The Chatham Record.

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# The Chatham Record.

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The Chatham Record

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### The Children.

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone so short way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind; things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted off, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn. They are so often held
To sun or shelters; showers too repelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such frail fair gifts
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by and by.
Give them our love, but more, share
And harder, pray—we with the care.

—(Washington Critic.

## INHERITING A WIFE.

"Goodby, Helen," said the young man, with a flush of anger on his handsome face, as he turned from his uncle towards the pale girl standing by the window.

"Goodby, Frank," she said, listlessly, proffering him a slender white hand.

He took the hand, and, bending over, lightly touched her forehead with his lips.

She raised her head to address him with a forced effort, and he was gone.

"The young fool thinks he can delay her," said Mr. John Duncan, angrily, her with love and pity rising to his kindly gray eyes as he bent them upon Helen.

The latter was the rich old man's adopted daughter, and in her centered all his happiness. She was his child, and he had planned to make her his heiress, or that she should share all he had of this world's goods with Frank Duncan, his nephew. But this latter contingency was to be that these young people should have his fortune together only as man and wife.

Helen Morley had been an orphan ever since she could remember. She had endeared herself to old Mr. Duncan by her sweet, unselfish life and her devotion to him as her benefactor.

She and Frank had been thrown much together, as a matter of course, and old Mr. Duncan, as he looked at his favorite nephew's handsome, animated face, and then at Helen's sweet oval picture, framed by her mass of bright hair, when the two were together, declared to himself that they were made for each other, and that it was plainly the work of Heaven that they should be thrown accidentally in each other's way.

But he had just now serious misgivings whether or not Heaven ever had anything to do with such a young scapegrace as his nephew.

He had just received a terrible shock, and he was stirred by anger, disappointment, and pity for his fair Helen.

Then, too, he was placed in so delicate a position that he hardly knew what to say to her. He had no assurance that Frank had ever spoken a word of love to the girl.

"But he can't defy me with impunity!" growled the irate uncle, as Helen had not replied to his first remark about the young gentleman in question. "I will not leave him a farthing! I will make a new will! He shall be a beggar for all he'll get from me!" continued John Duncan, stamping his foot firmly.

"Oh, father!" said Helen, appealingly. "What has he done to anger you so?"

"Done!" shouted the old man, fairly exasperated by this question, forgetting for the moment that Helen did not share his news, and therefore indignant that she should not join with him in condemning the young man's heinous crime. "Done!" he repeated, in rising tones of freshly kindled anger. "What hasn't he done! Upset all my plans! Destroyed all my happiness! Tells me he's in love with that French girl, Elise Courtois, and that his happiness, his very life depends upon his marrying her! And he has the effrontery to ask my approval of such a ridiculous step!"

The old man paused only at sight of Helen, who had sunk pale and trembling upon a sofa. Her delicate fingers were interlaced, and there was a look of such unutterable pain in her face that even Mr. Duncan's anger fled before it.

Then with a sudden thought his anger rose again, and he demanded, "Has the villain deceived you, Helen? Tell me the truth. By heaven, if he has, I'll——"

"Oh, no, no; he has never spoken to me of—of——"

"There, there, my dear! I only wished to know—I meant it all for your good," said Mr. Duncan, tenderly.

Helen fled to her chamber to think, and to recover, if possible, from the sudden blow she had received.

There had been no spoken words of love between them for the three years that Frank had been a constant visitor to his uncle's, and yet she had thought he had believed; yes, she had hoped that the first love of her pure young heart had found a safe resting place, and that it was reciprocated by him, although as yet not proclaimed, for some good and sufficient reason on his part.

But it was all over now. Her eyes were open to the mortifying truth. She cried for pure shame at first, then for disappointment. Her face was all aflame as she thought of the possibility of the knowledge on the part of others of her misplaced love. Then her cheeks and brow became deadly cold as she realized that her young hopes were all withered and dead.

When Mr. John Duncan saw that the light had gone out from Helen's eyes his anger toward his nephew knew no bounds. He knew that Frank had gone from his presence with a fixed determination to win the girl, Elise Courtois, if possible, in spite of all opposition.

And he knew what he could not speak of to Helen, that she had loved his headstrong and misguided nephew.

The old man was closeted with his lawyer soon after this occurrence for several hours one day, and the result of the conference was a new will.

Three years pass.

