## The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

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Joy and Sorrow. Somebal,'s heart is gay, And somebody's heart is sad, For lights beam bright across the way, And a door with crape is clad! Sadness and gladness e'er

Are dwellers side by side. A dear or e on her bier, And the wreathing of a bride.

Bright eves are filled with mirth. Pale faces bend in prayer, And hearts beside the cheery bearth Are cruched by stout despair! Ah, sorrow and joy and hope Are parted by thinnest wall, And only on hearts which never ope, No ghostly shadows fall!

No thoughts of the funeral train Come to the festive throngs; No hope that joy will dawn again, To stricken souls belongs. The future is c'er a sunny sea To the children of joy and mirth; But only the frost and its memory Comes to stricken ones of earth!

Somebody's heart is gay, And somebody's heart is sad. For light beams bright across the way, And a door with crape is clad! Sadness and gladness c'er Crowd round us side by side; A sunny smile and a scalding tear, So close they are allied! -[L. G. Riggs in St. Louis Magazine.

A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

BY WALLACE P. REED.

L "She will be a princess, if----Juan Valdez leaned forward eager's to hear what the wrinkled old hag had to say.

The fortune-teller again scrutinized the innocent baby face before her, and looked at the pink little palm extended in her brown, leathery hand. "She will be a princess, if---"

Again she paused with evident reluctance.

"Speak !" commanded Senor Valdez, "Surely the power of your evil art has not deserted you. If you can look into the future, tell me what is to befall my daughter, the last of her line." The fortune-teller threw her head

back with a proud air. She was a very | glass of lemonade is more wholesome. old woman. There were people in San | Heavens!" he shricked. Blas who remembered her when she came to the village three score and ten

"That does not need to be said," an- the death of her favorite she at once disswered the empress, taking the girl by the hand and leading her to a quiet corner of the salon.

father's liberal offers could secure. She was mistress of every accomplishmentt Carlotta made no secret of the fact tha she liked her better than any of the ladies around her.

"She will be a princess!" old Valdez would repeat a hundred times a day. The senor moved to the capital, and established himself in a palace. He raised regiments for Maximilian, loaned the government money, and lived on a lavish and extravagant scale. In his round of pleasure and excitement Valdez came near forgetting a very

important matter. One night it came upon him with a shock. "By all the saints!' he exclaimed, leaping from his bed. "In one week from to-day Rita will be eighteen! What

did the old witch say? Her words all depended upon an if. My daughter will be a princess, if. Ah, that if! I must see to it at once. If any danger threatens Rita it is during the present week."

The senor hastily dressed himself and ran into his daughter's room. Rita was sleeping quietly, and her

face wore the glow of health. Valdez examined the fastenings of the windows, and then retired locking the door and taking the key with him. The next morning he told Rita of his fears, and secured her consent to remain

indoors for several days. "We must run no risk," the old man said, as he stroked her head affectionately.

III. On the morrow Rita would be eighteen. Valdez passed the day in a state of dazed illumination.

He refused to let his daughter come down stairs to breakfast, for fear that she would trip. "No coffee, my dear," he said, "A

pany at first proposes to jut in sufficient beds to yield 100 bushels per day, which "What is it?" asked the astonished

sell in the Chicago market for 30 cents

# PITTSBORO', CHA.THAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1887.

The Chatham Record.

## continued her court entertainments for the scason. The empress felt'the shock

so severely that it is believed by many The Senorita Valdez had been educat in Mexico that her subsequent m ental ed by the best European tutors that her troubles really dated from the death of the unfortunate Rita \_ Atlanta Constitution.

> Mushroom-Growing in Illinois. A company was recently organized in the city of Chicago which has lea sed five acres of the tunnels of the Utica 'Cement

