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The Chatham Record

RATES

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

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

Fruit of the Topmost Bough. "I want the fruit of the topmost lough. Who cares for the prize that costs no pain? What boots the bay on the light-pressed

'Tis the iron crown as of Charlemagne; Tis the palace girt with the lion guards, The Eden beyond the stormy sea: Let those give way whom the toil retards, But the strife and the heat and the dust for

"There is Alexander's bitter tear O'er the lack of worlds for the victor's

There is Cromwell stretched on his gorgeous Taking his first and his only rest! There is Milton, blind to the suns of Time,

Star eved in jasper courts at last; Like the bird that steers through the azure

To the cyric with hard-won repast.

"I want the fruit of the topmost bough: Let him who trembles desert the fray; I think of the crown on the victor's bic w. And not of the lions that guard the way. For the time is short and the arm is frail, And the tark may weather no other gale; And the dews of death may be gathering

But my gaze is fixed on that tormost bough!

"I want the fruit of the topmost bough, 'Tis a dizzy height and 'tis lonely there; But the breeze play o'er the weary brow, And the truit of that bough is fair-so fair! Can I rest and dream while a shred of life, While a spark of hope is left to me?

Is this the Eden beyond the sea! "In the marble efficy and bust I read but a dream of the prize I seek; For spite of it all, it is dust to dust-A willing mind, but a frame that's weak Do I call memorials like these

Is this the way to the meed of strife?

A titting prize for the deatilless soul? Is this the fruit I long to seize? Is this my star, my crown, my goal?" * * *

Oh, weary heart of the toiler! turn From the maze of doubt and the dust of

And look, for once, on the empty urn And the wide-strewn ashes of vanished life; And then, beholding thy better hope, In starward gaze and with dauntless brow, Seek the pearly gates which the angels ope-

This is the fruit of the topmost Lough! —[Wm, B. Chisholm in N. Y. Observer.

A MINISTERING ANGEL

"Oh. Harry, how beautiful this is!" cried Sophie Garland, clasping her plump little hands with delight. never dreamed that you had prepared such a home as this for me,"

"Love in a cottage, ch?" said Harry Garland, looking down with eyes of amused admiration, at his pretty young bride. "But you see, Sophie, I thought this would be so much nicer than a town house; for the summer months at least!"

Clover lale was the prettiest of Gothic cettages, all embowered in blooming lilacs, fragrant tresses of honeysuckle and climbing roses. . There was a little lawn, shorn close as green plush, a running brook bridged over, and the smallest of grottoes, where the drip of a cascade was lost among the ferns and

"It's most charming," said Mrs. Garland, who had filled both hands with tu ips, daffedils and early roses. "I never dreamed of anything so lovely! And there is a cabinet piano in the drawing-room, and real stained-glass windows in the library and the quaintest sun-dial I ever saw, "

"And plenty of spare roon if my mother should wish to spend the summer with u-," said Mr. Garland, care-

Sophie's face fell, all of a sudden, The roses and daffodils drifted to the ground; she came close to Harry and egan nervously playing with the midthe button of his coat.

"Harry," she said, "I don't want to lest to have an understanding on this question at once."

"On what question?" said Harry, somewhat bewildered.

"On the mother-in-law question," tourageously answered Sophie.

Harry burst out laughing. "My dear child," sail he, "who has is en filling your innocent little head with nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense," said Sophie. "But I have made up my mind never to et our domestic peace be imperilled by such an element as this. And I-I can't consent to receive your mother

here, Harry," Mr. Garland whistled low and long. "The deuce you can't!" said he.

"You wont ask it, will you, dear?" beaxed the young wife, in her sweetest will not leave me?"

"If you only knew my mother, So-

"But I don't know her," pleaded Sophi, "and I don't want to know her." "I'm sure you would like her, Sophie; and I am positively certain you could not help loving her."

