The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1889. NO. 10.

Over Their Graves.

Over their graves rang once the bugle's call,
The searching shrapnel, and the crashing ball;
The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh
Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,
By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,
Over their graves!

We love our dead wherever so held in thrall,—
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul,—
A love that's deathless! but they look today
With no reproaches on us when we say,
"Come! let us clap your hands, we're brothers all."
Over their graves!

—*Henry J. Stockard in the Century.*

THE WEDDING JEWELS.

"Two of 'em going to be married at once!" said Aunt Amaranth. "Well, that's good luck for Emily Jane. Six girls are a dreadful dispensation of Providence."

"I don't think mamma thinks so, Aunt Amaranth," said Lucy Pond, coloring.

"She don't say so, of course, out of consideration for the feelings of you girls," said Aunt Amaranth, sourly; "but there's no sort of doubt but that she thinks so, poor dear! I don't know why you couldn't, some of you, have had the sense to be born boys!"

"You talk as if we did it on purpose," said Lucy, half laughing.

"Well, how do I know but what you did?" retorted Aunt Amaranth. "There! you needn't hang the dishes about in that way. You've cracked more teacups, Lucy Pond, and chipped the edges of more saucers, in the six weeks that you have been here, than I did since I've kept house!"

Lucy's lip quivered; the roses deepened on her cheeks.

"I try to be careful," said she.

"No, you don't!" said Aunt Amaranth, tartly. "You don't try to do anything, except to curl your hair and fix over your gowns and read poetry books, when you ought to be sewing for me. How do you expect to pay for your board and lodging, else?"

"Your black dress is finished, Aunt Amaranth, and I did up all your muslin caps yesterday, and every pair of silk stockings is darned so you can't see the joins!" eagerly speaks up Lucy.

Aunt Amaranth elevated her hands.

"There you go again!" said she. "It's your chief failing, Lucy Pond, to want to argue every question that comes up. I do wish I could break you of that!"

Lucy made no answer, but her compressed rose bud of a mouth, the two round red spots on her cheeks, and the mechanical drumming of her fingers on the table near by, evinced the unquietness of her spirit.

How she would have liked to fling all Aunt Amaranth's ostentatious patronage back in her face, and return to the little city house where the five other sisters were all happy together! But that was quite out of the question.

Mrs. Pond was poor; it cost a great deal to live. Lucy, after all, was only one of six, and it had been considered a fine thing for the little maiden when Aunt Amaranth Jay had given her a grudging invitation to come and visit her. And here were Clara and Bessie to be married to young Dr. Clifford and Harry McVicker—yes, Aunt Amaranth was right, it did seem as if the sun of good luck were rising on the Pond horizon once more.

"I suppose," said Aunt Amaranth, still following up the thread of her reflections as she knitted steadily away at her black silk mitten, "they'll expect some sort of a wedding present, from me."

"I don't think they'd expect anything of the sort, Aunt Amaranth."

"Girls always do. Well, let me see. I'm not rich, but there's that solid silver salver of mine. I could have the initials rubbed out and replaced with 'C. P.' for Clara Pond, and I've kept that set of family jewels all these years—"

"Oh, Aunt Amaranth, don't."

"Brooch and earrings!" authoritatively enunciated the old lady. "Girls always like trinkets. Bessie is the eldest, Bessie shall have the pin and eardrops. They ought to go in the family."

But when this news reached the Pond tribe great was the consternation it produced.

"Aunt Amaranth's opals, indeed!" said Bessie, a tall, slim, young brunette. "I wouldn't have 'em if you were to give me a thousand dollars. Of all gems, opals are the unlucky!"

"My dear, that's all nonsense!" said Mrs. Pond, a gentle, dove-eyed little widow, with golden hair streaked with silver. "I've been wishing we could afford you a pretty set of topaz or something, and—"

"But I wouldn't wear opals," said Bessie.

"Well, then, suppose you take the salver, and Clara—"

"No, thanks!" said Clara, with a toss of the yellow head that was like her mother's. "I don't want any second-hand ill-luck, either."

"But what will your aunt think?"

"What she pleases," said Clara.

"She is so kind to dear Lucy."

"I am sure that's no merit on her part," said Bessie. "No one could help being kind to Lucy."

