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The Chatham Record.

VOL. X.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., DECEMBER 15, 1887.

NO. 15.

One square, one insertion - \$1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

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Smiles and Tears.

My lot is cast with those who tread
The humbler walks of life; with feet
That are weary - begging bread
And listless with the dust and heat...

A Romance of the Rail.

GERTRUDE FRENCH THOMPSON.

It was on the Pan Handle railroad
In January, 1883, and the train was running
From Cincinnati to Chicago. I got aboard
at Newcastle, Ind. Entering a car
in the middle of the train I seated myself
about a third way down on the night
and was soon busy studying the passengers...

first made a, then b, then c, then spelt
"C-a-r-r-i-e," telling her as I went along
what letters I was making. So engrossed
was I that I did not notice a pair
of lustrous gray eyes and flaming
cheeks over in the seat in front, until
I heard a voice of silvery sweetness say:

"Excuse me, please, sir, but do you
understand the telegraph?"
"I believe I am sufficiently acquainted
to enable me to understand it in ordinary
use."

Blushing profusely, she again said:
"I hope you will excuse my unman-
nerly way of addressing a stranger, but
will you tell me—did you—do you know
what passed between us?"

"I could not help but hear," I replied,
"but I assure you it is safe with me."
She looked at me searchingly and did
not seem at ease.

Presently she turned herself back and
seemed for a time absorbed in thought,
while I continued playing with Carrie,
although I ceased from the further man-
ipulation of the ticker. Carrie, after a
while, left my side and left me alone
with my thoughts.

"I wonder," I cogitated, "what's in the
wind! She seems very nervous and dis-
pleased that I overheard their conversa-
tion. Such a pretty girl, too, I wonder
if—no, I'll ask her;" and leaning for-
ward I said, as gently as I could,

"I hope, miss, that my unintentional
and unavoidable listening causes you no
displeasure, if I, a stranger, may be per-
mitted so to speak."

She turned abruptly.
"May I ask your name?" she queried.
"With the greatest pleasure," and I
handed her my card.

She looked at the card for some sec-
onds, evidently bringing her mind to a
conclusion regarding something, then
turning to me, said:

"Mr. Williams, somehow I feel well
acquainted already with you. There is
something which prompts me to think
you are my friend and that I shall need
your services. I fully appreciate how
widely I depart from the customs of so-
ciety in this talking with one whom I
never met before, but the ice is broken,
and I am about to seek a great favor at
your hands. Are you going to Chicago?"

"I am," I replied, growing interested
each moment, "and shall be delighted to
be of service to you."

"I should be much pleased to have
you call at my father's house at your
earliest convenience."

I was bewildered, but as the train
was nearing the end of the route I phil-
osophically accepted the situation,
thanked my good luck and agreed to
call at three the next day. So the ad-
vices were spoken at the station and we
separated.

Promptly at the appointed time I was
at the house of the young lady, and dur-
ing the few moments I had to wait for
her appearance, as she had just come in
from a drive, I was speculating as to
what the "great favor" she had men-
tioned was. So absorbed was I in build-
ing situations in which I was the hero
rescuing a persecuted girl that I did not
see her enter the room, nor was I aware
of her presence till a light hand on my
shoulder caused me to look upon as
sweet a face as it ever had been my lot
to see. I stood spell-bound and could
not even utter the conventional civilities
necessary to the occasion.

Perceiving my confusion she merrily
remarked, "Well, I am surprised, really.
I always thought reporters were never
embarrassed."

"I sincerely beg your pardon," I re-
plied, "but I must confess that your
presence is so complete a surprise; and
the errand for which I am summoned is
so new an experience that I must really
plead a lack of that control of myself
that never before deserted me. Such a
sudden vision of loveliness!"

"Pardon me if I interrupt you," she
said. "Are you sure you were not
about to use a stereotyped phrase of
your profession—'her, there, I am very
ungenerous in chiding you this way,
but you know, a woman glories in this
opportunity to make a man feel uncom-
fortable, that is, when she feels certain
she can set it all right again. Besides,
I am in my stronghold, as it were, and
I could scream real hard if you got mad.'"

