

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 30, 1887.

NO. 11.

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.

Indian Summer.
The night, in a warm and mellow tide
Upon this Indian summer day does a:
Earth, sky, and the view of waters wide
Is about an instantaneous beauty blends

A BACHELOR'S REWARD.

It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.
It was seldom that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like-ghosts from another land.

John Steele was a bachelor of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M---, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which we find him now, and had grown rich.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and penniless, Steele had loved a girl, who so pure in soul would not let her marry him because he was so worthless.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't doubt I have ever spoken to a woman, except in business, since that day. They say she married some one worth a great deal, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going."

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished, "if you fix me up enough to do me in tomorrow, you may have a holiday. And here is your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any, and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow, and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. And you was a wee little lad then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to read. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening anyhow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."

He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots when he heard a knock at his front door. "Wonder who that is," he thought. "Some thing unusual at this place."

"What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go to bed?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and it may be some one that wants me. To borrow money, I guess. Well, and as they have good security, let me go to see what it is."

"Excuse me, M. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she don't look as a common beggar. She says she has walked through the snow all the way from the last town, and is most dead."

"But I wish you would come and see her."
"Father these beggars," mumbled Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."

Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire. "Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?" She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a tattered pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said. "I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze. I am sorry to disturb you. I have friends in the town, and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live three years and three years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow without any relations in the world. He was deeply touched by her story. "What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.

"Carter," she said. "George Carter." "Wait here a moment," he said, and went up to his room. He went to his desk and took out some money. "I'll seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to a poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? Where have I heard—what! Carter? My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Kate Drew! It must be!" Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said. "And her fortune has overtaken you now. Perhaps you know my cousin, then, John Steele?" "Yes," she said, "I knew him. It is not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead." "Dead!" she leaned her head on her hand and wept. "Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who know him were sorry for it. He had no good in him, and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathizing tones. "My heart is so good." Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand, by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him. "Kate!" he said, "don't you know me?"

"She looked up, started, stood erect and got a good look into his face. 'John!' she said, in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands. 'Yes, Kate,' he said, 'it is John. I was thinking of you to-day, and it seems as though heaven has sent you.' 'This is such a shock to me,' and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement. "I am old, now Kate, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but I—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home, I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you, I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time. It is too late to do that."

"She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He can consciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder. 'Kate!' he cried in joy. 'Oh, John, how can I speak!' 'S'y something, Kate.' 'I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me. But—but—but I have—' 'But what, Kate?' 'Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these four years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me.' 'Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Kate. I know what love is at least. You are in my home now, and you don't ever go out of it except as my wife.' 'No, John, not—' 'Yes, don't object. I know it don't seem well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives close. Won't you consent?' 'But—' 'Please don't refuse, Kate.' 'Well, I consent—'

Just then William came in. Steele nearly ran over him. "Bring the papers!" he said, as William offered them to him. "Here, William," he said, as he came down stairs, putting on his overcoat, "fix the front room and light a fire. Don't you hear, you idiot! Don't stand looking, move about."

William did not know what was the matter. He had just got the fire lighted when Steele came stumbling in with the papers. "Arkansas Traveler."

Grains of Sand.
The manufacture of sand is an important industry, which has Pittsburg for its headquarters, although the sand is not made within the limits of the city. There is considerable traffic in Missouri sand, which is scooped up from the bed of the river, to be used for common building purposes, but the manufacture of sand is quite another affair, and the product goes into quite a different commodity, which is glass.

Practically glass is almost pure sand. In fact, being composed while the sand is transformed to a greater or less degree of transparency. The sand used in glass making is almost pure silica, so nearly pure that there is less than one percent of iron, magnesia, and aluminum, to ninety-nine per cent, of the other. And of this sand which is quarried out of the hills and ground down to varying degrees of fineness, and washed to varying degrees of whiteness, eight hundred tons are manufactured daily, four hundred tons being consumed in and about Pittsburg, and four hundred tons going into Eastern Ohio, and West Virginia to Wheeling, Biloxi, Columbus and all points within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from Pittsburg. —Popular Science Monthly.

Starving the Teeth.
Teeth are just as easily starved as the stomach, said a lecturer in Boston the other night. "The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all kinds of cereal food that contains the carbonate and phosphates of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that potassium they require they cannot be possibly built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has preserved his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak."

