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Dream-Love.
There's a note for every heart
That throbs beneath the sun,
Though some by fate are kept apart
Till life is nearly done;
Where is the loyal heart and hand
That shall make my life complete?
God bless my Love, on sea or land
Until our paths shall meet!

My faith is sure
And will endure,
Till that glad hour shall be;
Sweet moment hush
Across the waste
And bring my love to me.

The glow of morn is in her face,
Her lights in her eyes,
And her hair the peerless grace
That fits the morning skies;
And oh, her feet, her little feet,
They are so like and small,
I dream I catch their rhythmic beat
Whenever the rose leaves fall.

Yes, oft in dreams
With sunny gleams
Her sweet smile I see,
Sweet moment hush
Across the waste
And bring my love to me!

—Samuel Peck in Times-Democrat.

LOCKED IN.

Lucy Hutton turned pale. She was locking the school room door, when, under the shade of the trees outside, she saw a man stand watching her.

She turned pale, but showed no other sign of emotion. Without turning to look again at this man, she drew her shawl about her, turned, came down the steps, and walked homeward.

Her home was but a temporary one. Lucy Hutton had come from a little farm in the country to take charge of a parish free school. She was staying at a boarding house where nearly all were strangers.

She was very pretty, with long golden hair, which she wore free upon her shoulders. Few persons had ever seen more beautiful hair.

Lucy turned pale because she had learned to be afraid of this person who was watching her. She knew his appearance well. For a time he had sat opposite to her at table, an emaciated, pallid, carefully dressed man, with long black hair, parted in the middle of a high, narrow forehead, and falling long upon his coat collar. Her first uneasiness was caused by observing that he constantly watched her out of a pair of small black eyes. His observation was so close as to be annoying. She had at length avoided it by changing her seat at the table.

He never spoke to her. She did not know his name, and none of the few persons she knew were acquainted with him. Having placed herself beyond his notice at table, she congratulated herself on having escaped him, when, to her consternation and serious uneasiness, she discovered that he followed her to and from the school.

She chose to ignore this. She did not even speak of it to any one. Though a slight, golden-haired girl, Lucy Hutton was courageous, and a natural delicacy prevented her from making a fuss about the matter. But, at last, she began to be annoyed by notes, expressing this man's infatuation. He desired to make her acquaintance—to marry her.

Lucy's immediate impulse was to send his first note to her lover, Henry Grayson, and ask his assistance. Then she resisted what seemed a weakness.

"I shall avoid this strange lover of mine; he cannot do me any harm," she thought.

But she could not forget him. His eyes, his gait, the cut of his garments, became horribly familiar to her. She felt that she was constantly under his surveillance. If she walked alone, he boldly followed her at a distance. If she entered a crowd, she found him at her elbow. Once as she stood at a shop window looking at some lace, he slipped in her ear: "I love you," and hissed instantly out of sight in the evening darkness. After this she never allowed herself to be abroad after the evening's early dusk. At the man's approach she had felt him so physically powerful as to fill her with terror.

The day previous to the evening of which I write had brought a new incident. A note had been left at the school room addressed to her which read as follows:

BEAUTIFUL LUCY—I must speak to you; you must hear me. Meet me tonight at the lower end of Redmond's bridge; remember, you must come.

There was no signature, but there could be no doubt from whence it came. Lucy's cheeks flushed with indignation; but a thrill of fear went through her heart. Her pursuer's audacity seemed to have approached a crisis.

She crushed the note in her hand, for the observant eyes of her little pupils were upon her and she forced herself to go on with their lessons; but her cheek burned redly—her mind wandered in spite of herself.

Of course she did not mean to meet this man; and what would be the consequences if she did not? She began to feel desperately the need of aid in this strange matter. She wished that Henry Grayson were there; he wished most of all that she were at home.

When she locked the school-room door that night she saw, as I have said, his gaunt, black-haired man watching

her under the trees. With a quick, firm step she walked down the street. At least he should not see that she was afraid of him. But she heard a step behind her; it was his. He came to her side; his detestable voice said over her shoulder: "Tonight at 8 o'clock. I forgot to tell you the time."

She never turned her head or made the slightest response, as if she had heard him. He made an effort to look into her eyes—then fell back and disappeared.

