The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VIII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 18, 1886. NO. 28.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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

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The Eggs that Never Hatch.

There's a young man on the corner,
Filled with life and strength and hope,
Looking far beyond the present,
With the whole world in his scope,
He is grasping at to-morrow,
That phantom none can catch.
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching, anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, musing,
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The *Present*. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

[illegible] opened the window of my office and looked out upon the distant lightning, at its awful, red [illegible] in the inky west. Neither rumbling thunder nor furious rush of wind nor volleys of hail proclaimed the advance of the marvelous midsummer tempest. It came on silently, and the lightning blades were doing their deadly work with the flash and silence of steel.

The area of the storm covered less than a mile, and the altitude of the cloud could not have been more than half of that distance. Once overhead the mighty cloud came to an ominous pause before pouring forth its varied forms of vengeance. Then the bolts began to rush through the air with the sibilant noise of sky-rockets, and the attendant [illegible] seemed to paralyze the very pulse and forever silence the heart of the listener. One bolt descended close by, plowing on its rapid progress oblong gulfs in an [illegible] as if digging graves for its prospective victims, and during all this glare and din my night bell rang furiously.

"What!" thought I. "A summons on such a night as this? Surely it must be an urgent case that could not wait until this most phenomenal of thunder tempests had passed over."

As I left the rear office I could but observe the play of the blue lightning under the thresholds of the doors, like a viper writhing in flames of blue vitriol.

So deafening were the wild demonstrations of nature that the messenger could hardly make himself understood, but I learned at length that the house of Judge Hungerford had been struck and that Miss Blanche Hungerford had been dangerously prostrated by the shock.

I remembered Miss Blanche Hungerford, whom I had met at several social gatherings, as being very beautiful and amiable and a leading star in society.

I found her unconscious, with the family grouped about her in tears. My first thought was disfigurement. But she seemed too superlatively lovely for the blasting touch of lightning, but she was safe from this dread physical evil. The blinding flash and terrific thunder peal had overpowered her to unconsciousness.

In his excitement the messenger had made an erroneous statement. Not the house but a stately elm had been struck and cleft in twain. Miss Blanche had just opened the door to observe the direful aspect of the hour when the bolt descended and she fell senseless in the hallway.

The scene at the bedside was a strange and sadly impressive one. At its foot sat the venerable Judge Hungerford. Extreme age had impaired his once brilliant faculties and he was now nearly imbecile. At his side stood Mrs. Hungerford, a tall, severe faced woman, wearing somber, green goggles, while from her neck hung an ostentatious medal, indicating her membership of some reform association.

The impression this remarkable woman made upon me is lifelong and unfading. The combination of artificial green eyes, a perfectly erect and inflexible attitude, a narrow head, with aquiline nose, and a certain indescribable air of eager watchfulness called to my mind a lean eagle, erect on a crag, and I could compare her to nothing else.

I was astonished to see in the mother of the beautiful Blanche such an austere and unattractive person, but my astonishment subsided when I learned that she was my fair patient's stepmother, the judge's second wife.

After performing other duties of my profession I raised the suffering young lady's head and proceeded to the use of restoratives.

Soon the beautiful patient opened her eyes wonderingly, murmured "Thank you!" and then I suffered her noble head to return to the pillow.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" was whispered.

She turned her eyes in the direction of her left shoulder.

I raised the sleeve of her robe, and lo! there on that alabaster arm, near the shoulder, was the perfect imprint of a tree.

The lightning flash had photographed upon her fair skin the stricken elm in miniature!

I left further instructions as to the care of the charming young patient, and then, in the face of the feeble remonstrance of Judge Hungerford, I took my departure.

In due time I heard of Blanche Hungerford's complete convalescence, and I must confess the agreeable tidings gave me pleasure that was not altogether of a professional character. She was such a sweet patient, and I had never forgotten the look of gratitude she gave me when she whispered "Thank you!" And what is more delighting to a man's heart than a grateful expression from a beautiful woman?

An increase of reputation opened up a way for me to what I had so long and ardently desired—a city practice. I became associated with the distinguished and beloved Dr. Bartholomew, and upon his decease I succeeded to his large and lucrative medical clientage.

