the Chatham Record.	Aho	(That ham	Rorard	ት	The Chatham Record RATES
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,	K St	«Vyurham	Guin	·V+	A D V E R T I SING One square, one insertion. \$1.00 One square, two insertions . 1.50 One square, one month . 2,50
Income six months	OL. IX.	PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 25, 1887. NO. 52.			For larger advertisements liberal con tracts will be made.

Love's Flower. If I were blind and thou shouldst enter E'er so softly in the room, I should know it. I should feel it. Something subtle would reveal it, And a glory round the centre That would lighten up the gloom, And my heart would surely guide me, With Love's second sight provide me, One amid the crowd to find, If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken Ere thy presence I had known, I should know it, 1 should feel it. Something subtle would reveal it, And the seal at once be broken By Love's liquid undertone. Deaf to others, stranger voices, And the world's discordant noises-Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art, 'Twill reach thy heart.

If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture Near the coffin where I lay, I should know it. I should feel it. Something subtle would reveal it, And no look of mildest censure Rest upon that face of clay. Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashe Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes Would give back the cheek its red, If I were dead!



Molly and I had it rough for five years. In the first place, we were burned out in the town, and never saved a thing but the clothes we stood in and my team. Then we started again out on the edge of everything, where land was cheap, and it looked as if hard work might count for something. That time the Indians ran us off; they killed one of the children there-the girl, five years old; shot her in full sight of the cabin, and Molly hasn't got over it to this day. I picked up a few head of cattie cheap that fall, and for a year we lived in a wagon, camping and driving our cattle across the ranges. That year the boy died-snake-bit. We got into a cabin next fall. Four of us, each poorer than the others, took a section of Government land. We had our teams and our health, and we were down to

"You'll pass in your checks before morning."

in a few minutes, I must keep going.

"No, the wind is at my back; no fords. I'll keep going." I went. Perhaps you never tried crossing a

One sunny summer day, And I leaned out of the window prairie at night without a trail to follow. To hear what they had to say. It's a curious thing, one I cannot account for; one that makes you feel as if your "The prettiest thing I ever saw," One of the little boys said, body and all your senses were of no more "Was a bird in grandpa's garden, account than a spent cartridge. Every All black and white and red." sort of a fancy came into my head. Per-"The prettiest thing I ever saw," haps I did not know the route as well as Said the second little lad. I had thought. Perhaps I had even "Was a pony at the circuspassed the cabins and was going away I wanted him awful bad." from them with every step. I ought to "I think," said the third little fellow, have reached them in three hours at the With a grave and gentle grace, utmost. It seemed to me I had been "That the prettiest thing in all the world hurling along for twice three hours. Is just my mother's face." Once I tried madly to fight back into the wind. It was hopcless-worse than

-[Examiner. Midget's Clinging Fingers.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Mother's Face.

Three little boys talked together,

useless. I should drop with exhaustion Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening when I had gone over the edge of an old she heard a small voice she knew so well buffalo run scooped deep by the rush of saying: "Please 'scuse me, mamma." summer rains. I lay still for a little Then she saw a little figure standing in while. I must have gone to sleep or the doorway in white gown with perhaps fainted away. Anyway, when I tangled curls and bright eyes, too bright came to myself again, the world was as for 10 o'clock at night thought Mrs. still as the grave. The wind had gone Blanchard. Midget ran across the room down, as it will sometimes, suddenly and to the refuge that had never failed herentirely. The silence was dismal. I got mother's arms. "Mamma, dear," pleadon my fect, stiff and benumbed. In all ed the little night owl, "I have just that gray, still, ghastly space there was learned today how to tell you I love you nothing to tell east from west, or north in such a beautiful new way. Please may from south. I was lost on the big range. I show you? I'm so 'fraid I'll forget by The cold was dangerous. I could not morning." Midget held up her dimpled stop. I must move somewhere. I must fingers. "Now everybody do just as I make myself a purpose-a purpose to do," she said gleefully. "Hold your keep alive at least-till daylight came. thumbs together so, now the next fingers I began walking; it did not matter in the same way, but the next to that you what direction. If only my strength must double in tight." She held her held out till morning-strength to keep chubby fingers in this position, off that horrible drowsiness. I know I the palms together, the thumbs stumbled heavily along. I was thinking lightly touching, also the firefingers, but about Molly and her baby; it all seemed the second fingers folded in so that her like a dull dream. And then bells began rosy nails and the dimples that stood for to ring, deep, soft, far off. I stopped knuckles touched, then the third and in my tracks to listen. It was the sound fourth fingers met at the tips as the of bells, certain, full and sweet. I turned thumbs and forefingers did. "Now," and went blindly on, following the sound cried Midget in great delight, "how far can you go from nurse?" and she parted All at once I saw a light. It wasn't a the thumbs as far as they would go. star; there were no stars. And nobody "Now, how far from cook?" and the lived on the big range, unless some forefingers went apart. Then in supcamper was traveling about, and campers

pressed glee she carefully explained:

AN AFRICAN QUEEN. The Dusky Ruler of Savages on

the Upper Zambesi.

