The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXI. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899. NO. 21.

The Chathaw 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 can be made.

A POKE O' MOONSHINE.

How Willis Farsell Secured a Wife and a Fortune.

BY FRANKLIN FILE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"They wish it to be published at once," he explained, as the other finished the perusal, "so as to send copies to their friends."

"Great scoop, eh!" Burble cried, flinging up his arms, and then hugging the manuscript. "Talk about the enterprise of metropolitan journals! Well, sir, we will compel them once to quote from the Clarion. Here, Eb, up there! Copy—copy—copy!" And when the boy had descended the fourteen steps of the stairs with four of his own, clutched the paper and clambered up again, his joyous employer shouted after him, "Tell Johnson to double-lead that, and set the headlines big as a vendue poster. Leave over anything to get that in—anything but politics or live stock."

Turning to Fassell, he slapped that lugubrious gentleman on both shoulders and exclaimed: "Don't scowl! Let the scorpion across the way sting itself to death with malignant spite when he sees our beat, but we should be as gay as red butterflies winging their way among yellow buttercups. If Election Day wasn't so some before our next issue, Willis, profanity sue to hades if I wouldn't put on a header of victory right over that cooperative article!"

At that moment the door opened, and Captain O'Flarretty and Miss Willowby entered.

"Ah! this is Miss Grace Willowby," said the editor, beaming and bowing. "You have been described for the Clarion more than once, and the Clarion never lies. I congratulate you, sir. And he shook hands rather inattentively with O'Flarretty, for his gaze was absorbedly fixed upon the prospective bride. "Be seated—pray be seated."

'Twas his associate who placed the chairs, and who received a "Thank you" from Miss Willowby.

"Now, dear sir," said O'Flarretty, "you have granted our request and will publish our marriage in the prisint issue of your newspaper?"

"It will be on the press in an hour," Burble replied.

"Oh, before it has happened!" Miss Willowby exclaimed. "But you said the Clarion never—never——"

"Never dared a false note or blazoned a falsehood. But it is prompt to a degree, amounting sometimes to anticipation, in telling the truth. As I understand it, you must be married by 12 o'clock to-night, and our paper will not be read outside this office before morning. What's futurity now will then be an accomplished fact."

"But you will not publish anything about the diamonds? That would be utterly premature."

"The article relates only that you and Miss Willowby have eloped from Quebec," Fassell replied, with a tone attuned to a matter which the speaker deemed deplorable; "that you arrived in this village yesterday—that is, to-day; that you were wedded last evening—which will be this evening; and that, in the absence of the Rev. Josiah Perkins, the ceremony was performed by his assistant, with which the assistant's voice dropped by a despondent crescendo into a sigh so deep and internal that the sigh did not hear it."

"Diamonds! Diamonds!" ejaculated Burble.

So they told him all about the twenty stones, and yet set in legal difficulty; that the world awaited the advice of Judge Furry, and that the fortune was then in the lawyer's safe.

"In our safe," remarked Burble, "for, like this office, it is shared by the Judge and me. See!" He turned the knob of the lock and opened the outer door. "But each of us has a private compartment, fitted with its own lock, the combination of which is not known to the other. Not that we are distrustful. The Judge and the journalist are bonded from heart to heart, like the Siamese twins. Silas Furry and Hiram Burble are Si and Hi in intimacy. Even now, at the very climax of a political campaign, when Si is a candidate on the Prohibition ticket and boomed by the humid and vapory apology of an opposition journal, while Hi sounds bugle blasts in the Clarion for his defeat and freedom's victory, nevertheless our personal relations are not strained." Col. Burble's eloquence was spoken to Miss Willowby, regardless of the two other listeners. "We bought these things of an agent. I paid for them in advertising, and gave the Judge one on his sixtieth birthday—about a year ago. We're nigh the same age."

"Oh, you're not sixty?" was Miss Willowby's gentle protest.

"I'm not," was the reply, "it's because I'm closer to sixty-one—and a bachelor."

