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#### Love's Triumpk. When the morn broke clear and the sun rose

And the sea, which had tossed through that terrible night.

On that rock-bound shore, Ceased to surge and to swell in waves moun

tain high. Cented to toss its foam angrily up towards the sky. Ceased its horrible rear.

Then she stale from her cot, with her babe closely pressed Gainst her heart, which had wildly throbbed

in her breast Through the wearisome night: And she moved to the cliffs, which stood high and steep.

And, with wide staring eyes, looked out on the deep in the clear morning light.

That wast sen was as smooth as a lake that's Not a wave could be seen upon its broad

. As it rolled to the land; Yet it silently swept far up on the beach. Every time it even up striving higher to I pon the bleak strand.

For a moment her beart was filled with af-While she gaze I on the sea, lit by morning's clear light.

And saw far and near, On the breast of the deep, bits of hull and of Which told of the tempest that o'er it had

Dussed In that night bleak and drear. 'Twas her tisherman husband for whom she

feared. For his boat on the ocean she eagerly perced, But no sail was in sight: Then her eyes chanced to turn from the sea

to the land. And she saw a man's form lying still on the

In the clear morning light.

Something strange in that form for a breath stopped her heart. Something known in that form caused the life blood to dart

Through her bosom once more; For a moment she scarcely could gather her breath.

For a moment her face was as ghastly as As she gazed at the shore,

Three she rushed to her but, took the babe from her breast. And, leaving the child in his cradle to rest,

flown the path, that was cut in the cliff's rugged side. To the sands where the ocean's still rising

She hastened to go

Came stendy and slow.

With a fast beating heart along the dry

Which the incoming tide was trying to reach. She flew o'er the ground In the form which lay there, as if dead, on its

Side.

In the spot where 'twas left by the last rising

Her husband was found.

At his side in an instant she dropped on her

And eagerly peered at his features to see Were he living or dead; But she saw that his face was as ghastly as

death. And there came from his lips not even a

breath As she lifted his head

Then the shirt o'er his breast she tore quickly apart. And her quivering hand she placed on his beart

For a moment's brief space; As she felt his heart's throb, uncertain and slight. Her breast filled with joy, her eyes shone with a light

Which transformed her face He was ghastly and cold as he lay on the At the spot unto which he'd been swept on

the strand By that terrible storm. But her heart leaped for joy in the breast of that wife.

For she'd felt his blood throb and she knew there was life In that almost dead form

With the strength of a giant, born of her She carried that form to the cliff-top above. From the surf-beaten shore:

And she dared on the way not a moment to Lest the heart that so faintly beat in his

breast Should cease evermore. To their cot, near at hand, her burden she

And, though her frame shook as she entered the door. Her heart did not quail; Yet she sighed when she'd placed his form

on the bed. For his eyes were wide staring as if he were

And his face ghastly pale. With the courage of love she fought for his With the vigor of love she entered the strife

And conquered grim Death: For she saw, in good time, light gleam in his And she heard with delight from his bosom a

And she felt his faint breath Love had won, as oft times it had won be

Love had won, as it will till our loving Till we pass from this earth;

Strength had come to her arms as her hus band she bore. Strength had come to her frame that she'd ne'er known before

> Till love gave it birth. -[New York Graphic.

Awa: back in the sixtie: I was finanenterprises with a man named George | ance was suspended to see the row out. | that they can rest."

A LITTLE HERCULES.

in many localities in Texas he was known only as Nervy George. I have seen a great many statements concerning his adventures in print, but all more or less exaggerated. Some of the advenfor the first time.

