The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Bear It In Mind.

"Well begun" may be "half-done,"
But beginning is not ending;
Great successes ne'er are won
By only wishing and intending.

"Start" is good, but "stay" is better,
"Start" alone ne'er won a race;
"Start and stick" is sure prize-getter,
"Staying powers" takes foremost place.

Broad and deep lay the foundation,
But be sure you count the cost;
Or you'll rue, in deep vexation,
Treasure spent and labor lost.

Bold beginner, mark his folly!
Soon his zeal and means diminish;
Rash or craven coward wholly,
He began, but could not finish.

—[James Yeames.

BILLY'S RELAPSE.

Two little girls stood at the foot of the stairs leading to the elevated railway station at Canal street at 6 o'clock P. M. They were dressed exactly alike in white dresses, with blue sashes tied around their waists. They were waiting for papa. Train after train stopped at the station and a steady stream of homeward-bound feet came pattering down the stairs. A big, portly man, who had stopped at the station to light a cigar, looked at the children—for they were very winsome—and said:

"Are you waitiag for somebody, little girls?"

"Yes, sir," replied the eldest eagerly. "Me an' Beulah is waiting for papa. He always comes at 6 o'clock. We come to meet him every night, and——"

"He's going to bring me a gra' big peach an' two Jackson balls, ain't he, Hattie?" interrupted the smallest child, her blue eyes opening and her lips parting with pleasureable anticipation. "Maybe he falled off the big bridge. Did he?"

The golden head began to droop and the little lips to tremble. The big man smiled and said:

"Oh, no, I guess not. He'll be along very soon." Then he took from his pocket a handful of loose change, gave the children each a cent, lifted them successively to a level with his bearded chin, and kissed them. Then he resumed his cigar and his homeward way. The clock in a jewelry store near by ticked off fifteen more weary minutes, but the familiar face came not. A bare-headed woman ran quickly around the corner.

"Hasn't your father come yet, girls?" said she cautiously.

"No'm, he ain't. En I hain't got my peach," replied Beulah.

"Well, never mind. Perhaps he'll come on the horse cars."

With many lingering looks at the railway station the children were led away up the street. The teapot was simmered on the oil stove and the supper table was waiting when they arrived at the flat. Hunger made the children forget the absent father for the time. Beulah was placed in the high chair and Mrs. Rogers proceeded to cut the home-made loaf.

"I want peaches first," said Beulah impatiently.

"No, no, my child. Bread and milk comes first, and peaches last," said the mother.

"I don't like bread and milk; it's nasty," said the child, drumming impatiently on her plate with a spoon.

"I shall have to put my little girl to bed without her supper if she does not behave herself."

Beulah sulked awhile. Then evidently making up her mind to get through a disagreeable job quickly, she stopped chewing on her thumb and began shoveling the bread and milk so rapidly into her mouth that she began to choke. Mrs. Rogers slapped her on the back between the shoulders and a piece of crust flew out of the child's mouth half way across the room. The absence of the father was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Beulah was snatched from her chair in a twinkling and pressed to her mother's breast. When the danger was over and the clouds were clearing away Beulah stammered out between her staccato sobs:

"Ma-ma—I—I—I—want m—m—y peaches!"

Beulah was ladled out a larger share of the peaches than she was entitled to, but before she had eaten half the fruit her head began to droop, like a violet at sunset. Hattie undressed herself and put on her nightgown, of which achievement she was very proud, while Beulah lay in sorrow's haven and was rocked into dreamland, while Mrs. Rogers sang a little song, keeping time with the swing of the rocking chair, to the effect that Mr. Rogers was shaking a dreamland tree. Even while she sang Mrs. Rogers wondered drearily whether her husband was not engaged in some more important business. Perhaps he had been run over by the cars, perhaps he had been sunstruck. But then, she thought, why should I worry? He has been detained at the store, most likely, and will be home in a little while.

