## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One copy, one year - - . \$ 2.00 One copy, six months . . . . \$1.00 One copy, three months . . . 50 PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1887.

The Chatham Record.

The Chatham Record

## RATES

One square, two insertions

One square, one month -

NO. 7.

A Spanish Bull-Ring.

The bull-ring of Granada, like most

of those in the larger cities of Spain, is

1 vast amphitheatre, built of wood, and

For larger advertisements liberal con-

## Experience,

Dur't lose your temper or your time, Or fret your soul a minute, Because this good old roomy world Has foolish people in it. By not one wholly useless weed The fertile earth is cumbered; Then count not these can do no good, Or with them you'll be numbered.

If all began by being wise, Each one his sphere adorning, From wisdom's way we yet might stray For tack of proper warning; Buf Nature kindly sets her signs On Danger's chosen dwelling; Without these, what would come to us, There isn't any telling.

Just recken up your foolish friends, Each one's peculiar failing, And of that folly care yourself At which in them you're railing: While, if you find some luckless one The same all through and over, You'd better for be wallke him

Then that a long-longed clover. I lay no claim to any store Or philosophie knowledge, But this I've becomed by studies in That best her degrest college; Perhaps you think that school is meant

For other people only: Or, maybe, your are wise in truth-But don't you find it lonely? - Miriam K. Davis, in Frank Leslie's.

## "NERVOUS DAY."

Mrs. Stanhope was one of those neryous, irritable women that about half the time make themselves and every one around them miserable. She had been having one of her regular nervous days, gone wrong.

Little Freddy, only four years old and their only child, had been banished from the sitting-room, although he had pleaded hard to stay and "loot at his pitty pitter book" Santa Claus, brought him, and had promised, with such a resolute air, that he would be "so stilly;" but no, his mamma wanted to out to play,

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were not wealthy, so Freddy did not have a nurse to look after him, no one but old Towmaster, and who had watched him faithfully ever since he was a wee baby.

Mrs. Stanhope had just settled herself on the lounge and taken up the last magazine, which she thought might quiet her nerves a little, when, bang! went the outside door, as only a healthy boy, full of spirits, could shut it, and the next instant Freddy bounded into the sitting-room, upsetting a chair and tumbling heallong over a footstool.

A spasm, as of pain, crossed his mother's face, and she raised her hand as though to ward off a blow, exclaim-

"Oh, Freddy, what a naughty boy you are! why can't you stay out and play when mamma feels so?

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Freddy, who hal by this time regained his equilibrium, and who did not in the least mind the tumble or his mother's fretful speech; "me is havin' such fun! et me tell oo-

"No, no, Freddy," interrupted his mother; "I don't want to hear; run out again and play. You may do anything you choose, only let me have a little

Freddy looked disappointed and stood pouting his cherry lips, with one chubby finger stuck between them.

"Did you hear, Freddy," reiterated out; now start."

The child walked slowly out of the room. On the hall rug lay Towser, and Freddy impulsively threw his arms around his hairy friend's neck and burst

"Me did ont to tell er Towder, me did," he sobbed; but his grief and disappointment was of short duration, for in a few moments he sprang up and ran

out into the yard, followed by Towser. After Freddy went out, Mrs. Stanhope tried in vain to get interested in the magazine; at last she threw it petulantly from her and lying back upon the cushions, closed her eyes. Soon a sweet, delicious languor stole over her; she was riding in Mrs. Graham's exquisite

Mrs. Graham was a widow lady who lived just across the way, and who was worth over half a million, report said; and whose superb horses and elegant earriages little Mrs. Stanhope had often admired, and, if the truth must be told,

Then the scene changed; she was lying there on the lounge in her pleasant sitting room, listening to the sweetest music she ever heard. Suddenly there was a scream from Freddy, an energetic bow wow from Towser, and an exclamation of fright from Kitty, the servant girl, as she ran hastily out into the yard.

