The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII, PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JANUARY 8, 1885. NO. 18.

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RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion . . $1.00
One square, two insertions . . 1.50
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Frost Time.

Upon the meadows, far and wide,
A silvery frozen mantle lay;
And on the upland mountain side,
Frost glistened in the dawn of day
Winter was nigh.

The farmer passed in early light,
His rugged face was marked by care;
Amid his locks were lines of white,
For Nature, too, had trested there—
Winter was nigh.
—*Chas. K. Lush in the Current.*

HUMPY'S HEROISM.

Every Brooklynite knows where Gowanus is. Gowanus is famed chiefly for its boathouses, its lumber-yards, and its crabbing. On Saturday or Sunday afternoon the athletic and sporting youths of Brooklyn can be seen coming down Henry street, "to take a spin on the screw" or laden with baskets and the inevitable brown crabnets. Gowanus is a rival of Hunter's Point in the matter of smells. The refuse of the city is dumped at the water's edge or thrown in the pools, half slime, half sea water, that lie between the newly-made streets. Yet many people live in Gowanus, for the rents are not high and there is plenty of soil solid enough to build on. Little white cottages with green shutters and weather-beaten shingles, and side by side, with the regulation morning-glory clambering over all. If one were to go by in the morning of a week day he would see, in front of one of them, sunning himself on the sandy walk or clinging to the stumpy white-washed fence, a wizened, humped-back boy, answering to the name of Humpy. What Humpy's right name was (if, indeed, any one knew) had been forgotten long ago.

He lived in the cottage with Mary Ryan and her brother, by whom he had been picked up from the streets. He led a happy, harmless life, never went with the other children, although they were always pleasant to him, and he preferred, unless he were sent to the grocery or on some other errand, to lie in the sun or shamble around the house watching pretty Mary Ryan sew. Mary Ryan was pretty. Mr. Stern had told her so often enough, and, although she was a poor Irish factory hand, (when she could get work), she was pretty enough to captivate the fastidious Mr. Stern, and transform him to the assiduous Mr. Stern. Since Tom Ryan had been called away to an all winter post in a Maine lumber camp Mr. Stern had a light cedar boat at the boathouse, and Mary Ryan had been out in it nearly every night, down beyond the oily, muddy waters of Gowanus Bay, into the clear, blue stretch of waves beyond. Humpy laid in his old spot on the walk turning the matter over in his mind as Mr. Stern came sauntering down the street.

"Mary in, Humpy?"

Humpy looked up.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Yes, she's in."

As Mr. Stern went in Humpy lay down again.

"Mary, is it?" he muttered. "He didn't know her a month ago, and now it's *Mary*. I'm a-thinking it's a bad day she ever saw him."

He rose and went toward the door, and then, changing his mind, crept around to the back of the house and crawled noiselessly into the kitchen. Through the half opened door he heard Mary saying:

"I'd a letter from Tom this morning and he's comin' back to-morrow."

Humpy did not hear Mr. Stern's reply.

"It's no use to talk like that, for Tom will never let a fine gentleman like you call on a poor girl like me. Maybe I am pretty—that only makes it the worse. The neighbors will tell him enough as it is, and I only hope he let's me bide here. Like as not he'll bid me leave the house."

The girl was weeping now. Evidently she feared her brother terribly.

Mr. Stern saw the chance and took it.

"And why should you wait to meet him, Mary, dear?"

Humpy ground his teeth and looked uglier than ever, but the usual order of things followed. Mary's protests grew weaker and weaker, and finally it was settled that Mary should quit the house that night. Mr. Stern worked strongly on her fears of her brother.

If Humpy had been a character in a novel by the philosophic James or the witty Howells he would have thoughtfully diagnosed the situation for an hour, and then remarked: "The outcome of this will be tragic." However, being a poor Irish cripple, he only shook his head and said under his breath: "And now, there's the deuce to pay." Then he slowly crept out and back to his sunning place.

