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, FEBRUARY 9, 1899. NO. 24.

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.

THE
SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

Copyrighted by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER III.
CONTINUED.

Samanthy's consent being obtained, Mrs. Porter went out in the garden, where "father" was at work, and held a short consultation with him. The result of this conference was a foregone conclusion, however, as "father" always deferred to his wife's judgment and wishes.

"You can tell him that he can come, then," said Mrs. Porter, when she came back to the house. "That is, if he feels as if he could put up with our way o' livin'."

"Oh, I know he won't mind that," said Nannie, delighted with her success. Then she put on her sun-bonnet and ran home, never stopping for a word with Dick, who had been leaning on the fence, waiting patiently for the conference with Mrs. Porter to end.

"I wonder what's the matter now?" he thought, as he saw Nannie come out of the gate and walk straight down the road toward home, without so much as looking in his direction. "Something out the singing-school, I suppose, or its teacher," he added, with a scowling lip. "It's strange how girls will act, all on account of a handsome face and smooth ways."

From which remark you will understand that Dick was beginning to get jealous of Mr. Wayne.

"Won't it be nice?" Nannie said to her mother, soon she got home and told the news. "We'll be so near that I can run over real often to have him show us about anything that bothers me. I mean to practice all the spare time I get, and get ahead of all the other girls. I know I shall like him ever so much."

When Dick came to supper, Mrs. Boone told him about Mrs. Porter's new boarder. Nannie, for some reason, didn't come into the kitchen as she usually did when he was host; but went to Mrs. Porter's, to help her with the dishes. Well, I can't say as I care a great deal about having him for such a near neighbor, Samanthy and I didn't take much of a fancy to him."

Dick looked at Nannie as he said this, but she pretended not to hear. Dick knew that she did hear it, for all that, for her cheeks got a trifle redder, and she gave her head a little toss that told that she was not greatly pleased at the remark.

"I guess we'll be favored with whole lots of his music, afore long," said Mr. Boone, as they sat down to supper. "Eat, eat, here," pinching Nannie's pink cheek, "thinks she'll have the whole contract or whatever you call it, if her tongue's end is lookin' well."

"Well, it will be a first-rate chance for me to learn," said Nannie, as she passed the butter to Dick. "He'll be over, you know. I can run over to Aunt Porter's and ask him lots of questions when I come to something I don't just understand."

Too true, Dick thought, but he said nothing.

They walked down to the school house together that night, but the conversation between them was not what could be called a very lively one. If Nannie talked of anything, it had to be either the singing-school or its teacher, and Dick could not was very anthusiastic on such topics, therefore he preferred to keep still and let her do the talking.

Promptly at seven o'clock the session began. Any one who has ever attended a singing-school in the country knows what the usual routine of work is: An explanation of the scale, with its letters, its flats and sharps, and ever-changing keys, its do re me's and fa sol la's, and then, for the beginner's benefit, little easy exercises which are to the study of harmony what the primer is to the reading-book with the student in the district-school. Every teacher of music begins with these a host of the science, but not one in a dozen succeeds in making his scholars understand much about them. The "fun" comes in when they get to singing "pieces." Most of the students can catch the tune from hearing it sung by the teacher, and singing real tunes is much more satisfactory to the scholar than drilling on dry exercises. This school was like all others in this respect. After the rudiments had been dwelt upon for an hour, Mr. Wayne said they would practice a little on some old tunes for recreation and variety. Had any one any choice of a tune?

Deacon Snyder called for "Windham," a lilting, as a sort of postscript: "That is, if the teacher is familiar with it."

Yes, Mr. Wayne was quite familiar with that tune. They could try it. And soon the audience was making the air doleful with the mournful strains of the tune the deacon had selected.

"A little more expression would improve it, I think," said Mr. Wayne, when they came to a verse as I think it ought to be sung.

He did so, and the profound silence that followed showed that every one present was pleased with the change. He had a smooth, clear voice, and he gave full and with due regard for the sentiment of the words. The old hymn took on new meaning under his rendering of it. The girls were delighted with his way of singing it, and the young men wished they could sing like that; but Deacon Snyder, whose musical education was as primitive as the cut of his pantaloons, an 1 who was not inclined to be progressive in his ideas, hardly agreed with Mr. Wayne's opinion of how the hymn ought to be sung.

