Chatham Record.

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Father Time's Favoritism.

Old Father Time three daughters hath;
Two fair, one sad to look upon;
Their names are Life and Love and Death,
When two are lost the other's won.

Old Father Time is hardly fair,
He grudges Love and Life their prime,
He looks with pride on Death; his care
Would ever haste the winter time.

Life laughs at Father Time's cold stare,
Love lights the hearth, despite his frown;
But Death looks on with eager air,
Remembering all his scythe hath mown.

Yet Life and Love will last for aye,
And Death but once can stir the soul;
So live and love 'neath sunny sky,
And scorn stern Father Time's control.

—New York Recorder.

A LEADVILLE JOKE.

Mr. "Al" Lewis is a Washington newspaper writer who has leaped into fame as a graduated cowboy of the wild and woody West. He came unheralded to the National Capital, only a year or two ago, as the correspondent of the Kansas City Times, that paper having discovered the cyclonic character of Lewis' style, while with the revolvers and knives yet in his belt he was practicing law. Soon he made himself felt, over the wires, while at the Press Club he became one of the favorite story-tellers, says the Washington Pathfinder. He was grabbed up by the Chicago Times and since that paper suspended has been throwing off a series of Wild West yarns for the Washington Post that are masterpieces in their way.

In a recent story Mr. Lewis has discovered one Peter Dean, a young Washingtonian, whose friends are "speaking severely of Western humor." According to Lewis it appears that less than a year ago Mr. Dean left the parental roof on R street and plunged into the growing West. On the day of his departure he was twenty-three, not a ripe age. He had studied mining and engineering, and knew in those matters all that science could tell. His purpose in going West was to acquire the practical part of his chosen profession. Peter Dean believed in knowing it all.

Thus it befell that young Peter Dean, on a day last summer, tossed a careless kiss to his companions, and fled away into the heart of the continent. Then his hair was raven black. Yesterday when he returned it was silver white. Western humor had worked the change; therefore the criticism circumscribed.

And Peter Dean tells the tale of the bleaching process, as follows:

"At Leadville I met a person named Thompson; 'Cassy' Thompson he was called by those about him in testimony to his powers as a conversationalist. A barkeeper, who seemed to be the best-informed and most gentlemanly soul in the town, told me that Cassy Thompson was a miner full of practical skill, and that he was just then engaged in sinking a shaft. I might arrange with Cassy and learn the business. At the barkeeper's hint I proposed as much to him.

"'All right,' said Cassy, 'come out to the shaft to-morrow.'

"The next day I was at the place appointed. The shaft was already fifty feet deep. Besides myself and this person Cassy, who was tutor to me, there was a creature named Jim. That made three of us.

"At the suggestion of Cassy, he and I descended into the shaft. Jim was left on the surface. We went down by means of a bucket. Jim unwinding us from a rickety old windlass.

"Once down, Cassy and I, with sledge and drill, perforated a hole in the bottom of the shaft. I held the drill, Cassy wielding the sledge. When the whole met the worshipful taste of my tutor, he put in a dynamite cartridge; connected a long, five-minute fuse therewith, and carefully thumbed it about and packed it in with wet clay. At Cassy's word I was then hauled to the surface by Jim. I added my strength to the windlass; Cassy climbed into the bucket, lighted the fuse, and was then swiftly wound to the surface by Jim and myself. We then dragged the windlass aside, uncovered the mouth of the shaft, and quickly scampered to a distance to be out of harm's reach. At the end of five minutes from the time that Cassy had lighted the fuse, and perhaps three minutes after we had cleared away, the shot exploded with a deafening report. As a result, tons of rock were shot up from the mouth of the shaft full fifty feet in the air. It was all very impressive, and gave me a lesson in the tremendous power of dynamite. I was much pleased, and felt as if I were learning.

"Following the explosion, Cassy and I again repaired to the bottom of the shaft, and after clearing away the the debris and sending it up and out by the bucket, we completed another hole, and were ready for another shot. This was about noon.

"It was at this point that the miscreant, Cassy, began to put into action a plot he had formed against me; and to carry out which the murderer, Jim, lent ready aid. You must remember that I had perfect confidence in these two villains. The story now begins to thicken.

