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# The Chatham Record.

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NO. 9.

In Fields of Corn. In Fields of corn the sunbeams creep, Where cups of crimson poppies steep And drop their drowsy dreams until The little winds grow faint and still, On murmuring leafy seas asleep,

In fields of corn. The vellow kernels fold and keep The mellow wealth the seasons heap, And happy orioles pause and trill In fields of corn.

In fields of corn the truant sheep Through red-tipped tangled tassels peep, Where silky tufts in crinkles spill From silvery sheaths the ripe ears fill Like golden sweets my heart hoards deep

-[Evaleen Stein.

JUANITA'S FATE. BY HUBERT H. BANCROFT. In the early mining days of California it was very rarely that the rough men laid hands upon a woman to mete out justice to her. About the only sentiment that had withstood the hard life of the mines was that laid in earlier days by the the tender influence of mother, sister or wife, and this had become softly intensified. So woven among the fibers of the heart was it, so mingled with the sensuous blood, so wrapped within the folds of passionate imagination that, like ash-covered coals, the drearer the aspect without the warmer glowed the fire within. It mattered not so much to them who or what she was; she might be there was the wife; chaste and fair or as wicked as Jezebel, she was the impersonation of their faney-ridden brain, the expression of their innermost ideal of the beautiful and thing and no one thought of her. Ap she was her natural self, neither gay nor good. Then wild, indeed, must have proaching the house, Joe found the door sad. She was as far from looking lightbeen the fury that maddened them against a woman; and never was insensate wrath more manifest than among the miners of the Yuba for miles on either tide of Downieville, when on the morning of July 5, 1851, broken Spanish, as best he could. Sud- pose of hanging. It was just the place it was known that a comrade had denly from a corner where she had lain for the occasion, and Juanita walked been slain, butchered with a long, sharp | concealed the little woman sprang up | down to the bridge with a light, elastic knife, by a woman. Sex was suddenly and quick as a flash threw herself upon step, surrounded by her friends, chatting lost sight of, obliterated by the whirl of the strong man's breast and buried her quietly with them on the way. She passion, which left nothing in sight but knife in his bosom. It was all done in shook hands with them all, but not a the bloody deed. Joe Cannon killed! an instant, and he who had come to tear nor a tremor was visible. She Cut to the heart by a woman! The make reparation for a trivial injury com- mounted a step-ladder to a scantling favorite of the camp, the finest fellow image of physical perfection and the that ever swung a pick or dislodged a pride of the camp, lay as dead. Why hat that had kindly been placed there bowlder. He was over six feet high, did she do it? Did this man visit her by some friend, and shied it with unstraight as a poplar, with limbs as clear house to insult her? Had they met at erring accuracy to its owner, smiling her as those of a newly-barked madrona. His nearly 240 pounds of weight was all on either side? No one knew. All those muscular, his chest was like that of an ox, and the arms of Hercules hung from his shoulders. And yet he would not harm a fly; though his sinews were hard his heart was softness itself. Joe gone! Stabbed to death, and by a woman! Joe was the soul of honor. He knew nothing of cheating and chicanery. He was she knew she must die. It was not definot very learned, being single and sim- ance nor brazen impudence; she assumed ple in his thoughts, and double dealing no character; she acted only on the

his occasional frolies, but, though he

could laugh and carouse with the best

of them, he was kinder in his cups, if

possible, than out of them. There was

the breast, and by a woman!

