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., MARCH 27, 1890. NO. 30.

Look Up.

By night the heavens cradle me, the while I dream my dreams,
And when I waken, ah! how small my little chamber seems.

If on your soul the changeful world casts daily doubt and terror,
Look up to the eternal skies where never star makes error.

ON THE TRACK.

The night was dark, and a drizzling rain was falling when I arrived at the little railroad station at Roam's Prairie, and the first man I met there was Abe Wilder, the drawbridge tender. I dismounted and fastened my horse and the one I had been leading to a tree on the sheltered side of the station building.

I had come to the station full of eagerness to meet my wife, who had been away on a visit of a couple of days to her sister in H——. We had been married only a few months, so that her short absence from our pretty home on the prairie had been greatly felt by me, and lover-like, I was full of longing and anxiety for her safe return. So my disappointment was all the greater when Abe told me the train on which she was coming back to me was two hours late. But, to while away the time, Abe proposed that I should go with him to the bridge, only a short distance down the track from the station. To this I consented, the more readily because Abe had been my rival for Annie's love before we were married, and my winning her heart and hand seemed to make him very unhappy and down-hearted for a time; but for all that he had shown me no ill will. On the contrary, his had apparently been the most sincere and heart-felt congratulations and well wishes for our future happiness and welfare. So when he asked me to go with him to the bridge, I did not hesitate to accept the invitation.

We walked down the track side by side. I did most of the talking, for he seemed uneasy and nervous, and I thought that in this way I could best calm him, and make him feel less embarassed.

The distance from the station to the bridge was only about ten minutes' walk, and we arrived there without any interruption. I noticed, however, that Abe became more and more excited every moment, and was about to ask what troubled him, when he turned upon me suddenly, his eyes ablaze with the light of madness.

"Curse you!" he hissed, grinding his teeth and bending his face close to mine. "You have robbed me of all that makes life worth living. Tonight you shall prove to me if you are worthy of that love."

We were standing in front of the little house at the end of the bridge, and the light from the open door fell straight upon his face.

"What do you mean?" I cried in horror, for I could see that a madman, bent upon some fiendish purpose, was standing before me. His face was flushed and swollen; the veins upon his neck and forehead stood out like cords and pulsed feverishly, his glittering eyes were red and bloodshot, while his lips were drawn and pale, and bloodless.

"What do I mean?" he mocked. "Just this: I would give my life for a smile—for only a smile from the woman I love. Now I want to see what you will give for her life."

"Abe, you are *crazy*," I cried with as steady a voice as I could command.

"Right you are. Crazy, mad, insane, and you have helped to make me so. Only for you I might have been the happiest man on earth today. If you prove tonight, however, that you are worthy of the love of which you cheated me, I'll forgive you, and die with you."

"Well," I said, "If I had thought that it was to listen to this nonsense that you invited me to come with you, I would certainly have refused. So I will bid you good-night."

I turned to walk away; but in a moment he sprang upon me and with a blow from a coupling-pin he was holding in his hand, he felled me to the ground, insensible.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself gagged, and bound with chains to the iron rails, and so securely that I could not move my feet or body, but my hands were free.

I looked up and saw Abe standing above me, watching me closely with a demon's leer upon his face.

When he saw that I recognized him, he sat down on the ground beside me, and rubbed his hands in glee.

"I had it all planned so nicely," he said in exultant tones. "It could not fail to catch you. I have been planning and planning, and waiting and waiting, ever since the night you and Annie were married. From that night, somehow, I could not believe that you loved her as dearly and deeply as I did, and I could find no rest night or day for that thought. Tonight, however, I shall satisfy myself, and if I find my suspicions were false, and you love her better than your life, I will die with you; if, on the other hand, they are true, I shall not hesitate to kill you as one usurping a place that belongs to another."