"'I never seed no tenderfoot git along like you do at this business,' said Thompson to me. This was flattery. The criminal, Cassy, was fattening me for sacrifice.

"'Looks like you was born to be a miner,' he went on. 'Now, I'm goin' to let you fire the next shot. Usual, I wouldn't feel justified in allowin' a tenderfoot to fire a shot for plumb three months. But you have a genius for mining; it comes as easy to you as rob'in' a bird's nest. I'd be doin' wrong to hold you back.

"Of course, I felt naturally pleased. To be allowed to fire a dynamite shot on my first visit in a shaft I felt and knew to be an honor. I determined to write home to my friends of this triumph.

"Cassy said he'd put in the shot, and he selected one of giant size. I saw the herculean explosive placed in the hole; then he attached the fuse and thumbed the clay about it as before. He gave me a few last words.

"'After I gets up,' he said, 'an me an' Jim's all ready, you climb into the bucket and light the fuse. Then raise the long yell to me an' Jim, an' we'll yank ye out. But be shore an' light the fuse. Tain't nuthin' more discouragin' than for to wait half an hour outside an' no cattle to git off. Especial when it goes off after you goes back to see what's the matter with her. So, be shore an' light the fuse, an' then me an' Jim'll run you up the second follerin'. This oughter be a great day for you, young man, firin' a shot this away the first six hours you're a miner.'

"Jim and Cassy were at the windlass and yelled:

"'All ready below?'

"I was in the bucket, and at the word scratched a match and lit the fuse. It sputtered with alarming ardor and threw off a shower of sparks.

"'Hoist away,' I called.

"The villains ran me up about ten feet and came to a dead halt. At this crisis they seemed to get into an altercation. They both abandoned the windlass, and I could hear them cursing and threatening and shooting; presumably at each other.

"'I'll have your heart out,' I heard Cassy say.

"My alarm was with an hour. I'd seen one shot go off. Here I was swinging some ten feet over a still heavier charge, and about to be blown into eternity. Meanwhile the caitiffs, on whom my life depended, had abandoned me to settle some accursed feud of their own.

"I cannot tell you of my agony. The fuse was spitting fire like forty devils; the narrow shaft was choked with smoke. I swung there helpless, awaiting death, while the two rascals, Cassy and Jim, were trying to kill each other above. Either from the smoke or the excitement I fainted.

"When I came to myself I was outside the shaft, safe and sound, while Cassy and his disreputable assistant were laughing at their joke. There had been no shot placed in the drill hole; the heartless Cassy had palmed it and carried it with him to the surface.

"At my very natural inquiry, made in a weak voice—for I was still sick and broken—as to what it all meant, they said it was merely a Leadville jest and intended for the initiation of a tenderfoot.

"'It gives 'em nerve,' said Cassy. 'It puts heart into 'em an' does 'em good.'

"As soon as I could walk I severed my relations with Cassy Thompson and his outlaw adherent, Jim. The next morning my hair had turned this milky sort you see. The Leadville people with whom I discussed the crime laughed. That was all the sympathy, all the redress, I got.

"After that I came East without delay. When I leave the District of Columbia again it will not be for Leadville, nor will my next mining connection be formed with such abandoned barbarians as Cassy Thompson and Jim."

Success in Failure.

Mann—I tell you, nothing succeeds like failure.

Dan—Nonsense; you mean "success."

Mann—Not a bit of it. There's a man who has failed nine times in twelve years and now he's a millionaire.—New York World.

Carolina Rice Birds.

The danger to which rice is subjected from the time of planting to the day when the crop is sold are many, but probably the greatest enemy the rice planter has to contend with is the rice bird. It is said that this bird, which is known in different localities as Java sparrow, bobolink, reed bird and other names, destroys from one-fourth to one-third of the Southern rice crop. They are slaughtered in enormous numbers by the scattlers employed and also by sportsmen, but such is their greed that they will hardly fly when a shot kills the companions by their side on the same bush, but will continue to eat until they are themselves slain. This makes a heaven for the sportsmen, and many take advantage of this season to put in a few days' shooting in the rice fields.