Slowly the full force of the truth was and up its discolored tributaries the tidings spread from claim to claim like an electric message, until for miles around Downieville were heard the cries of "Murder!" "Joe Cannon killed!" "Cut to the heart by a woman!" They dropped pick, pan, and shovel; water was left to run to waste and the gold unwatched in the bottom of the sluice boxes; from up and down the Yuba and from its discolored tributaries a stream of angry miners began to pour into town. Five thousand men were gathered in Downieville that day. Mingling with the miners that thronged the streets were traders, packers, gamblers, politicians, and professional rascals. The deed was done at 10 o'clock, and in un hour later a dense crowd pressed around the unfinished tenement of split boards into which the unfortunate man was carried. Within lay the dying miner upon a puncheon floor. Standing around the prostrate form were half a score of miners fresh from their work, above the clbows and overalls ly and solemnly they stood with grizzled heads uncovered and slightly bowed, while on the contracted brows and compressed lips sorrow and anger struggled for mastery. Silence within and without, until at length the murdered miner ceased to breathe; then from the deep stillness a faint murmur began, which buzz. Fresh arrivals came pouring in. Strangers asked. Who is he? Who killed him? Where is the murderer? Presently the centre of the mass began to surge in a definite direction; they were full enough of purpose then. Most significant of all was the almost silent buzz, which was the low purring of the blood-thirsty beast about to spring upon its prey. She was only 21. and a little woman, too. Scarcely five cal figure, agile and extremely graceful town, and dared not return or show

olive hue, long black hair, and dark, not a lawyer who had the courage to dedeep, lustrous eyes. Her name was fend her, a gentleman attempted a Juanita, and her Spanish blood was di- speech in behalf of the prisoner, but he luted with the aboriginal American. The man she killed could have picked from the tribunal, and kicked along the her up with one hand and tossed her into the Yuba River.

Although Joe Cannon was a stalwar

Britisher, he could not let the immortal

Fourth pass by without assisting in its

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celebrating to him in which his comrades would turn out and carouse in company. And this time they had made a glorious night of it. He and the rest of them were very drunk and consequently very happy. From store to store, from house to house, up and down all the streets they went, rapping up the inmates, compelling the master of the house to treat and join them. It was rare fun. Passing the premises of kicked at the door. As he was not in a for fair play so characteristic condition to stand steadily on one foot, of the American miner. No one dared he gave it a little harder blow than was to say a word for her; for a moment necessary; for the door was secured the men of that region seemed inspired only by leather hinges and it fell in. At by Satan to the doing of his infernal least the boys told him so next morning will. When the verdict was formally door. That was all right, said Joe. He laugh, as if to say, How droll! These knew the monte dealer well, and had often bet an ounce or two in passing his of ancient forms they have given their table; the damage could not be great; prisoner a trial. Jumita made her will, he would go round after breakfast, pay | verbally, in the four hours allowed her for it, and apologize. True, before execution, arranged her affairs, she perhaps might not appreciate the foreign | it all her courage carried her far beyond patriotism which disturbed her rest- the usual stolid fortitude of her race. but she was a bashful, retiring little At a time when men tremble and pray, still down. The Mexican was within; ly on the matter as from giving way to placing a hand on either door-post to senseless sorrow. Near at hand a bridge steady himself, for his head seemed as spanned the Yuba. Its builder had left big as a barrel and his legs were a little two uprights, near its middle, with a shaky, he began to talk to the man in beam across, as if for the express purwords were appalling. Joe was the mitted in a moment of music, he, the that had been tied for her to stand itself down not far off to watch. It will any time, and was there ill-will existing thanks. Then, with quick dexterity, miners knew or cared to know was that it was a monstrous punishment for so slight a thing.

And now, when the enraged miners, with a blow of the fist, burst in her door and stood before her, Juanita manifested not the slightest fear; and yet found no place in his nature. He liked primary impulse of her nature, and that was stoical submission to inexorable fate. She knew that she must die, and that was the end of it. Within range of a pistol shot were 2,000 men, every one of no poison in his heart that the fiery whom harbored at that moment a deterliquid could bring to the surface. In mined purpose sufficient to insure her nobleness he was a giant, in guile a death, and she knew it; the very cerchild. Joe Cannon dead! Stabbed in tainty of the result seemed to destroy the sting of death. Hastily putting in place some scattered articles and glancrealized. All along the muddy Yuba ing carefully at her dress-she was already attired in her best-she signified her readiness to go. . The blaze of angry eyes and the frowning faces were all lost on her; she was thinking of her own affairs, thinking how she should send something to her friends; thinking about her household, and how her husband

would do in her absence.

