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. IX. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1886. NO. 6.

The Chatham Record

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The modesty of the red man is not proverbial, and does not promise to be. Red Cloud, a Sioux chief, believes that it is better to get a living out of the white than to quarrel with them. "What we want," says he, "is white men to plant our corn, hoe it, harvest it and put it into the barns which they build for us. Warriors don't work."

A large town is growing up around the shore of Lake Elsinore, Cal., a sheet of water which is seven miles long and three miles wide. A peculiarity of the town is that the people go from street to street almost entirely by boat. In fact the principal street of the town is circular and can be touched by boat at any point.

The San Francisco *Record* congratulates the golden state that with 70,000,000 bushels of wheat California will have an income of at least $54,600,000, where last year it had one of only $28,000,000. "Our barley crop," says the *Record*, "of 18,000,000 centals will bring in $16,000,000, as against $9,000,00 last year. In these two items alone we will have $72,000,000, where we had in 1885 only $37,000,000, an increase of over $35,000,000, or nearly double that of 1885, while the area sown was only a fraction larger. Despite low prices, say even lower than 1885, the tiller of the soil is in a much better condition than he was a year ago."

Lieutenant Stoney, who was sent out by the United States Government to explore Putnam river, Alaska, which was discovered by him in 1885, has found a river to the north which the natives say empties into the Arctic near Point Barrow. The river is supposed to be the same as the one at the mouth of which Lieutenant Ray established his headquarters during his observing expedition. Along the banks of this river were Indians who had never before seen a white man. Lieutenant Stoney afterwards explored Noatak river to its headwaters, and found it longer than the Putnam. He intended starting on a series of explorations east and north.

The Philadelphia *News* computes that if one could see 1,000,000 babies start on a race and could follow them through life, this is about what he would see: Nearly 150,000 of them would drop out of the ranks at the end of the first year. Twelve months later the number would be still further thinned by the deduction of 53,000. Twenty-two thousand would follow at the end of the third year. They would throw up the sponge by twos and threes until the end of the forty-fifth year, when it would be found that in the intervening period something like 500,000 had left the track. Sixty years would see 375,000 gray-headed men still cheerfully pegging away. At the end of eighty years the competitors in this great "go-as-you-please" would number 97,004, but they would be getting more shaky and "blot" each lap. At the end of ninety-five seasons only 223 would be left in the final "flies," while the winner would be led into his retiring room, a solitary wreck, at the age of 104.

A discussion is going on in Europe concerning the distance at which large objects on the earth's surface may be visible. Emil Metzger mentions that he once saw, with some difficulty, Kejzerspickt, in Sumatra, when distant 110 English miles; and he also made out Gog Merapi, in Java, when 180 miles away. From the Piz Muraun, near Dissentis, E. Hill has seen Mont Blanc, the intervening space measuring about 110 miles. J. Starkie Gardner states that Mont Blanc is visible from the Piz Languard, though distant about three degrees. In Greenland, Mr Whymper beheld a mountain from which he was separated by 150 miles; and from Marseilles, Zoch saw Mount Canigou at a distance of 158 miles. The whole range of the Swiss Alps has been looked upon by J. Hippisley while 200 miles away, while Sir W. Jones has affirmed that the Himalayas have appeared to view from the distance of 224 miles.

The frozen meat trade is assuming great proportions in England. A cargo which recently arrived at the East India docks in London consisted of over 30,000 frozen carcasses of mutton in excellent condition. This contribution to the food supply of London came from the Falkland Islands, where there are now more than 600,000 sheep. The London *Times* says: "The carcasses brought over are described as being those of sheep of prime Canterbury type, well fleshed, and with no superfluous useful fat, and they average from sixty to seventy pounds each. Sales have been effected of portions of the cargo at over 5d. per pound." The colonists have hitherto contented themselves with what they could realize from the wool, skins and tallow to be obtained from their sheep, but now, in consequence of this most recent development in refrigerating machinery by means of cold, dry air, they will be able to send their mutton to the English market, not only to their own advantage, but also to that of the consumers over there; and there appears to be every reason to expect that the enterprise which has been entered into in so practical manner will result in a complete success.

Time and I.

