The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Chatham Record.

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The Chatham Record

RATES
—OF—
ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion..... $1.00
One square, two insertions..... 1.50
One square, one month..... 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

WORK OF AMERICA'S HEN

HER VALUE IS NOT LESS THAN $290,000,000 A YEAR.

Worth More Than the Entire Wheat Crop of the Country—Not So Far Behind the Earnings of the Railroads—Could Easily Buy Several States of the Union.

H. W. Collingwood, of the Rural New Yorker, says in the New York World:

Mrs. American Business Hen is one of our most useful citizens. She is a shrinking, unassuming creature, too modest at times even to cackle over the birth of her own egg, leaving that celebration to her husband, and yet Mrs. American Hen has been quietly paying off mortgages, driving wolves from the door and hatching out nest eggs for thousands of featherless bipeds.

In 1890 there were in this country 258,871,125 chickens and 26,738,315 other fowls. In that year the American hens laid 9,836,674,992 eggs. There are now 350,000,000 chickens, which will lay this year 13,750,000,000 eggs. These eggs are worth $165,000,000, and the poultry meat sold during the year will bring $125,000,000, which gives $290,000,000 as a very low estimate of the earnings of Mrs. American Hen for one year of the great depression.

The 350,000,000 hens are worth $105,000,000 of any man's money, but we will not consider that, but take simply the earnings of the hen. The average length of an egg is two and one-half inches. The 13,750,000,000 eggs will, therefore, make a chain 542,218 miles long, while the total weight of this production of hen fruit is at least 874,125 tons.

Does any reader of the World realize what this immense production of eggs and meat means to the country? Here are a few figures for comparison:

Value of silver production	$72,510,000
Value of wool crop	38,146,459
Value of all sheep	65,107,725
Value of all swine	186,824,745
Value of mules	103,201,457
Value of horses	509,149,186
Value of petroleum products	62,783,401
Value of potato crop	78,984,901
Value of tobacco crop	35,374,220
Value of cotton crop	259,161,649
Value of oat crop	161,655,054
Value of wheat crop	237,398,398
Imports of coffee one year	84,793,124
Imports of tea one year	12,701,446
Total of pensions	139,280,078
Total of school expenditures	178,215,556
Total interest on mortgages	70,728,077
Cost of Postoffice Department	90,656,236
Net earnings of railroads	324,086,454
Dividends on railroad stocks	81,575,574

The value of all gold produced in American mines in 1895 was $46,640,000, and all silver $72,051,000. The value of all minerals, including iron, gold and silver, taken out of American mines in 1894 was $208,168,768. Americans are given to bragging about our immense mineral resources, and yet you will notice that the hens paid for it all one year and had enough left to just about pay the interest on all mortgages!

Mrs. Hen will earn enough this year to pay the entire State and county tax (which in 1890 was $143,185,007), and have enough left for every cent of pensions that are paid to old soldiers.

The average cow weighs 130 times as much as the average hen, and yet all the milch cows in the country have a total value of but $263,955,545. Mrs. Hen in one year will earn enough to buy every cow, and put the entire tobacco crop in her pocket as well. She could pay out of her year's earnings for all the tea and coffee imported in one year and all the petroleum products, and have enough left to buy all the tobacco grown in 1896. The total assessed valuation of the following States fall below the hen's yearly earnings:

New Hampshire,	Nebraska
Vermont,	Alabama,
Delaware,	Mississippi,
Arizona	Idaho,
West Virginia,	Louisiana,
North Carolina,	Arkansas,
South Carolina,	Montana,
Utah,	Oregon,
Florida,	Wyoming,
North Dakota,	Colorado,
South Dakota,	New Mexico,
Nevada.	

In other words, Mrs. American Hen could buy any of these States from one year's egg and chicken money. She could buy in this way New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, North Dakota, Idaho and Montana all put together.

The total cost of conducting the Postoffice Department last year was $90,626,236.84. We can pick out 50,000,000 of our best hens that will cover every dollar of this outlay in one year.

The net earnings of the railroads in 1895 were $324,196,454. The railroad dividends paid amounted to $81,375,774. The American Hen paid nearly twice the profits earned by American railroads.

