## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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All's at an End. The breach is made-false friend, adjeu; Ali's at an end between us two. Let others come, with power an I prais, To blot your image from my days; The shining past, its colors fade-

I'll have no more-the treach is made All's at an end? Proud instinct lies! There is no end to human ties: My voice has learned an alieu tone: My very look repeats your own; the natures act in for and friend-In vain we cry, All's at an end.

-- [Dorn Reed Goodale, in Harpers' LUCY'S BURGLAR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was very lonesome at Aunt Jocas-

tals-lonesome, ev n though I had just come from the willersesses of a New Hampshire mountain home into the crowded streets of New York.

I had had my drouns of a career. I mine was a sort of mission to Aunt Jocasta, whom I had it tured to myself a pallil, delicate woman, much needing an active, sympathetic young niece like

But the first sight of Aunt Jocasta, standing with her arms akimbo under the fluttering shadow of a whole grove of second-hand gowns and polonaisesin which useful articles she dealt-dispelled these visionary ideas to the four winds of heaven.

She was simply a fat, vulgar old woman-neither more nor less.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Jocasta, as I alighted from the cabin the sultry dimness of the August twilight. "You'd ought to hev come in the horse- ined. curs. 'Twouldn't hev cost near so ter, be you? Don't favor her much, 1 calculate. No, cabby; don't you be in one dience to the demand of my at him without a second's delay. John, I was timilly proffering him.)

The cabman muttered some very unesmplimentary remarks, Lut jumped this moment!" on his bex and dreve away, while Aunt Jocasta led me through a stuffy little store, filled with different varieties of second-hand acticles, from a sofa pilh w ton pair o, brass fire-logs, into a dingy buck parlor smelling strongly of blue-moli and yesterday's gridilecakes, and be coned me to take a slippery, horse-hair-covered chair in the

"So you've come to stay, hev you?" said she.

"If-il I can be of any comfort to you," said I, feeling realy to burst into tents.

"Oh, 'taint that," said the old lady, lifting the lid of a fat, black tea-kettle. which was singing on the stove, and peering curiously into its depths. "I don't need no comfortin'. I s'pose, though, there was lots o' gals to home, and your ma was glad to get one of 'em off n her hands."

"I assure you that was not the reason," I burst out. "I came-I

"Well, it don't matter what you came for! sail Aunt Jocasta, "You're here, and there's an end of the matter!"

She regale I me on boile I lobster and lettuce for supper, during which meal she was frequently summoned to the shop by sharp, peremptory rings of the little bell on the door, and I was sendered extremely nervous by hearing the details of one or two of the sharp bargains which she drove across the counter.

"I do hope, if you're going to stay," said she, returning after one of these verbal battles, "you'd be able to take some of these bothers off my hands. It's drealful tryin' not to be let to take one's ten in peace. And a fresh lobster

at that, and salad fit for the queen." I said nothing, but secretly calculated in my own mind whether I had money enough to take me back to

Gooseberry mountain the next day. It was painfully evident to me that my Aunt Jocasta and I had our being in

altogether diff reat spheres. A ter supper, Aunt Jocasta went to eep and s ored, until she was roused by the appearance of a pert la ly's-maid, with a package under her arm-one of her mistress' cast-off ball dresses, which

he was commissioned to sell, Afterward, a slim-legge l little boy herived on the scene, with a copper teakettle to dispose of; and, last of all, a bittle old man came in, and, after a prolonged siege of chaffering, carried off more than a third of the stock in trule, tied into a compact bundle.

After this, there was a lively chase dawn the street after a miserable, |asty-faced little girl who hal been caught sterling one of the gay sick handkerchiefs that hung from the awning

I would frin have interceded for the rembling, punting culprit; but my nearest policeman, agreeing to appear while a mob of men, women and chil-

the cracks in the pavement, so instantly your key, Mr. Harford," said my aunt; did they appear, collected around the "but I clean or got it. I don't s'poss door, in various stages of frantic curios- the child's so much to blame, after all:

And this was the home for which had so foolishly left the sweet old farmhouse under the New Hampshire mapletrees! If ever poor mortal was wretchedly homesick, it was L

At last, Aunt Jocasta tied on a snuffy o'd bonnet, that looked as if it might have been slept in every night for a week, and announced her intention of "runnin' arcuad" to a friend of hers for a few minutes.

