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 month, ...50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 1, 1882. NO. 38.

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Ebbing Tide.

Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
Slowly outward ebbs the tide,
Here the shoals are small and narrow,
There the sea runs deep and wide.

Ebbing, ebbing, ever outward
To the rolling, boundless sea,
Wave on wave in such succession
Scarcely is a vacancy.

Flowing, flowing, in [illegible] numbers,
Can any difference be
In their form, or hue, or motion,
As they flow to the same sea?

Ay, some waves rise from their comrades,
Flowing onward to the strand;
Others froth in wrath and anguish,
Break in moaning to the sand.

On the ocean of forever,
Some will sparkle in the light;
Others dwell in depths of horror,
In the sea's dark, rayless night.

And so pass the generations,
Moving outward to the sea,
Out on the ebbing tide of time,
Flowing to eternity.

PROVING A FRAUD.

"Bernice Melrose—yes, that's a very pretty name. But what's in a name?" And Mr. Welton, senior, shook his head reflectively. "The idea of a sensible young man, with plenty of money, marrying a girl without a cent! If ever I marry again, it will be a woman with plenty of money, and one thing is certain—you are not going to marry that girl with my consent. That's all, sir."

"We shall get on without it. I tell you that it is I who will have to live with my wife, if I have one; so I intend to have a voice in the matter of choosing."

This was Guy Welton who spoke, and he was just like his father in one respect—as to having his own way.

"You'll make a pretty figure taking care of a wife without any help from me."

"I think I can take care of the little girl who loves me."

"Of course you think so."

And then Mr. Welton began to argue. Then he got angry, and words between father and son were hot and lively, and neither gave way.

"You are very foolish, Guy, and you'll regret it some day; see if you don't. But, see here. Taking it for granted that she is lovely and all that, I'll wager the deed to my new house that she doesn't care for you in the least. It is your money she is after. If some other chap would come along with more money than you have, your chances would be nowhere."

Guy smiled. This last argument of his father's he thought too absurd to give a serious thought.

"She loves me—not the wealth I may possess. I would trust her heart against all the money that can be amassed."

"And would you be willing to test her?"

"I have not doubted her yet."

"Do be sensible, Guy. I've lived in the world a great deal longer than you have, and I know a great deal more about women. I never knew of many true, loving women, and one of them was your mother. But few women are to be depended on. I have a mind to try and see if I can't get ahead of you. Come, now, what do you say? It's all for your good. I don't want your happiness ruined, my boy; and, if she proves as true as you think her, I will withdraw my objection and give you a deed to the new house."

"I shall hate to have my little girl think I doubted her. And you will give us your blessing, father, when you are convinced that she loves me for myself alone?"

"Yes; when I am convinced of that, you may marry her with my consent."

Mr. Welton was a fine-looking man of polished manners and great wealth, and altogether was regarded as a very desirable admirer by many of the fair sex. He considered himself a very clever diplomatist, and when he started to prove Bernice Melrose a fortune-hunter, he had no doubt of his ultimate success.

Elm Grove was a cosy country town, and it was here that Mr. Welton came to see and to conquer, believing that in such a small place he could easily, by chance or design, make the young lady's acquaintance.

As he was driving through the country one day, he overtook a lady walking leisurely along the road, and asked her to take a seat in his phaeton, and as fate was propitious, she did.

"I wonder who she is; she is deuced pretty, any way," thought Mr. Welton as they drove along.

He soon found out that she lived in Elm Grove, and she being of a communicative turn of mind, he asked her if she knew any one there by the name of Melrose.

"Melrose? Why, that's my name," said the fair stranger.

"Bernice Melrose," he asked, inquisitively.

"Yes, sir, my name is Bernice Melrose. How came you to know my name?" asked Bernice Melrose, as she coldly regarded Mr. Welton.

"Why, you see, my friend Guy Welton has spoken it so often that I feel acquainted with the name, at least," explained Mr. Welton.

"And so you are a friend of Guy's? He is a friend of mine, also."

"Then we are both friends of Guy's. Well, there is my card;" and he handed her one on which was written the name of one of Guy's most intimate acquaintances.

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Estey; I have heard Guy mention you often. The boy seemed to regard you very kindly."

