The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 10, 1892. NO. 28.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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

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Only the Few.

There are many birds in the nests in spring,
There are many buds that a promise give,
There are many songs that the poets sing,
But only the few will live.

There are many children to laugh and play,
And many battles for youth to fight,
And many brave on through the heat of day,
But only the few till night.

There are many hearts in this world to beat,
And many eyes to see wondrous things,
And many ears to hear music sweet,
But only the few have wings.
—[Mary A. Mason, in the Independent.

A Sleighing Adventure.

That sleighing party was a one long to be remembered. There was a ten-mile drive to the farmhouse of a wealthy old Scotch gentleman. The roads were a gleam of well-beaten snow, the crisp air was laden with glistening frost flakes, and a clear moon gave a light that was so reflected that its power seemed doubled. I drove the Morgan mare and the spirit of the occasion, with all the charm of its surroundings, seemed to possess her. It required no urging of voice or whip to hasten her gait, but from "aunty's" to the party she took us at lively clip. "Adonis" was out with his blacks, but no opportunity offered to try issues and we reached the great brick farm residence without accident. The Scotchman was a wholesome, jovial representative of his class: hard headed, soft hearted and of a stinted hospitality. His round, red face was a cheery welcome and it beamed that wholesome good humor which years cannot eclipse. His sturdy sons and handsome daughters were well educated and had that inherited refinement which culture alone can never supply.

I had forestalled any monopolistic designs of my big rival by arranging for all my dances as we drove to the scene of festivities, and there was a quiet satisfaction in noting that some fatality led him to ask for nearly all the sets that I had spoken for in advance. And how we did dance! The pleasure obtainable was the one thing sought for and it was a merry, rollicking party from start to finish. For the venerable Scotchman, whose legs seemed rejuvenated by the inspiring music, we served such venerable relics as the Virginia Reel and Money Musk. It was a sight worth witnessing to see him get up and down the middle and vigorously introduce the quaint steps that he had learned half a century before. His face glowed like an Italian sunset and his eyes lit up with genuine enjoyment. Once he collided with "Adonis" and the latter made a semi-circular fall and landed full length on the floor. Everybody laughed, but I was the one whose jocular demonstration seemed to cause another entry in his growing list of grievances. We ate and danced again and it was only when all had realized that we had stayed too long that the sleighs were called for.

As I handed my partner into the cutter, and while the high-strung Morgan was champing her bit and impatiently pawing the snow, the jolly host patted her neck, called her a beauty, looked her over carefully and considerately whispered this advice as I tucked the robes about my fair companion: "Don't let her get the upper hand, lad. She's well ready for a run if the chance be given her."

I only laughed, said to let her go, and go she did. She shot across the broad front yard, through the open gateway and headed homeward at a rattling pace. There was rare life in the motion, the pure air and the broad stretches of silver sheen that opened out in every direction. Not more than a mile had been covered when I heard the dash of a team behind us, and heard "Adonis" yelling to clear the way. "My team is running away," he shouted, "but give me the road and I'll tire them down."

I was inconsiderate enough for a moment to look upon the whole thing as a race to give him the lead, but the second thought was a more worthy one, and just as the maddened blacks were within a pistol shot I drew the restless mare to the side of the road, but even as she plunged through the drifted snow, could not stop her. The team went by like a rocket, and just as I was about to swing the mare into the road once more, myself, my companion, and all the loose belongings of the cutter were piled into a miscellaneous heap. We had pitched head foremost into an apparently bottomless ditch of snow, and the more we struggled the deeper we seemed to go. I had instinctively clung to the lines, but one strong lunge of the mare had jerked them from my grasp. When I had dug my way out and then dug the snow from my eyes, I looked upon the vanishing wheel of cutter and mare, going like an express train. I could hear her heels beating a tattoo on the dashboard and I groaned in anguish when I thought that I would have to settle for the cutter, and, what was far worse, settle with my father for running away from college, running away with his favorite mare and then allowing her to run away. Had we been in any condition I would have desperately proposed that we two lone creatures, out there in the cold an snow, close the series of runaway incidents by running away ourselves. I was never more weighted down by troubles before or since and only pride prevented me from breaking forth into a lamentation of freezing tears.

