State Library

The Chatham Record

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

VOL. X.

Strictly in Advance.

A Valentine. When azure skies confront the day. And far and near the soft suns shine, To live and breathe were simple joy-Perchance one needs no Valentine

But when the skies are full of storm, And lost in gloom the days decline. The lonely heart sinks sad and chill-The heart that has no Valentine.

And shrinking from th' embodied death Of space beyond the farthest sign, The spirit, frezen at its source. Dreams of no trivial Valentine.

Vet even then the sweet earth throbs With sunbursts down her ancient line; The snow-flake promises a flower,

The snew bird bints a Valentine. Away with care! This fragrant hair Into true lovers' knots I twine; These velvet lips bring Summer now

To me, my little Valentine! A force of nature, as the moon, Makes wide eclipse and dim design,

All the great sphere of sorrow you Shut out from me, my Valentine! You are a trifle turned of four,

And I am-all of ninety-nine: But dark and drear as death were life If you were not my Valentine!

-{Harper's.

AUNT HULDAH'S STORY.

"Do you suppose I'll get a valentine, Auat Huld h?"

"For mercy's sake, Kitty!" said I, laying down on my lap tie vest upon which I was working butto tholes, "do you never think or speak of anything but valentines at this time of year?"

Kitty pouted, and shook her yellow buils-the real corn-stalk yellow that matched her blue eyes as perfectly as if am designer in high art had picked

them out to correspond. "Well, aunty, why shouldn't I?" said Just look at those blue-birds darting in and out of the old cedartree! They're twittering 'St. Valenine's Day,' you may be very sure. Look at the crocus-buds peeping out from

under the dead leaves!" "Well," said I, curtly, "you're would it do if you were to go to work on Lizzie Barrow's new dress?"

Kitty was a quick-tempered little thing from her cradle, and she fired up

"I might have known better than to expect any sort of sympathy from an old maid!" said she, catching up her workbasket, and flying out of the room.

It was scarcely five minutes, however, before she returned, tearful and peni-

"Aunt Huldah," said she, "I'm so sorry! Please kiss me, and be friends! I didn't mean to call you that-that

"Oh, bless you child!" said I. "I don't mind being called an old maid. I

am one, you know, and the truth oughtn't to sting." "But you are the dearest, picest,

prettiest old maid in the world, Aunt Huldah!" cried the girl, caressingly.

"Fiddlesticks!" said I. "I'm as homely as a he lge-fence, and I know it. Now leave off coaxing and flattering,

and go about your business!" And Kitty obeyed, singing a snatch out of "Love's Young Dream," for she

knew that she was forgiven, Yet the words recurred to me over and over again, as I sat stitching there with the yellow February sunshine

streaming through the white-curtained window, and the blue birds whistling to each other outsi le. Yes, I was an old mail, 40 last birthday. It was rather absurd of my pretty

niece, Kitty, to expect me to sympathize with her on the question of love and lovers. Well, I would make the best of it, I resolved, and to try to be as cheerful as possible. "What's for dinner, Aunt Huldah?"

said Kitty, coming to me at last. "Pork and beans. You'll find the

pork in the brine barrel down cellar; be sure and pick out a nice, small, square piece, and bring the beans to me, and I'll pick them over. It will save you look at it any more; for, oh-" time, dear." Kitty looked at me, as I sat picking

over the white beans. "Aunt Huldah," said she, "you've

got a beautiful profile-you have, indeed! You must have been -real pretty why did you never get married?" "Because Cupid never came my

way," said I, with a laugh. "Here are the beans, Kitty. Get them a-soak as quick as possible." Just then Betsey, Mr. Chandler's

maid, came in.

"Could you lend me a yeast-cake, Miss Darwin?" said she. "Tve somehow got clean out o' yeast-cakes. And, Miss Darwin-"

"Yes, Betsev."

"That gray cat o' yourn has scratched up all Mr. Chandler's seed-lettuce ag'in !"

