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NO. 2.

Let me lie where the roses grow; Let them their fresh green branches throw Around my mound in the grass. Let them lift, in their fullest glow, Their faces high to laugh and show

A welcome to those who pass, But let no sound by me be heard-Bubble of stream, or song of bird, Be stilled in the calm earth's breast. In the quiet gloom let me lie, When the tired ear and weary eye May take their well-earned rest.

The day is gone, so long and drear; Sweet it is to be resting here, In the long and silent night. For fear and grief away are swept: Bitter tears are no longer wept. While I wait for endless light.

Light to reveal the cheris'ied dead In lands from which all itls have fled, And the ruins which death has made. Lands which never shall hear a sigh, In which nothing but death shall die, And the roses never fade.

-[Temple Bar.

A HASTY CONCLUSION.

"Very proud family, these Belicons?" said Frederick Haynes, interrogatively, as he stretched himself on the grass near the stream where he and his friend, on my account."

George Lyle, had been fishing. "Oh, yes, very proud-can't touch 'em with a forty-foot pole," laughed George Lyle:

"Oh, you needn't laugh. You know what's reported in town about them is true. Mother and daughter are as proud as Lucifer."

"That's it exactly, Fred. People from a distance can always tell you more about your neighbors than you know yourself. But what if the Beltons are proud? That doesn't take any from the attraction of Laura Belton. I tell you she's a beauty, Fred, and you must not go back to town without an introduction."

"Now, George, I came down here to fish, shoot and have a good time with you, not to make love to your pretty girls, and least of all to Princess Belton. No introduction for me, thank you. Not that I object particularly to being introduced to a pretty girl, but you see I haven't read up my pedigree of late, neither have I my credentials with me. fact is, I never could find any use for your grandees-your high-toned families, who will not proffer the tips of their fingers until they know who your great-great-grandfather was."

"Fred, you're prejudiced." "All right; we'll let it go at that,"

sud Fred, laughing. The morning after this conversation Fred Haynes, who was fond of the saddle, probably because he was handsome and dashing, and looked well in it, started for a canter before breakfast.

"Not very partial to riding out before breakfast in this part of the country,' said Fred to himself, as he rode about two miles without meeting anybody.

But presently the sound of horses' hoofs coming tearing along a by-path he was approaching fell upon his ear. He reined back his horse and the next moment a young girl, splendidly mounted, dashed out on the read, and on before

As she appeared, Fred caught sight of a bright, handsome face; her figure was perfect, and she sat in her saddle like a born equestrienne.

Fred was quite charmed hy the young girl's appearance and gave a free rein to his horse once more

How he managed to lose control over his horse, or how the horse managed to land him clear across the road in an insensible condition, was something Fred never could make out, unless it was that he was paying too much attention to the girl on before him and too little to the spirited creature he was riding.

What had happened was painfully impressed on Fred's mind the minute he opened his eyes. He tried to move, but he groaned aloud with pain. His shoulder and ankle were both dislocated, and what under Heaven was he to do here on this lonely road, where he might lay all day, perhaps, without seeing the face of a human being.

Suddenly he thought of the young girl who was before him on the road when he fell. Did she see him fall, and not turn back to render him any assist ance? No, she did not look like a girl that would play the part of the Levite of

"Oh, you have recovered. I am so glad," said a frank, girlish voice.

And looking up, Fred beheld the girl of his thoughts. The train of her habit was thrown over her arm, and in her delicate white hands she carried a stone jug of water.

She knelt down on the ground beside him, bending her bright, handsome face over him, as she said:

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Thank you," murmured Fred, and he forgot that he had a shoulder and an ankle, "but I cannot understand how it is that I find myself in this condition."

"You were thrown from your horse," she said, dipping her hands in the water and bathing his brow. "I think you ce severely injured '

Yes, Fred thought so, too, for he moved again, and the pain of his shoulder and ankle made him wince. "I believe my ankle is sprained," said

Fred. "Then it must be attended

from here. I will go and report your help being so very proud." accident and Mrs. Belton will send the carriage ____"

house near by on this road? Are we far riage. from Mr. George Lyle's? My name is ·Frederic Haynes. I am a guest of Mr. Lyle."

"Ah, indeed!" and the young lady opened wide her beautiful brown eyes. 'Mr. Lyle's is a considerable distance from here; but if you are satisfied to go to any house on the road, why not go to Belton's? I never heard of any of the family refusing assistance yet to any one in need of it."