As the companion of my joys and sorrows of that eventful night was drawn spattering and spitting snowballs out of the drift, the first use of her voice was to propose this conundrum: "What do you think auntie will say this time?"

I gave the robe a jerk that treated us to a temporary snowstorm and irreverently remarked: "O, auntie be blowed. If she hasn't retained enough sense to know that we can't capture a runaway horse with half a mile start, she had better apply for a guardian, or at least find another one for you. If she goes blatherskiting around this time I'll give her a piece of my mind."

The bare idea of my taking that estimable old aunt to task so tickled my partner in trouble that she settled down into the snow with peal after peal of laughter that had the genuine ring of merriment. I was mad enough to shoot, but what could I do!

"We have to get home," I stated in a dignified way, which must have been supremely ridiculous. "I am perfectly willing to carry you a matter of eight or ten miles, but that would preclude the possibility of our seeing 'aunty' before dinner time. If you can modify your risibles sufficiently to walk until we reach a house, I may get something to take us home. Then there were two of us mad, and a solemn-looking procession we made as we marched single-file up the road, I leading with a buffalo robe, whip and cushion secured about my person.

"Let me carry something," she suggested.

"Not a thing," I responded decisively. "If we come across the cutter anywhere along the road, I'll pick that up and carry it, too."

I heard a smothered snicker and ground my teeth: for did ever such great chunks of adverse fate strike the same man within so short a space of time?

At length we reached a farm house and I partially relieved my pent-up wrath by pounding the front door. Two or three curs made the first response and I was keeping them at bay with the whip when a big, raw-boned man opened the door and wanted to know "What's this fuss about?"

I explained, and it took several minutes to convince him that I had not tried to knock his door off the hinges. He was finally satisfied, and, after agreeing upon a price that was more than his old turnout was worth, prepared to take us to "aunty." His cutter was a jumper, made out of two saplings for runners and thills combined, the superstructure being a dry goods box, carved out at the sides with a handsaw and nailed to the cleats which held the uprights together. The motive power was a broken down wheezy old horse that really wasn't fast enough to plow corn with. Limpety jog he went, the big farmer gently plying the whip and chirruping incessantly in a way that meant nothing. I was indulging in mental profanity while the sensible girl leaned in one corner of the primitive structure and saw only the funny side of the situation. It was five o'clock in the morning, that outlandish hour at which some one is poetically described as telling "the old, old story of love," when our caravansary drew up in front of aunty's. That resolution of mine to give her back talk had completely vanished. I was as humble as Uriah Heap. She opened the door and stood there for a second like a graven image in the mellow light of a hand lamp. Then gentle curves began to wreath her mouth as she gathered the situation.

Finally three of us were laughing uproariously, and the farmer declared that he had never before "struck sich a gol-darn lot of idyots." I settled with him and settled more cheaply with aunty by telling her of our adventure. Meantime I knew that the Morgan mare had struck across the country for home, and the folks there were in an excited state of uneasiness. I left a telegram with the clerk, to be sent as soon as the office opened, and then I went all over dreamland with runaway horses, a pretty girl and snow so deep that a whole summer could not have melted it.—[Detroit Free Press.

"SCREW WORMS."

Insect Pests Which Sometimes Attack Human Beings.

The Terrible Experience of a Lady in Missouri.

So long as those objectionable creatures known as "screw worms," which are the larvæ of a species of fly, confine their attacks to domestic animals, the damage they do may be endured with a moderate degree of patience. Occasionally, however, they assail human beings, with the most painful and sometimes fatal results. The winged insect finds a person sleeping out of doors and lays its eggs in the mouth or nostrils. Subsequently the worms are hatched out and proceed to feed upon the tissues. Such a case is referred to in the last number of "Insect Life," published by the Department of Agriculture.

The victim was a lady who spent last summer on a farm ten miles from St. Louis. Opposite the farm was a sheep pasture. Sheep, it will be remembered, are the animals most frequently attacked by screw worms. One day Mrs. A., as she may be called, was seized with violent and continuous sneezing fits, and in 48 hours she was in great distress, with face, nose and throat much swollen. The doctor, however, was unable to distinguish the symptoms from those of severe influenza.

