VOL XIX.

THE CRIME OF THE BROWERS OFFICE.

watchman.
Paxton asked several more questions

given him.

That very day the detective placed

one of his most reliable assistants on Kredge's track, and he also directed another co-laborer to shadow the brokers—Fratt & Wocks.

brokers—Pratt & Weeks.

The quest for the man who had taken
Stuart Harland's coat and whom the
watchman had seen at the door of Gar-rison's office was suntimed, and Paxton
logan to think he had the game well in
bond.

Little did be anticipate the startling

watt no longer.

You know I am unable to meet your demand. The theft of the money with which I had meant to pay you prevents my doing so. If you would grant me time?

Impossible; my partner will not con-

Pratt did not inquestiately answer, but a made the transit of the room several mes, while he furtively gianced at Gar-

Finally, as though be had arrived a decision upon some point which had been considering, he said in a low

"Sir!" thundered the broker,
"Hear me: I am honorable in what I
y. I would make your daughter Edna

se rather to see my daughter

canceled. I promise you that."
"Your proposition is an insult.

The street door banged behind him : Edna Garrison had heard all.

It chanced she was in an apartment adjoining the library, and the voices of the two men, raised in anger as they were, reached her distinctly.

Edna Joined her father as soon as he

ly the broker's servant presented Rich

multered Garrison, "L

"Your prope would choose r

'Can I make no terms with you?'

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.



more.

"Yes, sir, at your service," responded parture. Stanmore, too, withdrew and the detective.

"Then I have a note of introduction for you," said Staumore, and he presented a letter, which Paxton read, after which he arese and shock hands with the old gentleman warmly.

Staumore's introductory letter was written by the Chief of the New York City police, and it stated that the bearer, lichard Staumore, key, was the writter's personal friend.

The letter concluded in these words:

personal friend.
The letter concluded in these words:
Any assistance you may render Mr.
Stamoore, who will make his business known, will be duly appreciated by myself and well renembered by the gentleman is question, who is a man of vast wealth.
The latter was duly signed.

weath.

The letter was duly signed.

"Mr. Paxton," and Stanmore, "I have interested inviselt in the case of the murder of my sid friend, John Onkhurn, and I desire to especially engage you to solve the mystry of his fare."

"Lam already working up the case on my said account," will add an incentive which will perhaps not be ill-advised. Find the assurable point of the life and account in conviction and I pedge myself to pay you the said of \$25,000 cash, the day the work is done, "said Stanmore.

more. "That is a small fortune; I am yours. I shall work for money as well as fame. row," said Paston.
. "Good, and now I wish to give you a

few items of information, continued Stammere, and he want outer tell Paxton of his discovery that the marked money was in the possession of Pratt and Works.

of his discovery that the marked money was in the possession of Fratt and Weeks.

Previously to his appearance at Garrisson's file, and before he knew that the money missing from the broker's safe was marked. Stammer had changed to be in Pratt & Weeks' offlee and he saw the latter counting a large sum of money and noted, without thinking of the significance of his discovery, that each note was marked with a small red V. as the banker said the money paid boin Oukburn was marked.

We must get hold of the marked money: I'll take out a search warrant,' said Faxton.

No, 'said Stammer, emphatically, 'I object to that. I have the devilish cumuling of these scoundreds. They would find a way to get the money beyond your reach the moment you presented yourself with your warrant of search—I', as I suspect is the case, they have not already cumulingly secreted the money. No, no, Pratt 2 Weeks must not know that anyone possesses the knowledge that they have the stoden money. Eventually, however, I pissige you that they shall be made to pay out the stolen money under circumstances which will make any afternigh at denial of their knowledge that it was stolen furtile."

"Ferhaps some stratagem may accomplish that. I fancy you have no love for Messes, Pratt & Weeks, 'Said Paxton regarding Stammore curiously.

"I have justice. But listen; bevi Kredge, Mr. Garrison's janitor, is a man upon whom suspicion may rest,' misswered Stammore, and he went on to tell how he had seen krestige come out of the private enfance of Pratt & Weeks' office and the reasons he had for susperting that he was a spe employed by Pratt and partiner to watch Garrison, and the who to the life how he had seen krestige come out of the private enfance of Pratt & Weeks' office and the reasons he had for susperting that he was a spe employed by Pratt and partiner to watch Garrison.

