The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IX. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 11, 1887. NO. 50.

Home.

Do you remember, Sweet,
A summer long ago—
A quiet village street,
Its houses all a row;
Broad elm trees shading each,
Gay woodbine clasping one,
A little lawn's clear reach
In the sun?

As like as nest to nest,
When robins build and sing
With rapture in the breast,
Through all the days of spring?
As like as bud to bud,
When early snowdrops glow,
Those simple homes that stood
In a row.

Yet never breast of bird
But knew its chosen rest,
And never heart but stirred
The quarter on its quest.
Twas not the woodbine spray,
Nor light of springing flowers
'Twas love, with kindling ray,
Showed us ours.

O, simple were our cares,
And all our store of wealth
Was daily love and prayers,
Clear hope, abiding health.
Our hearts with youth were light
And the burdens of the day
The greeting kiss at night
Could repay.

Those summer days are done,
The autumn winds are cold,
We shiver in the sun;
'Tis late and we are old!
Already on our sight
Heaven's many mansions glow
With lustre pure and bright
Let us go.

I wonder will it be
A wide and stately dome,
A palace large and free,
Where we shall find our home;
Or just a sheltered nook,
Clasped in the woodbine's fold,
With dear, familiar look,
As of old?

—Ida W. Benham, in Good Housekeeping.

An Apache Ambuscade.

BY C. A. MAHONY.

Were you ever in a fight with Apache Indians? I was in one and do not in the slightest degree crave for a repetition of the experience. It took place in August, 1881, when Nana with his band of Mescalero Apaches were raiding and depopulating Grant, Dona and Socorro counties in New Mexico. Before this event the people had enjoyed a few months' respite from the ravages of the old chief Victorio, whom the alleged bad faith of the government had driven on the war path. For two years and a half Victorio had set Colonel Hatch and his colored Ninth cavalry at defiance, and civilization and progress were arrested by the scalping knife of the savage. In that period 400 men, women and children were tortured, outraged and murdered with that fiendish cruelty which stamps the Apache as the most ruthless and merciless of American Indians.

In an evil day for himself, but a happy one for New Mexico, Victorio ventured to cross the Mexican border into the State of Chihuahua. This Mexican state has no mawkish sympathy for incarnate fiends such as the Apaches. It puts a price upon an Indian's scalp the same as upon that of a wolf, and sufficiently large to urge its soldiers to the greatest activity. It was to the Mexicans under General Luis Terrasas that the Territory of New Mexico owed its temporary relief from the raids of the Apaches. He surprised Victorio and his band in the Costillos Mountains about eighty-five miles southwest of El Paso, killed most of the braves, including Victorio, and took forty-four squaws and children prisoners.

Unfortunately, Nana, Victorio's lieutenant, and about twenty braves made their escape. They were joined by a number of renegades from the Mescalero Apache agency, and with the advent of the rainy season, which begins in July and ends with September, another Indian war was inaugurated. Nana was a younger and more active man than Victorio, and the rapidity of his movements paralyzed the troops. A splendid Indian, he stood five feet and eight inches in height, well set, wiry and noted in the tribe as a fleet runner. He can outtravel a horse and keep it up for days together. His daring raids in two months established a reign of terror throughout New Mexico. The trains on the Southern Pacific were guarded by troops, stages ceased to run, freighting was stopped and towns were as thoroughly cut off from supplies as though they were undergoing a regular siege. For weeks in Silver City, the seat of Grant county, the bakers baked bread but once a week, and the common necessities of life reached famine prices.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the evening of August 18, the little command of twenty men from the Ninth Cavalry, with which I had offered to serve as a volunteer, rode into the mining camp of Lake Valley to rest for a few hours before taking up the trail of the wily Nana. Lieutenant George W. Smith, a veteran of the civil war and as gallant a soldier as ever drew saber, was in command.

There was a very bad feeling existing at the time between the citizens and the troops. The latter were denounced as worse than useless, as not caring to fight the Indians, and as having well earned the sobriquet of "buffalo" soldiers, which old Victoria had bestowed upon them in derision of their futile attempts to vanquish him. Among the men around Lake Valley who shared this sentiment to an absurd degree was George Daly, Superintendent of the Lake Valley mines an old Californian and Colorado miner, and a man of the most desperate courage. During the rest at Lake Valley Daly taunted Lieutenant Smith for not pressing the Apaches strongly. Smith explained that he had but twenty men, while the Indians had fully three times that number, but he added that if Daly was so anxious to show what he was made of he could raise a party of citizens and come along himself.