"What am I to say to her?" sighed Mrs. Pond.

"The truth, mamma, of course."

Undoubtedly this was good advice, yet the truth is by no means always palatable.

Aunt Amaranth was very angry.

"The jewels were good enough for the Jay family," said she. "I don't know why the Ponds should turn up their noses at 'em. However, let 'em do as they please. Its their business, not mine, if Bessie chooses to do without her wedding present. What is it, Lucy? the minister again? It seems to me he calls pretty often, don't he?"

"Y-yes, perhaps he does," admitted Lucy, with downcast eyelashes.

"Can't you see what he wants?"

"He asked for you, Aunt Amaranth."

"Well, I suppose I must go in and see him," said the old lady, adjusting her cap ribbons. "He's a very good young man. That last Sunday's sermon of his was really very good for a beginner."

She went in complacently, but when she came out, she looked reproachfully at Lucy.

"Lucy," said she, "is this true?"

Lucy hung down her head.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I—I thought you must surely see it for yourself," murmured Lucy.

"Well, I suppose I have been blinder than any bat!" sighed the old lady. "It never once occurred to me that you would make any sort of minister's wife."

"I mean to try my best, Aunt Amaranth."

"And he wants you to be married right away. Well, you've been a good girl, Lucy," reluctantly conceded the old lady, "and we'll go shopping this afternoon and get you a gown or two, and a bonnet and a shawl. I suppose you'll want to go home and be married where Clara and Bessie are?"

"If you don't object, aunt."

"Much good my objecting would do," said the shrewd old lady. "Well, well, young folks will be young folks, and I must look out for a wedding present for you now."

Lucy lifted her soft brown eyes to Aunt Amaranth's face. She had pitied the old lady's disconsolate when the opals had been so ruthlessly rejected by the other two brides.

"Aunt Amaranth," said she, "you need not look out for anything new for me. You have spent a deal of money on me already, and you are proposing to spend more. And if you don't mind, why shouldn't I wear the jewels—the old family jewels—that you were going to give to Bessie?"

"Would you like them?" sharply demanded Aunt Amaranth.

"Yes."

"You have no silly prejudice against opals?"

"No, Aunt Amaranth."

"Do you like them?"

Truthful little Lucy hesitated.

"I am sure that I shall like anything that you give me, Aunt Amaranth," said she, "whatever it is."

"Humph," said the old lady. "You are a good girl."

Great was the cooing and chattering when the three brides-elect were together in the little red-brick city house, each working on her own trousseau—for the Ponds were poor and dressmakers' bills were not to be thought of.

But Lucy had shared the rest of all, through Aunt Amaranth's unlocked-for generosity.

"She has been so good!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry that I ever was cross or unjust to her!"

"For all that," said Clara, "it would take more than Aunt Amaranth's silk gowns and pretty embroideries to induce me to wear those hideous opals of hers."

"I would wear anything to please Aunt Amaranth," said loyal Lucy.

"Suppose you show them to us," said Clara.

"Oh, I have not come into possession of them yet," said Lucy. "Aunt Amaranth is to bring them when she comes to the wedding."

"You won't wear them to be married in?"

"If Aunt Amaranth wishes it, I will."

And to this resolution Lucy bravely adhered, in spite of logic, persuasion or ridicule.

It was the night before the triple-wedding. Aunt Amaranth, fresh from her journey, was drinking tea and eating cold chicken at a corner of the table, and asking innumerable questions.

"Only three girls left, eh, Emily Jane?" said the old lady. "Well, if they're all as good as Lucy here, I almost wish they were mine. By-the-way, here's Lucy's brooch and earrings."

Mrs. Pond glanced timidly at the blue-velvet case. In her secret heart she, too, feared the reputed ill-luck of opals; yet Aunt Amaranth was by far too important a person to offend.

"Do you want to put 'em on?" said the old lady, abruptly, to her favorite neice.

"Yes, Aunt Amaranth," said Lucy, smiling.

"He's coming tonight, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course!"

"I should like him to see you wearing them," said Miss Jay, complacently.

"Then I will put them on," said Lucy, taking up the case.

"Let me do it, my dear," said Aunt Amaranth.

Two drops of fiery dew, access of glittering white stones, flashed at Lucy's throat and in her little, shell-like ears.

