The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1885. NO. 25.

A Dream of Home.

The sun's rays slant the path along,
 The air is balmy as in June;
The robin sings his evening song,
 And through the sky the new, gray moon
Moves calmly on, untrammeled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
 "Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,
 The frog croaks by the water's rim;
There in content the lily grows,
 And there the fishes, darting, swim;
There [illegible] see the old brown mill,
But, ah! these sad words haunt me still—
 "Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,
 In drowsy mood the cows await
The [illegible] call upon the air,
 While [illegible], beside the gate
Which opens down the grassy lane,
My brother breathes these words of pain—
 "Not yet!"

The steepled church, the schoolhouse near,
 The wood where I have roamed at will,
The quaint, old farmhouse, to me dear,
 My youthful home—my manhood's still—
I see these as in days gone by,
But something whispers (as I sigh)—
 "Not yet!"

O Hearts, in whom there is no May!
 Who yearn to hear my footfalls where
The path, so [illegible], winds its way
 Under [illegible] trees so grand and fair!—
Dear Hearts who long for me to come,
I can but say I can go home—
 "Not yet!"

For longer, still, your breasts must know
 A sadness free from all disguise,
Ere I can leave these scenes and go
 And look into bright, [illegible] eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss.
 "Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
 As when [illegible] dream of Autumn day
I said "Good-by" and passed along
 Down the old walk, and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have—as now—to say—
 "Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this!
 Still must I wait! All I can do
Is just to wait a long, long [illegible]
 Beloved with love, O Hearts! to you,
And murmur these sad words once more,
Unthought of in the days of yore—
 "Not yet!"

—*Geo. Newell Lovejoy in the Current.*

"BALL UP, THERE."

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY OF THE BUSH.

"In 18— I was Deputy Governor of Melbourne Gaol, and, upon one occasion, having important business which called me to Geelong, I booked my place on the mail car, which was the only public conveyance available, and took my seat on the box on one of those delicious balmy mornings so common in that country, but little experienced here.

There were but three passengers, the car driver and guard, and we rattled along at a brisk pace, conversing freely upon various topics. Among others, the vexed question of "Free Trade versus Protection," supplied us with ample materials for animated discussion. Being a staunch Radical in politics, I was eloquent in favor of the former, and dilated freely upon the numerous advantages enjoyed by the "old country" in consequence thereof, winding up my peroration by standing up, waving my pocket handkerchief and shouting at the top of my voice "free trade forever," when bang—ping—ping—. What could be the matter? We were not long kept in suspense, for two men suddenly emerged from the bush with the cry which has sent a thrill of horror to the heart of many a traveler in these regions, "Ball up, there," which is equivalent to the old highwayman's challenge, "Your money or your life." The car driver mechanically pulled up his horses, evidently fearing a repetition of the revolver practice, which might not prove so harmless as the first, but I, perhaps more from long acquaintance with the class of men by whom we were assailed than from indifference to danger, seized the reins and whip from the paralyzed driver and lashed the horses into a furious gallop! "Ping! ping!" went the bullets most unpleasantly close to our ears; however, we were getting well beyond their reach, and every bound of the infuriated animals carried us further from danger, when to our dismay, one of the wheelers stumbled badly and was by reason of the great speed at which we were going, unable to regain his footing, and after a short but desperate struggle, fell heavily. We hastened to dismount in hopes of getting the poor animal upon his legs and starting again before the robbers could come up with us, but we were disappointed for we were soon overtaken by them. The first, a powerful man, seized me roughly by the throat and presenting his revolver to my head, coolly informed me that upon my making the slightest resistance, he would blow out my brains, and suddenly releasing me from his iron grasp, he, still keeping the revolver to my head, drew another with his disengaged hand and "covered" my companions generally with it, with the remark that his friend would now proceed to "business," at the same time jocosely intimating that probably my political opinions had undergone a sudden change, and that I might want a little "protection," which pleasantry, being so much to the point, notwithstanding the serious aspect of affairs, caused a general laugh at my expense. "Business" was quickly proceeded with by bushranger No. 2, binding the car driver and guard, whom he then assisted to mount the car, after which he performed similar kind offices for the other two passengers, my turn coming last, for the reason I think, that the robbers detected my intention to avail myself of the slightest relaxation of watchfulness on their part to make a sudden and determined resistance, an intention I certainly had, but which was effectually frustrated by the close attention paid me by him of the two revolvers.

