# The Chatham Record.

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II. A. LONDON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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An Old Proverb. Pontiog, my during, because it rains And flowers droop and the rain is folling, And drops are iderring the window panes. And a meaning wind through the lane calling!

Crying and wishing the sky was clear And roses again on the lattice twinning? 

1000 When the world is bright and fair and gay, And the glad bods sing in the fair Ju-

weather, And summer is gathering, night and day, Her moden challen of sworts together; due seas masser the day alone. And bright stars follow the day's declining

Why, then, 'his no merit to smile, my love "forease to length when the sun is al But this is the time the heart to test -

well."

When where is near and atorms are beed

And the worth transmitter her frozen vest I, eaks up at the sky meth and scowing. The trave in the spirit should rise to meet The server's given and the days replacing. And this is the time to Longit, for saved.

"Forestar to laugh when the sort is shin - Bile Anake.

# OLNY A BUTTON.

A cheerful south room, with a bay wariow full of blossoming plants ; a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate; a carnet, whose soft, velvety, pile was shided in blues and wool colors, to correspond with the damask covered furniture ; and a little gilded clock, which had just struck nine at night all these things met Mrs. Chickerly's eye as she laid down her book and yawned as widely as her ripe c terry of a month would admit,

She was a plump, fair-faced young matron of some four or five and twenty, with bright auburn hair, soft blue eves, and a complexion whose roses stord in need of no artificial rouge to h lighten their charms, while her dress of soft crimson marino was exquisitely adapted to her semi blonde style. "Panny," sold Mr. Chickerly, look

ing up from his newspaper, "did you call on those Carters today ?"

"N & I never thought of it." "And they leave town to-morrow morning ; and Carter is absurdly sen sitive to all slights fancied or real. Fanny, I desired you to make a point of calling."

"Well, I did intend to," pouted Mrs. Chickerly," but one can't think of everything."

"You cannot, it seems."

"It appears to me you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill," said she, r ther tartly.

her thimble. "It may affect my business very seriously. Carter's house carries great influence with it."

Mrs. Chickerly was silent, putting the velvet carnet with ber foot in a manner that indicated some annoyance.

"I shall have to leave very early to morrow morning," said her husband pres ally.

"To go to Seeneraville, about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

'Oh, I wouldn't, Frank."

"Why not?" "It's such hitter cold weather to

bright fire, Mrs. Chickerly gradually erly has echoed, with perhaps better grew drowsy, and before she knew it, reason.) she had drifted off into the shadowy Mrs. Chickerly was sitting down to regions of dream-land. her little dinner, with a daintily She was roused by the clock striking eleven. jelly, a curly banch of celery ranged "Dear me! how late it is!" she before her, when, to her surprise, the thought with a little start. "I must door opened and in walked her lord and

go up stairs immediately. There, I husband. "Why, Frank, where on earth did forgot to tell the cook about having brea'cfast at five to-morrow morning, and of course she's abed and asleep by wife. this time. I'll be up early enough to "From the office," very cooly ansswered Mr. Chickerly.

see to it myself, that will be just as cenersville in such a hurry." Laving this salve on her conscience "I found myself just five minutes Mrs. Chickerly turned off the gas, and crept drowsily up the stairs.

all the way to the denot." "Oh, that was too bad." "Fanny, Fanny, it's past five, and cook hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you sure you spoke to her last o carve the chicken. "Yes, I was a little annoyed at first, night?" Mrs. Chickerly rubbed her eyes and kept at home by only a shirt button." looked sleepily around. "What are you going to do?"

"Ob, Frank, I forgot all about speaking to her last night," she said "Why, I shall make a second start o-morrow." with conscience-stricken face. "But of'll see to it that your breakfast is I'll run right up-she can have the

breakfast realy in a very few minntes." She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into a pair of silk-lined slippers,

hance of retrieving her character. and threw a shawl over her shoulders. Mr. Chickerly bit his lip, and checkrun any more risks." ed her. "No need, Fanny, said he a little

bitterly ; "I must leave the house in Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased with her. "But, Frank-" fifteen minutes, or miss the only through train. It's of no use speaking to cook now."