This, however, has its drawbacks. In order to get at the birds the hunter must leave the banks and enter the fields, and in doing so he meets with many obstacles. There are bagholes for him to become mired in, or he may fall into an old ditch and have to swim across, and there is the danger of catching malaria, which at this season of the year is particularly dangerous. But reward sweetens labor, and if a couple of sportsmen kill from 500 to 1,000 birds in the course of a day's hunt it is not considered remarkable. When, however, what is left of the crop, after the frost, freshets and rice birds have had a turn at it, is sacked into the barnyard to cure, it then falls prey to an enemy second, only to the rice bird—the black bird then appears. These ravenous birds will settle upon the stacks in great numbers, and as the sheaves are stacked with the head, that which contains the rice outward, they have no difficulty in appeasing their hunger, and oftentimes even a gunshot within a few feet will fail to drive them away. Sportsmen stand at one end of the long row, and, supporting their pieces on the end stack, will fire along the line, and more than 200 have been known to be killed at a single discharge.—Philadelphia Times.

Wooden Yarns.

Wooden yarns were unknown up to a few months ago. Now they are being utilized in several classes of goods. They are not entirely composed of wood, about half their composition being wood. Wood pulp, glue, borax, litharge, tallow and one or two other ingredients are well agitated and dissolved, the mixture being then run through holes and drawn into strands, which are rolled, dried and polished. They may then be interwoven with wool yarns or bronzed and given a metallic nature, and can be knitted or woven into goods which have the appearance of fabrics made from the usual fibres.

Some of the wooden threads have been bronzed and worked into fancy patterns with good results. Tannic acid is largely used in bronzing, also a solution of permanganate of potash. A bath of cachou is employed in the finishing. The bronzed pulp yarns are glossy and attractive. They look well in designs. So cheaply are the wood-pulp yarns made and so well are they introduced into the goods that it is not easy to detect them. They are flexible, like wool, smooth, uniform, elastic and otherwise much like fibre yarns. But they have no felting power. They can be pulled apart abruptly.

If the presence of the yarns is suspected a thread should be removed and an attempt made to pull it apart. That is, try to break it, pulling gradually and with sufficient force to separate it. If wooden, the ends will break off short; if wool or other fibre the ends will separate irregularly.—American Cultivator.

Want California Bugs.

Quarantine officer Craw received a letter from Charles Curry, Under Secretary of Agriculture at Cape Town, Africa, asking for a shipment of California lady birds. Last year a colony was sent to South Africa and they thrived rapidly. As the bugs rid the orchards of pests they moved into the interior and all track of them has been lost. Now the orchards are again infected and the Secretary of Agriculture wants another shipment sent.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was a visitor at the rooms of the State Board of Horticulture recently. Her orchard at Apia is badly infected with scale, and Mrs. Stevenson wanted a colony of lady birds sent on to see if they would work successfully there. She said from her latest advices that if something was not done promptly her entire plantation would be destroyed. The lady birds will be shipped on the next steamer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WANTING THE SAME.

Oh, what a clear, cold, sparkling day I caught
Did you know that you were mine?
Like let your very will!

Now a breath in silence heard,
Just a wing of dove,
But the sweetness, summoning
Peoples, I delivers.

How much does one love weigh?
Bring the scales and round
Pack the little Maiden in
And leave it on one side all!

New Lippincott's Monthly.

A SOLID AND PROFITABLE DOG.

Rover was not only a large dog, who was courteous, so faithful, so intelligent, and so active in affairs that he was considered the champion of the town.

He could thresh any dog round about, and always did it when it was necessary.

But he was extremely kind and benevolent. He showed great kindness to tramp dogs, and protected many a wretched little cur about town from being quickly cut of the town in good condition.

One day he brought a specially bad specimen home with him. He came into the house and into the dining room, where the family were at dinner, the wretched little tramp dog at his heels.

He looked up at his master, wagging his tail, as if to say something to eat. A plate of food was set down, and the little dog attacked it ravenously. Brown seemed to think that was all right. He did not offer to touch the food. When the little dog was through he asked for another plateful and had his own dinner.

He kept the little dog for quite awhile, always permitting him to eat first. At night he took the dog into his kennel, home it sleeping outside.