These three years following the departure of Frank Duncan in disgrace from his uncle's home had been to Helen Morley joyless years of silent suffering, sustained by a sympathetic heart, unspoken to a prying ear. She had suffered in silence, and had tried to walk her allotted path with outward composure. And old John Duncan, though he had been more tender and solicitous of her welfare than ever, saw that he could do but little to lighten her burden of sorrow.

But John Duncan had gone now. There was no longer even his loving care to shield Helen from her own misery.

It had been but a few weeks since the old man had blessed Helen with his dying breath and passed away. She was sole possessor of his wealth.

Frank Duncan had been summoned, but was somewhere abroad, pursuing his gains fortune in the shape of fortune and Elise Courtois.

He had lost sight of the French girl with whom he had become infatuated about the time his uncle had dismissed him angrily from his house. Following up a clue he overtook her finally in Paris.

It was a chance meeting on one of the gay streets of the French city. The young man was wild with joy as he espied her coming toward him. He rushed upon her with an ardor of enthusiasm that discretion. Elise drew back in surprise at his effusive greeting.

"Have you forgotten all the past, then, Elise?" asked Frank, bitterly, as he saw by her cool demeanor that she had changed.

"Oh, no, I never forget," said Elise.

"Did you not get my letter at the time I lost my uncle's?" said Frank, reproachfully.

"Oh, yes. I received your letter, and one from your uncle about the same time, in which he informed me you were no longer his heir, but a——beggar," said the young woman, laughing aloud.

"Good heavens, Elise! can it be that you are mercenary, then? I did not think——"

"No; I suppose you thought I could marry a beggar just as well as not, and continue to work at military for my living, and for yours, too, perhaps!" said the girl, lightly.

"Elise, hear me! It is not too late! My uncle, I am sure, has not cut me off in his will. Will you not return with me, and, for the sake of the past, let me call you my own Elise—my wife?"

"Hush!" said the girl, warningly, as a man approached. "I could do nothing of the kind. Let me present you to my husband, M. Fennel."

And, to his intense disgust and mortification, Frank found himself the next instant in the embrace of a vivacious and volatile Frenchman. The new view of the lovely siren in her coarseness and mammon worship, together with this presentation of a heavy, vulgar man, past middle age, as her husband, was a combination of circumstances that completely disenamored Frank Duncan, and he fled precipitately as soon as released from the man's clutches, amid peals of laughter from the giddy French girl and nasal adieux from her male companion.

Old Mr. Somers sat in his dingy little law office, scratching his ear with his pen, and glancing occasionally at a letter he held in his hand.

The letter was from Frank Duncan, and informed the lawyer that he, Frank Duncan, would call upon him in a day or two on business relating to his deceased uncle's will.

"The young scamp must know that Helen is the possessor of the old man's estate. He will be courting her for her money, and he doesn't deserve such a girl anyway," said Somers, with a growl. "And, worse than all, to think John Duncan has fixed it in such shape, that—but I'll deceive him a little."

The staff of old Lawyer had in a sense sick until lay under his ear since Mr. John Duncan's death, and watched her welfare with a jealous eye. So, when Frank presented himself, he said, brusquely, "You are out of work, without a shilling, young man, and you deserve it."

Frank colored, but felt the justice of the rebuke. But he ventured, "And Helen—Miss Morley?"

"Oh, she is provided with a moderate competency. The rest goes, I believe, to some institution—there," said the lawyer, clinking a bottle at the fire.

"Thank heaven!" said Frank, impulsively.

The old lawyer sprang to his feet in a passion and, facing the astonished young fellow, shouted, "You thank heaven then that she is a beggar, too, do you?"

"I am glad that I may go to her and comfort her and be to her what I once was, without a suspicion that I come from mercenary motives," said Frank, exultantly.

"Absurd! That's all right, young man. But you must be aware that your past conduct doesn't recommend you very highly. I speak plainly, for Helen Morley is my ward."

Frank winced under this lash, but all the same he was resolved to hear it in silence, and the scales had fallen from his eyes now, and he remembered trifling incidents in their love. Helen's and his own—which led him to believe that he had thrown away a jewel.

He would seek to recover it again, and was glad that the immediate of money did not bar the way.

He knew full well that his foolish infatuation for the gay sycophant Elise, which he had mistaken for love, would prove a formidable obstacle; but with youth, repentance, perseverance, and an earnest determination to the purpose, he hoped to win Helen's entire love, and afterward, perhaps, her love.

