The Happiest Heart, Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day: Better the lowly deed were done, And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame ; The dust will hide the crown : Ay, none shall nail so high his name

Time will not tear it down. The happlest heart that ever beat

Was in some quiet breast.

That found the common davlight sweet. And left to heaven the rest.

John Vance Cheney.

IN A BOTTLE.

It was a beautiful day in midsummer, and the half-a-hundred-odd cabin passengers on the good steamship Nantic were listlessly lounging about

They were already nine days out from Liverpool, and owing to an unfortunate accident, which had occurred early on the voyage, only half the distance to their port of destination had been accomplished.

The accident had been attended with no danger to the precious human freight, but the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable, and the passengers were beginning to grum-

Every artifice had been resorted to to relieve the tedium of the slowly moving days, and now they were literaily at their wits' end.

Charades, mock trials, skettles and amateur theatricals, had in turn been resorted to, but now, with their faces turned longingly toward home, they lounged about the deck, and bemouned

A particularly discontented group leaned against the port-rail, amidship, composed of two young ladies, showily dressed, two young men who looked rather januty in their semisailor dress, a ston', red-faced, coarse looking man, and an equally stout, red-faced and coarse-looking woman

The two latter were called "papa" and "mamma" by the simpering young ladies, and deferentially addressed as Mr. and Mrs. Gale by the young men in semi-sailor dress.

They were venting their indignation against the steamship, and the combination of untoward circumstances that had delayed their voyage,

Standing a little apart from the group was a slim, pale-faced girl, in a dress of quiet gray, unrelieved save at the throat, where a bit of cherry- thought, wrote on a piece of paper. colored ribbon was gathered into a

This was Eisie Annubel, and she was maid and componion to the Misses Gale, who were maned respectively Agnes and Eurice.

She took no part in the conversation, but there was a sail and wistful look in the gray eyes, as she turned her face toward the western horizon. "It's outrageous!" cried Papa Gale

"Shameful!" cohood his wife. "It's killing me!" sighed Miss

"I am really faint with enuni!" chirruped Miss Agnes.

"It's deneadly unfortunate!" chorused the young men.

"If something would only happen!" ntinued Agnes

"I tell you what," cried the elder of the young men, addressing Miss

Eunice, in particular. "Well?" interrogated that young

lady, with a listless attempt at inter-"Let's write letters to our friends.

enclose them in bottles, and throw them overboard. They're no doubt considerably worried over our long absence, and as it's impossible to tap the cable and telegraph them a measage, wo'll make old ocean's waves our letter carrier.

"Pshaw, Rob !" retorted Miss Eunice, shrugging her shouldrs, "How sentimental you are! As though a latter put into a bottle and thrown into the sea would ever reach any-

"I've read somewhere," said Rob Carrington, "that shipwreeked sailors often send me-sages to their friends that way. We're about as bad as chinwrecked, why can't we?"

"Let's ask the captain !"said Engice; and she walked toward that officer. who was moudily pacing up and down the bridge.

The others followed.

"Yes, Miss," answered the captain, when Euries had asked him about the possibility of the bottles being washed shore. "I've no doubt they'll each land somewhere. The steward will farnish you with bottles if you desire to make the experiment."

There was something novel in the idea, and every empty bottle on shipboard was soon brought on deck.

Everybody, young and old, began to write letters-everybody except

friend she had ever had, handsome Gay Chalmers, was lost to her,

Two years before she had engaged herself to the young artist, but they had quarreled, and separated in anger,

as lovers will. She was too proud to ask his for-

giveness, and he was too stubborn to Gradually they had drifted apart,

and finally they lost all sight of each other. Elsie sighed as these thoughts of the past surged through her mind, and she sighed-a bitter, quivering

Papa Gale was a rich pork merchant, and, in his rough way, was kind

He paid her liberally for the service she rendered in polishing up the somewhat neglected educations of his two daughters, but they were selfish and capricions, and her lot was not, by any means, a happy one.

