The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, ... $2.00
One copy, six months 1.00
One copy, three months, ...50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 16, 1882. NO. 23.

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will made.

Mike's Confession.

Now Mike was an 'ostler of very good parts,
Yet sly as a church mouse was he:
And he came to confess to the new parish priest,
Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found,
Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told All?
Have the mouths of the horses never been greased,
So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,
"Sure for that ye may lave me alone:
I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behoind—
Me conscience is clane to the bone!

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,
Till the day came around to tell all;
And the very first thing he confessed, he had greased
The mouth of each horse in the stall:

"How is this?" said the priest, "when here, but last week,
You never had done this, you swore."
"Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, "sich a thing
I niver had heard of before."

On the Midnight Express.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield, as he let himself fall heavily into the stiff and uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with its faded velvet cushions, and its back at exactly the wrong angle for approaching the luxury of a nap. "I say, Clifton, do you think we might smoke?"

"Well, I rather imagine not," said I, with a motion of my head toward the other passengers. "There appears to be ladies on board."

Hatfield shrugged his shoulders.

"Such ladies!"

"Well," laughed I, "they don't appear to be particularly stylish in manner or costume, but nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity of their sex hedges them around like a wall."

"Divinity of their humbug;" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "As if these ill-dressed dowdies, with babies and band-boxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lug the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion in a place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush and the roots of my hair tingle. For I was unmistakably in love with Bee Hale, and so was Clarence Hatfield.

If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper in trying to describe her manifold charms and excellences to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before, and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette the sun ever shone on, and he may come somewhere near the mark. Suffice it to say that she was as beautiful as a dream, and that Hatfield and I were devoted slaves at her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah, that was the question! It was something like the children's old game of see-saw: "Up I go, down you come." Sometimes I fancied I had had the ghost of a chance; sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the preferred, and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.

"Hello!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously upon the thread of my musings, "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!" And he put up his foot on the opposite seat, and prepared for as comfortable a four hours' ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employes in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down in the country "putting up" a sale of swampy lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three days' fog had conspired against the success of "Mount Morra Park," as Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lunge, the door flew open, and in came a talk old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak, surrounded by a perfect *chenaux de frise* of squirrel cages, leather bags, brown paper parcels, and sandwhich boxes. She was followed closely by a younger lady dressed in black, and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a low voice as gruff as that of a man, "is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield; it is."

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumpterton & Co. "Please to pass on, old lady. You will find seats enough beyond."

But this was a stretching of truth. There were no seats, beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive, unless she choose to sit direct upposite a red hot coal fire or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which are equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet bag from one wearied arm to the other. I thought of my good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, ma'am," said I. "And let me put your parcels up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient *sotto voce* "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my own business," I answered, brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel-cage ma'am—it'll go very well under the seat I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt but he never offered to take his feet off the opposite cushion, although the younger woman stood in the aisle uncomfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the car, until a woman beyond, observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her ap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It is easy to see that you have a mother of your own at home, and you're in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person"—with a nod of her poke-bonnet in the direction of Mr. Hatfield—"if he's got a mother I can't say much for her bringing of him up. Perhaps he may be old himself some day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I'm anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," Mr. Hatfield retorted rather flippantly.

The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, "you might behave like a gentleman."

"So I will," he retorted with a shrug, "when I find myself in company that calls for such measures.

I said no more, but leaning up against the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible, until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way-station, and some descending passengers might make room for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swayed backward and forward, bumping one of your phrenological developments against one side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of a seat at the opposite swerve of a train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support? Did you ever execute an involuntary "pas seul," by way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so, you will know how to pity me during the hour and a half between B—— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; but the young lady sat as noiseless as a black-veiled statue; fretful babies whimpered; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lights flared like sickly moons overhead, and the shriek of the train as it flew through sleeping villages sounded like the yell of a fiery-throated demon.

"Stamford!" bawled the conductor.

At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter; for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice, even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central depot in New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before all the world of travellers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

"Oh, take care! You've knocked the squirrel cage over!" cried she.