"The shop is shut," sail she, "and you can puil out the sofy-bedstead and go to bed any time you please. I'll let myself in with a night-key when I come

I gazed mournfully at the uninviting old sofa, which was eventually to be transformed into my resting-place; and then was the time, left all alone by the light of a kerosene lamp, that smok d had fancied that this city expedition of lally, in which I tasted the keenest lent friends. bitterness of my lonely lot.

The rustling of the maple trees under Gooseberry mou tain, the ruth of White hope I she would. Perhaps there is Cascade, the hooting of owls in the rackless forest-all those sounds would have been as music to my cars compared with the muffl d roar of wheels, the rise and fall of distant voices, the indescribable murmur of city life that surrounded me here.

Just then a peculiar sound struck on my cur—the grating of a key in a lock. I started up, every word that I had ever read or heard of the audacity of New York burglars recurring freshly to my mind. The sound stil continued. It was nearer than I had at first imag-

I rose up, trembling, and shrank back much. Or I'd hev met you if you'd let | into the darkest corner of the room, as me know, and we could hev come down a tall, dark-haired young man came in the elevated. So you're Maria's dar- stealthily in, with a light cloak thrown picturesquely across one shoulder.

But then I remembered my duty to tryin' to come no such games one me! | Aunt Jocasta. That must be performed Seventy-five cents is your fare, and at all hazards. And seizing up the oldvon'll not get a cent more" (snatching fashional brass warming-pan which from my hand the silver dollar which, stood on one end in the corner, I rushed

> "Go away from here!" I cried. "Police! Halp! help! P.lice! Go away

I had the satisfaction of hearing my brass warmin ; pan ring a lively salute against the head of my amaze I enemy: but just at that moment I caught my foot in a rip in the carpet and fell headlong to the floor, warming-pan and all. In a second, my ant gonist, minus the hat which my implement of warfare had knocked off, stood over me.

"You little vixon!" said he. "What ought I to do to you? What do you think you deserve?"

"Polica!" I shricke !, resolute to the I knew that my left elbow was bent un-

But the word died away into a mran-"Are you hurt?" the burglar asked.

Reflect what an awful thing it is to look very old -and surely you c n't be entirely hardened to a life of sin. Piease romise never to do so any more--and I'll let you go this time. Only promise !"

"You'll let me go, will you?' said he. "Very considerate of you, I'm sure, But the question is now how to get you up fron the floor without hurting you. rats and mice will then find no hilling You seem to be all tangled up in that rass concern there."

"If you wil take hold of my hand," said I, "I think I can pull myself up." And so the burglar and I succeeded n hoisting myself up and getting me on

"That will do," said I, with dignity.

'No go. At once!" "But why should I go," said the young man. "I lodge up tairs, Diln't you know that? Mrs. Podberry keeps the key of my room in here, and I just came to get it, as usual."

"Are not you a burglar?" said I, with

in effort. "No," said the young man; "I'm a telegraph operator. But you're grow-

The next thing I knew was that Aunt Je casta was liberally besprinkling me with Florida water; a doctor was bandaging up my broken arm, with my burglar assisting, after a most scientific fashion, in the back ground.

"Howev r did you do it?' said Aunt Joensty. "Hitting folks over the heads with warming-pans, and breaking your own arm, goodness knows now! One might know you were from the country, taking decent people for burgiars, and raising the whole neighborhood like

"O to might know she was from the country," interposed the telegraph operator, laughing, "because she is so when in the milst of her play, her little cannot always now do just what you sust promptly delivered her over to the good and gentle and u complaining, heart had turned toward him, she Besides, things did look rather sus- hal scrawled these two words--and

dren, who might have ascended from "Well, I meant to hev told her about (Ga.) News.

but it would seem as if one might know a burglar from a gentleman, anyhow yen can fix it. And now, if you're done with Lucy's arm, dector, do look arter

that cut on Mr. Harford's head-bleedin'

steady, all over his hair," I stared with terrified eyes.

