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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Hearth-Fire. I sat and muse before the open fire. And watch the lary flames dance in glee.

"We are the sunbeams, hidden in this tree. Long, long ago. 'Tis thou hast set us free. With pantomime to please thee we desire."

OLD CLOTHES.

"For once I've been made a fool of," said Mr. Pattipan, just before he went out to breakfast one morning.

He put it into the china bowl full of visiting cards that stood on a table in the corner of his wife's parlor as he spoke, kissed her, and took a way to those regions vaguely spoken of as 'looked-at' and Mrs. Pattipan inquired at the counterpane and in order that she might not make some mistake herself for it across the middle before throwing it back into the china bowl.

"Mr. Pattipan never observed sufficiently," she said to herself. "His organs of reflection are large, but his organs of observation are small."

Mrs. Pattipan had studied phrenology in her youth, when it was fashionable to do so, and had a habit of attributing people's virtues or failings to their bumps. Then she went about her household duties, ordered the dinner, scolded the servant, arranged her bureau drawers, and attended to Mr. Pattipan's buttons, and in the middle of this task heard the door-bell ring.

It rang twice without being answered—cook and Sara Jane being in a deep quarrel, occasioned by the reproaches of their mistress—Mrs. Pattipan, having peeped over the balustrade for some seconds, descended the stairs and opened the door herself.

Through the glass she could see that it was only a peddler of some sort, who would be sent away at once, after which she would attend to the culprit behind stairs.

As she opened the door she saw upon the steps without an old-clothes man with a basket of china on his arm.

"A fine old fellow with a benevolent smile, who pushed his basket into the door as an entering wedge, and said very softly and tenderly and with persuasive waves of his hand from the cheek outward."

"But the woman who deliberates with an old-clothes-man at the door is lost. The basket wedged itself further in. 'It will cost nothing to look at dem,' said the old-clothes venter. It will be a bargain and cost nothing."

"Very well," said Mr. Pattipan, "I don't really promise, you know, you never give much for the clothes. I think your acquisitiveness is more largely developed than your benevolence. Seems to me so, looking at you."

"Madame is very good," said the old-clothes-man, waving from him the compliment he fancied he had received. I go in—danks."

He entered the parlor. Mrs. Pattipan rested herself on a chair near the window, and the old-clothes-man exhibited his stock of common wares, at which Mrs. Pattipan looked contemptuously.

Finally regarding her with an acute eye the clothes-man restored all these to his basket, and saying: "No, dese are not to madame's superior taste," put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a little ornament of very beautiful china—a Cupid with a butterfly on its shoulder. 'Zore!' he said, spreading both hands abroad. 'Ow about zis!'

"Well," said Mrs. Pattipan, "this is lovely."

"And zere is no more. 'e come from Paris," said the old-clothes-man. "Oh, ho is sweet," said Mrs. Pattipan. "I'll see what I have."

And upstairs she rushed, and gathering from drawer and closet all the old pantaloons with baggy knees, and all the old coats with frayed cuffs and greasy collars which were in the house, laid them at the feet of the clothes-man.

But now it was the old man's turn to be scolded.

"Zore! Oh, madame, not zere rag for my lofy Cupid from Paris!" he sighed, reproachfully. "Madame vill find som zong else; she vill not expect ze poor old clo'es-man to cheat himself. Madame has some pretty silk dress—a cloak, a shawl—madame vill see."

Madame, who could not give up the idea of possessing the Cupid, now that she had once harbored it, ran upstairs again. She searched her drawers, her wardrobe, but really she had nothing. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had a broche shawl, and that she never wore it. Shawls were out of fashion, and if she hated anything it was a shawl turned into a cloak. The thing would be there in a year, or Aunt Jane would give it to Mr. Pattipan's Aunt Sarah. She would never wear it again, that was morally certain. Why not buy the Cupid with it!

She unfolded the shawl and felt an unusual contempt for it, it looked so old-fashioned. It had cost twenty-five dollars when it was bought, and was as good as ever; but what an ugly thing! Yes, she would do it! She carried it down stairs therefore, and the clothes-man condescended to accept it. However, she also put into his bag the old cloth garments.

