### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

One copy, three months - - - 50 Since the introduction of postal cards in the United States in 1872, nearly 3,-

value of them being \$33,393,220. The success of irrigation on the far Western plains and in the foot-hills tends to make the man with the hoe encroach more confidently and persistently upon those lands that are said to be fit only for stock grazing.

A remarkable balloon ascension has been made at Paris by the aeronauts. Captain Paul Jovis and M. Mallet, in the celebrated airship Horla. The aeronauts started from the La Villette Gas Works, Paris, at 7:15 A. M., and after rising to the altitude of 6,000 metres, or nearly 23,000 feet, subsequently descended in Belgium. This is an extraordinary altitude to reach, and will compare not very unfavorably with the highest levels ever reached by

The Ameer of Cabul is a real "Arabian Nights" kind of a ruler. The editor of London Truth says that the Ameer was recently afflicted with a boil while on a country excursion. On returning to Cabul the principal court physician was summoned, and he applied an ointment, which was no doubt intended to be highly efficacious in its ultimate results, but at first it considerably aggravated the Ameer's anguish, and, having passed a sleepless night, he ordered the instant execution of his medical adviser, who accordingly was forthwith beherded in the courtyard of the palace.

A trade statement estimates the loss to farmers because of the terrible Western drought at \$300,000,000. These are dolorous figures, but there come reports that in some sections of our country extraabundant harvests are the rule. Many farmers will be sadly reduced in means, no doubt, because of crops failing, yet this shortage will render it possible for farmers not so unfortunately circumstanced to obtain higher prices for their products. In this way, the deficit stated above will, doubtless, be largely reduced; although this fact will not lessen the loss to those who have seen nearly their whole able. scason's labor rendered worthless

"When it is noted that nearly 600 people have been either killed outright or injured since January 1, 1887, in raildisasters in which a bridge figured, it seems to be time," in the estimation of the Boston Times, "for public opinion to demand at once new methods in bridge building on railroad lines. Ingenuity and skill have done many things to decrease dangers on the rail, in the way of air brakes, automatic signals, etc. The greatest danger now seems to lurk beneath the train, not in it. Until wooden, and iron bridges even, are supplanted by stone structures wherever it is in anyway possible, the country will be periodically shocked by accounts of accidents which resemble in their details the horrors of war. The reform cannot come too quickly. With the disappearance of the car stove and the oil lamp should be chronicled the appearance of the stone bridge."

According to Mr. J. R. Dodge, the statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington, the value of the dairy product of the country this year is \$480,000,000. The number of milch cows now in use for dairy purposes is 21,000,-000. Calculating that each of these gives 350 gallons of milk per year, there is annual milk yield of 7,350,000,000 gallons, of which about 4,000,000,000 gallons is consumed in making butter and 700,000,000 gallons in cheese making. The quantity of butter produced is estimated to be about 1,350,000,000 pounds, and of cheese 6,500,000 pounds. The butter is almost entirely consumed at home, but the cheese shipments last year to the English market amounted to over 85,000,000 pounds. On the other hand, we import large quantities of fancy foreign cheese. In this country, notably in Connecticut, of late years have been made some excellent imitations of Roquefort, Edam and Cheddar cheese.

The New York Times says there are two new additions to the list of profitable products of the farm which promise to find employment for many farmers who have the requisite facilities. These are due to foreign notions and tastes imported chiefly from France and Germany along with the numerous adopted citizens who hail from these European shores. One is the grenouille, so called by the French, who esteem it as a choice article for the exercise of culinary skill. It is now served up at the first hotels and restaurants in the large cities, New York e-pecially, and appears in the markets as a regular article of sale. The animal is easily bred and reared, and feeds itself and thrives most abundantly in marshes. The other is called escargot, and is used for making stews and soups, but is eaten also boiled and roasted. This animal is also easily reared, and requires no feeding, but does better when a pasture is provided for it. Known in common parlance, the first as the frog and the other as the snail, these readily acclimated animals have never until now been considered as of any value, but no doubt hereafter will furnish special business i. Europe, to thousands of farmers.