Sloane was an Ohio boy, and I made his acquaintance and chummed with him in Andersonville prison. We went West together after the war, and at that time he was only 27 years old. He was 5 feet 7 inches high, weighed 160 pounds, and was the strongest man I ever saw outside of a professional wrestler or cannon-ball tosser. His flesh was so hard that he could crack a walnut on his leg. On two or three occasions I knew him to break the bones in a man's hand by a single grip. He took no training of any sort, but the him. As if not satisfied in making him him falter or hesitate or make a mistake life by having his spine in jured. in doing just the right thing. One afternoon, after we had finished

up some business in Dallas and were ready to go, we entered a saloon. It characters generally, and every man wore a revolver in plain sight. We were sipping our drink when a burly, big ruffian, who was a fighter from way with considerable force, and then stood off and leered at him and said:

"I'm waitin' fur ye to ax my parding for that, banty." Sloane never carried a weapon of any

sort while in town. He looked the fellow over in a cool and quiet way, and stampeded. I own up I had no desire finally asked "Did you intend to insult me, sir?"

talks of insults? Why ye little game- peeped cautiously from a window and up on the top of a bowl with a sort of cock from somebody's barnyard, I'll saw Sloane still outside. He was on his basket work cover on it. give ye two minits to get down on your feet, leaning against a column of the knees to me."

I finish this glass," replied George, "I come in, but he shook his head. Appeals will make a wreck of you,"

By this time everybody in the saloon had crowded around us, and it was easy to see we had no triends there. There the lower end of the street and turned was something in Sloane's eye and tone to come back. He came at full gallop, which cautioned the big fellow, and if left to himself he would have retired hotel and fired three shots at Sloane from the scrape. But he was egged on and braced up by the crowd who ached to see a row, and he stepped back a lit- cloth without drawing blood. We were tle, drew his revolver, and growled,

"Now, banty, get down on your marrow bones, er you'll take a dose of lead,"

Sloane leaned on the bar with his elbow and sipped his wine slowly, paying no further attention to any one. He was, perhaps, a minute and a half finishing his glass, and during the last half minute he was covered by the man's revolver. When he set the glass down he wiped off his mouth, returned the handkerchief, and then turned and advanced upon the ruffian. The man fired point blank at his head, cut off a lock of hair, Before he could fire again George seized other on his knee, lifted him high in the

"Great heavens! Tom is as dead as a

So he was. The iron fingers had choked the life out of him as he was held aloft, and when he struck the barrel almost every bone in his body was broken. George stood there for two long minutes, and that he was not yet entirely well looking from one to the other, and then asked:

"Does anybody else want me to go down on my knees?

Never a man replied. Never a hand was lifted and we went slowly out and mounted our horses and rode away un-

A month or so later we were at Waco, and one night attended the performance at a concert hall. A rougher crowd couldn't have been brought together. In the first five minutes of our stay, I saw three tumblers of beer shot out of the hands of waiters, and a hat was knocked from the head of one of the stage performers by a bullet. I they make their appearance to be supscented a row and wanted to go, but George asked me to wait a bit. Directly in front of us sat an outlaw from the Indian Territory. He was in an ugly frame of mind and anxious for blood letting, and pretty soon he turned on

us with: "Which of you vermin spit on my

"Neither of us, sir," politely an- ting them upright. swered my friend. "You are a liar!" shouted the man, as

Sloane. That was his right name, but | We were enock up to the side of the hall, with a wide aisle in our front. Retreat was cut off, while we could be approached by three men abreast. We The nuts are ripe in the hazel-wood, put our backs to the wall, and I called out that we were unarmed and wanted tures which came about while we were fair play. Twenty people shouted back in company I will now give to the press | that we should have it, but in place of two men approaching us a whole half The nuts are ripe on hedge and tree; dozen jumped into the aisle.

"Leave them all to me," whispered George, and he obliged me to do so by stepping in front.

The crowd came at us with a rush, sleeves rolled up and fists clenched. George stepped out to meet them. Biff! Biff! went his iron knuckles, and every man was knocked down inside of forty This is the story. Some four hundred seconds, and that before one of them could get in a blow. Then George picked each one up in turn, gave him a shake which elicited a howl of pain, and flung him among the spectators, strength and ruggedness were born to Not one of them came back after more, and no one else in the audience cared a young hercules, nature gave him the to meddle with us. It was over in five most wonderful nerve and courage. He minutes, and after the stage manager once told me that he would give \$100 to had tendered us a vote of thanks, the realize for five minutes what fear was. performance went on. Three of the I saw him in some of the hottest places | five men received broken limbs in the a man could get into, and I never saw toss, and one was made a cripple for

