The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Unexpressed.

Could all the love within one heart be spoken,
Could all the sorrow of one soul be read,
Or could the ice that hides one joy be broken,
What need that aught again be sung or said?

But mute we stand when most we would reveal,
Nor may the mystic barrier be past;
Words but the deep and struggling thought conceal,
And silence must our refuge be at last.
—[Laura Winthrop Johnson.

Miss Grace's Happy Thought.

BY L. B. COCROFT.

"Oh, Aunt Emily!"

It was such an eager, breathless voice that Mrs. Girton looked up in alarm as Grace Douglass came into the hall. But Nannie and Sadie Girton were behind her and Will Douglass brought up the rear; so, reassured as to the possibility of an accident, Mrs. Girton smiled at her ward's eager face, quite sure that Grace had a favor to ask, and quite sure, also, that the "favor" was to be allowed to do something for somebody else.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

But Grace's first words came as a very decided surprise.

"You know Saturday is my birthday, Auntie."

"The most important day in the year," added Will.

"And I've been thinking that, if you didn't mind, I should like——"

"To celebrate it in a manner benefitting the occasion," put in Will.

Grace slipped her pretty hand over his lips. "Now do be quiet, while I tell Auntie. I want to have a picnic, Auntie, over in Eades's woods, with all the children—all the little girls that is, that I can gather together in the village. Do say that I may."

"But there are not more than half a dozen children," said Mrs. Girton, doubtfully.

"Oh, but Aunty, I mean all the children. You know the poor little things don't have much fun, and really it's a simple affair. If you'll let Jane boil a ham and make a good supply of bread, I'll make a lot of cookies and plain cake, and buy a few pounds of candy, and that's all we'll need."

"Whereas, last year, when she was eighteen, we needed music, and salad, and ices, and jellies, and Chinese lanterns, and a new gown, and other things too numerous to mention," said Will, persuasively. "You see, Aunt Emily, this is decidedly more economical.

Mrs. Girton laughed. "Do as you like, my dear; only leave us enough in the house to last over Sunday. Jane shall boil the ham, and bake all the bread and cake you want. Only you must see how many children there are. Twenty? Fifty? I haven't the dimmest idea, myself."

"About thirty; certainly not more than thirty-five," said Grace, who had made a rapid calculation. "In the first place, there are Nannie and Saidee, and I know Mrs. Merton will let her children come. Then there's the doctor's little daughter, and a child who is staying at the rectory."

"Six," said Will; "and for number seven I suggest that baby at the blacksmith's."

"Four years old? Isn't that rather young?" said Mrs. Girton.

"Will and she are great friends," said Grace, smiling. "We certainly must have her, and for the rest, I'll run over and ask Mrs. Merton for a list of names. She knows everybody."

"The very thing," said Mrs. Girton. "Suppose you go over there now. You will have time before tea—only she will be sure to want you to stay."

And Mrs. Merton did. "My dear Grace, how good of you! Come in, the tea-bell has just rung," she began cordially, going forward to meet the young lady, and drawing her arm through her own to lead her into the house. "On a begging expedition you say? Well, we'll discuss it at our leisure, and you can lay it before Mr. Merton."

"Ah," said that gentleman, "how lucky it is that I slipped a dime into Polly's charity purse this morning! Perhaps if the cause is very deserving, I may be induced to contribute another stray penny. Let us hear what it is, Miss Grace, and let me give you some of these strawberries."

"I only want your children, and some advice this time," said Grace, detailing her plan.

"My children you may have, on condition that you let me fill a corner in one of your hampers," said Mrs. Merton promptly. "You can use corn-beef sandwiches, I know, and hard-bolied eggs too. Then doughnuts and some cake, and oh! by the way, what can you give them to drink? Let me send a big tin of milk over. I'll see that some ice goes with it to keep it cool. Then you can have——"

But there Grace fairly put her hands over her ears. "Dear Mrs. Merton, we have provisions enough for an army."

"You'll need them all; and, by the way, let me suggest that you tell the children to wear plain calico frocks. It puts them on something resembling equality."