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. X.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 22, 1887.

NO. 4.

State Library

Heroism.

Not on the b :ttlefield, I dec:n, 240 millions have been used, the exact Are deeds the most heroic done; Not where the sword and bayo let gleam Are victories the grandest wen.

Not in the plague infested town, Where stay the few the sick to sa o And for their lives their own lay down, Shalt thou behold the world's most brave In acts of great self sacrifice,

Of which all men with wonder hear, A secret inspiration lie, That stirs the soul and conquers fear.

To do the duty few shall know, And knowing, scorn what God requires, The menial duty far below, The task to which the heart aspires.

To do such service, out of love, Unmoved by either praise or blame, And with a steadfast soul above The reach of either pride or shame,

Displays a courage that alone In one such act doth far outshine All other earth had ever known, A ccurage Christlike and divine.

-[Youth's Companion.

## A GOOD CATCH.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"Mr. Ainsley Arbuthnot" was the name beautifully engraved on the elegant visiting card which a servant presented to Evelyn Ogden, as she stood before a tall pier-glass, admiring the sweep of her white satin train, and the wave of her glossy black hair.

"You are ready, I suppose, Sybil?" she asked, with a disdainful glance at her shy little cousin, whose modest toilette of wine-colored cashmere hardly suited Miss Evelyn's elaborate taste.

"Oh, yes!" Sybil answered, promptly. "I have been ready for some time."

"Why don't you put some white lace around your neck?" Evelyn asked, critically. "You look so-oh, so plain."

She was going to say "countryfied," but repented of that and amended her speech.

"I haven't any lace," Sybil said, frankly.

"I'll lend you my fichu," said Evelyn, less in a spirit of generosity than in a wish to have Sybil look semi-respect-

"Thanks," was the gentle reply, "but would rather not borrow any fine feathers, Evelyn, dear. Don't mind me. I couldn't look anything but plain if I tried, and it will suit me better to creep into a quiet corner where no one will see me. I can enjoy your triumphs, cousin, for I am sure you will have them. You look beautiful to-night."

"Do you think so?" said Evelyn, with conscious glance toward the mirror. I am glad this dress is so becoming Mr. Arbuthnot adores white."

"I almost wish I hadn't said I would her own plain dress. "I am afraid I lowed to look on." shall disgrace you, Evelyn. I don't even know how to behave, for I never heard of a progressive-angling party before."

"Oh, it's simple enough," said Evelyn, buttoning her long gloves. "There will be a lot of tubs, or punch-bowls, probably, and we will all have gilt fishing rods and lines, with hooks on them. The fish are hollow and have prizes inside. We all fish for them, and nobody knows what he is going to get till the fish are opened. There is to be a gold ring in one to-night, they say. It will be like wedding cake. But you needn't worry, Sybil; I'll tell you what to do."

Sybil was not worrying. She was perfectly quiet-in fact, so much so that Evelyn fancied her brilliant escort would not be at all pleased with this unexpected addition to their party.

Sybil had come to the city to try and get a position as a teacher, and Evelyn | did not like. did not fancy taking her out in society; but Mr. Ogden had a tender feeling for his sister's child, and commanded his daughter to show her all the honors due to a distinguished guest.

"My cousin, Miss Weir, Mr. Arbuthnot," said Evelyn, presenting Sybil to the gentleman who awaited them in the

Ainsley Arbuthnot's keen eyes had swept in an instant over the white satin gown, with the mental observation: "Overdressed!"

They rested now upon the slander, little figure in the soft, rich-colored cashmere, and they lighted with genuine

admiration. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Weir," he said, with that quiet yet impressive manner which is

such a valuable gift. Sybit murmured something, but her evelids fell before that magnetic

How handsome he was, and how perfectly self-possessed! It was no wonder that Evelyn was always talking about Ainsley Arbuthnot.

