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Soul Is It Night, Still is it night, The thought which mused my heart but now hath gone.

But with the light It must return—I will await the dawn, The world is cold as yet; so late the snow Lies on the hill,

The footsteps of the waking hours so slow, Yet one may hear The countless music of the frozen stream By lending ear;

This joy is mingled in this sorrow's dream, Shall I rejoice? At all times—somewhere on this turning earth— The sun must shine;

The death of hope doth be the new hope's birth, If then the shade Must ever fall where I shall chance to be, And I have made

The shadow mine—still more it comfort me, Still shall I brook, Even though the stars shine not on my sharp way;

Sometimes—sometimes, That upland I will gain and find the day, And if God's grace Hath closed the path, yet my feet shall be With my dead face

Turned to that land which I have longed to see, — E. B. Wilson, in the Critic.

Slightly Mixed.

A bright moonlight night and a gay party. Peals of laughter in all keys float through the keen frost as an sleigh load

drawn by a single black horse, leads the party. Its occupants are Mr. Harold Greystone and his sister, Miss Nellie. Mr. Greystone, after wrapping his sister in the fur robes, devotes himself to putting his horse at a speed that promises to leave the remainder of the party in the distance.

For some reason, Mr. Greystone does not seem to share the exuberant spirits of the rest of the party. On the contrary, he seems a good deal put out, to say the least, and his usually good-humored countenance is overcast. His heavy black brows are drawn together, and in spite of the sweeping mustache one can note the firm expression that furrows around the mouth.

Altogether he looks very grim. Miss Nellie thinks as she turns herself and surveys him. She is very small herself, and being buried to the chin in wraps, it is a work of time to turn herself sufficiently to see his face. Noting his expression, she began cautiously:

"Harold, aren't you driving the horse too fast? See, the others are away behind."

"We will arrive all the sooner for supper, sis," was the reply.

"O, well, but the others are not put on to cook yet, so we needn't hurry on that score."

Harold reluctantly pulled up, his horse a little, and, looking back, he growled:

"That fool, Douglass, will dawdle enough for the whole party. It's a grand wonder he would consent to drive a load. How vor, if my Lady Blanche wanted to go in a load he would not object. It's a mystery to me how a sensible girl as Blanche Leslie can tolerate such an idiot in her presence. But, jehow, there is no mystery about it. If a fellow has a full purse it makes no difference whether he possesses any brains or not. Glang, Jim," slipping the horse savagely with the reins.

"Harold, did you ask Blanche to go with you?"

"No, by Jove, I didn't. I am not quite such a fool as that. My Lady Blanche will find that she cannot twist every one around her finger like Douglass."

"I don't think you need be so hard on Blanche. She isn't crazy after rich people at all. We are not rich, and I'm sure she is always goodness itself, though you do put on awful airs and treat her like she was the veryest stranger. As for Mr. Douglass, almost everyone likes him, if he is a little soft. But Blanche isn't the least bit in love with him."

"No, not in love with him, but his pocket-book. I never supposed she was in love with him."

"Harold Greystone, I am ashamed of you. You know there isn't a word of truth in what you say. There, I am glad we have got there at last. I feel chilly in spite of wraps."

Harold lifted his charge from his sleigh and placed her on the steps of the hotel, where the party had planned a dance, to be followed by an oyster supper. The other sleighs drove up, and directly the hotel is alive with the merry party. The evening is heartily enjoyed by all, with the exception, perhaps, of Harold Greystone. The sight of Miss Leslie smilingly accepting the attentions offered by young Douglass rendered the evening anything but pleasant to him. It is true he had no right to complain.

Nellie was right when she said his own pride had erected the barrier between them. The fact that while Miss Leslie's parents are grown wealthier within late years, his own had grown poorer, was obstacle enough to Harold. He did not fancy the name of fortune-hunter. He

told himself she had totally forgotten the old days when they were on an equal footing, and, no doubt, she was ashamed to remember her preference for himself. But he would not presume on that now. Douglass might win her, and he would not lay a straw in his way.

All this and a great deal more ran through his head as he gaily talked and danced with a particular rival of Blanche's, who seemed determined to bring him to her feet.

