

One copy, one year - - - \$2.00  
One copy, six months - - - \$1.00  
One copy, three months - - - .50

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. X.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1887.

NO. 13.

RATES  
OF  
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - - \$1.00  
One square, two insertions - - 1.50  
One square, one month - - - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

### Transition.

'Tis said, in death, upon the face  
Of Age, a momentary trace  
Of infancy's returning grace  
Foretells decay;

And here, in Autumn's dusky reign,  
A birth of blossom seems again  
To flush the woodland's fading train  
With dreams of May.

—John B. Tabb in Independent.

### A PROMPT SOLUTION.

BY EMMA A. OFFER.

It was the typical country store. There were soap and pins, and needles and letter-paper, and back-combs and paper collars, and suspenders, in glass cases in the front, and crockery and coffee, and tinware and overhauls, and cowhide boots, disposed on the shelves and butter and dried beef, and buckwheat and kerosene, and molasses and codfish, in friendly confusion in the rear. Its motley variety was, indeed, a necessity. Lamphier's was the one store of Cottonville.

If Lamphier's was the typical country store, Lottie Lamphier was not the typical country storekeeper's daughter. So John Stockham, Jr., Lamphier's clerk from the next town, had thought, when he first saw her tripping into the store one morning after a spoon of thread and a pound of coffee—she was her father's housekeeper.

She had seemed to John, in her crisp, pink calico, and her natty straw hat, the most prettily-tidy girl he had ever seen, as well as the merriest.

That was four months ago. Lottie came down to the store frequently. Of course it was necessary that she should; something was always needed at the house. Certainly John was far too modest to dream that his presence could have the remotest influence on her comings and goings.

But he had not neglected his opportunities. He had talked to her as he tied up her sugar or rolled up her lining and smiled at her from over the kerosene can and the molasses barrel, and Lottie had not been prudishly backward in responding. The first snow found them very good friends indeed.

The one blot on this extremely pleasant companionship was Mr. Lamphier. Whether Mr. Lamphier was guilty of the notion that his clerk was an undesirable party, and therefore a dangerous companion for his daughter, or whether he was possessed of an ignoble fear of the loss of a good housekeeper; or whether he had merely developed a streak of the inhuman and contrariness not entirely unknown to elderly gentlemen who are undergoing their first touch of rheumatism, and feeling the need of an order-pier of glasses—what Mr. Lamphier's motive was was doubtful.

But he was plainly opposed to John Stockham's growing admiration for his pretty daughter.

The scene which took place one snowy December morning had come to be a common one.

Lottie came down to the store at a quarter to nine. It was earlier than she generally came, and the fact accounted for the blackness of Mr. Lamphier's frown.

Her new brown dress was extraordinarily stylish and becoming, and John Stockham fairly blushed with delighted admiration at the sight of her.

Lottie had nothing to get but a pound of rice, and it was impossible to be very long about getting that. But Lottie was a young person of ways and means.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stockham," she called out, cheerfully.

John was replenishing the fire at the back of the store.

"Good-morning, Miss Lamphier," he rejoined, with subdued enthusiasm.

Mr. Lamphier's sharp eyes were upon him, and he did not venture to join her.

"What are these, pa?" cried Lottie, immediately. "Do come and show me how they work, Mr. Stockham."

They were patent mouse-traps. It was improbable that Lottie was ignorant of their function, or that John Stockham believed that she was; but he got himself to the front of the store with alacrity.

"It's lovely weather, Mr. Stockham," Lottie observed, forgetting the mouse-trap. "Elegant?"

"Is it?" said John, not brilliantly, but devotedly, looking his admiration of Lottie's bright eyes and red cheeks.

"Oh, yes; the snow's a foot deep, and I had to wade; but I like it."

of horror. "I've knocked down a box of curtain-fixtures. Mercy! do help me to pick them up!"

John rushed to her side. He did not know whether she had knocked them off purposely, though he hoped she had. Lottie knew; but she looked quite innocently regretful.

"They groped about together for the missing curtain-fixtures, among the empty boxes under the counter. Occasionally their hands touched each other.

"We'll never find them all," said Lottie.

"I hope we won't. I'm willing to keep on hunting," John rejoined, with a sly, shy glance at the pretty face near him.

"I've got a lot of things to do at home," said Lottie smiling back at him. "I'm trimming a new hat."

"You couldn't improve on that one," John put in, with another admiring glance.