The steamship's deek now rang with joyons laughter and merry jost, as the passengers prepared the messages that they confidently hoped would be wafted shoroward

All sorts of letters were written. read over laughingly, placed in their frail receptacles, and cast into the sea.

Even the sailors became interested in the experiment, and sent out messages to wailing friends, or anxious sweethearts in dear America.

"Have you written your message yet, Miss Annabel?" asked Agnes Gale, haltilig for a moment beside her maid, as she leaned over the rail and watched the tightly-corked bottles, as they bobbed up and down.

"My message?" cried Elsie, with a guilty start, for she had just been thinking of Guy Chalmers, "Ah-eh -really-I have no one to write to! "No one?" persisted Agnes.

"No!" was the low answer, and Elsie's eyes dropped.

"That's too bad!" said Agnes, commiseratingly. "Everybody is sending out a message. If I were you I'd just write something and send it off at random. You could sign your name and address, and perhaps some one would find it who'd be auxious to know w - you are and would write, That would be romantie!"

"I've no taste for romance!" answered Elsie, but she nevertheless procured a bottle, and after a moment's "IN MID-OCEAN ON STEAMER NANTIC,

August 12—An accelent which hap-pened to our propeller has delayed our voyage, and we are nine days out from Liverpool. The captain says we are just half way between that port and New York. Everybody is well. "Elsie Annabel, "Care of John Gale, Esq.,

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio. She placed this simple message in a bottle, corked and scaled it, and tossed

The bottle was particularly longnecked, bright green in color, and her mexperienced hand had smeared the

whole top with red rak, She atood watching it a long time, but finally it disappeared, and, with

a weary sigh, she turned and went The Nantie ultimately reached New

York, and Mr. John Gale hurried back to Cincinnati, to attend to his

thur Stevens, bade the Misses Gale farewell, and secretly promised to correspend with then

The Gales had been home nearly a month, when one morning a hired hack came slowly up the long carriage road, which wound through the rich pork-packer's extensive grounds, and, when it finally reached the house, the door opened and a young man desped lightly to the ground.

He inquired of the servant who answered his ring for Miss E'sie Annabeland the man showed him into the back parlor.

Elsie was considerably surprised when told that a gentleman wished to see her below, but she went down, and

timidly approached the back parlor. She stopped for a moment on the threshold, and the gentleman, who had been idly drumming on the win-

At the sight of his face she recloil, and would have fallen had he not sprang forward and caught her in his

"Histo, my durling!" he said, holding her very tightly. "Have you no word of welcome for me?"

"Ob, Guy !" she murmured, as her eyes met bis. "Have you really come back to me? I have been so lonely without you! Furgive me for my

"It is I who have come to ask forgiveness?" said tiny, leading her to a seat. "After we part d, two years ago, and I got over my stubbornness, I tried to find you, but you had dis-

pected her return, and the only real you. I was inconsolable, and reproached myself for my barshuess, because it was all my fault. Finally, however, I grew moody and cynical, but I could never bring myself to think of you with anout but love and tenderness. Six months after you disappeared my old uncle died, and left me his beir. Since that time I have hunted for you far and wide. Last summer I took a run along the coast in my yacht, stopping at every port. Two weeks ago we were lying off Cape Breton in a dead calm. One of the sailors called my attention to a bottle that was drifting by us. I fished it up with a scoop net. It was scaled, and all gathered around to see what it contained. I broke the neck, and found this little note," and he produced from an inner pocket the identical message she had written on board the Nantie, in mid-ocean. "You can imagine my joy at the strange discovery of your biding-place, and, a breeze springing up, I ordered the yacht put about, and we ran into Halifax. I have come to you as fast as steam would carry me, to ask your forgiveness, and assure you that I have never ceased to love you."

What answer she made him can but be imagined. Answay when Papa Gale returned to dinner he heard the whole story, and declared in his bearty way that he'd give away the bride.

Accordingly as soon as a suitable tronsscau could be prepared, the two so strangley reunited were made one. The Misses Gale officiated as brides maids, and Bob Carrington and his consin were the groom's best men.

