:

"As the deer starts away in its fright at the sight of the hunter or the sound of his gun, leaping 30 or 40 feet at every bound, the Indian throws his gun on the ground, and with piercing yells starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind—putting forth its greatest efforts to get beyond his reach as soon as possible. But no matter how fast the deer may reel off the miles between it and its pursuer the trail it leaves is as plain to the hunter as if it were marked in chalk all the way. A deer is most timid and suspicious of animals, and at the same time possesses an amazing amount of curiosity. After it has played distance between itself and the immediate danger from which it flees it stops and awaits further developments. The Apache hunter well knows this characteristic of the deer, and he jogs along at a five miles an hour gait, never lagging, never stopping. At sight or sound of the approaching hunter the deer bounds off again to run a mile or two and stop again. It is these halts that are the first fatal steps in the fleeing animal. The halts are not long enough to give the deer any beneficial rest, but on the contrary give time for its limbs to stiffen. At each new start the leaps grow shorter, and the deer starts away reluctantly and with decreasing activity. The Indian jogs along on the trail maintaining a uniform rate of speed. He can keep it up without stopping for six hours if necessary. After two or three hours' running the deer begins to look for water to quench its thirst. When this stage of the chase is reached the hunter knows that the deer's drink is sealed. After the deer once drinks there is no hope for it. It fills its parched stomach with water, and, laden with the burden, its leaps grow still shorter and are made laboriously. If before drinking the deer made its halts at intervals of two miles, after drinking they are made every mile. The relentless Indian pursuer never drinks while on the trail. His tongue may hang white and swollen from his mouth, he may be choked with dust, his stomach may be burning up with heat, but not a swallow of water does he allow to enter it. When a deer drinks at a stream it swims to the other side, and the Indian plunges into the water at the same spot and crosses. As he dashes across he scoops up a handful of water and carries it to his mouth, where he holds it, rinsing it about for a few seconds, and then ejects it. If he is obliged to swim he lets the water run in and out of his mouth, but carefully prevents a drop from entering his stomach.

"An hour or so after the Indian has discovered that the deer has filled its stomach with water he begins to examine the trail more carefully as he runs, for he knows that it is then time for him to find signs of the deer's exhaustion. A drop of blood here and there along the trail indicates to the Indian that the deer has fallen on its knees at these spots; a bunch of hair hanging to a projecting edge of rock or sharp branch hanging low across the trail prove that the deer's strength has failed so that it cannot turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. When these infallible signs of the deer's approaching doom are found by the hunter he increases his speed for the first time. He soon discovers the deer, and with a yell of Jewish triumph he bounds forward. The cry startles the fleeing animal to a momentary burst of speed. After a leap or two it stops. As if afraid to the feet that further efforts to escape were futile, he turns and faces his pursuer with all the defiance his exhausted nature will permit. In rare instances deer have been known to run until they fell dead in their tracks. When one stops and turns upon the human bound behind it the latter keeps on at the top of his speed. The deer would give him a warm reception if it had the strength, but in spite of its strong will the hunter knows it is too near exhaustion to be able to harm him, and he seizes it bodily, throws it to the ground, and cuts its throat. While the deer is alive, or without a second's delay, the Indian cuts from behind its fore shoulder a large piece of meat, and, trotting to and fro constantly, he sucks the warm blood from the meat, and now and then eats a small portion of it. After sucking the meat dry he throws the carcass across his shoulder if it is not too heavy, and starts back for his wigwam. If the deer is too heavy he takes

a portion of the meat and hides the rest. He keeps constantly moving, for he fears that if he should stop to rest his limbs would become stiff and he could not return at once with his prize. His wigwam may not be far from the spot where the chase ended as the trail of a deer is always devious and circuitous, and frequently ends within a short distance of the point from which it started, but if the deer is captured 50 miles from the hunter's home he does not rest until he casts the carcass, or a portion of it on the ground at his wigwam deer. When he reaches home, if he has been compelled to leave a portion of his game in the woods, another Indian starts at once over the trail, finds the hunter's gun, and brings in the remainder of the venison. It is not an uncommon thing for an Apache deer chase to continue for 100 miles, but a hunter calculates that he will have captured his game by the time it has led him 60 miles on the trail."

Trade in Wild Beasts.