Manufacturing company for twenty years for the production of mushrooms. Tuesday, H. S. Weaver, superintendent of this new industry, left for Fitance in the interests of the organization and will bring back a supply of mushr oom spawn imbedded in rich compost, a landful of which spawn or seed would be sufficient to plant acres. There are several gentlemen interested in this new Industry, which is surely a novelty in this part of the state, or probably in the United States, for that matter, for, as far as known, no such large company ex ists in this country. The method of raising this cryptogamic plant as proposed in the tunnels will doubtless be inter esting to our readers. There are numbers of these subterranean chambers owned by the Utica Cement Manufacturing Compray, but

only a few of them willibe used at first in the mushroom industry. The soil or manure will be brought from Chicago by the carload and made into bedshin the tunnels and the spawn set therein. A crop can be grown every twentyfour hours, and two crops if desired, as all that need be done is to clip off the

head and the fringe will, inside the next twelve hours, produce another mushroom plant. The experiment of growing this delectable article of food has been tried in English mines, but with the impurities of the gas, air, etc., it was not possible to obtain success and the attempts proved failures. The air of the tunnels is not impregnated with foul odors, is of an even temperature, and the entire conditions are such that a failure cannot possibly result. The com-

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn, Where the doors stand open throughout the day,

and the cooing doves fly in and out, And the air is sweet with fragrant hay. Where the grain lies over the slippery floor, And the hens are busily looking around, and the sunbeams flicker, now here, now

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Grandpa's Barn

there. And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day, With fluttering wings in the old brow eaves.

And the robins sing in the trees which lean

To brush the roof with their rustling leaves

A Smart Old Rat.

I happened to be standing near a chick-

en-coop in a back yard, when I noticed

the head of a very gray and grizzled rat

thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and

concluded to watch the movements of

the veteran. After a careful survey of

the surroundings our old rodent seemed

Then ensued a most remarkable occur-

rence. The mother-rat raised herself on

her haunches and hit and scratched her

offspring so severely whenever they at-

tempted to reach the water that they all

finally scudded away, evidently very much

astonished and frightened at the strange

and unaccountable behavior of their

mother. When the little ones were at a

safe distance the reasons for her extra-

immediately toward it.

On a very warm day in carly summer

-[Dumb Animals,

ordinary behavior began to be revealed at once in the intelligent action of the old mother-rat.

She first wetted her whiskers in the

LOBSTERS. Some Facts Concerning the

Warriors of the Deep. Their Voracity Leads to Their

During the early period of its growth, says the Baltimore Sun, the lobster casts the whole of his shell frequently-in the second year every two months-but as its size increases a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fullness of physical dignity, its armor grows as it were rusty, and becomes

Dr. Beard tells us that "the lobster only increases in size during the short period of molting, but this increase is so great that it is almost as difficult to believe the cast off clothes ever fitted the large fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic genie ever came out of the jar the lid of which had been in an evil hour removed by the Arabian fisherman."

to be satisfied that all was right, and When the pea is sufficiently ripe the male a cautious exit from the home refish has the power to place her eggs untreat. A fresh pan of water had been der the protection of her over-arching recently placed before the chicken-coop, shell, where they advance gradually to and the water lookel a friendly invitamaturity, one lobster producing from tion to the thirstly old rat, which started 20,000 to 25,000 eggs each season. The spawn is thus carried by the mother till The rat had not reached the pan benearly fit to commence independent life, fore five half-grown young ones rushed and when cast off it soon gives birth to ahead and tried hard to be the first at the young lobster, which grows rapidly, the water. The old rat thereupon imbut passes through many changes before mediately made a leap like a kangaroo it assumes the form and color with which and was first at the edge of the dish in ordinary observers are more familiar. advance of the foremost of her litter.

Enormous as is the increase from single female lobster, their numbers are considerably diminished by pre-latory fish, which devour them with great avidity and relish, but we are told that the mother protects her progeny to the utmost, and by no means ceases her care with the deposit of her spawn, but continues it in a very pleasing and interesting manner longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organization. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the sersen the old lobsters with their young around

#### or even more if desired. Table No. 1, or the "head" table, represents the sense of sight, the highest sense. Table No. 2 is touch, No. 3 hearing, No. 4 smell, and No. 5 taste. There is a teacher for each table, and the teacher is supplied with a variety of objects suited to the use of the table. For instance, the teacher at the sight table holds before cach player in turn

a collection of small objects on a tray, and after the lapse of half a minute takes away the tray and asks the player to name the articles. Or the teacher gives each person a single article, and after a short inspection calls for answers to all the questions that can be asked

The Game of Progressive Observation.

"Progressive Olservation" is the

name given to a new Boston game that

about it. Score is kept by the teacher, and the player miking the least mistakes progresses to the next table.