"I don't fancy quite so many flourishes," he said to Sister Smith, with a deprecating shake of his head. "Taint the way they us't to do it, an' I reckon they sung as much for the honor an' glory o' God then as they do now'days. But I s'pose it's the fash'n to sing it in this way out among folks. Even religi'n is gettin' to havin' fash'nable quirks to it, I'm sorry to say. I go in for good old-fash'ned singin' that hain't got none o' the pomps an' vanities o' the world mixed up with it."

"The deacon he's allus a-finding fault with anything that don't just agree with what he was brought up to," said Samanthy, between whom and the deacon a long-standing grudge existed. "He'd find fault with the Angel Gabr'el if he was to come an' blow his trump different from the way o' Mis' Snyder blows her dinner-horn."

After school was dismissed Dick took up his station by the door to wait for Nannie. The boys generally ranged themselves in a row, waiting for the girls to straggle along, trying to look unconscious of the presence of the gallants, who were always conscious of being the observed of all observers. Pretty soon the girls began to edge their way toward the door, whispering to one another and giggling in the way common to girls when there is nothing to giggle about, and pretending to look as if "beaus" and "company home" were the very last things they were likely to think of.

Nannie, however, loitered behind the other girls, apparently busy over a proper arrangement of some portion of her apparel.

"Aren't you about ready?" asked Dick.

"Almost," answered Nannie; "but I've got to speak to the teacher first."

Then she walked over to the place where Mr. Wayne was standing, with the information that Mrs. Porter would take him to board while he remained in Brownsville.

"Thank you very much for your trouble in the matter," said Mr. Wayne, with a smile that set foolish Nannie's head to fluttering. "I think I'll get there to-night, if you'll be kind enough to take a chance of me and show me the way. It's on your road home, I think?"

"Yes, we can ride by there," said Nannie, with a sidelong glance at Dick.

Then the singing teacher said something to Nannie which Dick could not hear, because it was said in a rather low tone. But he saw the girl's face color up like a rose, as pleased surprise, rose her look toward him with a little air of hesitation, and then saw Wayne take it upon himself to decide the matter for her by drawing her hand within his arm with an air of ownership and a hilarity which stung like fire to Dick's ears. They stood there for a minute or two, while Wayne answered some questions, finally they made their way to the door and went out, laughing and chatting, and Nannie, as she passed Dick, seemed perfectly unconscious of his existence.

"There, you've got the slip this time," laughed Lucinda Smith—"Cindy, for short. "I wouldn't let him cut me out in that way 'to nt showin' 'em that I could do jest as well summer's else. I'd be as independent as she is," with an insinuating smile, which, however, made but little impression on Dick.

"I know, but that was done pretty slick, or I ain't no judge o' horned cattle," laughed Bill Green, close to Dick's elbow. Bill was an old admirer of Nannie's, and had a grudge against Dick for "cutting him out" there. In consequence of this bad feeling on his part, which had settled into a bitter enmity of the dogged kind, which is always ready to avail itself of any opportunity for revenge, he enjoyed Dick's evident discomfiture with keen relish.

Dick was too busy with his own hard thoughts to pay any attention to the jeers, and started off home through the woods, not being in the mood for company.

When he came in sight of Mr. Boone's, an hour later, he saw Nannie and the singing-teacher standing at the gate together.

Rather than pass them he made a detour around the house, as the shadows of the woods, and reached his room by climbing over the kitchen roof. Just as he was ready to step into bed he looked out and saw that they were still standing there.

"I do think, Nannie Boone, that you're the most unnatural of yourself, he said, cast one wrathful glance at the gate, and plied himself with "If you think I'm the sort of a fellow that can be fooled, and your flirtation, you're greatly mistaken, as you'll find out. I propose to have a small settlement with the singing-teacher to-morrow, and if you don't like it—that's your privilege—but you can't throw me by one day and pick me up the next."