"You shouldn't have left the coldframe sashes off. Betsey."

"Well, p'raps we should an' p'rap we shouldn't," remarked the independent Betsey. "But our lettuce, it's a-growin' in our own garden, you know, an' it's no way pleasin' to hev the rei h- that she need not scratch up your gar- around his neck-and with the right ground with their claws. And it was more." only yesterday week the dratted creetur' "What! that beautiful cat?" cried M. Gr phic.

arter the pans o' cream!"

"I am very sorry, Betsey," said I; Darwin." " but-__"

"But I'm not!" flashed back Kitty (whose maternal grandfather had come from County Cavan, in Ireland, and who thereby had inherited a strain of fighting blood). "Didn't your Nero break down our prettiest chrysanthemums last fall? Didn't he worry our nicest white

kitten to death?" Betsey took her yeast-cake and flounced out of the room.

"Now she will go and repeat all this to Mr. Chandler," said I.

"Let her!" said defiant Kitty. "It's nothing more than the truth!"

"But he has always been such a pleasant neighbor," said I, piteously, "and Nero is a very nice dog, after all, when he isn't in mischie',"

"Well, he wouldn't remain at Elm Lodge much longer, anyway," said Kitty. "If he's really going to marry Miss Poultney, at the Court, it's likely that he'll go there to live. Though it is rather nice, having the minister for a next-door neighbor, the dog to the contrary notwithstanding. Handy in case of a wedding."

"Kitty!"

I shook my head at her. "Well," cried the wild gipsy, "how can one think of anything else on St.

Valentine's Eve?" Just then Grayette came in -- our great, purring, beryl-eyed household p:t, who was dearer to my old-maid soul than I

cared to acknowledge, even to Kitty. "Poor puss!' said I caressing her with my disengaged hand. "But you will have to go away if you are becoming a nuisance to the neighbors."

And then and there it was that I secretly made up my mind what to do. The sun set fair and golden, as if it were a spring evening, the stars glistened like dots of fire against the heavens. Kitty came home from the postoffice with sundry significant letters in her bag, and scarcely less significant neither a blue-bird nor a crocus, so how light flashed into Mr. Chandler's study- tent. window on the other side of the fence

hedge of lilacs, but the loughs were hand on Nero's head.

"He is fond of his dog," I thought. "Well, pussy shall not make trouble between us any longer. Oh, dear! it will be terribly lonesome when the light doesn't shine these nights any more; when he is married to Judge Poultney's

Kitty kissed me oftener than usual that night before she went to bei.

"Dear Aunt Huldah," said she, "we have been very happy here, you and I, haven't we? Even though you are only poor little 'hand on vests,' and I a dress-maker!

"Why, of course we have!" said I. "And we should miss each other terribly, shouldn't we, if-if we were parted?"

"Nonsense, child! What should part "Oh, I don't know! Something might.'

"Go to bed, and don't be silly!" said L laughing.

Early in the dawn of the next morning. I rose and dressed myself. I had determined to take Grayetts over to the Widow Singleton's before Kitty was up in the morning, to make a fuss about it. Mrs. Singleton was fond of pets, and I knew my cat would have a good

And, spite of my Spartan resolutions, a tear splashed down on pussy's gray coat, as I tucked her under my plaid blanket shawl and stepped boldly out into the melting snow, now all pink with the glow of sunrise.

"Poor dear pussy!" thought I 'Your little, flannel-lined basket by the fire will never be of any use again! And the cracked saucer that you lapped your milk out of .-- I shall never bear to

Involuntarily I uttered the shriek. for Grayette had sprung out of my arms, and was arching her back and magnifying every separate hair on her tail, while Nero, on his side of the fence, was barking a shrill series of defiances. when you were a girl. Aunt Huldah, and leaping up and down in vain endeavors to get at his adversary and tear her limb from limb.