Despite her attempt at cheerfulness Mrs. Rogers trembled as she tucked the blankets around her children, and a tear-drop fell upon Beulah's rounded cheek, which made the child stir uneasily. The teapot was pouring out a steaming protest against being left so long on the stove when Mrs. Rogers returned to the kitchen, so she took the pot off the stove. After the dirty dishes had been washed Mrs. Rogers set the table for two, cut up some more peaches, and began her vigil at the window waiting for her husband. She had often told him, jokingly, that she could hear his footsteps two blocks away and he had made a laughing denial.

But tonight it seemed to her that the quick fall of certain boot heels upon the pavement would have been recognized half a mile away, so acute was her hearing. The night wore on; the gaslights flickered down the long street like a torch-light procession; the trucks had long since ceased their rumble over the cobblestones. Eight, 9, 10 o'clock came and the bell was not rung. The air was getting chilly. Mrs. Rogers wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and fell asleep from utter weariness.

At about 5.30 o'clock a man of 30 years had stopped at a candy stand at the corner of Ann street and Park row and bought five round pieces of candy called Jackson balls. At a stand near the big bridge four big blushing peaches were placed in a paper bag and handed to him. While standing in front of the Coroners' office waiting for a truck to pass by, a very solid hand came down upon his shoulder and a hearty voice saluted him with:

"Hello, Billy, old boy! How in thunder are you? Haven't seen you in a dog's age. Where do you keep yourself nowadays? Married, eh! and got two little children! Well, well, how paternal you do look! Let's go and have a drink. You ain't a Prohibitionist, I hope?"

"No, but—"

"Oh, never mind the buts. A glass of sherry won't hurt you."

And, yielding to the persuasion of his old friend, Tom Barker, who had been over on the Pacific slope for the past five years, Billy went into the saloon and plighted his friendship in a glass of yellow wine. Now, it happened that Billy had been a very dissipated fellow before his marriage. He had gone on sprees for a week at a time, but during the five years of his wedded life not a drop of liquor had passed his lips. That one glass of wine fired his pulses with the old intoxicating glow. The wistful faces of his children and the horrible suspense of his wife were forgotten in the magic spell. The two men drank deep, drank oft. They visited all their old-time resorts, and became very effusive and affectionate in a maudlin way. At 3 o'clock they were in a Harlem saloon, treating all hands and shouting in such a disorderly way that the saloon keeper was obliged to put them out upon the sidewalk. Then they got on a Third avenue elevated train and rode to the Battery. Here the conductor lugged both the men out on the platform while they sang a duet in very inarticulate tones about how they marched through Georgia, while the conductor expressed his belief that neither of them had been outside the Fourth ward in his life. Daybreak found them on Twenty-third street in a very sorry plight. Tom stood with his feet wide apart and leaning against a lamppost. Billy stood in front of him with his forefinger raised,

"Le's play S'n'ny sc'l, Tom. Y'll be sc'l, I'll be t'ch'r. Ar' y' on t' me, ol fel'?"

Tom blinked spasmodically and swayed from side to side like a hen on a clothes line in a windy day. His hat fell off and rolled into the gutter. Tom held up his right hand.

"T'ch'r, kin I g' out?"

"Wha' for?"

"Hat fell out w'nd'r."

"Ye'il both av yez go afore th' Jedge in th' mornin' av yez don't move on," said a burly policeman, who struck both men some smart blows across the back with his club and pushed them toward Broadway. At 7 o'clock they were sleeping off the effects of the spree in a Bowery lodging house.

When Billy awoke at 6 o'clock that evening with a headache that threatened to crack his skull and a throat which seemed to be lined with lime, he was overcome with remorse. He knew that his children would be waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. In fancy he could see Beulah's wistful blue eyes scanning every face as it passed by. He would have started immediately, filled as he was with contrition, but Tom persuaded him to have one more parting drink. This drink was supplemented with another. Then Tom suggested that Billy should try a shandygaff. To put a whiskey sour and a shandygaff into juxtaposition usually is disastrous as was proved in this case. Tom's fertile brain suggested other liquid mixtures, and the spree continued all day, and ended in both men being locked up in the Tombs.

