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The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JULY 6, 1882.

NO. 43.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
One square, two insertions, \$1.50
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For larger advertisements the local advertiser will be notified.

The History of the Coat.

A sapient wight did once discover
A stuff from which he made a cover,
And dipping it in lily black,
He wore it grandly on his back;
And many folks enraptured gazed,
And many stood in awe amazed.

mantlepiece upon which it had been
placed being opposite his seat at the
table.
"More purchases!" he growled.
"What have you got there? What's the
use of throwing money away like that?
Who's sick now?"

sound which made the wife think at
once of her gift, and very shortly after
her mutual embrace ask her husband if
he had experienced no benefit from the
medicine which she had given him.

HORSES AND WOLVES.

General Abe Buford Describes the Battle
He Witnessed on the Plains Forty Years
Ago.

In the year 1842 I was a lieutenant of
dragoons, and accompanied Captain
Nathan Boone in a campaign over the
Western prairies in search of the Great
Salt Lake of the West. A squadron of
dragoons was the strength of the com-
mand. The officers were Boone, com-
manding; Lieutenants Johnson, Chil-
ton, Anderson, and myself. We were
camped on the head-waters of the Big
Red fork of the Arkansas river about the
29th of June, when all nature seemed
to be doing over the grand and beautiful
scenery which is to be witnessed in no
other part of the world but on the great
plains of the West. During the night
we could hear the distant neighing and
snorting of horses and the barking and
howling of wolves. Our horses were
breaking loose from their lariats

in some of the charges, and the wolves
had devoured their carcasses. When
we reached camp with our old mares
and colts Boone laughed heartily, and
said: "Why, Medoc, (which was my
nickname among the officers), I thought
you were going to capture the 'white
horse,' mounted on your thorough bred
from the Blue-grass region?" My re-
ply was that Cid was too heavily handi-
capped, while the "white horse" was
without weight, carrying only a feather.

Such, my friends, is a hastily pre-
pared description of the battle of the
"horres and wolves," in which we
plainly see the reasoning powers of this
great "white horse of the plains" fully
developed. We also plainly see his
military idea brought fully into play.
In his assaults upon his enemy he first
organizes his assaulting parties, and in
his retreat from his more formidable
opponent, the dragoons, he covers the
retreat of his army. This is certainly the
strongest of evidence that he possesses
reasoning powers, and is, therefore, a
fit associate and companion of man.

English Vegetables.

The only good vegetables grown in
England are very young shubut, sea-
kale, asparagus and celery, which are
but the blanched sprouting shoots of
perennial plants. These mostly come
in spring-time, and as they are none the
worse, or even all the better, for a little
wholesome saking, they manage to
survive our climate well enough in the
long run. But other vegetables are
more or less frutty in their nature; and
to really taste these one must go to
America or Italy—for choice the first.
Of thorough-going frutty vegetables—
such as the tomato—England knows
nothing, as there is not sun enough to
ripen them properly. They always have
a half-green taste, and are wholly lack-
ing in the true rich tomato flavor.
Indeed, the tinned American specimens,
though tasting of the soldier, of course,
are better savored after all than the
poor starved, sunless English things.
As to purple egg-fruit and green chow-
chows, England knows them not at all;
while the profusion of rich, red fleshed
watermelons and primrose skinned
squashes and golden pumpkins in a
Massachusetts market would astonish
Covent Garden. Then again there are
the winter cherries, the sweet potatoes,
and, best of all earthly vegetables,
green Indian corn, eaten off the cob
with fresh butter, and liked to nectar
of all earthly delicacies. As for pulses
generally, English beans are all stringy;
they have neither the variety nor the
tenderness of the American bean. The
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lish peas; but they are not half so large,
or luscious, or melting, as American
peas. They take too long growing, and
have got old and hard before they are
big enough to pick. Let us vegetables
do a little better; plenty of green let-
tuce is grown. But endive does not
flourish; it is a scrubby-looking plant
in England, though its inferiority is
made up for in creases and the lesser
salad stuffs. Roots, too, are good;
who will deny the British farmer the
glory of his turnips, his beets and his
mangold-wurzel? Cucumbers can be
grown under glass; but what a misera-
ble failure is the vegetable-marrow!
Fruits, too, English hot-house grapes
are the best in the world; but for
strawberries, raspberries, currants,
gooseberries, plums and cherries, one
must go to America.

Educated Men.

