VOL. III.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 30, 1881.

NO. 42.

The Chatham Recond.

ADVERTISING.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will

### Perfection. Griselda is a patient maid,

Whom nothing can excite, By all her slightest word's obeyed, She's always in the right.

Her prompt decision is superb, She knows no wicked spite; Her calmness naught can e'er disturb-She's always in the right.

No breeze that blows can rough her hair To rude, unseemly plight. No mad to soil her dress would dare-She's always in the right.

Her steps she bends where she should go She scorns the worl l's delight; She answers "Yes," she answers "No"-She's always in the right.

Her figure's tall, her eyes are pale, Her form is spare and slight : Her thin, red lips no faults bewail, she's always in the right.

She always does the thing she should, Her sayings sages cite, Because, you see, 'tis understood She's always in the right.

Should I wed her, they say, my life Would be serene and bright; But, oh! I would not want a wife Who's always in the right.

No, no! My bride must have a fault. Or we'll ne'er jog along; That woman isn't worth her salt Who's never in the wrong.

## Four Blue Plates.

Drawing-room in Mrs. Hollener's country house, Gabrille, her only child, one-andtwenty, exceedingly pretty, low-browed, dark eved, and fair-haired, sitting before a small table, on which are an old-fashioned silver teaset and four very old-fashioned blue plates. The sound of merry voices floats in from the garden, as Oswald Owens, three-and-twenty, tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and darkhaired, enters the room, and advances towards her. She drops the spoon with which she has been toying, in momentary confusion, and looks up, with a faint blush.

MISS HOLLENER. Not playing croquet, Mr. Owens?

Mr. Owens. "Not playing croquet," Miss Hollener. I came to seek you. They are asking for you in the garden.

tinue to ask, they will continue to ask ming over, while his is still empty. of that safe distance; I don't want to

MISS HOLLENER. Then I certainly shall not go. You look as though you thought me remiss in daughterly duty, On the contrary, his expression is of one of intense approbation. I am not. This is entirely mamma's party, and she likes croquet. As for me, I boldly avow I detest it, and never could understand the wild enthusiasm with which so many people whack unoffending wooden balls about, and then run wildly after them. I only promised to pour out the tea, and having done that, prefer to sit here by myself-

Mr. Owens (half turning away). By yourself? I beg pardon for my intrusion, and will remain no longer.

MISS HOLLENER. I had not finished my sentence, Mr. Owens. By myself, or with a pleasant companion.

Mr. Owens. And am I fortunate enough to be regarded by you as a pleasant companion?

MISS HOLLENER (with a demure smile). Well, I do not think you so very un-

MISS HOLLENER. If you promise to be entertaining.

Mr. Owens (taking a seat on the opposite side of the table). I promise to try, but I am afraid my powers of entertainment are but small. Are you interested in scientific subjects?

MISS HOLLENER. Not at this moment, unless old plates are scientific subjects. I was puzzling over these (directing his came in. They form, as you see, a serat a sale the other day, and they are all. She is smiling sweetlyever so ancient, and consequently ever so interesting. Are you learned in earthenware lore? I hope you are, and can read the pictured story, for I'm dying to know what it all means. This one evidently represents an incident in the early youth of the hero and heroine; and this-|Some one outside calls, "GABRIELLE! GABRILLE!" MISS HOLLE-NER, with a slight shrug of her shoulder, leaves her chair, and takes a few steps in the direction of the voice, when the caller, apparently satisfied that the called is not within hearing, retreating, she returns, and resumes her seat.] Now, if you please, commence, Mr. Owens.

MR. OWENS. You take it for granted, then, I am learned in earthenware lore? MISS HOLLENER. I do. I hear that you are extremely clever, and have into listen to a story.

story-teller. But you are growing impat- and gone to live in the adjacent city. Detroit Free Press.

ient and I haston to begin. The first plate, if you please. [She hands it to him. He studies it a moment.] Once on a time- Will that do for a beginning?

MISS HOLLENER. Excellently well. It carries me at once back to the days of my childhood. They were happy days, Mr. Owens, I doubt if I have ever known happier,

Mr. Owens (a glow of pleasure lighting his face). Once on a time there lived in the "big house" of a beautiful Conneticut village a lovely little girl with fair curls and the most wonderful dark gray eyes, She was an only child, and adored by her fathar and her mother and all the rest of the household, as she well deserved to be, being the quaintest, brightest, and most generous little creature that ever sang and danced through a merry childhood. In the smallest house in the village lived a

MISS HOLLENER. A "lovely" boy? MR. Owens (gravely). His mother hought so.