How to Cook Snails.
This is the way to cook snails according to Jay Gould's formula: Boil them first in their shells; then submerge them in a highly flavored sauce, and finally roast them. They are served in the shells, which by this time are thoroughly browned. When eaten, they are piled hot on a plate, after the manner of roasted clams, and the eater extracts them by holding a shell in his left hand, while with a fork in his right he gets the curious morsel out. The taste is pleasant, if one isn't squeamish, and a pleasing is easily required for the "sea-cargots," as they are called in the restaurants where they have been this week suddenly introduced. Some of the snails eaten in New York are brought from France, but the bulk are gathered by boys in the outlying districts.

Uses for Pine Needles.
Another use for pine needles beside that of spreading an aromatic odor through the fancy covering of a pine pillow has been developed by a new southern industry. One product of the pine needles is a remarkably strong oil that possesses medicinal virtues. Another pine wood, which is bleached, dyed and woven. The wood is a heavy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when used as a carpet lining. A strong, cheap matting is made from the wood, as well for halls, stairways and offices. —Chicago Times.

Strange Kind of Hen.
"My dear," said Mrs. Ferguson Montgomery to her husband, "why do they keep that hen in the dining room? I don't see anything about it different from the ordinary hen?" "Person opened his eyes in mild surprise. "Well, well, didn't you notice? That hen is one of the most interesting features of the Dome. It hasn't any teeth."

"Is it possible?" he deliberately replied the spouse. "Well, I must go down again!" —Minnesota Journal.

Repartee.
"Good gracious, Jane! why didn't you marry a money bag and be done with it?" "Oh," smiled Jane, "I thought you might want to marry some time, and I couldn't take your last chance." —Washington City.

Allie's Answer.
Little Allie had just completed the course of lessons at Sunday school about Joseph and his brethren, and her mother, to re-examine the subject with her to find out what she had learned. Allie answered all the questions correctly until she came to where Pharaoh had made the brethren "sellers over many cattle," and there she hesitated.

"What did Pharaoh do for the brethren of Joseph?" her mother asked. Allie thought for a moment, and then, with a sudden firm recollection, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, he made them cow boys." —Harper's Bazar.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My Dollhouse Girl.
With hand too small to hold
All her toys she would hold
Of April's early gold,
The flock which flies
In many a May fold.

Was hardly to be seen,
Stowed on the carpet green
As thick as they could be,
But, ah, her tears fell down
When the top of her white gown
Got stuck on a green and brown
From her dollhouse.

The Kinky Wisp.
Though wispers are not popular
For they seem to behave well towards
One another. So Francis Doyle tells us
That he was engaged in fighting with
A swarm of wispers when he was attacking
A plum-tree. He hit one of them without
Killing it, and saw it fall into a big
Spider's web. To his surprise a comrade
Wisp flew down to its rescue. Pouncing
Itself close to the web, it worked it
Wings to and fro so quickly that the
Wispers almost invariably. It had a
Laid back to do, for it had to take care
Of itself and, by striking at the web
Threads, to try and get its clam free. In
This it succeeded, but the poor prisoner
Fell to the ground only to die. So
Francis was so struck with this display
Of kindness that he wrote from his
Warfare with the wisp, and left the
Trio to its fate. —Little Folks.

All About the Squirel.
The squirel as a pet is almost as well known and as great a favorite as the rabbit. It can never be so thoroughly domesticated, however, as the rabbit, and cannot safely be permitted the same freedom. The squirel family is very large, and contains many species. Some of these are found in every country in the world except Australia. Among the principal species are the gray, red, ground, black, cat, prairie, Texas and flying squirels. The three first-named varieties are about the only ones which thrive in confinement. The ground squirel is generally called the chipmunk. The fox squirel, which is most numerous in the South, is the largest of the species. The flying squirel is found through out the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

