The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 3, 1892. NO. 10.

The Chatham Record

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.

Light Will Break Tomorrow.

What though our skies be overcast
And clouds of trouble lower?
Though disappointments crowding fast
Seem life's ungrateful dower?
Though trials throng upon our way,
Shall we succumb to sorrow?
No! Let us gather hope, and say,
The light will break tomorrow!

Though fickle Fortune hides her face
Our brave endeavors scorning,
And robs us of some promised grace
Without a moment's warning,
Let us not tremble at her frown,
Nor care and trouble borrow,
But crush our dark foreboding down—
The light will break tomorrow!

Beyond the shadows of the night
The welcome sun is shining,
The clouds that loom upon our sight
Have all a silver lining;
The darkest hour precedes the dawn,
And joy succeeds to sorrow—
The longest night will yet be gone,
And light will break tomorrow!

—[Helen Whitney Clark, in Saturday Night.

EQUAL TO THE TEST.

"Oh, dear, no! Bessie Hunt'll never amount to much of anything. Pretty enough, if any one fancies red hair and eyes that have a yellow glint in them like a tiger's, but that never was my style of beauty! Give me a girl that has something more substantial than mere good looks to fall back on if the time should ever come when it is necessary, instead of a girl who has nothing more than some mouldy classic on the end of her tongue, or some frittery fancy work forever in her fingers!"

"La, sakes, brother," feebly expostulated Mrs. Hunt, "you look as if it were really going to be! I know Bessie is fond of her books and pretty feminine fancies, but I don't blame the girl. I used to like 'em when I was her age! But I know she ain't any more like Jessica or Minerva than they are like her."

Abram Alvey was too deeply engrossed in his subject to heed the quiet sarcasm in the last portion of her response.

"Right, Emily," retorted, quickly, "no more she ain't! Jess or Min could take hold and do for themselves if they should ever have to, but Bessie there—laugh!"

Nobody saw a slender shadow flit across the window near which Abram Alvey sat, neither did they hear the footsteps which approached the open door, then stole swiftly and quietly away. A tall, slender girl, with wavy masses of red-brown hair clustering around a sweet, serious face, out of which shone the wide brown eyes which had in them the "yellow glint" to which Abram Alvey objected.

Unwittingly Bessie Hunt had overheard the whole of their conversation which alluded to her! She had a book in her hand, and as she turned away there was just a suspicion of tears on the long, silken fringe of lashes around the brown eyes, a tremor in the curved, sensitive lips.

"I wonder," she murmured, as she went swiftly down the grass-grown path to her favorite haunt under a clump of graceful, silvery larches, "if I am so very useless? Uncle Alvey certainly thinks so! But," with a sigh, "I never had the strength to do all that Jessie and Minnie might! I wish I had, though!"

Poor child, she did not know, as she uttered this vain wish, that it was literally like grafting the fair, frail orchid blossom on the strong, hardy Northern rose! The harsh remarks that she had overheard rankled deeply in her heart just now.

But "truth is stranger than fiction." Sunny skies and fair promises surrounded Myrtle Farm and its inhabitants at present. There was no fear of casualties in the heart of honest John Hunt, for, as he said, he'd "laid by a considerable pile to use on a rainy day," if the time ever came. But they had no fear of its coming, not they!

But, las for the consistencies of humanity! Down in the progressive town, near the outskirts of which stood Myrtle Farm, once a week John Hunt carried a goodly load of farm produce; there he heard conversations which set him to thinking. Men talked of making a lifetime fortune in some bold speculation; of getting "corners" in grain, buying "low," then selling "high," and, although he did not just understand as clearly as he ought, he would ponder these things as he jolted homeward over the rough country roads, and the more he thought the more fascinated and tempted he became.

At last, one bright morning he started for the market as usual, but beneath his coat, securely wadded into a snug roll into his vest pocket, was a large roll of bills.

He was going to try his luck. It would be such a fine thing for the home folks, he argued to himself, if he happened to come out ahead. No thought of the other possibility seemed to trouble him.

He seemed unusually restless for the next few days after his return. He was singularly anxious to read the daily papers.

