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RATES

ADVERTISING

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Tired.
I am tired. Heart and feet
Tired from long and short streets
I am tired. Heart is sweet.
I am tired. I have played
In the sun and in the shade,
I have seen the flowers fade,
I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit glad
What has made my spirit sad.
I am tired. I have gained
Golden sheaves and scattered grain,
They have not been spent in vain.
I am tired. Exercise
Has made my eyes and ears
Tired, but my hopes abide.
I am tired. God is near.
Let me sleep without a fear,
Let me sleep without a tear.
I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within its nest,
I am tired. Home is best.

EARNING HER LIVING.

Minna's room was not light at the best of times. Its one window, planted in a corner, gave a view of the blank whitewashed side of an adjoining house, which towered up a story or so higher than its unpretentious neighbors. But Minna—a personage who always made the best of things—had absolutely persuaded herself that this was the best light in the world for her oil-painting. There are no bursts of sunshine or stray sunbeams to disturb the clear, cool atmosphere," said she. "Artists always prefer this sort of light." For Minna Morton was a working girl. Too delicate to stand behind the counter or superintend the busy loom, she yet endeavored to earn her own livelihood by means of an artist's palette and a box of brushes. Her outfit had cost a considerable sum—there was no denying that; but Rosa Hale, who stitched kid gloves in a down-town factory, had lent her the money for the purchase, and little Bess Beaton, the landlady's daughter, "sat" to her two hours every day after school, quite satisfied with gingerbread nuts to munch and a lathered rag doll, which had belonged to Minna's own younger days, to play with. And Minna was young and hopeful, and in the far distance saw herself acquiring name and fortune by means of her beloved art. This morning, however, the room seemed a degree gloomier than its usual wont; and when Minna arranged her canvas on the easel, a dim sort of misgiving crept across her heart. It was a simple picture that she had painted—a little girl playing on a sun-drenched barn-floor, with a brood of chickens fluttering around her, and a stealthy cat advancing from beneath tangled masses of hay. Yesterday the little girl had seemed animated with real, actual life; the hay had seemed to rustle in the wind; one could almost perceive the sinuous, gliding motion of the cat. But to-day it was as if a leaden spell had descended upon everything. "Am I an artist?" Minna asked herself, "or am I not?" Rosa Hale's stern, coming softly down the stairs, aroused her from a drowsy, greasy reverie. She hurried to the door, with the almost invisible limp which had always haunted her since that unlucky fall of her childhood. "Rosa," she said, "are you in a hurry? Do come in a moment!" And Rosa came in, with her little brown bonnet neatly tied underneath her chin, and her lunch-basket in her hand, on her way to the factory where "real imported kid gloves, fresh from Paris," were turned out by the dozen gross a day. "What is it, Minna?" she asked cheerfully. "Look at this picture," said Minna, drawing her up in front of the easel. "Well, I'm looking," said Rosa. "What do you think of it?" "What do I think of it?" Rosa repeated. "Why, I think it is beautiful!" "Oh, I know that!" impatiently cried Minna. "The bits of hay are painted to perfection, and the ratholes in the barn-floor are copied exactly after that one in the corner of the cupboard; but all that isn't true art, Rosa. Does the child look as if she would speak to you?" "The cheeks in her gingham apron are painted beautifully," said Rosa, timidly. Minna frowned. "But the cat?" said she. "Is it a live cat? Do you fancy you are going to see her spring?" "No," unwillingly admitted Rosa. "It's a lovely cat, but it is only a picture of a cat!" Minna—dear Minna, I haven't offended you, have I?" "Oh, no!" said Minna, lightly. "But you have told me exactly what I wanted to know—what I was sure of myself. Good-by, Rosa!—and mind you don't bring me any more of those delicious little bouquets. They're lovely,

