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., JUNE 16, 1887. NO. 42.

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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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Summer Song.

I.

Summer sings with its roses,
Summer is gone with its sweets—
Its dewy day-dawns and its posies;
Listen, sweet!
Its realm of apple-blossoms
Asleep in their cradles green,
Its daisies on hill and in valley,
Its violets blue between;
Hear how while the blue-bird lingers,
Its song where the robin stays,
Its songs of the golden thrushes
That gladden sweet days,
Listen, sweet!
And a cheek that was bright with blushes,
A face that was glad and gay,
Fled with the golden thrushes
Away, away!
Eyes that were blue and tender,
Lips that were shy and sweet,
Hands that were white and slender,
Listen, sweet!
Have left me alone, and the shadows
Show that the night is near,
Night o'er the silent city
Hangs drear.

II.

But another summer cometh,
When the roses bud and bloom,
When the shadows flee affrighted
From the violet-mantled tomb;
Listen, sweet!
When a rush of golden thrushes
Make musical the trees—
When over the scented clovers
Hummeth a band of bees;
Listen, sweet!
When down in the towers of lilies
The light winds come and go,
Full of the sweetest music—
Blow, winds, blow.
New leaves are on the willows,
Day-dawn is on the hillows,
The summer sun grows brighter,
The lily bells are whiter,
And swift and sweet,
On soundless feet,
Summer in her blue mantle comes,
Sunbright her wavy hair,
That floateth o'er the air;
Her face, like an angel's, shine th sweet;
Her gift is a garden where lovers meet;
Listen, sweet!
List, for the night it is almost over,
Love, and my joy it will be complete,
List, while I call you, my dainty darling!
Oh, listen, sweet!
—Ella Stanley.

THE PURPLE PLUME.

Mirrored in the clear waters of the Rhine were the gray towers of Averboch's ancient castle.

The fourteenth century had just begun and over the great German land had ruled Albert the First, the unworthy son of his great sire, Rudolph, the first of the Hapsburg line.

When Rudolph was but a simple count, long before he ever dared to dream that he would one day rule as Emperor over great Germany, the castle of Averboch was held by a stout warrior, known only too well as Everhard the Red, because he was a ruthless and bloody soldier. Everhard was a count, and yet his castle was but a robber's den, from which the red-bearded lord sallied forth at the head of his mail-clad ruffians to seize the property of honest men weaker than himself.

But when Rudolph of Hapsburg assumed the German crown, he gave warning to all the robber knights within his dominions that their reign of terror was over.

"Live in peace or war with me," said the iron-handed emperor, and he meant every word of the simple utterance.

And Everhard the Red, grown bold from a long career of crime, laughed at the warning.

"All Germany's might cannot tear me from my walls at Averboch," he cried in contempt. "Let this new made emperor come, and I, the Redbeard of the Rhine, will teach him that he is no more powerful because the doting monks have mumbled a few prayers over him, and placed an empty crown upon his head, than he was when he was but the Count of Hapsburg."

And Rodolph did come at the head of a mail-clad army that made even stern Everhard wink in wonder.

A line of steel the German Emperor drew around the castle, and coolly he sat down and waited for famine's gnawing tooth and thirst's bitter pang to fight his battle for him.

The wily warrior did not wait in vain, for after being shut up within the strong tower for four weeks, the desperate Everhard could endure it no longer, and so, at the midnight hour, sallied forth at the head of his force and endeavored to cut his way through the line of mailed men that was crushing the life out of him.

The emperor's knights found foemen worthy of their steel, and, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, the Rhenish Redbeard died a soldier's death.

Serving under Rudolph was a distant relation of the dead knight, a poor, but worthy soldier, named Conrad or Kephausen, and as he had neither lands nor wealth, nothing but his good sword and a pretty young slip of a girl, the German emperor bestowed the castle and lands of Aberboch upon his devoted follower.

Rudolph prospered and Conried thrived, and, after years had passed, when the German ruler yielded to death, his faithful soldier did not long survive him.

In 1298 the battle of Worms was fought, which gave to Rudolph's son Albert, the imperial crown of Germany, the crown that on account of his cruel and tyrannical acts, had been denied him.

For three years after that battle the German emperor was engaged in warfare—first with the king of Bohemia, and afterward with the pope, Boniface VIII. But when the wars were ended, Albert commenced to reward the tools who had aided him to climb to the heights of power.

