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The Chatham Record.

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Home. A cloudy sky fills all the west, And all the east is dark and cold; A stranger, tarrying for his rest, A shepherd gathers in his fold. To faith all doubting doors unlock; To faith there is no foreign folk; The cloud, the cold, the darkling dome Is framed of sunbeams arching home.

BAB'S BONNET.

"Dab, I haven't \$10 in the world, and the butcher's bill came in yesterday. Cheer up, little girl, and never mind the new bonnet. Jack Scelling will be no end of a cal if he minds what kind of a frame your dear little face looks out of." The big brother of Bab Nixon ended his words with a gentle touch upon a round shoulder turned pettily away from him, and after waiting a moment for a word or a smile from its owner in vain, his face clouded slightly and he passed quickly out of the breakfast room.

As the sound of his steps died away one dimly saw that his eye appeared furtively above a scrap of lilac cambric crumpled into a limp pad of two babyish, dimpled hands, then the other eye came out, until finally the whole disheveled head was held defiantly erect.

The general storminess of the domestic atmosphere seemed to have crept over into Bab's sunny yellow bangs, which puffed and crisped in unexpected sinks about the pretty low brow and white temples as the silky fuzz about a baby's head is wont to disport itself. A breeze came in just then through the open window, thrown up to let in the premature balminess of the sunny March morning, and blew some of the loose locks intrusively about her blue eyes. Up flew the dimpled hand to push them aside as a very cross young voice cried, "I don't care! I don't care!" with emphasis.

"I cannot have a new bonnet I won't go to church with Jack and his sister, whom I never saw. I think Ernest is perfectly mean, so there! As if I wasn't of as much importance as the nasty, bloody meat that he eats, huh! Butcher's bill, indeed! Jack always notices, too, and he'll be sure to see how perfectly many my old blue feathers are getting, and his sister is sure to have something straight from Paris! If I could only make two ribbons and a bit of jet look as ravishing as Kate Arluckie does my bonnets wouldn't cost so much, but I can't, and I don't care! I should think Ernest might let me get trusted for just this once, as long as he is going to get me a bonnet in a little while, anyway. I mean to ask him this very morning, and it won't do any harm to stop on the way to the office and see what Mmc. Vaurier has that will suit me. Then I can tell Ernest how much it will cost."

Foolish little Barbara flew about the dainty nest which the dear older brother had sheltered her in through all their orphaned years; giving an approving nod at her trim tailor-made gown of brown as she pressed the long mirror on her way out to interview Mmc. Vaurier about the much-desired bonnet.

"Just the thing for you. It came last night. Lizette, bring the odd, blue affair, for Mlle. Nixon." Truly, was it not "just the thing?" And oh, how blue her eyes and how sunny her hair shone under the exquisitely pretty structure, which Madame nestled with assured touches upon her head. She really never knew how this matter came about. Perhaps Madame talked too volubly to hear her objections, or mark her hesitation. "It made no difference at all," she assured Barbara, "whether the bonnet was paid for now or in two months." She could not sell it to any one else without being dissatisfied, having seen it above Mlle. Nixon's golden hair.

The dinner hour came and Barbara, fresh as a rose in her soft wool gown, was ready to "fess up" and be forgiven. But when after waiting a long thirty minutes beyond the time a mes-

senger came instead with a hurried note: "Off for Philadelphia; send my traps after me; care Wales Brothers, 1,244 Chestnut street. Will write"—her heart sank. Now, what was to be done? Clearly there was nothing except to write and tell him all about it. So the next day Ernest's bag was packed and forwarded, and a penitent letter went by the first mail to Philadelphia.

Day after west day by and no letter came in reply. No word from Ernest of any kind; as though to emphasize his displeasure. Aunt Valerie, who was always ready in emergency, came to stay with her, and then the great storm shut down all communication from other cities, and poor, miserable little Bab was left to imagine all possible and impossible calamities as having befallen her brother. Some delay in sending home the bonnet had been requested by Barbara, who was a little uncertain as to what Ernest's rigid sense of justice would prompt him to do, and then the storm further delayed the delivery of the tall-tale box.

But finally it came, and Bab locked herself into her room to open it with a "dreadfully gone feeling," as she afterward described it. She took off the soft layers of white paper, out of which fell the bill. She lifted it mechanically. "Fifteen dollars" were the figures she had seen on the box when Madame took it out, and Ernest had said he had not "ten." "Oh, what a wicked, selfish va— Oh, my goodness!" she ended with a gasp. Yes, there it was, in good round figures—\$25!