War, whatever it may be, never fails to play terrible havoc with somebody's trade. There are, of course, parts of the world where the tiger and the elephant, the hippopotamus and the leopard and other fearful wild beasts are still to be had, but there seems to be no demand for them. The Sudan has long been the great source of supply for the more important of wild beasts. Many of them indeed come from Abyssinia, but they are brought through the Sudan and have usually been shipped for Europe at Massowah. The capturing of wild beast and their transport across the desert is the regular avocation of some of the Southerners. Of course the animals are taken young. Lions, for instance, are captured as mere cubs. A couple of them will be put in boxes and slung across the back of a camel. A young hippopotamus will be conveyed in a tank of water borne between two camels, while young giraffes may be compelled to tramp. Of course an old lion or lioness is much too lively a brute to answer the purposes of the desert trade, and the same is the case with most other animals.

There is no difficulty in managing young lions. Kindship, if it is to be awarded according to money value, seems to be due not to the lion but to the hippopotamus, which, on its arrival in Europe, may be worth \$500 to 2,500. From Massowah the Abyssinian animals go in vessels with strong cages fitted up on them. To some extent the supply is obtained through the agency of the masters of trading vessels, who do a little business on their own account, either with or without the knowledge of their owners. If it is without the knowledge of the shipowners accommodation has to be extemporized for the security of the beasts on board and arrangements have to be made for parting with the illicit passengers before coming to port. The Southerners are now too busy in other ways to be minding their ordinary trade, and if they were not Sudan just now is not a pleasant place for commercial travelers to squat in for dealing.—New York Herald.

The Haytian People.

"They hate their father and despise their mother," is a saying which is the key to the character of the mulatto. Of the mulatto women it is rather more difficult to speak. They are rarely good-looking, never beautiful. As they approach the white type they have long, rather coarse hair, beautiful teeth, small, fleshless hands and feet, delicate forms and sometimes graceful movements, due apparently to the length of the lower limbs. Their principal defects are their voices, their noses and sometimes the inordinate size of their lower jaw. Their voices are harsh, their skin blotchy or of a dirty brown, their noses flat or too fleshy, and the jaw, as I have said, heavy. Occasionally you see a girl decidedly pretty, who would pass in any society, but these are rare. In general they are very plain, particularly when you approach the black type, when the frizzled hair begins to appear.

Bill Nye on Venice.

Venice is one of the best watered towns in Europe. You can hardly walk a block without getting your feet wet, unless you ride in a gondola. The gondola is a long, slim hack without wheels and is worked around through the damp streets by a brunette man, whose breath should be a sad warning to us all. He is called the gondolier. Sometimes he sings in a low tone of voice and in a foreign tongue. I do not know where I have met so many foreigners as I have here in Europe, unless it was in New York at the polls. Wherever I go I hear a foreign tongue. I do not know whether these people talk in the Italian language just to show off or not. Perhaps they prefer it.

UNDER THE MAHDI'S RULE

The Experiences of Escaped Captives in the Soudan.

The Kind of Empire the False Prophet is Trying to Build Up.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph has interviewed three Greeks and a Copt who recently escaped from captivity among the Mahdi's followers, and his story of their capture, sufferings and escape is highly interesting in itself, and important as showing the sort of man the False Prophet is and the character of the empire he is trying to build up.

These men lived for years, merchants in the Soudan, and were living at Ghedari when the Mahdi captured that city. During the first days of the reign of terror that ensued, when the whole city was given up to sack and slaughter, they hid in an underground grain store. At last hunger and thirst drove them out. Their lives were spared only on condition of turning all their property that was left in the Mahdi's treasury and themselves becoming Mohammedans. They were stripped of their clothing, and each was given instead a long strip of white linen stitched with red and green—the Mahdi's colors—a pair of sandals, and a gray felt cap, wound about with a green and red rag. Five times a day they were compelled to go to the Mosque, and were kicked and cutted unmercifully when they failed in any of the compulsory performances which pass for worship there.