An undefined feeling of terror filled the heart of Mrs. Stanhope; she tried to rise, but found her strength had entirely descrited her; and pale as death, with eyes closed, she lay there longing, yet dreading, to hear what had happe ed, In a few moments -- it seemed hours to her-she heard Kitty come in. There was another step too, not Freddy's; she

VOL. X.

new intuitively they were looking in. "Hist! do not make a noise; she i ist asleep," she heard Kitty say in : chisper. "It will be trouble enough to er to know when she wakes, poo arvous crature."

"One of his horns went clean through," he heard the other voice say, and which he recognized as Mary Calhone's, Mrs. Graham's kitchen maid.

What terrible accident had happened that they were not going to tell her un til she awoke. O, would she ever awak and come out of this stupor! She trieto move, to scream, but all to no pu: pose; a sudden, thick darkness seeme enveloping her, and she sank into insensibility.

When she again opened her eyes i was night; the curtains were down, ; amp burned on the table, but was turned low down, and the figure of a strang woman was moving about the roon putting things to rights. "Who are you? What has happened?"

asked Mrs. Stanhope, in a scarcely audib'e voice and with difficulty arising to a sitting posture. "O, have you waked up!" said the

woman, coming over to the lounge where she sat. "And you don't know? deary me! how can I tell you! Your little boy, your little Freddy, you will never see him alive again!" "Never-see Freddy -alive! What

do you mean!" gasped Mrs. Stanhope, starting up and groping blindly acrothe room to the door. As she opened is as she styled them, and everything had she met her husband, who took her gently in his arms, soothed her tenderly, and in a broken voice told her that Mr. Afton's cross cow had by some means escaped from the yard into the road that afternoon, and that Freddy had teased her through the fence with his red searf; that in her rage she had broken down the fence, and, before Towser and Kitty could rescue him, plunged one of her lie down on the lounge, and he must go horns through Freddy's body, killing him instantly.

"O, why cannot I die too!" she wailed, wringing her hands distractedly. "My Freddy! my precious boy! my ser, the faithful Newfoundland watch darling baby! I have murdered you by dog, who was years older than his little my thoughtless selfishness! O, let me

After a while she became more calm: a sort of numb despair seized her heart: she could not weep, and when they les her to look at the little waxen form arrayed for Lurial, she could only look as the white, set face of her darling as he lay there, with roses strewn about him and snowdrops in his chubby hands, with a weary longing to lie down too and be at rest. Tears seemed swelling up in scalding floods over her brain, burning deep, seathing blisters there, but she could not shed one.

At length the day of the funeral came how spectre-like it all seemed, every one moved about so quiet, so death-like; she could not even remember a word the minister said. The procession formed they placed a heavy black vail over her face that seemed to increase the already midnight gloom of her heart. They reached the cemetery; the little casket was lowered into the grave and she heard the gravel rattle upon the lid; yes, they were burying her precious treasure, her all, forever from her sight and yet she could not weep, she had not dropped one tear on the loved face; the thought tore her heart with agony, and she felt her mind reel and totter on its throne.

Again she was at home. How still and silent the rooms were and how dark his mother, rising her voice. "Ain't and gloomy; it seemed as though she you going to mind? I told you to go was never again to see the bright, glorious sunshine. So weeks passed, She caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror once in a while, and she could see how thin and white it was growing. Then came whispers -- no one seemed to speak out loud now -that a change of scene was necessary; the beach or the

> Mechanically she made preparations to leave home: it was the night before her departure, and she strode out to the

cemetery to visit Freddy's grave. "Oh, my poor murdered darling!" she moaned, sinking upon the grave in an abandon of tearless grief.

"Lucy! Lucy! what is the matter? Ain't you never going to wake up?" said her husband's voice, close to her

With a start, she raised her head and looked about her. Yes, it was Walter that was bending over her, and strange to tell, she was lying upon the lounge in her little sitting room, and the sun was just flinging his parting rays into the west window. How cosy and cheerful everything looked; and, glancing up into her husband's face, she saw he was laughing.