When at last the party concluded to turn their steps homeward, Harold seized his own particular charge from a crowd of hooded and muffled figures and speedily had her in the sleigh, completely enveloped in the robes.

"Now, sis, remember you are not to move or hardly speak on the way home, else you will be laid up with an awful cold and have a red nose, and then you can not see your dear Fred when he arrives to-morrow. After dawdling so much and eating a warm supper you must be doubly careful, and if I hear a sneeze, home you go for the rest of the winter, my child," which cheerful remarks he emphasized by a gentle shaking.

"You need not be absolutely dumb. Just nod your head to signify your approval of my remarks. Did you have a good time?"

A perceptible moving back and forth was his answer.

"Yes, every one had a splendid time, myself in particular. I entertained myself watching Douglass play the clown for Miss Leslie's amusement. He did it to perfection. By George, I should have thought so many sweet smiles would have made her sick. Shows how much a woman can stand when she makes up her mind to it, and I suppose her mind is made up, don't you?"

A decided negative is indicated by his companion's movements.

"Humph! I firmly believe she intends to marry Softwood this own name for young Douglass sooner or later, possibly sooner. Why don't you think she does, sis? You can untoss that shawl or scarf, or whatever it is, enough to let me hear the sound of your voice. I'm getting lonesome. What did you say?"

"I don't think Blanche likes Mr. Douglass very well," was the barely audible reply.

"The dence you don't! O, well! but you are mistaken, I know. Don't show him all sorts of favors, dencing with him repeatedly, even giving him the dance she used to always give to me and that I should have enjoyed so much to night."

"Did you ask her for it?" murmured the girl at his side.

"Ask her for it? Not I. Though, to tell the truth, Nellie, I was awfully tempted to. It she had vouchsafed me one friendly glance I would undoubtedly have made a fool of myself."

Some violent emotion seemed to be agitating his companion, and her struggles attracted the attention of Mr. Greystone; he shook her vehemently.

"Now, Nellie, I positively forbid you taking off a single shawl," and he attempted to readjust her wraps, but the lady resisted his well-intended efforts and in a trice had torn the veil from her face and displayed to his astonished gaze the laughing countenance of Blanche Leslie.

"Pray, go on with your remarks, Mr. Greystone. Your style, though a little peculiar, is nevertheless highly entertaining. I don't know when I have enjoyed a ride so much. Aren't you afraid we shall upset if we don't keep to the road?" for the horse was following its own sweet will and meandering along the roadside in an aimless fashion, while his driver stared at his companion in utter amazement.

"What—an utter—idiot I have been," his power of speech coming back to him by jerks. "Where is Nellie, and how on earth did you get here, Blanche?"

"O, Nellie wanted to ride home with the load—I think she was tired of your company, sis—and I hadn't the heart to refuse her when she wanted me to take her place."

"And you have been listening to all my idiotic talk! What must you think of me? Can you ever forgive me for the way I have talked, and, laying his hand on her arm, "tell me, Blanche, that you loathe and despise that fellow Douglass."

"But I do not loathe and despise Mr. Douglass. On the contrary, I consider him one of the pleasantest young men I know. But what do you want to talk of Mr. Douglass for? Are you so infatuated with him that you cannot talk of anything else?"

"Infatuated with him! I heartily detest the man. I wanted to knock him down every time he looked at you to-night. Blanche, darling," slipping his arm adroitly around her waist, "tell me, do you care even a little for me? Are you perfectly indifferent to me, when I have worshipped you all my life?"

"It would serve you right if I hated you, and I don't see why I don't, after the way you have treated me—never to come near me or speak to me at all, with a most reproachful glance."

"But you don't hate me, do you Blanche?"

"No—I don't," she confessed. Mr. Greystone's horse lagged in a most unaccountable fashion the last half of the way home, but everything must have been

very harmonious, for the first time Mr. Greystone met Mr. Douglass, he hailed him with such hearty good humor as to fill that gentleman with wonder, and he marveled greatly what had come over that gruff fellow, Greystone. "By Jove, he never used to hardly speak to a fellow." —Little You Derwent.

Origin and Use of Neckties.

