

Chatham Record.
H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
\$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVIII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., APRIL 2, 1896.

NO. 32.

Chatham Record.
RATES
OF
ADVERTISING
One square, one insertion - \$1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 4.00
For larger advertisements liberal con-
cesses will be made.

Growth.
Blow winds, your rage but shakes the tree
And roots it sure in its place!
Scatter your rain, ye clouds, and free
The buds that wait your frowning grace!
Roll down, Oriver, to the sea
And widen in your onward race!
Peace through a sunny span may keep
His garden in some quiet gloom,
Whit others seek for him and reap
And tend his flocks on moor and fen;
The flowers of Peace are death and sleep;
The storm of living makes us men.
Ah, joy it is to win the goal
By tireless work and dauntless will,
Yet may the life be oiled and whole
From clouded hopes, and loss, and ill,
Our battle toils upbraid the soul,
And failure so is victory still.
—A. St. John Adeock.

Sarah Barton's Pension
BY ANDREW DOWNING.
It is not believed that patriotism alone prompted Henry Barton in 1862 to enlist in an Illinois regiment. In fact it is recalled by some of the neighbors that he and his wife Sarah did not "get along well" together about those days.
The cause of contention—if such there was—is not known, save that it might be summed up, perhaps, in the word "incompatibility," a mysterious something which often drapes very thinly a closeted domestic skeleton.
For he was an ignorant, selfish man, much given to senseless jealousy. And Sarah was the very opposite in character, being patient, discreet and womanly. Moreover, she was well educated, and the marriage would seem to have been ill-assorted. But I will tell the story and permit the reader to draw his own conclusions.
The man enlisted. The little wife, with tearful eyes and a heavy heart, bade him good-by, and he was soon at the front. Left alone, with two small children, and an eighty-acre farm to care for, and with rather slender means at her command, it is no wonder that she thought to herself that her service would be the harder of the two. But she was plucky and resolute, and would do her best.
The soldier was sparing of letters to his family. Sometimes weeks and even months marked the intervals of their coming. And very little money was enclosed in them.
In July, 1863, the regiment was at Nashville. Mrs. Barton had received no letter from her husband for nearly three months; but one morning the news came through a neighbor—home on furlough from the same post—that Barton was sick in the hospital at that place. About a month later she received notice from the hospital surgeon that the husband was dead and had been buried in the Nashville cemetery.
But Barton was not dead. In truth he had been very sick with typhoid fever, then convalescent, and finally was ordered to report to his captain for duty the following morning.
He did not sleep well that night, but lay awake for hours poring over a card giving his name, Henry Barton, his company and regiment, and the nature of his sickness. This rule was generally observed. The coils were close together, there was just room enough to allow the attendants to pass between them. Barton was in the "typhoid fever" ward, as it was called.

could prove unfavorable to the venture was that the nurse, who had waited upon both patients, might detect it. But he was aware that the hospital was crowded and the attendants overworked; that the dead soldier would be buried, probably, that day without being seen by any one who had known either of them—and he was willing to take the risk. He realized, too, beyond a doubt, that being officially dead nobody would pursue and arrest him as a deserter; and further, if they arrested him as the Pennsylvanian he could not be identified as that individual. He made no misadventure in the matter, and was soon hundreds of miles away.
Years afterwards Mrs. Barton filed a claim for pension as the widow of Henry Barton, submitting the usual evidence to substantiate it. In due course of time the pension was granted at the rate of twelve dollars per month for herself and two dollars per month for each of her children, with arrears, at the same rate, from the date of the soldier's death. This allowance placed her in very comfortable circumstances. She was enabled to lift the mortgage that was on the farm, and deposit, besides, quite a goodly sum in the bank against the "rainy day" we have all heard about.
Meantime another very worthy little woman in one of the valleys of the Allegheny Range, in Pennsylvania—and whose husband also had been a soldier—did not fare so well. Believing herself to be a widow she, too, applied for a pension; but her claim was speedily rejected on the ground that record evidence in the Pension Bureau showed that the soldier deserted from the army in August, 1863, while an inmate of the Nashville hospital.
When her grief was yet new Mrs. Barton had resolved that she would have the body of her husband buried in Illinois as soon as her means would allow it. But the lapse of years and the cares of her daily life made his memory nebulous and dim whenever it happened to rise before her and the idea of a re-interment was abandoned. She reasoned that the expense would be great, and that it would do no good; he was dead, and many others who were even better husbands and soldiers than he were sleeping in Southern graves until the resurrection morning. She would not disturb him.

