EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DOLLAR PER YEAR Strictly in Advance.

Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie. When Charleston built for the Briton's

The spongy, hardy palmetto fort. And the ships with their topsails taut and stermed over the bar at break of day.

Gan and swivel and culverin Shouting their murderous roundelay! When the hissing shot was immured for good,

Time after time, in the soft, sly wood, A venturous shell, from the Moreland's deck. struck the patriot staff, and snapped it

Neat in the middle, without one fleck. And whirled the flag from the rampart's

But William Jasper saw from his post, and, his young blood seething, still as a Straight through the perilous fire leaped

Leaped down, and back, by a leopard spring, The smoke in his eyes, erect and brown, All in the beat of a swallow's wing.

And held close, close, as he climbed alone, The banner sacred and overthrown; And quick, with that steady hand of his, Notching its loops on his ramrod bare, With a "So, my beauty!" and one frank kiss, Flung it again to the glad, free air!

Then the friendly tides turned clean about, An I slipped from under the frigates stout. And Sir Peter Parker's crippled fleet, With its disembarking, bewildered crew, Groped and fumbled, and got its feet, And reeled off into the seas anew,

'Tis the old tale; how ours sat down At dusk in t' eir fair, beleaguered town, We seal their valor, repeat their vows; We keep their memories east and west; We sing their praise through the happy

But of Sergeant Jasper, who knows the rest Who asks it! Peace to his ashes cold The Carolinian grasses fold! To the fond boy heart, in its little hour Symbol and vision of loyalty, Homage! The root whereof he was flower

Bears hundreds, happily, such as he. Let emperors sleep in their gorgeous fame; For us, forever, some quiet name, In which no armorer's skill is versed, To mock at history's calendar.

And once through its ordered page to Like a headlong, glorious August star! . -[Louise I. Guiney in Boston Post.

Fate of John Ramsay, M. D.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

I am a physician. I have made a lifelong study of the human brain, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if I say that my opinions upon diseases of the mind now carry considerable weight among members of the profession.

It is only a week or two since I was called to a large asylum for the insane in Northern Ohio to examine a case which baffled the skill of the local doctors. After disposing of that matter I took an upprofessional stroll through the institution in company with my old friend, the superintendent.

The asylum over which I now made a tour of inspection was a most beautiful building, resembling in its appointments the homes of the wealthy and opulent. We wandered through room after room and along successive halls and corridors where men and women in every stage of insanity passed the time in various harmless amusements, or were restlessly confined in the care of warders and nurses. Of all the misfortunes to which humanity is heir, this loss of reason is, to my mind, the saddest by far; and, though I might be expected to have grown hardened by long years of familiarity with all phases of weak intellect, I never cease to feel devoutly thankful for that greatest of all benefits conferred upon men by a beneficent Cre-

ator-a sound brain. We had passed through the greater part of the enormous institution and were approaching that portion of the building set apart for the resilence of the superintending physician-my friend, Dr. Habershop, Taking from his pocket a key, Dr. Habershon inserted it in the keyhole of a door. Before turning it, he looked at me in a strange manner and said: "If you were not an old med., Hartly, an1 as familiar with strange cases as I am myself, I should warn you to keep your countenance and betray no surprise on entering here. And I speak, anyhow, so as to be on the safe side." So saying he turned the key in the lock and opened the door. We quietly entered a very neat but plainly furnished room, and I confess that, although I have witnessed queer, weird, wild and, ofttimes blood-curdling sights, I never felt to startled in all my life as I did at that moment. The room was not by any means dark, for it was well lighted by a large window running all along one side, but placed above the reach of a man, even though he should stand upon a chair; yet at the farther end of the room I noticed a student's lamp burning over a plain pine-wood table, upon which rested a human skull and some writing paper. Seated at this table, pencil in hand, was a man about the

same age as myself and Dr. Habershon

The Chatham Record.

VOL. X.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 8, 1888.