He was rich, too, they said, though Sybil thought very little about wealth. save as some far-away thing which she would probably never possess in all her

The "progressive angling" went on at Mrs. Bayard's house, where Sybil felt as though she were in fairy-land, among flowers and fragrance, and parti-colored lights, that shone on a crowd of clegantly-dressed men and women, who moved about in a scene of rare beauty and

splendor. here, as they have done for many years "Must I fish too?" Sybil asked, pose we may as well go into the ballnervously, as she looked shyly at the room,"

superb cut-glass bowls, in which artificial goldfish were swimming in perfumed water. "I would rather not."

"Don't be afraid," said Arbuthnot, kindly. "They all make botches of it." "Aren't you going to fish, Arbuthnot?" called out an exquisite youth, who wore a primrose and an eye-glass. "It's no end of a lark, 'pon honor! It's such fun to see those stupid little tin things wriggle!"

"Is it, really?" said Arbuthnot, with imperturbable gravity, while the speaker began to dangle his absurd little line in the water

"Do you know what that makes me think of?" he continued, in a low tone, which only Syl il heard. "It reminds me of a definition which I once heard you." given for a fishing-rod-'a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.'"

Sybil broke out into a merry laugh, which made Evelyn turn around to see what the fun was.

"Won't you try now?" said Mr. Arbuthnot. "There are not very many people at the table."

"Yes," said Evelyn, sweetly; "let us try now, by all means. Do you know, Mr. Arbuthnot, there is to be a german after the fishing, and we ladies have to tell you what figures I have chosen." fish our partners out of yonder bowl?" "How momentous!" Arbuthnot ex-

Evelyn smiled at him, and Sybil, having a sense of being in the way moved | glory. toward the table.

"Come, ladies!" cried the youth with the eyeglass. "There are as good fish in to teach school, I believe." the sea as ever yet were caught,"

"Allow me!" said Dick Travers, a brother of the hostess, to whom Sybil had been presented, and she found herself in possession of one of the gilded willow rods, which ve : gaily adorned with bows of ribbon.

She cast in her line, and almost immediately the others were cast along-

"I am fishing for you, Miss Weir," said Dick, boldly. "I want a good partner, and you look as though you Aunt Hannah," she said, despondently, danced divinely."

almost afraid to try."

Evelyn frowned and bit her lips. What a fool the girl was!

"Why, Sybit!" she said, pettishly. 'You are fishing on my side. I want that little fat fish. I'm sure he's got something nice in him." "You are welcome to him, I'm sure,"

said Sybil, abandoning her game very pleasantly. "I'd rather have that slim little fellow. Perhaps he hasn't anygo," observed Sybil, looking down at thing in him, and then I shall be al-"Aha!" cried Dick, whose skilled

hand had hooked up the first fish. "What have we got here? No. 17. shone. "Excuse me," she added, Amv, what is No. 17-gentleman's hastily, "I will get a lamp." prize?

"You dance with Miss Irwin," said Mrs. Bayard, putting a box into her brother's hand

Dick groaned. "Never mind," said Arbuthnot, laughing. "We are only going to have six figures. Let us see what you have got." Dick produced a very pretty leather pocket-book, which they were all ad-

miring, when Miss Evelyn's cry of triumph riveted attention on herself. "I've got him!" she exclaimed, lifting the fat fish out of the water.

But great was her chagrin when she found that it contained no prize at all, and the name of somebody whom she

"I'm afraid I shall not catch anybody," said Sybil, who found it quite difficult. "You don't go at it right," said Dick. "Drop your hook down deep, and then bring it up slowly-this way. Try the little fellow over there. That's right, Gently now. There-aha. What did I tell you? That was well done, wasn't it,

"Excellent," said Ainsley. "Open him-do. I am consumed with curiosity,"

Sibyl obeyed, laughingly, expecting nothing.

"By Jove!" Dick cried, hooked the gold ring." Sure enough, inside of the slim little fish lay the shining band which every one

"It is like the Arabian Nights," she said in astonishment. "How pretty it is!" And see this French motto inside-'Mariau femme, l'anne portrait.'"

"That means you will be married in a year," said Arbuthnot, sailing into her shy, little, flushed face.