Being all aboard, the first bushranger took the reins, the other keeping guard over us with the dreaded weapons, and we found ourselves being hurried away in the direction of the Geelong sands. Arrived there the quondam car driver alighted, deliberately unharnessed the horses, and we were one by one assisted from the car and bound, some to the wheels, others to the pole of the car, "spread-eagle fashion." The robbers now proceeded to rifle our pockets of everything valuable, and next to open the mail bags, confiscating numerous letters containing notes, and wantonly destroying valueless ones (from their point of view.) Having taken everything which they could, without risk of discovery, turn into money, they prepared to depart, each one taking a horse, and were speedily out of sight. Our delight at being thus left without receiving bodily harm was soon changed to alarm far more serious than any we had yet experienced, for we became aware of a fearful peril hitherto, in the excitement of the occasion, overlooked by us all. The tide was rising rapidly, and would shortly, without doubt, engulf us. So tightly were we bound that struggling was unavailable, and only rendered us more miserable. On and on came the waters, until now and again a large wave would actually touch our feet. Oh, horror! who but ourselves can imagine the torture of watching those relentless waves which were to drown us, surely, surely? Miles away from any "track," we were not likely to be heard by man. The birds seemed to mock our misery, as they gaily flew over our heads, chattering to each other and enjoying the liberty for which we would have given all we possessed. Shouting was evidently useless. Yet we shouted, screamed, yelled frantically. I think I was somewhat the calmest, and tried to console and soothe the others with the thought that the water *might* not rise sufficiently high to overwhelm us entirely but, I being considerably taller than my companions in distress, they received this suggestion as a sort of ghastly joke, and laughed a bitter laugh. Water all around us rising, still rising! It was but too evident that our worst fears were soon to be realized. With one thought of the dear old home in England, with all my beloved relatives wondering some day why I did not return or at least write; one prayer to my God and I gave up all hope but—hush! what do we hear! human voices, singing? Is it delirium? No, it comes nearer and nearer. Oh, joy! a boat is rounding the small promontory to our right, and we distinctly hear the voices of several young men singing. We shout once more. They evidently see us, but do not appear to understand our position. Help! we cry again, and are answered. They quickly arrive and help to free us from our bonds.

Instinctively we throw ourselves down on our knees and thank Almighty God for so remarkable a deliverance. Then we consult upon the best course to take, with the result that I take one of the remaining horses and the car driver the other, he going towards Melbourne and I to Geelong.

It was an uncomfortable ride enough, I assure you. Wet through, excited, mounted on a raw-boned, bare-backed coach horse, which stumbled about, threatening to fall with me at every few yards. Yet the feeling of relief from my recent perilous position was so great that I forgot my discomfort and urged on my blundering steed until I arrived at Geelong.

I had not been idle during my ride. The fresh air had braced up my nerves, and I had begun to think what clue I had to the robbers. They were evidently "made up," and wore blouses, so that I could not tell whether they were stout or spare. Moreover, they had on crape masks. Suddenly I remembered that while one of them was investigating the mail bags on his knees, with his back towards me, I had seen that his boots were "sprigged" with copper "spriggs" or nails in a peculiar manner. "Here, thought I, "is a clue," and I determined to follow it up. I accordingly sought the Chief Inspector of Police and explained the circumstances to him. He, knowing me in my official capacity, placed one of his men at my service, with whom I proceeded to several bootmakers and inquired whether they had any knowledge of such boots. None of them had. "But," remarked one, "they are a capital clue; for, from your description I should think they are the only pair in the colony."