Smallest Dog Dead.
Probably the most novel funeral ever seen in New Jersey occurred in Rahway on Sunday afternoon. The corpse was that of a dog, said to be the smallest of its kind in America, if not in the world. Victoria was a pure black and tan terrier. Her history is interesting. About fifteen years ago Mrs. Garbonetti, of Rahway, who was at that time a performer in Barnum's circus, was engaged in a tour of England with the show. She was exceptionally clever in handling horses, and she frequently received presents from her admirers. One day in Manchester a man sent his compliments to the fair rider, accompanied by a basket which contained the smallest mite of caninity she had ever beheld. The dog accompanied her on her travels all over the world, and though it never grew to robust size, it was always healthy and she became sincerely attached to her pet.
In course of time Mrs. Garbonetti left the sawdust ring and settled down in Rahway. Last summer she was thrown from a buggy and killed, and her husband, who is a farmer near Rahway, presented the dog to Miss Mary McCann, who was with Mrs. Garbonetti when she met with the accident. Victoria was about six inches long, and her head was less than four inches from the ground. She weighed about eight ounces when in good condition. She was not capable of learning many tricks, but after years of patient training her mistress succeeded in teaching her to sit up on her haunches and sneeze. The latter accomplishment, it is said, was responsible for her sudden death, and she sneezed so much that asthma set in, and after an illness of less than an hour she died. As a mark of regard for the departed canine, Mrs. McCann had made a miniature coffin, which was covered with embossed plush.
The coffin was nine inches long, five wide and four high and Victoria was arranged in it as if she was taking her duty nap behind the stove. Before the body was committed to the grave an amateur photographer was called in and several pictures were taken of the animal. The dog was buried in Miss McCann's garden, and the bereaved woman says a monument will some day mark the resting place of her departed friend.
—Buffalo Express.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
BROTHERS.
Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play;
Fast is the world and the weary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowled is each little head;
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.
Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then when they end their chatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo,
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops every head,
Three little mounds are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.
That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest.
Nodding and almost dozing,
Drowsily each little head,
Still is forever sobbing
Merely to keep out of bed.
—Chicago Post.

HOW SPONGES GROW.
Sponges grow in the bottom of the sea. And are made of the bones of animals. Some sponges have beautiful forms some are like a top, cup, ball and we have a piece in school like a small branch of a tree. Men stand in boats and they have buoys tied around their waist, then they go down to the bottom of the sea. They take long spears and eat the sponge off the rocks. When the men came up from the sea they put the sponge in their arms or in the bags.
When the men bring the sponges up from the sea they are all covered with soft jelly which covers the horny fibers. The colors of them are red, yellow, and green. The men can only stay down in the water for a few minutes. And they can only dive down about sixty feet. When the sponges are alive they form a little colony of tiny animals, then appears a small yellow egg swimming in the water and it is a real egg.
Then a tiny animal and a number of them look like a mass of jelly, then are openings made in it to let in some food.
For a long time people used to think that they were plants, but now people know that they are made of the bones from animals. —New York Mail and Express.

NEARLY WIPED OUT.
Existence of the Few Surviving
Buffaloes Threatened.
Bringing the Yellowstone Park
Animals to Washington.
The scientists of Washington are much alarmed at the possible extinction of the buffalo. Mr. Langley the head of the Smithsonian Institute, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, does not think that there are as many as 100 buffaloes left in the United States. There are a few herds in the National park, and a small herd at Philadelphia. Austin Corbin, the New York millionaire, has several, and it may be that there are some small scattering herds in different parts of the west. Of these, however, the Smithsonian Institution has no record, and such exist are probably half-breeds. The only pure buffaloes outside of the above are those of the Yellowstone park, which two years ago numbered about 200 head, and which are now reduced to fifty. Mr. Langley has just received letters stating that ten of these animals have been killed within the past four months, and that the others are in danger. The chances are that they will last only a short time, and Congress has been notified that if something is not done at once this wonderful animal will disappear from the face of the earth. There are no other buffaloes on the earth but these. The small herds of the East cannot be made to perpetuate the buffalo without interbreeding, which will deteriorate the species, and its only salvation is the bringing of these from the Yellowstone Park to some point where they can be carefully watched and cared for.
It is Mr. Langley's idea that they should be brought to Washington and put in the National zoological park here. The main purpose of purchasing this park was for the protection of such things as the buffalo and other American animals. It is not to be a good buffalo park, and if these buffaloes can be put in it, they will serve as a nucleus for the raising of buffaloes, which can be supplied to the different zoological gardens of the United States and furnish to zoologists of them over the country, by which the species can be perpetuated. Professor Goode, the head of the National museum, says that we ought to have at least 100 buffaloes in order to maintain the species, and that there should be herds in different sections of the country, the animals of which might be interchanged to prevent the deterioration which the interbreeding of a single colony would certainly produce.
One of the largest buffaloes ever known was shot by Mr. Hornaday. It is now preserved in the National Museum. It is five feet, eight inches high at the shoulders, and ten feet two inches long from nose to tail. Many buffaloes weigh over sixteen hundred pounds. The natural life of the animal is about twenty-five years. The cows usually breed once a year and begin breeding at the age of two years. The buffalo calf at birth is covered with red hair. This hair changes after a time to brown and then black. The hair on the head of a buffalo is very long. Many a woman, in fact, would be glad to have as long hair as that of one of the stuffed buffaloes in the National museum, which measures, I am told, twenty-two inches. The buffalo cows weigh less than the bulls, a good fat one weighing from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. They have small udders, but their milk is very rich. It requires, in fact, the milk of two cows to satisfy one buffalo calf. The best time to look at a buffalo is in the fall or winter. In the summer he is as ragged, ugly and dirty as any animal on earth. He sheds his hair every year, beginning about February. The hair comes off a little at a time. It often hangs in bunches to his back skin, and he will fight you if you touch it. He is troubled by the flies at this time, but he goes off to the nearest mud hole and rolls in it until he has plastered his body with mud. If the hole is not deep enough he will dig it out with his horns and head, and will then get in and roll over until his entire body is coated. He carries such coats of mud throughout the summer, and about the first of October he comes out with a full suit of beautiful black hair, which thickens as winter approaches, and which affords him wonderful protection from the cold.
The value of buffaloes has been increasing more rapidly than anything in this country. About twenty years