The total earnings from passenger traffic amounted to $261,649,598, or less than that of the hens. It cost in 1895 slightly over two cents to carry one passenger one mile, .9184 of a cent to carry one ton of freight one mile, and ninety-one cents to run the average train one mile. One single hen, laying 150 eggs per year, could have 215 days of vacation, and would still be able to pay for carrying one passenger 100 miles, or for hauling ten tons of freight 10,000 miles, or for running an ordinary train two miles. One hundred and forty such hens would pay the salary of the average teacher employed in the public schools, while seventy-five hens would pay the average pension to old soldiers.

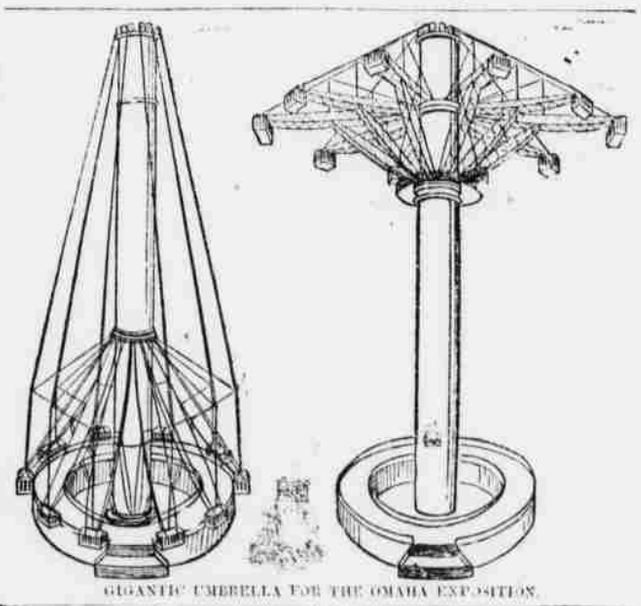
SUPREMACY OF THE AMERICAN HEN OVER COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE PICTORIALLY SHOWS.

OMAHA'S IMMENSE UMBRELLA.

When Raised It Will Be 250 Feet Above the Earth.

The last Paris exposition had its Eiffel tower, Chicago had its Ferris wheel, Nashville has its giant seesaw. The department of concessions of the Omaha trans-Mississippi exposition of 1898 has also received an application for space for the erection of a novel mechanical device. It resembles the framework of a gigantic umbrella more than anything else which might be mentioned. The part corresponding to the stick of the umbrella is an immense cylinder, thirty feet in diameter, constructed of steel plates firmly riveted, making a standpipe which rears its head 250 feet above the level of the ground. At the extreme top of this cylinder are fastened twelve long arms, resembling the ribs of an umbrella. These are steel trusses, reaching almost to the ground. At the lower end of each of these ribs is suspended a car for carrying passengers, each car having a capacity for twenty persons.

These monster ribs are raised by hydraulic power, acting by means of steel cables operating through the cylinder, aided by a mechanism greatly resembling that portion of an umbrella which comes into action when the umbrella is opened. By means of this mechanism the gigantic arms are raised until they are horizontal, the cars in the meantime being carried outward and upward until they reach a point 250 feet above the ground, the diameter of the huge circle formed by the suspended cars being also 250 feet. When the highest point has been reached another mechanism comes into play and the suspended cars are swung slowly around in a circle, after which they are lowered to the ground. The sides of the cars are of glass, so that the passengers may secure an extensive view of the surrounding country.



GIGANTIC UMBRELLA FOR THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

An octogenarian vagrant was lodged at a St. Joseph (Mo.) police station one night.

REMARKABLE PEAR TREE.

Trained To Grow at the Side of a House in a Wonderful Way.