Leaving the police office to follow out certain instructions, I went to a hotel, obtained a change of clothing, dined, and settled myself down for the evening to ruminate over the events of the day and form plans for future action, when a tap at the door announced the arrival of a messenger from one of the bootmakers, who desired to see me. Hastening to the shop, I confronted the tradesman who apologized for troubling me. "But," said he, "I think I have seen your 'man'—look at these boots"—and he handed me the identical pair which had so attracted me. He explained that a man of gentlemanly appearance had called on him and bought a pair of boots, leaving his old ones to be repaired, and kept until he should call for them. Said he, "I got into conversation with the man and found that he was going to the theater to-night. I feared to send you a message whilst he was here in case he should be suspicious. So, having obtained this information I waited until he had left, when I immediately sent for you."

This was indeed good news. I hasten off to the police station, and, accompanied by two officers in plain clothes, proceeded to the theater. We had not been there long before my attention was attracted to a figure in the pit which seemed familiar to me, for although dressed differently from what he had been on the previous occasion of our meeting, I felt sure from certain peculiarities in his movements, which would, perhaps be very difficult to describe, that this man was none other than Mr. Bushranger No. 1, with whose revolver I had that morning been so intimate. Presently I observed that he was making signs to some one in another part of the house. Scarcely had I made up my mind to secure the first named man than he made tracks to leave the theater. This circumstance confirmed me, and with the aid of the officers I secured my man and conveyed him to the police station.

Next morning the police were actively engaged in searching for number two, and one of the body very cleverly detected him riding at the head of a "mob" of cattle, notwithstanding that he had shaved his chin and completely altered his dress.

It were a long story, to tell of the hearing before the magistrate, the committal and the trial; suffice it to say that both men were found guilty. The man I had arrested was sentenced to ten years in irons on the roads, the other had to undergo a further trial for murder, for which he had long been wanted, a price having been set upon his head. He was executed. This man was none other than the notorious Bushranger Morgan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Distribution of the Sense of Taste.

Taste, however, is not equally distributed over the whole surface of the tongue alike. There are three distinct regions or tracts, each of which has to perform its own special office and function. The tip of the tongue is concerned mainly with pungent and acrid tastes; the middle portion is sensitive chiefly to sweets and bitters; while the back or lower portion confines itself almost entirely to the flavors of roast meats, butter, oils, and other rich or fatty substances. There are very good reasons for this subdivision of faculties in the tongue, the object being, as it were, to make each piece of food undergo three separate examinations (like "smalls," "mods," and greats" at Oxford), which must be successfully passed before it is admitted into full participation in the human economy. The first examination, as we shall shortly see, gets rid at once of substances which would be actively and immediately destructive to the very tissues of the mouth and body; the second discriminates between poisonous and chemically harmless food-stuffs; and the third merely decides the minor questions whether the particular food is likely to prove then and there wholesome or indigestible to the particular person. The sense of taste proceeds, in fact, upon the principle of gradual selection and elimination; it refuses first what is positively destructive, next what is more remotely deleterious, and finally what is only undesirable or over-luscious.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

Vessels Built Specially to Defy Federal Pursuit.

Some Exciting and Valuable Captures by the Union Blockading Fleets.

The vessels built for blockade running were built for the purpose. They were long, narrow, low side-wheel steamers, with sharp bows that cut the water like a knife, powerful engines, raking funnels, and two masts, rigged as schooners. The hull rose only a few feet above the water. They were painted a dull gray, so that even in the daytime it would be difficult to see them far away. The forward part of the deck was covered over, so that they could run through heavy seas. Before the war there was little commerce between England and the Bermuda Islands, but now the harbors were alive with ships—great sea-going steamers from England loaded with arms cannon, powder, goods of all kinds—returning to England freighted with cotton. The blocade runner brought the cotton from Wilmington and Charleston, delivered it to the large steamers, took on board the goods, arms and ammunition, and steamed back to those ports, always planning to run past the blockade vessels in the night. When coming in all lights were put out, the steam was blown off under water. A man up in the "crow's nest" on the forward mast kept a sharp lookout for the Union vessels. The pilots knew every channel and sand bar. The vessels were all light draft. The blocade runner was only a runner, not a fighter. If he came too close to a war ship he took to his heels. The runners were so swift, the war ships so slow, that they were rarely captured when the chase was a stern one.

