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In his annual address before the New England Agricultural Society recently, George B. Loring stated that the number of farms in New England had increased from 184,064 in 1860 to 187,292 in 1880, and that the value of these farms had increased in the same period from \$476,204,447 to \$590,721,448.

At the recent International Congress of the Salvation Army, held in London, it was stated that there are 4,592 corps and 3,602 officers. Twenty-eight thousand, two hundred weekly, and 1,166,400 yearly services are held. The newspaper of the army is printed in nineteen different languages, and the Salvation banner runs in nineteen different countries and colonies.

Eternal vigilance is the price of prohibition. A Boston whiskey dealer bought a cheap coffin, put a four and seven-eighths gallon keg of rye whiskey inside, screwed a plate on the lid of the coffin, on which were engraved the name, age and birthplace of the alleged corpse, boxed the coffin, as is usual, and shipped it to a town in Maine. There an undertaker took charge of the box and drove ten miles into the country before the coffin was opened and the liquor removed.

The science of engineering is advancing. An iron bridge on the Pennsylvania railroad, weighing 191 tons was recently moved bodily thirty-two feet in forty-eight minutes by half a dozen men under the supervision of Master Carpenter Webb of the Pittsburg division, with the object of placing it on a stone arch. This is the third operation of the kind since May. There was no impediment to the passage of trains, the rails being elevated as the bridge was lifted and ballasted by the trackmen. Three sixty-ton jacks were placed under each end.

There are more methods of acquiring knowledge of the art of war than are taught in the drill rooms of France. Sets of pocket handkerchiefs, stamped with military rules and regulations, diagrams and other information important for the soldier to acquire and remember, are being sold for the use of the French soldiers and are officially encouraged by the French government. By purchasing useful handkerchiefs the French soldier is provided with a complete pocket manual of military instruction.

"There is an exhibition in Paris," says the British Medical Journal "of a type of a very primitive race. It is a very curious specimen, entirely covered with hair, the skin very dark; the child would remind one of the chimpanzee. The hairs on the arms and legs follow the same directions as those on the monkey; the legs are thin and short, while the arms are very long. It appears that the tribe to which she belongs dwells more on trees than on the ground. The child is twelve, and seems to have a certain intelligence, and takes great interest in her doll. Her eyes and hair are very fine, her nose is flattened, and her ears are deprived of the cartilage. She has thirteen pairs of ribs, and consequently thirteen dorsal vertebrae. The race to which she belongs is found in the north of Siam, and several families are kept at the court of the King of Siam."

A rancher near Albuquerque, N. M., recently commenced digging for a well on the site of an old ruined pueblo. At eight feet he struck a huge boulder. Underneath this was found masonry, and when this was pierced a cavity was discovered. Upon examination it was found that the workmen had penetrated through an arch of stone, supported by heavy pillars of masonry and large pine timber. When the debris was cleared away a volume of pure water was disclosed sufficient to supply a great number of cattle. Among the discoveries made in the vault were stone axes and hammers, flint-knives, arrow-heads and quantities of pottery in fragments. Human remains were also brought to the surface, including two skulls in an excellent state of preservation. The building is supposed to have belonged to an extinct race of people, as the relics found evidently antedate anything hitherto discovered in this territory.

On the coast of the eastern bank at Woolfolk's Bend, on the Chattahoochee river in Georgia, one of those curious mounds left by the mound builders stands. There has just been taken from it, beside the human remains, by a Columbus, Ga., antiquarian, some fine samples of pottery, most of which is of unique design, with some attempt at decoration. The largest perfect vessel is in shape something like a carby, with shorter neck and mouth more flaring. Though the base is globular, it is so fashioned or weighted that, turn it as you will, right side up with care it balances serenely. On one side of the smaller pots a copper disk was snugly fitted as a cover, and in it were a number of beads, suggesting the possibility that it had once served some ancient bells of ancient days as a jewelry case. Other pieces in design resemble the modern cupid, and others still are shaped as the regulation pot of this day. He also secured several Indian pipes, four stone fishers, two stone axes or wedges, medicine stone and innumerable arrow heads, etc.

The Song of the Sea Wind.

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea line,
With an edge of salt that stings,
How it laughs aloud and passes;
As it cuts the close-diff grasses;
How it sings again and whistles,
And that the stout sea thrushes—
How it sings!