"I'm so sorry, Frank,"

Mr. Chickerly did not answer; he was apparently absorbed in turning over the various articles in his bureau drawer, while Fannie sat shivering of the edge of the bed, cogitating how hard it was for her husband to start roni? on a long journey that bitter morning, without any breakfast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

But Mr. Chickerly again interposed. "sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you would sew this button on coal fire and the consciousness of havthe neck of my shirt. I have packet the others those that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough, but not one in

repair." Fanny crimsoned as she remembered postponing. how often in the course of the last questioned Mrs. Chickerly, when her month or 1 wo, she had solemly promised herself to devote a day to the much needed renovation of her huschair. band's shirts. She looked around for

I'll get it in a mioute." The house maid had just kindled a five in the sitting room grate ; it was blazing and crackling cheerily among the fresh coals, and Fanny could not resist the temptation of pausing a mo-

"I left it down stairs last night.

ment to warm her chilled ingers, and watch the greenish purple spires of flame shoot merrily up the chimney, until she heard her husband's voice alling her imperatively,----

"Fauny, Fauny! what are you doing ?" Ob. dear." thought the wife, as she

## PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JULY 30, 1885.

The Chatham Record.

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sitting all alone in front of the | many another wife than Mr. Chick- AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL. Among the products, more or less full Nye Meets a Beautiful Chinese, which, since the hostilities Blonde at a Hotel, with France, have found their way back

A Novel Delleacy.

to Paris, the trepang, or sea-encumber,

probably the most extraordinary lish

is the most remarkable. The trepang is

### browned chicken, a tumbler of currant A Beautiful Dream of the Night Rudely Dispelled in the Morn.

Night before last, after I had regis tered at the hotel and been assigned the Parisian gournasts. The trepang "the last room in the house". I use indied, is one of the latest. Paris fashyou come from?" cried the astonished the language of the hotel clerk 1 ions. From its habits the very idea went into the dimmg-room to tea.

of the trepang is repulsive, but its After I had regained my confidence flesh is delicate, and it produces a soup among strangers, and curled myself which many people estoem equal to "But I thought you were off for up in as abject a manner as possible turtle. The scientific name of the trein the presence of the head waiter, 1 pang is Holotharia edulis, and, in apbegau to look around me for an oppor- pearance, it is something like a long too late for the train, after having run tunity to beam on some unprotected snall traversed from one end to the woman with my sunny suile. It is not other by a digestive tube. The creamy custom while traveling to smile on ture, indeed, is more like a stomach Chickerly smilled a little as he began lene in whose heart a hope might than anything else. It walks upon spring up to be dashed to the earth by hollow tentacular fest, which, when it my departure. If I had caused pain moves along its native rocks, act as it did seem rather provoking to be In that way I did not intend to do so, suckers. The trepang possesses the I can joke and carry on and have a extraordinary faculty of ejecting, when real good time, but I do not wish to frightened or irritated, the entire con-Inspire in any breast a hope which may tents of its body even to the teeth.

What, however, is more extraordinary be blasted, ab, ala-! too soon. It was not long before I discovered still, is that when the organs have ready this time, to the second, and all a beautiful blonde of the female sex at been ejected they presently reproduce your wardrobe in trim," said Fainy, the farther end of the room beneath themselves. Another not less extrarather relieved at the prospect of a the chandelier. Her skin seemeatrone ordinary faculty is that of spontan-

of a delicate sea shell color, and her cous subdivision. When it is hungry "You need not. I have engaged a hair was corn-colored. Her clothes and cannot find food to nurture the room at a hotel dear the depot. I can't also were entirely new, I should judge whele of its body, the animal snaps in and made especially for her. On her the middle, and two perfect seasuremn He did not speak unkindly, and yet imper she wore a diamond ring with bers are produced where before there perfect case. She knew just how to was but one. So great a delicity is work that tinger in order to get the the trepang esteemed by the Chinese

most possible glitter out of her dia that some thousands of junks are occu-"We will not discuss the matter any mond. Every little while I would look pied in fi hing for them. The Chinfurther, my dear, if you please, 1 over there and revel in her beauty, and have resolved to say nothing more to 1 thought that she was not insensible the Malay fisher ach can observe the you about reforms. I see it is use to my charms. Still she looked at me animal sticking to the rock at a great lost, and poor Willie found himself less, and only tends to foster an un- in a kind of a half reproachful manpleasant state of feeling between us, ner, which gave me the idea that i did of harpoon fixed to a long bamboo Shall I help you to some more macca- not know whether it was intentional but in shallow water they are taken

or not: Fairly silenced, Fanny ate her din- All that evening she was in my ner with what appetite was left her. wind, I dreamed that night that I at dusk, valice in hand, while Fanny of the world in a special car. The in the sun, didn't cat much supper the evening ing performed her duty in the mend-before. I went down to breaktast, ing and general renovation of her hus. waiting and fooling away my time, band's drawer full of shirts-a job | hoping that she would come while 1 which she had long been dreading and was in the breakfast room, and 1 would till myself up with the beautiful vision and a cup of coffee,