"And if I'm going to have rice-pudding for dinner it ought to be going on," said Lottie, musingly.

But she kept on feeling aimlessly about for curtain fixtures.

"I'd be glad to walk home with you if my time were my own," said John, wistfully.

"You've never been to the house, have you?" Lottie queried.

"You've never invited me," John responded, with gentle reproach. "Not that I'd dare to come if you did," he added, with a faint motion of his head toward Mr. Lamphier.

Lottie sighed.

"If you could get an evening off," she suggested, timidly. "Pa isn't home till half-past ten or so, and—"

John turned a radiantly-grateful face upon her.

"You know I'd be delighted, Miss Lamphier," he almost gasped. "I'd—" "Stockham!" Mr. Lamphier's voice was alarmingly near. "I want that box of spices opened immediately."

Mr. Lamphier's head projected itself over the counter; he glared down at the startled girl beneath it.

John looked at Lottie. There was a during light in his eyes.

"I'll come this evening."

He formed the words inaudibly with his lips, and hurried away.

Mr. Lamphier slapped the package of rice on the counter, frowningly.

Lottie brushed off her dress, readjusted her veil, extracted a piece of citron from a jar and nibbled at it, and went out, with a parting smile for John Stockham.

If Lottie put on her best dress, and her prettiest ruchings, and her silver hair-pin and bracelets, that evening, after her father had eaten his supper and gone back to the store; and if somebody knocked at the kitchen-door about eight; and if the kitchen resounded for two hours thereafter with pleasant chat, and harmless badinage, and light-hearted laughter—if these things occurred, surely it was nobody's business.

"I don't need to tell you how I've enjoyed the evening, Miss Lamphier," said John Stockham, earnestly, as he rose at last, lingeringly. "I know I shouldn't have come; but—I couldn't help it and I can't be sorry I did."

"Certainly not," said Lottie, with pretty warmth.

"I should like to come again," John pursued; "but of course this isn't the way—"

"I don't care—so now!" said Lottie stoutly. "If pa will be so unreasonable, I don't know what 'e's we can—Goodness! what is that, Mr. Stockham?"

She sniffed the air apprehensively.

John sniffed, too.

"It's smoke!" he declared.

"Mercy! where?" cried Lottie.

"We'll have to investigate," said John, taking up the lamp.

They went into the back entry. It was blue with smoke. Lottie gave a little scream.

"Something's afire," said John Stockham. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Lamphier," he added, soothingly.

He opened the wood-house door. They were choked by the rush of smoke and hot air. Their startled gaze revealed one side of the wood house alive with flicking, darting flames.

John Stockham's practical mind worked quickly.

"Where's the sink, Miss Lamphier?" he demanded, "and a water pail. Two, if possible. We'll have to work to stop it. Is's got a good start."

They did work. They rushed to and fro with heavy pails of water, half-blinded by the smoke, hot from the flames, dripping with spilled water.

At the end of a confused fifteen minutes, they sat down, exhausted and dizzy, in the doorway, and surveyed the scene.

One wall of the wood-house was burned black. At one point the flames had burst through, and the moonlight came streaming in.

It shone on the recumbent form of a red-faced, blowsy, and obviously inebriated tramp, sleeping peacefully on a pile of kindling wood. It shone on a dirty clay pipe thrust into a little mound of shavings, which still smoldered. It shone, furthermore, on Mr. Lamphier, standing in the wood-house door and staring in.

Lottie was more than equal to the occasion. She was not a person to let a golden opportunity escape her.

She rushed over to her father and clasped both hands around his arm, with a tragic little shriek.

"Oh, pa," she cried, "just look! Just think what you've escaped! The house would have been burned down in another minute—in one minute—all burned down! Mr. Stockham has saved it. If he hadn't been here and we hadn't smelled smoke and come out here, found the wood-house all ablaze, and worked like anything to put it out, just think what would have happened! It was that horrid tramp. He'd got in here somehow and gone to sleep smoking, and his horrid pipe had set things afire. I'm so glad Mr. Stockham was here—ain't you, pa, dear?"

Mr. Lamphier looked at his daughter and at John Stockham, and at the blackened wall, and at the serenely-slumbering tramp.

"Ah, yes!" he responded. "It was fortunate you happened along, Stockham."

There was a tinge of irony in his tone, and some grimness in his smile; but Lottie did not mind that—nor did John Stockham.