After Mr. Stern went away the house was strangely quiet. A half-starved street cat, that wandered by, saw Humpy lying in the sun, his head buried in his arms. As the cat slunk by him into the house, it saw on the homely hair sofa a girl sobbing convulsively and saying from time to time: "Oh, mother, if you hadn't died! Oh, mother, if you hadn't died!" The cat wandered back into the kitchen, and gnawed away, undisturbed by the boy lying motionless by the door, or by the girl sobbing there on the sofa. When the cat left the house the last thing it saw was the boy lying silent in the scorching sun, and the last thing it heard was a faint moan that sounded like "Oh, mother, if you had not died!"

There was little supper for Humpy that night, but he did not seem to notice it. He went over to the sofa and lay down with his long bony arms crossed under him. After the dishes were washed, and the last evening's work done, Mary took the lamp and started for her room, and as the lamp-light fell on the misshapen wretch she stopped and looked at him. The boy opened his eyes and they looked at each other.

"Humpy, if any one should ever say anything again' me, tell 'em I did the best a motherless girl could do."

Humpy looked at her—ah, so lovingly, and yet so shrewdly, too.

"I'll do that," he growled, and shut his eyes again, when Mary went up stairs.

Mary loved Humpy as only a woman can love a monstrosity, and yet she would give him no other hint of what was to happen.

When Mary had gone up stairs, Humpy opened his eyes very wide, drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, rattled them, and chuckled.

"I'm a thinkin' Mr. Stern will have to go away by himself." Then he crept up stairs very softly.

About ten o'clock a buggy drew up in front of the door. Mr. Stern jumped out and rushed up the dark stair to Mary's room. When Mary heard him, she came to open her door.

They were both surprised, very much surprised. *The door was locked*, and Humpy was chuckling to himself in a dark corner downstairs. But Humpy chuckled too soon for, with a few athletic shoves of the shoulder Mr. Stern sent the weak pine door tumbling off its hinges, and sprang inside to meet the girl. Humpy heard the dull crack of the door, sprang to his feet, and rushed to the foot of the stairs. A niche in the wall barely gave the stair door room enough to swing to and fro. Humpy shut the door and put his broad back against it, while he braced himself against the wall with his pipestem legs. He heard Mary and Stern coming down stairs. He felt another and another, and then a hot stinging pain rushed through him. He shut his teeth and held on. Another wrench and he sank a shapeless mass on the door, while the awful burning, shooting pain wrung a cry of agony from him, that shook the girl's heart. Throwing aside the bundle she carried she knelt on the floor and took him in her arms. As she bent over him to sooth him her hair tumbled down over her shoulder and streamed over her eyes, but she paid attention to nothing but the boy.

Mr. Stern bent over and felt the cripple's arms and legs, and when he touched the shoulder the boy shook and gave a weak, shuddering moan.

"It's nothing serious, Mary,' Mr. Stern said; "only a wrenched shoulder. He'll be all right in a day or two. Put him down and come along."

The girl only held the boy the tighter. Mr. Stern felt out of place. He waited for a while in the dimly lighted room, but the girl kept the boy in her arms, soothing, kissing, and crying over him, but he felt so brutal and so cowardly that he sneaked out like a whipped hound and drove away.

When Tom Ryan came home Mary told him everything, and Tom only said:

"Well, well, Mary, let it end there. You have been foolish, but Humpy has kept you from being wicked."

And in about a month the street cat passing by saw Humpy in his old place as well and happy as ever before.—*Washington Hatchet.*

Sleepless People.

Sleepless people, says *Health and Home*, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best is sunshine. Therefore it is plain that the poor sleepers should pass as many hours of the day in the sunshine and as few in the shade as possible. The injurious effect of the shade is very noticeable in plants growing in secluded places and ladies who are accustomed to carry sunshades. The invigorating power of sunlight is infinite, and he whose skin is tawny seldom requires a pill.

Recent vital statistics show that under the age of fifteen there are more boys than girls, but after the fifteenth year there are more women than men, and between the ages of ninety and one hundred the proportion is three to two in favor of women.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Artificial ice, Mr. LeFevre declares, in a recent paper, can now be made "purer, cheaper and more lasting than natural ice."

The number of living specimens known in the animal kingdom is at least 300,000, of which more than nine-tenths are invertebrates.

The interesting fact has been demonstrated by Mr. Arthur Searle that the Milky Way is about two magnitudes brighter than the mean brightness of the sky, and a square degree of the Milky Way must give between five and six times as much light as an average square degree of the rest of the sky.