The next morning Tom and Billy were brought before Judge Duffy, who delivered a little lecture on the evils of intemperance, advised Billy to go home to his wife and children, and discharged them. Billy felt the disgrace of his arrest very keenly, but Tom cheered him with the remark that no one had recognized him. Billy wanted to start for home immediately, but Tom persuaded him to go to a hotel, from whence his clothes were sent out to be cleaned and pressed, his high hat was neatly blocked, and his face shaved. While waiting for his clothes Billy chewed cloves and other aromatic spices all day for prudential reasons.

At 5 o'clock Billy came out of the hotel looking much the same as usual. His nerves were a trifle shaky, and dark circles environed his eyes. He and Tom went to the candy stand at the corner of Ann street, where Billy bought five more Jackson balls. He also purchased ten peaches each one of which was larger, rosier, and more luscious than the ones he had bought two days previous.

"Will the children be at the station?" said Tom.

"Certainly they will; but I can easily satisfy them. The thing that bothers me is. What can I tell my wife!"

"Oh, fake up a yarn about how you fell into the hands of wicked bunco men, and that after enticing you to their den they drugged you with a glass of ginger ale. She has confidence in you, hasn't she?"

"Implicit."

"Well, it wont do for you to destroy that confidence by working the honesty racket. Of course you don't mean to do so again, etc., and Yankee Doodle; no sensible man does. The end justifies the means, my boy."

Billy hesitated about taking Tom's advice, and while he hesitated the train stopped at Canal street and the two men stepped upon the platform. Tom ran to the head of the stairs. Looking down he saw two little figures, hand in hand, looking upward.

"Billy," said he, "if you will take me to a convenient woodpile and hammer me with an oak tree you will do me a great favor." Here Tom used his handkerchief very freely and muttered something about "that cussed catarrh." The two men shook hands, and Billy ran down the stairs. He had taken but two steps downward when Beulah saw him and cried out, while she danced up and down with delight:

"Is ye got my peaches, papa?"

Yes, papa had the peaches and the Jackson balls, too. Such a time as there was, to be sure! Such bulging cheeks and merry gurgles of laughter! And such an utterly crushed and shame-faced man never walked up Canal street before carrying two children in his arms. Billy's wife heard the laughter and the familiar footstep and her heart started beating a wild tattoo. She ran down and opened the door. She saw how Billy trembled; she marked the dark circles around his eyes and his averted head. She had seen him that way before.

"Billy," said she, reproachfully.

"Well Kitty," stammered Billy, "the bunco men ——"

"Yes, yes, Billy. I know all about it. You have been out with the bunco men before. But I wouldn't cultivate their acquaintance if I were you, Billy."

This was said with such an appealing look, such a moist eye, and such an evident appreciation of the whole situation that Billy was struck all of a heap.

His wife's conduct in never asking for a bill of particulars nor nagging him with reproaches burned such a big hole in his conscience that he thinks he is well fortified against future assaults of the enemy.—[New York Sun.

Monkeys Copying Human Vices.

Dr. Jammes, in a memoir sent to the Academie des Sciences of France, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium smokers, as they do in the eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so for several days it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "hit the pipe."

Turning Death Into Life.

Death Valley is to be turned into an ostrich ranch. A Mexican has fourteen well-grown chicks that he hatched out there in his little ranch near the borax-works from eggs brought from the neighborhood of Los Angeles. The eggs were buried in the hot sand, and of nights the ground was covered with blankets to retain the heat it absorbed during the day. The ranch is about 220 feet below the level of the sea.—[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

A Small Boy's Good Advice.

"Say," said the editor's smart little son, as he entered a store, "do you keep knives?"

