#### EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

VOL. X. One copy, three months . . .

One copy, one year - - - \$ 2.00 One copy, six months , - - \$ 1.00

# The Chatham Record.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Don't Give In.

Boys, when troubles crowd about you

And when fortune seems to flout you,

And your weary with the strife;

Then's the time to show your metal.

Face the trouble, grasp the nettle,

And determine you will win.

That will bring you to no haven

Of success and calm delight

Put your shoulders to the task.

If within her smile you'd bask.

No, boys, no, be up as d doing,

Keep your heads up; don't give in;

(You'll find plenty in this life.)

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1887.

NO. 11.

One square, one month -

One square, two insertions -

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

Twill not be long

"What is Friendship?" I've i cen reading, oh friend! whose carnest

Would search my spirit through, The tale of a dreamer who well replied To the question asked by you. And ponder it well; for the fable A subtle meaning bears, To guide through life's temptations, And show thee its hidden snares.

Where the polar star looks coldly down On the land of the eternal snows, Neath the glittering iceberg's ceaseless

The "Esperito Sancto" grows, Each leaf of exquisite beauty By ice king's gems embossed: Each leaf, and branch, and petal Are formed of glistening frost.

Mid the dazzling stillness of Arctic days, A pluntom flower it gleams in the pallid sunlight's frozen rays, Like a symbol of death and dreams. should a shadow fall o'er its whiteness, Or the sunbeams warmer grow, Ir fields its filmy petals and vanishes into the snow.

And one who would pluck this enchanted flower.

Or gaze on its beauty frail, Must have hands as clean and heart as pure As the Knight of the Holy Grail. Do you see, oh, friend, the meaning Of this fable I've told to you? That he who would hope for friendship Must, himself, be pure and truc.

Tis a flower that will droop 'neath passion's In darkness it fades away, For the blossom of friendship will only grow

In the calm, fair light of day, Let your life be free and noble, As your heart is lead and true And the exquisite flower of friendship Will always bloom for you.

-[EDNA C. JACKSON.

### "KEEP YOUR PROMISE."

Commodore Vanderbilt, as most people know, did not take very kindly to removing from Staten Islan I to New York City, when his affairs began to presper but was compelled to do so in order to be near his business. He bought a house just in the outskirts of the city there he thought he could be sure of comparative quiet. He found a comfortable place close by a graveyard, with not many houses about him and

The first night he spent in the new place was a terrible revelation to him. Instead of the absolutely quiet surround ings of his island home, he had an atmosphere vocal with the vells of what seemed a thousand cats. The neighborhood must have been he was convinced. a favorite resort for all the cats in the city. They rendezvoused in the graveyard, and flocked on his back fence, and perched on his shed roof and caterwauled madly all night long. He slept scarcely five minutes at a time. The next night it was repeated, and the next. Instead of getting used to it the commodore was getting more and more neryour and slept less and less. The wear and tear began to tell on him.

Vanderbilt had his boots blacked every morning by a lad who had stationed his box not far away, making an arrangement with the boy in order to get the shine reasonably cheap. One morning he sat down in the boy's chair with such a weary air and with so haggard a look on his face that the boy asked sympathetically-

"Wot's de matter, customer?"

The commodore, for want of a better confidant, opened his heart to the bootblack and told him the harrowing tale of the cats.

"Wot 'll yer give me, boss," said the boy, "if I'll clean out all de cats for con ?"

"What 'll I give you? Why, I'll give you a dollar apiece for every cat you kill in my yard," said the commo lore. "All right, customer," said the boot-

black, "I'll be there tonight." That night the commodore slept as he had not slept since he left Staten

Island. H woke in the morning with the de ightful sense of having slept only about fifteen minutes, and yet knowing that he had slept soundly all night. When he went out he found his bootblack sitting on the front step. "How'd you sleep, boss?" asked the

"Splendidly, young man, splendidly."