Foremost among the emperor's favorites was a soldier of fortune, Ludwig of Kurt, an unknown adventurer, who had no right to claim kinship with the old family of the Kurts of Alten-Aar.

The emperor wished to reward this Ludwig for his services, and so he looked around for some strong castle to give to Ludwig's keep.

The eyes of the tyrant fell upon the Tower of Averbock. Conrad of Kiphausen was dead, and his daughter, Joqueline, a flaxen-haired beauty of twenty, held her father's lands, and was toasted much by the neighboring gallants under the title of the "Lady of Averboch."

Many a Graven lord had laid siege to the heart of the heiress of Averbock, and report hinted that the young Lord of Eberstine was the favored lover.

The tyrant noted the Castle of Averbock and its fair lady. He sent a message to her and proposed to wed her to a noble knight of his court for the great love he had borne her father, the dead Conrad. But the spirited Joqueline, whose early life had been spent in the tented field, and who possessed a warrior's heart beneath her silken robes, declined the emperor's offer. She understood that the crafty Albert coveted her fair castle for one of his favorites.

The tyrant was not easily baffled, and a royal herald rode to the Castle of Averboch and made proclamation that Ludwig of Kurt, cousin to the dead lord, Everhard, the Rhenish red-beard, claimed the domain of Averboch, and that the emperor summoned the lady to appear at his imperial court to contest the claim.

That the adventurer was neither kith nor kin to the old robber lord was apparent to all; but what justice could one expect at the hands of a tyrant, eager to reward one of his minions.

The emperor affected to hear the case; both parties made their statements, the adventurer backing his claim by twenty rogues, who swore right stoughtly that they knew him to be the cousin of the old red-beard.

Joqueline was in despair, for she saw that the trial was a farce, and that the emperor intended to decide against her regardless of the truth, and, as the last resource, she claimed the "ordeal by battle," the right of every noble when life or property was at stake.

"Grant her prayer, most, noble emperor," cried the adventurer, confident in his skill in arms. "Let her produce a champion, and if with a lance I do not prove that my cause is just, then I am content to lose."

Within one week Joqueline must produce a champion in the lists ready to contend with Ludwig or lose her estate. The maiden counted that young Eberstine would fight for her, but ere the time came, on a couch of sickness the young lord lay.

The trumpets sounded in the lists before the emperor and his court, on the appointed day, when Ludwig cast his steel-clad gauntlet down. Neither the lady nor her champion seemed at hand, but at the last summons a slightly built knight, arrayed in armor, with the visor down, rode into the lists. The knight was a stranger to all. A purple plume floated from his helmet, but his shield was clear of device.

"Ho, you, Purple Plume!" quoth the emperor; "fightest thou for the lady of Averboch?"

The knight bowed, the trumpets gave the signal, and the contest began.

With leveled lances Ludwig and the unknown knight rushed upon each other, but heaven was with the right, for the horse of the adventurer shied, and Ludwig's lance, forced upward, struck the helmet from the head of the Purple Plume without harming him, but the lance of the unknown took Ludwig full in the throat, and hurled him lifeless to the ground, and then, before the emperor and all the court, the "Lady of Averboch" stood revealed in the unknown knight. She had donned armor and fought for her fair estate. Ever after the day in the lists the banner of Averboch bore as its device a simple Purple Plume, in memory of Joqueline's brave deed.

No Chance for Litigation.

Old Lawyer (to young partner)—Did you draw up old Moneybag's will.

Young Partner—Yes, sir, and so tight that all the relatives in the world cannot find a flaw in it.

Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—The next time there is a will to be drawn I'll do it myself.—[Providence Telegram.

A Burglar Alarm.

Agent—Have you a burglar alarm in your house, madam?

Lady of the house—Well, we did have, last week! A burglar came into the house Tuesday night, and fell over a stack of milk pans. Talk about alarm! you ought to have heard that.—[Burlington Free Press.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

A Speedy Cure of Whooping-Cough.

Mohn, a Norwegian physician, had in his own family a case of scarlatina and whooping-cough. After the violence of the scarlatinal attack had subsided, but while the whooping-cough was still present, Mohn disinfected the child's bedding with the fumes of sulphur. Just previous to the fumigation the child had a severe paroxysm of coughing, which led the father to hesitate in his employment of the sulphur. He was surprised and gratified, however, to observe that the disease was cured; and the patient's sister, who had a cough, the sequela of pertussis, was also cured.

These children were not included in the fumigation intentionally, but inhaled such vapor as casually permeated their apartment.