He was not at all intimate with the dog, but treated him as a visitor, not at any time as a friend. The tramp finally went on his way, strong and well, and as plump and sleek as any dog need be. What was said between these two dogs, both at meeting and parting, we do not know.—New York Press.

NEVERTHELESS.

Tessie and Bessie were getting ready for a garden party. It was to be a very small party, for they had only invited Bertha and Harold May, next door.

Tessie spread a tablecloth on the bed, that stood under the great oak, and Bessie set on the sandwiches and chicken and grandma's pretty china. Bessie put a saucerful of big, red raspberries by Bertha's plate, and Tessie set another beside Harold's. Then they ran to the raspberry patch again, to fill two saucers for themselves.

"Why, my horse!" said Tessie when they came back to the table; "somebody has been stealing Harold's berries!"

"Who can it be?" said Bessie.

"Well, there are plenty more raspberries in the patch, that is one good thing! And we have only to run and pick them."

They hurried away to fill the saucer once more, at the same time keeping watch of the table. Nobody seemed to go near it, yet when they came back again they found Bertha's plate was almost empty.

"Now, that's mean!" cried Bessie. "Say, Tessie, let's hide and watch, and when we catch the thief we'll offer him some raspberries and eat very politely; then won't he be 'shamed?"

So they crouched down behind the currant-bushes, whispering and peeping. They had not waited long before they saw the thief running softly towards the table.

A boy? No. A girl? No. It was the cutest little squirrel that you ever saw.

How Tessie and Bessie did laugh!—Youth's Companion.

Potatoes as Horse Feed.

In the first issue of the Planter we gave the experience of W. G. Hinson of James island in reference to feeding horses and mules on potatoes. We since found two farmers, J. C. Lampley of Darlington county and W. D. Harriss of Florence county, who are utilizing their potatoes in the same way. These gentlemen are not doing it from necessity.

According to the estimate of Colonel T. W. Woodward of Fairfield it takes three bushels of potatoes to equal in nutriment one bushel of corn, but even if it took four the cost of feeding on the potatoes would be far less. It is well known that a dry summer is favorable to potatoes and just the opposite for corn, and this fact ought to be sufficient to induce every farmer to plant them more largely.—Carolina Planter.

DIAMOND DIGGING.

South African Mines Worked by Native Laborers.

Guarding Against the Theft of Precious Stones.

"The South African diamond mines are worked almost entirely by native laborers—the Kaffirs, Zulus, and Hottentots—and the men hold a diamond in contempt. These receive good wages, about $25 per month, and are hired for a term of three months. During this period they are confined in compounds located on the edge of the mines. The compounds consist of massive buildings of corrugated iron, forming a hollow square, surrounded by a long board fence and covering several acres of ground. Within the central structure, a large plain building, houses and entertains visitors. Wood and water are furnished free, but no alcoholic liquors are allowed. During their term of service the natives are not allowed to have any communication with the outside world, and are under a guard of close personal supervision in order to prevent the theft of diamonds. When they come out from the mine shaft they are carefully searched, and many ingenious methods are adopted to reduce the loss from this source to a minimum.

"Notwithstanding all that is done, however, the theft of diamonds still continues. It is estimated that from 15 to 20 per cent of the diamonds found are stolen every year. Do what it is to prevent this a very stringent law was passed providing that all rough diamonds should be registered with the detective bureau of the Government as soon as they were found, and that every man who sold a diamond must deal with it a certificate of registry.

"The penalty for having an unregistered rough diamond in your possession, or the mere fact of possession, proves there evidence that will secure conviction. So it happens that if one laborer wants to do up another he manages to slip a rough diamond into the other laborer's coat, or into his room, and then tell the police to keep a sharp lookout. Of course the police make a search, the contraband stone is found, and the man is in for a term of seven years. A great many unpaid debts have unquestionably been secured in this way, but despite the opposition to the law, the company is powerful enough to keep it in force.

"There are other diamond fields outside of the Kimberley district, but they are difficult of access and so remain explored by the natives working on their own account. The total product is not large and the work is very arduous, the diggers being mostly men who have been thrown out of work by the consolidation of the mines, being subjected to one year's imprisonment and the subsequent restrictions and obstructions. The latter, by the way, have had a considerable effect upon the prosperity of Kimberley itself. As late as four years ago Kimberley had a population of 25,000 or 30,000 people. It was fashionable for a great city and expected for a time a big boom.