They realized that, by a fortunate turn of events, Mr. Lamphier was defeated, and made to appreciate and admit the fact.

They cared little for the burned beams; they were not conscious of their dripping clothes; the slumbering tramp seemed an angel in disguise.

"Well, it's the way to do," Lottie declared, a few weeks later, when she and John Stockham were safely engaged and Mr. Lamphier had given them his blessing, and intimated that he'd thought of taking a partner, and that John might possibly do—"It's the way to do. If we'd just stood back as meek as mice, and waited for pa to come round and invite you up to the house—Mercy! I can't bear to think of it!"—[Saturday Night.

**Stories of Cats.**

A pair of Siberian kittens belonging to R. T. Wilson of East Nottingham, Pa., have each a blue and gray eye, and one of them has 32 toes.

The London Field tells of a cat that got nailed in under the floor, where she was 14 days before released, and had had three kittens. The kittens were well nourished, in good condition, with their eyes open. The cat herself was in a state of extreme emaciation.

Three cats of Cape Ann clubbed their kittens together and placed them in one nest in George B. Shepherd's stable. There were 13 of them. Some days two cats would remain at home with the family while another went for food, and at other times but one remained.

A kitten of Portland, Oregon, was seen to charm a rattlesnake. The snake was coiled, and with its head followed every motion of the kitten. The kitten seemed to realize the importance of the situation, and never allowed her attention to wander from the snake. The snake was killed.

A cat belonging to a Scranton (Penn.) man, is extravagantly fond of organ and guitar music, but let her master play on the violin she will dart at him as if seized with a fit, scratch him viciously and squall as though in great pain. As soon as he lays the violin down she will trot up to him, rub her head and back lovingly against his ankles and pur contentedly.

**Writing by Electricity.**

The wonderful invention of writing by electricity at a distance of fifty miles is thus described by the Pall Mall Gazette: "Out of the top of a box, which is about the size of an ordinary dispatch-box, protrudes what has the appearance of a stylographic pen. This, however, is not a pen, but the handle of the 'transmitter,' and its lower end is fixed to a light brass perpendicular bar. Any motion given by the hand—your hold it just like a pen—to the handle of the transmitter is communicated by this bar to two series of carbon disks contained within the box, and after various adventures among magnets, etc., is carried again to the top of the box, where it is reproduced exactly by a small ink-holding pen, whose point rests on a white paper tape. A clockwork apparatus pulls this tape along at a gentle pace; and after a little practice you find that it is quite easy to move the handle of the transmitter so that the pen shall write legibly on the moving tape. Now, whatever is written on the tape before you is written simultaneously a mile off, or it may be fifty miles off, on a similar tape, by a similar instrument at the other end of the wire. The instrument is very compact, and apparently efficient. The inventor is Mr. John Robertson, an American."

**Transplanting Teeth.**

Transplanting teeth has long been successfully performed by several prominent dentists without any proclatation. The process is painful, tedious, and requires skill and experience. An orifice is bored in the bone, into which the artificial tooth is riveted, the gum soon growing naturally around it. —[New York Times.

### THE PHONOGRAPH.

How Edison Has Perfected an Extraordinary Instrument.

A Machine Which Records and Reproduces Human Speech.

To a New York Post reporter Edison, the great inventor, said of his newly-finished phonograph: "You know that ten years ago. It remained more or less a toy. The germ of something wonderful was perfectly distinct, but I tried the impossible with it, and when the electric light business assumed commercial importance, I threw everything overboard for that. Nevertheless, the phonograph has been more or less constantly in my mind ever since. When resting from prolonged work upon the light, my brain would revert almost automatically to the old idea. Since the light has been finished, I have taken up the phonograph, and after eight months of steady work, have made it a commercial invention. My phonograph I expect to see in every business office. Their operation is simplicity itself, and cannot fail. The merchant or clerk who wishes to send a letter has only to set the machine in motion, and to talk in his natural voice and at the usual rate of speed into the receiver. When he has finished, the sheet, or 'phonogram,' as I call it, is ready for putting into a little box made on purpose for the mails. We are making the sheets in three sizes—one for letters of from 800 to 1000 words, another size for 400 words. I expect that an arrangement may be made with the post-office authorities enabling the phonogram boxes to be sent at the same rate as a letter.

