

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 28, 1886.

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.

Chimes.
Far from the fern and moss,
Fluttering hick and wren cross,
And the pine's low murmuring...

A CASE OF BRIBERY.

In the center's companion way of most Atlantic steamers there is framed a public notice which attracts a good deal of attention from the passengers on the way over. It is published by the British Government, and is to the effect that any person offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's customs officials will be heavily fined...

I have never met anyone who would bribe a Liverpool customs officer. The penalty which has stared him in the face during the voyage is apt to discourage all such attempts. However, there are few things which a person could take into England on which duty is exacted. I believe the customs officers have a prejudice against dynamite, against pirated reprints of English books, against tobacco and some things of that sort...

Our big steamship reached Liverpool late one evening last summer. The customs authorities jammed us all up in the several rooms of a building on the landing. Here there was a good deal of fuss and shoving through a passage way that was very narrow, and the hand baggage was examined as we passed out. This was a very slow and tedious arrangement, and it was nearly 11 o'clock at night before we were through with it, and even at that time the trunks had not been looked at. We were then passed up into a room which we reached by a long incline. On climbing up this incline we entered a large building seemingly containing only one immense room. It was well lighted, and the scene was one which once looked upon a person would not forget in a hurry. On the right hand side were piled trunks, bags, valises, hand satchels and bundles of every description. On the left ran a long, low counter on which trunks were being examined by the uniformed custom house officers, while, bending over their open baggage were the owners, generally talking rapidly to the importunate officer. All over the room were some 100 excited passengers running wildly hither and thither trying to collect their luggage. Trunks that were marked with names were arranged in alphabetical order. The sections of the building were lettered with the alphabet painted large and conspicuous along the right hand side, but, as the great majority of the trunks had no name, the owners had to run about in quest of them. Porters were there with their short jackets and numbered caps, dragging the trunks about under the owner's directions, and as soon as one trunk had been examined it was taken away by a stalwart porter who called a cab, and its place was filled by another trunk slammered down by another stalwart porter. It was a scene of bewildering confusion, as I always travel as light as possible, endeavoring to compress my belongings into a satchel that can be carried by hand if necessary, my troubles were over, and so I strolled along with comparative indifference, enjoying the strange and bustling appearance of the place. I was able to give some assistance here and there to companions of the voyage, and rather put on airs as being an old traveler with some experience of that sort of thing, don't you know, and plumed myself on having my baggage examined long ago.

At the further end of the room were a couple of ladies who were travelling alone. One of them had a large trunk, and the trunk had a new-fangled lock, the latest of American patent. A customs officer was vainly trying to unlock this trunk, and the owner was looking on with much concern at his ineffectual attempts. She had tried herself, it seemed, and had been unable to open it. "You are not doing it rightly," said the second young lady. "You have to push this clasp that way, then turn the key half way around, push the clasp back and give the key another turn and then it will unlock." The officer looked up, smiled and shook his jarred finger, and I said: "Let me try the unlocking." I followed the directions as well as I could and nearly broke my fingers, but the key wouldn't turn. I am afraid the magic words I said were not the "open sesame" that was required. "I am very sorry, ladies," said the officer, "but I shall have to break the lock."

The ladies were very sorry too, but they made no objection and the officer departed and returned with a hatchet. This he placed under the obnoxious catch and tried to pry it open. But the lock was built very strongly and it wouldn't give way. The hatchet slipped and the officer cut his finger. "Can't you stretch the lock a little," said I, "and let that trunk pass. The ladies are not going to stay in England, but are going directly to France. I am sure you would find nothing out in the trunk or they would have made some objection to your breaking the lock." It was now after 12 o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, had it examined and departed for their hotels. "Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do it, you know, but I will chance it," and with that he put on the requisite mark that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me: "I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?" "Well," I replied, "as a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it." "I will give him half a crown," she said, "if he will take it." "All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly." The lady approached and said in her kindest voice: "I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch." "Well, I am very much obliged, indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know." "A tip, miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "I had to have been of any service to you, but really, we are not allowed to take anything; it is against the rules," and he waved his hands up and down as he said this. "But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little, and don't at all come under the head of a bribe." "As sure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for anything, and as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take anything, no matter how small, under any circumstances whatever." And with that he again bowed very low to us, and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage. "Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe!" The young lady laughed merrily. "I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly." "Why, you don't mean to say that you give him the money?" She held up her hands. They were empty. "I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it?" "Exactly," she said, "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?" "Naturally done. Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!" - Detroit Free Press