The very word cravat derived from the Croats, a regiment of whom, all cravated, arrived in Paris in 1690, has been nearly lost. We no longer wrap up our throats in thirty-two ways, which could be taught in sixteen lessons. Cravats, even in Paris, disappeared before the revolution, when citizens named Brutus or Timoleon wore their free necks bare, which, also, was convenient when it came to being guillotined. But, as the terror went out, cravats came in, and mounted as high as the human ears, while they overlapped the exquisite chin. In this reversion the fashionable neck could not be turned round, but Gen. Lasselle's life was saved by his cravat, which stopped a pistol bullet. In 1815 the English had "their so-called victories" printed on kerchiefs, which they wore round their vainglorious necks even in Paris. Napoleon changed his luck, and lost Waterloo, by wearing a white cravat in place of the black necktie (cravat) which adorned his person at Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and other successful encounters. The most illustrious way of tying the cravat was in "the Gordian knot," much like that still worn by people who wear pins. There were also the Irish, the sentimental as in modern evening dress, the American, the Oriental (like a turban), and the mathematical knot, which defies description. The "Ball" knot was not a knot, but a simpler arrangement, fixed by pins to the braces or fastened to the shirt. No one under 40 wore the "gastronomic" cravat, which "unties of itself in case of apoplexy"—a most valuable arrangement. The knot Colin is still worn by Frenchmen, the "hunting knot" is like a cork screw, the Italian is run through a ring. No one who respected himself could travel with less than eighty cravats and an iron for smoothing them with. Such was "the number and hardness" of the cravat book says—of the laws and regulations of the cravat under the happy reign of Louis XVIII. and in the consulship of Brummel.—Liquorist.

A Brazilian Swell.

Brazilian titles are not hereditary, but for three generations the descendants of noblemen are entitled to the appellation of "mosa fidalgos" or "young gentlemen," and enjoy the rights and privileges of their noble progenitors. These privileges consist mainly of being allowed by law to "put on more style" than ordinary individuals. If a "mosa fidalga" wants to enter the army he can do so, as a cavalry, and is entitled to wear a star on his coat sleeve. When he goes to the palace he can wear his hat until he comes into the presence of the Emperor, and while ordinary officers have to hitch up their swords before entering the Imperial portals, he can go in with his weapon jangling and thumping along the marble floors. This privilege of wearing a hat in the house and making a racket in the Emperor's presence is highly prized by the youth of Brazil. Then, too, a "mosa fidalga" cannot be arrested except by a special warrant from some high official—I have forgotten which one—and when he goes on a "racket" and breaks street laws and windows the police cannot arrest him and the police justice does not give him a lecture with his fine the next morning. Instead of that he is arrested with solemn pomp and a long warrant, and is confined in the "Place of Honor" in the prison. When a "mosa fidalga" leaves the country he goes to the palace and says "good bye" to the Emperor, and that monarch, awfully bored, graciously permits him to purchase a ticket by the first steamer. But in order to enjoy all these great privileges one must not only be a "mosa fidalga" but must take out a patent as such. Then he can have the title printed on his visiting cards and is a recognized "swell." —N. Y. Tribune.

No Student of Philosophy.

Bagley (indignantly): I must say it seems to me as if a grocer cannot appreciate anything above his sugar and tea.

Bailey: What's the matter now, Bagley?

Bagley: Oh, I've simply been insulted, that's all. I was talking to grocer Harlegg this morning when I thought of that clever and sensible clipping from one of Dr. Benham's sermons, I cut from the newspaper the other day. Haven't you ever heard it?

Bailey: No; read it.

Bagley: Listen (reads): "A man embarrassed in his circumstances, and conducting them imprudently, likes best to continue in the dark; he will not gladly reckon up the debtor entries he is charged with. But, on the other hand, there is nothing to a prudent manager more pleasant than daily to set before himself the sums of his growing fortune." I read that to Harlg.

Bailey: What did he say?

Bagley: He wanted to know when I was going to send down that fifteen cents for a piece of ham I got there a few days ago. —Tribute.

COUNTING HORNS.

Picturesque Scenes on a Montana Cattle Range.

How the Animals are Counted, Identified, and Separated.

