The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1892. NO. 25.

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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

For larger advertisements a liberal contracts will be made.

The Mastery of Love.

Love was a stranger,
Without leek or lay
He unlocked my bosom
And took my heart from me.
Now my heart is subject
Everywhere I go.
He's your master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

In a few days and weeks,
I'm not in middle of youth,
Love brought me sorrow,
And the salt salt tears.
Oh, Love, come with laughter,
Oh, Love, come with woe,
But let gently with the heart
That you since you so.

The love's wine is fragile,
The love's cup is small,
That you took was little,
But it was my all.
Bear the captive where you will,
To hold state or low,
But be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

—[Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Weekly.

THE SMUGGLERS.

On the French frontier, opposite Spain, stands the town of Quercrac, like a watch-dog guarding the entrance to the valley, and on either side, the mountains which seem to have been packed just here, continue their monotonous way as far as eye can reach.

Quercrac is a very old town containing 6000 inhabitants; in former days it was fortified, isolated and difficult to approach.

Up in the neighboring mountains live a people whose reputation is as doubtful as their nationality—a much mixed race, sea times crossed with Gascons, Basques, Catalans and Bohemians—and their favorite occupation is highway robbery, or smuggling, to say the least. For this reason, as well as because of the situation of the town, the custom-house of Quercrac is one of special importance. Former guards keep continual watch over the narrow valley which forms the only passage between the two countries, there being nothing but lofty peaks and dangerous ravines for many leagues on either side.

Towards the middle of this century, a wind from Africa brought terror and desolation to Italy, Spain and France—Cholera!

The people were filled with consternation. In Quercrac, which was one of the first to be invaded, nothing was to be seen but empty, deserted streets, and houses closed from top to bottom, as if in a state of siege. Those persons who succumbed to the plague received no help nor care, for Pity was the first to die.

If a leper approached a farmhouse, he was greeted with a shower of stones or gunshots, and the dogs were let loose upon him. Among the peasantry, fear was complicated with folly, and the people circulated absurd tales.

"The cholera is not so bad as it seems," said they, "many persons believed to have died of it have in reality been poisoned by enemies—a mouthful of drugged water, a slice of bread sprinkled with arsenic—it does not take much to kill some." Then the people of the valley began to suspect the mountaineers of being responsible for the evil.

"Those Vagabonds up there mean to kill us all," they cried.

Among the custom-house officials the pestilence found twenty victims in a few days' time, and those surviving, stricken with fear, neglected their duty of watching the frontier. One of them only stood to his post, an old sergeant named Valgenod. He was a born hunter, a customs-officer by nature, for he could scent a smuggler three leagues in advance, and a handful of contraband tobacco three leagues away would set him sneezing.

"It would be shameful for an old soldier like me to die of the cholera!" he declared, and night and day he made his rounds as usual, doubled the guards, took the place of those who were struck down by the general foe, and kept one eye unceasingly turned towards the mountains where the miscreants perched, hidden in their eyrie homes. He knew them very well, and a hundred times he had fired on them, when they had been stealing about on dark nights. They could not get the best of him, however, perhaps, there was one he had to watch continually, a gray-beard named Meritas. He and Valgenod had had many a contest of wits together, for Meritas was a smuggler by temperament and tradition, just as Valgenod was a customs-officer; it was his vocation. It was impossible to surprise him, and he had invented so many tricks and strategems that he was the acknowledged leader of the whole band. Away up in the cleft of the mountains he stored his merchandise, tobacco, silks, skins, spirituous liquors and cattle, and by night these goods were brought into France.

"Confound that Valgenod—but for him—ah, but for him!" the smuggler used to say, longingly.

"That villain, Meritas! The day after my death, he by will bring the whole of Madrid into France!" was the officer's indignant exclamation. And the two men respected while they hated one another. The Bohemians had a fine opportunity to enrich themselves during the plague, for sheep, goats and cattle roam unheard for through the meadows, far from the barn yard, and at night they call to each other with long, sad lowing; instinctively, they formed themselves into groups and would have followed anyone who called to them. In the death-stricken villages many houses were left open and deserted, the kettle still hanging from the crane, the table set for the mid-day meal just as the dread specter had found it. Robbers would have nothing to do but to walk into these ownerless homes, and then with well-filled sacks to return to their mountains in all safety; and what matter if some one ventured to interfere with them?—knives are sharp, and who would notice one more corpse among so many dead?