on with much concern at his ineffectual attempts. She had tried herself, it seemed, and had been unable to open it. "You are not doing it rightly," said the second young lady. "You have to push this clasp that way, then turn the key half way around, push the clasp back and give the key another turn and then it will unlock." The officer looked up, smiled and shook his jarred finger, and I said: "Let me try the unlocking." I followed the directions as well as I could and nearly broke my fingers, but the key wouldn't turn. I am afraid the magic words I said were not the "open sesame" that was required. "I am very sorry, ladies," said the officer, "but I shall have to break the lock."

The ladies were very sorry too, but they made no objection and the officer departed and returned with a hatchet. This he placed under the obnoxious catch and tried to pry it open. But the lock was built very strongly and it wouldn't give way. The hatchet slipped and the officer cut his finger. "Can't you stretch the lock a little," said I, "and let that trunk pass. The ladies are not going to stay in England, but are going directly to France. I am sure you would find nothing out in the trunk or they would have made some objection to your breaking the lock." It was now after 12 o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, had it examined and departed for their hotels.

"Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do it, you know, but I will chance it," and with that he put on the requisite mark that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me: "I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?" "Well," I replied, "as a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it."

"I will give him half a crown," she said, "if he will take it." "All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly." The lady approached and said in her kindest voice: "I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch." "Well, I am very much obliged, indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know." "A tip, miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "I had to have been of any service to you, but really, we are not allowed to take anything; it is against the rules," and he waved his hands up and down as he said this.

"But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little, and don't at all come under the head of a bribe." "As sure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for anything, and as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take anything, no matter how small, under any circumstances whatever."

And with that he again bowed very low to us, and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage. "Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe!" The young lady laughed merrily. "I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you give him the money?" She held up her hands. They were empty. "I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it?" "Exactly," she said, "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?" "Naturally done. Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!" - Detroit Free Press

A Woman's Bible.
While in New Jersey, writes Theodore Stanton to the Chicago Ladies' Bazaar, I had a peep into a most interesting samurai. I saw the woman's bible committed to work. In a richly furnished drawing room, about a broad table, sat a half-dozen women with intelligent faces and busy pens. Each one had a cheap table, which was being read with care, and ever and anon a verse would be cut out bodily by a pair of scissors and pasted at the top of a long sheet of white paper. Then the other ladies would cut from their bibles the self same verse, and when all had their text before them they would begin to discuss it in turn. One of these commentators is an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar, another is deeply versed in current biblical criticism, while still another has gone through with every all the big tones of the great commentators like those of Henry Scott and Dr. Adam Clarke. After the verse in question has been fully discussed, each lady writes under it what she wishes to say about it, and then all the sheets are passed on to a secretary. This secretary, a recent Vassar graduate, cuts out the verse from another bible, pastes it on another sheet much longer than those that had been just handed to her and then carefully copies under it all the notes made by the learned ladies sitting about the board.

Some of our readers will begin to ask, "But what does all this mean?" This was exactly the question that I put to the eldest lady of the group, who seemed to be the presiding genius of the conference, after I had puzzlingly witnessed what I have just recounted in the foregoing paragraph. "Well," began my friend with a merry twinkle in her eye, "we women mean to do what you men have been doing for centuries; you revised the scriptures after your fashion, and now we intend to do the same thing after our fashion. We have gone over the old and new testaments with great care, and we find that about one-fourth of the bible touches, in one way or the other, on us women. Now, we want to know whether male translations, interpretations and commentaries have been made in a spirit friendly to our sex. We and a great many other women have our doubts on this point, in a word, we propose issuing what may be called 'The Woman's Bible.' Our revising committee is all able women from England and America. We have a well known publisher who stands ready to take our manuscript, and before this time next year we hope to give to the world the bible as revised by women."

