The Chatham Record,

H. A. LONDON,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 Per Year.
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXV. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1902. NO. 10.

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.

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER III.

[Continued.]

"Then I heard a shot just beside me. With a horror I can't explain, I whirled around, to see the black devil of a traitor aiming a revolver, from the muzzle of which smoke still curled. General Gordon had his hand pressed to his heart, and I could see the blood trickling over his fingers. That sight will haunt me all my life! I who have seen many strange and terrible things in my time can never forget what happened on that awful 26th day of January.

"I knew the brave Gordon had received his death-wound at the hands of one who had even fought at his side, and the consciousness that the evil hour had come seemed to turn my very blood into molten lava.

"Fearful sounds arose all over Khartoum, for the signal had been given that was to indicate Gordon's downfall. The enemy assaulted the walls; a portion of the late defenders joined them, and Khartoum became the scene of a massacre too terrible for words.

"I assure you, my friends, I did not stand idle while all this was going on. No sooner did I see the falling hero at my side, when, quick as the lightning cleaves the clouds, my sword leaped from its scabbard. Giving a true Yankee yell I sprang at the assassin. The descending blade cleft his miserable skull to the chin, and through all time I shall never cease to rejoice that it was the arm of an American that avenged Gordon's death.

"What happened after that is more like a dream than a reality to me, but I shall give it for what it is worth. I remember plunging into the thick of the fight. All around me arose the most fearful sounds of a desperate battle, while through Khartoum rang the shrieks of poor women and the yelling of exulting demons; for the black horde had swarmed over the walls, and, in their great fury, seemed to spare none.

"More than one went down before my sword and revolvers, for, expecting only death, I fought as a madman might.

"In the midst of the melee, covered with grime and blood, I could hardly be distinguished from one of the traitor-souls, as who had at last turned upon their general. Suddenly my body was clasped by a pair of hands from behind, and I found myself hauled to the ground.

"Naturally I expected instant death, when, to my surprise, a voice called in my ear:

"'Fel a death. I would save the sahib!'

"It was my faithful servant Kassee, whom I had brought from Bombay. I hardly know why I obeyed him; it must have been because I had so little power to resist, for life did not seem worth any trouble just then.

"He dragged me into the house that overlooked the river and there secreted me. All through the day I heard the shouts of the victorious hordes as they thronged through Khartoum. Something had come into my mind, and I found that I had an object to live for, a mission to perform. The news of Gordon's death must be carried to his people, and I had come to the conclusion that of all the faithful within the walls of Khartoum, Joe Miner was the only living soul that remained.

"Night came, and faithful Kassee made his appearance. He had disguised himself as one of the enemy, and thus escaped the common fate that befell the defenders of the city.

"From him I learned that a clever scheme had been arranged whereby we could make our escape down the river. The water was very low, but Gordon had several small, light-draught steamers for use upon the upper waters of the Nile. One of these lay not more than a stone's throw down the river, tied to the bank.

"Kassee's bright plan was for us to drop into the river from the back of the house, wade down to the boat, climb aboard and, aided by the darkness, cast her adrift. When some distance down the river, we could light a fire, start up steam and, as soon as daylight came, make good progress north.

"There was something fascinating about the adventure, particularly as it promised to be our only chance.

"Acting under the instructions of my faithful Kassee I clambered through the slit of a window in the mud wall of the house, lowered myself by means of the convenient rope, and finally stood knee-deep in the waters of the Nile below, waiting.

"When the ex-sepoy joined me," continued Mynheer Joe, "we began to creep along down in the direction of the little steamer. It was guarded, but Kassee knew where the sentry was posted, and he attended to his case while I got ready to unfasten the ropes.

"I heard a single splash, but not a cry. Then Kassee came to me and declared everything was working all right. We pushed out into the stream and began to leave the doomed city behind. As yet discovery had not come.

"I will not dwell on this part of my trip. In the morning we got up steam and began to make good headway.

"Until half way to the Second Cataract we were not molested. Then a troop of scouting followers of the Mahdi sighted us and riding into the river attempted to take the steamer.