Squirels hibernate in the winter months, and begin in the early part of autumn laying in their supply of nuts for use during the cold weather. Wherever their home is found, whether in a hollow tree, in a crevice in a rock or in a hole in the ground, it is always seen to be arranged conveniently and neatly. Most squirels keep two or more storerooms, laid apparently with the idea that the encroachment of man or some of its other enemies may make it hard to have more than one place of refuge. Although the snow may be deep over all these holes in winter, yet the squirel, if it finds it necessary to vacate one hole, can always tell where the others are situated, though all the ordinary landmarks may be obliterated. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores which a squirel had provided for an exigency, and the friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit. One cold day in winter, several weeks later, he passed the spot and found that the squirel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, outside which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal. This trick the joker with remorse. He said: "I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow, sipped with cold and scanty food, but foreseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his life by storing up as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break this—perhaps his last—magazine, and cheerily busying away the snow, fully confident that a good meal awaited him as the reward of his cold job, and, after all, finding nothing but stones. I never felt more mean and ashamed in my life, and really would have given a guinea to address, know that injured squirel's address. He should have had as fine a lot of nuts as he would have put him beyond the reach of poverty had he lived to be as old as Methusalem." —Globe-Democrat.

Business Enterprise.
The train was approaching Troy. "Are you going to eat your dinner at the railroad restaurant?" he asked of a passenger. "Yes," was the reply. "Just slip that card in your pocket," he whispered, "I'm an undertaker." —New York Sun.

An Author's Greatest Difficulty.
Young Author (weeps) —"Oh, thing a jibber, I have heard, is the most difficult thing in authorship." Editor—"I don't think so." Author—"Ah, you encourage me. What, then, is the most difficult?" Editor—"Getting on with it."

THE TWO HEROINES.

Big Stories of Two Clerics in the United States Treasury.

The One a Retired Army Nurse, the Other Secretary Seward's Housekeeper.

A Washington letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: There are now engaged in the Division of Loans and Currency of the Treasury Department at Washington two lady employees who have become widely known for their historical experience in war times, and one gentleman who is the son of a former President.

Miss Harriet P. Deane, the army nurse, who was notified long by her four years and eight months of penitentiary service with the 800th New Hampshire Regiment during the Civil war, deserves mention. Her career has been repeatedly published in part, but now writer who attempts to chronicle all her thrilling, trying experiences under deadly fire in the field of battle, exposed to the contending elements of heaven, or over-wearied, sick and dying soldiers in the hospitals, and ever hope to be successful. As a matter of fact, and not merely of sentiment, for history is written in scars left on her ministerial hands, in hearts to whom she by her presence and deeds brought hope and comfort amid the sufferings of war, and in the memories of stricken suffering men, both here and there, for whom she cared.

She was once taken prisoner at the second battle of Bull Run and obtained a week's parole to visit her mother's home in a town specially provided for her confinement, but when the general found on investigation that she was not a spy, as suspected, he had her released and permitted her to go unhindered. She was then, on highly important and responsible missions at various times by the government of New Hampshire and by other official and organizations, each time returning with thoroughly reliable and practical reports, and often doing efficient work in securing needed reforms in the hospital and transportation arrangements.

For a number of years since the war her soldier friends had been urging her at different times to secure a pension for her services, but she modestly maintained that she wanted the soldiers pensioned first, and that she could take care of herself.

This venerable woman had served three four years and eight months in all the service and suffering of war for the purpose of \$6 per month allowed army nurses. By a special act of Congress, secured by her friends, she was given a pension of \$23 a month, beginning on July 1, 1884. She allowed the pension to run for considerable time, then taking the amount due her and adding to the same sum her modest earnings in the government service she built, at her own expense, a house to be used as the future headquarters of the Second New Hampshire soldiers in their reunions at the White, Lake, Waquoit, and other places.

Miss Margaret Coleman, in the same division, was the housekeeper for the Seward family in Washington at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and the attempt on Secretary Seward's life. The verities of Miss Fannie Seward, who was in the room with her invalid father when he was murdered, attacked by Payne, brought Mrs. Coleman to the rescue, and when Payne heard her coming he left Mr. Seward, who in the struggle had fallen out of bed and was found by Miss Coleman between the bed and the wall, with his head still under the clothes and something in his own blood. Payne had lost his hat and pants, and a moment to look in vain for what was afterwards to be a sheet, but jumped, clothed and armed, upon her, then rushed for the door, and meeting Miss Coleman there, himself, against her, landing her against the door as he stood open an elaborate but should be told. Further on he passed Mrs. Fannie in his hot haste and in his escape.