To one imported straw bonnet..... \$15.00 To one bird on same..... 10.00 Received payment..... \$25.00

25! 25! 20! 20! 25! 25! They danced excitedly before her eyes as she sank in a dazed little heap on the floor. What would Ernest say? She was but 17, and it never occurred to her unbusinesslike idea that Madame Vaurier was taking advantage of her, and that she could send the bonnet back. Aunt Valerie had money, but Ernest had forbidden her ever to borrow a penny of Aunt Valerie or pain of his dearest disapproval. He was so proud and honest, and she, "nasty little selfish thing," had dared to call him "mean." "He was worth a hundred Jack Scellings, so there!"

That very evening Jack called with his sister, who was very kind and cordial in her gentle, reserved way, and the invitations for Easter day were renewed with some well-bred insistence, upon learning that her brother was absent and Aunt Valerie was to join them. But there was good "stuff" in Bab's sturdy little body after all, and even while her eyes took in the quiet elegance of Mlle. Madred Snelling's attire she was coming to a Spartan's resolution. She would go, but she would not wear an unpaid-for bonnet. Somehow she felt better after that, and when a telegram arrived before Sunday, saying that Ernest would return the next Monday, she was quite ready with a smiling welcome to greet the unexpected announcement of—Mr. Scelling. Something Jack had to say kept him in such a ferment that he would not wait, so he had called to "put it to the test and win or lose." But somehow matters did not progress just as Jack had anticipated. For, when he had told her in his most manly way how dear she was, and all that he wanted her to promise, Bab simply buried her blue eyes in two dimpled hands and sobbed: "You wouldn't! Oh, you wouldn't, if you knew what! What a horrid little wretch I am!"

And then, the ice once broken for the revelation, she told Jack all the miserable tale. When she got through she waited—not a word came from Jack. "O my, how was too disgusted with her to speak!" She "knew he would be," and began to sob afresh. This was too much, and Jack drew away the hot hands and wet handkerchiefs to show her his own eyes, dancing with suppressed laughter. "Didn't you get any mail tonight?" he said at last. "No—yes—not—that is, I got a—oh, I never looked at it! Some one came in," she stammered, wondering. "Well, go and get it, please, now," said Jack, releasing her, to run out and return with an envelope, which she tore hastily open. "Mmc. Vaurier's bill, recipient!" she gasped. "What does it mean?" "Read, and you will see," said Jack. "Mmc. Vaurier happens to be Mlle. Nixon's milliner as well, and she made some purchase the same date that you did. The bookkeeper has mixed the bills and sent them to the wrong brother, that is all. My sister's bill is probably awaiting your brother's return at his office. Suppose you let the matter go, as it will be, I hope, but a short time till I may pay all your bills unquestioned. That is for you to say."

It was answered satisfactorily, no doubt, for a very rosy little Bab gathered herself resolutely together a half hour later and insisted upon taking the bill into the library, where it should meet her brother's eye the first thing upon his return. A little later she stood in her elegant, pale-blue dress, leaning against the deep salmon-hued archway. Her dark lashes, in starting

contrast with her yellow hair almost rested on her cheeks, a trifle pale now, as she realized the serious and sacred sweetness of the new tie. "It is kind of you Jack, to wish to shield me from mortification at my own folly, but I cannot wear it until Ernest has forgiven me, and he is the only one yet," (with a shy little emphasis), "who has a right to buy my bonnets. I will not wear it tomorrow!" "Oh, yes, you will, little one," said a voice behind the red draperies, as they swung apart and Ernest Nixon caught the startled girl in his arms as he entered the room. "It was rather mean to listen, Jack, but finding a bill for my sister's bonnet with your signature on my table upon my premature arrival to-night, I naturally looked up a prompt solution of the situation. It's all right, and if you'll look in before you leave I'll give you a check for your autograph."

"You may as well hand me my sister's bill, which you will find among your papers somewhere at the same time," said Jack, laughing.

And the next day two new bonnets met upon the heads of their fair owners, with such damage to the heart of Ernest Nixon that when he told Jack and Bab later of his successful business venture in Philadelphia he also added that before long he proposed that they should exchange their sister's bonnet bills permanently, a proposition which was promptly accepted. (Hartford Times.)