"What! did you have the nightmare?" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she answered in a whisper, 'where is Freddy?'

"Freddy?" cchoed Mr. Stanhope: why he is asleep. After teasing Afton's cow until she tore the yard fence nearly all down, and getting Towser into a fine scrape, for he bit the cow severely, and she run one of her horns through his leg, and frightening Kitty nearly out of her senses, he has

concluded to go to sleep.' Yes, it was a cruel dream, and Lucy

ing-room door, which was ajar. She her lips to Freddy's and felt his soft breath upon her cheek.

It was a long time before she could tell her husband her terrible dream; and she never again sent Freddy away from her for the sake of quiet .- | New York News.

"Mugging" Criminals. In my business we learn to detect the foibles and weakness of men and women, says a police photographer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but in the jail you would not expect to find any vanity in the matter of personal appearance. Nevertheless there are many prisoners who take pride in securing a good negative. Ordinary prisoners never object to the process of "mugging," because they are too ignorant to understand the advantage of a picture in the hands of the police. High toned crooks from the East always object. Sophia Lyons, the famous New York shoplifter, cried and raved like a fury when brought before me, but finding the detectives inexorable, she dried her eyes, primped her hair, adjusted her bonnet, daube la ittle powder on her checks and told me o go ahead; that, if she couldn't help it, she would have a good portrait. Jane Cosley, another big shoplifter, sat miling as sweet as an angel, after having made a desperate fight, clawing like a catamount, and her face is one of the prettiest in my collection.

### How to Bear Burdens.

Mental burdens will be far more easily borne if they are placed, as much as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell on them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but, this done, let us place it where it may no longer be in constant sight-drag it to the light, to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side, its real burdens will be borne lightly, happiness will abound and be diffused, and the value of life be multiplied ten-fold,-Baptist Weekly.

## A Horse's Costly Tombstone.

Frank W. Harper, the well-known turfman, has ordered at Versailles, Ky., the costliest monument probably ever placed over the grave of any being below the estate of man. It is for Tea Broeck, the famous race horse, who recently died at Mr. Harper's stock farm, near Midway. Ten Broeck was foaled on the farm, and belonged to Mr. Harper throughout his whole life, and was beloved by the Harpers as a member of the family. The monument is to be of white marble, seven feet two inches high, and surmounted by an urn. Upon its side will be inscribed the dates of the birth and death of Ten Brocck and his various achievements,-|Baltimore

# A Happy Thought.

"I don't see why your friend Miss Smith referred to my moustache as 'down,' Maude," said young Sissy to his pretty cousin. "There is nothing of the 'down' about it; it quite bristles. I have to shave twice a week, I assure

"I know it bristles, Charley," returned the girl, knitting her brows, "although not very fiercely, and I am as much perplexed as you are to understand why Clara should speak of it as down. (Sudden happy thought.) Perhaps, Charley, it's because it grows on agoose. - New York Sun.

Many of my readers know that "ewt" stands for "hundredweight," for have they not used it themselves when doing their sums? But I think few could tell how this strange sign came to be employed. And yet when they learn its meaning they will find it very simple. C stands for "hundred;" it is the first letter of the Latin word centum, hundred. If you will look in your Bible you will notice that the hundredth psalm is marked "Psalm C." Then "wt." is merely short for "weight." Thus you have "hundredweight" (cwt.). -- Little Folks.

# The Passing Bell.

In olden times they used to ring the bell when the hour had arrived for the court to come in and hold its sessions, as they ought to do now for the court of common pleas.

"Is that the Passing bell?" inquired venerable stranger visiting the town. "Yes, sir, it is," replied a wag of a signal for you to come and pass your yers."- New London Day.