NO. 27.

at the head of his class from our college, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young physicians in the

country-now, he was a helpless maniac! "Ramsay?" I involuntarily queried, only partially believing my own cycsight. Habershon nodded, "You need not speak to him; he won't r. plv. It is just 6 o'clock. He will sit at that table gazing at the old skull until daybreak and then he will throw himself upon his bed and sleep until noon. That's the way he used to do, you know, and humor him all I can. Poor old Ramsay; lowe him a good deal, you know, Hartly. You remember all about it?" "Yes I remember the story, though I

had almost forgotten it." Ramsay, Habershon and myself were all students together in Philadelphia. We were in the same classes in college and jointly occupied the same suite of rooms. Furthermore we were all making a specialty of studying the human brain, and the only point wherein we materially differed from each other was that Ramsay knew more than we two fellows together.

True, Ramsay was, in regard to his theories and speculations, what many people would call a "crank"-but then successful cranks are esteemed to be geniuses, and certainly Ramsay was, in my judgment, quite as near the one as the other.

We three fellows all fitted in the same social set, and although both Ramsay and Habershon knew good and beautiful girls by the score, the fates decreed that they should fall in love with the same young lady. And yet, strange enough, they never displayed bad feeling toward each other, nor ever sought to make the lady's position an unpleasant one on account of the rivalry. It seemed to me, an onlooker, as though there was a tacit understanding between them, that no undue influence should be brought into play, but that, knowing how both loved and admired her, the object of their admiration and esteem should be left quietly to choose between

Grace Thorney croft was a most beautiful and estimable girl and, though I | will never benefit posterity. have been an old bachelor all my days, I do not wonder that any man should have sought her for his wife.

One day Grace, with her father.

mother and a brother, were down to Atlantic City, where they took a sailboat and went out. A sudden squall overtaking them the frail pleasure boat was upset and Grace was the only member of the party who escaped with her life. She was picked up in a fainting condition and tenderly carel for, but when restored, physically, it was found that her mind was shattered -she was insane. All that wealth, combined with skill, could do was done for Grace, but it availed nothing and the physicians and friends at last gave up the case as hopeless. Habershon was himself almost crazy with grief and could not bear to go near the poor girl. As for Ramsay, he shut himself up in his den -a small, barely furnished room where he was in the habit of pursuing his studies and experiments. There was a determined expression on the fellow's face and when I looked in on him (which was seldom) he was always busy with his papers and books-sometimes engaged in dissecting the brains of dogs and other animals, and once examining

He seldom spoke or even so much as remarked my presence, though once he said in an excited tone: "I shall cure her, Hartly-it shall be done at any

So for days and weeks he sat over that bare pine table gazing at the skull in front of him-ever and anon rapidly penciling dia rams of the human brain and of the nervous system.

Late one evening I was sitting with Habershon when there came a rap at the door and Rumsay entered. He was very quiet, but knowing him as well as I did I could tell he had something beyond the ordinary on his mind.

"Boys," he said, "I think I have found what I have been searching for-I think I can cure Grace. I say think. because, after all, it is only a theory of mine and may utterly fail, but I think not. Perhaps you say I should not theorize and experiment on a woman whom, as you know, I love. Well, it do her all possible good. To-morrow morning I shall try to do the work."

Then turning more particularly to Habershon, he continued: "Ed., you and I both love Grace Thorneveroft. Now, in the presence of Hartly, here, I want you to promise me that, whatever the consequences of my operation, you will care for Grace as long as she lives, and, if necessary, care for me, too."

I think neither Habershon or myself understood the purport of these words. when they were spoken, though their meaning was clear enough later on. However, Habershon gave the requested promise and we parted for the (40 years) gazing intently upon the night.

skull. What startled me so severely The next day, in the forenoon, Ramwas the fact that when I had last seen | say, in the presence of the two physithat man more than fifteen years sincecians who had been in charge of Grace, I had seen him in exactly began his operations. I was an intersuch a position, with precisely similar ested observer from a distant part of to-day? surroundings. And yet, what a dif- the room, but Habershon could not be Stuggs-I should think it was. Why, ference! Then he had just graduated induced to be present. Ramsay told he woke us all up.

the older doctors that if his theory proved perfectly successful in practice he would be able to give his method of cure in writing for the benefit of the medical world-at present, he said that it was utterly impossible for him to intelligently explain his ideas. However, he guaranteed that the attempt would be perfectly harmless to the patient and the doctors stood by ready to prevent any undue or dangerous experiment. For myself, I have not the least idea to this day just what the means were which Ramsay employed to produce the end he had in view, nor have any theory to advance. The whole thing was a strange affair to me then and appears just as strange when I look back upon it from the present moment, with all the experience which I have gained with fifteen years' practice.