Daly accepted the challenge, and in a few hours had collected together and armed some twenty citizens, mostly miners, to accompany Lieutenant Smith's command. Daly's men were not very well mounted, and were mainly armed with the old Winchester rifle, which carries only about 300 yards. The soldiers were armed with the regulation Springfield carbine.

It was not until the morning of the 19th at about 1 o'clock, that the command left Lake Valley, citizens and soldiers. We had information that the Indians had camped at Borrado Springs, and we hoped to come up with them before daylight. About nine miles out we came upon the place where the Indians had camped for the night and the trail at once grew hot. Everything showed that they had only just "struck" camp, and as the "sign" was plenty we had no trouble in "lifting it" almost at a gallop. It led on to the mouth of the Gavilon Canon on the west slope of the Mimbres Mountains and about eight miles south west of the ranch of a stockman named Brockman. Very soon after we entered the canon the advance guard of five men fell back and reported Indians ahead about half a mile off. Lieut. Smith ordered the guard to move on a short distance in advance, but they were evidently getting demoralized in the face of the enemy, and we had gone but a little way when they again halted and waited for the main body to come up. The sergeant in charge said that he wanted flankers to support him and clearly did not regard with pleasure the post of honor he occupied. The lieutenant ordered him to again advance about 100 yards but the guard had not gone ten yards when fire was opened on the party from both sides of the canon. The Indians were in ambush all around us. Not a single Apache could be seen, but every cactus bush and every boulder seemed to vomit forth fire. Men dropped on every side before the unseen enemy. At the first volley poor Smith was shot through the lower part of the body and fell from his horse.

"Help me on my horse!" he cried to the first sergeant. The latter ran to his assistance and placed him in his saddle.

"Dismount, boys, and take to the rocks for your lives!" was the next command.

It was immediately obeyed. Every rock that a man could get cover behind was occupied as fast as the men could hurl themselves from their saddles. Horses and everything besides arms were abandoned. As I clambered behind the shelter of a huge boulder on the south side of the canon where the fire seemed weakest, I glanced below and saw Lieutenant Smith and Daly, side by side, make a dash down the canon, as though to fight their way through the howling Apaches, whose wild, triumphant cries of "Hi! Ki! You!" now filled the air. They had not gone twenty feet when both fell from their saddles literally riddled with bullets. They both had stood by the challenge made at Lake Valley and had died as only brave men can die. Two soldiers and one citizen while making for cover were shot dead in their tracks. Two citizens escaped on horseback, and brought the news of the disaster to Lake Valley.

The Indians now had it all their own way. Having secured the government horses and ammunition and arms of those killed, they made lively efforts to dislodge those living from the cover of the rocks. The slightest exposure brought a leaden messenger; yet we were compelled to expose ourselves in order that the red devils did not steal upon us unawares. I lost lost my canteen and from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon had to endure the most agonizing thirst under a lurid and semi-tropical sky, a fate I shared in common with nearly all my companions. It was not until after 4 o'clock that the Indians left, just as re-enforcements could be seen in the far distance.

The most horrible incident of the fight was to be compelled to witness the mutilation of our dead comrades. The squaws and children stripped the bodies naked, lighted fires upon their stomachs until the entrails were consumed, and otherwise mutilated them in the most fiendish manner. Lieutenant Smith wore a beautiful blonde mustache. This, together with the upper lip, was cut off and hung on a cactus bush near where he fell. When his body was brought into Fort Bayard neither his wife or two little children could be permitted to look upon his dead face, and strong men were unable to gaze but a moment upon the havoc wrought upon God's temple.

Poor Smith, I really believe, had a premonition of his death. The night before the fatal morning he sang by the campfire, we all joining in the chorus, that old song of brave men facing inevitable death. How his magnificent voice rang out:

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
With the brave men gone before us,
And we worthless left behind.

Then stand to your glasses steady
The foeman are here, the wine—
One toast to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next who dies!"

—[New York Star.

A Cure for Alcoholism.

I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. It reduced me to skin and bone. I vowed and strove long and hard, but I seldom held victory over liquor long. I hated drunkenness, but still I drank. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work or sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months long running. At length I was sent to the house of correction as a vagrant. If my family had been provided for I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation. Explaining my affliction to a fellow prisoner, a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings, and suffused a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whiskey, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.—[Connecticut Home.

