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., AUGUST 18, 1887. NO. 51.

The Chatham Record

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Life.

Dining and sleeping,
Laughing and weeping,
Sighing for some new toy;
Loving and hating,
Wooing and mating,
Chasing the phantom, Joy

Losing and winning,
Praying and sinning
Seeking a higher life;
Hope and repining,
Shadow and shining,
Care and worry and strife

Hoarding and wasting,
Loitering, hasting,
Missing the golden mark;
Trusting and doubting—
Taking a leap in the dark.

—CLARENCE H. PEARSON in the Courant.

"WHEN ROSES BLOOM."

Robert Edbury allowed his horse to walk slowly home. He had been away all day rambling over the hills and was now returning to the little watering place where he was spending the Summer, tired out from so many hours in the saddle.

It was a delightful July night, cool and balmy with the scent of flowers, and as he rode along in the soft air he sang a merry tune from a comic opera.

Arriving at last at the top of a high hill he stopped his horse directly in front of a picturesque farm house directly on the road.

He was about to turn away when one of the upper windows was opened, and a voice said softly:

"Is that you, Robert?"

For a moment he was surprised; then venting an adventure, responded:

"How did you know it was I?"

"Because no one else would be riding about the country singing at this time of night. What a could you have got dear. Better go home and keep out of the night air. Good night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, tossed the bridle to the gate and stepped inside beneath the window, where gloomed that mysterious enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flower you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps perhaps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower, but these are only honey suckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!" the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything—anything that comes from your hands!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned. A white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma? Good-night! dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eye of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely in the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for this glittering thing.

An instant's search revealed it to be what he suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick movement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it inside by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away.

* * * * *

The next night in the ball room of the Spa, Robert Edbury was startled to hear the soft voice he had heard at the farm house window.

"You need not feel so put out," she was saying. "I am sure he was a gentleman, and how was I to know in the dark that it was not you." This speech was followed by a masculine growl.

Robert Edbury turned, and saw beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow interwined with the slender gold waist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognized on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered, eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before, but here it is, pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chaseslane," was the answer. "She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

"A farm house," remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the dancers and gay couples went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this waltz?" said Robert eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner he took the little silk and enamelled pasteboard, which she had tucked away amid the roses at her wrist.

"I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile.

At that moment she recognized him as the man at her window the night before, and her face flushed angrily. "You shall never dance with me," she said, darting away from him. "I hate you!" Robert Edbury watched her disappear with a smile on his lips, knowing too well the girl was attracted to him.

He called on her the next day at the farm house. He began to say that he was very much in love with her and must win her. Finally one evening when he asked her to be his wife she shook her head. "I am pledged to marry Robert Stoner, my cousin, and I dare not break it. He is now suffering from a disease—some heart trouble, and this would kill him."

"And you would sacrifice yourself for him, when you know in your own heart that you love me."

As they stood by the open window a low moan came from the shrubbery, and before either could rush out Robert Stoner stood in the doorway.

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome face was distorted with either pain or anger, his pale lips trembled, his left hand was pressed, with the old familiar gesture, upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Leslie with his right hand. "You told me you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me"

A pause, a stagger, and with a frightful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but was not quick enough to quite save him from it.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which the shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chaseslane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye!" she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the near future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

So he kissed her hand and said "Farewell!" But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again, remember me!"

A year went by and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by and July came, but not one word came from Jessie Chaseslane. He was growing sick with a wild and hopeless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go unculled, when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart.

"The roses are in bloom and there is one for you!" [New York Journal.

Uses of the Toothpick.

Little Dot—Mamma, I want a toothpick.

Omaha Mamma—You naughty girl, I told you not to eat anything between meals.

"I've not been eatin'."

"Then what do you want a toothpick for?"

"I've jes had a drink of water.—[Omaha World.

A Familiar Sound.