"Confound the young scamp! he's got good points, after all," grumbled Somers.

And so Helen thought when the old lawyer told her about it, and made her understand how difficult it would be to keep Frank long ignorant of the provisions of his uncle's will.

Three months are a brief measure of time in the aggregate, onward and yet three short months may sometimes be crowded with events bearing directly upon our lives that years after are as nothing in comparison.

Three months of positive yet unobtrusive devotion to Helen, of earnest shame for his past conduct, and an unmistakable determination to atone for it if possible, on the part of Frank Duncan, won the callous old lawyer to believe in his sincerity.

And, better than all, it began to fall upon the hard wall of reserve that had grown up between Helen's unquenched love and her pride till it fairly crumbled away.

"You forgive me at last, Helen, but I can never forgive myself for being so stupidly blind and for having caused you years of pain, better," said Frank tenderly.

"Let the dead bury their dead, Frank, but let us who now live again live only in the present, and hope for compensation for our past sorrows in the future."

"And I think Heaven that I did not have to try to woo you as an heiress. I will work for you, and we will be happy."

Helen colored and was silent for a moment. Steps were heard in the hall, and Mr. Somers was announced.

"Cut off without a farthing and yet happy apparently," said the lawyer, but quietly, taking out a legal document and reading: "And if Frank Duncan forsake his foolish project and marry my adopted daughter, Helen Morley, within three years and six months from the date of this testament, I do bequeath to him half my fortune."

"Better than you deserved, young man."

Helen blushed as Frank caught her in his arms.—The Live.

### Swarming Butterflies.

Several species of butterflies have been known to swarm in immense numbers at certain periods, but in the United States, so far, only one species has attracted particular attention in this way. It is the Archippus butterfly, and is of a bright orange-red marked with black and creamy-white. It ranges from Canada to South America, and is one of the most common species in the Mississippi Valley. Before obtaining its wings, it feeds on the milk-weeds, where it may be found as a large worm or larva, beautifully marked with black, white and yellow, and having four long, slender horns, two at each end.

In August, 1880, I first saw this butterfly in swarms. Two swarms, each containing hundreds of individuals, were flying, only a few miles apart, in the valley of the Minnesota river, both going eastward in the railroad clearing through heavy timber. Such swarms are apt to occur at almost any time from April to the end of October. They never fly very far without scattering, and this probably accounts for the few notices we see of them outside of meteorological publications.—[Prairie Farmer.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**The One in the Middle.**

Two very plump birds sat on a pleasant spring day,
And perched themselves on a rail to dry the way,
The two biggest sat with their backs turned the way,
And straight as an arrow sang each little jay.
Then up one of them merrily sang, "Summer's coming,
And we shall hear the locust honey-bee humming,
And we can sit in sunshine, and say, diddle diddle"
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And trees will be green and yellow and pink"
Sang the first in a cheery voice, "and the grass will grow
Will give us the sweetness of water to drink
And grass seed be plenty on foot and on hill,
And a host of our kindred back this way will be winging
Towards our home, all the news of the sunny South bringing,
And we'll feast them on berries, eh, diddle, diddle"
"Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be cross," said the four
Astonished, Astley looked sharply at her, "for certainly, dear,
There is not the least reason that gloom you should be
When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay and cease trouble to borrow
Take good care of to-day—hope the best for to-morrow
And join in our singing—oh! hey, diddle, diddle"
"I won't and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

—[Wide Awake.

### How Did Pussy Cross the Lake?

A Maine hotel keeper has not be thought considerable of, and the cat, a tortoise, seemed to think could take of him. When Mr. F went to his camp, some twenty miles into the woods, he took puss along with him. It stayed some weeks in camp, and when he had finished his job a friend of his wished to take puss to his camp, a distance of about fifteen miles, through the woods and across the lake. He being an intimate friend of Mr. F's, the latter consented and let Mr. F take puss up the lake with him, and Mr. F went to his hotel to attend to some business, when to and behold, in a few days, who should walk into the office of the hotel but puss and walk up to Mr. F and make her presence known as if she was glad to see him. She rubbed herself up against him and purred around him a while, then went through the house and spoke to them all as best she could by mewing and purring and rubbing against them. That very afternoon she walked across the street to the apothecary shop and jumped up on the counter and made herself known to the apothecary, and after staying there to caress her a few minutes she jumped down on the other side of the counter and helped herself to the contents of a drawer near the floor, where she had sometimes been before. We never knew how she got across the lake or how she came back, but she came back just the same, and it wasn't "the years ago either.—[Lewiston Journal.