Lucy reached her room, locked the door and sat down, trembling and crying. This last encounter had been too much for her nerves. She was full of excitement and dread. Unconsciously to herself this constant pursuit had worn upon her. Her strength seemed suddenly to give way. She sat, sobbing, almost unable to stir, when there was a knock at the door.

She started at the sound as if some new summons of evil were at hand; but the person who appeared was only a young lady boarding in the house with whom Lucy had a slight acquaintance.

A note had been left at the house while Lucy was at school. It was her mother's handwriting:

Come home immediately. Your father is very ill.

Miss Burton delivered the note, but lingered, drawn to a pitying solitude by the sight of Lucy's swollen face. As Lucy dropped the paper and sobbed more bitterly than before, Miss Burton gently approached her, saying, "My dear Miss Hutton, you have had news?"

"My father is very ill—dying, perhaps! But how can I leave my school?"

"I will be your substitute while you are absent. I think I can. I have taught in a school before. And I will go with you tonight and see the doctor."

This kindness reanimated Lucy's mind. In a few moments she had settled her plans and the two sought the Rev. John Archer and had the matter satisfactorily settled. Lucy was to start on the 9 o'clock train and Miss Barton was to enter the school in the morning.

Hurriedly making other arrangements Lucy bade her new friends a grateful goodbye, took a fly and was driven to the station. The train was ready; she entered. It was only an hour's ride to her home.

Suddenly, while the train was rushing through thick darkness, lighted only by a cloud of sparks, Lucy remembered her other admirer.

"I have escaped him!" she thought, with a moment's delight.

Anticipating her arrival she found her father's chaise cart awaiting her, the horse driven by her little brother, Will.

"How is father, Will?"

"He is very ill, Lucy."

That night was a long and hard one for the friends of the sick man. But at dawn, to the relief of all, the physicians pronounced him out of danger.

The morning sunshine found Lucy pallid and exhausted. She was greatly unnerved. They begged her to go to sleep, but she could not rest. Her eyes were heavy, her lips pale, her hands hot. She carried some spring water, cool and sparkling, to her room, wet her throbbing temples and her thick rich hair, the weight of which oppressed her aching head.

While engaged in this she heard a knock at the door. Hurriedly coiling up her bright hair, she went down. The door was open. She did not approach it, for standing full in the sunshine, upon the threshold of her home was the tall, gaunt, detested figure that had haunted her, like a nightmare, for weeks. Covered with dust, his lank hair straggling upon his shoulders, his sallow hands extended, and his bloodshot eyes fixed upon her face, his appearance was repulsive, his presence frightful. She shrieked and ran away, forgetting the invalid, who had slammed the sitting-room door behind her, when she heard her name gently pronounced, and Henry Grayson caught her in his arms.

"My dear Lucy, what is the matter?"

What an inexpressible relief was his protecting embrace, and the gush of tears which followed! She told him what had happened.

Search was made, but there was no appearance of any one near the house, and gradually Lucy became assured and composed.

It was 11 o'clock, when, full of happy thoughts, Lucy Hutton went up to her chamber.

The room was large; a window was open; a gust of air rushed through and extinguished her candle. She paused; a faint thrill of her old timidity came over her. But she summoned her natural courage, and saying, "I will not go down stairs for matches; I will go to bed in the dark," she closed and also locked a closet door which yawned behind her, drew back a curtain to let in the starlight and began to undress.

Nothing unpleasant now mingled with the girl's happy thoughts, as she softly undressed herself. She had quite forgotten the present in thinking of a delightful future, when a strange noise started her. It seemed like something

struggling against the wall. Her heart leaped into her throat.

"Pshaw! it is only a rat!" she said, the next moment.

As she lay down, she thought she heard the sound again. But after that, all was still. She lay awake, occupied with her busy thoughts; for awhile, but soon fell asleep.

It was late when she awoke; the room was full of sunshine. Remembering her father's state, Lucy overcame a feeling of languor, rose and hastily dressed. While doing so, she remembered the experience of the previous evening. A sudden thought came to her.

"I must have locked the cat in the closet last night. Poor old Prue!"

She unlocked the door. The key turned with some difficulty. Flinging open the door, a stiff, old human figure fell upon her, crushing her to the floor.