Such suspectors Stammore enfertained from the moment when he knew that Kredge was insteading at the door of the interior department of Garrison's office.

At this moment the conversation berupted. A man whom the detective recognized as a night watchman em-ployed on the block where Garrison's

The appearance of the watchman was source of the greatest satisfaction to be detective. He had desired to ques-

Paxton greeted the watchman famil-orly, addressing him by the name of

cant to speak with you in private, Mr. Parton," said the watelman.

You can "speak fearlessly before this gentleman," answered Paxton.

was alone.

"You are my own dear, dear father.
You spurned that villain as you should have done!" she creek, throwing her arms about his neck.

Jason Garrison caressed the golden head that nestled affectionately on his bosom, and he said:

"The future looks dark for us, my dear. My greatest hope now is that I may be able to nogotiate a loan on my Colorado property. I did not dare to mortgage it before for fear of spoiling the saids, which I thought was sure to be made. Fortunately, Pratt & Weeks do not know that I own real estate in Colorado and they will not seize that." "All right, sir. I heard you were ask-log for me at my house, and though I just returned from the country, I hurried to call here. You know my beat is around the block in which Jason Garri-son's office, where the murder was com-

and I wish to ask if you had

Well, I saw semething. Last Monday but two nights before the murker—I answered Edna, cheerfedly. night—two nights before the murder—I saw a man prowling about Mr. Garrison's office. He was at work at the lather and daughter were still converse. street door when I discovered him, ing, the bell rang again, and ime Thinking to arrest him, I tried to take by the broker's servant presente him by surprise, but just as I was about and Stanmore's card. to selve him, he discovered me. Then Stanmere, muttered Garrison, I he was off like a shot. I pursued him, know no one of that name, but you may but he gave me the slip after all. I show the gentleman here. he was off like a stot. I pursued min-liat he gave me the stip after all. I obtained a good look at his face though when he turned and saw me at the door." "The is new evertainty," said Paxton, as the watchman paused. "But I have not told you all," the lat-ter added. "Other I gave up the chase

but he gave me the slip after all. I obtained a good look at his face though when he turned and saw me at the door.

This is news evertainty, "said Paxton, as the watchood paused.

But I have not told you all," the latter added. "After I gave up the chase of the man I showevered at the door of Garrison's office. I returned there and made an evaquination. I found wax on the keybele, and of course I knew at made an examination. I found wax on the heybole, and of course I knew at once the fellow had been taking a wax

dollars. "You have saved me from ruin," said and of course I knew at dollars.

"You have saved me from ruin," said I mean to keep it, answered it incrinion, whose gratitude was bounding the man, said Paxton.

It well-made young fellow.

It and must also he and blue playsure to think that I am feding the playsure to think that I am feding the playsure for the playsu "Done ribe the man," sold Paxton.

has been merely a business transaction. I have loaned you a sum or money; you have given me variable Colorado property as security for the loan. You have nothing to thank me for. Rather should be grateful to you for the opportunity to block one of those wild must ample of John Oukburn has turned out to be a windfall for us both. TEREST TO THEM.

The loungers scrambled to their feet. I have loaned you a sum or money; you have given me valuable Colorado property as security for the loan. You have nothing to thank me for. Rather should I be grateful to you for the opportunity to block one of those villations games. Fit crush those vipers yet!" answered Stammer. His last words were uttered in a fierce

His hast words were uttered in a flerce-voice, full of intensity, and Garrison felt that in him the Wali-street villains, Fratt & Weeks, had a dangerous fee. Stummore pressed Garrison's hand, and a moment later he had left the house into which he had brought hope and joy. True to his promise, Fratt called at the Garrison residence promptly at six o'clock that evening, but, acting upon his master's instructions, the servan-refused to admit him. Pratt left the door funding with rage and vowing vengeance. one of his eyeorows, I think. That's the local I can do for you in the way of a description; you know I only had a glance at him, replied the watchman.

This necount of the nan seen at the office door necords with the description Stuart Harland gave of the man who took his overcoot, and the detective.

I think I could recognize the follow again if I were to see him, said the watchman.

and vowing vengeance.

What was his surprise, however, upon returning to his office to learn that during his absence Jason Garrison had called and settled his indebtedness in "Where did he get the money?" de-

anded the trate schemer? "Therein is the mystery," answere:

Weeks.
"My scheme has falled. With the father in my power and the lover in prison charged with murder, I mount to bring the girl to my terms," muttered Pratt, and after a moment's reflection

he added:

But the game may not be entirely jest yet. Edna Garrison may not be beyond my reach after all."