"We had prepared for this. There was a small cannon on board, which we kept in readiness for just such an emergency as this, and when we sent its contents into the midst of the black rascals they scattered to the winds.

"Below, we had another fight, and this time they very nearly took the vessel, but as fire was a little too warm, and they finally allowed us to go on.

"As we drew near the cataract we knew we would have to abandon the little steamer, but we had determined to continue the voyage in her light yawl, which could be carried around the cataract by two stout men.

"This was finally done, and we kept on down the river. Fortune had been kind until now. We ran upon some hippopotami, and in a rage one of the monsters crushed our boat. It was in the night. I believe my poor Kassee must have fallen a victim to the savage beasts, for I saw him no more.

"My own escape was very narrow indeed. I landed a mile down the stream, at least so far as I knew I touched one. Fate threw me in with a native, who carried me as far as the First Cataract in his boat. Here I met an English trapper, a bold fellow with some guides, had been up the river shooting river horses, as he called the hippopotami.

"He was horrified at my news, and gladly gave me a place in his comfortable boat, after which we set out for Cairo, hundreds of miles away.

"All went well until we were about two days' run above the city, when a sudden squall took us unawares; the boat capsized, and I found myself wrecked again in the darkness.

"I spent weary hours clinging to the hatch which had somehow come under my hands. Several times boats came near me in the morning, but no one would take me off. They pretended not to hear me; in fact, I might as well have been a thousand miles away for all they noticed me. You see, they have a dread of being held as witnesses, and if part of a boat's crew is lost there must be a legal inquiry, which will compel them to be in town and lose time from their work.

"As the day was passing I felt that I must leave my raft and try to gain the distant shore where the railroad runs unless soon rescued. Just then this boat came down the river, running close by. I called to the captain, telling him I was from Khartoum, with news of Gordon; he at once put about and came to my rescue. The rest you already know, my friends."

Thus Mynheer Joe finishes his story. It has not taken a great while to tell the facts, but volumes could be filled with the details. He endeavors to control himself when speaking of Gordon's death, but it is evident that event has made a powerful impression on the sturdy explorer, who so often has fought side by side with the Christian hero.

Sandy has ceased making his hieroglyphics upon the pages of his note-book. His face beams with enthusiasm at the thought of being first with this authentic account of Gordon's death. At the same time, out of respect for the feelings of Mynheer Joe, he endeavors to subdue this mark of journalistic pride and appear sober, but it is really beyond him.

As for Mr. Grimes, he has observed the narrator with deep interest all the while he tells of the strange things which happened to him. Whatever is passing in the mind of the silver king he does not allow it to be shown upon his face, which is as expressionless as that of the Sphinx.

The messenger from Khartoum sits there for a brief interval, with that look of sadness on his face, as though the thoughts surging through his mind have been too much for him.

"Come, rouse yourself, my boy! You are among friends at last, thank heaven, and will be the lion of Cairo when it is publicly known that you were with gallant Gordon when he fell," says Sandy, but the other holds up his hand, and says quietly:

"That is a distinction I do not crave. Somehow I feel guilty in not leaving my body beside Gordon. At best, I see nothing to boast of in having escaped his fate."

"The brave are ever modest," says Sandy. "At least, you will make a report to the proper officials to-morrow and verify my dispatches?"

"Yes, a very brief one. That is only just. I would, for certain reasons of my own which you cannot understand, keep it as quiet as possible."

"Just so!" remarks the river king, in such a peculiar way that Mynheer Joe glances at him, and then finds his attention caught by a photograph on the wall, which he sees for the first time.

"That face again! Whose picture have we here?" he demands, with an alarming interest.

CHAPTER IV.

"I KNOW HIM AS MYNHEER JOE."

Sandy turns his head and sees what has attracted the explorer's attention. He smiles, too, for the words of Mynheer Joe would indicate that this is not the first time his eyes have rested on the picture or its original.

"That is the daughter of the gentleman who hires the dahabeah upon which we are just now," returns the war correspondent.