Those who heard the noise came rushing up. Lucy was in convulsions. The frightful, distorted corpse had rolled aside and lay upon its face. The room was full of the scent of chloroform.

Lucy was finally restored, but her nervous condition was deplorable. For weeks they watched over her feverish, delirious slumbers, fearing insanity, and not without reason.

The dead man was given over to the care of the town authorities, and buried by them. It was never known who he was. On learning the story, many thought him insane. Others believed him to be a lawless and unscrupulous adventurer. In his pockets had been found a pistol, a broken vial of chloroform and a sponge. It was thought that he intended to render Lucy insensible, and carry her away in the night. But he was dead, and incapable of more harm. Probably when Lucy locked the closet door, he had been crowded in, and the vial broken. He had been smothered to death.

It took years to overcome this dreadful experience; but now Lucy Grayson tells it, without excitement, to her children. —[New York World.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Johnnie's Opinion.
Mamma comes to Johnnie's bed:
"Wake up, wake up, sleepy head!
Don't you hear the robin sing,
Get up, get up, lazy thing!
Get up, get up," whistles he,
Out there on the cherry tree."

Sleepy Johnnie rubs his eyes,
And with a drowsy yawn replies:
"Yes, I hear him, but you see,
He ain't sayin' it to me,
He keeps up that horri' noise
Just for his own girls and boys."

Taking a Mean Advantage.
A correspondent of the London Spectator writes: As you have quoted the Rev. Dr. Houghton of Dublin University as a great patron and admirer of dogs, will you allow me, in justice to my absent colleague, to say that he is by no means blind to their moral defects. He can even be sarcastic sometimes. Meeting him some time ago in company with one of his canine friends, I expressed my surprise at the fact that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," said the doctor; "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. If first gets to one side of the table, and then goes round the table to his other side and pretends to be another dog."

Lead Back to Camp by Their Pony.
Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifted so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and with cold the chief surveyor caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old J. C.," and said: "If anyone can show us our way to camp in this blinding snow Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head in the air, as if proud of the trust. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction and walked off, and the men followed him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms around Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done. I know this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

And we know the parties, and that it is true.—[Our Dumb Animals.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

An Industry Which Has Attained Considerable Size.

What Artificial Eyes are Made of and Their Cost.

The manufacture of artificial eyes is one of the very quiet industries which have in this century attained very considerable proportions. In an unpretentious looking residence on East Twelfth street in this city lives a German professor with a unique name, who claims to be the oldest manufacturer of the article in this country. He came here from Paris in 1849, after having obtained proficiency in his art with Professor Boissereau, one of the leading artists in his line in the French capital. The excellence of the American manufacture of the article soon acquired reputation, so that now the Twelfth street professor not only supplies the hospitals, but has customers calling upon him every day to a considerable number. He makes a specialty of manufacturing to order, and says that every artificial eye should be made to order that it may fit and match properly.

"Of course there are a great many dealers in ordinary glass eyes," said the professor, "and the sales in this country exceed \$25,000 a year. But such an eye cannot be worn a very great length of time, and in changing it is difficult to get one in all respects the same size, so that it is far better in the long run to have them made to order. There is more difference between an eye made to order, and a stock eye, as we call them, than between the readymade and custom-made articles in any other line of business. The eye must be fitted, else it will injure the socket and possibly affect the sight of the other eye. When a customer comes to me, I make several eyes; one of them proves a fit, and the rest I sell to opticians who carry them in stock."

"What are they made of?"

"The only proper artificial human eye is made of enamel, colored, of course, to match. The process is a secret one."

"How long will an artificial eye wear?"

"Two or three years or longer. It depends altogether upon the wearer, that is upon the nature of the socket. If the eye does not fit in some small respect, it causes an irritation which produces an acid that eats away the eye and renders it unbearable. Then again, crying spoils an artificial eye, and if the tear glands of the wearer flow very rapidly, an eye would soon be spoiled by being rendered so rough and uneven that it could not be worn. Some people, again, could wear an eye for many years."

"How much do they cost?"

"When made to order, as much as \$15 or \$20, according to the time and labor necessary in securing satisfaction. Sometimes the socket has to be doctored before it can be fitted. If the old natural eye has all been properly removed the muscles of the socket form a ready cushion for the artificial orb to rest upon, and in that case it generally moves well with the sound eye. The reason that so many wearers of artificial eyes have such a fixed, uncanny stare is that their eyes don't fit, and that the sockets have not been taken proper care of."