"The boy! humph! The idea of calling her promised husband a boy! Wonder what Guy would say if he heard her?"

It was a pretty cottage at which the lady alighted, but it was neither luxurious nor splendid.

"Do you live alone, Miss Melrose?" asked Mr. Welton, politely.

"Oh, no! I live with my mother."

Of course that settled all doubts of her identity in Mr. Welton's mind.

"And so that is Guy's girl!" muttered Mr. Welton, as he drove along. "I supposed she was a chit of about seventeen by the way he spoke of her; but she is twenty-five if she is a day; and she called my dignified son a boy. She doesn't care very deeply for him, that's plain. I don't see how it is that some men will lose all the sense they ever did have on account of some woman. Now I flatter myself that I understand the fair sex pretty well, and all this Bernice Melrose's deceit is perfectly plain to me; but Guy is clean bewitched about her. She must be the same person, for the description tallies exactly. Let's see: graceful form, milk and roses complexion, blue eyes and lovely golden curls—only she wears golden braids, now that Guy isn't here. I expect the curls made her look younger; but in spite of beauty I can always see beneath the surface, and this very charming Bernice hasn't lost her heart; and yet my misguided son thinks she loves him."

The next day Mr. Welton renewed this chance acquaintance by calling on some pretext at the cottage.

"She is kind to her invalid mother if she is an accomplished coquette," he mused, as he wended his way homeward. "She is the Bernice Melrose, sure enough, for her mother called her that; and I wonder who Barnie is, whom the old lady was wishing for?"

Now that Mr. Welton had begun the siege he kept it up in real earnest; and by-and-by he was an almost daily visitor at the cottage.

"I'm half tempted to fall in love with her myself," he thought; "but it is too bad for Guy, he seemed so much in earnest; yet it is better for him to have his eyes opened before it is too late."

"What an agreeable person Mr. Estey is! And he reminds me so much of Guy," said Bernice, in contemplating her admirer.

Nearly a month had elapsed before Mr. Welton had matured the plans he had laid to prove the unworthiness of Guy's affianced.

"I'll write her a proposal of marriage, and her answer shall be the convincing proof I will take to Guy. Ah, women are fickle creatures!" he sighed, as he sealed a note to Bernice.

It was with some impatience that he awaited her answer; but he had not very long to wait, for soon it came in a dainty pale-blue envelope, which he hastily opened and read:

DEAR MR. ESTEY: The avowal contained in your note surprises while it pleases me, and if you love the undersigned as truly as you profess, she will be only too happy to accept the honor you have offered her. Yours wholly,

"BERNICE MELROSE.

"P. S. I have an explanation to make which I sincerely trust will not change your regard for B. M."

"Well, well! What shall I do now? If Guy were not my only child I would just drop the matter where it is, for knowing as I do the treachery of Bernice, I would give as much as Guy to feel that she is honest. But I am certain she is older than Guy, and I should make a more suitable husband for her. But I won't marry any one who would deceive my boy; so Bernice, you have lost both of us."

Mr. Welton wrote to Guy, saying he would leave for home next day, and that he was sorry for him; he would explain when he got home. He must call and tell Bernice who he was, and then she would understand why he went away.

Very beautiful was Bernice Melrose when she received Mr. Welton that evening, and she didn't look like a deceitful person in her white dress and violet ribbons. And who was the lovely girl with her, who was the exact counterpart of herself, only so much younger—a child almost in years?

While Mr. Welton was conjecturing as to the identity of the beautiful creature with golden curls, Bernice said sweetly,—

"Mr. Estey, allow me to present to you my daughter. Burnie, this is Mr. Estey, about whom I have spoken to you."

"Your daughter? Really, I didn't know you had a child; but allow me to congratulate you." And Mr. Welton gazed in admiration at the dainty girl before him.

"I am Mrs. Bernice Melrose, and this is Miss Bernice Melrose. When you called me Miss Melrose, I thought it would be amusing to have you think I was a young lady instead of a widow; but had I dreamed of what I know now I should have undeceived you before."

"Nothing you would do would displease me; and as I have deceived you, we are quits. I am Guy Welton's father, and when I gave you the wrong card that day I thought I would enjoy a little masquerade while getting acquainted with Guy's friends."

