

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., APRIL 20, 1882.

NO. 32.

"Betty and the Baby."

When sorrow, like a frenzy, swept
Thy countless peaceful bosom,
And love fell prone and hopeless wept
Mid summer's drooping blossoms,
How dear that guard the soldier kept
Of him who spread this anguish:
The justice has not died, nor slept,
And vengeance did not languish,
Perchance that frenzy turned his head,
And overpowered, it may be,
The heart that loved, the hand that fed
Poor Betty and the Baby.

He thought it hard, who fought so well
To save the land from ruin,
That he must daily guard his cell
Who had been Hope's undoing;
Whose hated face behind the bars
Had dimmed the sunshine's brightness,
And cast a gloom about the stars,
And a blanch'd Love's cheek to whiteness:
This bitter thought then turned his head
And overpowered, it may be,
The heart that loved, the hand that fed
Poor Betty and the Baby.

And could it be, he had forgot
His babe, his mother Betty?
A father's love; ah! did it not
Induce his soul to pity?
Yes, thinking of his own, he felt,
For them the season wou'ded;
And while his heart with love might melt,
Its fury was unbounded.
Thus, unbound to sleep, it turned his head
And overpowered, it may be,
The heart that loved, the hand that fed
Poor Betty and the Baby.

He loved the President because
He, too, had been a soldier,
With love like these, what were the laws?
Then, music to the shoulder,
Fast sped the lute that proved so true
Where least he had intended—
While Gait was grimed, 'mid much ado,
His own bright dreams were ended:
For there, between him and the stars—
He fancied so it may be—
With their white faces toward the stars,
Stood Betty and the Baby.

O sorrow! hadst not done enough
Without that dread court-martial,
For glory sake, and such poor stuff,
As being so long a trial?
O Justice! why so harsh and swift,
While Gait was still in grinning?
Then Mary's life! float up a life
The babe that knew no slumbering,
The wife of one far worse than dead:
To save him, too, it may be—
The heart that loved, the hand that fed
Poor Betty and the Baby.

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

"I've just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, and lesson of loving,
And all of its powers for pleasure or pain
Have slowly and sadly proving."

Here the sweet, girlish voice falters,
And Jessie Gray sighs as she picks up
her sewing again. She is sitting in the
hammock under the apple tree, and a
very pretty picture she makes. At least
Arthur Thorne thinks so, as he walks
quietly up the path and over to where
she is sitting.

"I don't see why you sigh, Miss
Jessie; there cannot surely be any ap-
plication in that song to yourself."

"How your voice startled me, Mr.
Thorne! I did not see you coming on
account of the intervening trees."

As she says this Jessie looks up at
him, vainly trying to suppress the blush
that rises to her face.

"Of course there isn't," she continues,
referring to his remark. "I was not
thinking of myself, and suppose I sighed
unconsciously."

"I didn't think it could apply to such
a heartless little coquette," says Arthur,
holding her little brown hand a trifle
longer than necessary.

Noticing this, Jessie draws it away and
Thorne throws himself on the grass at
her feet. While they are talking, he
will take a picture of them.

Arthur Thorne is unquestionably
handsome. A perfect blonde, tall, well
formed, and features as finely cut as
those of the purest cameo. He is the
only son of a very wealthy New York
widow lady, who is spending the summer
at Newport. Arthur has been with
her until about three weeks ago, and he
was suddenly tired of the round of fash-
ionable gaiety he was indulging in, and
bidding his mother a hasty "good-by,"
he started off and soon found himself
in a quiet little New Hampshire village.

Upon questioning different ones, he
was directed to Farmer Gray's pleasant
farmhouse, where he received a cordial
welcome and was soon located.

Of course the plain though comfort-
able room, with its great feather beds,
was something very novel to this fash-
ionable young gentleman; still every-
thing was so sweet and clean that he
rather liked it, and decided to stay as
long as he was contented. At first he
thought a few days would suffice; but
when he caught a glimpse of his kind
host's pretty daughter, he changed his
mind.

Jessie Gray is indeed pretty enough
to attract any one, either young or old.
She is just eighteen; a pretty, slight,
girlish figure, short black hair curling
all over her proud little head and low,
white forehead; a small, straight nose,
and the sweetest little mouth in the
world. But best of all are the beauti-
ful gray eyes, that one minute flash
fire as she says something unusually saucy,
and the next grow sad and tender as
she listens to some touching story that
awakens all the sympathy of her warm,
womanly nature.