"Bear" Steaks of Horse Flesh. I don't know whether or not horse has ever been sold here in Boston for food, but I am sure that it has been cooked and eaten. Some time ago a leading "vet," who is, I believe, an advocate of this use of horseflesh, invited several persons of his acquaintance, somewhat noted as gourmets, to join him in a little supper of bear steaks at one of our hotels. He represented that the bear had been shot in Maine and sent to him as a present. The fact was, however, that the dishes which he set before his guests were composed of horse meat—a plump young nag, belonging to a friend of his, having broken a leg, so that it became necessary to kill him, thus furnishing material for the feast. All who were present at it enjoyed it very much, and considered that the steaks and other forms of supposed bear's meat provided for them were excellent and as good as beef or lamb. Not till the last dish had been removed did the "vet" enlighten his guests as to the real nature of their entertainment, and when he did so their after-dinner tranquility was not a little disturbed. Most of them turned pale, a few were angry, and one or two cool and hardy spirits were only amused. Almost all of them, however, declared upon reflection that they were converts to the theory which they had unwittingly put into practice; but nevertheless, I doubt very much if a single one of the party would accept another invitation from that "vet" without a guarantee as to the character of the viands of which they were invited to partake. (Boston Post.)

A Diamond in Her Tooth. About a year ago it became fashionable in New York for young ladies to have a diamond set in one of their teeth, which sparkled resplendently whenever they smiled. The fashion grew in popularity, and was adopted in other of the large cities, but until recently the extravagant habit did not reach Louisville. Now, however, there is a young lady who can be seen promenading Fourth avenue almost any afternoon, her red, ripe lips parted with a sweet smile. At the point of one of her upper front teeth sparkles a brilliant little stone, which is the occasion of the ever-pleased mood of its fair owner. The young lady, who is the daughter of a banker, recently returned from a visit to New York, and while there "caught on" to the craze. She has numerous rare and costly stones, but it is safe to say that none nor all of them give their fair owner half the pleasure extracted from the diminutive gem imbedded in her pearly front teeth. The case mentioned is probably the only one of the kind in Louisville. (Louisville Courier-Journal.)

What It Costs to Stop a Train. It is not generally known that loss of power is involved in the starting and stopping of an ordinary train of cars. There is required about twice as much power to stop a train as to start one, the loss of power depending upon the momentum. A train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour can, by means of the Westinghouse air-brake, be stopped within 120 yards from the first application of the brake. Now enough power is lost to carry this same train fifteen miles over a plane surface. First, there is the momentum acquired by the train flying at this remarkable rate of speed, then the loss of steam in applying the brakes, and lastly, but not least, the extra amount of coal to compensate for all these losses. By computation it has been ascertained that every complete stop involves a cost of \$1.17. (Kansas City Star.)

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Mouse. Once a trap was baited With a piece of cheese, It tickled so a little mouse, It almost made him sneeze. An old rat said, "There's danger! Be careful where you go." "Nonsense!" said the other, "I don't think you know." So he walked in boldly, Nobody in sight, First he took a nibble, Then he took a bite; Close the trap together snarped, As quick as wind, Catching mouse fast there, "Cause he didn't think."

Victims of Cruelty. Some midshipmen belonging to an English ship, while on a cruise off the coast of Africa, landed on one of the Cape de Verde Islands for a day's shooting. They spent the whole morning in vain attempts to get within shot of a flock of flamingoes, which they found there in great numbers.

At length, giving it up in despair, they threw themselves on the ground to discuss the provisions which they had brought with them for lunch. They had not long lain upon a whole flock of flamingoes, not recognizing in those prostrate objects, kicking their heels in the air, the same enemies whom, when on foot, they had so carefully shunned, drew near.

Led on by a dangerous curiosity, they ventured to approach within so short a distance that the sportsmen, springing to their feet and snatching up their guns, secured each his bird before these could rectify their mistake by a timely retreat.

The Doll's Reception. It occurred on the 19th of March, from 1 to 3 p. m. I was a very snowy day, but a very pleasant one in the school-room. Dr. Gardner opened the exercises by a short address. The two younger departments came in singing, "We are Little Children;" each had a doll in her arms. Some chairs and benches were nicely fixed, in which the little children were seated. In the bay window was set a little doll's table with a tea-set on it all ready for the dolls to dress. On one side was a little doll dressed up as a little waiter girl. On the piano stood a bride party all ready to start on a voyage in a nice little boat. A little girl lent two dancing dolls—one was a monkey, who played for a lady and gentleman to waltz. Others brought their dolls. One was a "crying baby." Some of the prettiest pieces were, "The Doll's Wedding," "The Tea Party," "In the Nest," "The Baby's First Christmas," "The City Maiden." There were a great many more, but can't name them all. The little children had two dolls, one was "The Sick Doll," the other was "The Arithmetic Lesson." The children of the higher department gave bouquets to the little children; two girls of our class recited. Altogether it was a nice affair, and much enjoyed by all present. (Children's Friend.)

