The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., DECEMBER 12, 1889. NO. 15.

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RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

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Jack Frost.

From over the hills, with a breath of flame,
From over the hills old Jack Frost came.

Came so softly that nobody knew,
Till the land a beautiful picture grew

The elm leaves turned to a golden brown,
Each willow was decked with a golden crown.

The thistle-down broke from its prison cell,
And the nuts from their clinging burrs as well:

The maples flamed on the green hillside,
And color ran wild o'er the country wide,

As over the hills, with a breath of flame,
Old Jack Frost, the ice king, came.

—*Emma S. Thomas in Frank Leslie's.*

THE LOST WILL.

About 20 years ago there died in southern Ohio a queer old character named Thomas Martin. He was never married, and his eccentricities made his name a familiar one in several counties. He lived in a little log house on a farm about four miles from a village, and sometimes he was alone for months, and again he would have his house crowded with his relatives. While father and mother were dead, he had three brothers and four sisters living, and in the same county. One day he might meet one of them and hand him a $20 gold piece. The very next day he would pass the same person by without speaking. As he was worth about $200,000, all made by the sale of oil wells found on his land in Pennsylvania, and as his relatives were all poor, none of them dared offend him. If he treated them coldly they put up with it; if he insisted on a whole family staying with him for a week they made every sacrifice to please him.

There was a layer of humor in the old man's composition withal. I think he reasoned that all his relatives expected a slice of his wealth, and he intended that each one should have it, but he proposed to make them earn it as far as they could. If he knew that his brother James was planting corn, and in a great hurry to get through, he would send for him and insist that he hunt or fish or go looking over the country for some plant or root needed for sickness. If his brother Henry was extra busy in his saw mill the old man was sure to send up a message to him to come down and take a witch hazel rod and go wandering over the hills to locate metals. There was only one bed in the house, and yet the old man would insist that a family of eight come and visit him and sleep where they could. Twice a year he killed a lamb. The rest of the time he lived on pudding and milk and vegetables.

Uncle Tom, as everybody called him, was over 70 years of age when I first knew him, and it must have seemed to his relatives that he intended to live to be a hundred. As the years went by he really seemed to improve, and it was a cold day when he couldn't think of some new trick to play on those who anxiously waited for him to turn up his toes. He had made a will, as was known in a certain law office, dividing up his wealth pro rata, but one day something occurred to determine him to revoke it. He had sent for his brother Henry and family to come to him at once. Henry was sawing lumber on a contract, one of the children was ailing and he returned word that he could not come. This was the first time he had ever refused such a demand, and when the messenger returned the old man boiled over with indignation. He sent for his lawyer to come and make a new will, and the lawyer, of course, brought the old one. He saw this laid on the clock shelf, and it was lying there when he went away. The new will was not entirely completed that day. Martin said he might want to make some other changes, and so he did. His sister May, who was an old maid, was with him that day, and after the lawyer had gone Martin wanted to lower her down in the well to recover a lost bucket. She was timid and afraid, and the result was that she was ordered to pack up and leave, and was told plainly that she need not expect a dollar.

Nor was this all. Having got his hand in, as it were, the old man went for another brother, and forced a rupture, and then sent for a lawyer and cut the three persons off with a legacy of $100 each. He signed the new will and placed it with the others, saying he would keep both for a few days and see if anything else turned up. Then, in order to show his contempt for his relatives, he sent for a woman named Thatcher to keep house for him. This woman was a widow, about 40 years old, and was looked upon as half crazy and the other half foolish. She was employed in the village at laundry work. Martin gave out that he would marry her, and he was heard to say more than once that not one of his relatives should ever get a dollar of his money.

One night, two months after the Thatcher woman went to keep house for him, he got a bad fall while bringing in wood. He had to be helped to bed, but only a portion of what followed was known for many months afterward. The old man felt that his last hour had come, and he got rid of her for a few minutes by sending her out to the barn. Which will he meant to burn no one will ever know, but he got up and burned one of them. Both were duly sealed and attested, and both were equally good in law. That he did burn one of them was sure. Thirty hours later some one happened to visit the cabin, and the old man was found dead in his bed, the woman had disappeared, and the wills were missing. With all that money at stake there was great excitement, of course, and the relatives gave me the case to work up. No one knew, until I overhauled the ashes in the fireplace, that anything had been burned. I found scraps of paper, proving that at least one of the wills had been destroyed. So far as I could tell, both might have been burned at the same time. One had been, anyhow, and the question of which it was interested every relative.