In the great city of New York, and
other cities, men of fine education find
it bitterly hard to keep themselves in
bread and butter. While a skilled
workman can always command good
wages, those who are "willing to do
anything"—which means that they
know how to do little or nothing—have
no chance at all; there are a hundred
applicants for every vacancy. "No small
number of the searchers for places," says
a reporter who has examined the subject,
are native Americans. With neither
trade nor profession, they are forced to
take whatever offers—and nothing of
value. Many of them are educated men,
who can conjugate a Greek verb without
difficulty. But Greek verbs, however
ornamental, are poor stocks in trade.
A thorough classical education, however
desirable it may be, is of little use in
the employment market unless backed
by some useful practical knowledge.
College graduates are standing on every
corner looking for work. If any person
should desire to ride up Broadway in a
coach drawn by a score of accomplished
collegians, he would have no trouble in
employing them, even if he offered
them no more than their board. A
man who "had pawned his clothes to
pay for his advertisement," advertises
that he wants work of any kind where
he can earn his bread. What a sad
story the pathetic appeal tells of that
hope deferred which maketh the heart
sick!

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Large fields of null are embroidered
in Irish point designs, having one edge
much wider wrought than the other.
Ficelle lace in wide fan pleatings with
smaller fans above of ivory white
pleated lace are worn as throat bows.

Venetian lace three inches wide forms
a flat border for neckerchiefs of light
silk. The scalloped edges are turned
upward.

Irish point embroidery in ecru or
whiter tints is much used for turned
over collars, with a neck ribbon and
bow of colored moire. The cuffs to
match have smaller bows.

A flat scarf of Venetian lace is formed
into a graceful fella by being placed
straight across the back, gathered at
the throat by a moire bow, and having
the ends flat and hanging in front.

The most delicate, small, and least
showy rashes are sewed in the neck and
sleeves of French dresses. These
are of lace and mullin more often than
of the fragile crepe lisse formerly used,
and are usually composed of three rows
very finely pleated.

Fichus and half-squares in three
cornered shapes, nearly large enough to
cover the shoulders, are made of ecru
blue, pink, or lemon-colored silk mus-
lin, embroidered and scalloped with
dots of contrasting color, such as olive
on blue, pale brown on pink, and dark
red on yellow. They are to give a
touch of color to black or white
dresses.

The most elegant collars are of sheer
linen in a straight band, with a pattern
of drawn work near one edge, and Venetian
lace turned up on the other edge.
Where the ends meet in front, the lace
is gathered very full, and tied by nar-
row ivory white satin ribbon that gives
the effect of a lace bow. There are
straight linen cuffs also with a tied lace
bow to be worn outside the sleeves.

Patent-leather shoes with favor for
ladies' summer shoes because it is cool,
is not affected by moisture at the sea-
side, and is easily cleaned of dirt.
High shoes that lace in front have two
caps of patent-leather, and buttoned
boots with cloth or kid uppers have the
lower part of the glossy leather. The
side-buttoned boot remains the popular
shoe for walking, but those that lace
are also in favor with many ladies.
Pointed and boxed shoes are the
most fashionable, but there our best
dealers do not make in the extremely
narrow styles seen in the fanciful show
windows, and they advise the use of
longer shoes when the toes are narrow.
The low Newport ties are made both of
kid and patent-leather, and may be had
with high and unresistant French heels,
but are more comfortable and in better
taste with low broad heels. Very low
ties like gentlemen's pumps, with single
holes for tying, are pretty for wearing
with black or dark silk stockings.
Slippers are cut very low at the toe,
and are worn without bows to display
the stockings. If there is any orna-
ment, it is a bit of embroidery or of
beaded work done on the toe of the
slipper.

The Tapering Waist.

If the truth could be ascertained by
statistics, it would be found that the
corset has destroyed more females than
the bullet and bayonet have destroyed
males. The human equalized butcher,
called a hero by historians, can con-
gratulate himself upon being a lesser
destroyer, although there is no glory in
being surpassed by the inventor of the
corset. The noble, con-shaped
chamber in which the functions of life
are chiefly carried on by the heart,
lungs, veins, valves and muscles is not
a man's breath too large. Fashion
disregards the necessities of this citadel
of life, and by lacing the lower ribs are
compressed until they meet and often
overlap, and the sentinel of life are
expelled up in a fortress where their
aim has no freedom of action. In young
girls the ribs, particularly at the joint-
and hinges, are soft, and their greater
part brittle, which is still softer, and
the process of deforming the chest
cavity is easy. The cone being reversed
and nature defied, the silly victim of
fashion goes forth into the world with
a taper waist, but her body is a hospital
of disease. She is unfit to be married,
because unfit to be a mother. It is a
costly experiment to weld such a fragile
and deformed creature. The doctor and
druggist will accompany her through
life, and the undertaker come after a
long, lingering struggle for continued
vitality. If she has children they are
likely to suffer mentally and physically
for her folly, for, in common with the
organs of the chest cavity, the whole of
the lower organs, held in place by the
peritoneal sac, are pressed downward
and inward, and incessantly suffer from
incomplete functional action by tight
lacing.—Herald of Health.