"It must have been a diamond cut diamond affair, then," said Burnie, who until now had been a mute listener.

"And you are the very dear friend of my son? If you are willing to have me for a father, Burnie, I am more than pleased to have such a lovely girl for my daughter."

"And now I must explain my letter to Guy," soliloquized Mr. Welton on his way to his boarding house that evening. "What a simpleton I was to doubt my Bernice; but love and suspicion go hand in hand."

There was a sort of worried air about Guy next day when his father greeted him.

"Well, I suppose it is settled to your satisfaction. Is she what you expected?" asked Guy, impatiently.

"Ahem! No, not precisely. You see, Guy, you see—or rather the plain facts of the case are, she is a great deal more than I expected, and I am engaged to her mother, and it all came about in this way. I struck a chance acquaintance with Bernice Melrose—your Bernice, I thought her—and kept up a lively flirtation until we got engaged; then she presented to me the sweetest girl in Christendom as her daughter, Bernice Melrose. And now, Guy, the house is yours—that is, if you will take me for a father-in-law."

"I'm astonished! But to fall in love with persons named Bernice Melrose seems to be a family failing, so we had better shake hands on the subject."

"Say family blessing, rather," interposed Mr. Welton.

"Farther gone than I am!" commented Guy, sagely, while a hearty handshake ended the vexing subject—namely, Bernice Melrose.—[Waverly Magazine.

Glass-Staining.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon or full-sized drawing being prepared, a kind of skeleton drawing his made, showing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass. It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colors displayed, but a number of small pieces which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that different color we see is the color of that particular piece of glass, the only painting material used being the dark brown pigment employed to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton, or working drawing, then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shape are put in racks, each bearing a number by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on the separate pieces of glass by means of a frame containing small pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that color, the use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut it passes to the painter, who, laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, etc., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and the continually varying conditions of the atmosphere would speedily remove the paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass and then becomes actually incorporated with its substance. After this burning process, it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden frame-work which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

Since the report has gained currency that Dr. Mary Walker has been tampering with the males at Washington, there has been a big stampede among the Congressmen.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE FAMILY.

The Rules a St. Louis Man Required His Wife to Swear to Observe While Visiting New York.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat prints the long complaint in the suit of Mrs. Alice Davenport for a divorce from her husband, Benjamin R. Davenport, of that city. The parties are natives of Georgia, but were married in that city September 24, 1878. The wife asserts that two weeks after their marriage her husband, without cause, began to treat her with suspicion and mistrust, and to assume toward her a cruel and tyrannical attitude, declaring that she should subject herself in all things, even to the most minute and trivial affairs, entirely to his arbitrary dictation, direction and command; that he forbade her ever speaking to any gentleman, and that, she being ill, he refused her permission to go to her mother in Savannah, Georgia, and finally only consented to her meeting her mother in this city after she had taken an oath faithfully to observe certain rules which, a gross indignity to herself, he had written out as follows;

Rules for the government of my wife's conduct while away from me, June 1, 1879:

1. Not to speak to any person or allow any person to speak to her on the car, except the conductor and porter in the discharge of their duties.

2. Go directly from depot in New York to Mrs. Haight's house and occupy room with mother and sleep only in her room.

3. Speak kindly and politely to Mrs. Haight but not in a friendly or familiar manner; say to her that you do not wish to meet any one in the house; ask for a table to yourself, with only your family, or go somewhere else.

4. Never sing in the parlor or sit in the parlor, or sing in your room when any person except your immediate family be present.

5. Never leave mother day or night for five minutes at a time for any reason whatsoever. Do not walk, ride, or go anywhere without her, even with your own brother.

6. Do not call on any person whatsoever, and allow no one who may call on you to see you, unless they be your brothers or their wives. Do not speak to any person you may meet whom you may have known in the past.

7. Do not permit yourself to be introduced to any person whatsoever, and if you are, refuse to speak to them.

8. Write every night to me a full, truthful, and exact account of everything you have done, where you have been, with whom you have been, to whom you have spoken, and whom you have seen. This must be done every night.

Let nothing, sickness or death, prevent your keeping these rules, for I will excuse no breach on any account. Do not leave New York, even for an hour, without my permission, except Brooklyn or Harlem.