A Picturesque Scene Witnessed By a Missionary.

The position of women in Africa is a degraded as in most other savage lands, and life is a round of toil to the weaker sex in nearly all parts of the continent. Here and there, however, is a native queen who has absolute influence over her people and who surrounds herself with as much pomp and circumstance as her position permits. Mr. Coillard, the French Protestant missionary who saved the life of Serpa Pinto during that traveler's trip across the continent, has sent home a few facts about a picturesque female who holds sway over the savage barotse on the Upper Zambesi.

One day recently Queen Mokuae went on an excursion to the tombs of her fathers. She was expected to return to her chief town two or three days later, and on the appointed day everybody was alert to hear the first sound announcing the approach of the royal party. Suddenly the measured beat of drums was faintly heard. "She is coming! The Queen is coming!" The cry went through the town, and several thousand men, women and children lined the banks of the broad Zambesi and gazed down the watery expanse. The sound of drums grew louder, and soon the royal barge and the attending fleet came into view. Under a pavilion made of a gaudilycolored native mat sat the Queen in full view of her subjects. Forty paddles swiftly propelled her great canoe up the stream. As she came opposite the town the women and girls, who were ranged in line on shore, began to intone a chant which struck Mr. Coillard as full of weird beauty. It recited the praise of Queen Mokuae. At last the prow of the Queen's barge struck the shore, and the crowds of men who lined the way from the river's edge to the Queen's mansion,

Medical Virtues of Onions. A mother writes: "Once a week in variably, and it generally when we had cold ment minced, I gave the children a

dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward to; this was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best medicines for expelling what most chil-

dren suffer from-worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but chives also ' were they encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of chives in their little gardens. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did This was at Bloomington, Ill. not know at the time, till I told him, that they were good for anything else." The above appeared in the Lancaster (Penn.) New Era, and having fallen under the eye of an experienced physician of that county, he writes as follows:

"The above ought to be published in letters of gold and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read whole year round. Plant old onions in the fall, and they will come up at least three weeks earlier in the spring than by spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw, as soon as treating them with a mess of raw onions three or four times a week. When they get too large, or too strong to be eaten raw, then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be caten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or searlatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used."

#### The Elephant Plant.

At first this was thought to be a palm, but differs in some important points instantly dropped on their knees and befrom the palms. It is given a family all by itself, which, though related to the

flowers

Brief Snake Stories. William Widick and Som Smith Bethamy, Ill., killed 160 rattlesnakes at

one seance. The dog of George Marion of Renssel aer, Ind., began barking at a hole in the ground. Marion dug down and killed 113 blue racers and 27 bull snak cs. Mrs. Emma Gephart of Tuscola found

blue racer coiled under her pillow when she went to retire. Assistance was called, and the reptile was killed. Farmer White's reaper picked up an immense rattlesnake and hurled it into his lap. He knocked it on the head with the but of his whip and drove on.

Milk and whiskey saved the life of th little son of Liking Walley of Carlisle, Penn., who was bitten on the lips by a copperhead while hunting hens' eggs. He suffered frightful spasms, and his face was swollen beyond recognition.

A Goldendale (W. T.) rattlesnake kept a 16-year-old boy a prisoner in a small tree for four hours. The boy had it and remind their parents that no stoned the suake and then sought refuge family ought to be without onions the in the tree. His failure to appear at dinner caused a search to be made for

him. A black snake eight feet long sprang at Karl Kramer, near Richmond, Va., and coiled itself tightly around his neck. they are fit to be eaten; do not miss nearly suffocating him. He staggered up to a large rock and beat the head of the snake against it until the snake died.

> A Murphy (N. C.) colored woman awoke in the night to find a huge snake coiled about her neck. Instead of fainting she grabbed the reptile, flung it against the wall with all her force, and went to sleep again. Daylight revealed one of the largest dead rattlers ever seen in that vicinity.