"Name?" asks Joe.

"Demosthenes Tanner."

"Can it be possible?"

"That is her father, of course. The girl——"

"Stupid! It was her name I asked for."

"Ah, I see. She is called Molly," replies Sandy, with a wink in the direction of Mr. Grimes, who is evidently too deeply interested in watching Mynheer Joe's face to notice anything else. He seems to be not a little fascinated by something in connection with the other.

"Molly? A pretty name, does it not? It just seems to fit those features. Molly Tanner is it? Good! I will remember. What a strange freak of fate that I should be picked up by her father's boat of all on the river!"

Mynheer Joe is muttering to himself as though indulging in some reminiscence of the past; a slight smile has appeared upon his rather worn and haggard though always striking face. Evidently the thoughts that slip into his mind are pleasant ones.

It is not in the nature of Sandy Barlow to be a comrade enjoy a secret alone. Not that he has any desire to be meddlesome, but he wishes to share the joy as well as the sorrows of those in whose company he travels life's highway. Hence he nods his wise little head signally, and scribbling it on one side in a manner peculiar to himself, he remarks:

"I say, does this look like the first time that face has flashed before your enchanted vision? Own up, now, I'm a man. We're all in love with the divine Molly; every single man in Cairo at this hour yearns for her smiles, and you will be only one of scores. Speak up, man! Where did you ever meet her? I've never heard her mention your name, to my knowledge, and, by Jove, she thought you were a Dutchman, when she sent me down here! Leave it to Grimes if it ain't so."

Mynheer Joe smiles.

"For once, friend Sandy, you have hit the bull's eye. I have met this lady before."

"And still she does not recognize your name that by which the whole world of scientific geographers has learned to call you? When she spoke of Mynheer Joe she showed no emotion, and, as I said before, told us to do all for the poor unfortunate German we could. She even wanted to come herself to hear of Gordon. He's her hero, you know, as he is of many thousands. Yes, and we had even to promise to bring you back with us. So, what do you say to that?"

"I suppose I shall have to go. A woman's will is law, generally, especially one whose face is as charming as that photo betrays."

"But, your former meeting?" hangers the man of pencil and note-book, who does not deviate from a course he may have marked out, and, as a consequence, generally gets there with both feet.

"Ah, you will have it, Sandy," laughs the other.

"Why not? There is something eccentric about it, I'll be bound. You didn't meet Molly in the ordinary orthodox way, or you'd know her name, while she could never forget yours."

"Well, you see it's a poor place to ask for a name when salt water is running into mouth and eyes," returns Mynheer Joe.

The correspondent appears to have received a tremendous shock, for, suddenly springing to his feet, he clutches the explorer by the arm to whirl him around so that he may look in his face.

"Confusion! Were you the hero of that little episode at Malta a year ago?" he demands.

"I don't know about being a hero, but I did have the extreme pleasure of jumping from my sailboat and saving, from a watery grave, a young girl who had fallen overboard from a boat that nearly upset in a squall," returns the man from Khartoum, modestly.

Mr. Grimes puckers up his lips as if to whistle, and his whole manner says: "So, that's the way the wind blows, is it, coming events cast a shadow before."

As for Sandy, he shrugs his shoulders and pretends to look dreadfully disappointed, though there is a twinkle in his eye that tells of a sly humor. You cannot always take Sandy as he appears. He has often turned out to be a sly rogue.

"And then you sailed away, without even leaving your name, nor has the young lady ever been able to learn who it was so gallantly jumped overboard after her. One thing is settled—you've got a clear road there, Joe. Not another man will have a chance when once Molly recognizes you as her preserver."

Instead of looking flattered the party addressed has something of a bored appearance. A man who has devoted his life to science and exploration has no business to fall in love. His heart is supposed to be wrapped up in his work.

"Don't mention it, Sandy, I beg. I was bound upon a very curious errand at the time and didn't mean to be rude, but time was money. I could spend five minutes saving a girl's life but deliver me from an hour of thanks from her relatives. When I got back to Malta they had gone."