"I vill not leave zem about to trouble madame," he said; "I vill oblige her by carrying zem away."

Mrs. Pattipan returned to her parlor to allow her Cupid—certainly a very lovely little being.

"It's a lachme it! It's my ideality and my form," I suppose," she said, becoming phrenological again. "I should have been an artist, having form and color so largely developed."

Then she placed it on the cabinet shelves, and as she retired, a distance to observe the general effect, she saw that the counterpane bill that she had thrown into the china bowl after tearing it across had vanished. The old-clothes-man had taken it up—there could be no doubt of that.

"But he was so acquisitive he could not withstand temptation," said Mrs. Pattipan. "Well, I hope he will not pay it on some poor person, and I don't care if he gets himself into trouble—he deserves it."

At all events she had her lovely Cupid—how much better than an old shawl that she detested! Still, she would not mention the old shawl or the coats to Mr. Pattipan. Since she had made the awful mistake of exchanging his best trousers for a match holder, it was understood between them that old clothes-men were not to be permitted to cross the threshold.

No, she could buy what she pleased, and Mr. Pattipan never thought of asking where it came from. It should go so. But, oh! her lovely Cupid—how she adored it!

At five o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Pattipan returned in very fine spirits. "Well, Ducky," he remarked to Mrs. Pattipan, "I've got a surprise for you. Sain't tell you what it is until I have had dinner. It is a birthday present."

Then he concealed a bundle beneath the sofa. Mrs. Pattipan felt pleased to be remembered. She was as charming as possible during dinner-time, and Mr. Pattipan made her guess what he had brought her; but her guesses were all failures. Not roses—not a book—not his photograph—not a watch—not a ring—not a dress-pattern—not a muff!

"I meant to buy a muff," said Mr. Pattipan, "but this was brought into my office by somebody—quite as though I had asked the spirits to help me, you know. Come along, my dear; I want to see you sail up and down the parlor in it. You are quite a queenly sort of figure, you know, and a shawl—"

"A shawl!" said Mrs. Pattipan. "Ah!" said Mr. Pattipan, who was now unfolding his parcel beside the parlor table, "a shawl! It is a splendid one—a Cashmere or some Indian place of that sort—wonderfully valuable; but, you know, he smuggled it, and so I did it for nothing. For a shawl like that \$15 is nothing—and I knew you were out of shawls. You used to wear them so elegantly in our courting days, and I haven't seen one on you for years."

"Nor on anybody else," Mrs. Pattipan said within herself, but she beamed upon her husband.

"Here it is," said he, hanging it abroad. "Now put it on."

The shawl was not a large one, and as the room was not a large one, and as the row swept into the air it struck the cabinet on that particular spot on which the Cupid was perched. The lovely bit of china danced wildly for a moment, then toppled over and fell to the floor. Nothing remained of it but gleaming fragments as Mrs. Pattipan stooped to pick it up.

"Never mind the gimcrack, Ducky!" remarked her spouse. "I give you that match safe that you hope my best trousers for—hadn't he! Come, try on the shawl!"

Mrs. Pattipan, with a secret wail for

her treasure, obeyed. She turned her back and allowed the drapery to fall over her ample shoulder, and glided as gracefully as possible up and down the room.

"Charming!" said Mr. Pattipan. "You must wear that freely. Don't save it for best. By Jove! I'm glad I bought it. The little old fellow came into my place with the parcel, and blessed me if he wasn't a curiosity! He called me a worthy gentleman, and he wanted to show me a shawl. Well, I couldn't look at it until he told me all about the look of Cashmere where it was made, and asked me to smell the utter of roses; and suddenly says I, 'The very thing for Ducky!' and I had Pringle, the clerk, in and put it on him, and he said he thought it must be genuine, for his grandmother had one just like it—"

"No doubt," said Mrs. Pattipan to herself, "and out came my little fifty-dollar bill and he gave me a five-dollar note, and does it was!"

Mr. Pattipan had reached the end of the parlor and was standing quite still with her back turned. She could not control her features at that moment; she had just recognized her own old broche shawl—the one she had given to the clothes-man! She knew it only too well by the pattern. And there was the little fray darned by her own fingers five years before, when she did occasionally wear the shawl to market.