"Oh, Aunt Amaranth!" she cried out.

"Diamonds!" screamed Clara.

"But, I thought," stammered Bessie, "that they were opals!"

"So they were once upon a time," said the old lady. "But I got tired of 'em. I never did fancy colored stones. So last year I changed 'em off, by adding a little to the sum total, and got the diamonds instead. Diamonds are the thing for a bride—eh, Lucy?"

"But, Aunt Amaranth," pleaded Lucy, "they are a deal too good for me."

"Not a bit," said the old lady stoutly. "They're not a particle brighter than those eyes of yours."

And of all the three brides, gentle little Lucy shone most radiantly, with the family jewels, on her marriage day.

"If we had only known!" said Clara.

"Oh, if!" cried Bessie.

"If is a big word for a little one!" said Aunt Amaranth. "You took your own choice, girls."—*Rosa Forest Graves.*

The Food of Man.

The lower animals can live and flourish with comparatively little change of diet; not so man. He demands food not only dissimilar in its actual grosser nature, but differently prepared. In a word, for the efferent nervous impulses, on which the digestive processes depend, to be properly supplied, it has become necessary that a variety of afferent impulses (through the eye, ear, nose, palate) reach the nervous centers, attuning them to harmony, so that they shall act, yet not interfere with one another.

Cooking greatly alters the chemical composition, the mechanical condition, and, in consequence, the flavor, the digestibility, and the nutritive value of foods. To illustrate, meat in its raw condition would present mechanical difficulties, the digestive fluids permeating it less completely; an obstacle, however, of far greater magnitude in the case of most vegetable foods. By cooking certain chemical compounds are replaced by others, while some may be wholly removed. As a rule, boiling is not a good form of preparing meat, because it withdraws not only salts of importance, but proteids and the extractives—nitrogenous and other. Beef-tea is valuable chiefly because of these extractives, though it also contains a little gelatin, albumin, and fats. Salt meat furnishes less nutriment, a large part having been removed by the brine; notwithstanding, all persons at times, and some frequently, find such food highly beneficial, the effect being doubtless not confined to the alimentary tract.

Meat, according to the heat employed, may be so cooked as to retain the greater part of its juices within it, or the reverse. With a high temperature (65 to 70 degrees C.) the outside in roasting may be so quickly hardened as to retain the juices.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Czar's Ironclad Train.

A new imperial train has just been built for the Emperor of Russia. Two saloons are covered with iron outside, and then comes eight inches of cork instead of the steel plates with which the carriages of the old train were protected. All the saloons (which communicate by a covered passage) are exactly the same in outward appearance, so that no outsider may be able to discover in which carriage the Czar is travelling. During the Emperor's journey last autumn he passed the most of his time in a carriage, which, from the outside, looks like a luggage van.

Her Reason For It.

What made you fall in love with the tenor?" asked the alto of the soprano.

"Because I knew he could never be a bass deceiver," was the satisfactory reply.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BABY'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm a very little baby,
Little face and hands and feet,
And my mother says she never
Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies,
Who all look and laugh like me.

When I look out of the window
There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
To the people as they pass;
When I put out hands to touch him
And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,
There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
When we play a little tune.
These are very funny babies,
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.

—*London Figaro.*

DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

How many of you boys and girls know the meaning of the phrase to "dine with Duke Humphrey," and not only its meaning but its origin, for we take it for granted you have all heard the expression. Well, we hope you will never have to dine with that nobleman, for it simply means not to dine at all. It was supposed, although mistakenly, that the bones of the Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Henry IV of England, famous for his hospitality and known as the good Duke Humphrey, lay buried in the old cathedral of St. Paul, London. Now, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this was the regular meeting-place for the business or pleasure of the citizens. Here traders bargained and sold; gay gallants strutted up and down to exhibit their fine clothes; servants were hired and advertisements exhibited. When the dinner hour came the place speedily melted away, until only those too poor to pay for the price of a meal remained, and these were said to "dine with Duke Humphrey." — *American Agriculturist.*

A WONDERFUL DOG.