It was a hard, exciting service which the blockading fleets endured. During the day the vessels cruised along the shores, looking into all the inlets, or sailed eastward to discover any approaching blockade runner, but at sunset they came close in-shore; almost under the guns of Fort Sumner at Charleston, or Fort Fisher at Wilmington. All lights were put out, except the one lantern at the masthead of the Commodore's vessel. Men were up in the rigging straining their eyes through the night to catch the sight of the swift runners.

On an October night, 1863, the Venus from Nassau approached Wilmington. The lookout up at the masthead of the steamer Nansemond discovered her. Lieut. Lamson, commanding the Nansemond, when he had a duty to perform was always ready. The fires were blazing under his boilers—the steam was up. In an instant the Nansemond was away.

"Give her a shot!" he shouted. The long rifled guns flashed. The shot shatters the foremast of the Venus; another shot goes through her cabin; the third crashes through the forecastle, killing a sailor; the fourth strikes the hull below the water line. Both vessels are fast, going fourteen knots an hour. The captain of the Venus sees that he cannot make the harbor and runs for the shore. She strikes hard and fast; the crew leap into the water and reach the sandy beach. The Nansemond lowers her boats and takes possession of the vessel. The Venus cannot be moved; she is set on fire and the Nansemond, at daylight, steams away.

"There she is!" The lookout of the Niphon shouted it at daybreak a few mornings later. Captain Breck, commanding the Niphon, saw a side-wheel steamer close in shore making for Wilmington Harbor. Another blockader was in pursuit. The Niphon was in position to intercept the runner—the Ella and Anna. The captain of the runner sees that he is cut off and he determines to run the Niphon down.

Captain Breck sees the situation. "Ready, boarders!" he shouts, and the sailors, who have been thoroughly drilled, seize their pistols and swords. The cannon of the Niphon send a shower of canister. The next moment there is a crash, and the bowsprit of the Niphon breaks like a pipestem. Over the rail swarm the boarders, and the next moment the Ella and Anna is theirs, with 300 cases of rifles and a cargo worth $118,000. The vessel is renamed the Malvern and becomes one of the blockading fleet.

A great many blockade runners were captured and destroyed, but the profits were so enormous that others were built. The officers and crews were willing to run the risk of being captured for the high wages they received. A captain received $5,000 for each successful trip, each one of the crew $250, the chief engineer $2,500 and the pilot $8,700.—*National Tribune.*

It is the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall—the general flame of charity in the heart.

A Curiosity of Child-Naming in Japan.

Old-fashioned people in many districts of Japan, to whose families death has made frequent visits, still resort, in their anxiety to prolong the lives of their children, to the custom of bestowing upon their offspring names ordinarily given to infants of the opposite sex. Probably the superstition is more widely prevalent than foreigners would suppose, but it is only when some incident or story in connection with its observance is reported in the vernacular papers that the majority become aware of the existence of the old custom. A Tokio paper tells a story in point. Some time ago, a man named Kano, living at Kameicho, Nihonbashi, Tokio, received an intimation from the authorities that his eldest son, Bunnosuke—a name always applied to males—having attained military age, steps should at once be taken with a view to the young man undergoing medical examination prior to actual enlistment. Kano lost no time in going to the ward office and explaining to the officials that Bunnosuke was his daughter, though registered as a male since 1872, in which year the census system was altered. The authorities, however, in whose mind frequent and more or less ingenious schemes to evade conscription had given rise to a condition of pure scepticism on this point, did not scruple to order an examination to be conducted at Kano's house. The result, of course, proved the statement made by the father, who, on being questioned, said that, having lost two daughters both about one year old, he had been driven to this expedient to keep the third alive. It may be presumed that its success, as evidenced in his daughter's attainment of "military age," will tend, at any rate among his neighbors, to the revival of a custom which, whatever its inconveniences, is not without suggestive interest. Greater men than Kano have laid schemes, far deeper than his simple artifice, to circumvent the grim visitor, and for the most part they have failed.—*Japan Mail.*

The Aborigines of China.