Fratt's motive for wishing to fasten the crime of John Oakbarn's murler on Stuart Harland is clearly discernible now. The conspirator regarded the roung man with all the hatred such a nature as his could feel for a successful rival. He had determined to wed Edna Garrison. Stuart was an obstacle in his way to be removed. But Pratt was one who was invariably governed by mercenary motives, and it was remarkable that ce should seek to wed the daughter of a rulned man.

that ee should see a visit from a studied main.
Stuart Harland received a visit from Paxton the day following that which with used his interview with the broker and with his betrothed.

and with his betrothed.

Harland, of course, preserved profound secrecy regarding the motive for his secret journey on the night of the murder, but he told Paxton of the suspicion regarding Levi Kredge which had occurred to him. He also related the headent of his having detected the jainter listening at the door of the private office.

Eaxton gained no further information from Stuart, and he left the young man after assuring him that he sould rely on him to make every possible effort to detect the cashier's assassin and thus prove his inno-case.

That same day Paxton's auxiliary, who was shadowing Levi Kredge, reported that the fellow was constantly in secret communication with Pratt & Weeks, and further, that he had learned that the treacherons junior had been

Little did he anticipate the startling and mysterious developments that were to follow, as he advanced in the campaign against the inysterious assessin. When Stannors found himself in the street at the conclusion of his interview with Paxton, he turned to a cab stand, and, entering one of those convenient vehicles, he directed the driver to proceed to the residence of Jason Garrison. Marks & Bock have informed me that Pratt & Weeks are the unfortunate breker's pressing creditors. The less of the money which has found its way into the hands of those Wall street bandlis may place Garrison at their merry, said Stannors, mentally.

While he was approaching Jason Garrison's home Daniel Pratt was leaving the broker's residence.

An hour previously, while Garrison was wondering why he had not yet heard from his importunate creditors, there came a bad fine at the identity.

was wondering why he had not yet heard from his importunite creditors, there came a loud ring at the doorbell, and a servant admitted Pratt.

Garrison received him in the library, and a stormy scene ensued. Recriminations were exchanged, and both men were enraged. Pratt persistently demanded his money, and controlling his passion said.

On account of the loss which you have sustained by the rabbery, we have delived calling on you, but now we can wait no longer. it the treacherous matter had been tying the spy at Garrison's office for a

sig time.

You have done well, Sayer, I am etting considerably interested in this ari Kredge, and I'll relieve you from any and take the place of his shadow or to-night. I'll take him when he caves Garrison's offlee to-night, said axton to his agent.

The latter assented, glad of one night if dury.

The office of Jason Garrison had been The office of Jason Garrison had been responded as usual, on the day following the settlement of his indebtedness to Fratt & Weeks, and business was being transacted, there as heretofore. Thanks to an advance of funds made by Stannore, in addition to the cheape which liquidated Fratt & Weeks' claim, Garrison was enabled to go on with his business.

Levi Kredge still served as lapitor. Levi Kredge still served as juntor.
Previous to John Oakbarn's murder to junitor who swept the office after usiness hours had always turned the eys over to the old eachier when his tork was done, but pow since money as to be kept in the office over night, redge was cliowed to retain the keys, at he make open the office in the serving and arrange it for the business if the day, before the arrival of the legis.

That night after the clerk had left my wife,

"Never! Never!"

"But if you consent your debt will be 'Garrison's," Paxton, very cleverly dis-guised, sauntered by the building, and, Kredge enter the office, and he

Darkness had fallen when Kredge apyou infermal secondirel for I shall di-you an injury," cried tarrison. White with rage Fratt hastened from the room, but at the door he paused and harled back the threat: "Till turn you into the street; I'll beggar you unless you think better of this. You shall have one mere chaire. I'll call at 5 o'clock for your final an-swer."

The families when Kreige apared on the street.

The familier east a swift glance up and wa the street, but he did not observe axion, who stood in the dense black actions of an arched door directly op-

As though assured that he was unob-reed, Kredge darted into the passage here the detective had discovered the opportunity in the soft carffi under the ar window of the broker's office. Paxton stole across the street to fel-w Kredge, and just at that moment chard Stannors turned an adjacent reet corner and the two men came ce to face.

his recognition by Stanmore, but Pax-ton made himself known with a word, and added, hurrically I am in pursuit of kredge, and Lean not pause a moment. You can accom-pany me if you like. I need not warn

on to observe silence and caution our man less entered the passage you

heast on, I am a hove in this busi-heast out you shall have the cuttien to complain of indiscretion on my part," answered Stammore.