In a letter from Fort Keogh, Montana, to the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette a correspondent writes entertainingly about the cattle business and life on the ranges. He says: In receiving, say, one thousand head of "pilgrim" cattle from the States of value not less than \$25,000, branding them at the stock yards with an X on the left hip, for instance, and turning them loose upon the range, the owner either understands the business or has an unwavering trust in Providence. A portion of his herd may be seen occasionally during the season by himself or his cowboys, but other portions may drift away fifty or a hundred miles, sometimes more, before the next "round up." Even then it may be impossible to find them all.

The ranges are divided into "districts," and each district is worked by a separate company of cowboys, numbering anywhere from twenty to sixty more occasionally, according to the importance of the district. All who have range cattle within the limits of that district are represented, either personally or otherwise, in the "round-up party." Every member of which exercises his ability for the advantage of his neighbor as well as for himself. The district may be two hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide, and the cowboys move from six to ten miles each evening, gather the cattle from the hills surrounding the camp, the next morning divide the stock into bunches, each bearing the brand of a separate outfit, brand the calves with the marks borne by the mothers they follow, and, in cases where the ownership of the calves can not be determined, they, in this territory, receive the brand of the outfit that holds the range upon which they are found. Now, in the district where those "X" cattle live the representatives of that brand will see as far as possible, to the holding and branding of the stock belonging to their outfit. Then the cattle that are disposed of will be thrown into herd, according to the locality of their ranges, and driven toward their regular grazing grounds. Those that belong in the vicinity of the camp will be left there, and the "round-up" party moves on.

The above has special reference to the spring round-up, which takes from sixty to ninety days. In addition to the fall "round-up," the herders are "cut out" separated from the other stock—and driven by members of their respective outfits to the points of shipment. It was these shipping points that the value of the stock inspector is seen. He examines the brands of every animal shipped from his point, and if some of those "X" cattle are being shipped with the herds of some other party he notes the fact, reports to the Secretary of the Stock Commission, the whole lot goes to market, and in due course the owner of the "X" cattle receives the proceeds of his "strays" on the basis of the price at which the main body of the shipment is sold. The number of animals thus found is large. "Strays" that belong in Montana have frequently been shipped from points on the Union Pacific in Wyoming, and vice versa, on the Northern Pacific. It is not considered surprising for cattle to drift 100 to 150 miles from their customary range.

Thus are range cattle looked after, and though it may take years for the "X" outfit, or any other, to secure all their stock, they are more than likely to do so eventually, excepting those "strays" that are stolen, killed by wild animals or die on the range. The inspectors are thoroughly familiar with the brands of the North-west, watch closely for stolen stock, do much toward bringing offenders to justice, and are stationed at the principal stock-handling points. The detectives are equally instrumental in furthering the success of this great system. About five thousand different brands have already been recorded in the office of the Territorial Treasurer at Helena. Even the Indians have their brands, and, with the multiplicity of devices that are used, under the acts of 1864, to identify gush stock, it is no easy matter to keep them all in mind. In the effort to rid Montana of dangerous wild animals boundaries were paid during 1864 on more than 5,000 wolves, 1,500 coyotes, 500 bears and 100 mountain lions. During 1885 the bounties were still greater.

A Natural Attraction.

He: "It was natural, you know, that I should be attracted to you."

She (shyly): "Indeed! Why?"

He: "Well, you know your brother studied law in the same office with me, and we were admitted to the bar together."

She: "But what had that to do with me?"

He: "Why, don't you see, I looked upon him as a brother in law."

She (blushing): "Oh! I see."

He: "Yes, a brother in law. Je jure, as it were. Now I propose that he shall be a brother-in-law de facto as well."

Then he slipped the engagement ring on her finger and their heads came close together, and the parian cupid on the mantle looked as if he was about to clap his wings and crow.—Boston Courier.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Notes and Suggestions.

Inflammations are more safely and far more agreeably subdued by the application of warm water than of cold.

Very excessive effort in a short space of time, as in running or jumping a rope, etc., has repeatedly caused instant death by apoplexy of the lungs, the excessive sending the blood there faster than it can be forwarded to the heart, and faster than it can be purified by the more frequent breathing on such occasions.

