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MAKE-BELIEVE A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

::::: BY B. L. FARJEON. ::::::

CHAPTER XI, Continued.

If the roads had been rough and uneven when Walter walked over them with Saranne in his arms, they were a thousand times more rough and uneven now they were in the cart, bumping along.

For the driver was anxious to get to his own cottage, and he urged the horse to make as much haste as was in the power of an animal that was by constitution a slow goer and plodderand, consequently a philosopher.

He, sitting in front on the shaft, and bumping up and down as though that were his natural way of life, did not see his passengers, but he heard them ery out to kim merrily to "Stop, stop, stop."

By that time Saranne was pressed close to Walter's side-for no other reason, of course, than that if he moved away from her the billionth part of an inch something dreadful might oc-

"You really," said Walter, "for the sake of our bones, must go a little

Thereafter they jogged along at a more sober pace (the driver being soothed by the promise of an extra shilling), but notwithstanding this improved mode of progression, which reduced to zero the chance of falling out of the cart, Saranne was still pressed close to Walter, and his arm was around her waist.

ter that it was well for a man to be prepared for sudden shocks when he is riding in a rough cart over rough country roads with a pretty girl by his

It was a glorious sunset, and at Little Make-Believe's request the driver pulled up so that they could ascend a hill and look at Ht.

The evening was still and peaceful, and the young people were for the most part silent, as they gazed at the wendrous color of the western skies; but now and then a whispered word or two from Waiter's lips reached Sar-

As they rode along again they watched the sinking of the sun through the lacings of the distant trees; the fiery shadows, gliding hither and

thither, seemed to be imbued with life. Lower sank the sun, until not the faintest line of are could be seen: darker grew the dusky shadows until not a trace of restiess light remained. And night was with them.

Peaceful and beautiful. They were quite silent now.

Not a word from their lips, only now and then a soft and happy sign.

The driver with the prospect of an additional shilling, and another on top of that-the additional promise having already been given by Walter-sat contentedly on his shaft, smoking his pipe. So amiable was he that he went a littie out of his way to show them a great haystack, to which a match had been wickedly put in the morning by a drunken laborer smarting under a grievance against his master.

It resembled an ancient castle, with turrets and towers and Gothic arches. The fire was still smouldering in the ruined building. Sudden lights appeared and disappeared; flaming shadows gilded over the surfaces; columns crambled to white dust; lurid windows shone everyhere amid the blackening patches; the walls bulged inward; with a silent crash, vast pieces of the ceiling fell to the ground, sending myriads of sparks, in a furious rush,

upward to the skies. Onward once more through the peaceful night, leaving the flery wreck behind them-past tall trees which, with dark clouds hanging over them, seemed of monstrous height - through narrow lanes dotted with familiar landmarks-past a pond covered with water lilies-skirting the footbridge they had often crossed-nearer and nearer home till the cottage lights ap-

peared. In accordance with Walter's wish. the driver had brought them to within a hundred gards of their door.

He was well paid for it, and giving them good-night, set his horse going, jumped on to the shaft, and jolted homeward, whistling.

A hundred vards was not far to walk, but it took a long time, the pace being so very, very slow.

Perhaps the circumstance that Saranne and Walter had joined bands as

they walked had something to do with it.

This love palming is accountable for

No one knew of it but themselves; Little Make-Believe was on Walter's left. Saranne on his right, so that it was his right hand and her left which the hard old life is over. Walter's were softly infolded one within the It is necessary to be correct in the

endeavor to explain why they were such an unconscionable long time over. Go on, dear." walking those hundred yards.

to the midlle of the night Little

Make-Believe awoke. Her face was turned to Saranne, who, with her back to her sister, was leaning on her elbow, gazing at some-

thing she held in her band. On the chair by the bedside was a lieve. Ughted candie.

It was the light which had aroused

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Little Make-Believe. "Saranne!" said Little Make-Believe, and slightly raising herself as she spoke she saw in Saranne's hand a portrait of Walter.