One of the nerviest things in Sloane's whole career happened at Navasota, on the Brazos River. We were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when a fighter enwas full of gamblers, cowboys and rough | tered | the village on horseback, and armed with a Winchester and two revolvers. He took a drink or two, and then started in to capture the town. There was only one street, and he rode up and back, intentionally fell against Sloane down this at full gallop, firing right and left and uttering terrific yells. In five minutes he had the town. People disappeared from sight with amazing celerity, and everybody was thoroughly cowed. The fellow fired two shots among the sitters on the veranda, and we for a closer acquaintance with the ruffian, and I was among the first to eek "Insult ye?" echoed the other. "Who cover. When we were all inside I ing at the table, when a little mouse ran veranda and smoking a cigar as coolly "If you do not beg my pardon before as you please. I shouted for him to

> were made by others, but he turned a The cowboy had by this time reached but checked his horse in front of the from a distance of fifty feet. The first zipped past his ear, the other two cut looking full at the shooter from the windows, and as he fired his thirl shot without bringing his man a look of wonder came to his face, and he bent forward for a closer look, and shouted:

"Who are you, man or devil?" George sauntered along to the steps, slowly descended, and approached the man, and as he came near eaough he grabbed for him. Next instant the cowboy was pulled off his horse and being literally mopped all over the road. He tried to use a weapon, but was disarmed with scarcely an effort, and whoa George got through with him he lay as one dead. and the bullet killed the bartender. Rifle, revolvers, and knife were broken and flung in a heap beside him, and him, one hand on his throat and the George sat down on the steps to finish his smoke. He had kept his cigar alight air, and held him thus for ten seconds. | through the fracas. I personally inter-Then he gave the body a fling upon viewed the doctor who was called to see some whiskey barrels ten feet away. It the cowboy, and he gave me a list of the was an astonishing feat of strength, and injuries, as follows: Left arm broken, the silence of death fell upon the room, thumb on right hand broken, three When it was broken it was by a man scalp wounds, right shoulder probably who had tip-toed over to the barrels to dislocated, three teeth knocked out, five look at the ruflian, and who hoarsely bad bruises on various parts, one eye

The fight did not last three minutes, and yet the little giant laid the fellow up for three good months and taught him a lesson he never forgot. I saw and talked with him a year later, and he told me he never was so scared in his life. from the drubbing. - [New York Sun.

# Stowaways.

Stowaways trouble English steamers more this year than ever before. To find ten or fifteen of them is a common thing. They make friends with the men who load the vessels, and are put away wherever they can be secreted. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen to two dozen men have thus been secreted. Most of them are tramps, They only remain in their hiding places till the vessel is well out to sea, when ported during the rest of the voyage .-[Philadelphia Call,

The Tired Boots. A little Boston boy, aged six, is of a very imaginative temperament. Quite recently his mother noticed that at bedtime each night he laid his little boots together upon their sides, instead of set-

"Pray tell me why you always place your boots that way?" said mamma; and the child replied:

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Nut-Time. And hang in many a cluster, And, with merry din To gather thent in, The children quickly muster.

As the field-mice know with good reason And each makes up his mind He won't be behind With stores for the winter season

-[Little Folks. The Sword of Damocles. You will sometimes read an allusion to the sword of Damocles. Perhaps you have not understood what it meant, years before the time of Christ, Dionysius the elder was "tyrant," or ruler, of Syracuse, in Sicily. He was surrounded by courtiers, of whom Damocles was one. This man having flattered the tyrant and spoken in the most glowing language of the happiness of royalty, Dionysius resolved to teach him a severe lesson. Damocles was invited to the palace, but in the midst of the gorgeous banquet he happened to look upwards, when he beheld a keen-edged sword hanging above his head, and suspended by a single hair. His fear lest the hair might snap at any moment destroyed all hopes of enjoyment, and from that time his notions of royal bliss became seriously changed. The :ame idea of the cares of the kingly state was expressed by Shakespeare, when he put into the mouth of Heary the Fourth the well known sentiment "Uneasy lies the

#### Defending a Mouse.

head that wears a crown,"