ago they were a drug in the market. Thousands of them were killed for their tongues, but a good buffalo is now worth at least \$500 when dead. Its skin is worth from \$100 upward, according to quality, and the head is worth from \$300 to \$500 for mounting and preservation as a relic of this great animal of the past. Such is the value of a dead buffalo. Live buffaloes for breeding are worth much more, and I am told that the government buffaloes are worth from \$1,000 to \$2,000 apiece. At this rate the fifty in the Yellowstone park are worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000. They are worth \$25,000 to the hunters who can sneak in and kill them in the wilds of the Yellowstone park. Suppose there were fifty \$300 deer in the Adirondack mountains; how long would it be before they would be killed by hunters, no matter what the laws might be? The Yellowstone park is twice as large as the Adirondacks, and is fifty times as far from civilization. The country about it contains people who care nothing for the buffalo or other game, except for the money which they can get out of them. When you think that a half dozen such men could clean out this herd in one day, provided they could find it in one of the many wild valleys, and thereby make \$25,000 out of the job, you get some idea of the danger which exists.
A Story About the Sultan.
Why does the Sultan allow what was once a respectable fleet to rot to pieces anchored off Stamboul?
Simply because he considers an inviolable diplomatic instrument in the hands of any Minister or the resolute Commander.
It is true that there are no ships to guard his coasts, but also there are none to stem up the Bosphorus and throw a shell into his palace, and that is the first object to be thought of.
The incident which led to the order for the extinction of the Turkish navy was as follows: A transport was bringing a number of time-expired men home, when they respectfully petitioned, and begged their officers to go below, as they wished to do something which might not be approved of.
Some non-commissioned officers then took command and anchored off Donna Bagetian, and after firing a small salute, began shouting "Long live the Sultan!"
This demonstration caused immediate confusion at the palace and various high officials were dispatched to parley with the sailors but they insisted on seeing the Minister, and when he at last appeared they said they knew the Sultan had given the money to pay them, but that they had not received it, and they would not budge until they did.
No arguments were of any avail, and the money had to be sent for and distributed after which the men weighed anchor with a cheer, and gave up the ship again.
The Sultan, however, reflected that what a transport had done peacefully at a heavily-armed man-of-war might do with evil intent, and calling Hassan Pasha to him, he declared that he wanted no more navy.
In this light-hearted manner a branch of national defense, which has been the pride of its officers, was sacrificed to the royal fears for personal safety, and Hassan Pasha, who has steadily carried out his master's program, has ever since been in high favor, and is, to all intents and purposes, Minister for life. —London Standard.

Russian Peasants Huts.
The floor of a Russian peasant's hut is either the bare earth or that covered with straw; the walls are white-washed. The general appearance is that of cleanliness. In one corner of the room a small lamp is suspended before the door. A large stove takes up one-quarter of the room. If there is more than one room in the hut the stove is built through the partition wall, so as to heat the other room as well.
The stove is also whitewashed and filled with straw. It is full of little pigeon holes, into which articles can be put to be warmed and dried. From its platform of wood, standing two and a half feet above the floor, extends the opposite wall; on top the peasant sleeps at night. This half of the available space of the room is taken up.
Cloths hang from the roof. Round the wall runs a shelf, on which, among other things, are the dark brown loaves of rye.
Old Orleski, Mr., has a woman painter of a new kind. She paints houses and barns and fences, and does it for a living, and makes a good living at it.
The value of buffaloes has been increasing more rapidly than anything in this country. About twenty years

Youth and Age.
When all the world is young, they say,
And all the world is gay,
Your praise shall be on every tongue,
And swains shall be on every tongue,
Each youth you meet will claim you sweet,
And all your charms to suit,
And life will seem a summer day,
When all the world is young.
When all the world is old, no den,
And gone your looks are gray,
No more your praise will be told,
Nor honey round you stay;
God grant that none one day of these
Shall you as beauty hate,
And love make sweet your wintry days,
When all the world is old.
—Alfred P. Howard in *Wings*.