"Oh, Make-Believe!" cried Saranne. quickly blowing out the candle; "how

you startled me!" "I thought there was something the matter," said Little Make-Believe pres-

ently; she spoke very quietly. "when I woke up and saw the light." "No, there is nothing the matter. I am restless and can't sleep. What a happy day we had-what a happy,

happy day!" "Yes, dear, a happy day indeed. It is hard to remember all that occurred, it ing mad! It's all over now, that's one was so long and full of pleasure." good job, and you're wide awake, and

"I can remember everything-everything! I shall never, never lorget it. Don't you think it was the happiest, the very happiest day you ever spent?" "Do you think so, Saranne?" "Yes, Make-Believe."

"Then so do I! Yer know, Saranne, that to see you happy makes me happy,

"I know, Make-Believe. I am afraid I have been very ungrateful to you

"That you never have, my dear. You have always been very good to me." "Make-Believe," whispered Saranne, "one day I may be able to repay you for all you've done for me."

"To repay me, my dear? Why, that "I never knew," said Saranne, nestling closer to Little Make-Believe, "till lately when it was put into my bead, how much I really owe you. Peever even thought of it, ungrateful girl that

"You mustn't speak of yerself in that way. I will not allow you. Who has been putting such ideas into your

"Can't you guess, Make-Believe? The best man that breathes on the earth, who loves you, and is never tired of speaking of you. Can't you guess, dear?"

"A man as loves me! As calls me sister! Do you want me to tell yer his name? Are yer too shy to do it yerself? Why, Saranne, it's dark, and no one can see! And your prince is come! -didn't I always tell yer he would?and his name is---"

She pressed Saranne in her arms close to her heart.

"Walter."

It was the name she expected to hear, but she had not the courage to mention it first; brave as she was, capable of self-sacrifice as she was, she was not strong enough for that.

It was the death-knell of her hopes -which, she acknowledged now, but never before, held sway over her; as if she should ever have had the presumption to lift her eyes so high!-it was the death-knell of her love, but she bore it nobly.

"Are you glad, Make-Believe?" "Am I glad!" repeated Little Make-Believe. "What greater happiness can I want than what you've told me? There is only one thing, my dear; he is a gentleman, and we are only poor

girls-what will his father say?" "Walter has spoken of that. He has not told his father yet-why, Make-Beileve, I only knew it to-day!-but his father is the best of men, after Walter, of course, and Walter says he has never crossed him in a wish. It has made me proud to hear the opinion Mr. Deepdale has of you, Make-Believe

-but Walter shall tell you all that-" "I'm glad Mr. Deepdale thinks well of me, though it's hard to say for what reason. I've never done nothing that I know of except to thank him for his

goodness to us." All this time Little Make-Believe had not kissed Saranne, whose head she had kept pillowed on her breast, but now by a simultaneous movement of affection their lips met in loving em-

"Why, Make-Believe, you're crying!"

exclaimed Saranne. "I'm crying for joy, my dear, at the prospect afore you. With all my heart I pray that it may come to pass-with all my heart-with all my heart!"

"We are not to go back to Clare Market. Make-Believe: we are to remain here until all is settled, and then we are to go to school for a year-yes, Make-Believe, you and me togetherand Walter is coming to see us regularly-and at the end of the year-you can guess what Walter says will hap-

"It's a easy guess, God bless yer both, my dear, dear sister, and my brother as I hope'll be."