"I suppose they wouldn't turn away a suppliant at their door, but do you think the proud Miss Belton would do for me what you have done?" said Fred, earnestly, as he looked straight into the

brown eyes bent so curiously upon him. "Yes, she would, if she took a notion," and the girl laughed, as she took her handkerchief and wiped the dripping water from his brow.

"I shall never forget your kindness and the trouble you have given yourself

"Now please don't mention the trouble. You are in need of more assistance than I can give you, and that, too, as I said before, without delay. Do I understand you to say that you refuse to go to the Belton Villa on principle?" said the girl, laughing as if her own words amused

Fred nodded his head.

"Then I will go to Granny Myres' cottage, where I got this water; it is just round the path, and the boys will come and help you. Once at the cottage, you are all right," and before Fred could make any reply the girl was off.

"I wonder who she is? I thought she would tell me her name when I told her mine. I'll ask her, when she comes back," was Fred's mental comment.

But the young girl did not come back. Two stalwart boys came instead, and helped him up to the cottage.

She was waiting for him, though, had the sofa ready for him to lie down, and when he was settled comfortably, she despatched one of the boys for a doctor.

you have no objections I'll sit down here until the doctor comes," said the Nasmyth and Carpenter characterize as young girl, drawing a chair over to the a popular error in its most absurd form

Fred murmured something under his breath about an angel, and he said sun could, at certain points, upset the

"It is a pleasure to have you near me; I forget all about my pain. "Now, don't be too complimentary," and the brown eyes were fixed smilingly

on his face. "May I ask the name of my kind benefactress?" The young girl colored to the roots

of her wavy brown hair and shook her "You must ask no questions to-day,"

she said, and Fred saw at once that she wished to keep her name from him. The doctor came, attended to Fred and coolly told him that he couldn't

leave the cottage for a week. "You heard what the doctor said: will you come and see me again through the week?" said Fred as he held the young girl's hand in his as she was about

to depart. "I will come every day," she answered

"Don't tell him who I am, granny," was the warning the girl gave the old woman who owned the cottage as she mounted her horse and flew away.

"What is the young lady's name?" asked Fred of the old woman the moment she appeared at his bedside.

"If the young lady wants you to know she'll tell you herself," answered the old woman in a tone that stopped all further questioning.

Fred was mystified. All he could do was wonder who the girl could be. "Well, this is a pretty state of affairs. So you've been trying your best to kill yourself," said the hearty voice of

George Lyle, as he entered the cottage about an hour after the accident. "George, I consider myself the luck-

iest fellow alive," said Fred. "Because you were'nt killed, I sup oose," answered George.

"Because I wasn't killed. No. Because I've made the acquaintance of one of the prettiest-one of the nicest girls in creation.

"Yes, I know; she called at the house and told me all about it."

"Who is she?" asked Fred, breath-"Miss Belton." And George Lyle

walked away, whistling. "Miss Belton!" cried Fred, and he started up in a manner that threatened dislocation of the shoulder the second

But George was merciful; he stayed away and allowed Fred to ask himself a few questions.

"Miss Belton, before you sit down, say that you forgive my foolish talk of yesterday morning," said Fred, when his benefactress called to see him, bright

and early next morning. "Don't say anything about it. I have forgotten it," and she placed her coo.

delay. Belton Villa is not a great way tinued, smilingly: "You know I can't

When Fred recovered he didn't think the Beltons too high-toned to visit, and "No, thank you, I would rather not the acquaintance that was formed in trouble Mrs. Belton. Is there no other so romantic a manner ended in a mar-

Dogs' Biscuit.

Twenty years ago the business of making dogs' biscuit was represented by a small shop in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery Lane, in London, and there was a weekly sale of only one or two tons. Now there is a vast factory near London Bridge and another in New York; and the two factories have a daily output and sale of from thirty to forty

This dog food is made of wheaten flour—chiefly that known as middlings oatmeal, dates, beet root, and prairie meat. Dates were the first article of a vegetable or fruity nature introduced, and have had the anti-scorbutic effect so desirable in the feeding of dogs.

For many years dates were the only addition to the food employed, and at that time it was advised that fresh vegetables should be given twice a week additional to the biscuits. A searching for something that would obviate the need for this addition led to the discovery that the only vegetable which did not lose its distinguishing properties under the great heat to which the cake is subjected in baking is beet-root; and as it has all the desirable elements, for some years past all the biscuits sent out have contained beet root.

