

The Chatham Record. H. A. LONDON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record

The Chatham Record RATES OF ADVERTISING One square, one insertion - \$1.00 One square, two insertions - 1.50 One square, one month - 2.50 For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

VOL. X. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 29, 1888. NO. 30.

Where the Heart Is. Some day, at the sunset, the feet shall rest On the height whose rugged ascent Hath filled with heart-weary throbbings the breast. And the bloom of the cheek hath bent, With the whiteness of moon-kissed snows, Resting there, then, in fame's radiant glow, The traveler shall sadly look down, Bleeding the vale where love's blossoms grow, And longing to yield fame's crown For one breath of love's tender rose.

ANGELA.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who for many years past has been confined to a bed or sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room, looking on to one of the narrow side canals of Venice, having no one about me but a deaf old woman who makes my bed and attends to my food; and here I eke out a poor income of about £30 a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice), and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal, and above it the pane projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage (among others) of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed fifteen feet in width. But, although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I contrive to take a good deal of interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time (always upside down) on its balconies and at its windows.

When first I occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of thirteen or so (as nearly as I could judge), who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited field of view. She had a glass of flowers on a little table by her side, and as she sat there in fine weather from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge by her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who on warm days would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid work the old lady in shawls, and bring pillows for her chair and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute, and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection grew down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, sixteen or seventeen. I can only work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements, and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection (which, of course, she could see as I could see her); and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply. And so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning, when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window, and again in the evening, when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her draw her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered

that I had not thrown them altogether in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands as the two flowers joined forces and floated away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affection of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola (which happened not infrequently) she pretended to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny that caused the shipwreck of our flowers, and I, in pantomime not half so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time, and that perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and although I threw my flower as usual no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time she reappeared dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead; as far as I knew she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for several days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to no to me, and then her flower came. Day after day my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola (for I could see him in the flesh) worked his craft alongside this house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem—an allusion of which I could make nothing, until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that she and she were brother and sister, and she had no cause to be sad. I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on again as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I could see each other no longer, and worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even having hinted to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and fifty plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who tended me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died; and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me, and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after, during my three weeks of bed keeping, a flower was found every morning on the edge of my window, which was within easy reach of anyone in a boat; and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on the sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could possibly be. So the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many bright smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their kind thoughts about me during my retirement, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela, and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice, and that anyone might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and, indeed, they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for a while. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me

singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church. "For," said he, "my Angela has known you for very long—ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she said over and over again how dearly she wished that she could speak to him and comfort him; and one day, when you threw a flower into the canal, she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy with one who was sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except, indeed, such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all. For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem, were two flowers tied together (but I could not tell that), and they were meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her, for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness. And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers, all decked in their holiday garb, and in his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt, and came into my room (and it was strange indeed, after so many years of inattention, to see her with her head above her feet and then she wished me happiness and speedy restoration to good health (which could never be); and I, in broken words and tears in my eyes, gave her the little cross that had stood by my bed for my table for so many years. And Angela took it reverently and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

And as I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed around me—I felt that they were singing the requiem of the only love that had ever entered my heart.—[W. S. Gilbert.

The Man Who Invented the Monitor. Captain John Ericsson, the illustrious engineer and inventor, was born in Wernland, Sweden, July 31, 1803, and at the age of ten began, by the construction of a wind-mill and pumping engine, the creative work, that at the age of eighty-four, he briskly continues. His father was a mine proprietor, and the boy's earliest experience was with machinery. At twelve he was made a cadet of mechanical engineers, and at seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. He rapidly reached the lieutenantancy in consequence of the beauty of his military maps, which attracted the attention of King Charles John (Bernadotte). In 1826, while in London on leave of absence to introduce a steam engine, he sent his resignation home. It was accepted, after he had first been promoted to the rank of captain. He never returned to Sweden but his native country has sent him many honors and decorations, and in 1868 a great granite monument was erected in front of his father's house by the miners, bearing the simple inscription, "John Ericsson was born here in 1803." He is living quietly in New York, and is still an indefatigable worker.