On the morning of the fourth day Mrs. A.'s husband appeared early at the doctor's office and said with horror that his wife had in sneezing expelled from her nose two or three white worms. A distinguished surgeon was summoned for consultation, and by the aid of mirrors the interior cavities behind the nose and mouth were examined. By these means it was discovered that small white larvæ were attached by their mouth hooks to the mucous membrane all over the inside passages. Forceps and tweezers were brought into requisition, and with much difficulty twenty-five or thirty of the worms were extracted. Considerable force had to be used, because chloroform and carbonized fluid had no effect to make them loosen their hold. Indeed, upon being disturbed, they would contract so as to almost bury themselves in the inflamed and bleeding tissues. The sufferings of the patient from the parasites and the surgical operations can better be imagined than described.

Three times a day for as many days the physicians worked at the removal of the larvæ, until they had more than 200 in alcohol. Some of these were taken from behind the tonsils, entirely out of sight, by means of peculiarly curved forceps directed with the most accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the parts. In the meantime suicidal mania had developed and the sufferer entreated her attendant to be allowed to end her life. It seems to be a fact that all persons afflicted with screw worms require careful watching to prevent suicide, which, under the circumstances, is not at all surprising.

On the eight day no more worms could be discovered and the patient seemed greatly relieved. The inflammation rapidly subsided, and in the course of a few weeks recovery was complete. In the ordinary course of nature these worms fall to the ground as soon as they are full grown, go into the chrysallis condition and come out later in the shape of winged flies, which lose no time after mating in laying their eggs in some such suitable place for their incubation as the nostrils of a sheep. As to the origin of the attack described, Mrs. A had an indistinct recollection of having been disturbed while taking a daytime nap in a hammock, but could not recall the fact that any insect attempted to enter her nose. People sometimes die from this complaint, while others recover with great mutilation of the parts attacked. The moral of the story is that it is not prudent to sleep out of doors during the day with the face uncovered.—[Washington Star.

Queer Theory About Insanity.

"There is something in the atmospheric conditions that develops insanity and murderous impulses," said a student of human nature. "That is my theory. It is like the grip and other diseases that prevail at certain times and under certain conditions. There are all sorts of diseases and impulses in people and it only needs the conditions to develop them. Insanity is a peculiar disease and to a greater or less degree exists in a pretty large proportion of mankind. In most cases it is shown in a harmless idiosyncrasy and excites no more comment than mild ridicule; but in many cases it has a homicidal tendency that is suddenly and unexpectedly developed. Can this be through natural and general causes or is it imitation that produces these mind waves? I believe it is the former—that general causes similar to the conditions that produce the grip wave, the cholera wave, the horse distemper wave or any other disease of a season also tend to unbalance the badly balanced mind.

"The cases that appear in the papers are not a tithe of the cases really existing. At the Marlborough Hotel the other day the barkeeper showed me an ice pick—one of those stiletto like things with a round, leaden bulb to it for a handle—the same kind of a weapon that was plunged into "The" Allen. It was taken from the pocket of a negro bellboy who had been discharged. That boy meant murder. Half the men you meet have homicidal tendencies at times. It is the nature of man. Nothing but civilization and the self-control that comes of it prevents our killing each other on slight pretexts. The so-called crime waves are probably the results of general conditions that tend to throw men off their mental guard and reduce them to natural slavery."—[New York Herald.

Salt in the Air.

When a flash of lightning darts through the air it vaporizes any minute particles of floating matter that may be in its path. By examining the light of the lightning with a spectroscope the nature of these vaporized substances may be determined, because every known element in nature shows in its spectrum certain lines that belong to it alone. By studying the spectrum of lightning in this way, W. E. Wood of Washington has recently been able to show that sodium, which is the element from which common salt is formed, exists in the air. He suggests various ways of accounting for the presence of sodium in the atmosphere, one of which is particularly interesting, and that is that it may have come there from interstellar space. It is known that meteoric dust is continually falling upon the globe from beyond the atmosphere, and if it should turn out that microscopic particles of sodium are included in this strange, unending shower with which the heavens salute the earth, it would be only another proof of the unity of composition that extends from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars.—[New York Telegram.