"Fine brick blocks and residences were built, hotels and theatres and water works and everything pertaining to a modern city. Now a good third of these place are empty and Kimberley is a dead and a New England town that is dependent upon a single mill. All the supplies and machinery for the mines are now brought, of course, by a single company, so that more than two-thirds of the business of the town is gone. There is nothing there to sustain a town except the mines, and with the opening up of the gold fields much of the population moved on north to Johannesburg."

A New Kind of Caterpillar.

A new kind of caterpillar appeared in Bismarck, North Dakota, and the region thereabouts recently, and proceeded to devour the shade trees of Ulmus, after the manner of the pests that have lately afflicted the city and its vicinity. Some one noticed that the worm had spun a covering of unusually strong texture, and a specimen was sent to a friend in the East who owns a silk-weaving mill. The silk weaver reported to the Bismarck man that the thread in the cocoon was almost as strong as silk, and of similar texture, and that if he had a handful of cocoons he would make a handkerchief from them. Specimens of the worm and cocoons have been sent to Washington for the report of the government experts, and the North Dakotans are thinking that perhaps what they took to be a pest is a valuable gift from nature.—New York Sun.

An Old Boy's Costly Fun.

Magistrate Harrison is laughing heartily over a case that was adjusted before him the other day. A wagon loaded with mineral water pulled up to the curbstone in front of a hotel while the driver went lost word, and the driver proceeded to unload his wagon by tossing the jugs one at a time to a colored youth who stood on the opposite side of the curbstone, ready to catch all that came his way.

While things were moving merrily, an old man who occupies a house next door stepped out of his door, threw a brick as straight as a bullet and broke one of the jugs while it was in transit from the driver to the colored boy. He darted back into his own domicile before the driver could recover himself enough to make a protest. A few minutes later another jug was smashed, and again the old man disappeared with a merry laugh. This one fetched up until about a dozen jugs had been smashed, when the angry proprietor managed to spoil the fun by making the old man's arrest on the charge of malicious mischief.

When Judge Harrison read the complaint he fined the old man $10 and costs, which he did with a smile. In response to a request he told the astonished man that the broken and willing to pay for the amusement he had done, and said: "I was there just like you, and I know in my own heart that I would have thrown broken at them when I was a boy only twenty years ago. I just wanted to see how it seemed to be a man, and I couldn't help myself." The explanation was satisfactory, and after settling the old fellow went away still laughing heartily.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fighting the Fire for 10 Years.

The Commissioners appointed by the local government to inquire into the "history, cause and effect" of the coal mine fire of Pocahontas county have just finished taking evidence. The work of the Commission was directed mainly to an investigation of the condition of the Powell pit. This mine has been on fire in one place or another since the 16th and it is burning yet. Explosions after explosions have occurred and many men have been killed. When fire broke out in one place the miners would retreat to another, taking a new shaft. To avoid the fire on upper levels, a shaft was sunk and coal taken out on the level from very near the fire. Soon fire on some lower level and the miners retreated to a new shaft. Now the miners could be induced to approach the fire, and to splendid coal which had previously abandoned, miners claimed, have been taken out. The Commission, which was appointed by the Governor, will report to the Legislature that the Powell pit.—Baltimore Herald.

A New Opening for the Blind.

As Japan comes more closely in touch with the rest of the world many of its customs are being adopted. Indeed, the art of massage is widely practiced, and almost exclusively in the hands of the blind. It is a very lucrative profession, and the most faithful operators earn large sums every year. The reason for its being a profession peculiarly adapted to the blind is clearly understandable. Every one knows that when one's sight fails the nerves of touch are the first and most conspicuous gifts of others. So with people deprived of sight the sense of touch becomes wonderfully developed.

The blind in a small number of St. Petersburg and other Continental cities have not been able to escape the ban, and the number of the blind who have resorted to suicide is growing. The head of that profession in the Russian capital is totally blind, and he is a Latin scholar of parts, versed in modern lore, in the mysteries of medicine, and yet he is deprived of sight.