I could not answer him, and when I attempted to remove the gag from my mouth he beat me with a stout stick over the arms and hands until I desisted.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "You see I had it figured out very closely, even to the providing of this stick for keeping you in order. You must understand that I intend to do all the talking, and want you to pay strict attention to all that I say. We have an hour or more to wait before the train comes along, so that we need not be in any hurry. Still, I suppose you are somewhat curious to find out what I intend doing with you; but wait with patience and you shall know all about it in good time. I have to go and set out the lights on the bridge now, so that when the train comes the engineer can see them and come right along without any fear of danger. But before I leave you I must fasten your hands, so that you can do yourself no harm."

He then fastened stout cords around my wrists and bound my arms to the rails also, and in such a way that I could not move an inch in any direction. Then he left me.

I could see him lighting and placing the lanterns on the bridge, which he did in an easy, leisurely way, which was a torture alone for me to behold.

My hands and arms were becoming tired and began to ache, so I bent my finger tips downward to find something to rest them upon when they touched something smooth and cold. I managed to turn my head far enough around to see what it was. It was a pistol lying on a crosstie just under my hand. I could not reach it, however, to grasp it, and I knew that even if I could it would be of no service to me, bound as I was, hand and foot. I strained my eyes to see if I could possibly move it somewhere where it would be out of sight of Abe, and where I could reach it again if my hands were freed once more. Yes, if it could be made to fall off the tie on the side nearest to me it would be in darkness, and within easy reach of my hand. But could I get it there? I strained every muscle to make my bonds as loose as possible, then I bent my hand downward and with a snap of my fingers I sent the pistol spinning round and round and the next moment it fell over the edge of the tie and was hidden in the darkness.

I had barely succeeded in hiding the weapon the best way I could, when Abe returned.

"Now everything is ready," he said. "All we have to do now is to wait, and while we are waiting I will tell you what I have planned to do, with your assistance. As I said before, I don't think that you love Annie as well as I do, but I am going to give you a chance to prove that you do, and this will be the test: The train with your wife on board will be along here in less than half an hour. You are lying with your neck on the rail, and the wheels will pass over you, and, of course, you are dead in the twinkling of an eye, and the train will pass on in safety. But you can save yourself if you like. This rope" (and he held the end of one up before my face) "is attached to the end of a bar of iron swinging on a pivot at the other end of the bridge. If you pull the rope the iron will swing across the track, and upon striking against a post right opposite will tumble off the pivot and rest squarely across the rails. The engineer, seeing the signals all clear ahead, and being two hours late, will come right on with more than usual speed, and there will be a terrible jar and a crash and the train is wrecked; but you have saved your neck. Very nicely planned, isn't it?"

When he paused to see what effect this speech had upon me, I jerked my arms as if trying to get them free.

"Ah, yes! I'll unfasten your arms now," he said, and in a moment he cut the ropes that bound them with a knife. Then he continued: "Yes, I expect you will want to use your arms before long, and having them stretched out in that way is apt to make them stiff and useless."

When my arms were free I attempted once more to remove the gag from my mouth; but as before he beat me with a stick until I desisted.

I was helpless. Minute after minute passed, and I knew that the train would come along presently. Every moment I imagined that I felt the vibrations of the wheels along the rail under my head. Abe was sitting beside me, listening intently for the first rumbling sound to reach his ears. When he heard it I knew that he would place the rope in my hands and give me the choice of wrecking the train or losing my life. I shall not attempt to describe the thoughts and feeling that went through my brain and body, for that were impossible.

Presently I threw out my hand and it fell upon the pistol, which I had forgotten all about since Abe's return. Now, however, my fingers grasped it firmly and I began to think how I could use it to save myself and at the same time avert the danger to the coming train.

I never knew how it happened, but in a moment my hand lifted the weapon into the air. Abe saw it, and sprang to his feet, and made an attempt to take it away from me, when it exploded; then he staggered backward a few steps and fell to the ground.

When the noise of the pistol shot stopped ringing in my ears, another sound reached them. The rumbling of the train came to me along the rails from the distance. A few minutes at the most, and it would be upon me. I tore the gag out of my mouth and shouted.

I yet held the pistol in my hand. What use could I make of it? I could put an end to my life. But the rushing, rumbling wheels of the train would do that for me, and only too soon. My eyes fell upon the signal lights on the bridge and a new idea struck me. I turned my head and saw the headlight of the locomotive not far away. The next moment I raised the pistol, took good aim and fired at the signal lantern on the bridge, but missed it. I fired again and again until the pistol was empty, but with the same result, for the lantern was still gleaming brightly, swinging to and fro in the wind, as if beckoning the train to come and destroy me.