One of the most remarkable of old trained pear trees that we are acquainted with is the splendid specimen of Uvedale's St. Germain at Weston House, Slipston-on-Stour, the residence of the Countess of Camperdown. The accompanying illustration is published in the Gardener's Magazine. Mr. Masterson, the gardener at Weston House, writes that "the tree is admired at all times of the year, but more especially when covered with large handsome clusters of flowers. In autumn, when laden with quantities of big fruits, it also presents an attractive appearance, and there are many who also admire the tree when the stems are bare, and certainly at this season it is interesting, as the training is very remarkable. The tree seldom fails to ripen a heavy crop of fruits, cropping right down to the ground. It has never been fed or root pruned, and its roots are in the bed of the carriage drive, gravel also encircling the stem at the base, where it measures six feet in circumference. It is, however, very probable that the roots have penetrated a considerable distance and come into contact with the stable drains, thus deriving the nourishment required by so large a tree. The fruits are seldom thinned, as the tree is so vigorous as to be capable of carrying very large crops, and yet the fruits weigh from half a pound to one and a half pounds each. The total weight of the crop last year was two hundred weight. Many first prizes have been won from this tree, including firsts at the Crystal Palace in 1894 and 1895."

WINTER VIEW OF THE PEAR TREE.

The First Prepaid Post.

According to M. Piton the idea of a prepaid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. M. De Velayer in 1653 established a private post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for the purpose. And it is said that a Swedish artillery officer, in 1823, petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped envelopes for prepaid letters.

In most parts of Asia where coffee is used, the "grounds" are drunk with the infusion.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Perilous Ride of an Aeronaut in His Balloon With a Madman—Unpleasant Experience of a Maine Woodsman, Who Was Chased by a Mad Bear, Etc.

Monsieur Godard, a noted French aeronaut, now visiting New York, was recently relating to a party of friends, among them a writer for the Washington Star, some of his experiences while up in a balloon.

"The most exciting and in many respects most perilous ascension I ever made," said M. Godard, "occurred about five years ago from a point near Paris. On the occasion to which I refer I was accompanied by a single fellow traveler, who had paid me 1000 francs for the privilege of a place by my side. The weather was fine and the balloon had risen to a considerable height when I turned to my companion, who I noticed was very quiet, and inquired: 'What effect has the journey had so far upon you, monsieur?'

"'None whatever,' was the curt reply.

"'Then,' said I, 'I must compliment you. You are the first amateur I have ever known to reach this altitude without experiencing some unusual condition.

"'I wish you'd go higher,' said the amateur coolly.

"In response to this request I threw out some ballast and the balloon shot up some sixty yards higher.

"'Now, how do you feel?' I asked.

"'Just the same,' replied my companion, in a rather petulant tone.

"'By Jove!' I exclaimed, after glancing with surprise at the stolid, indifferent expression of my guest's face, 'you are a wonder, a born aeronaut, monsieur.'

"Well, the balloon kept on rising, and when a few hundred yards higher I again turned to my phlegmatic friend and questioned him as to his emotions.

"'Emotions! Not a trace of emotions,' replied he, with the air of a man who feels that he has been greatly imposed upon.

"'Well, so much the worse,' said I. 'I fear I shall not be able to alarm you; we have risen high enough, and we shall now descend.'

"'Descend!' repeated the man, glaring at me with a strange, wild glare in his eyes, which I had not noticed before.

"'Yes, certainly; it would be dangerous to go any higher.'

"'I don't care about the danger, and I don't choose to descend,' declared the man. 'I'm going up higher, I am. I've paid a thousand francs in order to experience some emotions, and emotions I'll have before going down to the earth again.'

"I burst out laughing. I thought the man was joking.

"'Are you going up higher, or not?' asked my companion, at the same time grasping me with an iron grip by the throat and shaking me violently. 'I intend to have my emotions.'

"'It was only now,' continued M. Godard, 'that I realized that I was in the society of a madman. The dilated eyes, the furious grasp, the very tone of the man's voice left no doubt in my mind about that. But what was to be done? We were some 5000 feet high among the clouds, a struggle was out of the question, as one violent motion of the madman would be enough to upset the car. All these thoughts dashed through my mind in less than a second. My adversary was a powerfully built man, and, without losing his grasp, he called out: 'Ah, my fine fellow, you have been playing the fool with me. You have made me pay 1000 francs and not given me a single emotion.'

"'But what would you have me do?' I asked, as calmly and soothingly as I could under the circumstances.

"'I'm going to throw you over,' said the madman, with a wild laugh. 'But first an idea strikes me; I'll go up to the top of the balloon,' and suiting the action to the word, he jumped into the rigging of the car.

"'But, my dear friend,' said I, 'you will surely fall and lose your life. At least let me put a rope around your waist to prevent such an accident.'

