The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XX. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1898. NO. 29

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 [illegible] liberal [illegible]

LIFE.

Life's but a troubled river, flowing on
To join the ocean, whose grim name is Fate.
We float upon its surface, then are gone,
Learning its lessons when, alas! too late.
We quarrel with the sunshine while 'tis there,
Pluck not the flowers that blossom all around,
Heed not the beauties in this world so fair,
Till clouds close thicken, and the vision's drowned—
Drowned in old age, or in our faulty reason,
Which sees not what things are or ought to be,
So dwarfed our knowledge truth confounds with treason,
And pride won't tell us we've not power to see.
Contentment! 'tis a lesson past our learning;
We scorn the happiness the gods do send;
For far-off wards and myths we've always yearning,
To stoop to beauties near our minds won't bend.
So Life is but one long and fruitless straining
To get beyond what is within our reach;
The river flows on without a moment delaying
To listen to the wisdom we would teach;
And Fate is reached—the dark and seething ocean,
Which covers all and well its secrets keeps;
We float along with weary onward motion,
Till all is over and in death we sleep.

—Charlotte Mansfield.

Miss Faith's Advice.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as flotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even extended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scallops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf pretty soon."

A change in the crochet pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an aid the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its slips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with approval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accustomed task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work, was making as a part of the dishwashing.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully, "a sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break."

But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that she had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddened a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must have belonged to some other and wandered wilfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so completely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire, when her door-bell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish tremulous voice. "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering.

"What is it Grace?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget."

"Yes," said Faith, slowly.

Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own longing to forget.

"Poor little girl," whispered Faith, stroking the beautiful mass of golden hair. "How was it I learned to forget? Let me think. Yes, I remember now. Wait a minute, dear. I will show you."

Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?"

"Not very much," said Grace, wonderingly.

"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began, I couldn't see the needle—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. There are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They are yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man, I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid I thought a long time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one—and this is the second's, and this is the third's. There's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her neice seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty."

Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recreant lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace.

Then seeing her aunt's half dazed expression, as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crochet needle," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam.

At the reunion of the survivors of the Twelfth Massachusetts in this city Wednesday, Secretary Kimball made the following statement:

"I am aware that it is a startling statement to make that the loss of the Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam was the highest in percentage of any organization, Union or Confederate, in any one battle of the civil war, and even the highest of any organization in the entire world, in modern times, in civilized warfare, under normal conditions, but is there not good reason to believe it to be true?

"The fighting was terrific, as every one knows. Let me simply say that a letter which I wrote to a friend on the 30th of September, 1862, says my company (A) had twenty-two men killed and wounded out of thirty, and of the eight who escaped unhurt five had missiles strike either their clothing or equipments. Only thirty-two marched off the field under the flag of the regiment when relieved by the Twelfth Corps. One of the Confederate regiments, the First Texas, Hood's division, which we encountered in our advance through the cornfield, and which afterward occupied a position a little to our right, had 186 killed and wounded out of 226 taken into action—a percentage of loss of 82.3."—Boston Globe.

AN AUDIENCE OF THREE.

How Artemus Ward Escaped From an Awkward Situation.

Before Artemus Ward went to London, where the Lyceum fell in love with him only to mourn his untimely death among them, he had experienced the respect and kindness of his own countrymen by his quaint and kindly humor. The itinerary of one of his tours led him to a town in central Pennsylvania. It was about the middle of January. The day of the lecture came, and with it early came Artemus. Before noon a tremendous snowstorm broke over that part of Pennsylvania and raged furiously all day and night. There are some persons yet living who remember that storm, and how reverentially, in view of its savage severity, they gave up the idea of hearing Artemus Ward. All special trains were abandoned. When the lecturer appeared on the stage that night and looked about him, in all the large theatre he saw only three men, each in the seat his companion had left all three, as it happened, being far to the rear.

The three men looked lonely and uncomfortable. As one of them said afterward, they did not think there were enough of them to do justice to the occasion, and they felt the awkwardness of the situation and wondered what the outcome would be. Keeping that solemn face of his at its solemnest, Artemus advanced to the footlights and beckoning to the three men said: "Come up, closer, gentlemen. I want to speak to you." He had to repeat this invitation before his auditors understood that he meant what he said, and assured courage to go toward. When they had taken seats together in the front row, Artemus said: "There, now, that's more sociable." He paused and went on:

"Gentlemen, you are entitled to see my show and hear my lecture, if you are so disposed. But I understand that underneath this hall there is an excellent cafe, and I suggest that we spend the evening there, you as my guests."