It seemed curious why Mrs. Thatcher had gone away, and still more curious that she had escaped observation. As no one had met her in the village or on the highway, it must be concluded that she had reasons for hiding. If one of the wills had been preserved, she probably knew of its whereabouts, as the whole cabinet had been hunted over and over again without bringing it to light. My first step, therefore, was to discover her, but when a fairly sharp man pits himself against a half idiot he may be beaten. I made a circuit for thirty miles around on horseback, and, while I met a hundred people who knew the woman by sight, I could get no trace of her. A robber could not have hidden his trail more successfully. When I found that the hunt was to be extended, I notified every sheriff in that part of the state. I got out circulars and sent them to town marshals, constables, postmasters, and farmers, but no good resulted.

Then, one day, I sat down to put myself in her place. For all I knew then she was with the old man when he died, and it might have been her hand which held one of the wills to the flame. Just why she should fly and hide herself when not guilty of anything was a puzzle. So far as we could determine she had taken nothing. One day Martin had gone with her to the bank and drawn out and presented to her the sum of $300. This she had taken, as was her right; but the few dollars he had in his pocket were there when we searched the dead body. I had not thought to overhaul her wardrobe, but when I came to do so I got a pointer. She had dressed herself in her best, and gone without taking even a hand satchel. Her best was a black silk, a fine red shawl, a fashionable bonnet, and fine shoes. She would not only look very much like a lady, but she would not set out for a walk across the wet fields or along the muddy highway. She would take the train at the nearest point, of course, and that happened to be at a station not over thirty rods from the old man's cabin and on his land. Freight and accommodation trains stopped there always for water, and the regular passenger trains sometimes. For instance, the express for Cincinnati would not stop at the village, but would at this county station to get a supply of water for the engine.

As soon as I struck this trail I was only a few days in ascertaining that Mrs. Thatcher, dressed in her best, did actually board the express that night as it stopped for a moment, and that she paid her fare and was carried to Cincinnati. She had four weeks the start of me, but I had strong hopes of finding her. I reasoned that the fact of her being simple-minded and of never having travelled much would make her keep clear of the hotels. She, doubtless, feared she would be blamed for the old man's death, and a search made for her. In that case she would hide herself. I had my mind made up when I reached Cincinnati to look for her among the boarding houses, and look I did. After a vain search of a week I got one of the regular detectives, and in another week we got track of her. In going into the city she had entered into conversation with a fellow-passenger, and he had recommended her to a boarding house kept by his aunt. They gave her a room at the house, but soon saw that she was queer. The situation sharpened her wits, and she claimed to be a Mrs. Rose of Chicago, who had come to search out relatives. As she never went out, received no letters and employed no assistance her story was not believed, and she was an object of wonder to the other boarders. In about three weeks she one day paid her bill and walked off, but one of the boarders followed her to another boarding house. We hoped and expected to find her there, but she had changed again and no one knew where she was. It took us three days to locate her again, and this time we were too late by an hour only.

In making her second change Mrs. Thatcher had gone to a boarding house kept by a woman who had a brother on a farm. He supplied her with vegetables, and as he came in one day Mrs. Thatcher saw him, and at once decided to go out to his farm. She arranged for her board, bought herself a cheap dress or two, and the pair had been gone about an hour or two when we rang the bell. The detective was busy on another case and decided that he could not go with me. I therefore got a horse and buggy and drove off alone. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a June day, and I was hardly clear of the city when I noticed that a thunder storm was coming up from the direction in which I was headed. I drove fast, hoping to make the ten miles before I was caught, but when seven miles from the city the storm broke. The only shelter I could secure was an old wagon shed, but while the thunder and lightning were severe, but little rain fell.