but they cost five cents, and you haven't any five-cent pieces to throw away." And so, with a loving kiss, she dismissed the pink-cheeked little factory-girl, who was always so kind to her; and then she sat down in the pale shadow of the dismal whitewashed wall, and cried: "I know it all along," she declared. "You are a hideous little impostor!" (to the simpering figure in the foreground). "And you!" (to the cat) "are simply a thing of wood. And I am not an artist at all!" If—"Rat, rat, rat!" came a soft knock at the door. Minna started guiltily to her feet, and dashed away the wet spray of tears from her cheek. "Come in!" said she. And to her horror, she saw standing there a tall, pleasant-faced young man. "What did you please to want?" said she, rather timidly. "—I beg your pardon?" said he. "But are you the young lady who sent a note to Palmer & Co., picture dealers? My father has an attack of lumbago this morning, and he is unable to come out. He has sent me in his stead." Minna colored deeply as she remembered that in her station of the day before she had actually been so foolish as to write to Palmer & Co. to send up an expert to value her picture for the sale-room. "Where is the picture?" he asked. "Is this it?" "Yes," Minna answered, with an odd, choking sensation in her throat. "But—" "It was of no use. The tears would come. She sat down in the cushioned window seat, and hid her face in her hands. "Has anything happened?" asked Mr. Paul Palmer, genuinely disconcerted. "Nothing more than might have been expected," said Minna, trying to smile. "Please don't think me foolish. Yesterday I fancied that this daisy of mine was a gem of art. Now my eyes have been opened. I know that it is worthless!" Mr. Palmer glanced scrutinizingly at the picture. "He!" said he, "are you sure that you are the best judge?" "One can trust one's own instinct," said Minna, sadly. "I am sorry to have given you so much unnecessary trouble. But I am not rich, and I thought I had discovered a way of earning my living. It is a bitter disappointment to me; but I suppose it is an old story to you, Mr. Palmer." Paul was silent. In the course of his business he had witnessed many trying scenes, but his heart ached for this pale little girl, with the sunny, flax-gold hair brushed away from her forehead, and the almost imperceptible limp in her gait. It seemed to him as if he could read her story almost as plainly as if it were written on her face in printed sentences. "Suppose you let me take the picture home and submit it to my father's opinion?" he said, calmly. "I do not believe it will be of any use," sighed Minna. "It seems as if my eyes had been unsealed all too late. I am no artist. I am only a fraud. Oh, yes," as he looked inquiringly at her, "you can take it. The sooner I know my fate, the better it will be for me." So Mr. Palmer wrapped up the canvas in a piece of brown paper, bowed a quiet "good-by," and departed. All that day Minna sat in a sort of terrified suspense, scarcely daring to breathe. Toward night Mr. Palmer came back. "Well?" she gasped, breathlessly. "I am happy to say that the picture is accepted," said he. "I have brought you twenty-five dollars for it. And I would like a pair of smaller ones—companion subjects—as soon as you can furnish them." Minna Morton gave a little gasp for breath. "Oh!" she cried, "you do not really mean it. Accepted! and more wanted! Oh, it doesn't seem possible!" "How soon can you have them ready?" said Paul, quietly. "In a month?" "Yes, in less time than that," answered Minna, half giddy with delight. "I shall work day and night. Oh, Mr. Palmer, how kind you are! Indeed, indeed, you do not know what all this means for me!" If Minna could have been temporarily clairvoyant that day—if she could have followed Paul Palmer back to the "art emporium," where his father, half doubled up with lumbago, sat viewing his recent acquisition through an eye-glass—what would have been her feelings? "Paul," said he, curtly, "this thing that you have brought home isn't worth shop-room?" "What is the matter with it, sir?" "Nothing—nothing on earth. The