"I bit my lips. Who was this woman?
Her making fun of me in this intelli-
gent, self-reliant way showed me
that I was talking with a practical,
self-possessed child of fortune, and she spoke in a
manner so full of fun, and the merry
twinkle in her eye indicated so strongly
the entire absence of any deliberate idea
of offending that it won from me only
the highest esteem—'but,' I said to
myself, 'if she were only a man.'"

"Now," said she, as if divining my
thoughts, "I hope I have not provoked
you, but let us come to business. You
remember I said I had a favor to
ask of you. You heard what passed
between that gentleman and myself. I
call him 'gentleman' because it is
polite to do so. He is my persecutor.
Some two or three years ago, being
desirous of knowing something or being
proficient in some art or trade that
might be of benefit to me if misfortune
befell my father's household, I studied
telegraphy, and, although my father
was not in favor of it, I accepted a posi-
tion as operator at a station on the Pan

Handle road. This 'gentleman' was
the operator at Logansport, where he left
the train. I had to send nearly all
my work through his office. As the
work of the office was pretty heavy, my
signature appeared pretty frequently
there, and he was not long in finding
out that the operator at B— was not a
man. After that discovery he suddenly
found out that a good many things in
my office were not nice enough for a
lady. One day a lot of pot-plants came
down, these were followed by knock-
knocks, odds and ends to fix up with,
and in stormy weather he would run
down and insist that my instruments
needed adjusting. What could I do?
I could not very well say that I did not
want these things, or his help, for he
gave me to understand he was acting
under orders from headquarters, al-
though my wire never revealed any such
instructions; but his manner was so ob-
trusive, he was so important in his be-
havior, that instead of respecting him as
I was first inclined to do, he became very
distasteful to me, and I could not bear
his presence. It took, of course, a long
time for things to develop to this ex-
tent, but it finally culminated two
months ago in my 'throwing up my
key,' as they say among the opera-
tors. Instead of taking the hint, as it
seemed to me it was very evident he
should do, he has followed me so per-
sistently that I told Charlie of it and he
has sworn that if he meets him he will
shoot him. Charlie is so quick-tem-
pered, but true-hearted, that I am sure
he will keep his word. Now, what I
want you to do is to help me to make
this man desist, for Charlie will surely
do something that will bring our family
name into notoriety if he ever sees him.
Will you help me?"

She had spoken so earnestly, so openly,
so free from affectation, that, as she pro-
ceeded, she held me spell-bound, until
she mentioned "Charlie," when a queer
feeling ran over me and I was even more
at a loss for something to say than when
she first entered the room.

Charlie! Who was Charlie?
Was he her lover? Did
she think that I was there solely
to serve her, regardless of others; my
blood almost ran cold when I realized
that I had come on an errand of help to
her. I had indicated by my presence
that I was willing to do her bidding
and that the idea of "playing second
fiddle" was neither here nor there. I
swallowed the lump in my throat and
huskily replied:

"Miss Hilliard, it will be a great
pleasure to me to be of the slightest
service to you. Name the task and I will
help you if I can. First, give me the
name of this offensive party and I will
proceed to the best of my ability."

What an effort it was to say that!
There was "Charlie" still ringing in my
ears and, to my horror, she burst forth:

"Oh, I am so glad! I know you can
help me. You newspaper men have
such a faculty for digging out scrapes
and Charlie won't have anything to
do with it. How I would
hate to have him do anything rash.
I love him so, that it would
break my heart to see his temper lead
him to an extreme in this matter, for
he thinks the world of me."

There was "Charlie" again! He
thought the world of her. She evidently
wanted someone else to fill her of her
unpleasant follower, so that Charlie's
fingers might not be soiled by the affair.
Well, I must keep my word to her any-
way; but I left that house in a far dif-
ferent frame of mind than when I
entered it.

"Confound that young one and her
ticker."

Once in my room I began to think
over the case. The unpleasant fellow's
name was Charles H. Blockley. I had
met him several times but had no par-
ticular connection with him, save on
one occasion when I had been as-
signed to "write up" an affair in
Logansport. I had occasion to use
the wire considerably at
the office wherein Blockley presided,
and talked considerably with him in a
business way. As I ransacked my brain
in the matter I recollected that this
same operator was mixed up in a little
defalcation in that same office; that
the affair had been hushed up; that he
had been allowed to remain in his position,
which was quite a lucrative one, by the
clemency of his 'super,' who consid-
ered him an expert operator.