Miss Hollener. His eyes and hair? Mr. Owens. Blue and black, if my memory serves me aright. He was the at the age of seventeen married for love a poor German Ceologist, found herself at twenty a widow, with no money and a baby boy. An old aunt to whom she applied for assistance offered her and her child a home. That home was the diminutive cottage to which I have already referred. Here she managed to make a living by the aid of her needle, the lady at the "big house" being her chief patroness led to the two children growing up, as it were, together, From the very first the boy constituted himself the guardian and protector of the little girl. He guided her first toddling steps. His was the first name she ever spoke. And when she grew old enough to lead, he followed her faithfully. Never was knight in olden time more devoted to lady fair. You see them here on this plate gathering blackberries. MISS HOLLENER. I hope, if they con- Her basket, as you will observe, is brim-

MISS HOLLENER. (looking at the plate Mamma is there, is she with an appearance of interest). Yes, so it is. Pity everything is so blue, in-MR. Owens. Yes, enacting the role cluding the blackberries, isn't it? And of the hostess charmingly, as she always really I can't see the loveliness of the little girl. Her nose, I am sure, is crooked, and her arms much too long. And the berries look like pears. But perhaps berries did look like pears in

those days. Mr. Owens. Well, time went on, and the playmates met almost every day, the parents of the gray-eyed girl thinking only of the blue-eved boy as the son of a faithful dependent who had inherited his mother's faithfulness, when one day -she was then twelve and he fourteenthey quarelled.

MISS HOLLENER. Had they never quarrelled before?

Mr. Owens. Oh yes, many a time. But this was the first serious quarrel. He had presumed to reprove her for something she had done.

MISS HOLLENER. Had he never "pre sumed to reprove her" before?

Mr. Owens. Often. But this time he added to the reproof the remark that her conduct had not only been unkind, but unlady-like; she had snatched her skipping-rope from the hands of a young darky who was surreptitiously enjoying Mr. Owens, (eagarly). Then I may a skip with it. The picture on the second plate represents the quarrel. She is turning away from him, with flashing eyes, while she says : "And yet I am a lady. But you seem to forget what you are-a sewing-woman's boy, my mother's servant's son"

MISS HOLLENER. Extremely rude and unkind, after so many years of devotion on his part; but I dare say she was very sorry directly after her ungrateful speech, and no doubt regrets it till this attention to the blue plates) when you day. But really now, Mr. Owens, do you think this illustration a good one? ies of pictures. Mamma bought them To me it does not look like a quarrel at

Mr. Owens. Scornfully, I assure you. MISS HOLLENER. And he, certainly he is holding out to her an intensely cerulean apple, with a slight crack across

Mr. Owens. You mistake. It is a ball which she presented to him just to his feet.] before the unpleasantness, and which he, in his boyish indignation, is mutely demanding she shall take back.

pear to be any older than they were when they were gathering pears—I on one of these queer old blue plates. mean blackberries.

Mr. Owens. Appearances are often deceitful. They are several years older. The boy left her in silence, but the taunt sank deep into his heart, and that very night he bade "good-by" to the small cottage, and went out into the vented something that the world has world to seek his fortune. After much long been in need of. You may, by-and- hard struggling, he found it—not a by, if you will be so kind, tell me all great one, but more than enough to about it; but now I am just in the mode support the dear mother and himself in comfort. And at least a timely invita-Mr. Owens. And I, to confess the tion brought him fame, and fame truth, just in the mood to tell one. But brought him once more face to face with I trust it will not disappoint you. It is the love of his boyhood. Her father barely possible, you know, to invent had died soon after their separation, "something the world has long been in and she and her mother had left the need of," and yet lack cleverness as a "big house" in the beautiful village,

At least they lived there during the winters, but passed their summers in a villa at one of our watering-places. You see the young lady on the third plate rowing herself in a fairy-like boat, while her mother stands on the shore locking on with evident admiration?

MISS HOLLENER. I do. The boat in form not unlike a bath-tub, the oars pointing skyward, and the mamma so near if she be not extremely careful, her aquatic daughter will row directly over her. Pray go on, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Owens. He found her surround ed by suitors, as he expected she would be. But oh! the joy that filled his constant heart when he also found that she distinguished none. A happy, happy month passed by-happy because he met her almost every day; happy although she never referred to the old times; happy because her graciousness led him to dream that ere long he might gain courage to tell her that his heart was at her feet-when a new rival appeared: a gentleman of great wealth and position, a man who offered her diamonds where he could offer only one little pearl, a man her mother approved son of a pretty little woman, who, having of, a man all mothers approved of. Behold him, on the fourth plate, taking her out to drive.