Upon several occasions I had conferred with my esteemed professional brethren upon the subject of lightning photography, and, mentioning no names, out of delicate motives, I cited the case of a handsome young woman who was prostrated by the electric fluid. The bolt blasted a contiguous elm tree, and the tree was perfectly and artistically photographed upon her arm. I found that cases were not unfrequent where inanimate objects had been photographed by lightning upon animate ones. One surgeon vouched for a case where a black oak, thunder-riven, was photographed upon the flank of a white horse.

Musing upon this subject one cold winter evening, I was summoned to the door by the captain of the police precinct. His business was thrilling and altogether too sorrowful. The fast express, behind time and running a mile a minute, had been derailed by a displaced switch on the outskirts of the city.

The destruction and mutilation had been frightful. The St. Mary's hospital was filled with the wounded, and the officers of the police were expeditiously summoning a corps of city surgeons.

The scene at the hospital was indescribable, and, indeed, if describable, there would be but little profit in the portrayal of such misery. An eager crowd, many of whom had friends in the ill-fated train, had assembled. Prudence counselled the closing of the doors against them, but their anxious, tragic faces were visible at the windows, looking as if the catastrophe had imparted a common expression to them all. Nurses and stewards were hurrying to and fro with subdued footfalls. Now, there is no preference among surgeons at such a time. Go to work at once and render assistance to the nearest case at hand is the rule.

I heard a low moan at my feet. It came from the lips of a woman. I looked upon the cot. Such a lovely, but pain-tried, countenance! It was a case of fractured arm—a compound fracture—and the attendant never had already set in. The wounded member of that graceful body must be cut at once. I examined the broken arm. Stars of fate! Near the shoulder was a miniature tree. My beautiful patient was again Blanche Hungerford!

I need not tell you with what consummate tenderness I handled that shapely arm, but I could not avert the delirium that followed the fever. Sad as it was to see her delirious, I could not suppress a thrill of joy when she more than once pronounced my name. In ten days the fever tide slowly turned and death had spared the beautiful from the worms of the dust.

Her first whispered words, as of old, were "Thank you!"

I have before asked this question: "What is more delighting to a man's heart than a grateful expression from a beautiful woman?"

I now answer it. A grateful expression from a beautiful woman, mingled with a look of love. And I read

Love in her luminous eyes!

When Blanche was nearly recovered I said to her:

"My darling, lightning and calamity brought us together. Let love and sunshine prevent our parting."

And she only murmured, in the dear, old way, "Thank you!" and then I felt her fair, white arms twining about my neck.

The Strongest Ship Afloat.

The Camperdown, which was launched at Portsmouth, England, has cost £475,000 for labor and materials, and the estimate for her machinery amounts to £105,000. She has taken three years to build, 700 hands having been constantly employed on her, and it will be another three years before she is ready for sea. She is the heaviest ship ever launched from government slips, and is the first man of war that has been launched with her armor on. The Camperdown is built entirely of steel, and in her armament she will be the most powerful vessel of all her class; her displacement will be 10,000 tons.

When to Advertise.

Advertisers who understand their business advertise more heavily in the season of dull trade than in the season of live trade. It is the slow horse that needs the lash, not the fast one. The steady goers are the successful advertisers. They build up great business by keeping themselves before the public, summer and winter, and whether it rains or shines, or is a feast day or a fast day. —*Philadelphia Record.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Treatment of Frost-Bitten Fingers and Toes.

Dr. Lapatin, in the proceedings of the Caucasian Medical Society, advises that fingers and toes which have been slightly frost-bitten, and which subsequently suffer from burning, itching, and pricking sensations, should be painted, at first once, and afterward twice a day, with a mixture of dilute nitric acid and peppermint water in equal proportions. After this application has been made for three or four days, the skin becomes darkened and the epidermis is shed, healthy skin appearing under it. The cure is effected in from ten to fourteen days. The author has found this plan very effectual among soldiers, who were unable to wear their boots in consequence of having had frozen feet. They were, in this way, soon rendered capable of returning to duty.—*British Medical Journal.*

You Ought to Know Yourself.