"I'll remember; thank you for thinking of it. And how about the children? I told Auntie that they would number from thirty to thirty-five."

Mrs. Merton stopped to think. "Yes; I'll write out a list after tea, so that we shall be sure to remember everybody. Tom, couldn't you spare one of the farm wagons to take them all to the picnic ground?"

"Let them walk over, and in the afternoon I'll send a couple of teams to bring everybody home. Don't you think, Miss Grace, that it would be well to have three or four lads to help you keep order, and to fetch and carry? Your brother will help I know, and I'll give Robert a day off. He's a young fellow who came to us in the spring, and we all think highly of him. He's just the one to help you, for nothing pleases him better than to gather a crowd of children about him. Then there's the blacksmith's eldest boy. You don't know how pleased he would be at being asked to help you."

"The very thing!" said Grace. "I'll stop there to-morrow and ask him, and no doubt he can tell me of a fourth helper."

There was no difficulty in getting the children. Perhaps their mothers found more in getting them ready, for Friday morning saw all the clothes-lines in the village fluttering with faded little frocks and pinafores, which needed all that soap and water could do to make them presentable. More than one little guest was without shoes or stockings; but at least they all had clean faces and famous appetites. I don't know whether the sun was in Grace's confidence, but it really seemed as if he knew all about it, when his bright red face peeped over the hills and shot a glance upward to the clear sky, and another down to the dewy fields about five o'clock that morning. He fairly smiled all over when he looked in at Professor Girton's, until the quiet house was quite transfigured with the glow. Not only Mrs. Girton and Grace were there in the kitchen, but even Will was lending a ready hand. "For it takes the hand of a man, or at least of a big boy, to slice bread enough for Grace's army," said the handsome young fellow of one-and-twenty, deftly plying his knife while he talked.

Ten o'clock was the hour chosen for starting, but by half-past nine every child was waiting on Mrs. Girton's lawn. Grace, in a pretty blue gingham gown, was flying here and there among them, and her four knights, as Will laughingly dubbed himself and his companions, were stowing pails and baskets in the cart, and answering a ceaseless round of questions from the eager little crowd.

"March? Of course you may, and sing too. What do you want to sing?"

Somebody suggested "Shoo Fly," and somebody else voted for "Bar-berry Allan," but the choice of the majority fell upon "Onward Christian Soldiers," which almost everybody professed to know. It turned out that they held various ideas as to time and tune, but as they all sang with right good will, that mattered little. Then Grace and her brother sang songs in which the children came in on a stirring chorus, and time passed so quickly that there was a general cry of surprise when the picnic ground was reached. The cart was there, ready to be unloaded, and Grace and two of her "knights" took the work in hand, while the other two lads and Mrs. Merton started round games among the children. They played hide-and-seek, and "here we go round the mulberry bush;" and it turned out that the doctor's little daughter had brought half a dozen bean bags, which furnished fun for twice as many children.

Four or five little girls wandered out of sight for a while, and then one of the party came back and held a whispered consultation with Mrs. Merton. It ended in her going back with the child, and then Mr. Douglass was called and let into the secret. The end of it all was, that when Grace marshalled her forces and took her place at the head of the table—or rather, the table-cloth—four little girls came forward carrying a wreath of wild flowers, which Will took and placed upon his sister's head. It proved a size too large, and came down over her shoulders; but Mrs. Merton soon remedied the trouble by loosening the ends of the wreath and twining it, in a long spray, from Grace's shoulder crosswise to her waist.

There was more than even that hungry crowd could eat; and when each little girl had at last declined another piece of cake, Will Douglass stood up and made a funny speech, drinking Miss Grace's health in a glass of iced milk, amid much laughter and clapping of hands on the part of the children.

Then Nannie and Saidee, who knew what Mrs. Douglass could do in the way of a story, begged for one, and Grace was led away to the foot of a large oak tree, around which all the children gathered to listen. Mrs. Merton and the "knights" meanwhile cleared away the remains of the feast, and made a little parcel for each child to take home to mamma.

