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Dreams.

When midnight o'er the vanited skies Her jewell'd rate of splender flings, We feel the glance of wistful eyes, We hear the rush of spirit wings; A fair-haired vision comes to me With prattling tongue and witching smile A degrer still, perchance, to thee Of ber who shared thy heart awhile.

Each bath his own dear, treasured form in dreams that to his heart returns, Round whose dead features, still and warm, The faithful beam of memory burns. A mother, father, child or wife. A friend long tried, a maiden's face, Whose passing love once filled his life With something more than unortal grace.

A little shoe, a lock of hair, The picture your dead darling made, The merry laugh, the pensive air At midnight by dead fingers played, All, all of pain or peace or joy; The head with grief, untimely gray, The memory of that wounded boy Who, Christlike, sank beside the way.

A stur, a cloud, a smile, a tear, A still voice, singing through the night A loved one passing wordrous near, so near we almost see the light; These are the dreams, at twilight gray That haunt these troubled hearts of ours; But sterner, fiercer still than they.

-[J. R. Parke, in Detroit Free Press.

THE MILLER'S THIEF.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmley had happened, and Talmley was decidedly uncomfortable about it.

Of course everyboly knew-as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brotherand what the village folk knew was this-the miller, old Harvey Jameson, had been robbed.

"A queer business," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, and telling the circumstance for the liftieth to his neighbor, Farmer Greene, who had dropped in to sympathize with his old friend; "nobody knew I had the money but my daughter Jennie and young Levue, and I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money in a tin box, and I put that muong a lot of other boxes in the cupboard, wairin' till I could go to the bank with it, an' to and behold! when I went to get it out yesterday there wasn't a sough sign of box or money. I can't under-

"Neither can I, neighbor," said Greene, running a brawny hand over his shock of untidy hair; eneither can I. But I do think ve set too much store in that young man ye've taken into your house, an' mebbe ye've mistook him. He's a deal too fine about his clothes an' his hands an' his hair to be too honest, but,' cautiously, as he saw the flush that stole ever Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm talkin' too fast, but it's neighty curious and one don't know what to

"One might try to think nothin' that weren't charitable," said the miller gravely, Man' I don't suspect the lad. It's mor'n I'd like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Levoe didn't have nothin' to do with the stealin' no more'n you or mean' I'd rather people wouldn't kinder

"Tain't in nature not to think it scein' he's a stranger, an' nobody knows what or who he is; an' he has his time ways with him an' talks like a schoolmaster," said Greene stubbornly. "I don't like to see you took in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much afraid you are by that mill hand of

Then Greene held out his land to the miller, who was in deep thought, and bade him good day, and betook himself to his duties on the farm near

But the farmer had left a seed of a seed not found soil to aurture it until its fruit hung heavy on the giant tree which shadowed a friendship or darkened forever a so il immortal?

In Talmley there was but one who had not been born there, and that one was Dick Levoe, the stranger who before to ask for employment.

Jameson wanted a land in the milt, ways," as Greene said.

He was not especially landsome, but he was cheerful, courteous and wills measurable amusement. ing to work, and yet, for all that, showed unmistakable signs of having had no occasion to perform any labor,

let on for a while," thought the miller, on his hair and scanty garments; his ling house, where powerful machines that as tireout said, who else could bare feet were muddy, and altogether have stolen the money?"

He perceived no change in Dick, no able or presentable appearance. confusion, no signs of guilt, but greatly to the good man's consternation be as soon as his mirth could be sup- remarkably well. They are easily dis- the seizure by her cruisers of British discovered samething else. The young pressed, as he aided the miller to his tinguished by their peculiar dark red sealers in Bering sea, showing her man was in love with pretty Jennie, feet.

and she was fully conscious of the

There was a new difficulty, and one which the miller did not care to

He was pondering over it one day three weeks after the robbery, when Galvin of the Hollow called and paid him \$50 which had been due some

"I hear your house isn't a very secure place for money," said Galvin, with a smile, obst I hope nobody will walk off with this while you're

"I'll take care of that," answered the miller, conscious that Dick could hear, "I don't calc'tate on bein' robbed twice by the same person, and I've got over thinkin' everybody I meet is honest. Good day, sir, Much obliged."