"Do that again, young man," said a Jersey farmer to an Asbury Park hotel clerk who was trying to play a trombone; "do that again, for it makes me think of home."

"How so?" queried the clerk.

"Because it sounds just like one of my old brindle cows bellowing."—[Hotel Matt.

IN A MOSQUE.

Strange Religious Exercises in a City in Asia Minor.

Worshipers Who Become Crazed With Excitement.

Providing a visit to Sivas, a city in Asia Minor, Henry M. Jewett says in the Boston Herald. We attended, by invitation of the sheik, who is the head of a peculiar sect of Mahomedans, the service in a mosque outside the city. At the entrance to the mosque the sheik met us and conducted us up a flight of stairs to his private room. This room had a window at one end, so that we could look directly down into the mosque and see all that was done, quite as if we were in a private box in a theatre. About 40 men of all classes of society, from the day laborer in rags to the military officer in fine uniform, stood in a semi circle in front of the niche, which the sheik occupied. After the usual prayers, the real performance commenced. This, at first, consisted simply of repetitions of the word "Allah Allah," accompanied by a swaying of the body back and forth. At first it was, "Allah Allah," the first syllable accented, over and over again. Then, when the had gone on for some time, they changed to "Allah Allah." In perfect time and unison in pronunciation of the word and the movement of the body. As they kept on, the fervor augmented, the motions were quicker, and the mental excitation visibly increased. Then three of the men wished long tambourines, and, beating them rhythmically, but with a certain fury, stirred the worshipers to increased excitement. "Allah! Allah!" they cry, meanwhile. Then one rends another variation. Now it is "Allah! Allah!" with the last syllable drawn out to a long, musical wail, and each minute added to the violence of the swaying and rocking of the body. Finally, when the audience had worked themselves into a state of great excitement, the sheik leaped to the floor, the others surrounding him in a circle, and throwing his arms back and forth and bending up and down, walked around the circle, pausing in front of each man, who sought to emulate the vigorous motions with his own. The cry of "Allah! Allah!" was dropped, and, instead of it, the breath was inspirated violently, and then blown out through the mouth and nostrils with an explosive, hissing sound, all doing it at the same time, and accompanying it with a uniform rocking of the body and violent throwing of the head backward and forward. This continued for nearly an hour, and, as it proceeded, the excitement became intense. Some seemed to be in a sort of ecstacy or hypnotic condition, with their eyes either closed or fixed, for the strain of this continued exertion and mental excitement soon showed itself. One fell to the ground as if in a fit, while an old man, who had been walking around the outside of the circle, as if watching for such occurrences, picked him up and shook him by the collar, which seemed instantly to restore him, and put him back in his place again. Then another, a soldier, fell for word into the circle, throwing his arms wildly about. Others showed all the signs of mental ecstacy, and were, apparently, unconscious of their surroundings; but still they kept up, in unison with the others, the explosive drawing in and exhalation of the breath, with wild cries and wilder gestures. It seemed at last as if human endurance could no longer withstand the strain of mental excitement and physical exertion, and one man fell to the ground as if he were dead. Attendants seized him and laid him in an easy position. Then another fell, then another, until finally all were lying or sitting on the ground. The soldier looked and acted like a maniac, for after lying exhausted for a few minutes, he arose, staggered to the end of the room, leaped into the air once or twice, and then lowering his head, ran at full speed across the floor and dashed himself against the wall. It did not seem to hurt him. He only staggered for a moment like a drunken man, then recovered himself, walked back again to repeat the performance. His example was followed by the most zealous of the others.