The mountaineers, however, did not stir from their lair. Why was this? Because they, too, were dying.

It seemed, indeed, that they were carried off in greater numbers than the people of the valley, and when the force of the pestilence was subsiding in Quercrac, the vagabonds up there," continued obstinately to die and to be buried. People wondered and admired, for every evening at dusk, three or four wagons followed by mourners came down to the cemetery. These miserable pagans treated their dead with religious respect, instead of casting them into the streams which rushed swiftly through the ravines! The spectators can account when these wagons appeared, and the mourners passed on through empty streets.

One evening about twilight, Sergeant Valgenod, ever on the lookout, saw a wagon drawn by a broken winded mule coming towards the city gates. Behind it walked Meritas and a few of his confederates, singing psalms in their degenerate patois, while the long outline of a coffin could be seen on the wagon. Valgenod drew himself up and signed in military style as the funeral train approached, for the dead are always deserving of respect, whatever the living may have been, and as he passed the custom-house, not Meritas, his eyes red and his face pale, raised his great, gaunt arms towards heaven and sobbed out:

"My wife, my wife!"

"Poor fellow," thought Valgenod, and he lighted his pipe quickly and felt deeply touched.

A short time after a similar procession came down the mountain road, this time there were three coffins on the wagon, and Meritas walked behind. It was night and the lurid light of the torches carried by the attendants cast fantastic shadows upon the walls of the custom-building. The old smuggler tore his hair as he walked, and filled the air with his lamentations.

"My sons, my sons! Give me back my sons!" he cried, hoarsely, while Valgenod raised three times, and the whole post bared their heads out of respect for the father's grief.

This was repeated every evening. Meritas, who was generally the chief mourner, lost in the epidemic not only his wife and sons, but also his daughters, nieces, nephews and cousins. His despair was so great that he had to be supported by his attendants, and one day he besought Valgenod to kill him and end his misery.

"His brain is turned—'tis no wonder," said the officer, who felt his former respect for his old enemy deepening into affection.

This lasted for three weeks, and the people of Quercrac were surprised and dismayed to find that pestilence still raged in the mountains, though it had disappeared from the valley.

One evening three funeral wagons came across the bridge as usual, and one of the mules having gone too near the edge, the wagon lurched from side to side, and the coffin was thrown out at the feet of Sergeant Valgenod. Immediately Meritas and the other mourners spread out their arms like great wings and fled at full speed towards the mountains leaving the officers to gaze thunder-struck, at the coffin, of which the lid had burst open, and instead of a corpse there rolled out four bundles of new cambric carefully labelled.

"To arms!" cried Valgenod, "fire!" and the whole post went in pursuit of the smugglers. Too late, however, and when the other coffins were found on examination to contain the same cargo as the first, Sergeant Valgenod tore his hair in extasy at fate.

But the people of Quercrac were in an ecstacy of joy when they learned that not a single member of the mountain band had died of the plague. The dread visitor had passed away at last, but the smugglers had improved the opportunity and made their fortune.

Sergeant Valgenod gnashed his teeth in rage, and swore that the next arrival from the mountains would be searched, even if it were a skeleton!—[From the French, in Epoch.

Styles of Whiskers.

There is a barber in one of the down town shops who used to be in the army of her majesty Queen Victoria. He was also a barber in the old country, strange as it may seem. They are usually noblemen in disguise when they get here. But this man acknowledges that he was a barber in the kingdom of Great Britain. In one of his talks to a customer he said:

"What a great country this is for mustaches and goatees or imperials! We always know an American in the old country by the way in which he wears his beard, or nearly always. And I must say that the fashion set by the American men in this respect is rapidly gaining in England. Of course with the nobility the style is the short and pointed beard. The Duke of Edinburgh set the fashion, and the style is contagious among our military men, especially those in the navy. You know the style in beards in England used to be the side chops—mutton chops they were most generally called. Well, sir, that is not the proper thing any more. The old men cling to the custom, bless their hearts, but the young men are fast following the American ideas in whiskers. On judges in England are for the most part clean shaven. The barristers for the most part wear the mutton chops. It is seldom one sees a long-whiskered man in any of the professions. When I was in New York I had Mr. Ward McAllister pointed out to me. His style of mustache would not be tolerated one minute in English society, but I was told he is the leader of fashion in New York. The next way to wear a mustache is to comb it over the mouth, then twist the ends or wax them. A mustache is an ornament. The American goatee is not seen on the faces of an English gentleman."—[Chicago Tribune.

Property of Careless Senders.

The Washington Post contains an amusing account of the annual sale of the matter at the Dead Letter Office, which took place this week. It required a closely-printed catalogue of eighty four pages to enumerate the articles that the government was tired of storing. There were 5268 miscellaneous articles, 1224 packages of books, and 381 packages of jewelry sold. The bidding was lively, as no time was allowed bidders to make up their minds, and the sales were spot cash, a collector armed with a cigar box at the end of a long pole raking in the shekels. The buyers were mostly females, of all ages and colors, and the bidding was spirited in the extreme. There were packages of music by the quire, and it was not a Wagnerian crowd, and it went for a song, as it were. One young lady was a heavy bidder for Easter and valentine cards, while the young man who stood near her raised the bids on damaged kid gloves, handkerchiefs and neckties. An aged bachelor, who thought he was buying a rubber coat and two razors, found folded in the coat two neat suits of baby underwear. A package of sixty cigars was knocked down for eighty cents, and a coffin plate, on which was inscribed, "At Rest," went for forty cents.

Domestic Reciprocity.

She (at her desk)—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown.

He—Well, are you ready?

She—Yes.

He—C-o-s-t, cost.

She—Yes.

He—T-o, to.

She—Well?

He—M-e, me—$200, as yet unpaid.

She—You're a wretch.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Way of the World.

The spirits of youth are elastic and soon throw off the burden of grief.

"I've nothing to live for now," sighed the young widow after the funeral; "my life is ended."

Two days later she refused to take the gown made for her by the dressmaker because it wasn't stylish enough.—[New York Press.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO A BIRTHDAY GIRL.

Her eyes are like the violet and
So full of kind and truth;
Her lips are like a pink seashell
Just as the sun shines through it.

Her hair is like the [illegible] grain
In summer's golden [illegible]
And, best of all, her life and
Is [illegible] as a lily, white.

—[Gustav Kadle, in Youth's Companion.

MUSICAL TOUCH.

A lady was showing little Zaidee some pictures of birds, among which was a nightingale. The lady told Zaidee that it was a bird which sang beautifully in the night, adding: "We have no nightingales in this country, as they have in England." "No," replied Zaidee, promptly, "but we have cats that sing in the night. I often hear them."—[New York Advertiser.

THE FIRST DAY'S GIFT.

Not to know how to spell is sometimes very unfortunate for little people, as is shown in the following brief story: A little girl named Susie Snow one day met a fairy, who said to her: "I will make you, as a birthday present, anything that you may ask of me in writing." Susie had long wished for a pony, so she went home, and, borrowing her mamma's pen and paper, wrote: "Dear Fairy, please make me a little horse." The next morning when she awoke she was so hoarse that she could only speak above a whisper, and she never got the pony. Wasn't it a pity that she neglected her spelling book?

THE ALLIGATOR.

Dear Jack: May I introduce to your favorable notice my friend Mr. Kinkajou of South America.

To begin with, he is purely American. He never has been found on the Eastern hemisphere, though certain distant relatives of his make their homes there.

In size the kinkajou resembles a large cat. From his picture you might fancy he belonged to the monkey tribe, but the bear family claim him. His long tail is very useful in climbing from tree to tree, for he can hang or swing by it as easily as any monkey. In captivity he coils it round and round, till it looks like a black mat, and he uses it as a blanket or mattress, whichever he chooses.