"I don't think that's likely," Sibyl replied. "But I never dreamed of getting the ring. I wonder how I ever happened to."

"There is no great mystery, as I can see," said Evelyn, with a disagreeable laugh. "A brother of Mrs. Bayard's ought to be able to prompt one effectively."

"Miss Ogden," said Dick, quickly, "I hope you do not think that I knew where the ring was?"

"Oh, of course not," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Ah, Captain Clyde, is

Dick Clyde smeth rel an exclamation as he turned to Ainsley with a curious

"You have not fished yet," he said. "There is plenty of time," Arbuthnot answered. "There is Miss Irwin, Dick. She looks appealing."

"You always have your own way, Ainsley," Dick said, resentfully, and went off to find his partner. Sybil and Mr. Arbuthnot were left

alone by the table. "Aren't you going to fish?" she asked. "No. I am to lead the german, and

it is my peculiar privilege to choose a partner. Will you dance with me, Miss Weir?" "Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, I shall disgrace

"I will run the risk," he said, offering his arm, which she took shyly. "How pretty that ring looks on your hand! Do you know I have a strong desire to put it on with a wish?"

"Well, I haven't any objections," said Sybil, blushing faintly.

So Ainsley took her small white hand, and put the ring on it.

"It will come true in a year, if it comes true at all," he said. "Now, come! The german begins at ten, and I must

Everybody wanted to know who that quiet little thing was who danced wish claimed, "I hope heaven may be kind Ainsley Arbuthnot; and the next day Dick Travers brought a friend to call. He found Evelyn Ogden alone in her

"Miss Weir has gone out to hunt : place," she said viciously. "She wants

"Ah, you don't say?" said Dick's com panion, who was the youth with the primrose, "Do you think she would take me for a pupil? I am not much on most things, but the fellows say I am the very deuce at geography."

A month slipped by, and Sybil went home disappointed. It was the wrong time of year, they said. She might get a place in the fall, but there was none

"I'm afraid I'm not of much account, as she sat by the little old study-lamp, "I am very fond of it," Sybil said, thinking it all over. "I might as well modestly; "but I don't know much have stayed at home, and not spent the about the german. I think I should be money going to town. Indeed," she added, with a sigh, "it would have been a great deal better.'

It was an odd answer to her observation, that there came just at that moment a ring at the bell, which brought her face to face in the doorway with Ainsley Arbuthnot."

"I have followed you," he said, holding the hand which she gave him. "I found that I could not be happy away from you, and I came to ask, Sybil, whether I might not stay with you "Come in," she said, leading him into

the parlor, where only the firelight "This will do," he said, detaining

her. "I like this best. Sybil, you know what I came for. I love you. Will you marry me?"

She was a natural girl, without any art or coquetry, and she answered him, out of her heart:

"Yes." "Then my wish will come true," he said, lifting her hard and kissing it where the gold ring spanned her pretty finger. "Do you know what I wished, darling? The ring said that the year would bring you a husband, and I wished it might be me."

It is needless to say that Sybil did not look for any further position.

"She ought to be satisfied," said Evelyn Ogden, when she heard of the engagement, "It is astonishing what good fortune some of those plain girls have. Mr. Arbuthnot is the best catch of the seasor."-[Saturday Night.

Without Injury.

The other day a reporter saw a blacksmith examining an ax, from which he had been asked to remove a portion of the handle, which had been broken off close to the iron. The wood could not be driven out, and as nails had been driven at the end it could not be bored out. "What will you do?" asked the reporter. "I'll burn it out," was the reply. "But you'll injure the temper of the steel," suggested the reporter. "Well, maybe not," said the smith. He drove the cutting edge into the moist earth and built a fire around the projecting part. The wood became charred and was easily removed, while the tempered part of the ax sustained no injury. -[Philadelphia Call.

## One for Him.

Our Artist---Do you know, Maggie, you're a pretty girl and ought to let me draw you?"

Maggie-And do you know, sir, you're pretty gentleman and I will let you draw me-a bucket or two of water. It was washing day, and she kept him busy.--[Puck.