"Hear any cats?" "Not a cat. How much do I owe

"Come round in the back yard an'

we'll see," said the boy. They went around to the back vard. There were two rough looking youngsters sitting on the fence, and on the ground was a pile of dead cats that made

the commodore turn pale. "For heaven's sake, how many cats

have you there?" he gasped. "We'll t'row 'em over in another pile, boss," said the bootblack, "an' you kin score 'em up."

The boy began to toss the cats over deliberately, and the commodore counted until he had got up to fifty. Then he called out-

"Hold on! That'll do. See here; I'll give you three fellows just five dollars spiece. That's big pay for a night's

"Can't do it, boss," said the bootblack, "I've made de arrangement wid dese gentlemen here, au' de understand-

ing is a dollar apiece for de cats."

lars each all around," said the commo- into the barrel with its squirming mass

He pulled out the money and shook it in their faces, but the boys refused to take it. Finally they withdrew in silence, leaving the commodore, aroused and ill-natured, with his cats. They formed a resolve to "get even with him," and made their plans accordingly.

That night the commodore had not been asleep very long before he was roused by the most unearthly caterwauling that he had ever heard in his life. He woke with the impression that there was a stack of cats on the foot of his bed. Then he fancied they were at least on the window sill of bis room. But presently he became aware that they were somewhere in the yard near his window. He could stand it no longer, and seized a loaded pistol that was in a bureau drawer and blazed away, one, two, three shots, at what seemed to be the centre of the disturbance in the yard. Then he heard a cry and groan of anguish from some human being. He dressed partially and went out into the yard, and found there, writhing in pain, the peliceman on the beat, with a ball from the commodore's revolver in his leg. He also found a large ganny bag in which was a wriggling, plunging mass of cats, all of them howling now with a fury redoubled by the episode of the shooting. The policeman was able to be a wild animal of extraordinary proportions, which made a noise like a hundred cats, plunging around on the to investigate; and no sooner had he discovered that the object was a big gunnybug full of cats, and had prepared to release the animals, than the commodore had opened fire on him from the

The policeman sued Vanderbilt for damages, and the commodore had to pay him a thousand dollars to settle-a fact which became quite generally known, As to the cats, he knew where they came from, but the peculiar and unfinished nature of the transaction with the boys prevented him from mentioning it, or from breaking his former contract with the Lootblack, who continucd to shine his boots as of yore. The day after the commodore had settled with the policeman the boy looked up from his box and remarked:

window, with disastrous effect.

"Sleep well, last night, boss?" The commodore only grunted in re-

"Any cats, now-a-days?" The commolore jumped up from the

"See here!" he exclaimed; "how many eats did you kill that night?"

"Ninety-three, boss," The commodore pulled out his check-

book and hastily drew a check. "Here's a check for \$100," said he. and now don't you ever say cats to me again in your life, nor talk about this

thing to anybody else, or I'll break every bone in your body." "Agreed, boss," said the boy, as he

pocketed the check. This story recalls another that is somewhat like it with a different flavor and local color, however, and quite as Cape in a time now well gone by, when Benjamin C- was a prominent man down there, wealthy, and foremost in a that had their croupiers ready to rake good many business enterprises. Old Mr. C- was thrifty, like most of the Cape people with a high regard for the almighty dollar. He had a lively, freckle-faced grandson, as agile as a squirrel, who was named for him, Benjamin C. D-, since a man of a good deal of prominence on his own account, and who lived with him. The old gentleman's barn, as a good many other old places have done, became terribly infested with rats. The old gentleman was so greatly annoyed that he offered the boy fifty cents apiece for all the rats he would catch and show to him, alive on the premises, a precaution to prevent sharp practice on the part of the youth. After two or three days little Benjamin came to old Benjamin and asked him to step out into the barn. He did so and was conducted to a big disused molasses barrel that stood in the middle of the barn floor and asked to look into it. And there on the bottom, was a wriggling

mass of rats, three or four deep, struggling vainly to get out of the burrel.