The sheik is not only a very fine looking man but also a very genial one, and talks pleasantly and even jokingly. He is finely dressed. His outer robe is of wool, woven in fine red and white stripes, and fastened with silk cord. Under this he wears a loose, flowing jacket and skirt of fine material, worked with flowers. His skull cap is of curiously embroidered pink cloth, bound with a turban of white and yellow silk. While we were conversing, his little daughter came in. She is a dainty little thing, three or four years old, with most beautiful black eyes and the longest curling eyelashes I have ever seen on child or woman. She wore a dress of blue silk and a sack of maroon velvet, embroidered with gilt braid. At a sign from her father, she came to each of us, took her hands, placed them to her lips, and then to her forehead, in a most charming and graceful manner imaginable. After a very pleasant call, during which coffee and sherbet were served, we bade adieu to our friend the sheik, wondering at the vagaries superstition will lead otherwise sensible men into. The natives who were present, in making their adieus, took his hand and attempted to kiss it, but he drew it back from each, as he was about to press it to his lips, in modest deprecation of the homage. The sheik told us that he had fasted for eight years; that is, had eaten nothing during the day, and only one meal after sunset. Notwithstanding this limited diet, he is, he says, as hearty, plump and healthy as any of us. He introduced us to one of his followers, a very holy man, one of the oldest of the participants in the scene previously described, who, he told us, had fasted 48 years in the same way.

The Limit of Life.

It would appear in fact as though five score years were the natural or normal limit of human life, and that when man dies many years before that age is attained, the fault apart from malignant disease or accident, lies with them selves. Underlying the old proverb, "Every man is a doctor at a physician at 40," there is the important truth that it is in every man's power, if he is wise, to recognize early in life the laws of his own constitution, and the means by which all such stores of vitality as it may possess may be utilized. An able physician said to me a short time ago: "In all my experience I have never known but one man who really died a natural death" and he went on to explain that a man can only be said to die a natural death when he dies all at once, when the organs on which circulation, respiration and nutrition depend, all fail at about the same time; whereas one man dies because circulation fails, another because the respiratory organs give out, and yet another because stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels become unequal to their work. In fine, the secret of longevity lies in the attainment of a natural life to be brought to an end by a natural death; and nearly every man, did he but give his vital powers fair chances, would find that, like

The wonderful one-hoss shay,
He was built in such a logical way
[As to run a hundred years to the day,
And then, of a sudden, to pop away!
[The Cosmopolitan.

Scarecrows for Flies.

An old boarding house mistress, talking at her table recently about household pests, said that in the case of flies she was a scarecrow. "Flies," she continued, "are not as big as crows, but they are as timid as horses, and seem always to be on the alert like thieves and cock-sparrows. Hence the slang word 'fly' used by detectives. Now, you must have noticed that bread scarecrow that piece of crust thrust into the butter. I generally make it three or four inches high, and stand it up like an obelisk. Flies never go near a piece of butter so defended. I tell you this for the general good."

"The butter in a great many boarding houses is strong enough to defend itself," suggested the low comedian of the company of boarders with a supplementary cough.

"You have been a great traveler," mildly replied the mistress as soon as they "got on to it" all of the boarders grinned in recognition of the suggestive retort, the ladies hiding their smiles behind their napkins. [New York times.

Ambergris.

Ambergris, which commands a high price for perfumery and is prized in the cost in medicine and as a flavor in cookery, was once absurdly guessed to be hardened foam of the sea, or a fungoid growth in the ocean, but it is now known to be a secretion of the liver of the sperm-aceti whale, and is evidently a product of some disease in the animal. It is a soft, fatty substance of variegated gray or blackish color, and emits an agreeable odor when rubbed or heated. It is principally found floating on the sea of warm climates, though it is also obtained from the intestines of the whales. The largest piece known weighed 182 pounds and was bought from the king of Tydore by the Dutch East India company. A piece weighing 130 pounds was found in a whale near the Wandward islands, and sold for 500 pounds sterling.

A Lesson in French.

Mrs. A. (who is taking French lessons)—Now, Bridget, when Professor Rampe comes you must say "entrez" to him, and he will know what you mean and come into the parlor.

The bell rings and Bridget goes to the door. It is the professor.

"Ontario," says Bridget. "Wud ye walk into the paitler, sur?"