He lay awake a long time that night, thinking over Nannie's treatment of him. He resented it bitterly, because he cared so much for the girl, and had been sure that his regard for her was returned.

"That fellow's got to keep out of my path," he said, the last thing before he went to sleep. "If he thinks he's going to boss me 'round he'll find that he's got hold of the wrong man. If he isn't a rascal I miss my guess, and I'll prove him to be one yet."

CHAPTER IV.
A PROPOSAL AND A REFUSAL.

Nannie and Dick had but little to say to each other next morning. He went off to work with a scowl on his face, for the more he thought of Nannie's conduct the worse he thought she had used him.

"If I had done anything to give her the least excuse for such treatment," he said to himself, "I wouldn't blame her at all. Of course, she has a perfect right to go with him or any one else, if she hadn't given me to understand as plainly as it's necessary to understand anything that she'd marry me, some day. She knows what my attentions have meant, and she knows, too, that I consider her the same as engaged to me. Under the circumstances she has no right to treat me in this way, and I have a right to object to it."

About eight o'clock he saw Nannie and Mr. Wayne going down the road toward the schoolhouse together. Wayne was carrying her dinner-basket and evidently making himself agreeable, for Nannie was laughing. The sound of her laughter made Dick look positively ferocious.

"Never mind!" cried Dick, in a sepulchral tone, with a tragic flourish of his clinched fist in the direction of the two who seemed to be so engrossed in their conversation that they had forgotten the existence of any one else. "I'll get even with you, yet, sir, see if I don't!" Then he added, "And with you, too, Nannie Boone!"

Thereupon he made up his mind, as a preparatory step toward "getting even" with her, to strengthen forces all the tender thoughts he had had concerning her, and let her go her way and he would go his. He accomplished this end so far that he did not care half as much for her as he had thought he did. But he could not convince himself of that, for he knew well enough that he had never cared so much for any other girl, and the probabilities were that he never would care so much for any girl as he did at this time to come. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he was miserable, and Nannie could not help seeing it as the days went by.

Dick did not take the interest in the singing-school that he had intended he was going to when it was organized. But he did not feel like staying away and letting Wayne and the girls and boys laugh at him, so he attended quite regularly, and once or twice, just to let Nannie see that he didn't take her conduct to very deeply to heart, he went home with Bessie Jones, who had been the only real Nannie he had ever had in Dick's regards. Bessie was a pretty girl, as Dick is not here for Nannie she would have been the belle of Brownsville.

At first, Dick blamed the singing-teacher most for the trouble between him and Nannie, but, when he came to think it over, he felt that Nannie was most to blame. It was quite natural for any young man to admire Nannie Boone, but Nannie ought not to encourage him by keeping him in that position which is proper place. The singing-teacher made long visits at Mr. Boone's, and he and Nannie were together until Dick was inclined to think his head would be turned by the words that dropped from her rosy lips. He wished he could hear the sound of their voices out in the yard. The truth was, he could not but own his love for Nannie as easily as he had before he might. He loved her too well for that.

On the second Saturday of his stay in Brownsville, Mr. Wayne borrowed one of Mr. Boone's horses and "went below" on business. What the particular business was he did not take the trouble to explain.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Porter went over to Mr. Porter's, and Dick and Nannie were left alone together.

Dick's heart had been in a state of disorder toward Nannie from the time when he had seen Wayne riding gayly. Sometimes he had thought that love she was throwing over the singing-teacher to try him, but at other times he was sure that she was only amusing herself at his expense, and that she did not care two straws for Wayne. Dick took counsel of his pride, and he resolved to improve the first opportunity to come to an understanding on the subject.

Nannie had the week's washing to do that evening, and Dick found her at work in the kitchen when he came in from the barn.

He sat down and watched her as she shook out the garments she had rinsed, clothes-basket, and hung them on the line. She looked around now and then, caught his eye, and gave a little start, spread her elbows, then she turned away and began singing one of the tunes they had learned at the singing-school.

"Nannie," Dick at last said, "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, she [illegible]

To be continued.

"She has [illegible] broken beer bottle [illegible]

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MOLLY PUTTINGGREEN'S SHOES.

The Tells of the Footgear That Her Grandmother Used to Wear.