The last ingredient is prairie meat, which is not as many persons suppose, tallow, greases or butchers' refuse. It is meat from the west and South America. From it all fat has been removed, but the most valuable gristle and bones remain to be ground up and is not only of the best quality from a feeding point of view, but perfectly sweet and good. Analysis has shown that it is much more nutritious than the beef usually sold in the butchers' shops for it contains only five per cent. of water.

When the Moon Changes. During a long storm persons who are weather when the moon changes. this belief that a gradual turning of the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds and pour down rain. In England (and the same may be said of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidents must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather" always credit such coincidences to lunar influences. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case, and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change, of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.-[Philadelphia Inquirer.

On the Congo. The celebrated explorer Grenfell, who has just returned to Europe, says that the scarcity of food on the lower Congo, which so greatly embarrassed Stanley and compelled his large force for some weeks to live almost solely upon hippopotamus meat, was not the result of a failure of crops. The Bateke, who inhabit both banks of the river for a long ways, prefer to live by trading their ivory for goods, raising barely enough food for their own use. The great demand for food this year exhausted their meagre store. They have gone hungry themselves and have been driven by short supplies to put more land into crops and to extend their fisheries. Mr. Grenfell believes the lesson will be salutary, and that the Batcke, seeing that they can make food raising as profitable as the ivory trade, will begin cultivating the land upon a large scale. The principal white stations are now encouraging the natives near there to raise food to sell to the whites.

Why a Tramp Sticks to a Railroad. "And say, young man," he continued, if you ever go travelling like me, avoid steamships. I went as a stowaway one time, and I'll tell you what happened. After three days out at sea I was discovered. The captain said to me: 'Young man, you'll have to go to work.' He set me to scraping off paint for nine days. And at the end of that time we kept there until we left, when I was liberated and set to work again all the way to New York, where they allowed me to go. I never went to sea again. Railroads are good enough for me."-San Francisco Chronicle

As Directed.

Old Lady (in drug store, to small boy) -What am I to take this medicine in.

sonny?

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Clover Blossoms. Treading, tripping, trudging through The fields of blowing grasses, Clover blossoms everywhere, How merrily time passes! Clover blossoms white and red Swaying with the grasses,

See the summer's mimic snow, The daisy petals flying ! Hither, thither, everywhere, Upon the grasses lying: O'er the clover white and red Daisy petals flying.

What is now the time of day ! Ask your gray heads olden, Who would guess that ever they Were dandelions golden? 'Mong the clover white and red Blow the gray heads olden.

Buttercups your story tell

And say who's fond of butter ! Violets arise and dance For all the field's a-flutter! See the clover white and red Swaying with the grasses. -- [Jessie Hendefson, in Observer.

The Tale of a Boy Farmer.

There is a boy living in a town in New York State whose achievements put to the blush the heroic deeds of precocious youngsters in dime novel literature, The facts of the case, according to the local newspaper, are as follows:

Two years ago the boy's father, who was a farmer, died, leaving a widow, four children and an \$1800 mortgage on the farm. The eldest child, a boy of 15, set to work at once to try to carry on the farm. He has plowed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the place, has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all the farm pro-

Last summer he found time after his work in the fields to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods on Sat- by doing so. The North American Inurdays, and writes excellent letters to dian, at the stake of torture, has been the local newspapers. The farm is not known to go to sleep on the least remiswell versed in weather lore are often only out of debt and in splendid condiheard to console themselves with the tion, but the lad and his mother have fire is applied to awaken him. "Now you must keep quiet, and if prediction that there will be a change of enough money to buy twenty more acres

of land. The home of this remarkable youth is in Phelps, Ontario County, and if any of our readers happen to live in the vicinmoon's face toward and away from the ity, we should be pleased to have their verification of the story .-- [Golden Ar-

The Mistaken Hen. The first time the pretty white hen belonging to Mr. Farmer raised a broed it almost broke her heart to see the little creatures take to the brook and go sailing off beyond her reach. She stood mournfully on the bank and called to them and promised them all sorts ot dainties, such as fat worms and big grasshoppers. They took no notice of her calls whatever; they floated about, ducked their heads under water, and

came ashore when they felt like it. As they did this every day and several times daily, the mother hen soon became a little used to it; but it was always a puzzle to her. While she waited for them on dry land she must have wondered a great deal why they didn't drown. At last she must have given it up as one of those things no hen could

The fact was, Mr. Farmer had set her on duck's eggs. After she had raised half a dozen families of ducks she no longer worried about the ways of her broods. Possibly she thought that when she was a chicken she had known how to swim herself, and that it was only advancing age which cut her off from this

But there came a day when Mr. Farmer decided to set her upon some of her own eggs and hatch out some chicken for Christmas. The oid hen, nothing doubting, brought off her family of nine fluffy chickens, with the usual pride of her race. Then, not observing that they were differently shaped from her other children, and that their feet were just like her own, she strutted straight to the brook, with the nine little victims, expecting them to launch away.