"Turn about, Ducky," said Mr. Pattipan. "Now, do you know, I haven't seen you so elegant for a long while! We'll go to the opera tonight—comic—and show it off. I know women like to exhibit elegant things when they have 'em—and here is the change the old fellow gave me out of the fifty—five-dollar bill. Take care; it's a n member. You'll want some little fall."

As Mrs. Pattipan came to her husband's side she was aware that she should see the counterpane bill that the old-clothes-man had stolen from the china bowl, and indeed she did; and she could not help believing that some of the very finest phrenological developments must have been hers, for she smiled up into Mr. Pattipan's face and said: "My dear, you are really generous!" and put the worthless bill in her pocket with a little air of coquetry, and actually wore the faded, old-fashioned broche shawl to the theatre that evening, and was happy in it.

But, after all, to have a husband who thinks one a beauty at forty-five, and is anxious to make one happy, compensates for any such little mortifications as that which Mrs. Pattipan experienced when the lady in the seat behind her whirled audibly.

"Well, that shawl must have come out of the Ark,"—*Frederic Compaignon.*

Rain From a Blue Sky. Rain can fall from a cloud as sky. This thin drizzle is in France known as 'serene.' As the atmosphere looks quite clear when it falls, the probability is all in favor of the moisture at a great elevation. In the Island of Mauritius the phenomenon is by no means uncommon during the prevalence of southeast winds, slight showers falling in cloudless evenings when the stars are shining brightly. There the rain is thought to be due to invisible vapor in the upper reaches of the atmosphere, being condensed at once and falling in drops without passing through the intermediate stage of cloud. Sir John C. Ross stated that in the south Atlantic it rained on one occasion for upwards of an hour, while the sky was altogether free from clouds. "The night was clear," says the General with their accustomed brilliancy, when a shower of rain, consisting of large lukewarm drops, fell during six minutes upon the town." A similar view was once observed at Constantine, in Algeria, about noon, the sky being all the time a splendid blue; and in England frequently drops of rain, forming a very slight shower, have even been known to fall when there were no clouds visible except near the horizon. Some believe that these showers are the result of particles of ice formed in the higher regions melting and falling, while others attribute them to currents of warm and cold air traveling in opposite directions, with the result that the latter condenses some of the moisture in the former and causes it to fall.

An Aged Squaw. The mother of Homity, the famous Indian chief, died not long ago at her daughter's home on the Umagata Indian reservation. She is believed to have been the oldest woman in Oregon. Homity, who is the youngest of her offspring, is 73 years old, and it is said first saw the light of day when his mother had arrived at the mature age of 40. If this be true, the woman had attained the surprising age of 113 years at the time of her death.—*East Oregonian.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER. A fellow's mother, and Fred the son, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt by a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has rags and strings, Bags and buttons, and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop to see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care, not much I mean, If a fellow's face is not always clean, And if your trousers are torn at the knee. She can put in a patch that you never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, Not very sorry if you are bad. And I'll tell you this, if you're truly true, She'll always forgive whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes. "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day. A fellow a baby who don't obey."

THE POWER OF TRUTH. It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him vow never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with were assailed by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with candor that forty dinars were sewed up in my garments.

The robber laughed, thinking the boy was jesting. Another asked the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied: "I have told two of you people already that I have 40 dinars sewed up in my clothes."

"And how came you to do this?" "Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "that thou so much of thy mother while I am in prison, at my age, of the duty I owe to God! Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."—*Chicago Herald.*

THE OWL AND THE CAT. The only one of our Northern owls which seems short-sighted is the little Asavian owl. It is more exclusively nocturnal than any other that we have here, seldom, if ever, moving in the day time unless disturbed. When found it can often be taken alive without difficulty. But whether this unweariness is due to defective sight remains to be proved, for those which we have had as pets seem to see perfectly in the daytime, although they did not become lively until night. In all we have had three. One refused all food and was liberated after a few days; the second ate only too willingly and died from devouring a scrap of salted meat; the other was kept for a long time and interesting pet, although this was before my remembrance. He was given the range of the house, and soon became very tame, on good terms with the whole family except the cat.