### The Stickleback.

These are very small fish, though they look in the above picture as though they might be a half-grown bass. They are not as gallant in their treatment of their mates as they are unlikely, too, of their young, for when they get the nest completed they drive in the female and stand as a sentinel for protection at the entrance, and when any of the eggs wash out they pick them up in their mouths carefully, carrying them back like an animal mother. These little spunky fish are very quick in their motions and brilliantly colored. The nests are built in roots or clumps of seaweed.

The stickleback is quite an interesting fish to study, especially for little boys and girls who love to go fishing and study out the habits of live and the various varieties of fish. These specimens of seaweed look almost like plants or little trees that grow on terrestrial earth, but seaweeds only thrive in water or in very swampy land. These little fish are well known to the boys for their spinal, prickly backs, which are covered with sharp-pointed fins that often prick the hands and fingers of amateur fishermen and careless little boys, so they always remember the little stickleback fish as their special enemies, as well as for their wonderful seaweed nests. These fish are often used but to fill fishing, and sometimes, when the boys are not effectual in catching catfish, they turn about and try to themselves in catching them as minnows, and when the boys get tired and no less voracious appetites, they build a fire and fry the little tidbits, as they are sometimes called, and they serve an excellent dish to the cold lunch that has been saved for the occasion. Nearly every variety of small fish, when caught, are very sweet and delicious, properly cooked.

Acrobatic griddle cakes—Turnovers.

## DEEP SEA CABLES.

### The Earth Encircled by Nine Great Submarine Wires.

### How the Work is Done by a Little Army of Operators.

Although it is comparatively a very brief period since the first submarine telegraph cable was successfully laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, such great strides have been made in the perfection, construction and laying of deep sea cables that the earth is now almost entirely girdled by them. The coast lines of the Americas, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia are festooned with countless miles of submarine cables that loop graceefully from the ocean bed at regular intervals to touch at some busy seaport or relay office. There are now nine great submarine cable companies in the world, with over sixty thousand miles of cable, extending to the remotest parts of the habitable globe.

The greatest of these companies is the Eastern Telegraph Company of London, with 15000 miles of cable under its control. Tonight stars from Land's End, England, and runs under the ocean to Denmark. From there it loops northward and then under the Mediterranean to Malta and Alexandria, overland to Suez, under the Red Sea to Aden, under the Arabian Sea to Bombay, creeping around to Madras, to Singapore, to Saigon, to Hong Kong, Amoy and Shanghai, to Gonsa to Nagasaki, ending at Vladivostock, Eastern Siberia. Also it loops in the east from Aden to Zanzibar to Cape Town. On the west side 4000 miles of cable on a touch at four places. Another long cable runs from Lisbon to Pernambuco, South America is festooned on both coasts as far south as the Argentine Republic. The Eastern also has a line to India through Persia, thence through the Persian Gulf. There are nine cables between America and England. At the West Indies islands, the Hawaiian Archipelago and Australia are reached by cables.

To work these great lengths of submarine cables a good-sized army of operators is employed. Not much has been written about these men, but these deep sea cable operators constitute one of the finest bodies of skilled workers in the world. All the cable lines are manufactured and owned in England. These cablemen are brave, fearless and far above the average intelligence. They never think of going where duty calls them, and they are most important factors in commerce, diplomacy and provincial government. They are great travelers, and numbers of them have been in every part of the known world. The deep sea cablemen are taught the rudimentary of models in London. They are then sent to Porto Rico and Penzance, where they become familiar with the working of the siphon recorder, the spark and the transmitter. When proficient they are detailed to any place touched by cable. These operators are well paid, work short hours and very seldom leave the service. They are called upon to work in the deadly fevers of Panama and Africa, to face wild beasts in India, to work among prowling bandits or native tribes in Asia and Persia, they must live in the cholera-stricken cities of Siam and China, the yellow fever of Cuba, the terrible fogs of South America and the bleak coast of Eastern Siberia. But in spite of the fact that the cable lines are laid through such pestiferous countries, the mortality rate among the cable operators is very low. This is no doubt due to the fact that the companies are continually changing their men about in such places. An operator is detailed to very unhealthy places for six months or a year. He is then sent to some very healthy spot. Men are often transferred from Panama to Nagasaki or Cape Town.