"As if there ever could be any relationthip nearer than armed neutrality between mother and daughter-in-law!" satirically observed Mrs. Garland. "No, Harry, it is too dangerous an experiment to try. You will let me have my own way in this matter, will you not?" she added, care-singly. "It is the first favor I have

to oppose your wishes in any respect," part with her any more. Would she Pretty slim board—a shingle

And Sophic stood on tip-toe to kiss stay here with us always, do you think, him, by way of reward.

After this discussion it is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Henry Garland was not a little surprised, two or three days subsequently, by the arrival of a cab at the gate loaded with trunks ciderly lady, very much powdered and know you then." frizzed, with an eighteen-year-old bonnet and a parasol which a school-girl might have envied. Sophie started from the cosey nest in the hammock where he was reading Dante.

"Mamma!" sh: exclaimed. "Yes, darling, it's me," said Mrs. Percy, her mother. "I was on my way to Brighton, so I thought I would surprise you and dear Harold."

And she gave Sophic a succession of kisses, which were very strongly flavored | York Journal. with rose-powder, and beckoned the cab-man to bring in the trunks.

"Four," said she." "And a bonnetbox, and an umbrella-strap, and two the drug. The first slight uncasiness traveling bags. I believe that is all. My darling Sophie! And the doctor into extreme relentlessness, accompanied says country air is the very thing I need by the most profound depression; the to set me up.'

Mrs. Peregrine Percy was one of those old-young ladies who remind one forcibly of an antique piece of furniture varnished up to look like new. Sophie Garland had never been in sympathy with her fashionable mother. She had married decide lly in opposition to that lady's wishes, and was, to tell the truth, dinary sufferer is painful to him; so rot especially pleased at her appearance on the scene at this particular moment.

herself. "I certainly can't turn her stimulations. out of doors, though I'm sure I don't know what Harry will say after all those disagreeable things I said about his mother.

But Harry Garland was too much of a a gentleman not to behave courtcously makes him dread that condition which under any circumstance. He welcomed Mrs. Percy with genuine hospitality, Incapacity to take food, prolonged and did not even notice Sophie's ap- sleeplessness, constant sneezing, yawnpealing glances when the old lady inci- ing and vomiting, painful acuteness of dentally let fall the information that, all his senses and other troubles sink the since she liked the situation of Clover- sufferer into a condition of prostration dale Cottage so well, she should perhaps | and despair, only to be relieved by morremain there all the summer, "just to phia. keep Sophie company you know."

"It is so good of Harry not to fling back my own silly words into my face," she thought with a thrill of gratitude. But at the end of a week Mrs. Perc-

gri le Percy sickened. "I hope it's not going to be anything serious," said she. Sickness does age a person so. I never had any wrinkles, you know, dear, before that last attack of neuralgia."

But when it transpired that Mrs. Perey's ailment was a severe and contagious form of disease, there was a general commotion at Cloverdale Cottage. The servants gave warning, the neighbors kept away and poor Sophie was weary, worn out with nursing and fatigue, when one day a gentle little woman in black presented herself.

"She will see you, ma'am," said the little charity girl who slone could be induced to cross the infected threshold, and who loudly declared that "at the asylum she had everything, and wasn't afraid of nothing!" "I to!d her to go away, but it was no good."

Sophie, pale and haggard, crept down into the darkened drawing-room,

"I don't know who you are," said she, "or what your business is, but you had better go away. There is terrible sickness here."

"I know it," answered a mild voice. 'and that is the very reason that I am here. I am Harry's mother, darling. I have come to help you."

So, like a ministering angel, the "mother-in-law" came into the house, teem ungracious, but-but perhaps it is | just as Sophie herself succumbed to the

No sooner did Mrs. Peregrine Percy recover than she packed her trunks and made off for Brighton as fast as

"One always needs change after illness," said she. "And the atmosphere of a sick-room always was most depressing for me. I dare say that the good Mrs. Garland will do all that is necessary for dear Sophie, and I have my own welfare to think of."