But, as they refused to do so, she feeling sure that a bath was necessary for their health, and that they must be taught to obey, pushed them, one and all, into the water and drowned the whole brood.

Tar and Feathers.

The first notice we have of the use of tar and feathers on an offensive person, is in a statute of Richard Coeur de Leon, reached port, and, instead of being al- of England, which provided that any lowed to land, I was placed in irons and robber voyaging with the Crusaders "shall be first shaved, then boiling pitch shall be poured upon his head, and a cushion of feathers shook over it." The offender was to be put ashore at the first place the vessel touched and there left to his own devices, -[Detroit Free

> Capital and Labor. When a young man sits in the parlor

SLEEPING WONDERS.

Feats of Some Men While in the Arms of Morpheus.

Falling Asleep at the Stake and in Battle.

Sleep in most individuals lasts for the space of eight hours. Exceptions to this statement are numerous; whether these arise from duty or laziness we shall not venture to examine. Sir E. Corrington, the famous naval officer, when midshipman, could watch on deck for nineteen hours; this left only five for sleep, which in his case was most profound, so profound that no noise was sufficiently strong to waken him. Yet if the word "signal!" was whispered in his car he awoke and was on deck instantly.

Reporters of the House of Common require great exertions to keep themselves from sleeping. A few years ago a distinguished member of the "gentlemen in the gallery" took down a speech while he was sleeping. His statement rests on his oath. Calvin tells of a friend of reading aloud to him while asleep. The organ of vision was alone active.

Coleridge, the dreaming philosopher, composed "Cubla Khan" (one of his poems) while fast asleep. Next morning he was sure there had been an acquisition to his literature, but was too negligent to write the stanzas. A few days afterward he attempted to recall the verses, but they had for the most part fled, and the poem as it now stands

is but a fragment. Every one knows that extreme fatigue induces sleep, and this in spite of surrounding relations, which under ordinary circumstances would hinder any one from resting. Previous to the shortening of the hours of work factory children frequently fell asleep while working at the machines, although well aware that they would incur severe punishment sion of agony, and will slumber

It is on record that during the heat of the battle of the Nile some of the overfatigued boys fell asleep upon the deck, and during the attack upon Rangoon, in the Burmese war, the captain of one of the steam frigates most actively engaged, worn out by the excess of continued mental tension, fell asleep and remained perfectly unconscious for two hours, within a yard of his largest guns, which were being worked energetically

the whole period. . Habit and time, place and circumstances, predispose us all to sleep. The celebrated pedestrian, Captain Barclay, when accomplishing his extraordinary feat of walking 1000 miles in as many successive hours, obtained at last such a mastery over himself that he fell asleep the instant he lay down. The doctor's wife never hears the door-bell during the night, although the noise is sufficient to rouse the wearied husband; but should a child in the nursery cry, then the mother, oblivious to all other sounds,

hears at once the infant's voice. It is related that the Abbe Faria, who acquired notoriety through his power of inducing somnambulism, was accustomed merely to place his patient in an armchair, after telling him to shut his eyes and collect himself, and progounce in a strong voice "dormez," which was usually successful.

There seems to be no limit to the wonders displayed by man in sleeping. Condorcet, the mathematician, solved one of his most difficult problems while asleep -a problem, too, which puzzled him during his waking hours. A professor of theology in the University of Basle once wrote a sermon while asleep; he found it on his desk next morning. The preceding night he could not grapple with the subject as he desired, but the performance of his sleeping hours was quite satisfactory to him,

Jenny Lind was one of the most celebrated singers of her time. No one could rival her powers except a factory girl, who sang sometimes better than the famous Jenny. The girl could not attempt any difficult piece when awake, but when sleeping she sang so correctly, so like the renowned artiste, that it was difficult to distinguish between their voices. On one occasion Mile. Lind heard the girl, and even tested the accuracy of her powers by giving her a long and elaborate chromatic exercise. This the sleeping girl performed, much to the wonder of the famous Swedish singer. -[London Telegraph.