Humorous.

A two foot rule—Keep your feet dry.
Tommy asked his mother if the
school teacher's ferrule was a piece of
the board of education.

Of a grasping landlord Kraut re-
marked, "He would squeeze the silt
from a poor widow's tears."

Give a young man good clothes and
a good character and he is fixed. He
cannot do much with either one alone
or both without energy.

Mystery explained: Why is it that
whenever you are looking for anything
you always find it in the last place you
look? The reason is because you
always stop looking when you find it.

With a heavy red shawl drawn over
her head, and leaving her companion
sitting on the lower step, she rang the
bell and said, "Is this the place where
a woman wanted a lady to take care of a
baby?"

Prof. Hall says the earth is not over
four hundred million years old. No
wonder so many of its mountains are
bald, and not a single one of them is
able to lift its foot. But all of them
are still spry enough to slope.

The 25th 50th of the Yankee girl of
the small, superior, and beautifully
shaped, her if as beautiful as the **,
and she is without her; her brown is
a **, and her figure excites !!! of sur-
prise and a hankering to em—her.

A good likeness: An Austrian man
started in the first stable business last
week, and the first thing he did was to
have a big sign painted, representing
himself holding a mule by the bridle.
"Is that a good likeness of me?" he
asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it
is a perfect picture of you, but who is
the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

MRS. MINTON'S PRESENT.

"One moment, Charles—I have for-
gotten something!" cried pretty Mrs.
Minton, darting from the side of her
young husband, as he stood in the hall,
valise in hand, about to start for a
week's travel.

Upon reaching her room, she seized
a bottle from a drawer in a bureau, and
then, as her face lit with a smile at a
happy thought, she seated herself and
wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper,
which she placed in the bottle above
the powder it contained. Rerouting it,
she again rushed to her husband, and
said,—

"It is time you paid attention to the
cold of yours. It is becoming chronic
catarrh. This may be a patent medi-
cine, but everybody recommends it, and
I bought it for you yesterday. Now
you will use it, won't you? The direc-
tions are within."

"Certainly, love—certainly. Thanks!
Good by!"

Giving his wife a hurried but ardent
embrace, Mr. Minton put the bottle in
his overcoat pocket and departed.

"The silly darling!" he smilingly
murmured, as he turned the corner of
the street. "If I should cut myself
shaving, she'd wish to send for a sur-
geon; and now I'm loaded with a bottle
because I sneezed at breakfast. I must
rid myself of the incubance at once."

As he thus commended with himself,
advancing rapidly, he struck his valise
against the legs of a gentleman before
him, and raising his head to apologize,
saw an aged neighbor.

"Ah, Mr. Jobson, beg pardon! Am
in a hurry to catch the train."

"Ugh, ugh! It's—ugh!—no conse-
quence."

"That's a bad cough of yours. I
think I've something that will help
you. Highly recommended. Take it!"

The old gentleman mechanically ex-
tended his hand, and as he received the
bottle, Mr. Minton bowed and passed
on. The gift was scrutinized with a
doubtful sneer.

"Ugh! ugh! So Minton has gone
into the quack-medicine business, has
he? I'm too old a bird to be caught
with chaff. He sha't poison me with
drugs. I'll stop it right here. Stop!
No—ugh! ugh! I'll give it to my
housekeeper; she believes in such
stuff."

Mr. Jobson pocketed the bottle, and
slowly shuffled toward his home. His
housekeeper was profuse in her thanks
as she was presented with the "perfect
cure."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to ye,
so! It's the very thing for my sister's
cough. Has it made yer own better,
so?"

"I experience relief from it," said
Mr. Jobson, with a cynical smile, "at
this moment."

"I'm expectin' me sister this very
mornin'. We are both so much 'bleeged
to ye!"

"Mr. Dennis, I've heard you say
there was no cure for catarrh. Now
here's a remedy that's warranted perfect.
If you'll try it I wish you'd take it
from me."

"Thank! It's the very medicine I'm
using now. Got bottles of it. Keep it,
or give it to some one who has need
of it. Thanks, all the same."