"Did-I do that?" I ga :ped. "Not you," said Harford. "It was the warming-pan that dil it-an evilminded sort of w.rming-pin, since it first wounded me and then flung you

Did ever acquaintance commence less auspiciously? Yet, after all, I might have been saved those bitter tears of mortification and shame, since Mr. Harford protested that the cut was nothing --- a mere scratch of the skin--and persisted in regarding the whole thing as an admirable joke. In fict, it only seemed to make us excel-

My Aunt Jocasta, however, did not improve on acquaintance, as I had something antagonistic to gentleness and refinement in this second-hand business, At all events, I was heartily glad when my arm was well enough to go to Gooseberry Mountain.

"I shall never want to come back to New York again," said I, after Mr. Harford had seen to the checking of my baggage, and we stood together in the shelter of the Grant Central depot, waiting for the great gates to open.

"Not even if I asked you?" said Har-

It was nearly dark, and no one could ce that he had taken my hand in his. "You!" I echoed.

"I've been trying for the last week to sk you to be my wife," sail he. "It's my last chance now. Tell me, Lucy, do you think you could love me enough to marry me?'

"I--I don't know," I stammered; "but might try."

He stooped and kissed me under the shadow of the monster poke hat that 1

"My own darling," he whispered 'write when you get home and perhaps I'll come out and see you in a week or So I:m engaged to Walter Harford,

after all, and I think it extremely likely that I shall spend the rest of my days in New York. And I should be quite, quite happy, if I could only forget that shocking episode of the brass warmingpan .- [Siturday Night,

Getting Rid of Rats. The amount of destruction caused by rats in the bara, in the corn-crib and under the stables, cannot be estimated last, although a sickening seasation of by one who has not been called upon to pain thrilled through every nerve, and fight the vermin at a disalvantage through the long months of winter. As in the house, so in the barn, rats and mice are a natural and unavoilable ru ishment for neglect, carelessness, or "I-I think I've broken my arm," I want of skill. In bringing the corn and wailed, 'But, oh, please go away! grain in from the fields and storing it away in the fall, it is almost impossible break the commandment about stealing! to prevent the interluction of several of You are young yet-at least you do i't | these nuisances; but if precautions are taken they can be exterminated before any serious harm is done. Every hole or hiding place in the floor of the barn or crib should be thoroughly stoppe lup The tall burglar was looking down at | before war is d clared against the anime with a grave, solicitous face, across | mals. Then the corn-crib should be set which came a shadow of amusement at on capped po to and wire cetting nailed around the bottom and eaves. The horse stable and cow stable should be paved with cobble-stones covered with cement and gu tar. The place except in the barr, where there are always plenty of little corners and dark places to run into. But the introduction of several cuts in the burn will soon destroy the nuisances, if they have no better shelter than that offered by the b x33 and bars. If the grain and meal are kept in the barn, there is nothing better to protect the bins than broad hoop iron nailed on the edges on both sides, inside and outside. Hemlock plank should be used to build the bins of, on account of its shurp, splintery natura. By attending to these little details a great saving is made, as the bags will soon case to be full of holes when wanted, and the corn will not be nibbled away in such large quintiing paler every minute. Shall I run for | ties in the crib when spring opens. No man can tell how much he will save by this extra work, for he cannot tell how much he lost before: but the amount of worry and anxiety that he will save himself will be no small part of the

gain. - [New York Examiner.

A Precious Bit of Paper. "All the money you ever handled couldn't buy that little piece of paper." With that he handed me a manifold soiled scrap on which I could at first see nothing. At length I deciphered in rude, disputed letters the two words. Dear Papa," He had discovered it in the playhouse of his little daughter who died only a few days ago. Some time

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Land of Story Books. At evening when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit; They sit at home and talk and sing And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl All in the dark along the wall, And follow round the forest track Away behind the sofa back!