Effects of the Loco Weed.

The loco weed is the curse of the Southern rancher. In the early spring, before the healthful grasses are growing in quantity, the Southern plains are dotted with small flat patches of this noxious plant, and the cow-boys have to exercise their utmost vigilance to keep their horses and cattle from eating it. The plant obtains it name of "loco weed" from the Spanish word loco, meaning crazy, from its effect on the animals. Any grass-eating animal that has eaten much of the loco becomes thoroughly worthless for the rest of its days. The only cure is prevention. There is no antidote, the most careful analysis failing to reveal the reason of its baleful effects, and thus giving the veterinary no clue to work upon in his attempt to cure. The actions of a "locoed" animal are pitiful in the extreme. He will spring wildly into the air, strike head, neck or hoofs against any convenient object regardless of consequences; drink imaginary water out of imaginary brooks, etc.—[Frank Leslie's.

Proceeds of a Jack-Knife.

The champion horse jockey belongs in Belfast in the person of "Lije" Walker. Just to give his boy an idea of how to get along in the world, "Lije" started away from home one day on foot and nothing in his pocket but a jack-knife. He was absent just one week and returned driving a pair of horses harnessed to a top-buggy. Hitched to the rear axle was another horse and a cow, while ahead was a dog. "See how your pap does it?" said "Lije" to his son, as he gazed at the time of day from a handsome watch. For a fact, he had got the whole turnout for his jack-knife, and swopping the proceeds into one thing and another.—[Belfast (Me.) Mail.

Method in His Madness.

"I'm going to give her this music box for a birthday present," he said confidentially to a friend.

"But aren't you afraid that it will destroy your welcome as a caller?"

"No. Why should it?"

"Well, it only plays two tunes, and they are, 'Call Me Back Again' and 'I Won't Go Home Till Morning.'"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Flog is a verb
And so is whack;
Cane is a noun,
And so is back;
And lazy boys, who go to sleep,
And through their lessons crawl and creep
And stut and stammer,
Must see the noun and feel the verb,
To help them with their grammar.
—[New York Advertiser.

THE LIONESS AND THE LITTLE DOG.

Not very many years ago there was an old lioness at the zoological gardens of Dublin who fell sick, and as she became weaker and weaker the rats, which were tempted into the den by the pieces of flesh lying about it, grew so bold that at last they began to nibble her majesty's poor old toes and trouble her exceedingly. A little terrier was put into the cage to keep them in order; but the lioness resented his entrance and showed her dislike in every sort of way. At length, however, she saw the dog catch a rat, when the reason for his being there seemed to strike her. She became very much attached to her small protector, and let him leap upon her front paws, right under her nose every night for warmth, a place of honor no doubt, if a somewhat alarming one, and showed her affection for him in the tenderest manner continually until her death.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE BATTLE ON SKATES.

Once upon a time King Philip of Spain went to war with Holland, the country where the land is lower than the sea-level, and there have to be big walls, called dikes, to keep the water from sweeping over the fields. This fight was a desperate one, for King Philip was so eager to subdue the country that he waged the war with all the means at his command. He sent to Holland, as his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Alva, a Spanish nobleman and a famous general. After the war had been going on a long time, and many towns had been seized, the Duke saw that if he could take Amsterdam he could easily overcome the rest of Holland, but between Amsterdam and the King's forces lay the city of Haarlem.

The Duke sent his son Don Frederick to capture Haarlem. The city was almost surrounded by water, then frozen over, as it was winter. There were a few ships lying near Haarlem, but they were held fast by the ice, and might easily have been captured had not the sailors dug a trench all around them, and fortified them against the enemy.

As soon as Don Frederick arrived, he sent a body of soldiers to attack the ships. The soldiers marched out to the vessels, but as they came near a body of armed men on skates sprang from the trench.

The Hollanders were used to skating from their very babyhood, for in winter the canals and sea were frozen for miles around, and everybody skated. Not only did they skate for fun but to market and their daily business, just as easily and far more quickly than they could walk. They used to have games and sham battles on the ice, so that when there was need for real fighting they knew what to do.