"Caught 'em here in the barn, gran'-

"My gorry!" exclaimed the old gen-

tleman. "Where'd you get all these

"How many be they?"

"Eighty. That's just \$40, gran'sir." "Forty dollars! Why, I ain't goin' to pay you all that money."

"Ain't you? did n't you agree to, gran'sir?" "Well, yes, but I hadn't no idee when I did that you'd catch such a tar-

nation lot." The boy looked up. There was a rope dangling down from the beam above, that was used to help in climbing up to the hayloft. Benny pulled himself up hand over hand on this rope until he

hung suspended over the barrel. "Ain't yen goin' to give me that \$40 | with:

of rats.

"Well, then, here goes!' said the boy, With a lively kick of his foot he upset the barrel in the direction of his grandfather. The multitude of rats poured out around the old man's feet. He leaped wildly up and down in terror, and sprang through the mass to a ladder that stool near. Then he ran up the ladder with an agility that he had not equalled for fifty years. And the rats resumed possession of the premises.

Hœ fabulæ docent that venerable men of wealth had best keep their hon est engagements with small boys, even if the small boys turn out to be much smarter than the venerable gentlemen took them to be, and greatly exceed expectations in their performances. --- [Boston Transcript.

#### Japanese Children.

The children are a great feature of Japanese life. They swarm everywhere: the houses are full of them; the streets in rousing the princess from the strange overflow with them. They seem a blessing vouchsafed in a peculiar degree to fallen, the Japanese. Little tots hardly able to walk themselves carry, fastened to their backs, tiny infants, for whose heads I often trembled, as they are allowed to hang down in such a fashion as to seem on the point of breaking off any minute. The rising generation of to explain that he had seen what seemed Japan seems to delight in mere existence; these tiny atoms of huminity sport in the sunshine, as a rule most scantily clad, roll over in the dust, commodore's lawn, and had come over run and skip, all overflowing with the jolliest mirth. Their parents seem to ido'ize them; nowhere have I seen so many men occupying themselves with children as I did in Japan. The whole character of the people is child-like, especially in the interior, where they have had no chance to be infected by the superior knowledge of their western

In the villages men can be seen carrying in their arms babes, leading one or two at the same time. The smallest hamlet has shops where nothing else is sold but toys, and these luxuries are lavished on every Japanese pleasant to look upon, with their little round and plump faces and short hairwhich on boys' heads is allowed to grow all around the head shorn to about two or three inches in length, with a round spot in the centre on the top of the crown shaved bare. The dolls that come to our toy stores from Japan are faithful images of their children. Flying paper dragons is one of their favorite games, and the skill expended on the ornamentation of these is astonishing. A peculiar custom is the hoisting of an immense paper fish, painted elaborately, on a pole in front of a house where a baby is born .- The Overland Monthly.

Gambling in California's Early Days. There was a French woman who played the violin, receiving \$100 a day therefor; and as women were so scarce in those days, whenever she left the saloon to go out on the street every saloon around the square was emptied to get a look at her. In these saloons there were piles of gold, both in coin authentic. It happened down on the and in sacks of gold dust, that would put some of our commercial banks of the present day to the blush, and long tables

in or pay out as fast as the cards were

turned off. Among other noted players was a judge at that time, who made it a point every evening to go around from place to place and make high play. Upon entering with his attendant, who carried the sack, he would first sit down at a table and bar off every other player; then set his time of play at a limit, say twenty minutes or half an hour, the stake from \$10,000 to \$20,000, with the bank. Meantime, to keep the crowd that would be in at the time, which would number from 300 up to near 1000, he always asked them all to take a drink, which meant 25 cents a head for the bar; and if he won he paid for the drinks; if he lost, the bank had them to pay for. -- Overland Monthly.

# A Mild Hint,

They had been sitting in contemplative silence for a long time, when William musingly said: "I think, Naomi, that there is a great deal of wisdom in that old saying: 'Silence is golden.' " "There may be, but gold is unhandy.

would rather have a bill." It took him an hour to "catch on," but he finally offered himself. - Lincoln Journal.