"A body'd think you'd been speculatin', John," observed Mrs. Hunt, one day, as she repeated some remarks a third time before he heard her.

A queer look settled over his face but he made no response.

But all at once he uttered a stifled exclamation and started to his feet; his face had grown unusually pale and the hand which grasped his hat trembled with nervous agitation.

"I must go up to town, Emily," he exclaimed, "at once! Where's Bess?"

Mrs. Hunt looked her astonishment.

"To town!" she repeated, blandly. "Why, you was there only last Saturday! Anything happened?" with a glance at the paper, which had fluttered unheeded to the floor.

"No, not much, only—well, never mind."

Two, three hours past. Jessica and Minerva came in, two strong, florid girls with loud voices and blunt manners, and immediately demanded "cake."

Poor, mystified Mrs. Hunt shook her head.

"I don't know, girls, but he said he was going in town. Business, I guess."

"Humph!" ejaculated Jessica "Where's Bessie? Gone with him?"

"No. She went for something; I've forgot. But any rate, she's round somewhere."

The Misses Hunt exchanged glances, but deigned no reply to the patient, overworked mother, who was rather afraid of these self-reliant daughters, preferring in her heart gentle, misunderstood Bessie before either.

It was several hours past the time for their early tea when John Hunt came home. Abram Alvey was with him, and his lips were compressed in a thin, hard line.

John Hunt himself, during the short time he had been absent, seemed to have grown years older. He was pale, restless, and the hand which he rested on the table shook as with palsy.

His wife came forward, seriously alarmed.

"What happened, John? Anything? Be you sick? Just sit down and let me get you a good, strong cup o' tea right off. It'll do you good," for in a life of the clouds which sometimes obscured their domestic horizon, Emily Hunt was loyal and true to the man whom in her earlier youth she had chosen for better, for worse.

He made a gesture of repugnance at the suggestion of food or drink.

"I can't eat anything, wife," he said, as he threw his arms across the table in a hopeless, dejected fashion, and hid his face upon them. "I—I—tell her Abram."

"He has been speculatin'," went on that individual, the rigid lines in his face never softening, the tones of his voice hard and metallic as cold steel; "speculatin', I tell you, and has ended by ruining his family. That's all!"

Mrs. Hunt sank helplessly into the nearest chair and stared, speechless, at her brother. Jessica and Minerva clung together on the sofa, an expression of almost ludicrous dismay on their faces.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Minerva, the first to break the heavy silence that ensued. "Father, whatever possessed you?"

Jessica suddenly burst into a violent fit of weeping The bent figure beside the table never moved.

"Father! Look up!"

Without a glance in either direction, tall, straight, with a bright spot burning in either cheek and a brilliant glitter in her eyes, Bessie suddenly crossed the room and knelt gently, sympathetically, beside her father's chair.

"Father! Don't take it so to heart! It cannot be so bad, and," in a lower tone, "I will help you now."

Then John Hunt raised his head, a gleam of hope stealing into his dreary eyes as he placed his hand tenderly among the red-brown tresses clustering above the high white brow.

"You, Bessie?"

"Yes, father," she responded quietly. "Try me and see."

And so it proved. The test of which Abram Alvey had often boasted had at last come.

But contrary to his expectations, Jessica or Minerva, the "self-reliant girls," did not come up to his standard. They "hung around," as he expressed it, bemoaning their unlucky fate and making the place almost unbearable to the disheartened man. He bore up as long as he possibly could, then succumbed to the inevitable.

It was then that Bessie, the "useless one," came to the fore. The "frittery fancy work" that Abram Alvey had so scornfully condemned, proved its worth. Blithely the bright steel needle flew through gauze and silk, and for the dainty creations turned out by the deft fingers Bessie received a snug competence. Her time was almost taken up, but somehow she managed to crowd in a few music pupils, and so add a trifle more to their income.

And it was after giving a lesson one day that she came in, and throwing aside her hat, laid her flushed, bright face on the pillow beside her father's. He looked at her fondly, but in a deprecating way.

"My dear," he said, in a strangely weak voice, "you will kill yourself working so! If only Jess or Min"——

She placed her hand on his mouth with a quick, quaint gesture.