> MISS HOLLENER. With two fearfully foreshortened horses, in a vehicle like a sleigh on two very tall wheels with an immense umbrella over it. Her dress is almost all skirt, and his hat resembles an overgrown flower-pot. But this is the last plate. Is there no more of the story?

is the reason your mother did not ob- tricks." tain them. On the fifth plate the

MISS HOLLENER. The "diamond"

shall love you all my life."

MISS HOLLENER (her voice trembling, and a tear gleaming above her smile.) Indeed, indeed, Mr. Owens, you must words and the action together in his isiun, a paper printed in English in not act out your story so demonstrative- mind and never forgets either, and you Paris, gives a branch of the history of ly. Rise, I beg of you. Suppose mamma or some of our guests should in the same way, always petting him come in!

MR. OWENS (still kneeling.) The sixth plate, Miss Hollener.

MISS HOLLENER. The sixth plate? Mr. Owens. Yes; here I remain until you describe it. MISS HOLLENER. I? You forget-you

are telling the story. Mr. Owens. I can go no farther. It is for you to finish.

MISS HOLLENER. And you are really determined to maintain that absurd position until I do so?

Mr. Owens. I am. MISS HOLLENER I yield to necessity; being the mother of invention, I invent. On the sixth plate, Mr. Owens; in the distance a village church was half-hidden by a group of azure trees, and toward this village church, bluer than ever, walked arm in arm-or, stay, hand in hand; that is more pastorial-the

lady and her lover-Mr. Owens. The "diamond" lover? MISS HOLLENER. The "pearl" lover. Mr. Owens. And why walked they toward the village church? To hear a of them to fire a pistol, walk on their

village sermon? MISS HOLLENER. I think not to hear a village sermon.

Mr. Owens. Could it have been to be married?

MISS HOLLENER. I am almost sure it

Mr. Owens. She loved him, then? MISS HOLLENER. She loved him. Mr. Owens. Gabrielle, my darling!

You love me? MISS HOLLENER. Oswald, I love you. Not another word now. I hear the croquet party returning to the house.

MISS HOLLENER (as several ladies and gentlemen come merrily into the room.) Mr. Owens, will you have another cup MISS HOLLENER. And they don't ap- of tea? You won't? Well, I'm sure you'll have some strawberries and cake Harper's Weekly.

## Equal to the Occasion.

A boy on Jones street was the other evening eating away at a big cocoanut that had been cracked open with a brickbat, when a pedestrian felt it his duty to halt and remark :

"Boy, don't you know that too much of that stuff may give you the colic?" "I guess so," was the reply.

"Then why do you eat it?" "Well, if my chum, who lives next weeks, I guess I can put up with the

#### TRAINING ANIMALS.

Snowman's Twenty-Seven Years' Ex-

"How long have you been in the taming and training business?" asked a Chicago Morning News reporter of Willis Cobb, whose dogs, monkeys, and steers are so prominent a feature of Sells Bros'. circus.

"Twenty-seven years, all in all," was the reply.

"Why, you don't look older than that," responded the enquirer.

"Perhaps not, but I was born in 1842, and shall be 40 come next February; but you see I sowed my wild oats when was young, and haven't tried a second crop. I never take liquor of any kind ; wouldn't drink a glass of cider if I saw it crushed out of the apple; never accept a drink and never ask anybody to take one. If there's anything on earth a sensible animal detests it's a whisky breath."

"And what made you take to training animals?"

"Well, I was a spoilt child, and my father used to keep a lot of black-andtan terriers, which, on Saturdays, when I was about six years old, I used to take down to the levee to see them go for of my own, and I made up my mind he should talk, and I actually taught him to say, "Oh, no!" "I won't," and "Mormon" almost as naturally as a human creature. I sold him to a horse dealer named John Carmon, who took him across the plains to California. Now, MR. Owens. There are still two short of all the dogs in the world to train, a chapters. To end with the fourth plate | bull terrier is the easiest; you can make would be indeed an unsatisfactory con- them do anything. I next got hold of clusion. I am impressed that the last six German poodles, nine months old, two illustrations were broken, and that and I taught them scores upon scores of

"Is much cruelty required?"