Anon she came. She saile I into the

The head waiter wavel his hand like following incident is worthy of being on the wild northern holiside. a self-acting dude in a theatre, and published, to show the ingenuity they gave her a scat at my table. A thrill exercise in their peculiar calling. To passed up through my graceful and discover an Indian grave is, of coarse, delicately-molded spinal column, and 1 a red letter day for the archaeologist. laid down the vulgar suasage with Now, Indian graves are manufactured which I was about to feed myself to order, it would appear. At least when she dawned upon me.

only train that stops, she sent for the table at her in the full glare of the Jack secured a half-decayed skeleton village lawyer, mule her will, and left new born day. (Stereoscopic views from a Potter's field in the vicinity, owhen I have fallen down and of this last sentence will be forward- and placed it in a shallow excavation funned my nose?" And he logar to ed to any allrest at \$1 per glare), on the wasting bank of a creek in cry with all his might. words to the effect that the neglect of The first thing that I discovered was New dersey, where Indian relies were that she hadn't put her yellow wig frequently found. With it he placed ing for me to do but to beat the arm her, on the spur of the moment, to al-on straight. It was a little higher on a steatite tobacco-pipe of his own chair till Johnny stops erving."



Grover Cleveland's last summer at a resort in the Adirondacks. At the

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Our of Cleveland's Parsion

NO. 17.

which lives in the sea, and there is just now a great demand for it among they were out on the lake in a boat a. The folded feetings of a human heart and they were able, by getting in its of one poor mind even in itselfer day ?" rear, to incally it eatch alive and drag it rear, to multiply it eatch alive and drag if a the balances of man are all autone, into the boat. After they had done so this weights, and eyes described. He may it again escaped them and got into the water. But they recaught it and The story of a people or a people brought it, dripping and frightened, to the hotel. Here they announced their intention of killing it for the table. The ladies, however, who were des Vederer containing ministradict round lighted with it, made a strong petition. Tempers and tides and changes failures for its release. There was much dis- induity for and reflex suffernt end. cussion and it was finally decided that it should be tried for it - life before one of the party, who should act as indee, This was done and the speeches were made. But the judge found the fawn guilty of death and the soutence was passed. The ladies still pleaded, and hats in summer. it was finally decided to let the goverdoned or not. He promptly granted servant givit it is worn very lond, its pardon, much to the disgust of the

#### Lost Willie.

A poor boy employed in Section 1 to keep sheep was overtaken on the hills. by a severe snowstorm. Long and bravely he kept up, and tried to drive his flock towards home by taking note vaint the source fell fast, and before ese seas are exceedingly limpld, and night all traces of road and paths were

depth. They are transitived by a kind above in the hills with his sheep. As the night wore on the fa aldrowsiness began to cromover hun, by divers. Immediately the basts re-Deyond a power to resi-t, and without a scrap of shelter he laid humself down among his sheep to sleep and die, for he was sure he would never proyer for help he fell a deep, and as i.e. pounds per ton. They are mainly need around him. Strange, in beel, as it for soup, but in China are sometimes may seem, the warmth from their bodies kept drim from being frozen to vicents who have lately been experi-death. A party from home went in menting upon trepangeoup say that search for him, and they found him you a lesson," "Yes, pa." the little it possesses much of the exquisite day surrounded by a dozen old sheep, follow satingly replied; sit's taught whose instincts had saved his life In keeping themselves warm they had

kept warnoth and life in him. And So determined, indeed, are some of he lived many years to tell this aner dote of his boyloost's peril when lost

How Johny Stonged Crying, Johnny and Nelly were playing in the sitting room, when Johny felt of erving. The tears came into haveyes

"Don't ery, Johnny," said Nellie,

"Then," cried Nellie, "there is noth

## The Chatham Record

RATES OF

## ADVERTISING

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made,

Chaff and Grain.

