

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., MARCH 23, 1882.

NO. 28.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, 1.00
One square, two insertions, 1.50
One square, three insertions, 2.00

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By and By.

Under the snow are the seeds of June,
Cold in our bosoms are the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warble in tune,
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their truth.

Wind of the winter night, lonely as I,
Wait we the dawn of the bright by and by.
Roses will bloom again,
Sweet love will come again,
It will be summer time by and by.

Patience and toil are the need of to-day—
Till without recompense, labor in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick on our way;
Our footsteps keep time with the angel of pain.

Wind of the winter night, far in the sky;
Watch for the day-star of the dear by and by.
Parted lips shall meet again,
But souls shall laugh again,
Earth will be happier by and by.

Cry and wail is the judgment of man
Cruel as water and cold as the snow;
But by and by will the dead and the plan
Be judged by the notes that heathens blow.

Wail of the winter night, echo our cry,
Pray for the dawn of the sweet by and by.
When hope shall spring again,
When joy shall ring again,
Tears will be wiped by and by.

Warm and clear, such a melody of song,
Frolic the bark through the harbor's bay;
Broken the path—yet the harbor is long,
Why should we linger by life's way?

Wind of the winter night, look and reply,
Is there, oh! there, a star by and by?
Will dark grow bright again,
Barthens grow light again,
And faith be justified by and by?

Heavy and dark is the midnight of life;
Distant and dreary the trumpet of night;
Hours that are doleful, hearts that are true,
Soon shall the morning star gladden our sight.

Wail of the winter night, so life again,
Watch the dawn of the bright by and by.
Freedom shall ring again,
Peace shall ring again,
Night shall be glorified by and by.

DID HE PROPOSE?

"I couldn't do it," said Martyn Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the redemptive hour before the gas jets are lighted and window blinds are pulled down—the delicious twilight, when grate fires shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow mildly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better, for the click of the crystallized pearls against the glass filled up the silence, and made the cozy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martyn Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes, fixed full on the fire, saw—no one can tell what or how much they saw!

"Suppose she should say 'no,'" he burst out, seemingly appropos to nothing at all.
"Suppose she shouldn't," observed Guy Barnes, dryly.
"I tell you, old fellow, it's exactly like having a tooth pulled out. Your friends stand by and say, 'Be a man; it's nothing!' It isn't they who are under the doctor's forceps."

"Complimentary to Miss Glen?"
"None. You know what I mean. But really and truly, I've tried and I can't do it."

"Very well," said Barnes, indifferently; "then it is an understood thing that you are to live and die an old bachelor."

"I didn't say that."
"O, I beg pardon. You expect Fanny is going to propose to you; that's it."

"You are a heartless miscreant!" Ellerslie cried out, half laughing, half impatient, as he sprang to his feet and tossed the remnant of his cigar into the fire, "and I shall not waste any more words upon you—unless, indeed, you'll go round to the fair with me."

"So it is," said our hero, growing very red, and overturning with his elbow a crimson Venetian flask (for which he immediately had to pay a sovereign.) "I—I mean it isn't a very fine evening."

"Oh!" said Fanny.
"Yes," said Martyn, feeling acutely that he had made a donkey of himself. Then he went away, and didn't see Fanny Clea again the whole evening—probably because she was the only person in the whole room that he cared a fig about seeing at all. But so kind is fate to love and lovers.

Just as he was edging his way out of the place, in a very despondent and dejected frame of mind, there was a rush and a flutter, and he heard his own name called in all the notes of the human gamut.

"What is it?" he asked, vaguely staring around him.
"You've drawn the big doll!" cried little Sibyl Percy, dancing up to him, and laying in his arms the huge waxen abomination, with its flowy yellow curls and imposing pink and white complexion; while somebody else brought the big trunk and little hand-box. "It's just like traveling with a wife," said Sibyl, mischievously.

"But what the—ahem! what am I to do with it?" asked our bewildered hero.
"Give it to somebody," said Sibyl, forwardly hoping he would act promptly on the suggestion and bestow the prisoner. "Any one would be delighted to receive such a present."

"Do you think he would?" asked Mr. Ellerslie, vacantly. And then he went away.
"Great stupid fellow!" cried Sybil, spitefully, and she tripped back to her table.

"I never saw such a goose," said Laura Barrington, who had three sisters of her own at home.
"But what am I to do with it?" said Martyn to himself, as he traversed the wintry gloom of the midnight streets. "Oh, I have it! I'll give it to Fanny Clea and she can make a Christmas present of it to her little black-eyed beauty!"