"Cruelty? You just once try cruelty and make the dog afraid of you, and he will never be a trick dog. Kindness ing found the darling of his heart one time you scold a dog you have all your he does that and you're gone up " day alone, and being well-nigh distract- work to do over again. Suppose you ed by the fear of losing her forever, was want to teach a dog to hold up one leg, kneeling before her [he kneels before just gently clip him on that leg with a her, | unable to say anything but "I snap of the fingers; he won't understand love you-I have always loved you-I at first, but when he does hold it up, even to ringing bells through the vilpat him and speak kindly, then try it lages warning the citizens, it is entirely when he does right."

"Do you deprive them of food or re-

ward them with extra rations?" "Neither. I feed my dogs three times over a good full meal. I've got ten dogs here, a Russian poodle, a Spanish poodle, English water spaniel a coach dog, and black and tans. The Russian poodle is my boss dog, and I christened him Bloss, after poor Bloss, who was killed while on the Cincinnati Enquirer, who said he was the cleverest dog he and knows more than many a human.

"My next trial was with two ponies, and two mules. The mules were for Dan Castello. I then taught a horse which I christened Fred Hunt, after another newspaper man. I played him through the country with the dogs, and then sold him to John Robinson, jr.

"I then took to training goats, which was no easy matter, but I taught two knees, lie down, sit up and make an ascension up a two-inch plank to a

pedestal twenty feet high. "But the worst animals to train are monkies. They are cunning, lazy and vicious, and these scars," showing numerous marks upon his hands, "are the result of monkey bites. One big the ball of the thumb, and I came very near dying of lockjaw. He took sick, and I nursed him night and day, but he [He kisses her hand, slips a pearl never sure when a monkey is going to gigantic fraud. The imposture has ring on one of her fingers, and springs three-cornered tusks like a bayonet.

"When I'd got my monkeys, goats and dogs I started a miniature circus, the first ever run in the world. Old Bloss was my clown, and a cleverer never entered a ring, either on four legs

"About two years ago Mr. Lewis Sells sent for me to Columbus, O., to know the gratitude of a steer; now, a dog is \$5,000 additional in fees

open to any act of kindness, so is a monkey, and they will get as jealous as a woman if you pet one and neglect the

My dogs are not allowed to eat except at stated times. If one picks up a bone he is reprimanded for it, and he soon learns not to touch anything foreign to his allowed food. My dogs have a regular valet, who feeds, washes, combs, and dresses them, and when at home each one has his own little house and his exercise yard, and the valet has his quarters close by. When I want them to take exercise, it is running and jumping after a ball, which calls every muscle into action.'

"Now, if a man with ready money in his hand were to come into this rotunda and monkeys, what would you take?"

everything in the world to me. I was they have made me rich; these poor little human nature may exist upon. In animals love me, and I love them. they have bought it for me; and they can earn me from two to three hundred dolthe rats, and I soon taught them a lot lars a week the year round; and, useful younger girls rarely make a crown. of tricks. After that I got a bull terrier useless, young or old, halt, lame or What wonder that so many grow vicious

"They all belong to you, then?"

he steers belong to the circus." "Did you ever try to tame any other

nimals?" "Oh, yes, I've trained rats, mice, cats,

pigeons, and canary birds, but there's no money in them. I could tame tigers and other wild animals, but the danger outweighs the gain. You are never sure of them, and I have my own opinion of men who trust too much in their power over naturally savage brutes, though you are safe enough in the lion's den so Mr. Owens. The "pearl" lover, hav- and patience are all you want, and every and not let him get behind you. Once long as you can keep your eye on him,

> Drugged Wines. As France has kicked up a row about

again, and hold it up, always using the fair to warn the American people against same words; "Go lame." He gets the the drugged wines of France. The Parteach him to walk by leading him round this manufacture of wines sold fraudulently under the names of the choicest brands of French wines: The wine erop of 1879 was about 25,000,000, or tint. 30,000,000 hectoliters below the average of the last ten years. The annual cona day, a light breakfast, a lunch after sumption in France is from 40,000,000 the matinee, and when the circus is to 45,000,000 hectoliters. Every body expected a rise in the price of wine, and some conscientious dealers laid in a stock from abroad. The rise in price, however, never came, and the markets remained well supplied. The reason was that the natural deficit was compensated for by artificial means. Wine was manufactured out of dry grapes. All the had ever seen, but he couldn't read his raisins to be found in Eastern ports copy. Old Bloss is twelve years old, were bought up, and wine manufacturers sprang up all over the country. Around Paris alone there are seven steam-power wine manufactories. The cost of a cask of raisin wine is about 50 francs, and it was sold at 100 francs, thus giving a profit of 100 per cent. But the competition has now become such that the price of raisins has risen from 12 francs to 75 francs the 100 kilograms. The consequence is that raisins have been abandomed, and wine is now manufactured out of glucose, a sugary matter obtained from the potato, out of the residue of molasses, out of rotton apples, dried prunes, dates, figs, and all kinds of refuse fruit, and even out of beef-root. These abominable liquids are colored artificially and mixed more or less with Spanish wines or white wine. brute, that I named Jack Darwin, a tight- The adulteration and manufacture of rope and la perche artist, bit me through | wine has attained such vast proportions that the principal dealers who had taken measures to supply the market loyally with harvest wine from foreign countries died about four years ago. You are have taken steps to put a stop to this turn on you, and their bite is more dan- reached such a pitch that not one-third gerous than a tiger's, for they've got of the wine now drank in Paris is real