"Each story of a soul is great; but who whall write it, for why knows what makes the

There is a pretty little story told of greatures ? Or, who can sitt it and bring not the grain Wannessed and clean foon the concenting The M'

hotel where he was stopping the gen- was can the dross dissever how the gold? tlemen were very fond of sporting and who e-tonate the little or the great also of young venison. One day when "Ecco in one formate word ?" Or who stake out little fawn ran down into the water, or who movind the one hour's ravelled thoughts.

The models of a bettle of a work It is the great stary of his open and between The fully and walleys of how life, here enters  $\Lambda$  life mode up of legen law short serves.

- Hositno Boon

### III MOROUS,

A cancus a grow. Wooden heads should wear chip

The rang is said to be coming in nor decids whether it should be par fashion again. On doors closed by

""What is an epistle?" asked a Sunhunters, and the little thing bounded away,--thur Damb Autments. +The wile of an apost ' $c_{*}^{\prime\prime\prime}$  replied the young hopeful:

The entropy of the second When there is directively, denomination instance therease as a second second second

That ladies easily learn to play the of the landsourks he knew. All in violin is not surprising when their experience in handling beaux is taken inter-onsideration.

> A wise exchange says "only one woman in a thousand can whistle." This probably results from the fact that so long is a woman can talk sho doesn't care to whistle.

> Miss Amanda has just find a quiet tete at tete with Lieutenant Elligible. and was asked by her guardian how she liked his conversation. "Ob, im mensely. There's a ring in his voice."

"My soul said a ford tather to his Ettle son, whom he had been punishs ing by the use of the rol for the first time: they son. I hope this has taught me that it is better to give than to receive."

Conjurer (pointing to a large cablnet) Now, Indies and gentlemen, allow me to exhibit my concluding trick. I would ask any lady in the company to step on the stage and stand in this cupboard. I will then close the door, When I open it again the lady will down and bumped his nove. It did i have vanished without leaving a trace not hurt him much but he was find, pehiod. Gentlemen (in the front seat aside to his wife) "I say, old woman, do me a favor and step up?"

#### Round Robins.

The "round robin" is a novelty in this country, but in former days it was frequently used in the British navy, where petitions and complaints from the sailors were written in this matther in order to protect any of the signers from being considered a ring-1 ades. The names are placelin a sircle inclosing the request, which in the above instance is highly reasonable and should succeed. The most noted round robin in existance is that presented by the librari of London to Dr. Johnson in reference to his epitaph on Goldsmith, one important objection being that the latter was written in Latin. The paper was drawn up by Eds munit Burke, and begins thus: "We the circums vibers," etc. The "circumscribers" include Gibbon, Burke, Warton, Colman, Sheri-Ian, Sar Joshua Reynol is and other distinguished men. and yet they failed. The teply of the Cerebus of literature was that he would never disgrave the walls of Westminster abley with an English inscription." Johnson afterward learns ed the name of the author of this famous round robin, on which his only comment was: "I did not think that man Barke was such a fool." It is hardly necessary to add that the Latin epitaph still remains - True Times,

turn to the shore the creature is thrown alive into a cauldron and Three days afterward, Mr. Chicker- swooped down upon her and carried bolled in sea water. After being ly once more made his entrance, just her away to the remotest boundaries cleaned they are smoked or dried wake on earth. With a smothered The usual price for tresat enjoying the ruddy light of the next morning flawoke hungry, for 1 pangs ready for consumption is seventy law there more sheep or a and haddlest eaten like ordinary fish. The Parisian yor of the cray-fish, Indian Graves to Order,

husband, duly welcomed and greeted, room with calm dislate and an air of had scated himself in the opposite casy hanteur, and such things as that these fabricators of fraud, that the

"Deal," was the brief reply, "Dead !" Oh, Frank ! Of her old

"It was, Apparently she had expected me on the day she heraelf appointed ; and on my non-arrival on the in Scenersville, with a few bitter

"Well, how is Aunt Elizabeth?"

enemy, apoplexy?"

"Washer will made?"

·Yes.

travel in ; and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's as likely as not that she'll change her mind about making a will when you get. there. I would wait a little, if I were

Mr. Chickerly smiled.