This very bold speech was delivered in a very gentle manner, and the lady then felt it was again, one of the board having discovered another passage that was to be dealt with in the way already described. I returned to New York pondering over this strange scene and this odd conversation, and I became convinced that when this new book appears it will create a breeze in church and state.

Insomnia.
Sleep is a positive function, and not by any means a negative fact, as has been too often supposed. There is notable difference between genuine sleep, properly so-called, and the artificial torpor obtained by the use of narcotics. From a physiological standpoint, everyone should be able to command sleep at will; and habit has a great influence in this direction. Napoleon Bonaparte possessed this power to a remarkable degree, being able to sleep peacefully at any moment and under the most adverse conditions. And William Gladstone had the same faculty for many years, but of late he has complained of insomnia, due probably in his case, to overwork and anxieties, which have ended by weakening his will-power, or, at least, there is some physical cause which renders the waking of cerebral nutrition less docile than formerly to the orders of the nervous center. Be this as it may, it is a matter of regret that physicians as a rule do not attach sufficient importance to the fact that "want of sleep" is in reality an exaggerated wakefulness, and it is necessary to investigate the cause of this condition, and to examine minutely the relative excitability of all the organs, central and peripheral. - Medical World.

Missionary Life in Burma.
My brother has hired four Kolar men to watch the place nights (sleeping and so king on the compound daytimes), and Mr. Rose gave two of them spears. Mrs. D. and I have our revolvers, and we keep them close by, you may be sure. Miss is under my head ready loaded at night, and we all lay out our gowats, etc., when we retire, ready for flight. This morning when we went to Sunday school, I left my revolver for Miss Stark - such a pity she has none - and my brother took his with him! It was funny to have the superintendent give out "Come ye sinners," and yet that he had a loaded revolver in his pocket ready for them. If we couldn't find some thing to laugh at I don't know what would become of us; the constant feeling of danger threatened, of uncertainty as to the future, takes the heart out of everything, and combined with the heat - 100 degrees, to 104 degrees - makes systematic work almost impossible. - He ping Head.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
Autumn Leaves.
Orchard and scarlet and yellow,
Emerald turning to gold,
Shimmering there in the sunbeams,
Showering here in the cold;
Waiving farwells as they depart,
Ruthlessly tears them apart,
Fluttering, don'ting and rustling,
As hither and thither they start,
Backlessly sailing the roofs,
Lazily examining the eaves,
Flaying "I say!" with each other
Under the puffy tow-heads,
Wreaths for the walls of her dwelling,
Each neat little housewife weaves,
And there, amid delicate sprays,
Nestle the bright autumn leaves. - E. L. Benedict in Young People.

A Beautiful Lesson.
Five hundred years ago there was living in Italy a great poet of the name of Petrarch. There came on a great trial; a number of people had to give witness, and they all had to take an oath before swearing. Petrarch came to hear witness, but he said of him, "you need not make him take an oath. He will be sure to tell the truth." So they did not make him take an oath, because everybody knew how true he was.

Hang on Like a Beaver.
When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man passed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove home. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house, his mother said: "Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so quickly down that hill?" "Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!"