About Birds.

The people of this country spend annually over $2,000,000 for singing birds writes a New York correspondent. At the warbling in Italian and German from behind the footlights does not equal in cost, therefore, the twittering of the feathered pets in gilded cages. Nearly 500,000 birds are imported into the country every year. Two large houses on Park row handle the majority of them, and in a talk with one of the members of a firm I was told that the finest birds we get are the canaries from the Hartz Mountains in Germany. "The genuine birds," he said, "sell for from $5 to $25 apiece, according to their singing ability. I suppose there are 100,000 canaries imported each year at least. Then come finches, linnets, love birds and parrots. The rarest bird we have had yet is the king parrot. It is a perfect rainbow in color. We have only had two this year." This house sends birds all over the country and into Canada, besides exporting them. Virginia mocking birds and red birds are very popular in some parts of Europe and bring fancy prices. People do not always buy birds for their singing qualities. Some prefer those of beautiful plumage rather than of sweet voice. Deaf mutes always purchase the former for instance.

Harvesting Flies.

Purser Frank Scoville, of the steamer Dove, surprised "the boys" the other day when they saw him carrying under his arm a cylindrical shaped fly trap well filled with flies. To the inquiries he replied: "I'm harvesting for the winter. I dry these flies, and when the cold weather is here feed them to my mocking birds. They make a very nice relish for them. During the summer I gather about a bushel of flies in these traps, and these last all winter. Before giving them to the birds I soak the flies a little, and that freshens them up. That is a good receipt," and the genial purser skipped on to the big boat to empty the traps of their contents and return them to some place to be refilled.—[Albany Journal.

Earnings of Metropolitan Lawyers.

The legal profession in New York is very remunerative, writes Foster Coates. Col. Bob Ingersoll and Roscoe Conkling are both said to be making over $100,000 a year. Joseph H. Choate makes considerably over that. So does Senator Evarts. There are hundreds of lawyers who make from $25,000 to $50,000 yearly. And the number who make from $10,000 to $20,000 would fill a column.

A Cosmopolitan Ship.

In a city like New York may be found representatives of almost "every epoch of history and every locality of the world." One scholar says that in New York he has heard eighty four languages and distinct dialects spoken. The signs alone in the crowded parts of the city show the cosmopolitan character of the population.—[The Forum.

He Evidently Had Not Tried It.

"Do you have good drinking water here?" asked a stranger in Kentucky.

"Guess it's pretty good," replied the native; "never seems to hurt the horses nor cattle."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Baby's Morning.

When the short hand points to five
Birdies wake and sing;
Baby wakes at six o'clock,
Sleepy little thing.

Seven is her breakfast time,
Bread and milk she knows;
If she eats all in the bowl,
Tall and stout she'll grow.

Ten o'clock the sunbeam comes,
Comes without a rap,
All the house is still till twelve—
Baby takes her nap.

—[Youth's Companion.

The Emperor's Flower.

There is a flower which grows among the wheat in Germany known as the corn flower, or Kaiser Blumen. It grows wild and it has the petals of our dandelion, but its color is a bright navy blue. Kaiser Blumen means in English "Emperor's flower," and it is from Kaiser Wilhelm that the name comes. Two little peasant children had heard that the king loved this flower, and they had been told of his kindness to little ones. One day they gathered a large bouquet of these flowers and went all alone, several miles, into Berlin intending to present them to the king. After much trouble they reached the door of the palace, where the guard, dressed in his gorgeous uniform, stood. They managed in great trembling to tell their story, and thought at first this splendid man was the king. He heard them through and was about sending them home, when a plain, kind old man came out and asked them what they wanted. The fierce guard stood back at his approach. They told their story again, and he, taking their flowers, asked them in and told them to sit down and he would present the flowers to the king. He then went away. In a moment a gorgeous guard appeared and told the children the king wanted to see them. He led them into another room royally furnished, and there they saw this same kind old man holding their flowers in his hand. It was the king. He gave them each a present, talked kindly to them, had his servants show them the palace, and sent them home the happiest and the proudest children in Germany.

One Rainy Day.

Drip! drip! drip! The clouds were black in the sky and the rain would not stop, although Haddie and Ray stood by the window wishing for bright sunshine to dry the grass so that they could run over to auntie's too see grace.

The door opened and Aunt Lettie came in, wet and dripping. "Why, what's the matter with my boys?" she asked.