"No more 'ifs,' papa, please," she said, lightly. "And I am not going to work so hard now. Papa, Ralph Deane has asked me to marry him and I said—I would!"

Ralph Deane! John Hunt remembered him. He belonged to one of the best families in town.

For an instant the broken man gazed into the fresh, fair face, then drew her close to his breast.

"God bless you, my daughter," he said, huskily.

And Jessica and Minerva?

When Bessie was married she took her father, mother and two sisters home with her to the handsome home her husband gave her, and they are there, bemoaning their fate even yet. —[Boston Globe.

Beginning of Our Understanding of Storms.

In the year 1821 a severe storm prevailed along the Eastern coast, which for many years was known as the "great September gale." It held that title until September, 1869, when another and more remarkable one occurred, which rather disturbed its claim to the honor. It was a little time after this first storm that Redfield, while making a journey in Massachusetts, was struck by a somewhat curious fact. He noticed that in Massachusetts the trees prostrated by the wind, all lay with their heads to the southeast, showing that the gale there was from the northwest; but in Connecticut the trees blown down in the same storm lay head to the northwest, showing that the gale had been a southeast one. He ascertained, moreover, that when the wind was blowing southeast in Middletown, his home, it was northwest at a place not seventy miles from there.

It was then that the idea flashed across his mind that the gale was a progressive whirlwind. That was a great thought. It was such a flash of perception as came to Newton when he connected the falling apple with the planets in space. It was such an insight into the meaning of a fact as James Watt had when he saw the possibilities of the force that was rattling the lid of the kettle on his mother's fire. The development of that idea was destined one day to put Redfield in the ranks of the great scientific thinkers of his day. He made this storm the basis of his investigations, following his researches into its movements by a careful collection of facts in relation to others like it. For ten years he studied, and examined and compared his facts, before he published his theory of storms.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Queen Victoria's German Side.

I heard an amusing story about England's Queen the other day. I don't think it has ever been published, but the authenticity was vouched for. It seems that an English woman, whose name was given to me, is on quite intimate terms with the royal family, though she is without title; just a plain "Mrs," and from a country family. One time she, with her little child, three years old, was lunching with the Queen. At the table were Princess Beatrice and several others. The Queen, in the course of the lunch, took up a chicken wing in her fingers. While she was enjoying the sweetness of the meat next the bone the little child looked up and quickly said:

"Pig-ee! Pig-ee!" Every one was horrified. The mother felt as if she would like to sink out of existence. The Queen went on for an instant with the morsel which she was holding in her fingers and then said:

"You are right, my dear. An English lady would not take a chicken wing in her fingers, but you must bear in mind that I am a German woman."

And she calmly finished the wing. The rest breathed a low sigh of relief and the mother and child were, on taking their leave, invited to come again.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE FROG THAT WOULD A-COURTING GO.

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
So off he set with his opera hat
And on the road he met with a rat.
"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Kind Mr. Mousey for to see?"

When they came to the door of mousey's hall
They gave a loud knock and they gave a long call;
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh, yes, kind sirs; I'm sitting to spin."
—[New York Mail and Express.

HOME-MADE DOLLS.

Not so very long ago there were many women who made wax dolls at home for their children. The art wax considered rather an elegant accomplishment, like manufacturing wax flowers. People commonly made toys for their own household in those days, when the business of turning them out for the benefit of the little people of the world had not as yet become a great industry. Certainly nobody then used to think of buying dresses for a doll. Within the last few days news has come across the water to the effect that Queen Victoria recently had photographs made of a large number of German dolls which she dressed herself in costumes of all nations when she was a little girl of ten. It is said that they were accidentally found by Sir Henry Ponsonby, her private secretary, in an out-of-the way corner of Buckingham Palace.—[Washington Star.

AN OLD HUNGARIAN TALE.

Once upon a time the creatures living with a farmer grew tired of serving him, and one and all deserted him. Cow and horse, cock and hen, duck and goose, left his dwelling. Only the dog remained behind, faithful to his master.

They wandered about all day long in company, and when night came, finding a deserted hut in the forest, they entered in and took possession of it.