The southern portion of the present domain of China, comprising nearly one-third of the whole, is a comparatively recent addition to the empire, having come under the jurisdiction of the "Son of Heaven" only 2000 years ago. The original inhabitants of this broad territory were easily subjugated. Portions of them were attached to their conquerers as vassals or slaves and gradually, by intermarriage and the adoption of the customs of the Chinese, lost their identity, and were absorbed by the more powerful race. Traces of this original element are still to be found in many localities, especially among the mountains, and may be seen in peculiarities of speech customs and physiognomy. The boat people, everywhere regarded as an inferior race, and numbering in the city of Canton alone 200,000 souls, are supposed to be the descendents of this indigenous race. In the mountain range which forms the northern border of the three southern provinces, and is a continuation of one section of the great Himalayan range, are over 100 tribes of these aboriginal people, who have constantly maintained their independence against Chinese aggressions. Comparatively little is known of them, but from the information derived from travelers, they seem, with but few exceptions, to be all of one race, and to be nearly allied to the Shans and Carens of Burmah, the Laos tribes, and those of the interior regions of Cambodia and Cochin China. The sublime self-conceit of the Chinese, and their indifference to everything outside of themselves, is strikingly seen in the fact that in all the centuries during which they have lived in constant contact with these various tribes they have learned but little that is reliable concerning their customs, habits of life, traditions, language or government. A few individuals have become interested, and have left brief accounts and some rude sketches, which are all the sources of information from the Chinese side that are available.—*Washington Republican.*

Fast Railroading.

"Have you ever seen that train of white cars that makes the fast mail train from Chicago?" said the engineer, as he munched a sandwich at a resting place. "No? Well, it's slicker than a square yard of lightning, and it goes full pitch out of Chicago every morning at three o'clock. In my opinion it's about the fastest thing in this country. Well, one of the mail clerks invited his wife down to see the train start; the conductor shouted 'all aboard,' and the clerk leaned over to kiss his wife, who was standing on the platform, and bless me if he didn't kiss a cow out at Riverside. Now, that's what I call fast railroading.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A bad way to read other people's hearts is to try to conceal your own.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from becoming rich, civility from being witty.

Nothing can occur beyond the strength of faith to sustain or transcending the resources of religion to relieve.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be; but put foundations under them.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles but not dimples.

It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us and makes dull pulsations that are never born into sound.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enameled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

Happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

"The greatest folly," said Sancho, "that a man can commit in this world, is to give himself up to death without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy."

Better the chance of a shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.

Have your courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

We all find the hardest and most hopeless work of our lives the effort to keep our highest ideas and our commonest occupations in constant and healthy contact with each other.

The Dead-Letter Museum.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* writes: "The museum of the Dead-letter Office is a small room, of which three walls are covered with cases containing odd things sent to the office as improperly mailed or entirely unmailable. Almost anything you can imagine of a queer sort is here, from Guiteau's autograph to a patent hitching-post. The oddest thing about the Dead-letter Office is the carelessness of letter-writers as there exhibited. It seems improbable that last year 1,500 letters, containing articles of value, were received at the Dead-letter Office containing nowhere within or without either the name of the sender or the person to whom sent. It is a fact, though, and only one of a dozen other strange facts. Nor does the carelessness here brought to light appear to be at all on the decrease. The gross receipts of undelivered mail matter last year were 4,751,872, or more than eight per cent. increase over the previous year. Of course, the office manages, by its improved methods, to get much of the matter either to the people who mailed it or to the people for whom it was intended. But there is a large amount that never gets any further than the City of Washington. Some of the things are sold at auction every Winter. The sale of last year realized nearly $2,000. Over $7,000 in money was deposited in the United States Treasury as undelivered last year. Under an order first made by Postmaster-general Horace Maynard such useful printed matter as had formerly been sold for waste paper is now annually distributed among the charitable and reformatory institutions of the District of Columbia. Last year 23,152 magazines, pamphlets, illustrated papers, Christmas cards, valentines, etc., were disposed of in this way, so that even this ill wind blows somebody good. For many years letters found in the mail addressed to Santa Claus or Kriss Kringle were sent to the Dead-letter Office. But seven years ago a big-hearted gentleman on Capitol Hill, in that city, arranged that instead they should all be sent to him. He has ever since answered each letter whose writer he could trace, and has done what he could to supply the place of the dear old Christmas saint. Often he has found that the parents of the children were perfectly able and willing to meet all their requests; and then again he has found cases such as that of two old people in comfortable circumstances, but who, in their sorrow over the death of their idolized son and his wife, had for years neglected to make Christmas bright for the two little orphans left to their care. It was simply a case of unconscious neglect, and it did not take the Santa Claus of Capitol Hill long to bring joy into that household again."