Then she begged some old newspapers of mamma, and taking a pair of scissors, sat down by the fire with a boy in a little armchair on each side.

Such wonderful things as those sharp scissors cut from those old papers! There were team horses and trotting horses and saddle horses with men on their backs, and horses that could only stand still. There were cows and pigs and hens and dogs and cats and—and everything.

Haddie and Ray shouted for joy and forgot all about the rainy day, and when at last Aunt Letty said she must go, mamma bade her good by with a rested look in her poor tired face and said she was a sunbeam.

A Wise Wasp.

While sitting, one summer day, at the side of the house on a platform which served as a piazza, but was roofed only by the branches of two large trees, something dropped upon my head and rolled into my lap, when I saw a large white bodied spider in the clutches of a small wasp. Hastily brushing these unceremonious visitors on to the floor, I watched to see if the wasp would succeed in flying away with his huge enemy. After a struggle the spider lay quiet, and the wasp ran around, seizing first one part, then another, but finally went away as I supposed for help. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, still alone, and began trying again, as I thought, to find some place by which he could seize the round body and carry it away. Again he deserted without his spider. This time I watched him and saw him disappear at the edge of the lawn, under a pear tree, and, following, found him, after some searching, diligently at work with another wasp enlarging a hole in the ground, having already thrown out quite a little mound of earth. I was surprised, for I did not then know that any kind of wasp lived in the ground.

I returned to the piazza, and soon, when the wasp came back, I was convinced, by mere careful watching, that he was measuring each part of the spider's body instead of trying to get hold of it. The antennæ seemed to be the organs mostly employed in this operation. When he went home again, I was before him, and saw him meet his co-worker, put his head close to his, and evidently informed him that the doorway was not yet big enough, for they fell busily at work enlarging it. Then more measuring, more digging, until, after three long hours, he returned, this time with his friend, and they carried away their prey and bestowed it in their underground home.—[The Owl.

CATCHING TURTLES.

How The Succulent Monsters Are Captured.

Exciting Scenes in the Moonlight on the Gulf of Mexico.

A man who has spent some time catching big turtles in the Gulf of Mexico said to a New York Star reporter: "I don't know how you catch turtles up here, but down in the Gulf of Mexico we have an extreme time of it. Turtle hunting is a great sport, but a great many people object to it on account of the mosquitoes. Mosquitoes? Well, I should remark. A man can't hunt turtles around the Gulf of Mexico unless he is a thoroughbred fighter of mosquitoes.

"Most of the green turtles we get down our way come from around the Chandeleur Islands, about forty miles from the Mississippi coast. These islands make up a string over forty miles long, and are covered by a chaparral as dense as any in Mexico. Not a tree grows upon them, only a little sea weed. When the water is high the waves washes up to the thicket, but at low water a fine strand, three and longer than the beach at Galveston, is bared.

"On some of these islands are a number of fishermen's huts or tents, and the southern end is occupied exclusively by the red snapper and lobster fishermen from New Orleans and Mobile. Most of the red snappers and pompano furnished to the east are captured by these fishermen. Along in July all the she turtles for miles around in the Gulf come up to the islands at night when the tide is low and lay their eggs in the sand.

"But I was going to tell you how we catch turtles down there. It's the easiest thing in the world. Along in the night, when they come out of the gulf to lay their eggs or wander on the sand or flirt, we start out armed with a stout pole or young tree. When the turtle hears you coming he makes a start for the sea, and you have to do some full hustling to get there. A turtle is a sleepy-eyed and lazy-looking fellow, but he gets a good start the chances are strong against his being caught. As a rule, there are more than one hunter, as one would have great difficulty in managing one of the big fellows. When you get up to the turtle just shove your sapling under him and turn him over on his back. A turtle is knocked completely out when he is lying on his back, and is unable to do anything but paw the air and kick. Some of them weigh 800 and 900 pounds, so you see one man couldn't very well handle such a mountain. Even with two or three the hunters have to possess considerable dexterity in order to throw the monster. If the turtle kept still until you adjusted your pole, and let on nothing away at him, it would be all right; but he keeps on the run and makes quick and warm work for the hunters. An 800 pound turtle can get over sand at an amazing rate, and when you take into consideration the fact that this 800 pounds of solid matter is going at an express train gait you can readily perceive that it requires a practiced hand to capture him.