He was a gentle little creature, quiet in the daytime, but lively at night, when he would sometimes be heard taking to himself the only vocal noise that he made—a soft coo-coo-coo-coo several times repeated. He never was contented to sit on any perch which would cause one foot to be below the other, and whenever he alighted on such a place (as the top of a clock, or a chair-back) he immediately walked sideways up the incline until he stood at the highest point, where his feet could be on a level. He was an acrobat in a small way, for when a small stick was put between his jaws and he lifted by it, he would swing back and forth in water and wider arcs until on some backward swing longer than the others he could throw up his feet and grasp the stick, when he would raise himself into an upright position and look as so date as any owl.

His great delight was to torment the cat. He hectorated the poor beast until as undisturbed nap was something only to be dreamed of, flying down from some high perch with a speed and silence which enabled him to scratch his victim's nose or ears and escape in good season. So sudden were the attacks that the cat got no opportunity of revenge until after the owl had fled and was mounted, when one day he tore off the owl's head. Whether he was satisfied that the bird was killed, or was disgusted to find him only tow and feathers, can never be known; but after that he looked at the owl and the owl looked at him without enmity.—*Forest and Stream.*

A UNIQUE ALPHABET.

It is Tattooed On a Deaf and Dumb Girl's Arm.

A Father's Queer Way of Talking With His Daughter.

"James V. Dorman and daughter, Lodge Pole, Neb.," was written in a bold hand on the register at the Ridge-way House. Mr. Dorman is a tall, well-built man of 60 years, with a long beard strongly tinged with gray. His daughter is about 18 years old. She has a pretty, intelligent face, and the brightest and bluest kind of bright blue eyes.

When Mr. Dorman and his daughter first came to the Ridge-way House, they attracted the attention and curiosity of the guests by their strange behavior. Whether in the parlor or in the dining room Mr. Dorman always sat on the left-hand side of his daughter and tapped her left arm constantly with the fingers of his right hand, as though paying on a typewriter. His fingers skipped nimbly at random from the girl's wrist almost to her shoulder and back again. At intervals he pulled and the girl smiled, and he tapped her head, or else tapped her left arm in the same manner with the fingers of her right hand, the old man closely watching their movement.

The strange actions of the couple were subjects of continual comment and speculation among the guests. Finally some one noticed that the father and daughter were never heard to exchange a word. They always sat quietly when in each other's presence, and were always dressing on the girl's left arm as if it were a piano-forte. The girl kept away from the other guests of her sex, and was never seen in conversation with any one. At the dining table Mr. Dorman gave the orders to the waiters both for himself and his daughter. When Proprietor Butterworth met the young woman on the stairs and said, affably, "Good morning," she never answered the salute. The strange actions of the couple occasioned such widespread comment and curiosity among the guests that finally Proprietor Butterworth approached Mr. Dorman one day, and after a few minutes of general conversation, asked him to explain the cause of his constant tapping on his daughter's arm.

"So you've noticed that, eh?" said Mr. Dorman with a laugh. "Well, that is how I talk to Hattie. She is deaf and dumb."

Mr. Butterworth asked him how he was able to converse with his daughter by simply drumming on her arm. "You'll find it is easy after I tell you," he answered. "You must remember that we came from an obscure part of Nebraska. I settled there with my wife a quarter of a century ago. Eighteen years ago when Hattie was born, there was not a house within a mile of us, nor a city within sixty miles. As the child grew older we discovered that she was deaf and dumb. We were at a loss how to communicate with her. We were far away from a civilized community, and as one we knew was familiar with the sign language of the deaf mutes, so that the baby grew up to be a child before we could devise some scheme to talk to her."

"Finally my wife—hat young a novel idea. She got a clever young fellow who worked for us to tattoo the alphabet on Hattie's arm. The letter 'A' began just above the wrist and the letter 'Z' ended just below the shoulder blade. Hattie was then six years old. In less than a year by this means my wife had taught her the alphabet."