The professor walked in, and Bridget reported her triumph to the cook.—[Harper's Bazar.

Alive and Kicking.

Jonesey—"By the way, Smithers, how is that Spicer girl you were gone on?"

Smithers—"She's all right."

"And that crusty old ones, her father is he alive and kicking?"

"You'd a thought so if you had seen him hist me out last night."—[Siftings.

THERMOMETERS.

Interesting Information About a Useful Instrument.

Manner of Making Them and Testing their Usefulness.

During the hot spell there is no instrument that is studied more carefully than the thermometer. Every one wants to know how hot it is each day, and all continually consult those little glass tubes. These vary sometimes several degrees at the same instant. Said a dealer in thermometers to a New York Mail and Express reporter:

"Thermometers are very curious instruments. Sometimes we find one that is all right at certain points and at others it will be several degrees out of the way. These variations are caused by irregularities in the tube. The tubes are very frequently imperfect. When the tube is too large, of course, the registration is several degrees lower than it should be. Sometimes the tube is too small and then the mercury shows up higher than it ought to. The tubes have to be assorted. This takes several months. When glass is new it changes, expands, contracts and warps almost as badly as green wood. Very often after buying a cheap thermometer the customer has brought it back and said it registered 100 degrees in the shade, when the temperature was only 90. The best thermometers are made in London. These imported thermometers are, however, very expensive. Some very good ones are made in this country at New Lebanon, N. Y., and at Rochester."

"How are they made?" was asked.

"The tube is blown to the size wanted, the top being left open. The bulb is then heated to expel the air and while heated the open end is inserted in some mercury. As the tube cools the mercury runs into the vacuum. The open end is then sealed and the tube placed on a scale. Then it is placed in water of a known temperature and the point to which the mercury rises is marked. Several tests like this are made before the instrument is offered for sale."

"How are the thermometers proved to be accurate?"

"There is a place at Harvard College for testing them. They are carefully examined at different temperatures, and any variation is marked. A certificate is given with every instrument that is examined."

"Which scale do you think is the best?"

"The centigrade is the one I think should be generally adopted. For the use of brewers there is a thermometer about three feet long with a bulb about two feet in length. The scale of this is short and is only marked for a few degrees above freezing point. Another odd instrument is of English make, and can be read in the dark. The tube is filled with a green composition and contains phosphorus. Spirit thermometers are used for very cold climates as they carry congeals at 30 degrees below zero. These cannot be used to measure extreme heat, as above a certain temperature the liquid expands too fast; it boils at 160 degrees. For very high temperatures the pyrometer takes the place of the thermometer. The heat is measured by the expansion of metals, and will accurately register up to 700 degrees. Fetidle thermometers, for the use of physicians, are very carefully made, and a certificate is sold with them indicating their variations from perfect accuracy."

American and English Riding.

The English people are more impressed by the magnificent riding at the Wild West Show than they are by any other feature of the exhibition. The sporting papers devote a great deal of space to a study of the American school of equestrianism. Nearly all of the professional critics agree that the American style of sitting firmly in the saddle, as if the rider were a part of the horse, instead of rising in the English way, is greatly to be preferred. Recently an old army officer had a long card in the Times showing the superior points of the cowboy style of riding and calling upon the English horsemen to study that style of riding to learn grace, security, and how best to save the strength of the horse. The style of riding taught in the fashionable English riding schools is the reverse of graceful. The stirrups of the rider are drawn upso short that the rider's knees are brought up nearly to his face. This shortening of the stirrups curls the rider forward so, that he looks as if laboring under an exaggerated curvature of the spine. Take this ungraceful looking position and then give the figure occupying it a regular jumping jack motion, six inches up and down at every step of the horse, and you have a correct idea of the grace and poetry of motion taught in the English riding schools. The rising in the saddle may be easy, and may do for the parks and short country rides, but can not be compared for a moment with the Western border style of sitting firmly in the saddle holding on by the knees, so that the rider moves only as if he were a part of the horse.—[Argonaut.