The Danger of Coal-Mining. This mine, while one of the largest, was also one of the most dangerous in the valley. In order to keep the workings supplied with pure air, in quantity sufficient to render harmless the explosive gases released by opening the coal-seams, an immense fan had been constructed which, during every minute that it was in action, drew forth from the mine over two hundred thousand cubic feet of impure air. Even with this great air-current, there were still very dangerous parts of the mine, requiring the utmost vigilance from the miners. To hear of some miner or laborer firing the gas in his chamber and being burned thereby, was a matter of almost weekly occurrence. In pits of this character, where there is a plentiful air current, it is often a custom with miners to "fire" the gas in their working-places before a quantity sufficient to render its combustion dangerous accumulated. When this is done, the gas will take fire with a noise not unlike that made in lighting a common gas-jet. There is such an excess of air that the explosion of the gas is very weak and harmless. This mine, often three or four feet deep, will travel along the uneven floor, showing beautiful colors varying from a deep, dark blue to a brilliant crimson; and in it shines stars of dazzling white light, showing that fine particles of coal-lust suspended in the air are burning in the great heat of the gas. Sometimes this flame will travel close up against the roof, slowly to and fro, several times, until all the gas has been burned away.

When the flame dies out, the burnt gases (the "black" or "after-damp"), being heavier than the air, fall to the floor. So the coal-miner is ever exposed to the two great dangers: the first, that of being burned; the second, that of being suffocated after he has escaped the fire. (St. Nicholas.)

O' all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books.

CIRCUS RIDERS.

How Equestriennes Learn to Ride Horses Bareback. The Use of the "Mechanic"—A Dangerous Profession.

"How do ladies learn to ride bareback?" asked a New York Journal reporter of Mlle. Cadona, one of Bar-num's most skillful riders. "Come inside and I will tell you," replied the charming equestrienne, as she led the way to her dressing room. "Most of us begin to learn when we are about ten years of age," said Mlle. Cadona, when she had doffed her spangled and short skirts and arrayed herself in a quiet street costume.

"It has become the fashion among circus proprietors of late years not to engage a rider unless she is fully competent at the start. Formerly the girls were the daughters of other riders, who managed to teach them during the tour of the circus on the road, but that is no longer allowed. In order to learn the business now one must go to a regular established school where bareback riding is taught."

"Where is there such a school?" asked the reporter. "Oh, there are several of them throughout the country," replied Mlle. Cadona. "One is in Westchester County, not far from this city, and is known as the Stokes school. It was once the property of Mr. Stokes who recently died. He was an old circus rider and was the father of Kate Stokes, who married John Stetson, the theatrical manager. Kate, by the way, was once a daring bareback rider, but received an injury to her spine from a fall from her horse, and was obliged to abandon the profession."

"Another school is Don Stokes's at Frankfort, N. Y.; and there are others at Indianapolis and Louisville. Mr. Barnum also has a school at Bridgeport, Conn., where the riders are permitted to practise during the summer months." "What are the first steps taken to become a rider?" asked the reporter. "It requires clear eyesight, presence of mind and nerve," said Mlle. Cadona. "In the centre of the sawlust rig a pole is erected. This has a cross bar at the top reaching out over the ring. From this bar depends a cord which is fastened around the waist of the beginner. A man stands near the pole and turns the cross arm around at a speed equal to that of the horse. This machine is technically known as the 'mechanic.' A rope also runs from the man's hands to the cross arm so that he can hold the rider in the air if she chances to fall from the back of the horse."

"During the first lessons the beginner is taught how to balance herself properly. The hand is thrown back, the arms held free and a graceful pose assumed. It takes several weeks to obtain proficiency in this respect. Next the student is taught to leap lightly in the air, landing on the padded saddle, for bareback riding is not attempted until after success has been gained on the saddle."