The receiver of a phonogram will put it into his apparatus and the message will be given out more clearly, more distinctly than the best telephone message ever sent. The tones of the voice in the two phonograms which I have finished are so perfectly rendered that one can distinguish between twenty different persons, each one of whom has said a few words. On a tremendous advantage is that the letter may be repeated a thousand times if necessary. The phonogram does not wear out by use; moreover, it may be filed away for a hundred years and be ready for the instant it is needed. If a man dictates his will to the phonograph, there will be no disputing the authenticity of the document with those who knew the tones of his voice in life. The cost of making the phonogram will be scarcely more than the cost of ordinary letter paper.

The machine will read out the letter or message at the same speed with which it was dictated.

I have experimented with a device for enabling printers to set type directly from the dictation of the phonograph, and think that it will work to a charm. It is so arranged that the printer by touching a lever with his foot allows five or ten words of the phonogram to be sounded; if he is not satisfied with the first hearing he can make it repeat the same words over and over again until he has them in type. For busy men who dictate a great deal for the press, I am sure that the phonograph will be a necessity after a very little experience.

For musicians the phonograph is going to do wonders, owing to the extreme cheapness with which I can duplicate phonograms and the delicacy with which the apparatus gives out all the musical sounds. In the early phonograph of ten years ago, which was a very imperfect and crude affair compared to that of to-day, it was always noticed that musical sounds came out peculiarly well; the machine would whistle or sing far better than it could talk. This peculiarity of the phonograph remains. I have taken down the music of an orchestra, and the result is marvellous; each instrument can be perfectly distinguished, the strings are perfectly distinct, the violins from the cellos, the wood instruments and the wood are perfectly heard, and even in the notes of a violin the over-tones are distinct to a delicate ear. It is going to work wonders for the benefit of music-lovers. A piece for any instrument, for the piano, or for an orchestra, or an act, or the whole of an opera, musical instruments and voices, can be given out by the phonograph with a bounty of tone and a distinctness past belief, and the duplicating apparatus for phonograms is so cheap an affair that the price of music for the phonograph will be scarcely worth considering. As the phonogram will be practically indestructible by ordinary use, such music can be played over and over again.

"My first phonograph, as you remember, consisted simply of a roller carrying the foil, and provided with a diaphragm-point properly arranged to scrape or indent the foil. The roller was turned by hand. In the new instrument there is far more complication, but altogether different results. My propelling machinery consists of a small electric motor, run by a very few cells. Strange to say, I have found more difficulty in getting a motor to suit than in any other part of the apparatus. I tried

various kinds of clock-work and spring motors, but found them untrustworthy and noisy. The motors I am now making are absolutely steady and noiseless. There is no part of the apparatus, the tools for which I am now making upon a large scale here, which is likely to get out of order or to work in an uncertain manner. The two finished phonograms are practically exactly what I intend to offer for sale within a few months."

**Weaving in Biblical Times.**

There were not many regular manufacturers among the ancient Jews. There are, however, several beautiful allusions to weaving by Job, but this, like spinning the thread, was carried on as a family employment rather than as a regular trade. It is so now among Eastern nations. The loom and the instruments for spinning are of the plainest and simplest kind. In the description of the virtuous women, Proverbs xxxi., 10, to the end we have a full and minute account of the manner in which these family employments were directed by the mistress. Nor was this only in the families of the lower and middle ranks. In the Greek and Roman histories we read of the wives of kings and generals being thus engaged. Homer, who lived soon after the time of Solomon, describes two queens—Penelope and Helen—employed at their looms. Dr. Shaw found that the women in Barbary at the present day, were the only persons who wove the coarse or upper garments. These were hoarse articles and they did not use shuttles, but passed the threads of the wool with their fingers. Solomon's virtuous woman is represented by our translators of the Bible as having clothing of silk; the word rendered silk, according to some authorities should be fine cotton cloth or muslin, as they state silk was then scarcely, if at all, known. Aurelian, the Roman Emperor 1800 years after the time of Solomon, refused his wife a silk gown, because it was too expensive. We can therefore hardly suppose that a Jewish woman of the middle class could have such clothing.

**Dining On a Picture.**

The early days of Jules Bastien's career were a time of struggle and poverty. He was glad to draw designs for a fashion journal and once he went down to Damvillers and painted forty portraits of the villagers. The cost of living, small as his expenses were, was a serious matter. For the rent of his little attic study he paid fifty dollars a year. He breakfasted upon three sous' worth of bread and two of coffee, with milk. For dinner, at a franc and a half, about twenty-seven cents, he went to the restaurant of Mademoiselle Anna, Rue Saint-Benoit.