Ramsay first of all administered draught to Grace Thorneycroft, who was seated in a reclining chair. A few moments later he made a small incision in an artery in the patient's right arm, which movement he followed by making a similar incision in an artery of his own left arm. The two arteries he then connected by means of a small silver tube. Facing his subject, Ramsay tapped her head, near the base of the brain, two or three times with his knuckles, and then gazed into her eyes. Ten minutes passed slowly by and no perceptible difference was noticeable in Grace's condition. Ten more minutes, and a gleam of intelligence seemed to be forcing its way into the face of the poor girl-but, strange to relate, a wild, far-away look was settling upon Ramsay! Another ten minutes, and Grace Thorneycroft recognized every one in the room, including myself, while John Ramsay was led away from the newly

conscious girl, a raving maniac! As I have before remarked, I have no explanation to offer-I can only chronicle bare facts. Ramsay was a man of genius, surely, though in the one act of his life in which he proved that genius, he partially failed; and, in that by losing his mind he was unable to give his theories to the world, his genius

Habershon married Grace Thorney croft two years later, and they have always taken the best of care of the man who saved a woman's reason at the expense of his own .-- | Detroit Free Press.

A Successful Crusade.

Every afternoon, between five and six, an under-sized man with a nervous but decided air boards a Wabash avenue cable car at Washington street and rides south. Probably not one out of twentyfive of his fellow passengers recognizes him as the hero of a desperate fight against the City railway company. Chicago grows very fast, and the sensation of yesterday is hardly the memory of to-day. This is D. B. Fisk. When the City railway company, about a dozen years ago, jut "bobtail" cars (cars in which passengers drop their passes through a slot into a box), on its lines, Fisk, single-handed, began a crusade against the bobtails, and ceased only when the cars were removed. How did he go about it? He simply refused to pay his fare except to a conductor. The drivers on the line came to know him and ceased jingling their bells for his fare. He used to enter a car and offer to pay the fares of all the passengers-to a conductor. The result was many a carload of people were hauled free. Fisk found a few nervy followers; the newspapers took up the battle, the public joined in, and the result was the complete subjugation of the company and the removal of the obnoxious vehicles. The fight, it is said, cost the company hundreds of thousands in lost fare and cars left on their hands, which they were obliged to sell at prices away below their cost. - | Chicago News,

Warming the Shivering Poor. In many cities on the Continent in days of extreme cold, the municipal governments, from a fund previously set apart for the purpose, place at intervals among the crowded neighborhoods of the poor large iron braziers, which are kept filled day and night with hot coals. They are circular upright receptacies, about the size of a barrel, with an open top and with holes pierced in the sides for the purpose of a draught, won't do any harm to her and it may | They are placed upon the pavement near the sidewalk at the corners of streets, where crowds may collect about them with the least obstruction to traffic. During the bitter cold weather crowds of half frozen people huldle about these

> The New Universal Language. "I love, thou lovest, she loves," in Volanuk, the new universal language, is "Lofob, lofous, lofof," and "They will have been loved" is "Pulofoms." "The knowledge of one's self is the best foundation of all virtues" is, in Volanuk, 'Itisevam ebinom stabin gudikin tugas valik."

braziers. - Boston Advertiser.

Indignant. After church:

Spoggs-Was it not disgraceful, the

way in which Smiggs snored in church

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My Owlet. What, not up yet, my sleepy head? More than an hour ago I called you from your little bed, You're very slow.

You're like the owlet in the tree; When night comes forth he flies In the dim dusk, seeing easily With his round eyes.

But when the morning shines he creeps Into some bark-hid chink, And there the whole day long he sleeps Without a wink.

'Tis very plain his drowsy plan Suits you. So take your ease And sleep, my towsled little man, Long as you please.

And when your comrades come to play, As they are sure to do, I'll say: "My owlet sleeps all day-I thought you knew!

-[Clara Doty Bates, in Wide Awake.