George Was Hopeful.

"You understand, George, of course," she said, as she nestled in his arms, "that I shall have no money of my own until papa passes away."

"I understand, dear," replied George, tenderly and hopefully, "but just think, love, how feeble your father is," - Epoch,

# Unkind.

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl

Field to Consumer.

New Jersey.

What's the good of turning craven? That will never gain the fight, Fortune's shy and net is pursuin, The Music That Woke the Princess. Once upon a time a beautiful princess lay dangerously ill. For days and days she had been lying on her couch without a sign of life, looking like some exquisite statue wrought in marble. The greatest physicians in the land were sent for, but not one of them could succeed and baffling trance into which she had is wanted at the "scalder."

At last there entered the chamber of the sleeping girl an old physician who had known her when she was a merry, thoughtless child, living in the country, and playing about among the flowers and woods, free and unfettered as a bird, The old man leaned over the couch of the princess, and looked at her long and carnestly. The silence which reigned delivered to the wagon master and in that royal chamber was broken by its delivery to the scalder. The scalder the voice of the physician, raised in ac- is the primary machine in the canning cents of command:

"Draw back the curtains, and blow part of the factory. The scales are in out the tapers."

ants noiselessly obeyed, and the bright grace of the wagon master has the next rays of a glorious sun streamed into the turn at the scalder, is told to pull his

"Open all the windows, and let in the air from heaven."

ants, horrified; but the queen only a large box tub, made square, into which nodded, and soon a fresh, pure breeze, there is turned a steam pipe by which the laden with the scent of myriads of water may be kept hot. Inside of the flowers, was stealing into the heated scalder and working on hinges there is a The Reis, or head man of the village, is just shaken hands with you! chamber.

baby. The children are, as a rule, only one!" said the queen, in tones of that a man with a rope running through a In his rude house, often but a mere mud

pitcous entreaty. gravely, "the soul of your daughter has ally two baskets are put into the scalder stranger is sure of shelter and the best quitted its abode and is wandering in at a time, and by the time the farmer the Land of Dreams. Naught can avail can walk the four or five steps backward is exacted for this, but the proper thing to call it back save music, for music is to the wagon and return these two basdivine, and hath a wondrous and allpenetrating power. Let but some chord by a movement of the rope sent into of memory in the heart of the princess tubs, and it is said that they are washed be touched, and straightway she will at the same time that they are scalded: awake."

best singers in the kingdom, and one make it impossible to see a tomato a after another they sang in the chamber of the princess grand Italian airs, with question the cleaning process. wonderful shakes and trills, sparkling French canzonettes, and stately German

amidst her grief, began to look doubtingly at the old physician.

Presently there slipped into the room little peasant girl with bright, eager work the hand of the tidiest and most eyes and sunburnt face; and, before any cleanly woman in the place would be no one could stop her, she was kneeling by cleaner than those of the most untidy, so the couch, crooning out the quaintest of rapid is the action of the tomato acid in quaint ditties.

notes, and odd turns and phrases,

It was the lullaby that the princess's nurse had sung to her when she was a little child, and it found its way where loftier music had failed to enter-straight | chine called a "stuffer." These machines | to get her to chew. That failing, he into the royal maiden's heart.

Slowly the princess opened her blue eyes, and fixed them in bewilderment full of tomatoes into a can, seldom fail- brought and started down the cow's upon the peasant girl at her feet.

nightingale," said she; "this is the the "stuffer" is passed to a woman music of my childhood-this is the music termed a "finisher," and she sees that it that I so love." -- Little Folks.