"There will be no occasion for you to struggle any more, Make-Believe father is rich, and we shall never. never again want for bread. You are

crying still, Make-Believe!" "My heart's so full that it's running "And you are to live with us always,

and never, never leave us till-" "Till what, my dear?" "Till your prince comes and takes

you away from us." "That's never going to happen, Saranne." "Ab, but you don't know, Make-Be-

"I know well enough. There's not a

dream of him-and of me just a little. Go to sleep, my dearest dear, go to In the midst of her tears she softly

sang an old song with which she used to lull Saranne to sleep in the days of her infancy; and before a dozen broken words were sung Saranne had sunk to slumber, with smiles on her lips and joy in her heart. And the whole night through, while

her agony-wrestling with it and striv-

ing to conquer it. "They mustn't know, they mustn't as much as suspect,"-this was the refrain of her thoughts-"I mustn't let 'em see as I'm not the happieest of the happy. It'd spoil everything if I showed 'em what a weight there was on my heart. Serve yer right, yer little fool, for daring to think of him as anything but a friend! With your ugly face and common ways to go and love him as you've been doingbut mustn't go on doing, mind! if yer do, yer false to Saranne, and to be false to her means that you're the wickedest wretch as crawls!-to think of him as you've been doing for ever so long-why, you must be stark-star-

know what's afore you. Oh, my poor heart-oh, my poor heart!" And so she mourned and grieved and reproached herself till daylight came

and it was time to rise. Saranne still slept. Very softly Little Make-Believe drew away the pillow upon which her head had been lying: it was wet with her tears; if Saranne discovered that she had been crying all the night she might think that Little Make-Believe was envious of her, or something worse, perhaps.

Not with tears, but with smiles, must she meet Saranne when she

She sat in her night dress by the side of her beautiful sister, and gazed ing for life, all at the same time. Perry was transferring the flag.

"Wouldn't it be the best thing that could happen if I was to die?" These words were not only in her mind; she had spoken them under her breath, and she clenched her teeth in scorn of herself as though there lurked in the words a treasonable wish toward the being who was knit to her by the closest, the dearest ties.

For the purpose of accentuating this scorn of herself, and of punishing herself for her baseness, she took the dressing glass from the table and rested it on her knees as she took her place again by her sister's side. She looked at her own plain face in

the glass and at the loveliness of Saranne's as it lay upon the pillow. "You ugly little scorpion!" she whispered to her face in the glass, "who do

yer think'd be fool enough to fall in love with you?" This brought the image of Foxey to her mind, but though he had been fool enough to fall in love with her, and

fool enough to ask her to marry him, his image brought no comfort to her; it made her shudder at herself. She shook her head angrily to drive him from her mind, and sat for half an hour with the glass before her, schooling herself for the part she had

A slight movement from Saraune warned her; she replaced the glass quietly on the table and plunged he.

face into cold water. Turning, with the towel in her hand, she met her sister's opening eyes with

looks of affection and bappiness. "How good it is of you!" murmured Saranne, as Little Make-Believe stooped and kissed her. "It's a lucky sign to wake up and see such a bright and happy face as yours, I've been dreaming all night of Walter and of your prince, Yes, indeed I have. I don't care what you say, Make-Believe. He'll come-you'll see if he

won't." "And what was my prince like, Saranne? Anything like Walter?"

"Something like, but not so handsome as Walter; you could hardly expect that!"

"I should be foolish to expect it, There's only one Walter, Saranne." "Yes," said Saranne, with a happy sigh, "only one!"

On that day Mr. Deepdale returned

from London. He had been absent a week, and letters had passed daily between him and Walter.

In Mr. Deepdale's letters there had been no cause for uneasiness, and Walter was therefore the more grieved to perceive that a great change had come over his father during those few days. It almost seemed as if in seven days he had grown seven years older, and it was evident that there was a weight on his mind which sorely oppressed

"You don't look well, dad," said Walter.

"cause I have been much worried." "I am sorry to hear that." Don't be anxious about me, my boy;

I shall be better by and by, I dare say. But you, Wally," and he laid his hands upon Walter's shoulders, "I don't think I have ever seen you look quite so well as you do now."

"Dad, I have something of the utmost importance to say to you." "And I have something of the utmost importance to say to you, my boy. But let us defer our confidences

till later in the day; I feel scarcely strong enough at present to go into matters. Let me rest a little; this evening, Wally, we will speak in private together," "Agreed, dad; but you must let me

speak first," (To be Continued.)