trouble," said Mr. Palmer, vindictively, "is that there is nothing to it. It is negative from beginning to end. Tell the artist we can find no sale for such trash!" But Paul Palmer carried back no such message. He went and came often. He spoke words of kindly encouragement to the poor young girl, and paid, out of his own pocket, liberal prices for her efforts. And one day he asked her to be his wife, and Minna promised that she would. "Heretofore," said she, "I have always dreamed of devoting myself to art; but of late I am not so hopeful. It seems as if my poor pinions are not strong enough to soar. Yes, Paul, if you care for a helpless lame girl like me—" "I love you, Minna," he said, simply. "If you will trust yourself to me, I will never give you cause to repent it." It was not until they had been married some years, and old Mr. Palmer, the picture dealer, was dead and buried, that Minna, wandering through the deserted room of the old warehouse, with a rose-cheeked child clinging to the skirts of her gown, came across some dust-powdered canvases, with their faces turned to the wall. "Oh, look, mamma!" cried little Paul. "What are these?" "Let us examine them, dear," said she. They were her own long-forgotten efforts. She stood looking at them, through a mist of tears and smiles. "Dear, noble Paul!" she murmured to herself. "This only adds to the debt of gratitude that I already owe him. But he need not have been so tender of my feelings. I know now that art, so far as I am concerned, was a delusion and a snare. I know that my truest happiness, my greatest felicity, has been in cherishing him and the children." And she never told Paul that she had discovered his long guarded secret. —*Helen Forrest Givens.*

Proud Deacons.
Human nature is much the same the world over, and if the following anecdotes have Scotchmen for their heroes, the same thing might have happened anywhere else than in the highlands. It should be said that in Scotland a deacon is the chairman of a corporation of tradesmen, and not a church officer. Two worthy incumbents, who frothed their little hour upon a stage not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be chosen deacons on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and searching the "but and ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, exclaiming: "Oh, crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow, ye're a deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted above this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of it, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inward— "Nelly," said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "git onybody come speirin' for the deacon, I'm just owre the gate at John Tansons!"

Human Electrolyses.
M. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has proposed a new method of disposing of the human body after death, which he considers preferable in every way to either burial or cremation. His system is an antiseptic one, much simpler and less expensive than the old process of embalming, and is nothing more than a new galvanoplastic application. The body is coated with a conducting substance, such as plumbago, or is bathed with a solution of nitrate of silver, the after decomposition of which, under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of copper sulphate, and connected for electrolysis with several cells of gravity or other battery of constant current. The result is that the body is incased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may be again plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the dead. M. Kergovatz has employed the process eleven times on human subjects, and on many animals, and states that in all cases it was perfectly satisfactory. In spite, however, of his warm recommendation, the idea is repulsive. It seems a mockery to give permanence to the temple, when all that once made it valuable is gone. —*Scientific American.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
Fanny's Treasure.
There once was a time, little maiden,
When my heart was so full of pride,
A gold old cat in the sun I sat
With six little kits at my side.
Mum! Mum! little maiden,
Mum! for the cold, cold sea,
They heeded me not but they drowned the lot
And only left one for me.
But a time will come, little maiden,
When the rats have eaten the eum,
And my mouse in my master's home
Is squeaking from night to morn,
When the bacon is rapidly shrinking,
And the cheese will not last for a day,
Then he'll think of me and the cold, cold sea,
And my little ones gone away.
—*Edw. K. Withers.*

"Told a Lie With His Finger."
A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger. I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth. —*Chit. Devil's Friend.*

A Superstitious Cockatoo.
"Our Joe" is a fine specimen of the species known as the sulphur-crested cockatoo. He always showed a great dread of dolls or manikins, and this led us to tease him by placing our pet Punchinello at the foot of his perch. Fear of the uncanny thing kept him a close prisoner for some time; but one day he came cautiously down the upright pole, and backed judiciously away from the rear of the hated monstrosity. This provoked a new device; another grinning figure was placed back of the stand. After long contemplation of the situation "Joe" now managed to escape, with much trepidation, from one side, but gradually the entire collection of manikins was placed around his perch, so that they laid siege to him. At this "Joe" became greatly incensed. His crest rose and fell every minute in the day. (It is a curious fact that it never seemed to occur to him that he might fly from the perch. He has never attempted to reach it or leave it in that way, but invariably climbs up or down by means of his feet and beak.) And now "Joe's" life began to have a shade of anxiety in it, until at last he became quite unhappy. One memorable day, stealthily descending from aloft, he dashed suddenly into the charmed circle, and seized Mrs. Punch by her wonderful frilled cap. Then, with great erect and eyes flashing, his form trembling with rage and excitement, he rushed up the pole, and, once more safely aloft, he tore the offending Jody into pieces, with an energy bordering on insanity. This tremendous effort subsided for the remainder of the day, during which he sat upon his perch with his feathers ruffled and trembling. So, one by one, the members of that unfortunate family fell victims to his hatred. For a long time, he did not care to attack Punch himself, but he finally mustered courage sufficient to attempt the capture of his arch enemy, and a few minutes later, the terrible toy, stripped of his gilt and tinsel bravery, lay hopelessly broken and disfigured, upon the floor. —*St. Nicholas.*