I was visiting at a friend's house in Calcutta, says Mr. Keane in his "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," and was on this evening sitting at dinner alone. The table had been some time waiting for the host and I had at last received a note that he was not coming home. 1

I should not have thought that of itself very singular, for the "tribes on our frontier" made most unexpected incursions. But when he did get perched on the cover of the bowl, the little fellow rose upon his hind lege, with his hands before him and began to entertain me with the funniest little mouse song you can imagine, "Chit, chit, cheep cheep chit," he whistled, and he kept it up before me in the most unembarassed and self possessed little way. I must have been a trying audience, for I leaned back in my chair and roared with

As I looked at the little performer 1 gradually became aware of a shadow, a something strange gliding out from behind a dish toward the mouse. Silently and slowly it neared him; in another minute a beady snake's eye glittered in the lamp light. My hand stole softly for the carving knife. The snake reared his head level with the mouse, and the poor Httle fellow's song, which had never ceased, became piercingly shrill, though he sat up rigidly erect and motionless. The head of the snake drew back a little to strike; out flashed the carving knife.

The spell was broken instantly, for he mouse dropped and scampered. The snake was wounded, for there were drops of blood on the table cloth, and it was writhing about among the dishes and plates. I could not make a bold stroke at any part of it for fear of breaking the crockery, and whenever I made a dig with the point it was like pricking the garter. I would not have believed, until I had seen it, how much of himself a snake can stow away under the edge of a plate.

At last I saw the end of his tail projecting out from under a dish. A snake held by the tail and swung rapidly round cannot turn back and bite. I grabbed the tail with my left thumb and finger, and drew him out until I judged the middle of his body to be under the knife - then I came down and cut him in two. He was a cobra-a little one about two feet long, but quite large enough to kill a man.

# Timber Supply of the Country.

Notwithstanding the great draw upon the wood reserves of the country, there is no danger of exhaustion at present New England is by no means denuded of its timber. The great northwestern pineries are comparatively unexhausted. There is also a vigorous second growth of white pine in New England, where the forests are already yielding between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 feet of timber annually. Southern pine, although stripped from the banks of the streams flowing into the Atlantic, is practically untouched in the Gulf States, especially those bordering on the Mississippi. The hard wood forests of the Mississippi basin are still prolific. In Michigan, particularly the northern peniusula, hard wood is plentiful, maple especially. In he Pacific coast region the great forests of fir are practically intact. The forest capacity of the country is vest. Strange o say, the decimating element of most "No shooting! No shooting!" called a "Because they must be tired walking potence is fire, and not the axes of mercraby interested in two or three Texas handred voices, and the stage performs so much all day; I lay them sideways so renary timber speculators. \_[Boston Bul-

# SUPERSTITION.

The Belief in Signs Common to Many People.

Some Old-Time Omens and What They Indicate.

It is astonishing what a hold superstition has upon the average American, and it may be safely said that there is not one in a hundred who has the force of character and strength of mind to unburden himself of all such foolish notions. Among gamblers superstition forms as much a part of a professional's education as learning to-deal cards, and until he has all the innumerable superstitions which prey upon the minds of his class at his fingers' tips he cannot

expect to rank as a real "gam." Actors, too, are the most superstitious people on the face of the globe. In no company will the manager permit the "tag" or end of the play to be spoken during the preliminary rehearsal, and if, on the night of the first appearance an actor of the company or an attache of the theatre happens to look out front to "size up" the house before the curtain is rung up, he or she is in for a long squabble with the manager or his assistant. In less intelligent companies this breach of "etiquette" would cost the might be due him.

offender a good part of the salary that Housewives have as many superstitions as gamblers, even more, and some of them are really laughable. In the country, if the back door happens to be open and a rooster crows near it, the industrious housewife who may be in the kitchen scouring her knives, will drop them in a hurry and run and get on her clean "duds." She considers it a sure sign that a stranger is coming. But should that rooster turn his back on the open doorway and go off crowing his action will send a cold chill meandering up and down the spinal column of the housewife, for then she knows "for certain" there'll be a death in the family. Bad luck, too, will come if she

stove. This superstition should be cul-Other superstitions of the same character-such as sweeping with a broom at night time or dumping crumbs in the yard-deserve universal commendation. But just let a hen crow in the vard of some old, way-back farmer. It will cause considerable commotion in the family. From the infrequency of this occurrence the belief in the minds of many people that it foretells a death is ineradicable. There are many other superstitions that are not common to any particular class, but find believers in all ranks and every condition of life. Thus, the familiar verses

sweeps dirt into her yard. at must be

taken up in the house and burned in the

If you love me as I love you. No knife can cut our love in two

must have been founded on the old-time belief that to present a knife to any person, and especially if he or she was loved by the donor, would bring bad luck, and in the case of lovers a separa-