At the close of the evening the player who has made the most "progressions" is awarded the prize. The variety of objects for the several tables is only limited by the teacher's ingenuity and the resources of the house. At the "touch" table the players close their

eyes and depend on the sense of feeling alone for their impression of the article given them. This is not so easy as it may be supposed. For the "htaring" table a musical instrument may be used

and the test given on a note or combination of notes; or a number of thin glasses may be used in a like way, the player being askel to give the number of a particular sound which is given alone after being struck in a regular succession. For the taste and smell tables the kitchen can be drawn upon, and such things as flour, meal, powdered maccaroni, corn starch, granum, and others, whose ta te and smell in the raw state are either not very pronounced or

not familiar, are good for the purpose. The game is not so much like "child's play" as may be thought. True, it had ts origin in the "plays" of kindergarten, but, as d veloped and enlarged, Farmer: "Summer boarders." the idea proves very well adapted to the entertainment of grown people, who are rational enough to like a little sense with their fun. -[Minneapolis Tribune.

## The Chatham Record

State Libran

RATES

# DVERTISING

One square, one insertion-One square, two insertions One square, one month -- - 2,50

OF

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made. NO. 10.

> A Face. Between the curtains of snowy lace, Over the way, is a baby's face. It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,

And waves its pink little hand at me. My heart responds with a lonely cry. But in the wonderful By-and-by, Out from the window of God's "To Be," That other baby shall beckon to me.

That ever haunting and longed for face, That perfect vision of infant grace, Shall shine on me in a splendor of light, Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good-All that puzzles me, understood: And the wee white hand that I lost Shall lead me into the better way. -[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HUMOROUS.

About the first thing lost at sea is the sight of land.

A first-class tailor you will always find good at figures

Half the boys to-day would rather be drum-majors than presidents.

"Won by a mere scratch," as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

The only people who are fond of getting into court are lawyers and young folks.

Waiting for a letter that never came is not a circumstance to waiting for a backward suceze.

A man may be behind in his work and still show push. This is so if he is wheeling a barrow.

The emperor of Russia plays the cornet. Can this be the real secret of nihilistic activity.

The man who wrote "O, solitude, where are thy charms?" was a business man who didn't advertise.

Old lady (in drug store, to small boy): "What am I to take this medicine in, sonny?" Sonny: "Take it in your mouth, mum; tain't to be rubbed on."

When a boy is caught in an orchard, the first thing he says is invariably as follows: "I wa'n't goin' to steal none of yer apples."

Tourist: "You have a fine farm, indeed!" Farmer: "Yes, I reckon it's one of the best." Tourist: "What's the most profitable source of

has been taken up with interest in social circles. It has an advantage over "donkey parties," and progressive cuchre in that it teaches something useful. The hostess provides five tables, at each of Easy Capture. which are seated four or five persons,

coated over with parasitic shells.

years before, and even then her hair "There is a lemon seed in the glass," was gray and her face was wrinkled. She claimed to be considerably over a lowed it." century old, and no one disputed her ward.

"Senor, Valdez," said the brownfaced sibyl, turning her fierce black eyes full upon him. "I knew your father, and his father before him. For three generations I have been at the cradle of every new-born babe in the village. I have foretold whatsoever there was of good or evil in their lives. Has any one ever said that Perdita made

a mistake or made false predictions?" "You misunderstand me, Perdita,"

was the humble reply. "It has unnerved me to gain a daughter and lose a wife, all in one bitter-sweet hour. My heart is filled with mingled grief and joy, and I am impatient to know the future of my last hope, the herress of the most magnificent estate in Mexico. Will she live or die? Will she bring joy or sorrow to m; house?"

Perdita dropped the tiny hand of the pretty child, and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"I see," she murmured, "the proudest beauty that ever brought our gallant cavaliers to her feet. Her gifts of mind and person are the wonder and delight of her father and all who behold her. Something tells mo that sho will be a princess if she lives to see her 18th birthday. My eyes have followed her through her infancy and childhood, and down to the night before her fateful day. Beyond that I cannot see. I know that she will be a princess, if she is alive on her 18th birthday. But I know nothing more.<sup>4</sup>

Sorely puzzled, and uncertain whether to be hopeful or despondent, Senor Valdez gave Perdita a purse of gold and dismissed her.