## Proof of Devotion. "And do you really love me George?"

"Love you!" repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding from Alexandria and other ports. A you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of while in two months of last year alone listened in vain for the patter of his little feet, The steps paused at the sit-

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Joking Grandma, "May I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?" But grandmamma shook her head:

When the birds go to rest, think it is best For mine to go, too," she said.

'Can't I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?" Still grandmamma shook her head: 'Dear child, tell me how, You're half asleep now; Don't ask such a thing," she said.

Then that little one's laughter grew hearty, "Why, granny," she said, Going to Miss Lilywhite's party Means going to bed!"

The Story of a Pebble. Sir Francis Doyle tells an interesting and bringing them upon her head. She story about a pebble, which I think you rises early, and goes to the handmill o' will like to hear. Mrs. Brooke, a relation of his, lived in a house on the banks of beautiful Loch Earn, in Perthshire. As pearls, more or less valuable, were often found there, Mrs. Brooke began collecting them, and the villagers' children used to take to her those which they heated by a fire built in it. When the picked up, receiving a shilling or two bread is mixed with water and a little in exchange. One day, a little girl, who had come from some considerable distance, called and offered her a pebble, but as Mrs. Brooke thought it useless, she refused to buy it. Presently large family, -- and does all the rough her brother asked her to change her mind, for, he said, the lassie had had calmly smokes his 'argelie,' or sits cross-"a very long walk, and was crying bit- legged upon his divan, or house-top, in terly at having to go home empty- converse with some equally hard-work-

handed." So Mrs. Brooke kindly told him to take the stone, and give the bairn what she roughly hewn. The house tops are of friend, who had travelled much, and hot weather the sun bakes this mudknew South America well, viewed the formed roof, and large cracks appear. pebble with great interest, and at length | The rain comes, and, as a natural conseremarked that if he had been in Brazil qu nce, the roof leaks. This is someand had seen the stone there he would thing of which the fastidious inhabitant have felt sure that it was a diamond, of the Bible Land does not approve. It The stone was at once sent to a skilled does not add to his bodily comfort. He jeweller, and he reported that the trav- remedies the difficulty, -shall I tell you eller's opinion was right, and very soon how? Not by any effort of his own; far the Loch Earn pebble was set in one of from it; his wife comes, ascends to the Mrs. Brooke's diamond rings. Unfor- house-top, and in the drenching rain. tunately, no trace could be found of the | propels a roller of solid stone, backward little girl, and so she was not able to | and forward, much as we use a lawn share the further reward that would mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks have been bestowed upon her success. | together, and prevents the entrance of Little Folks.

### The Whistler. Do you know why this duck is called

the Whistler? It flies so fast that it makes its wings fairly whistle through the air!

The ganner, waiting in ambush, can tell of its approach by the shrill sound and can get ready and take his position before it comes within gunshot.

This bird has many other names besides the Whistler.

Golden Eye, Great Head and Spirit Duck are some of them,

The Indians gave it the last name, because it allows the hunter to come very near it, and then before he can twang his bow, the duck has vanished below

This frightens the superstitious In dian. He thinks that such rapidity of motion can only be due to magic, and shudders at the thought that he has tried to shoot a spirit.

This bird has another strange habit. It builds its nest in the top of a tall dead tree, so old and worn that the bark and branches have fallen off, leaving only a

slippery pole. Nobody knows how the tender young ducklings get from the nest to the

Legend says that the mother bird carries her babies herself, holding them by the bill, and supporting them by her strong neck until she places them safely in the water. No wonder that the ignorant Indians think her an enchanted

When these birds are alarmed, they make a strange note, which sounds like the constantly recurring good note of an old worn-out hurdy-gurdy; such a one as is played by old women at street cor- to her husband, he is bitterly disapners, and is so weak with long use that only the one good not; can be heard at

The Whistler feeds on all sorts of marine insects and small shell-fish, and in some regions is so dainty as to prefer salmon spawn above all other food, -[St. Nicholas.