A large pavilion that had been erected for the celebration ceremonies of the day before still stood near the centre of the town; there was a raised platform with chairs and table, making it just the place for the occasion, and there the dark-eyed, bashful little murderess was conducted by her guard of 2000. Twelve men eagerly responded to the call for a jury; happy he who could have a part in this gentle strangulation. Glancing at each other and at the miners around them, they seemed to say: "All is safe and settled; woman or no woman, she hangs," Lawyers for the defense were backward in presenting themselves, but there were twenty for with woolen shirt sleeves rolled up the prosecution. Probably in the history of mobs there was never a form of tucked into the tops of their ponderous and muddy boots. Silenthanged the woman immediately, our respect would be greater than when we see a criminal so absolutely and universally prejudiced and sentenced before trial. It was wholly unlike the procedure of the customary popular tribunal. It seemed that on the instant the miners had not only thrown aside their usual chivalrous adoration gradually grew to a low and terrible of sex, but that now they would wreak their relentless wrath upon the object of their abhorrence with all the force they possessed. That there was so little of this woman to pulverize and scatter seemed to exasperate them. A humane physician mounted the stand and testified that she was not in a fit condition to be hanged. What such testimony had to do with the case nobody knew or cared. A howl of disap-

was beaten off the platform, kicked passage-way that opened through the dense crowd without until he reached the limits of the town and was glad to escape across the river with his hat and mule behind him. At a hotel overlookcelebration. Any day was worthy of | ing the tribunal was a candidate running for Congress; he was besought to go out and speak to the mob, but had no ambition that way. He was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made. There were times and places for all things; a time for advocating law and order, and a time for refraining from it, and this in the eyes of this country-server clearly

was a time for silence. So Juanita was tried; but the trial was a sad, one-sided affair, in which Mexican monte dealer, Joe Cannon there was a total absence of that love -that he had kicked in the Mexican declared Juanita gave a quiet little great American men think in this aping and gave her few effects away. During she twisted up her long black tresses, smoothed her dress, placed the noose over her head, and arranged the rope carefully. And finally lifted her hands, which she had refused to have tied, exclaimed, "Adios senores!" and the fatal signal was given .- [Chicago Trib-

Coffee.

The Hollanders are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen ounds per head of the whole population. Amsterdam has long been one of the peing admitted free of duty, coffee is very cheap. Next come Belgium and Denmark, in which the consumption per capita is about half that of Holland. Next come the United States, in which the consumption per capita in 1880 was eight and eight-tenths pounds. The resent consumption of coffee in the Inited States may be stated at a little over one pound per week for each famly in the nation. In the use of tea and coffee the people of England and the United States present a most remarkable contrast. The annual consumption of the people of England is just about a pound of coffee per head, or about oneeighth of that of the people of the United States, Comparing the consumption of tea with that of coffee, it will be found that, while the people of the United States use about five pounds of land use five pounds of tea to one of Folks.

There are fashions in coffee, as in alnost everything. Thurber, in his book

on coffee, says: "At Aden and Alexandria the Mocha offee is carefully picked over, and assorted in compliance with the singular fashion in trade which creates a demand in Europe for the larger beans, while the United States will have none but the smaller ones. In point of fact, the larger beans are the best, being fully developed, more perfect in appearance and flavor."-- Good Cheer.

## Bobby Explains.

Minister (dining with the family)-You never go fishing on Sundays, dc you, Bobby?

Bobby-Oh, no, sir. Minister-That's right, Bobby. Now, can you tell me why you don't go fish-

ing on Sunday? Bobby-Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me.-[New York Sun.