No Tears.

"No tears to weep!" And wherefore not?
 Say, is thy sorrow such?
And has thy heart no tender spot
 That sympathy may touch?
Can no kind words unlock the springs,
 And give thy tears their flow?
Are human woes such selfish things
 That none their depths may know?

"No tears to weep!" Nay, speak not thus
 For tears can bring relief.
[illegible] God has sent them unto us
 To soothe our grief.
When earthly sorrow, pain and care
 Our souls in sadness steep,
We pray to him who hears the prayer
 [illegible] to weep.

[illegible] the world is sometimes dark
 With gloomy clouds that rise,
[illegible] Hope's [illegible] spark
 [illegible]
But when [illegible]
 [illegible]
We [illegible]
 [illegible] to weep.

—[illegible] *Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

A bad jury in a law-suit—Perjury.

The bean in side—The archery world.

The latest thing in stockings is the hired girl on Sunday nights.

A bone of contention The jaw-bone.

Expensive sweetmeats—Honeyed words.

The owner of an oil well may be said to live on the fat of the land.

According to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor.

In Iceland poets are called "scalds," undoubtedly because they present the appearance of having been in hot water.

What's the difference between the lower part of the leg and last year's comet? One's shin and bone and the other's been and shone.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear. Sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the prompt reply.

When a young couple west of the Rocky Mountains run away and get married the sporting journalist alludes to it in big head-line letters as "the Pacific Slope."

"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose."

A fond father presented his four-year-old boy with a trumpet, with which he was greatly infatuated. All day the boy tooted away delightedly, and at bedtime when his grandmother told him to put the trumpet down and say his prayers, the little fellow said, "Oh, no; I'll tell you what let's do, grandma; you pray and I'll keep on blowing."

Yucatan Indian Huts.

The huts are oblong, and rounded at the corners. Some are divided in two by a partition. More generally the whole family crowd together in the single apartment. The wall is formed by putting sticks upright in the ground and filling the interstices with mud, or else with a mixture that is afterward smoothed and whitewashed. The roofs are slanting and thatched, the thatch being allowed to fall within two or three feet of the ground, to keep off wind and rain. The surface of the earth serves as flooring, since the inmates can seldom afford to have it cemented. The furniture consists of a few hammocks hung across the room—they serve as seats by day and beds by night—some low chairs, called *kotoes* (similar in shape to some of the seats used by the Assyrians and Egyptians of old), a wooden bench on which are the grinding-stones, and an image of a saint in some corner of the room. The fireplace three stones placed in triangle on the floor—is there too. Chickens, dogs, pigs, and babies all frolic together in these poor homes, and appear to be tolerably happy, if not very well fed.

While every corner of the hut is crammed with rubbish, its mistress sometimes sits in the hammock swinging, as untidy as her house, making artificial flowers to adorn some wooden image of the Virgin.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Hard and the Easy Way.

In work there is a way of doing which saves strength. We call it "knack." One does a piece of work by sheer force, and another by skill of manipulation does the same with half the physical effort. To teach the other the sleight-of-hand by which strength is spared is wise. So in study, play and all else. There is an easy and a hard way. There is no wrong in doing it the easy way, if we are thorough.