There in the light, where none can spy, All in my hunter's camp I lie. And play at books that I have read Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods, These are my starry solitudes; And there the river, by whose brink The roaring lion; come to drink.

I see the others far away, As if in fire-lit camp they lay, And I like to an Indian scout, Around their party prowled about.

So when my nu se comes in for me, Home I return across the sea, And go to bed with backward 'ooks At my dear land of story books.

-[Robert Louis Stevenson.

Fog., Ra'n and Saow, Having learned how the water i drawn into the air, let us see how and why it comes down again as rain or snow or dew. There is a singular thing about this moisure, which is this: The air will hold only a certain quantity of it, and that quantity depends upon the temperature of the sir. But warm air always holds more than cold; so, however warm the air may be, or however much meisture it may contain as invisible vapor, we have only to cool it enough and the vapor condenses, as we say; that is, it becomes visible, first as fog or mist, and then as drops of water, such as we see on the pitcher. And the reason we see a white fog rising at right, after the sun goes down, is on y because the water, which has been evaporating all day and going up into the air as invisible vapor, becomes condensed to for by the cooling of the air when the sun's heat is withdrawn. When the sun rises the fog disappears, but the vapor still ascends, and when it eaches the altitudes where the air is always cool, it becomes condensed again as fog, only it is then called "clouds," And if it becomes condensed enough to form in drops of water, they fall, and it "rains;" or, perhaps, it snows, for snow is but frozen

The Blackberry Pie. Johany Percival was a boy about nine years old who, like many other boys, had not learned that one might have too much of a good thing.

O e day-he sail to his mo her: " vish I was a man!" ' Why, Johnny?'

rain. - [St. Nicholas.

"So that I could have as much blackperry pie as I want."

"Don't you have as much now as you

want? You always share with us." "Yes, mother, I have one piece, sometimes two pieces, but I want a whole one, and when I get to be a man I mean to have a whole blackberry pis to my-

'Well, Johnny, you need not wait to be a man for that, you may have one

"Yes: you go and pick the berries

and I will have the pie for you, and you may have it all to yourself." "Oh! goody!' exclaimed Johnny, and in great glee he ran off for a basket and went for the berries. He brou ;ht them home, and his mother made a nice, fat berry pie, in one of those large, deep, oblong tins which our mothers used to have. When baked it was handed over to Johnny, who sat down in the corner to eat it. H: began with a hearty relish, smacked his lips, and pronounced it a real good pic, and soon had half of it devoured. But such a pie is a great deal for one little boy to eat at once; he attacked the latter half with much less eagerness. His mother saw his failing

appetite, and pleasantly sail: "Johnny, you need not eat it all if you do not want it."

But Johnny had undertaken to eat a whole pie, and did not mean to give it up, so he answered: "Yes, mother; I do want to est it all,

but this part is not quite as good as the

other half." "That can't be, my son, for it was all made to gether. O :e part mu t be jus-Johnny kept on eating, lut slower and slower, and evidently with less relish. He persevered, however, till he swallowed the last mouthful. Then he

pushed the empty tin away and said "I wouldn't give a cent for a black-

berry pie." This true story is not a strange one at ell. Manya boy now thinks that if he only had a man's liberty, he would be happy, but if he should have a man's liberty without a man's judgment to guide him, he would only make himself miserable. Be thankful boys, that you

Character is very much like cloth in dycd white.

## AMERICAN GLACIERS.

A Sublime Feature in the Mountain Landscape of the North.

America's Icy Giant, the "Great Glacier of the Selkirks."

The United States is just a degree or so too far south to be able to support glaciers of any account, although some of its mountain ranges are lofty. Upon the Cascade Range of Oregon and Washington territory many glaciers of good size exist, and a few remnants are found in the Sierra Nevada and that northern branch of the Rockies called the Wind River range.