We are two travellers, Time and I,
Through gay or gloomy weather—
And since he hailed me at my birth,
We've always be n together.

Re le I me through the land of youth,
He journeys onward ever,
And helped my toiling footsteps climb
The hills of right endeavor.

We are two travellers, Time and I,
Through harsh or happy weather..
Unsolved the secrets of his soul,
Though we have walked together!

He guards the mysteries of the world,
Life, Death, Divorce and Sorrow;
He knows so much, so little I,
And we must part to-morrow.

—Wm. H. Rogers in *Youth's Companion*.

HIS SECOND WOOING.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauqua, when he actually found himself at that Mecca of devout excursionists, early last August, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy New England home; the rich, crowded programme offered was in striking contrast to the dull monotony of farm life. When the son of toil first entered the Auditorium, and saw that rustic amphitheatre crowded with thousands of people listening breathlessly to the full, sweet tones of the grand organ, his cramped, selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for as the music ceased a white-haired speaker arose and was introduced to the audience as Mr. John B. Gough.

At this announcement Samuel Tucker's satisfaction was too great to be kept to himself, and he said half aloud to his next neighbor: "Well, now, I am beat to think that I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to see for more'n a twenty years." The young lady gave an amused little laugh, but it fell unheeded upon the unsophisticated speaker, whose attention was already caught by the orator.

Mr. Gough commenced his brief lecture with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included also an account of a later visit when the happy husband withdrew his application, and, fairly dancing with glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm, that "Sally had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have."

Mr. Gough's representation of the scene drew forth prolonged applause; but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in the laughter. As if unconscious for the moment, of the multitude about him, he said in an undertone: "I'd be willing to take my oath that wouldn't work with Jane. All I have to say is, that man's wife was different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding scrup to a mummy as to begin sparking again with her."

It would seem that this course of reasoning did not wholly dismiss from the farmer's mind a train of thoughts and possibilities suggested by the lecturer's story. In every treat of the following days—at sacred service or popular lecture, in the museum or by the model of the Holy Land, when listening to a concert or gazing with throngs upon the illuminated fleet, the far-away husband was relentlessly followed by a vision of hard-worked Jane, looking upon him with reproachful eyes. At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go back," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have no more effect on her than they would on the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry towards his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was nearly a mile from the church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone after the forenoon service, leaving his wife to attend the Sabbath school, and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after her husband's return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to the church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and was hesitating whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him when the farmer called out, "It's just as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the wife took her seat in the buggy, and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, unappreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like, as I knew she would be," he muttered as he went about his mid-day "chores."

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So on the following Sabbath, Jane again found her husband in waiting, and as she mounted the high buggy, ventured to utter a half-audible "thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long. To which Mr. Tucker replied that he had just reached the church, and didn't know but he might find she had started on foot. This reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home, and her chilled heart glowed with a warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes, Mrs. Tucker kept thinking: "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a' mind to ask him!" This resolution was soon stifled, however, with the reasoning which had silenced many similar resolves in the past ten years. "No, I won't ask no favors. If he don't think enough of me to come, why he needn't." Although proudly unwilling to seek any attentions, Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care. She had walked home in the rain too often greatly to dread such exposure; but a week before, the wife had tasted the joy of being considered, and longed for some new and further proof of her companion's affection.

Mrs. Tucker's heart leaped for joy, when, at noon, she saw the old mare's head from the lecture-room window. Indeed, her hungering heart suddenly became quite unmanageable, and, entering the carriage, poor, melted Jane sobbed out: "I'm sure it's very good of you, Samuel, to come back for me this rainy day!" and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker exclaimed: "I declare! I hadn't no idee you'd care so much about it!"

"I wouldn't mind the walk," responded the wife, "but—Samuel—I'm so happy to have you care enough about me to come!"

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek now; his tender, better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which had long possessed him, and with some coughing and choking he said: "Jane, I see I've made an awful botch of our married life; if you're a mind to forgive me, I'd see if I can't treat you from to-day as a woman ought to be treated."

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered quickly: "You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and obstinate; but I'll tell you what it is, we'll begin all over again."