"Death ticks" and the sound as of bells ringing in a house are cousins ger man of the Irish "banshee," and the same direful consequences that are supposed to attend the appearance of the latter will result in the former instance. A superstition which finds believer among really intelligent people is that of the "howling dog." If a dog howls or moans in front of your house at night, to many people it is a sure forerunner of sickness or death in the family. The writer knows of two in stances where the moaning of a dog at night in front of a house was followed by death-that of the dog.

When the time approaches for the new moon to appear above the horizon young men and girls who are lovestricken will hail it with feelings of mingled hope and fear. If by any mischance they should first see the new moon by looking over their left shoulder, then good-by to all hopes of a successful issue of their affairs during the life of

All are familiar with the lines: "See the new moon through the glass, the sign of trouble while it lasts," Should the reader ever happen to leave home and forget some bundle which he intended to have taken, let him or her be sure to either make the sign of the cross in sand or else sit upon a convenient horse block. Should they return home without performing these rites to destroy the power of the Evil One, they are like-

ly to suffer some terrible calamity. To open and close an umbrella in a house is a sure sign of death. Perhaps the man who first said if you enter a house by one door and leave it by another, or if you enter by a window, it will bring some evil consequences, hoped o scare off burglars who might te contemplating a raid upon his silverware and decorated china. Anyhow, it is a

At the breaking up of a merry crowd and fun-making, should four persons in have given you this eigar, Dumley. bidding each other good night cross | Dumley-Yes; is it a bad one? their hands, there is a general shout and [ Feather y - No; it's a (pull) good one. the victims are assured that one or the | -- | Puck.

#### other of them will marry soon. This is especially unpleasant in the case of a young man who may be calling upon the

most "innercentest" intentions. Another popular belief, and should it ever be expressed in your presence you may set the speaker down as countrybred, is that should a tree-frog be killed his death will be shortly followed by

"He is as cross as if he got out of bed on the wrong side," is a common ex-

The custom of walking arm in arm may owe its origin to a belief in the olden time that if two persons were walking together and anot her passed between them, they would be disappointed in something they intended to do.

The charm against this is for all parties to say "Good morning."-- | Washington Star.

#### A Chinese Hospital. In one of the most crowded thorough

fares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai there has stood for forty years a free native hospital mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56 and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated, From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing, for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their waiting multitude the Word of Life: "I who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon, may the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk."- | Quiver.

# She Could Say R.

The director of a large girls' school in French Canada, which is patronized by many American families, tells a story of a pert New England girl, with whom the instructors had any amount of difficulty, quite naturally, in getting her to this difference so marked as in the arsound the letter r. When a letter has been unpronounced for generations, it comes hard to the young. This New England girl had been labored with for so long a time over the sound of the r in French words that she came to regard the instruction in this particular as a great bore; and when the director himself took her in hand one day, and

"Now, see here, Miss -- , I want you to pronounce the r for me," she put on a look of unutterable weariness. "Now, please pronounce for me an English word," he persisted, "that begins with an r, and be sure that you sound

"R-r-r-r-rats!" exclaimed the American girl, with a snap in her eyes .-Philadelphia Press.

# A Hawk Drowns a Blackbird.

The English paper Land and Water publishes and credits to a "local paper," a story told by a Scotch railrord laborer, who saw a hawk swoop upon a blackbird which was singing on a bush by the side of the River Ettrick. The blackbird, he says, was at once unperched and carried to the ground, struggling and screaming in the talons of his adversary. The hawk, evidently finding considerable difficulty in dispatching the bird, dragged it along the ground te a shallow pool, where he put his head under water and stood on it till his victim was drowned.