Paxton glided into the passage with the stealthy tread of a professional trailer, and, equally silear in his move-nents, Stammore followed at his heels.

The deterior caucht a climac of The detective caught a glimpse of Kredge's vanishing form as the latter disappeared at the further end of the narrow way, and he gained the extrem-ity of the passage and peered cautiously beyond it.

He saw Levi Kreige and his sister ducith standing in the dark shadows near the rear dear of Oakbarn's flat. The secret meeting was, in itself, a espicious circumstance, the detective

Engerly he listened to the conversa-

an of Kredge and his sister.

Their voices distinctly reached his cars, all their words were plainly overheard.

"Weil, did you get the money!" asked

Levi, "Yes; and I mean to keep it," answered

both."
"What have you gained? How has it

for which be was listening with absorb-ing interest, he heard footsteps in the passage, and he knew that danger of

Before Paxton heard Kredge's answer,

Above all things Paxion desired to prevent the betrayal of his presence to Levi Kredge and his sister, for he was well aware that the momenta suspected man knew that he was the object of surveillance the difficulty of watching him was increased tenfold. He did not wish the junitor to know that he was an object of suspicion.

"Remain where you are," the detective whisperied to Stammore, and thus speak

ject of suspicion.

"Remain where you are," the detective whispered to Stammere, and thus speaking he silently glided back along the narrow pagage to the street.

A few first from the entrance to the passage he encountered a man who was traversing it. He had produced hispocket lantern, and its light revealed the face of Kenny, the night watchman.

"Hist!" uttered the detective, warningly, as the other was about to speak. "I am in pursont of information. Leave the passage or you will spoil my plan. The watchman comprehended the situation, and he instantly obeyed Paxton, gliding silently out to the street. The detective exept back to Stammore. The latter whispered.
"In answer to his sister's question as to how the nearder of John Oakfourn profited him. I heard Kredge reply. If never tell tales out of school, my dear sister."

Again Paxton listened. But now Local

Again Payton distoned.
But now Levi Kredge dropped his voice to a whisper, as his sister did also, and they conversed for a few moments with great carnestness, though to his chogrin the detective was unable to hear. But presently Levi elevated his voice omewhat.

Pagton cought his words as he said: "Well, I must be off; give her the

note."

I will do se, "answered Judith.
Paxion knew that Kredge would trayerse the passage, and setzing his comparion is arm he said:

"Quick! We must get to the street before we are discovered.

They swiftly and silently retraced their way through the passage and reached the arched door opposite where Paxion had steel when he sighted Kredge as he came out of the office.

The junior seen came out on the office.

Parton had stasi when he sighted kredge as he came out of the office.

The jarder scan came out upon the street and horried away.

"I shall not follow him now; I've an idea we shall learn more by watching hereabouts. I isothed a light in the window at the rear of the house. Let us creep back and take an observation of Jadith Kredge at home. I suspect Levi Brught her a note for some one. I should like to be positive whether it was for Marion Oakburn, as I naturally suspect it must be, "said Paxton.

They renshed the rear of Garrison's office again in a few moments and crept to a window; through which the light streamed, and which was in an apartment telonging to Oakburn's saite of rooms, though it was on the ground floor.

crouching beside the window the de-

crouching beside the window the de-rective and his companion peered into the brilliantly lighted room beyond. A glance told them that the apartment served for a kitchen, and they saw Marion Oakburn and dudith Kredge. The cashier's daughter stood in the center of the room, listening with a sor-prised and startled expression on her pair features to something Justith Kredge was telling her But Paxton could not hear a word that was spoken in the apartment. Tresently Judith drow a letter from

in the apartment.

Presently Judith drew a letter from how pecket, and handed it to Marion.

The latter hastily read the missive. Then she said something in an excited way and east the letter into the kitchen fire where it was instantly consumed.

Drawing a photograph from her boson Marion held it up for Judith to see, and Paxton and Stammer both obtained an excellent view of the petured face.