"Come, don't be so industrious, Miss

Jessie," says Arthur, as he tries to take
the sewing from her. "I want you to
come for a row, as it is too lovely an
afternoon to stay away from the water."
And he looks at her with a coaxing ex-
pression that she—poor little girl—
cannot resist.

So they start off across the fields and
soon reach a very pretty lake nestling
in the midst of Farmer Gray's broad
acres. Unmooring a dainty little boat
just large enough for two, they get in
and are soon sent skimming over the
water by Arthur Thorne's master-
strokes. After a while he stops, and
resting on his oars looks up to find
Jessie's beautiful eyes fixed on him with
an expression in them he has never be-
fore seen.

"Of what are you thinking, little
girl? You are not half as jolly as
usual."

As he asks this a strange feeling
comes over him, and he suddenly re-
alizes why he has been so contented
during the last two weeks. Yes, he
loves her, not as he has thought he
loved a dozen other girls, to tire of
them in a week, but with the strong,
overmastering love that comes but once
in a lifetime. He longs to hold her in
his arms and tell her of it, but thoughts
of his proud, haughty mother drive back
the words; so he only takes her little
hand in his as he waits for her answer.

"I was thinking," says Jessie, in her
low, sweet voice, "how much I shall
miss you when you really go, and how
very pleasant the last two weeks have
been."

This is too much for him to with-
stand, and in another moment Arthur's
arms are around her, and Jessie's curly
head is pillowed on his breast.

"My darling little girl," and his voice
is inexpressibly tender as he speaks,
"do you realize how dearly I love you,
and can you feel any of that deep love
for me?"

"Arthur, I fear you already know
that I do," and Jessie's glorious eyes
look bravely and tenderly up at him.

They sit quietly talking for a while,
till finally the sinking of the sun in the
West reminds Jessie that she has house-
hold duties to attend to; and so Arthur
rows her back to the land, and they re-
turn to the house.

In the evening, after the farmer and
his wife have retired, the lovers have a
long talk, and Arthur explains to Jessie
that it is best not to tell her parents of
their engagement till he has arranged
everything with his mother.

"She already selected a great belle
for me to marry, darling, and it may be
rather difficult to convince her that I
shall be far happier with my dear little
Jessie."

"Are you sure you will be, Arthur?"
asks Jessie, looking at him rather wist-
fully.

"My dear little girl, when I am not
contented a moment away from you, I
am sure I would never be happy with
Esther Hamilton," answers Arthur, kiss-
ing the sweet lips so near his own.

Two more weeks pass, which they en-
joy to the utmost, when at the end of
that time a telegram arrives, telling Ar-
thur of the dangerous illness of his
mother, and asking him to return at
once.

"I can't bear to have you go, Arthur;
I feel as if something would happen to
keep you from me." And tears dim the
brightness of her eyes as Jessie says this.

"What a fanciful little girl it is!" he
answers, as he kisses them away. "Don't
you know, my darling little girl, that
nothing could do that?"

Finally the good byes are said, and
he is gone. Arriving in Newport he
goes directly to the house at which his
mother is staying, to find her indeed
very ill. The doctors say a trip to Eu-
rope is all that can save her, and so he
goes without seeing his little fiancee.
To be sure he writes her a loving good-
bye, still she is sorely disappointed.

At the time of Arthur Thorne's first
coming to the farmhouse, there were
several of the neighboring farmers' sons
who paid Jessie a great deal of attention.
Of course she received them graciously
enough; still she had never cared par-
ticularly for any. There was one, an
exceedingly well-to-do young farmer,
who had loved Jessie all his life. He
owned a very fine farm, and Farmer
Gray and his wife wanted Jessie to
marry him; still when he proposed and
was refused, they thought too much of
their daughter's happiness to urge the
matter. He felt very bitter about it,
and Arthur Thorne's coming only added
fuel to the flame, especially when he
saw how much the latter and Jessie
were together.