"Now," I thought, "here is a point to
work on; but, plague take it all, what
pleasure is there now in working for
her, when it is only to rid her of an
obstacle to her complete enjoyment of
the society of another. Confound the
ticker, confound Charlie, confound
—"

I stopped. If my temper was getting
the best of me why could I blame
Charlie?
I had promised, and I must do it, but
I assured myself that in the next affair
of the kind I would know what I was
working for, before I promised.

Next day I went to Logansport and
called on Blockley. Inviting him to a
private conversation, I said abruptly
and significantly:

"You remember that little affair of
yours here, about eight months ago?"
Blockley started, felt he was power-

less, hesitated, and then nodded affirm-
atively.
"Then let me tell you something
Miss Hilliard is tired of your attentions,
wants them discontinued. As I am a
near friend of hers, I am in a position
to demand a cessation of your persecu-
tion of her—if you persist, I will venti-
late a few facts, then your
name will have enough con-
nected with it to forever prohibit
your hoping to win her hand or for-
tune."

I emphasized "fortune," and Block-
ley understood. I then handed him my
card with the remark:

"You can judge for yourself whether
I can keep my word or not."
Blockley had said nothing up to this
time. He saw his game was up and
simply asked:

"What do you propose to do?"
"Nothing, if you leave her alone;
then you will be left alone. If you
bother her, you will be bothered. So
that's enough."

"I understand."
The job was done.
I hurried back to Miss Hilliard's
house. I was anxious to get the affair
off my hands. This "Charlie" was my
nightmare. I could not think of her
but what this "Charlie" was by her side.
It was Charlie, no doubt, who was en-
joying her company while I was engaged
in the unpleasant task of suppressing his
rival. And Charlie—"worshipped" her.
Well, I would soon have it finished and
then I could forget, after a while, that
I had ever seen her.

I slowly ascended the steps of her
house about a week following my first
visit. I was shown to the same room
and the same chair. The same thoughts
were in my mind when she entered the
room again. How lovely she was. Who
could blame Charlie for worshipping
her? Charlie was likely to have her
love. I only wished I were Charlie;
that's all.

"Miss Hilliard, it gives me pleasure
to inform you that Mr. Blockley will, in
all human probability, never trouble you
again."

I knew my tone was melancholy, for
a sudden thought pale her face.

"You have not killed him?" she ex-
claimed, in a startled tone.

I smiled. Her frankness dispelled my
previous thoughts. Killed him? What
a transition it would be for a murderer,
with blood on his hands, to be standing
without the menace of the law over his
head, talking to one of the loveliest of
women. Killed him! How I wanted
to laugh, but I simply replied,

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope,"
and then proceeded to relate the affair
as it had been arranged.

"How can I ever thank you," she asked.
"You do not know what a load you have
lifted off my mind. What can I do to
repay you?"

"The fact that you and Charlie may
blend your lives peacefully together and
that I have been an instrument toward
that end will amply repay me," I replied.

"Allow me to congratulate Charlie."
"Congratulations Charlie for what? For
being my brother? He who would give
his life for me (and I the same for him)
will thank you most sincerely for this
service to me. Charlie is my brother,
and a good, noble brother he is too."

Her brother! Her brother! Had
I been speaking my venom on the
brother of an angel? If I
had been embarrassed on my first visit
I was doubly so now. I stammered,
tried to say something, stopped, started
again and finally stopped entirely. She
saw my confusion and came to my help.

"Mr. Williams, you are a welcome
guest at this house whenever you may
choose to call."

Blessed words! Did I ever choose, to
call? It was not many moons before
Miss Hilliard became Mrs. Williams, and
one of the little toys we delight to spend
a little while with now and then is a
telegraph "ticker."

Babies in Japan.
The babies astrapped to the backs
of their mothers and sisters scarcely
larger than themselves. One often sees
a dozen or two boys and girls under 10
at all sorts of play, one-half of them
having babies on their backs, often-
times when the little nurses are playing
regular romps, the little ones sound
asleep, their heads hanging down and
flopping from side to side as if their
little necks would break. Here in front
of this hotel, when the tide was out,
I saw hundreds early one morning seek-
ing mussels, mosses, and seaweed. Little
fellows not over 10 are seen
gathering shellfish, with babies fastened
to them. When they would stoop on
hands and knees the baby would
almost stand on its head. I can say I
have seen hundreds of those and have
as yet heard but three babies crying.
Little ones of two and three sometimes
have dolls strapped to the arms.—[Chicago
Mail.