"Confound the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth, as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pet up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield!" said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is wating. I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton, I am very much oblige to you for your politeness to my grandmother, who is unused to travelling. As to Mr. Hatfield—the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I had the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. Thanks—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton," turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandma stands her journey, to-morrow, won't you? Oh, thank you! the carriage is close by."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife; for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant, showy sort of fellow, who far outshone me in general society, and I think Bee had been disposed rather to fancy him until that night. But she was disenchanted now for good and all. And Grandma Hale comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale Farm'

Influence of the Soil on Health.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases, like intermittent fevers, originate from the soil, is already accepted and the more exact studies, in recent times, of the manner in which cholera, abdominal typhus, yellow fever and the plague are spread, has convinced many that these diseases, also, which were formerly considered independent of the soil, because their specific germs are communicable and are actually communicated by human intercourse and trade, are still in some way connected with it, although the nature of the connection is yet to be found out. The explanation of the frequent, sharply defined local imitations of cholera and typhoid has been sought first, in influences not of soil but of water and air, to which the germs of disease have been imparted from men; but a clear and impartial examination of the local prevalence of these diseases in circles of greater or lesser extent, has now furnished evidence that in many cases air and water can no longer be maintained to be the causes of the localization, but that the sources of the epidemic must be sought in the soil.

In the occurrence of cholera on ships at sea, where any influence of soil would seem to be absolutely out of the question, that influence often makes itself apparent in a striking manner by the fact that only persons who have come from certain places are attacked, while other persons on the ships do not even have a diarrhœa, although they are all the time with the sick, and use the same food and water and air. Ships at sea may be considered as in themselves safe from cholera; usually sickness brought upon them in individual cases dies out; and it is regarded in seafaring practice as an excellent prophylactic measure to go to sea, taking the sick along and breaking up all communication of the men with the infected port or shore. Exceptional cases of epidemics breaking out on ships cannot be regarded as arising from contagion from person to person, but always from previous communication of the ship or its crew or passengers with some place infected with the disease.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Japanese Medical Practice.

A physician writing from Yokohama concerning the medical practice in Japan, states that the physicians there are of two classes, the old and the new. The old school there comprises the Chinese physician, and those physicians who have adopted the practice of Europe and America are said to be of the new school. Most of the large cities have hospitals conducted on the plan of ours. Though the physicians of the emperor are all of the new system some of his Majesty's household have little or no faith in them, and send for the adherents of the Chinese school when ill. One of the most curious facts noted by this writer is that although the garments and apartments of the invalid may be of the richest material and kept scrupulously clean, the invalid himself is permitted to become very dirty in a long illness by the careful avoidance of the use of water even for cleaning of the teeth and the failure to cut the beard or the nails. Even the doctors of the new school do not dare to insist on personal cleanliness least they be dismissed from attendance on the case. Some attention is given to to diet in sickness but not with good judgment, and many of the sick die from inanition or starvation when they might have been saved by the use of sufficient nourishment, tonics and stimulents. If the Japanese are not wholly wise in the treatment of the sick they are certainly in advance of us in disposing of the dead by cremation; and, though they have not the advantage of the most approved furnaces they nevertheless manage to effectually cremate bodies at small expense and without offense.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

After all the arguments about cheapness and quality it appears that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for the cure of Coughs and Colds ever offered to the public. The price is only 25 cents a bottle and every druggist in the land sells and recommends it.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Ancient Spinners.

The following is an extract from a law respecting spinning, passed by the general court of Massachusetts, in the year 1663:

BE IT ORDERED, By the authority of this court, that all hands, not necessarily employed on other occasions, as women, girls and boys, shall be, and hereby are, enjoined to spin, according to their skill and ability; and that the selectmen in every town consider the condition and capacity of every family, and accordingly do assess at one or more spinners; and because several families are necessarily employed the greatest part of their time in other business, yet, if opportunities were attended, some time might be spared at least by some of them for this work, the said selectmen shall therefore assess such at half and quarter spinners, according to their capacities. And every one thus aforesaid for a whole spinner, shall for time to come spin every year for thirty weeks three pounds a week of linen, cotton or woolen, and so proportionately for half and quarter spinners, under the penalty of twelve pence a pound short; and the select men shall take special care for the execution of the order, which may easily be effected, by dividing their several towns into ten, six, five, etc., to take an account of their division, and to certify the selectmen if any be defective in what they are assessed, who shall improve the penalties, imposed on such as are negligent, for the encouragement of those who are diligent in the work.