# Powerful Magnetic Ore.

A Georgia paper tells of a man whomagnetic iron mines. They possess an trays made of iron, and these trays, ore that draws just a little. The work- piled one upon another, are put in the vicinity of our mines have to be they are taken out and piled over the bolted together, as nails would all pull factory floor, and sometimes outdoors, out over night. A wild duck that had in a thoughtless moment swallowed a few domestic hairpins tried in vain to fly over the mines, but was drawn to taken out and reprocessed. earth by the remorseless power of magnetic attraction. Iron-clad vessels areoften attracted shore vard and left help less upon the beach, while people with too much iron in their blood are over- tions are to be seen at one visit. There come as in a trance and sleep on in the is one canning establishment here in perpetual delights of an earthly nirvana. Salem where preparations were made to Such are a few of the wonders of this can about 1,800,000 cans, or 150,000 power, but perhaps its greatest achieve- dozen. That quantity of tomatoes will ment was in attracting the irony of the sell this season for upward of \$150,000. when the old gentleman interrupts him | Twin Cities. Georgia may have the corn, but when it comes to a harvest of

# TOMATO CANNERIES.

Progress of the Tomato From

One of the Great Industries of

What the peach orchards are to Delaware the tomato fields are so much to Salem and Cumberland counties, says a letter from Salem, N. J., to the New York Times. The tomatoes are picked in the regular Delaware peach baskets and loaded on wagons jurposely arranged for the purpose. The farmer takes the load to the can house and is met by a "wagon master," who assigns him a place in the procession and he puts his wagon in it. If he is a prudent and industrious farmer he unhitches his self horses and returns to his farm with his team, for he can, in all probability go home, gather another load, and return to the canning house before his first load

Long lines of farm wagons loaded with this fruit may be seen around each of the great establishments. The farmers in most cases have gone home and left their wagons unguarded. They are perfectly safe. Tomatoes are so abundant that not even the street gamin will molest them. Sometimes 24 hours pass between the time a wagonload is factory, unless the scales be classed as a the street, but the register is inside of At a sign from the queen the attend- the office. The farmer, who, by the wagon on to the scales, and the wagon, basket, and man are all weighed together. Then he is told to "pull "She will die," whispered the attend- up" to the scalder. This scalder is half round iron basket that will hold the always ready to do the honors of the Can you not revive her? she is my | tomatoes. This basket is so arranged block can lower the tomatoes into scald-"Madam," replied the old physician ing water or lift them out at will. Usukets of tomatoes have been scalded and but, as the water in which they are Overjoyed, the queen sent for all the scalded is generally so muddy as to

hair's breadth under the surface, I rather Some of the factories are more clearly than others, but there is not a factory songs; now a quaint little modern ditty. that has so far overcome the difficulty and now a pathetic ballad of olden of washing. And so far as I have seen, that is the feature of the packing that But they sang in vain, for the sleeper is not perfect, excepting that none of the ay without movement, and the queen, factories wash their cans before using them. The women who "skin" the tomatoes might come into the factory with unclean hands, but in five minutes' taking the dirt from the hands. After There was nothing grand or powerful the tomatoes have been "skinned" they the second, and is bound to starve. about it, but it was like the twitter of are thrown into buckets, and whenever the birds on a spring morning, so fresh a woman fills an ordinary water bucket and clear, and full of soft little cooing she is given a check which entitles her to 3 or 4 cents. Many women here will "skin 50 buckets per day or 5 an hour.

throws them into the hopper of a ma- puts a wad of it into her jaws and tries are usually operated by steam power. tries a bunch of grass and a wad of wiland a pressure of the feet sends a can ing to fill it. To prevent having light throat. This never fails. The cow "Sing on, sing or, my little forest cans, each one as it is taken away from is properly filled. In several of the factories that I visited there was being successfully operated a machine by which by the use of unskilled labor the got lost in a cornfield, and after a day's caps could be soldered to ten cans at one search his friends found him sitting on operation, but most of the caps are sol- ble animals left, and they pasture among an ear near the top of the stalk. That dered by what is commonly known as the cattle in the range west of Bakersrather lays it over our corn but it doesn't chub irons, and one cap is finished at a field. At one time, not many years ago, compare with the simple virtues of our time. The cans are then put into large men all wear moccasins because it into large tubs filled with hot water and draws the tacks out of shoes. Houses scalded for upward of an hour, when where they may best be cooled. The next day they are carefully inspected, and those not properly "processed" are