He laid the doll, rejoicing, on a sofa, and went to bed, sinking into dreamland just about the time that Fanny Clea was taking the hair-pins out of her magnificent golden hair before the dressing bureau in her own apartment.

"Why, Fanny, what ails you?" cried Dora, her eldest sister. "You're crying?"
"I'm so tired," guiltily confessed poor Fanny.

And she went herself to sleep, thinking how foolish she had been, and that of course Martyn Ellerslie didn't care a straw about her. Why should he?

Mr. Ellerslie rose the next morning full of his momentous resolve, and made such a toilet that the very land lady's little boy, seeing him go out with a big doll, neatly encased in her pasteboard box, under his arm, ejected, profanely,—

"Oh, my eye, what a swell!"
The black-eyed, little cousin admitted him. Yes, Cousin Fanny was at home—would he walk into the parlor?

And our hero, before he had fairly made up his mind in what terms to bestow his gift, found himself bowing to a fair-headed vision in a sunny little room, surrounded by heads of cut flowers.

"How do you do, Mr. Ellerslie?" said Fanny, coloring and smiling; "I am making bonnets, you see, for to-night."

"Exactly so," said Martyn, and then he reflected how much more appropriate a remark he might have made and turned very red.

"Pray sit down," said Fanny.
"—I—the fact is, Miss Glen," said Mr. Ellerslie, plunging in sheer desperation into the midst of his subject; "I have called—I hope you won't be vexed—you have only to say so if you don't like it."

Fanny dropped her sprig of heliotropes, and looked up in surprise.
"I know it isn't of much consequence," went on Martyn, turning the pasteboard box round and round in confusion, "but if you'll accept it—I've known and esteemed you so long, and—"

"Hello!" said Gay. "What's up?"
"Don't speak so loud," said Ellerslie, passing his arm through that of his friend. "She's engaged to be my wife."

"Who is? The divine Fannie, the fairest of her sex?"
"Of course; who else should it be?"
"But I thought you couldn't screw your courage up to the proposing mark?"

"I didn't propose."
"Guy Barnes stared.
"Yun—didn't—propose! Then how could she have accepted you?"

"That's just what I can't exactly comprehend myself," said the puzzled lover. "We are engaged—that is certain—but I can't for the life of me remember when or how I proposed."

"But of course you proposed," observed Gay. "People always do get a little flustered, you know?"
"Do they? Well, I suppose that was the case with me. But I don't remember—"

"Oh, don't be such a ninny!" said Guy Barnes, impatiently.
"I wish I could remember just what I said, though," observed Martyn.

And even after he was duly married he never could quite recall whether he proposed or not. But as long as dear little Fannie was all his own, what did it signify?

"Wild Oats."
A young man is allowed by the strictest moralist an intermediate time in which to sow his wild oats; but who ever admitted the same necessity in the way of girls? We say that man should have his amusements—his clubs, cigars, horse-races, directions and hip-potriacs; but supposing our women and girls come to us seeking of tobacco? Supposing they abdicated themselves openly to taking nips of grog and absinthe when their spirits were low? Supposing they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist or ecarte, gaubing away their household just to while off dull hours? We demand so much of excellence of our women that the worst of them are still better than the average man. I have known some women who were social on casts, and who, in point of heart, conduct and general moral rectitude, might have furnished staff for the making of very upright gentlemen indeed. They have fallen, it is true; but what a fearful penalty they have paid for that fall, while, by comparison, the kindred penalties of men are so slight. If a young man gets mixed up in some disgraceful entanglement, breaks a heart and throws a young girl upon the streets after having ruined her life, people say of him, compassionately, by-and-by: "He was so young when he did it, and now he has turned over a new leaf," but if an inexperienced girl, a mere child of sixteen or seventeen, comes to harm through a moment's weakness, born of too much love and over-confidence in her betrayer, who ever thinks of pleading her youth as an excuse? Who ever urges seriously that a girl has turned over a new leaf? Who urges upon her any necessity of doing so?

The Parrot Wondered.
Two sailors went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of slight-of-hand, interspersed with acrobatic feats. At the end of each trick the sailors would say: "Now, isn't that clever. Wonder what he'll do next?"

With each act of the performance their astonishment increased, and they kept muttering: "Wonder what he'll do next?"