"Oh, yes," replied the storekeeper, "we've kept them for years."

"Well," returned the boy, starting for the door, "just advertise, and then you wouldn't keep them so long."—[Printer's Review.

Fearful Responsibility.

Old lady—Conductor, I hope there ain't going to be a collision.

Conductor—I guess not.

Old lady—I want you to be very keerful, I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.—Texas Siftings.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Fairy Gold.

"Once on a time," the stories say,
The wee green elves would often cast
Bright heaps of gold in mortals' way;
But fairy gold would never last.
I know 'tis true; you ask me how?
My dears, they sometimes do it now!

If you some morn will come with me,—
My blue-eyed lad, my brown-eyed lass,—
I'll take you where you'll shout to see
The gay gold glistening on the grass.
Your small, hot hands you both may fill,
And leave the meadow shining still.

But, hidden watchers, all the while,
Are tittering softly to themselves;
Alas! you little guess the guile
And roguish mockery of the elves!
Too soon you'll find, as I have told,
That buttercups are fairy gold!

—[Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas.

The Elephant's Memory.

Some twelve years ago an elephant belonging to a circus found itself at Hythe, in Kent. While passing a shop in the town the tradesman good-naturedly gave it a meal of potatoes. Some months since the same elephant returned to Hythe. About four o'clock on a fine summer morning it escaped from its quarters in the show, and visited the old shop. Finding it closed, the wise beast lifted the door from its hinges, and then leisurely helped itself bountifully to apples, potatoes, and other good things. Having either satisfied its appetite or cleared out the stock, it bent its steps homeward, when it was met by its keeper, who had started in search of it. On the following morning, at the same hour, it tried to repeat the visit, but its intentions were baulked by the keeper's vigilance.—[Little Folks.

Two Knowing Crows.

The Hartford Times tells of two knowing crows, kept by a Connecticut family, which became such mischievous nuisances and thieves—stealing every bright and glistening thing they could pounce upon, including ladies' jewelry of all kinds, and hiding it in distant trees, and once nearly making off with a gold watch—that it became expedient to get rid of them. They were taken (tied in a bag so that they couldn't see) to a piece of wood eight miles distant, and there liberated, the wagon being driven off in another direction. Next day one crow was back again, hunting about the kitchen for food, and showing every evidence of great satisfaction at getting back, while the cook joyfully welcomed him; and his companion wasn't long in returning. The first returning wanderer was a knowing fowl. When a hard, dry piece of bread was given to him he would take it off to his basin of water, put it in and let it soak a little. If, on taking it out, it was found to be still too hard to suit him, Mr. Crow would put it back and with one foot hold it down under the water for a good while. Then he would devour it very contentedly. If that was not reason, what was it?

A Golden-Rule Book.

One of Helen's presents last Christmas was a prettily bound book with clean white pages; it was intended to write a diary in.

"But I don't know how to write a diary, mamma," said Helen; "and besides nothing ever happens to me to write about."

"Never mind," answered mamma; "call it a Golden-Rule book, and fill it with all the true stories you hear of little folks who have kept the Golden Rule."

"Do," said papa, "and I will tell you one to put on the first page."

"A true one, papa?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, indeed," he said, every word true: Once there were some boys and girls going to school together, and on a certain day they were to march in a parade with ever so many more schools. Now, all the children who had no bad marks wore blue rosettes, and they were very proud to wear them, you may be sure.

"But one unfortunate little boy lost his, and, though the others helped him to look for it, he could not find it anywhere. The parade was about to begin, and he was crying bitterly over his lost badge.

"'Never mind, Roger,' said the sweet little girl who walked beside him, 'you shall have mine, 'cause I'm so little, you see, nobody'll notice me;" and she took the rosette off her shoulder and pinned it on the boy's."

"Well, it wasn't very Golden-Ruley in him to take it," said Helen; "but what makes you keep smiling at mamma? Was she the little girl? Oh, papa! And were you the boy?"