"Oh, pussy, pussy !" cried I, trying to

recapture my feline favorite. "Nero, sir, behave yourself!" uttered the stern voice of Mr. Chandler, once more recovering his grasp of the chair. which Nero had jerked out of his hand in the suddenness of the fray. "Miss Darwin, I have to make you a thousand apologies for the annoyances Nero has caused you of late, and to thank you for the forbearance you have shown toward him. He shall never trouble you again. I am going to send him by express to my brother in Wisconsin. We are on the way to the express office now, so that Nero may get the early

train." taking Grayette to Mrs. Singleton, so his ample shoulder-she can't get it

broke the glass of the dairy-window, Chandler. 'I cannot think of allowing such a thing. You must keep her, Miss

> "Not unless you will promise to send Nero back to his kennel," pleaded I. "You have been forbearing enough,

> already," said Mr. Chandler. "I shall not impose upon your good nature any more," said I, firmly. Just then the shutters in the upper

casement opened. Kitty thrust out her

cornstalk-colored head. Her eyes were sparkling like blue stars. She clapped her hands. "Oh, I have caught you two, have I

said she. "So, Mr. Chandler is Aunt Huldah's Valentine." "The first you see at the window, The first you meet on the way,

Shall be your loving Valentine

For a year, a month and a day.' Her sweet, saucy voice rang out like

flute on the frosty air. I stood transfixed with horror at he audacity, my cheeks burning with blushes, my eyes riveted to the ground. But Mr. Chandler flung the loop or Nero's chain over the fence, and stepped bravely to my side.

"I, for my part," said he, "can wish for no happier fortune, if you, Huldah, will consent."

"But you are in jest!" murmured L "I never was more in earnest in my life," said he, taking my hand, "We are neither of us young, Huldah, but I think that it is not the young alone who know what true love means. Nor have I lived your near neighbor for a year without learning to appreciate the sweet unselfishness of your character. Dear Huldah, I will be your faithful Valentine all my life, if you will but

accept my devotion." Well, perhaps it is not necessary to ay what my answer was. We are to be married as soon as the new rectory is finished, and Gravette and Nero are to be trained to be the best of friends. Mr. Chandler says he will not keep house without Gravette at our hearthstone. and I am really getting very fond of roses on her cheeks, and presently the Nero. As for Kitty, she is quite con

In the summer-time it was hidden in | time that David Ely sent me," said she, "I shall be married to him very soon, all leafless now, and I could distinctly and I couldn't bear the idea of leaving see him sitting by his fire, with his dear little Aunt Huldah all alone. And Itake all the credit to myself, because I don't believe either of them would have had courage to say what was in their heads if I hadn't put my head out of the window and sung that St. Valentine's refrain!"

But, of course, that is only Kitty's nonsense .- | Saturday Night,

The Quaint Coreans. Although Chinese and Japanese dignitaries have long been familiar in this country, there is enough that is novel in the costumes and customs of the members of the Coreanne Embassy at Washington to excite great attention at the capital. Their walk is described as a 'stately glide," and the Minister especially, although har lly up to the average height, is credited with an unusually dignified gait, set off by "a serene smile." A mass of skirts and furbelows of the richest silks is a leading feature in their garments, rustling as they walk; while their "tall black hats of horse-hair, set daintily on the crown of the head, which is itself topped by the coil of hair," were not removed, it is said, during their preliminary interview with Mr. Bayard. This head-gear, through which the air can circulate, is hardly such as an American would fancy for this time of the year; but then Americans without practice could hardly balance the hats at all. Their features. are of the true Mongolian type, and the visitors seem wall pleased with their novel surroundings, and with customs which would doubtless appear more singular had not Americans been for years in favor with the King of Corea -Harper's Weekly.