If my wife cannot keep these rules, in word and in spirit, I desire never to see her again.

BENJAMIN R. DAVENPORT.

The Globe-Democrat says: "Mr. Davenport came to this city in 1878, and at once gained considerable prominence in the practice of his profession. He has the management of several large estates, and is in receipt of quite a respectable income. He is a genial, sociable gentleman, and has always been regarded as above reproach. Mr. Davenport entered his appearance, thus obviating the issuance of a process, and instead of being returnable to the June term it is returnable to the present (April) term. It is understood that Mr. Davenport will not contest the case, but will allow Mrs. Davenport to get a decree by default.

A Hanging Experience.

"No," said our host, "so far as the punishment is concerned, hanging does not amount to anything. I was hung once until I was insensible, and the feeling could scarcely be called pain.' The bystanders thought that he was joking. "I am in earnest," he continued. "In 1865, just at the close of the war, robbers came to my house in search of money. As a precaution against such visitors I had given two watches and six hundred dollars in gold to a trusty colored woman to keep for me until times improved. I was lying in bed crippled. Several men entered the room, and, without saying anything, put a rope around my neck and began to pull. I told them if they were going to hang me to wait until I could get my crutch, so that I could walk to the hanging place. They took me out on the gallery, and, throwing the rope over a cross beam, asked me for my money. I told them I had none. They drew me up. For a moment I experienced a slight choking sensation and then I became insensible. When I became conscious, after being taken down, I was sitting on the steps. The sensations while regaining consciousness were very much like those experienced during a nightmare."

An Offer of Marriage.

This is an actual conversation from real life, and strictly on the half-shell, between a semi-swell but altogether spooney couple at the opera last Monday.

It was overheard by a young lady in the seat in front, who had sworn off (for this occasion only) from her Gainsborough hat.

Moral—Girls, go and do likewise.

At a perfectly obvious part of the show the young man consults the libretto, as an excuse for bringing his head nearer to her's.

She—"Oh, my! what nice finger nails you have"

He (tickled to death)—"Pshaw, now."

She—"My sister has nice nails. Sister has the hand of the family."

He—"Your hand is just lovely."

She—"I don't like flattery. So you can just hush."

Gerster has been singing, and the interested and interesting talkers are interrupted by a burst of applause.

A recitative follows. The young girl don't catch on any too kindly to recitative, and presently resumes:

"Oh! I wrote such a long letter home to day—seven pages."

"He—"What! seven?"

She—"Yes; and the postman didn't come, and I opened it and wrote seven more."

He—"I wish you'd write me a letter."

She (tenderly)—"Why, what could I write?"

He—"You needn't write but three words."

She—"Three words? What can they be?"

He—"Three nice little words."

She—"Oh, my! Ain't you strange?"

This knocks the young man out of time for a minute, and during that period the music had a chance. But he comes up again smiling, a little disfigured, but still in the ring.

He—"Oh! you know."

She—"No; indeed I don't."

He—"Well, I'd tell you some other time."

The chorus comes down toward the foot-lights with unmistakable intent to howl, and during the preliminary fiddling the not-too-curious-but-just-enough young girl says, with a sweetly shrinkish timidity:

"Can't you tell me while they're singing?"

Then a fiendish yell from the chorus breaks off shorter than could possibly be anticipated, and his voice is heard with startling distinctness:

"I love you. Couldn't you write that?"

"Oh! my, yes, and ever so much more."

And then the tenor clutches the prima donna by the backhair and yells bloody murder into her right eyebrow, and the young man and the young woman lean so hard on the arm of the orchestra chair that her vaccination mark blushes like an aurora borealis.—[Washington Chronicle.

Highly-Spiced.

"What is one man's meat, is another's poison" is a truth often proved, and in nothing more than in the details and condiments of cooking. You think the French Canadian smells too strongly of garlic and eats too much pork; but if you were to dine with a Greenlander he would treat you to his favorite dish of whale's tail, with a bumper of train oil. In China you would have roasted dog; in Burmah red ant stews; in Africa fat, roasted spiders. Go to Australia and get kangaroos' tails; to Brazil for parrot pies, and in France the frogs are so "highly-seasoned" as to be said to resemble veal. Is it then any wonder if the inhabitants of a country that comprises many nations should have varied ideas regarding their food? The seasons, too, have a great influence on our needs, for in the torrid days of July we do not require the carbon necessary in January.