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and the future. And in the evening when they were about to start for the prayer meeting to be held in a neighboring school house, the renewed husband stooped and kissed his wife, saying: "Jane, I've been a-thinking that married life ain't so very different from farming or any other occupation. Now, I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I supposed you was a-going to always do as you did when we were a courting, without my doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the happy wife.

"Perhaps so and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it is Jane, I feel as if we hadn't never been really married till to-day. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tower."—*Congregationalist.*

No Chance for the Small Boy.

A new Western invention is a dog which climbs trees. There is a point beyond which even inventors ought not to go, and it seems to us this wretch of an inventor has crossed that border. What show does it leave the small boy in a watermelon patch? What chance of refuge is left the "fired-out" lover as he finds himself fleeing from the house of his fair one, if even the tree tops afford him no protection from the mouthful of organized ivory that pursues him? Yes, the canine climber must go.—*Danville Breeze.*

Regardless of Cost.

Clerk (to employer)—What shall I mark that new lot of black silk at?

Employer—Mark the selling price $3 a yard.

Clerk—But it only cost $1 a yard.

Employer—I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost.—*New York Sun.*

PECULIAR PETS.

Queer Fancies of Some People in the Metropolis.

Huge Dogs, Little White Mice and Alligators Owned by Young Ladies.

A New York letter in the Hartford *Courant* says: In a walk through Tenth street not long ago I witnessed a novel sight which attracted the attention of more than one passer-by. A handsome white hound whose sleek coat was so well cared for that it shone like silver, walked dignifiedly on the sidewalk, while on his back was perched a cockatoo of white plumage, with head and wings tipped with red and yellow. Near by stood a handsome man, dressed in good taste, a little dudish, perhaps, who evidently took great pleasure in watching his two pets, so strangely mated. The gentleman was Mr. William Chase, the celebrated artist, whose studio is in the building devoted to artists on Tenth street. In this building was also the still unoccupied studio of poor Frank Silva, who died last spring, prominent as a fine marine painter and a brave soldier during our civil war. His wife now teaches painting, and is, I believe, doing fairly well. Every Sunday Mr. Chase is seen on Fifth avenue with his handsome white dog, whose silver collar is decorated with a large white satin bow. Week days yellow or red ribbons are worn, but the white bow always worn the first day of the week seems to make the dog carry his head in a different way, just as if he wished to look more like a communicant. He serves as quite an advertisement for his famous master, everyone asking to whom the handsome animal belongs, for while the name of William Chase is familiar to everyone, he himself is not.

Mr. James Barton Key, who has left the stage and is now a stock broker, has a huge mastiff, beside which a Shetland pony would appear decidedly diminutive. Master and dog apparently entertain the greatest affection for each other. The latter would certainly prove a formidable foe to any one who might attack Mr. Key. It is not unusual to see a lady trudging along one of the principal thoroughfares leading by a chain a dog almost as large as herself. The small dog is quite out of style just now. It seems somewhat ludicrous to see the chains which secure to these immense animals to a dainty hand, for if the dog were so disposed he could run off with chain, mistress, and all. A lady on Washington square has a marmoset, the funniest little creature alive, with a very human expression and a peculiar little cry, its eyes really filling with tears at times. It is almost always chattering with the cold, and has to be snuggled up in blankets or placed in a basket near the fire most of the time. It is a great pet, fond of its mistress, and runs about her head and shoulders. It is, however, somewhat of a nuisance, all endeavors towards neatness being time thrown away.

Miss Mary McClellan, daughter of the late Gen. McClellan, had very peculiar pets, two white mice, which at times she would take to the opera. They ran around the box at the Academy, often perched on her bare shoulders, and kept the audience quite amused or the reverse. They were only permitted to run about during the intermission, but one night, just as the prima donna was in the midst of a pathetic solo, the mice came out as if to hear, too, and the eyes of the audience followed them. Miss McClellan tried to secure them, but they became excited and ran away over the cushioned rail of the balcony until caught by an usher and returned to their mistress. Probably the prima donna to this day does not understand why her solo received so little applause that particular night. Young alligators are great pets, and several fashionable young ladies own whole families of them. There is a goat living near me that is a great favorite of its owner. It is named "Stephen Dorsey," but is called "Dorsey" for short. We never speak as we pass by. I have good reasons for being thus unfriendly. "Dorsey" himself and a slippery sidewalk last winter have much to do with it. There is a dog that lives next door to me. He only understands French. He is forever running away, and his master stands at the front door shouting "Plon-Plon" (the dog's name), "venez ici," till sometimes I wish Plon-Plon was off somewhere with his more or less, usually less, distinguished namesake.