To keep these vast lines in order a number of steamships are fitted up for that purpose and the men spend a few pleasant months on board them, taking turn about. If an operator marries and locates in a place he is allowed to remain there. The men live a very pleasant life, except when they are detailed to dangerous or unhealthy stations. The men always rely on the protection of the home Government and they fearlessly go to stations in the wildest spots of Arabia, Turkey, Persia or Africa, conscious of the fact that if the natives molest them a British gunboat will soon make things hot in that vicinity.

The largest force of operators are kept at the repeating stations, where all messages have to be transferred. At Sagar and Adra 60 cable men are employed at each station. On the American side the largest force is at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where there are 40 men. There is a steady colony of cable operators. Nearly all of the older men are married, and are living up families. They have a chapel, school, church and own their own houses. At the cable stations the company maintains several boarding houses, including the officers, which are furnished with a parlor, dining room, bedroom, and all conveniences. Single men live here. Marriage is encouraged, and when a man marries he is given a small house, his fuel and the doctor's services, all free. Life is made as pleasant as possible, and the stations are furnished with boat houses, sail and rowboats and firearms. The men are given thirty days' vacation with pay yearly. The leave is cumulative, and if a man works five years he is given five months' leave with pay, and his passage paid to whatever part of the world he may live in. The cable men are regarded as a species of supernatural beings by the different wild tribes in outlandish countries.—[New York World.

### Why the Primrose Blooms at Night.

Darkening primrose does not bloom in the dark hours for more sentiment and moonshine, but from a motive that lies much nearer her heart. From the first moment of her wooing welcome she listens for murmuring wings, and awaits that supreme fulfilment anticipated from her infant bud. For it will almost invariably be found that those blossoms which open in the twilight have adapted themselves to the crepuscular moths and other nocturnal insects. This finds a striking illustration in the instances of many long tubular-shaped night-blooming flowers, like the honeysuckle and various orchids, whose nectar is beyond the reach of any insect except the night-flying hawkmoth. It is true that in other less deep nocturnal flowers the sweets could be reached by butterflies or bees during the day if the blossoms remained open, but the night murmurers receive the first fresh invitation, which, if met, will leave but a wilted, half-hearted bouquet to greet the sipper of the sunshine. This beautiful expectancy of the flower determines the limit of its bloom. Thus, in the event of rain or other causes preventive of insect visits, the evening primrose will remain open for the butterflies during the following day, when otherwise it would have dropped perceptibly, and extended but a tepid welcome. I have seen this fact strikingly illustrated in a spray of mountain-laurel, whose blossoms lingered in expectancy nearly a week in my parlor, when the flowers on the parent shrub in the woods had fallen several days before, their mission having been fulfilled. In the house specimens the radiating stamens remained in their pockets in the side of the blossom cup, and seemed to trace the corolla upon its receptacle. These stamens are naturally dependent upon insect agency for their release, and the consequent discharge of pollen, and I noticed that when this operation was attentively consummated the flower cup soon dropped off or withered.—[Popular Magazine.

### Remodeling Quaker Marriage Laws.

Important changes in the marriage laws of the younger branch of the Society of Friends are now under consideration and will be submitted to the next quarterly meeting. The changes recommended are "to discourage" instead of to "discountenance" mixed marriages, or those with persons not members of the society, or "marrying out" with or attending the weddings of people who are not Quakers. The rule recommending "treating with" persons violating the sect's rules and "testifying against" them in case they persist in deliberately violating it, giving the monthly meeting the right to withdraw the offender if the accused gives evidence of being approachable in other respects. Paragraph 8 of the Book of Discipline, adopted in 1806, renders parties liable to be expelled for marrying out of the order, or, if both are liable to Friends' law, without the sanction of the monthly meeting is modified to allow the retention of the member without a written acknowledgment, provided it be found that he or she is desirous of continuing a member of the society. If both parties are "amenable" and either one has been expelled, or not prepared to make satisfactory explanation in writing, they are to be released from membership. The last paragraph has also been rendered more liberal in the previous for authorized marriages with persons not members of the Society of Friends.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Injury of Bandaging the Eyes.