The New York Custom House. The collector of the New York custom house has 953 appointments, the aggregate of the salaries being \$1,400,000. The patronage includes one assistant collector, ten deputy collectors, fortynine messengers, twenty-two laborers, if I would undertake to educate for seven weigher and gaugers, eight foretrick acts half a dozen steers. As I'd men and janitors, eighty-four assistant made up my mind there was no animal | weighers, 286 inspectors at \$4 a day. on earth I could not teach, I undertook | four Island coast inspectors, 109 night the job, but it was a tedious job. I watchmen, nine inspectresses, and other taught them separately, and it took me employes. Four of the employes have two weeks apiece even to teach them to been in the custom house more than walk into the ring as I wished them. It | twenty-one years, ten more than ninetook a whole year to make them what teen years, eight more than eighteen they are, one steer and one trick at a years, thirteen more than seventeen time. And they were ugly, too. Once years, and 160 more than twelve years. door, can stand the small-pox for six the whole six made a stampede after The new collector appoints his deputies me, but luckily I was armed with a on taking his office. The term of colcolic for three or four hours!" was the policeman's club and a big rawhide, and lector is for four years, and the salary reply, as he bit off another big hunk. I cowed them. There's no appealing to is \$12,000 a year. He receives about

FOR THE FAIR SEX. The Russian Empress.

The Empress of Russia is described as looking like a corpse rather than a living being, sitting speechless and unmoved, as though neither seeing nor hearing anything. It was, perhaps, a premonition of Nihilist terrors that made poor Dagmar so depressed when, as a bride, she traveled to meet the Czarewitch. The girl had to have her white face painted, it is said, before she entered the native city of her future husband, that the people might not notice all the misery of her expression.

Women in the Dubiin Factories. The Irish working-woman has a sac life. At an early age a fresh, laughing and ask you to name your price for dogs girl is sent to the factory, doomed to work there while the grim engine shall "There isn't money enough in the run. In some of these factories in Dub-United States to buy them. They are lin women are working fifty-hours a week for eighteenpence, working-for poor, after having lost a large fortune; what? For not enough to prove how other places the six days' labor is re-They have clothed me; they have compensed with a half-crown, but it is clothed my wife; they have educated my on record that certain prodigies of inchildren. I have a lovely home, and dustry and punctuality have put ten shillings together in one week. Women old in the service may do this, but the blind, they shall have a good home while and fall? As our own ranks of fallen women are recruited from the underpaid · sewing-girls and other unhappy "Yes, the dogs and monkeys are mine, workers, so it is in Dublin; and a premium is placed on vice.

Fashion Notes. The milliners insist that big bonnets should be simply trimmed.

Lambs' wool cloths which shir very well are liked for summer suits. Striped nun's veiling is cut crosswise

when used for gown draperies. Watered ribbon has grown commo

in the shops and is not very dear. Pale blue is among the colors to be found in silk gloves for evening wear. The colored rough-and-ready straws have become exceedingly popular.

Spring goods are already marked down, although summer is still nine

Large cambric kerchiefs fastened by American hog meat, which extended silver headed pins are worn with thin

> with Spanish lace trimming for outer garments. The worst thing about a Mother Hubbard cloak is that its wearer cannot lift

her arms. Chenille jerseys are worn over suits of colors, even with those of a contrasting