#### Along a Dutch Canal.

To follow out the linc of a canal is to see a continuous picture-now it is a blue ribbon through the green of the fields, again a small village is passed, the brown hulls and queer sails of the canal boats are continually composing, and at its close you glide into a sleepy old town,

At the Gate. Beside a mighty city's gate, Where passed at morn the proud and great, To seek a sacred shrine that stood Within the precincts of a wood, A crippled beggar sat, and loud Besought the ever-passing crowd. His need was sore, but they denied; "We seek to find out God!" they cried, As by the altar, on the sod, They knelt-"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined, The great and proud Who sought that morn the shrine, and bowed Their heads as though in reverence there, Forgot the shrire, forgot the prayer, But lo! the man whom they denied A pittance as they passed in pride, Dead by the gateway, knew what they So vainly sought, as, day by day, They toward the holy altars trod, He-he alone-had found out God! -[Clinton Scollard.

### HUMOROUS.

The writing-master's business is flourishing.

The last charge at Gettysburg was made by the hotel-keepers.

"The New York girls practice smiling before a glass." The men smile behind

The musical composition "Warblings at Eve" is the first intimation that Adam was a singer.

The susceptible youth is like a mosquito. There is little hope for him after he gets mashed.

From the records of recent college graduates it is believed the letters B. A. indicate Boss Athlete.

Fish culture will never reach its highest form of usefulness until fish are taught how to bite so that they may be hooked.

It is estimated that there is one cow to every four persons in this country. The young lady in the red shawl always gets her share.

One of the most mournful things in nature must always be the incvitable tendency of the young man in love to imagine himself a poet.

First-Class Studies at West Point. During no year had the class found an easy course of study, and the first-class

bed-rock; not much of anything to lose and everything to gain. We built in the middle on the adjoining corners of our quarters, and so had a little settlement of our own.

It really began to look as if we had touched bottom. That next spring we got our crops in-corn laid by, rain and sunshine and hot weather all right, and now and then we would hear a laugh from the cabin. But the' day the grasshoppers came there was mighty little laughing done. Clayton came in where I was taking my noon smoke and dropped down in a chair by the door, as if he couldn't get any further. "Mountaincers!" he said, with a kind of gasp. "What?" I asked, not knowing but it was another kind of Indian, "Grasshoppers!" It seems he had been there before. In 24 hours there was not a green thing in all those parts.

We held a council of war. The end of it was that we drove our stock into the town next day, 30 miles, and sold it. It didn't make us rich, but at least we got the price of the hides.

Then three of us went to work in the coal shippings. The coal company petered out just as the cold weather set in. We took back a big load of coal; it was the only pay we ever got for our last fortnight's work.

Along in November late we started out on a buffalo hunt. There was enough to eat, such as it was, for a month in the cabins, and fuel enough to keep them warm; and by that time we thought work might begin again. Anyway, we'd have our meat for the rest of the winter. Well it's no use to go over that. It wasn't a pleasure trip. We weren't out for the fun of killing. We camped out at night, and rode and shot and dressed game by day, and did not starve nor quite freeze to death; and we got back again on to the plains along in December.

I wanted to push through and get home, but the horses were played out; and all next day, after we struck the level, we just crawled along. That night we went into camp ten miles from home. There was a ravine and plenty of brush, and the horses were ready to drop in their tracks, and that last ten miles was one of the things that couldn't be done. So we got our fires made and our horses fed and sheltered as well as we could, and put some heart into ourselves with buffalo steak and hot coffee; and the rest of them packed themselves into the wagon

Some one had to stand guard and keep the fires going, and I took the contract. After a time, somebody hailed over the top of the bluff.

"What camp's that?" "Kenyon and mates."

"I 'lowed it was"-scrambling down the side of the gulch on his sure-footed mule-"You, Kenyon? News for you. A kid up to your ranche, ten days old. All hands doing well yesterday morning."

Then I sat and thought awhile, and finally I roused out Madison. "You take my turn," I said to him;

"I'm going home."

on't travel in the teeth of a norther. And this light swung and wavered, went go to the next. Now, how far can you go out entirely for a second or two, and from your dear, sweet mamma?" she then burned up again. And near or far I cried in great triumph. And odd it was could not tell, only it was a light and it that those queer little third fingers moved, and I followed it, And I could | would not separate, and the more you

light and voices coming out of the

chinks, and somehow there was the door

second--oh! it was Molly--Molly with a

the fire came down on them. Jim Clay-

ton had taken the woman and struck

across for the big road and they took the

first shelter they came to, a stable that

had been built in the days when all the

been following him for half an hour.