NOK HIS strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the cod-fishers of Hammerfest and Tromso. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a a slightly contemptuous toleration. blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger, and limest passage in the epic of Erie." little for suffering-in themselves or

but still living, shark can feel?

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away, it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets!

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits, the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallows is manned, and without any superflous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop.

and hoisted just clear of the water. He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs, and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift-to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and

how he pleases. All this sounds very horrible; but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this: the fishermen say that, unless they put out the shark's eyes, he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble, by coming and

taking the bait a second time. It sounds incredible; but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye-witnesses, who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief; for it is consoling-to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver

may supply us with-what? It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centres of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod-liver oil, and-shark-liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it .- Pearson's Magazine,

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 as it was in 1804, says the author of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." In illustration of this he tells of a time when Lewis and Clark, on their journey of exploration toward the Northwest, found that their stock of merchantable property was exhausted, and they created a new fund by cutting off the buttons from their clothes, and adding vials and small tin boxes to their stores. With this merchandise two men went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp laden with roots and other provisions.

Their experience recalls a certain one of my own, writes Mr. Wheeler. Late in the fall of 1876 J. H. Renshawe, now of the United States Geographical houses by setting heavy eye-screws in arranging the cages along the walls of Survey, and I, with a topographic the door frames and fastening the door the play-room, and taking the doll fam-"Don't L. Wally? Perhaps it is be- party, were slowly making our way knobs to them with ropes, eight rob- ily for a visit to the zoo.-Alice L. down Meadow Valley Wash, in south bers attacked the front door of the Weed, in the Progressive Farmer. eastern Newada. Misfortune had been Traders' Bank, of Bridgeburg, a village our constant companion, and as we on the Canadian side of the Niagara reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a River, opposite Buffalo, with a batterbeautiful, clear, cold stream, one noon, ing ram, early on a recent morning. we were rather a gloomy set of men. Ralph Cl Young, eighteen years old, We were a month behind time our was the only person in the bank. horses were almost exhausted, all our Armed with a revolver, he went to an horse feed was gone, the grazing was upper window and opened fire. The worthless, we were out of money, and thieves replied with revolvers and shotthere was no way to get more. We guns, some of the gang meanwhile confelt that we were in rather a serious tinning the work with the battering

> Soon after we camped a Piute In- With his face streaming with blood horses had a full meal. .

When the beans and sugar were exhausted, the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all our old garments for shelled corn and barley, until finally we had six or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars; and a mouth-organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine," and brought splendid returns. When we were done the Indians

quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been valueless to its white owner, and vice versa. To the child a jumping-jack They ate a little, found it so, is a precious possession, and the In- And said to him, "How did you know? dian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child.

TRANSFERRING THE FLAG.

In the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, when Commodore Perry defeated the way of treating Father Neptune with British and captured their entire fleet, the flagship Lawrence was shattered like an old friend of somewhat uncer- by the guns of the English, and Comtain temper, whose rapid changes modore Perry was obliged to transfer from smiling benevolence to wild, his flag to the Niagara. In "Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry," the author refers to this transfer as "the sub-

From the masthead of the helpless in others. Why, then, should they Lawrence the big blue burgee, the stop to think that perhaps a maimed, white lettered bugle-call upon an azure field, had come fluttering down. The The fishing is done off the coast of pennant followed, but the Stars and Iceland in about eighty fathoms of Stripes remained. It was not then a water. Three or four gallows-like surrender, as the enemy had thought. little feet, unlike the hawk's, are not structures are rigged up around the What was it? The next moment fursides of the sloop, and from each of nished a reply, for out from under the these hangs a pulley-block, over which lee of the battered hulk darted a small runs a strong rope; and to the end of | boat, propelled by ears in the hands this the baited hook is fastened. A of brawny seamen, straight for the plentiful supply of ground-bait is passing Niagara. Erect in the stern thrown out to attract the quarry, and stood a splendid, stalwart figure, the such is the eagerness with which the folds of the big blue burgee and the sharks take the bait, that sometimes pennant draped over the broad shouleach one of these gallows-like fishing ders, the face still calmly impassive, rods will have its fish hooked and fight- the eyes smoldering. Commodore