Colored satin cloaks covered with white muslin are worn for evening

wraps in England. A Mouopoly in Sea-Gulls' Eggs. For years a company of men, without the slightest legal right to the monopoly, has absolutely controlled the business of gathering the eggs deposited by a multitude of obliging sea-gulls on the Farallon Islands, about thirty-five miles due west of the entrance to San Francisco Bay. If any interlopers approached they were immediately driven away, by force if necessary, and even a lighthouse keeper was instructed upon one occasion to attend strictly to his own particular business. But the very topmost pinnacle of impudence was reached when the lighthouse-keepers were informed that the fog-horn must be no longer sounded, inasmuch as it scared away the gulls and thus reduced the profits of the comyany. At this point the San Francisco authorities wrote to Washington to inquire what rights these people had on the islands. The reply was returned that they had no rights whatever, but were interlopers upon a reservation of the United States and ought to be ejected. Accordingly a marshal with twenty soldiers proceeded to the islands, read the orders of the Government to the assembled egg-gatherers, and told them that he was compelled to remove them. They were eleven in number, and offered no resistance save a formal protest, and all boarded the steamer and were conveyed to San Francisco. The only objection made to leaving was raised by an old man, the nester of the business, who stated that he had been on the islands or fourteen consecutive seasons, and

claimed to thus have acquired a right to remain there. The others were not at all loth to leave, as they were only paid five cents a dozen for collecting the eggs, and these, as they stated, were very fscarce since the introduction of the foghorn. No further difficulty is to be an-

Greece has only five miles of railway, and when a farmer's cow breaks a leg he often has to carry her a long distance to get to the track and leave her there, so he can obtain pay for her. It's awful unhandy .- St. Louis Spirit.

Scotch and English people build their houses to stand forever. Lord Bute is building one in Scotland with outer walls five feet thick.

People who live in glass houses should take care to pull down the blinds .- Wit and Wisdom.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST:

Graduated bands of Rhine pebbles are worn for Greek fillets.

Reports from the Northwest indicate

very heavy crops of cereals. Peck's Sun speaks of a locomotive as who. There's a switch open there. Lawn is only eight cents per yard,

and lawn parties ought to be plenty. There is a rumor that Gladstone is to be raised to the peerage with the title

of Earl of Oxford. Tennessee expects to have a million dollar fruit crop, and everybody hopes

she won't be disappointed. The long-projected tunnel under the Straits of Dover has been extended 300 feet, and progress is being made at the

rate of thirty feet a day. A young Japanese couple are about to be married in Boston. The expectant groom is a student and, and the bride

was his playmate in his native land. Illinois women like the name of Smith. Dr. Smith, of Prairie Bend, had no difficulty in engaging himself to

marry four of them. Astronomer Proctor says the world will last 50,000,000 years yet. That will do. Any man who demands more is a hog.-N. Y. World.

"Not one hotel in forty, large or small, places a good cup of coffee on the table," says a New Yorker who has traveled for twenty years. An average of 2,000 postal cards are

daily mailed in this country without address on the face. We are becoming an absent-minded nation. The Philadelphia Chronlele is anxiously waiting to see if the Revised Testa-

ment will press autumn leaves as good as the other edition. A Chicago drummer is in limbo in a Wisconsin jail for hitting a hotel landlord with twenty-one out of a possible

twenty-three codfish balls. In the harbor of Honolulu the other day there were ninety-eight vessels, of which number only three were American. Even Brazil had five.

# Iron Casting.

Cast-iron was not in commercial use White steel ornaments are combined before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, England, conceived the idea that iron might be a substitute for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd boy named John Thomas, had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distant relative. While looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workmen, he said to Mr. Darby that he thought he saw where they missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Mr. Darby remained alone in the workshop all night, struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect moulds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task, and just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful. and from 1709 to 1822 the family of Thomas were confidential and muchvalued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than 100 years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mould of find sand. contained in frames and with airholes the same process was practiced and kept secret at Colebrook Dale, with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

Mutually Disappointed.

When General Lafayette visited this country, he greatly enjoyed meeting the friends he had known in the revolution, and with whom he had shared many hardships. But sometimes he was sorely disappointed. The changes which time works in all men were such that, now and then, he could scarcely recognize his old associates. It is equally amusing, however, to know that occasionally his former friends were

equally disappointed in him. He paid a visit to John Adams, at Quincy. The expectations of both parties were high, and they counted on a joyful day. But the changes of time were not allowed for, and the reaction was therefore great.

Lafayette said to a friend, as he was leaving the house:

"What a sad change in Mr. Adams! I can see scarcely a trace of the man whom I used to admire and honor." Mr. Adams' comment was equally strik-

ing: "I was asking myself continually, Can this be Lafayette? He is wholly unlike the general whom I loved in the revolution. It is unpleasant to miss the

Both expected too much, and as usual, panion.