Swedish Hospitality.
In no land is hospitality more open-handed and more unfeigned than in Norway, and though these features are naturally becoming blunted along the beaten lines of travel, the genuine goodness of heart, the "gentlemanly" feeling, and the entire absence of that selfishness which is so often seen even in primitive regions, cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced observer. N. C. is a diaphanous figure, even the most of the people. In the cities the stranger is apt to make many blunders. In the country, however, this is not less the case, though perhaps the visitor will be less conscious of its presence. One of the peculiarities of the Norwegian farmer is that, when visiting a friend, he must ignore all the preparations made for his entertainment. He will see the coffee roasted, and the cups set out, and then, just when the good wife is about to offer him her hospitality, he gets up, bids the family good-by, and is only persuaded to remain after some resistance. Every cup must be filled to overflowing, otherwise the best would be thought stingy. When milk, cream or beer is offered, the guest invariably begs that it will not "be wasted on him," and then, after emptying the cup, declares that "it is too much" - going through the same formalities, it may be, three or four times. In the farmhouses, or upland "staves" the guest is left to eat alone, silver forks and spoons being often substituted for the carved wooden ones used by the family, and a fine white cloth for the table boards which serves well enough on ordinary occasions. To a punctilious guest this may not be a drawback, for at the family table, as, indeed, among the peasants in Scandinavia, everywhere, the different individuals dip their spoons into the same dishes of "grout" and sour milk, but for any one desirous of studying a people a fond of foreign prejudice is a grievous burden to carry about. When a child is born the wife of every neighbor cooks a dish of "flageolet" porridge made with cream instead of milk, and brings it to the convalescent, there being a good deal of rivalry among the matrons to make each other in the quality and size of the dish. When any one has taken food in a Scandinavian house he shakes hands with the host and hostess in rising from the table, and says: "Tak for mal!" ("Thanks for food"), to which they reply: "Vell bekomme!" ("May it agree with you!"). In many parts of Scandinavia all the guests shake hands with each other and put the table formalities and the Norwegian, at least, it is the fashion for a guest to call on the hostess a few days later, and when she appears to gravely say: "Tak for sidst!" ("Thanks for last time"), great gravity on this formal visit being a mark of good breeding. - Peoples of the World.

How He Escaped.
Doctor: "What is that scar on your leg, Mr. Bland?"
Patient: "A dog bite received in babyhood."

Great Memories.
Phenomenal Powers Developed by Some Men.
Ordinary Abilities joined to Extraordinary Strength of Recollection.
If "all great people have great memories," as Sir Arthur Helps declares in his delightful book entitled "Social Progress," it by no means follows that all those who are possessed of great memories are "great people." Many an instance might be cited to show that men of very moderate intellectual capacity may be endowed with a power of memory which is truly prodigious. In addition to this, there are plenty of well-authenticated examples of the extraordinary power of memory displayed even by idiots. In the Memoirs of Mrs. Somerville there is a curious account of a most extraordinary verbal memory. "There was an idiot in Edinburgh," she tells us, "of a respectable family who had a remarkable memory. He never failed to go to the Kirk Sunday, and on returning home would repeat the sermon, saying, 'Here the minister concluded; here he stopped to blow his nose.' "During the tour we made in the Highlands," she adds, "we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so perfectly that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter." These examples are sufficiently remarkable; but what shall be said of the case cited by Archdeacon Fourier in his valuable pamphlet on "Mental Vigor?" "There was in my father's parish," says the Archdeacon, "a man who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the name and age of the deceased, with the mourners at the funeral. But he was a complete fool. Out of the line of burials, he had but one idea, and could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted to feed himself."

These phenomenal instances may be matched by the Sussex farm-laborer George Watson, as we find recorded in "How to Table Book." Watson could neither read nor write, yet he was wont to perform wonderful feats of mental calculation, and his memory for events seemed to be almost foolproof. "But the most extraordinary circumstance," says Hunt, "is the power he possesses of recollecting the events of every day from an early period of his life. Upon being asked what day of the week a given day of the month occurred he immediately names it, and also mentions where he was and what was the state of the weather. A gentleman who had kept a diary put many questions to him, and his answers were invariably correct."

Of a similar kind is the memory for which Daniel McCarty has become famous in the United States. The strange story of this man's achievements is told by Mr. Hinkle in the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy." McCarty, in 1809, declared that he could remember the day of the week for any date from January, 1827 - that is, from the time when he was 9 years and 4 months old - 42 1/2 years. He has often been tested, and so far as Mr. Hinkle's account goes, did not fail to tell his questioner what day it was, and to give some information about the weather, and about his own whereabouts and doings on any one of the 45,000 or more dates that might be named. When Mr. Hinkle first met this man or marvellous memory he was employed in the office of the Hon. T. K. Buckenrod, editor of the Salem Republican, where nothing better could be found for McCarty to do than "turn the wheel of the printing press two days of each week." On the first formal examination this man underwent, his answers were tested by reference to the file of a newspaper which gave the day of the week along with the date. In one case his statement was disputed, for the day he named was not the same as that given by the paper; but on further inquiry it was found that the newspaper was wrong, for the printer had made a mistake. Substantial notes of the conversation were taken at subsequent interviews. The report of these is very curious reading. Take the following as a sample. "Question - Oct. 8, 1828? Answer (in two seconds) - Wednesday. It was cloudy and drizzled rain; I carried dinner to my father where he was getting out coal. Question - Feb. 21, 1829? Answer in two seconds - Saturday. It was cloudy in the morning and clear in the afternoon; there was a little snow on the ground. An uncle who lived near said a horse-beat that day for 45." And so the conversation ran on for hours ranging over forty years of McCarty's personal history. Dr. Hinkle tells us that if he went over some of the dates again after a few days' interval, the answers, although given in different terms, were essentially the same, showing distinctly that he remembered the facts, and not the words previously used. McCarty's memory is not confined to dates and events; he is a rare calculator, can give the cube root of such numbers as 58, 419, or 571, 287, etc., can repeat some 250 hymns, and start 200 times, has a singularly extensive and accurate