In the half hour I was under the shed the lightning struck near my three times, and I was greatly relieved when the storm passed on. I drove forward for about a mile, and then suddenly came upon a curious sight in the highway. A farmer's wagon was smoking and burning, while one horse lay stone dead and the other was plunging about. On one side of the wagon lay the body of a woman, on the other side that of a man. I leaped out and secured my horse, and the man was the first approached. His clothes were on fire over his breast, and his face was discolored. One glance satisfied me that he was dead. The woman lay in a heap, but when I took hold of her hand there was a flutter of the eyelids. A bolt of lightning had killed one of the horses and the man, but the woman had only been stunned. My first move was just what any physician would have recommended. I loosened the collar at her throat to give her lungs a chance to play. As the collar flew open a paper was displaced. I reached for it, and one look told me that it was the lost will and testament of James Martin.

Then the woman must be Mrs. Thatcher, but I should never have known her, dressed as she was. She came to while I was releasing the plunging horse and putting out the fire in the wagon. The accident had come about as I supposed, and in half an hour she was quite herself again. I went to the nearest farmer, got him to come back and assume charge of things, and then drove back to the city with my prisoner. On the way in she fully explained everything. When Martin found himself about to die he told her to burn the old will. In her nervousness, and being unable to read, she burned the wrong one. When he discovered this he berated her in as forcible language as he could call up—indeed, he fell back and died while cursing her. Fearing that she had committed some awful crime, and hoping that if she carried the other document off with her she might escape all consequences, she dressed herself, took the paper and her money, and walked over and boarded the train.

Under the will I had recovered all the relatives shared alike, which was fair and just under the circumstances, and instead of making any trouble for the widow, they presented her with a purse of $500 and headed her for Oregon, where she got another husband in less than a month after her arrival.—*New York Sun.*

World's Telegraph-Telephone Lines.

The total length of the telegraph lines of the world amounts to 557,014 miles. Europe, 216,193, America, 163,642; Asia, 46,810, Australia, 24,284, and Africa, 12,063 miles. There have to be added 950 submarine cables, 774 of which are laid in European seas, and have a total length of 3290 miles, while the remaining 176 with a length of cable of 85,850 miles, belong to companies. The service of these lines is carried out by 160,000 offices.

Telephone statistics are as follows: The United States, 739 exchanges and 158,712 subscribers, Germany, 164 exchanges and 31,325 subscribers; England, 122 exchanges and 20,424 subscribers; Sweden, 157 exchanges and 12,864 subscribers; France, 28 exchanges and 9847 subscribers, Switzerland, 71 exchanges and 7626 subscribers; Russia, 36 exchanges and 7529 subscribers; Italy, 28 exchanges and 6181 subscribers, Belgium, 4574 subscribers; Austro-Hungary, 4211 subscribers; Norway, 21 exchanges and 3930 subscribers, Holland, 9 exchanges and 2876 subscribers; Spain, 2218 subscribers; Denmark, 1857 subscribers; Portugal, 2 exchanges and 893 subscribers. The town with the largest number of subscribers is Berlin, having upward of 13,000, and followed by New York, 6911, Paris, with over 5000, and London about that amount.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SUNBEAMS.

"Now, what shall I send to the earth to-day?"
said the great round golden sun.
"Oh let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the sunbeams every one.

So down to the earth in a shining crowd,
Went the merry, busy crew;
They painted with splendor each floating cloud
And the sky, as they passed through.

"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried,
"We will weave a golden screen
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the moon may peep between."

The sunbeams then in through the window crept
To the children in their beds,
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all the little heads.

"Wake up, little children," they cried in glee,
"And from dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present, wake up and see!
We have brought a sunny day."

Kindergarten.

A PERSIAN BOY.

When a Persian boy is eight years old it is time to think of serious things. Up to that time he has played in the garden or in the street lanes, as much with girls as with boys, his lodging being in the women's quarter of the dwelling with his mother and sisters. His sports are ball, kite flying, hide-and-seek or tchitik. The last is a game not infrequently played also by American lads. It consists of a stick resting on a stone. The upper end being struck smartly by a bat, the stick springs into the air, when it is struck across the field and met by another lad, who bats it back. Failing to hit it, the second striker is out. This is one of the oldest and most common games of the East. Jack stones is also a favorite Persian game, especially because it requires little effort and can be played on warm days in the shade of the vines, when the heat of the sun makes it well-nigh impossible to venture out of the shade.