A Sudden Change of Mind.
Bobby: "Ma, can I stay home from
school to-day?"
Mother: "Yes, Bobby, your father
wants you to help him put up the parlor
stove."

Bobby: "Well, ma, why can't I go
to school?"—[Epoch.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Learned Esquimaux.
There is a certain Esquimaux
Who much of knowledge knows,
One day he found, with grief and pain
He'd frozen off his toes.

What did this knowing Esquimaux
Who had the learned brain?
He bound them to his feet, of course,
And froze them on again.
—[Harper's Young People.

Baby Elephants.
How the young elephants, in the large
herds, escape from being crushed, is
something of a mystery, as they are
almost continually in motion; but when
a herd is alarmed, the young almost im-
mediately disappear. A close observer
would see that each baby was trotting
along directly beneath its mother, some-
times between her fore legs.

On the march, when a little elephant
is born in a herd, they stop a day or two
to allow it time to exercise its little
limbs and gain strength, and then they
press on, the mothers and babies in the
rear, but ready to rush forward at the
first alarm. When rocky or hilly places
are reached, the little ones are helped
up by the mothers, who push them from
behind and in various ways; but when
a river has to be forded or swam, a com-
ical sight ensues.

The stream may be very rapid and
rough, as the Indian rivers often are
after a rain, and at such a place the
babies would hardly be able to keep up
with the rest; so the mothers and fathers
help them. At first all plunge boldly in—
both young and old—and when the old
elephants reach deep water, where they
have to swim, the young scramble
upon their backs and sit astride, some-
times two being seen in this position.
But the very young elephants often re-
quire a little more care and attention, so
they are held either upon the tusks of the
father or grasped in the trunk of the
mother, and held over or just at the sur-
face of the water. Such a sight is a
curious one, to say the least—the great
elephants almost hidden beneath the
water, here and there a young one seem-
ingly walking on the water, resting upon
a submerged back, or held aloft while the
dark waters roar below.—[St.
Nicholas.

Singin' His Way.
Years ago one Joseph Bishop used to
ferry persons across the Cumberland
river near Hartsville. He was often ir-
ritated by persons who, when ferried
across, would either tell him they had
no money, or offer him a piece of money
which he could not change. Tired of
this treatment, he determined that
every passenger should pay something.

One day a man approached the ferry,
whistling a lively tune. As he met Mr.
Bishop he said, "Mr. Ferryman, I wish
to cross the river but I have no money."

"Can you sing?" asked Bishop.

"I can sing a little," answered the
stranger.

"I am very fond of singing," said the
ferryman, "and if you will sing all the
way across the river, I will ferry you
over for nothing."

"Agreed," replied the man, and he
began singing as Bishop pushed off.
The ferryman rowed leisurely, and when
the passenger finished his song he stop-
ped singing. Bishop's oars dropped
from his hands.

"I just stopped to get my breath,"
said the vocalist.

"And I just stopped to rest my
hands," answered the ferryman.

Another song was raised, and Bishop
worked with the oars. When the sec-
ond song ended, the oars ceased moving.
The man began a third song, and the
oars moved leisurely.

"I am tired," said the man.

"Let us rest awhile," answered the
ferryman, and the boat floated down the
stream.

The passenger sang a fourth song and
Bishop rowed. When the man sung, he
pulled; when the music gave out the
ferryman's muscles relaxed. The man
sung jigs and reels, and as the boat
touched the shore, he jumped to land,
exclaiming, "That ferriage cost me
much breath!"

"It is the longest voyage I ever made
across the Cumberland," said Bishop.

"I'll bring the money with me next
time," said the man.

"Do!" answered Bishop, "or a new
set of tunes."—[Youth's Companion.

A Deer Conquers a Bear.
That peacefully disposed young bear
which Thomas Strong presented to the
city is kept chained in the deer paddock
at the city park. The other day it
broke its chain and started in to have a
venison dinner. It ran after the deer
till the young buck turned on it and
cocked its fur with his horns and
"bucked" it on the snout and made the
blood run, and finally the bear imitated
Zacchaeus and climbed a tree, while the
buck stood guard at the bottom with
fire in his eyes and frothing at the mouth
with rage. The brief association of
that bear with the colony at Metlakahla
it seems did not eradicate all the savage
nature of the brute. But it will prob-
ably wait till it is bigger before it tries
to eat that buck again.—[Portland Ore-
gonian.