The cat laid herself down in the still warm ashes on the hearth. Horse and cow stretched themselves out on some loose straw in one corner. The duck waddled under a bench, the goose under a table, the hen flew up on top of a cupboard, the cock on the chimney piece. Just as they had comfortably settled themselves for the night a pack of wolves came prowling about the hut and sent the oldest and strongest one amongst them into it to see who it was who had taken possession there.

When the wolf came in at the door he saw the cat's eyes glowing in the dark, and took them for live coals on the hearth. But when he came up closer the cat flew at him, nearly scratching his eyes out. The horse got up from the straw and gave him a kick in the ribs. And when the wolf turned to flee from the hut the cow butted him against the wall with her horns. The hen sprang clucking loudly on his back, while the duck and the goose nipped his legs with their bills, and just as he, frightened and bewildered with the reception he had got managed to escape out of the door, the cock on the chimney piece burst out with a loud and jubilant crowing. Master Wolf came back to his comrades in a very sad plight.

"That was a nice task you gave me," he said, reproachfully. "The hut is tenanted by witches. When I came in and went up to the hearth where I saw some coals burning, the vixen of a cock flew at me and nearly scratched my eyes out, the groom got up from the corner where he had been lying and almost broke my ribs with a blow of his flail, whilst the farmer himself, seizing a pitchfork, thrust me rudely against the wall. His wife struck me on the back with her distaff, and two of her maids, crying 'Back, back,' stuck me again and again in the legs with their shears. And just as I was fleeing from the house, another maid, from a room under the roof, cried out in a terrible voice, 'Bring him to me—to me.'"

On hearing this tale of their scout, the whole pack of wolves took to their heels and ran off as fast as they could. —[Harper's Young People.

ADDED force has been given to the truth that there is nothing new under the sun. An inventive gentleman proclaims that he has devised means whereby great waters may be parted and a dusty stroll taken along the bed of the sea. This device will be recognized at once as something that disappeared along with the chariots of Pharaoh. The chariots have not yet been found.

The United States manufactures 60,000,000 cats every day, while England manufactures about 40,000.

CURING A COLD.

Some Methods That May Be Used to Advantage.

A Doctor's Practical Suggestions and Remedies.

If you have contracted a "cold," of course you want to get rid of it as soon as possible, says a doctor in the New York World. When the first symptoms, which have been described, manifest themselves is the time for action, and this should consist of a hot mustard foot-bath before going to bed and a hot draught of milk. The covering of the body should be linen and wool, the former in the way of the sheet and the latter in the blanket.

No attempt to get up an active sweating should be made. The foot-bath and the warm drink will give a sense of warmth and facilitate the natural excretion of materials which should pass away by the skin, and any effort to aggravate this will be not only superfluous, but harmful.

The blanket should never be worn next to the night robe, and should not be so thick as to confine the air next to the body. It is, indeed, often advisable to lighten the covering of the feet, and to preserve a certain amount of weight over the loins, and to have the shoulders protected from the external surroundings in general.

The last measure is not to be underrated; a sensitive lung carries with it susceptibility to take to itself everything that could possibly affect it to its detriment. Lung diseases belongs to sensitive persons, and may or may not be the sequence of a "cold." The majority of them, however, can be traced to imprudence in dress and exposure. Pneumonia, pluriry and consumption are partners of carelessness in the dressing of the chest and back, and "colds," which might stop at the throat by a little prudence, are their apprentices.

If one of your ancestors died of a lung disease, you should be more than usually cautious about the clothing of your chest and back. Families and their offspring have tendencies toward certain complaints, and this fact should not be ignored.

If you have unconsciously contracted a cold and want to get relief from it, you must, in the first place, avoid too much medication A properly clad skin and a clear digestion ought to shorten the life of the "cold." If a little comfort can be secured by wearing a light covering on the head during indoor hours it should be respected.

Ventilation of apartments comes in for a slight amount of attention, and it should be simply sufficient to furnish fresh air and not to produce currents which can be appreciated. Nothing is more fallacious than the belief that health is promoted and life prolonged by air in excess, and this is proved by tombstones.

There are a few good remedies which appeal to us as matters of tradition. Our grandparents used them with effect, and we might follow their example without injury. One of these is sassafras tea, another is boneset tea, and another is senna tea. Each has its office, and each is of value in its peculiar line, and at the same time harmless.