"As I said before, it's warm work, and it is made warmer by the way you have to dress. Down in that chaparral are billions and billions of mosquitoes. They are these giant, gray backed fellows with peaks on them like sharp pointed drinking needles. They come in clouds and run their stingers through tanned rhinoceros hide. Ordinary clothing is no protection against them. The hunter has to take the very thickest canvas, old sails or something like that, and coat it thickly with coal tar or coal oil. Mosquito don't like coal oil much, but if they are hungry their appetite doesn't stand on ceremony or specimen tasty."

Indian Ideas About Religion.

Some of the Indians of Mexico have queer ideas about religion. A correspondent of the Boston Herald tells how a parish priest was puzzled not long greatly a query put to him by Indian parishioners bringing wooden crosses to be blessed, they invariably asking him to bless "the heart of the cross." That phrase, "the heart of the cross," puzzled him, and finally he contrived to get hold of one of the crosses brought to him for blessing, and found in the interior a hollow, in which was a small owl, the sacred bird, the totem of the Aztecs. Then he knew why the Indians had been so anxious that the heart of the cross should receive the blessing. It is a sort of "good Lord, good devil" religion the Indians have. They wish to be on the right side of the Christian Deity, and, at the same time, "to keep solid," as the phrase is, with their ancient divinities.

Prevention Better than Cure.

"I hope, my dear, said a newly made Benedict, "if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you won't be lonely."

"Oh, no dear," she replied sweetly. "If you should find it necessary to be out, I'll send for me to keep me company."

He's home early every night.—[New York Sun.

A Fight for a Flag.

How bravely the Southerners defended their flags appears from sergt. Miller's experience at Gettysburg. Miller belonged to Company G, Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He had already sent several prisoners to the rear when he saw, a short distance away, something tempting; it was a Confederate flag in the centre of three or four "pine knots." At that moment a shell exploded just over their heads. A piece struck the color bearer and brought him to his knees. The colors were lowered to touch the ground. A young officer sprang forward and snatched the staff. The man who already wounded covered with dust, the blood trickling from a gash on his forehead without a hat, his eyes blazing, holding his own but precious standard aloft in one hand while he grappled it with his foe equally in the other, he seemed the living impersonation of valor. But he was almost alone, his revolver empty and his line of retreat nearly cut off. He looked shortly towards a gap in the fence near which he stood. Once on the other side of it he might reach his own lines in safety. But the foeman was upon him. The Ohio soldier confronted the brave Confederate and bade him surrender. Nine out of ten men would have done so. But No! Holding the flag behind him the officer parried with great dexterity the thrusts made by the other, who was loth to shoot this gallant youth. But there was no time to lose if he wanted the flag he must act promptly. "Surrender, or I'll shoot!" he cried. In response the point of the sabre little pierced his wrist. Miller had to shoot. The Southerner fell backward upon his banner. So right was he to grasp on the staff that Miller had to tear off the flag.—[New York World.

What Drowns Good Swimmers.

I would not be at all astonished if numerous cases of drowning, in which the victim is a good swimmer, were due to rush of blood to the brain, producing inevitability. The common explanation is that the strong swimmer, who is seen to sink suddenly, was taken with a cramp. But from my experience I am led to think that it is not cramp, but a sort of apoplexy that strikes men in such cases and renders them complete helpless. It is not merely a cramp of a leg or arm I do not believe that strong men would sink suddenly and almost without a struggle as we see that they do in so many cases. Every one who reads the papers will recall numerous instances of the sort, and of every bathing resort where these mysterious drownings take place. I never knew any one to try to account for them except by the cramp theory. The medical men ought to study the matter and see if there is not sufficient ground for the belief that apoplexy, produced by pressure of blood on the brain, is not more likely to be the cause of death in the water than drowning in consequence of cramp.—[Rochester Post Express.

Handling Vast Sums Daily.

John P. Ritter, the assistant manager of the Clearing House here, writes Foster Coates from New York, has probably seen and handled more than any man in the world. He has been more than 22 years in the institution. All the money received and paid out in balances passes through his hands. The daily balances run from $[illegible] to $[illegible] and income reaches as high as $[illegible]. Mr. Ritter has handled these $[illegible] day after day for years without making an error of a penny. A rough estimate of the total amount that has passed through his hands at the clearing house would be between $50,000,000,000 and $[illegible],000,000,000. This amount has not been handled in the form of notes, bonds or other negotiable securities, but in actual cash. The largest legal tender issued by the government is for $10,000. These bills are plentiful enough in the clearing house, where they mostly facilitate business, making it quite easy to handle the enormous sums necessary from hour to hour each day.