Stammere staggered back from the window with an ejaculation of surprise which Paxton fear, d would betray their

which Paxton feared would betray their

As for the detective he was never more surprised in all his life, but he betrayed little emotion, for he was used to sur-prise and inured to nesting with the

gise and hurset to increase at expected.

There was the most excellent reason for astonishment, however, for the photograph which Marion (takbum had produced was that of a young man with light hair and mustache who had a sear there are exchange.

above one cyclinow.
Paston and Stanmore believed they
recognized the man who had exchanged overcouts with Stuart Harland, and shouthey thought to be the assassin of

tarious inther.

The picture corresponded perfectly ith the description of the unknown iven by both Stuart and the night

What mystery is this? What remarkable complication of this strang-erime have we stumbled upon pox-mattered Paxten, and a flood of sug-

estive thoughts permented-filled in The daughter of the murdered man

There was a flash of rage in Stan arre's eyes as be heard him.

No, a thousand times no! That girl as pure no the driven snow and as in-accord as one of the angels. In blases, the had clutched Paxton's arm with a

Pro in correspond

In China stips of mulberry bark then sank out of sight. The baserye as money in the interior towns.

Something that Will Interest the Ju-- Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Fop and Toiler.
Lazily the lambelee
Drones from flow'r to flow'r,
Back and forth upon the lea, And homes in monotone. Rusily the honeybee Tools from hour to hour; Winter stores thus gathers he, Toiling all alone

Carelessly the bumbleber Kisses true and daisy -The bads upon the apple tree-Thas ups at all the flow'rs. Oligent the boneybe Hiss through bushes may. "Work and save," that is his plen;
"I have no lifte hours."

Neisily the bageblebee Laughs at those w Noisity the bagfillebee Laughs at those who labor. "Why should I so busy be? Live while you can." I say I monocraved the honeybee, Carcless of the neighbor, tiathers honey on the len; No time for idle play.

Cold winter comes. The lumblebee Is sore with cold and sorrow. He has become a lumble bee. And weefully he dies. Not so the sturdy honeybee? He's thought of a to morrow; A warm and well stored home has he. In hed of case he lies.

How a Boy Measured a Gale.
Did you ever try to measure the force
of the whol? When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy be wished to make such a meastroment. Having no apparatu for the purpose, he set about to think Going late an open space where his body would receive the full force of the wind be stood and jumped against it a far as he could. Then he turned and jumped with the wind as far as be could. The difference in the length of the two fumps gave him the facts for calculating the force of the wind. How many of our boys would have been as

clever as that?

ommon working bee exhibit the cu and a pair of plachers. The brush, the mains of which are so arranged in symmetrical rows, is only seen with a high-grade afterescape. With this brush of fairy delicacy the loss brushes its vel-ver robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes looded while sucking up the nextur of flowers. Another deli-cate apparatus is the spoon-shaped uppendage that receives the gleanings that the bee wishes to earry to the live. Finally, by opening the "brush" and the "busker" by means of a near fittle nings, the two become a pair of pluchers, which render hoperant service in constructing the cells for re-

The Beath of Rags.
Rags belonged to a sawyer, who one day got caught in the machinery of the saw mill and mer his death before any one coul reach him. Rugs saw the cruel teeth coming nearer and near er, but could not drug his master away though he tried with all his loving

These two had lived their simple lives together, and when the sawyer was fald under the churchyard datales Rugs was left above to wander buck and forth between the low mound and the noisy old mill.

The next man at the mill did not care for does, but he never drove the gentle creature away, and if anything was thought to loss a pleasant word or a when his heart was even hungrier than

rman boys that lounged about the old send. He guarded their clothes while her were swintming, fetched the sticks they possed upon the water, and al-most every time brought back the marked stones they had thrown as far

as they could.

gentle behavior.

One guttimin day, when it was so cold that one could be comfortable only in the sunshine, the boys began throwing sticks into the water and sending Rags The daughter of the maybered man has the picture of the assassin. What can it means, whispered Stammere.

It is a perplexing puzzle. But see, she replaces the photograph in her bloom. She seems to treasure the picture of the supposed assassin. Can if he hat she knows of his connection with the marrier of her father, and yet neares to shield him, or is she ignorant of what we suspect? said Paxton, as he saw Marrian restors the picture to its hading place. The possible the man we sassed place. The possible the man we sassed that she can be defined, as the thought entered his mind. god his mil, and did his very dog's best to make them understand how hard a ddug this was that they were

awn shoulders. They must have sport The biggest bully of them all threw i stone with such perfect alm that po-Rugs gave a sharp yell of pain as He had cintelest taxton's arm with a like grave it sately. You will excuse me mentioning it. I you are cruehing my arm," said Pase, spicitly.