"Are falls from the horse of frequent occurrence?" "Oh, yes, at first. But the attendant easily catches the rider suspended in the air by means of the 'mechanic,' and no harm results. Sometimes the horse will take a sudden jump forward and your calculations are thus knocked out, but most riding horses are trained so well that they know exactly at what rate of speed to go. After a time jumping through paper balloons is attempted, and then comes a great event in the life of every circus rider. That is the first somersault. I remember as well as if it were yesterday when I tried my first one. I did not turn half way over, but the ever-ready 'mechanic' kept me from falling and I soon learned how to do it. Then the services of the 'mechanic' are dispensed with, and by constant practice and not a few falls the novice becomes an equestrienne and has her name in big letters upon the billboard."

"How long does it take to become a professional rider?" the reporter asked. "About a year," replied Mlle. Cadona, "but, like anything else, the longer one is at it the more proficient she becomes. One of the most dangerous acts known to our business," she continued, "is that of jumping through a hoop studded with sharp knives which point inward. I received a score of bad cuts while practising the feat, but eventually accomplished it."

"How are the horses taught to carry the rider?" the reporter asked. "The horses are broken in by means of the 'mechanic' also," replied Mlle. Cadona. "And it takes several months of steady teaching to make them reliable ring horses. Bareback riders always learn to ride by using a horse that is already broken in. It is impossible to learn on one that has not been. Some male riders buy a horse for say \$200, and after teaching him the duties of a ring horse, can dispose of the animal for \$1500 or \$2000 to circus men. We are all the time practising tricks on

horseback, some of them exceedingly dangerous. It is a risky business, and I do not know one good female rider who has not sustained pretty severe injuries at some time in her career by a fall from a horse or an accidental kick from the animal."

Philosophy of the Japanese. At a meeting of the Presbyterian Union in New York Rev. Dr. George W. Knox, of Yokohama, made an eloquent address, in which he reviewed the philosophy prevalent in Japan, and drew a parallel between the volcanic character of the people and the volcanic origin of their country. The first principle of their philosophy is that this universe centres in the Mikado, who holds the highest grade. The second principle is that all things else are in lower gradations and that the duty of man grades him. The duty of one is to rule, of another to obey; one to be rich, another to be poor; one to be a student, another to be a merchant; and so on—and that even a brute does the duty which gives it its grade. That man's duty is obedience; that loyalty to the Mikado gives him the right of being, and patriotism the right of expanding that being. Under this system self disappears in the duty to be done, and a Japanese is justified in sinking everything in this duty, even to the striking down of his wife, his children or himself.

The average earnings of a man and his wife for one year will enable them, with the greatest economy, to lay up about \$3 a month—the average farm belonging to one family is but one and a quarter acres. Three-sevenths of the produce of this has to go for the rent, and upon the balance the farmer has to support himself and his family. The population is the most congested of any in the world, with a consequent falling away of moral ideas, so that impurity is the normal condition. The Japanese philosophy, said Dr. Knox in conclusion, has an entire lack of individualism, and needs the Christian religion, which exalts the individual into intelligence and responsibility.

Twelve Sets of Twins. Some years ago a storekeeper in Weedsport, N. Y., was astonished at a most singular sight in the street in front of the store. A large wagon drawn by a horse and an ox had halted there, and clustered about the vehicle were 24 children—all boys. In the wagon was the mother, and by the animals stood the father, who explained to the astonished storekeeper that they were on their way from Connecticut to Indiana, and were having a family moving.

"Is this your family?" asked the merchant. "Yes," answered the man, "twenty-four boys, twelve sets of twins, and we have no children dead. At night what can't get into the wagon, bunk under it on the ground. We are all here, stranger."

The merchant was so pleased at the sight that he formed the boys into line and presented each one with a straw hat. (Ill.risturg Telegraph.)

Kate Rang the Fire Bell. The white mare Kate, which runs the hose carriage of steamer N. 3 to fires, recently went through her usual morning training and also went one better. When the gong sounded one at 6 a. m., to give the correct time, she started for the bell-rope, caught it with her mouth and vigorously pulled it. The bell-ringing the first-call, brought out nearly all of the minute men, most of whom live in the immediate vicinity. They rushed to the engine house ready for duty, only to find the handsome Mrs. Kate invariably smiling at her conscientious duty faithfully performed. The station men were in the bedroom and rushed down in wonderment, but could do nothing beyond stroking Mrs. K.'s face, and leading her to an extra supply of oats.