A few days after the cans have been corked they are ready for labeling and packing into cases for shipping. In many of the larger factories these opera-

"With all thy false I love the still,

Inns in the Orient. South of the Balkan Mountains, say:

Thomas Stevens in the New York Sun the traveler bids farewell to hotels fo. the time being, except at such points as Constantinople or Philippopolis. The mehana of the Orient, with all its discomforts and abominations, takes the place of the European village inn. Out now finds himself among people who know nothing of Western comfort. At the wayside mehana the accommodations are of the rudest kind. Instead of a soft be l, the traveler may consider himself fortunate if he can obtain a tattered quilt or blanket in which to curl himself up on the floor, or on a bench. He may consider himself more fortunate still if these casual articles are reason ably free from vermin. All of them are tenanted more or less, and extraordinary precautions must be taken for protection. The food obtain able at the mehana is equally abominable. Black bread. times so hard that it has to be soaked in water before it can be eaten, a jar of malodorous substance supposed to be soft cheese, and villainous spirits called mastic is the regular stock in trade of the mehana cuisine. If the fates are propitious, one may perchance be able to obtain an egg or two, or a chicken, and small cups of strong black coffee are usually to be had also. The proprietor, a greasy, sheepskin-clad individual, will undertake to cook the eggs or chicken if requested. If left to follow his own devices, he will boi

the eggs hard and cut the chicken up in little pieces and stew it. The seasoning inds." will be a small chunk of rock salt. After crossing the Bosporus into Asi atic Turkey, there is a change of name from mehana to khan, but there is little or no change in the institution itself. The khan exists only along the regular post routes. In the remote villages one has to depend entirely on the hospitality of the people. To the credit of the Turks, let it be said that no matter what their shortcomings may be in other directions, they are always hospitable. occasion upon the arrival of a traveler hut, with stable and dwelling rooms all beneath the same low flat roof, the food the village affords. No payment is to make presents of money to the Reis's children in return for what one has received.

# Fishing for a Cow's Cud.

"There is great excitement on the place when a cow loses her cud," said the old farmer. "The boys run as fast as turn to and get things ready for him. The cow stands with her head down and neck stretched out, and is altogether the most woc-begone animal you ever saw.'

"What will happen if she doesn't find

"She will starve to death. . You see a cow has four stomachs, and what she eats through the day goes into the first one. And at night she brings up some of the food from the first stomach and masticates it. This is called chewing the cud. After she has done this, it goes to the second stomach and is digested. If she loses her cud, she can't pass the food from the first stomach to

When the doctor arrives he slaps the cow's sides, twists her tail and looks in her mouth. Then he calls for a piece of salt codfish and puts it in her mouth. If that fails to bring the cud he rubs her When the baskets are filled a man throat and calls for slippery elm. He low leaves. If all fail, a live frog is gives a heave when the frog tickles her windpipe, and up come frog and cud." - | Mail and Express.

Killing the Last Few Elk. Some one has recently been killing elk in Kern county. There is in California only one little band of these nothey were more numerous in this valley than cattle now are, but, like the American buffalo, they have been almost exterminated by sportsmen during the past twenty-five years. Tho game laws of the state prohibit the killing of elk at any time, and parties near where the few remaining are accustomed to range have used every endeavor to prevent their destruction. - | Visalia (Cal.)

Celery.

Celery, says a New York restaurant keeper, requires the carefulest kind of careful cultivation. It has to be planted and transplanted, and then kept heaped up with dirt. The soil must be rich and well drained. In Europe it grows wild in the ditches, and in its native state is rank, coarse, disagreeable in taste, and even very poisonous. It has taken a long cultivation to civilize celery, and "Well, I won't give you but five dol-"Never!" said the old man, looking this hour of night."—Philadelphia News- Johnnycake.—Duluth Paragrapher,

"Here, you! We don't want fish at carthly greatness Minnesota takes the wife's store hair."