If you will persist in burning for a long time a kerosene oil lamp, or filling your bed room with heated gas, you need not prepare to retire with very strong hopes of getting a good night's rest. If you will allow a vase of flowers to remain there over one day without changing the water, or, if you will have any plumber's work in your room, instead of using a portable washstand, basin and pitcher, it is all to no purpose that you insist that you are very prudent in regard to your health. As to the question "How much outside air shall I let into my room?" we have nothing to say. If you are an invalid, your doctor must tell you; if you are well and enjoy a sound mind, you can judge for yourself. You know, or ought to know, how much you can bear. Only see to it that the air is fresh, that what you admit is an improvement on what you send out. —*Good Housekeeping.*

A Stimulant and a Narcotic.

What meaning should we attach to the words stimulant and narcotic? A stimulant may be defined as that which ministers to healthy activities, supporting the processes of life in health and restoring them in disease. A stimulant acts chiefly in removing or counteracting depressing influences; it may be pain, fatigue, or a morbid sensibility. Thus mustard, applied externally in inflammation, is at times a true stimulant, and tends to restore healthy vital action by freeing the circulation and the nerves from the depressing influences of pain. A cup of tea, also, is in its place a true stimulant, restoring the natural tone of the central nervous system. On the other hand, a narcotic is a substance which by poisoning the nervous system produces a gradual paralysis of vital actions. Under narcotics, intelligence, volition, reason, consciousness, even life itself are lost, and these are the outward and visible signs of a process taking place within the nervous system, where the powers of life are stubbornly fighting against a poison, and yielding as it were inch by inch to its invasion. Stimulation, then, is a healthy process, while narcosis, the condition induced by narcotics, is essentially an unhealthy state, being a paralysis of natural activities, more or less. —*Nineteenth Century.*

Increase of the Anglo-Saxon.

The Latin races, that is, France, Italy, and Spain, have ceased to be, whatever any of them may be destined yet to become again, the mighty factors in the world's progress which of old they were. They minister exquisitely to the comfort, the luxury, the culture and the picturesqueness of life, but the aptitude for foreign commerce which they show is comparatively slight, and in the colonizing business of humanity they only play a subordinate part. Moreover, their population, when compared with the population of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races, is diminishing. Thus, in a period of a little less than one hundred years, from 1788 to 1885 the aggregate populations of France, Spain and Italy have only increased from 51,000,000 to 82,500,000. On the other hand, the populations of Germany and England during this period have each trebled. Germany in 1788 had a population of about 15,000,000; in 1885 it has increased to 45,000,000. Great Britain in the same way had in 1788 a population of 12,000,000; in 1885 the figure is 36,000,000. Another country largely, but not exclusively, populated by the Anglo-Saxon race—America—has in less than a hundred years increased nearly thirteen times—that is, from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to nearly 60,000,000 in 1885. Finally it must not be forgotten that Canada, Australia, South America, as well as other British dependencies, collectively, contain a population of some 10,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, and there is every reason to believe that the development and increase of this population will be rapid. —*Fortnightly Review.*

Nothing in It.

Bobby—"You've got a cold in your head, have you?"

Dude (making a call on Bobby's sister) —"Yes, a werwy bad cold."

B.—"Then sister told me a story."

D.—"Told you—ah—a stowy?"

B.—"Yes; she said you hadn't nothin' in your head.—*Boston Courier.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Little Footprints.

[illegible] footprints on the sands
Vanish in the sunbeams' glare
Little footprints by the way,
Rain will wash them out some day.
Footprints left in any place,
Shall they pass without a trace?
Marks upon life's pathway all
Leave behind, though great or small.
Little footprints surely may
Lead some to the upward way.
Oh, beware, lest they should go
Downward to the world of woe!

Jumbo, the Playful Gull.

Dr. Goodsell gives the following instance of the playfulness of a tame sea gull: "My youngest daughter was playing in her room with a hollow rubber ball. It fell from the window sill into the yard; Jumbo picked it up and carried it to his bath-tub. Here the ball became filled, through the air hole, with water.

"My daughter went down to get it, when the bird snatched it from the tub and ran he being around the yard, with the ball in his beak, squirting the water by pressing the ball as he went. I have no doubt that the first squirting of the water was accidental. But what of the following? When it was empty he carried the ball back to the tub and stood guard over it for a moment, then he took it up this time with the little hole in the ball toward his throat. He began squeezing as before. The first pressure threw the water down his throat, strangling him.