Fashion Items.

Stripes of white and black and white and color are a feature in new spring goods.

It is impassible for a woman to look as dignified in a short skirt as in a trained dress.

Long white mousquetaire gloves, embroidered in silver and jet beads, are worn with "second" mourning dress.

Feathers are again worn in the hair with full evening dress—matrons wearing them to the exclusion of floral garniture.

The jaunty Hungarian costumes are exceedingly pretty for children, made of Craigievar tweed trimmed with dark bottle-green plush.

New Castilian breakfast caps of gold lace and Manilla grass nettings are fastened to the head by long gold-headed pins set with onyx stones.

Dresses in the style of the First Empire, with very short waists and skimpy skirts, will, it is predicted, take the lead among the new spring fashions.

Shoulder knots of white satin or watered silk ribbon, fastened by a rose or delicate spray of flowers, take the place of the floral epaulets worn last winter.

Disappearance of the School-Teacher.

It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a board of education to teach the greatest possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school-teacher of the present day. It is certain that he would have found himself hopelessly trammeled, as many an inspiring teacher finds himself trammeled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine—who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to delop the men and women of the future—gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "Board." Then there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive into the already over-crowded course some special study. The arts of design are often useful in a business way, therefore drawing shall be universally exacted of the pupils. Music is charming at home, therefore the vocal teacher must have place. In one considerable city, a wealthy merchant in the board of education, who found telegraphy valuable in his own office, has succeeded in putting every boy and girl in the town to clicking telegraph keys.

But, no matter what is put into the course, it is rare that anything is taken out. The school-master finds no place on which to stand. His individuality is utterly repressed. He is a mere cog-wheel in a great machine. He sink down at last to the level mediocrity which machines always produce; he becomes a hearer of lessons, a marker of registers, a worker for examination week. It is not chiefly his fault thats he does not do higher work. There is hardly space for it, and there is no market for it.—"*Topics of the Time,*" *Century.*

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Some of the Terrible Effects of Opium Smoking Vividly Described.

The increase of the consumption of opium in the United States for the past ten years has been amazing. According to Dr. H. N. Kane, who has written a brochure on the subject, the first white man who smoked opium in this country was a Californian named Clendenyn. This was in 1868, and it was not until 1871 that he found another to smoke with him. The habit spread rapidly among gamblers and their associates, but it was not till the end of 1875 that the authorities began to take steps to suppress the growing custom. Now there are opium dens in all the cities and large towns of the Union. Commercial travelers who are addicted to the habit find it unnecessary to carry their smoking apparatus with them on their journeys, as they have no difficulty in finding them at opium resorts, well known to all users of the drug. In 1880, 77,196 pounds of opium were imported into the country, paying a duty of from one to six dollars per pound, which was an increase of 17,000 in one year. This increase is not owing to the growth of the Chinese population, for, as ex-Minister Seward has shown in his recently published volume, there has been no material increase of Chinese in this country since 1876. And Chinese smokers consume less than American, and most of them use an inferior and cheap article.

The apparatus for smoking opium is much more complicated than that for tobacco. Dr. Kane says that hardly any one would smoke opium alone, for the mere pleasure it imparts. It is eminently a social vice. This fact explains why opium smokers gather in dens for indulgence, and the dens are usually vile places. Strange as it may seem, American woman often frequent these miserable resorts, and there become practically oblivious to everything but the entrancement and languor approaching stupefaction the indulgence brings. The physical effects of opium smoking are less marked and destructive than those which follow other methods of taking the drug; but they are pronounced and unspeakably damaging, and when the habit is once fastened upon a person it is practically impossible to break it. It holds its victim in fetters of steel. Sometimes it takes an old smoker three or four hours to induce a languor which has ceased to have one particle of fascination. The power of this tyrant over its victims is shown by what they will risk and endure for the sake of its gratification. The appetite for it becomes insupportable and almost maddens them until it is appeased. Of course it breaks down the physical system, makes it peculiarly liable to diseases, and brings a troop of physical ills in its train. But its moral effects are more disastrous than its physical. It prostrates the will, and destroys all power of resolution. It produces moral obtuseness. It deadens conscience and all the finer sensibilities. It creates a dreamy insensibility to the calls of natural obligation to home, children, kindred and friends. It paralyzes the human in the nature of its victims. All the fine and delicate sentiments peculiar to woman are burned out and bleared by it. And it is not strange that the Chinese, knowing what a deadly drug opium was, protested against its introduction into their empire, and finally engaged in a war with England to put a stop to its importation. The opium trade with China was begun by the Portugese in 1767, and the first English opium was introduced into the country in 1773. The latter country now virtually monopolizes the trade, and how great it is appears from the fact that over five hundred tons were imported in 1867, and over seven hundred tons were used. What this means can be imagined by supposing that 15,000,000 of people were to become virtually intoxicated every day.—*Christian at Work.*