Stammer released him, and the de-for he appeared to be a little dazestand when at last he was ready to swin direction in lay.

and swam toward them for a moment then sank our of sight. "He is drown

or poor Bags.
The loungers scrambled to their feel. The head of Rugs appeared again. The little girl cried out encouragement. One of the aroused offers gave a whistle to cheer him onward. But after a faint struggle he went down again with the cruel stick between his faithful

Then Turner Robbins threw off his coat and boots and before the others confized what he was doing be had brought the dog ashore, and was kneeding beside him upon the yellow saw dust, squeezing the water from his long, thick fur. The little girl knelt, too. She smooth-

ed the poor, wet head, and eried over a bruise that the heavy stone had unde. The words she murmured were so kind that Rags opened his eyes as wide as he could. He tried to prick up his ears that had grown so heavy; and when he saw the gentle face bending over him he seemed really to know that the tears were for him, and lifting one of his paws a little he tried to reach it toward her in a friendly greeting. One fluttering sigh escaped him, and the troubles of poor, gentlehearted Rugs were over.
Then the little daughter of the nex

mill owner sprung to her feet.
"You are murderers!" she cried; "ev

ery one of you!" And, as she turned her shining eye

upon them, they fell backward, one by one, and tried to get behind each "Nothin' but a dog," said one of them surfily. "Th' ain't no sense in making such a fuss."

"God nade dogs just as well as he made men," said the little accuser "And Pd rather be a dog than to be

ich a man as you are going to be." Turner Robbins booked up into b face. He was still kneeling beside poor Rags, and he was drenched and cold. He said something, he hardly knew what, but it meant that he w ashamed of his share in the bad business, and that he intended to be a dif-

ferent boy from that noment.

After that one of them slipped away and found a broken shovel and a grave was made on the sunny slope * ch the old mill. But before the last bit turf had been relaid each boy, full own rough, hancet fashion, and give the mill owner's little daughter to m determed that he was sorry and ishamed; and that, with the g of the innocent life of poor Ruge the had entered into his own heart a nefeeling of mercy and kindness for every creature that can suffer and de-Our Animal Friends.

The White Pebble Pit

is frequently happened that infin ers have discovered curlous traces of former workings, hundreds of year-ago, and tools have been found which belonged to the ancient falners, and

A singular discovery was made, a few years since, by some workmen on gaged in the Spanish silver mine known as the White Pebble Pit. White digging their subterraneau passages they suddenly found a series of apartments. in which were a quantity of mining tools, left there from a very remote period, but still in such good preserva tion that there were latchets, and sieves for sifting the ore, a smelting furnace, and two anvils, which proved the earliest miners had great experi-

In one of the caverns there was a round building, with niches, in which were three statues, one sitting down, and half the size of life; the other two were in a standing position, and about three feet in height. This running is supposed to have been the temple of the god who was believed, in pagar should pay you a visit at night?" City the god who was believed, in pagar should pay you a visit at night?" City Cousin - "You bet I do! My wife's Cousin - "You bet I do! My wife's the god with us." - Nortisthree feet in height. This building is instruments, were also found, which have led scientific persons to think that the workings might have been made by the Phoenicians, the people who, as is well known, were, in the time of Sol-omon, famous for their manufacturing spines Intercontinues turn

slife of the mountain on which the White Pebble Pit is situated; this was fine figure of the heathen god Herules, which was found in an old wo

In digging for copper on the shores of Lake Superior, in this country, the miners have made many similar discoveries, showing that the mines were

English-American Humor

Many of the "fauny men" of the American press complain with appar ently good reason of the wholesale appropriation of their jokes by some or he London papers. They assert that t he the custom of these papers, to of them in particular, to clip the best hem until they latve grown old, and hen publish them as original.

The especially irritating feature of

this system is that such lokes often go parlianed them. Not unfrequently, the grage of the exchange while, o

ewspaper recently. Exclarage Editor-Read this. It is from the London TomeTits, and it's

than when I wrote it, four years ago They have improved it by changing adollars, to "pounds," On, yes, it f won boost

It never comes untiral to a man to as polity to his kin women folks

The Chathaw Kecord

RATES

ADVERTISING.