A Quick Filter. For a quick filter, take a clear piece of

it of the desired length, wash it in a weak solution of sal soda or any alkali to remove the grease, and rinse thoroughly in cold water before using. Tinctures, elixirs, syrups, and even muci-

The World's Goid.

world, in one or other of those various forms, either in auriferous quartz, ancient river gravels, in modern alluvium or on the beds of streams. In Britain where large quantities exist in the form of sovereigns, a certain amount of local gold is found near Dolgelly, dispersed through veins or quartz, but hardly in sufficient quanties to repay crushing. In Scotland a few of the streams in Sutherland, tributaries of the Helmsdale river, bring down small nuggets from the neighboring drift. In Ireland gold occurs in places among the Wicklow hills, but none has yet been discovered in the natural matrix, though few specks have sometimes been observed on rocks in different parts of the country. Europe as a whole, however, is poor in gold. A little has at times been mined in the Thuringian forest; considerable amounts exist in Bohemia; Hungary and Italy yield fair quantities; and a moderate amount is found in the Ural mountains, both in original deposits and in beds of river sand. In the last-named case, the specks are too small to be separately visible to the naked eye.

In Asia there is far more gold. India has a vast amount, if you can only get at it-I do not wish to encourage reckless speculation-chiefly by crushing very solid rock. S beria also contains plenty of gold, and other outlying countries come in for their share. But where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand, or, to be more precise, on the gold coast and elsewhere, still richer deposits have long been known, while the Transvaal just at present forms the newest Eldorado of adventurous miners and still more adventurous, not to say foolish, investors. In America there is gold in California, gold in the Rocky mountains, gold in the Alleghanies, gold in Canada. And in Australia there is more gold still, though the yield of late has steadily fallen off, and the mines of Victoria have begun to show symptoms of gradual exhaustion. -[Cornhill.

The Old Man Was Too Hasty. A staid old Hubbardston farmer came to the Hub yesterday to do "a leetle tradin'," and as he meandered down Washington street "headed for the Fitchburg depot," as he said, he suddenly halted, gazed excitedly at a sign in front of a clothing-house, and then darted into the store exclaiming, "Well, I vum, that is good!" After due deliberation he selected a \$10 suit of clothes, tendering in payment just \$7. "That's the right change, sir," said he to the astonished clerk. "But I don't understand it; I told you that suit would be \$10," argued the clerk. "Yes, I know, but don't your old sign out at the door say, "All we want is 70 cents on the dollar?" and picking up his new purchase the honest old Hubbardston farmer hastily left. He trotted along congratulating himself on his wonderful smartness, and was heard to mutter, "I guess I'm lively enough for these 'ere city folks." But a sudden change came "o'er the spirit of his dreams" after he had walked a short distance. A look of utter disgust overspread his face, the oundle fell from his arms, and in a nournful tone he said, "Why didn't I look around a little before I bought them clothes?" The cause of his consternation was another clothing sign

such a pesky hurry."-[Boston Post. Wooden Shoes.

that read: "Goods sold here at half

price." After studying the situation

several minutes he resumed his journey

depotward, saying, "I might have saved

\$5 just as well as not if I hadn't been in

The wooden shoes in use among the French peasantry, have, I see, been introduced in London for children's wear. The wooden shoe is not in very free use with us. French workmen in certain classes of factories and shops where the floors are always wet have adopted them and you can buy them in the French quarter, where they form part of the stock of every small grocery store. Like snow-shoes they require that the wearer shall be educated up to them, and no one will ever wear them who can afford to wear a leather shoe. Leather uppers with wooden soles are worn by many workmen at work and these are clumsy and ponderous enough. When it comes to a shoo entirely of wood the Anglo-Saxon foot must kick. -[New York News.

"Now I Lay Me." The authorship of the little prayer

'Now I Lay Me," is thus accounted for in an almanac of the year 1691, in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The advertisement reads: "There is ..ow in the press and chamois skin, free from thin places, cut will suddenly be extant, a second impression of the New England Primer, enlarged, to which is added directions for spelling the Prayer of K. Edward the VI., and verses made by Mr. Rogers, the martyr, left as a legacy to lages, are, says a writer in Druggists' Cir- his children. Sold by Benjamin Harcular, filtered rapidly. A pint of the ris, at the Loudon Coffee House in Bostalking nonsense to his best girl -that's | thickest syrup will run through in four | ton." From this notice we learn that Sonny—Take it in your mouth, mum.