"I'll take it!" cried a fellow-work-
man, with fierce eagerness.
To him the bottle was handed.

"And now you're not it, what are you
going to do with it?" asked the giver.
"You haven't got any catarrh?"

"No; but I've got children."

"Pretty nearly as bad, I suppose?"

"Does he want to get rid of 'em?"
asked a third.

Into the midst of the jesting party
now came a small boy, carrying a tin
pail.

"Sorry I'm so late, father," he said to
the possessor of the bottle.

"All right, Jimmy; take this home—
the men here are afraid of it."

The boy took the medicine no gingerly
to his mother, with his father's words.
That good woman thought, if there was
any joke in the matter, it was a joke
upon her, and seizing the medicine,
flung it out of the window with an
angry frown.

The bottle fell upon soft ground, and
was unbroken. As it shone in the sun
it attracted the attention of a little girl
passing down the street, who directed
her grown sister's eyes to it, and was
thereupon requested to pick it up.

The young lady recognized it as a
well-advertised compound, and deemed
it worthy of being deposited in the
reticelle she carried. As she laughingly
exhibited the prize upon her return
home, a favorite servant begged for it.
She knew a person who suffered greatly
from the complaint it would cure, she
said, and the medicine was given to
her.

The person for whom she intended it
was a good-looking coachman, who paid
her considerable attention. He was, in
fact, expected at the garden-gate that
very afternoon.

He came and was given the bottle.
He received it with an expression of
the most grateful affection; but,
although afflicted with a slight cold,
he did not feel impelled to use it.
Indeed, the false-hearted man thought,
as he placed it in his breast pocket,
that it would make a fine present for
a handsome young cook of his ac-
quaintance, whom he purposed next
to visit.

The cook was none other than the one
employed by the lady first introduced to
the reader of this story.

Upon the following morning, as Mrs.
Minton entered her kitchen, she saw
the bottle upon the dresser, and sur-
prisedly took it up, for she recognized a
polarity on it.

"How came this here, Susan?" she
asked.

"That's mine, mum."

But, as the cook spoke, her mistress
had pulled the cork from the bottle, and
saw the slip of paper she had the pre-
vious morning inserted.

"Susan, I gave this to my husband.
How did you come by it?"

"It was Mr. Thompson's coachman
left it here, mum. If it's yours, you are
welcome to it."

"It certainly is mine, Susan. I wrote
this paper myself."

"Ah, I see! Jobson has been
here."

"So you gave it to him, did you?"

"I thought he had greater need
than I."

"Of this?" asked the wife, uncorking
the bottle, and handing him the slip of
paper.

This is meant for your head,
But it should touch your heart;
A wife's love is in it,
Though you far from her stray,
If you take this each day,
No other can win it."

"Am I to conclude that I have lost
you?" said Mr. Minton, as he finished
reading the verse, "and am I to suppose
that Mr. Jobson has gained you?"

"Mr. Jobson has not been here."

"Then how comes it you have that
bottle?"

"I found it upon the kitchen
dresser."

But neither Mr. or Mrs. Minton will
ever exactly know how the "cure"
returned to them, unless they read
those lines.

Its singular reappearance in their
household has had, however, the good
result of making Mr. Minton confine
himself to the strict truth when talking
to his wife. She has only to say "bot-
tle" to curb in him the slightest ten-
dency to exaggeration.

A Romance of the Camera.

An interesting tale, with a variety of
the most pointed morals, is told of a
Brooklyn belle and her faithful ad-
mirer. Last year the young lady in
question and her mother were among
the boarders at one of the large hotels
at Asbury park, and among the regular
"Saturday-nighters" was a friend of the
family—and especially of its younger
female member—about whose parental
habits and rapt devotion no doubt was
permitted to exist. Never a Sunday
passed that was not spent in the young
lady's company and a pair of uncomfort-
ably tight patent-leather boots upon
the sloping sands of the beach; while
as the sun retired behind the western
hills the young people would sit be-
neath the scrawny branches of a dys-
peptic seaside cedar to watch the play
of the rippling waves or the sails of the
seaward-going ships. On such occasions,
too, it may be imagined, words of
love were whispered to the accompani-
ment of the mosquito's musical hum.

Thus the summer passed away, till
the season closed, and the young lady
returned to her residence on "the Hill,"
where her admirer could enjoy the
rapturous charms of her society much
more frequently and at a much smaller
expense. Of this advantage he did not
fail to avail himself, and all went merrily
until recently the young man was
informed that a photographer at Phila-
delphia possessed, and, indeed, had put
on exhibition, an interesting photograph
of himself (the Y. M.) and the lady,
sitting on the sad sea-sands, backed by
a halo of Japanese umbrellas. This in-
formation being also conveyed to the
young lady, she was greatly concerned,
as she, too, had a vivid remembrance of
the photographer's green van.