Cool salads, fresh eggs, fruit and well-boiled wheat grains, or corn, or oatmeal are more wholesome for the summer weather, while the hot coffee, the savory bacon and pancakes, are not so hurtful when the thermometer reaches zero and the body is to be actively employed afterward. How many men whose wives wish to introduce a table according to the hygienic rules find their attempts interfere with customary usage, and say, "I must have stronger food, it is all very well for women folks." Yet by analysis the fact could be easily ascertained that half the usual articles of food are not really nourishing. Having a few friends to spend an evening lately, my attention was arrested by the difference of taste in regard to the oysters we had for supper. One gentleman, after a copious sprinkle of black pepper and a dash of cayenne, remarked that he could hardly get his food too "highly-seasoned." Another could not eat at all after he had put in a slight sprinkling of cayenne, but had to exchange for a plate of fresh stew and did not add any pepper at all. This little circumstance proved to me how difficult it is for any one to properly judge the quantity for seasoning.

THE GIANTS' HOME.

Where Captain and Mrs. Bates Find Plenty of Room and Comfort.

Captain and Mrs. Bates, the giant couple, are, in a certain sense, the most prominent people in Ohio. They are pretty sure to be prominent wherever they are. The captain once went in bathing on the Jersey coast, and he says the fishermen put out in boats to harpoon him because they thought he was a whale. But this may be a fish story. They certainly form the highest geographical points in the neighborhood of their home at Seville, Ohio. Mrs. Bates is a trifle the higher, but, as height is a touchy point with giants, she, out of delicate feelings for the captain, rarely refers to this fact, or else attributes it to her coiffure. Their home at Seville is the place for which they long when they are not on their travels. It is not surprising that people nearly eight feet tall and broad in proportion, do not find a berth in a sleeping car conveniently roomy or feel quite safe at table d'hote on cane-bottom chairs. Therefore it is that their spirits rise when homeward bound. As they pass through the door of the railroad car at their home station they stoop for the last time before they again go traveling. A coach drawn by eight stout Norman horses is in waiting. It is about as broad as the roadway, and the wheels are about as large as those on the ponderous wagons used to haul granite or marble shafts. When they are comfortably seated the coachman cracks his whip, and the vehicle goes lumbering along toward the giants' house, a little way out of the town. Other drivers on the road, seeing the giants' equipage coming, take down the fence rails and drive into the adjoining fields until the enormous vehicle has passed.

An immense stone building looms up and soon the carriage is pulled up in front of the entrance. If an ordinary-sized person is with the giants they kindly give him a boost or two up the steps. Then they pass stately and erect through a hall ten feet high. The head of a person of medium height would about reach to the door knob. They enter a spacious hall, and go from there to a parlor with doors also ten feet high, and windows in proportion. The chairs are so large that ordinary mortals have to climb into them as babies have into their high chairs. In the sitting-room the piano is the only piece of furniture of ordinary size; but it is mounted on blocks about three feet high, so that the key board is up in the air. Thus the giant couple manage to escape annoyance from visitors with musical proclivities. In this room are two huge rocking chairs. In one of them the captain deposits his 478 pounds, and placidly contemplates his wife sewing the seams of many yards of silk for a new dress with regulation train. On the table is a large album containing photographs of hundreds of fellow curiosities—bearded women, two-headed and four-legged women, giants, dwarfs, living skeletons, and the like, all of whom the couple know intimately. Next to this room, in which they take their meals, is their bedroom. The bedroom which is the smallest of the rooms, contains a bed ten feet long, and broad in proportion. There is also a bureau, with a glass as large as the wall of an ordinary room. All the furniture is of mahogany and highly finished, the giants having spared no expense. Visitors' quarters are up stairs, where the rooms and furniture are of ordinary size, as is also the dinner service, for the giants are not large eaters.

The farm comprises 160 acres of cultivated land, and the captain takes great pleasure in busying himself around the place. He is respected in the neighborhood, and noted for his courtesy and hospitality.

A Reference.

"Have you a recommendation, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week, and now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down into his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a pencil, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket, but without success.