In a subsequent severe case, the writer, after the failure of other means, had recourse again to inhalations of sulphur gas, with prompt success. He cites successful cases of five months in age, and children of varying ages have been cured in this manner. He proceeds as follows: The patients are dressed in clean linen, and taken from their bedroom to another room. In their absence bedding, furniture, playthings, linen, clothing, everything which the sick-room contained is so arranged that the fumes of sulphur can penetrate to all. Six and a half drachms of sulphur per cubic metre of air-space in the room are burned, and the fumes allowed to permeate the room for five hours. At evening the child is taken back to the sick-room and put in a bed which was disinfected; it awakes the next morning cured.—[Revue Internationale.

Health Hints.

Glycerine, which is the sweet principle of fats, should never be used in its pure state on chapped hands or lips. Dilute with water and it will no longer be irritating to the skin or to mucous membranes.

A very pleasant drink may be made for sick people from currant jelly. It is refreshing and grateful to the palate and may be made as follows: Take two large spoonfuls of currant jelly, and mix it with a little warm water; then put in one gill of syrup, squeeze two or three lemons in, and let the rest be water; taste and make it to your palate, putting a little cochineal in to make it of a fine color; strain it through a sieve, and it is fit for use.

A famous doctor says: "Eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast, and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating, and is easily assimilated. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of johnnycake, hoecake, corn or pone-bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cows' milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision, and give you sweet and peaceful sleep."

Deep in the Earth.

In addition to bits of charred wood, which we noticed the other day as having been brought up from a depth of 300 feet in the artesian well which the Rocks Water company is drilling, we have been shown pieces of shell such as are common along the ocean beach. These came up from as far down as 580 feet, which depth has now been reached. These fragments of shells are found in considerable quantity, and Mr. Rocks informs us also that two or three pieces of bone from the skeleton of a bird have come up. The finding of such things so deep in the earth is exciting considerable interest in the community, and the inquiry naturally arises, How came they there? It seems pretty conclusive that at some period the strata in which they were imbedded were not below the level of the sea. At some time these shells were on the surface, and on the surface, in ages past, somebody kindled the fire that charred those bits of wood; some time that bird was winging about above ground. But when was that and by what means were they entombed in so deep a sepulcher?—[Eureka (Col.) Times.

A Remarkable People.

A curious anthropological discovery is announced from Spain by Prof. Miguel Marazta. In the valley of Ribas, at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees, there exists a somewhat numerous group of people, called Nanos, or dwarfs, by the other inhabitants. They are less than four feet tall, are quite well built, with small hands and feet, and are given an exaggerated appearance of robustness by broad hips and shoulders. All have red hair; the face is as broad as long, with high cheek bones, strongly-developed jaws and flat nose. The eyes are somewhat oblique, like those of Tartars and Chinese. A few straggling hairs take the place of a beard. The skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that the sex can only be told from the clothing. They are without education, and, being relegated by the other inhabitants, live by themselves, and continue to reproduce their peculiarities by intermarriage among themselves.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"What's in a Name?"

Rose is pale as January,
Kitty Snow is bright as June,
Lily is a darkey,
Carrol cannot sing a tune,
Gower Cross is gay and merry,
Solomon King is far from wise,
Madame Grace is awkward, very,
Polly Sharps hath pleasant eyes,
Elder White is black and shining,
Mrs. Black is light and fair,
Samson Strong is weak and pining,
Mistress Joy is full of care.
Though our names be fine or funny,
They can never make our fame.
Loyal, loving, brave and sunny
We can be. "What's in a name?"
—Anna Boynton in Youth's Companion.

All About a Pair of Mittens.

This is not a made-up story out of my own head, but a real story all about a pair of mittens.

There is a baby in the story and a small poodle dog. The poodle dog's name is Jumbo, and they both live on an island.

Now Jumbo has the whitest, softest, silkiest hair you ever saw on a dog. It makes him a fine warm coat for winter, but in summer it is hot. So last summer it was all cut off, and then Jumbo looked even smaller than ever. But he was cool.

And what do you think was done with his soft silky hair? Was it burned up? No. Was it thrown into the ash-heap? No. Was it done up in soft tissue paper and laid away in a drawer, as baby's curly locks are when they are cut off? No. Then what was done with it?

Well, on that island there lives a dear old woman, who knows how to spin soft, white silky yarn out of soft, white silky hair. So she brought down her pretty little foot-wheel from the garret, and carded and spun Jumbo's hair into yarn.