A Waste Product Utilized. A new British industry is the preparain her movements; with soft skin if himself for several days. As there was phoric acid which is contains.

#### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Grace and the Moon. I ear little Grace at the window stood, Watching, that Winter night, The great round moon in the fair blue sky, Where it shown so big and bright.

Till a cloud swept over its shining face, Then she turned with a little pout: "I wanted to look at the moon," she said, "But somebody's blowed it out!"

-[Wide Awake.

"Unstrengthened" Water. Susy had fixed some ginger and sweet-

ened water for kink one hot day, and carried some to her father. "It is too strong," he said, after try-

ing it. Off trotted-the little one, and soon came back again.

"Try it now, papa," she said, "T've unstrengthened it with water."

About a Blind Fisherman.

You know how wonderfully clever blind people often are--what fine musicians they make, and what capital tradesmen they usually are. Let me tell vou about Alexander Main, of Nairn, who was blind almost from birth, and yet was as able a fisherman as ever handled net or boit. He rowed well and steered skilfully. In some peculiar way he knew when a breeze was going to rise, and even told his mates to take in sail and so forth several minutes before they saw any need to do so. The nets he managed admirably, and could bait a long line of five hundred hooks, and put it in the sea without a mistake. And he remove l his catches just as neatly; and when the labors of the day were over he would get his line in readiness for the next, like a methodical man that disliked to be careless or slovenly.

Pursuing the Puma. The puma has a curious custom, which, nowever, often leads to its destruction. am told that in some parts of South America, after it has killed its victims it will bury them in the ground. Perhaps it thinks it very clever to be able to keep its meat in a larder. But really it only kills for others to eat. After it has placed bushes over its prey it lays need to be always on the alert, for the condors with their keen smell and keener sight will lose no time in finding out the hidden treasures of the rampas. bush-covered though they Le. Of course the guilty owner of these stores cannot bear to see the provisions which it had procured for itself partaken of by creatures that had had no share in the risk or the crime of obtaining them. And so the puma pounces from its lair on the cunning condors, and the vultures rise in a body from their hasty meal

But this is just where the puma makes a fatal blunder. When the condors mount in the air the natives are certain to see them, and as soon as they see them they raise the cry of "Lion!" "Lion!" for so they are pleased to term the ingreat coffee marts of the world; and, truder. Men and dogs are at once got ready for the hunt, which is highly exciting as long as it lasts. Being kept up till the puma is slain, the chase is one-sided. Sometimes the life of the puma is cut short almost at once by a smart throw of the lasso, in the use of which the natives of the pampas are expert. Often the animal manages to reach a forest and takes to a tree. But even there it has no peace, for it is either shot forthwith or baited by the dogs, which seem to find a grim pleasure in waiting for the end. If the country is flat and open the puma cudgels its brains as it flies along in a bold, but usually vain, endeavor to outwit its pursuers. It has been known to "double" like the hare, and thus try and put the hounds off the scent. But the chase is much too earn est, as no one feels any desire to give such a bad lot as the puma the smallest coffee to one of tea, the people of Eng- chance or the least "law."-[Little

## "By Hook or By Crook."

Various derivations have been given of the oft used phrase, "By hook or by crook," One is that in ancient days the poor of a manor were allowed by the owners to go into the forests "with their hooks and crooks" to get wood. What they could not reach with their hooks they might pull down with their crooks. The "Bodmin Register" (English, 1525) says: "Dynmure Wood was ever open and common to the inhabitants of Bodmin, to bear away upon their backs a burden of lop, crop, hook, crook and bagwood:" Another version is that after the Great Fire of London (1666) the boundary marks of the different properties were so hard to define accurately and the decisions of the law courts so conflicting that matters were placed in the hands of two smart lawvers named Hook and Crook; hence the saying. "We must get it settled by Hook or Crook." An Irish origin is claimed for the phrase by the people of Waterford, who say that when Strongbow (in the time of Henry II.) invaded Ireland he determined to make his descent on tion of basic slag for agricultural ma- the country by Hook Head or Crook nure. The material is pulverised by ma- Point, saying that he would have the chinery to such an extent that the fin- country by "Hook or by Crook." ished product will pass through a sieve Brewer, in "Phrase and Fable," intiproval followed; the good doctor was of 10,000 holes to the square inch. The mates that the allusion is to the hook of feet in height, with slender, symmetri- driven from the stand, driven from the fertilizing properties of this slag are due the footpad and the crook of the bishop, to the large proportion of iron and phos- meaning by fair means or foul .-- [Brooklyn Eagle.