Tain't to be rubbed—or.—[New York]

Sun.

Sonny—Take it in your mouth, mum.

Capital. But when he has to stay in of or five minutes. By washing thorough—in a made by Mr. Rogers, the martyr.—[Delong time.]

Sonny—Take it in your mouth, mum.

Capital. But when he has to stay in of or five minutes. By washing thorough—in a made by Mr. Rogers, the martyr.—[Delong time.]

One square, one insertion-

One square, two insertions -One square, one month -

The Highwayman. Did you ever meet a robber with a pistol and

The Chatham Record

RATES

Gold is dispersed over almost all the Whose prompt and cordial greeting was,

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

'Your money or your life!" Who, while you stood a-trembling, with your hands above your head, Took your gold, most grimly offering to pay

you in cold lead? Well, I once met a robber; I was going home

to tea: The way was rather lonely, though not yet too

dark to see That the sturdy rogue who stopped me there was very fully armed; But I'm honest in maintaining that I didn't

feel alarmed. He was panting hard from running, so I, being still undaunted,

Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted. was quite as big as he was, and I was not out of breath. So I didn't fear his shooting me, or stabbing

me to death. In answer to my question the highwayman raised an arm And pointed it straight at me, though I still

felt no alarm: He did not ask for money, but what he said was this.

You cannot pass, papa, unless you give your -[Allen G. Bigelow, in St. Nicholas,

HUMOROUS.

A board bill---The carpenter's state-

Canada will soon thirst for peace if she goes to war on codfish.

A squall makes sailboats capsize, but makes a baby's mouth one size larger. If some men knew as much as they talked there wouldn't be any sale for the

At the rate centenarians are increasing in this country there will be soon no young people left.

encyclopedia.

sir?" Gentleman-"Yes." Tramp---"Shall I hold your pocketbook?" Recent statistics show that the exportation of cheese from this country to Eng-

Tramp-"Are you going in bathing

land has attained mity proportions. "Two knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said the minister to himself, just after l united the second couple. "John," said the wife of a base-ball

little boy to-day." "Is that so?" he replied, absent-miudedly. "Well, I'll fine him twenty-five dollars." Alarmed Pedestrian (picking up a painter at the foot of a ladder)-My

umpire, 'Tommy has been a very bad

poor man, are you hurt much? Painter -Only three ribs broken. But I went down with colors flying, didn't I? "How old are you, my son?" asked an old gentleman of a "tot" who was celebrating his birthday. "I'm 4," was the

reply, "and I'm mighty glad of it; I was

getting very tired of being 3 all the

The Capricious Candle. Put a lighted candle behind a bottle. pickle jar, stove pipe or any other object having a polished surface, then station yourself about twelve inches from the object, so that it hides the flame of the candle from you, and blow with your breath. The candle will be very easily extinguished, in consequence of the currents of air that you have created around the object meeting near the flame. With a board or a sheet of cardboard of the width of the bottle, ex-

tinction would be impossible. This experiment has a counterpart that has been communicated to use by

Mr. Harmand of Paris. Take two bottles, instead of one, and place them alongside of each other, so as to leave a space of half an inch between them. Place the candle opposite this space, and, preserving the same distance as before between your mouth and the candle, blow strongly against the flame. Not only will the latter not be extinguished, but it will incline slightly toward you as if through the effect of suction. This phenomenon, which is analogous to the preceding, is due to the fact that as a portion of the air cannot pass between the bottles, it flows around their exterior and returns to the operator. - Le Chercheur.

Where Captain John Smith was Killed. "Why don't you people locate the exact spot where the Indians placed Captain John Smith upon the rock to kill him?" I asked of two gentlemen of an antiquarian turn who were perusing some old Virginia records. "Well," answered one of them, "that is a hard question to settle. Sometimes we have strong reasons for locating the spot at 'Powhatan' just below the city; then again we think it ought to be further down the river, but since so many relic hunters have chipped pieces from a big rock at 'Powhatan' believing that they were securing fragments of the stone upon which Smith's head was placed to receive blows from the clubs of the Indians, it seems a pity to weave out facts that would mar the legendary lore that has so long clustered about 'Powhatan' and the 'stone in the yard.'"

Ambiguous.

"And how did you like America,

"Ah! ze longer I stay away, ze betive

[like it."-[Life.