Useful Hints to Swimmers.

The principal reason why good swimmers are so often drowned when they are accidentally thrown into the water is because the shock causes them to lose their presence of mind. The loss of presence of mind leads to paralysis of body, or to such wild exertions as to accelerate drowning, instead of contributing to preservation. The ability to believe wisely in case of sudden accidents can only be acquired by experience, just as everything else had been acquired. The theory of the matter can be taught in swimming schools, but the practice must be acquired by experience. Hence, in some swimming schools the pupils are taken out in a boat, the latter being upset purposely as if the upset happened accidentally. They are then suddenly pushed overboard, and subjected to all manner of prepared accidents so as to accustom them to acting in emergencies. In this way pupils learn how to behave in case of real accidents and are protected against the loss of their presence of mind on occasions of danger on the water. They are taught to have faith in the sustaining power of the water itself. They get to know that the water will sustain them if they will only render it the least help. It is notoriously not generally known that a sheet tied upon an oar, or the gunwale of an overturned boat, or a board or almost any floating object, will sustain the human body in calm water. Persons who have been properly taught and have acquired the habit of acting with self-possession in the water when they are upset, do not attempt to climb upon the overturned boat but simply take hold of it and quietly support themselves. A boat half filled with water or completely overturned will support as many persons as can get their hands upon the gunwale, if they behave quietly. In a case of accident, a person who understands and acts in accordance with these facts, would stand a better chance of being saved, even if he were a poor swimmer, than an expert swimmer would have who should lose his presence of mind.—[Iron.

Wall Street Life.

Wall street life is demoralizing. It unfits men for legitimate work and for business requiring energy and hard work. The city is surrounded with temptations to gamble in other petty ways and especially to drink. The Wall street gin mills are numerous and gaudy and seductive. A bit of a few hundred dollars in a month's favor tempts him to take a drink of consolation while a loss demands the cup of consolation. Money is made and lost on so big a scale that young men especially are fascinated by the rapidity of the gains and magnitude of the business. There is temptation to prodigality in cabs and in dinners and lunches which is freely gratified. A young man who has spent a year in Wall street brokers' offices who makes $300 today and loses $100 to-morrow and makes $200 the next, isn't going to consider the value of a ten or twenty dollar note when his own pleasure or comfort is under consideration. When at the end of the year he finds himself with hardly $100 to his name, he is entirely and absolutely unfitted for work, and he is more inclined to put $50 in a bucket shop with the hope of making it $250 than to work on a clerk's wages. He has become interested in pacilonns and prize and horse pools and lottery tickets and matching half dollars and draw poker, and work is very tiresome. He, in short, is good for nothing. The down town saloons are full of these Wall street wrecks. They are on hand for doubles, but are good for nothing when there is work to be done.—Buffalo Courier.

The Epicure's Defeat.

A bet was recently made by two French gourmands, one of whom asserted that he could fill the entire contents of any dish put before him, the other betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the material where with his cook would prepare a "savory dish" for them. The bet was taken, the cook was called at his quick, natural sense, the other to the skill of his cook. The cook, a Frenchman of course, exerted all his talents and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tasteds—smacks his lips, tastes again, smells, tastes again. Ah! it is redolent of all rich odors, such sauces, so marvellously blended, such gravy, such solids so soft—so tender! What can it be? A sweetbread prepared tripe? No! calf's head in snow sheets? No, no, no! a thousand "Noes." Our epicure gives it up. "It is old white kid gloves!" is the cook's explanation, when the bet is resigned as lost.—[New York Telegram.

New York's Rothschilds.

Max Weil is the richest Jew in New York, his figure being estimated at $8,000,000. Following him are forty other millionaires of the same race. The Hebrew capital in the cotton exchange is more than $6,000,000, and of city real estate they hold at least $100,000,000. An estimate of the annual transactions of the wholesale trade of New York done by the Hebrews puts the figure at $262,000,000.—[Rochester Herald.