A DAILY PARADE.

Government Employees Quitting
Work in Washington.

The Curious Spectacle Present-
ed at the Hour of Four.

There are some queer sights about the
Government departments daily when
the hour of 4 arrives and the 10,000 of
Uncle Sam's servants turn out on dress
parade, writes a Washington correspon-
dent. You do not get so good a view
of them in the morning as they go in,
for they are more scattered then. The
timid ones begin to come along nearly
half an hour before time to begin work
in the morning, and they straggle in
until after nine o'clock. But at night
there is no straggling. They are
promptly on time, and when the hand
points to 4 they make a bee line for the
door. By half-past three to a quarter
of four work is laid aside and prepara-
tions are made for lightning disappear-
ance when the moment for disappear-
ance comes.

The scenes outside the buildings are
as curious as those within. By 3.45 you
see in front of every building a number
of vehicles of varied description wait-
ing. Some are handsome, stylish in
fact, driven by fine teams and liveried
drivers. They are the carriages of the
heads of the departments or their assist-
ants. They are, most of them government
turnouts. Then there is another class
of carriages; smaller, less expensive and
less stylish. Yet they are more attrac-
tive to the average person, for they are
often driven by a handsome lady, the
wife or sister or daughter of the clerk
for whom each is waiting. There is
another and more touching sight. It is
another class of waiting people. They
are on foot; women and children who
have come to greet "father" and escort
him home.

They are a curious study as they pour
out by the thousands and scatter
through the streets. That stately look-
ing individual who walks to the carriage
in a dignified way, as though he were
afraid of breaking, is either a head of
department or assistant. See how defer-
entially the clerks bear themselves toward
him. If they are as fortunate as to
catch his eye they doff their hats with a
vigor quite surprising in its comparison
with the energy exhibited at the desk
by this same individual. That individ-
ual who precedes the secretary, open-
ing doors and bowing obsequiously as
he enters the carriage, and the door is
closed behind him, is the "messenger"
at his office. He blacks his master's
boots, brushes his clothes, brings him his
lunch from the restaurant in the build-
ing, and jumps to help him on with his
overcoat when he sees him ready to start
out.

That other dignified person, who
carries a bouquet in his hand, is not the
head of the department. He is
a division chief or head of a bureau. He
feels just as good a over it, however, as
the head of the department feels in his
place. He is the recipient of as much
attention in his way from his own sub-
ordinates as the secretary gets, and en-
joys it more. That bouquet which he is
carrying home to his wife—or somebody
else's—was placed on his desk by some
of his subordinates who hope to make
their \$100 a month job more secure by
it. And that elegant "shin" was
placed on his boot by a gentleman with
similar ambitions regarding his \$60 a
month job. The giver of the bouquet is
probably following along in easy dis-
tance hugging himself with a secret de-
light at having made a new point in his
efforts to make himself "solid" with the
old man."

The procession as it comes out is a
curious mixture. Pretty young girls,
with rosy cheeks and shining eyes;
plump and pleasing widows, whose eyes
are as active as those of their younger
sisters; lean old maids who are hurrying
home to their cats and parrots; young
dapper men with dude collars and canes,
who make eyes at the pretty girls as
they go by; smirking old widowers, who
are trying to catch the eye of some
plump widow; rummy and seedy old
sinners, whose rum-blossomed noses and
unsteady steps tell very well what is the
matter with them.

There are some touching sights, too.
The smile on the face of the man in
threadbare but well-brushed clothes,
when he sees the faces of a group of
children waiting for him, the empty
sleeve, the crutch, the wooden legs
which poorly support the worn out old
soldier; the pretty girl on crutches,
whom everybody pities for her mis-
fortune; the lunch basket, the hollow
cough and wasted cheek of men and
women slowly dying from disease con-
tracted by long hours in close rooms.

A Sanguine Clerk.
"I am tired of the struggle of life,"
said a melancholy merchant to his clerk.
"Tired of life?"
"Yes, it will be a sweet relief when
my time comes to sink in obscurity and
oblivion.