"It is the funniest thing in the world to hear my grandmother talk about shoes," said Molly Puttingreen. "She was in my room the other day, and I had my closet door open, and it really was an odd sight to see the shoes standing up in line there. Of course my evening shoes I keep wrapped in soft paper and put away in a drawer, so that the shoes standing there in the closet were an out-of-doors-looking lot, and they went down in height by degrees. There were my tall bicycle boots, in the first place, two pairs of them; then golf boots, only a little shorter and with straps at the top, like the bicycle boots; then a pair of rainy-day boots, extra high, but a little shorter than the golf boots; then ordinary walking boots and low shoes of different kinds, and two or three pairs with big brass eyelets.

"I presume grandmamma's own closet does not look so very different, for she plays golf, wheels and tramps on rainy days, but I suppose she just happened to think of the difference there was between the shoes she wore when she was a girl and mine. There must have been a strong contrast.

"'I would not have been induced to wear shoes like that when I was a girl,' she said, looking at my business like array with a reminiscent air. 'I would as soon have thought of wearing the copper-toed shoes that my little brothers wore. I should have felt that I was disgraced. We had no names for our walking boots, and you may be sure we had no heavy ones, at least none of the girls who were in good circumstances. The idea of the 'ladies' gentleman shoe' or the 'mannish shoes for women,' as I see them marked in the shop windows, well, I think it would have roused the community.

"The only named shoe that I can remember in my young days was the croquet slipper. How happy I was when I had my first croquet slippers! They were pretty little slippers with high heels and long toes and pretty buckles. Why did they call them croquet slippers? You would not have to ask that question if you had ever properly fitted on a croquet slipper posed on a ball to give a vigorous stroke. They were much prettier than your 'mannish boots,' I remember the first time I tried—yes, there was nothing more graceful than croquet.'

"By that time I looked so astonished that grandmamma couldn't help and she actually blushed. She had really forgotten me. My sensible grandmother was growing sentimental and forgetting that she was one of the best golf players in our part of the country in summer. I asked her to tell me whom she met, and if it was grandfather, but she only laughed and wouldn't tell me a word. But I would rather have a pair of low shoes and rubbers and eyelets than all the croquet slippers in the world. Don't you think I look pretty? Well, I know someone who says—oh, well I am satisfied, and that is enough."—New York Times.

Something About Gloves.

In buying gloves there are more important considerations than their color and the number of the buttons. Black gloves are specially less elastic than white or colored ones, and cheap gloves are dear at any price. Dressed kid usually proves itself the strongest, and is more durable than suede.

The best and most serviceable kid, says an English fashion writer, is soft, pliable and elastic. A glove so small that it wrinkles across the hand and prevents a free motion gives pain or worse. Spring-dressed gloves are nasty, as a rule, but not always. The way to select a glove is first to draw on and accept it to the hand has much to do with both its beauty and its durability.

Unless you have ample time do not have them fitted at the shops, but at home draw them on as here recommended, and, if possible, wear them half an hour without closing the fingers. In buttoning a glove the greatest strain comes upon the first button, so take special pains to fasten this button first always, commencing with the second one, lastly the first.

Never button one glove with the fingers of a gloved hand. Do not begin at the top of the finger to pull them off. Turn back the wrists, and draw them off inside out, but on no consideration leave them in this shape or roll them. Turn them right side out, smooth lengthwise and put away by themselves with a strip of canton flannel under and between them.

To mend a torn button lace stitch closely around the stronger or twice, as the size of the rent may require, and then join the edges together. Save the buttons from discarded gloves to replace lost ones. They often match perfectly.

Choosing an Empress in China.