HUMOROUS.
Teacher—What was Juan of Arc made of? **Bright pupil**—Made of dust.
If you wish to be considered a man of "great shakes," contract fever and ague.
The first love and the first shave are two things that only happen once in a man's lifetime.
"Why does he follow her so with his eyes?" **I believe** he has become dimly with his eyes.
Elli—Jack, proposed we must not see each other any more. **Jack**—Indeed! **Shall I turn the gas out?**
A New Jersey man has patented a stove that explodes at 10 o'clock at night. He has four daughters.
"Was your visit to the bank entirely fruitless?" **"Why, no,"** I stopped on a human skin just as I went out the door.
"Mama, what is classical music?"
"Oh, don't you know?" **"Yes, it's** the kind you have to like whether you like it or not."
Early in the house—**Would you** be willing to work if you had a chance? **Worship Willie**—**How remote is the chance?**
"What's the difference between tortoise and hare?" **"Well, if a man** is notorious he is still alive; if he is famous he's dead."
"Hannah, where did all those broken dishes come from?" **"I dropped the** tray of indigestible china," meekly answered Hannah.
"Men want but little here," she said, as she looked at the gold.
"Do you notice any change in Franklin?" asked the tall man. **"No, I** don't," snapped the other sourly. **He** was Dimmy's twin.
"Bright, why didn't you beat my room better? It's only fifty degrees."
"Oh, I thought that for such a small room fifty degrees would be enough."
"Nancy," said the man from New York. **"Nancy,"** why, that fellow would go into a live stable and ask them to let him leave his burges with them."
Authors may be divided roughly into three groups—the good, the bad, and the popular. The first make fame, the second make books, and the third make money.
"Maurice," says an adverting philosopher, "is divided into two great classes—those who want to get into the papers and those who are only anxious to be kept out."

To Prove His Innocence.
On the wall of cell No. 7, in the Carbon county (Penn.) jail, appears the imprint of a hand. And of this imprint a strange story is told—a story that is vouchered for by leading citizens of the county.
In 1877 Alexander Campbell, one of the Madly Maguires, was confined in this cell. He stoutly protested his innocence, but was found guilty on the confessions of several of his comrades. On the night before he was hanged he stood upon his prison cot, and placing his left hand upon the wall, he said that if he was innocent the impression of his hand would remain upon the wall so long as the wall remained.
Little attention was paid to the remark at the time, but it has been brought before the public in a vivid manner many times since that night. Although nineteen years have passed and in spite of many attempts to obliterate it, the outline of Campbell's hand shows as clearly on the wall today as it did on the night he placed it there.
The walls have been whitewashed many times, but before the lime is dry the outline reappears with startling distinctness. Yet other marks are obliterated by the lime. The strange phenomenon has been witnessed by many persons, but no reasonable solution to the mystery has been advanced. The cell is looked upon with fear by other prisoners in the jail, and if any of them becomes unruly, the warden threatens to lock them up in No. 7. This threat usually has the desired effect. In fact, prisoners prefer the dungeon to cell No. 7. —New York World.

A Novel Smoke Consumer.
A new smoke consuming device has just been tried in Pittsburg. The construction of the device is simple and inexpensive. An automatic arrangement is attached to the doors of the furnace, and is regulated by the steam pressure to increase or diminish the ingress of air to the firebox as needed. When the coal has become incandescent the amount of air is diminished by the closing of the vents to prevent the cooling of the fire by the air blowing over it. In the center of the firebox is an arch, which becomes incandescent, and the heat from which burns the gases contained in the smoke when the proper amount of oxygen is mixed with it. —New York Telegram.

A Clear Case.
Buzzfuzz.—That saying, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is all wrong.
Stizzleton.—Think so?
Buzzfuzz.—Certainly. After a man marries he has no leisure. —Puck.

Youngest Daughter of a Patriot Soldier.
The youngest daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, so far as known, was discovered at Lebanon, Conn., recently, and added to the membership of the Williamsite chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.
Mrs. Augustus Ayer is only 52 years old. Her father was 71 years old at the time of her birth. He was doubtless one of the bravest soldiers in the war. There are only eight other daughters of Revolutionary soldiers belonging to the order.

Breaking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.

Cracking It Gently.
Little Ellis—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.
Father—What is it, child?
Ellis—A beautiful sleeping cap.
Father—Why my dear, I have already got one.
Ellis—Yes, but I broke it, just now.