Benedict, Charles county, Md., boasts of the most sagacious setter dog in the State. Tuesday, Bob, is a large white-and-liver-colored setter, about nine years, old says the Baltimore Sun. He is actually the property of Captain Jones, late of the Weems line of steamboats, but nominally he belongs to any and all residents of Benedict. Bob has free access to any of the residences or stores at all times. Mothers utilize him as nurse for their infants, and Bob seems to delight in taking care of the little ones. He will lie down and make a pillow of himself for the comfort of any child, and is careful not to move for fear of wakening a sleeping infant. He knows who has authority to remove a child, and will not countenance the approach of any others when a child is left to his care.

Two steamboats stop at the town wharf but Bob only goes to meet one of them. He seems to keep a mental record of the two nights during the week on which his steamboat the Winona, is due, and is always on hand to meet her and before the gang-plank is put out Bob goes aboard. His first self-assumed duty is to go over the steamboat and inspect each of the deck hands, and if a strange one is found he spends considerable time near him and carefully sizes him up. After that he never forgets him. He next visits the engine room, pays his respects to each of the officers, goes to the steward and is fed. If the officers go to meals or go ashore Bob takes up his post at the gangway, and here his most acute perceptives is brought into play. Passengers or others having business aboard are greeted with a wag of the tail and other demonstrations of satisfaction but others are given clearly to understand that the shore would be the safest place for them. The steamboat usually remains at the Benedict wharf all night though at times she goes up the river after freight, returning the same night.

While even the passengers are seldom advised of the designs of the officers as to the steamboat, Bob seems to have an intuition as to when she's going, and if it is the intention to return to Benedict he will remain aboard; if not, he goes ashore. Not long since Bob started ashore carrying a choice bone. Before he reached land he saw several hungry-looking cats waiting for him. Bob halted for a moment to commune with himself. He then stepped overboard, on reaching a place that suited him, dropping the bone which sank in about three feet of water. Bob went ashore, and an hour later, when the coast was clear, swam to the spot, and at the first dive came up with the bone.

Many professions are crowded, but there is always room at the top. Take the elevator, young man, and you will get there.

SPOUTING GEYSERS.

Making the Yellowstone Park Springs Boil.

Soaping the Geysers Causes Their Extinction.

Early one morning, a few years ago, a Chinese laundryman pitched his tent close beside one of the geysers in the Yellowstone National Park and supplied himself with hot water from the spring thus saving himself the trouble of setting up a boiler and building a fire. During the day he accidentally dropped a bar of soap into the steaming geyser, and in a few minutes there was a rumbling, a roar, an outburst of steam and water, and the tent and the Chinaman were literally "blown up." The scared Celestial did not stop running until he reached the hotel, and he was then too thoroughly frightened for utterance. Since then it has been almost impossible to induce a Chinaman to remain in the vicinity of the geysers.

But the accidental discovery that a geyser could be provoked into spouting out of its time has been turned to account by some of the guides and soldiers in the park, and the result is that some of the wonderful springs have become very irregular in their action, and there is a possibility that they will cease to spout altogether.

There are 17 large geysers in the upper basin, and some of them at regular intervals send up streams of water from 10 to 30 feet in circumference to a height of 150 and 200 feet. As tourists rarely remain at this spot more than 24 hours, they, of course, want to see one of the large geysers play. Unless they arrive on the opportune days, the only geyser they are likely to see is "Old Faithful," which spouts every 65 minutes. But to see the other geysers spout is the event of the trip, and in this matter the assistance of the soldier who is placed on guard to prevent tourists from despoiling public property is requested.

At every point of interest the tourist finds a soldier watching his footsteps. This espionage is to prevent vandals and "cranks" from scrawling their names on the rocks, and to stop the relic fiends from defacing the beautiful rock formations that surround the geysers. But these fellows have learned about the accident which befell the Chinaman and his field laundry, and many of them will undertake to make a geyser spout, even if it be not its exhibition day.

The initiated tourist hands to one of these guardians a five-dollar note. The soldier slices a bar of soap into thin pieces, wraps the mass in a sheet of paper, and while walking around the geyser to see that no one defaces the rocks, throws the piece of chipped soap into the steaming spring. Then he retires, and he and the tourist await developments. In from half an hour to an hour the spring begins to spout, its action being forced by the chemicals in the soap.