When the Persian boy is nine or ten his father calls him to his side, caresses him, strokes his face, and says: "Light of my eyes, my young lion, it is time for thee to be studying the book. Give willing, we will make of thee a vizier thou shalt have horses, and messengers, and hand-maidens, and summer places, and hunting grounds, and the crowds shall make obeisance to thee in the market places. In any case there is work before thee, whether thou become a baker's apprentice or a great vizier. Thou must go to school; then I will apprentice thee to some artisan; say thy prayers and perform thrice ablution five times daily, and oft repeat the name of the prophet, and let no silver slip through thy fingers through foolishness; so shalt thou be happy. Now go my son, with my blessing; but remember, if thou art lazy and forgettest these counsels of mine thou shalt eat mouldy sick. There, go now; I wish to smoke awhile and count my beads."

CHILDREN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Among the most interesting exhibits at the World's Fair held in Philadelphia in 1876 were those made by children. They were usually placed in some little out-of-the-way corner, but when found they sometimes gave a more significant idea of the actual life of the country from which they came than did the great national or commercial displays which occupied more conspicuous places.

There were, for example, certain long volumes filled with bits of lace, embroidery and worsted work done by the children in a school in the Higher Alps. On one leaf was an exquisite pair of tiny socks, a shirt and a pair of mittens "knitted by Grace for her baby brother."

From a school in Russia came sheet of parchment, each containing an object lesson, the work of the little scholars. One held a pressed flax flower, a bunch of flax fibres, some linen thread and bit of woven linen lace. Another contained samples of wheat in flower and in seed, a tiny sack of flour, a morsel of unleavened bread, and a miniature flask of whiskey.

Two Dutch lads sent from Holland a miniature copy of the defences of that country against the sea; little withes single and twisted together, and the same entirely woven and mortared with clay so as to resist the strongest attacks of sea or storm. These things took us home to the domestic life of the people who sent them; to Gretchen and her brother in their chalet among the snows; to the little Russian children searching for their specimens in the steppes; to the "dandy" Dutch boy tinkering with their tools. They gave a human truth to the whole great exhibition.

Wisdom is indifferent whether its advice be taken or not.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

RICE SOUP.

The foreleg and bracket of a lamb, one cup of rice, salt and water. Wash the rice early in the morning, put to soak in warm water enough to cover it. The bones being broken, stew the meat until tender, then put in the rice with the water in which it has been soaked, and continue the boiling until the rice has become perfectly soft, having set the kettle back where there is no danger of burning. If these directions are followed, you will have an excellent soup.

VEAL BALLS.

Take enough veal from the calf-head to make, when chopped fine, half a pint of meat, use if you wish one-third calf's brains. Mince this meat so fine it can be pounded to a paste. Add to the meat three tablespoonfuls of butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of mace, a pinch of cayenne pepper, salt, half a cup of breadcrumbs and the whites of three eggs. Cook this mixture except the eggs till it is a smooth paste. Taste to see if it is seasoned right, add the eggs, stir well and pour on a plate. When cool form into balls and cook them in the soup at the boiling point, but not slowly, that is, the soup should hardly simmer, never boil hard for the few minutes the forcemeat balls are cooked in it.

OYSTER SOUP.

Cut in shreds pieces two or three rails which have been well skinned and washed, steep them in cold water for two hours. Let them boil five minutes, then drain them, dredge with a little flour and fry them in hot butter, adding two carrots cut in bits. When they are brown add two quarts of stock and one of water, an onion, two cloves, a little parsley and a stick of celery. Let the soup simmer for two hours, cooking very slowly. Let it cool at the end of this time, and when cold remove the fat. When ready to prepare for the table heat the soup to boiling point, thicken it with three tablespoonfuls of butter stirred into three tablespoonfuls of flour till well browned, add a little tomato syrup, wine if you use it, and boil an hour longer. Strain the soup but put back the carrots. Cut in fanciful pieces the onions and fried oxtails. This should be a very brown soup and is especially delicious.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To clean the inside of frying pans rub with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

Put tea and coffee away in air-tight receptacles as soon as they are brought to the house. They lose much of their flavor by remaining unprotected.

