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Che Chatham Record.

II. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Chatham Record

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As Appointed.

Two men wen' forth one summer bour, and both were young, and brave and true; Two local hearts, two brains of power. Enger to dare and do.

Each followed right, each turned from

And street his errors to outlive: Pach - ught with hope and courage strong The last life las to give.

For one love's fountain yielded un his sweetest eroyally he quaffed; The other drank a brimful cup

A latter, bitter draught. One topeled but stones, they changed to Wealth came and stayed at his command The other's silver thread to mould

And dust within his hand. The world erowned one with leaves of bay; He ale with kings, their honors shared:

The other trad a barren way And few men knew or cared. And this life; to sow, one reaps; To run abreast one gains the goal;

One laughs aloud, the other weeps In anguish of his soul. One seems of fate the helpless toy. Unbrokea one's triumphant chain;

God buth appointed one to joy, transinted one to pain. The wisdom that doth rule the world I. wisdom far beyond our ken; But wit in all seems to ruin hurled,

G d's hand is mighty then. In the l's appointments I believe. Trusting His love, believe in this: though from day to day men grieve;

And life's sweet fruitage miss. In some glad future they shall know To Back of Life will surely show

When one through striving may not win loy all these things have been. -[Youth's Companion.

JACK AND JILL.

Two figures standing in the bay-window of a country drawing-room; a glorious Summer's sunset was gilding the not. term at branches of the trees in the old papies with its lat rays, and the chimes the village church-tower rang out that o'clock. Their sound broke a long all nee which had reigned in the room. his girl companion, spoke hurridly,

"I di i not know it was so late! I must be off, or I shall miss my train to town, popular and happy. and my regiment at Portsmouth, and all my chances of getting on in the world. will only say to me 'Stay!' ?

Go, Go, and God bless you!"

There was a deep tenderaess in her his heart smitten by it. ow voice which any man might have

Marriott found her harsh and cruel. "And what's the good of that, if you else in the world do I care for but regiment was sent to the front.

"Then go and do your duty, and prove yourself worthy of me!"

"But if you will not promise me that Jill went on to answer him in her sweet-

"I have told you, Jack, that, though sick. I will not promise now to be your wife, I will promise it to you in three years, or sooner, if you come home; and, till then, you and I are both of us to be free. I know my own heart well spengh, and I daresay you think you know yours, but how can you tell with whom you may full in love while you tre away! You are only one-andtwent, now, and I am almost the only teach you and show you?"

"Oh, my darling! No one else in it can ever be the same to me that you

...Well, then, if you think so after three years, I will be your proud wife. Sirely, if we are in earnest, we can be true to each other without any formal then it will be ten times better for us never to have been engaged. Now, You will really be too late. Good-bye." "i od are so calm and quiet. Ah, "ill, if you cared as much as I do!" And he seized her hand and covered it

She was very calm, certainly, but for that, when in another moment he end. er enotion, she threw herself on the thicks it is because I do not love him Lit wise?"

any rate she and sent him away from a woman's d ily life. her. And as he I ft her that Summer's evening, a bright, splendid, perfect

protect of, she never saw him again. And yet it was because he was so splendid that she had refused his pleadings. dark was the only child of the squire of the parish, General Marriott; and Jane Armstrong, once named Jill by Jack the eldest daughter of the rector. The tectory garden was bounded on tw Aye, the time of probation was over, ides by the woods around the hall, and, | but would be ever know it?

When she was seventeen and he nine teen, he passed with credit into the engineers, and went up to Chatham to study, and when he came back from his first term there, the old relationship between the two was at an end, a change

in it being unavoi lable, if sad. Jill was shy and Jack officiously polite; wearing | shine." his best clothes when he was likely to meet her, bringing her flowers from his father's conservatory and grapes from his vinery; and, in fact, making hot love to her, which state of things continued until the occurrence of the scene described above.

General Marriott saw it all plainly enough, but being fond of Jill, he was well pleased at the prospect of having her for his future daughter-in-law.