"Is there much field for the business?"

"It is calculated that in the population of this country about one person in five hundred has lost an eye, but, of course, they do not all wear artificial ones, because they can't afford it. If we could only make them see with artificial eyes then the profit would be immense. But we cannot perform miracles, and the invention is only for ornament. There are only three manufacturers, I believe, in America, and not over 100 in the world. In France, which is the real home of the manufacture, the custom is to hand down the secret from father to son, the skillful artisans being averse to instructing pupils other than their own relatives, and few exceptions are made." —[New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Wonderful Graphophone.

Few people away from Washington, says a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, are aware of the fact that every word uttered upon the floor of either House or Senate, when addressed to either speaker or president, is taken down and appears in the Congressional Record. It is true that much time, money, paper and printer's ink is wasted by this, but nevertheless it is a fact. But to do this, of course, requires the employment of the most rapid and experienced stenographers. Five of these are employed upon the floor of the House simply to take down the speeches, debates, etc. The chief of the corps receives a salary of \$8000, while the other four are paid \$1000 less. These men simply take down the words in shorthand, working for fifteen minutes each in succession. When each one's fifteen minutes expires he repairs to the

official reporter's room, where ten more stenographers are employed—two to each man—to whom are read the reports taken on the floor, and who take a copy in shorthand. They then translate this into long hand, using a typewriter to prepare the copy for the printer. These men are paid by space, getting \$1 per column in the Record. The same is also gone through with in the Senate daily.

The stenographers have in the past few days secured a machine to facilitate work which has already proven of incalculable value. It is one of Edison's inventions, and is called the graphophone. The machine very much resembles a lady's sewing machine and is worked in the same manner—by a pedal. The instrument is used in this wise: When one of the principal stenographers concludes his floor report, he goes to this machine, reads his report into a funnel connecting with the main cylinder, which is gutta-percha coated, and revolves while the point of a needle connecting with the tube from the funnel mouthpiece rests against it. The cylinder envelops a screw which prevents the needle tracing a firmer line. When the stenographer finishes reading his report another operator attaches tubes to the cylinder, connecting with his ears, works the machine, and the words of the stenographer are repeated to him in the same tone of voice of the previous talker. The rapidity of the talk can thus with ease, take down the exact words by the use of a typewriter or an ordinary pen. The machine is certainly wonderful and enables a person with the assistance of a typewriter to do the work of two ordinary stenographers, who first have to take the report in shorthand and then translate it.

The gutta-percha cylinders, I neglected to mention above, can be stored away, and years after, if placed upon the machine, the same words used to-day will be repeated in the exact tone of the speaker of to-day. Thus should any record become destroyed these cylinders may be resorted to.

Another thing about this machine is that a person here can talk for an hour into one, and the cylinder to Atlanta, where by the use of a machine the exact words used here will be repeated, thus saving the labor of writing long communications.

Raisin Growing.

Having been in the culture of raisin grapes for eleven years, I will say that I have not realized nor have I seen others realize the enormous profits that we so often read about. This business is good enough as it is, and why not tell the truth about it! A good muscat vineyard after the fifth year, with good cultivation, will yield from 100 to 150 boxes of raisins to the acre. A vineyard is generally said to be in full bearing after the fifth year but one cannot tell at what time the vines arrive at their greatest perfection. My vines are eleven years old and the last crop was the largest I have ever gathered, reaching 150 boxes per acre. One hundred boxes per acre is what a vineyard in good bearing should average, taking several years together. If this point is not reached it is more likely to be the fault of the owner than the vines. No expensive machinery is required for the making of raisins or to prepare them for the market, though the expense of labor is considerable. Assuming that the fruit raiser does no work, and all the labor has to be paid for, the bills of expense and receipts will be about like this, if proper judgment be used: The total expense of cultivating an acre of grapes, making 100 boxes of raisins \$55. The average price of raisins for the last four years has been about \$1.60 per box. Putting the price at \$1.50 for the four grades, we have a total net profit of \$95 per acre. Many vineyards do better. But I give these figures to show what may be expected with remarkably good care. Vineyards have frequently been known to produce a good variety of grapes enough the first year after planting to pay expenses of cultivation. The second year brings from \$30 to \$50 per acre gross; third year, \$60 to \$75. —[Marysville (Cal.) Democrat.