Sophie, just able to sit up in a pillowed arm-chair, her cheeks hollowed by illness, her large eyes shining from deep, purple circles, looked after the departing carriage, and then lifted her glance to the tender nurse beside her.

"Mother," she said, wistfully, "you

"Not unless you send me away, Sophie," said Mrs. Garland, tenderly. "And that will be never," said Sophie, closing her eyes with a sigh of relief. "How very good you have been to me!

And even in her slumber she could not rest peacefully until she held Mrs. Garland's hand in hers.

Without you I should surely have

That evening, when Harry came home, she opened her heart to him. "Harry," she said, "can you ever for-

give me?" "Forgive you, dearest?"

"For what I said about our dear, dear mother," fervently uttered Sophie. "She "Of course you are the mistress here," is precious beyond expression to me now. E id Garland, feigning an indifference | She has saved my life by her courage that he did not feel. "I do not intend and devotion. And I feel that I cannot

Harry?"

"I am her only son, Sophie," sail he. 'Yes, I think she will-if you ask her." Sophie made her confession to her mother-in-law at once.

"I was so rude, so selfish," she canand the appearance of a juvenile-looking | didly acknowledged. "But I did not

And Mrs. Garland's tender kiss was a seal of the most loving forgiveness. Mrs. Peregrice Percy never has gone

back to Cloverdale Cottage, "I don't fancy that stupid, monotonous life," said she. "And my poor

Morphia. Watch a morphia habitue deprived of and sense of discomfort gradually passes stomach becomes so irritable that nothing can be retained, and there is a nausea and distressing sensation of emptiness and sinking. The whole nervous system, which has been working so long under a deadening weight, abuses its liberty and runs absolute riot; a breath of air which would bring relief to an orsensitive is the skin that a touch distresses, and even the eye and ear are in-"But what am I to do," she said to capable of tolerating the most ordinary

> To these troubles is added sleeplessness; the patient cannot get a moment's rest; or, if he could close his eyes in sleep, horrible dreams and an indefinable terror takes possession of him, and others look to for consolation and relief.

> Who then can wonder if the wretch yields again to the drug which has so long easlaved him? Hovering between a longing to be free and a feeling of incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past. No, we have no morphia at our disposal which will do more than alleviate these sufferings, and if the morphia habitue will be freed he must place himseif under such control as can prevent his giving way under the trial, as he almost inevitably will if left to himself.

But severe as the ordeal is, he has this consolation and this great inducement to submit to it-namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two his discomfort is endurable and becomes less and less until it gradually passes into ease and health. - [Nineteenth Century.

Where Violins Are Made. It is truly astonishing how many violins there are imported into this country annually, especially if we consider that there is really but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, in Saxony, Germany. There are altogether about 15,000 people living there who do nothing else day after day but make violins, and to go there and watch them is one of the most interesting sights I ever enjoyed in all my life. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old gray headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all are engaged in making some parts of a fiddle.

A good one consists of sixty-two different pieces. They are cut, planed, smoothed and measured, everything being accurate and precise with the model. The older men make the finger board from chony, and the string holder and the screws. The small boys have to make themselves useful by looking after the glue pot on the fire and bringing their elders things as they may want them. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts the different pieces together, and this is the most difficult task of all. Most violins are made of maple woo'l that grows in that part of the country or

over the frontier in Bohemia, The women generally occupy themseives as polishers. This requires long practice, and a family that has a daughter who is a good polisher is considered fortunate. Even a young man, when he goes a-wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher, and if she is, it certainly will increase his affection for her at least twofold. The polishing takes a good deal of time, some of the best violins being twenty and even thirty times polished. Every family has its peculiar style of polishing, and they never vary from that. There is one that makes nothing but a deep wine color, another a citron color, yet another an orange color, and so on .-[Pittsburg Dispatch.

PATAGONIA.

A South American Country That Exists Only in Name.