It was Jill, only Jill, who saw any hazard in the engagement, although it seemed to her that her whole happiness depended upon it. It was for that very reason she wished to win, not the rash, impetuous, boyish love Jack could give her at present, but the love of his future manhood, of his life. She was so well aware of all the advantages he possessed; his social position which would introduce him into the best society; his physical beauty, his winning grace, his realy wit, which would insure him friends and admirers wheresoever he might be; was it likely that he would always remain true to the everyday English girl with no especial gifts? Yes, it was likely, Jill thought because she knew something of his character, but it was not certain, for he was untried. Let him be tried, and then if he proved faithful, he should be rewarded by a love as deep as the fathomless sea, as strong as the elements themselves, and faithful unto death. Little did Jack know as he left the rectory gates, that such a gift was his already, whether he ever came back worthy to claim it or

And so two years passed away while Jack was in India. They did not write to each other except on birthdays and special occasions, because Jill had forbidden correspondence as likely to make and the young man, fixing his eyes on him feel less free. From General Marriott, she heard of him every other rate," he whispered, looking down at week and he seemed to be well and

Of a young curate, who came to the parish, and after doing his utmost to But, by Heaven, I'll do even that, if you win Jill's love, left the place in anger and despair, it is needless to write here: "But I don't say Stay, Jack; I say his prile was, after all, more wounded cently to a Mail and Express reporter, by the utter coldness of her mauner than

At the end of two years the old genbeen proud to hear, but, because she eral, who hal been a long while a ble, and probably reaches thousands of a sold not grant him his wish, young willower, died, and Juli learned no more pounds annually," now of Jack's welfare, for the hall was entirely close l. At that time, too, the asked. yourself won't bless me, Jill? What second Afghan war broke out, and his

Those were anxious days for her, when she daily waited at the rectory gate to meet the old postman who brought the morning paper, and with you will be mine?" he asked sadly. And trembling han Is would open it to see if any battle had been fought and what names among the killed or wounded or

At last one evening her brother came back from a neighboring town with the news of the defeat of Marwand; he knew no particulars, and Jill had to wait till the next day in sickening anxiety. She speat the night sleeplessly, but not tearfully, for, if her darling died a soldier's Spanish licorice. This juice is prepared also a movable stove, which can be death, why she, a soldier's sweetheart, must be brave, too-if only she could be sure she was his sweetheart still! Surely rated to proper consistence for forming stairs while full of burning coke. In girl you have ever known. How can the war was a special eccasion which you tell what the world may have to would have warranted his writing to her. Yet never a line from him had

The next morning, when the postman put the paper in her hand, she leaned against an old chestnut tree in the garden and opened it and read-first, the names of those killed in battle. Thank God, thank God, he was not among to bind us! And, if we cannot, them! Then, the seriously wounded. Ah! there it was, one of the very first-Lieutenant John Marriott, of the Royal good-laye, Jack," she added, after a Engineers! He was suffering agonies in house. "As you say, if you stry longer, a camp hospital-perhaps dying, or perhaps dead! Oh! why had she not gone out at the beginning of the war, with other ladies as a nurse? Then she might have been with him now, to win tenderness, or to comfort him until the

Wish was vain as it was earnest! for she was in her far away English home for murmuring between her deep sois: and must hurry into the schoolroom to \$50 in weight, were picked up in the "th! my darling, my durling! And he superintend the lessons of her young sister, and into the garden to see about enough. Am I right to treat him so? having the Autumn fruits picked for jum-making; and to a dozen other small Was she right? Was it wise? At duties, which make up the sum total of large pieces had been found, the largest

Two days afterward there came great comfort for her in an Indian letter from a ight, whom any fair lady might well Jack, written some weeks before the Maiwand disaster, and brimful of good spirits and hope, and these words were at the end of it:

"If I get through this campaign all right and come home again safe and sound, will my time of probation be over and afterward universally called so, was then? Tell me, my darling, for indeed, 'ndeed, I am getting weary of it!'

from their childhood, Jack and Jill hac After that, Jill heard nothing of him

in the papers, hope, growing less and less, had almost left her. In spite of her good courage, it was with a white face and a weary step that she went He's a stealthy old follow, the ploughman. about her duties; she, who was wont to be so cheerful in the days gone by, that she had been called by the family, "Sun-

She had now a strange fancy for sitting, toward sunset, alone, in the bay window, where she had last parted from her lover, and one evening-it was a Sunday-having excused herself from going with the rest to church on the plea of fatigue, she lay there in a rocking chair, dreaming sweet day-dreams of that bright, manly young face which had looked so entreatingly into hers, and seeming to hear again his reproachful cry: "Ah, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!"

A day-dream, and yet a reality, for, as she raised her eyes. Jack, or else his ghost, was standing beside her! But it was no ghost who flung his arm

round her neck, and repeated again and "My darling! My Jill! my treasure!"