## CARRIER PIGEONS.

How They Are Utilized By Some New York Brokers.

Brokers' Country Homes.

"Oh, yes, several well-known men in the street use carrier pigeons to bring them messages to their country homes," said Alfred de Cordova to a reporter the other day. "I'll tell you how I trained my birds to bring the stock, quotations to my country place, Cheetolah, two miles from the station at North Branch, N. J. About three years ago I bought four pair of 'squeelers,' or 'squabs,' took them down to the country and made them a comfortable coop. The birds were kept confined, but well fed and looked after for three weeks, when the window of their home was opened for them in order that they might go in and out at pleasure.

The first thing they did was to go to the window and look out; next they would hop about until they were a foot from their room. They reconnoitered and carefully observed everything, and then they went in again. In a few minutes they would come out once more and, I could clearly see, with greater assurance. They flew on the roof, picked themselves, and played around till night time, when they went back, each to the identical place where it had been accustomed to roost.

After several days, as soon as the birds were certain that they would not he molested, they commenced to take observations of my place, and, having thoroughly satisfied themselves that they were at home, they flew around in larger circles for a mile or two.

The next step was to take them on short trips, I would put the pigcons in a large basket with the lid down, take them a half mile from their coop, and libe ate them. They would fly straight up into the air, circle around, and then point right for home. The next fly of the birds would be about a mile, then two [Lippincott's Magazine. miles, four miles, ten miles, and fifteen miles. I trained them by stages until they flew twenty, thirty, fifty, seventyfive, and one hundred and twenty-five

After that I found no training was necessary. If a bird does not get lost while undergoing this schooling it is just as apt to fly 500 miles without being lost. I finally brought my reliable birds to my office in New York and sent them back to my farm in North Branch. The distance is some forty-three miles, but they arrived safe and sound.

Since then I have frequently remained at the farm and sent my birds to the office by the porter of the train, and during the day my clerk sent bird after bird back to me with half-hourly quotations attached to its tail. The time the birds take to deliver their messages from Wall street to Chectolah is from fifty minutes to one hour and twenty minutes. Before I had the birds I found that a telegram from New York would take two hours' time to reach me, and longer if the operators were just at their lunch or engaged in a flirtation.

"My pigeon lofts are divided into the breeding and the working section. have attached an electric wire from my working loft to my house. So the moment a bird comes home from Wall street and tries to get in at the window of the cot it rings an electric bell in the house, and I go over and get the mes-

"I have had some queer experiences with carrier pigeons. Their ways are as hard to predict as the weather. Birds that have repeatedly flown from 250 to 550 miles have failed to return home in practice flies of fifty to sixty miles. 1 have known birds to be as long as a month from home and then suddenly turn up as serenely as though there had been nothing unusual about their trip.' - New York Sun.

## The King Headed the List,

The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, and he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back," "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

A Great Mind. Mr. Yeast-Your wife is literary. is

Mr. Crimsonbeak-Oh, yes; she's got

one of the greatest minds I ever saw. "Is that a fact?"

"Yes, indeed; she's given me a picce of it every day for the past twenty stock on hand yet."-Statesman.

No Reference to Him. It is Longfellow who says:

"The rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."

and loses it .- | Boston Courier.

Jealousies During the Civil War.