Valuable in an Emergency. Jack-Is that a valuable ring you've got on, Gus? Gus-I've hung it up for \$75.

Jack-You don't say so? cach time. - New York Sun.

# RINGS IN TREES.

What Measurements of Forest Growth Have Disclosed.

The Rings Declared Not a True Test of a Tree's Life.

and honestly venerated, is being demolished and sent to the limbo of myth with Tell's apple, Washington's cherry tree and other old acquaintances. Now the age rings in trees have to suffer limbonization, if the word may be allowed. Mr. R. W. Furras, an agent of the United States Forestry Department, who has given much attention to the age of a tree as indicated by rings, as well as to the period at which trees of different species stop growing and that at which the wood is at its best, has reached some con-

clusions of general interest. He says: were once accepted as good legal evidence, fail, except where climate, soil, temperature, humidity and all other surroundings are regular and well balanced, Otherwise, they are mere guesswork. The only region within my knowledge where either rings or measurements were reliable indications are in the secluded, even and regularly tempered valleys of

the Southern Pacific coast." catalpa, soft maple, sycamore, pig hickory, cotton wood, chestnut, box elder, honey locust, coffee tree, burr and white oak, black walnut, osage orange, white pine, red cedar, mulberry and vellow willow (nineteen species), made in southeastern Nebraska, show that "annual growth is very irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible and again quite large," and this he attributes to the difference in seasons. As trees increase in age inner rings decrease in size, somerate in growth after a certain age is a rule. Of four great beeches mentioned in London, there were three, each about respectively 60, 102 and 200 years. Mr. Furras found twelve rings in a black rings in a pig hickory of six years, eleven rings in a wild crabapple of five years, and only twenty rings in a chestnut oak of twenty-four years. An American chestnut of only four years had nine rings, while a peach of eight years

Dr. A. M. Childs, a resident of Nebraska from 1854 to 1882, a careful observer for the Smithsonian Institution, who counted rings on some soft maples eleven years two months old, found on one side of the heart of one of them forty rings, and not less than thirty-five anywhere, which were quite distinct when the wood was green, but after it had been seasoned only twenty-four rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our Northern hard woods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve, but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined, except when from local causes there is any particular year a little or no cell growth. This may give a large number on one side. Upon the Pacific coast of North America trees do not reach the point where they stop growing nearly as early as those of the Atlantic coast. Two hundred years is nearly the greatest age attained on the castern side of the continent by trees that retain their vigor, while 500 years is the case of several species on the Western coast, and one writer is conconfident that a sequoia which was measured was not less that 2376 years old. At Wrangel, a western hemlock, six feet in diameter at the stump, was four feet in diameter 132 feet further up the trunk and its rings showed 432 years. But in the old Bartram Garden, near Philadelphia, not more than 150 years old, almost all the trees are on the down grade. The Quercus Robar, England's pride, which at home is said to live 1000 years, has grown to full size and died in this garden, and the foreign spruces are following suit. Silver firs planted in 1800 are decaying. The great difference in the longevity of trees upon the western and eastern coasts of continents in the Northern Hemisphere seems to be due to the warm, moist air carried by strong and permanent ocean currents from the tropics northeasterly, in both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, which make the climate both moist and equable in high latitudes. In Sitka, as much as 100 inches of rain have fallen in a year, and the harbor is rarely frozen enough to hinder the passage of boats. In some winters scarcely any ice is seen. --- Lumber World.