But the latest fashionable pets are babies. Yes, babies and small children, who have heretofore been consigned to the nursery, are now decorated, I will not say clothed, in the most artistic costumes, and serve to enhance the picture of a pretty and gay mamma. The human pets are no longer considered nuisances, but are on dress parade whenever occasion requires. They are not allowed to converse at all, but simply to pose. It is said of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has two handsome boys, usually dressed like the princes in old pictures, that whenever the door bell rings they quietly strike an attitude, so that to the guest they make complete the picture of the charming Washington home of their gifted mother.

Language of the Eyes.

Long almond-shaped eyes, with thick-skinned eyelids that cover half the pupil, are indicative of genius when they are found in conjunction with a brow which is full over the eyebrows, and which has one deep perpendicular line between the eyebrows. I have frequently noticed this combination in the faces of distinguished literary men and artists. The almond-shaped eye, however, even without this peculiar form of forehead, always means a susceptible, impressionable nature. Eyes which are large, open and very transparent, and which sparkle with a rapid motion under well defined eyelids, denote elegance in taste, a somewhat susceptible temper, and great interest in the opposite sex. Eyes with weakly marked eyebrows above them, and with thinly growing eyelashes, which are completely without any upward curve, denote a feeble constitution and a melancholy disposition. Deep-sunken and small blue eyes, under a bony, almost perpendicular forehead, are indicative of selfish and cold-hearted natures. Eyes which show not only the whole of the iris, but also some of the white both above and below it, denote a restless, uncertain nature, incapable of repose or of concentrated thought on any subject. Round-shaped eyes are never seen in the face of a highly intellectual person, but they denote a kindly, truthful and innocent nature. Eyes which, when seen in profile, are so protuberant as to run almost parallel with the profile of the nose, show a weak organization of body and mind. Eyes rather close together show penetration, but eyes close together denote cunning and an untruthful disposition. Eyes rather far apart are indicative of frankness and simplicity of purpose—an honest and guileless nature. When, however, the eyes are very far apart, they denote stupidity. Eyes with sharply defined angles, sticking at the corners, show subtlety of mind; the sharper the angle and the more it sinks, the greater the delicacy of perception it denotes; but when very much developed it shows also craftiness an cunning to deceit. Well-opened eyes, with smooth eyelids and a steady and somewhat fixed glance, denote sincerity. Lines running along the eyelids from side to side, and passing out upon the temples, denote habitual laughter—a cheerful temperament, or, at any rate, one in which the sense of fun is strong.

Skeleton Leaves.

We do not know who is the author of these instructions, but believe they are worthy of trial: Dissolve three ounces of washing soda in two pints of water, boil, and add an ounce and a half of slaked quicklime. Boil for ten minutes, settle, and pour off the clear liquid for use. Bring this to the boil, and during ebullition add the leaves. Put on the lid and boil about an hour, adding water occasionly to make up for loss. Take out a leaf and rub it between the fingers under water. If the skin and pulp separate easily, the leaves are ready; if not, boil for some time longer. Having cleaned the skeletons, bleach them in a solution of bleaching powder, a teaspoonful to the pint, adding about a tablespoonful of strong vinegar to liberate the chlorine. Let them remain in this for about ten minutes. Wash in water, and float them out on pieces of paper. N. B.—Take care that the soda solution touches the fingers as little as possible, as it may remove their epidermis as well as that of the leaves. Another authority says: The skeletons must be thoroughly bleached by exposing them to the fumes of chlorine gas. To this vapor be added that of peroxide of hydrogen the fibres of the leaves are strengthened, so that they can be readily arranged—after being dried by pressure between folds of tissue paper—in bouquets.

On the Pension List.