"Never!" said the old man, looking this hour of night."—Philadelphia News- Johnnycake.—Duluth Paragrapher,

#### A Song. Fade, flowers, now! Scatter your snow Over the dying grasses,

The Chatham Record

RATES

(Hush, bird, your song!) Ere the rude north wind passes. Trees! you have played At masquerade, Till it is time 'twere ended.

Drowsy earth weaves A blanket of leaves, Within your hues are blended. Stream! sing aloud! Picture each cloud, Mirror the stars in your breast; Dance while you may.

HUMOROUS.

Soon comes the season of rest!

-{Amy E. Leigh, in Young People.

Toss your white spray-

Drowning and thirsty men clutch at

A joint aebate-A quarrel for the

prime cut of the fowl.

The English sparrow can only get in-

to the best society as a rice bird. About two pounds of matter, liquid and solid, are daily cast out of the system by the skin.

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

It has lately been discovered that the reason that boys are so impecunious is because they are so frequently strapped.

"Shure," said O'Kelly, when he found that he could not reach his hat hanging high on a nail, "I am too short at both "I wonder what makes those buttons

burst off so?" exclaimed a lady petulently. Force of habit, I should think," he said softly. A little girl who was looking at a peacock for the first time grew enthusiastic.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "hasn't it got a beautiful bustle!" Dude, airily-How do? Have you got hold of anything fresh lately! Friend--Why, Tommy--when I have

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" ways go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to

A Magnificent Gift. The Nizam of Hyderabad has offered a splendid gift to the Indian government. Impressed with the idea that the expenditure of the Indian empire goes on growing, mainly in consequence of outlay on the defences of the frontier, and wishing to resist the agressive designs of Russia, his highness, "as the oldest ally of the English in India," they can for the cow doctor, and we all proposes to give £200,000 a year for three years toward strengthening the northern border. His highness, we imagine, has an eve to investment, and has an intention of asking once more for the restitution of the Berars, which, he thinks, would be greatly facilitated by a display of practical loyalty. There is no reason to doubt, however, that he is heartily opposed to a Russian invasion-though, his people being Sheeahs, he is not exactly the grand Mussulman prince the Times chooses to believe-and it is neither generous nor wise to inquire too closely into motives. The gift is a great one, and we trust will be accepted with warm thanks, and employed to construct forts to protect our second line of defence, the Indus river. If those forts can float and move, so much the better. We are too slow in commencing this work, probably because the ruling soldiers are all in favor of advancing beyond our proper boundary, seizing Candahar, and fighting the great battle within Afghanistan itself. That might be the wiser course if our business in India were not governing; but the vicerovs have to think of sparing English soldiers, and keeping the burden on the treasury within reasonable bounds.

#### --- [London Spectator. "Glassblower's Cheek."

Though the wages or remuneration in glass blowing are very high, the industry is not popular. Its unpopularity is no more than natural, the labor being severe and exhausting, the pain and discomfort great, and the healthfulness being unpleasantly small to those engaged. It has a characteristic diseasethe glassblower's cheek-just as the white lead and quicksilver industries have their specific ills. From longcontinued blowing, the cheeks, at first muscular, grow thin and lose their elasticity; they then begin to hang down like inverted pockets and finally grow absolutely unusable. It is a matter of record both here and in Europe that glass operatives have blown holes through their cheeks, but no living curiosity of this sort can be found at the present time .- [Philadelphia Telegraph.

Changing a "Ten." "My dear, can you change a ten for me?" asked the wife of a penurious husband when company was present.

"Yes," he answered, with a wild, dazed look, not understanding how his wife was possessed of so much money,

"will you have it in small bills?" "I meant a ten-cent piece," sht said meekly. Tableau .-- [Detroit Free Press.