## II.

Seventeen years had rolled away. A republic had gone down in a sea of blood and an empire had risen. Maximilian was on the throne; the beautiful Carlotta had surround d herself with an imperial court, rivalling the brilliancy of the one at the Tuilleries; Bazine's legions covered the land, and it seemed the usurpers had come to stay.

Among the Mexican hidalgoes who rallied around the imperial standard, the wealthiest and most influential, was undoubtedly Senor Valdez.

"The prediction is coming to pass," the senor would frequently say to himself. "The republic is dead, and we have a court swarming with princes. Rita is the most beautiful woman and the richest heiress in Mexico. Why should she not be a princess? Old Perdita told the truth."

Rita was presented at court, and even the empress looked at her in delighted lovely victim to death while she slept! admiration

"Your daughter will be a princess!" she whispered to Senor Valdez, who at to the asylum. To the day of his death that moment was looking at his goldlaced coat tails in a mirror.

Spain in her veins," replied Valdez pletely wiped out. roudiv

said her father. "You might have swal-Rita laughed. It was such a trifle,

she told her father. But Valdez would have his way. He poured out another glass, and examined every particle of food that came into the room. He pro'nil it d meat, because it

might produce fever. He was just as particular about everything, and before the day was over Rita grew so nervous that she did not much care whether she lived or died.

Before night the windows were sccurely barred, the room was searched to see that no assassin hal concealed himself, and finally at a late hour Valdez told his daughter that he was afraid to give her any supper. "The truth is," he said, "I am afraid

of poison." "May I have a few bananas?" pleaded

the senorita. "Bananas," shouted her father. "Why of course. They cannot hurt you. Yes, you shall have a whole bunch."

He gave his orders, and in a few minutes the tempting looking fruit was brought into the room.

Valdez kissed his daughter, and locked her in. He did not tell her of the hall in his stocking feet with a pistol in his hand.

The first glimmer of dawn came through the windows of the palace. "Rita's eighteenth birthday !" said the happy father with a smiling face. "She is safe, and what is more, she will be a princess!"

Gradually the servants legan to stir, and the bright sunshine bathed the walls in a flood of glory. Senor Valdez quietly unlocked the

door to the well-guarded chamber, and stole in on tip-toe. In a moment the wildest shricks and

crics rang through the palace. The servants rushed to Rita's room,

and the unutterable horror of the sight before them struck even the boldest dumb. Senor Valdez lay stretched on the

floor in a death-like swoon. On the bed lay Rita, her face whiter than the snowy pillow. There was a horrible, brown, hairy something on her

throat! One of the women approached gently, and tore the ugly thing away, and killed it with her slipper.

It was a tarantula, and it had done its deadly work only too well. Rita's throat bore the mark of its poisonous sting. The servants understood it all when they saw the bunch of bananas in a chair

by the bed. The tarantula had crawled out during the night, and had stung the Valdez recovered consciousness, but it was only to be driven from the palace

he remained a gibbering maniac, without the faintest gleam of sanity. Perhaps it "She has the noblest blood of old was a blessing to have his mind so com-

often drawn on an empty stomach. -

per pound. ---[La Salle (Ill.) Press.

**Oueer Indian Customs in Brazil.** The Indian prayer meetings in the country are rather a singular admixture of superstition and devotion. A doll is

dressed in silk clothes, with candles on each side, a good bit of tinsel work about it and a ribbon tied about its waist. It rests on the table. Eight or ten Indian men stand around; one has a large drum, which he beats continually. The women sit on the floor, while the men sing prayers to the saint, the women responding. They commence praying about 7 or 8 o'clock and keep it up two or three hours. Then the women with

their little children kiss the ribbons, asking favors of the saint. The men then go through the same ceremony. The saint is then locked up in a box, and dancing commences and lasts the rest of the night. Frequent potions of whiskey are imbibed by the men, coffee

and wine by the women. When the men become too drunk to dance longer they retire to their hammocks and sleep

## until sober. - [Pittsburg Gazette. Practice.

A Texas parent had a son who took piano lessons at Professor Zweibeer's house, but was supposed to do his prachis purpose but all night long he paced tising on the piano at home. The parent had a suspicion that the youth did not practise much. One day he said: "Tommy, do you practise regularly on

the piano when I am down town?" "Yes, pa." "Every day?"