The glare from the headlight of the locomotive seemed to be right above me, the roar of the train drowned my voice, and the jar of the rail under my head felt like an electric current running through my body. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

Suddenly the jar and noise stopped, and shortly I heard voices close beside me. I looked up and saw some people bending over me; but I was too weak to speak. They released me from the rails and carried me on board the train, and I knew nothing more for many days.

When I returned to consciousness I was told that the engineer had seen the flashes from the pistol when I fired, and had succeeded in stopping the train when within a few feet of where I lay; but not before it had run over the body of Abe Wilder.

It was several months before I recovered sufficiently from the shock of that hour of terror to move about. It made me an old man in appearance, for my steps are feeble, my cheeks are sunken and shrivelled, and my hair is white as snow.—*Times-Democrat.*

A Nation of Bathers.

Among the working classes in Siam even the festoons of cobwebs rarely attract attention, though they may be black with age and dust and smoke (for there are no chimneys to the houses, and the cooking is all done inside). And yet in their own way the Siamese are a very cleanly people.

They are a nation of bathers, and, from infancy, always indulge in a regular plunge two or three times a day. The children are amphibious, and rather more at home and much happier in the water than in the house.

While the fastidious American housekeeper, who is forever busy with mop and brush, would be shocked at the untidy domestic habits of the Siamese matron, she, in turn, would consider the anti-bathing customs of the average Americans quite as repulsive; and with good reason might plead that if carelessness were excusable in either case, the house would suffer less from neglect than the person of its occupant.

A Possum Hunting Hog.

Louis Crawford, an old colored man living on a farm five miles from Birmingham, Ala., has a freak of nature in the shape of a razor-back hog, for which he has refused $100 cash. The hog is a natural-born possum hunter, and uncle Josh has no less than fifty bites this season as evidence of his hog's prowess. He was in Birmingham recently with his skins and his razor-back, which follows him around like a dog. The old man tells a very simple story of how he discovered the animal's queer instinct. One night while going through the woods he discovered the hog under a tree grunting furiously and rearing up against the trunk. Approaching the tree and looking up he discovered a big, fat possum. Having a similar experience several times he came to the conclusion the animal was a natural-born possum hog, and, making a pet of it, he took it to the woods frequently with splendid success.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A MISTAKE.

A little cloud, one summer day,
While roaming o'er the sky so blue,
Began to scowl and pout, and say
"Oh, dear! what is there I can do?"

Now, just below it, midst the corn,
An old man stood, with hoe in hand,
In tattered clothing, all forlorn—
He seemed at work upon the land.

"Ha! ha!" the cloudlet laughed, and said,
"Now, here's a chance to have some fun!
I'll rain upon your hoary head,
My ancient friend, and make you run."

But though the cloud rained hard and fast,
The farmer wouldn't budge a bit,
Till in a pet the cloud at last
Cried out, "I never saw such grit!"

Because the farmer wouldn't scare
It sulked and frowned the livelong day.
How could it know the figure there
Was just to keep the crows away?"

—*Buffalo Times.*

HOW BOBBY MADE THE WOLF FLEE.

Robby Severns had a great ambition to be a hunter, or else the ambition was so great that it had Robby hold and fast. Anyway, hunting was his one and only thought and theme by day and by night—hunting real wild animals, of course; and a mouse running across the room after night would have upset his courage, quite.

"Oh, when will I ever be big enough to have a gun!" he demanded of mother one morning not so long after Christmas had come and gone, and still found him pining for the gun he dreamed of almost constantly.

Does my little boy really think he would be so much happier hunting fierce wild animals than trying hard to learn his lessons and please and help his mother?" asked mother, with one of her looks that "went right through," as Robby said.

"Not all the time, of course, mamma. I'd study and work, too; but if I only had a gun!"