A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground and there was no danger of being storm-borne, Louis Stacy left his little home in Arkansas to go down the river with a boat-load of furs and skins.

He expected to bring back a supply of provisions for spring and summer use, as well as a tidy little sum of money as a reward for his labor during the winter in trapping and hunting.

He left his wife and niece without even the shadow of a foreboding of harm coming to them during his absence; for, living as they did, twelve miles from the nearest town, and remote from the road taken by travelers and tramps, they had few visitors, and seldom saw a stranger face; and then, too, both women were accustomed to the use of firearms, and Louis knew that they would not hesitate to employ them if necessary.

Just at this time a stranger was lying ill in the hunter's cabin—a young man who had accidentally shot himself while hunting in the woods, and to whom Louis had willingly given shelter and every attention.

Fever and delirium had followed Arthur Morris's accident and he had been confined in the cabin six weeks, being now in a convalescent state. He said he was well off in this world's goods and told Laura Stacy when he first met her that he wore a money-belt about his waist and begged that it might remain there, no matter how ill he became.

Louis had been gone several days and life had gone on as usual in the little cabin, which Mrs. Stacy and Laura had managed to make comfortable and home-like after much trouble and with many ingenious contrivances.

Much of Mrs. Stacy's time was spent with Arthur Morris, who grew restless and feverish if left alone. Laura, too, frequently read and talked to the invalid, unconscious that his handsome, young face and dark eyes had caused a more tender feeling than compassion to find a place in her heart.

The cabin consisted of three rooms on the ground floor—a main room, used for cooking, eating and general purposes; a bedroom, and a small room, used as a pantry.

Beneath was a deep cellar, where provisions were kept in the summer, and even in the winter, for frost never entered the deep hole Louis Stacy had dug. Above was a loft, reached by a ladder from the pantry, and here the two women slept, giving their sick guest the pleasant room on the first floor.

It was nearly midnight of the fifth day of Louis's absence when Laura was roused by hearing a noise at the door of the cabin. Not disturbing her aunt, who was sleeping heavily, worn out by watching with the invalid the previous night, the brave girl hastily threw on her clothes and descended the ladder just as the door of the main room opened and two men, in bare feet, entered, carrying a lantern.

They started a little at seeing Laura, standing silent and motionless, with a lighted candle in her hand.

One of them, a tall, burly fellow, with an evil eye, advanced toward her and shook his fist in her face.

"Speak one word above a whisper," he said, "and I will put a bullet through your brain!" flourishing a huge revolver as he spoke.

"We won't give him a chance to speak," growled the man who held the lantern. "He'll never know what hurt him. Hurry up, girl, we're wasting time. Is he up in the loft?" Laura turned deathly pale. In that terrible moment she realized how dear to her Arthur Morris had become, and she resolved to save his life even if she should have to sacrifice her own.

"This way, gentlemen," she said softly, and she turned toward a door situated midway between the bedroom of the invalid and the pantry. She opened it a little way. "Do you hear him breathe?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," answered the ruffians; but it was the heavy breathing of Mrs. Stacy in the left above that they heard.

Laura threw the door wide open; it opened inward. The men saw a dark void and pressed eagerly forward, not even stopping to throw the light of their lantern on the place.

At this instant Laura sprang back and threw herself with all her force upon the rear man; and the next instant there was a heavy fall, a crash of the broken lantern and a volley of oaths, for both men lay at the bottom of the cellar.

But the danger was not over by any means. Laura knew that the men would mount the ladder at once, and there was no way of fastening the door; and, if there had been what lock would have withstood the power of two desperate border ruffians!

To rouse her aunt would be useless; she could give no assistance; and so Laura sprang to the fireplace and caught Louis's revolver from the rack mounted, while she offered a prayer for courage and strength.

She heard the deep curses of the villains as they searched for the ladder, and the next instant a head appeared above the threshold. The candle threw a faint light on the scene, but it was enough to enable Laura to see.

"Back!" she cried; but the order was not obeyed.

The robber raised his pistol, and Laura knew that unless she fired at once she was lost—Arthur too.

With these thoughts flashing through her mind she leveled her deadly weapon at the man, and as a sharp report went ringing through the cabin, a deep groan and the sound of a heavy fall came from the cellar.