"Oh! Jack, Jack; I thought you would never come!" "So did I," he said, solemnly. "But

look at me, my dear one; I am not the Then she saw that the right sleeve of

his coat was hanging empty at his side. "No, Jack, your are not the same," she said, catching up her breath, "for you are mine now, whatever is in store for either of us. Only forgive me for not having trusted you sooner."

"Yet that was well, my love, because, you see, if we had been promised to each other and I had come back to you like this, why you would have felt obliged to have me, and-perhaps-

"I should never have been so worthless as that, I hope; but doing without you has taught me to value you now, and if the lines have been hard-"

She was crying on his poor wounded

"Please God, the hard lines are over for us both; for me they are, at any her fondly and proudly, "for the angels are not all in heaven yet."

How Licorice is Made.

"It is almost an impossibility," said a well-known New York pharmacist re-"to tell how much licorice is really consumed by people in the city of New York. The amount is almost incredi-

"How is the drug obtained?" was

"A sp cies of licorice is found on the shores of Lake Eric, though a good deal comes from further West. The plant from which it is obtained is called glycyrrhiza. It grows very erect, to the height of about four or five feet, and has few branches. It bears a flower formed like that of a pea, but of a violet or purple color. The root in its raw state is well known as the 'licorice root' of commerce. It attains a length of several feet and is often at inch in diameter. When the root has attained the age of three years it is taken up and from this, before it becomes dried, is made the ex- the looks of the hearth and to the comtract of licorice, sometimes known as fort of the room. The French have by boiling the root with water; the decoction is then decanted off and evapothe substance into sticks, five or six inches long and an inch in diameter; these are the Spanish licorice of com-

"Is not the article adulterated?" "Yes, it is often nothing else than a mixture of the juice with the worst kind gas-stoves, oil-stoves, various methods of gum arabic. Metallic copper scraped of obtaining warmth by heated air and off the evaporating pans is very frequently present, and starch and flour sometimes constitute nearly one-half of the substance."

A Sight to Feast the Eyes.

There was a sight in Buckskin Gulch vesterday that would have made the oldest placer miner's heart leap with joy. The surface gravel had been washed off, and the large cut in the thing." His mama was pleased at this him back to life again with her care and | jagged bedrock for over 100 feet was a mass of glittering gold. In places plied, laughing. "I could go on and where it had lodged in the crevices it tell you more about bonfires, beaconcould be picked up by the spoonful, About a pint of nurgets, from \$20 to forenoon by Charles Dudley, and about twenty pounds of gold had already been taken to the bank, which had been scooped out of the potholes. No very would probably not go over three ounces. The clean up, which will probably take two or three days yet to make complete, will be by far the largest ever made in the camp. It is estimated to reach 50 pounds, or in the neighborhood of \$9000 .-- [Cœur d'Aleus (Idaho) Sun.

Youth and Age.

Omaha Child-Mamma, that old lady in the corner is---Mamma---Hush, That is Miss Spin-

ster! You must not call her old. "I wonder how young she is?" "I don't know."

oven accustomed to play together duss for over six months, and, although she "I guess she must be about forty

the holidays like brother and sister | had not seen any mention of his death | years young."---[Omaha Herald

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Ploughman. He comes when you're "cross," so beware And makes but the faintest of furrows At first, with his beavy ploughshare.

But little by little they deepen, Until, by-and-by, on your brow Are left all the marks of the furrows The ploughman has made with his plough

And then 'tis quite useless to worry, To fret, and to frown and despair, For every one sees the deep furrows, And knows that the ploughman was there -[Youth's Companion.

A Good Wish Gratified. Five little girls were spending pleasant evening together and fell to discussing what they would most like to have. "I wish I lived in a beautiful palace, with nothing to do but act as 1 pleased," said little Susie Blake, "Oh! I wish I was very, very pretty, so that people would look at me and say, 'she's the prettiest girl I ever saw!" exclaimed Ella Dudley. "And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots of money," said Dora Kyle. "I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Margie Wilkins. "Your turn now, Kate; what do you wish for?" asked Margie, sceing that Kate hesitated, "I wish to be goodshe said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly and miss me when I am absent from them," said little Katie Otis, "Why Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you did not come,' said Margie, drawing Katie's hand in her own. "And we each wished we were like you, because everybody loves you so," said Susie. Katie actually cried for joy to think her wish had so soon been granted, "Oh! girls, let's make a good wish next time; maybe it will be gratified," said Dora, to which they all agreed. Now, it is in the power of every child to be good---so good that they will be missed and wished for when absent, Don't you think it much wiser to desire what is possible than to make life disagreeable by wishing for what is impossible?--- Bessie M, Lacey