Over that hardly pertinent or praiseworthy assertion he seemed positively glorious, as he gazed in rapt admiration at the fair visitor.

"How can you have so dashed all the hopes that you must have raised?" And she said that without so much as a suggestion of roguery. "Did you never once fall in love?"

"Yes—once. So did Judge Furry—both with the same girl. She couldn't make a choice between us. After trying for a dozen years she gave it up—gave us up—and married a Massachusetts man. As it might have been, Si and I were sure to be enemies till death. As it was, we became sympathetic friends for life. But I was telling you about those boxes. The locks are made to be set on four letters. You couldn't hit on the combination in thousands of thousands of times trying. The Judge says he would be sure to forget his if it wasn't fixed in his memory by a memorable subject. So the diamonds are quite safe in the Judge's box."

Burble shut and locked the door of the safe.

"And you're thinking, sor," said O'Flarretty to Fassell, "that the Judge will not come in till evening."

"He has gone to a mass meeting which will not be over until nightfall," was the reply, "but I am sure he will keep his evening appointment here with you."

"Thank you. Then Miss Willowby and I will kill an hour or so of tedious time, and return at, say, 8 o'clock."

"I trust he won't disappoint us," said Miss Willowby demurely. "I must be married before midnight, you know."

In the garden of Colonel Burble's hopeful fancy many acorns of fortune had been planted, with never one to grow into an oak of wealth. But the buoyant man was ready to take another chance. If this delicious heiress should somehow find O'Flarretty unavailable, and yet should absolutely require a bridegroom before midnight, well——

She interrupted his thoughts, but did not at all disconcert his scheme, by asking: "And what was the name of the lady whom you and the Judge jointly loved?"

"Oh, she is only a memory——"

"But her name?"

"Dorothea."

As Miss Willowby bowed herself out of the office her last glance at Burble was mischievous, and he took it for encouragement; but what she was mentally saying to herself was this: "Oh, it is fun to find out things on the sly. Now the 'memory' to which the Judge set the combination lock was the woman he loved. Her name was Dorothea. So the four letters are in D-o-r-o-t-h-e-a. Yet a man thinks he can keep a secret."

As for Burble, he hastily climbed the stairs to the composing-room.

"Johnson," he said, "unlock that last form. I wish to make an alteration!"

CHAPTER III.

AN ISSUE OF THE CLARION OF LIBERTY.

The combined offices of Editor Burble and Judge Furry remained as quiet as Miss Willowby had placidly left them for the space of ten minutes, and then came turbulence in the person of the lawyer, who struck the door open with a blow that mean enmity to somebody within. The editor had not come down from the composing room, and it was Willis Fassell whom the Judge encountered. The young man had never seen anything like passion in this member of his tripartite chiefs, and he was too amazed to inquire about it; but not long was he left uninformed as to the object or subject of wrath.

"You scoundrel!" the Judge exclaimed. "You traitor in my camp! Oh, don't look surprised. You don't know what you wrote in the speech for old Sam Billings to deliver at the mass meeting. You were to put into that solid old farmer's mouth a plea for prohibition—a panegyric on my fitness for a return to the judicial bench. Aware of all that, you can imagine the effect when old Billings read a plea for personal liberty in beverages, and a virulent attack on me as an enemy of the inherent rights of freemen. I could have killed Sam Billings, and I think I would have slaughtered him on the spot if judicial experience had not inclined me to moderation. But I secured the manuscript, sir, and here it is—in your own undeniable handwriting."

"Good heavens!" cried Fassell, instantly comprehending the disaster which had arisen from his confused state of mind. "Why, that's an article I wrote for the Clarion. I must have made a horrible blunder."

"Horrible indeed, but blunders are crimes in a political campaign."

"What can I do?"

"You can take your punishment, young gentleman, if this thing defeats me. The penalty happens to be mine to inflict, sir, and down you go if I do. You wrote the verses that a woman in the Frolic Burlesque Company is going to sing at the Opera House to-night; didn't you?"