But the creaking of the ladder showed that the other robber was about to dare his fate, and he appeared above the threshold, pistol in hand. But Laura was too quick for him. A second report rang through the cabin, and again came a groan and the sound of a heavy fall.

The brave girl, overcome at last, sank to the floor just as her aunt came rushing into the room, frightened almost out of her senses, and the door of Arthur's room opened and he appeared, wan and ghost-like to inquire the cause of the shots which had roused him from his sleep.

"Great heavens!" he cried, as he saw Laura crouching on the floor. "Are you hurt? I, ur, my darling, speak to me! Are you injured?"

Perhaps in that moment of terror Arthur Morris's heart was revealed to him, and he knew he loved the niece of this Arkansas hunter.

"No, no," faltered the girl, rousing herself. "I am not hurt. But I shot two men in the cellar—and—"

But she could go no further, for her eyes closed and she lost consciousness.

Perhaps Arthur's kisses were more efficacious in restoring her than her aunt's dippers of cold water. But the faint was not a very long one, and she was soon able to tell the whole story of the assault.

Arthur's thanks were expressed as well as his emotion would permit; but the moisture of his dark blue eyes and the changing of his countenance told more than any language could have done what he felt.

It was decided to leave the bodies in the cellar until morning; but at the first gray sign of day Laura mounted the rough little pony and started for the nearest town to ask help. Before the day was over the whole settlement knew of the attack, and officers reached the cabin by noon. They were shown the bodies, and at once pronounced them to be those of two men who had filled the country with alarm for years past, and had committed several hanging offences.

VOICE BUILDING.

Possibilities in the Art of Training the Vocal Organ.

The Professional Voice of the Clergyman—Lawyer and Actor.

Mrs. Florence James Adams has studied the art of voice building, both in this country and abroad. She is deeply interested in the subject, and an ardent believer in the future possibilities of the voice.

"First of all," she explained, "you must know in the new method of voice building the conversational voice is trained by the vocal scale. There are three registers in the speaking voice—upper, middle and lower. Every voice has a range of at least seven notes. The lower register is merely used in conversation, of course. Its province is to express anger and the harsher passions. The middle register is usually the weakest of the three. This is, however, the normal voice. The upper register, with its shrill, deceptive tones, is the mental. The lower one is called the vital. It is deep and passionate. The normal is, of course, the happy medium. The evenly balanced man whose heart does not outrun his head, speaks in this voice. Excitable people drift into one extreme or the other. In the voice, as in things, repose brings grace. The range matters little in the conversational voice. Though it were limited to three notes, a wise succession of tone would make it effective. It is the shrill, the careless, meaningless rise and fall that ruins the speaking voice.

"Are not our English cousins good speakers?"

"They say, you know," Mrs. Adams replied, "that the rising inflection is the best spur to conversation. The falling inflection is dogmatic, decisive, and cuts off all discussion. The young Englishman says, 'Iah love you-ah,' with the rising inflection. He leaves the subject poised in the middle voice. Naturally the young woman can't leave it hanging there like Mohammed's coffin. You see, the matter has already drifted into a delightful explanatory discussion. The young American, however, says 'I love you' with falling inflection. That ends the matter. The young woman can call or pass out—that's all. But there is ever so much to be said on the other side."

"But the Americans speak through the nose?"

"Educated Americans? No. The Americans have a good speaking voice as a usual thing, though it tends, perhaps to sharpness. The voice, you know, is the truest test of character. It is almost infallible. One can disguise the face, the eyes, the manner, but rarely thinks of speaking out of the usual voice. One can tell the intellectual man, the immoral man, by his voice more readily than in any other way. The professional voice is another strange thing. One can tell a lawyer the moment he opens his mouth. He speaks in a hard, didactic tone with a downward inflection. His voice is low, but decisive. Usually when a lawyer wants to get a great effect he assumes a stage whisper. Of course there are ever so many characteristics."

"What of the clergyman's professional voice?"