A Woeful History.

Two men are walking along the street. One of them pointing to a house, says:

"There's a beautiful place, big enough to make a man sad to look at it."

"Why so?"

"On account of its history. You, despite its calm and serene surroundings it was built upon the graves, tears, wailings and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling women."

"You don't say so. Was it built by a railroad monopolist?"

"Oh, no, by a dentist."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

On the Safe Side.

He—I see that between sixty and one hundred persons in different parts of the country have been poisoned by ice cream.

She (turning pale)—Did any of them die, George?

He—None; but some of them were very sick.

She (color slowly coming back)—One cannot be too careful, George, when one eats ice cream. Hereafter let us stick to Delmonico's.—[Harper's Bazar.

Compensation.

One woman, in fur and velvet;
Another, in squalid rags;
One, rolled by in her stately carriage;
The other, stood on the flags.

One woman, alone in her carriage;
By the other, a little child
Who, watching the prancing horses,
Looked up in her face, and smiled.

She stopped to her feet and kissed her
And gave him a bearded coin;
The other had put with costly blooms
Where her carriage lay in state.

One, look to her daily need and pleasure,
Wealth's minions, lest death in her;
One, look to the last where labor
Fought for food for the coming day.

Carriage and rags, the same world sees,
Tinsel and rich robes and flags;
Man sees among, as we are told
Does their angel sometimes see.—[All the Year Round.

HUMOROUS.

Ripe for mischief—The early watermelon.

Popular summer resorts—Ice cream and cold drinks.

It cannot be truthfully said that the troublesome coffee dealer doesn't know his place.

"Boys, as mother look out," said the father, as he assumed the elderly gentleman's position.

The victim in the dentist's chair isn't quite sure whether he's in favor of the long hand or short hand.

A scientist has discovered the "earth quake belt." It is found in the spot where the grave yawns under shakes you.

Why would a blacksmith not be likely to make a successful business man? Because he always has so many irons in the fire.

If you wish to fatten a young baby when should you do with it? Throw it out of the window, and it will come down plump.

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "Why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such a fearfully awkward piece of climbing."

"Music," wrote Carlyle, "is a kind of inarticulate, unthinkable spectre." It must be that he had not heard a high priced soprano singer in a phenomenal church choir.

A New Hampshire farmer on being asked to guess a riddle on Sunday replied, "My dear children, religion is a very good thing, religion is an excellent thing. It's better than the best mince pie I ever ate."

"How does it happen that there are so many old maid among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of a teacher the other day. "Because school teachers are so easily unmarried, and because marriage will not upset position in a school, we think perhaps."

The Pelican Fish.

The investigations which have been made by dredging into the fauna of the waters of the deep seas in various parts of the world has resulted in the discovery of most eccentric forms of animal life, more especially among the fishes, but none exceed in their grotesqueness from the ordinary type of fish, which we have designed upon the pelican. This fish, which dwells widely from the generally known type, possesses a most extraordinary development of the mouth. The jaws are enormously large and the lower jaw is formed of a very extensible skin, which when filled with food constitutes a sort of pouch like that of the pelican; it is probable that the first stage of the digestion of food may be carried on in the capacious stomach, which is very small. The fins are hardly less remarkable than the jaws. The pectoral fins are very rudimentary, while the dorsal and the ventral are each represented by a cluster of five detached spines. Unlike many of the inhabitants of the extreme depths of the sea, which are so frequently blind, the pelican fish has two eyes placed in front of the pectoral fins. The flattened form of the body, tapering to a point at the end, makes it certain that the fish must swim by the waving of the elongated tail from side to side, but its movements must be very restricted. It is probable that, like our angler fish, it lies on the soft mud which constitutes the food of the species, with the jaws open ready to engulf a food any animal that moves near the opening.—[St. James Gazette.

Stairs Worry the Japanese.

In Japan stairways are almost unknown. Hence, when Japanese come to this country and are lodged in boarding houses their apartments are generally in the third or fourth story. To reach their rooms they are compelled at first to grasp very cautiously and with the aid of the bannister. Some do not even hesitate to go up on all fours, from step to step. The trouble is that they have not learned to balance the body so as to ascend and descend as we do.—[Philadelphia Press.

Not Just Yet.

Joe—"Are you in favor of cremation?"

Eli—"Well, not exactly—in one way, I am not dead yet."—[Arkansaw Traveler.