In the majority of mammals the teeth are limited in number and definite in their forms. The number ranges from one in the narwhal to 22[illegible] in the dolphin. The average is thirty-two, occurring in ruminants, apes and man, but forty-four, as in the hog and mole, is called the typical or normal number, and this number is exceeded only in the lower groups.

The time required to pass from an egg to an image varies greatly. Thus the bee consumes less than twenty days, while the cicada requires seventeen years.

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs, in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic oxide and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and wake no more.

From surveys of the Gulf of Mexico it appears that its area is 592,000 square miles, and that the area of the surface included within the 100-fathom line is 387,000 square miles—rather more than one-third of the surface having a depth of less than 100 fathoms. The greatest record depth in the Gulf is 2139 fathoms, the mean depth being 858 fathoms.

The Art of Seeing.

In every-day life it is much more important to be an accurate observer than a mere book learner. I have frequently seen the latter made to blush for her deficiencies by the most unlearned, says a correspondent in an English contemporary, for in a contest between eyes and no eyes, eyes have generally got the best of it. Nature has given us such an inexhaustible store of interest that those who go through life without "seeing" lose much of the zest of it. The savage, who necessarily depends upon his keen eye and his quick ear, cultivates those faculties in an extraordinary degree; for does he not see indications and hear sounds which to an unpracticed observer would be utterly unintelligible? So also with all persons who live near the heart of nature. The English shepherd, while perhaps ignorant of the very formation of the alphabet, stores up a fund of interesting knowledge, derived entirely from observation. He can give you simple, interesting astronomical facts which might astonish a scientist, as well as trustworthy information on natural history and even botany. One may possess everything in the way of scholarship, but if he or she have that alone, those who are unlearned but observing will often make them feel very small. I would, therefore urge my readers to cultivate the art of seeing or observing; there is nothing like seeing things for ourselves. Our ideas become fresher, more natural, and more in unison with latter day tastes when they are formed from observation. Nature's book is the one wherein we find the richest, the most varied, and the most inexhaustible subjects for thought.—*Scientific American.*

Stone and Clay Builders of Arabia.

The aspect of Arabia is that of a decayed country. While the ancient Arabians bored deep wells in the rock, walled them with stone, and built stone houses, their Moslem successors were clay builders, and now the Bedouins only dig shallow pits with their hands and a stick.

Among the oldest Arabian remains are huge erect stones, such as would be called Druidical in Britain, and buildings of huge irregular blocks, such as are commonly called Cyclopean or Pelasgian. Monuments of uncertain age, built of unhewn stone, are frequent in the valleys and on the surface of the Harrat (or butte) el-Aneyrid, near Medyin Salih. They are shaped like bee-hives, and are about twelve feet high and about twenty-five across. In one place 150 of them stood together. Each is built over a sepulchral cell, access to which is obtained through a hole in the top.

Denmark enjoys the reputation of producing the best butter on the Continent of Europe.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Smiles or Tears.

Hair in such a tangle I guess,
Round face rather tearful,
A frown to pucker up the brow
Won't make the world more cheerful.

A pout upon the cherry lip
Won't make the sunshine lighter;
But see, a smile is taking there,
Now all the world looks brighter!

Playthings of African Children.

The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them "play baby" with little pigs. The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun." Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is made of a tuft of loose cotton. In one African tribe the boys have spears made of reeds, shields and bows and arrows, with which they imitate their fathers' doings; and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, the African children like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making believe." They imitate the life around them, not playing "keep house," "go visiting," or "give a party," because they see none of these things in their homes, but they pretend building a hut, making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat.—*Methodist Recorder.*

A Queer Rag-bag.

Aunt Mary kept her rags in a large green bag. It had once covered Uncle John's big bass-viol.

One day Aunt Mary said that the rag-bag was very full, and they must sell the rags to the ragman. Jane needed a new bread pan.

The ragman called for the rags, and Jane carried down the bag.

"You have a fine lot here," he said "I will weigh them in the bag."

So he weighed them.

"Just two shillings," said he; "now I will put them in my cart."

When he did so, Aunt Mary heard him use a strange word.

"That beats all I ever saw!" said the ragman.