From the Canadian boundary co-th-

ward, however, the whole of the intricate mentain system covering British Columbia is stulded with glaciers, which are encountered at less and less elevation as you go northward, until, in the gorge of the Skeens river and the fior is of the Alaskan coast, they descend into the very sea. The whole breadth of these mountains is now traversed by the Canadian Pacific railway, and from the car windows dozens of glaciers are plainly visible. They begin with the ascent of the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, and only disa; pour when the coast range has been in t behind, and the Pacific is almost in eight, 500 miles west of the first experience. In the Rockies the ice is restricted to the bare summit region, and nowhere (at least near the railway) descends below timb:r line. In the Selkirk and Gold ranges, at the sources of the Columbia river, west of the Rockies, however, the ice reaches far down into the dense forests of gigantic ce lar and fir, which cover the

valleys and lower part of the peaks. The most extensive of all those glaciers occupies a very lofty plateau at the summit of the magnificent Selkirk mountains, ju t west of the railway pass, and sends down huge arms into several s scores of miles in extent, and en- or wet places for water. They wear circled by peaks that rise far into the realms of perpetual winter, is wholly covered by a snow fie'd, underlaid with so'il ice of great depth, and the "Great Glacier of the S. lkirks," together with several others visible from the cars, are only overflows of this wile mer de g'ace, pushed through gaps in the rim of cliffs, and forming outlets for the

constantly augmented congelation. Within a mile of the foot of the Great Glacier stands the railway station called Glacier. This is little more than a hotel, which has been built by the railway company for the accommodation of tourists, and is most excellently maintained. It stands half-way up an enormous ravine, which below sinks into a pit some miles in diameter, whence the Illicilliwast River off rds the railway a passage out of the mountains we tward, and which is surrounded by snowy and grandly outlined pe ks. Down this ravine comes an imp tuous river whose water, like that of nearly all the other streams in these mountains, is white as milk, declaring its glacial birth; and up the banks of this most remantic stream, through a ferest of trees, some of which are more than 250 feet in height, a good path leads to the foot of the glacier. Dee; ly ensconced below in the green

forest, and overshadowed above by gigantic walls and pi macles, dark, snowstreaked rock, the glacier forms a sublime feature in the mountain landscape frem many distant points of v. w; but when one comes sudden'y out of the woods at a poi.t in the puth only 500 yards from the ice, the scene that bursts upon his vision is most impressive. Between two predigious mountains, whose splintered battlements are unrelieved by anything less stern than patches of snow, lies a slope of ice ten miles in length and a third of that in width. It is broadest at the top, where it rests in jazzel outline against the sky so ne 2000 feet above your standpoint, then diminishes somewhat toward its roundal, conv x forefoot, so that its whole sh pe is that of a sad He-flap. At the top the ice has broken into a perfect chaos as it fell over the steep rim of the plateau; but lower down, where the slope is easier, its surface shows almost unbroken and billowy outlines, conforming to the trough of its bed. The general color is grayishwhite, the delicate gradations of which mark the undulating variations of the surface; but the broken masses at the crest, the numerous crevasses or cracks which deeply seam its surface in all directions (but most often crosswise) and the profound rifts and breakages where the ice steadily breaks down at the foot, are vivid blue, or in some lights clear grass green. But these colors and gradations of tint vary with every alternation of sunlight and cloud are great ridges of broken rocks and fate may be theirs. bowlders (moraines), that upon the left being particularly prominent. In front of it is a wide area of b. wlders and gravel, through which trick'e a numi er

glicier belonging to the same system. These rivulets come from hollows that reach far under the icegleaming blue tunnels, lighted by the crevasses that let azure rays filter into their depths. But it is unsafe to creep into any of these crypts, for masses of ice are continually fulling. Farther up the side, however, there is a cavern in the ice, whence once, no doubt, issued a large stream, now diverted, and here one can enter and remain in safety. It is like a cavity carved in a mass of turqueise. The rugged walls are luminous blue, and the very atmosphere of this wonderful cave is saturated with the same rich color. - [Harper's Weekly.