And then baby's auntie knit this soft, white silky yarn into a pair of soft, white silky mittens just big enough for baby.—[Little Men and Women.

Solomon's Judgment in China.

Two women come before a mandarin in China, runs an ancient Chinese chronicle, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke:

"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought me here alive."

This was done.

"Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed, and its cloth—not on the large fish.

Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed his orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without doubt, she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her.

"Without doubt, she is the true mother," she declared. And the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meantime, the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of dressing the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.

"Just Grandpa."

Little Ruth was so fortunate as to have a grandpa and a great grandpa. The great-grandfather lived at a distance, and when he one day appeared, to make his first visit since her babyhood, she was greatly puzzled by the repetition of titles.

"He is your grandpa, you know," said mamma.

"But I've got a grandpa."

"Oh, well, this is your great-grandpa."

"Must I call him so?"

"Yes, if it isn't too long."

"And what shall I call my other one?"

"Oh, he's just grandpa."

The little brain took in the explanation, but evidently drew his own conclusions, for ever after Ruth gravely distinguished her two oldest relatives by titles "Great-grandpa" and "Just grandpa."

A Lover of Fine Cattle.

Mrs. De Hobson (at the cattle show)—I think it is a delightful exhibition; but you don't seem to care for fine cattle, John.

Mr. de Hobson (who is somewhat bored)—Yes, I do, my dear, when they are cooked.—New York Sun.

THE USEFUL SAW.

The Origin Buried in the Mists of Antiquity.

Now An Instrument of Great Utility in the Industrial World.

The Greeks attributed the invention of the saw to the accidental finding of the jaw bone of a snake by Talus, who used it to cut through a small piece of wood. Being a slave and finding the jaw bone eased his labor, he made a saw of iron and thus shaped for man a new and most valuable tool. But the idea of the saw could be easily suggested to primitive man in different sections of the globe by accidental notching of metals, or the serrated bones of fish. It is said the original inhabitants of Madeira found a ready made saw in the back bone of a fish. There is a saw-fly with saws in its tail, which it uses to saw stems, leaves and fruit to make receptacles for its eggs.

In ancient saws the teeth were so arranged that the cut was made by pulling instead of pushing, and the teeth set so that ten or a dozen in succession slanted one way and then ten or more were slanted in the other instead of each alternate tooth.

The Greeks used cross cut saws for two men, also saws for cutting marble into slabs, and they had a tubular saw for hollowing out a marble bath tub similar in principle to the modern implement. In the buried city of Herculaneum a picture was uncovered representing two Gauls sawing a piece of wood on a carpenter's bench not unlike the style now in use and using a saw with a wooden frame similar to those employed, and the frame is tightened with a rope and stick just as wood-sawyers have it, and was doubtless as familiar to the Romans as it is to us.

The first trace of a saw-mill in Germany is of one at Augsburg in the year 1337, and there are now two near that city which are known to have existed since 1417. Before the invention of the saw-mill boards and planks were split with wedges and hewn smooth by the axe. Peter the Great of Russia states he had great difficulty in inducing the timber cutters of his empire to discontinue this method, and it is still resorted to where the tools of civilization are not at hand. In Norway, a country of forests, there was not one saw-mill before 1530, and the English bitterly opposed the introduction of the saw-mill. In 1663 a Hollander erected one near London, but the wood-cutters and sawyers would not permit it to continue. No sooner as attempt to erect a saw-mill in England was again made until 1767, when a large English lumber dealer built a saw-mill to be worked by wind. No sooner was it complete than the sawyers assembled in large numbers and demolished it. The Government compensated the owner and a large number of the rioters were punished. A new mill speedily replaced the destroyed one and was a success. Now, they have saws in Great Britain so fine as to cut diamonds, and circular saws nine feet in diameter, while the United States have distanced the English and almost reached perfection in saw mill machinery and wood shaping machines and tools.

An immense amount of lumber is wasted in sawdust, but this wastage even is to be practically stopped by machinery.

Dr. H. S. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the inventor of the improved veneer cutting machine, has applied the principle of that machine to one for cutting logs into timber. One of the machines adopted for cutting logs four feet long and averaging two feet in diameter, will cut in one day 39,500 feet of inch, 64,000 feet of half-inch, or 80,000 feet of quarter-inch timber. The operation of cutting renders smooth the surface of the board, as if planed, so that the machine is a combined substitute for sawing and planing. The inventor shows barrel staves made from lumber manufactured by his machine and claims that it will turn out 4,500 staves per 1,000 feet instead of the 1,800 other machines produce. It will revolutionize box and small wood manufacturing.—[The Earth.