But the Spaniards lived in a southern country where there is little ice, and they never went sliding or skating. When they saw the Hollanders dart out at them, their feet shod with steel, appearing almost to to fly in the air, they thought the enemy must be aided by witchcraft! They were tempted to run, such was their amazement and terror.

However, when the bullets came flying among them, they tried to pick up their courage and fight. But their efforts were feeble, for, unable to keep their footing on the slippery surface, they would stumble and fall, while the Hollanders would glide by unharmed and send their bullets to the mark.

The Hollanders were victorious; and, when they drove the Spaniards off the ice, several hundred of the enemy lay dead, while the conquerors scarcely suffered any loss. When the Duke heard of this defeat he was much surprised, and decided that he would not be beaten again in that way.

So he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and commanded all the soldiers to learn to skate. They had fun while learning, but not long afterward were able to handle their weapons on ice as boldly as the Hollanders. But they had little occasion to make use of this new accomplishment, for a sudden thaw and flood made it possible for the ships to sail away, and the sailors' brave spirits were much cheered by the sudden frost that followed and rendered them safe from naval attack for a time.

The Flower Business of Scilly.

The flower season lasts from January to June, and Scilly to be seen in its glory should be visited in the spring. At that time, St. Mary's, which is the principal flower-growing island, resembles a large piece of brilliant patchwork: the air is filled with perfume, and almost every person on the island is engaged in plucking, trimming or packing. The flowers are plucked on a fine day, just before they have opened, and taken to a damp room with a temperature of about 70 degrees; then every vessel which will hold water is requisitioned, and in these the blooms, after having the superfluous leaves carefully removed, are placed until the time for packing comes. This operation is deferred as long as possible, perhaps for a couple of days after picking, and meanwhile the boxes and baskets are prepared with soft layers of hay and ferns, and labels and cord are got ready, as well as dainty colored paper with scalloped edges, for the more expensive flowers.

At length the final stage is entered upon, perhaps at midnight, and for hour after hour there is no cessation, one person drying the stems, another tying into bunches, another packing, a fourth nailing up, and a fifth, perhaps, helping generally. On and on into the gray morning the workers toil in an atmosphere which the heat and the odor of tons of thousands of flowers have made almost insupportable, gradually building around them a wall of neat packages, their movements growing feverish as the sound of passing wheels reminds them that their neighbors' flowers are already on the way to market. At last the task is over; the horses move off with their load, and take a place in the line of vehicles which every highway is discharging on the pier; and ere the weary "flower-farmers" have well finished their hard-earned breakfast, a shrill whistle announces the departure of the steamer. At Penzance a special train is in waiting to convey the beauty and perfume of Scilly to busy centres, there to decorate the tables of the wealthy, to brighten the gloomy chamber of the invalid, and to speak words which the timid tongue of the lover hesitates to utter.—[Chambers's Journal.

American Apples in England.

In some parts of England and Ireland very fine apples are raised, but not in very large quantities, and, owing to the high value set on land and the system under which most of it is cultivated, there is not much encouragement for planting large orchards. Landlords do not expect tenants to plant orchards and cultivate and take care of trees when their tenure is so uncertain, for, after years of waiting for the trees to reach maturity or even a bearing age, the tenant or planter may be served with a notice to leave, his successor getting the benefit of his years of labor. But no part of Great Britain probably is so well adapted to apple culture as our Northern states. Besides, our fall and winter varieties excel in size, beauty, and flavor those raised in the most favored localities of Great Britain, and this is especially true of such varities as the Newton pippin, Baldwin, northern spy, and several others which are in great demand in English markets. The superior keeping qualities and high flavor of the best American varieties of the apple have probably contributed as much toward creating a demand for them in England as the scarcity or insufficient supply of the home-grown crop.—[New York Sun.

Pleasures of Life in Honduras.

It is rather painful, after the way in which we have been induced to think of Honduras as a land of milk, honey, perpetual bloom and all-around terrestrial perfection, to be told by a returning emigrant from that country that snakes and bugs of the most intensely disagreeable kind abound there and make quite free with the languishing native and the hopeful colonist. One reptile, it is said, has a double set of teeth, and when he bites the victim sweats blood all over. Another is so peculiarly constituted that its bite is immediately followed by mortification—whether of the flesh or spirit is not stated: perhaps both are meant. Evidently the energetic promoters who have been booming that tropical clime have forgotten to mention one natural advantage. Honduras must offer great facilities for snake stories.—[Chicago News.