"Then we began to spell our words, touching each letter very slowly with our fingers. As the child learned we became faster, and when Hattie was twelve years old we were able to talk to her as rapidly as a person can spell out words on a typewriter. Hattie, too, learned to answer us by drumming on her tattooed arm. Of course, for several years at first, when we wanted to talk to her, or she to us, she had to roll up the sleeve of her left arm. Gradually her sense of touch became so fine that she knew without looking just where each letter was located, and her mother and I, by constant practice, were enabled to strike these letters with her sleeves rolled down."

Statistics are Funny. A clever hand at figures says: Of twelve thousand vehicles, a quarter of them omnibuses, pass through the Strand in the day, and the narrowness of the street causes each of the 63,000 occupants to waste on an average of three minutes. The total waste of time equals 315,000 hours, the money value of which, at the very moderate rate of one shilling an hour, is £157 per day, or over £47,000 per annum.

An Icelandic Colony in Dakota.

Dakota enthusiasts call the Red River Valley "The Egypt of the Northwest," on account of the alluvial richness of the soil. It is a broad, properly speaking of the soil, as we of the East understand it. It is a land of promise in the rolling prairie, through whose middle the river finds its way to Lake Winnipeg. One-third the entire population of North Dakota is found in the Red River Valley.

Pembina county is in the extreme northern corner of the state. It is one of the most unique districts in the United States. Its northern border is the Manitoba line. Winnipeg is distant only sixty miles from its county seat. The population of Pembina county is roughly estimated at 3,000, the fourth in the respect in the state. Three of its prominent citizens, Canadians, Icelanders and Americans. The Americans are in the majority. In the matter of politics the naturally I. C. Canucks and the Yanks pull together. They give the Icelanders what they some times call the red shawl. But the latter are beginning to assert themselves. As the Scandinavians compel recognition in all county, state and federal offices in the Northwest, the Icelanders are urging their claims. It may be a matter of but a few years when a congressional representative of their own race will represent the Icelanders of North Dakota in the national legislature.

It has only been within the past ten years or so that this class of immigrants began to colonize North Dakota in any extent. There are now about 25,000 of them located along the border in Pembina county. They are churchless, as a rule. They are well educated in their native language, and rapidly acquire a knowledge of English. When the advance guard first arrived they started for the good hills, as the foot hills of the Pembina Mountains are called. They have been going there ever since, and this is where the main colony is located, though there are Icelanders to be found all through the county. Like the Scandinavians, they, as a rule, were very poor when they first arrived. Frugality, ability to withstand the rigorous weather of a Northern fall, winter, and a knowledge of farming and stock raising have been the basis of their prosperity. Many of them have grown comparatively rich in five years, while Americans and Canadians with equal advantages have just made both ends meet.—*Chicago Herald.*

Some Breathing. Dr. Swaine Spicer, in speaking upon "Nasal Obstruction and Mouth Breathing as Factors in the Etiology and Development of the Teeth," says he has been struck with the frequency with which narrow teeth were associated with obstruction of the pharynx and enlarged tonsils, so much so that he had lately at a practice to examine the teeth in all cases of nasal obstruction, and he is convinced that there is a general relation between some cases of enlarged arch, narrow jaws and irregular teeth and nasal obstruction. Normally we should breathe through the nose so as to warm and filter the air inspired, as does the Indian and the West Indian negro, who passes harmless through swamps emitting poisonous miasma. In fact, all animals, savage races, and young infants do so; but a large number of adults of civilized nations breathe through the mouth. The teeth are thereby exposed to a current of air of a much lower temperature than that of the body, which would tend to cause inflammation of the periosteum and pulp of a tooth and be a predisposing cause of caries in other ways. The habit of breathing through the nose, which can be cultivated without difficulty, is a valuable acquisition.

Warm Milk a Cure For Consumption. The fact that consumption can be cured is daily becoming more and more impressed on the mind of the layman. One of the simplest and best methods of fighting this dread malady is the warm-milk treatment, and while undergoing it the patient is advised to go on some form, where he is sure to get it fresh, and when, moreover, he can pass his days in horseback riding. When the entire treatment is undergone recovery from consumption would not only be possible, but would very likely occur, unless the lungs had been too seriously diseased. An outdoor life in pure air, good, wholesome food and plenty of it are the surest cures for the malady, and no one of these features is more important than either of the others.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Looking Backward. He—Alone! She—Yes. I was just allowing my thoughts to run back into my childhood's happy days. He—Are you fond of looking back into the long forgotten past?—Mrs. St. J. Berkley.