The parrot heard this exclamation so often that he picked it up off-hand, as it were.

Presently, the Japanese undertook to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks ignited at both ends, but having his attention distracted by a movement in the audience, he allowed one of the sticks to drop. Unfortunately it fell upon a heap of firecrackers, bombs, etc., which exploded, blew out the audience in all directions, and sent the parrot, minus its tail-feathers and one eye about 400 yards.

As the bird came down with a flop, it shrieked: "Wasn't that clever! Wonder what he'll do next?"—M. Quail.

Do Bees Injure Grapes?
At the late annual meeting of the Northeastern Beekeepers' Association the charge that bees injure grapes was discussed with some feeling. Two bills have been introduced in the California Legislature to forbid the keeping of bees because of the damage they are said to do to the ripening grapes. The northeastern beekeepers were unanimous in the opinion that honey bees never puncture the skin of the grape, though they frequent the vines to suck the juices of grapes already injured by birds or other insects. This it was claimed has been demonstrated by careful tests. Black ants are the chief mischief-makers.

Specimens of the most improved American agricultural implements have been sent for by the Sultan of Turkey.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

APPLE JELLY.—The best apple jelly ever made, writes a lady, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the best I ever tasted, consisted of pure apple juice and pommed loaf sugar only, cleared without the aid of a jelly bag, an article of so-called domestic utility of which we have a wholesome horror. The only straining medium we employed was a piece of new strong, coarse muslin, from which all the dressing was discharged by its having been passed two or three times through boiling water. It can scarcely be necessary to say that the fresher the fruit the better the jelly; also that the fruit should be gathered when fully ripe, unbruised, and perfectly dry. Pippins are the apples generally preferred for making jelly; but any variety of ordinary apple, provided the flesh is juicy and tender, with an agreeable acidity, will do. Before cutting up the apples leave strong brown earthenware pan or jar, large enough to hold the whole of the apples when cut up. At the bottom of this pan put two or three table-spoonfuls of cold spring water, peel and core the apples, cut them into thin slices and throw them into the jar as they are done. When full place a saucer or earthenware lid over and tie it down tight over the jar with a piece of calico and string; place the jar in a hot oven until the fruit has melted to a pulp; take out the jar, and pour the fruit into a new, clean hair-sieve, or into a bag of muslin, as aforesaid; leave it until the whole of the juice has run through into the vessel placed to receive it; when this is done put three quarters of a pound of crushed loaf sugar to every pound of juice, or one pound of sugar if the jelly is preferred very sweet; pour into an enamelled preserving pan and simmer until the juice, when poured into a cold plate, sets in a few minutes; stir every now and then, but do not have the fire fierce enough to burn the sugar to the pan; a hot hearth or stove is always, of course, preferred for open fire for any delicate culinary operation.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Fashion and Habits.
Get watered silk to combine with your black cashmere.
Gentlemen wearing mourning dress should use black-eyed stationery.
The Mother Hubbard cape reaches low on bust, but not to the waist line.
Black sun's veiling and grenadine dresses will be appropriate in the spring.
Red cloth is used under white drawn lace-work cloths to show the pattern of the work.
Put a few drops of ammonia in the water you bathe your hands in to prevent perspiration.
The flowers for ladies' wear in Lent are Russian violets, rose mignonne, white clover and black pansies.
An illustration of the Worth mantle in the Bazar, will be the best model for your black satin mercerized garment. Trim it with Spanish lace, jet, or full ruffles of passementerie.
Finger-bowls are used at breakfast and lunch as well as dinner at most well-conducted houses now, as they are very refreshing and convenient, especially after eating fruit; a small doyley is placed under the bowl, and next the plate.
The Queen of the Belgians is a good practical bonnet-maker. Her pets having recently pulled to pieces the hat of the Princess Clementine's music teacher, the Queen and her daughter made the last much handsomer than it was before.
A plain Jersey blouse, with a skirt trimmed across the front with puffs and Spanish lace frills alternating, also a puffed jacket and a full black-drapery, will be the best design for your black silk dress that must be worn in the summer.

A gentleman's full-dress suit for a wedding is a black cloth swallow-tail coat, black cloth vest—not a white one—and black cloth trousers. For the traveling suit he might use a Cheviot suit, or else his morning coat of black cloth, vest to match, and dark gray trousers.