"Well, from his calling one would expect him to have a middle-register voice, full of heart and sympathy, but as a usual thing the head tones predominate in the pulpit. The idea of one preaching charity and benevolence in head tones strikes me as very ridiculous. The voice and thought are out of harmony. It reminds one of a boatman looking one way and rowing steadily in the other direction. Of course most clergymen are hard students given to brain work, and this accounts for their voices. Now and then you hear a clergyman who speaks in the low, broad tones of the normal voice. He may speak the veriest nonsense, but he is called magnetic. Every evangelist I ever heard uses this voice. Moody, Sam Jones, Talmage and preachers of that kind all do. There is a heart quality in it that has a wonderful effect. Again, it gives one an impression of self-contained strength. A speaker can never use all the middle voice, and one feels that there is always a reserve awaiting call. Dr. John Hall, of New York, is one of the best preachers of that kind I am saying. He understands that emphasis depends on the tone, not on the force."

"As to the stage?"

"There, of course, the voice is all important. One can always pick out the young actor. He has awakened to the realization of the fact that he has a voice. He runs up and down the scale, ending his sentences now in one voice and now in another. It is merely a matter of vocal imitation. The thoughtful voice is always poised. That is the reason women—especially of the flippant sort—have flexible, sliding voices, that run the scale in a few sentences."

"Good conversational voices are rare, then?"

"Well, it is hard to say. Children's voices before they learn to imitate their elders are perfect. They talk as the insects sing. The lower classes of every country, in spite of their harshness and coarseness of speech, have good quality

of voice. They produce the great singers of the world. The modern Italian method of voice-building, you know, is founded on the idea of kinship between the speaking voice and the singing voice. The same training goes to make each. There is no reason why one who has all the natural vocal organs cannot sing as well as speak. If he can speak truly, without affectation or falsetto, he can sing well."—Chicago Tribune.

A City of Old Buildings, Rain and Fish.

There are only three cities in Norway, writes a Boston Herald correspondent. Kristiania has the greatest number of inhabitants and is the capital. Thronhøjen is the oldest and perhaps the most famous historically. Bergen is best known for its interesting old buildings and fish. It lies for the most part on a hilly peninsula, and on three sides are steep mountains whose tops are almost always cloud covered. There are four distinct summits, though after one has become accustomed and has received due instruction, he will learn that there are three more peaks, for Bergen, like ancient Rome, is a "city of seven hills," and in token thereof has blazoned them on her scutcheon beneath a fortified castle. These mountains are considered the cause of the heavy rainfall for which Bergen has long been noted. They attract the clouds, which then pour their waters into the town, seventy-two inches falling during the year. This has been an unusually rainy summer, and out of six consecutive weeks here there have been but four bright days. So notorious is Bergen weather that a story is told of an old Dutch skipper who for twenty years had brought goods to the town, and always when he reached his port, it was raining or very misty. One day when he arrived it happened to be bright and clear, which so surprised the worthy sea dog that he felt he must have mistaken his course, and gone into the wrong harbor, so he set sail again and hunted for many weeks along the shore in search of Bergen wharves, with their rain and wet.

"Ninety and Nine."

Sankey, the revival singer, tells of his favorite song and the way it originated.

"The Ninety and Nine" I place at the head of the list. I well remember how I came to compose the music to the words. It was done on the spur of a great and exalted feeling. When I was going from Edinburgh to Glasgow I picked up a paper on the train and came across the words. They at once struck me as being full of feeling, so I hid the paper away in my pocket. The words rang in my ears. At Glasgow we had a glorious meeting. Mr. Moody preached from the twenty-third psalm of David. He touched the hearts of the people. When he was about to close his sermon I did not know what to sing. I wanted to select something appropriate to the sermon, but I found nothing suitable. Those grand words full of poetry, simple, yet beautiful: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake," as Mr. Moody closed with them, acted as an inspiration. I hastily pulled the crumpled newspaper from my pocket and sang the words of "The Ninety and Nine" to music that came to me then and there. I did not know how the accompaniment would go. The feeling of the moment carried me through, and I afterwards wrote the music.

Ponds in Saxony.

In traveling through Saxony one is struck with the large number of ponds of all sizes which stud the fields in every direction. Whether these ponds are the result of accident or design, they are as carefully tended as are the fields themselves. They, too, are a source of income to their owners. They tend to carp, tench and other fish that will thrive in sluggish water, which are taken out in the fall and sold at prices ranging from 12 to 20 cents per pound. The ponds are then restocked with a young brood, which costs from 50 cents to \$1.25 per hundred, according to size. These fish are left to shift for themselves until they are a year old, when they are generally large enough for the market. In winter the ponds yield a crop of ice, which is readily disposed of at a fair price. Where their services are not required to turn a mill, they at least serve as watering places for the cattle, and where they are situated near a village or hamlet, they even feed the hand-engine in case of fire. Where these ponds are made, the land taken for the purpose generally is unsuited for other purposes.