Meadows of Gold.

Meadows of gold,
Rolling and rocking at rest,
Yet clasp and hold
The milk of the world at your breast.
Ye are the nurses that clutch
The babes of life, and touch
The lips that finish and turn
In agony cruel and stern.

Meadows of gold,
Reaching and running away—
Shod with the mold
And crowned with the light of day.
Ye are the servants of earth,
The seraphs who hidden to birth
The Golden Blue and Butterscotch Bee,
Under the dark and the dew.

Meadows of gold,
Wending and winding along—
Fair to behold
And merry and mellow with song.
Ye are the poets whose rhymes
Are sung by the reapers, whose chymes
Are written in wind-waved grass
By unseen fairies that pass.

Meadows of gold,
Laughing and leaping star—
Fast as you hold
Pushes the beautiful are.
Yet are the beautiful are,
Yet are the fairies that dip
And lift from the horn to the lip
The nectar, whose pleasure lived
Is tasted and spread into blood.

—By James Newton Matthews.

HUMOROUS.

In high spirits—a summer thermometer.

The school and nomenclature has a taxing tone of it.

There is only one room in the year for the lonesome orphan.

The person who lives the same he knows about what he does not know.

A good way to be like sugar for two persons. She may be sweet, and she may be full of grit.

The man who talks to himself is like the mosquito. There is little hope for him after he gets married.

"Alpha is lovely that way," says Peggy, and the sentiment keeper thinks it ought to be the customer's line.

When does a lady treat a man like a telescope? When she draws him out, looks him through and then shuts him up.

Another cure for consumption has been discovered. As the discovery was made in Vienna, the consumptomic antidote perhaps that of beer.

If, through the success of the agitation for the women's rights, women ever come to sit in the jury box, infants will probably cease to be born in the court.

"Tell you, this fishing is no child's play," remarked Bledson, as he tipped up the bottle of bait, and impaled about a pint of it. "Fish have a secret of life, and don't you forget it." "That may be," responded Dumpsey, "but if I am not mistaken we shall soon learn it out of them."

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "one pot-pie is quite enough for you." "It's funny," responded Bobby," with assumed air. "You say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice."

A SYMPATHETIC MAN.

An angry light is glowing in her cheeks,
For she has asked him how he likes her cake
And he, in terms of rapture, speaks
About the kind he neither used to bake.

The Ancient and Modern Plow.

The plow in some form doubtless dates back at least 2000 or 3000 years, as proved by sculpted slabs upon ancient monuments. For many centuries it was but a crooked limb of a tree. One of the earliest representations shows it as being drawn by four men who took positions of the implements upon their shoulders, while two other men, walking behind, held it to the ground with hands on rays. The first plows drawn by oxen was guided by a single handle, while the plowman with his free hand, scattered the seed. Other men followed with sickles to scare away birds and prevent them picking up the grain before it should be covered by the plow.

The earliest method of the plow was the rude one described above, and probably would have continued it exclusive to try to improve it for any human ingenuity. This is doubtless one reason why the ancient plow remained so long in its primitive state. It was sometimes shaped so as to cleave the soil, as by a flat wedge at its point. The wedge was turned on edge so as to throw the soil to one side so as to open furrow for the seed to run into, but it was not until the 6th century that there was any indication of the idea of combining the two forms of the wedge into the twisting mould board. It was only little more than a century ago that the plow began to take the general form of the plow of the present day, and the improvements are due to a number of inventors in different parts of the world. The Dutch of Holland gave the pattern for all our subsequent improvements, but to Thomas Jefferson is due the discovery and demonstration of the principle of the twist in the mould board. Webster had much interest in the improvement of plows, and it remained for Governor Hubbard, of Vermont, to give us the perfect plow of the present day.—[Chicago Herald.