While there are many singular customs in the East, that of choosing an empress in China is perhaps the most remarkable of all the relation to the matrimonial ceremony. It is thus described by an English resident in Pekin:

"The empress of China attains to that dignity by competitive examination. [illegible] years and this ordeal [illegible] of young ladies who were entitled to compete for the honor. The invitations [illegible] that the aspirant must be [illegible] of a certain rank, and of Manchu extraction. A series of ingenious are made, during which the number of candidates are reduced to a manageable compass. On the last occasion [which was just ten years ago], the first two inspections left thirty-one damsels in the field. They were conveyed in closed carts into the palace at a very early hour in the morning. A banquet was set before them to refresh them after their night's travel, and then they were ushered into the presence of that august, but terrible Majesty, the Empress-Dowager, who passed them under review in groups of four or five. Her Majesty on that occasion wore an ancient yellow silk robe, with a black velvet jacket over it. Each girl carried a tablet bearing her age, name and residence, which was handed to the Empress, the girls standing before her. After some interrogations, and even scraps of grandmotherly advice, Her Majesty made up her mind respecting the candidate. When the opinion was unfavorable, the girl's tablet was handed to one of the attendants, with an order to present the disappointed one with a roll of silk. She, with her silk, was then conducted back to her cart, and was out of the competition. On the last occasion, the third sorting left fifteen, who were retained in the palace until it should please Her Majesty to summon them to further examinations."

Clever Capture of a Burglar.

A Chicago woman, who has the happy faculty of observation largely developed, found it of needless value in capturing a burglar last Monday. Monday is hard-washing day in Chicago just as it is in New York, so after Mrs. Nordstrom had seen her husband off to business she locked up her little home on Washington Boulevard, and went down to the cellar. While riding home on a trolley car, several hours later, a man rode past on a bicycle painted a peculiar color—a color, in fact, which Mrs. Nordstrom was sure no bicycle in Chicago but her husband's possessed. Quick as a flash she stepped to the door, hailed a passing cab and gave the driver orders to follow the cyclist while she kept a lookout for a policeman.

She said she rode blocks before she found one. Perhaps the burglar regarded the pursuit as a huge joke. At any rate the chase had lasted for a considerable time, a mass of boys and brass-horn-a-piece a sight. Then the hackman slowed up the cab a little, while the lady hastened to the mansion of the law, hastily explaining her suspicions to him while he rode along on the running step. The cyclist was putting a heavy trunk on a wagon in front of a house when the officer laid his hand on his shoulder. In addition to Mr. Nordstrom's bicycle, a good wealth of jewelry was found concealed about him, all of which Mrs. Nordstrom identified as hers. Of course, the prisoner protested it was a mistake, and the police were almost inclined to believe him until they accompanied Mrs. Nordstrom home and found the front door of her residence broken open and every bedroom in confusion. The thief finally confessed.—New York Mail and Express.

An Oddity in Sleeve Decoration.

The latest prank in sleeve decoration—and this is a prank indeed for the woman whose best dress sleeve is giving away at the elbow—is to make the arm bare in pieces of diametrically different goods and colors. To the more explosive of the inside of the arm is covered, we will say with black silk, the outer half is clothed in gray broadcloth, or tucked moss-green velvet, velour, or very full-gathered chiffon. Seldom. The edges of the cut of will always overlap the inner portion, which is usually kept quite smooth, and in a plain dark color. Frequently a silk or velvet sleeve is any odd that will be thickly sewed with jets or sequins over its outer half or striped with narrow, perpendicular bands of steel beads or lace, or ribbon, if the sleeve is a light-weight goods. The acme of smartness in a collar these days is to have it give the neck more and high, and the height of it to be cut in a series of points or scallops, so that the face is held in a fascinating frame of more calyx. Flowering out under your chin you can have a big tulle bow, a wide bronze ribbon or an eighteenth century cravat ruffling to the bust, but the fashionable of the collars hardly more comfortable than a seat in the stocks or the hangman's noose.

Lace Beating For Trimming.

A pretty effect is gained by using lace beading—the kind which rounds out and in like a string of beads—between narrow bands of silk for the collar and cuffs on a silk waist, and between groups of tucks for the yoke or waist.

The Fashion in Ribs.

The latest belts are simple in the extreme and consist only of wide, soft ribbon drawn about the waist and held by a gilded clasp. There is no buckle, no fastening. The ribbon is allowed to take its own folds and to fall as it will.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Petticoats of mixed silk poplin.

Gauzed chiffon with ribbon stripes.

Very large, wide whites ring cravats for ladies' wear.