"It is very amusing," said a clerk in the United States Pension Office, "to look over the list of names of old soldiers on the pension books. I am more than ever convinced that there isn't anything in a name, for here we have in name nearly every great man who has ever lived. Here at one point is Daniel Webster, at another George Washington, and further down the list I find Oliver Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, John Wesley, Henry Clay, and even Jeff Davis is on our list. Then there are the odd names, such as Ham, Coon, Rats, Sugarfoot, and others. One hardly knows what a variety of names there is in the world until he begins to deal with them by the thousand." *Indianapolis Journal.*

Spider Silk.

The female spider is fewer and larger than the male. In one tribe of spiders the female is 1340 times larger than the male. The spider's thread is composed of innumerable small threads or fibres. One of these small threads has been estimated to be one two-millionth of the thickness of a hair. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3180 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.—*Electrical Review.*

Professional Writers of Olden Times.

In the days of King John, people had so little idea of the possibility of the printing press that they were almost equally ignorant of such a material as paper for literary purposes. Yet it is a huge mistake, which has not been exploded as it ought to be, that reading and writing were rare accomplishments in the 13th century. Knowledge of a certain kind was disseminated far more effectively and far more universally than is generally believed. The country parson was expected to be the schoolmaster of the parish, and generally was so; and there was hardly a village in England during the reign of Henry III. in which there were not one or more persons who could write a clerkly hand, draw up accounts in Latin, and keep the records of the various petty courts and gatherings that were continually being held, sometimes to the annoyance and sometimes to the vexation of the rural population. The professional writers were so numerous and their training so severe, that they had got for themselves privileges of a very exceptional kind; the clerk took rank with the clergyman, and the writer of a book was almost as much esteemed as the author. The scriptorium of a great monastery was at once the printing press and the publishing office. It was the place where books were written and whence they issued to the world. With the traditional exclusiveness of the older monasteries, there was less desire, no doubt, to diffuse and disperse than to accumulate books, but the composition and multiplication of books was always going on. The scriptorium was a great writing school, too, and the rules of the art of writing which were laid down there were strictly and severely adhered to; to this day it is not difficult to decide at a glance whether a book was written in St. Albans or St. Edmund's abbey. Sometimes as many as 24 writers were employed at one time; besides these there were occasionally supernumeraries who were professional scribes, and who were paid for their services; but nothing short of perfect penmanship, such trained skill, for instance, as would now be required of an engraver, would qualify a copyist to take part in the finished work which the copying of important books required.—*Quarterly Review.*

An Otter Hunting a Man.

A hunter ought to understand his business and be ready for any danger; but some men too often lose presence of mind and courage, and are hunted by their game. The following story is told by the Gallatin (Mo.) *Democrat*:

Mr. William Prewitt, while out hunting rabbits in Daviess county, found several large otters, one of which he shot. Thinking the animal was dead, he approached very near, when, to his surprise, it made a furious attack. Mr. P. immediately fled, closely pursued by the infuriated animal. A very low rail fence was close at hand, and our friend sprang nimbly over; but equally nimble was the otter, which, as Mr. P. went over the fence, went through. Our now very much frightened friend, seeing his foe on the same side of the fence, sprang nimbly back. This game was kept up for some time, until, completely exhausted, Mr. P. made several frantic leaps, and finding the animal just passing through the fence, he, in desperation, grasped it by the tail, and catching its leg through another crack, sank exhausted to the ground. The shrieks and cries of Mr. Prewitt for help, mingled with the enraged snarls and fighting of the animal, were heard at the farm, nearly a mile distant, and he was soon relieved from his awkward situation, but so exhausted and enfeebled by the fright that it was some time before he could walk sufficiently to get to the house.

Artificial Quinine.

Dr. Cresswell Howitt, of Lincoln's inn fields, has discovered the synthetical or artificial mode of making quinine, by which the price of that drug will be reduced to something like 24 per ounce. The importance of this discovery, which was made two or three weeks ago through the accidental breaking of a medicine bottle, is rendered greater by the fact that while hitherto we have been depending for our quinine on the cultivation of the cinchona tree, from whose bark only about two per cent. of good quinine can be extracted, 98 per cent. being valueless, the drug can now be manufactured without limit by a very simple process from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world. A few days ago Dr. Howitt submitted a sample of his preparation to Messrs. Howard & Sons, quinine manufacturers, Stratford, who have expressed surprise at the result of their analysis, the sample being equal to the best quinine in the market. The discoverer is about to communicate with the government, who annually spend in India alone about £60,000 in the cultivation of the cinchona tree.—*London Post.*

Submarine Navigation.