"'Well, be it so,' said the madman, who seemed to see the necessity of some precaution; and the rope having been attached he commenced climbing the rigging of the balloon with the agility of a squirrel, and in a minute or so was seated on the apex clapping his hands and shouting with joy. Suddenly he seemed to be seized with a mischievous desire, for, taking out of his pocket a huge clasp knife, he brandished it above his head and yelled out: 'Now, you rascal! You wanted to descend, did you? So you shall, in a hurry' and before I could utter a word two out of the six ropes attaching the car to the balloon were cut, and the car began to swing about ominously. The madman's knife was touching another rope when I called out to him: 'Stop, one word.'

"'No, no, down you go.'

"'But let me tell you something, my friend; we are now nearly 4000 feet high, and the loss of the car, or even a single pound of ballast it contains, would result in certain death to you. If you have a secret grudge against me don't sacrifice your own life by cutting the car loose, or casting me out. Let us rather return to the earth alive and we can soon settle any differences we may have with a brace of pistols.'

"'Agreed!' said the madman, throwing his knife away, and coming rapidly down the rigging from his dangerous perch, he again took his seat quietly beside me in the car. Needless to say I soon pulled the valve, allowing the gas to slowly escape, and the balloon gradually descended to the earth, where, after the madman had gone in search of pistols, I said a solemn prayer and vowed never to make another ascension with a man possessed of a craving to experience the sensations of ballooning in high altitudes.

Woodsman Chased by a Mad Bear.

A few days ago a woodsman near Kineo, Me., had an experience with a bear that would give color to a tale of backwoods adventure. Milton Pike had a bear trap set up near Lucatean on the biggest hill to the south of the stream. It was near the bear's den, which was a hole or small cave in the ledge. The old lady had two pairs leading from the mouth of her den, and when Pike set his trap in one she traveled by the other route. Pike had another trap, but it was not provided with a chain long enough to attach it properly to a clog. After thinking the matter over a while, he set his trap at a point where two paths come near together. Then he set the trap with the short chain in the other path, and stretching the new links across the intervening space attached it to the longer chain, which had a clog attached.

But two days later Jerry Perkins came along the trail not far from the hillside. He had an ax, and said he was whistling and enjoying an hour of fair weather, which by some chance visited the section that day. Jerry was destined to meet that bear, and he did. He saw that the animal was in a trap and that the clog had stuck fast in some bushes. Thinking it would be a very easy matter to advance and knock the bear in the head, he proceeded to do so. His ax hit the bear quite a clamp, but as he dodged the blow took effect a little lower on her skull than the woodsman had intended it should. And just as the blow fell Jerry heard a strange sound in the neighborhood of his feet and he found a bear trap on his ankle. The bear had gone such a short distance before being brought up by the clog that the other trap had not been sprung.

Perkins found himself hitched to an ugly old she bear with cubs only a few rods away in a crevice in the rock. The bear was fresh, having dragged the clog no distance, and she went at Jerry in a very business-like manner. Again the ax was brought down on her head, this time with better effect than before. Before the third and final blow could be struck she had lacerated the flesh of Mr. Perkins' left leg. The man got out of the trap after some difficulty. He could move about enough to cut a sapling and with this as a lever he put the spring down so that the jaws fell back and released him. He and Pike divided the proceeds of the catch, one taking the skin as a beauty and the other the meat. An attempt to get the cubs was unsuccessful, the little fellows having not far enough to run away.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Baby Saved by Lightning.