How Its Marauding Savages Were Severely Punished.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their child is given up, soul and body, into fi sh by a few bands of savage Indians the clutches of a mother-in-law! It of immense stature." I am quoting wasn't for the want of warning, either. from a school-book published in 1886, I told Sophic how it would be, but she and in common use in this country. The never would take my advice."-[New same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours-one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing --- the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is rn insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own in-

> Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the Ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordalleras were fixe I as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pumpas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kunsas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into obliviou with "Great American Desert." remnant of a vast tribe of aborigine still occupies the interior, but the Ladian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was conciderable amovance on the trontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter-time, steal cattle, rob and despoil, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier, prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pase of fifty miles General Roca dur a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go south as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch and there has been no further annoy-

ance from Indians on the frontier. The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whiskey, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young estriches, There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but each one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive as the birds are being exterminated, as our luff does have been .-[Harper's Magazine,

A Driver in Russia.

A driver in Russia holds the reins in both bands and carries no whip He manages his horses entirely by talking to them, and if he belongs to an aristocratic family, he never raises his voice above a well-bred tone. His talk, however, is curious. If the horses go well, he praises and flatters them, calling taem all sorts of affectionate names; but if they are lazy, is is quite different; he then scolds them roundly, shames them and calls hard names. it sounds very droll to people whose coachmen guide almost entirely by reins and whip and scarcely open their lips.

A Characteristic of Fish. "Fish make very poor correspondents," observed Squilding.

Pelicans Robbed by Sea Gulls. Two immense pelicans found their way in through the Golden Gate on

Thursday morning, and immediately commerced fishing operations off Fort Point. They were apparently very successful for a while, and had it all their own way. Their sense of sight must be exceedingly keen, as they rose in the air to quite a height, then gracefully circled about until they saw a fish, when they suddenly descended, and, like a flash, thrust their bills into the briny deep, seldom failing to secure a catch. They evidently thought they had a good thing of it, but as with mortals sometimes, the good thing did not last long. A small flick of voracious sea gulls observed the pelicans at work, and flew toward them to share in the plunder. As soon as a pelican lowered for a fish and caught it, the sea gulls swarmed about the fisher, and with ear-splitting clatter attempted to seize the game, in which they were usually successful. Other gulls, attracted by the struggle, continued to gather, until a large space in the bay was literally covered with them. Some sharp practice then commenced, forcibly reminding the observer that "the struggle for existence" was as bitter on sea as on land. At times a pelican would rise with its plunder and soar away up in the air to enjoy it, but 100 guils followed in close pursuit, and being, evidently, swifter in flight than the pursued, soon overtook the larger bird, and encircling it literally tore the fish to pieces. The struggle lasted quite a while, the gulls in the meantime screaming themselves hoarse. They kept worrying and attacking the pelicans until the latter seemed to leave in disgust, and sought peace from their tormentors by flying out to sea. The sea gulls act as if they had a monopoly of the bay, and every intruder from the ocean is jealously watched and either driven out or actually worried to death .- [San Francisco

Examiner. First Run on a Bank. The extravagant luxury of the of Charles the Second, combined with its utter want of principle and incapacity to carry on the memorable contest with Holland, purduced the first run upon bunkers that ever was made. The extravagance of the court had dissipated all the means which parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was finally determined to wage only defensive war; but even for that the vast resources of England were found insufficient, The Dutch insulte I the British court, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the burning ships was seen in London; it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend, and military men seriously proposed to aban-

don the Tower. The people, accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a panic. The country was in danger, London itself might be invaded. What security was there then for the money advanced to the Crown? The people the first run upon the bankers.

is the bankers were then called, met all d mands that were made upon them. Confi lence was restored by royal proclamation that Ce demands on the exchequer should be made as usual, and dawned he was saved by those on shore. the run collapse I .- [Free Press,