"This is a wonderful age. Just think of that submarine boat going under the water and staying under for half an hour."

"That's nothing. The Oregon went under the water months ago, and she is there yet."—*Siftings.*

The Woods.

Alone the forest depths I roam,
In ancient, mythic mood, and find
Some animating soul enshrined
Beneath each leafy, sylvan dome.

Yet thought returns, and soon revolves
Again with analytic skill,
And marks how inborn fancies fill
The earth with schemes that time dissolves.

So musing pass or present life
Along the verdant avenues,
As fancy mystic dreams pursues,
Or fact with solid themes is rife.

But thus evoked by leaf and tree,
My contemplations still inquire—
Do I the forest scene inspire,
Or do the woods breath into me?

—*Lord in Boston Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

A man of metal. The stove dealer.

There is usually a cold snap when an icicle falls.

Is a tramp idle when he labors under an impression?

A black eye is a sign of beauty in one sex, of a collision in the other.

Speaking of farming, nobody ever heard of a hen complaining of a poor crop.

"There's very little change in men's trousers this fall," remarked a tailor as he failed to collect a bill.

"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous plaster company advertises.

An article is going the rounds of the press, headed "How to Manage a Wife." Of course the writer was a single man.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) lady, 40 years of age, is selling very tables to educate herself in music. She is determined not to be beet.

Stinkins and his young wife had just completed their first quarrel. "I wish I was dead," she sobbed. "I wish I was too," he blubbered. "Then I don't wish I was," and the war continued.

A farm journal gives instructions for "Shoeing a Kicking Mule." A better and safer way is to hand the mule over to a blacksmith and then climb a tree and stay there until the job is finished.

An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a church dignitary for kindly taking on emergency a village service; "A poorer preacher would have done us, sir," he said, "if we only knew where to find him."

How Screws are Made.

Screws were little known or used before 1836, being rudely made by hand with imperfect tools. The head was forged or swedged up by a blacksmith, and the thread and nick were formed by the use of hand-dies and files. In 1836 American ingenuity was directed to the subject, and the old tools were worked in machines which gave them their proper motion. The swedge hammer became the heading machine, receiving the end of a coil of wire and regularly cutting the required length for a blank, which then, by a blow, had one end of the wire "set up" to form the head, the operation continuing automatically till the entire wire was cut up into blanks. These blanks were thus handled individually, and passed to machines, the first for shaving the head, the second for nicking, and the last for cutting the thread. In 1846 a further revolution was effected in this manufacture by the use of machines that were entirely automatic. By this system the blanks were supplied in mass by the operator, the machine separating and handling each blank respectively, as the nature of the operation demanded. The heads were turned and nicked by automatic mechanism, and then dropped into a machine, which turned and cut the threads on the shanks, passing out the complete screws with wonder. ful rapidity. The first inventor of this machinery was general Thomas W. Harvey of Vermont. Later inventors added improvements, increasing the perfection of the operation and its product. Among these was the gimlet point, the invention of Thomas J. Sloan. This sight improvement so increased the usefulness of screws that their manufacture immediately became a profitable and important industry. Many modifications of the common screw have been invented, adapting it to a wide range of uses in the various manufactures of machines, articles of use and ornament, etc. The daily production of the various screws in use in the world is estimated to require the consumption of 500 tons of iron.—*Inter Ocean.*

Lifting Extraordinary.

One of the first things that attract the attention of visitors to Foster's crane, near Fairchild, Wis., is the famous "cream skidder," the only one in the State. It is a great sight to witness two or three huge logs being dragged, from a distance of thirty-five rods, over brush, fallen trees, stumps, etc., as if they were mere sticks, and dumped on top of a huge pile alongside of the track. And to do all this requires only one man to manipulate the levers on the steam engine and one way off where the logs lie to put the chain around them. The moment the chain is put around them off they go, the forward end somewhat elevated and the rear end dragging over any obstruction in the way. Sometimes the whole load makes a leap of several rods without touching the ground.