It is not necessary or proper for a lady to assist a gentleman to put on his overcoat at the play or at home, unless he is a cripple, or disabled by illness, and it would be apt to embarrass the gentleman. A servant may assist him in the hall, but a lady should never volunteer such help, unless the gentleman is physically unable to struggle into his garment, either at home or abroad.

We trust that none of our American belles will follow the latest freak of fashion exhibited at the races at Nice by a fascinating Parisian actress. This adventurous young lady appeared on the course in a toilette of light colored Sicilienne, embroidered in a most artistic manner with life sized cats arranged round the skirt. The bodice was plain, with paniers, and at the back the material was so draped that two tabbies came face to face, and seemed to be engaged in manning each other in the most improved back-yard fashion. The effect was startling, to say the least, and we venture to say that the wearer was eminently successful in creating a sensation.

Hosiery and Gloves.
Hosiery is costly and beautiful enough to please the most fastidious. The favorite styles this season are quite dark and black, even worn with the brightest colors. It is said that stone-pings and gloves must match. Some pure garnet silk stockings are ornamented on the side, reaching quite above the ankle, with an insertion of finest point lace edged with white embroidery. Some styles of raw silk of dark wine and deep blue colors are embroidered with gold and silver thread. Some lace-like open-work black silk stockings are elaborately embroidered in old gold silk. A great deal of intricate hand work covers these objects of luxury. Some exquisitely fine hosiery stockings have open lace designs on the instep and are also embroidered. The variety in reds includes the peculiar red of copper, the red brown of the wallflower, dregs of wine, and all glowing wine colors, dahlia and maroon. Finest qualities of balbriggans instate the more costly styles. Children's hosiery simply duplicates those already described.

The history of gloves and glove making is like all things in human life and society—an exceedingly interesting matter to look into and thoroughly trace, but the extraordinary "hand shoes" produced within the last year or two should be condemned by women of taste and good sense. The perfection of a glove is its smoothness and delicate elasticity, its unexceptionable fit. White colors and incongruous materials do not count as the best taste in these modern days of luxury; the coarse chamois skin, the wash-leather long gloves, never quite clean, always wrinkled, always ungraceful, it is sincerely hoped will be abandoned this season. It is a stupid thing to follow blindly a fashion set by a woman who desires to hide an ugly, boney arm and wrist.

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The Care of the Lamps.

If a list could be presented of the debts and frightful borings that have occurred since the introduction of kerosene, it would be appalling. Good Kerosene, that is, of the legal standard of quality, and that sent out by the best makers is far in advance of the requirements, properly used, need be no more dangerous than the old-fashioned sperm oil, or tallow dips. But it is vastly more so. Why? If we observe the accounts of these so-called "accidents," as they are given in the daily papers, it will be found that they are due to one of two principal causes: (1) Using kerosene to light a fire; and (2) filling a lamp while lighted. Only the most ignorant can be so stupid as to pour kerosene upon a fire, and as such persons do not read, it would be a waste of time to caution them against it. Filling a lamp while it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by always filling the lamps in the morning. This task should belong to some one member of the household, who should have a fixed and regular time for doing it; nothing ought ordinarily to interfere with or cause its postponement. It should be made a duty to be discharged with all the regularity and punctuality of the daily meals. If good kerosene, of either of the best manufacturers be used, there is little danger of accident. Glass lamps ought never to be carried about, for the very reason that they are glass. This would hold, no matter what material they contain; even if it be sperm or kerosene, the breaking of a lamp is a disaster to be avoided. There is a chance that the one carrying the lamp may slip or trip, or some other accident cause the lamp to be dropped. With good kerosene even the breaking of the lamp and spilling the contents should cause no disaster in the way of burning; but all kerosene is not good, and the risk should never be taken. In "trimming" the lamps only the small portion of the wick that is charred need be removed, and that is readily done by scraping with a knife kept for the purpose. If any substance collects upon the wick-tube it should be scraped off, leaving the brass or metal perfectly clean. After carefully scraping, wipe off the wick-tube and the wick with a piece of very soft paper, to remove any small particles left in scraping. A wick may become unfit for use long before it is burned up. Many quarts of oil are carried through a wick, and in true the pores of the fabric become so filled with little particles of dirt and other impurities that the oil ceases to flow, its ability to take up the oil as fast as it is burned becomes greatly diminished, and when this occurs, a new wick is needed. If a lamp is filled full in a cold room, and then is brought into a warm one, the heat will cause the oil to expand and overflow, and lead to the suspicion that the lamp leaks. This should be avoided by not filling completely; knowing that this may occur, sufficient space should be left to allow for the expansion.