# Fighting from Balloons.

Military balloon experiments of various kinds are being tried in England off Dungeness. Thus range firing has been watched from a captive balloon, while a similar craft is sent aloft empty and fired at by shrapuel shell, to ascertain how near a balloon may pass to the enemy's lines without being, hit. Some capital photographs have been taken from a height of 4000 feet in a small balloon remaining only a few minutes in the air. The balloon carries an automatic camera, which produces a good view of the country beneath.

# Base Ingratitude.

Featherly (to Dumley, who has given who have spent the evening in laughter him a cigar)-Somebody (puff) must

## The Chatham Record

#### RATES

One square, two insertions One square, one month -

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

#### "No. Thank You, Tom." They met, when they were girl and boy,

Going to the school one day, And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?" fair daughter of the family with the Was all that he could say. She bit her little pinafore. Close to his side she came:

> But took it all the same. They met one day, the self-same way, When ten swift years had flown;

She whispered, "No, no, thank you, Tom,"

He said, "I've nothing but my heart, But that is yours alone. And won't you take my heart?" he said.

And called her by her name; She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom, But took it all the same. And twenty, thirty, forty years

Have brought them care and joy; She has the little peg-top still He gave her when a boy. I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he, "I've never brought you fame;

She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,

You've loved me all the same! -IF. E. Weatherley.

### HUMOROUS.

The two-legged crank is the hardes

It would seem natural for a carpenter o have a lumbering gait. "All But" is the title of a story by

Rose Terry Cooke. Probably the history of a billy goat, Curiously enough the man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his tem

per worth a cent. A Canadian farmer has a calf which eats turkey whenever it gets a chance. The carnivorous bovine should be named "The Czar."

Edison has invented a graphophone

whose voice is clear and distinct. Mer

with well regulated wives don't need any of these new-fangled things. "Why is a small boy like a woman?" said a certain man to his troublesome wife. No response. "Because he wil

Lady of the house (urging company to eat)-Please help vourselves. De room, seated for 300, is crowded with just as you would in your own house. men, women and children, long before I am always so glad when my friends are at home.

make a man grown," said the conun

"What are chilled ploughs, papa? language as his own, sets before this asked the little son of an agriculture professor, "Oh, my son," was the wise believe," writes a Christian physician, reply, "they are ploughs which have

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?" "By a very simple method," "What method was that?" "When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor,"

#### After the Battle. The aspect of troops of all arms of

the service, writes Colonel J. B. Gandol-

fo, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is very different in battle from the trim and neat parade appearance, but nowhere is tillery. It was always most interesting to me to watch a battery going into action. The artillerymen were very careful at all times to dress strictly in accordance with regulations and when a battery took position every cannoncer looked as if he had just prepared himself for inspection. Nothing could be neater and more uniform than their appearance. But this did not last long. As the fire began to get hot a jacket here and there would be thrown off; next the collars would go, and often the shirts. The men were soon bathed in perspiration, which they would hastily brush off with their powder-blackened hands, leaving great marks wherever they touched themselves. When the men began to fall and were carried to the rear by their comrades, blood stains were added to the powder marks, and at the close of the fight the artillerymen, so remarkable for their fine appearance at its opening, presented the most horrible spectacle that can be imagined. But they soon removed all trace of the fray, and by the next day were as clean and neat as ever.

# Fats as Tonics.

Fats, especially those which are of

easy digestion, like cod liver oil and sweet cream, are also essential to the well-being of the nervous system. The peculiar substance-neurine-found in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent. It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is extremely unfortunate, for the omission of fats and oils from the diet tends to not only continue the nervousness, but to increase the irritability and weakness. Cod liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already partly digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the lish, and thus rendered still more easy of absorption. The labor of digestion is thus partly taken away from the tasks to be performed by the invalid. Of course, the fishy odor is objectionable at first, but this is generally easily overcome by continuing its use for a short time. There are a few preparations on the market in which oil of some kind has been partially digested by admixture with panere tine. Emulsions thus made are palatable but much more expensive than