He always brings the mail from the
post-office to Farmer Gray's, so when
letters come from Arthur Thorne it is a
very easy matter to keep them. At first
Jessie thinks Mrs. Thorne's illness pre-
vents Arthur's writing; but as the
weeks wear on she begins to grow heart-
sick. Once or twice the farmer and his
wife say it is strange they never hear
from Arthur, but finally they cease
thinking of him. Not so poor little
Jessie; each week finds her longing
more and more for some word that will

tell her she is remembered and loved.
But time passes on; fall, winter and
spring come and go, and it is once more
beautiful June. Jessie is again sitting
in the hammock, but now there is no
song upon her lips, and there is a sad-
ness in her beautiful eyes that never
used to be there. Finally the door of
the farm-house opens, and kind, motherly
Mrs. Gray comes out. There is an
anxious look on her face as she sees her
daughter. A few weeks before on being
questioned, Jessie told her mother about
her engagement to Arthur Thorne, and
of his strange silence during the months
of his absence. The kind mother said
nothing to reproach her, as she pitied
her too much for that.

"Jessie dear," she says, as she reaches
her, "why don't you go for a row, or a
walk or something? I hate to see you
sitting quietly thinking all the time.
Go, darling, find some amusement; see
some of the young people, and forget
about Arthur Thorne, for he is not
worth one of your pure thoughts."

"Don't, mother dear! I can't bear to
hear you speak bitterly of Arthur. Re-
member I love him, and cannot, will
not believe anything against him."

Jessie's impetuosity brings the color
to her face, but as it recedes, leaving it
so white, its delicacy is very perceptible.
She is very fragile these days, so
different from the rosy cheeked
little beauty of last summer.

"I don't understand how you can be-
lieve in his love after a year's silence,"
says Mrs. Gray, but regrets it instantly
as she notices the pained expression on
her daughter's face.

"I will not try to explain, but I have
perfect faith in him if I wait for years
or forever."

Saying this, Jessie leaves the ham-
mock and walks toward the lake. Ar-
riving there, and feeling tired after the
 exertion of walking, she lies down un-
der the trees, where she soon falls
asleep. An hour has passed away,
when the perfect stillness is disturbed
by a step, and Arthur Thorne comes
in view. He is unshorn, and the care-
less look hitherto seen on his handsome
face is gone. As he looks down at Jes-
sie lying so pure and sweet before him,
a something shakes his strong young
frame. Whose treachery is it that has
made the changes in that bright, sweet
face? He has just come from the house,
where everything has been explained on
both sides; how he has written contin-
ually without receiving a word in reply,
and that his mother's illness had kept
him at her side until death released
him, after nearly a year's clasping. He
had then hurried to Jessie, to have
everything explained.

As he looks at her, a great longing
to take her in his arms almost over-
masters him, when Jessie, moving in
her sleep, murmurs—
"I knew you would come, Arthur, in
spite of your never writing."

In an instant she is in his arms, and
awakening, looks once more on his be-
loved face.

"Arthur!" is all she says, and then
quietly faints away.

He carries her to the house, and she
is laid in her bed, from which she does
not rise for six weeks. Brain fever con-
fines her, and from her wild ravings
they learn of the fearful suffering she
endured so patiently. Finally con-
sciousness and strength return, and she
is carried down stairs for the first time
for a year from the day she met Arthur
Thorne.

During their conversation it dawned
upon Jessie that William Black must be
responsible for all her suffering; but
she is so happy now that she insists
that nothing shall be done to him.

"Everything is explained now, dear
Arthur, and his conscience must re-
proach him more bitterly than ever we
could do," and Jessie looks at him
pleadingly.

"Of course you will have your own
way, my darling, and if the color will
only return to these dear little white
cheeks I will forgive him," answers Ar-
thur, tenderly kissing the cheeks in
question until there is a good deal of
color in them.

In a few weeks Jessie's health is fully
recovered, and then there is a quiet
wedding in the little village church.
The sun never shone on a lovelier bride
than Jessie Gray makes as she stands
at the altar in her simple white dress
and veil, and gives himself in Arthur
Thorne's keeping forever.

"We will have elegance afterward,"
Arthur says as he insists on her simple
dress. "I want you to come to me as I
found you—a sweet little wayside
flower."—*Waterly Magazine.*

John Laird, one of the indicted Blue-
Cut train robbers, has made a confes-
sion. He says that seven boys were
with the old gang, which was led by
Jesse James, as he supposed. The boys
raised a disturbance, while the old gang
plundered the train. The boys got none
of the plunder, as an appointment was
made to meet in a week and divide, but
before that time they were in jail. He
believes the James' gang got them to
divert the attention of the authorities
from their own operations.