His tongue is remarkable in that it is very long. In his native haunts he lives on insects and sweet fruits, and when he finds wild honey he considers himself very lucky indeed. His liking for this dainty has given him another name—"honey bear." In obtaining the honey stored in crevices of rock or hollow trees his long tongue is very useful; in fact, he could not do without it.

His head is round, and his ears are like those of a cat, and, like the cat, his habits are nocturnal. His fur is a tawny-yellow, a trifle darker on the back than underneath.

But, beautiful as he is to look at, he is good as he is beautiful. Though wild caught and tamed he longs for his native land and his free, happy life in the forest, he is a pattern for the most particular. He is not mischievous; he is neat, he is good-tempered, and as loving and affectionate as a child.

One of these really beautiful creatures, owned by a lady, was one night seeking some sweet food of which he was extremely fond. He fancied that it was concealed in some vase on the parlor mantel. Instead of smashing all the bric-a-brac, as a monkey would have done, he took one vase at a time, examined it (with his tongue, I fear), and then set it carefully on the floor. Pictures, too, were examined, being actually taken from the walls and placed gently on the floor beside the vases.

In the morning, when his owner entered the room, she found no more mischief done than an absolutely new arrangement of her choice ornaments and engravings.

Mr. Kinkajou has one rather bad habit which I will touch upon briefly. Sometimes, in the forests, he has been known to snatch mother-birds out of their nests with those deft little claws of his, and drink the contents of their eggs; still, so long as this bad practice is confined to his home, we will not censure him too severely, but think with gratitude of our own lack of fruits both at home and abroad.

For fear all of your congregation will at once send orders for a kinkajou, I must tell you that his home is in Guiana, Venezuela, and the United States of Colombia. Like the monkey, he has always been mentioned to the warm, moist climate of the tropical forests, and he does not long survive a removal to a colder country.—[St. Nicholas.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Enormous Capital is Invested in Their Production.

Little Mining for Gems in the United States.

From the customs import list, after deducting the approximate value of cut stones, other than diamonds, we find, says George F. Kunz in the Engineering and Mining Journal, that import duty was paid on about $120,000,000 worth of cut diamonds in the last 21 years, of which $90,000,000 worth were imported during the last 12 years. In 1888 $10,000,000 worth were imported and about $1,000,000 in 1867, but about $14,000,000 worth in 1888, and in 1889, about $16,000,000, or 10 to 12 times as many as 20 years previous, showing the increase of wealth and the great popularity of the diamond among Americans, the previous figures representing the import prices, exclusive of mounting or dealers' profits, and no account taken of those smuggled.

The probable value of all the diamonds in the world is estimated at over one billion dollars. The entire diamond trade is carried on by some dealers, with a total stock of not far from $100,000,000. These stones are prepared for market by perhaps 4000 cutters and polishers, principally in Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, the Jura Mountains and the United States. A limited amount of cutting is also done in England. About 200 men cut diamonds in the United States. The diamond-cutting industry is developing rapidly in this country. In New York there are sixteen firms engaged in cutting and recutting diamonds, and in Massachusetts there are three. Cutting has also been carried on at times in Pennsylvania and Illinois, but has been discontinued.

Forty million carats of diamonds, weighing over nine tons, have been found in South Africa. In the reach their aggregate value was $250,000,000, which is more than the entire diamond yield of the world during the past two centuries. Of the whole production perhaps 8 per cent are of first water, 12 per cent of the second, and 20 per cent of the third, while the remaining 60 per cent is known as bort.

Up to the present time there has been very little mining for precious stones in the United States, and this only at irregular intervals. It has been carried on during the past few years at Paris, Me.; near Los Cerrillos, N. M.; in Alexander county, N. C., from 1881 until 1888, and on the Missouri river, near Helena, Mont., since the beginning of 1890. True beryls and garnets have been found frequently as a by-product in the mining of mica, especially in Virginia and North Carolina. A very limited number of diamonds have been found in the United States. They are met with in well-defined districts of California, North Carolina, Georgia, and recently in Wisconsin, but up to the present time the discoveries have been rare and purely accidental. As to sapphires, none of the fine blue color have been found. The same fact is true of rubies of fine red color. The only locality which has been at all prolific is the placer ground between Ruby and Eldorado bars, on the Missouri river, 16 miles east of Helena, Mon. Here sapphires are found in glacial auriferous gravels while sluicing for gold, and until now have been considered only a by-product. The colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and interesting, are not the standard blue or red shades popular with the public. The emerald has been mined to some extent at Stony Point, in Alexander county, N. C., and has also been obtained at two other places in the country. Turquoise, which was worked by the Aztecs before the advent of the Spaniards, and since then by the Pueblo Indians, and largely used by them for ornament and as an article of exchange, is now systematically mined near Los Cerrillos, N. M.