Western Cattle and Telegraph Poles.

The Union Pacific train runs for miles, hundreds of miles, along the Platte and South Platto rivers, and you begin to see that the engineers of these western railroads must have loved the rivers, for they followed them very closely, and when they get further on among the mountains there is no stream so perverse, or crooked in its ways that the engineer will depart from it.

These are the plains, where little or no rain falls, where practically nothing but grass grows without irrigation. I believe the rain belt has, in these last thirty years, moved west in Kansas and Nebraska some one or two hundred miles, and that there are now many productive farms where even so recently it was thought useless to try to raise crops. But the rain belt has yet plenty of room to go west in. There is water in the South Platte, and at times a good deal of it-a broad, shallow river with low banks, running through a flet and level country, flat and level for miles and miles, with here and there an irrigated spot and with some great irrigating ditches dug by companies that have spent lots of money in the work-but the country is mostly given up to stock raising, and the stock stays out all winter. The grass cures on the ground, and the cattle cat it the year round, for it is seldom all covered with snow. The radiating ravines. This plateau, which cattle go to the river or to other streams

> been sandpapered, by the scratching of the cattle. - [New Y rk Sun. The Little Prince and the Grenadiers.

An old soldier contributes to the

trails across the plains in their marches.

and many paths are worn to and from

the telegraph poles along the railroads,

which the cattle march to to scratch

themselves on. Sometimes for miles

the lower parts of the telegraph poles

are worn as smooth as though they had

Pots lam (Germany) Z:itung" this tory: 'One morning in May, 1859, I, then serving in the 1-t Regiment of Foot Guarls, was marching with my comrades along the roal between Suas S uci and the Orangegebaude toward the village of Eiche. We had just arived at the broad avenue which leads rom the new palace into the road when the crown prince and his family appeared in sight; little Prince Wilh Im n a panier on a donkey led by a nurse, the crown prince and princess arm in ar:n about twenty yards behind him. When the crown prince perceived us, he ca led out 'Liebanau, let your company halt a moment.' Then he : topped up to the donkey, lifted the little prince out of his panier and came toward us. Good morning, kinder,' said the crown prince to ua, and we shouted back in unison: 'G od morning, your royal highness.' 'I want just to show you my little son,' and he made the little prince shake hands with his tiny fist with every grenadier. The crown princess stood by smiling, watching the scene. When we had all been shaken hands with the crown prince again wished us 'Good morning,' and continued his walk; we went on in capital spirits to our field duties. Second Licutenant Von Liebanau, who was then in command of cur company, is now well known as court chamberlain to Prince Wilhelm. Only a man, who in his soldier days had been an actor in a scene like that, can feel how a bond is formed thereby between prince and people which nothing but death can

A Hasty Meal. Olive oil is the great product of the province of Otranto, in Italy, says a tourist, and at B. indisi it is worth while to visit one of the houses where the merchants keep this valuable commodity. They have large cisterns, like goldfish. After making his daily tanners' vats. Between these there is small stanling-room, and I was warned to take care not to fall in; one may be very fond of bathing, and yet not care for a dip in olive oil.

They tell of a dog that fell in one day, but, luckily, was got out, dripping with this oil, so valuab'e here as a substitute for butter. A crowd hunted the poor beast with pieces of bread, rubbing them on him for the oil, and eating as they ran all through the town. Tourshadow. At each side of the placier ists had better be careful, or the dog's

Mathematical.

capot I bought?"

then, having borne testimony of her love, threw the paper away.—[Augusta (Ga.) News.

| Concert respect is the paper away.—[Augusta (Ga.) News. |

| Concert respect is the marks of the paper away.—[Augusta (Ga.) News. |

| Concert respect is the marks of the marks of the paper away.—[Augusta (Ga.) News. |

| Concert respect is the marks of the marks of the cat's teeth in its sides.—[Baltimore dyed white. |

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The Chatham Record

RATES

One square, two insertions -

One square, one month -For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

"Clear the Way." The city lies in husbed repose, The wintry night-wind freshly blows, As if to rock the cradle host In slumber's sweet oblivion lost. But hark! a sound, and lo! a sight That wakes the town in the dead of night. A shriek and a glare,

A cry of desp ir At the flames in their ire, For the one word is "Fire!" The people rush out, And, with hurry and shout, Press on to the light As it brightens the night And spreads like a banner unfurlal up on

A sigh and a terror against the dark sky! But hark to the clatter, than music more Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!