The custom prevalent among physicians as well as the laity of tightly bandaging or tying up the eye when it becomes inflamed or sore, is branded as bad by a writer in Hearth. He says: "It precludes the free access and beneficial effects of the cool air, and at the same time prevents and greatly retards the free egress of the hot tears and morbid secretions of the inflamed conjunctiva or cornea, or both. In those cases, too, where a foreign substance has got into the eye, the bandage (which is usually clapped on the first thing) presses the lids more closely against the ball, and thus increases the pain and discomfort by augmenting the lacerations caused by the foreign body. This cannot fail to be harmful. In those cases where the light is painful it is my habit to adjust over the eyes a neatly fitting shade, which, while it excludes the light, allows the free access of air."

### Just So.

For this it is with men of brain,
Putting their fortune on the wane,
And hoping they may take a rise—
Advertise!

The greatest men who live to-day
Have found out this the only way
To small beyond the common size
Advertise!

If power yet was known to fail
To be taken times and make a sale,
To hold up luck with golden ties,
Advertise!

Tell the world what you have to sell,
In the at cost and do it well,
Then, before the public eyes
Advertise!

[illegible] Genius,
Yet this one way to count hard times
You'll find beyond the secret line
Advertise!

When times are hard and cash is low,
And trade comes in most outlandish shapes
What is it that I would advise
Advertise!

When folks go roaming past the door,
And never stop inside the door,
By bell, advertise and drop
Advertise!

When drawer and pocket both assertion,
And cash goes out and nothing comes in,
If you would be saved from ruin
Advertise!

### HUMOROUS.

A handsome estate—Two dollars.

"Olives and" all her days—The hired girl.

Even a cursed person may not feel misanthropically inclined.

In times of commercial crises are the laughing stocks of the new dealer.

The way a ship's hull lies has no relation to the restrictions of commerce.

The pay collector is always sure to be interested in the time-tested man.

The dry goods merchant charges the mountain and makes the customer pay cash.

Now is the time when a man can shower in his own coal and tell people he is paying cash for it.

The trade that said boy who dyes his hair has no right to be writing to any girl about his undying love.

"It is a fact, but not fiction!" as the old Irishman said of the water she had the pig an hour before she sold him.

Mistress—Did you wish to settle for your last month's milk? Housewife—Not today. I guess you'll have to chalk it, as usual, up.

"You fellows charge a very high price for painting a house," said a real estate dealer to a dentist. "Well, I don't know about that," was the confident reply, "we only charge a little more than you do."

It was at the breakfast table. Mr. Smithgoey was telling Mrs. S. about a large bear he had killed the night before. "Ah," said he, "my dear, you'd have died laughing if you could have been there!" Then he added in a tone of burning enthusiasm: "How I wish you had!"

A Reasonable Request.—Not Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a debtor——. He interrupted—Oh, that's the deal, is it. Well, then, sir, as you want your money hardly I will give you a receipt up the same at my office. And have accordingly the deal is finally settled.

### How To Sharpen a Pocket Knife.

A large dealer in cutlery expresses the opinion that not one man in fifty knows how to sharpen a pocket knife. "A razor," say he, "must be laid flat on the hone, to a hollow ground and requiring a fine edge. But a pocket knife requires a full edge, and the moment you lay it flat on a stone, so as to touch the polished side, you rub the edge. The blade must be held at an angle of twenty or twenty-five degrees and very an edge similar to a chisel. This is technically called the 'camel,' and is carried on new knives by a fine white line which does not remove or touch the polished surface. Razors improperly whetted are often condemned as too hard or too soft without reason.—[New York Tribune.

### A Sixth Century Sarcophagus.

At St. Maurice, near Tours, France, a sarcophagus has been discovered with a silver plate on which are engraved the words: "Sigiberversa Tu, Domine, cor meum caritate tua." A cross is also engraved, a heart transfixed with two arrows, and there is a cuirass and holding in either hand an arrow and a cross. The tomb is supposed to be that of St. Tiberius, who, in 501, established with his friend, Maurice, a hermitage in the peninsula, with whom he was massacred by the Visigoths in 512.

### A Phonographic Doll.

Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed on a receptacle within the chest of the doll and the mouth protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to come from the doll's mouth. Edison has also devised a [illegible] which [illegible] the talking [illegible] of course, a phonograph.