A Sure Cure.

Stranger—And so you believe in Professor Chloride's cure for drunkenness?

Red-Nosed Enthusiast—Believe in it? How can I help believing in it? I've been cured six times.—[Life.

Life is Too Short.

Life is too short for any vain endeavor,
For useless sighing over vanished days;
No time for scorn, no time for needless praise.—
Life is too short.

Life is too short for envy to be nourished,
Too slow to cover up the path we tread.—
Think of the suffering! hear the cry for bread!—
Life is too short.

Life is too short for avarice to devour
And rob men's souls to seek its evil end;
No time for bitter thought, you know, my friends—
Life is too short.

Life is too short to waste in tears and grieving
Over the love that came but did not stay;
'Tis sweet to dream, but dreams, too, pass away.—
Life is too short.

Life is too short—forgive and be forgiven,
While yet we linger, everything is brief,
There is no time for idleness or grief,—
Life is too short.
—Moses G. Shirley, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOROUS.

They probably call the sea treacherous because it beats the banks.

There is something as good as bravery in getting scared in time.

When the hotel clerk says "front," the hall boy should not talk back.

Customer—How will those shoes wear? Funny Clerk—They'll wear out.

The vinegar, if you have noticed, does not seem to have any respect for its mother.

The grip is the only thing that can make some tough people feel meaner than they are.

Travellers for houses in the leather trade are facetiously referred to as "skids" by their fellow-drummers.

"Did you see any sharks while you were on your travels?" "I should say I did, but I didn't buy anything of them."

"You are gotten up to kill," she remarked as he tied his earmuffs on. "I ought to be," he said, "as I am going out sleighing."

Yeast—Does your wife cook well? Crimsonbeak—I never tried to cook her. The furthest I ever went with her was to get her into a stew.

Mrs. Black—See! Mother has sent us this beautiful present. Mr. Black (ungraciously)—H-m. When does she say she is coming to spend a month with us?

"I was dancing all night, doncher know," said Cholly to Miss Keene, on whom he was making a call, "but I'm not a bit tired. On the contrary, I think I look pweety twesh after it." "You're always fresh," she said.

A little girl who was about to be taken to see the pantomime, on being told that it was called "Ali Baba; or, the Forty Thieves," exclaimed: "Why, that is the story, mother, you read me out of 'Ab'aham's Light,' is it not?"

Partly done, with the aid of her maid, struggling into her last season's winter jacket—Why, Jane, I really believe this thing has shrunk. "Yes, m'm; it is really wonderful how clothes shrink at your time of life."

Says Chawles, "my what erratic lines
Man's destiny is shaped!
It has been cap'ring many days
And I have not escaped."

Experts Fall Out.

A $100 bank bill is causing a good deal of discussion among bank tellers and government officials. As to whether it is good or bad, there is a difference of opinion.

The bill turned up at the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank a few days ago. Teller Cooper thought it a good bill, and showed it to other experts. It purported to have been issued by the First National Bank of Boston. To settle the question the bill was taken to the Sub-Treasury. Receiving Teller Schoeninger pronounced it bad and punched the word "counterfeit" in it, as is customary.

There are few counterfeit $100 bank bills known to be in existence, and that of the First National of Boston is one of the best. In $100 bank bills at the left is a picture of Commodore Perry and his men in a rowboat on Lake Erie just as the Commodore is about to utter the memorable words: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." In genuine bills water is seen to be dripping from both sides of an oar suspended above the water. In the counterfeits the water drips from only one side of the oar blade. The bill in question had a drip only on one side, it is claimed, although the bill was so much worn that it was difficult to determine that point. It was the main point on which Mr. Schoeninger bases his decision.

Tellers generally think the bill is good in spite of the decision of the Receiving Teller of the Sub-Treasury. It has been sent to Washington for a final decision, which is expected within a day or two.—[Chicago Tribune.