"I have heard," said mother, thoughtfully, "of a way of vanquishing wild beasts without a gun, which seems to me a great deal braver."

"Oh, you mean killing them with swords and spears like the savages do," sniffed Robby, in disdain.

"No," said mamma; "I've heard that if a man is brave enough to stand firm and look a wild beast in the eye, it will turn and flee from him, which I should think would be all one could ask."

"Whew!" was all Robby could say at first to this astonishing statement. "But, mamma," he gathered himself together enough to say, at last, "how would any one ever get skins and tusks and things in that way?"

"You see, I was thinking about a man who was too brave to butcher animals just for the money he could get for their skins; but who would only want to conquer his real enemy for his own safety, you see, and not for the sake of taking life. I think there are things as terrible as wolves for a boy to overcome. I'd rather hear a wolf snarl than a—there's company."

Robbie went away looking pretty much as he might if he had got his gun and had fired a double charge, and it had kicked and upset Robby Severns completely. Maybe he was upset—in some of his notions about things, anyway.

"See here, Kate!" he was just beginning to say in a very snappish tone, he had used very much of late when anything went wrong with him. "I wish you wouldn't be forevy—"

Why didn't he go on and finish his fault-finding? Why did he stop on tiptoe opposite the parlor door?

"A perfect bear about the house," he heard the glib voice of Miss Tellman rattling off with "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "dear mes" and "dreadfuls," plentifully besprinkled.

"I don't see how the poor woman endures such a life; and the boys are like a pack of snarling wolves."

That was all he wanted to hear, "bears and wolves." In some one's home, right in that town, too! "Yes and in this house," he thought, "If I didn't see one peking his head over the banister just now. Robby Severns, you've just got to be brave now and look that wolf in the eye until he skulks away. "I say, Kate," he repeated after a minute, in a tone so different from the first, that a stranger would have thought Kate had one cross and one pleasant brother; "if you can get any good out of that old geography, look at the pictures until your eyes are tired."

And Katie eyed Robby in such a wistful, surprised, pleased way that he slipped up and chucked her under the chin, and added, "but what do you eye me that way for, Sis?"

"'Cause you're such a good Webby 'is time," was the guileless answer.

"Torn I'll keep on hunting wolves," said Robby to himself, "and maybe this is what mother meant, anyway."—*New York Observer.*

Harvest time is the hay-day of the year.

CRANKS AND CROOKS

How the President is Guarded Against Their Visits.

Six Officers Scrutinize Every White House Caller.

"Why should not any person who happened to be so disposed attempt to assassinate the President at one of his receptions?" queried a representative of the Washington *Star.*

"Simply for the reason that it would be very difficult for any individual so inclined to reach the presence of Mr. Harrison," replied the White House usher addressed. "You don't see why, but that is because you never looked about you when you have attended a reception at the executive mansion. How many officers do you suppose surveyed you critically while you were passing into the cloak room? Six in all. Not one of these men but has had years of experience in the police service. They are so trained—every man of them—that they can tell at a glance just what sort of person each guest who enters is. Two classes of people are chiefly to be looked out for—cranks and crooks. The crooks are readily discernable by the educated eye—their aspect always betrays them. As for the cranks they are distinguishable with equal readiness. The task of making them out is rendered easier, to begin with, by consideration of the fact that three-fourths of all mild lunatics are crazy on religious topics. Of course once in a while a visitor gets in here who is not entirely sane—that is unavoidable necessarily. But it is a very exceptionable case. As an almost invariable rule I can tell a crank at the first glance, and if I do not another of the guards will." The typical crank is almost unmistakable. He, supposing him male—or female, for that matter—has little chance to pass the sentries at the door and beyond. Each of these sentries, apart from his acuteness of perception, is a man of great muscular strength. Come here, Jim!"

The guard called up one of his fellows and bade him double his arm. It was as hard as a rock and as big as an ordinary man's thigh.

"This is the sentry who stands at the beginning of the reception line in the doorway," he continued. "Suppose that you are a crank, how far do you think you would get in an assault upon the President before you are grabbed and disarmed and thrown out into the street to be carried off to the nearest police station? Not very far, I guess. I tell you the President is as closely fortified in the White House as if it were the strongest castle that ever existed.