#### In and Around Jerusalem. Outside the walls of Jerusalem a new

and muscular. town has sprung up, a building club having been established a few years ago, under the operation of which 130 houses It is said that Louis XIV., the most were erected in four years by the Jews, haughty and magnificent monarch of while along the Jaffa road many country modern times, used to lift his hat even villas have been erected of late by Euto the female servants of his court, If ropean residents as summer resorts. so, no man need think that he derogates The latest development of the building of new houses without Jerusalem is to in a respectable shop when he is served be found in the enterprise which has by a woman. Even in business interlawyer, "the Passing bell. It is the led to much building being done on the course politeness need not be banished. slopes of the Mount of Olives, the sum-In England, for instance, checks are property into the hands of your law- mit of which is crowned with the Church marked, "Pay to." In France they of the Ascension .- | Jewish Messenger. are worded, "Veuillez payer"-"Please

# A Land of Onions.

It is to be noted that Egypt is again becoming a land of onion culture. Large quantities are yearly shipped to Europe few years ago the trade hardly existed, 14,000 tons were shipped to Liverpool. - New York Tribune.

# ARABIAN WOMEN.

A Housewife's Duties in Modern Bible Land.

Syrian Dames Work Hard While Their Husbands Loaf.

water. These are only a few of a Syrian

housewife's duties. Her reward is not

in this world surely. She cannot speak

to her husband in public; she can receive

no caress before his friends. She goes

veiled, and scantily clad. She has no

time to make her own habiliments, for

her hands must weave and spin and em-

broider artistically and abundantly for

winter her feet are protected only by

open wooden sandals, and drops of blood

mark the way to the Syrian well. Of

course this is among the lower and mid-

dle classes of society in Syria, but those

who belong to a higher class are very

few. The wealth of a Syrian family is

not in money, but is estimated according

to the number of herds of camels, goats,

sheep, and cattle it possesses. The women

are fond of ornament, but have little op-

portunity for it. They always wear

the "round tire like the moon," spoken

of in the Bible. Even the children have

these on. The form is a half-moon. A

single row of silver coins overlapping

one another, and sewed upon a piece of

coarse material through a single hole

bored in one side, is attached to a square

of cloth, having long strings, which tie

under the black hair. This allows the

coins to rest in a curve about the fore-

head. One of these tires, which we

had, weighed four pounds and six

ounces, and was was worth \$80. We

now have a child's tire, which weighs

two pounds. Over the round tire is

worn the heavy, hand-woven, linen veil.

The specimen we have is worth \$50, and

is large enough for a piano-cover, All

the silk for embroidery is gathered by

women from the silk-worms, and must

be spun and dyed before they can use it.

If a mother in Syria presents a daughter

pointed. When you ask a Syrian parent,

"How many children have you?" if his

family consists of five boys and six

daughters, he will tell you, "I have five

seems bitterly cruel when the workers

of Syria are of the other sex. The girls

are dark-eyed, raven-haired, of olive

complexion, and usually of medium

height, though some are extremely tall

Politeness.

What Made Her Nervous,

isn't going to be a collision.

Conductor-I hope not.

Tribune.

basket,

the husband and male children.