"Oh, yes, at last I'm well fixed now;

forty head of cattle out on the Gunnison.

And Molly spends her summers back

home, and she and the babies bring back

enough croup, and bronchitis sore throat

**Honesty Always Wins.** 

what you bought it for if you didn't.

"Great snakes! Why didn't you say

it wasn't fit to build on? How was I to

know the Missouri River had a mortgage

"I stated the fact that it was very low

"Oh, you're mistaken. It was in

great big type: 'Land for Sale. Very

He'll Teach Her.

"I asked Miss Tittleback to marry

ne," remarked Tompkins, "and she re-

"Why, what are you going to do about

"I'll teach her to treat me in that way.

fused me. But I'll teach her."

and in my advertisement."

Low."-[Omaha World.

"Never said a word about it."

dependent.

time.

on it?"

as a hound might follow a scent.

hear the bells all the time. tried the closer they were, not only Mid-More than once I fell, but I always get's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones got up and went on. I was talking to and Judge Mill's wrinkled ones. And myself part of the time, hearing my own as long as the second fingers are held in voice and thinking it was someone else's. bondage the third ones will not separate. I lost my sense of time again but I kept Try it.

on doggedly, Suddenly the light Quite a Fright. flashed brighter, whirled about in a Behind Uncle John's house there is a wild sort of way and went out entirely. igh, rocky hill, covered with clumps of I gave a shout and ran forward. oushes, and very steep. thought I should die if I lost it. And Bennie and Charlie and Ray had been there I was standing on a wide trail, o "grove-meeting" with Aunt Abbie, with a sort of square, dark shape standand they thought it would be fine fun ing up in the dimness before me, with

to have a grove-meeting of their own on the hill. "I know where there's the nicest rock and my hand on the latch, and in another or a pulpit, and I'll be the preacher," said Bennie, leading the way.

lamp in her hand, bending over a feeding Charley and Ray were content to be box made into a cradle, with a great the choir, and their voices were strong, armful of hay and a white sheepskin for f not musical. a cover, and Madison's wife kneeling on Bennie began to tell the story of the one side and Clayton's wife on the other, naughty children and the 40 bears. and beyond with the lights flashing in "An' p'r'aps a bear'll get you, if you their great, wondering, shining eyes, a in't good boys," he said, solemnly.

pair of astonished horses. And then "An' if we take doughnuts out the there came a piping cry from the feeding cellar window," suggested Charlie. trough and I knew I had found the baby. "Or wiggle through the grass after Burned out? Yes, sir. That was the ooseberries," added Ray. last thing; but they had warning before

"I guess you had your share !" retorted Bennie, who liked doughnuts and goose- dust. berries, and sometimes forgot to ask for them. "An' I didn't never do it look !"

California supplies went overland by Up above them, on the side of the hill visitors in the village and finally Mr. mule train. When the wind fell he took nearest the woods, a great, black bear | Coillard's own boatmen. Then the Queen the lantern and tried to find a cabin that stood on a large rock. used to stand somewhere near, and I had Probably it had only come to look for

> mutton supper, but they didn't think With a wild bound, the preacher and keys she ran her fingers with surprising choir went tumbling down the hill amhd agility, and she played a curious medley shower of dirt and stones.

to last them half the next winter .-- [Inthey went on their feet or their heads, as long as they got there; and then they | visitor. ran-oh, how they ran !- to see which would reach the orchard fence first. Irate citizen-See, here, sir, that land

"I tell you what, boys, I think we'd you sold to me is under water half the Real estate min-Yes, I supposed you thought so, too .- [Youth's Companion. wanted it for a fish pond. Don't see

#### He Was No Little Beggar.

Little Arthur had been told by his mother that he must never ask anyone for anything; "Mamma don't want her little darling to become a little beggar," she plaintively put it. Arthur promised to heed the injunction. An hour or two later, his Uncle it?" William called. Remembering his relative's generosity of heart, and frequent

bestowals of candy money, the little fellow timidly and hesitatingly asked: Mrs. Brown: You told me that if I "Mamma don't want me to be a little left my table-cloth out all night the beggar boy; do you ever give five cent-

ses to little boys what don't ask for fruit-stairs would disappear. Well, I 'em ?"

Visions of coveted sweetmeats and nuts, neatly folded in a paper bag, soon gone in the morning?

gan to clasp their hands, keeping time to the beat of the drum.