"Yes, pa." "How long did you practise yesterday?'

"Two hours." "And to-day?" "Three hours."

"I am glad to hear that you practise so regularly." "Yes, pa."

"And next time you practise be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago."-[Siftings.

## A Severe Mental Tax.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two."

"I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."---New York Sun.

> Both Tired. "I've been making mince pies," said a wife, as the after-dinner coffee was brought on, "and I'm very tired."

"And I've been eating mince pie," remarked her husband, "and I am tired, too," and he bowed his head upon the table. - [New York Sun.

A New Process. Patron --- It's astonishing what a num-

ber of new artistic designs have been invented lately. Poor Artist ---- Yes, indeed, sir. I have

water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their

fill. Does not this look very like reason?--[American Naturalist,

### The Queen's Tobacco-Pipe.

One evening as Uncle Cap gazed medi tatively at the smoke wreaths from his cigar he said: "Children, who, do you think, has the largest tobacco-pipe in the world?"

"Emperor William," answered Jackanapes.

"The Sultan," said Bryce. The little girls wondered, but could not even guess.

"No," said Uncle Cap, with a smile; "you are all wrong. The largest pipe in the world is known as belonging to a certain lady of whom you all have heard."

"A lady !" exclaimed the children, in great astonishment.

"Yes, and her name is Queen Victoria. In her pipe which is called the 'Queen's Tobacco Pipe' hundreds of pounds of tobacco are consumed at a time. It is a huge furnace built in the centre of the vast tobacco warehouses at the London Docks and in it is burned all damaged or unsaleable tobacco arriving at that port. It stands in a spacious room by fice have yet been detected. His car-Itself and is of the same conical shape nivorous voracity leads to the animal's that you may see in glass works. In it destruction. Baited traps made of an intense glowing fire is maintained day and night from one year's end to another and a fireman is always on hand to feed it with the material with which the room is filled, and which is constantly replenished from the warehouses. Be-

side tobacco many other things are thrown into this enormous pipe, such as cigars, teas, spoiled meats and even manufactured articles."

"I should think there would be a horrid smell from it," said Lady May.

"Oh, no; the draught is so strong and so constant that every bit of odor, as well as the smoke, is drawn up the tall chimney, and so not noticed. The tons of ashes from this queer pipe are sold by auction to farmers and gardeners for fertilizers or for killing insects, to soap-makers, and to chemical manufacturers. On one side are piled cart-loads of nails and other bits of ifax Critic. iron that were thrown into the furnace

with broken casks and boxes, and have since been sifted from its ashes. These

are cagerly sought by gunsmiths, and used in the manufacture of gunbarrels."

"But why is it called the Queen's Pipe?" asked Miss Blue.

"Because it stands in what is known as the government or Queen's warehouse, and on its iron door are painted the royal crown and the letters 'V. R.'" answered Uucle Cap. - [Harper's Young

them. "Some of these infants have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peering out from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, when herself and young family took refuge under the rocks; the rattling was no doubt to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, with-

collusion. "The lobster's home," says Dr. Peard, "is in the purest water, bencath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy weeds, a warrior in full panoply, ever ready to do battle with all comers.'

It is here in rocky ground and in the at it. Just as I threw myself backward fastnesses such localities afford to a creature so frequently defenseless he feeds chiefly on the aquatic vegetation which surrounds him, chopping up his salad with the large claw, little confcious how his example may be followed by man at a feast at which he may be the principal invited guest.

Lobsters and crabs vary in their tastes. Lobsters will be attracted by almost any description of offal, the more putresenter if the bait is not sweet and fresh. Dr. Blakey says the lobster is considered an unclean cater, and is often called the scavenger of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on de.d or living substances of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell although no distinct organs for this ofstrong twigs, like the common wire mousetraps, are lowered into the water

solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a two-by-four mortice in from four to five minutes-and do it with perfect accuracy- that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour. - Hal-

## Smoking Under Water.

**Bullets Without Billets.** 

The question has often been raised,

political subjects, and frequently urge

the doctrines that "official salaries are

the life-blood of the people."-[Chicago

It Couldn't Help Falling.