Papa Gale, true to his word, gave the bride away, and the great pyramid of flowers which occupied the centre of the banquet table was crowned by the identical bottle that was responsible for the happy event,

Iceberg Phenomena. The occurrence of ice in the com paratively low latitudes of Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands is easily explain d, says the Pall Mail Gazette, The ice has originally formed part of the great barrier which, with very few breaks, surroun Is the vast Antaretic continent, rising to an average height of from 150 feet to 200 feet above, and sinking from 1,100 feet to 1,400 feet below the level of the sea, and having, moreover, a thickness of something like 1,200 feet or 1,500 feet. It is a solid perpendicular wall of ice, formed by the descent over the low lands into the sea of the ice and snow which form on the mountians inland, and when the forefronts are pushed into depths of about 300 or 100 fathoms large stretches are broken off and float away northward with the current, When they start on their aimless careers they may be miles in extent, and though, as a rule, they break up by collision and erosion, it is not at all unusual to encounter an island miles long in the neighborhood of the extreme ice limit. For instance, the Coldinghame in this region passed about 500 bergs, one of which was ten miles long. The Cutty Sark, again, in latitude 50 south, longitude 47 west, is found by cross bearings and distance run that the cast side of one berg which she encountered was nineteer miles long. At first the masses are straight, flat-topped and horizontally stratified-altogether unlike those met with in the north. By the action of the waves they are cut at the water's edge into coves caverns of a heavenly blue color. Then, as they collide of get melted away at the base by the action of the water, they turn over and show to the wondering mariner those fautratic shapes which simply beggar all description. Naturally, as they travel further north, they become

smaller and still more strangely shaped and outimately melt away. European Libraries,

Austria possesses more libraries and books than any other country in Earone. It has 577 libraries and 6, 475,-748 books, basides manuscripts, Next comes France, with 59) libraries, 4,-538,100 broks and 135,830 manuscripts; Italy, with 495 libraries, 4, 339,281 books and 350,570 manu scripts; Germany, with 398 libraries. 2.640.250 books and 59.000 manuscripts; England, with 200 libraries, 2,871,494 books and 26,000 manuscripts; Bavaria, with 169 libraries, 1,368,590 books and 23,000 manu scripts; Russia, with 145 libraries 952,000 books and 26,800 manuscripts

The largest national library is in France. It has 2.080,000 books. The British Museum has over 1,000,000 books; The Munich Museum, 800,000 books; the Berlin Museum, 700,000 books; Dresden, 500,000 books Vienna, 420 000 book t. The Oxford University has 300,000 books; the Heidelberg University, 300,000 books. The Vatiean library contains 30,000 books, and is the richest in mann, No wa'ting kindred anxiously ex- appeared, leaving no trace behind scripts, reaching 25,000 in number.

Children's Column

said the little dog to the cat "How glad I am to meet you!

I have lain an hour on the hard door mat And seen not so much as a chicken or rat, Till I ran down the steps to greet you.

You are glad to see me, I know, For your tail is so wildly waving Mine wags, too, when I'm pleased and giad : I tuck it down tight when I'm frightened or I know by the way your behaving,

Bear cat, how pleased you are ;

Your tail wage faster and faster. I will wag mine, too, and side by side. We will trot to the spot where the beef bor

For the beautiful, loving cut,

While her tail was wildly waving, Cuffed the little dog well with angry paws She spit in his face and scratched with he cinws.
And seemed with fury raving.

You cannot always tell." Mused the little dog. flying fleetly. "I won't trust their tails but I'll look

And then I'll be spared such another sur And his tail was tucked down neatly. Mariana M. Taliman

THE LITTLE BROWN OWL.