A Crushed Esthete.

A few months ago, says *The Lookout*
Union, the daughter of an East Lock-
port man, who had grown comfortably
well off in the small grocery line, was
sent away to a "female college," and re-
cently she arrived home for the holiday
vacation. The old man was in attend-
ance at the depot when the train arrived,
with the old horse and the delivery
wagon to convey his daughter and her
trunk to the house. When the train
stopped, a bewitching array of dry
goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed
from the car and flung itself into the
elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she ex-
claimed, "I'm so utterly glad to see
you."

The old man was somewhat unner-
ved by the greeting, but he recognized the
silk and satin in his grip as the iden-
tical piece of property he had paid for
with the bay mare, and he sort of squat
it up in his arms and planted a kiss
where it would do the most good with
a report that sounded above the noise
of the depot. In a brief space of time
the trunk and the attendant baggage
were loaded into the wagon, which was
soon bumping over the huddles home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, sur-
veying the team with a critical eye, "do
you consider this quite excessively
beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with
a puzzled air, "quite excessively beyond
what?"

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand
me," the daughter explained. "I
mean this wagon and horse. Do you
think they are ornamental? Do you think
they could be studied apart in the light
of a sphygmograph, or even a simple poem,
and appear as intensely utter to one on
returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his
seat and muttered something about he
believed it need to be used for an ex-
press before he bought it to deliver
pork in, but the conversation appeared
to be traveling in such a lonesome di-
rection that he pitched the horse a re-
sounding crack on the rotunda, and the
severe jolting over the frozen ground
prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and con-
summate man!" screamed the returned
collegiate as they drew up at the door,
and presently she was lost in the em-
brace of a motherly woman in spec-
tacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at
the supper table, as he nipped a piece
of butter off the lump with his own
knife "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shou-
—I mean, I consider it far too beyond,"
replied the daughter. "It is un-
conquerably ineffable. The girls are so
sumptuously astounding—I mean grand-
so intense. And then the parties, the
balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks
have been so sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously
assented the old man; as he reached for
his third cup—"half full"—but how
about your books—reading, writin',
grammar, rule of three—how about
them?"

"Pa, don't!" exclaimed the daughter,
reproachfully; "the rule of three!
grammar! it is French, and music,
and painting, and the divine in art that
have made my school life the bees—I
mean, that have rendered my school
life one unbroken flow of rhythmic
bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all
but."

The grocery man and his wife looked
helplessly at each other across the table.
After a lonesome pause the old lady
said:

"How do you like the biscuit, Maria?"
"They are too utter for anything,"
gushed the accomplished young lady,
"and this plum preserves is simply a
poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the
table and went out of the room, rub-
bing his head in a dazed and benumbed
manner, and the mass convention was
dissolved. That night he and his wife
sat alone by the stove until a late hour,
and at the breakfast table the next
morning he rapped smartly on the plate
with the handle of his knife, and re-
marked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have
been talkin' the thing over, and we've
come to the conclusion that this boardin'
school business is too utterly all but too
much nonsense. Me and her consider
that we haven't lived sixty odd con-
summate years for the purpose of raisin'
a curiosity, an' there's going to be a
stop put to this unquenchable foolish-
ness. Now, after you've finished eatin'
that poem of fried sausage an' that
symphony of twisted doughnut, you
take an' dust upstairs in less 'n two
seconds an' peel off that fancy gown an'
put on a kalikar, an' then come down
here an' help your mother wash dishes.
I want it distinctly understood that
there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic
foolishness in this house, so long's your
superlative pa an' your lovely and con-
summate ma's runnin' the ranch. You
hear me, Maria?"

A number of outrages in Ireland are
reported.

A Story of Borrowers.