"The minute we see a person whose appearance does not satisfy us entirely we ask him whathis business is. Unless his reply is satisfactory we pursue the inquiry. A man called here the other day to see the President with a tin box under his arm. I pressed him closely about his errand and he finally said he had a new kind of religion in the box to show to President Harrison. That settled him. Once in a while, unavoidably, a drunken man gets into the White House at a reception or some such entertainment. It would astonish you to see the way in which a person so affected by liquor is thrown out, being passed along from one guard to another until he reaches the driveway. It is done so quickly, practice making perfect, as to excite no attention. Perhaps the funniest of all the queer people who come to the White House are those who demand permission to visit the most private rooms of the President on the ground that they, as representatives of the public, own the establishment."

They Are Good Swimmers.

In many parts of New Zealand horses are kept by the government for the express purpose of taking travelers across rivers in which fords will often change every week, and it is beautiful to see how bold, and yet how sagaciously cautious such horses often become. "If you have got the sense to let the old horse alone, he will take you over all right," is the marching orders usually given to the traveler mounted on one of these horses, to cross a river in which no man and no boat could live, and in a country where more colonists have been drowned in fresh water than in any other part of the world. Too rapid and too full of timber and rocks for any boat, too benumbingly cold for the best swimmer and the best human lungs in the world to live in them a quarter of an hour; these rivers, flooded with snow water, can often only be crossed by a very powerful, surefooted, courageous horse, that knows where to swim and where to walk, or by one that has a rider on his back that can show him and consult him by turns.

Mummified Cats.

A cat 4000 years old is not altogether a familiar object to Englishmen, and can scarcely be regarded as an every-day visitor to these shores, says the London *Telegraph.* The arrival, therefore, of 19½ tons of such cats in Liverpool is an incident that cannot but lay a heavy strain upon the British capacity for experiencing amazement. Not the least astonishing feature of this unique event is that the consignment in question, described with commercial crispness as "a parcel of embalmed cats," consists exclusively of feline mummies, aptly, but accidentally, culled from a catacomb in central Egypt. There are no fewer than 180,000 of those swathed and spiced remains in the "parcel" that reached this country a few days ago, and they have already been sold for fertilizing purposes to a Liverpool manure merchant, the auctioneer who disposed of them using one of the deceased cat's heads as a hammer wherewith to knock down the "lots."

According to a correspondent, it has long been believed in Egyptological circles that a huge cat cemetery was in existence "somewhere about" on the left bank of the Nile. One day last autumn a fellah husbandman, while engaged in the agricultural pursuit of digging at a place called Beni Hassan, discovered this ancient burial ground by a very simple process. The soil which he was turning up suddenly gave way under him, and he fell into a pit which, on further examination, proved to be a spacious subterranean cave, tenanted by uncounted legions of dead cats. Every one of these corpses had been sedulously embalmed and swaddled, so to speak, in cloth cerements, in the very best style of the undertaker's craft, as practiced in the land of the Pharaohs some 23 centuries before the commencement of the Christian era.

The news of this strange discovery spread swiftly through Beni Hassan and the adjoining districts, whence laborers soon flocked to the newly-opened cave and set to work with might and main to disinter its venerable occupants. Why these cats had been mummified, and when they had come to be arranged so systematically in their subterranean quarters, were secondary considerations, naturally enough, to the bucolic Egyptian mind—in fact, "the sort of things no fellah could understand;" but the peasants of the Nile are keenly alive to the commercial value of embalmed "cats and dogs and each obscener beast, to which Egyptian dotards once did bow," either as high-class manure or as a peculiarly quick and fragrant combustible. With exemplary promptitude and dispatch, therefore, they dug up some hundreds of thousands of mummies, several "lots" of which were purchased on the spot by local farmers, while others found their way down river to the storehouses of an Alexandria merchant. This worthy, being of a speculative turn of mind, shipped them off to Liverpool "on sale or return," where they fetched a trifle less than £4 a ton. Thus, for a matter of three "ponies" or so, a British "bone-buyer" has become the sole possessor of nearly 200,000 fine old crusted Egyptian cats, each one of which, at the time of its decease, had been deemed worthy of special embalment and honorable sepulture, according to the rites of Memphis, Babastis and Thebes, "in that case made and provided."