The Land of Toys. The vicinity of the Black Forest, says the American Agriculturist, is a veritable land of toys, while the pleasant inhabitants being engaged in the manuthe specialty, and each family has its own particular branch. Thus one makes nothing but animals, another nothing but wagons, etc. Each toy basses through half-a-dozen hands, and even the todling little ones share in the work. Half a million dollars' worth are shipped from there every year, and as they come to us through Holland are were passed upon him. called "Datch toys." Hence the old

breaking What the children of Holland take pleasure

Conversing With Flowers.

sprung up between a young pair, the fedown the centre. One haif of the split flower is intended to represent the man, and the other half the woman, and it is "Whereforer' asked McSwilligan.
"They are never anxious for any one tirely separated.

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THE GREAT FALLS. Some Tragic and Dramatic In-

Suicides, Strange Accidents

cidents at Niagara.

and Remarkable Escapes. The number of suicides at Niagara Falls have been very large. On one occasion a man leaped from the bridge, 192 feet into the current, and is sup. posed to have died before reaching the water. For 50 feet he fell like a plummet. He then began to turn over and dropped apparently lifeless on the water. A woman who committed suicide tested the current by throwing in her parasol before gathering her skirts together for the plunge. In another case a man calmly undressed and went into the flood, strongly and deliberately swimming to the giddy verge. A brave swimmer tried to rescue him, but the man who sought death sped onwards to it with rapidity on seeing he was followed. He was soon where it was not necessary for him to put forth another stroke. The torrent caught him, and he was at once beyoud help. On one occasion there was a double suicide, the couple being a middle-aged man and woman, Strange accidents are also reported. A lady stooped to pluck a flower on the brink of the Table Rock and was picked up dead from the rocks below. Another lady stooped for a cup of water, lost her balance and was out of reach and over the falls almost before her amazed husband knew what had happened. In 1875 a very strange and foolish accident occurred. An engaged couple went behind the Falls, into the Cave of the Winds without a guide. The lady actually sought to bathe in a pool which even the guides never visited. Her lover lost his life in endeavoring to save hers. One very pathetic and dramatic incident is recorded. A young man caught up a charming child, who was watching the tumbling waves. "Now, Lizzie," he playfully said, "I am going and he swung her backwards and for | since, I am sincerely theirs to serve," wards. The child screamed, struggled and slipped from his hands. He gazed after her, and, realizing what he had done, leaped into the torrent. Rescue, of course, was hopeless, and he perished. Remarkable escapes have now and again

been recorded. One was that of a murderer. The sheriff was close behind him, the river in front, and only the wires of the old bridge at Lewiston to help him across. Hand over hand he began the passage. His hands quickly blistered, and then they bied. Again and again be rested his arms by hanging by his legs. At length he reached the opposite bank, and lay parting full an hour before resuming his flight. one occasion a was at work on Second Sister's Island, when he fell into the water. He was carried towards the falls, and when only forty feet from them caught on

a rock. After a time of terrible anxiety he was saved by ropes manipulated from the shore. A boatman was being hurried along towards the rapids, when flocked to their debtors and demanded he threw out a little anchor he had with their deposits. London now witnessed him. It seemed like playing for his life with grim death as he heard the The fears of the people, however, anchor bump continually against the proved groundless, for the goldsmiths, rocks without grounding. At length his fearful anxiety was relieved by its catching a grip, but all night through the boatman was tossed about while he held the anchor rope. When morning

An Army Adventure.