'That would be your system of doing things, but not mine

"My system, Frank! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting things off indefinitely, and not always in the wisest manner. I wish you would break yourself of that habit, Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

Mrs. Chickerly contracted her eye brows.

"I don't believe in being lectured. Frank."

"And I don't very often lecture you my dear ; pray give me credit for that."

"You didn't think you were marry ing an augel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was marrying a very pretty little girl, whose few faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults. Frank,"

"Little faults may sometimes entail great consequences."

"If you scold any more I shall go out of the room."

"You need not, for I am going my self to pack my valise. By the way, there's a button off the shirt I want to wear tomorrow, 1 wish you would come up stairs and sew it on for me." "I will, presently."

"Why can't you come now?"

"I just want to finish this book there's only one more chapter."

Fanny opened her volume so reso intely that her husband thought it best not to contest the question.

ran up stairs, "I wish Frank wouldn't he so cross. He's always in a hurry. Little Mrs. Chickerly never stopped to think that the real reason was that she, his wife, was never "in a hurry," posedly,---The needle threaded, the thimble

fitte1 on, an appropriate button was next to be selected. "Ob, dear, Frank, I haven't one the

right size? New on what you have, then ; but

be quick " But Fannie was quite certain there was just the right button somewhere in her work-basket and stopped to search for it.

"There, I told you so" she cried triumphantly holding it up on the end of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick." said Mr. Chickerly, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way, Frank ; as if anybody could new a button on well in a hurry. There ! my needle had come unthreaded !"

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" sighed her husband, fairly out of patience at last, "why didn't you do it last night, as I begged of you? I shall miss the train,

and what little chance we had of a place in Aunt Elizabeth's will, will be sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behindhand "

Fanny gave him the shirt, and began to whimper a little, but Mr. Chick-

erly had neither the time nor the in-

climation to pause to soothe her petu-lent ur nifestation of grief. He tal buttons, buckles, fan sticks, card finished his dressing, caught up his cases and other fancy articles are valise with a hurriedly spoken "goodby," and ran down stairs two steps at Tahiti, and makes a commerce vari- pride. a time, into the street.

"There he goes," murmured Fanny, \$100,000 a year. The lagoons in which "and he's gone away cross with me, the oysters producing this material and all for nothing but a miserable are found are growing poorer every botton!" I wish there wasn't such a day, and, unless protective measured thing as a button in the world !" are adopted, they will be impoverished,

(A wish which we much misdoubt, if not ruined, in a few years,

to him. She died the next morning. "Oh, Frank, how much was it?" "Ten thousand dollars," There was a moment or two or silence, then Mr. Chickerly added com-

her only living nephew had induced

"You see, Fanny, how much that missing button has cost me !" Mrs. Chickerly sat like one

demned, by the utterance of her own conscience. Not alone the one missing button, but the scores-may, hundreds -of triffing omissions, forgetfulness and postponements which made her life one endless ondeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present, seemed to present themselves before her mind's eve. What would this end in? Was not the present lesson sufficiently momentous to teach her to train herself in a different school?

She rose and came to her husband's ide, laying one tremulous hand on his shoulder. "There shall be no more missing

buttons, my love," she said earnestly, He comprehended all that she left unspoken, and silently pressed the little hand in his own; and not a word more was said upon this subject. But it was not forgotten. Mrs. Chickerly set herself resolutely to work to uproot the rank weeds grow ing in the garden of her life. And she succeeded, as we all may do when

we resolve to do a wise thing.

#### Mother-of-Pearl.

made, is the principal production of

ously estimated between \$20,000 and

one car than the other, which gave make, a stealific carving of an cagle's her the air of a young man who has head, and heads; with these were the chair as hard as she could, overmonkeyed with the flowing bowl, thrown numbers of genuine arrow This showed to the casual observer a heads and fragments of pottery. The glimpse of her own moth-caten, sage earth was blackened with powdered brush hair peeping out like the taled charcoal. This "plant" was made in tail on an old buffalo robe,