capable of seating perhaps 20,000 persons. By accident we came to this huge structure in the course of our meanderings, and we were conducted through it by an attendant. In the stables were a number of wretched-looking steeds, aged and raw-boned as Don Quixote's "Rosin-There are grand women in Arabia nate," yet considered good enough to be women of ability, keen in insight, and slain by doughty bulls for the amusewonderful capabilities, writes Florence ment of the gentle dames and spirited M. Jones in the Swiss Cross. The duties young dons of Granada. On the stockade of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as folsurrounding the area were great streaks lows: She brings all the water for and blotches of blood, which had spurted family use from a distant well. This from the wounded animals in various is accomplished by filling immense jars, combats. At the same time that these were pointed out to us it was explained the village, carrying corn, enough of how, in the practice of the noble art of bull-fighting, a horse would often have which for the day's bread she grinds by his sides ripped open by an infuriated slow, laborious process. This she carbull and the plucky steed would neverries home and cooks in an oven, which theless go on sometimes with the fight, is made in the earth. It is a round hole, although his entrails would trail lined with oval and flat stones, and upon the ground and dangle about his feet. We were then conducted to the chambers where the matadores dressed salt, she removes the ashes, and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to themselves and where were kept the trappings for ornamenting the horses, cook. Could anything be more crude? and the apparatus for provoking the She cares for her children, -unusually a bulls. Among the articles of the latter sort were long poles with sharp spikes in work at intervals, while the husband the end, masks, dummy horses and various other devices and instruments of torture, cunningly adapted to arouse the wrath of a peaceably disposed bull and ing member of Syrian society. The houses are made of a coarse stone, convert him into an infuriated demon. In one of the rooms, improvised as a wanted for it. A few weeks later, a clay, covered with coarse gravel. In chapel, there were crucifixes and other pious paraphernalia by which the last sudden emergency, be administered to a spondent. Yes, the flour barrel. mortally wounded bull-fighter, so that his gentle soul might not take its flight similar provision for the bulls and horses, a long time. they being only brutes and having no souls.-[American Magazine. The Most Famous Oysters.

The Blue Points are the most famous in the world. They were first discovered a little over a hundred years ago "No, I ain't. I'm out. Out of sugar, in Long Island waters. The bottom of the Great South Bay, opposite Blue Point, was covered then with blue-mud and up to the time the oysters were discovered they were not supposed to exist in the muddy ground. The discovery was accidentally made by an oysterman. The shells of the oyster were a deep dark color, and the oyster itself was fat and luscious. It was not long after the discovery before the baymen flocked to the grounds by hundreds, and it was not unusual for one man to take as high as 200 bushels in a single day. At that time there was a ready market for them at 50 cents per bushel. The beds could not stand the drain upon them and were finally exhausted. The oysters now called Blue Points do not resemble the original any more than day does night, as they do not grow wild, but are cultivated the same as a field of wheat or corn. The ovsters grown in the waters around Patchogue (which is one of the greatest oyster growing localities in this state), are shipped all over the world as Shrewsburys, East Rivers, Blue Points and almost every other name given an oyster. Over five hundred men are employed in the oyster industry in and about Patchogue. The oysters are shipped by the barrel to Europe, are but little larger than a silver dollar, costing, ready for shipment, about \$1 per barrel. They bring \$5.50 and \$7 per barrel in the European markets. - Brooklyn Citi-

The Ceylonese. The Ceylonese, or Singhalese, as they are called, from the native name of their lovely island, are a mild and inof- The first of these envelopes were made fensive race of people. They have the in England about the year 1840. reputation, indeed, of being rank cowards, but this is rather the character of most Eastern folk. The men are tall, not badly made, and have slender limbs. The women are shorter, and are fond of finery, such as gay-colored dresses, bangles, and chains. They are partial to music and dancing, but their tom-tom, children." They only count boys. This as they call their drum-like instrument, gives out a dull and tiresome sound which soon gets monotonous; and their dancers are not as a rule so agile, graceful, and clever as the Hindoo dancers of that when inverted they formed the ci-

# A Magnificent Lemon.

Our friend Thomas C. Dixon, showed us a magnificent lemon which he had gathered from a tree of his own raising. It was 7 inches long and 11 1-8 inches

# The Business for the Boy.

to pay," "Kindly pay," etc. -Chicago He's getting to be 18 years old and ought to get into something. Old lady-Conductor, I hope there

Lucifer, but he's as neat as wax. Old lady-I want you to be very keerful. I've got two dozen eggs in this him in the match business,

he's fitted for.