Checked and plaid silk and wool poplins and waists.

Silk [illegible] with a small [illegible] and loop, [illegible]

Black and white [illegible] wide and narrow ruffling.

Panels of [illegible] velvet ribbon [illegible] with ruffles [illegible]

Pointed sleeves [illegible] evening [illegible] of velvet, with [illegible] edged [illegible]

Collarettes [illegible]

Collarettes produce up to the age of seventy-five.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

After the Ball—Accounted For—A Case of Compulsion—Impregnable—Human Nature—An Organ With Few Stops—The Crank's Locality, Etc., Etc.

After the ball is over—
The belle just across the way,
After [illegible] scattering an hour
(For that's the fifth one that day),
Many a man has striven
Words well fain to retell,
Worn on the floor he's been searching—
After the ball!

—Brooklyn Life.

Accounted For.

"He got through the war without a scratch."

"Yes; that's the way it runs with some of them."—Pittsburg Press.

A Case of Compulsion.

"Mack is dieting."

"What for? He isn't so big."

"Well, he's bigger than his last year's overcoat."—Detroit Free Press.

Impregnable.

Crawford—"Don't feel discouraged, my boy. There's room at the top."

Crabshaw—"Yes; but all the big fellows are up there."—New York World.

Human Nature.

"You know," said the collector, rather plaintively, "you said that you would pay me if I came to-day."

"Well," answered Mr. Billew, "you must bear in mind that human nature is human nature. The best of us sometimes say things that we are sorry for."—Washington Star.

An Organ With Few Stops.

"Do they ever have music at a certain lecture?"

"Music? Well, there's usually a fine recital on the organ of speech."—Boston Journal.

Hurting His Business.

First Physician—"I cured both of the patients you left with me when you went on your vacation."

Second Physician—"That's the last time I'll leave any practice in your hands."

The Crank's Locality.

Mr. Sprocket—"Pshaw! you can't even tell me the position of the crank on a tandem bicycle!"

Mrs. Sprocket—"I can if you tell me where you usually sit."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not So Common.

"That elopement in high life was so romantic. They stole out——"

"No, no; you mustn't say that; they belong to the best society. You should say, 'They kleptomaniacked'"—Boston Journal.

His Specialty.

Mrs. Kindheart—"Are you willing to work for your breakfast?"

Hardtoil Harry—"Yes, lady; I'll shovel de snow offo yer sidewalks."

Mrs. Kindheart—"But there is no snow."

Hardtoil Harry—"Dat ain't my fault, lady."—Harper's Bazar.

Brutal Politeness.

"I should think some gentlemen might give that woman a seat," said one man.

"Why, all the gentlemen in this car are standing now," said the other.

Then they looked at the man who was seated.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Over Product.

Johnny—"Paw, I know how clams was started."

His Father—"Well?"

Johnny—"After all the other animals was made there was a lot of gristle stuff left, and there wasn't anything else they could do with it, and they made it into a clam."—Chicago Tribune.

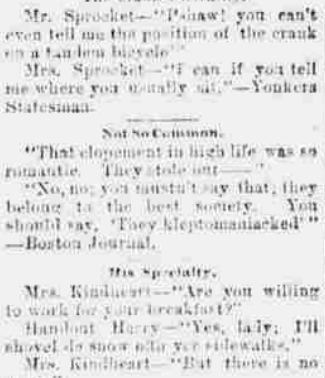
The Boy's Suggestion.

"I don't see how I am to keep you in clothes, Willie," said a father to his five-year-old boy. "This is the second pair you have worn out in three months."

After a moment's thought, the little fellow exclaimed:

"Well, what's the matter with getting me a bicycle?"

Business and Pleasure.



Old Man—"[illegible] for, Tommy?"

Tommy—"[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]

THE MOUNTAIN MAID'S ESTIMATE.

Men Are All Right, But Apple Butter's More Important.