"I was, indeed," said papa "and I have been ashamed of that boy and proud of that dear little girl ever since that day."—[The Sunbeam.

A Tea Farm in California.

A party of Japanese have bought 400 acres of land in the foothills near Campo Seco, Calaveras county, Cal., and they propose to irrigate through a mining ditch from the Mokelumne River and convert it into a tea farm. It is said that Japanese have experimented with tea in the vicinity and proved it a success.

A RICH REDSKIN.

An Indian Who is Building a Railroad Out West.

The Wonderful Career of An Inventive Aboriginal.

A recent letter from Newton, Mo., to the Kansas City Journal says: Had any one predicted a quarter of a century ago that an American Indian would build a railroad he would have been considered a fit object for a lunatic asylum. But to-day the people of Newton County, Mo., a county adjoining the Indian Territory have witnessed a scene such as man never before beheld. Matthias Splitlog, a half Cayuga and half Wyandotte Indian, born in an Indian village in Canada, today at Neosho drove the first spike for the Kansas City, Fort Smith and Southern Railway. This division of the Kansas City, Fort Smith and Southern railway was chartered the 8th of last March under the laws of the State of Missouri, with a capital of $3,000,000, and now there are about 35 miles graded and ready for the iron.

Mr. Splitlog has furnished the "sinews of war" out of his own ample fortune, and is backed by heavy capitalists to complete the road, and before the 1st of next January he will have the cars running from Joplin, in Jasper County, to the town of Splitlog, in McDonald County, a distance of about thirty-five miles, and Matthias Splitlog, the millionaire Indian, who is probably the richest man of his race, will henceforth be known all over the country as the only Indian railroad man (at least the first) in the United States or in the whole world.

The occasion of driving the first spike on the main line of this new road was a matter of more than ordinary interest to the people of Neosho. At 3.15 there were about one thousand people assembled at the point where the main line crosses the 'Frisco track. After music by the Indian band from the Territory, and selections by the Neosho band, Mr. Charles W. Smith, Auditor of the construction company, held the spike in position, and in four bold strokes Mr. Splitlog drove the spike home into a carefully selected whiteoak tie. Cheer after cheer was given for the road, Matthias Splitlog, Neosho and the enterprise, after which many came to the track to look at the spike. Mr. Splitlog wielded the sledge with a familiarity and precision which indicated that he had used his sledge with good effect when he built his steamboat on the Detroit river.

Mr. Splitlog was born in the year 1813, and while a boy was apprenticed to a carpenter and millwright, and, although his wages were only $7 per month, young Splitlog thought he was getting rich. He imbibed a love for machinery and inventions which has made his life a useful and eventful one. In the year 1842 young Splitlog joined the Wyandottes, who were the last of the Indian tribes then in Ohio. In 1843 Splitlog came west with some of the tribe, and found, after his arrival at Westport landing (now Kansas City), that he only had 50 cents in his pocket. He induced an old Indian to go his security for the price of an axe. With this axe he cut cordwood for the steamboats at 25 cents per cord, and, after paying for the axe, which cost $2, he soon saved enough to buy a pony.

About the year 1864 he married Eliza Barnett, a grandniece of Harry Jacques, the old Indian who went his security for the price of the axe. Her father was head chief of the Wyandottes when he died in 1838. Her mother was a part Wyandotte and part Seneca Indian. They have a family of five children—four sons and one daughter. Splitlog was never idle, and in most of his undertakings he was successful. At an early day he built a mill near Wyandotte, which was first run by horse-power and afterwards by steam. Splitlog's mill was a success and was long an old landmark near Wyandotte. He began to speculate in real estate, and, although he can neither read nor write, he has been one of the most successful speculators in the neighborhood of Kansas City, and is to-day worth over $1,000,000. Many interesting incidents could be written in connection with his useful life.

A Youthful Financier.