War correspondence was often 1 serious task, being accomplished under many difficulties. After any engagement, whether big or little, the correspondents had the greatest trouble to obtain correct information from the Trained to Carry Messages to forces that took part in it. During the first year, and more, of the conflict, many minor officers of the regular army despised the volunteers, and few took pains to conceal their feeling. They seemed unwilling to give them any credit and the same injustice prevailed to a certain degree among the volunteer commands. When we inquire, therefore, of a brigade or division as to the part they had taken in battle, they would, if they had particiated at all, be likely to appropriate most of the credit themselves. Then questioning some other brigade or division, they would declare the honors of the day belonged to them, and would deny the truth of the previous report specifically and emphatically. Thus, an Ohio brigade would assume to have done everything and to have saved an Indiana brigade from being cut to pieces; while an Indiana brigade would make the same assumption for themselves and disparage the troops of the neighboring state. The same was true of Iowa and Wisconsin, of Michigan and Minnesota troops. Each com nand had turned the tide of strife and covered itself with glory, so that there was very little left for the remain ler of the army to achieve. The West Pointers had no faith in the volunteers, come from where they might. They not infrequently disputed their courage; and when they did not, they proclaimed their incompetency. War was an art, a science; how could novices be expected to acquire it with-

> out study and experience? Regulars and volunteers corrected in time this vicious habit. With their in crease of military knowledge, they became more intelligent and more tolerant; they understood themselves and others better. In truth, the first two years were little else than a series of experiments; they served as a sort of training school for learning the trade of war. -

A monument of liberty is to be con structed on one of the twin peaks which overlook the harbor or San Francisco. Adolph Sutro has let the contracts for the work which is to cost between \$5000 and \$6000. The figure and pedestal will be forty feet high. The figure will be eighteen feet high, and will be that of a women modele 1 after Bartholdi's great work in New York harbor, in this respect, that in the right hand will be borne aloft a powerful torch inside of which will be an electric light. In the left hand will be the sword of justice, and at her feet will be the fallen figure of Anarchy and Despotism endeav oring to pull down the hand which grasps the sword. The whole structure will be made of bluish sandstone. The light will be 1,000 feet above the level of the bay, and its rays will be seen for miles along the coast and out at sea. The pedestal will rest in the base cut in the solid rock of the Peak. When built, the statue will prove of great value to the mariner, and will be one of the noted objects on the Pacific slope. With Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor, and this new work of art throwing its rays upon the bay of San Francisco, the light of liberty will be thrown from ocean to ocean .- [Demorest.

## The Highest Church in Europe.

The very highest church in Europe, according to the Bundner Tagblatt, is the pilgrimage chapel of St. Maria de Ziteit, above Salux, in the Canton of Graubunden. It lies 2,434 metres above the sea level-nearly 8,000 feet high above the forest, near the limits of perpetual snow. It is only open during the summer time of that region---or, as the folks thereabouts reckon, from St. John the Baptist's Day to St. Michael's Day--and is used only by the Alp herds, who remain there through the summer with their cows and goats, and occasionally by hunters in search of the chamois and marmot. All the inhabitants of Salux climb up thither on Midsummer Day to assist at the first mass and hear the first sermon of the year, and there is also a crowded congregation on Michaelmas Day, at the last service of the year. From time to time a few stray pilgrims from the Graubunden Oberland and the Tyrol find their way there. The second highest church probably in Europe, that of Monstein, also open only in the sun mer, belongs to Graubunden.

#### A Dish of Scorpions. A curious dish was prepared the other

day for a British traveler in Mexico. The attendants serve l up an omelet. and the servants partook very heartily of the dainty morsel, but the traveler mistrusted the fool owing to certain years, and I guess she's got a large black particles mixed therein. Inquiring as to the nature of the suspicious ingredients, he could scarcely believe his ears when the reply was given, "Oh, those are scorpions," and an investigation proved this to be true, the lower order in Mexico thus utilizing the young This cannot have any reference to the scorpions, which are dug out, hundreds man who chases the last car at night in a nest, their sting being cut of be enly gives the quality of the heat."fore cooking.