Taking Time By the Forelock. patients. Moses Levy enters his room. of the rings, with evidences of variabili-"What is the matter with you?" asks ty, are indications which support the

"In reality, nothing," answered Levy; dages of our sister planet are made up Gus—Yes. Seventy-five times. Lollar the matter with me, after all."—[Flie-cach other are not visible at the earth's distance.

| Consequently five times | Consequently five t

How to Act at a Fire. Mr. A. W. C. Shean recently gave the following sum e lirections how to act on the occurrence of fire, before the Society of Arts: "Fire requires air; there-

fore, on its appearance every effort

should be made to exclude air, shut all

may be confined to a single room for a

sufficient period to enable all the inmates

to be aroused and escape; but if the

doors and windows are thrown open, the

fanning of the wind and the draught

will instantly cause the flames to in-

crease with extraordinary rapidity. It

must never be forgotten that the most

precious moments are at the commence-

ment of a fire, and not a single second

of time should be lost in tackling it. In

a room a tablecloth can be so used as to

smother a large sheet of flame, and a

cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat

or anything similar may be used with

equally successful result. The great point

is presence of mind, calmness in danger,

action guided by reason and thought.

In all large houses buckets of water

should be placed on every landing, a

little salt being put into the water. Al-

ways endeavor to attack the bed of fire;

if you cannot extinguish a fire, shut the

window, and be sure to shut the door

when making good your retreat. A wet

silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and

nose will make breathing possible in the

midst of much smoke, and a blanket

wetted and wrapped round the body will

enable a person to pass through a sheet

of flame in comparative safety. Should

a lady's dress catch fire, let the wearer

at once lie down; rolling may extinguish

the fire, but if not, anything, woollen

preferred, wrapped tightly round will

effect the desired purpose. A burn be-

comes less painful the moment air is ex-

cluded from it. For simple burns, oil

or the white of egg can be used. One

part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive

oil is found to be invaluable in most

cases, slight or severe, and the first layer

of lint should not be removed till the

cure is complete, but saturated by the

application of fresh outer layers from

time to time. Linen rag soaked in a

mixture of equal parts of lime water and

linseed oil also forms a good dressing.

Common whiting is very good, applied

wet and continually damped with a

Handling California Wheat.

be handled as cheaply as in California.

During the harvest season there is no pos-

sibility of rain, and the wheat is put

into burlap bags and stacked up in the

field until the farmer is ready to ship.

When sent to San Francisco it lies on the

wharf until a ship is ready to take it on

board. No shelter is needed, and there

are no elevator charges, the bags being

placed on board ship just as they come

resulting from cheap handling, the own-

er has his profits considerably increased

by the gain in weight made on the voy-

certain to go to the bottom in the first

moderate gale. Many ships were lost in

in bulk is prohibited by law .- [Globe-

A Scotch Courtship.

A young Aberdonian, bashful, but des-

"Jean, I wis here on Monday nicht."

"Aye, ye were that," acknowledged

"An' I wis here on Tuesday nicht."

"An' I wis here on Wednesday," con-

"Aye, an' ye were here on Thursday

"Weel," she said, "what if ye were?"

"An' what aboot it, even if ye cam'

"What aboot it, did ye say, Jean?

Div ye no begin to smell a rat?"-[Dub-

Saturn's Moon-Circles.

Further marvels of Saturn's rings have

been noted by M. Stuyvert, of the Royal

"An' I wis here last nicht, Jean."

"An' I am here this nicht agan."

"So ye were."

very nicht?"

in Nation.

inued the ardent youth.

In no country in the world can wheat

sponge. - Cultivator.

doors and windows. By this means fire

Every day some pet theory, long held

"Concentric or annual rings, which

Annual measurements of white elm. times almost disappearing. Diminished seventeen feet in girth, whose ages were locust six years old, twenty-one rings in a shell bark hickory of twelve years, ten had only five rings.

The celebrated Dr. Schmidt gives Observatory of Brussels, and other asevery Monday gratuitous advice to poor tronomers. Dusky notches in the edges

but I have heard that to-day you don't of small satellites so closely grouped

The Chatham Record

RATES

One square, one insertion-One square, two insertions -One square, one month - - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

Lost-many sunless years Upon the road of life; Old, faded relics, stained with tears, And scarred by fruitless strife. Lost, never to be found-Gone, gone forevermore; Swept on the ebbing stream of time, To an eternal shore.