Monkeys.

Joe, a monkey at the London "Zoo," could never be got back into his cage when once he was allowed his liberty outside. But he had one weakness—that of curiosity—and the keeper, looking down a dark hole, attracted the attention of the monkey, who slowly approached him to find out the cause of the investigation. Suddenly the keeper would start back and the monkey's courage, deserting him, he flew to the shelter of his cage when the door would be shut. This trick was successfully played on him every time, month after month, he never seeming to learn it. Another monkey, "Miss Jenny," that came from india, and parted her hair in the middle, smoked real tobacco, and would snatch a half-smoked cigar from a visitor and finish it. She would also hold a bottle of ale with her hind foot and take long draughts between the puffs of smoke.

Johns Irwin Haiser, who recently witnessed an execution at St. Louis, has gone crazy from the effects of the horrid sight.

Lofty Architecture.

New York is becoming distinguished for the height of its buildings. For a long time the underwriters objected to taking risks of this kind, but they have been compelled at last to submit to the irresistible progress of the age. A few years ago four stories was considered a good height. At present, however, eight and even nine stories are common among the new commercial structures, and even this is by no means a finality. After the great fire in 1845 (which laid 25 acres in ruins) the new stores were carried up to the unusual height of 55 feet. Now look at the difference. The Stewart palace of fashion is 88 feet to the cornice, while Claflin's store is almost as high. Arnold, Constable & Co's store is 95 feet and the store, 355 Broadway, is 100 feet. The Fifth Avenue Hotel is 90 feet high. The Grand Central is 123 feet, including 30 feet of Mansard. The Gilsey House is 100 feet to the deck roof, after which you have the Mansard, which is 30 feet additional. Looking at business structures, there is the Equitable, which is 113 feet to the deck, while the Boreel building is 115 feet, and the New York life building is 129 feet. Turning from Broadway to Nassau street, the Morse building overtops all the preceding, being 146 feet to the cornice, while the tall tower of the *Tribune* holds unrivalled distinction. The insurance agents, however, still maintain that 60 feet is the limit of discretion, and for every additional 10 feet they add extra rates, though hardly sufficient to meet the risk. This change has chiefly taken place within the last 10 years. The *Herald* building (finished in 1865) now has a squatty appearance, and if rebuilt would be carried up four additional stories. Bennett is said to be annoyed at this defect, and no doubt an additional elevation will yet be attained.—*New York Letter.*

Fasting Sixty Days.

In regard to the case of Miss Chloe Ann Violet, who died in Alexandria Va., recently, after a voluntary fast of sixty days, Dr. Alexander McWilliams, who attended her, stated in an interview with a Washington *Star* reporter, that the fast was commenced on the 4th of November last, Miss Violet having been for some years out of her mind in in consequence (it is supposed) of the death of her brother by drowning. She claimed that she had received an inspiration that if she would not eat no more she would be sure of heaven. Dr. McWilliams states that every conceivable measure suggested was tried to induce her to break her fast, but she resisted, and would become furious when they attempted to force food on her. They endeavored to give her liquid food in her water, but she was not to be deceived. The only food they succeeded in getting her to take was two teaspoons full of milk the night before she died. Dr. McWilliams regards this case as a genuine one of long fasting, and taken altogether, the most singular case he ever saw, for she did not at any time claim that she could not eat what was set before her, but said that she could eat at any time, but would not.

Minute Workmanship.