in Southern Cultivator. Something About Fires. It was a cold day. Fred was tired of reading, tired of looking out of the window, and so he poked the fire for a change. "I suppose there are a good many different sorts of fires," he said to his mamma, as he laid down the poker. "Yes, indeed," she answered. "It is very interesting to know how people keep warm in all parts of the world, especially where fuel is scarce and dear. In Iceland, for example, fires are often made of fish bones. Think of that, In Ireland and other countries kind of turf called peat dug up in great quantities and used for fuel. And in France a coarse yellow and brown sea-weed, which is found in Finistere, is carefully dried and piled up for winter use. A false log, resembling wood, but made of some composition which does not consume, is often used in that country. It absorbs and throws out the heat, and adds to wheeled from room to room, or even carried up or down Russia the poorer people use a large porcelain stove, flat on top like a great and rolled therein until they returned to table, with a fire inside which gives out a gentle, spring-like warmth. It often serves as a bed for the whole family who sleep on top of it. There are, besides, steam, and, doubtless, other devices that I never heard of. In some countries, however, no fires are needed. In looking at pictures of tropical towns.

you will at once notice the absence of chimneys." Fred looked admirably at his mamma as she paused. "There never was such a little mother," he said; "you can think of something to say about everypleasant compliment. "Oh!" she refires, signals, drift-wood fires, and gyp-

Something Pleasant,

for to-day. "-|Our Little Ones,

sy tea fires, but I have told you enough

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he

was willing to "make up."

"Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man. "--- [New York Sun.

Her First Sponge Cake.

He-How king of you, darling. I will dways keep it before me. She-What do you mean? Why don't you eat it?

t was a paper weight, -[Judge,

A MEDICINE DANCE.

Terpsichorean Performances of the Kiowa Indians.

Dancing Two Hundred and Forty Consecutive Hours.

An Anadarko (Indian Territory) letter to the Courier-Journal, says: By invitation of San Boy, the chief of the Kiowas, I recently attended, with three other palefaces, the great medicine dance of that warlike tribe. The place selected for the dance was forty miles west of this place, on Rainy Mountain creek, a tributary of the Washita river. The place was well chosen, with just timber enough for shelter, good grass and springs to supply drinking water-The Kiowas formerly participated in this dance annually, but owing to the scarcity of buffalo they have only had two in the past five years. One buffalo at least is essential to the nedicine dance, and they had to go 300 miles and pay \$100 cash to obtain one for this dance. It was just sunset when our party arrived. A place was pointed out to us by one of the chiefs, our tepee erected, our horses staked to grass and our water-kegs filled. All of this work was done by squaws. We were invited to supper, and to our surprise were seated on the ground to a sumptuous repast, of which we showed our appreciation in a very decided manner. One of our party could talk Kiowa, so we got their programme, and being weary from our day's travel, turned in and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. We were astir by daylight next morning, and after a hearty breakfast of beef and coffee, but no bread, we proceeded to take in the sights.

The encampment consisted of three hundred lodges arranged in a circle about one and a half miles in circumference. In the centre of this circle the medicine lodge was erected. It was a circle one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, with poles set in the ground I doomed to such a dull, unbearable exabout four feet apart, and green brush | istence? Here I am, with no opportu- (a trifle sourly) --- Yes, he is about 2 interwoven so thick that one could not | nity to taste the joys of life and go out o'clock A. M. see through it. In the centre was a pole about forty feet in height, on penetrate its mysteries." which the buffalo hide was suspended; on the west side was placed the idol they worship, which was a figure cut from stone, about thirteen inches high, free as it is from all danger and responresembling somewhat a mummy. On sibility." either side of the idol was a cone-shaped pile of sand, with a small opening at very black smoke from one side and a blue smoke from the other. How this smoke was generated is beyond my ken. On the east side of the circle was an opening, through which old Sol threw his resplendent rays full in the face of the idol as he lifted his head above the eastern horizon. The dog soldiers were dancing. The dog Indian is one who dances four days and nights without sleep. If faithful, he is honored among his people. The buffalo dancers come next on the programme. They dance four days and nights without sleep, but are allowed to take soup and water occasionally in small quantities. They, if faithful, are honored by the Great Spirit. The dog soldiers had been dancing three days when we arrived, but one day of this was enough for us. They denced until, from sheer exhaustion, they would fall to the ground, when they would be caught up by two or three stalwart bucks and carried to a hole of wet sand and mud