The Old White Pine. Far to the north in the trackless wild A grand old pine tree stood, Towering aloft in its majesty. The monarch of the wood. Through all the storms of the countless years It proudly reared its head High o'er the ranks of its kindred near. Where forest fires lay dead. Deep in the heart of the wilderness To mankind all unknown, Side from the ax of the lumberman For ages it had grown. At last one day through the forest came A storm woods-men by the score. Some woodmen from the forest came To mark the light of that day had fled. The monarch's reign was o'er. It proudly reared its head High o'er the ranks of its kindred near. Where forest fires lay dead. To mankind all unknown, Side from the ax of the lumberman For ages it had grown. At last one day through the forest came A storm woods-men by the score. Some woodmen from the forest came To mark the light of that day had fled. The monarch's reign was o'er. Straight to the core of the patriarch The keen-edged blades were sent. And prone to earth with a mighty roar The giant crashing went. Down of the huge wrecker's broken limbs The prostrate trunk was shorn. And to the mill by the rapid stream Its severed lengths were borne. North in the world went the woodland king Bent in a thousand parts. None from its home in the northern wood Cried to the hazy morn. Part went to form a laborer's cot, Part framed a mansion here. And many things for the good of man Came from the old white pine. —*East B. Herald.*

HUMOROUS. Silence is golden; but it is the other fellow's silence that is meant. The switchman's interest in the railroads they represent seems to be flagging. Better be good than great. You'll have less competition. The latter business is overdone. "Poets must suffer before they can write," says a philosopher. After that it is other people who suffer. Judge—How dare you come into court? Take your hat off. Accused—But, Judge, you know I am no stranger here. Mrs. Gizzard: "Here's an article about an organ with fifty stops." Gizzard: "Um! I wish that plans next four had even one!" "You will observe one thing about New York property," said the real estate man—"A front foot is more valuable than a back yard."

Albee—Pa says you have no home, and that it would be foolish for me to give up a good one to marry you. Algermon—But, my dear Albee, I don't ask you to give up your home, I merely ask to share it with you. "Time is money," the sage said in the good old times. And it finds a modern who when we punish petty crimes. When the judge pronounces sentence this is the way to run phrase. The session of the court is ten dollars or ten days.

Why the Admiral Stood. At the theatre the other night it chanced that the orchestra between two of the men played the "Star Spangled Banner," and as the music was turned on one tall and stately old gentleman arose in the midst of the pasquet and continued to stand erect for some minutes. Two pretty young women who sat on either side of him finally began pulling at his coat tails. "Papa! Papa!" they whispered nervously. "What are you standing up for?" "Do you see any one you know?" The old gentleman said not a word, but remained standing as before. "Papa, you are attracting attention," the young ladies whispered again, yet more anxiously. "Still the old gentleman continued in his upright attitude. Finally, when the orchestra had brought the piece to a conclusion, he sat down again. "What were you standing up for, papa?" asked the pretty young women. "Were you looking for somebody?" The old gentleman replied, "My dears," he smiled, "it is in all civilized countries save this the inevitable custom for the whole audience in a theatre to rise to their feet and remain standing while the national anthem is being played. Incidentally to my lifetime of naval service I have become in many lands so accustomed to the observance of this rule of etiquette that I instinctively got upon my legs when the band began the 'Star Spangled Banner.' And, having risen, I thought I might as well have the formality to the end, even although I was the only person in the house who exhibited that mark of patriotic respect. I was not afraid of attracting attention, for a man in my position can afford, if their be occasion, to set the fashion."

The old gentleman's explanation was cut off at this point by some one who leaned over from the row of orchestra chairs immediately behind and addressed him as "Admiral!"—*Washington Star.*

And He Had to Take the Hint. "The roar of the lion is magnificent," said he. "The raw of the oyster is more to my taste," said she.