Half-surrounded as it was by the enemy's ships, the boat swept on through a perfect roaring tornado, the commander, still strangely impassive, erect in the stern. Perry's young not, for his size, a game fish; and, ex- brother pleaded with the Commodore cept when he is actually being hoisted to sit down, but he seemed oblivious. up out of the water, there is no very | Finally his oarsmen, fearful for his safety, flatly refused to row longer unless he sat down, when he complied. The men then redoubled their efforts, speeding toward the now waiting NIagara. The storm from the British guns, if possible, grew in violence; the oars were splintered by musket balls. As by a miracle, the small craft's ten-

ants escaped unscathed. A round shot finally came tearing through the boat's side. In a trice Perry had slipped off the epauleted coat of his rank, the garment he had donned on leaving the Lawrence's deck, and stopped the hole with it. The boat reached the side of the Niagara in safety, a quarter of an hour after

leaving the Lawrence. OLD-FASHIONED BEAR HUNT.

The other day information was brought to the Traffic Superintendent of the Muar State Railway that bears were destroying the cocoanut trees near the fourth mile on the railway at a kampong called Parit Bakar.

They climb to the top of a young tree and with their powerful claws tear away the young leaves and then proceed to devour the inside of the tree, called the cabbage.

Mr. L. went to the scene on his handcar, armed with a Snider carbine. A young bear suddenly dashed out close to one of the Javanese and he slashed at it with his parang. The blow enraged the bear and it "went for" the Javanese, who climbed the nearest tree. The bear procedeed to

thought, one of his men shook him by

the shoulder. Mr. L. told his disturber to "get out," He felt himself being pulled about rather roughly and on looking over his shoulder was astonished to see a huge bear with one big paw on each of his shoulders and its gaping mouth almost touching his neck. It was impossible to use the rifle, and Mr. L. drew his hunting knife and plunged it into the side of the bear, just under the shoulder. The blade penetrated the brute's heart, and it rolled over, endeavoring

Javanese ran up and slashed the bear until life was extinct. In the mean time the first bear was still climbing up after the Javanese. In his terror the Javanese dropped right on top of the bear. This frightened the animal and it bolted through the scrub and was not seen again .-Singapore Straits Budget

to tear out the knife. The Malays and

BOY SAVES BANK.

After fastening the doors of near-by

dian appeared, and within a few min- from shattered glass and splinters of utes several more came to camp. We wood, Young kept up the fight for soon found that they had a store of twenty minutes. The stout oak doors barley and corn, and an exchange was resisted all the efforts to break them quickly effected for certain surplus down, and, alarmed by a shot fired provisions that we had, and the poor from up the street by an aroused villager, the thieves fled.



THE WISE MAN. A man who was extremely wise Said, "To-morrow the sun will rise."
He said the same thing every night.
And every day proved he was right.
When people saw his words were true,
They wondered greatly how he knew.
He said to all his friends, "I hear
We'll have a greatly hear We'll have some rain within a year."
And sure enough, it came about,
And rained before the year was out.
And then they said, "How very strange
That he can make the weather change!"
He gave his friends a candy treat,
And said, "I'm sure you'll find it aweet."
They are a little, found it so It's very sweet, as you have said. How can you taste so far ahead?" He said, "I cannot swim, and think He said, "I cannot swim, and think
If I jump in I'll surely sink."
He jumped, and as he could not swim,
It was the last they saw of him;
And as he sank far out of sight.
They said, "That proves that he was
right."

-Youth's Companion.