Nobody could believe that it was four o'clock when two of Mr. Merton's farm wagons appeared, followed by their kind-hearted owner and Professor Girton.

And then came the crowning surprise of the day, a cake, and such a cake! It was covered with frosting, had nineteen candles around the edge, and bore a pink rose in the centre.

Strange to say, it was cut into exactly thirty-seven pieces. There were thirty-seven children present, including "Miss Grace," Mr. Merton said, and, as he passed the cake, he warned each little girl to bite it slowly and very carefully, as he was almost sure she would find a big raisin seed, or something else in her slice.

The children said, "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," and bit into the slices; and at last one little girl cried out, "Oh, my! it isn't a raisin seed, it's—five cents!"

Sure enough, there was a bright five-cent piece in every slice. Miss Grace declared that she meant to keep hers always, to remind her of her pleasant birthday party; but all the children said that they couldn't possibly forget the day, even if they tried, so that they would not need to keep the five-cent pieces very long by way of a souvenir.

Then group after group came up to bid Grace good-by, and to thank her for "the very best time I ever had in all my life, Miss Douglass," and, at last, a funny little cheer went up as the wagons rolled away with their tired, but happy freight.

"Well, Grace, I think your thought was a happy one. Has the day been a success?" said the professor, smiling down at her radiant face.

"Indeed it has! I mean to do it again next year—this, or something like it. Don't you think it's the best way to keep birthdays, Uncle John?"

"To go on a picnic?" said the professor, laughing.

"No—not exactly; but to do something to make somebody else glad that one is in the world with a birthday to keep. And then, "she added, softly, "I thought about something else, 'when thou makest a feast'"——

"Ah!" said the professor. "So that was where the 'Happy Thought' came in, was it? Yes, Grace, it's the very best way to keep a birthday. May you live to keep many and many a one. I'm sure," he added, gently, "that somebody will always have cause to be glad that you are in the world with a birthday to keep."'—[Independent.

The Only Laughing Animal.

For my part, writes George Stewart, I am convinced that, in every one of our perceptions of the comic, humorous or ridiculous, there is an ultimate element which can no more be analyzed or defined by anything else than can our ideas of truth or goodness. But however this may be, it is abundantly evident that all human laughter (other than that due to the mere physical influences) includes a distinct intellectual element. This is a laughter in which no mere animal shares. The anthropoid apes are by far the most like man of all brutes, and a very bright and lively adult specimen—a chimpanzee called Sally—is now living in the gardens of the Zoological Society, of London, and is remarkable for the readiness and dexterity with which she has learned to perform many tricks. At my request experiments have been made to see if she could be got to give any evidence of a perception of the ludicrous. For this purpose her keeper arrayed himself in various unusual and brightly colored garments and went through a number of absurd gestures; Sally was evidently interested in his appearance and inspected him with care, but, as evidently, did not realize the humor of the situation. Indeed, her keeper (who is an extremely intelligent man) assured me he has never detected anything in her demeanor which he could set down to a perception of the ludicrous, although she has very marked and definite ways of expressing her feelings of joy, anger or disappointment.

Effect of Certain Odors.

The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in gathering and distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—[Herald of Health.

Paper Doors.

Paper doors are coming into use, and, as compared with those of wood, possess the advantage of neither shrinking, swelling, cracking nor warping. It is formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glazed together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating and then with one that is fireproof, it is painted, varnished and hung in the usual way.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

Mr. Dream-Maker.

Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me to-night
The loveliest dream in your shop;
My dear little lassie is weary of light,
Her lids are beginning to drop.
She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily creep;
So, Mr. Dream-maker, hasten, I pray,
My little girl's going to sleep.
—[Samuel Peck, in St. Nicholas.

Doing Things Well.

"There!" said Harry, throwing down the shoe brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth while doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed while his father continued:

"My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine; when you have finished come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes his father said:

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man and anxious that his son Harry should practice the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, papa were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go out to service and black boots and wait at table and do any service that was required of me. By doing little things well I was soon trusted with more important ones."—[Young Reaper.

Stories of Parrots.