Water cannot satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations, but this thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, sweetening it as large pieces, a preferable, and as much as is wanted.

A professional athlete, given in the New York Sun some good practical advice upon the manner of going up stairs, which may be of value to tired, over heated women in the country, as well as to the factor living inhabitants of cities. He says, "there is a knack in doing it easily. The body should be held erect, keeping the center of gravity directly above the muscles of the legs and hips. Bending the hip and throwing the body forward, as many persons do, is like carrying a load at one's length, instead of on the shoulders, or on the head as do many Europeans. Let those individuals, whose duties require much climbing up stairs, remember not to lean far west, but to spring from stair to stair, and to step firmly, lightly, and with ease."

The Law of Larceny.

In the law of larceny there has been curious cases for the edification of students and the escape of lucky thieves, says the London Telegraph. A plain man would think that "taking and carrying away" are words easily interpreted; but what is "taking and carrying away?" The cases decided are various. For instance, goods are tied to a string one end of which was fastened to the bottom of a counter. A man having taken and carried them as far as the string permitted, it was decided that he had not "taken and carried away" the goods. Another man, however, removed a paper from one end of a wagon to the other, and it was found that he had "taken and carried away" the goods. A thief, also, who snatched a diamond from a lady's ear and dropped it in her hair, was found guilty of "technically taking and carrying away." There are other curiosities of the law, as to things which cannot be stolen. Thus, it is not larceny to take earth to make an embankment, nor to take water unless it be stored in pipes. Then, it would be larceny to steal a wild animal kept for food or profit, but not if it were kept for curiosity or amusement, as in a private menagerie. It has been decided, for instance, that ferrets, even when tame and salable, cannot be subjects of larceny. Mr. Justice Stephen, in his "Digest," says: "A dog would not be, in the enjoyment of the natural liberty, whether they have escaped from their confinement or not, and are capable of being stolen," and this would apply, we suppose, to peep monkeys and parrots, who have got loose. It even applies, oddly enough to "bees." Although it may be an offence to pursue and kill them, it is not larceny to steal them when living; but it is if they are dead, for then they become the property of the owner of soil on which they die. These seem very fine distinctions.

Real New England Beans.

Every day or two I see the Massachusetts members wending their way in groups over to the Senate wing of the Capitol about lunch time, with a Washington correspondent. That queer indertow which keeps the two houses so far separate, though they sit within a stone's throw of each other, also generally makes the members patronize their own restaurants. On inquiry it turned out that the Massachusetts men went over to the other end to get some baked beans, which Senator Fry's protegee, Lundford Page, serves in regular New England style. Those over at the House are weak in their colic and baked into a mess, while Page has a knack of putting his bean upon the table with the real Yankee red tint and each bean perfect in its form. This is what catches the New Englanders, who all patronize Page's bean-pot during the week. But he tells me that he has made no money since he came to Washington, and that the contrary has actually lost some. He says the Senate restaurant is not a paying property, unless liquor is allowed to be sold over the counter.

Remarkable Time.

"I'm not a sprint runner," said Charley, "but I made fifty yards in remarkably quick time. It was just that far from the front door to the gate, and my girl's father held the dog and allowed me ten seconds to clear the distance."

"I grasp the situation," replied Gus, "but fifty yards in ten seconds is not fast time."

"No, but when I reached the gate I had eight seconds to spare." —New York Sun.

A MEMBER'S MAIL.

Many Letters Received Daily by Congressman.

How They are Answered, and the Quasi Contents of Some.