Advancing Through Mad Period.
Evidently man has a nature which needs to eat not a little of the bread of adversity. If not every individual need do this the race must have much of this food, that there may be a certain drift of thought and feeling for each member of the family of man. Not all need be wounded by assassins or smitten with disease or early death, but there must be enough of these griefs to touch all hearts and fill all eyes with tears. Personally you may have suffered no great affliction, but the ills of others have always encompassed you, and you have been modified by the convulsions of the surrounding scene. You may have wept little, but you have seen tears; not having died, you may have seen the marble face; so that in some deep degree the adverse winds of life have blown over all souls, and as a result civilized man stands to-day the embalmment of such humanity and pathos! His natural vanity is rebuked, his language is made more musical, the tones of his voice are lowered and sweetened, and his steps will turn to save the life of a worm. His love and friendship are made more powerful, not by ills that once passed along, but by ills that may make a sudden return. As the storm drives drives into a flock and makes them seek shelter together, so have past and coming trials hurried the group of mortals to join hands for a common fate. It is said mothers love most tenderly some sickly or disfigured child. The principle is deeper than this incident. Earth has marked some misfortune upon us all, and we all love each other more deeply because our world is not a paradise by any means, but a land where pity is so needed that it is called divine. Thus what the atheist and stoic call the cruelties of nature are for the most part only a method of transforming the dust of the earth into sensitive and appreciative soil.

There are 250,000 Hebrews in the United States.

First and Last.

"But tell me, dear," she said.
And slowly dropped the modest head
Beside his own.
"But tell me, have you loved before?
Or one or more?"

The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, trusting grass,
She did not fear his answer then,
Her king of men!
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,
For an I first?"

He turned his eyes away;
He closer still her hand he pressed,
Not answered you nor nay;
A blush confessed
All in one bounding word,
Tussled, unheeded.

Spoke came a burst of tears
A sweetest storm from April sky—
And then, "Forgive my doubts and fears,"
He bent her sight;
"Why should I leave what loves are past
So mine is last?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
A veiled woman with a babe boarded a railroad train at Hastings, Mich., laid the infant in a stranger's lap, and disappeared.

President Arthur occupies the pew in St. John's Church, at Washington, occupied by President Madison almost seventy years ago.

King Kalakaua has sent to this country for furniture, as he is fitting up the new royal palace at Honolulu at an expense of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

A million acres of land in France, formerly devoted to vineyards, have been turned into other uses, and the shriveled and blackened stalks of the vines have been carried away for firewood.

Labels intended to be used with any article of manufacture cannot be copyrighted. If protection is desired, by application to the Patent Office, Washington, D. C., they may be registered at a fee of 80.

Miss Brewster, the daughter of the Attorney-General, is said to wear becoming toilettes of ruby color at her mother's receptions, and to be a graceful person, with dark skin and delicate features.

When Mr. Stanfield was delegated to wait on John Linnell to arrange for his admission into the Royal Academy, after he had been snubbed by that body for years, Linnell said: "No. Let them keep their R.A. for men who can sell their pictures without it. I can."

At the opening day of the National Hotel in Norfolk the first name in the register was that of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who was at that time living by his wits in America; and among the autographs of other visitors is that of Medai-Ferretti, an Italian priest, who afterward became Pope Pius IX.

Ambrose S. O'Leary, of Delaware county, Pa., works all day at his trade of blacksmith, and devotes his evenings to the preparation of a work he has called the "Curiosities of the Bible." It has been in progress for thirteen years, and will contain 566 pages. His knowledge of the Scriptures is said to be marvelous, and gives him a right to assume the mantle of Elihu Burritt, as the learned blacksmith.

The Reason Why.
Many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp fire, one of the party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for his leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each one in turn told his experience. Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defense; Gen. Soando had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of having two wives. The only one who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking old fellow who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "parson."

"Well, parson, are you ready to tell us why you left Kentucky?"
"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me, anyhow."

"Come, now, old boy, out with it. Did you shoot anyone?"
"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell upon the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas had been heard of before. An unexplained mystery was evidently at the bottom of it. The "parson" was called upon to furnish more light.
"Can't you believe me?"
"No, but we are trying to. Suppose you illuminate your church?"
"Will, gentlemen, it happened just this way. A congregation raised thirty thousand dollars and gave it to me to build a church—and I didn't build their church."