Remarkable Engineering Feat, A remarkable engineering feat has just been carried out in China in the face of unusual physical obstacles. This was the stretching of a steel cable of seven strands across the Luan River by Mr. A. de Linde, a Danish civil engineer, aided only by unskilled Chinese labor. The cable is strung from two points 4648 feet apart. The height of one support is 447 feet above the present level of the river and the second support 737 feet above it. The vertex over the water is 78 feet. The Chinese cable is the longest but one in the world. The telegraph air capie across the Kistna has a span of 5 .-070 feet; two similar cables cross the Ganges, one 2,900 and the other 2,830 feet. A third line of 1,135 feet crosses the Hooghly, and in the United States there is one over the Missouri of 2,000 feet .- [Indian Engineering.

An Interesting Performance. Mrs. Cleveland kisses her husband

good bye in the railroad station when she comes shopping from Washington to 'Oh, dear!" cried I; "and I am just New York. She puts her left arm upon CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Chatham Record.

About Humming Birds. There are about five bundred different kinds of humming Lirds. These birds belong exclusively to the continent of America and its islands. From America they range north to the Arctic regions and south to Patagonia, and from the level of the sea to the height of the

Andes. One of the curious things about the humming bird is that when rain begins to threaten he shoots up into the air for about one hundred feet, poises for a moment and then dashes down to the ground with a whirring sound that is as loud as the whirr of the partridge. When they hear this signal the other birds seek cover.

The nest of the humming bird is a marvellous structure. It is chiefly remarkable for the delicacy of its construction, being woven out of the most gauzy materials. It resembles in some respects a miniature hornet's nest. The door of the nest is made in such a way that when the bird is inside no other bird can enter without difficulty.

An Adventure with a Diamond-Back. I had gone out for a sail. But it was in one of those delightfully primitive "home-made" boats which abound on this river, and which sail equally well whether bow foremost or stern foremost. Equality well, I say, but their best is bad. This boat would not beat to windward at all, and I was too lazy to row.

I was waiting in the hope that an al-

ligator or big turtle would perhaps

obligingly tow me to the shore, when

from the direction of the house there came a succession of sharp, ringing shots, evidently the reports of a rifle. And with these came the screams of children, the barking of a dog, and other evidences of an unusual commotion. This was, remember, on the third day after our arrival in the Land of Flowers. There were no Indians about, and it did not seem possible that the house could be besieged by bears; though, failing some such explanation at the presence of large game, I could not surmise what this rifle fusilade meant. I attempted to pole to the shore, but it soon became evident that Harry's boat was no more true to the pole than to her course in beating to windward; so, to solve the difficulty, I stepped overboard and waded ashore. The fun was all over by the time I came on the field; but there, in the path that led from house to river, lay a veritable diamond-back, dead; one bullet through his neck, his spine broken by another, and his tail lacerated by a third. It turned out that while the children, with "Fannie" (a favorite Gordon setter dog) were running down to the water, the dog -ahead, as usual-"pointed" at something in the gras; just out of the path. Hastening up, in expectation of flushing a quail, or perhaps a rabbit, Dotty (my daughter, aged eight) found this big diamond-back on the aiert and ready for business. As an armed pirate lights its battle lanterns, clears its decks, and beats to quarters, so this terrible cruiser of the land has kindled his eyes into flame, disposed his body in a coil, and sprung his portentous rattle. Luckily, our "Dot," who had visited museums in St. Augustine, well knew what all this meant, and prepared to beat a retreat, calling on "Fan" to follow. But that innocent creature, all unfamiliar with diamond-backs, had the curiosity of her sex, and invited a nearer approach to see if the thing were dangerous or not. So, as the snake was but a few feet off, and time was precious, and the story of Eve and E lea and the tempter too long to tell, "Dot" cau tht the dog by the tail, and dragged her up-hill and out of danger. Meanwhile, the alarm had been given at the house, and a gentleman, who happened to be at home, raenforcing the party with a rifle, the rentile was soon dispatched. In measure-

ations of field and groves. - | St. Nicholas. A \$2000 Pearl in an Ash Box. It is reported from Paris that a jeweler there lost a magnificent pearl weighing 128 grains valued at \$2000. He advertised liberally and a month afterward a ragpicker brought the gem to the store. She said that she had three weeks before gathered up the contents of the ash box in front of the jeweler's and when she came to sort them over she found the pearl.