"Carp" says in a Washington letter to the Cleveland (Ohio) Leader. The letters received by Con. Brewster are of all kinds, and some of them are very funny. A man writes Congress man gets from ten to fifty letters a day, and the number who would do any work upon the great questions of the country must be a statistician. Now nearly every member has his shorthand clerk, who comes to him in the morning or evening, and reads his mail, and runs about the department. A fellow like the Congressman takes a bundle of about twenty letters in his hands, and sits down in his room with his stenographer at his side. The stenographer has a pen and a notebook. The Congressman takes the top letter, reads it, and as fast as he can takes notes of its contents, which the stenographer then takes down as fast as the Congressman can dictate. A fellow like this has been finished. Who would have taken the member ten hours to do for himself, he has accomplished in thirty minutes by the aid of his stenographer. This man goes to the Capitol and when he returns to dinner at his country home, he brings the table ready for him to sign. He does this and his clerk reads them. Some Congressmen allow their clerks to read their notes on the type writer. Other must have them written out by hand, as letters on the type writer look too much like printed matter. In written letters one sort of trouble which occurs is that the writer thinks the Congressman will read the writing themselves. A long letter from a Congressman is a big thing to the constituent in the back country. He takes it around and shows it to his friends, then says it away in the family Bible, and keeps it as reverently as though it was his grandfather's will, and the old man was yet alive, had lots of property, and likely to drop off any day. Some Congressmen never answer letters they receive, and that is how they get the reputation of being "dead." Other think a great part of their correspondence is the waste basket, and some never read other than the letters at all. A great part of the correspondence of a Congressman relates to government orders and public documents. An Ohio member told me the other day that his constituents kept a better track of the government publications than he did himself. Said he: "They watch the paper closely, and when anything new is published, my first knowledge of it, in many cases, comes from their reports to me. The penman letters from constituents, and General Government reports, are taken from every state in the Union on pension matters. A number of letters have been coming in lately from an old crank, who sends Congress to pension school teachers who have fulfilled their usefulness. The man says that the government has millions of idle money in the treasury and he thinks that fifty million ought to be devoted to the purpose. A Kansas man got a letter the other day, accompanied by a curious illustration, which a blacksmith wanted him to get patented for him, and another member I knew has just received a letter of a President's clerk, who is anxious that the President should send him and Mr. Casper the government vacated of the Indians."

The Ever-Green Pine.

The valiant trees the ever green pine, That grows on the bleak mountain side; Sit a fair dress in feel of the wind or the storm, As it stands like a fish in its pride. The lightning may flash 'round its tall wayling crest, And it sighs to its branches may rave, But it stands in its strength like a lion at bay; Or a hero, who'll never be a slave.

Oh, a sorrowful tree is the ever green pine That grows in the sweet smiling vale; It remains forever a low, plaintive song That recalls a fair lover's wail.

Oh, a sorrowful tree is the ever green pine That grows on the hill's sleeping side; It shelters the woodcock, gives shade to the deer, And sends a cheerful air to the far and wide.

Then hither and thither be the ever green pine, And it sighs to its branches may rave, But it stands in its strength like a lion at bay; Or a hero, who'll never be a slave.

Oh, a sorrowful tree is the ever green pine That grows in the sweet smiling vale; It remains forever a low, plaintive song That recalls a fair lover's wail.

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Humorists.

"Ahem!" exclaimed the needle, "justifiable homicide—slaying girls. It's a good thing the axe took might be sharp."

A roadster for the convenience of which when they are tired.

"No," and the hack driver, "I can't stop my business driving."

In this progressive age it is pleasing to know that every milk train has its cow-catcher.

A fashion exchange tells of "new wrinkles for men." It seems to us that what is most wanted is not new wrinkles, but some method of getting rid of the old ones.

"This is a most trying situation," spat the little while, when he was cut up and put in the boiling water. "I'm afraid I'm all over with me," and he began to bubble.

"Why do all the cold waves come from the north?" my dear P. asked a fond husband. "Oh, because there is so much snow down there. St. Paul and Minneapolis!" was the reply.

Thoughtful Young Lady (to college graduate) Who, in your opinion, Mr. Murchie, was the noblest Roman of them all? (College Graduate) I used to think Brutus was, but I wouldn't bet a cent on any of 'em now.

A school-keeping (to her friend): "The boys, including the full of it. He had his best to point a cow. And, well, he made a haul of it."

An Inscrutable Muselman. Great mistakes are not to be trifled with. At Moscow, the other day, a piece by Glinka was being rehearsed. The conductor, the famous Hans von Bülow, remarked to his chairman, please that, in a certain passage, there was a mistake, and that he was to play in F sharp and not an F natural, as written. The chairman placed a paper that ever since the piece was in existence. Engraved had been played. Bülow, however, explained that he did not allow any one to give him a lesson in counterpoint. The rumor of