An Ingenious Orange Peeler.

A remarkably ingenious and simple orange and lemon peeler is now being introduced by which it is claimed that 1000 oranges may be peeled without soiling finger or glove or losing a drop of juice. The peeler is a piece of wire, nickel-plated, very much in the shape of a button hook, but with a tiny blade let into the inner bend of the hook. When the point of the hook is drawn into the fruit it slides between the rind and the pulp without danger of entering either, while the blade divides the peel easily and rapidly, after which it may be removed without trouble.—[Chicago Herald.

Shooting an Alligator.

The oars were stopped, resting in the water; the skiff half turned, drifting in the sluggish tide; the long beam of the lantern, with its oval disk of dim light resting far out on the surface, swept slowly around over the waters looking for the two lost sights. Ten minutes or more thus passed, and suddenly the two lost sparks gleamed back in a new direction. A gentle, noiseless push on the oars one headed the skiff toward them again. "Doucement!" whispered Paul. His associate, still more gently, guided the boat to the left, till only one light shone from the obscure object in the water. This showed that he had got on its side, as was desired, because a forward shot always glances. Cautiously the silent oarsman again turned his craft to the right. Paul raised his long rifle ready to fire. The disk of the lantern on the water, contracting gradually, grew proportionately more brilliant. As it contracted the solitary light shining back on the water from its centre became larger and brighter, till at last the eye of the great saurian glittered as if he had the "Koh-i-noor" itself in his head. Slowly, silently, nearer the boat moved, till within ten yards of the reptile. The glow of the lantern flashed along the barrel of the rifle for a few seconds; then came the ringing report. The light on the water instantly went out, and the glow of the lantern, now shining in a circle only a few feet in diameter over the place it disappeared, showed only a few foamy bubbles and little whirlpools. Thirty seconds passed in silence; then an immense dark form bounded from the depths below above the surface of the water, and, rolling over on its back, showed the broad, yell-white body of an enormous alligator. The slashtering reptile remained otherwise motionless for a few minutes; then spasmodically stretching and suffoning its ugly legs and feet, and leaping half its length in the air, fell back again, beating the water with its tail in blows sounding as loud as the report of the weapon which had slain him. "Mon ami," mutioned Paul in an accent of quiet triumph. His associate, after a few exclamations of more valuable admiration, rolled another cigarette, and quietly turned his boat off in search of other game. In a few hours of this hunting five alligators were slain.—[The Century.

Rhymeless Words.

There are in the English language a number of words which have always been the despair of would-be poets who desire to put their fanciful or romantic or pathetic ideas into rhyme. When a poet writes with that sublime disregard of rhyme and meter which characterizes Walt Whitman he is not troubled with the limitation of making the end of one line resemble in sound the end of another, but rhyme has about it something so attractive to the ordinary ear, at least in English, that it will probably continue to be in use always. Among the Latin poets of the classical age, on the contrary, a rhyme was deemed a blemish, and we can imagine Horace or Virgil or Martial struggling as hard to avoid a rhyme as some of our poets have to do to find one.

Some of the rhymeless words in English will occur to any one at once. A word, for instance, like "orange" carries its own condemnation for rhyming uses, for the sound is an unusual one, and it is no wonder that it has not been duplicated. "Month" is another obviously hopeless word, and "again" is still another. There are, in all, nineteen words which have been declared unrhymable by competent authority, no less a rhymester than Tom Hood, and the list is as follows: Bilge, chimney, cult, crimson, cusp, cusp, fugue, gulf, have, month, month, oblige, orange, month, scarce, scarf, silver, widow and window.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Home of the Potato.