Lightning and blackberries grow together in the cool region of Texas. The people there, as a rule, are more partial to the latter than the former. An exception to the rule exists there to-day, however, in Mrs. Pennington, of Pinta Creek, who says that one timely stroke of the lightning has done her more good than all the blackberries in creation could possibly accomplish. Just behind the Pennington home is a small clearing, in which the blackberries grow, large and sweet and in abundance. One day Mrs. Pennington went there to pick some berries for supper, and took her little baby girl with her. The baby grew tired in a little while and the mother arranged a bed of dry leaves for it under a sheltering mesquite bush. In a few minutes the child was asleep and the mother resumed her berry picking. It was an oppressively hot day, when the air was full of electricity and not a breath of air stirring anywhere. A squall was coming up rapidly from the east, the lightning showing dimly on its upper edge, but Mrs. Pennington was apparently oblivious to the approach of the storm, glad only that the baby slept so well and gave her so little trouble. But it was not the storm alone that threatened danger. At the very edge of the thicket, and only a few feet from the sleeping baby, its eyes gleaming, its head laid flat on the ground and its tail lashing its tawny sides, a huge Mexican lion was crouching, ready to spring. For a moment it dug its hind paws nervously into the ground, and then it leaped into the air. It fell dead only a few inches from the sleeping baby, just as a loud peal of thunder caused Mrs. Pennington to look around for the safety of her child. The baby awoke, looked up and smiled.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Many Colored Flower.

There is a popular impression that the sapphire is always a blue stone, whence, indeed, it has become a recognized name in the shops of the jewelers. This is by no means an accurate statement, for in Ceylon the color ranges from what is described as a soft, velvety blue to a peacock blue, in which, of course, there is a good deal of green. There is also a red sapphire, which is known as the Ceylon ruby, and which is very highly prized indeed, being as valuable as fine Burmah rubies. There are also green sapphires, yellow sapphires and white sapphires.

Strange Result of a Lightning Stroke.

A strange result of a stroke of lightning is reported from near Wabash, Ind. Mary Oswalt, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a farmer there, was standing in the doorway of her house during a thunderstorm, when there came a blinding flash of lightning. She was stunned by the shock, but soon recovered. When she removed her shoes preparatory to going to bed an hour later, she found that the lightning had caused numberless blisters on the soles of her feet. Otherwise she was unimpaired by the stroke.

Children's Column

Riding Home on the Hay.

Off with your hats, boys—lift them high!
We have had a glorious day,
And never such fun beneath the sun,
As riding home on the hay!
Never such fun in a month and a year,
With a coachman stiff and tall,
And a footman stout to hand you out,
And come at your beck and call!

Softer than silk is cushions are,
Is our seat of fragrant hay,
As from side to side we slip and slide
Upon our frolic way.
Off with your hats, boys, sing for us,
And make the echoes ring!
But we'll sing with a loud hurrah!
A Zitella's echo in Youth's Companion.

Big and Little Postage Stamps.

Our young stamp collectors will be interested to learn of some very large and some very small stamps. This country has the honor of having issued the largest stamp ever made—an old five cent stamp, intended for the mailing of packages of newspapers, and not intended for letters. This stamp was four inches long by two inches wide—about twice the size as an ordinary bank note.

The quarter-shilling stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which was issued in 1856, is the smallest ever issued—less than one-fourth the size of the current penny English stamp, and it would take about fifty of them to cover the surface of the largest issued by the United States.—Chicago Record.

A Family of Orphan Pigs.

A mother pig died leaving a large family of pink and white little pigs. All the hands on the farm were busy, and there seemed no way to do but to let the orphans die from starvation. The other pigs treated them with the greatest unconcern and apparently felt no pity for them.

But a little girl came running around the corner of the big red barn, and when she saw the little pigs and heard of their sad plight she said quite promptly:

"I'll adopt 'em," and her father very willingly gave them to her.

They were all squealing piteously for their dinner, and at first their little mistress did not know what to do with them or how to feed them, for they were much too young to drink out of a trough.

But she soon had a bright idea. She went to the house and borrowed her mother for an old tin teapot which had long stood on the pantry shelf. Then she found a rubber mouthpiece exactly like those used on a baby's bottle. This she securely fitted on the spout of the teapot, which was then filled with milk. By this time the little piggies were in a pitable state of hunger. The little girl ran out and took the piggies one by one from the soft straw of their bed, and they laid hold of the teapot spout with little grunts of satisfaction, and when they had finished their dinner they all curled up together and went off to sleep. The little girl always fed the runts—the small, weak pigs of the litter—before the others, and they soon grew large and strong. In a few weeks the whole family of orphans would set up a great squealing every time their mistress appeared, some times following her a mile in the yard like so many lambs. Few people know how clean and sweet and amusing very little pigs are, and the little girl greatly enjoyed her family. When they were a little older she taught them to eat out of the trough, and now she has the finest litter of pigs anywhere in the township.—Chicago Record.