Glavin departed and the miller went

Jennie was singing softly as she sewed at a window. Mrs. Jameson was not in, having gone to visit a sick neighbor.

Without a word the old man passed into his chamber and there secreted the money, frowning as he did so.

"I'il send that fellow packin' soon, whether I find him stealin' or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too comfortable a feelin' to know you've got to lock up every dollar you get and not tell anybody where you put it."

He are his supper that evening in silence, Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told about every ache and pain that racked the woman she had been to visit.

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face belonged to a knave and secondrel.

"An' Jennie and him seemed to unstand one another far too well," he soliloguized. "I used to like the lad, but I das lief see my girl care for old bland Jack, the fildler, as this fine gentleman. As Greene says he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've heard the greater the rascal the more genteel, an' I guess Pil load the

He did load his rittle and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he money, but the first one that came for | tin box. dishonest purposes would lose his

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous, oncerning the proximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it further away, declaring he might touch hands. There were the fifty dollars, it in his sleep "an' make the thing go and under them the money of which off" and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you needo't be scared," he told her. "If I touch the gun you can besure it will go off, but I'll not touch it in my sleep. I sleep like an honest man, I

So he went to bed and thought more of his daughter than of the money under the carpet. Hewever, he did think of his money sometimes, and, in fact, his thoughts ran from Jonnie, as the thoughts of the money-lender ran from his ducats to his daughter,

At last he slept, but not too soundly ! dreams visited him, and unpicosant ones they were. Vision after vision alarmed beyond measure to see his unconscious hands go out again and and you'll have to wait a while." again, periiously near sometimes to the loaded rifle.

It was midnight before she slept at all, but then her sleep was profound. It was broken at last, by the strangest and most thrilling of sounds, no less startling than a heavy full and a loud, harsh, reverberating report, as though a cannon had been fired through the

No woman is ever too frightened to doubt behind him; and when has such | scream, and Mrs. Jameson's shricks were loud and shrill as she cowered nmong the bedelothes, and a scrambling in the darkness and muttered words she could not understand did not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the bull without; a stout shoulder sent the had crossed his threshold six months door inward with a crash, and Dick Levoe, who had made this unceremonious entrince, stood there, with a and hired Dick, taking him as a light high above his head, his keen boarder. The young man had ofine eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.

It took him a moment to comprel cul, and then he laughed with im-

The miller, clad but lightly, was sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonhe presented anything but an agree-

"I-I don't know," stammered

His wife, hearing voices, cantiously preped out from under the coverlet. "Hobbers!" she cried shrilly, They have been here again. Have

they shot you, Harvey?"

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said Harvey, "an' I don't think there's been any robbers round. Fact is I've been sleep-walking."

"What !" "I've been walkin' in my sleep, sure as you live," ground the miller. "I'm all wet, so I must have gone out of doors, an' the Lord only knows where I have been or what I've been doin'. I was dreamin' of that fifty dollars"

He broke off and barried to the spot in which he had hidden the money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers,

Harvey," his wife was saying. he didn't hear her. Very blankly he turned to Dick, who had now retreated to the threschold where Jenule was standing, white and startled, but ravishingly pretty.

"Lad," the miller said solemnly, "I believe I've robbed myself. I've heard of such things, and now I believe I've just done that, an' I hain't got a notion where I put the money." "Is it gone?"

clothes, sir, while I go out and try to the crop is heavier than in many follow the tracks you have probably years. Nearly every day brings its left in the garden. Your feet are so muddy I'm sare you must have been there. I'll report in a few moments."

A whispered sentence to Jennie at the door, and Dick was off to don his of Surrey Municipality, went out to and those cheery tones of his employe boots and laugh at the remembrance of the miller's plight. With a lantern he went out into the

rain, and his genvity departed again as under the window of the miller's chamber he discovered deeply indented footprints, which proved that Jameson had emerged like a schoolboy.