ment it fell short of seven feet by

only one inch. And we all

thought it a rather large

snake to find within a hundred feet of

our dwelling house, and almost in the

path that we daily traveled in going to

and from the river. The Herr Doctor

thought so, too; but, in his seventeen

years on the place, he had seen but

three diamond-backs, and these were

miles from the house. And you may be

sure that during that night, and for

several nights thereafter, I held my

little girl very closely in my arms before

we put her to bed, and that limits were

promptly set to the children's explor-

cats a-haulin' of it cuter the den seeds, nor rob Betsey's dairy any draws his face down to hers, kissing it as it were, in transit. - [New York grows rapidly, and when full size sterday week the dratted greaters]

The Pekin duck is very prolatic, stance in general use and costs about stance in ge weighs from 12 to 14 pounds per pair. onc-tenth of the genuine article.

AROMATIC SPICES.

Every Quarter of the Globe Ransacked for Sweet Savors.

How Pepper, Cinnamon and Cloves are Prepared.

"Don't stand so near the wheel! It veighs two tons and is making 600 revoutions a minute. The suction is enough o draw you in."

So spoke the engineer as a New York Mail and Express reporter looked at the machinery that operated long lines of shafting and belting. The engine works all of the machinery in a great spice mill, one of the largest and best equipped in the country, and located right in the heart of New York City.

Standing on the top floor the superinthey come to us. This bin contains mustard seed, this one is full of whole peppers from Singapore, and here we have cinnamon from Ceylon and ginger from Jamaica. There are several bins of each kind of spice, an i each contains different grades. The mustard seed is fed through pipes to a pair of large steel rollers on the foor below. These crush it out into small flakes. The first quality of mustard is made by putting these flakes into a long row of iron mortars, in which the flakes are pounded to an impalpable powder by steam trip hammers."

Twenty-five of these hammers began rising and falling at this moment and the noise was so great that all further mustard. The oil is used by confectioners, and also in place of olive oil for | Globe. packing sardines.

Long pipes connect with the pepper fins on the top floor, and feed the whole penper seeds to the mills. These are similar to flour mills-revolving stones. The pepper when ground is picked up by an endless chain of buckets and taken to revolving screens; the coarse parts are returned to the mill, and the fine pepper passes into bins in the packing room below. Cinnamon, allspice and cloves are ground in a similar manner. Herbs, such as thyme and sage, require a special mill. It is a pair of stone wheels that travel around a centre, grinding substances on the stone floor. They are enclosed in a tight

room so that nothing escapes when they In the packing department of the mill two dozen girls are at work making and filling boxes with the different spices. A box-folding machine does the work of ten girls. It takes the flat cardboard, folds and pastes it and turns out a box every three seconds. The automatic weighing machine is a revolving marble table, on which are four sets of scales. The weights are set at one pound on each of the scales, a cardboard box is placed on the scale and a tube from above fills the box until it contains just one pound. When the scale reaches the balance point a valve shuts off the supoly until an empty box takes the place of the full one.

Stepping into the office the superintendent explained that the best pepper is the "shot" pepper, as it is in heavier grains than the Signapore pepper, which is the second grade, but both kinds come from Singapore. A still lower grade comes from the island of Sumatra. White pepper is the kernel with the shell removed, and though just as fiery it has not the flivor of the black pepper. Pepper is often adulterated with charcoal and buckwheat. The best red pepper comes from Natal and costs fifty cents a pound. A lower zrade comes from Zanzibar. Brown nutmegs from Penang, W.