"Ah, there it is; you have dropped it on the floor," said the merchant, who was standing by waiting, as a bit of paper fell to the floor.

"No, sir; that is only my pledge," Robert said, as he picked it up.

"Your pledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I see it?"

Robert handed him the temperance pledge, and continued his search for the missing paper, growing more and more nervous as he turned his other pockets inside out.

"I have it," said the merchant.

"Sir?"

"This is your recommendation. I am willing to trust a boy who puts his name to a promise like this. You are your own reference, my dear boy," replied the merchant.

The Trees.

Oh the trees, the grand old trees,
Whose darkening shadows bring
Athwart the deep, concealing eaves
Where swallows built and sang.

How oft beneath their outstretched arms
In childhood I have played,
And never sweeter rest was found
Than in their peaceful shade.

Oft, too, I've sat with book in hand,
The sweetest dreams to weave,
Till night had spread her shadowy wings—
And then was loth to leave.

Beneath their thickly clustering boughs
My marriage vows were made,
'Twas there I pledged my troth for life,
Within their solemn shade.

Alas, alas! their grand old forms
Have long since been laid low,
The woodman with his powerful axe
Has struck the cruel blow.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Fourteen street-car conductors are being tried in Boston for beating their bell-punches and pocketing the cash; and yet they say this is a free country.

A thief who smashed a Baltimore street jeweler's window to steal a watch pleaded when he was arrested that he did it under an Inspiration from Heaven.

The will of an old lady recorded in New York bequeathed her gold spectacles to the highest bidder for them in her family—a singular instance of maternal affection combined with an eye to profit.

A poor Boston woman has paid $4,680 interest during the past twelve years on a mortgage for $650. The first of this month she, fortunately, was able to discharge the principal.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, proposes to spend a million dollars on his Vina vineyard in that state. He thinks that better grapes may be raised and better wine made in California than anywhere else in the world.

In a large Cincinnati billiard hall two men had a fight with pool balls. The missiles were thrown with reckless force, not only injuring the combatants, but smashing about all the glass in the place, denting the fine woodwork, and bruising several spectators. The repairs will cost $1,200.

The Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States, the headquarters of which are located in Philadelphia, has given notice of its willingness to buy cocoons from all parts of the country. Many persons in the South and West have raised cocoons, but have been unable hitherto to find a market for their product.

An Omaha man, in danger of losing his house by the foreclosure of a mortgage, sold his wife to her admirer for the $200 needed to satisfy the claim. That was two years ago, at which time the proceeding caused considerable comment. The new couple lived amicably together until lately, when the original husband, having prospered during his period of bachelorhood, bought the woman at an advance of $50.

HUMOROUS.

England will cut down her army.—[Boston Post. The Indians save us the trouble.—[New Haven Register.

Toilet art criticism: First lad "Dear me; I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale." Second lady—"Nor I; she's probably been out in the rain without an umbrella."

Love's young dream badly frost-bitten: "There's my hand!" he exclaimed in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it." She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her and wickedly replied: "Just as I supposed; you have no heart."

Mr. Dohrn, in his scientific explorations of the bed of the bay of Naples makes use of the telephone in communicating with the divers when at the bottom of the bay. It saves them from fatiguing journeys to the surface.

Mysterious disappearance: "Is the neighborhood much bothered with cats?" asked a gentleman who was negotiating for the lease of a house. "It used to be," frankly answered the landlord, "but since a French restaurant was opened around the corner there hasn't been one seen."

Spring madrigal:

Fresh flannels for me, mother,
New woolen stockings to buy;
Let Ann rebuild the furnace fire
And pile the coal on high.

There's ice by all the streamlets,
The buds shrink in the blast,
I'm nearly frozen, mother dear,
For Spring has come at last.

A fresh country vegetable: There was displayed near the soda water fountain, in an up-town drug store, the sign, "Bovine Vaccine." A young man accompanied by a young woman, who might have been his country cousin or sweetheart, entered and, in response to the enquiring look of the boy who tended the fountain, said, "You may give me bovine." The young woman's eyes had been resting on the unusual sign near the fountain, and when her companion turned to her and asked her how she would have hers, she said, timidly, "I guess I'll try a little vaccine."