Aunt Mary ran out. Jane followed her, with Uncle John's two boys.

"Dear me!" said one.

"Did you ever?" said another.

"What can it be?" asked Aunt Mary.

And there was "Malta," the cat, in the rag-bag with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw!

She had been missing for three weeks. The boys had asked all the neighbors about her. They even went to the police-station, and the kind inspector said, "We will do all we can to find your pet."

All this time she was sleeping with her babies in the rag-bag. The boys thought she must be starved. Malta looked fat and wise.

"I know," said Jane; "she has taken some of baby's milk. I put it on the table every night, and in the morning it was all gone."

"That was it," said Aunt Mary "for sometimes baby did not wake up."

"She must have eaten mice, too," said Fred, "for they have all left our room."

Then the ragman had to weigh the rags again without Malta and her babies, and Aunt Mary did not get two shillings.

The ragman said he would give them two shillings for the cat and her babies.

"Sell Malta?" said the boys. "Why we would just as soon think of selling mother!"

A Good Cup of Coffee.

Of course, a good quality of the coffee-bean, and thoroughly clean utensils, are indispensable. Then there are three requisites to perfection namely, that it be fresh roasted, fresh ground, and fresh made. Of the many recipes that have been published, we will give only two. The first is the "Thurber recipe":

Into a large cup of coffee ground moderately fine break one egg with shell; mix well, adding enough cold water to wet the grounds thoroughly. Pour on a pint of boiling water, boil slowly for ten or fifteen minutes; let it stand three minutes to settle; pour through a fine wire sieve into a warm coffee-pot. This will do for four persons.

The following method is due to the "king of cooks," Soyer. If simplicity is an evidence of genius, it is worthy of its author:

Put two ounces or ground coffee in a stew-pan set on the fire, and stir with a spoon until quite hot. Pour over a pint of boiling water. Cover over closely for five minutes, pass it through a cloth, warm again, and serve.—*Popular Science News.*

An English doctor who has traveled in this country, says Americans could live to be 100 years old if they would take care of themselves.

GREATEST MONUMENT.

A White Column Erected in Washington's Honor.

Description of the Magnificent Shaft, the Loftiest in Existence.

A fair white marble column, the loftiest of all the creations of men, has slowly arisen, during the past few years, to the memory of Washington. It is situated near the Potomac, in the midst of the groves and gardens of our beautiful national capital, not far from the President's House. It is now nearly completed and will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the next anniversary of Washington's birthday. In height it will exceed the pyramid of Cheops by nearly a hundred feet, the dome of St. Peter's by almost as much. The famous London monument by Sir Christopher Wren is a little more than one-third its height; the cupola of St. Paul's would seem almost a dwarf at its side. Our accomplished builder has made an excursion into the regions of the air quite unparalleled, and seems to rise easily with his great theme above all the labors of the past.

Yet it is a curious trait, showing the close connection between the early and the latter discoveries of science, that the Washington Monument is built almost with the exact proportion of an Egyptian obelisk. This was found to be the best guide for the construction of so tall a pillar. The monument is ten times as high as it is broad at its base. It will be 555 feet high. It is an enlarged obelisk, a copy of the solitary shaft that still points out the deserted site of Heliopolis, or the ruddy pillars that adorn the Central Park and nearly all the great capitals of Europe—exiles of Egypt. But our American column will add to its attractions many conveniences unknown to the ancient or even modern builders. Wren's monument, or Trajan's column at Rome, could only be ascended by a weary flight of steps. In Washington's the visitor will be seized upon by the genius of steam, and raised in a few moments in a comfortable elevator almost to the copper apex at its top. It is white marble on the outside, granite within. Iron columns rising to the top support the elevator. The foundation is so solid, the proportions so just, that the tall pillar shows scarcely a deflection from the line of strictest rectitude.