"In my capacity as associate editor of the Clarion, yes; but with a pledge of profound secrecy from the manager."

"Well, in my capacity as lawyer, the manager consulted me as to whether those verses were libelous. They touched upon the scandal in the church choir, you know."

"Yes, I know—with the refrain, 'That is what a naughty echo said to me.'"

"The naughty echo says to me that, if I am not elected, the associate pastor will be exposed to all the awful consequences of that composition.

At this juncture Colonel Burble came downstairs. His descent was noisier than had been usual with even that tumultuous individual, and the manner of his entrance, before he had spoken a word, informed Fassell that another third of the accident had occurred. But it was upon the agitated Judge Furry that Burble bestowed his first outburst of rage.

"So you've attempted a trick on your bosom friend, Si!" he fumed and snorted. "You've bribed my associate to smuggle a violent prohibition article into the Clarion—making me say editorially that you're angelically right, and I'm demoniacally wrong."

"Slowly, Hi, and calmly, Hi," the new steadied lawyer said. "How about my associate supplying to one of my idiot orators a harangue to deliver against me?"

"A TRICK OF YOUR BOSOM FRIEND."

"Gentlemen," the culprit pleaded, "it was a purely accidental exchange of manuscripts. I was audited by this elopement—by the arrival of a lady once a sweetheart of mine—by the duty of having to perform the ceremony making her the wife of another."

"What is she to you?" Burble expostulatively demanded. "Nothing. And won't let me see you trying to make her anything to you. I will forgive this accident, though I had to stop the press and open the form; but if you make the slightest overture of sentiment toward Miss Willowby, I'll—I'll——"

"His salvation or destruction is in my hands," and Furry drew from his pocket a paper. "Here is the variety show song written by Elder Perkins' associate, rhyming the scandal in the choir, and each verse ending with 'That is what a naughty echo said to me!' Elder Perkins won't sue there to say: 'We will omit, if you please, the first to the last stanzas, inclusive.' They'll all be sung, with pirouettes and pigeon wings. This original copy, in your penmanship, Willis, will go into my safe too. Next day after election you will know your fate. Now, you see the necessity of getting out and hustling for the ticket. Hi, I exonerate you."

"Si, I hold you blameless," and the editor grasped the willing hand of the lawyer.

But on their associate they frowned in unison, while he stood gloomily silent, with one hand clasping a chair, as though to save himself from being swept to utter destruction by his employers' vengeance, and with the other nervously clawing his beard.

"Oh, comb the parting out of your whiskers," said Furry. "That's what you do when you're going on duty for Elder Perkins."

"And it will put a ministerial aspect on you," added Burble, "in readiness to unite Miss Willowby in wedlock with this O'Flarretty—or somebody."

The article which Sim Billings had spoken was ordered into hasty type for the delayed Clarion, and that delivered the editor out of the predicament. The speech which Sim Billings had not spoken was sent to the Banner, to be published therein, and that would help to undo the damage which the candidate had suffered. But the manuscript of the topical song was locked in Furry's box, and so there was no rift for Willis Fassell to see in the clouds that stormed over his dazed head. He sidled out into the street, and went home to a supper which he couldn't eat.

Burble and Furry had no more than watched the wreck of their employe float out of sight when Ebenezer, the devil, slowly descended the stairs step by step. That unprecedented method made the men turn to look at him. He carried carefully in his arms a small wooden box. On discovering that the editor was not alone, the boy turned to reascend, being all the time particular not to jolt the box.

"What's that, Eb?" Burble asked.

"I didn't know you wasn't alone," and Eb tried to hide the mysterious thing behind him.

"What have you there?"

"Nothing."

Burble caught him by the shoulder and whirled him around, whereupon he crouched down to the floor, gingerly holding fast to the box and saving it from concussion.