knowledge of geography, and never forgets the name of a person he has once seen or read of. With all this singular power of memory, however, he is not a man whose general grasp of mind is not at all noteworthy. - Chambers' Journal.

Tree-climbing Cray-Fish.
To show how a flood or over-supply of water will at certain times alarm these little creatures, a gentleman residing in Piscataway, informed me that not many months ago they had some very heavy rains that greatly increased the volume of the little river running through the town. The water gradually rose until numbers of quite large trees were submerged, and the stream was almost twice its ordinary width. Such an unusual occurrence naturally attracted considerable attention, and my informant and a number of others visited the trees several times, and when the river was at the highest they presented a strange appearance from a little distance. Their trunks seemed to have changed color from the water up to the branches, and on closer inspection it was found that they were completely incased with cray-fish, which covered every available space, crowding upward by hundreds, clinging to the bark and to each other, in some spots packed one upon another four and five deep. Every moment added to the throng, new ones emerging from the water, while those already on, crept out upon the branches, and completely covered them, presenting a novel and interesting sight. The animals in many cases retained their positions for several days, and did not seem to be affected by their stay out of water. The occasion, however, was taken advantage of by the people, who came with buckets and brooms and swept them from the trees by hundreds, storing them up for future use. The cray-fish in certain portions of the western country is a pest to the agriculturist, and the work of these little creatures often greatly increases the labor and expense of breaking up land, especially after the burrows or mounds have stood for many years, the vegetation that has grown upon them often increasing their size to mammoth proportions. - Popular Science Monthly.

The Throne of Lilies.
This name is applied to the throne of France because of the old French National emblem - the fleur-de-lis, a species of lily. The story of its adoption is as follows: When Clotwy, King of the Franks, married the Princess Clothild of Burgundy, in 483 A. D., she was a Christian, but the King, like the most of the Frankish nation, was a heathen. The young queen earnestly desired the conversion of her husband, but her arguments had little effect on him. However, in 496, the King, when engaged in battle with the Alemanni (Germans), at Tolbiac, near Cologne, was hard pressed and in his necessity called upon the God of the Christians, vowing that should he obtain the victory he would himself become a Christian. The Alemanni were routed, and on Christ-mass-day of the same year Clotwy and several thousand of his soldiers were baptized. This fact has been recorded in history, but we must regard as legendary the conclusion of the tale, that on the eve of his baptism an angel from heaven presented King Clotwy with a fine banner embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, which he was to adopt as the banner of France. Probably some Clothild herself embroidered the lilies, and personated as she well might the angel. However this may have been, from the time of Clotwy to the French Revolution the Kings of France bore as their arms an indefinite number, and latterly three golden lilies on a azure field. - Lyle's Gazette.

Gravestone Geography.
There have been numerous reasons given to account for the fact that the north sides of churchyards are so often devoid of graves. In the west of England there is an idea that the north side was not consecrated, but was left for a playground for the children. Then, some again say it is from the tradition that Jesus, when dying, turned his head to the south. Another person gives it as the south is the sunny side, and the side where the church door commonly is placed, and where, consequently, most people pass. The commonest reason appears to be that formerly murderers, executed persons, stillborn children, etc., were wont to be buried on the north side, and some rustic say that ghosts always choose the north side for their penetrations. There is, however, an ecclesiastical reason. The east is God's side, when His throne is set; the west man's side, the Gates of the Gentiles; the south, where the sun shines in its strength, is the side of angels and spirits; the north, the devoted region of Satan and his hosts, the bar of demons and their haunts. - Chicago Tribune.