"Why don't you take your ad. out of
the papers right away?" asked the clerk
sympathetically.—[Merchant Traveler.

The Ship.

A king, a pope, and a kaiser,
And a queen—most fair was she—
Went sailing, sailing, sailing,
Over a sunny sea.
And amid them sat a beggar.
A churl of low degree;
And they all went sailing, sailing,
Over the sunny sea.

And the king said to the kaiser
And his comrades fair and free,
"Let us turn arid this beggar,
This churl of low degree;
For he blots the balmy odors
That blow to you and me,
As we travel, sailing, sailing,
Over the sunny sea."

"The ship is mine," said the beggar,
That churl of low degree;
"Let us all of us sailing, sailing,
To the grave, o'er the sunny sea.
And you may not, and you cannot,
Get rid of mine or me;
No, not for your crowns and sceptres—
My name is Death!" quoth he.

—[C. Mackay.

HUMOROUS.

Jail-birds are of the same stripe.
A solo-singing subject—a nail in your
shoe.

No dentist has yet been able to pull
the tooth of time.
The mighty dollar is not mentioned
in ornithology. Yet it is a tooth of an
eagle.

A pumped out petroleum well, like a
man driven out of his native country, is
an exile.

There is some quiet activity, but very
little bustle about the dress reform
movement.

It may be somewhat illogical, but a
walking match is always expected to
pay running expenses.

First Tramp—"The melancholy days
have come." Second Tramp—"The
saddest of the year." "Yes, everybody
has wood to saw."

A teacher in this city asked a class to
write an essay on "The Result of Laz-
iness," and one of the bright but lazy
boys in the class handed in as his com-
position a blank sheet of paper.

Young Crimsonbeak—"Goose again
for dinner to-day?" Landlady—"Yes,
sir." "Well, I declare I've boarded
here for three years and I think you've
had goose for dinner nearly every day."
"I guess you're right, Mr. Crimson-
beak. You seldom miss a meal."

Enough Chinese to Invade the World.
A remark of the czar shows that he is
not ignorant of the Chinese question
merely as it relates to his own do-
minions, but to the world at large. The
Russians were in the track of the Mongol
invasions under two great chieftains,
who desolated Europe, and it took hun-
dreds of years for the Slav race to re-
cover the territory then taken from
them. He has carefully read this por-
tion of his country's history. His re-
mark was to the effect that the greatest
danger to the western world existed in
the Chinese empire. It only needed an-
other Tamerlane to set in motion another
invasion comprising perhaps 20,000,000
of the hardier races of Northern China
to overwhelm Europe, not by their mili-
tary strength or skill, but by mere force
of numbers. If 20,000,000 were not
enough to do the work, then 20,000,000
more might follow, drawn from a popu-
lation that is to all intents and purposes
numberless.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Applied Proverbs.
For the doctor—"Accidents will hap-
pen in the best of families."
For the dealer in cosmetics—"Beauty
is only skin deep."
For the stock-raiser—"Birth is much,
breeding more."
For the clothier—"Borrowed gar-
ments never fit well."
For the gambler—"Every trade has
its tricks."
For the telephone manufacturer—"Eager ears can hear everything."
For the contortionist—"Extremes
sometimes meet."
For the shoe dealer—"If the shoe fits,
wear it."
For the lawyer—"In multitudes of
counselors there is wisdom."
For the tramp—"It takes all sorts of
people to make a world."—[Detroit Free
Press.

A Singular Chinese Superstition.
Some years ago, as a punishment for
certain political offences, a Tibetan
Lama was informed by the Emperor of
China that after his death his soul would
not be permitted to revisit this world.
But on the Lama's death recently his
pupils besought the Emperor to with-
draw his interdiction. Yielding to their
solicitations, the soul has been allowed
to reappear in the person of a baby.
The Manchu residents of Tibet now ap-
peal of behalf of this infant for the res-
toration of all the deceased saint's pos-
sessionous honors.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Watch the Clock.
He (making a long call)—"What a
very odd-looking clock, Miss Smith. Is it
an heirloom?"
She (suppressing a yawn)—"Oh, no; it
is a recent purchase of papa's. He has
a penchant for such things. I was
about to call your attention to it."—[New
York Sun.