The Queen stepped out of her barge. She was in gala dress for the occasion. Over her shoulders she wore a brightcolored Indian robe, and several strings of beads and ornaments of ivory encircled her neck and large white pearls were arranged with care in her hair. She saluted the white man with a wave of her hand, but appeared to pay no attention to her subjects. A procession was instantly formed with the native band at its head. The musicians wore suspended from their necks the instruments known as serimbas, which are long gourds, on which are strung chords of different lengths, which gave a variety of sounds when struck with drumsticks. As the procession started the musicians struck up and did not cease playing until the Queen withdrew into her apartments,

Behind the band walked the Queen, and a considerable distance behind her the royal suite and the oarsmen of her fleet. As they passed along the populace fell into line, and so the long procession marched until they reached the Queen's abode. Then the master of ceremonics spread on the ground a lion's skin, on which the Queen took her stand. The royal suite approached within about a hundred feet, ranged themselves in line before the Queen, lifted their hands towards the sky, crying "Loche! Loche!" and then prostrated themselves in the

Next the boatmen went through the same ceremony, and then the populace in many times, but I'll be good-O boys! detachments paid their respects to their ruler in the same manner; after them the disappeared within her house, and soon after, surrounded by her young women, gave an audience to the white man. She had a wheezy accordcon, over whose of savage airs. She was very proud of It made no difference to them whether her musical accomplishments, which, however, did not greatly impress her Mr. Coillard has been permitted to es-

tablish a mission in this town, where he says many picturesque scenes only serve better go to the big folks' meeting after to conceal all the horrors of paganism this," said the preacher; and the choir and the grossest and most revolting superstitions.

#### The Wrong Result. "Ma," said Bobby, "have I been a

good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you." "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?" "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is "Let me go to bed to-night without

saying my prayers."--[Life.

put it out last night. Mrs. Jones: Of course the stains were

palm family, is the "Vegetable Ivory family" or in botanical language the phytelephasia, a rather long word for so small a family. The ivory nut trees are found in the northern portions of South America, along the rivers of New Granada, Peru, etc., that come down from the mountains. The trunks of the trees rise but a short distance above the surface, indeed are often entirely below. Its leaves, from twenty to thirty feet or more long form a magnificent tuft, each

leaf beautifully divided like a giant feather. The pistillate of fertile flowers and the staminate or infertile flowers. staminate These crowded on short stems, as seen in those snake-like objects on the nearest tree. The fertile flowers are followed by large capsules, or fruits, as large as a man's head, very rough on the outside, and containing about forty nuts, as large as a full-grown black walnut. The nuts themselves, have a thin, brittle crust,

when ripe, but when young are filled with a soft pµlp, which the natives eat in that state. This hardens as the nuts ripen, and when quite mature becomes as hard as ivory. The nuts require no other preparation than to knock away the outer shells, and to gather them up. They are sold by the hundred. The trees are sometimes to be seen in cultivation, in large conservatories, where they are conspicuous ornaments.-[American Agriculturist.

Washington Cranks. It is generally conceded that there are more cranks in Washington in proportion to its population than in any other city in the United States, writes a correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. None have a better opportunity to judge of this fact than those who are engaged in newspaper work here. There are several positively dangerous female cranks who hang about the departments pursuing imaginary claims. The wild, hungry look in their eyes establishes their identity at a glance. As long as their rambling, disconnected utterances are tolerated they appear harmless, but when they are treated with apparent indifference they become violent, and considerable tact is necessary to pacify them.

How these poor creatures manage to exist is a mystery, as they have worn the same old, shabby clothes for many seasons, and their faces have a pinched and half-starved look, while their eyes at times seem almost starting from their sockets. Absolute despair will sooner or later take possession of these unfortunates, and there is no telling what the

Tesult may be.

**Constantly Changing.** 

Little people often have severe struggles in mastering the primary facts of life. There was once a tiny lad-and the story is so old that he must now be a man-who, on being asked his age, replied, wearily, "Oh, they keep changing it so fast, I can't tell! Once they said 'twas three, and then 'twas four, and it, but two magnets connected with the then in a little while they called it five clockwork inside the tambourine move

every inch of which is an artistic treasure, deepened and harmonized, as are all its colors, by the humidity of the atmosphere. With the exception that they are broader, the rivers present similar picturesque qualities to the canals-the same low-lying banks, fringed with willows, the same boats; indeed, one mouth of the Rhine is but a canal in Holland. Near the sea, on some of the more important rivers, a singularly beautiful effect is produced by the large citics upon them, with shipping lying at their quays, and the broad, mirror-like surface of the water reflecting and doubling all the beauties are on separate trees. of color present. How blue is this water, are repeating the cloud-forms in the skies, thrown into prominence by the vivid green on the banks and the reds and browns of the cities in the background! Zeeland, surrounded by large rivers which seek the sea through it in myriads of canals and ditches, gives a peculiarly Dutch landscape-the roads, banked up crossing the streams by bridges whose arch, high enough to permit the passage of a canal-hoat, often frames the most charming bits; a windmill; a few old houses irregular in line, the brown-yellow of their roof-tiles and bricks enhanced by the glad blue of the sky and sunlightgreen of the fields .- [Scribner.