Soaping the geysers makes them irregular, and finally they become extinct. The Bee Hive ceased playing on account of the soaping process. It was a very fine geyser and the irruptions were grand. The soap was again tried the other day with success. Just as the spouting began two tourist and a soldier emerged from behind some trees a short distance away and ran to a point as near the geyser as they dared go. This spouting was a surprise to all save the initiated, especially as there is a little "indicator" geyser nearby that spouts as a warning that the larger one is about to play. As the visitors did not also treat the little geyser to soap it did not play.

The forcing of the water to the surface by chemical means before the periods fixed by nature destroys the regular flow. The volume of water thrown out becomes smaller, and the grandeur of the spectacle is diminishing. Finally the natural forces which create the spectacle become disorganized, and the geyser ceases to be a geyser. Thus one of the greatest attractions of the Yellowstone Park is in danger of extinction.—*New York Star.*

Exercise, Breathing and Perspiration.

Running makes a person warm because of the inhalation of an increased amount of air, causing the blood to pass more rapidly through the lungs. The rapid inhalation of air involves the introduction of a greater quantity of air into the body, which renders the combustion of the blood more rapid, and the blood itself more heated. The quantity of air breathed while running at the rate of six miles an hour is six times that breathed while walking at the rate of one mile an hour. The superfluous heat arising from the exertion of running is disposed of through the skin by means of increased perspiration.

A Mean Man Punished.

A well-dressed man, of about forty, was trying to make his dog bathe in the Seine at Paris, but the animal appeared to have little taste for aquatic exercises. When, after much persuasion, it refused to enter the water, he seized it by the neck and threw it into the river.

The dog quickly swam to the shore, but as the bank was at that place bounded by a steep wall, all its efforts to get over it were in vain, and its master, in reaching over to help him, lost his balance and fell into the water. Two watermen hastened up, held out a pole to him, and succeeded in drawing out both master and dog safe and sound. No sooner on land, instead of manifesting his joy at being rescued from death, he showed marks of great despair.

On being asked the reason, he replied that when he was leaning over the wall to help his dog up his purse had fallen out of his coat pocket, and disappeared under the water. A boy offered to go in and find it.

"Go!" said the gentleman, "you shall be well rewarded."

The boy took a header, dived several times, and at last, after having caused the anxiety of the bystanders by his long disappearance, he showed himself, dripping with water, holding in triumph the lost article, which he handed to its owner; but before giving it to him, he stopped and held out the other hand.

The gentleman had confided to those present that this purse contained 850 francs. A murmur of indignation, therefore, arose when they saw him take one franc from his pocket and offer it to the lad. He might, perhaps, have accepted it, had not a bystander called out:

"He offers you a franc, I will give you two if you will throw it back into the water again!"

The owner of the purse darted forward, but before he could seize it, the boy had thrown the purse back into the Seine.

"How much will you give now to have it picked up again?" the gentleman who owned it was asked.

"Five francs!"

"That is not enough. Give fifty!"

After some disputing the bargain was concluded. The boy dived down again and brought back the purse amid the shouts of laughter and cheers of all present. The miser, much vexed, had then to perform his part of the bargain, but not without many grimaces and much grumbling.—*Funk's Week.*

Mesmerism in Surgery.

There may be more in mesmerism—now called hypnotism—than the medical fraternity generally are ready to admit. Medicine under modern developments, says a London journal, has been so engrossed with the fascinating theory that mind is a function of matter that it has quite forgotten to discuss the possibility of the converse and equally fascinating hypothesis that matter is a function of mind.

A severe operation has just been executed in Paris on a young woman during a mesmeric trance. In the Hotel Dieu the patient was subjected by a Paris surgeon to a painful cutting operation "of the class called dangerous and requiring great delicacy of manipulation," she being at the time "wholly insensible to pain, showing no signs of suffering and awakening"—not from an anæsthetic of the ordinary kind, but from a mesmeric sleep "wholly oblivious of what had taken place."

These and like experiments are unmistakable evidences that the medical profession is awakening to the possibility of establishing under the banner of the nineteenth century science, the existence of the ancient doctrine of the supremacy of mind.

Night Sights in New York Street Cars.