[To be Continued.]

Wine is an enemy to the buyer and a friend to the seller.

Talks About Womankind

A Reminder of the Sixties.

The bobbing bains of children's hats weighted down with a bunch of flowers in front reminds an elderly woman of the days of the 60's, when to the front of similar wide-brimmed hats was attached a "pulley," or narrow ribbon, which was used to pull down the brim to secure the effect now obtained by the weight of flowers.

The Wedding Gown Box.

The wedding gown box is one of the latest fads to be adopted by the bride-to-be. Thus every bride possessed of any sentiment wishes to keep her wedding gown in a state of preservation is a foregone conclusion, and this receptacle is admirably suited for the purpose for which it was designed. It is made of light wood, enameled white, and has the bride's initials in silver letters on the lid. It is lined with tufted white satin, and the lock is of silver.

Cabochons For Fall Trimming.

The new cabochons are of very large size. They are flatter than they have been, and are often in semi-spread open work, set with rhinestones or steel, or in classic enameled silver or dull gilt. Some of the gilt cabochons are set in pairs, the two joined by a double session of the beads. These are used to trim the under side of hats. When a feather is placed on or under the edge of the brim, it will often be fastened by a large cabochon, says the Millinery Trade Review. A new ornament is provided to serve this purpose. It is a classic form snap that clasps over the edge of the brim, securing the feather to it. Shades of copper or algerite are sometimes fastened in this way by their middle, to the edge of a plateau. Milliners are also using small gilt or steel buttons to fasten down straps of ribbon.

Ostrich Plumes and Feathers.

By what has gone before the important place which ostrich feathers occupy at the present writing will be realized. It is understood that the trade is prepared to satisfy a very large demand for amazons and also for feathers of medium length and tips. High class milliners will do a great deal in shaded and variegated feathers. The amazon shell referred to above, namely the twisting around of the tip of the feather into a boa, gives a massive and rich effect to an amazon, but only the very largest can be so trimmed. Plumes of cock's feathers in natural colors, as well as dyed in different bright tints, are likely to be very much favored, possibly, however, white more than any, says the Millinery Trade Review. Wings continue in much request, particularly large, stump shaped wings and quite small ones, such as those of blackbird and paradisers, and there is a renewed demand for cemeaux, which are mostly asked for in pairs. They are not very long, but wide and often dyed in variegated tints, including checks and plaids. Some are colored to imitate leaves and broad grasses. In fashionable shops frequent mention has been made of Teals. These will divide favor with semi-double flowers for the autumn months. It is understood that black flowers, mounted with grey feathers, will be worn, they already having been shown on some hats.

New Methods of Making Bows.

Special interest must be attached to the different new methods of making up bows, rosettes and other arrangements of ribbon or piece materials, as applicable to early winter hats. Louis XV. bows are now made of quilled ribbon wired in the ordinary way. A piece of the quilled ribbon may be sewn in a circle round the centre of the plateau, and the rest of the ribbon be arranged in a very large wired bow resting on the back of the hat, which shelves down in the neck. The under sides of some hats are trimmed with narrow Pompadour ribbons laid on flat in the form of Louis XV. bows. Bows made of No. 12 ribbon velvet are often placed under the brim, loops and ends hanging down behind the ear. Fan shaped bows, with a great many loops, for the backs of hats, are sometimes made of this ribbon, sometimes of piece velvet. Large bows of four or more large loops, fastened in the centre by a buckle, are laid flat on plateau hats, says the Millinery Trade Review. Another arrangement consists of a wide piece of accordion pleated satin, forming a bow flat towards the pleats being smoothed out on either side. Ball rosettes about the size of a big orange are very fashionable. These may be made of loops of rather wide ribbon or of a fold of material closely gathered. Wide Pompadour and plaid ribbons may be used for the purpose. Large flat rosettes of cockades are equally favored, particularly made in two shades of bright green or golden velvet, or of chine flowered ribbon bordered with black satin.