"Rations of Iron."

Eigenen Portionen (rations of iron) is the name given by the Militar Wochenblatt to the canned provisions which the German soldier is now compelled to carry in his knapsack or haversack, not for immediate consumption, but for use at those times when his command is removed from the base of supplies or the quartermaster's department is short. It says: "These victuals of iron are, during war, to be used on the evening preceding a great battle, or better, when the army making a sudden change of front, the convoys are for a day or two retarded." Much of this canned provision is put up in America, and is said to be both better and cheaper than the German. The Seventh Corps (Westphalian) commanders have recently experimented with canned chocolate and cocoa, which, though seemingly light refectation for a marching column, has, on the contrary, been found excellently adapted. —[Scientific American.

At Moonrise.
How hushed and quiet the gaunt poplars spring
Beside the lake,
Where the song-weary thrush, head under wing,
Is nestling half awake!
The warm gray lights of evening linger there
Or gently pass
Along the dappled water and the air
No voices nor music has.

Low on the night's margin yonder, a big moon,
Cleaving the blue,
Comes up and silvers the broad shades which soon
The bats flit darkly through;

And visions, born of fancy and the night,
Glide to and fro—
Move with dream feet amid the solemn light,
And softly come and go.

Across the moon—else silent over earth
And sky's wide range—
Stals the low laughter of two lovers' mirth;
How sweet it sounds, yet strange!

HUMOROUS.

A Job lot—Boils.
The farmers' share—The plowshare.
A writ of attachment—A love letter.
A stringed instrument—The clothes-line.

The fellow that is hard up is apt to become a man of note.
The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.
Mrs. P. Arington claims that there are few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."
The average young man who goes abroad "on pleasure bent" frequently comes back by pleasure broke.
The girl who recently married a young man on the strength of a poem he sent her, took him for better or for verse.
The robin in the orchard,
Is singing all the day,
Throats in the evening,
Frets his tender roundelay.
When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to leave home for a while he says, "Are you going oasis?"
"Mabel, I have something to say that I think will astonish you." "What is it, Harry?" "I am going away." "O, Harry! you are always getting up some nice surprise for me."
The pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow, and where the striker thought it was that ball it wouldn't go. It had a sudden in-shoot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it didn't stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so?" the children all did cry. "The pitcher twirls the ball you know," the teacher did reply.

How Ink is Made.
Ink is variously composed, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied. Common writing ink is the persulfate of iron, mixed with a little gallic acid, held in suspension in water by means of gum or some other adhering substance. The gum also preserves the ink from being too fluid and also serves to protect the vegetable matter from decomposition. Blue ink has of late years been much in demand. The coloring matter is said to be sulphate of indigo and tincture of iron, or, according to another recipe, Prussian blue dissolved in water by means of oxalic acid. Red ink is usually made by boiling in the proportion of two ounces of Brazil wood in a pint of water for about a quarter of an hour, and adding a little gum and water. This ink is not in demand now, carmine having superseded it; this color is attained by a solution of carmine and ammonia, also adding gum. The great merit of our common writing ink is in the freedom with which it flows from the pen, allowing of rapid writing, and the manner in which it bites into the paper, so as not to be removed by sponging. The great defect is in the want of durability. Such inks partake of the nature of dyes. The writing ink of the ancients, on the contrary, is characterized by great permanency; its basis was finely divided charcoal, mixed with some mucilaginous or adhesive fluid. Indian ink is of this character; it is formed of lampblack and animal glue, with the additions of perfumes, not necessary, however, to its use as an ink, and is made up into cakes. It is used in China with a brush, both for writing and printing upon Chinese paper, and it is used in this country for making drawings in black and white, the different depths of shade being produced by varying the dilution with water.
"Writing ink," said a prominent manufacturer, to a New York Mail and Express reporter, "is now made in large quantities in New York, and whereas in the past we used to import largely, we now export to almost every country."

The Proper Action.
Medical professor (to student)—"In a case which you find difficult to diagnose correctly, what is the proper course to take?"
Student—"Look wise and say nothing." —[Elooh.

Light headed—The locomotive.