Brehm, the author of a German work called "The History of Animals," affirms that parrots of the more intelligent Indian and African varieties have not only been taught many phrases which they repeat by rote, but that they have come to understand the meaning of what they say, and use words independently in their proper senses. He cites the case of an East Indian parrot who learned a large number of Dutch words in his native country. Brought to Europe, he learned a number of German and French words in succession. He asked for water, for food, for playthings, and for a chance to get out of his cage, which was regularly allowed him. He did not always use the German word for what he wanted, in speaking to Germans, but sometimes substituted the Dutch words, in their proper senses. No doubt a good many of his native screeches and jabberings were put down as "Dutch" by his German masters.

Scaliger tells of a parrot which imitated the calls used in the dances of the Savoyards, and repeated parts of their songs; and Jacques Brunot, a French writer, tells of an African parrot who danced as he had seen the people do, repeating as he did so the words of their song: "A little step! A little jump! Ion! Ion!"

Menault, another Frenchman of science, tells of a famous parrot, for which Cardinal Bossa paid a hundred gold crowns because he recited without a blunder the Apostles' Creed and chanted the magnificat correctly.

The story is recorded in English anecdotal collections, if not in grave histories, that a parrot belonging to Henry VIII. once fell in the Thames, and summoned passers-by to the rescue by calling out "Help! Help!"

The Indian parrot of whom the account is given by Brehm was deprived of its mistress by death. It refused to eat, and called out repeatedly, "Where is madam? Where is madam?" One of the friends of the family, an elderly major, once patronized the parrot by saying to him, "Jump on your perch, Jacko, there's a good bird: jump on your perch!" Jacko looked at him an instant, contemptuously, and then exclaimed, "Jump on the perch, Major, jump on the perch!"—[Youth's Companion.

The Longest Word.

"I see a paragraph is going around in the papers about a certain German word which is said to be the longest found in any language," said Mr. Faithful last evening; "but that's nothing. It's only a line and a half in length. The longest word I ever came across is the Rev. Mosiah Jyclane's 'One word more and I'll close.' That makes upward of a column generally." — [Ogden (Utah) Herald.

The Right Kind of a Keepsake.

"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said.

"I do, darling," he said, tenderly.

"What's the matter with myself?" she whispered.

There will be a wedding shortly.—[Boston Courier.

DRINKING BEER.

A Brewery Employe Who Consumes a Keg Per Day.

The Daily Record Per Man From 25 to 100 Glasses.

Some people seem to be specially constructed for drinking beer. "See that man?" remarked the foreman of one of the lager-beer breweries in this city, pointing to a corpulent German workman who was standing before the small bar, which the proprietors of the brewery run for the exclusive benefit of their employes.

"Yes."

"Do you notice anything peculiar about his appearance?"

"Nothing very remarkable. Why do you ask?"

"I think he drinks more beer every day than any other man in New York."

"He does't look like a hard drinker."

"No more so than any of the rest of our men, and he is not what you Americans would call a hard drinker. In the fifteen years he has worked for us I have never seen him drunk, but he will drink on an average 100 glasses of beer a day. That is just about a keg of beer a day. Some days he will drink more and some days less."

"Doesn't it hurt him?"

"It doesn't appear to. He has never been away a day on account of sickness since I have been here. When he comes down in the morning, which is about 5 o'clock, his first act generally is to drink ten or fifteen glasses of beer to clear his throat for the day. Then, whenever he feels thirsty he leaves his work for another drink. This bar is kept entirely for our men and our visitors. The barkeepers have orders to give our men all the beer they want whenever they want it. If I see a man leaving his work too often I tell him to stay at the bar a little longer and take three or four glasses, instead of running back and forth after one glass each time. A few breweries give their workmen tickets good for one glass of beer each, but most concerns let their men drink all they want without counting the number. It makes the men feel better and doesn't cost any more in the long run."

"All of your men are not as heavy drinkers as this man?"