Miss Coleman was with the Seward family eight years, and witnessed the rapid decline of both Mrs. Seward and Miss Fannie, who never survived the shock of their terrible night of the 14th of April, 1865. Mrs. Seward died in June, and Mrs. Fannie in the fall following the usual scenes of assimilation in their home. Miss Coleman tells the story as vividly as though it had been witnessed merely an hour ago. Such now fifty years of age, and writes a message at 304 4 1/2 st. S. E. has been in the city since the 10th of May.

The Queen's Pipe.
In the center of the tobacco warehouses at the London docks there is an immense kiln, which is kept continuously burning, day and night, and goes by the name of the queen's tobacco pipe. The English government has a full control of all tobacco cultivated in this country, and in order to regulate the supply, it is found that the pipe is used for the purpose of drying the tobacco, and is used for the purpose of drying the tobacco, and is used for the purpose of drying the tobacco.

A Man Who Lives in a Tree.
Mr. Heywood, better known as "The man who lives in a tree," has built a new house a few feet north of the old one in Washington. As there were no tall trees growing where he wanted his house, he has put it over a scaffold fifty feet high. A bridge connects it with the old house. Mr. Heywood is thirty years of age, and he gives good reasons to support it. These who think it is a queer in the upper regions, are mistaken. He is a master of fact, man, with excellent record as a general in the interior department. He has shared, as a speculator in real estate. His house in the tree attracted attention to the beautiful city near by, and he sold them to great advantage. Mr. Heywood has but one aunt, but his lineage are good. His only consumption can be cured by living in trees as he does, where nothing but pure air can be breathed. —New York Sun.

The Snail's Pace.
A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term, more or less invidious, by an interesting experiment on the Polytechnic the other day it was ascertained exactly and referred to figures which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half-ton of the snails were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was easy enough to calculate that one snail can crawl a mile in just thirteen days. —Lancet-Express.

A Geological Phenomenon.
In many parts of the world abundant evidence shows that the land is still slowly rising or sinking, producing gradual changes that in the course of ages will completely transform the earth's topography. One of the most remarkable examples has been witnessed by Sweden and Finland. Lyell long ago estimated that portions of Sweden are being elevated about four feet in a century, and surveys just made in Finland once more prove that the shores of the Baltic are steadily rising. M. Vauquelin reports to the French academy of sciences that since the surveys of 1870-75 several islands have become peninsulas while many shoals have become islands or beaches. On the southwest coast of the neighboring Archipelago, pebbles, gullies and coral-like fragments which were under water a few years ago. Steps are being taken to accurately measure the future progress of this geological phenomenon. —Arkansas Traveler.

Temptations of a Broker's Life.

From the start the boy entering a broker's office will be interested with large sums of money to carry to the bank or to customers. He may be in an office where bank bills and shining gold are within his reach all the time; and he will be so completely absorbed in the subject of stocks, bonds and money, that it will be somewhat strange if he does not soon begin to look at the getting of money as the most important business of life.

And when he is a little older and becomes clerk or cashier, he will be exposed to the temptation to increase his income by stock gambling—"speculating," as it is called on his own account. Such ventures are, of course, very hazardous, and on all accounts should be shunned. A broker requires great strength of character to resist the temptation to get wealthy by false methods, and a boy should think long and well before he adopts this calling.

For the broker's business is at first unsteady. The work is done quickly in the midst of great excitement and at "high pressure," as it is say. As money comes quickly and easily to the broker, it is not so highly prized as if it were earned by the toil which produces a visible result, and it usually goes as quickly as it comes. Brokers, of course, defend their own occupation. They will tell you that their services are necessary in securing stocks and bonds are needed, but they do not deny that stock brokerage would cease to be a profitable business, except for very few firms, if people were to stop speculating in securities. Of course there are many men in this business who have risen to wealth and to eminence as financiers who would seem to be in a position to disabuse the world. All honor to such men, because they must often have been severely tempted to do wrong. —St. Nicholas.