"He dropped the ball, only to pick it up again, and run round the yard squirting the water away from him as before, much to the dismay of my little daughter, when she insisted on having the ball, he swallowed it, disgorging it an hour later. It is the gull's habit with indigestible substances."

A Tiger in the Streets.

Benares, one of the two holiest cities in India, is believed by the Hindoos to be under the special protection of the terrible Siva. But once the god was so careless as to allow a tiger to steal into the city and wound a dozen of his worshippers.

One morning, the superintendent of police, a Scotchman, was not a little surprised at being told that during the night a wild beast had seriously wounded several natives. Guided by the informer, he went to the bottom of the steps, where in a dark recess on the top he saw two eyes glaring in the darkness.

Taking a musket from a policeman, the superintendent fired. With a roar, a huge tiger bounded out, rushed down the steps, and fell into a hole. His fore leg had been wounded by the Scotchman's shot. A policeman fired, but missed. The tiger sprang out of the hole, seized the man and tore him severely.

Then the enraged beast rushed on the crowd, and wounded people on all sides. A company of policemen marched up with loaded muskets, but as they had no percussion caps, they retreated in disorder.

The tiger was master of the situation, until the superintendent had ridden to the English camp and returned with several officers anxious to hunt a tiger in the streets of the sacred city. The beast was brought to bay in an enclosed place, and a volley laid him low.

How Kitty Was Cured.

Foolish little Kitty Gray would jump up to the great earthern cream bowl to steal a drink, although Bertie kept her saucer well supplied with good sweet milk.

But Kitty thought it nice to be a little thief and help herself to little sips of cream from the pantry. Several times she had been caught and punished for the troublesome trick, but it seemed to make no difference; she would not jump up to the shelf, then step carefully upon the edge of the bowl and softly lap the thick, rich cream with her little naughty red tongue.

One day Bertie was in the kitchen, when all at once he thought he heard some little movement in the pantry. He crept softly to the door, and there was Kitty Gray just stepping slyly upon the edge of the cream bowl. Pretty soon she began lapping the yellow cream. Bertie stole noiselessly in, and suddenly giving Kitty a quick push in she went, head first, into the splashing cream. She floundered about in great fright and distress, scrambling and scratching, trying to get out. But the bowl was deep and the glazed sides so slippery, poor Kitty might have drowned had she fallen in accidentally.

Bertie let her stay until he thought it cruel to keep her there any longer, then he helped her out.

Poor Kitty ran dripping away, and hid somewhere until it was dark.

It was not very kind for Bertie to do as he did, but when he promptly told his mamma the truth about it, she said she could forgive him; Kitty was cured of her naughty habit—and she was. From that day Kitty Gray was never seen near the cream bowl again. In fact, she would run away and hide if any one was seen approaching with the bowl in hand. —*Christian at Work.*

Tobogganing is on the down grade.

DUCK RAISING.

A Business Which is Increasing Fast in the East.

Ducks Hatched in Incubators and Yielding a Profit of $45 Each.

"It is remarkable," said a well known poultry dealer in response to inquiries made by a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express*, "how rapidly duck raising has grown to be a leading feature in our business. Every day shows an increased demand for ducks for eating purposes. Why is this. Because it has been found that they are a great delicacy, and are ahead of young chickens as broilers. They command as high, if not higher, prices in the market than chickens. For the past two years a great specialty has been made of raising them in the East, especially around Boston, and now New Yorkers and Jerseymen are beginning to go into the business at a lively rate. We have little to devote the larger part of the time on our chicken ranch to the raising of chickens, but so great has become the demand for ducks that we have determined to make that our specialty now instead of chickens. They can be hatched out in the incubator the same as chicks, and they are raised more easily than chickens. They are not so liable to disease and do not require so much care. Besides, they are ready for market when two months old and are twice the weight of chickens at the same age."

"What kind of ducks are most in demand?"

"The White Pekins, because they have no dark feathers and their flesh is a handsome yellow, looking the best when dressed. Wire in early market such ducks bring as high as 50 and 60 cents a pound. Next to the White Pekins in demand are the Rouens and the Aylesburys. The latter are much like the White Pekins. The points in favor of the Rouens are that they grow rapidly and retain their weight remarkably well, but their flesh is not so yellow, and consequently they do not bring as good prices in the market."