Invaded by Rats.

A unique exception of a house to let is reported at Deering for the benefit of Mr. Evening Journal. The family of a Mrs. Sawyer had heard queer noises in the walls, and occasionally saw a rat which had taken up a residence, and the other day they decided on an investigation. A hole found under the stairs was stopped up, and at once the rats became to appear. Through the ventilator into the bathroom and into the cellar they swarmed, sixty dozens being killed in one night. About 200 have been killed, a half dozen being found drowned in a basin of water.

The apple crop in southwestern Missouri, southeastern Kansas and northwestern Arkansas is the largest and best ever grown.

O, Moonlight.

O, moonlight, sweet moonlight,
When I stand at my chamber door,
O, moonlight, sweet moonlight,
Watch from the lone lake
Send her unto my heart!
Would her, my love, my!
Would her my comfort.

How my heart shrinks with fear,
Lonely is my chamber door,
Lonely and sad, unless
Nestle sweet moonlight
Our wounded love and bliss
For happiness perfect to
A [illegible] my little one!
And [illegible] Darling!

JAMES THOMSON.

HUMOROUS.

"What was the outcome of your affair with Miss Crœsus, Charlie?" "An income of $20,000 a year."

First commoner—Why do you speak of that man as the "Pauper?" Second commoner—Because it's a rule in Congress. When a man is in favor, we call him a Congressman; if they flatter him—So that they are working you.

The Young Lady—"I wonder if I can get no more than what I get to pay eight." Young Man—"You will be [illegible]."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "spell gallon." Johnny—"I don't know how to spell gallon." Teacher—"Why, you know his father was in the saloon business." Johnny—"Oh, I know how to spell it now."

Mr. Newly—What would you do if I kissed you? Miss Giddy—I'd see if I could find some other fellow who is willing to marry you.

Applicant—You never heard of women concerts, sir, with their complaints, do you? Horn—Not often; but when it does happen they take the cowhide to me.

"Sorry I can never be, Miss, I can promise you, a more acquaintance than this. Then accept my offer of marriage. It will drift into mere acquaintanceship too soon."

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the arctic regions?" asked an inquisitive man. "Getting warm," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

"I think," said the unsophisticated man, "that Congress must be quite a power in city politics. I was passing by a place yesterday, and I noticed in big letters the word 'gall' on his door."

[illegible]

Mr. Jones—"Is it possible that you are making this? Why, you are making your bed." Mrs. Kelly—"Lor', mum, the dirt wouldn't be brown to it."

"A mortal can never tell what he's done to be hung for until he dies," said the specialist. "No," replied the man with a [illegible] in his eye, "especially if he happens to be hanging to a lamp-post."

Jones—"Is chicken as tender as fourteen years ago?" Smith—"Yes, and I can tell you it's just as tough." Jones—"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Smith—" Smith—"Exactly!"

Workman Bee—"A million! Why, I'm worth a million!" Queen Bee—"What did you do?" Workman Bee—"Dunno, I'm one of those who happened to be around at the time gave away a few points."

"Sunset warned all he knows," said the poet of the almost infinite profundity, "is fear is sunset." "Yes," replied the critic of modesty, "but think of the hundred or thousand will take long to pass it."

Sam—"I wouldn't be surprised if the price of shoes went down next year, dear." Ella—"Why?" "That won't make any difference. By that time they will have learn how to make more expensive bicycle costumes."

"There, finish your portrait, Mrs. Gotrich," said the artist. "All but the coloring of the face." "And why can you not finish that?" "I wanted to hear from you as to whether you preferred me to have you look healthy or merely interesting."

"Young man," said the prison chaplain to the convict, "do you realize that you have blighted your brilliant prospects, thrown away your life and willfully disgraced your family name?" "Oh, no! not that!" said the prisoner stoutly. "I could don't do it; my family name is Smith."

Worth a Contest.

Caller—I wish to contest my uncle's will.

Lawyer—Is the estate worth it?

Caller—He left $100,000.

Lawyer—Let me see. That's fifty thousand for me, and fifty thousand for the lawyer on the other side. Yes, it's worth it.—New York Weekly.