I, are the best. They are in their natural ooze out if an incision be made. The nutmers kept by most grocers are the lower grades that are put through a sweating process to remove the oil, and are rolled in lime to cover up all the defects. The best cloves come from Penang and are sundried. Cheaper grades come from Zuzibar, and are kiln-dried, with much of the oil extracted. Ground cloves are adulterated by leaving in the stems. Pimento, or allspice, comes from Jamaica. The best ginger also comes from the same place, and is bleached whita Borneo ginger is often chalked to make it look like the bleached article. African ginger is dark in color and poor in quality, but as it is very much heaper than the other kind it is most used. Ceylon cinnamon is worth \$1 a pound, and is very little used. Cassia. The Fountain of Youth.

NO. 26.

For the last six years--ever since the foundation of Chamberlain--- the Sious Indians have endeavored to prevent the whites from getting possession of Amer ican Island, which lies in the centre of the Missouri river. It was always supposed that their reason was of a mercenary character, an I that their object was to cut the timber with which the islan 1 is covered, and turn it into the

bright, yellow gold which they row covet so much.

But a different reason has lately, and by accident, been discovered. It has always been supposed that when the Spaniards failed to discover the fabled fountain of perpetual youth among the everglades of Florida, the romantic dream ended there and men grew old and gray as of yore. Not so, however, as this narrative will show. On the upper end of this island, hidden by drooping evergreens, and shaded by tendent said: "Here are the spices as stately cottonwoods, is a spring. It bursts forth clear and beautiful, and with a murmur as soft as a maiden's prayer glides from its island home into the yellow, gurgling waters of the Missouri. The water retains the same temperature winter and summer, and its volume retains its uniformity throughout the year. It contains, is all probability, the different carbonates, and that is the cause

Indians attribute to it. The secret was let out a few days ago by an old hunter, who was familiar with the Indians and the spring long before this place existed in the fervid imagination of John H. King. They have thrown a sanctity around it, and for words were lost. The powdered years have been in the habit of drinkmustard was shovelled up into screens | ing of its life-giving principles and of made of the finest silk and placed in immersing the younger members of the sets of eight on oscillating tables. The tribe in its mystical depths. They imsecond grade of mustard, after being agine that its source lies amid the percrushed, is placed in bags between hair petual fires that radiate from the centre mattresses in a hydraulic press and of the earth, and that the fountain is subjected to a pressure of 5,000 presided over by the father of the Indian pourds to the square inch. This re- race, who is doomed throughout all moves a large proportion of the oil, and | time to regulate the temperature of the leaves a dry, hard cake, which, when spring for the benefit of those who ground, is sold for second-grade dread to see the footprints of old time mar their classic features .-- St. Paul

of the youth-retaining qualities which

Jay Gould's First Love.

At Plattsburg, N. Y., Jay Gould's first love keeps a boarding place. She is elderly and gray haired now and is not strikingly handsome, but in her day she was blithesome and pretty. She was the daughter of a country storekeeper. Jay Gould, after leaving his father's farm, went to work in the store, and promptly fell in love with the rosycheeked maiden. But the old man had much higher views of his daughter's future than her marriage with a young man in his own shop would realize. He not only gave young Gould to understand that a marriage was out of the question, but dispensed with his services as well. Jay took his rejection philosophically enough and gave himself up to the work of making a fortune. While he was growing rich and richer and piling million on million, his old love was vainly trying to battle with misfortune. Her father, who had plumed himself so proudly on the ownership of his "general store," failed; the husband whom she took after Jay Gould had gone away brought little to her; and so at the end she endeavors to eke out an income by opening her house to summer boarders. She has a wondrous amount of philosophy in her make-up and very little envy. She is bright, good natured and contented with what fortune has brought---or cught one to say left .-- her. Some of Jay Gould's relatives spend a few weeks at her farmhouse every year, but Jay himself never goes there .-- [Chicago

Verifying Thermometers.