An Oregon Patriarch. The oldest married couple on the Pacific coast lives at Greenville, Washington county, Oregon. Peyton Wilkes was born in 1791, and so will be 97 years old next May. He is one of the few pensioners of the war of 1812. His wife Anna Wilkes is 91 years old, and they were married in 1815. They came across the plains in 1843, and settled in Washington county in 1846. They were both born in Bedford county, Virginia, came to Indiana in 1820 and to Missouri in 1839. In following the star of empire they kept ahead of the iron horse until he overtook them at the "jumping off place." They have three sons living, twenty-seven grandchildren, forty-one great grandchildren, and eighty great-great-grandchildren living.—[Portland (Ore.) Dispatch.

What is a Blizzard? Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane. The air is so full of minute frozen particles which strike your face like pin heads fired from a musket that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, and all this in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and you can form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep and close upon its heels—death.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Sufficiently Refreshed. Gagley—"Won't you have some refreshments, Miss Wiggle?" Miss Wiggle—"Thanks, no. I'm sufficiently refreshed now. Miss Howler has stopped singing."—[Judge.

TATTOOING. How the Men of Burmah Are Adorned with Figures.

Covering Portions of the Body with Pictures in Ink.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person, from the waist to below the knees, with figures in black ink. Every man in the country is thus adorned, and unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as though he were clothed in a tight-fitting pair of knee-breeches. The custom is said to be falling into disuse, but I have seen very few Burmans without this "mark of manhood," which is conferred upon him when he is about 12 to 14 years old. The operation is a painful one, and I was glad of the opportunity that now offered to see it, though aware that it takes at least two or three days to complete.

Pho Myin, the subject, is lying on a mat quite nude, with a dazed look in his half-closed eyes, and breathing heavily. Mung Daw nols at him meaningly. "He has taken much opium," he says, grinning to me. I am not surprised at it. If the Htokwinskyahyee was going to exercise his art upon me for four or five hours, I should follow the Burman's plan and take opium by way of an anæsthetic.

The tattooing will show well upon the plump, fair-skinned lad before us, and the professor evidently thinks he is a subject to take pains with, as he sits carefully mixing his ink in a joint of bamboo, and preparing his weapon. This is a brass rod nearly two feet long and about half an inch thick; it is weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure, and at the other end has a hollow point divided by two cross slits. The professor examines the "business end" critically, and, having satisfied himself that it is sharp enough, tucks up his putosee and squats at Pho Myin's side. Selecting a spot on the thigh, he places both feet on it a few inches apart, and straddles; the skin tight, draws the outline of the first figure—a tiger rampant—with an ink splinter of bamboo; this is soon done, and relieving himself of a large mouthful of betelaut, the professor settles down to work in earnest. Leaving forward through his widely parted knees, he balances the brass style daintily, and, clasping it with the finger and thumb of the right hand, makes a "bridge" of the left, which he rests on the surface between his feet. After sliding the instrument through his fingers once or twice, as if to take aim, he makes a start and pricks away steadily with a light, firm touch that is wonderfully quick and true. In less than five minutes the tiger, with its surrounding border, is finished, and the artist removes his feet from the distended skin, and washes off the superfluous ink to see how his work has come out. Every body presses forward to look at the picture, which shows up in bold relief on the rapidly forming swelling. Mung Saik exchanges a remark with his wife, and the tattooer resumes his working position to draw the outline of the next figure.