Late at night one sees many curious scenes in the street cars, says a New York correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*. Coming from the theatre the other night I witnessed one that impressed me quite a bit. The car was full of people returning from various theatres. There was a pretty girl stopping up under the wing of her escort; the prosaic married couple who stared straight before them; an old German decidedly the worse for beer; a girl with a tawdry, yellow wig and a cheap cotton jersey, and rhinestones in her ears. There entered the dirtiest, weariest, saddest, oldest-faced little wretch of a newsboy, who offered his papers. No one heeded the begrimed, entreating paw. He was about to plunge off the car when a well-dressed man who looked if he might have been dining out, called the child, and much to his amazed awe, bought his entire stock. The little fellow, who looked as Moses may when the manna dropped from heaven, sprang from the car and was lost in the darkness. The swell amused himself by tearing the paper into bits and casting them out into the night.

The Forest Flower.

Life is sweet, O forest flower!
In your leaf encircled bower,
Gentle breezes sing to thee,
Bird and bee are company,
As, with song or noisy hum,
In the summer days they come,
Morn or even brings its dew,
Priceless bounty unto you,
Safely guarded, hour by hour,
Life is sweet, O forest flower!

Life is pure, O forest flower!
When the rain drops are your dower,
Dropping, dropping, one by one,
Till their blessed work is done,
Wafts bear on your sweet perfume,
Outward from the forest gloom,
Where the grassy meadows are,
Over hill and mountain far,
'Tis your gift of soothing power,
Life is pure, O forest flower!

—*E. B. M. Wright in Dewdrops.*

HUMOROUS.

The railroad tie is no four-in-hand.

First Ice Bill: How do you feel? Second Ice Bill: Immense!

The water girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is made to order.

The highest grade of impudence—to walk in an umbrella shop for a shower to pass over.

Be not quick to anger, but if you are chased by a mad bull take offence as quickly as you can.

Little Antoinette—"Mother, do please buy me a new doll; my old one is quite ashamed when it sees its age."

Teacher: What great event occurred in 1876. (Small Boy (after a pause) Please, M'am I was born then.

It is instinct that prompts a girl who knows nothing of the world to ask to drive when you strike a lonely road.

Young men hunting heiresses should remember that "Miss Fortunes never come singly." You have to marry 'em.

The lay of the poet and the lay of the hen differ in several important features, and none more signally than in the readiness with which the lay of the hen is convertible into hard cash.

"Do you remember how ten years ago in this very place you offered yourself to me?" "Oh, yes, and you refused me." "I have been reconsidering the matter." "So have I."

No Waiting for Inspiration.

Mr. Frith, the artist, in his "Reminiscences," gives a hint which is of value in many departments of work. "Believing, as I have every reason to do, in hard and constant work, I earnestly desire to warn the student against waiting for a disposition to work. Nothing is more common than for a young man—or an elderly one, for the matter of that—to say, 'Oh, I couldn't work today; somehow or other I could not get the steam up; I set my palette, but the inclination to work would not come.' My reply to that is, 'You should have set to work, whether you were in the humor or not,' and you would have found, before you had been painting half an hour, that an absorption of work had come over you to such a degree as to carry you on successfully through the day. I, who speak, have experienced the truth of the above hundreds of times. I don't think I ever allowed myself to be stopped from regular work by any of the modes of distraction. When I have urged my views on the question of steady and continuous industry on some volatile natures, I have been told that 'a man must wait until his genius prompts before he can work and that painting done against the grain can be but poor stuff.' For myself, I must admit that, if I had waited till 'genius' urged me on, I should be waiting at this moment; my pictures would not have been painted."

He Must Be In Love.

There is a man living in Hartford, Conn., who deserves the prize for absent mindedness. A few days ago he was having his boots blacked by an Italian street bootblack. But as the job was finished and the gentleman had picked out a nickel from his purse an acquaintance stepped up and began talking. The gentleman absent-mindedly put the nickel in his pocket and gave the purse to the bootblack, who seized it and disappeared. The purse contained $2.15. Since that time the Italian has been asked to give it up but refused. So the gentleman had him arrested.—*Chicago Herald.*

He Could Spell.

During the Franco-Prussian War, a corporal came to the doctor with one of his men, who was unfit for the saddle. The doctor examined him, and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form for the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. "Can you spell rheumatism, corporal?" said the doctor. "I think I can, doctor, thank you," replied his salutant. The corporal was Louis Coetlogon, one of the leading journalists of Paris.