A Rescue in the Alps. During one of the vio ent storms in the Alps last month Grand, the keeper of the hospice on the St. Bernard, was seated by his warm stove when his faithful dog became excited, showing that some traveler was in distress, With lantern and fog-horn Grand immedi tely went out into the stormy night and soon found a man half frozen and carried him to the house. After having recovered consciousness the traveler said there were four more men lost in the snow-his father, two brothers, and a stranger. Grand and his dog sallied forth again. After a search of a quarter of an hour the stranger was found and taken to the house. Again man an l dog proceeded on their errand, and after a long and weary search succeeded in finding the father and two brothers close together in the snow. One of them was so weak that Grand had to carry him; the other two were able to follow slowly. After four hours' hard work, the hour of midnight being past,

How a Baby Laughs.

his cheerful fire.

Grand had all the men with him around

The laughter of a baby is a real laugh. from the very centre of its contentrated and intense life as from a fountain, and rippling and flowing from it to the extremities of its small being. All the baby is alive with laughter; he kicks, limes, especially when designed for he prances, spite of flannels and swaddlings; his ten toes are all awork and aquirk; he thrusts out from the shoulder; arm, forearm, wrist, fingers and thumbs are all atwist and alive with some incommunicable joy; the eyes of walking on the snow on the same shine, the little toothless mouth is stretched to its widest, while subtle and swift movements play over the facial muscles till they seem shone upon with

lambent, gleaming lights. What is the baby laughing at? He n use in Norway, but, as was remarked knows, dear heart; so do the angels and by an expert runner, "it is too slow for good spirits, but they never tell; and shall mortal man essay to speak when put it on horses." such as these hold their blessed peace? Be sure of this, that as the acorn holds formed on their "skis" by expert runthe oak, so there may be folded in the heart of an infant the wit of a Rabelais or a Sydney Smith, But it is doubtful before three years of age. Until a child's the crest, as the slope grows steeper mind has mastered the common relations | they gather speed like lightning, until, of things he cannot flash out those new with full headway, they shoot through and unexpected relations-those unusual combinations of ideas-in which train, fairly taking away the breath of is the essence of all wit .- [Harper's the daring runner with the rapid motion.

Arachne and the Spider.

Everyone has noticed the cobwebs which hang upon each shrub and bush and are strewn in profusion over every plant of grass on a fine morning in autumn, and, seeing, who can have failed to admire? The webs, circular in form, are then strung thick with tiny pearls of dew that glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any be wrought that would equal them in their filmy delicacy and lightness, it would be worth a prince's ransom. But for such work man's touch is all too coarse. It is possible only to our humble garden-spider, known to scientific people by the more imposing name, Epeira diadema. These spiders belong to the family of Arachnidæ, and the ancients, who were great lovers of beauty, observing their webs, invented the pretty fable of Arachn'. Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that Minerva herself must have taught her; but Arachne had grown vain as she grew dexterous, and, overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged Minerva to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten, I will bear the penalty." Minerva accepted the challenge, and the webs were woven. Arachne's was of wondrous beauty; but when she saw that of Minerva she knew that she was defeated, and in her despair went and hanged herself. Minerva, moved by pity for her vain but skillful opponent, transformed ner into a spider, and she and her de-

-[Swiss Cross.

A NORWEGIAN SPORT.

he National Pastime of the Sturdy Norseman is "Ski."

3inding on the "Skis," He Glides Down the Mountains.

"Ski" running is to the Norwegian

hat base-ball is to the American, or ricket to the Briton-the national port. It is also something more; it is necessary and practical mode of locoaction, as is skating to the Dutchman, nd snow-shoeing to the denizen of the anadas. Broken by hills, and crossed y valleys, the Norwegian fatherland when wrapped in its winter mantel of leep snow presents difficulties to travlers requiring extraordinary means to urmount. Heavily drifted, the roads ecome well-nigh impassable to horses or long periods, and then the only neans of communication from farmlouse to farm-house and hamlet to hamct is pedestrian. In this strait the turdy Norseman binds upon his legs is long fleet "skis" and flies easily and racefully over the drifts and shoots ike lightning down the hills and steep nount in sides, and out of stern necesity has learned to draw a vigorous musement. The history of the "ski" the history of the wonderful people who use it as a birthright. Norse nythology is full of it, and some of the nost stirring passages in Norwegian hisory draw their romance from the bold and daring feats of hardy "ski" runners.