"No, but there is very little difference practically. An ordinary man would get as drunk on 40 glasses of beer as on 100, provided that he could hold that much fluid. I suppose the average is about 40 in this brewery. We have nearly 125 workmen in this building and they drink over 40 kegs a day. As there are 110 glasses in a keg, you can see that the average is not far from 40 glasses each. We have about fifty drivers, but they get most of their beer on their routes from their customers. I don't suppose there is a man here who drinks less than 20 glasses a day and there are half a dozen who run over sixty."

"How do the men manage to stand it so well?"

"Come around the brewery with me and I'll show you," said the foreman, leading the reporter into a large stone-floored room, where a dozen or so brawny workmen were washing a score of beer kegs in a shallow tub of scalding water. "Just notice," he continued, "the temperature of this room. It is 10 degrees hotter than it is outdoors. Those men are wet through with perspiration. That is the way they work off their beer. This isn't like walking or working in the sun. There is no danger of sunstrokes over that tub, and they carry most of their beer home with them in their dripping flannel shirts. Now look down in the cellars with me," went on the foreman, as he prepared a brace of lighted candles and led the way down several flights of stairs into the great black cavern under the building. The change in the temperature could not have been more startling. From 106 above zero it suddenly dropped to 35, and from the pipes which supplied the cold air hung huge icicles. The vaults were piled high with deep vats, some filled with beer and some empty. Into one of the latter a workman was seen working his way through a hole apparently too small to accommodate a fraction of his girth. But such was the yielding character of his corporosity that the seeming miracle was accomplished without much difficulty, but with very little room to spare. Once indeed a hose was handed him by his companion and in a few minutes he wormed his way out again, leaving behind him as clean a vat as ever beer besoiled."

"This kind of work," explained the foreman, "admits of beer-drinking without danger. No chance of a man being overcome with the heat down here. In the wash-room the men drink beer to keep cool. Here the men take it to keep warm. Now there is one place I want to show you, where our men have a chance to work off their beer," continued the foreman as he conducted the reporter through the winding passage between the vats, up the stairs into New York again, "and that is our malt-room."

The malt-room is as high above the ground as the vaults are down below it and as hot as they are cold. Next to the sun-scorched roof, there lie bushels upon bushels of malt, and in a stifling atmosphere of dust and heat there were a dozen men shovelling the grain into barrows which were being wheeled to the elevator that lowers them to the boiler-room where the malt mixes with hops and water and comes out foaming lager-beer in the keg behind the counter in the barroom.

"The men would choke to death here without their beer. When they work ten hours, as they do up here, forty glasses of beer is not a large amount to drink after one gets used to it," continued the foreman. "I have now shown you the hardest work our men do, and you can easily see why the beer they drink doesn't hurt them particularly. If they were in some other business I suppose it might be different.—[New York World.

A Japanese Prison.

The main prison in Kajibashi is situated in a central place of the capital, Tokio, and is under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior. The building is two stories high, and made in the shape of a cross. In each story there are 40 cages, making 80 cages in all. Each cage is nine feet square. The Japanese government manages to keep many prisoners in this prison for two or three years without any public trial. Each cage generally contains ten or eleven prisoners, who eat and sleep in this small box. Or, perhaps, it is better to say the prisoners try to sleep, heaped up one over the other.

There are always from 800 to 900 prisoners kept in this way. Many become sick, and some die. The outside of each cage is protected by a strong wooden frame. The frame itself becomes a door to let the prisoners in and out. The side facing the yards has a large window, protected with an iron frame, of which the door must not be closed without the permission of the officials, even in the severest winter nights. This is a common occurrence that prisoners are found covered with snow. The most of the prisoners have no means of communicating with their friends. When they are arrested the government spy or police tell them that they need not bring any money with them, as they will be sent back to their homes in a few minutes. When they go to the prison they are kept there six months at least. During this time, if they have any money to pay postage, they are permitted to send their letters; but if they have no money no letter can be sent by public expense. They are never permitted to see their friends until the judge of a secret examination makes up his mind to send a prisoner to the court of public trial.—[Washington Star.

A City's Car Horses.