Aro They Glad?
If she were here
Totally my hand and ask, "What is it about?"
She would not see the wrinkles on my face
Nor note the silver where the gold had passed.
Upon my faded lip she'd leave a kiss.
And whisper "Darling," and she would not mind.

The vanished rose, or if she did, would say,
"How you have ripened since I went away."
The blossoms that others might deem
Would still be beautiful to another's eyes.

If she were here
She would not mind the changes, if a tear
Should fall on my eye, I know that she would weep.
And give sweet consolation unto me.
Yet, in her heart, some things would little heed.
Knowing how much their discipline I need
And how I think, though I know her far,
And how she can be so even as we are.
These may be glad to the living, methinks,
Because they know how all things work for good.

A Strang Man.
There lives a man on the Carson river, below Dayton, Nevada, named Angela Conroy, who claims to be the strongest man in the world. He is an Italian, weighs 250 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches, weighing 120 pounds. His strength was born with him, for he had no athletic training. He differs from other men chiefly in the osseous structure. Although not of unusual size, his spinal column is much beyond the ordinary width, and his bones and joints are much more solidly large and generous than those of the average man. He has lifted a man of 200 pounds with the middle finger of his right hand. The man stood with one foot on the floor, his arms outstretched, his hands crossed by two persons to balance his body. Conroy then stooped and placed the third finger of his right hand under the neck of the man, and with scarcely any preparation of effort, raised him to the height of his feet and deposited him on a table six feet high. Conroy's two powerful arms were crossed with one in each hand and hammered them together until life was nearly knocked out of them.

A Biological Phenomenon.
In many parts of the world abundant evidence shows that the land is still slowly rising or sinking, producing gradual changes that in the course of ages will completely transform the earth's topography. One of the most remarkable examples has been witnessed by Sweden and Finland. Lyell long ago estimated that portions of Sweden are being elevated about four feet in a century, and surveys just made in Finland once more prove that the shores of the Baltic are steadily rising. M. Vauquelin reports to the French academy of sciences that since the surveys of 1870-75 several islands have become peninsulas while many shoals have become islands or beaches. On the southwest coast of the neighboring Archipelago, pebbles, gullies and coral-like fragments which were under water a few years ago. Steps are being taken to accurately measure the future progress of this geological phenomenon. —Arkansas Traveler.

Business Enterprise.
The train was approaching Troy. "Are you going to eat your dinner at the railroad restaurant?" he asked of a passenger. "Yes," was the reply. "Just slip that card in your pocket," he whispered, "I'm an undertaker." —New York Sun.

An Author's Greatest Difficulty.
Young Author (weeps) —"Oh, thing a jibber, I have heard, is the most difficult thing in authorship." Editor—"I don't think so." Author—"Ah, you encourage me. What, then, is the most difficult?" Editor—"Getting on with it."

A Geological Phenomenon.
In many parts of the world abundant evidence shows that the land is still slowly rising or sinking, producing gradual changes that in the course of ages will completely transform the earth's topography. One of the most remarkable examples has been witnessed by Sweden and Finland. Lyell long ago estimated that portions of Sweden are being elevated about four feet in a century, and surveys just made in Finland once more prove that the shores of the Baltic are steadily rising. M. Vauquelin reports to the French academy of sciences that since the surveys of 1870-75 several islands have become peninsulas while many shoals have become islands or beaches. On the southwest coast of the neighboring Archipelago, pebbles, gullies and coral-like fragments which were under water a few years ago. Steps are being taken to accurately measure the future progress of this geological phenomenon. —Arkansas Traveler.

A Geological Phenomenon.
In many parts of the world abundant evidence shows that the land is still slowly rising or sinking, producing gradual changes that in the course of ages will completely transform the earth's topography. One of the most remarkable examples has been witnessed by Sweden and Finland. Lyell long ago estimated that portions of Sweden are being elevated about four feet in a century, and surveys just made in Finland once more prove that the shores of the Baltic are steadily rising. M. Vauquelin reports to the French academy of sciences that since the surveys of 1870-75 several islands have become peninsulas while many shoals have become islands or beaches. On the southwest coast of the neighboring Archipelago, pebbles, gullies and coral-like fragments which were under water a few years ago. Steps are being taken to accurately measure the future progress of this geological phenomenon. —Arkansas Traveler.