"Pat." said an American to an Irish-

man who had lately landed, and who

was staring at Niagara. "Pat, did you

see such a fall as that in the old coun-

"Do you know how that trick of smoking under water is done?" asked a showman the other day. "You'll see it out the slightest concert or question of tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange, I admit, to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth,

smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his casy chair. It is a trick, but it requires practice. I used to be quite proficient

to go down, I would flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full longth on the

bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another cent the better; the crab will refuse to flip reversed the cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."---[Philadelphia Call. what proportion of balls, exchanged by hostile armies, will hit their mark and kill. Difficult as it is to solve it exactly, some approximation may be arrived at from the number of balls-estimated at 20,000,000-which were fired by the

Germans in the war of 1870-71. The French army lost, in dead and wounded and marked with a buoy, and these beabout 140,000 men. According to this, come the most effectual means of caponly one ball out of 143 fired hit its turing this epicurean crustacean.

Boring a Square Hole.

only one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one A man has spent fourteen years in rifle-ball in 858 proved fatal. If it is further considered that the number of men wounded and killed by the guns of the artillery are included in the above estimate, it may safely be said that not over one rifle-ball in 1000 fired proved to be fatal .--- | Boston Beacon.

### Japanese Agitators. Young men clad in the garments formerly worn by student: have been numerous in the streets of Osaka, Japan, lately. They lecture in out of the way corners, and even in crowded streets when no constable is at hand, upon

Care of Canary Birds.

A writer on the care of canary birds says that a raw apple, cabbage leaf and plantain should be provided. Aim to give one or the other of these things every day the year round. Occasionally give a picce of bread soaked in milk. but never cake or candy. Once a week give boiled cgg mixed with cracker. Never hang any birds in a draft or the try?" wind, and never set them out of their

"Faith, and I niver did; but do ver cages. In moulting time give a duting see, why shouldn't it fall? What's to of cayenne pepper to their egg and prevint its fallin'? That's what I'd like

News.

#### **Rivals** to Tea and Coffee.

If tea and coffee can never be wholly dethroned from their dietctic pride of place, it is quite possible that new beverages may be invented to rival them. Mate, which the Peruvian sucks hot through a silver pipe; guarans, much richer than the Mocha berry or the Chinese leaf in theine; the kola nut and the coca plant are all possible competitors. The negro of the Soudan, Mauritius, West Indies and Brazil would not give up the kola nut for the best tea or coffee. Then there are millions of people who drink infusions of the leaves of saxifrage of ledum, of pimento, and the partridge berry, and hundreds of unsuspected plants contain the ingredients which the human race seeks for in such beverages. The chief of these are the alkaloid, which is present by a proportion of about 3 per cent. in ordinary tea, and the aromatic oil which give to that and to coffee their special favor. The Chinese will not drink new tea because it contains too much of the latter ingredient, and is sometimes actually intoxicating .---[Lon-don Telegraph.

#### Stick to the Text.

The difficulty with many actors is that they think they know better than the writer of the piece, or even the audience. what will please, and so take liberties with the text. This is sheer ignorance. To such an actor W. S. Gilbert once said, while rehearsing "The Mikado:" "You must read the lines as I have written them, and make no changes."

"I think I am old enough to understand without telling me," was the resentful reply.

"You certainly are," returned the author.

"And I ought to know," said the acman, and assuming that on an average tor.

> "You certainly ought," was the dry response; but as Mr. Gilbert said nothing further, the actor became even more resentful, though obedient. He found afterward that he got more applause from cultivated people when sticking to the text than when attempting to "gag"

> > Struggling with his Memory.

his aunt's, and for some moments had

been gazing out of the window in a pain-

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?

"Why, ma told me that I must remem-

ber not to ask for anything to eat and I'm

trying to remember it .- | New York

Somewhat Personal.

A humpback met a malicious one-eyed

"Ah," said the latter, "you have your

"Yes," responded the humpback,

load on your back early this morning."

looking intently at the one-eyed man,

"it must be rather early. I see you

have only got one blind open,"-[Sift-

fully thoughtful sort of a way.

asked his aunt.

Sun

neighbor.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at