The Salem (Mass.) museum has in its possession a cherry stone containing one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope. This is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose, and there are numbers of other objects in existence the value of which may be said to be quite as indifferent. Thus, Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. A Nuremberg topmaker enclosed in a cherry stone which was exhibited at the French crystal palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. Pliny, too, mentions the fact that Homer's "Iliad," with its 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell. The greatest curiosity of all, however, was a copy of the bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be inclosed within the shell of an English walnut.

One Mile Square.

A correspondent wishes to know whether there is any difference between one square mile and one mile square. There is not. Either expression denotes a square surface, each one of whose sides is a mile in length. There is a considerable difference, however, between two square miles and two miles square—a difference amounting to two square miles. The difference between three square miles and three miles square is six square miles, and so on. If, instead of saying "three miles square," the proper expression, "three miles squared," were employed, the obscurity of thought about the matter would for most persons disappear.

Tennessee made a profit of $28,500,000 on her various crops last year.

Oscar Wilde by the Sea.

A cross-eyed pig and a bob-tailed cow,
Asleep by the moonlit sea,
In the village inn a thundering row,
Come wander, love, with me.

For you a walk on the shining sands,
(There's garlic in the air.)
For me the road, with four-in-hand,
(I'll bet on the old gray mare.)

Two hard-boiled eggs and toast for you,
(Oh, pale is the pointer pup.)
For me some beer and a saddle-rock stew,
(O, mother, dear, shut up.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A goat owned by a Georgia judge has long horns on his legs as well as on his his head—eighteen in all—and he will probably form the nucleus for a fine Odd Fellows' lodge.

A Michigan girl tried to commit suicide by swallowing thirty-six shirt buttons. Fortunately her digestion mistook them for railway restaurant beans and she was saved.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the enfranchisement of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

The Parisians have found out how to make false eyelashes. They actually draw a fine needle threaded with dark hair through the skin of the eye-lid, forming long loops, and after the process i over a splendid dark fringe veils the coquette's eyes. The operation is said to be painless.

An out-of-town druggist entered a Boston apothecary shop and had a simple prescription put up. The charge was $1.50. He remarked that it was rather dear, because, as he was a druggist himself, he knew the price of the ingredients. "That alters the case," was the response; "seventeen cents, please."

Edna May Bradley eloped with Pearson, a married man, of Dallas, Texas. Her father followed them to Denison, and talked of using a pistol, but was pacified by $1,050 and a promise of $600 more, for which he let his daughter go. But the final payment was not made, a piano was seized to satisfy the claim, and the whole matter became public.

Cry for More Oysters.

At the same time that the more thoughtful and observant are uttering protests against the extinction by wholesale drudging, of the oysters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, there comes a cry from England for more American oysters. The New York Herald quotes from a private business circular which has found its way into the office of that paper. The circular in question is a piteous appeal to be furnished with more oysters, on the ground that the supply in the English market falls below the demand. The trader in question states that nearly twenty-eight million American bivalves were eaten in England between the middle of October and the day of the new year. Between March and May will be the season for planting, and when the demand on this account is supplied it is estimated that no less than fifty millions of our oysters will have been either devoured or naturalized in Great Britain. This exibit only makes it more apparent that the oyster beds of the Chesapeake and its tributaries—the chief source of supply for the most succulent bivalves—must be protected from depletion, if an industry promising such large proportions and valuable returns is to be fostered. There is food in this English circular for the Maryland and Virginia Legislatures.

Watermelons in January.

The family of Peter Matson, living near Burlington, N. J., eat watermelons for dinner every day, and have done so all winter. Matson laid away 250 melons during the season, preserving them by a process which he professes to have invented. He varnished each melon all over and then sealed up the stem. Not long ago he invited a number of his friends to dinner and brought out three watermelons for dessert. His guests all united in saying that they never tasted more delicious melons even in the regular season. The news of Matson's preserving powers reached a large fruit dealer in Philadelphia, and a representative of the dealer went to Burlington and requested the privilege of tasting some of the fruit. He pronounced them delicious, and at once negotiated for fifty of the melons. He hesitated some time, but has at last concluded to part with a portion of his stock, as the price offered was very large. They are to be placed on sale at fabulous prices in Philadelphia in a few days. The dealer wants Matson to preserve several thousand for him next summer or else sell him his process. Local physicians declare that the varnish used to prevent the melons from spoiling is sufficient to have poisoned all those who have partaken of them, yet the members of the family never enjoyed better health.