The big, bare feet left plain trace: in the soft soil of the garden. Diel followed them on across the road, and found that they ceased at one corner of the mill. Λ loose board had been freshly replaced. He drew it out and "warn't going to lose any more there, in the aperture, found a small

Taking it out, he harried back to flud Jameson, his wife and Jennie up and drossed, waiting for him.

The miller took the box engerly and opened it with scarcely steady he had thought Dick had robbed him.

"Lad," he said turning to his employe, "I've been thinkin' ill of you for the last few days, an' I ask your pardon. If I can ever do you a good turn call on me."

.I take your word, sir," said Dick, cheerfully, going straight to Jennic and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marrying Jennie some day when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not forget what love was to yourself

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, came and faded, and his wife was with a tender glance towards his wife; what a mill hand gets but poor wages.

> "As for that," said Dick, "I think you! I have to look for another min hand, Mr. Jameson, for I have another offer, and intend taking it. I wasn't brought up to labor and was at callege when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands I expected, nothing but my empty, untrained I left the college and fate led hands. me hither. If I have shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest eirl in the world to love me. Now a friend of my father's office me the post of bookkeeper in his bank at a anlary on which Jennie and I can live, I know. I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll forgive you for suspecting that I did if you'll give me Jennie." "What do you say, daughter?",

asked the old man wistfully. -- l love him, father," she whis-

"Then I'll only say, God bless you both!"" said the miller.

How Fortanes Are Made. "One secret of the Chicago packers" great fortunes is simple," said a residon't of that city recently. "They der in his face, the old rifle, which he don't waste anything. Everything is aducated -even Jennie, who hat spent boside him and now unloaded; a win- can't catch that, so it is wasted. Funa year at bourding school, could be dow was open, and through it came a ny thing that they do with the blood. fine sheet of rain; the old man was It is all caught in a great tank, and "Pil just keep my eyes open and not soaking wet and raindrops glistened after it clots is carted of to a stumpare busy stamping it into buttons. Yes, buttons of blood are no novelty It is all done at one stamp of the big "What has happened?" asked Dick dies, and it was found that they wear color."-[Clacianati Times-Star.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN,

Mistress Dot, so neat and fair, Rosy-checked and incoloryed, And dog Trim, with shoger bair, On the floor sit side by side.

There is milk in Dotty's cup-Trim is anxious f r a share, Fearing Dot may drink it up. Leaving not a drop to spare.

Poor Trim gives a longing look, For he fain would queueb his thirst, But, with sir of grave rebuke, Dottie murmurs, "Ladies first."

A PATHETIC STORY,

A young woman who but a sindergarten in New York City during the ummer had a practice of telling the children stories. One day she called for a return of the favor, whereupon small girl began in a whisper: "Once there was a father and mother, and the mother got sick and she said, 'Be good to me, I'm sick. And she kept on being sick, and they died in each other's arms." Certainly, for brevity and brendth, this conic tragedy could hardly have been better put. In these 35 words there are elements enough for a threecolumn tale, - [St. Louis Republic,

Bears are thicker than blackberries "Then you had best put on dry in British Columbia just now, In fact bear story, and sometimes two. The latest comes from Surrey Centre, and it is a good one. Samuel Wade, the 15-year-old son of E. T. Wade, clerk shoot a few brace of grouse while his parents were in the city on a shopping visit. The youngster was armed with an old muzzle-loading army mu-ket, but earried a few slugs in his pocket in case of meeting larger game. Sam had not been long in the bush when a bear and two cubs ran accoss his

Dropping a slug on top of t'e charge of groute shot already in the musket, he took rapid aim, and had the great good inck to instantly kill the old bear. Loading again rapidly, he got a shot at one of the cubs, and put an end to its existence. The other cub ran away, and the young bunter went over to the nearest neighbor's house for assistance. The farmer carried an axe when he went back to the spot with Samue. If re they found the remaining cut sackling its dead mother. It would not leave, and Sam despatched it with the axe. The boy deserves great credit for his pluck in tackling the old bear, single-handed and poorly armed.

On the same day, C. H. Clow, formerly of this city, killed a large bear on his ranch near Survey Centre. -[New Westminster Columbian.