It would be superfluous to give directions for their use, for every one knows about them and what grandma has believed of their efficacy. These teas are good and may benefit you in time of "colds."

Forest Fires and Mosquitos in Alaska.

Miles and miles of blackened stumps marked the ravages of the forest fires. The Indian, when resting on his journey and suffering from mosquitos, sets fire to the twigs and leaves around him, creating a smoke which keeps the pest at a distance, and, when refreshed, he straps on his pack and moves along the trail, of course without extinguishing his fire; when announcing his approach to friends at a distance, he sets fire to a half-dead spruce or tamarack-tree, and the column of thick, black smoke is the signal, to be acknowledged in the same manner by those who see it, so as to direct the traveler to their camping-grounds. In the summer everything is crisp and dry, and the timber is saturated with turpentine. The trees left to smolder are fanned into flame by the slightest breeze; the flames creep among the resinous trees, and spread till whole forests are destroyed. These forest fires and the mosquitos account for the scarcity of game. Over the vast untraveled region that we visited, there was a remarkable scarcity of wild animals. We saw only a few ground-squirrels and some grouse and ptarmigan.

The Indians say that all the larger animals retreat in summer to the hilltops, where, exposed to a constant breeze, they are free from the torments of insects.

At our camp for the night on a grassy knoll, the mosquitos and other flies were in greater numbers and more ravenous than we had ever previously experienced them. The whole insect world seemed to hail our arrival with the same relish that reservation Indians welcome government rations. Their attacks were fierce and incessant; our poor brutes, tortured into a frenzy, though hobbled, stampeded back, and sought escape from the torment by sinking into the swamp through which we had labored only a few hours before. The next morning, however, afforded us a delightful rest, for a stiff breeze from the southward swept the air clear of the pests, and granted man and horse a short respite. When plagued by flies, our leader, who wore a brass bell, would create a continual tinkling, but when unmolested, the bell would seek a soft patch of grass and go soundly to sleep, profiting by the unusual lull.—[Century.

Tepees and Hogans.

While attached to a military expedition against the Sioux in Wyoming in 1877, I saw those Indians construct at the various camps we made what I take to be the most primitive form of house built by human hands. It was simply a shelter, or tepee as they called it, made with the green boughs cut from the cottonwood trees. Without any especial preparation of the ground, they implanted the cut ends of the limbs in two parallel rows about eight feet long and five feet apart. The tops were adroitly bent over the inclosed space and fastened together along the middle line, thus creating a semi-cylindrical shelter open at both ends. These tepees were merely intended for two or three men to sleep in, all the cooking and other arrangements being performed outside.

In permanent summer camps these tepees are built in a sub-semispherical shape, the ground upon which they are built being cleaned off, moderately scooped, out, and the earth thus obtained banked around the in-stuck ends of the boughs on the inside of the structure. They are then trimmed up and properly covered outside with long prairie grass, so placed as to shed the rain. Often, too, they threw an old buffalo hide over the top as an additional protection.

In 1886 I observed the Navajos in northwestern New Mexico building similar houses to the ones I have just described; but those Indians also build a more durable structure in their hogan—a conical house of logs plastered with mud, and with a door at the side. Navajos, too, are improving in their home-building more especially where they have taken up their abode in the neighborhood of frontier military garrisons.—[Popular Science Monthly.

All He Guarantees to Do.

The cleverness of the waiters who stand at the doors of the dining rooms of the large hotels in charge of the hats which are left outside by the guests is very striking. Some of them perform really wonderful feats of memory in the way of identifying the hat of each person, although they often do not see the guest more than once and that for only the instant when he pauses to leave his hat behind him as he enters.

At a hotel on the Maine coast is a colored man who is famous among the guests for never making a mistake, although sometimes the guests have tried to puzzle him by going in in groups and by wearing hats he has never seen. One day one of the boarders talked with him about this power and the waiter said that he had acquired it by long practice.

"And do you never make mistakes?" the gentleman inquired.

"No, sah; I don't calc'late to make no mistakes," was the answer.

"And do you give every man his own hat?"