A Strange Case in Surgery. A strange accident is reported from L. Cross, Wis. A 12-year-old girl, playing, accidentally drove a needle which was sticking in the front of her dress into her breast, imbedding it out of sight. The child was in extreme pain and could hardly breathe. The pulse became uncertain and it was thought she was at the point of death. Three doctors were summoned, and while they could hardly believe the story of her mishap they found that the needle had entered the heart. An incision was made, disclosing the head of the needle, and it was extracted with an instrument. The child was relieved at once. (Chicago News.)

Wears a Ring on Her Thumb. A rich Philadelphia woman, noted for her wealth and eccentricity, having exhausted her finger space in displaying her jewels, wears a striking ring on one of her thumbs. Strange as this appears, it is only going back to an old fashion. Two or three hundred years ago it was the fashion to wear a ring on the thumb, and the signet ring was worn on the thumb by the nobility at a time when the fingers were devoid of ornaments. (Philadelphia Times.)

My Sweetheart.

I too, have a sweetheart. Pray cease your deriding; You were singing last night, "Love can never grow old." Do you think just because my old pool is so frosty My pulses are sluggish, my heart has grown cold?

Well, well, laugh away, I care not for your learning. I have my one sweetheart, my daintiest dear; When she comes through the meadow grass singing so gayly, The birds cease their carolling only to hear.

The grasses wave around her, the blossoms bow to her, All doing her homage, all kissing her feet, And wild timid creatures in woodland recesses Lose fear at her coming and leave their retreat.

She is rich, and her wealth, without stint, without measure. She wears in her tresses bright shimmering gold; She has pearls, whitest pearls, and her red lips disclose them. When she smiles chase the dimples her rosy cheeks hold.

With eyelids half shut, I can see she's debating. As to whether I sleep with a comical quizz; I smile, and her white arms fly up in a twinkling, And her face is laid close to my wrinkled old phiz.

Oh, she is my sweetheart, my morriest of maidens, And how much I love her I never can say; She's my darling, my pride, and my life's greatest blessing, Her age? Do you ask it? She is six come next May. (Boston Transcript.)

HUMOROUS.

The color of spun yarn—Chestnut. The girl who won't be won usually remains one. The girl who loves William never asks her father to foot her bill.

The man who married his type-writing girl was in the habit of dictating to her, but now she dictates to him. In times of war they charge batteries with powder and ball. In times of peace, they charge them with electricity.

The dude who wears a single eyeglass can generally see with one eye all that he is capable of thinking about. A scientist says a wasp may be picked up if it is done quietly. Yes; it is when the wasp is laid down again that the noise begins.

Brakeman: See here; where are going with that ax? Passenger: Keep cool, young man. We stop for sandwiches at the next station. A New York man has invented a process for making railroad cars out of wood pulp; but it takes a Kansas cyclone to make wood pulp out of railroad cars.

Bystander: Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries? Doctor: Humph! Two of them are undoubtedly fatal, but, as for the rest of them, time alone can tell. Saturn is 700 times larger than the earth. We impart the information for the sake of those who want the latter. They might just as well want Saturn and have done with it.

Tramp (recognizing a friend): "Is that yourself, Tommy? An' what are yo doin' in that hole?" Friend: "Don't say a wurrd, 'tis a foine job I have; the felly that runs the summer hotel below here pays me five dollars a week to live here, an he calls me 'The Hermit of Scrub Oak Hill.' The boarders come up here be the dozen to tuk at me, and it's good cigars I'm smokin' the whole day long."

"Perhaps, madam, you could get your husband to put his name down on the roll of our society." Lady of the House: "What is your society?" Visitor (impressively): "The Society for the Repression of Crime." Lady of the House: "I don't think my husband would care to put his name down for any such thing. He makes his living by crime." Visitor (horrified): "What! Is he a criminal?" Lady of the House: "No. He's a policeman."

Of Jones, the miser, it was said, When death cut his life's thread; He never tired of doing good, For good he never did.

Visited His Grave in Her Sleep. A young lady of Atchison had a very curious experience recently. A young man of whom she was very fond died several weeks ago, and the other night, while sound asleep, she arose from her bed, dressed and went out to the cemetery. When she awoke she was lying on the young man's grave, and she was so frightened that she jumped the fence and ran to a farm-house in the vicinity. The farmer hitched up a team and took the young woman to her home. (Kansas City Star.)

Probably. "Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear." "Oh—Then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?" (Life.)