"You'll be right sorry you made me tell, Mr. Burble—afore the Judge. You know what I said? That there wasn't no zim in the paper. Talk't my idee that the elopement helps out much, nother—though it's better'n nothin'. But here's the zim—in this box, and you're a sacrificin' it." He set the box softly on the table, and lifted the cover. "Them's the runnin' gear out of an old clock. That tin cup in the corner is full of gunpowder."

"An infernal machine!" Burble exclaimed.

"Perexactly. But it ain't meant to blow up nobody. It's jest zim for the Clarion. It's sent in by a political enemy. It goes off—biff—bang!—when nobody's here. Lots of smoke, but no great shakes, and no particular damage. Big excitement though, and extra edition. Immense boom for the paper. That's what it is."

The boy was sternly commanded by Burble to go back upstairs, and not to say a word about his project.

"Now, Si," said Burble, "I am going to prove my unimpaired affection and never greater esteem. That speech by Billings may hurt you. But to more than make good for that mishap, you shall have this infernal machine. Fiendish plot to kill a Prohibitionist! Resentful sentiment aroused! Triumph at the polls! Put it in the safe to-night, and have it delivered at your residence to-morrow."

"Hi, old man," said the emotionally grateful Furry, "I thank you for this sacrifice. We will talk it over in the morning. But could that boy be depended on?"

"If he thinks a confession would send him before you, as judge, to be sentenced, he won't dare to ever own up. All is fair in love and war."

"And political campaigning is war," the Judge assented.

He opened the safe, and had locked the explosive apparatus in his private box along with the diamonds, when Miss Willowby slipped on a bit of snow in entering. She was not saved by O'Flarretty from falling, because that gentleman had his eye on the lawyer and his mind on the diamonds. It was into Burble' ready arms that she plunged, and they hugged her longer and harder than was absolutely needful in restoring her lithe, light person from an angle of thirty degrees to the perpendicular. But it was toward O'Flarretty, and for his failing to grab her, that she showed a shade of resentment.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Burble," she said; "and you, Shamus, ought to thank him, too, for saving you the trouble of catching me."

"Me thoughts wor on the diamonds, darling," he said.

"It seems to me," she retorted, "that they are quite as dear to you as I am."

That theory as to her companion's mixed desire to possess her and her fortune was asserted impulsively, but it had been slowly formed in her mind during the day in consequence of his constant anxiety about the contents of the little leather bag. She was surprised and alarmed by her own words, however, and with the appealing gesture of a weak woman to the strong man into whose care she had placed herself, she smiled feebly on her impending husband.

"Have you come to a decision, Mr. Furry," that individual said to the lawyer, failing utterly to discover the evidences of a revulsion in Miss Willowby's feeling. "Is there, sor, any raison for further delay of the marriage ceremony?"

"I really can discover none," Judge Furry replied, as the couple took seat with him inside his railing. "The terms of the bequest, you tell me, were——"

And there he stopped, for, looking past his clients, he saw Burble making gestures to him. The demonstration was incomprehensible, however, and he continued: "Whether or no Miss Willowby is liable to prosecution on a constructive charge of larceny, and you, also, culpable as an aider and abettor of her act, I can see very clearly that your case will be bettered by the lady's marriage to-day in accordance with the provision of the will."

Burble could not overhear the advice that was being given. He busied his hands with opening a bunch of newspapers just from the mail; but his mind was occupied by a struggle to devise a way to substitute himself for O'Flarretty as the bridegroom. No glimmer of a feasible idea flashed from his active intellect on the black prospect. Was this ticket in the lottery of fortune only another blank? He was holding

THE COLONEL BLESSES THEM.

up a Quebec journal, and making a pretense of perusal, when a headline obtruded itself upon his comprehension. It belonged to a preliminary description of Miss Willowby's wedding, as it had been arranged to occur in the Canadian capital.

"Come here, you substituted bridegroom," Burble vivaciously cried, glad to interrupt the consultation. "Come here and read how Mr. Fergus Ferguson and Miss Grace Willowby were, ere this, to have stood at the altar."