When it is written that the Brooklyn City owns over 2,700 horses and that each horse costs 30 cents a day, some idea of the magnitude of the expense can be figured. It will be seen that at this rate over $800 is spent on maintenance alone. It is claimed, and probably justly, that a car horse receives better treatment than an animal driven to a private conveyance. All the stables of the Brooklyn City are well ventilated. Air is permitted to enter from the top and sides, while there is a draft through the long corrider in front of each row of stalls. Over the stall of each horse is a placard, giving the occupant's age, cost, where purchased and a few other particulars. A space is left for the animal's death, the rate of the latter being about two per cent. yearly. If faults can be found with the general workings of the Brooklyn City railroad company it cannot be said that those employes in the stable are open to censure.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Why He Hurried.

A Second Ward lady, who usually has had to wait patiently for the butcher boy's arrival, was surprised a morning or two since to see him coming along quicker and earlier than usual. She was so elated with the prospects of a punctual dinner that she gave the boy a nickel, explaining that the reward was for promptness. The boy was out of breath, but he managed to stammer out: "Thankee, mum, yes; the boss told me to hurry up with the meat so as to get it here before it beginned to smell."—[Ogden (Utah) Herald.

A Cold World.

"What brought you to this place, my friend?" inquired a visitor at the penitentiary of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir."

"Impossible!"

"No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a cold world, sir."—[Life.

A Rush of Business.

A.—"You say Smythe's new store on the avenue is closed?"

B.—"Yes, it is shut up."

"Why, I thought it was doing an immense businesss."

"That's just what busted it up. It was always so crowded that nobody could get into it."—[Texas Siftings.

Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand;
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious than before.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HUMOROUS.

Umbrellas have a widespread popularity.

If the sun is cooling as the astronomers say, it is very slow about it.

The young man full of promise frequently turns out bad pay.

A person can be in Chicago, Ill., and yet be well. This is a curious fact.

Among the people mentioned as shining at the summer hotels we fail to find the bootblacks.

There has been a drop of $500 in the price of elephants, but it costs as much as ever to see the animal.

Benjamin Franklin was only 21 when he married. He very soon after discovered what lightning was like.

A minister may not be a brakeman, but he does a good deal of coupling all the same.

An Indiana man drew a revolver on a doctor, and the doctor drew a box of pills on the Hoosier. Both fired at once, and neither can recover.

A dog's hair is said to have turned white through pain. It may be that the gentleman who is authority for the statement only said this to give color to his story.

The man who was seen going in swimming on a rainy day with an umbrella over his head is probably the individual who carried a palm-leaf fan to the Arctic regions.

A girl graduate of a Western musical college was overcome when she stood in the presence of her first audience, and had to be carried home. But this is more merciful than to have suffered the whole audience to be overcome by the girl graduate.

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you!" "It's funny," responded Bobby, with an injured air, "you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice!"

Locusts Devouring the Land.

Locusts have done a great deal of damage in Salvador and Gautemala, and both Governments are adopting measures to alienate the suffering which has resulted. The Diario Official of Salvador says: "The locusts have invaded the greater part of the republic, and it has proved impossible to destroy the hordes of these pests." A letter from Chalatenango, Salvador, says that locusts have appeared there in swarms, and that as there is no Indian corn for sale—as the locusts have devoured it—the poor have nothing eat, and some of them have lived for days at a time on a little fruit and herbs. Beans and rice are at a fabulous figure, and if it were not for the donations made in edibles by a few fortunate holders of stores the people would starve to death.

A Heartless Skeptic.

"How people do change," said the beggar. "Some men get spoiled by riches. There's a man who never refused to give me a half when I told him my wife was dying, or my child was ill—no, not in five years, and now, just because he's made a lucky strike in land and I raised the limit to $2.50 he turns around and calls me a liar and says I hain't got no child and I hain't got no wife, I ain't," and the beggar wiped away a tear. "'Tain't so much that he didn't give me the money that makes me feel bad. It's for him to call me a liar now, after he's believed me for five years."

Virtues of Indian Corn.

Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has anti-constipating qualities, is easily assimilated, cheap and very nutritive. A doctor of note declares that a course of Indian meal, in the shape of Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cows milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life, now a burden, well worth the living; and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.