Though reluctant to forego the show and lecture, as they saw Artemus had no mind for them, the three agreed to his proposition, the lights were turned out, and the little party descended to the cafe, where for hours they made merry, and whence one of them at least was most reluctant to start for home. He says he never had a more enjoyable time in his life, and that if Artemus Ward was not at his best then his best must have been "pretty well whooping." For the stories he told, and the way he told them made the audience forget its disappointment, and completely banished any lingering regret for what they had not received upstairs.—New York Times.

Queer Way to Catch Turtles.

Most voyagers in tropical seas are acquainted with a peculiar fish, Echeneis remora, known generally by the trivial name of the "sucker." The distinguishing characteristic of this fish is laziness. Unwilling to exert itself overmuch in the pursuit of food, it has developed an arrangement on the back of its head exactly like the corrugated sole of a tennis shoe, and as artificial in appearance as if made and fitted by the hand of man. When the sucker finds itself in the vicinity of any large floating body, such as a ship, a shark, or a piece of flotsam, whose neighborhood seems to promise an abundance of food, it attaches itself firmly thereto by means of this curious contrivance, which permits it to eat, breathe and perform all necessary functions while being carried about without any exertion on its part. It can attach and detach itself instantaneously, and holds so firmly that a direct backward pull cannot dislodge it without injury to the fish. The Chinese, who have successfully trained the cormorant and the otter to fish for them, have taken the remora in hand with the happiest results. Several good-sized specimens having been caught, small iron rings are fitted to their tails, to which are attached long, slender, but very strong, lines. Thus equipped the fishermen set out, and when a leatherback turtle is seen, two or three of the suckers are slipped overboard. Should they turn and stick to the bottom of the sampan, they are carefully detached by being pushed forward with the inevitable bamboo, and started on the search again. At last they attach themselves to the supine turtle. Then the fishermen haul in the lines, against which gentle creature the hapless Chelonia struggles in vain. Once on board the lugger the useful remora is detached, and is at once ready for use again.—Chambers' Journal.

A Spin on an Ice Yacht.

The wind is strong and steady, and the boat glides faster and faster. Sharp exclamations of pleasure testify that the passengers are enjoying it. The speed increases. Before lies a field smooth as plate glass and as level as a billiard table. For two miles it extends without a flaw. At its further edge lies a tremendous crack, filled with ground up ice and heaving black water. The full power of the wind strikes the white wings as the smoothest ice is reached, and the craft darts away at a tremendous pace. Faster, faster, she flies, till she is traveling faster than the wind that drives her. The air seems to be full of electric sparks, a frosty haze blurs the view, every heart is throbbing with delight at the wild, free speed of it all. Before one has had time to think, the crack seems to be rushing at the boat. A moment of intense anxiety, a catching of breaths, a wild pumping of hearts, then a shriek of excited joy. The good boat has flown the gap as a hunter clears his fence—has flung it behind her with never a rap, and is tearing away over another good bit, as though she had no need to touch anything more solid than the cold, sweet air.—Outing.

WORK OF SEA SOLDIERS.

NEVER ENDING ROUND OF THE DUTIES OF A SHIP'S MARINES.

They Are Busy Afloat or Ashore—Little Monotony in Their Life—What They Do and How They Do It—"Marines" on Ship and in Barracks.

Uncle Sam has two kinds of sea warriors, the web-footed ones, who, wearing a blue shirt with broad, rolling collar, are called bluejackets, and the amphibious, who, dressed in soldier clothes, with stripes on their trousers and chevrons on their sleeves, are called marines. Ashore, says the New York Sun, the habitat of the marine is in barracks at every navy yard, and you'll find a sentry at the gate and one at every turn in the yard. Afloat you find sentries at—but come along with the corporal of the guard as he makes his rounds of the ship. At the door of the captain's cabin stands the orderly, a natty, intelligent looking soldier. He latter needs be intelligent, for he has to carry many important verbal messages. In spite of yourself he makes you a little nervous sensitive when he salutes and says, "The captain wishes to see Mr. Smith." No one enters the captain's presence until the orderly has first taken in the name. Click comes the heels together, and the hand rises in salute to you as you enter the cabin door, no matter if you are going in to get a commendation or the toughest old reprimand there is, with a few days suspension from duty attached.