London's Public Drinking Houses.
In a given district in the north of London (St. Pancras) 52 public houses were watched one Saturday night, with the result that 11,493 men, 7,731 women, and 1,958 children, or a total of 21,092 persons, were seen to enter between 9 and 12 o'clock. In another district, in the south, the total number of persons going to the 50 public houses watched was 29,357, made up of 17,347 men, 10,655 women, and 1,645 children. In the west 49 houses were visited by 21,962 persons, of whom 12,809 were men, 7,455 women and 1,698 children. In the east, represented by 49 houses, there were 7,246 male visitors, 4,333 female, and 1,718 children, making a total of 13,897. The total for the 200 public houses watched for the same three hours was 86,698 visitors. Following up is inquiry they had made a small one as to the number of women visiting public houses in the morning between the hours of 10 and 12, and one Monday 12 houses were watched near Tolmer square, with the result of finding that as many as 1,250 women went to them between those hours. —*MacMillan.*

THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.
Reminiscence of Sherman's March to the Sea.
How Georgia's Capital was Besieged and Defended.
Noting the discovery of an old bombshell by an Atlanta well-digger, the *Constitution* of that city says: During the siege of Atlanta in 1864, this was a practical question and one of vital interest how to dodge them. Gradually the Confederate lines drew nearer the city. The faint echo of their guns was heard ten miles away. When the lines fell back to the river there was a universal wail in Atlanta. The river had been regarded as a barrier beyond which the invader could not come, and there was a constant expectation that Johnston would do something to paralyze his enemy. One evening about dusk came the news to the city that the Confederate troops had crossed the river and burned the bridge behind them. That announcement stilled a thousand hearts in the beleaguered city. There was then no alternative but capture. The people knew the relative force of the armies. They were well aware that Sherman had over 100,000 men, while the Confederate army consisted of a successful march into the heart of their enemy's country, while opposing them were about 40,000 men in grey, who had been fighting a slow and desperate retreat. After the river was crossed the Federal army swept with little obstacle to the very outskirts of the city. Atlanta then had a regular population of about 100,000, but the concentration of war supplies and the importance attached to it as a base of supplies had put the population up to 200,000 or 250,000. The city was teeming with people, all in great agitation when they heard that the invader had set his foot on the eastern bank of the Chattahoochee. How to defend the city was the next question. It was answered by some very practical and intelligent men whose duty to the Southern Confederacy had kept them in or around Atlanta. Chief among these was Colonel F. P. Grant the present president of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad. Colonel Grant planned three complete lines of fortifications. One was to skirt the boundary of the city. The other was to surround the thickly settled districts, while the third was to encircle the very heart of the city, with the Court-house as a sort of final rampart and stronghold. All these works were duly constructed according to Colonel Grant's plans, and the defenses of Atlanta were famous for their ingenuity and strength. But the Federal forces fought their way on until they were within cannon shot of the city. They tried by several desperate assaults like that of July 22d, a mile beyond the country, and like the noble onslaught on Peachtree Creek, a few days later, to sweep right into the city. In all these efforts they were checked by a force hardly half as great as that of the invaders. McPherson fell in sight of the city. Many officers of minor rank fell. Men were mowed down like wheat by the determined defenders of the city. It must be a slow siege to win. Sherman realized this fact quickly, and accordingly adjusted his forces. Batteries with the heaviest guns he could command were placed in front of the Federal lines. They were almost completely around the city. Their range was four or five miles, and they had only a mile or a mile and a half to cover. Shells poured thick into the city, and a reign of terror began. Then came the bomb-proof. It was the only refuge from the shells of the besiegers. Every household soon had its place of refuge. The bomb-proof consisted of a perpendicular hole in the ground about four feet square, and a tunnel of six feet which led into a vault of various dimensions. The average size of the bomb-proof was six feet, but many of them were larger. Some of them were luxuriously furnished, and offered all the comforts of home in the retreat under ground from the sizzling and popping shells. So far as protection to life was concerned they were perfect. No shell could penetrate through the roof of soil, and there was not a chance in a million that any of the enemy's missiles would fall in the narrow entrance. The bomb-proof was a complete protection from the enemy's fiery missiles, and saved many a life in Atlanta. Thousands of shells fell in the city during the six weeks of terror, and not half a dozen lives were lost. The most fatal shell fell just in front of where James's bank now is. It exploded in the street. One piece killed a shoemaker in a cellar. Another fragment murdered a mule on the street. Another piece broke the stone post at the corner which still bears the mark,