# Night on the Farm,

Tis dewfall on the lonely farm, The flocks are gathered in the fold, The dusky air is soft as balm, The daisies hide their hearts of gold.

Slow, drowsy, swinging bells are heard In pastures dewy, dark and dim, And in the door-yard trees, a bird Trills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark, blue deeps are full of stars; One lone lamp, in the hillside gloom A mile away is red as Mars; The night is faint with sweet perfumes.

At bedtime in the quiet house, Up through the wide old rooms I go, Without a lamp--and not a mouse Is stirring. Loudly, to and fro,

The old clock ticks, and easterly The ancient windows open high; Here the sun's kiss will waken me, With bird-songs welling up the sky. -[New England Farmer.

#### HUMOROUS.

Electricity is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.

A bald-headed book-keeper should

never try to wipe his pen on his hair. In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure

Hardly anybody would care to change places with the turtle, and yet he has a

English statesmen live longer than American statesmen, but they don't have

"I aim to tell the truth," "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are very bad shot." "Can you recommend for me a good

offices of the church might, in case of home course of botany?" asks a corre-Cally-Miss Peterson has remarkably

small eyes. Dally-Yes, they look small, unshriven. There appeared to be no but she has had a young man in 'em for A girl who was told by an old boat-

man to be sure and have her boat welltrimmed went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the gunwale. "Ain't you in, Maria?" he queried, as he fumbled around with the latchkey.

out of tea, out of flour, and out of patience," snapped a female voice from an upper window. A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door, "It's none of your business

how our milk is made," was the indig-

nant response, and the door slammed

# Seals.

most emphatically.

Sealing a letter is nowadays the work of an instant, but how was it accomplished before the invention of gummed envelopes? A correspondent of Le Livre describes the methods of sealing which have been employed from the remotest antiquity.

The first seals consisted of a ring affixed to clay, and later to chalk or a mixture of pitch, wax, and plaster. The use of wax did not become general until the Middle Ages. Beeswax, yellowed by time, was the first variety of it used, and, after it, came sealing wax mixed with a white substance. Red and green wax came in during the twelfth century, and, a hundred years later, the list of colors was supplemented by nearly all those now to be found in wax.

In the times of the First Empire, under Bonaparte, the French people began to use wafers which were brought from Italy by the soldiers of the French army. These wafers were cut with a punch from a thin leaf made of flour. Finally gummed envelopes began everywhere to replace the scaling wax and wafers.

The seals chosen by different people are often interesting, as indicating personal tastes. Goethe, after his return from Italy, sealed his letters with an antique head, such as that of Socrates, Minerva or Leda, The seal of the astronomer Lalande had a ship engraved upon it, and that of Meyerbeer, the composer, had a lyre, with the legend, "always in tune.

Victor Hugo's seal was very simple, merely the letters V. H. so arranged pher A. H .- | Youth's Companion.

### Left His Address at Home. An old farmer named Kent was a well

known character some years ago in Mount Vernon and Vienna. He had in circumference and weighed over 14 many peculiarities and eccentricities ounces. We were astonished to find that | which earned for him a variety of nickfrom his dignity by keeping his hat off it was possible to raise such fruit in names, at which, by the way, he never Chatham county. It is of excellent took any offence. In some way this old quality, and Mr. Dixon's tree bears about fellow had some claim to a pension. He two dozen a year--[Pittsboro (N. C.) went down to Augusta to be examined by the physician there for that purpose. He was found to have disabilities that warranted his obtaining a pension, but Fond Mother-Pa, what business do he was very much excited at the length rou think we ought to start Willard in? of the examination and the variety of questions put to him. Finally he was asked his address. "Oh, yes, of course," Fond Father-It's hard telling what he replied, "you'll want my address, but bless me what did I do with it?" Fond Mother-Yes, he's as proud as After fumbling in all his pockets, he looked up helplessly and said, "By gra-Fond Father-Well, then, let's start clous, I must have left my address at home."-[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.