A young financier, aged 4, who was given 5 cents for every mouse caught in a small trap, finally asked leave to spend the proceeds. The nurse was told to go wherever he led her, to see what he proposed buying. He passed all the toy and candy shops, but paused before a hardware store, and pointing to the window exclaimed triumphantly:

"I buy more mouse trap, Fanny!"—[Epoch.

Wanted to Chop It.

Customer (to waiter, who has just filled his order): Did you say this was a chop?

Waiter: Yes, sir. Anything the matter with it, sir?

Customer: Nothing much. But say, when you are coming 'round this way again please bring the axe.—[Life.

Bashful Bridegrooms.

A justice of the peace in Saratoga county recently joined a pair who were so embarrassed that they hardly knew what they were doing. The man wore a white straw hat which he whirled on his finger before the ceremony began. When told to stand up he jumped before the justice with the greatest alacrity. For a few moments he did not know what to do with the hat, but finally found his way out of the difficulty by putting it between his knees. This was too much for the bride. With the handle of her parasol she caught the hat, pulled it from its position and then, abashed at her audacity, dropped hat and parasol to the floor.

The same justice tells a story of another couple who came to be married. The man was dreadfully puzzled, and without realizing the act pulled a cigar from his pocket and began twirling it around. When that portion of the ceremony was reached where bride and groom join hands, he happened to have the cigar in his right hand. What to do with the cigar he apparently did not know. The justice paused a minute and then again directed the pair to join hands. By this time the poor fellow's embarrassment was painful. He gave one agonized look at the justice of the peace and stuck the cigar in his mouth. Before the ceremony could be concluded the justice had to take the cigar from between the man's lips.—[Rochester Herald.

Balloons in High Altitudes.

The recent attempt made by some French æronauts to reach a great height above the earth has not been productive of any particular scientific results. The balloon in which the ascent was made reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet without the occupants of the car experiencing any ill effects, except a tendency to faintness on the part of one of them. When about 12 years ago a similar attempt was made, and the height of 25,000 feet was reached, it was with fatal results to three out of the four æronauts. The success of the present experiment is explained by the allegation that the difficulties due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere only begin at an altitude of 23,000 or 24,000 feet. This view seems supported by the fact that in the Himalayas and the Andes heights of about 20,000 feet have been on several occasions reached without any inconvenience. In such cases, however, the ascent has always been gradual. The ill effects experienced in balloons are possibly due to the suddenness of the change.—[London Spectator.

How Peas are Canned.

The canning of green peas, which is now a busy industry in Delaware, is an interesting process. The peas are shelled by hand and then fed into the hopper of a separator, which divides them into three grades; then they are put into copper kettles, where they are steamed just enough to wrinkle the outer skin and intensify if possible the vivid green of the pea. They are then filled into cans, which are placed on an iron tray and dipped in a trough or tub of boiling water, which runs into the cans filling them to the brim. This water contains whatever of a preservative nature is put into the cans to preserve the vegetable. The cans are then wiped, sealed and packed in iron cages, each cage holding 248 cans. These cages are put into air tight steam kettles where the cans are subjected to hot steam under immense pressure for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The peas are then ready for market.—[Chicago Tribune.

A Chinese Anæsthetic.

A curious anæsthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known by Dr. U. Lambuth in his third annual report of the Soochow Hospital. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it exudes in a liquid, which forms a paste with a portion of the flour. This paste, dissolved in water, was found to possess well-marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger had been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it could be pricked with a needle without any pain being felt, and numbness of the lips and tongue was produced by applying the liquid to them.—[Boston Journal.

Rat and Snake.

Charles E. Jackson of Halifax, Fla., has a pet snake that catches rats. Jackson heard a racket in a cupboard, and opening the door, found the snake had captured a rat and was trying to swallow it nose first. The rat was alive and strenuously protested against going into such a hole, using his feet to catch hold of the floor or other surroundings. The snake, wiser than the rat, raised him a foot or two in the air, and in that position continued the swallowing process, dropping down to the floor to rest occasionally, until the rat was swallowed.