There lived near my father's farm
in a quiet little village in Ohio, two
families who were chronic borrowers,
and the pests of the neighborhood. One
borrowed by day, the other by night.
The former would take anything, from
a pinch of soda to a bedquilt, but made
a specialty of flour. The other family
made no requests, but wood, coal, joints
of stove-pipe, and garden implements
disappeared in rapid succession. The
day borrower became a steady drain on
the flour barrel. My mother, being of
a sympathetic nature, could not resist,
and would doubtless not have been sup-
plying the same family with flour if she
had not had one bad girl among her
family of children, who was at home
alone one day when the lal who always
came for the flour entered, and in his
usual words said, "Mam wants couple
spoonfuls flour to make batch bread."

This came bad girl measured exactly
two spoonfuls of flour into his immense
wooden bowl. The flour looked right
lonely, but it didn't feel as lonely as
that bad girl did when the mother of
the lal came in and threatened to skin
her. She changed her flour market,
but the total depravity of that girl was
clearly established.

During one night two peach trees
were entirely stripped of beautiful ripe
fruit. Early next morning our night
borrower called. My mother told of
our loss, and, of course, had not the
faintest suspicion as to who had taken
them; and her neighbor expressed sym-
pathy and disgust that anybody would
do such a thing, when the same bad
girl had to have her say, and remarked
that it didn't matter much, as most of
the peaches were plucked, and that
whoever swallowed them wouldn't have
a chance to digest them, for they were
filled with epine—all of which was
strictly false—and that bad girl's
mother was horrified at such a false-
hood. Two hours later, as some one
was passing through the alley in the
rear of the borrower's house, he dis-
covered about a bushel of cooked
peaches. It was afterward learned that
the family spent many hours in the
night peeling and canning peaches, and
as many hours nearly getting them out
of the cans. So, owing to that bad
girl, peaches, sugar and labor were an
entire loss; but we were ever after rid
of our night as well as day borrowers.
So much for having one bad girl in the
family.

An Exchange at the Altar.

Two couples presented themselves at
the mayorality in a suburb of Paris to
carry out the civil portion of their mar-
riage contract. During the ceremony
one of the bridegrooms saw, or fancied
he saw, his partner making "sheep's
eyes" at the other bridegroom. He
cried abruply—
"Mademoiselle, which of the two
brides are you? You are mine, I believe;
then confine your glances to me."

The bride was a young woman of
spirit, and, resenting his tone, retorted.
"Ah, monsieur, if you are jealous of
me already, I am likely to lead a pleas-
ant life with you, now am I not?"

The jealous bridegroom made an an-
gry reply, and then the other bride-
groom needs join in. This led to a
general dispute, which the mayor en-
deavored in vain to quell. The bride-
grooms stormed, and the brides, through
their hysterical sobs, accused each
other of perfidy. At length the mayor
adjourned the ceremony for half an hour
to admit of an amicable understanding,
both brides having refused to proceed.
When, at the expiration of the half hour
the parties were summoned to reappear
the bridegrooms had literally effected
an exchange of brides. Adhering to
the new arrangement, the mayor bound
them husbands and wives.

Jack and Jill.

Every Jack is said to have his Jill;
but he does not always find her; thus
bachelors who would make model hus-
bands, and old maids who would make
excellent wives, let gray hairs, and even
the grave, overtake them in their single
life. Not that they have failed in
courtship, as is invariably said of them.
Numerous are the chances they have
let slip through their fingers that
others were glad to catch even though
aware of the former choice of their
"accepted" But their ideas of the
partners who could make their life as
happy as they desire, are too exacting;
they fail to detect all their own pec-
uliarities and faults, and make too little
allowance for the weakness and imper-
fection of human nature in those they
would cherish above all others. They
want to center their life's happiness on
the one of their choice; they feel that a
mistaken hope of connubial felicity
would be eternal ruin, and in failing to
find the character answering to their
own exactness; they fear to choose, and
thus are reduced to avoid the matrimo-
nial bonds. This scrupulous exactness
in choosing a wife or husband is a real
misfortune to the sensitive ones pos-
sessed with it, as they are self-con-
demned to a life of loneliness.

The Great Bonanza Farms.

Two great facts shown by observation
of the Bonanza Farms of the West are,
that those who have gone into wheat
growing upon a large scale, making use
of the most improved machinery and
cheap labor, are making colossal for-
tunes at seventy-five cents a bushel for
wheat, limited only by the numbers of
acres cultivated and the skill with which
the work is done, and that wheat may
be grown at large profit for less than
forty cents per bushel; but that, on the
other hand, the small farmers, depend-
ing mainly on their own labor, with
limited capital and less machinery, are
not making a comfortable subsistence,
but are running behindhand, and must
go under, and that a further reduction
in the market price for food products
must hasten their end.