THE SHRIKE OR BUTCHER BIRD There is a strange little bird, about as big as a robin, which nearly every winter brings us. He is generally alone, like a tiny black and gray hawk in many of his ways, but related truly to the gentle vircos and waxwings. He is the northern shrike, or butcher bird, and he gets a cruel living by catching mice and little birds, which he hangs on locust thorns, sharp twigs or the points of a wire fence, as his strong enough to hold his prey. But he is a handsome fellow, and rarely one may hear a very sweet little song as he sits on the top of some leafless bush, particularly late in the winter. But generally he is silent, like the true birds of prey, or at best gives only a rasping squeal .- St, Nicholas,

"HONEST ABE."

It is a significant fact that in a com- basket and started down-stairs. known, where plain, straightforward dealing was assumed as a matter of course, and credit was fearlessly asked and given, Lincoln won an enviable reputation for integrity and honor. In moral atmosphere of this sort ordinary veracity and fairness attracted no particular attention. Honesty was not merely the best policy; it was the rule of life, and people were expected to be upright and just with one another. But when a clerk in a country store walked miles to deliver a few ounces of tea innocently withheld from a customer by an error in the scales. and when he made a long, hard trip in order to return a few cents accidentally overpaid him, he was talked about, and the fact is that "honest Abe" was a tribute, not a nickname.-Century.

A HOME-MADE ZOO.

Most small girls enjoy nothing betwhich they may see as much as they

First of all, get a number of sheets est animal you are to have in your can get them cut at a printing office just the same size and with smooth lines will do it, two borizontal and two perpendicular. For the smaller animals you can put four and even six cages on a sheet. And then you must follow him up the tree. Mr. L. was

draw just so many dividing lines, taking aim at the bear when, as he The animals for your menagerie you will find anywhere and everywhere. Old magazines and papers, tattered picture books, advertisements, will all supply you. The animals should be cut out carefully and placed in their cages. After they are in place draw the bars. These should be drawn very carefully with the help of a ruler, for imagine the consternation in doll land if a ferocious tiger should squeeze through between a pair of shaky bars

and make its escape! Besides the animals commonly found in menageries, the home made zoo may contain some remarkable specimens never seen on land or sea. Fierce dragons, unicorns like the one in Mother Goose who fought with the lion for the crown, and other queer, grotesque creatures may look out from behind the bars along with the giraffes

and ostriches. When not in use the home-made zoo may be put away in a pasteboard box, and takes up very little room. But sometimes when the day is stormy and outdoor fun impossible, you will enjoy

"NOW-AND-READY."

Rhoda's father used to call her little "Now-and-Ready." because the was so fond of having and of doing things any one could go through an academy "right this very minute." When the and spell the way you do? Look at grown people planned along in January that letter. Half the words are miswhere they would go for the next sum- spelled; and what do you mean by mer vacation, Rhoda would lay out the making me say 'has came?' Confound big doll's travelling suit, and say, "Oh, you, if I hadn't glanced over this thing please let's go away in July now." after you'd got it copied the man it's And if anybody mentioned Christmas, written to would think me a fool! even though the garden were over- Come, own up, now! What academy flowing with roses, she was pretty was this that you attended?" sure to beg, "Why can't we go after "It-it was Professor De Flippenholly wreaths right this very minute?" dale's dancing academy, sir."-Chicago One Saturday Rhoda went with her Record-Herald. mother to help straighten up the attic.

were, and shook out little Great-aunt Amy's short-sleeved sprigged muslin. Then over in a dark corner Rhoda spied a basket with a handle going over the middle like a high bridge, and a cover which opened on each side.