consciousness, when they would again participate in the dance. Any one of the tribe that felt religiously inclined and that they would prove faithful, could enter the dance, squaws excepted. We were not allowed to enter the medicine lodge until we were dressed a la mode, that is, with a sheet and moccasins on and hat off, when we were treated as their equals. The dancers were clad in sackcloth and ashes. They work themselves into a high state of excitement, singing, praying and dancing. Some of them would be crazy for hours at a time.

On the evening of the fourth day after our arrival, Ti-mu-da, the medicine chief, declared that the Great Spirit wore a smile, and then the dance which had lasted two hundred and forty consecutive hours was brought to a close, the beating of the tomtoms having never ceased during the entire performance. Then the donations of the Great Spirit began, but as our time was limited we did not stay to see the finale, but there are thousands of dollars' worth of fine shawls, blankets, moccasins, robes, &c., deposited in a pile to decay.

Child-Widows in India.

There were in British India, by the census of 1831, no less than 207, 388 widows under 14 years of age, and 78,-976 of these were under 9. They can no longer legally be burnt, but their widowhood is viewed by all Hindoos as the punishment for horrible crimes committed in some previous existence. They are closely confined to one meal a day, which they cat in solitude; obliged to conceal themselves in the morning lest the sight of them bring bad fortune on [Albany Journal,

Imitation Jellies. A year or two since a man in the town

of Oswego found himself with a large crop of red currants, and, as the price in the market was too low to permit him to sell them at a profit, he manufactured them into "jam," or "jelly," using the best of sugar, and producing a most excellent article, which he imagined would sell to families and hotels readily. He found the hotels supplied with a cheap, impure article, manufactured from gluten and acids and colored to resemble somewhat in color and taste current jelly, which the landlords told him answered every purpose, as the boarders didn't know the difference, and it could be procured at a rate much lower than he could afford to sell the pure, delicious, wholesome article, because they sold at retail an article which "answered the purpose" even lower than he could afford his wholesale. The result was the enterprising man, who thought he would do the people a great kindness by furnishing them with a pure, delicious article of currant jelly at a cost less than they could manufacture it themselves, had a large quantity on hand to send to friends and to pass around "in cases of sickness," etc. But we haven't heard of his minufacturing any more "pure currant jelly" for market. A few years since a gentleman in Union village started the manufacture of apple-jelly, and he produced a very pure and delicious article, which should have commanded a ready sale at hotels, bakeries and in families, for the table and for pies, tarts, etc. But the business did not prosper, we think. At all events, it was suspended. An inferior article, made up largely of adu terations, which "answered the purpose," took the trade - Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

The Discontented Bivalve.

There was once an oyster which lay peacefully in its bed at the bottom of an ocean. "Alas!" it sighed, "Why am "You don't know what you are talk-

ing about," replied its next door neighbor. "Your life is a most enviable one, "Don't be a clam," snapped out the

discontented one. "I long to travel. I the top, from which issued continually a have some ambition to rise in the world." Just then an oyster boat came along

> and gave the complaining bivalve a lift. "Ah," it murmured, "fortune favors me at last." A few days afterward the oyster was

> drifting aimlessly about in a restaurant "Oh, why did I wish to leave my home under the water," he sobbed, as he skipped out of the way of the spoon of the customer, who had paid twentyfive cents for him. "I thought I was lonely there, but I dil not know what solitude was until I came here. I never

Saying this, he climbed up on the side of the dish, where the customer could see him, and was devoured.

before appreciated its horrors till now.

There is a remedy in suicide, and I

embrace it gladly."

Nationality of European Monarchs. It is a curious fact that there is hardly reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationa'ity, pur sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Em-Saxe-Coburg; the monarch of Spain is a Bourban; the king of Italy a Savoyard; the king of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria arc both foreigners; the founder of the Bernandotte dynasty ın Sweden was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the king of the Holsteiner. Even in our own royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and therefore p rt!y Bavarian and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with. -[St. James' Gazette.

Excellent Prospects.