The Young Chemists.

We had a full half hour to wait before the drive began, and were rewarded by one of the prettiest and most interesting sights and lessons in natural history I have ever seen, namely, the sight of an old chamois giving its young kid a lesson in jumping. I must premise by mentioning that it is very difficult, in fact, impossible, for any one but a very old hand to distinguish a buck chamois from a doe as they are moving, and the rule is not to shoot at a chamois if it has a kid with it, as that is a pretty sure sign it is a doe.

A few minutes after we had been sitting quietly at our posts, and before the drive began, the keeper called my attention to a chamois' head and neck, which had suddenly appeared on the sky line about 150 yards off. It turned out to be a doe with a kid. They came along slowly, and at all thinking of danger, and not in any way as yet disturbed by the drivers, who were a mile or two away, and who had not yet begun to drive. They both came quietly down the steep mountainside until they came to a place where there was a drop of about twelve feet, and then took place the following beautiful sight, which was also witnessed by S. and his dogs from where they sat. The old chamois jumped down, as a matter of course, but the kid "funked," and would not follow. The old one looked up at it, and then went back another way to the ledge on which the kid was standing, and again jumped down, so as to show the young one how to do it, and looking up to it as much as to say, "Come along, you little stupid; it won't hurt you!" But the kid funked again, and would not follow. The mother thereupon returned a second time to the ledge, and proceeded to push the kid with her head, and made it jump down, and followed it herself. Then came the climax, the old one and the young one both went round again to the same ledge, and the old one jumped down first, and this time the kid followed immediately, having been taught that it was safe and easy enough.—Badminton Magazine.

A Curious Insect.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduced and dies in the period of a single night on the banks of the Warne, of the Seine and of the Rhine; it is the ephemere of which Swammerdam has written, and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the sand.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made, unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest; by this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere arrests itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can; it makes a move similar to that of a shiver, then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this slippage the ephemere begin to fly. Some time it holds itself erect upon the surface of water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days' time one may appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevent them from changing at the same time as the others.—Atlanta Constitution.

Driving a Dog Team.

Well, here we are down on the ice, and the dogs impatient to start. Let me describe. The sled consists of a narrow box four feet long, the front half being covered in, boxed in, mounted on a floor eight feet long resting on runners. In the box the passenger is wrapped in robes, skins so that he can hardly move, his head and shoulders only projecting. In front and behind and on top of the box is placed all the baggage, covered with canvas, and securely lashed, to withstand all the jolting and possible upsets, and our snowshoes within easy reach. An important item is the dog whip, terrible to the dog if used by a skillful hand and terrible to the user if he be a novice; for he is sure to half strangle himself or to hurl his own face with the business end of the lash. The whip I now used had a handle nine inches long and lash thirty feet, and weighed four pounds. The lash was of folded and plaited rawhide, and for the feet from the handle measured five inches round, then for fourteen feet it gradually tapered off, ending in a single thong half an inch thick and eleven feet long. Wonderful the dexterity with which a driver can pick out a dog and almost at spot on a dog with his lash. The lash must be trailing at full length behind, when a jerk and turn of the wrist causes it to fly forward, the thick part first, and the tapering end continuing the motion till it is at full length in front, and the lash making the air fly from the victim. But often it is made to crack over the heads of the dogs as a warning. The eleven dogs were harnessed to the front of the sled, each by a separate thong of seal hide, all of different lengths, fastened to light canvas harness. The nearest dog was about fifteen feet from the sled, and the leader, with bells on her, about fifty feet, the thongs thus increasing in length by about three feet. When the thong is good the dogs spread out like the fingers of a hand, but when the snow is deep they fall into each other's tracks in almost single file. As they continually cross and recross each other, the thongs get gradually plaited almost up to the rearmost dog, when a halt is called, the dogs are made to lie down, and the driver carefully disentangles them. In my care that no dog gets away meanwhile. They are guided by the voice, using "Husky," that is, Eskimo works; "Ouk," go to the right; "Arah," to the left, and "Hoit," straight on. But often one of the men must run ahead on snowshoes for the dogs to follow him.—London (Canada) Times.

Happy Innocence.

The Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John.

The Husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.