O'Flarretty went over to the editor's inclosure and was followed by Furry, but Miss Willowby remained seated by the safe. For an instant she sat questioning herself why her she had not made a foolish exchange of bridegrooms. Then she carelessly placed her hand on the knob of the safe by which she sat. The door swung open, for Furry had not locked it, and there, within her reach, was the box containing the diamonds.

Thereupon a surprising thing happened. Miss Willowby thoughtfully, carefully, yet with no indecision, turned the knob of the Judge's private box from one letter to another, until the four forming the combination had been touched in the correct order. The bag of diamonds was exposed. A glance at the three men convinced her that her act had not been seen. Quickly and noiselessly she emptied the diamonds into her pocket, replaced the bag, shut the box, locked it, closed the door of the safe, and remarked:

"I suppose to-morrow's issue of that paper will contain the flight of the bride!"

"And the disappearance of the diamonds," laughed O'Flarretty, exultantly. "I was to have been only an usher at the wedding."

"So this article says," Burble remarked. "It also mentions the opportune arrival of some members of your family from Ireland."

"Indade!"

"You didn't expect them?"

O'Flarretty did not answer, but took the paper out of the editor's hands and put it into his own pocket. Then he returned to Miss Willowby, who had seen his sudden censorship of the press, and who now saw his suppressed agitation over the published news of the O'Flarretty.

"I have been amusing myself, 'Shamus,' "she calmly whispered, "by guessing a riddle. What makes you stare so? You heard Colonel Burble tell of his and Judge Furry's love of one girl. Then he said that the Judge's private box in this safe was locked on four letters, which the Judge declared he'd be sure to forget if they were not associated with a memory. I asked the name of the girl. It was Dorothea. My guess was that the name contained the four letters of the combination. Likely T-h-e-a, that being pretty and pronounceable. I've just tried it—out of curiosity, you know. 'Thea' is the open sesame."

"And the diamonds are there, darling?"

"They are quite safe, Shamus."

The editor and the lawyer were in a whispered dialogue, too. But Eb, the devil, noisily interrupted them with a copy of the Clarion, moist from the press. Burble took it and ran a critical eye up and down its columns.

"Did they spell my name correctly?" Miss Willowby demurely inquired. "They're so apt to make it o-u-g-h-b-y, instead of o-w-b-y."

"And mine?" O'Flarretty asked with ardu us gayety.

"Well," Colonel Burble replied, "your name isn't printed at all. I made a change in the types at the last moment. This article says that Miss Grace Willowby, Quebec's most beautiful and accomplished belle, came to Liberty and was married to a gentleman whom the editor did not deem it advisable to name."

"Meaning me, sir, of course," and O'Flarretty bowed in sincere gratitude. Then as Willis Fassell entered, he added: "Here is the gintleman who has kindly consinted to officiate. Let the ceremony go on."

"Colonel Burble and I," said Judge Furry, very blandly, "have had a momentary consultation, and we advise delay."

"That's not to be thought of, sor."

"The fact is that the engagement is off altogether," said Col. Burble, in an authoritative tone.

"Off altogether!" Miss Willowby faintly echoed.

"For the reason that, if the news which the captain has pocketed is correct, his wife and two children arrived in Quebec yesterday."

O'Flarretty was for a moment irresolute. When he had made up his mind what to say, it was this: "To the divil with the prying, meddling, gossiping papers. Good evening, gentlemen. Good-by, Miss Willowby; and I trust you may be able to get a satisfactory husband in my stead."

With that he backed out of the office, bowing.

Then Col. Burble arose to the occasion. "Miss Willowby," he said, "all the aspects of your situation point to the positive necessity of a husband."

"Hush!" was her whispered response. "Don't look toward the window or the safe—not one of you!" Raising her voice, she went on: "You do me honor, sir, to offer your assistance, but I must beg at least two or three minutes of delay—until my unfortunate affair with Captain O'Flarretty is concluded. He took me for the sake of my diamonds. He has had to relinquish me, for he doesn't mean to give up the fortune if he can prevent it by a desperate exploit." After a furtive glance across the room she continued: "I told him how to open the Judge's box, because I wished to test his honesty. He has this instant gone out through that window, into which he had sneaked, and is now escaping with my box."