The Stitches in a Shirt.

The following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a Leicester seamstress: Stitches in the collar, four rows, 3000; cross ends of same, 500; buttonhole and sewing on button, 150; gathering neck and sewing on collar, 1204; stitching the wristbands, 1228; ends of wristbands, 68; buttonholes in wristbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1468; stitching on shoulder-straps, 1380; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3051; sewing up side seams of sleeves, 2354; cording bosom, 1104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1526; sewing all other seams and setting side gussets, 1272; total number of stitches, 20,619.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Nothing Like a Change!

Dr. Knowall—My good sir, what you want is thorough alteration of climate. The only thing to cure you is a long sea voyage!

Patient—That's rather inconvenient. You see I'm only just home from a sea voyage round the world. —*London Punch.*

A Sure Sign.

Merritt—You are getting quite a man. Little Johnnie—Yes. Ma has stopped cutting down pa's clothes for me.—*Epoch.*

Beginning Anew.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

* * * * * * *

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

HUMOROUS.

Cold as it may be no man cares for a coat on his tongue.

Mrs. Lonkins (reading the financial page) What are stock quotations, any way? Mr. L.—Stock quotations? Those from Shakespeare.

First Boarder—There's a good deal of heat in this soup! Second Boarder—Well, you should be thankful that there is something in it besides water.

She—Come in! You must excuse us. I've been up in arms for two days. He—Yes, I heard you had three other beaux. You're up in arms too much.

Yes, Augustus, we believe it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. It is better for the jeweler, and the florist, and the messenger boy.

Man of the House (coldly)—To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit? Collector (with folded document)—To the firm of Allwood & Co.—$7.60. I'm their new collector.

Mistress—I am very much disgusted with you. Servant—What is the matter? What have I done? Mistress—You used the same brush in shining my shoes that you did on your own.

"If it is true that men in a way partake of the nature of what they feed on," said the hungry boarder, "the men in this house certainly ought to be plucky," and once more he sighed as he tackled the inevitable fried liver.

Husband (reading paper)—I see they have arrested some men for shooting birds on the wing. Wife—Serves them right. They should shoot them on the header on the foot. You men have no idea how ugly a spoiled wing looks on a hat.

In a Birmingham (England) hotel there is an announcement that all profane persons will be shown to a room kept purposely for swearers. A drunken man was recently reminded of this rule, and he asked to be taken to the apartment. He was told to go to it by a certain door. It was the door to the street.

Mrs. Tracy's Charity.

The sad death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy and the unselfishness of her last hour, calls to mind an incident which came to my knowledge two years ago through a woman whom she aided. Mrs. Tracy was known to be most conscientiously charitable, but few understood how thoroughly she concealed from her left hand that which her right hand did, and it pained her to hear some one commenting on the lack of real charity displayed by the rich—their deeds of charity costing them nothing inasmuch as no personal sacrifice was involved. The words clung to Mrs. Tracy's mind and she decided that her next act of charity would cost her some trouble. The woman to whom I have above referred was one of Mrs. Tracy's humblest pensioners and at this time she was greatly in need of careful nursing, for her disease was cancer and of a most painful character. Day after day, Mrs. Tracy went on foot to the poor creature's home, cared for her in every way, swept and cleaned her room and saw that she was comfortable, returning to her home with some trifling excuse to account for her absence. Her protege would never have known the cause of so much unselfish kindness, had she not one day remonstrated with her for what seemed needless waste of time and labor. To relieve her mind, Mrs. Tracy told her that it was her only way of really paying her debt to God. Mrs. Tracy's last act of self-sacrificing kindness to her husband, when in the midst of smoke and flames, attests the sincerity of those words.—*Epoch.*

A Reasonable Objection.

Boarder—We are raising a subscription to get a rocking-chair for that poor lodger. Won't you give something?

Landlady—Not much. His room is right over mine.—*Epoch.*