Kept in captivity the owl used to get out of sorts at times, just as little children will; but instead of giving it jam wrapped around powder, its owner sent it for a trip on the water to cure it. It was fastened to the back of a duck, which was then driven into a horse pond. The owl was no sailor and as often as it stock its claws into the duck, as it frequently did in its terror, the duck dived and gave it a good drenching. This made the owl more alarmed than ever, and caused it duck, and this, of course, only led to its being ducked again and again. Every time the owl came out of its both it expressed its surprise by loud hootings, Then in case of accident to one o other bird, or perhaps to both, the owl was unbound. After shaking its feathers, as a dog shakes its coat, it slowly fell into its usual state of solemnity, But it was always the better for these excursions on the pond. - Little Folks.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

The mother of Lord Cornwaliis did not at first favor a military career fo.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading, and encouraged her son to follow her example,

Coloridge reverenced his mother. He once said: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." Beethoven's mother was a stont

brisk, hardworking housewife, who seemed to have not a thought above Machinvelli's mother gave him bi

first lessons in deceit-lessons that afterward bore fruit in the doctrines taught in "The Prince." Oliver Wendell Holmes was fond of

talking about his mother, and often declared how much be owed to her care in training. The mother of Whitfield, the great

outpit orator, was a woman of high character. He always bore tribute of her Christian virtues. The mother of Mininel Ange's was,

in her way, as heroic a character as her son. He once and; "Whatever a man is he generally owes it to his mother.

Bryon's mother was an ill tempered. passionate woman, very indiscreet in her language. She called him 'a crippled brat." Her influence on him ons as permanent as it was bad. -St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Did you ever see a white squirrel? I do not think many of you ever did for they are not very common,

When I was a little girl at home, w ford a pure white squirrel, with pink eyes, for a pet; we cought him in a tree in our front yard. We took him into the house and made him a cage and then went to work to tame him that did not take long, however, and then we had, oh! such a pretty pet, We had an old-fashioned clock with

a square top and a fancy front piece projecting a few tuches above, and back of that he had his nest. The clock set on one end of the man-

tel shelf, and a large looking glass on morning, -Tid-Bita

the ther, and before this glass Master Dick, for that was the aquirrel's name, would sit for an hour at a time and look at his likeness, turning his hence first one way and then muother, and frisk his lovely tail, which looked like a great white plame. He would sit up on his haunches or walk back and forth before the glass, evidently wish ing to view himself in every possible attitude, and always seeming to say, "Look at me; ain't I a handsome fel

He was very fond of bothing, and a dish of water was placed on the shelf for him every day. He would wash himself, and after wiping himself with his tail, for he always used it for a towel, he would dry and smooth it nicely, and then look in the glass to see if it was well done. If it did not suit him he would go through the whole performance again until his toriet was perfect, and then he would sit up and look around at us all as if to say, "How is that?"

I think he was very proud of his good looks, don't you? That was not sice, even in a squirrel, but they do not know good from evil, and so we must not blame them. I know some little boys and girls who are very much like little Dick, and that is very wrong in children, for God has given them power to know good from evil.

Dick grew very mischievous, too, and although we loved him very mucdecided to sell him, so one time when my father was in Milwankee he sold him to a museum owner, and we have never heard from him since, - Farm, Field and Fireside.

MISS KITTY PUSSEY CAT-Kitty Pussey is none of your quiet,

ober or dignified cats-very far from

it. A more gentle, cunning, and at the same time more company, mischievous little animal does not and never did exist. She is a little beauty in build and color: a ries, glossy torouse shell striped coat of fur is here. Pretty biack, winte and gray stripes and circles mark lier body, and each to dig its claws all the firmer into the little foot is capped with a white stocking. Her head is a picturerich black and gray fur comes down between her cars to a point near her eyes, from which milk-white hair extouds down to and around her pretty mouth, making a graceful curtain-like effect. Passey's eyes are large, luminous and exquisitely expressive of her every humor and most. Looks at one at times with an expression of intelligence so human-like as to be almost startling. She is the proud pos essor of a bed room to which she trots off at night when the rest of the household retire. It is a nice soft cushion on top of a box in the cellar, quite near the warm furnace. Her hour for leaving her bed in the morning is when she hears cook enter the kitchen. Pass y takes her position at the cellar door leading into the kitchen, and will cry out in unmistakable tones, "Open the door and let me in!" She up the calling until the door is opened, when she bounds into the kitchen, staying only long enough to sainte cook, then passes on through the house, until she reaches the door of our bod toom, where she sits and very lustily cries out "meow-ow-ow, which translated means, "Please open the door, good mi tress, and let me in to bid you and master good-morning! When we let her in she quickly jumps on to the hed, and, gently parring, commences subbing her cutlittle nose into our faces, foilowed by many other little caressing capers, to tell us how very glad she is to see us, and that it is time to get up and dress for breakfast. When we deget up there is lots of fun for Pussey, She scampers around, closely watching us, and when a naked begor arm is exposed she quickly springs at it, and Inc a high time tickling! Sue has a great fundament for bare feet, and to play with our toes is her delight. Miss Kitty Possey's originality in capers and tricks is something marvelons. To stand upright on her feet, walk