Soapsuds for lard and greasy pie plates can be cleaned by letting them for two hours in a kettle with ashes or sal soda. Let them cool in the water.

If parsley is dried and rubbed lightly to take the stems off, and put away in a bottle tightly corked, it will be as nice as the green article for soups, stews, etc., in winter.

For a cough boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

It is said by very good authority, that warm turpentine applied directly to the wound will work a speedy and permanent cure in most cases of lockjaw. Cold turpentine is good for recent cuts and bruises.

In oyster stew or anything where one wishes to use the liquor let it come to a boil so as to take off the scum. Never boil oysters, as it toughens them, simply let them come to the boiling point. I should simply boil around the edges.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woolen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat properly and carefully brushing it into a dustpan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has all disappeared.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle or boiler. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, have ready a lather of soap and water, wash the linen in it, after which rinse in two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

About as good a way as any to clean black silk is to take ammonia and alcohol—one part ammonia to three alcohol—add half as much hot water and laying the silk over an old sheet fold in four thicknesses, rub with a black rag or sponge dipped in the mixture. Have ready some old broom handles, curtain poles, or other round smooth sticks, and wrap the silk on them as tightly and smoothly as possible. Let it dry in this position, it will need no ironing.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Upwards of 2300 miles of main for conveying natural gas have now been laid in the United States, and the total capital invested in the business exceeds $50,000,000.

An entirely new rose, called the "rainbow rose," was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco. It is small, and of a delicate shade of rose pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

After immersion in water for thirty-seven days, specimens of pine were found by Professor D. V. Wood to have been lengthened 0.165 per cent., oak 0.085 per cent., and chestnut 0.065 per cent., the lateral swelling being 2.6 per cent. for pine, 3.5 per cent for oak, and 3.65 per cent. for chestnut.

An English scientist has been making experiments to determine the important part which light plays in the development of animal life. A dozen tadpoles were confined in a box from which every ray of light was excluded. The result was that only two of them developed into frogs, and those were shortlived. The others increased considerably in size, but never left the tadpole form.

The recent discovery by a New England chemist of a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen is regarded as a most valuable one. The product is a solution called zinc water, and has the property of making wood to which it has been applied absolutely fireproof, and at a very low cost. This discovery is likely to revolutionize fire insurance, as well as to immensely decrease the loss by fire.

In New Granada, South America, grows a plant which is locally known as the "ink plant." Its juice serves, without the slightest preparation, as ink. At first the writing appears red, but in a few hours it assumes a deep black hue. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with rain water on their journey to Europe, but when dried, the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

In Europe the telephone as a disease locomotor is under discussion. A Frenchman has discovered a new disorder termed "aural overpressure," caused by the constant strain of the auditory apparatus in shouting through the telephone. In some cases, the tinkling of the bell has affected the ears of persons the same way that influmed eyes cannot bear the light. The patients suffer from nervous excitability, with buzzing noises in the ear, giddiness and neuralgic pains.

Iron bricks, so called, are said to be in satisfactory use for street paving in Germany. These bricks are made by mixing equal parts of finely-ground red argillaceous clay, with the addition of 5 per cent. of iron ore. The ingredients thus mixed together are then moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron, to which fine iron ore is added. After this, the compound is shaped in a press, dried, dipped once more into a thick slip of finely-ground iron ore and then burnt in a kiln for about 48 hours in a reducing flame.

Compound Interest on a Quarter.

About 35 years ago a little boy was given a quarter of a dollar for spending money. As he walked down the street, very happy, he met with an older boy and showed him the money, saying as he did so: "See what my good papa gave me to spend." The older boy knocked it out of the little fellow's hand, scratched it up and ran away with it. The little boy was almost heartbroken, but when he went home crying and told about it his mother gave him another quarter. This mollified him, but he never forgave that older boy. The war came on and the older boy was given a commission in the army, while the little one, who was too young to enlist, remained at home.