The "ski," pronounced softly and deiantly "sho," familiar and dear to the unner as his sweetheart oftentimes, is a ong and narrow strip of wood, often pinc, better of hard wood, made with a curling nose to override the snow, and pearing near its centre a strap and rest or the foot of the rider or "runner." The length varies according to the trength of the runner and the purpose of the "ski," seldom exceeding en feet, however. For mountain and lense forest traveling they are made when worn by soldiers, are of unequal ength to facilitate turning readily. Benerally they present only the wooden surface to the snow, but somegravel where many hills are to be asended, their bottom; are covered with leer hide, the hair pointing backward, and acting as a secure anchor against retrogression. They solve the problem principle as the more clumsy and slower plaited snowshoo familiar in American forests, by dividing the weight of the wearer over a large surface. The American snowshoe is also men, and we give it to old women and

The feats of spee I and dexterity peraers are wonderful. On a level surface they move as fast as a good horse, but it is coming down hill that they show if conscious wit manifests itself much their mettle. Curving gracefully over the air with the speed of a railroad A well authenticated account is current in Norway that one Finnish woman, a very expert runner, one day tried the descent of a peculiarly steep mountain side, and attained such fearful speed that when those who awaited her at the end of her bird-like flight received her, she stood bolt upright on her "skis,"

dead, the breath literally ravished from her lips by her rapid descent. The "hop" is the most difficult and dangerous of the many feats of the "ski" runner. In descending hills, broken spots and small precipices are often met with, and over these the careful and the timid runners simply slide, but expert and venturesome runners augment the danger and the excitement at the same time by leaping into the air games with the "akis," a "hop" is generally made by building up a cliff with snow at some convenient point of the declivity, and this is made high according to the skill and during of the runners. One moment on the earth, a sudden spring, and away he flies through the air, 50, 70, 100 feet, enough of a fall one would think to break every bone in his sturdy body, but landing safely and gracefully and shooting away on his coursa.

As a national pastime "ski" running has attracted the widest attention in Norway, the royal family lending the enthusiasm of their presence to the yearly carnival. In this country it is only recently coming into notice, and Minneapolis is entitled to the meed of having been the home of the first "ski" club ever organized in America -- [Minneapolis Journal.

New Jersey swain (calling on his nervelous gifts of spinning and weaving. | darling? Girl-Its pop, up stairs. He's markable, after all. -- [Ansonia (Conn. of the Crimea, 1854-55.-- [Penman's got the fever 'n ague agin.

The Wild Animal Trade.

"There is scarcely anything going on in the trade this year," recently observed Mr. F. J. Thompson, who is perhaps the largest wild animal dealer in the United States, and who resides in New York. "You see, this year," hecontinued, "is the presidential year, and like theatrical business, our trade is seriously affected. In off years circuses and other shows put in their heaviest work, while in years like this the countrymen, when they have a holiday, instead of going to the circus go off to a

mass meeting or to see the parade. "But the wild animal trade has never flourished as it did before 1873," added Mr. Thompson. "It was during the war times and immediately after, when every one was flush of money, that the greatest seasons were experienced. Then there were hundreds of circuses, big and little, and various side shows, which patrolled the country from ocean to ocean. Out in the west, too, many of the small shows had gambling attachments, which helped materially to rake in the money. A proprietor of one of these thought nothing of paying \$1000 for any animal which happened to strike his fancy.

"But many of these parties made money so fast that they shortly closed up business and quit. Then came the financial crash of 1873, and the stagnation of every kind of business, and the failures of most of these circus and showmen remaining. Then the new men who came into the business dil not have much money, and could not afford to buy large numbers of animals or very valuable specimens. So it has been ever since, with a consequent stagnation in

animal trade. Another thing which has aff.cted the business a good deal is the growing scarcity of certain kinds of wild animals, and the closing of some of the depots for their collection and exportation. Nubia and upper Egypt, for example, for a long time were the great headquarters for the supply of giraffes, clephants, hippopotami, and the double-horned rhinoceri, with many other wild animals, but since the troubles there, subsequent to the death of Gen. Gordon at Khartoum, absolutely nothing has been received from this region, which is now barred, for an indefinite period by the impending Italo-Abyssinian war. And then again the depot in Sou h Africa are beginning to close because the hunters have to go such immense distances before they can reach the lairs of the wild animals, hundrads of miles from their former haunts. The cause of this is the extermination of all kinds by the so-called sportsmen. who pour into that region like they did into the United States when the buffaloes roved the plains."-- New York

Bill Nye's Cow For Sale. Owing to ill health, says Bill Nye, the humorist, I will sell at my residence in

town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one plushed-raspberry colored cow, aged 8 years. She is a good milkster and not afraid of cars-or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, I v means of a trace chain but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth short horn and threefourths hvena. I will also throw in a double barrelled shot gun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns wit a tall, red calf with long, wabby legs. Her name is Rose, and I prefer to sell her to a non-resident.