as does the gas post a few feet away, which was almost cut away by the furious shell. The bomb-proofs remained long after the siege, they were objects of great curiosity to the captors of the city. When Sherman drove the people out of Atlanta and burned their houses, the bomb-proofs escaped his vengeance. Many of them remained until the new city began to rise, and there are still in many gardens of this city traces of these improvised defenses of the women and children of Atlanta. **The Wolf Spider.** Suddenly appears on the wall a dark gray fly or perhaps a beetle. It moves with wonderful quickness, but always by fits and starts, sometimes one way and then another. All at once it darts a few inches from the wall and then flies back again to the same spot. This action is several times repeated, and is so quick that the creature's wings cannot be seen. I approach the wall more closely, and find that the creature is neither fly nor beetle, nor even an insect. It is a hunting spider, and of course has no wings. How, then, did it fly from the wall and back again? I have long been familiar with these pretty and active spiders. I have often seen them slyly cautiously toward a fly, leap upon it, and have a sharp tussle with it before it succumbed to the venomous fangs. Window sills, especially when facing southward are happy hunting grounds for this spider. I had often seen spider and fly tumble together off the window sill, and presently the spider return still clasping its prey. It had saved itself from falling to the ground by spinning a thread as it rolled off the sill, and was able to regain its position by climbing up the thread. But until lately I had never seen it leap from a perpendicular wall, and to all appearances fly back again. The thread affords the means whereby this remarkable feat is performed. It is extremely elastic, and when the spider has reached the end of its leap the thread contracts and jerks it back again, just as a child throws a ball away from him, and draws it back to his hand by an india-rubber thread which is attached to it. How I had failed to notice this action for so many years I cannot imagine. Even the common wolf spider will act in the same way. I caught a glimpse of the creature crouching in the wall under the shadow of a vine leaf, so that I could not identify it. Suddenly it darted from the wall and alighted on the ground at some little distance, the elastic thread causing it to describe a slow and graceful curve, just as it had wings. As it darted from the wall I put the net over it, and, much to my surprise, found that it was no insect, but a wolf spider. *Louquatt's Magazine.* **The Mind's Activity During Sleep.** In connection with the present activity in psychological research, the following extract from the recently published "Life of Agassiz" is of interest. "He (Agassiz) had been for two weeks striving to decipher the somewhat obscure impressions of a fossil fish on a stone slab in which it was preserved. Weary and perplexed he put his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after, he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored. But when he tried to hold and make fast the image, it escaped him. Nevertheless, he went early to the *Jardin des Plantes*, thinking that on looking anew at the impression he should see something which would put him on the track of his vision. In vain the blurred record was as blank as ever. The next night he saw the fish again, but with no more satisfactory result. When he awoke it disappeared from his memory as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated on the third night, he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep. Accordingly, toward morning, the fish reappeared in his dream, confusedly at first, but at last, with such distinctness that he had no longer any doubt as to its zoological characters. Still half-dreaming, in perfect darkness, he traced these characters on the sheet of paper at the bedside. In the morning he was surprised to see in his notebook a sketch featuring which he thought it impossible the fossil itself should reveal. He hastened to the *Jardin des Plantes*, with his drawing for a guide, succeeded in chiseling away the surface of the stone under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden. When wholly exposed, it corresponded with his dream and his drawing, and he succeeded in classifying it with ease. He often spoke of this as a good illustration of the well-known fact, that when the body is at rest the tired brain will do the work it refused before." **From Afar.** Sweet, that I see thee when thy dimpled smile
Beaks fresh across the silver misty morn,
And when thy sunny eyes
Shine all the sunny days,
And no rose lovely as thy lips is seen—
That is enough.
Sweet, that I hear thee when thy mellow voice
Flows down the twilight in half-whispered
Song.
While every vein and thrush
And all the robins chirp,
And listen like my absent heart, and long—
That is enough.
Sweet, that I dream of thee in holy night,
When the tired world hath rocked itself to
Sleep,
And when my yearning heart
Lets day and night sleep,
And nodeth rest, my love's embrace deep—
That is enough.
—*H. J. Hudson.*