"You want the hand of my daughter, you? Why, you haven't anything to support her with." "True, sir, I am poor now, but

have excellent prospects."

"What prospects have you?" "Why, sir, if I marry your daughter I'll have one of the richest wives in town." -[Chicago News,

Comforting.

Stars," or I shall starve to death.

He-Eat it? Great Scott! I thought | the beholder; and all this for life .-- starve to death you won't need check .-- and bent it double between the thumb [Yankee Blade.

The Rain.

The rain! the rain! the rain! It gushed from the skies and streamed Like awful tears, and the sick man thought How pitiful it seemed; And he turned his face away And stared at the wall again

His hopes nigh dead and heart worn out, Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

The rain! the rain! the rain! And the broad stream brimmed the shores, And ever the river crept over the reeds And the roots of the sycamores;

A corpse swirled by in the drift Where the boat had snapt its chain-And a hoarse-voiced mother shrieked and

oh, the rain! the rain! the rain! The rain! the rain! the rain!

Pouring, with never a pause, Over the fields and the green byways-How beautiful it was! And the new-made man and wife

Stood at the window-pane Like two glad children kept from school, Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain! [James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOROUS.

Another Indian outbreak is reported in Arizona; it is whooping cough this

A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowd.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but an argument from either is likely to be very pointed. "The hour of reckoning has come," .

and prepared to run up a column of fig-"I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an un-

successful lover. "No, indeed," she

said the cashier, as he opened his books

replied; "only in your farewell." Robinson--Helle, Jones! Been away shooting for a couple of weeks, haven't you? Jones---Yes. Robinson---Well, what did you bag? Jones .-- my trous-

Caller (to Mrs. Hendricks) --- Your daughter's husband is an A. M., is he not, Mrs. Hendricks? Mrs. Hendricks

A scientific exchange asks: "What is rotary motion?" Why, it is that experionced by a drunken man when lying flat on his back and clutching the sidewalk for fear he'd fall off.

"What did you marry my son for?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman of . clergyman who had just united his runaway scapegrace in the holy bonds. "Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the dominie, "to be charged to you."

California Sheep-Shearers,

Still further south is the Nejuil Ranch, comprising four thousand acres. Chief among its possessions are the vast herds of sheep that wander over its broad domains, Perhaps nothing is more interesting than to watch the processes by which the wool is obtained. The sheepshearers are mostly of Mexican origin, and when they put in their appearance present a picturesque sight, with their gay neckerchiefs and swarthy countenances. They would do well in a picture, but as human beings they are to be avoided. Cruelty and love of gaming are their chief characteristics. They snip, snip the sheep, and if they take out a piece of flesh with the wool, they snip out another alongside, to make it nice and even, meanwhile chanting some queer little rune. Then a vat of acids is prepared, isto which they drop the poor creatures, old sheep and little lambs, thumping them down with poles, in order that they may be well immersed, not caring for the raw, tender flesh exposed by their brutality, nor for the feebleness of the peror Francis Joseph be not, strictly lambs, which scarcely know which way speaking, an Austrian, still less he is a to go. The old sheep, which has passed Hungarian, although he is king of Hun- through several seasons of this sort of gary. The king of the Belgians is a thing, immediately swims through the vat to the place of egress, and passes out; not so the lamb, which struggles and strangles, with that cruel pole pushing it down under the bitter waters, not knowing what to do. Many of them are thus drowned, and the imp-like shearer, uttering an ugly oath, fishes them out. At night these inhuman beings sit up and gamble away every dime carned through the day to the sharpers who follow in their wake, but the next day go to work again, chanting and snipping with accustomed

The Czar's Wrists of Steel, During the Czar's visit to Copenhagen

celerity. --- [Cosmopolitan Magazine.

a German conjurer was giving an exhibition of his skill before a royal party at Fredensborg when the Czar took up the pack of cards with which the prestidigitateur had been operating and said: "I will show you another trick, but I doubt whether you will be able to add it to your 'repertoire.'" The Czar then tore the pack of fifty-two cards in two without apparently the slightest effort. The showman produced another pack and tried to imitate his example but in vain; only those possessing wrists of Telegram of Poet to Editor .-- Send me steel can in this case follow suit. It is check for my poem "The Mystery of the no trick, but the exercise of almost superhuman strength. A few minutes Telegram of Editor to Poet .-- If you later the Czar called for a silver dollar and forefinger of his right hand.