"Out of the way-out of the way! They come to save; now clear the way!" A sea of faces upward turned, One fear by every heart inurned;

By ruddy light is clearly read On every brow the anxious dread. A mother 'mid the bright light stands, Her neck tight clasped by baby hands. And through roar and hiss, Not quite they miss Her piteous frenzied cry;

But mounting quick on high, A hero springs, His helm a star Of hope, that flings A halo far 'Mid the lurid light, For a moment lost, then dimly seen

As it gleams on the sight, The curling wreath of smoke between! Up the ladder one rushed, but three come

And the shining helm is a hero's crown! Yet heeds not he what people say, He only bids them "clear the way!" -[Chamber's Journal.

HUMOROUS.

A bad pen-Penury.

Time gallops under the spur of the

It is a strange fact that silk dresses cannot be satin. Bismarck of course considers that all

is fair in war, but he is not so ready to concede that all is fair in love. Boarder (looking over breakfast

table)-Liver-is that all there is for breakfast, Sarah? Sarah --- Shure, sorr, there's liver enough there for six. Professional gamb'ers have a great many superstitions. One of the most practical is, that if they deal the cards

themselves they have a much better chance to win. There is a little girl in New York whose commercial interests are so precocious that she rents furnished rooms in her doll's hou e to her sisters for a

fixed number of caramels each week. "One thing, Maria," said the tarredand-feathered gentleman, as his wife was plucking him, after the festivities: "the tar ain't no special use, but there's 'most a dollar's worth of feathers on

A western baseball supply deale places the usual array of bats and balls in his show window, and then adds to them a large roll of court plaster, a huge bottle of arnica and a pair of

crutches. "Wal, wal, wal!" said Mrs, Spriggins. 'What fools some mortals be. They went and raised 3,646,899 carats in the Diamond Fields of Afriky last year. It 'pears to me like as if I had a good soil to grow diamonds on I wouldn't waste no time over garden

As the last note of that touching little ballad, "The Letter that He Longed For Never Came," vibrated on the evening air she turned to find a tear trickling slowly down his cheek. "Ah, Mr. Sampson," she said, sympathetically, "you, too, have 'longed." "Yes," he replied luskily, "two years ago a very dear friend of mine went west on \$25 which I loaned hin, and for aught I

know he may be dead." The Puss and the Goldfish,

William R. Neville of Himpden has goldfish which has had a singular adventure with a cat. The fish is six inches long, and its world extends only to the limits of a glass jar on a table in Mr. Neville's store. For company it has three or four silver fishes. A large black cat, which has watched the compounding of medicines in that store for a number of years, and which has walked among the medicine bottles on the shelves without doing any damage, manifested a great affection for the rounds, Tom would stealthily approach the jar, look in, settle down by its side, and sit for hours and observe the antics of the goldfish. The latter did not seem to desire an acquaintance with the cat, lut appeared alarmed. Day after day Tom resumed his vigil. By degrees the fish became accustomed to Tom's visits, and soon got over its first alarm. Courting the confidence of the fish, Tom would sit and blink. Finally one morning the feline male a sulden lunge into the jar and brought out the golden fish, which he carried to a back room to devour. Seeing his pet fish in the mouth of its insidious enemy, the "Mary, why don't you use the new doctor rushed to the rescue. The fish is now back in the jur and is as frisky Mary-"Please, mum, cook says she as ever, showing, however, the marks of