The boy, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. Deep as the points of the style sink, they draw little blood, but the limb swells in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know it would return to its normal size in a day or two. Fever sometimes supervenes, and in that case the patient waits for a time before the work of illustration is resumed; so it often extends over a period of a week or ten days, during which the inconvenience suffered is considerable. Without the aid of opium the process would be much longer. I found that I could not endure the application of the style for more than thirty consecutive seconds without flinching so much as to interfere with the operator's movements; for the skin is pricked over so closely that it becomes too tender to sustain their repetition.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid to a tattooer for endowing a lad with breeches. The figures that compose them vary little, consisting as a rule of tigers, "nagas" (dragons), and "beloes" (devils). Each one is surrounded with a border of sentences, generally illegible, invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin whereto they are inscribed. The waist and knees are neatly finished off with a tasteful edging of point or scroll pattern; these sensitive parts of the body are the last to be done, and tattooers have told me that the pain caused frequently arouses the patient from his torpor.—[Cornhill Magazine.

Comparative Guilt. Father—"What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the sidewalk?" Son—"I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?"

Diary of California's Gold Discoverer.

Sunday, Dec. 28, 1847.—Last week I worked five days (in the California hills). On Christmas a party of us climbed a peak, from which we could see many mountains covered with snow, and from which we started many large rocks rolling down into the steep canon. For dinner besides bread and meat, we had apple and pumpkin pies.

Sunday, Jan. 2, 1848.—Mr. Marshall has been away for some time, and now the cook saves the pumpkin pies and so forth for herself and the second table.

Jan. 11.—Rain began on the 9th and continues to fall.

Sunday, Jan. 16.—The river is very high. Since Monday the weather is clear. Marshall left us a month ago to get the mill irons and has not returned. Mr. Bennett has got out of patience waiting for him.

Sunday, Jan. 30.—Marshall having arrived, we got his permission to build a small house near the mill, so as to get rid of the purtail mistress, and cook for ourselves. We moved into it on Sunday last. This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) gold, and he has gone to the fort for the purpose of finding out what it is. It is found in the race in small pieces; some weigh as much as a \$5 piece.

Sunday, Feb. 6.—Marshall has returned with the fact that the metal is gold. Captain Sutter arrived on Wednesday with Johnston for the purpose of looking at the place where the gold was found. He got enough to make a ring. He brought a bottle of whiskey for us and some pocket knives. This morning I found my basin and knife in their proper place. Johnston had hidden them away, though he denied knowing anything about them.

Lucky Strokes in Mining.

St. John's mine in Summit county, Col., was purchased 15 years ago by an English syndicate for \$700,000. Near the mine was located a magnificent castle which was used only to accommodate the directors during their annual visit. To-day there is for \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in sight. The Colorado Central mine has been worked for 26 years and now employs between 200 and 300 men. The mine has already paid \$7,000,000 in dividends and a tunnel has just been sunk into the mountain 6,000 feet to facilitate the work. Senator Hearst, who is interested in nearly all the principal mines in the west, has not lost a dollar in mining in 15 years. Two miners located the Comstock mine, and gave it to two Pennsylvania oil men for a debt of \$800 which they owed. The oil men did not want to take it, because they did not believe it of any account. Less than four months ago the owners received \$900,000 for it, and to-day there is \$75,000 in sight. The Lily Franklin mine was originally sold for \$15,000, and a very short time ago the purchasers sold one-half of it for \$200,000. The Brushy mine was discovered by two boys and was developed by their muscle. It now pays an annual dividend of \$70,000. The Virginia mine at Kingston was owned by Charles Wallace. His wife turned the drill for him until they struck it rich and sold out for \$125,000 each.—[Kansas City Times.

The Latest Thing in Blinds.

English Venetian blinds are becoming very fashionable in this country. Outside Venetian shades have always been in vogue, particularly to keep out the hot rays of the summer's sun. The English Venetian blinds are made of slats similar to the outside shade, but are arranged with cords, so that they can be drawn up or lowered at will just as a linen shade can. They are more expensive than the linen shades, but they last longer. Linen shades hold the dust and fade, but the Venetian blinds do not. These blinds are made of thin wooden slats, about two and a half inches wide and about an eighth of an inch in thickness. They are supported by tapes arranged like ladders. A cord runs through a hole in each slat, and by this means they are drawn up, and they are made of white pine, bass, cherry, oak or ash, and are stained or varnished any shade or color that is wanted. They cost from eighteen cents to twenty-six cents a square foot. The most fashionable colors now are gray, plain oak or green.—[Boston Transcript.