MUST KEEP PERGING AWAY.

Every boy should keep a youl stock of hope on hand, and the determination to carry out whatever he undertakes. Years ago, says Forest and Stream, when Professor O is T. Mason was training the young, and before he had entered upon the comprehensive ethnological studies which have made his mane fatures in the publications of the Smiths mian Institute, he required each of his pupils, at a certain stage of progress in study, to write a letter. One of his coungest boys had constantly failed to a complish this task, and was fluidly told that he must do his duty or be

sent home to his mother, The boy at last said through his tears: "Professor, I can't write a letter, but I think I can write a story. He was allowed to substitute this for the letter, and here is what he wrote. "Wunst ther was a precher and he got onto a ship and he saled and saled and saled and bime by he come near a iland and when he come near the iland a big sterm come no and it blode and blode and blode and the precher and all the peopel on the ship thought they was going to git drownded and a littel bird got blode of the Hand and tried to git out , the ship but evry time he tried to git outo the ship the ship leaned over the other way and the littel bird got left but he didnt set down in the water and ery he just kept peggin away and bring by he lit down into a sale and a sale; went up and got the littel bird out of at some time not far past. He was had struck as he fell, lying harmless made use of but the squeat. They the sale and giv him some bred and water and bime by when the storm blode away the sun come out and the ship come to land and the precher and all the peopel was glad and the bird flude away. Morel-If you dont git what you want first jest you keep peggin away and youl git it bime by.

> Bussia has published a statement of I course to be blameless

RELIGIOUS ZUNIS.

The Fueblo Indian Pays Under All Circumstances.

Everything in His Daily Life Has a Sacred Side.

The Pueblo Indian, says C. F. Lummis in Frank Lesile's, is essentially a religious person. The most trivial of his acts cannot be strlpped of a sacred import. He has even succooded in that most hopeless of tasks -to be at once Christian and pagan-His business affairs and his amusements, his agriculture, his hunting, his dances, his races, his wars-all are under the dual patronage of saint and feticle, and all have their secred side. His prayers are as embless as the wheels of Burmah; and when he has loss for a medium to pray for himand to keep it up beyond the endurance of human breath. His saints hang in tattered cauvas and fading oit upon the a lobe walls of church and home; his particular fetlehes are hidden in the estufa or in secret places of the mountains, and never seen by alien eyes. But all around his towns, In rain-carved guilles, under sheltered found praying themselves day and night, until they succumb to stress of

He is not an idolator in our usual careless applies for of the term. His feticles are not worshipped for themselves; they do not even pretend to be likenesses, but merely to represent, in an occult way, the attributes of the Power for which they stand. He would not think of going to hunt wishout the rule stone image of a Louis Globe-Democrat. coyele-swiftest of runners-in his p u.h. To be thoroughly efficacious it must have an arrow-head lashed to the side, eyes of coral or turquoise, and a heart of ranquoise set in the middle of the belly and holding under It a pinch of the sacred mal. One of the dioleest hunting-featches in my rediretion is a bear made of the preu-Bar striated spar found by the Zanis, and greatly valued by them for ormsmeets and charms. The top of the head, which is black, is as monistakable a counterfeit of the bottom of a deer's hoof as could be carved in and the fetich is particularly designed

for deer-hunting. The automatic prayers are small lead-pencil, with a tuft of feathers stuck into the ground to keep the prayer pointed heavenward. The color of they are chosen vary with the circumstances and the object of the prayer. Eagle's feathers are of great efficiery, and bright-colored plannes from peacocks or gay Mexican birds are highly valued, and are eargely bought from the son hern tribes. So much is color a matter of ones, that traders will sell countless packages of goods that packages remain undisturbed upon up from great depths.