"Oh, we must capture him!" Burble cried.

"No, no," she coolly commanded. "I am too luckily rid of him to ever wish to have him brought back."

"But the diamonds?"

"Oh, they have bothered me enough already."

"But their loss leaves you penniless."

And Burble was eloquent as his own scheme began to dissolve into naught. "If we can recover them a husband can instantly be materialized."

"Without them?" And now it was Willis Fassell, suddenly resolute, who spoke. "Miss Willowby is the same dear young lady whom I wooed at New Haven five years ago, and to whom I now venture to offer myself again."

"And she accepts you," was her reply.

"In honesty I must confess," Fassell went on, "that a cloud has risen over me." He meant the topical verses, which were in the Judge's box. "Not until after next Tuesday's election shall I know whether a sunshine or storm is to follow the cloud, but——"

The cloud was dispelled with an explosion like a thunderbolt. The door of the safe flew around on its hinges, and from the Judge's open box issued the smoke and smell of burnt gunpowder. The interior was a mass of clock-work and charred papers.

"The thief set the internal machine off," said the editor.

"And my dreadful daggerd is destroyed," said Fassell.

"Whatever it was that you've lost," said Miss Willowby, blushing prettily and letting one hold her slightly tremulous hand, in which were the twenty diamonds, "here is my fortune. Captain Shamus O'Flarretty will discover that he has stolen only a poke o' moonshine."

THE END

Shaking Hands.

George Meikle Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was a man who raised himself from obscurity by the sheer force of talent and determination. He had a retiring nature, and a shy and shrinking manner toward strangers. The habit of hand-shaking greated in him an embarrassment and aversion which he could scarcely control, and one of his friends gives an amusing description of the manner in which he accomplished the deed when it became inevitable. The two were walking along one of the streets in Edinburgh, in the full flow of an animated conversation, when Kempsudenly became aware of a friend approaching them from the opposite direction.

Instantly the current of his thought was arrested, he lost the thread of conversation and then became silent altegether. A whimsically troubled expression crept over his face, and a nervous commotion developed itself in his manner.

Extraordinary movements began in his right hand and arm, which he kept dangling and jerking backward and forward in a helpless way, as if he had entirely lost control of them. Gradually the hand appeared to stiffen, and rise, with the arm, until they were at right angles with the body.

With a powerful effort he shot out his hand, and grasped that of the friend who had approached, and then, the ordeal passed, with a sigh of relief, he briskly resumed his part of the conversation, with the air of a man who has performed an unpleasant but meritorious action.

His indifference to dress is amusingly illustrated by an incident which occurred when he was called upon to attend a committee meeting in order to discuss the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral. He performed the journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow on foot, and on arriving at his destination it occurred to him that a fresh shirt-front would freshen his toilet to a sufficient degree.

He bought the article, put it on, and quite satisfied with his immaculate appearance, waited on the committee, and then, business dispatched, called upon a relative.

"Why, George," cried that "plain-spoken" person, "what have you been doing to your shirt-collar? Just look in the glass and see what a fright you are!"

"It does not matter now," he said, "for, fright as I am, I have been among the great folks."

He had forgotten to remove his travel-stained collar, and there it appeared, rising mutinously above the new and spotless one.

Oddities of Color Blindness.

While the number of color-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect, and most of those being affected only in a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases.

Captain Abney recently stated that he had found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision, that is to say, all colors appeared to them to be different shades of gray.

If the reader will look at a photograph of a landscape, or picture of a garden filled with brilliant flowers, he will be able to form an idea of the appearance which nature must present to one who suffers from the infirmity called monochromic vision.

One can sometimes imitate the effects of colorblindness through overfatigue of the eye. Professor Brett, the famous painter, and the members of the Royal Astronomical Society not long ago found that by looking at a scarlet geranium after working at it for upwards of an hour, the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will insist in pronouncing it green, or black, or anything else. "Black," he explained, "is a very good color to look at green against, and so I used to look at green until all is blue."