Human Sacrifice in India.

A strange story of human sacrifice comes from the Madras presidency. A woman was supposed to be possessed with a devil. Her father consulted an exorcist, who said that a human sacrifice was necessary. Accordingly one night her father, the exorcist, and five or six others met, and after some religious ceremonies sent for the elected victim. He came without suspecting treachery, and was plied with drink till he was senseless, when his head was cut off, and his blood, mixed with rice, was offered to some deity. The body was then hacked so as to deceive the police and thrown into a tank. The murderers having been arrested, have made a full confession.—[London Globe.

The Birds of America.

Out of some 10,000 species of birds recognized by ornithologists there are 859 species and sub-species which make their home in North America. There are also eighty-two others which find their way to this continent as strangers from other countries.—[Chicago Herald.

A Talk About Rats.

Said a professional rat-catcher to a New York Tribune reporter: "Rats have two motions of the jaw in biting. The first is soft and delicate, and the teeth just scratch the object they have hold of. Then follows a quick, sharp, powerful action of the jaw, and the sender teeth sink up to the gums and stay there. This bite is dangerous. If the teeth have gone deeply into my hand I always suck the wound. This seems to keep the swelling down, but always a good deal of pain follows. My arm has swollen sometimes, when a hungry fellow has given me a nip, to twice its natural size. It's strange, but there is no harm in the bite of a well-fed rat. A frightened rat will fight, if cornered, and viciously, too. The way to grab rats so that they cannot bite is to seize them with a strong grip just back of the neck. They will howl like stuck pigs, but can not get away, and are entirely under control."

"Some rat-catchers say they can charm rats," said the reporter.

"Yes," answered the man, "but I never saw a rat that could be charmed, though I've often seen it tried. The method used is whistling or singing a doleful song. The rats will, it is true, exhibit astonishment at a shrill whistle, but when the animal is said to be under the mysterious influence of the whistler, I never saw one yet, if he was a little hungry, that would not send his teeth through your finger just the same as if he had never been charmed. The whole business is a humbug, and, as the experiment is always made with a tame rat, people get an idea that there is something in it, and are duped.

Electricity Applied to Agriculture.

The Marquis of Salisbury's country seat at Hatfield, England, continues to be a live example of what can be done to aid the agriculturist in his work when a convenient source of power is at hand, such as is afforded by electricity. The threshing engine formerly employed has been replaced by an electric motor, and recently an electric elevator, employed in raising newly-cut hay or corn sheaves to the top of the stack, has been introduced with marked success. Dispensing with the usual horse or steam-engine labor required for the machine, the elevator is supplied with an electric motor, fixed upon its bed, and driven by a current brought by wires from a central source. The wires are easily transported, so that the elevator can be taken from stack to stack in a very short time. The great stakes over which the electric elevator has been used at Hatfield is half a mile, being all that is there required. The principle is evidently applicable to a far greater range of distribution, and we shall see the time when our large Western farms will be all worked more or less with the aid of electric power. Where a fall of water is available, this is particularly easy of accomplishment, but even the installation of a steam-power plant to drive the dynamos will in many cases be below the initial cost of horses and their maintenance, or that of a large number of individual portable steam-engines, such as are now largely in use.—[Electrical World.

[illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] from Mexico. One thing that will probably strike him with surprise, if now in Mexican cities, is the absence of chimneys, which in other countries form so prominent a feature of such views. In all this sunny country there is no such thing as a stove or fireplace, hence no chimneys. In Jalapa the temperature remains at about 70 degrees from year to year, and though the traveler will feel inclined to keep in the shade at noonday he should wear flannel underclothing constantly and a light overcoat in the evening.

The cooking is all done with charcoal in Dutch ovens built out of clay, or in earthern pots similar to our large sized plant pots, partly filled with coals, upon which small iron or clay plates are placed. Chimneys would be a superfluity, for nobody wants a fire in the house with the thermometer never below the seventies, and for the same reason he objects to increasing heat in a conservatory by putting glass in his windows when all the winds of Heaven are welcome.

But, though he should want it ever so badly, fuel enough to run one of our wasteful cooking machines would be entirely out of the question, since coal—which is mostly imported from England—cost $25 per ton and wood $20 per cord. Gasoline is undrinkable, and petroleum costs $1.25 per gallon.