Acting as her guardian or her brother
would have done under the circum-
stances, the young man induced the
Philadelphia artist—through the use
of a good deal of "laughter"—to destroy
the negative and send him the pictures.
With the precious pictures in his posses-
sion he hastened to the young lady's
residence, and on being ushered into
her presence, announced his success by
waving the package aloft and crying,
"Eureka!" or words to that effect.
After congratulations had been ex-
changed between them, the gas was
turned up and the package was opened,
the young lady being anxious to see
that the photographer had kept faith
with them. The young man took out
two pictures—

There was a hoarse and niterly irre-
sistible remark, a shrill scream, the crash
of crumpling tin and the slam of a ver-
nicle door.

It was the young lady's picture, but
the arm laid trustfully about her canvas
belt was not his arm.

The picture had been taken on a
week day.

It has been thought that Noah sailed
over Amer'ca when he started on that
forty-day's go-as-you-please cruise, for
it is recorded of him that he looked out
of the Arkansaw land. The report
lacks confirmation, and Noah not being
here to publish a card, we must accept
the statement with a grain of allowance.

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scenery which is to be witnessed in no
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with high and unresistant French heels,
but are more comfortable and in better
taste with low broad heels. Very low
ties like gentlemen's pumps, with single
holes for tying, are pretty for wearing
with black or dark silk stockings.
Slippers are cut very low at the toe,
and are worn without bows to display
the stockings. If there is any orna-
ment, it is a bit of embroidery or of
beaded work done on the toe of the
slipper.

If the truth could be ascertained by
statistics, it would be found that the
corset has destroyed more females than
the bullet and bayonet have destroyed
males. The human equalized butcher,
called a hero by historians, can con-
gratulate himself upon being a lesser
destroyer, although there is no glory in
being surpassed by the inventor of the
corset. The noble, con-shaped
chamber in which the functions of life
are chiefly carried on by the heart,
lungs, veins, valves and muscles is not
a man's breath too large. Fashion
disregards the necessities of this citadel
of life, and by lacing the lower ribs are
compressed until they meet and often
overlap, and the sentinel of life are
expelled up in a fortress where their
aim has no freedom of action. In young
girls the ribs, particularly at the joint-
and hinges, are soft, and their greater
part brittle, which is still softer, and
the process of deforming the chest
cavity is easy. The cone being reversed
and nature defied, the silly victim of
fashion goes forth into the world with
a taper waist, but her body is a hospital
of disease. She is unfit to be married,
because unfit to be a mother. It is a
costly experiment to weld such a fragile
and deformed creature. The doctor and
druggist will accompany her through
life, and the undertaker come after a
long, lingering struggle for continued
vitality. If she has children they are
likely to suffer mentally and physically
for her folly, for, in common with the
organs of the chest cavity, the whole of
the lower organs, held in place by the
peritoneal sac, are pressed downward
and inward, and incessantly suffer from
incomplete functional action by tight
lacing.—Herald of Health.

Humorous.

A two foot rule—Keep your feet dry.
Tommy asked his mother if the
school teacher's ferrule was a piece of
the board of education.

Of a grasping landlord Kraut re-
marked, "He would squeeze the silt
from a poor widow's tears."

Give a young man good clothes and
a good character and he is fixed. He
cannot do much with either one alone
or both without energy.

Mystery explained: Why is it that
whenever you are looking for anything
you always find it in the last place you
look? The reason is because you
always stop looking when you find it.

With a heavy red shawl drawn over
her head, and leaving her companion
sitting on the lower step, she rang the
bell and said, "Is this the place where
a woman wanted a lady to take care of a
baby?"

Prof. Hall says the earth is not over
four hundred million years old. No
wonder so many of its mountains are
bald, and not a single one of them is
able to lift its foot. But all of them
are still spry enough to slope.

The 25th 50th of the Yankee girl of
the small, superior, and beautifully
shaped, her if as beautiful as the **,
and she is without her; her brown is
a **, and her figure excites !!! of sur-
prise and a hankering to em—her.

A good likeness: An Austrian man
started in the first stable business last
week, and the first thing he did was to
have a big sign painted, representing
himself holding a mule by the bridle.
"Is that a good likeness of me?" he
asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it
is a perfect picture of you, but who is
the fellow holding you by the bridle?"