"It's hen eggs," said Rhoda. "No, it isn't hen eggs; it's quilt pieces,

They belonged to my sister-" "That's my Aunt Rhoda. I know her. She lives in the country, and brings sausage and apples when she

comes to see us." "Yes," said mother. "And once, a long time ago, there was to be a great fair in the town that was nearest to us. Our mother thought it would be a very nice thing for Rhoda to piece a quilt to put in the fair, while I was to bake some bread. Your poor Aunt Rhoda worked and worked; but there were so many butterflies to chase that summer, and the plum thicket was so lovely to crawl through, that somehow September came round and found the quilt just half-done. So when you were a little baby, and we began to call you Rhoda, your aunt sent you the quilt pieces, and hoped that some

day you would finish the big quilt." "To send Aunt Rhoda for a Christmas present-right now, to-day?" asked Rhoda, her fingers fairly aching to pull out all the stacks of gay calleo . pieces and begin at once.

But mother shook her head. "Not yet, little daughter, not yet a while," she said. But she took out some of the pieces

and showed Rhoda how they went together-four of the littlest squares to make one big one, next to that a big pink one, and then four more little ones to make a big one. "Did you make your bread, mother?"

the little girl asked, as they closed the "No, that was the queer part of it. When the fair-time came Rhoda and I both had-what do you think? Mumps! And I couldn't cook. So poor grandma

had nothing to show how clever her

After dinner Rhoda disappeared, and mother was too busy to notice until Rhoda's father came home. Nobody knew where she was, so he started out to hunt or her. Father was troubled, and as soon as

daughters were."

worry, and when mother worried Lawrence got seared, and the baby stopped laughing, and cried instead, "I'll get the lantern," said father, and started to the attic three steps at a

he was troubled mother began to

time, with a lighted candle in his hand. In a minute they heard him give a shout, and his voice sounded so happy that they both ran after him, as many steps at a time as they possibly could. ter than a visit to the zoo. The tigers | When they got there father was just pacing restlessly back and forth with gathering a bundle from the floor into velvety footsteps, the monkeys play- his arms, and the candle was shining ing all sorts of fantastic tricks, the right on two fast-shut eyes and a head kangaroos and the rest, are unceasing of tousled curls. All about were scatobjects of delight. But a great many tered quilt pieces, big and little, and girls are unable to visit the zoo very | Rhoda opened her eyes long enough to frequently, and such will be glad to say, sleepily, "I most made Aunt

know how to make a zoo of their own Rhoda's quilt right this very minute." And sure enough, when mother examined closely, she found that little "Now-and-Ready" had sewed in the of cardboard of the same size. They one afternoon nearly as much as the should be a little larger than the larg- other Rhoda years ago had done in the whole long summer. It was not Christmenagerie, and, for a few cents, you mas when the big quilt was sent away, all finished and packed neatly in white tissue-paper and with a little sachet edges. The next thing to do is to draw | bag-it was the twentieth day of Nothe outline of the cage. Four straight vember, just two weeks after it was taken out of the basket .- Augusta

Kortrecht, in Youth's Companion. Teaching Him to Be Honest.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Bill Smith was a well known character in a Missouri town whose name need not be mentioned here, Bill was a colored boy who roamed the streets at will. One day he found a pocketbook containing \$40, and the owner's name was stamped on the book. But Bill burned the pocketbook and spent the \$40 in riotous living. Of course it was found out and Bill was arrested, tried and found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary for two years. He served his time, and when he emerged he knew something about making shoes. The day he returned to his home town an old acquaintance met him and asked:

the prison, Bill?" "Dey started to make an honest boy out'n me, sab." "That's good, Bill, and I hope they

"Well, what did they put you at in

succeeded." "Ded did, sah." "And how did they teach you to be

honest. Bill?" "Dey done put me in de shop, sah. nailing pasteboard onter shoes fo' soles, sab."-The Commoner.

His Alma Mater. "I thought," said the irritable old head of the firm, "that you said I bired you that you had taken a course

of instructions at an academy!" "Yes, sir." replied the young man. "Well, do you mean to tell me that

They looked all through the cedar Football of the Association pattern chest, where the funny baby dresses is the fashion in Austria-Hungary,

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