Down below there is a little narrow space between two bulkheads, where it's dark and hot and stuffy. There is a sentry down there, and his duty is to guard the storerooms. From the nature of his surroundings he can't walk, he can't whistle, he can't sing, and if he goes to sleep on post he has a court-martial before him.

Along the berth deck one comes across some long bright objects, looking much like porpoises, and evidently intended for swimming under water. Coming close to investigate, you are tapped on the shoulder and the "sentry over the torpedoes" courteously informs you that unauthorized persons are not allowed to handle those delicately adjusted but deadly instruments of warfare.

A little further along on this deck is the "sentry over the brig," for the brig is the ship's prison, where, in complete solitude, and on a bread and water diet, an offender can meditate and see the error of his ways.

In the forecastle the sentry keeps order among the crew, and an occasional eye on that fishing boat drifting down with the tide. Jack sometimes goes fishing and makes queer hauls. With a coin as a bait, he drops over his line, gets a nibble, hauls in a little brown bottle—and doesn't show his catch to the sentry.

And so the marine does the sentry duty of the ship—and this explains the ill-feeling that has existed from time immemorial between bluejacket and marine.

However, there are other things to be done besides the sentryings. The marines are a company of infantry and form the advanced guard in operations ashore; they fight a battery of guns as artillerists aboard ship, they clean ship, they coal ship, they paint ship and in it work is never through.

Then there are troublous times in one of our South American neighbors. The country is in a state of revolution, in the cities law and order are suspended, save the law of the machete. One does not venture out on the street unless heavily armed and with a guard. The American women and children are gathered under the flag of the United States consulate or legation. There is a soldier in a line on duty on guard at the entrance, there are many of them within, sometimes bivouacking on the patio, shaded from a broiling sun, at other times shivering beside a fire in the compound. These soldiers are the same marines and their ship is in the harbor not far away.

Preventing looting, suppressing fires, burying the dead, such was their duty at the bombardment of Alexandria. For the manner in which they did their duty look for the letter of Lord Charles Beresford in the files of the British Admiralty offices.

It is quite an interesting and pretty sight to watch the ceremonies which take place on board ship on the arrival of a high official, such as an ambassador, an admiral, a general, or a consul. As the cutter dashes up to the ship, with spray flying from the oars, the ship's bugle sounds "Attention." The side boys offer the man ropes as the official steps on the gangway, and the captain receives him as he steps on the quarter deck. As the two walk off the marine officer, in quick sharp tones, commands, "Present arms," and the whole marine guard, drawn up in line on the port side of the quarter deck, bring their rifles up in salute, while the bugle sounds a flourish and the drum a roll, one for a commodore, two for an admiral, three for an ambassador, and four for the president. The marines on a ship are, collectively, called the guard, and the ceremony is called parading the guard. It takes place on the arrival and departure of any official of rank. If the official does not visit the ship, it takes place when the boat flying his flag passes by, and it also takes place when two ships of war pass each other.

Ashore the marine is an infantryman pure and simple. He does most of his sentry duty in the navy yard, and when not on guard he is seen out on the parade ground of the barracks or in the target gallery. There is no ceremonial in company organization such as there is in the army. In a battalion on parade, Private Smith of the New York barracks will be touching elbows with Private Smith, just across from the Pacific Ocean, while the sergeant of the guard stands in the rear of the second rank of the European station.

There is but little monotony to the life of the soldier, and if he has continual change, the variety which attracts and holds the men—go from the exhibits of the United States at the Paris Exposition, in the coal fields in Pennsylvania, the World's Fair at Chicago, the expedition to the Isthmus of Panama, at naval stations from Sitka to Pensacola, aboard ship in every part of the world, with Decatur at Tripoli, with Scott in Mexico, with Farragut at Bladensburg, with Farragut in Mobile bay—afloat and ashore, ashore and afloat, the sea soldier of Uncle Sam has made his record. It is a proud one, and in keeping with the motto of the corps, "Semper Fidelis."

PROGRESSIVE REDSKINS.

Remarkable Step in a New Era of Indian Civilization.

The Iowa tribe of Indians living in Kansas and Nebraska have just sent to Congress a petition asking to have their tribal lands formally distributed in severalty among the members of the tribe, and entitled to the sacred sanctities of the United States citizenship. The petition is signed by them, not by cross marks, but with full written signatures, with the exception of one man, the only adult in the tribe who cannot write his own name. They all understand English and are fully cognizant of the effect of their action if Congress acts favorably upon their petition.