The road led down off the mountain and past so near the side of a farm house nestling in the narrow valley that I was within speaking distance of a tall, slab-sided mountain maid stirring apple butter in an iron wash kettle that would hold about ten gallons. A loose stone hearth had been thrown together in the yard and a bed of blazing embers was maintained under the kettle. There was a well under a shade tree near by, and, though I had no especial desire for water, the sight of the cool old well and the dripping bucket on the moss-green stone about the top made me want to try the water, anyway, so I pulled my horse up at the side gate and hailed the maiden.

"How d'y," she nodded, and kept on stirring the apple butter.

"Excuse me," I said, "but could I get a drink of water here?"

"Not out thar whar you air," she snickered, "but you kin over thar at the well."

She kept on stirring the butter, and I looked at her in surprise, for, as a rule, the greatest lady in the mountains will bring a stranger at the gate a gun of cold water.

"Will I have to get off my horse and come after it?" I inquired.

"Ef you'd rather," she snickered again, still stirring the apple butter, "you kin rile around to the bars and and come in on yer critter."

She kept on stirring the apple butter and I got down, hitched my horse to the palings and came in to the well. Taking a good, long drink, I came over to see the stirring.

"Excuse me," I said to the maid, "but are you so busy as all that?"

"I ain't playin', I reckon," she replied with some asperity.

"I presume," I said, teasingly, "that if, instead of an old codger like myself, some of these young mountain lads had asked you for a drink of water you wouldn't have been so busy stirring your apple butter that you couldn't have taken it to him."

She stood suddenly with the stirrer and made the butter bubbles fly in a little steam puffs as she gave the whole mass a whirl and saved it from scorching, and then resumed her steady stirring.

"Sish," she sniffed, "no, I wouldn't, neither. I reckon you don't know nothin' about makin' apple butter. Ef I was to let this yer stirrin' stop fer a minute, the butter'd burn to the kittle and spile the whole kittleful, and thar ain't a mountaineer from the headwarters uv the North Fork to the West Virginny line that I'd spile this yer kittle uv apple butter fer. Nary a one, and I ain't sayin' that's a whole heap nowhars, stranger."

With which rather insinuating conclusion she made a lunge with the stirrer at a demonstration which might have developed into a possible scorch, and I quietly got out to my horse and rode away, thinking how different some women were.—Washington Post.

Office Called For Tact.

The day was cold—very cold, in fact—and the postmaster at Susquaba, a small Canadian town, fell asleep over the stove in his easy chair before he had read half the postcards. The noisy brushing aside of the reed curtain that served for a door brought him back from dreamland with a start. A strapping six-foot Indian in all the glory of a top hat, stood before him, calmly majestic.

"Want letter," impressively commanded the dusky caller.

"Name, please," urbanely inquired the postmaster.

"Gustavo my name. Want letter."

"Sorry, Gustavo, but there's nothing here for you."

"Want letter."

"But there isn't any for you!"

"Injun got letter."

"Well, somebody wrote him one, then."

"Me chief! Injun no chief!"

"Can't help that, old man. You see, it's——"

"Gib Injun letter! No give Gustavo letter! I fight! I kill! Want letter!"

"What's the matter here?" cried an old British resident, breaking in at this juncture.

"She's going to kill me because I won't give him a letter when there's none for him."

"Pshaw! Just tear off a piece of wrapping paper, sprinkle some ink over it and give it to him. You've got to use common tact and judgment in offending the office, old chap."—Pearson's Weekly.

Waste in Transfer Slips.

Nowadays in some sections of the city many persons transfer in street-car transfers. At Forty-third street and Cottage Grove avenue, and Forty-seventh street and Cottage Grove avenue they have built up quite a trade in passes for school children, who depend upon them every morning on a three-cent ride to school. Some of the passengers who come from town regularly morning and evening make a practice of asking conductors for transfers, which they have no reason to use. As soon as they get off the car they hand these slips to the newsboy at the corner, in exchange for newspapers, and the newsboy sells them at three cents each to passengers starting east or west on the cross line. It is, of course, a clear transaction of profit to the newsboys and the passengers, and a loss to the street-car company.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Mixture of Motives.

A correspondent sends us the following unique—at least we hope it is unique—certificate given by a Welsh coroner on the death of a woman: "Fell into the Glamorganshire Canal, where she died, and being of unsound mind did kill herself."—London Chronicle.