The W. H. Upham who is at the head of the Upham Manufacturing company, which lost \$800,000 by the great fire at Marshfie'd, Wisconsin, was the town of Sonneberg has been termed the hero of a singular adventure when a great toy-capital, nearly everyone of the young man. He was a member of a Wisconsin regiment which participated facture of playthings. Woeden toys are in the first battle of Bull Run, and was thought to have been killed. His comrades saw him fall, and none of them made any doubt of his death. Being the first victi n of the strife in his own neighborhood there was a great public mourning for him. A memorial service was held in which thousands of people participated, au I many eloquent eulogies Six months later Upham appeared in

Washington with a party of exchanged The children of England take pleasure in prisoners. He had been desperately wounded and taken prisoner, but the Confederates had attended to his wants, and when the exchange took place he was sent home. When in Washington | eatin?" he was taken to the White House by The young people in Tahiti have a Judge Doolittle, then a Senator, and custom of conversing with flowers, not introduced to President Lincoln as a galike the Orientals. If a coolness has soldier who had come back from the stomach?" grave. As Upham was on all the male will separate a nower sertially records as dead, Mr. Lincoln ordered a an empty stomach. I ate a peck of 'em correct entry to be made, and then gave | before I takled the one."- Texas the boy an honorable discharge from the Siftings. service. When he reached home in meant typically to imply that, though Racine he was the lion of the bour, separate bodies, they are joined together and the people who had participated in at the heart. If the lover puts the flow- the memorial meeting in his honor got er in his hair, it is a sign that he wishes up a jubilee which was hardly less to preserve her favor, but, if he tears it numerously attended. Later on in the

The Brooklet.

Thou little brook, so clear and bright, That hurriest on through day and night; I watch and think with vain endeavor, Where com'st thou from? Where flows thou

'I come from out the rock's deep side, O'er flowers and mossy banks I glide, And in my mirror one can view Reflections of the sky's deep blue.

"As thoughtless as a little child, I know not where I flow so wild; But He who brought me to the light Will guide, I know, my course aright." -From the German of Goethe

HUMOROUS.

We are all fortune-tellers. That is, we can tell a fortune when we see it. Women are the best detectors of counterfeits when the counterfeits are not

The price of rubber goods remains very firm. One would think that it would be elastic.

A law prohibiting the intemperate hoarding of wealth might prevent money from becoming tight.

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-

It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them Statistics show that girls who work

in a match factory do not get married any quicker than these who work at other places. The most dull and sickening thud is that produced by the dropping of an

old-fashioned copper cent into a church contribution box. The boy who quails at the sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad that goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bee's nest

with a handful of willow switches. In his valedictory the retiring editor and proprietor of a Nevada journal says: "Thanking an ever-indulgent pubto throw you into the water," lie for not having mobbed me long

> A Distinguished Family. 'So your sons are all through college, are they?" asked Mrs. Smiley of Mrs.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lofty. "The dear fellows! I am so proud of them! Each of them made his mark. Only think of it! George won the gold medal for being the best polo player in

"Oh, yes, and Harry was never beaten once at lawn tennis during the last two years he was in college. He has ever so many badges and medals."

"How gratifying to you!" "Indeed it is! Ard my son Will went ahead of his whole class at base ball and is regarded as the most promising first base the college ever turned out! We are all so proud of him! But all our hopes are centered in our son Leo, who graduated two years age. He has come out winner in every boat race he has rowed; and, only think of it, we used to really fear that it was a waste of time and money to send him to college at all. He seemed so indifferent about a college education. But he has turned out grandly! We are so proud of all our boys, - Detroit Free Press.

A Brilliant Light in Alaska.

The aurora on the Yukon river in Alaska, during the winter months, is said to be very brilliant and remarkably beautiful. It commences in the early fall, and lasts, with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long Arctic winter. It generally commences at the setting of the sun, though in midwinter it has at times been so bright that it was visible at noon while the sun was shining brightly. The rays of light first shoot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold; then unfolding, great curtains of light drop forth. These royal mantles, or bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow and crimson, cresuspended and waved between heaven and earth, as with an Livisible hand, and form a spectacle of extraordinary

Not on an Empty Stomach, Auxious Arkensaw mother. - "Tommy, is that a green persimmon you air

"Don't you know it ain't healthy to cat green persimmons on an empty

"I ain teatin' this green persimmon on

Six Months After Marriage. She-Why do you look so tohappy, seorge? Don't you know we are one.

he-Yes, I've heard that before, but