In those early days he painted a picture of a peasant girl walking in a forest, in spring, entrapped by Loves who were casting their nets before her feet. This picture was accepted at the Salon in 1873, through the influence of Cabanel, but it was not sold. It was the first painting that Jules Bastien exhibited, and its fate was a curious one. Kind-hearted Mademoiselle Anna understood the needy state of the young artists who visited her restaurant, and Bastien was her favorite. When he lacked the franc and a half for dinner, she cheerfully gave him credit and finally accepted this picture in payment for a year's dinners. Afterwards when the name of the artist became famous, she was offered four times the amount of her bill for her painting, but she refused to part with it, and kept the first work of her protegee until her death.—[St. Nicholas.

**How Sea Birds Quench Their Thirst.**

The question is often asked, "Where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—[Golden Days.

**Egypt's Ruler.**

The Khedive of Egypt is a strict monogamist. He lives with his one wife and children at his palace at Ismalia, near the Nile Bridge. Every morning he rises between 4 and 5 and takes two hours' exercise. Between 7 and 8 he drives to the Abdia Palace, where he holds state receptions, receiving telegrams and attends to the affairs of state.—[Detroit Free Press.

**At Sing Sing.**

Visitor—"I suppose the convicts are deprived of their valuables when they arrive?"

Warden—"Yes, but even the poorest of them have a watch and chain."—[Siftings.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Applying certain measurements to a scarcely visible film of silver, Herr Wiener arrives at the conclusion that no less than 125,000,000 molecules of silver must be laid in a line to measure an inch.

The amount of force exerted by heat and cold in expansion and contraction of metal is equal to that which would be required to stretch or compress it to the same extent by mechanical means.

The Bank of France has found a valuable detective agent in photography. An enlarged photograph of an apparently genuine check showed plainly that the amount and the name of the payee had been cleverly altered. Suspected coins are photographed with genuine ones, when the counterfeits are revealed by comparison.

An experienced practical builder says that mortar in the interior of walls, especially if it be what is called "rich" mortar, is liable never to harden, but to retain its softness for centuries, though this is only the case when the interior of the wall is hermetically sealed against external air. In England, not long ago, a quantity of soft mortar was dug out of a stone wall that had stood for 800 years. It was as fresh as when placed there.

In some parts of Germany and Austria natural pumice stone has been superseded by an artificial stone, to which a suitable shape can be given and different degrees of fineness of grain obtained, which allows the stone to be used in all the industries where natural pumice stone was formerly employed. The ingredients are white sand, feldspar, and fire clay, mixed in suitable proportions to obtain the desired composition, and the paste is poured into plaster moulds, being finally placed in fire-clay receptacles and baked in ovens.

The interesting statement is made in the last municipal reports of the corporation of Chelsea, near London, that, contrary to what has generally been assumed in the relations of occupation and health, the sewermen of that place show marvellous health and vitality, notwithstanding they spend seven hours daily in the sewers, often in cramped up positions, dealing with offensive and dangerous matter. One of the sewermen, who is now pensioned off, is eighty-six years old, and was a sewerman for more than twenty-eight years; another who is yet at work is seventy-four, and has followed his occupation more than thirty years.

**Beecher's Peculiarities.**

"There was one peculiar characteristic of Mr. Beecher's that I have not seen mentioned in the papers," said an intimate friend of the great preacher, "and that is his occasional lack of confidence in himself. Time and again he has told me that while before an audience at some public meeting, and while awaiting his turn to speak, he was often almost on the point of getting up and going out. 'As I listened to one and another speaker address the meeting,' he used to say, 'I would think, my goodness, I never can make such speeches as those; I'd better leave here at once.' But when he was once on his feet, all these feelings vanished, of course, and he felt completely at ease. He was always subject to these times of self-depreciation, both in and out of the pulpit. When he first came to Brooklyn he used to go around the back streets just to avoid meeting people whom he might know. He combined with his wonderful vigor and boldness the shrinking timidity of a school girl."

Of Beecher's absent-mindedness, Dr. Searle, his physician, told this story: Mrs. Searle was standing at the parlor window one day when she noticed Mr. Beecher go up Mr. Raymond's stoop, over the way, and ring the bell. Before it was answered, he came down the steps and continued on his way up the street. Seeing Mrs. Searle he crossed over, and with a smile said, "Say, can you tell me where I am going this afternoon?"