Forgot Himself.

A well-known lawyer in Chicago, who was also noted for his monumental republicanism of his business, once attacked the prosecutor at the bar with great bitterness. The judge advised him several times to use moderation, but the lawyer continued his tirade. "The wretch leans his counterpart in face—anyone may read it. Why, he is the ugliest man I ever knew." "Contempt," again warned the judge, "you are hot getting warm."

"Going for the Cows."

Long before the crimson sunset
Flushes on the farmhouse panes,
Long before the misty purple
Down the distant valley wanes;
Wistful eyes are looking fieldwards,
While the patient grandma sews;
And the old clock on the mantle,
Tic, tic, tic, so drowsy goes.
"Hear me, Jenny," cries the grandma,
With her specs above her brows;
"Do be quiet, it's so early,
Lots of time to fetch the cows!"

Shadows lengthen down the mountain,
And the swallows wing their round;
Scarlet sunlight flashes brightly
Over the dewy fields ground.
Anxious eyes are at the window
Looking down the moss lined lane;
Tiny fingers off in tapping
On the kitchen window pane.
"Bless me, Jenny," calls the grandma,
"There's no peace in all the house,
Do go, if you can't be quiet—
Great once and fetch the cows!"

Light the step that beat the clover,
Tripping over the meadow side!
Two were meeting there together,
Talking softly, side by side!
Up the lane come Jet and Snowball,
Bright Bess with tossing brow,
While the sunlight softly lingers
On a maiden's cheek aglow.
"Girls are girls," old grandma whispers,
As she sees them through the lanes,
"Once I went, I well remember,
Very early for the cows!"
—Joan Kenyon, in Accident News.

HUMOROUS.

A fine place—A printer's office.

Family jars often grow out of family jugs.

Man wants but little here below, and he generally gets it.

A falsetto voice does not necessarily imply a falsetto teeth.

It seems a paradox that the head, in its very birth, should have lines.

Mind as the summer zephyrs are, they invariably come to breezes.

Ignorance may be bliss, but the hot handle of a shovel is blister.

"Girls think men are selfish," says a woman who has had three husbands; "but women know they are all stomach."

Some old dinner customs still prevail. The Romans used to recline at their banquets, and the habit of lying at public dinners still prevails.

"There are over three thousand medicines in the world," and a large number over five thousand are prescribed by friends for the man who is suffering from an attack of the monkeys.

An Omaha grocer gives away an original poem with every cake of soap he sells. This is a sure sign that the interior centre is getting tired of Chicago and is wandering farther west.

An "earthquake indicator" has been invented. A nervous man who bought one and went home in a rather shaky condition after midnight says the contrivance is the worst kind of a trouble. The earthquake came off the same without a moment's warning.

An Opium Eater.

Chinese get one every an opportunity of seeing how the opium habit is practiced by its devotees. Like most people, I had an idea that [illegible] a druggist's [illegible] when a shabby woman, evidently living in some neighboring tenement house, came in with an empty beer [illegible] bottle. It had evidently at one time had been one filled by a prescription. The woman laid down [illegible] cents, the druggist took up the bottle, turned mechanically to his shelves and poured into it from a big glass jar an ounce or so of laudanum. Not a word was said. The woman thrust the bottle in her pocket and went home to drink herself into intoxication. Suspecting the nature of the transaction I asked the man:

"Is she an opium eater?"

"Yes," he said, with a mean and guilty look.—[Boston Courier.

Rub Lines.

The habit of passenger is a profitable one to cultivate. A boy or a man who is sure to keep an appointment he makes, has added that much capital stock to his character. Every employer, every customer is sure to enter into business relations with him.

Unpunctuality brings its punishment in a thousand ways, small and great. Not long ago a part of the stock in a large publishing house in this city was seized by the sheriff to satisfy a comparatively small claim, the justice of which the firm was contesting. This disagreeable circumstance occurred simply because the lawyer employed by the firm missed his train, and thus gave the opposing counsel in the case an advantage, which he was quick to grasp.—[Golden Argosy.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

Little Richmond is learning to recite. Like most children he dislikes the practice and his small sins usually devise a way to get rid of it.

This time it was Mary and her little lamb. Richmond moved a moment, then he asked, coolly:

"Isn't Mary's little lamb most a sheep now, gran'pa?"—[Detroit Free Press.

The Chatham Record