The world owes Chile a debt of gratitude which will never be paid, for that country is agreed by botanists to be the native home of the white, or round, commonly called "Irish," potato. On the western slopes of the Chilean Andes the potato plant still grows wild in a form so similar to that of the cultivated variety as to be easily recognizable. The cultivation of the plant spread into Peru and New Granada about the time of the European conquest, and into Virginia and North Carolina in the latter half of the sixteenth century, about the same time that it was taken to Europe. The wild potato, however, grows only in Chile. The tubers are about the size of marbles, but have all the taste and characteristics of the cultivated varieties.—[Globe-Democrat.

Saved.

Her heart is the court of love
Wherein I am being tried;
I ask the powers above
That she may become my bride.

Her "no" to me will be death—
All ended is all the strife;
For "yes" with a smile she saith:
The verdict is then "for life."

—[Hilar A. Ellston, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

A slow match—The courtship of a bashful young man.

"Something that should be looked into"—a microscope.

It is the "sweet boy and buy" at the candy shops all the time.

Egotism is a failing which is invariably possessed by the other fellow.

Professor—What is the most necessary tool in plying the vocation of a watchmaker? Bright Pupil—Pliers.

Penelope—Do you see that handsome fellow by the piano? I rejected him once. Perdita—That's nothing. I rejected him twice.

Marriage seems never to much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife.

The Hostess—Let me introduce you to Mr. Rimer, the famous poet, Mr. Dosser. You must be acquainted with his beautiful poems. Mr. Dosser (excited)—Oh, yes. I've wrapped up tons of butter in 'em!

She (at her desk)—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown. He—Well, are you ready? She—Yes. He—C-o-s-t, cost. She—Yes. He—T-o, to. She—Well? He—M-e, me—$200, as yet unpaid. She—You're a wretch.

"She may be well educated, as you say, but she uses very singular expressions." "She does?" "Yes; yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert." "Wasn't that correct?" "Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say musical in speaking of a concert. A concert must be musical." "Must, eh? Well, I've been at some that were not."

How glad I am that last year's come,
Oh, isn't it bright and sunny!
For every single girl I know
Has stocks and stocks of money.

Other People's Privileges.

"The presumptuous nonsense of some people is past endurance," remarked a lady recently in conversation. "I allowed my little girl to spend an afternoon with a friend, and when she returned her little ears had been pierced and a pair of earrings hung in them. I looked upon it as an unwarranted piece of impertinence, and the present of the rings did not reconcile me to it in the least."

"That reminds me," said another lady, "of my experience with mediciners—for I cannot call them anything else. I sent my little daughter out to walk with a friend who, because the child complained of a toothache, took her to a dentist and had two of her baby teeth pulled. When I remonstrated she said she had paid the bill. It was the loss of the teeth and the fact that anybody dare to meddle with my privileges that I regretted. Who could forgive such stupidity?"

Another lady told her story:

"My father sent me a very fine hunting dog, which a friend offered to bring through puppyhood for me. I saw the dog occasionally and he was getting to be a beauty, when one day my friend walked in and handed me, with a very triumphant air, two $10 bills.

"'I sold Jasper,' she said, 'for I knew you would rather have the money than the dog.'

"I informed her, as soon as I could speak, that I wouldn't have taken a hundred dollars for him, or parted with him at any price, and she regarded me as if doubtful of my sanity. She was another of those well-meaning blunderers who arrogate to themselves the rights of their friends."—[Detroit Free Press.

Uses of Paper.

There seems to be practically no limitation to the uses to which paper can be and is applied. To the long list of articles intended for personal use, and in the smaller details of construction of rolling stock, such as wheels, axles, etc., there has been added a more extensive application to the needs of every-day life by the building of a hotel constructed of this material. This novel residence, which has just been finished, and is situated in Hamburg, has been made entirely of paper boards, which, it is said, are as hard as wood, but possess an advantage over the latter material in that they are fire-proof, this desirable end being effected by impregnation with certain chemical solutions.—[Chicago Times.