HUMOROUS.
There has been a big jump in the frog market.
Teacher—Believe "morning." Small boy—Letting off sleep.
The school-ma'am who married a tanner had evidently a pining for the fitness of things.
Some malignant slanderer now states that a woman needs no cologne, for she speaks for herself.
Fond mother—Are you better, my dear? Little Edie—I'm fine; is the jolly all gone? "Yes," "Well, I'm well enough to get up, then."
"It seems to me," muttered by, as he did toward the front gate, with the old man behind him, "but there are more than three feet in a yard!"
"My son, how is it that you are always behindhand with your studies?" "Because if I were not behindhand with them, I could not pursue them."
"Did you do nothing to reconsecrate the body?" "Yes, recently asked of a witness, "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.
A Sunday-school scholar was asked, Queen of Solomon, who was the great Queen that traveled so many miles to see him. The scholar—in fact, the whole school—looked as if a little help "Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy-looking specimen of humanity, "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply. "Is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble?"
The principal of an academy, who had just purchased a new bell to hang on the copula of the institution, and also married a handsome woman, made an unfortunate orthographical error when he wrote to the president of the board of trustees: "I have succeeded in procuring a fine large-tongued belle."
Schools and Press of Mexico.
It is a lamentable fact that but a small portion of the Mexican people are able to read and write. The total number of illiterate persons is not definitely known, there being no accurate census returns to which reference can be made. The most reliable estimate that can be arrived at places the number at 7,000,000, or fully two-thirds of the entire population. It is safe to say that all the daily papers published in the City of Mexico, none of them has a circulation of 500 copies outside of the city of publication, while it is more than probable that the combined outside circulation of all the dailies will not exceed that number. I have been in a Mexican city of 12,000 inhabitants, where not a single copy of a daily newspaper was subscribed for by the entire population, and where not fifty newspapers of any kind were received at the post-office, except those addressed to residents and visitors of foreign birth. —*Indianapolis Times.*
Fable of the Jackass and the Duce.
At a meeting of the farm animals the Duce once attempted to prove his relationship to the Jackass.
"Why," he said, vainly, "just look at my ears! We must be nearly related."
"True," returned the Jackass, "you may be a degenerated animal; but though I have often heard men call you a jackass, they have never yet insulted me by calling me a Duce."
At this speech the other animals burst into roars of laughter, and the crestfallen Duce slunk silently away.
MORAL: This Fable teaches us that an ordinary mortal should not attempt to claim the acquaintance of a hotel clerk. —*Life.*
The Kernel of the Argument.
A bushel of corn, when compacted into hard, or cheese, or butter, can find its market anywhere in the world where the cost of sending the corn itself would make a market for it impossible. Besides this, in the making of the hard or butter a manual residue is left on the land, instead of being carried away to fertilize foreign fields. This is the kernel of the argument for mixed farming, instead of grain farming. —*New Orleans Times Democrat.*