One of the more important of the Brothers, Mustzu-Injena and Ashnier ta. These brothers, who are among the leading figures in all Sauthwestern | deplis - [Unleagn News-Rocord, mythology - Pueblo, Navajo en Apache - were sons of the Su't Father and the Moon Mother. It was theythe aboriginal (win Promethous-who descended to the inner recesses of the earth, where maskind then dwelt in darkness, gave them five and the stone kuife, and at last, after many vici-si tades, brought them out upon the face of the earth through the sacred lagon Co-thlu-e'-lom ne--which lies, necording to the Zuni tradition, in castern Arizona. The brothers are now worshipped as the gods of war. I

A Fight With Pirates.

of once had an adventure wid pirates on the coast of Canton," - sid Captain Ben Archie, a retired shipowner, to the writer, "I was outware bound from Busion in the Sarah Lee and was carrying an assorted cargo of considerable value. I lost two men on the trip out, five were sick and the six left were scarce sufficient to work the ship, much less to fight for her.

"We were working along slowly one day against a light head wind, when three janks well loaded with villalnous-looking freebooters bore down upon us. Their appearance did not worry us much, as we had two brass six-pounders aboard, and I had loaded them myself. Besides the men had side arms and I had a double-barreled ducking gun loaded with buck-

"I waited notil the foremost junk the bow gun upon its crowded decks | - [Cideago Tribune,

I and applied the match. To my surp is It would not fire. I ran the priming fron down into the vent and found that the powder was souking wet. I hurried to the other gun and

found It in the same condition. "We had shipped a coolle cook of few days before and he had spiked my leatery with a cup of water. I caught him just us he was about to leap overboard for a swim to the junks, piaced him at the wheel and ordered him to remain there under pain of death. I disposed my six men around the decks to repel board-

with my big double-barrelled duck gun. The lunks all fell off. "The pirates manonyred, gesticulated and called for an hour; then they tried it again, all three keeping close together. I divided the barrels between two of them and they again no thus to pray in person, he is not at | fell off shricking and jubbering. They did not attack again, but kept along with us. They were evidently waiting for nightfall, when they would make a concerted attack under cover of the darkness. I tell von it was not a pleasant outlook. Just as the sun was going down a British man-of-war hove

ers, and when the foremost jank was

within fif y yards I swept its dras

union jack, but I tell you I was never banks, his lonely tittle peayers may be so glad to see anything in my life, She came down with the wind with every thread of canvas drawing, and the junks took to their heels. They did not start soon chongla. After a short spurt the Britisher opened with her bow chasers. It required only one volley. Then she sailed square through the wreckage and water swarming with fawny bodies and kept on her course, leaving the wretched buccancers to feed the sharks,"-18t.

A Diamond-Studded Meteorite,

An interesting addition has been made to the mineral cabinet at Harvard College in the diamond-hearing meteorite lately discovered in Arizona. It will be remembered that these dismonds were first found by a professor in a cavity of from which he was subjecting to examination. Finding that his cutting tool was arrested by a h rd substance he investigated further and met with several black diamonds and

In order to see whether other portions of the meteorite contained dismonds a piece was suspended in a platinum bowl. The current from a whittled sticks, about the size of a voltaic battery was then sent through the bath from the cage to the bowl bound near the top, the bottom being and the iron dissolved away, leaving a black slime, which, on being washed, showed black and white particles. the feathers and the bird from which The black v to amorphous earbon the white partir quartz, partly dismond. The quartz was dissolved by digesting it over a steam bath with strong hydrofluoric acid. The diamonds were found to cut glass and scratch topaz or sapphire. Damonds are found to occur in old volcanic yours, such as the Kimberley mines of South Africa, which are filled with come in red wrappers, while the blue decomposed intrusive material turown

ly expressed the opinion that since the can see that." to be abundance of diamon is at great

A Troublesome Critic.

sage, to shoot up like a rocket from every other creed. so! Don't read that way !!

melites' wandering in the wilderness and ventured to notice the impresting adut seized his opportunity and snonted outz

"Tain't none o' your tanain'!". Lewiston (Me.y Journal.

Willing to Compromise.

"No," said the young woman, "h can never be! I wish I could have spared you the pain of this refusal,

"D n't say you will 'always be a sister to me," Miss Kerleigh!" howied the disappointed man. "Anything but that.

"No, Mr. Wellaloug," she said gently. "I am hardly old enough for that. But I might be a-a niece or was within 400 yards, when I trained something of that kind, you know.