After the war the younger boy became a clerk in the war department. Within the past 15 years the older boy, who had become a lawyer and an orator, announced himself as a candidate for the United States senate, and he had a large following. It looked as though he might be elected. But one morning the newspapers in many portions of the country and especially those of his own state published a statement to the effect that the candidate had been dismissed from the army for cowardice and other questionable conduct. The lawyer denied the charge, and extracts from the records of the war department were published, showing that the charge was true. He was not elected. After his defeat was accomplished, he received a letter postmarked Washington, D. C., of which the following is an exact copy: "Do you remember the day you outraged a little boy's feelings and almost broke his heart by stealing a quarter from him? That deed cost you a seat in the senate."—*Washington Capital.*

Well doing.

Think the good,
And not the clever;
Thoughts are seeds
That grow forever
Bearing richest fruit in life
Such alone can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever;
Noble men
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they've done.
They alone the true
Who gather
Heroes which their deeds have won.

Be the good,
And not the clever;
For the life
With fine endeavor
Serves to make the world a man,
So what others do
Has called
Its own everlasting span.

—*The Little Gem.*

HUMOROUS.

An agricultural association—Wheat, rye and oats.

A young man inquiring if it did not necessarily have sandy hair.

The organ in the latter got out of tune probably because his cap had dropped.

First Clerk—How are you getting along? Second Clerk—Oh, I'm still working a crack.

Old Lady—Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love. I should like to know what—Well, didn't I return it?

Scene off the peninsula, "Sailor, what are the fishermen, as he pointed the lines from a quantity of the finny tribe.

Schoolmaster—Now, Tommy—if with the school room was on fire—Mother—Why? Why, the teacher would make no more of him than the crowd.

Jackson Mrs. Henpeck—He owe me eleven pounds which he was to give me on Sunday. Henpeck—Exactly nothing. I spoke twice with the scoundrel.

A speaker at a public meeting talked and talked and talked. "How I'll be glad to be sold off," said a friend. "Yes," said an enemy, "but how he hates to empty himself!"

Satisfied Old Maid (musing for a compliment)—Tell me, darling, why you prefer me to any of the other girls for a bride. Sensitive Old Bach—Oh my well-long tour! I don't want people to think I'm a newly married man.

"I'm tired of trouble with females—
I think I'll end this life
Prime pass the pen, said the man
To his dear single wife.

The Dog Overcame His Prejudice.

The Rev. C. L. Streamer, of Shickshinny, has a little black and tan dog, about so high. This canine has heretofore regarded it as his special mission in life to make it as warm as possible for black cats. White or Maltese or yellow or spotted cats he never molested, but as sure as a black cat would show itself about the premises "Don" would straighten up the bristles on the back of his neck and go for that black cat. He could tolerate anything but a sable feline. That was too much for his dogship to endure.

Now, the Rev. Streamer lives a little daughter, Sadie, who loves this little dog as heartily as the dog hates black cats. A few days ago, during the cold stormy weather, Sadie could not find her "doggie" about the house, and was very much annoyed to think that he was out in the rain. She went to every window and peered anxiously out, and at last she saw "Don" crouching under the fence. Taking an umbrella she went out and attempted to induce "Don" in. But he growled and snapped at her and would not budge. The strange actions of the dog puzzled her father, and he went out to see what was the matter, when he discovered that "Don" had two little black kittens in charge which had just recently got their eyes open, and he was tenderly sheltering them from the rain and storm. The Rev. Streamer took the dog into the house, but he whined piteously, and the first opportunity he got he ran out again, and, taking the kittens in his mouth, one at a time, he carried them to his kennel and put them snugly away in his own bed, after which he seemed to be content.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Spirit.*

"Money," "Rupee" and "Dollar."

In tracing the derivation of the word "money," I find that it is from the Roman word "Moneta," because the first regular mint was established by Romans in the temple Juno Moneta. The word "coin" is, no doubt, from the Latin "cuneus," meaning a die or stamp. Many coins are so called from their original weight, as the English pound, the French livre and the Italian lira. The word "rupee" is from the Sanscrit, rupya, meaning silver. The word "dollar" is short for joachimstaler. In Bohemia the word is thaler, which is also short for joachimthaler or money of the Joachim Valley, where coins of this value were first struck in the sixteenth century.