Piute Epicures.

The Piutes are feasting on rabbits nowadays, the bounty on their scalps being an incentive to the red men to kill them. Piute soup, a concoction made of the oily nuts and rabbits, is a favorite dish with the Indians in cold weather, and they say it makes them "cheap fat."—[Nevada Silver State.

The Leopard's Spots.

Keeper to stranger looking at the animals: "Do you observe, sir, how restless the leopard is, and how ceaselessly he changes his position from one spot to another?" Stranger: "Yes; but gosh, mister, I've allers heard that a leopard couldn't change his spots."—[Epoch.

CANNED GOODS.

History and Progress of this Great American Industry.

The Boom a Continental War Would Make in the Trade.

The armies of England and France are fed now very largely on American beef in cans. If the armies are increased and the productive forces of the two countries are impaired by reason of a war, the trade will assume greater proportions than ever. The proportions now are staggering. From Chicago alone long trains of cars leave daily for the east, each car holding ten tons of canned beef. When a "beef critter" is slain about one-third of him is valuable to the butchers who deal in fresh meat. The parts, however, that are least salable go into the cans. Plates, briskeys, jowls, cuts and occasionally the entire carcass of a cow all go to make up the canned beef supply. The much-abused Texas steer, when he is too tough for the fresh-meat butcher, generally finds his way into the cans.

The scientists are continually investigating the canned meat, and not infrequently find new and startling poisons of the most virulent character. Any one of the atoms, according to scientific analysis, is deadly enough to destroy a regiment, and it seems strange, from a chemical point of view, that anybody remains alive after eating this dangerous food. As a matter of fact, however, millions of people have been eating it for years, and there is no well authenticated case of injury arising from the use of canned beef unless the beef had been injured in some way after the can was opened.

Beef, however, and the standard vegetables are the great staples that form a very considerable fraction of the ocean-carrying trade. The beef trade alone is big enough and important enough to justify the writing of many books about it.

Everybody knows how the business began. In 1820, M. Appert, a scientific Frenchman, knowing the chemical fact that cooked food could be kept from decomposition if the air were kept from it, patented a method of packing such food in glass. Not much was done on his patents, however, and it was fifteen or twenty years later when an English firm began packing meat in tin as a regular article of commerce. Their processes, however, were crude compared with those of to-day, and it remained for American skill to perfect the work within the last dozen years. This has been done, and now almost every article of perishable food is hermetically packed in tin for preservation and transportation to the time and place in which it is to be used.

You can buy canvas-back ducks in cans. Corned beef, plum-puddings, shrimps, baked beans, fowls, fish, curried foods, soups and roast beef, in short almost everything good to eat can be had in cans in portable shape, so that it can be taken to Bombay or Lapland without deteriorating in quality.

To return to the beef, however, it may be said roughly that about one-half of a good animal is canned and one-half used fresh. Perhaps two hundredweight, on an average, of the cooked meat from a single animal goes into the cans, so that each car-load of canned meat that comes east contains portions of a hundred beasts. This is only an estimate, but it is a fair one.

When it is remembered that there are many thousands of these car-loads annually, and that steamers and sailing vessels are constantly scattering the contents all over the globe, the importance of the tin can becomes apparent. It has opened an avenue for the profitable disposal of one of the principal food products of the world. Despised only a few years ago as a thing only fit to be cast out and trodden underfoot of man and devoured by goats, the humble can has brought millions of specie into our nation's coffers and carried good food to many other nations.—[New York Journal.

A Jail Bird's Joke on a Farmer.