## The Chatham Record

#### RATES

One square, two insertions -One square, one month -

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

# The Voice of the Wind.

Who hath a chain to bind met My haunts are earth's fair forests, fields and

Who hath an eye to find me!

I blur the pictured dreams of sleep fountains

Or send my voice along her piney m

Hither and thither going where I please

Men see not, but they hear me, They love me, yet they fear me,

or ne'er a spirit had such changing moods, From wafting heavenward the white

winged ships O'er waters calm as lakes, I seize my whips

And drive the tempests from the solitudes

Who hath an eye to find me? Who bath a chain to bind me? The vagrant roamer of the homeless sky. Before the hoary mountains were, I lived,

have grieved That I alone of all things ne'er shall die. -J. P. Ritter, Jr.

For ages murmering through their pine

The harder a base ball club works the more it plays.

HUMOROUS.

In its old age every comb loses its teeth and hair.

If a man blows his own trumpet, can his opinions be sound?

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one tailor can make a dude.

The toy balloon maker's business being greatly inflated has an upward tend-

A man may be able to paint a town red from end to end, and yet possess one of the cardinal virtues.

The men who have walked barefooted over the burning sand of the desert always know all about the times "that tried men's soles." An enthusiastic editor wrote:-"The

battle is now opened." But, alas! the intelligent compositor spelled "battle" with an "o," and his readers said they had suspected it all along. First masher-"I say, Jack, such a lot

of jolly girls smiled at me as I came down the Parade," Second masher-"No wonder, my boy; your necktie has got right round the other side of your

It is said that at least 450,000 meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year; and vet when a man goes home with a damaged hat, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe

## A Japanese Chemist's Shop.

The quaint old man whose loyal adherence to the customs of his ancestors afforded me such an interesting illustration both of old Japan and old Britain was a seller of curovakie-i. e., carbonized animals; in other words, animals reduced to charcoal, and potted in small covered jars of earthenware, to be sold as medicine for the sick and suffering. Formerly all these animals were kept alive in the back premises, and customers selected the creature for themselves, and stood by to see it killed and burned on the spot, so that there could be no deception, and no doubt as to the freshness of their charred medicine. Doubtless some insensible foreign influence may account for the disappearance of the menageric of waiting victims and their cremation-ground; now the zoological back-yard has vanished, and only the strange chemist's shop remains. like a well-stored museum, wherein are ranged portions of the dried carcasses of dogs and deer, foxes and badgers, rats, mice, toads and frogs, tigers and elephants.

The rarer the animal, and the farther it has traveled, the more precious anparently are its virtues. From the roof hung festoons of gigantic snake-skins, which certainly were foreign importations from some land where pythons flourish, Japan being happily exempt from the presence of such beautiful monsters. I saw one very fine piece of a skin, which, though badly dried and much shrunken, measured twenty-six inches across, but it was only a fragment ten feet in length, and was being gradually consumed, inch by inch, to lend mystic virtue to compounds of many strange ingredients. I was told that the perfect skin must have measured very nearly fifty feet in length. I saw another fragment twenty-two feet long and twelve inches wide; this also had evidently shrunk considerably in drying, and must, when in life, have been a very fine specimen,- Popular Science Monthly.

#### Quality Not Quantity. "Do you know," said the chemist

"that some people believe that this thermometer gives us a measure of the quantity of heat? The name itself would indicate that the originators of it believed it did some such thing. The fact is, a thermometer doesn't give the slightest information about the amount of heat. Say you have two one-gallon kettles filled with boiling water. The thermometer marks 212 degrees in each. Now, put them together. The mixture contains twice the quantity of heat that cither gallon alone contained, and yet the thermometer does not vary, but still marks 212 degrees. The thermometer [Indianapolis Journal.