An Expensive Request. A Philadelphia lawyer was appointed solicitor for a certain business house in that city. At the end of the year h was asked to send in his account, which he did, by lumping everything, simply saying, "So and So, Dr. to Professiona Services, \$2000. The manager was a great stickler for form, and sent back the account, asking for an itemized just at the verge of the cliff, landing statement. The lawyer did as requested. far beyond the point where the sliding and at the bottom tacked on the follow runner would alight. In the races and ing: "To preparing itemized state ment, \$100." After a murmur of horror and astonishment, it was paid.

The Cost of a House. People who are going to build may like to know that "a three-thousand dollar house" is one that the architectural paper says can be built for \$2,850. 37; costs \$3,100, according to the ar chitect's estimate; is worth \$3,700, the carpenter says, to build; increases in ex pense to \$4,800 during the process of erection, and makes you draw your check for \$5,953.28 before you move in and get your first bill for repairs .-Journal of Education.

Rubber Overshoes,

"What becomes of all the rubber overshoes?" . The factories in Naugatuck alone turn out 15,000 pairs o shoes daily, or, counting 300 working days in the year, 4,500,000 pairs. Considering what rubber shoes are made of

The Chatham Record

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Diedrich and Gretchen. Sat a prince within his castle, Sad and lone: Far beneath a winding river

Danced and shone. "Ah!" he sighed, "I wish and pray I were happy now as they-Yonder peasants on their way."

Paused a peasant, gayly humming Simple song, Glancing upward toward the castle Grim and strong: "Would that I were there," said he,

"Ah, how happy I should be, Feasting, singing merrily!"

"Nay," said Gretchen, now beside him "Covet not; Thou art happy, honest Diedrich,

In thy cot. God hath given thee thy place, Castle walls would pale thy face, Waste thy strength and mar thy grace."

Sunday came and bells were tolling Soft and low:

From the castle walls a cortege Moved, and slow. "Diedrich," said fair Gretchen, "see! Whom thou envied so, 'tis he,-Wouldst thou prince or Diedrich be?"

"Diedrich ever with my Gretchen By my side

In the cot-if thou wilt grace it," He replied. "Yes," she whispered, "thine, command!" Then he slipped a golden band

On the blushing maiden's hand. -[M. J. Adams, in Courant.

HUMOROUS.

A hotel call-boy never takes affront when the clerk yells "Front!"

The English language sounds odd to foreigner, as when one says, "I will come by-and-by to buy a bicycle."

Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk, or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?

A laundry which stands in the shadow of an east-side church, Buffalo, bears the appropriate legend on its sign board: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

A sportsman is a man who spends all day away from his busines, \$2 for powder and shot, and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a a fourteen cent rabbit by the ears."

A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any man is caught flattening out the land shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.

Timid Young Suitor (who has won consent of papa): And now may I ask you, sir, whether-ah-whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically): Yes, sir; she sometimes knits her brows.

Charming young hostess: "Why, Major, you are not going so soon?" Major (who prides himself on being one of those fine old-school fellows who can say a neat thing without knowing it): 'Soon? Madame, it may seem soon to you: but it seems to me I have been here a lifetime."

"I saw you looking on at the toboggan slide in the baseball park on the west side yesterday," said Brown to the Chinaman who had just brought in his laundry. "What do you think of tobogganing, John?" "W-h-i-s-h! Walkee backee milee!" said the China-

The man who makes your knuckles snap And says, "I'm glad to meet you," Is very frequently a chap Who'll readily forget you.

The First Razor. The earliest reference to shaving is

found in Genesis xii: 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the king shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Levitticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Ezyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 360 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until. at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I, beards were universally worn. In Charles II.'s reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom scendants still retain a portion of her | girl)—What makes the house shake so, | now-a-days, perhaps it is not so re of wearing the beard dates from the time