pears to be without limit, and she daily developes new talents. Miss Kitty Passey's sweet, charming mis-

St. Louis Star-Sayings.

backwards, jame over held-out arms.

curry off and hade little articles, are

only a few of her abilities in that line,

In fact, her intelligent versatility ap-

tress is outle sure there is not in the

wide world another such a ret kitty,

A Familiar Make Up. Mrs. Dix-I wonder what present ny husband will being me to-night! Mrs. Hicks-What makes you expect one? Is it your birthday?

Mrs. Dix-No o; we quarreled this

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The new astronomical observators at Elinbrugh, opened on April 9, cost

A pound of feathers contains sixteen onnees, or 7000 grains; a pound of gold contains twelve ounces, or 5769 grains.

On some of the Prussian state railways writing compartments have been introduced-hanging carriages for which an extra charge is made.

Sir William Turner has compiled a table which shows that a whale of fifty tons weight exerts 145 horsepower in swimming twelve miles an Professor Roentgen says that he has

vatched the Cuteago experiments recarding the germicidal power of the X rays and thinks it probable that The Scientific American states that

only one person out of every fitteen has eyes of equal strength; also that only one out of ten has the left eye stronger than the right.

At the industrial exposition at Zurich there is on view an air-tester, consisting of a glass vessel filled with a red fluid, which by its change of color indicates the degree in which the air in a workshop is contaminated.

The frog deposits its eggs in shallow enter, where the warmth of the sun promotes speedy hatching. The comon snake often selects a bed of decomposing vegetable matter. The erosultle and the clumsy sea tortoise go ashore to lay their eggs.

In the Japanese Imperial Budget, for the current year, the sum of \$21,639 has been set aside for earthquake investigation. This grant is over and above the usual expenditure of the central observatory controlling the seismic survey of the country.

Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure nutil the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is present into bricks. One man with a two-horse power machine ewu turn out nine thousand bricks a day,

He Caught the Funny Man, He was one of the "smart" kind. He belonged to the class of funny men who do things in public places calculated to turn the laugh on the other fellow. He was one of those who tell the barber to give him chloreform; who request the waiter to furnish an ax with the stricin; who inquire of the grocer if the sand in the sagar is pure like grit; who say: "Is it warm enough for you?" and who "sass back" at the telephone girl, When the conductor held out his hand for the street-car fare this funny man bestowed a general wink, and earl, land enough for every one inthe car to hear: "Can you change a

\$100 bill? "That depends on whether you have the bill," replied the conductor,

Tuen the funny man hugged himself glocfully, drew a crisp "contury" from his pucket and gave it to the

The conductor gravely examined the bill, and folding it nicely, placed it carefully in his trip book. Unbuttoning his overcost he loosened the inside pocket drew forth a bulky this every-hour way, counted out \$95. then he shoveled out \$5 in dimes and fanny man's hand. Next he rang up the fare and ward: "Transfers for Fullerton avenue." And the funny man spent the rest of the time count ing his ones and two and flagoring

"I've been laying for just such a lamb for a month, "said the conductor to the man on the rear platform -Chieves, Record,

One on Mahany,

The other day congression Stone of Pennsylvania, who is one of the practical pakers of the House, approached Mr. Mahany of New York, who is an authority on Celtic orthography and orthopy.