One square, one month . For larger advertisements liberal con racts will be made.

One square, two insertions

The Chatham Record

RATES

ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion- - \$1.00

God Save Our Land, God save our giorious land, May the Republic stand, God save our Land! Long may her banner be Honor'd on land and sen,

God save our Land God aid Columbia's cause, Ever unhold her laws. Bless than the soil we trend Riess all its sacred dead, That in Thy cause have bled, God save our Land !

Guardian of Liberty, We raise our prayer to Thee, God save our fond! Join in the Anthem grand, God save our Fatherland! Long may our Union stand! God suve our Land! -[A. Met Sement.

HUMOROUS.

Standard works - A flag-maker's. A steady job-Warking a tight.

In Infancy the pathway of life is a fittle twocky.'

It is queer, but a lively bolt often

fearlts to a deadlock. Woman was made after man, but man has been after woman ever since. Most men like to see themselves in

erint, but women don't; they prefer

elik or satia. They have "potato socials" in Kanwas. The name may be from the fact that young folks go there to pure.

of hope you will like my friend, he said. "He is a versatile fellow." "I know I shall," she replied; "I simply adore pacts."

*Named your loy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No. Mrs. Tomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row.

"You're launched again in wolded life!" To chap who'd tu'en a second wife Said one his friendship sharing

"Yes," maswered he in poloted phrase.
"They told me I should mend my way.
And so I tried repairing." off's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Sandgrass, "What

u an with a glass eye ever has a pane Nellie-Mamma, Georgie's swallowed a quarter an' he's chokin'! Geordie's Mamma-Oh, my child, why did you do 1 ? Now I haven't enough

has?' asked Snively, "Whether I

for a car fare. "They say the child books like me." said Gargoyle, displaying his first born, "He dies-a gest deal," replied trianders: "still, I don't think

would drown him on that nee unt." Mrs. Featherleigh-Ms. Skrimpy is paying you a great deal of attention daughter. Danghter (who knows tha Mr. Skrimpy's attentions are confined to frequent calls ; - But he's not pay-

ing it out of his pocketbook, mamma "No, sir," said the young man ir the brown sait, sawe are not quite in the same line of business. The company you work for insures. Mina nesures. Seer Yours Is fire. Mine is life. You represent Insurance. represent assurances." "Certainly, Professor O. W. Huntington recent. assented the man in gray, "Anythody

"Waking" the Dea L

Said a well-known embalmer of this city, speaking of waking the dead In some form is observed by every Albion people often recall the ce race and tribe whether civilized centricities of pions old Peavy. He barbarons. In this country we are was the most faithful churchgoer ever upt to associate wakes with the Catho produced by that rural and semewhat the people, but the sitting up with the tragical town. Very nien was be body after death, and especially due about Scriptural quotations and never ing the night time, from time out or failed, if a preacher garbled a pass mind has been practised by those of

his seat, and burst forth; "Tain't "This custom probably originated when embedding and modernsking One day the pulpit was filled by as were very could and in their infancy. ex-tunner, noted weither for the hon- and the dread of dear friends and este of his deal nor the merit of his relatives at leaving the bodies of their leather. Peavy regarded him with loved ones clone over night, and to disapproval; so, when the nawary prevent any injury to the body watchers selected or appointed, who sat up all night and took turns in looking after the combition of the six ement that for forty years their body. Then the doubt in many peoshoes waxed not old, the eccentric ple's minds that their lifeless ones are not really dead is another reason for the custom," - Philiadelphia Press,

> Returns from California orchard are now coming in, and some of the profits shown are astonishing. Wm Amesbury of Healdsburg, Sonoms county, has fifteen acres in German prunes from five to eight years old-He had this year 90,000 pounds of dried fruit which he sold for \$8000. making a net profit of \$7500. Ar

Wealth from C lifornia Orchards.

orange grove in Riverside of ten acres, of mixed seeding and budded vari eties, was weld for \$30,000 The trees are fourteen years old, and some years the revenue is \$500 per

sere. - | New York Tribune.