Globes of electric light will adorn the interior. There will be no darkness in the shaft. The copper point at the top conducts the lightning to the ground. It will never be struck like the statue of Jupiter on the Roman Capitol. The electric experiments of Franklin will be remembered by every visitor. No one can examine this remarkable column without feeling that a new advance has been made in architecture, and the various devices used in its construction show the triumph of modern skill. Why should we not have houses as tall? Why abandon the upper regions of the air and cling so closely to the tainted earth? Before the visitor to the Washington Monument will open a prospect as fair as any the eye of man has rested on. He will look down upon a land of freedom. The scene is crowned with historical memories—some sad, some full of hope and joy. Before him flows the broad Potomac; not far away is Mount Vernon. Beneath him are battle-fields and scenes of bitter struggle in the past, and now the quiet city, laid in groves and gardens, sleeping in the shades of perpetual peace.

It is a hundred years since Washington, victorious yet sad, sick, impoverished, and almost despairing, had returned to Mount Vernon, hoping to find rest. But for him there was to be no repose. He was drawn at once into that violent political contest that followed the cessation of the war. He led the party of union. His mental labors were ceaseless and excessive; he grew old early. But he was successful. The disturbed and disordered country rose to prosperity and peace. Its enemies, who had foretold its utter ruin, were amazed at its progress. The Union sprang up fair and shapely from the builder's hand, and it was chiefly by the influence of Washington's spotless name and ceaseless toil that the nation became one. It is this period in his life that the new monument will most fitly commemorate. It was then that he became more than ever the author of modern freedom.

This lofty and magnificent column will attract for generations the reverent curiosity of freemen. They will come from every part of the world to visit the city, the monument, and the grave of Washington. The obelisk recorded only the name of a despot and the sorrows of the people. A Trajan and a Marcus Aurelius were the masters of a nation of slaves. The legends and monuments of European kings grow stale and unprofitable. The white marble shaft at Washington recalls a name dear to all mankind.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Evolution of Names.

Annabella is not Annabella, or fair Anna, but is the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Arabella, or beautiful altar, but Orabella, a praying woman. In its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than at present. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Almaric—himmelreich—the kingdom of Heaven. Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by 1000 years at least. Amy is not from amen, but from amide. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as some think. It comes from Aldavis, and means happy wisdom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth. It is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Heloise, which is Helewis, hidden wisdom. There is, indeed, another form of Louisa, or Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Aloisa, Alousia, or Aloysia, was adopted into mediæval English as Alesia—a name which our old genealogists confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from Aemylia, the name of an Etruscan gens. Amelia comes from the Gothic amala, heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a queen. It is Rengalf, exalted purity. Alice, Adelais, Adelaide, Aliza, Alix, Adeline are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel, noble. But Annie was never used as identical with Annis or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annas is a variety) nor, as is sturdily maintained, was Lazabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

How a Chinaman Gets Into Business.

Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese journalist, tells how his countrymen get into business in America. He says: "One of our race arrives in New York with no money and in debt to his friends or to bankers for the steamer and railroad fares. He generally engages himself as a greenhorn of a prentice to some successful Chinaman. Although the compensation is small ($4 or $5 per week and board) for the six months or one year of his contract, he learns the business, pays off his debts, and gains a good character for security and capability. At the end of his term, if he is a skilled workman, he can either secure first-class wages ($17 per week), or open a laundry of his own. The latter is his usual course. He may see, for example, a laundry for sale for $600, whose lease and location he likes, and he himself has but $50 to his name. He goes to Mott street and there on the bulletin boards puts up a notice calling for a 'chow,' or syndicate of twelve men with $50 each to meet him at a certain time and place. The meeting is held, and if he be regarded as honest and capable the requisite $600 is given to him, he in return acknowledging the indebtedness, and promising to pay certain interest on the money advanced (generally 24 per cent. per annum). This money is paid back in monthly instalments, so that at the end of a year the borrower is free from debt, his credit unimpaired, and the laundry absolutely his own."

A Quaint Town in the Grecian Archipelago.

The quay at Syra was gay with small hucksters' shops. One man had a pile of ikons, or sacred pictures, wherewith to tempt the pious about to start on a voyage; pictures of St. Nicholas, being most numerous on his stall, for he is the patron saint of the seafarer; another man had tobacco; his neighbor sold Russian leather owls and large wooden spoons, while a third offered for sale brilliantly colored handkerchiefs which, though made in Birmingham, are particularly Eastern in appearance. All among these stalls the water cart was threading its way to supply the huge amphoræ which each householder produced as the cart went by with the daily portion. Far along the quay was the fish market with strange sights for unaccustomed eyes. Advent was soon to begin, that is the month's fast before Christmas, so there were any amount of octopodia in the market ready to be dried and stewed for this period. Sea urchins, tost and bright red pinna shells afford a substantial part of a Syriote's meal, and this morning were plentiful, besides red mullet and haddock which looked more tempting. In front of this market the boats of the Psariote and Hydriote fishermen with their wicker instead of canvas bulwarks were lying. These men are the best fishermen in the Archipelago, and if you desire to travel among these islands and their treacherous winds, by all means choose one of them.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Tree and the Snow.