What Did He Mean?
She - "Why, Charles! How can you call Miss Jones plain? I wish I was half as good looking as she is!"
He - "You are, Hattie, and you know it."
At last advice Hattie was endeavoring to decide whether she ought to be pleased or offended at the compliment. - Boston Transcript.

Our Ship at Sea.
Dear heart, we two have waited
For many a weary year
The ship was launched at sea,
Fragrant with hope for you and me,
And carrying over a four.

We watched them sail away,
As we stood on the quay,
And sweetly we did dream,
With true love for our theme,
When their voyage should be.

We said, "When they return home,
On the ocean's briny foam,
We'll hold a kind-of heavenly fun,
With love and faith, do bring them -
We'll call our kingly home."

Love was wrecked on an angry storm,
On the rocks of worldly gain,
And of the sabbled sight to me,
Each was lost in a dismal sea
Of sin, doubt and pain.

Yet over the dark and angry waves,
Hangs the low of promise fair,
It tells of that bright better land,
With love and faith, an undimmed land,
Up to the dear heart, up to us.

IMMORALS.
Give up the grain - The reaper.
If there is any one who should be "reaped" in "sinners," it is the man who sows.

How can you predict the weather. Can a man be a small boy and they can produce a squall.

I don't see the point, but I realize its force. Say the man when the bee settled on the back of his nose.

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins, he takes the girl; if the girl wins, she takes the man. The difference between two great political parties is easily explained to foreigners, and the offices the other gets left.

The discovery of a worm snake is reported by an Ontario paper. The man who discovered it had in all probability been painting the town red. An Ohio man claims to have invented a machine that will continue to run without stopping until it wears itself out. It is evidently an infringement on a book agent's tongue. Lily to small boy - "Then you never had educational advantages?" "No, mamma, but I know it. I've had fifty slaps. If what you said is worse than that, I don't want to catch it."

"Mary, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a father we went of to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much?" "Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply. "If not one of those naughty children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

Character in Handwriting.
There are people who claim to read men's characters from their handwriting. As the writing of every nation is distinguished by strong national peculiarities, it is easy for an expert to decide to what nation a writer belongs. Having settled that, certain large characteristics which are common to all men, but in different degrees, can be seen in every handwriting. A certain number of men are small, even-tempered, sensible and practical. Men of that class almost certainly write plain, round hands in which every letter is distinctly legible, neither very much slanted forward, nor tilted backward, no letter very much bigger than its neighbor, nor with heads much above or tails much below the letters, not so distinguished; the letters all having about the same general uprightiness, and the lines true to the edges of the paper, neither trending upward nor downward. Exact business-like people will have an exact handwriting. Fantastic minds revel in quips and streams, particularly for the capital letters, and this quality is not infrequently in certain business hands, as if the writers had a belief from the prosaic nature of their work, in giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm, decided, downright men are apt to bear on the pen while writing, and to make their strokes hard and thick. On the contrary, people who are not sure of themselves, and are lacking in self-control, press unevenly, and with anxious-looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious people are apt to be overworked; they are always in haste and either forget to cross their t's, or dot their i's. They are also apt to run the last few letters of every word into an illegible scrawl. Faint, troubled, and conscientious-looking persons have a crumpled and uneven handwriting. - St. Nicholas.

An Extra Tea.
Major Johnston is very particular about the spelling of his name. He is a very proud man on general principles. Nothing exasperates him more than to be mixed up typographically or otherwise with the common herd of Johnstons without a t. He was about leaving a hotel in Dallas. He had asked for his bill, and when it was handed him by the clerk he scowled fiercely.

"Is there any mistake in the bill?" asked the clerk. "There is, sir; you have spelled my name without the t."

"Ah, I see," replied the clerk, "you should be charged with an extra t. Fifty cents more, if you please." - Texas Siftings.