Principle and Interest.

"If you haven't read that book you promised to," said a lady severely to her son, "you show great lack of principle."

"Oh, no, mamma," was the calm reply. "Not lack of principle; only lack of interest."—[Epoch.

Stoicism.

'Tis all the same,
As I look back from this long distant year,
If on one day the wintry winds blew drear,
Or perfumed breezes brought a lightsome cheer—
'Tis all the same.

So, when I trace the errors I have made,
And reckon the good parts that I have played,
I smile as into mist they merge and fade—
'Tis all the same.

And when I count what I have gained and lost,
And find that I have paid too great a cost
For baubles that have in my way been tossed,
'Tis all the same.

So now, though I may darkling glances meet,
Or bask in Fortune's smiles and favors sweet,
When I have coursed far down life's current fleet,
'Tis all the same.

'Tis all the same,
When this brief hour has passed away,
If cloud or sunshine lined the winding way;
And yet, proud heart, 'tis hard, so hard to say,
"'Tis all the same."

—C. M. Harger in the Current.

HUMOROUS.

There are more falls than hops in beer.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait.

A baker may have his shop in the west, but his work is always rising in the east.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of unfounded gossip.

It is said that 262 pairs of twins were born in Chicago last year. This may account for the squalls on Lake Michigan.

"What is this man charged with?" asked the judge. "With whiskey, your honor," replied the sententious policeman.

There are 78,000,000 acres of corn planted in this country and about that number of corn achers on the feet of its inhabitants.

Fond wife—Would you believe that Mrs. Eccles next door, speaks seven languages? Fond husband—Certainly I would, she's got tongue enough to speak fifty.

A New England man has just had a patent granted to him for "an electric switch." It is expected that all the boys of the country will rise up in vehement protest.

One youngster—We have a nice canopy top to cover our carriage. Other youngster—That's nuthin'. We have a chattel mortgage on ours that more than covers it, pa says.

It is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds, that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said: "Yes it is a pretty stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantel piece made of it in the next room!"

Caught in the Ice.

A ship once fairly beset, and strongly held during a gale, is completely beyond control; and no real good can be accomplished by the severe tasks of warping and continual shifting of ice-anchors, which only exhaust the crew and render them more or less unable to take a thorough advantage of a favorable situation should one occur. Parry, however, under these circumstances, did not hesitate to employ his crews to their utmost at the hawsers and sails, plainly acknowledging that "the exertions made by heaving at hawsers, or otherwise, are of little more service than the occupation they furnished to the men's minds under such circumstances of difficulty; for, when the ice is fairly acting against the ship, ten times the strength and ingenuity could in reality avail nothing." But the greater majority of ice navigators are now decidedly of the opinion that it is best to yield to fate, and reserve the men's strength for palpable efforts. Still, in these besetments, the mind of the commander must be ever active; for new events follow each other so rapidly, that a favorable chance for rescue is passed before it can be fairly weighed in all its aspects.—[Swiss Cross.

Just What He Meant.

A citizen of Detroit, who probably intends to run on the next county ticket met a farmer from Romulus on Michigan avenue yesterday and held out his hand and said:

"Ah, fine rain this!"

"Well, I dunno."

"Do the crops lots of good."

"It will, eh? What crops?"

"Well, er---you know--- won't it help the crops?"

"It may soften up the dirt so I can dig up a few stumps."

"Exactly---exactly---that's what I meant. Beautiful rain for softening, beautiful. Good-bye."

The Least Intoxicating.

Col. Yerger and several of his friends were talking about the intoxicating qualities of the various liquors.

"In my opinion, genuine champagne is less intoxicating than any other liquor," remarked Hostetter McGinnis.

"How do you make that out?"

"Because so few people can afford to drink it."—[Siftings.