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

For larger advertisements litteral contracts will be made.

I hear the clink of the yellow gold.

That tears the crest of a nation's coin; I see the jewelled treasures oid,

That even monarche would nurbon, But yet I would not join the throng Who bend the knes to the molten call, I will passail by without one sign, If I can laugh, can only laugh.

The world's proud tair; yet what ware I cioud?

A ploture rare to bring the sigh, Then draped at last with pail and showed. The one who reigns in Boanty's court,

A target is for envy's shaft; I will pass all by with never a sligh,

If I can laugh as my childhood laughed And what is worth, the fame of earth Though earned by sword or council act, The tigt of blood is royal birth;

The song of praise in glory's marte. The gibbed crown on the fevered line The pulsied hand on the sage's stall, I will pass it by wifteon a sight If I can haugh an benest trugh.

Then time the march of life with source The it's forget with passing jest The happy heart can do no wrong, The hours of gladness are the lest, to bring the wine of reval much, That I the nestar rich can qualf.

All closed win pass as I drain my glass.

To the soul that can largh, always laugh.

-Rephysics Demograf and Chronicle.

PITH AND POINT.

Against the grain-Bears in wheat-

Friendship among women is a plant of which we don't know in August whether it will bear hitter or sweet fruit in September.

"Men never outgrow their child-hood." "Alas no! Experience be-gins spanking as even before our par-ents leave off."—Puck. Real estate is looking up. nothing else for it to do when build-ings are climbing up on it twenty stories high.—Atlanta Constitution.

Two next door neighbors quarrelled, and one of them exclaimed, excitedly; "Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you're next door to an idiot!"-Tit-South American Tourist-"You say

the masses of your people are discon-tented?" Native—"Alas! Senor, most of us have nover been President,"— Madge—"Tell m, dear, did he go down ou his knees when he proposed?" Polly—"No, in his confusion he went down on his hat."—Philadelphia

North American. "Don't you think your son a little fast, Mrs. Sweetly?" "Far from it. He is so slow that we can never get him to breakfast before noon."—Do-

troit Free Press. "Mamma, I know why angel babies iz made 'th wings." "Why, Johnny?" "Cause, I they git borned in a fam ly where they don't like it, they kin ily off."—Chicago Record.

Brown - "Isn't there a blue room in the White House?" Smith - "I think so. I believe it's the room in which the President expresses his private opinion of the office-seekers."—Puck. "Did you hear of the great sacrifice in the way of solf denial Ethel Tempot and Bessie Teeters are making?" asked

Ricketts, "No; what is it?" asked Gaskett. "Each is riding the other's wheel. "Haw! Haw! I see that old Got-

"Anw! Haw! I see that out correct has been swindled out of two hundred dollars by a confidence man." "Anything funny about that?" "Why, yes! Gotrox is an old friend of mine." Country Cousin-"Do you keep

maiden annt lives with us. "- Norris-town Herald, Impecunious-"I would like to have nerve killed. How much will ost?" Dentist - "Seventy-five cent-Impecunious - "Seventy-five cents? Can't you make it less? I have such weak nerves!

Enneral Invitations in 1829,

In the early days of the present century functal services were held in this city after a fashion that seems ex-ceedingly odd in the light of modern customs, says the litisburg Chronicle Telegraph. A Bucks County man re-cently found in an old Bible, published in 1776, the following curious invita-

You and family are respectfully invited to item the tuneral of the tentral to adonce of Kiward Athort, No. 106 North Sport street, to marrow attenuous at 5 The invitation is printed in heavy-faced type upon rough white imper. It was evidently the custom to send these notices to all triends of the be-reaved family. The hour set, 5 o'clock, would appear true-nally late,

> days to hold funeral services at Beetle as Undertaker.

night.

There is a species of beetle in Aus-tralia which acts the roll of energetic cases left on the soil. As soon in they smell a field mouse, a mole or a they smell a field mouse, a mole or a fish in a state of decomposition, they come by troops to bury it, getting under the body, hellowing out the ground with their legs and projecting the rubbish they dig out in all directions. Little by little the carcass sinks, at the eni of twenty-four bours the hole is several inches deep. They then mount it, cast the earth down into the grave so as to fill it and hids into the grave so as to fill it and hide the body from sight. The females will then lay their eggs in the tomb, where the larvag will afterward find an abundance of food. -- Manchester