Almost all Indians are timorous about adopting any forward progress themselves. They hang back and allow the government to direct them in their relations with the whites and white civilization. But the Iowas have set the pace for a new movement in voluntary advance. They do not propose that their tribal funds shall be taken out of the treasury and handed over to them, but simply that on the government's books each member of the tribe shall have a separate bank account, and that his share of the interest shall be sent by the government for his individual benefit instead of for the benefit of the tribe as a mass.

It is hoped that the example set by the Iowas will be followed by other citizen Indians who hear of it, or who witness its good effect. The Sacs and Fox Indians in the same neighborhood have considered the question of sending in a similar petition, but they are still afraid to venture on what they regard as so radical a change. They are not yet so advanced in the spirit of civilization as the Iowas, but a little while hence they will probably get over their alarm and follow suit.—Boston Transcript.

A Hospital Car.

This country is used to forging ahead in the way of improvement, but in one respect Belgium has distanced us.

In that land, according to a recent report of the Chicago News, they have a hospital car, which is used on all railroads, and when a train is made up to carry the sick and wounded from the seaport, where the crowded ships may be picked up and carried to the nearest large city for treatment, instead of waiting hours for the arrival of an ambulance.

Again, the car can be used to transport large companies of invalids from place to place at certain seasons of the year. The interior of the car is divided into a main compartment, a corridor on one side and two small rooms at the end.

The hospital room is in the larger compartment; it contains twenty-four isolated beds on steel tables hung from powerful springs. Each patient lies in front of two little windows which may be opened or closed at will. Each bed is provided with a little movable table to hold all objects required.

On the middle of the hospital car under the corridor leads to the linen closet and the dispensary department, in which there is a large cupboard and a table for surgical instruments and a [illegible]. You are [illegible] in the floor, [illegible] contracts for gas, a gas-fire boiler, etc. Arrangements are made for an operating chamber and there are even small chairs for convalescent [illegible].

The car is heated [illegible] by hot coils in the floor. It is used to convey invalids from Belgium to the miraculous cures at Lourdes, France.

Wilhelm II's Feed Talisman.

The house of Hohenzollern possesses a family talisman. Since the time of the Elector John Cicero, who flourished toward the end of the fifteenth century, each ruler has, when possible before dissolution, handed to his successor a sealed casket. This contains a ring, in which is set a black stone said to have been dropped by a horse trod on the cuirass of a princess of the family just as she had given birth to a son, Frederick the Great found the ring in an envelope, which also inclosed a [illegible], written by Frederick I, [illegible] its value as a [illegible] talisman to the Emperor, who fully confirmed it.—St. James's Gazette.

Children's Column

The Seaton Cat.

[illegible]

The Electric Eel.

This animal, which exhibits the singular phenomenon of voluntary electric power residing in a living animal, is an inhabitant of the fresh water rivers and ponds of Surinam and other parts of South America, where it was first discovered in the year 1672.

The power of continuous electric shock is exercised in order to enable the creature to kill its prey. Those who have seen the electric eel in the Polytechnic [illegible] being fed will have little doubt of this. The fish given to it at regular [illegible] becomes aware of their presence, frequently touches them, and then disappears. This operation is repeated [illegible], but it has learned to turn in the direction of a paddling in the water made by the individual who feeds it. The fish is scarcely in the water [illegible] from the prison walls. The usual length of the gymnotus is about three feet.

Captain Stedman, in his account of Surinam, gives an account of the electrical eel, which, of course, had many opponents [illegible]. He attempted, for a wager, to [illegible] up an eel [illegible] according to his own words:

"I tried about twenty different times to capture it with my hand, but all without effect, receiving just as many electrical shocks, which I felt even to the upper part of my shoulders. It [illegible] and that the same must be repeated both hand before it gives the shock, but that I must take the liberty of some distance, having experienced the contrary. The eel mentioned was a small one, only two feet long, but one that had arrived at its full growth would have given a very much [illegible] shock. An English sailor [illegible] down by a shock from one of these eels, nor did he recover his senses for some time. It is said that the shock can pass up a stick, and strike the person holding it. Mr. [illegible] and a companion were both [illegible] while paddling of five wahoo canoes, in which the eel had been placed.