The Women's Hotels.

The following data are collected in the interest of the movement in cities for housing and feeding women workers on purse. It is "girls, girls, girls," that appear chiefly as beneficiaries of the movement, but any self-supporting woman should be entitled by right and not by grace to the advantages of the collective house or hotel. Reports from many of these homes in twenty-six cities are given very fully in Bulletin 15, [illegible] United States Bureau of Labor.

The first [illegible] New York City in 1886. Almost [illegible] has become entirely self-supporting in the half-century of development. This fact will show in history the small share of the commonwealth allowed the working women of the country at this period. The wages of our working women in Boston are a little below those of New York and Chicago, while the cost of subsistence is much higher. Taking data from one of our more recently established homes, the boarding house under Unitarian auspices, formerly on Berkeley street, we learn that in its first seven years in a hired building, with about forty boarders and few transients, the average cost per capita for board, laundry and other incidentals, was $3.30 per week. Price of board and lodging $4. The cost of raw material of food averaged $2.15 per week. There was a surplus of $0.80 or $700 per annum to go toward the salary of superintendent and rent. In Chicago, a woman's club, grown to 300, self-managed, for some years covered all costs of their home at $3 per week per member.

There are thousands of working girls and women in Boston who cannot pay even the lowest rate charged by the present homes in Boston, including the latest, the Franklin Square House, $3.50 per week, and must still live in rooms, or worse, in lodging houses such rather in plain sight. One important fact, not widely appreciated, is, or should be, gained from the Model Lodging House for temporary guests, New York City. In 1896 561,000 pieces were laundered at a cost of seven-eighths of one cent per piece. This item, if more exact, decides for such a home against the average private home with its peculiar methods, where the difficulty of washing a handkerchief makes the thought of clean linen a perpetual nightmare.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Boudoir CHAT.

Mrs. John W. Mackay was declared in London to be the richest widow in the world.

A bronze medallion of Susan B. Anthony will be presented to Rochester University this fall. It was Miss Anthony's efforts which made coeducation possible at Rochester, N. Y.

An international exhibition of women's arts and crafts will open in Paris soon in the great glass building on the banks of the Seine, in which were held the memorable shows during the World's Fair of 1900.

The woman who lives in the suburbs might put a lot of ferns from the woods, and when they are thriving in the fall get orders for them. Being so popular they ought surely to be in demand, and if not, there would be no loss incurred.

Representative George H. Fall, who introduced and championed the bill which recently passed the Maryland Legislature making mothers equal guardians of children with fathers, states that two-thirds of the credit for its passage is due to Mrs. Fall. He is a lawyer, and after her marriage Mrs. Fall studied law also.

Mrs. Clara L. Kellogg has raised modern embroidery to an art. She furnishes entire homes in embroidered textiles, producing harmonious effects throughout. She travels abroad every year, studying embroidery and design. All her designs are original and are founded upon suggestions received from old paintings, mosaics, furniture, anything, in fact.

FADS AND FANCIES

Chantilly is a revived classic.

Persian effects are still favored.

Embroidered linen discs are smart.

Jeweled velvet bands are very good.

Crystal and jet figure with spangles.

Pompon blossoms in chenille are here.

Some passementeries boast five materials.

Lace appliques adorn many parasols effectively.

Posies of taffeta adorn adorn Chantilly applique.

Linen applique is used upon dresses of burlapsacking.

Bulgarian embroidery is the craze on etamine as well as linen.

Chenille in a color touches point de Venise most attractively.

Orchid patterns in delicate shades of chiffon are ideal on silk gauze.

Striped veiling makes very pretty gowns and requires but little trimming.

Soft shaded Roman stripes are appearing in some of the wider white ribbons.

Many new designs are being produced in foils, which have become a net feminine fad.

Silk mull waists are very much worked this season, the designs being of the wide variety.

Pongee suits in the natural color are trimmed with bands of black taffeta, stitched with white.

Linen gowns in the pretty new shades of green, blue, pink and gray are made with ribbon waists stitched with white.