Every-Day Hypocrisy.

What she says: "I'm awfully sorry you must go so soon, Mr. Longwind. Why, it's only eleven o'clock! What's your hurry? You don't know how much I have enjoyed your visit!"

What she means: "Thank goodness, you're going at last! If you had stayed five minutes longer, I think I should have had an attack of hysterics!"—Puck.

There are a number of Mormon missionaries in Turkey, but they are not making many converts. The Mormons do better in Christia.

The Half-Human Elephant.

The half-human elephant has a brain of very large size, and its elevations and depressions upon the surface increase the extent of the acting cells to an enormous degree. Its intelligence is certainly greater than is possessed by any other quadruped, at least any of those living in a state of nature. It is probable that some of the apes exceed it in this regard, while the dog, among domestic animals, is a rival in estimating animal intellect. Its wonderful acuteness of the sense of touch, developed in its trunk and its prolonged length of days—for it lives 150 to 200 years—adds greatly to its advantages over other animals.

When once tamed the elephant becomes tractable and submissive; he is affectionate to his keeper, and does what he can to please him. It is pretty certain, however, that the keeper must use force with his gigantic pet, otherwise respect is lost, and there comes a time when the wild nature will overcome the teachings of his master. In time he understands signs, tones, and even words, and acts accordingly. One that is very tractable—for there are all grades of intelligence among them—never mistakes the words of his master, receives his orders with attention, and executes them with pride and a manifestation of considerable judgment. The sagacity he shows in extricating himself from positions of danger, some of them such as an unknown in his native country, and so on, cannot be the result of "hereditary memory" or instinct is well known. His memory of insults and his long waiting to get even with his enemies, are too well known to call for more than a passing mention. One instance of his memory of the duties he had learned in captivity when captured again after escaping for four years into the jungles is remarkable. It would be incredible were it not established by numerous witnesses of the highest character.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Asmari Rat.

About a week ago, writes a Bradford, Iowa correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a farmer living near here named John Mick, while feeding his horses late one evening, heard a rat squeaking as though his life depended upon it. Upon investigation Mr. Mick found a great grizzly fellow, apparently the ancestor of the whole tribe, busily engaged in rolling an egg from the nest to the edge of the manger. Anxious to see what he was going to do, Mr. Mick remained quiet and watched the proceeding. What happened can be best told in Mr. Mick's own language: "The old fellow kept squealing and squealing the egg at the same time, till finally he got to the edge of the manger; then all at once he took that egg between his forepaws and held it close up under his chin and doubled himself up like a ball and whopped himself clean over egg and all, and fell kee-lap on his back on the floor three feet below. There he sat up such a squall that I thought sure the old rat had dislocated a joint in his back, and was just a-going to end the old chap's misery when I heard behind two other rats appear on the scene of action, and I'll be blamed if them two rats didn't each take hold of a hind leg of that old rat, him-a-holdin' on to the egg all the time, and holding it close up under his chin, and drag him about thirty feet across the barn to their hole. Then the old rat set up that egg and started it into the hole ahead of him and pushed it out of sight in just about a second. I always knowed rats was pretty smart, but then three puts it over anything I ever seed."

Grafting the Pear on the Apple.

It is not often, says an Exchange, that the pear is grafted upon the apple, and perhaps it is questionable whether it is advisable to attempt any thing of the kind, except as a matter of curiosity. The pear and the apple belonging to the same family of fruits may be grafted one upon the other. We have recently observed an apple tree, which was made a sort of curiosity by the grafting upon it of some five or six different varieties of apples, one to each branch, with one branch devoted to the Flemish beauty pear. The pear was growing and doing well, and was bearing fruit when we saw it, but the pear portion was not especially promising, being very small and having an appearance that would indicate a poor quality of fruit. Whenever there is a want of stock for the propagation of the pear it may answer to restore the apple. We have never to our remembrance tested any fruit grown on pear-apple trees, but our impression is that it would be nothing that would be especially desirable, and, aside from the curiosity of a single specimen, fruit growers would hardly feel like indulging in any uncertain experimentation.