"I had a funny experience once," said a young farmer. "When a boy, I confess, I was pretty green. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus, and used to haul wood into the city and sell it for him. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when, as I passed a large building, some one poked his head partly out of a window and asked 'if the wood was for sale.' I replied in the affirmative. 'Well, throw it over this fence,' came back from the upper window.

The house was surrounded by a high wall, but I managed to get it over, and then went around to the front gate for my pay. I could not get in; I hammered and called in vain, when some passer-by, attracted by my frantic efforts to gain an entrance, inquired what was the matter and informed me that the building was the jail. One of the prisoners had played a joke upon me. I could not get my money or the wood back and returned home with empty wagon and pockets."—[Atlanta Const. Journal.

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the woman stopped, and her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had long since lost, And said as her tear-drops like she forced, "I hate the wind in the chimney." Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the children said, as they closer drew, "Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through, 'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew, And we fear the wind in the chimney." Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the man, as he sat on his hearth below, Said to himself, "It will surely snow, And fuel is dear and wages low, And I'll stop the leak in the chimney." Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; But the poet listened and smiled, for he was man, and woman, and child, all three, And said, "It is God's own harmony, This wind we hear in the chimney."—[Bret Harte.

HUMOROUS.

Still up in arms.—The infant King of Spain.

A model man.—A solicitor of patents.

A draughtsman is generally a designing man.

Legal inconsistency.—Calling forty pages of foolscap "brief."

"Apple green will be the spring color," says a fashion note. It will also be the summer cholera.

It now appears that the statement of a sea captain that the Esquimaux were dying off with scurvy was merely a salt rheum.

They have a way out in Kansas of bringing to time wayward members of the legislature. Mr. Funston, member of the committee on agriculture, was late at a committee meeting, and the chairman fined him six cans of corn.

Oh, no, I can't be your husband, Sue, He said, he's gently kissed her, But I will be a brother to you, For I'm going to marry your sister.

Mr. Jinks (to landlady).—"What kind of a duck did you say this was, Mr. Dinkley?" Landlady.—"I didn't say, I simply ordered a duck from the butcher's." Mr. Jinks (struggling with a second joint).—"I think he has sent you a decoy duck."

The Academy at Pekin has got up an encyclopedia in 160,000 volumes. We don't know what happens to the Japanese book agent who goes around soliciting subscribers for an encyclopedia in 160,000 volumes, one to be delivered every other week, but in this country he would be killed several times a day.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back, "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

Carried His Ear in His Vest Pocket.

Occasionally one reads a thing so ridiculous that he cannot help laughing, even when the article he reads is most solemn. I was reading an account of a murder at St. Joseph, Mo., in which an account was given of a young man killing his wife. Everything about it was ghastly, particularly a description of the characteristics of the murderer. He was a son of respectable parents, but was a tough. One thing mentioned in regard to him struck me as particularly ridiculous. In a fight a year or so ago he had an ear cut off, and since then he had carried the ear in his vest pocket as a "mascot," and if he was playing cards or shaking dice he would take the ear out of his pocket and lay it on the table to give him luck. If anybody kicked on having the dried-up ear around the owner of it would draw his revolver and make the kicker apologize or fight. If a man apologized he was compelled to kiss the ear. What a companion such a man would be for a tea party! It is said that he would take his ear out of his pocket at the breakfast table in case the steak was tough, or the biscuit lacked shortening, or the pancakes were heavy, and his wife had to look cheerful and pleasant or he would draw his revolver and shoot at her earrings. She finally got enough of him and his dried ear and left him, and he followed her and killed her. Men will have their little fads, and the practice of carrying around a dried ear or a rabbit's foot must be overlooked.—[Peck's Sun.

Altogether Too Previous.

Naomi—George, you know this is leap year, and women are accorded a privilege to exercise which at other times would seem immodest. Now, I want to say to you— George (nervously)—Really, Naomi, this is extremely sudden, and—er—you know that I am already engaged. "What have I to do with that? I want to say to you that I would rather die an old maid than ask a man to marry me, even if it were customary to do so."—[Nebraska Const. Journal.