They vanished one by one, Each bearing on its breast A life not lived, a work undone, A treasure not possessed; Something for which it seems My soul has vainly sought, The waking truth of happy dreams, That time has never brought,

Alas! the weary days, Unwelcome in the past, Are with me yet; my skies are dark, And night is gathering fast. I strain my tearless eves To pierce the thickening gloom, And, mid the shadows, seem to rise A vision of the tomb

And is this all-is there Beyond life's troubled wave No healing balm for broken hearts, No hope beyond the grave? No haven of repose, No bright abode of rest, No land of promise for the soul

By earthly cares oppressed? Oh, yes; poor, fa nt'ng heart, By stormy billows tossed. There is a better world than this Whose years are never lost. Believe in Him who bade The raging tempest cease, And while eternal ages roll Thou shalt abide in peace. -[Joseph L. Butler.

## HUMOROUS.

High strung-Telegraph wires. A poor relation-A blood-and-thunder

A railing woman is like a swordfish. She carries a weapon in her mouth.

An enthusiastic meeting-two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour. The British people are chiefly interested in two bills, the land bill and

Buffalo Bill. "Now is the accepted time," remarked the poor young man solemnly when his girl told him she would have him.

A firm who advertised for a boy "to do heavy work" received but one applicant and he came in charge of his

Husband (attempting to sing)-"My voice is rather h-hus-husky to-night." Wife-"No wonder it's husky! You are full of corn."-[Newman Independent,

A young man named Darling lives in Bridgeport, and when any one calls to him in the street, every young lady near blushes and looks around, gently saying, "Sh, sh."

"Darling," he whispered, "did you ever experience a fluttering sensation of the heart---an inward sinking, so to speak?" "Yes, love," she faintly murfrom the fields. In addition to the profit mured. "Why?" "Because, if you have, I know how to prevent it." "Oh, John, tell me how." "Why, just use plenty of pepper when you eat cucum-

age to Liverpool. When the wheat leaves California it is dry as tinder, and in ex-A French Frog Farm. actly the condition to absorb the mois-The French frog farm is much like ture of the sea air; and, consequently, one of our cranberry meadows -a swamp on its arrival in England a cargo of wheat aid out in broad ditches with grassy will be heavier by many thousand pounds banks between them. We remember han when it left California. Wheat is years ago passing one of these farms in never shipped in bulk, but always in the vicinity of a large French city in bags, as when loaded in bulk it is about the early evening, and being drawn to the most dangerous cargo a ship can carnotice it by the deafening music from ry. No matter how lightly it may be the thousands of fat fellows sitting in packed at first, it settles considerably the damp grass and now and then within a short time, and then it is very splashing into the ditches and continuliable to shift. When shifting takes ing to sing their lays as they protruded place a ship is as good as lost, as the their snouts just above the surface of the change in the center of gravity throws water. These frogs were a special her on her beam ends, and she is nearly breed, Rana esculenta by name, but differing very little from our handsome, slender specimen found in marshes, and this way, and now the shipment of grain having bright green and brown spotted skin. Our common bull frog is said to quite as delicate in flavor, and more acceptable in point of meat than the esculent species of Europe, and as the natural stock of them is fast disappearing perately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his frequent visits to the before the nets of the hunters thousands house of his sweetheart, summoned up are now imported from Canada for the sufficient courage to address his fair one supply of the New York market. Consequently the time has come for the skilled culture of them in connection with other aquatic products, as brook trout, carp, bass and other fish, or water cress, which can be grown con-

## Improving Her Mind.

[New York Times.

junctively, and are very profitable .-

"Improving your mind, I see," said the nice young man yesterday as he found his Sunday girl buried in a small vol-

"Yes," she answered, putting her finger on the line and glancing sweetly up; "I am devoted to reading. Isn't it glorious to be an author and sway millions of hearts by beautiful language and

thrilling description?" "It must be; what are you reading

"Stuttering Pete, the Demon Detective."-[Nashville American.

## The Lost Child.

'Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

view that the singular hoop-like appen-"Well, and what if I have, little one?" "My Uncle John has lost me, and I charge anything -- perhaps something is that the spaces separating them from thought if you'd seen a gentleman with-