Changed His Mind.

Dobson (who has come hither to horse-whip the editor, but is somewhat appalled at his size).—"Are you the editor that wrote the article about J. Thomas Dobson?"

Editor—"Yes."
Dobson—"Well—er—hum. Why, here's a horse-whip I found on your pavement. I thought, perhaps it belonged to you.—Judge

Love the Living.

The sanctity that is about the dead. To make a love them more than they love, when here.
I want it well to find the living dead,
With sanctity like this, are they have 2-4-4
The tender thoughts we nurture for a life of another, to end or shall—Oh! it were good.
To spend the glory on the earnest eyes,
The laughing heart, the feet life's present eyes.
Gives us here, to the living here,
Whose loving strong souls will quiver at your touch.
The most reverence is not too much
Forever that sleep although the life may seem. Independent.

HUMOROUS.

The sign of the seamstress—A hem.
A suit of armor was the old-fashioned Knight dress.

The latest grandchild on record has been discovered in a millage factory.
A gross old bachelor suggests that birds should be announced under the head of new music.

"Bright men are born with black eyes."—M. A. with less brilliancy have their eyes blacked artificially.

"There's a realm between us," said the sea captain to each other when an iceberg passed between the ships.

Some one asks: "Is there a field for a man who can live on fifty cents a week?" There is. It is called Potter's Field.

Endeavour is a march of millions of uninvited guests, and is that much better than Alexander Selkirk, who was only marooned of what he saw.

"I've eaten next to nothing," hisped Southern, who was dining with his girl. "Oh, I always do that when I sit by myself," responded the young lady pleasantly.

"My good man," said a philanthropist to the street laborer, "do you ever have cause to grumble at your position?" "No, sir," was the answer; "I took my pick at the start."

"Children," said a Dakota school teacher, "from the noise outside I think a dog fight is going on. You are all excited and may go out and watch it. Don't get in a hurry, here; it will look better to let your teacher go first?" and he shut out of the door followed by a wild rush of the scholars.

The Structure of the Skin.

Roughly speaking, the skin is composed of two layers—the cuticle or scurf-skin and the epiderm or true skin. The former is principally made up of two parts, the horny layer, which is the principal protective to the body, and the mucous layer, which contains cells to be pushed up and become the horny layer after awhile, and these contain the coloring substance which gives the tint to the complexion. It is true that some of the microscopists are uncertain about the transformation of the nucleus into the horny layer of the skin, but it is difficult to imagine where the outside production comes from, it not from the layer next under it. The true skin is composed of a network of fibers, organized with particles of living matter abundantly supplied with blood vessels, nerves and all the apparatus necessary for a continuous supply of fresh materials for the building up of new structures as well as means for removing those that are worn out. The glands for the secretion of the perspiration and for the formation of a fatty, lubricating matter are to be found almost everywhere, as well as the little sacs to give origin to the hairs, which are mere modifications of the cells of the skin. The nervous apparatus for the sense of touch is almost everywhere present, much more abundantly in some localities than in others. Muscular fibres are found in connection with the hair sacs and glands for keeping the skin oily and supple; they are not under the control of the will, but act to approximate the lubricating material and to raise the hairs to an upright position, as in the so-called "goose skin," noticed under the influence of cold and sometimes of fear.—Globe Democrat.

Black Chewing Gum.

Lately there has crept into the Detroit market a substance known as "black chewing gum," made out of tar, which is said by medical men to be extremely harmful and pernicious. It is becoming a great favorite with bad gum-chewers, but physicians assert it is unproductive of some months and insurmountable throat diseases. Put up in fancy paper, sold at a penny a block, flavored with some unknown ingredient, and chastened with a sweetly-sounding name, as "Jut-tut," for instance, the black chewing gum is forcing its entrance into all grades of Detroit society, and driving its rivals to the wall. But it is nothing but tar—cheap tar at that—mixed with gelatine and flavored with heaven and the manufacturer only know what.—Free Press.

Overreached Himself.

She—James, do you know you put three buttons on the plate in church today?

He—Yes, I knew what I was about.
She—James, perhaps you don't know that I bought those buttons yesterday for my new dress and paid fifty cents apiece for them.—Washington Star.