A yellow pongee gown with yellow and white embroidery and a tucked white silk vest and front of skirt, is artistic in the extreme.

Silks in black and white and blue and white checked effects are selected to be very fashionable in the fall for gowns and separate waists.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

A Trying Situation.

I've been my darling doubts my word
Oft sometimes sorely grieve me.
I expectedly sit with—she's inferred
She don't quite believe me.
Laugh, as though now things started,
And pray with may author—
It's tough to have my doubts my word
When I've been trying to be!
—Roe Farrell Greene, in Life.

On the Piazza.

Ella—"What is your idea of a successful woman?"

Stella—"A married one."

Out of the Market.

"I wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

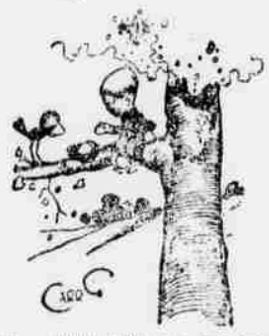
"You will not have the chance. I am already engaged."

The Very Thing.

Edgar—"Pictures may despair if you refuse me?"

Elsie—"The very thing! Just wait 'til I fetch my locket!"—Puck.

Caught Red-Handed.



Bird—"Here, what are you doing with my egg in your hand?"

Willie—"I came up fer fix it so a wouldn't fall out, dat's all."—New York Journal.

An Inspiration.

"Young Dr. Dace has struck it rich at last."

"How?"

"He refuses to treat anything but perityphlitis."—Town Topics.

Smart Child?

"When [illegible] become of my age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Day Late.

Employer—"You are not satisfactory, Johnson, and I give you notice that I will discharge you at the end of the week."

Office Boy—"Aw, why didn't youse say dat before de ball game yesterday?"—Ohio State Journal.

A Genealogical Tree.

Bricoman—"What do you know about your genealogical tree?"

Wimbler—"Genealogical tree, do you mean? The only ancestral timber I know about is the aboriginal forest, which, according to Darwin, my remote progenitors used to swing by their tails."—Los Angeles Herald.

Regular Sherlock Holmes.

"There must be a good many automobile enthusiasts in this town," said the stranger.

"There are," replied the hotelkeeper, "but what made you think there were?"

"As I came in on the train I saw your cemetery. It seems to be full of new graves."

The Stockholder.

"I like the place," said Mr. Newlywed, "but the railroad fare is pretty high."

"But, surely," replied his bride, "the railroad company will fix that for you when they know."

"When they know what?"

"That you're the man who bought that share of their stock."—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing to Live For.

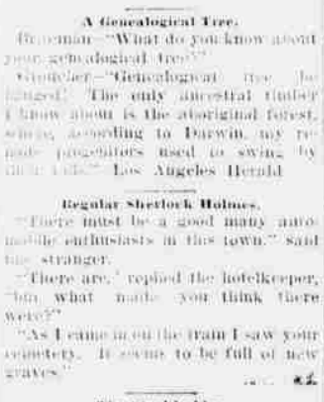
Mrs. Benham—"The paper tells of a bad accident."

Benham—"What kind of an accident?"

Mrs. Benham—"A woman's dress took fire and was ruined and the woman was so badly burned that she will not recover."

Benham—"I don't suppose she wants to recover if her dress is ruined."

All For the Fee.



Professor—"You have great determination, an indomitable will, and where love is concerned you are apt to act rashly without considering the consequences. You have considerable money [illegible] and are born to be a leader of men. Five shillings, pay out side, please."—Moonshine.

MEAL HOURS IN MEXICO.

Differences in Customs Noted by Visitors From the United States.

The Mexican breakfast, like that of the French, consists only of bread and coffee. Lunch and dinner, or dinner and supper, as they are called, differ but slightly. Dinner is usually served about 2 o'clock. It begins with soup and eggs, and then follows a number of meats, each served as a separate course, with an entire change of service every time. The meats are eaten quite alone, few vegetables being served in addition to the salad course, and such as are used for garnishment. The dessert courses at a Mexican table differ even more radically from those served on American tables. Home made pies, puddings and cakes are practically unknown. The Mexican housewife pays comparatively little attention to the kitchen and rarely cooks anything herself. If pastry is desired, it is purchased at the cafe or fonda.