"Oh, sah," returned the waiter, "'taint none o' my bus'nes whose the hat am. I gibes to ebery man the hat he gibes to me."—[Boston Courier.

A Retraction.

Dr. Paresis (angrily)—Look here, Dicer, I understand that you have been telling people you wouldn't let me treat a sick cat of yours.

Dicer—That's about what I said.

Dr. Paresis—Well, sir, you'll have to take it back.

Dicer—Very well, I will. I'd let you treat a sick cat of mine. I'm no very fond of the animal anyhow.—[Puck.

A Metrical Miniature.

Her eyes display a blended hue
Of summer skies and violets blue,
With just a hint of April dew
To make her glances bright:
But, lest their luster be too fair,
And brighter than the world could bear
Long lashes like a silken snare,
Befringe her lids of white.

My apple-blossoms flushed with morn
Have lent their color to adorn
Her cheek, whereon is gally born
A dimple with each smile.
Her wayward tresses scorn to rest
By ribbon bound or toilet prest,
And ever weave at their behest
Fresh graces to beguile.

Her curving lips by turns recall
Red roses, poppies, cherries—all
That wins the eye or could enthrall
A hermit or a saint.
Her gleaming teeth 't were vain to hymn:
The brightest words were all to dim:
The artist who their light would limn
Must crush a pearl to paint.

Beneath her kirtle peeps a foot
That charms in slipper, gaiter, boot:
Whose music makes the birds grow mute
With bended heads to hear.
Her hand can boast perfection's mold,
In winter warm, in summer cold,
And just the temperature to hold
At any time of year.

A snowy neck, a witching chin,
An ear in tint the sea-shell's twin,
A saucy nose—just put that in—
The bonny little belle!
Her name? Ah, there I hesitate;
With many a rival at her gate,
Her name, until I know my fate,
I were wiser not to tell.
—[Samuel M. Peck, in the Century.

HUMOROUS.

Better late than never—Husbands.

It takes a master-stroke to smooth down a rebellious schoolboy.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room when the old man smashes his thumb.

The spider is possibly the only thing living that can have a fly time of it without being punished

Dotley (who notes her black velvet ribbons)—You are in half mourning? Dorothy—Yes, my half brother is dead.

"That's the burning question," announcing Gazzam, as he laid down his newspaper. "What is?" asked his wife. "Cremation."

Chappie—I did not catch Mrs. Histrung's remark. I wonder if it was intended for me? Bess—No, I know it was not, for she said, "A word to the wise is enough."

"I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are together all the time. What dear friends they must be!" "Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother."

Mollie, "Whatever induced you to get this horrid-looking material for a dress?" Ethel: "It is the only way I can be sure of getting back what is left over at the dressmaker's."

Invalid Wife—John dear, I do hope if you should ever marry again you will find a better wife than I have been. John—There, there, my love, don't worry; there will be no trouble about that.

How to Make an Egg Dance.

For the boy who loves to play magician and to keep the whole family enthralled by his remarkable feats here is a new trick, that of making an egg dance: Place a hard-boiled egg upon the underside of a smooth, but dull—not polished—tray. Move the tray around and around horizontally, gradually increasing in speed. The egg, resting in the middle of the tray, is carried around and around by the movement and gradually begins to revolve on its own axis, faster and faster, till at last it is seen to rise on end and spin away just as a top would do

In all experiments involving egg balancing you will find it a material aid to success to keep the egg upright in the saucepan while it is being boiled. The air chamber will in such case be kept central with the longer axis of the egg, which will, in consequence, be much more easily balanced.

To set the egg spinning as described demands practice, not to mention some strength, and, still more, address. For the benefit of those who are ambitious to succeed at the first attempt we indicate a simple plan of procedure. Place the tray on the table, letting it project so far over the edge as to be readily and rapidly grasped by the hand. Place the egg in the middle, and with the thumb of the left and the first finger of the right hand placed at opposite ends, set it vigorously spinning. It will immediately rise on end, still spinning Quickly seize the tray and you will then have nothing to do but to keep the edge still rotating, which is a very easy matter. This is done by moving the tray in horizontal circles but in the reverse direction to that in which the egg revolves.—[New York Advertiser.