After a few weeks they were taken to the Mahdi's camp, where received their gratuitous, protected, but no more extent from insult, and were conversed with them. He made many inquiries about Constantinople which, after Cairo and Mecca, seems to be the goal of his ambition. He suggests it to be situated on the confines of the Sudan. His manner of life except as to the matter of wives, is simple and unostentatious, and he himself follows strictly the rules laid down by him for his followers. The use of chess and liquor is absolutely forbidden. Even sugar, spices and sweet sherbets are considered more or less ungraciously. Sumptuary laws have been enacted prescribing the material, color, cut and shape of every garment which a true believer may wear, and the possession even of any article of ornament of Egyptian or European origin or fashion is punished with a given number of strokes of the *katana*. Altogether the regime inaugurated by the Mahdi seems to favor strongly of State Socialism, with a dash of Communism. His paternal influence asserts itself in every detail of domestic and social life, and if the restrictions he imposes are sometimes slightly irksome, he has provided ample compensation for the multitude in the unlimited prospect of plunder in this world and liberty in the next which he has opened up to his followers. All rents, all taxes, even the Koranic tithes, are absolutely nationalized, and the land has been consigned to the most thorough-going feudalism. Every vestige of the former bureaucracy is down to the humblest Shakhed, Hefe, or village elder, has been swept away, and in its place has been substituted the sole authority of the Mahdi's Amesha or Lieutenants, who wield despotic power in each district.

The number of men in the army is very fluctuating. Sometimes there have not been more than 7,000 or 8,000 men before Khartoum, some times 10,000 or 50,000. In camp their time was devoted to prayers, recitations from the Koran, and sham fights. The number of disciplined troops, chiefly blacks from El Obeid, is small, and these do not seem to be implicitly trusted by the Mahdi. His closest followers are the dervishes, whose enthusiasm he keeps continually at fever heat by his frequent orations.

The successful resistance of Gordon for so long a time was explained by the Mahdi on the ground that Gordon was no ordinary unbeliever, but the anti-Christ himself, spoken of in the prophetic passages of the Koran. These prisoners finally succeeded in escaping by suggesting to the Mahdi, whose greed for gold is only less than his greed for power, that if allowed to return to Ghedari they might recover some outstanding debts, the proceeds of which, of course, would be turned over to Beit-ul-Mal or public treasury. He adopted their suggestion, and they set out, but made eastward instead of westward, and found a certain Sheikh Saleh who helped them to Abyssinian territory, whence they were forwarded by the native chiefs by way of Gondar to Massowah.

An eccentric old man in Washington ind's delight in keeping up a home for elderly and debilitated cats.

Curios.

Here are the years which I should expect to see the following kind:

1. A man who is a good friend, but who is not a good neighbor. 2. A man who is a good neighbor, but who is not a good friend. 3. A man who is a good friend and a good neighbor.

4. A man who is a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good man. 5. A man who is a good man, but who is not a good friend and a good neighbor. 6. A man who is a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

7. A man who is a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good citizen. 8. A man who is a good citizen, but who is not a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 9. A man who is a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

10. A man who is a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good patriot. 11. A man who is a good patriot, but who is not a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 12. A man who is a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

13. A man who is a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good statesman. 14. A man who is a good statesman, but who is not a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 15. A man who is a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

16. A man who is a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good philosopher. 17. A man who is a good philosopher, but who is not a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 18. A man who is a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

19. A man who is a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good scientist. 20. A man who is a good scientist, but who is not a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 21. A man who is a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

22. A man who is a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good artist. 23. A man who is a good artist, but who is not a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 24. A man who is a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

25. A man who is a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good musician. 26. A man who is a good musician, but who is not a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 27. A man who is a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

28. A man who is a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good dancer. 29. A man who is a good dancer, but who is not a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 30. A man who is a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

31. A man who is a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good actor. 32. A man who is a good actor, but who is not a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 33. A man who is a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

34. A man who is a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good writer. 35. A man who is a good writer, but who is not a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 36. A man who is a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

37. A man who is a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good orator. 38. A man who is a good orator, but who is not a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 39. A man who is a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

40. A man who is a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good statesman. 41. A man who is a good statesman, but who is not a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 42. A man who is a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

43. A man who is a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good philosopher. 44. A man who is a good philosopher, but who is not a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 45. A man who is a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

46. A man who is a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good scientist. 47. A man who is a good scientist, but who is not a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 48. A man who is a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

49. A man who is a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good artist. 50. A man who is a good artist, but who is not a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 51. A man who is a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

52. A man who is a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good musician. 53. A man who is a good musician, but who is not a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 54. A man who is a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor.

55. A man who is a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor, but who is not a good dancer. 56. A man who is a good dancer, but who is not a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good citizen, a good man, a good friend and a good neighbor. 57. A man who is a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good orator, a good writer, a good actor, a good dancer, a good musician, a good artist, a good scientist, a good philosopher, a good statesman, a good patriot, a good