"Why, you are going to baptize Mr. Howard's child to-day, are you not?"

"That's it, that's just it," he replied.

"But for the life of me I couldn't recall the fact."

"Another instance I recollect," continued the doctor, "happened at his house. I was there at dinner. Major Pond was also present; spoke about a concert that was to be held in New York that evening. Mr. Beecher said he would like to attend it with him. 'But you can't go,' said Mrs. Beecher to him, 'you have an engagement for to-night.' 'Oh, no, I haven't,' he rejoined. 'I am free to-night, and I think I'll go over to the concert.' While she was trying to convince him that he really had some other matter on hand, a carriage drove up to take him to Hoboken where he was booked for a lecture."

In reference to Mr. Beecher's memory the doctor added: "It was marvellously poor. About the only thing that he could remember, he used to say, was the list of prepositions that govern the ablative case in Latin. These he could rattle off like sixty, and did so frequently."

### Lullabies.

The afternoon is fair and still,  
Unweaving stand the village vases,  
The sunshine sleeps on roof and sill  
And glances from my neighbor's panes;  
A languid sense of slumber-cheer  
Broods o'er all things, calm and mild,  
And low from o'er the way I hear  
A mother singing to her child.

A mother's love in measures thrills  
The silence of mid-afternoon;  
The baby's pouting mouth it stills  
That will not open to cry or croon;  
Soft folded to that tender breast  
The little head lies reconciled,  
The songs drift o'er its dreams of rest—  
The mother sings unto her child.

No other sounds are in the air,  
And softly falls those drowsy tunes  
Upon my heart like peace and prayer—  
A lullaby of childish rimes;  
And slumber-strains more low and sweet  
Have never yet to sleep beguiled,  
'Rest, little head, and hands and feet!'  
A mother's singing to her child.

—A. W. Bellows in Yankee Blade.

### HUMOROUS.

**How to serve a dinner—eat it.**

A sick thief should have his disease arrested.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

A hotel "beat" that is popular with the patrons—the sound of the dinner gong.

The only man that seems to thrive on procrastination is the one that owes his tailor.

The snail is a paradox. It is proverbially slow, yet its pace is without bound.

A Cincinnati exchange says that smoking produces selfishness. It is also good for hams.

Young man—Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir? O'd man firmly—No, sir, not a cent.

"Why, Nettie, you have put your shoes on the wrong feet." "What will I do, mamma? They's all the feet I have got."

The counterfeiter, no matter where he goes, is seldom well lodged. At least, it is believed that, where he is, he has bad quarters.

A phrenologist says that fullness under the eye denotes language. The phrenologist must have run across a man who has told somebody else he lied.

**Death Comes Like Gentle Slumber.**

A commonly fatal disease has a certain benumbing effect on the nerves, so that the dying suffer very little, writes Dr. T. L. Cuyler. Such has been my observation. "I had not thought," said a certain good man, "that it could be so easy to die." As life ebbs away usually sensibility to pain goes with it. So gently did a certain eminent chemist breathe his last that a teaspoonful of milk which he held in his hand was not even upset—the dead man held it still. Death is very often a slow fading out of the faculties, like the coming of a tranquil twilight. The sense of hearing sometimes remains intensely acute, so that the dying overhear a whisper in the room. "She is sinking very fast," was whispered by an attendant in the dying chamber of a goodly woman. "No, no," was the quick response of her who had overheard the words, "No, I am not sinking. I am in the arms of my Saviour." The sense of sight generally weakens in the process of dying. A medical friend of mine said to his wife: "Set that lamp up closer to me; the room seems to be growing dark." Such were the sensations of Dr. Adam, the learned principal of the Edinburgh High School, who fancied himself to be in his school-room, and gently murmured: "Boys, it is getting dark; you may go home." Of deaths on the battlefield a large proportion must be without severe physical agony, for a gunshot wound is apt to numb the sensibilities. When a bullet pierces either the heart or the brain there can be no pain. Probably our glorious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, "never knew what hurt him." Drowning is far from painful. Those who have been resuscitated tell us that their sensations were rather exhilarating.

**A Crane Fishing.**

A Maine physician says that one day he saw a big crane standing on a log that floated near the shore on the Kennebec river. The crane had captured a large bug, which he dropped into