Nothing is baked in a Mexican house, even the bread being universally bought from bakers. Mexican cooks do not, as a rule, understand pastry making, and their sweets are limited to stewed fruits, usually cooked to the consistency of the richest and sweetest preserves, so that a very small portion is satisfying. Business hours in Mexico begin in the afternoon at 2:30 or 3 o'clock and run until 7 or 8 in the evening, so that the supper hour falls anywhere from 8:30 to an hour later. This is probably one reason that Mexicans are not more given to evening entertainments. Attendance upon the theatre entails the necessity of an unusually early supper, or else its postponement until after the performance, a thing that often occurs. On the other hand, a leisurely supper of an hour or more, beginning at 9 o'clock, brings the time pretty close to bedtime.

The Mexican day laborer swallows a bowl of coffee at a street stand on his way to work, if he is fortunate enough to pass one, and has the price, but usually he begins his daily toil upon an empty stomach. About 9 o'clock his faithful spouse, or some member of the family, and not infrequently all of them, mother and children, come trudging to the scene of labor with a basket containing a pitcher of soupy brown beans, tortillas (corn cakes that form the staff of life among the lower classes), some rice and possibly some bits of meat are pinned in a tortilla, which, in addition to serving often as both bread and meat, is also knife and fork and spoon. Bits are torn off and by neatly curling it into semi-circular form and doubling the end it is used as an effective scoop for even liquid food. A jug of pulque, the fermented juice of the maguey or century plant, that is the usual beverage among the masses on the tableland, is also a usual accompaniment of this meal.

The Mexican laborer does not have a midday rest, but works until about 3 o'clock, when the morning repast is repeated without variation as to bill of fare. He begins his toil at daybreak, and is expected to work till dark, with little regard to a clock. On the way home he stops at a pulqueria to have all the drinks he can afford, and arrived at his home he may find something more to eat and he may not. It seems to make little difference to him. The Mexican peon can eat more, or go without more than almost any other laborer on earth. In the southern part of the country, where the mountain Indians are sometimes drafted for work in the lower country, these men bring with them a loaf of heavy corn meal paste about the size of their heads, slung around their necks with a strap. When hungry they break off a piece of this and mix it in a cup of water, and upon this simple ration they will subsist for an entire week.—Modern Mexico.

Boracic Acid Injurious.

John Marshall Dean of the University of Pennsylvania and professor of chemistry and toxicology, was the principal witness today in a number of prosecutions before Magistrate Stratton of grocery dealers and butchers in Philadelphia who are alleged to have sold unwholesome food. The prosecutions are begun by the State Dairy and Food Commissioners.

In the case of W. G. Moschin, accused of selling meat containing boracic acid, Dr. Marshall testified that the boracic acid is noxious to the system. When it enters the stomach a large part of the food escapes without assimilation. It also has a deterrent effect on digestion generally, he said.

Aerial Torpedo a Terrible Invention.

For the past two years the Swedish Government has been making careful experiments with an aerial torpedo, the invention of Major Unger of the Swedish army. An official report has now been published, which declares that Major Unger has satisfactorily solved the problem of discharging an aerial explosive projectile without the danger of an explosion taking place before the desired moment. The tests are now continuing on a larger scale, a considerable credit having been allotted by the Swedish Government for the purpose.

A Male Mercedes.

One of the survivors of the Martinique disaster has arrived at Paris. This is a doll, no doubt the delight of some little Martiniquaise. On its skirt were the words "Primary school of St. Pierre (Martinique)." If dolls could speak what a terrible history this particular one might unfold!

Dog Tax Discovered.

A tax levying [illegible] has finally been [illegible] on the Tuscarora reservation in Tuolumne, Cal. Six feet from the ground its circumference is 154 feet 8 inches.