The developments of the large farm
interest has the direct and immediate
effect of impoverishing the sections in
which the farms exist, and skinning the
lands without any compensating bene-
fits. Not one dollar of the gross amount
or net profit received from the products
of the soil is returned and placed upon
the land from which it is taken, except
in the construction of the forest build-
ings necessary to shelter and protect
the laborers in the working season, and
for the care of the work stock and the
tools. On the whole five thousand
three hundred cultivated acres of the
Grandin farm there was not one family
finding a permanent home by virtue of
title in the soil where there should have
been one to every fifty acres of plow
land, or one hundred and six families.
This would give one hundred and six
houses in the place of the five there
present, and one hundred and six barns
in the place of three, with other build-
ings in like proportion; and a popula-
tion of at least five hundred, where
there is now one fixed inhabitant, with
all the accessories of household com-
forts and home improvements that do
not exist in the smallest degree.

The large development of the tenant
system of farming is an evil of the
greatest magnitude. The effects of the
system have been too apparent in Eu-
rope to require any discussion in these
pages. But with us it has features
worse than any ever known in Europe.
The tenants in England hold leases and
occupations that practically run for
life, and are often kept in families for
generations, which give encouragement
for great improvements, and the farms
are practically homesteads. But with
us the leases are uniformly for short
terms, with no encouragement for im-
provements, and the farms are never
homes. In England the rent has rarely
reached, and never exceeded, one quar-
ter the gross product; but in the United
States it is commonly one-half. Under
the English tenant system the land is
thoroughly cultivated and improved;
with us it is impoverished.

True Love.

There is true love, and yet you may
Have lingering doubts about it;
I'll tell the truth and simply say
That life is a blank without it.
There is a love both true and strong,
A love that filters over;
It lives on faith and suffers wrong,
But lives and loves forever.
Such love is found but once on earth—
The heart cannot repeat it;
From whence it comes, or why its birth,
The tongue may never tell it.
This love is mine, in spite of all,
This love I fondly cherish;
The earth may sink, the skies may fall,
This love will never perish.
It is a love that cannot die,
But, like the soul, immortal,
And with it comes the starry sky
And passes through the portal.
This is the love that comes to stay—
All other loves are fleeting,
And when they come just turn away—
It's but Cupid's chit log.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A couple recently divorced in Los
Angeles, Cal., repented, made up, and
were re-married the next day.

A man in Knox county, Maine, who
wanted to vote against a projected high
school, wrote on his ballot "Know."

The picturesque little wife of the
Chinese Minister occupies her eight-
teenth year with studying English and
playing on a curious lute.

The late Stoughton Fletcher, of
Indianapolis, left an estate worth about
\$2,000,000, which was divided equally
among his four children.

Prince Leopold, having been voted an
anuity of \$1,000, is now looking up a
French flat, and buying the necessary
cooking utensils.

The mission of Walker Blaine to the
theatre of war in South America is ex-
plained. His object was to negotiate a
matrimonial alliance with one of the
dark-eyed beauties of Santiago.

Recent cases are noted in the medical
journals of tetanus, or "lockjaw," hav-
ing occurred in infants on account of
being bathed in too hot water. A single
nurse reports several cases of the kind.

Ex-Senator Sargent began life as a
journeyman painter. He has some re-
semblance in the face to Mr. Blaine.
His wife is an ardent leader in the
woman suffrage cause, and his daughter
gives promise as a writer.

According to the *Dorothy Gazette*, the
total number of cases of cholera during
the past year was 39,955, of which
14,282 proved fatal. The latest returns
show that for the present, at least, the
disease has wholly disappeared in that
part of the world.

HUMOROUS.

To get rid of a bad friend, ask him
for what you most need.

There is a limit—First young lady:
"I could sit here forever." "And I'll
lunch-time."

Bachelor smokers admit that an am-
ber mouthpiece isn't as tempting as a
cherry-red one, temptingly puckered.

The Capital Pin Company, of which
Governor Jewell is president, turns out
a million pins daily. What becomes of
the 9?