von pronounce this word," and he spelled it out very earefully - "M-a-e-"That's easy," said Malman; "that is the name of an old Irish dock-

Mac Hipery, a little bit of Danish mixes with Milesian. "You're mistaken," said Stone that's pure English -machinery," Matiany callapsed. Don't tel mybely," he implored. "If that go:

I sang of love to many a string, With many a sweet concept and rhyme And everywhere and every time-Of love, and love, I could but sing, Until my own heart felt the spell. Ah, then, how soon my lips were mute - Mary Ainge De Vere in the Century.

HUMOROUS.

A wealth of imagination is not al-

ways negotiable. Ho-If we were not in a canoe I would kiss you. She - Take me

shore instantly, sir. When a man really loves his neighour as himself, it generally turns out that the neighbor is a pretty girl.

She-My heart is heavy, tonight. He-You might try the cathode rays on it. They would make it light.

Edith - Were you very nervous while he was proposing? Jessie-Very. was afraid we would be interrupted. "Mamms, why do they call it the

weather bureau?" "Because the top drawer is generally in such a frightful mess, I suppose. Brazzy-You'll find, Miss Buztuz, that most people are either too smart er not smart enough. Mass Buzfuz-

Indeed; and which are you, Mr. "What are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist

hit the wall," "Why did Mrs. Dash send for you?" Why, her careless servant mixed up ier real cut-glass with the tea-store kind, and she wanted me to help her separate them."

She bought a pretty parasol

Of an entrancing shade : But dared not take it in the sun For fear that it would fade Hoax-I stood on one foot all the way home in a crowded car last night. Joax - What was the matter with your other foot? Hoax - Another

man was standing on that, "They look on me as if I was an nemy of humanity," said the cylone; "but how mangnant would be their hatred if it should occur to them that I suggested the big sleeve.'

He-I should have been here earlier

but business is picking up a little, and I was detained at the office. She Oh! I hope your business will continue to improve, Mr. Mashman, "That," said the crank, as the opposition fielder jumped apparently

about fifteen feet in the air and pulled

down a home-run fly, "that is noth ing short of a high-handed outrage." He (litterly)-So you think my life local't amount to much? His Fiances (sarcastically) -Oh, no; I think it mounts to a great deal, now that I know you have it insured for \$50,-

The Count-I would do anything in my power to prove my love for your daughter. Her father-Would you support her? The Count-My dear sir, I said 'anything in my

power. Chinese Dislike of Being Pictured.

In attempting to paint pictures of San Francisco Chinatown, I found it almost impossible to gain the consent of the parents to have their children bis coat, opened his vest, and from pose as models for me. I tried in vain for a long time. They always declared pockerbook. From it he took a roll that some ill luck would certainly of bills, and in matter of fact I-do- overtake their little ones if their portraits were painted. So strong This he handed to the funny man, and is this dread that a person coming along the street with a camera creater nicalls and poured them into the apanic. Frightened mothers, rushing about, seize their children and drag them indoors out of harm's way.

This dislike to being pictured is very general, and does not apply only to children, as was impressed upon ma on one occasion when I saw one of the most crowded streets in Chinatown suddenly cleared became of a photographer who had placed his camera atone end of the street to take a view. This fear of evil consequences I found to be strong, that even the poorest would not be tempted by the offer of money. Consequently I had about given up when I fortunately found the one excention (in my experience) in China. town. This was a poor woman with four little children and a sick hus-"Mahany," said Stone, "how would band to support. She was in great need, and my Chinese servant, after much difficulty, personded her for a large payment to let me paint her little girl named Ah Yung. - St.

Nicholas. His Never-Failing Test.

"Old chap, I've been duck shooting don't you know."

"Duck shooting?" "Why, you don't know a tame duck from a wild

out among the Irish of my district if "Oh, yes, I do-the wild ones got would ruin me." - Washington Post. | way!" - Chicago Record.

DDIXIT

Chatham Record.

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