NEWSPAPERS IN THE COLONIES.

Speculations About the Effects of the Expansion Policy.

Now that the United States has colonies all its own American people, who never do anything by halves, will be rushing over there in great numbers to the overdoing of everything in a business and industrial way, and the newspaper man will not be behind others in this undoing, for undoing invariably follows overdoing.

The population of Cuba and Porto Rico essentially Spanish, is composed largely of illiterates, who are as indifferent to newspapers as they are to cleanliness. Those who can read and care to read are fairly well supplied with very creditable newspapers published in their own language by men of newspaper experience.

The Sandwich Islands are made up of a few thousand English speaking people, fewer Portuguese and some Chinamen and Japanese, but the great body of the people is but half civilized and full blood and half breed Hawaiians.

The Filipinos will require many years of education before they will begin to read newspapers. The Sandwich and the Filipinos groups have newspapers adequate to present conditions.

That additional newspapers will be needed to meet the exigencies of changed conditions on these islands goes without saying. Much American capital will go to these islands, and much emigration of Americans will follow thither. These will want newspapers in their tongue and newspapers that represent American enterprise.

So, too, increased trade with these islands will invite advertisers to the columns of newspapers published in these several islands.

But, as said at the beginning, the thing is likely to be overdone. Because there are possibilities open, more will wish to seize them than the opportunities warrant, and it will be the duty of the current chroniclers to write the obituary of many a daring newspaper, overcome of its rashness.—Newspaper Maker.

Manners in the Field.

There is some occult influence which frequently causes well-bred and well-intentioned people to forget their breeding and their manners directly they have a gun in hand and find themselves on another person's land looking for game. Yet there is surely nothing inherent in a taste for field sports which involves such disregard of others. On the contrary, as is demonstrated by shining examples in great multitude, there are sportsmen who show themselves in the field as at home and everywhere thoughtful of their fellow-men, and whose pleasant fellowship is sought not only by the companion with whom they go shooting, but by the residents among whom they shoot, and to whose courtesy they are indebted for their opportunities of sport. Every shooter who thus treats a landowner as he would be treated in turn by him will have no difficulty in finding in this country to-day an abundance of good shooting. Even if he shall at first be warned off and debarred by trespass notices he has to thank for this, in all probability, the gunners who have preceded him, and who have made their invasion of the fields so intolerable that they have put a brand and stigma upon all of the craft.—Forest and Stream.

Extra Pay For a Servant Who Thinks.

A friend of mine had just hired a general servant, when that respected individual gravely inquired: "Does a girl have to think here?"

The employer gasped a terrified "What-at?"

"Do I have to think?" was the stolid rejoinder.

"Why, good heavens! of course you have to think!" exclaimed the now thoroughly puzzled lady.

"Then I'll have to have fifty cents more a week. I always does in places where I thinks," said the girl determinedly.

Then it came about that, in her vocabulary the verb "to think" applied exclusively to meals. If a mistress ordered breakfast, luncheon and dinner, detail by detail, the maid had no occasion to "think." If she were obliged to plan the meals herself, she wanted fifty cents a week for the mental exertion.

Who could blame her?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Heroes of the Pen.

The intensity of application with which the mind follows whatever it lays hold of in literary pursuits is exemplified in the case of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquarian of the seventeenth century. He had been for years engaged in a voluminous Latin dictionary, and while fascinated with this heroic work gave so little time and attention to his wife that he incurred her bitterest jealousy, and before the work was quite complete she committed the whole to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, Ainsworth set to work and rewrote it, accomplishing the entire work in time. The same bitter disappointment was endured with similar heroism by Carlyle when the MS. of his "Frederick the Great" was destroyed by fire.

Japanese in Mexico.