Then I knew that we could never be March, during the prevalence of more to each other than friends. Her high waters and local freshets, he annose was relialso, and she had not been nonneed to an enthusiastic collector properly kalsomined. In the burry of that he knew the location of an Indian sing she had missed her nose with grave, and offered to take him thither the powder rag, and that organ for lifty dollars, the money to be paid meaning, of course, the nose, not the if the search proved successful, which powder rag loomed up robust and of course it did. The cranium of that purple in the ghastly waste of check Philadelphia pauper passed through es and other osseous formations. several craniologists' han 1s, and was Ab, what a pain it gave me to see gravely remarked upon as of unusual my beautiful vision fade thus before interest, as it was a marked dolichomy eyes! Then I thought how I had cephalic skull, whereas the Delaware iled upon her the evening before. Indians were brachycephalic l - P q mand how, perhaps, a new hope had lar science Monthly

sprung up in her heart, and 1 feared that when she knew it was all over between us, the shock, at her time of A dergyman's wife was telling of life, might kill ber.

her experience with Chinese pupils in I left my hot pancakes, with the may the mission schools. "Christianity," ple syrup all over them, and ded. Out she said, "is so new to them that, into the din, the hurry and the tireless when they embrace if, they do so with rush of the mad, mad world, trying to great earnestness. There is no half stide the memory of that broken heart, way work with them; and they are should she see these lines i hope she more strict in small matters than will not think bitterly of me. 1 still American christians. We had some of admire het as a well preserved min, them at a church sociable a few nights but love in such a case would be a ago, and we had at supper some canhollow mockery. St. Paul Herald, dies which are rolled up in paper with

Cruel Man.

"Who made this cake?" asked boys read them and looked surprised at Dobbs of his young wife as he chewed seeing such a thing served in a church parlor, but were too polite to say any "I did, my dear," she answered with thing about them. Soon afterward

they gave an entertainment, but when "Um-um." he continued testily, we unrolled the papers we found they had taken out the foolish verses and had substituted texts of Scripture

Changing the Verses.

"I'm um good name for it-man printed on little slips of paper. Some will be pretty sure to go there if he of us felt that we had received a wellare adopted, they will be impoverished, sats very much of it."-Merchant deserved rebuke." New York Trib.

1724

she served a stick and began to

Fred came running in. "O Nellie" said he, "why are you beating the the armchair?

"How can I help it." replied Nellie. November, and, in the following "When Johnnis has fallen down and bumped his oose, and is crying with all his might? I must beat the chair till Johnny stops crying."

"Then," cried Fred, "there is nothing for me to do but to blow my tin trunapet." So he took the trumpet from his pocket, and began to blow with all his might.

In came Sophia, the older sister, "O Fred?" and she, "why are you blowing so loud on your tin trum-

"when Johnny has fallen slown and bumped his nose, and is crying with all his might and Neilie is beating the armchair? I must blow the trampet till Johnny stops crying.

"Then " cried souhia, "there is nothing for me to do but to ring the dinner bell." So she seized the bell, and begau to ring as hard as she could,

The noise soon brought in mother Allen. "O Sophie!" said she, "why are you ringing the dinner bell so hard?

"How can I he'p it," replied sophie "when Johnny has fallen down and bumped his nose, and is crying with printed couplets enclosed-some of all his might, and Nellie is beating the them extremely silly. The Chinese armchair, and Fred is blowing his tir

Johnny stops crying." "Then," cried mother Allen, laugh-ing, "there is nothing for mo to de-but to look for the switch which stands near the pau of cookies," And she ran to the kitchen with all her wind: might.

Johnny jumped up and ran after his other. He was ashamed, but he redther. He was astanned, but he tried to burgh. Nelly ion after Johnny Fred ran after Nellie, Sophie ran after Fred. Johnny had stopped crying for that day, Our Little Ones.

The Evolution of the Arm-Chair,

The transition from the arm chair to the easy chair was not made all at once. When men and women wanted real repose, they formerly found it in divan- couches, sofas, and, what in Shakspeare's time were som what reproachfully called "day-beds." A loose cushion was made for wooden trampet? I must ring the bell still chairs, and it was sometimes placed upon, at other times underneath, a richly embroidered cloth or an animal's skin. It is doubtful whether for many hundred years, the easy chairs of Western Europe were any-

thing more elaborate. The fixed seat. and padded back and arms did not come into use in England until Queen Elizabeth's time. An arm chair wa . in fact, on article of costly luxury, and sometimes of reproach

what kind is it?"

"Angel cake, darling."

on a piece

Truccior.