Any one can verify his instrument at the freezing point by immersing the bulb and tube in melting slow or broken ice up to the top of the mercury column. The mercury, after a few minutes' exposure to the ice, should stand at 32 degrees, or freezing. This method is in use in the United States signal service, where all thermometers are verified four times a year with great care. The errors for other points state, and are so full of oil that it will of the scale may best be determined by immersion in water with a reliable instrument. The water may be gradually heated and the instruments compared at various points as the temperature increases. The water should be constant'y stirred and care should be taken not to force the marcury to the top of the tube, thus breaking the thermometer. A common difficulty with cheap instruments is that the tube is liable to slip on the scale, rendering the readings erroneous. In selecting a thermometer the purchaser should see that the tube is securely fastened in its place. --- [Boston Transcript.

Not For the Table.

Servant (in boarding house); "Ah, Misther Dumley, such beautiful ducks Dumler (excited): "Ducks! You don't

Too Late.

The poet paused and listless dropped his pen.
"I'll think no more," he said. "The world

'Tis filled with thought, and weary-minded Have gleaned enough from all that time

has told. I'll write no more; all themes are wrought

And only wrinkles deck the pale sad brow of Thought.

Why store the brain. to stoop beneath the weight

Of never-sated reason's cumbrous load? Only to know the fixedness of fate-To bear the pain and still apply the goad?

And then, when all the lease of life is ment. But be more gray than wise, more feeble than

Why should we reck of days or years or ages?

Why note the mysteries each moment

Why heed the hoarded wisdom of dead sages Why pore o'er histories of fools or kings? Away with all the past! all ghosts of time-And all the grinning skeletons in prose or

"I'll rest me here. The soul most yearns for

The vacant mind is fetterless and free. All things that live, save man, live to attest Unalterable nature's stern decree; Then blest the boor, who lives and dies serene, Careless and dull, nor thinks what is, what

might have been!" Too late, too late! The craft once cast adrift Upon the shoreless sea must restless float; All points converge and useless every shift

To the blind pilot in each fated boat. Then spread all sail! catch every wind that Sail, bravely sail, and sink, and then who

knows, who knows? -[Charles L. Page in Overland.

HUMOROUS.

It is a clothes rub for the washer-

woman on Monday. It is the dry goods clerk who most

frequently sales under false colors. The whale and the school girl are the great sources of blubber in this country. The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by

A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.

The reason why some people never grow old is because they do all their growing when they are young.

We often see the words 'John Boyle

O'Reilly" in the papers, but we never hear whether John has done it or not. What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hol-

low cylinder, and the other is a silly Hollander. Lady to tramp: Poor, man, how did you come this way? Tramp: On foot, mum. Don't believe them as accuse me

of tryin' to work sympathy just after steppin' off a parlor car. "Pd like to cuff you, you young rascal!" exclaime I an irate man, who had been a target for the lad's snowball.

"Yer would, ch! Well, collar me fust and cuff me afterward, old man." "No. sir!" exclaimed old Mr. Getthere to an agent who had ruthlessly invaded the sanctity of his private office; "I won't look at your cyclopædia; 1 don't want it; I won't have it. My boys have all got bicycles, and I'm not going to buy anything new for them to break

An Old Joke Run Down, Everybody has heard the story of two

duellists, one a big burly fellow, the other a small slender one, and the suggestion of the latter that his size be chalked out on his antagonist, and that the shots outside these marks be not counted-a remark variously ascribed to celebrated people, and most commonly perhaps to John Randolph, on the occasion of his duel with Henry Clay in 1826. The original story comes to the surface now in the first volume of "The Early Life of Samuel Rogers," just nublished. It occurs in his diary of a trip through Wales in 1800, where he records it as happening at Swansea between two farmers a few weeks before his visit. - Charleston News and Courier.

A Moonless Month.

The month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do vou realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the baginning of the Christian era, nor the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for---how long do you think?-2,500,000 years. Was not that truly a wonderful month? --- [Golden

Squelched.

The occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer. "Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor.

"May," answered the apparition, poising a proof slip in his delicately dis-

their young necks off of!"