"What is the average weight of ducks and geese?"

"Ducks average in weight about six pounds and ordinary sized geese twelve pounds. But some breeds of geese grow very large, and I have seen a goose that weighed thirty pounds. The best food for ducks is made of brewers' grains. They are great eaters."

"Can you give an example of money made in duck raising?"

"There is one that is causing much comment among all poultry dealers just now, and it is really a remarkable case. It is that of a poultry producer of South Easton, Mass. He shows an actual profit of $45 from one duck and of $1,575 from thirty-five ducks. As a poultry journal commenting on the fact truthfully says, that it is more than is made from a herd of dairy cows and the capital required is much less."

Particulars which were obtained from this gentleman showed that his adult duck consists of thirty-five ducks, and the profit averaged $45 for each. He uses the Pekins, but thinks a cross between that breed and the Aylesbury superior to either. His adult ducks are allowed a large trough, through which fresh water constantly flows. This is used for bathing purposes. The number of eggs laid was 140 from each duck. The eggs were hatched in his incubators, from which 3,000 ducklings were raised to the age of from eight to ten weeks and marketed, the price received in the Boston market being 30 cents a pound for those that came in early and 18 cents a pound for those that were late, the average price being 22 cents a pound. The cost of raising each duckling to the age of eight weeks was 5 cents a pound. His profit was thus 17 cents a pound, and as the 3,000 ducklings produced 12,000 pounds of meat their yield was over $2,000. Other expenses such as quarters, attendance, etc., reduced his profits to $1,575. The young ducks had no access to water except for drinking purposes and were fed in the same manner as chicks, except that they required more animal food. It was found also that each duckling yielded from an ounce to two ounces of feathers, which sell for 50 cents a pound. Each adult duck laid 140 eggs and began to lay when five months old. The best prices, 30 cents a pound, were obtained about the middle of May, decreasing to 18 cents in July. They weighed per pair one pound a week for each week's growth when eight weeks old, or four pounds each, gaining a pound a week. They were raised in brooders, but were carefully watched, fed often and kept warm.

Bound to Remain Single.

Black—Why don't you get married, White?

White—Well, the fact is, the girls know too much nowadays; they're too well educated. I wouldn't like to have a wife who was my superior in intellect and knowledge.

B.—Then you are bound to remain a bachelor.

W.—Why so?

B.—Because they don't allow the girls in the idiot asylums to marry. —*Boston Courier.*

A City of Magnificent Ruins.

A correspondent of the London *Times* who accompanied the expedition to Burmah, writes as follows: We explored the ruins of Pagan early on the 3d. These remarkable ruins extend for more than eight miles along the eastern bank of the Irrawaddy, and average two miles in breadth. In this space there are the remains of between 800 and 1,000 temples and pagodas, some of them in tolerable preservation, and many of them of great size and magnificence. The [illegible] of the city is covered with jungle, and the crumbling [illegible] of buildings, towering above the surrounding trees, and stretching as far as the eye can reach, [illegible] picture. The oldest of the Pagan temples are supposed to date from about the year 850, and the city reached the zenith of its power and prosperity about the time of the Norman conquest of England. In 1824 the city was almost [illegible] destroyed during the Chinese [illegible] Burmah. Then the king of Pagan pulled down an enormous number of temples—some chronicles state as many as 6,000—and used the materials in strengthening the ramparts of the city. When the invaders captured it they completed the destruction. Perhaps the most remarkable of the great temples in Pagan is the Ananda, which is still used as a place of worship. In plan it is a square of 200 feet to the side, broken on each side by the projection of large gate [illegible] which convert the plan into an almost perfect Greek cross. The central pinnacle reaches to the height of 168 feet. Another of the great temples of Pagan, the Thapinyu, the spire of which rises to the height of 201 feet above the ground and overtops all the other monuments. The Gaudapalin temple, dating from 1160, rises to a height of 180 feet. It is more [illegible] than either the Ananda or Thapinyu. It is very conspicuous when approaching Pagan, as we did, from the southward. Gleaming in its white plaster, with numerous pinnacles and [illegible] central spire, it seemed, when we first sighted it, like a distant glimpse of Milan cathedral. Many of the ruins of Pagan are so unlike all other Burmese buildings that it has been suggested by some authorities that these buildings are due to the skill of a western Christian or missionary.