An investigation shows that the Japanese colony, which was established about two years ago in the district of Soconusco, on the Pacific Slope, in the State of Chiapas, is proving itself to be a perfect success. Over 100 more Japanese families are now on their way from their distant native land to the new colony, where they expect to make their future home. There are now nearly 100 families of Japanese located there. They are employed in raising coffee and tea.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ICE CREAM ON OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

How It Is Packed and Preserved For Travelers on the High Seas.

The ocean steamships all serve ice cream at dinner and buy a supply for the round trip in New York. The same is true of clams and oysters. The last is the shellfish away in a tank which is half full of rocks and sea-water. They draw off the water every morning and refill the tank with a new from the sea, so that it is perfectly easy to keep them in good condition for several weeks. They keep lobsters in the same way.

Ice cream is more difficult to handle. It takes about 800 pounds for the round trip for a passenger list of 250. It is put up in cubes of one quart each, which are packed in pasteboard boxes after being wrapped in oiled paper. The boxes are then stowed away in tin cans or chests which hold enough for a single dinner. These are sealed and piled up in the refrigerator, where the temperature is kept even the whole year around. What ice cream is left from one voyage is used on the next. It has been known to keep in good condition for two or three months.

In Denmark some one has discovered a process by which milk can be preserved in a similar manner by freezing it into blocks, and the process is said to be a great success. Fresh milk in cans cannot be kept longer than forty-eight hours without losing something of its flavor, but it is claimed that milk frozen by the new process may not only be preserved an indefinite length of time if kept in an even temperature, but is entirely free from disease germs, as if it had been boiled.

A company has been formed at Copenhagen with a capital of $50,000 to perfect this process and erect a plant capable of turning out 110,000 pounds a day, which can be shipped to any part of the world in vessels that have a refrigerator capacity.

Letters and the Blues.

To write a letter when one is suffering from a fit of the blues, from temporary or chronic depression, thus sending forth one's melancholy to become the chilly wet blanket which can smother another's happiness, is equally short-sighted. Out comes the bright sun shine, and your clouds vanish; but your darkly and wretchedly conceived letter has gone beyond your reach, and you cannot recall it, and it is busy about its baleful errand when you are in no frame of mind to own that you sent it out. Years afterward it may fall into the hands of your heirs, and may lay at your door the charge of a tendency to insanity, or be quoted in evidence of your spiritual or mental weakness and infelicity. Refrain from writing letters when you are in a low mood.

Another point, and this has to do with the letters of well-known people. What right has the public to the intimate knowledge, the unveiling, the revelation caused by the publication of letters when the helpless dead can lift no hand for their own defense or protection. Much as we enjoy biography, there often comes over us a creepy feeling, a sort of shiver, at the thought that those who wrote these private personal letters never intended them for the perusal of other eyes than those of the one to whom they were addressed. Famous men and women should take precautions during their lifetime against this invasion of their individual rights when they are no longer here.

Letters are endowed with a sort of earthly immortality an indestructibility which resists everything except the flames.—Harper's Bazar.

A Mean Man.

I heard of a Louisville man who was pretty close. There died a treasurer who was perhaps the most popular man in Louisville. His friends undertook to raise a neat sum of money for his family, and did raise a goodly sum. Somehow they succeeded in getting a contribution from this man I am telling you about, but instead of giving cash he gave his note at ninty days. The committee tried to get him to pay cash, but he refused, and they left with the note. There were two or three other notes, but when the committee explained to the givers that they would like to make it a lump cash contribution, they all, except this one, took up the notes and paid the money. When all had paid each except this one they went to him and explained the situation. He declined to make it a cash subscription, but finally, in answer to the committee's repeated appeals, he agreed to pay it in cash if the committee would discount the note. This they did, deducting the bank discount for the time the note had to run. He was a very close man.—Nashville Banner.

Gave as the Judge.

A celebrated Judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the Judge.

"Nothing, my Lord."

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My Lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my Lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'"

At which everybody present roared.

"And what did you say?" said the Judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould judge that's going to hang yez.'"—Tit-Bits.