## National Floral Emblems.

Many nations and sovereigns have had plants and flowers as their emblems. The rose of England became especially famous during the War of the Roses, after which the red and white were united, and the rose of both colors is called the York and Lancaster; but when these flowers first became badges of the two honored as the emblem of Scotland from the circumstance that once upon a time a party of Danes having approached the Scottish camp unperceived by night, were on the point of attacking it, when one of the soldiers trod on a thistle, which caused him to cry out, and so aroused the enemy. The shamrock of Ireland was held by St. Patrick to teach the doctrine of the Trinity, and chosen in remembrance of him. It is always worn by the Irish on St. Patrick's Day. The leek, in Wales, as a national device, has not been satisfactorily explained, otherwise than as the result of its having Cymric colors, green and wh te .- Boston Budget.

# An Odd Clock.

A clock recently patented in France is in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees, one large and the other small are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to complete the circuit. The parchment surface is unbroken and the bees simply laid upon

Friend-What was it?

course was like the others in requiring the closest attention. The class drew strange-looking plans of fortifications; they built theoretical bridges, and practical ones also; they slowly registered the elements of the Spanish language, and daily shocked the professor by their un-Castilian accent; they discovered the analogy between the "Laws of the Medes and Persians" and the regulations of the Military Academy; and they skimmed over the history of the world from its settlement by Adam to the present time. They became adepts in the manufacture of shot and shell, and all weapons of attack and defense; they became deeply versed in law, international, constitutional, and military; they rode, they marched, they studied, they drilled; they built parapets and miniature forts, and then demolished them; they constructed pontoon bridges, spar bridges and rafts; they would have explained to you the minutest details in the manufacture of gunpowder and dynamite, or told you just where the plans of battle of great military leaders were defective. In fact, they became walking encyclopedias of useful military knowledge .-St. Nicholas.

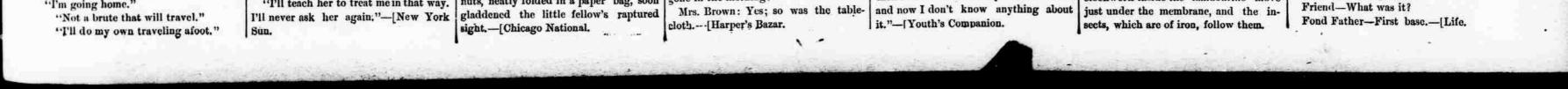
The Coyote and the Greaser. The fauna of New Mexico are few, but of interest, says a correspondent. Besides 16 varieties of rattlesnake, 21 of horned toad and 42 of lizard, there is the covote and the greaser. The greaser is wealthier than the coyote. I have known an opulent greaser to possess two strings of red peppers, a bushel of corn, a peck of onions and seven dogs. One greaser, who lived near Fort McRac, was the Vanderbilt of the section. He had nine dogs. The covote is superior houses I cannot discover. The thistle is to the greaser in that he sings. Shortly after midnight I have known officers, who usually had an indifferent car for music, to lie awake for hours listening to a chorus of covotes, and expressing their opinion in the strongest terms. A coyote sings every night when he has no supper, and he gets a supper about once a year when he is in luck.

An Indian Funeral.

The Indian funeral--it is a solemn, impressive, interesting ceremony. The remains of a child, we will suppose, are brought in. The mourners are still. They point up to the Great Spirit, down to the bad spirit. They hand round the remains. They chant on their knees, later standing up-they lay bows and arrows and other implements on the remains-the chanting continues. The body is placed on a scaffolding, where it decays in time. The skull is then washed and cleaned. It is placed in a circle with other skulls, and in time it disappears. The spirit is now thought to have crossed the wide river to the happy hunting ground beyond .-- [Boston Globe.

#### An Exploded Theory.

Fond Father-Talk of college not fitting a young man for earning a living! Just as soon as Johnny graduated he obtained a splendid position.



Disappeared.