"Too heavy upon me lies the snow,"
To the sky said the mother tree;
"The burden bring to the ground I'll throw;
Too heavy it does not me."

The tree its branches rent to the ground,
And its arms toss'd light as a bow,
While Nature with its better round
Each other bow'd low.

Some warm days came, then a fierce cold wind
On the trees began to blow;
And rejoiced that it the burden had—
Except on the branches of snow.

Spring came and its Western wind blew free,
The green wood leaves on the tree
All arose and forgotten were the snow
Lost sight of by the trees.
—*J. [illegible] Greene.*

HUMOROUS.

A man of letters.—A skin painter.

The shoemaker's is a healthy art.

A sound reason.—A logic-horn conclusion.

Flirts are like idiots—no good without the brains.

The limits of the law are settled with breaches of prisoner.

In what suit does a man never feel comfortable? In a law-suit.

A grocer says he fully believes honesty is to be the best policy.

Lucifer is the name of a Kansas paper. Who dares cross light of it.

When a boy of 12 runs away with a girl of the same age the proceedings may be called a wild-cat elope.

"A train behind time," remarked Jones, seeing an elderly maiden relegated to the rear.

A mosquito skin has been invented. Now when sam on discovers a mosquito operating upon the weary soldier public will find rest.

"My love is all unstinting," warbles a fair poetess. Wonder if her beau had being out on a tramp.

Awkward! Just.—"Your train is quite long, Mrs. Lucy." Mrs. Lucy—"It will not be so long if you take two feet off it."

No waste of shot.—"What did you kill?" inquired a pedestrian of a sportsman on horseback. "Time," was the contentious response.

The Smallest Republic.

The Whole territory of the state (San Marino) consists of 38 square miles, and has a population of about 8000 souls. The capital city, inclusive of the Borgo of its base, has over 2000 inhabitants. The army is composed of 1[illegible] men, but perhaps our guide forgot to include the fortress. Mr. Dent says that the [illegible] and that [illegible] family [illegible] between the ages of [illegible] 55, unless they are governmental officers, doctors, priests or students. The entire revenue of the state is less than [illegible] a year, but San Marino is a model financial province, has no public debts, lives within its income, and has even an egg laid by against rainy days. And although it issues no bills on its own subject, it made its exchequer by the sale of orders and titles of nobility to foreigners. To avoid complications with Italy it has no printing press within its dominions. For the same reason it refuses from showing to accept, and, trying too loud for Italy at most prices, contents itself with manufacturing its own cigars. It possesses no penal establishments, but has made a very pleasant arrangement with its obliging neighbor. San Marino sends its criminals to be punished in Italy, and—although that part of the arrangement is probably not recorded in black and white—may be said to receive monks and nuns in exchange. For the two large nunneries and four monasteries of this tiny state could the devotees on intended journeys are no longer, it seems, to be conveyed across the border.—*Boston Globe.*

Giving Way to Moods.

It is unphilosophical and wrong to yield to moods. They rob life of much of its enjoyment. The mind is as amenable to the will as is the body. The most productive mental workers in all departments are those who have their faculties under discipline, and who go regularly to their mental task, and compel the obedience of the mind. To those who habitually thus yield and hold moods under control there is nothing irksome in performing prescribed tasks at allotted times. And such persons endure longest, because of the regularity of their habits. Moodiness is, indeed, a form of disease. It draws on the nerves and gradually leads to nervous prostration. When it controls the will, it has gained headway that is very dangerous. And thus its natural tendency is to injure health and happiness. To repress and overcome it, is to suppress a form of disease, which in its fuller developments is distressing and dangerous.—*Philadelphia Call.*