How Gotham Grows.

Considering that last year was not one of the best for money-making, New York did pretty well in that line, having run up $37,000,000 or so in her increase in the value of real estate. The gain was greater in some previous years, but $37,000,000 is not bad for dull times. There does not seem to be much chance of Chicago getting ahead of Gotham just yet, except in miscellaneous wickedness, and New York threw up the sponge in that matter some time ago. There has recently been some random talk about Chicago ultimately taking away the bulk of the dry goods trade from both New York and Boston, but dry goods men in both cities say it is all bad talk and that the trade increases in each city every year. The steady and rapid growth of New York is not fully known even by New Yorkers themselves. Very few of them have any idea of how fast the new part of the city, the section north of the Harlem river, is filling up. That section is about as large as the original Manhattan Island, and much of it is now as closely built as Harlem was ten years ago. As for men of population that does not stop a moment. Not from the Old World only but from all parts of the New World, streams of humanity flow steadily into New York, and all the [illegible] is that it will keep on doing so while there is room to spread. Some [illegible] about the future say there will be [illegible] some day to stretch over the East River, cut streets and build houses on a vast structure supported by piers and pillars as the Brooklyn bridge is, without interfering with navigation, and make New York, Brooklyn and Long Island City a single city, the largest in the world. This may seem a hare-brained notion, but so did the Brooklyn bridge when it was first proposed. And if a man had said twenty years ago that families would now be living on the top floors of ten story buildings he would have been called a fool. —*Hartford Times.*

About Shoes.

The immediate predecessors of India rubber shoes, for wear in the cities where paths were prepared during the snowy seasons, were articles technically described as "galoches." These were in fact, leather overshoes, save that the protection came to the sole of the foot rather than to other parts. The prototype of the shoes was the ancient "clog," which, indeed, was worn as a shoe to keep out wet, instead of an extraneous protector. In later years the "patten" of England was kindled to the "galoche." There was always something nutty in the appearance of this article, and the facility with which it could be donned was in its favor as well. Yet, woe to the individual who attempted the use of a new pair upon icy walks where the hard and smooth soles begoiled frequent downfalling to the uninitiated. The original vulcanized rubber shoes had a leather bottom, and it constituted an objection hard to overcome because they were so slippery. The use of buttons came as a benison to the appreciation of this species of footwear. —*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Noblesse Oblige.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
[illegible]
And so [illegible]
If you have [illegible] and I have none,
If I have dark and you have sun,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

We are [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The strength of steel
We [illegible] from silken hands,
[illegible] in willow wands;
[illegible] to go
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

Something at stake—The post office.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

It is said that the people of the United States [illegible] every year. The [illegible] keeper converts [illegible].

A [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Glimpse of Shanghai.

[illegible] Shanghai [illegible] St. Louis [illegible] The city has three gates—the north, south and west ones [illegible] the people living at the south gate [illegible] the north gate [illegible] and the dialect of the inhabitants they [illegible] differ more from [illegible] the Japanese [illegible] 20,000 miles apart [illegible] While the Japanese are the cleanest people on the face of the earth [illegible] English [illegible] very dirtiest. The [illegible] Japanese [illegible] shades of the [illegible] streets [illegible] wall, and street [illegible] 10 feet wide from wall [illegible] a forest of gilt letter [illegible] The ten [illegible] with shop fronts all open [illegible] a [illegible] exhibition hall will [illegible] Men [illegible] to alleys [illegible] tunnel [illegible] to realize [illegible] "swarms of people" or "[illegible] human beings." All through [illegible] the people are packed as if [illegible] and one has to dodge into shops or flatten himself against a wall at the [illegible] of the coolie carrying loads by pole or yokes on their shoulders. Buckets of water and garbage, bundles of dried fish, bodies of [illegible] of the dead and [illegible] of the living crowded us into the wall and rubbed against us during a progress through the handsomest and most important four-feet wide street of the city. The people were all too busy and too stolidly indifferent to gather and stare at us, or follow us in a train, as is the happy Japanese fashion of treating a stranger, foreigner, and we really felt twinges of wounded vanity at this neglect.