Humboldt, in his "Travels of Nature," gives a very amusing description of the method employed by the Indians to take these creatures—a method equally ingenious and cruel. Knowing from experience that the power of the animal are not able quite to withstand volleys of shocks, they construct a pen of stakes, and expel from it horses, instead of them selves.

[illegible] Detroit Free Press.

Consistent in Everything.

Two years ago Hank Monk [illegible] posted 2,000 miles for [illegible], which the [illegible] coast. Washington, [illegible] has 2,000 count trees in his orchard, some of them had grown [illegible] only four years old.

[illegible] Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Please.

When is the disagreeable season of the year to dogs? His master's.

If you have a place to put them they will make the place of your life. After you are [illegible] those little chap [illegible] a dozen or the same [illegible] times in bitterness [illegible] you get from them [illegible] mother.

The encomium is [illegible] one of the most [illegible] to civilized man.—Rome [illegible].

Financial Worries.

Boarding Mistress ([illegible] gently)—Two of my boarders were brought home last night in cabs.

Friend—Drunkard, [illegible]?

Boarding Mistress—Not at all. They haven't a cent left to pay their board.—Puck.

Not Art Enough.

Mr. Middleclass—The professor says my daughter sings like a nightingale.

Mr. Topdat—Well, the professor is wrong. The nightingale sour times rests.—Chicago News.

Take the remainder of the fowl he partly devoured, or, in absence of that, a recently killed animal, or piece of butcher's meat, and as he goes in under a log to clutch at any prey will be likely to feel sure if hunger is gnawing he will find it—and what fox is not hungry? The trap will not at first be accepted in good faith, but it will be sampled. [illegible] the covering the same place night after night, till its daily disappearance shows that his confidence is gained and there is no evidence of hesitancy in his approach. Then set the trap, a strong steel one, well staked and entirely concealed with leaves. He will come as usual for his supper, and this time he becomes a prisoner.—M. A. Hoyt, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Why Do Your Skates Slip?

Why do your skates slip on ice? [illegible] smooth, but you [illegible] on it. If you doubt it try your skates on a piece of [illegible] and see whether they will slip or not.

Ice is a substance which is slippery and [illegible] ice always [illegible] and [illegible]. We [illegible] the skate bottom [illegible] the skate and the ice and [illegible] simply [illegible]. Ice experts [illegible] to regard ice as [illegible] ice. "It's as slippery as if it had been greased," is said to be a proverb. On glass [illegible] and [illegible] is lacking, and the friction between the skate and the glass makes slipping impossible. Put two pieces of glass together with a few drops of water between them, and see how easily they will slip about, one over the other.—Chicago Record.

A Curious Incident.

Horses will fret in strange attachments for dogs, but it does not often happen that a canine derives any real benefit from having a horse for a friend. The following story proves that a dog may [illegible] colors a horse's affection [illegible] peculiar habits. A man living in the country had a horse which [illegible] turned out just as a horse [illegible] ready to pulling [illegible] that was on the farm [illegible] the house. One [illegible] the horse were [illegible] but he was always [illegible] and he after [illegible] was [illegible] long [illegible] waiting and [illegible] who was coming [illegible] he [illegible] for he could be heard in the very act of pulling on the carriage. [illegible] from the [illegible] and found that he went [illegible] direction of the field where the horse was. Arrived there, the owner of the carriage saw the horse [illegible] the shafts [illegible]. In some way the dog had discovered that the horse had a partiality for carrots, and was unable to gratify its tastes, but with a sagacity that is almost incredible, the dog found the means of obtaining the coveted morsel for his friend, and [illegible] it without scruple at his master's [illegible]. The whole plan rests on the friend of caution, patience and perseverance.—Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Please.

When is the disagreeable season of the year to dogs? His master's.

If you have a place to put them they will make the place of your life. After you are [illegible] those little chap [illegible] a dozen or the same [illegible] times in bitterness [illegible] you get from them [illegible] mother.

The encomium is [illegible] one of the most [illegible] to civilized man.—Rome [illegible].

Financial Worries.

Boarding Mistress (sadly)—Two of my boarders were brought home last night in cabs.

Friend—Drunkard, [illegible]?

Boarding Mistress—Not at all. They haven't a cent left to pay their board.—Puck.

Not Art Enough.

Mr. Middleclass—The professor says my daughter sings like a nightingale.

Mr. Topdat—Well, the professor is wrong. The nightingale sour times rests.—Chicago News.