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An Unambitious Man.
He had ambition, wild and wan,
To perform his life so fair,
To be a selectman,
And have folks call him "Squire."
But he did not climb the topmost height,
The wind of Fame's wild sport,
But he'd live and be content
In modest, shy retirement.

"To true, I may move" to town
Before my hair is gray,
And then I hope to gain renown
And be elected mayor;
But I will not do that great
To make the people stare,
But will be governor of the state,
I'll not I would not care,
Nor let Fame's tempest-torn control,
Nor my sweet quietude of soul.

"I'll live the most content of men,
Far from Fame's maddening roar,
And could I go to Congress then,
I'll not I'll not care more.

Of course the President must be
The man the people choose,
And should the people turn to me,
I could not well refuse.

But still ambition would not harm
My soul's serene, transcendent calm.

I wish no splendor when I die,
But all things neat and plain,
A catafalque of ebony,
A six mile funeral train;
And I would rest in peace content,
If my loved land should raise
A mill ion-dollar monument,
To speak to future days.

Let others toil and strain for fame,
I am content without a name.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

HOW THEY MANAGED.

"Pack up your things soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney. "We're going to move on Saturday."

Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm—there was no question about that. Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner in the same.

"If ever I get married," said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of 17, "I won't be put upon as mamma is."

"Where, my dear?" said Mrs. Chesney, with a little start.

"Into the country," said the family autocar. "I'm tired of this city business. It costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told that you can live at half the expense in the country."

"But," gasped his wife, "what is to become of the children's education?"

"There's a very good district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, "and exercise will do them good."

"And what are we to do for society?"

"Pshaw!" said Chesney. "I wouldn't give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the house-work to do, you know—nobody keeps a maid in the country—and plenty of chores about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."

Mrs. Chesney explained to her wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.

"It's unfortunate," said he, "that Elma and Rosie aren't boys. Such a lot of women folks are enough to swamp any family. Men, now, can always earn their bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's so healthy, you know," added he. "And the rent won't be half of what we pay here."

"Are there any modern conveniences about the place?" timidly inquired Mrs. Chesney.

"There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house," said her husband.

Mr. Chesney grew pale.

"Have I got to walk a hundred yards for every drop of water I want?" said she.

"And a large rain water hoghead under the eaves of the house," added Mr. Chesney. "And I've already got a bargain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that good housekeepers make 'em themselves in tin moulds. There's nothing like economy. Now I do beg to know, Abigail," he added, irritably, "what are you looking so lackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laziness!"

The first sight of Mulletstank Farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought at a bargain and the hollow-backed horse which stalked about the premises like some phlegmatic Bucephalus.

The apple trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the east winds until their boughs touched the very ground; fences had all gone to ruin, and the front gate was tied up with a hemp string.

"Is this home?" said Elmer, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.

"We'll get things all straightened up after a while," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, which had broken out of their pen and were squealing dismally under the window.

Mrs. Chesney ordered herself to sleep that

night, and awakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.

"And no wonder," said Spencer, "there's a foot of water in the cellar."

"We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but here's plenty of things to do first."

And now began a reign of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or went out of it, without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be reversed, and broken dishes repaired with cement and quicklime.

"Save, save, save! That is the chief thing," he kept repeating briskly. "Women folks can't earn; they should try their best to save."

"Boys," fluttered Rosie, "I've an idea. Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came over to see Elma and me yesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something, too."

"I should like to know how," muttered Spencer. I might hire out somewhere if it wasn't for that wretched old horse and the pigs and the wool choppers and—

"Oh, but there is something that won't interfere with the chores, nor with school," said cheerful little Rosie. "Just listen—all I ask of you is to listen."

And the weeks grew into months, and the red leaves eddied down into little swirls from the maple trees, and "pig killing time" came, and, with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man, Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages, with the sense of being triumphantly economical.

The family had left off complaining now. Apparently, they were resigned to their doom. But there were some things that Mr. Chesney could not explain at all.

A new rug brightened up the dismal hues of the parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson merino dress, trimmed with black velvet bars. Elma's fall jacket was edged with substantial black fur; and—grand climax of extravagance—Mrs. Chesney had a new shawl in place of the old garment which had been her mother's before her.

He looked at the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance; he consulted the stubs of his check book with a glance that nothing could escape.

"I don't know—how—they—manage it," said he, scratching his nose with a lead pencil that he always carried. "I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the bottom of this before I am an hour older."

"Abigail," said he, "how is this? I've given you no money. You've long left off asking for money. How have you managed to smarten yourself and the children up so? I won't be cheated by my own wife."

Elma set down the pitcher which she was wiping, and came and stood before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag of battle.

"Papa," she said, "you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor anybody else. It's money we've earned ourselves."

Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.

"And if you don't believe it, come and see how," said Elmer, flinging down her towel. "Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything, and gave us the first swarm of bees. There are fourteen swarms down under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us. And we planted all the nice flowers that grow down in the meadow, that you said was too stoney and barren even for the sheep to pasture upon, and Will dug and hoed around them after the chores were all done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr. Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up, and got cherries out of the old line. And the money is all ours—every cent of it."

"Honey, eh?" said Mr. Chesney, staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to see the scene of action. "Well, I've seen these many a time, but I always supposed they belonged to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers and wild berries! Didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Guess I'll try the business myself next year. Queer that the women folks should have got the start of me."

After that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight.

But when spring came he lost his aboriginal equanimity. Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week.

"And mamma is coming to live with us," added Elma. "She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any longer."

But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving maid and laid drain pipes under the kitchen stoop. If his wife really under-took her business so well it was

worth while to keep her well and active he considered.

"I couldn't leave papa, you know," said Mrs. Chesney to Elma. "He means well, and now that Rebecca Beckel is coming here, and the kitchen is dry, we shall get along nicely. I wouldn't go back to the city for anything now."

"Nor I either," said Elma. "And oh, mamma, I shall always love those bee hives under the hollyhocks, for it was there that Walter asked me to be his wife."

Mrs. Chesney tearfully kissed her daughter. She, too, had been happy once, and had her dreams. It was to be hoped that Walter Penn was made of different metal from George Chesney. —[Woman's Magazine.

The Shy Coreans.

The Coreans are the shyest nation on the face of the earth. Until quite lately they have abstained as much as possible from all intercourse with strangers, holding studiously aloof not only from Europeans, who have sought their hospitality, but also from contact with the Chinese and Japanese. Within the last few years, however, their reserve has shown signs of thawing, and we are at least able to form some opinion as to the reason of their shyness and to judge whether a closer acquaintance would reveal anything worth knowing. As to the first point, this shyness seems constitutional. There is a limit to it, for, like most shy people, the Coreans are not incurable.

The seclusion of women in this land of the shamed face is carried to the utmost limit. Ladies out of doors wear a green mantle, which covers the whole countenance except the eyes. Nor do they willingly let their eyes be seen. "It seemed odd," said Mr. Carver, "that each woman we met should have arrived at that moment at her home; but, as we learned later on, women have a right of entrance everywhere, and to avoid us they turned into the nearest house at hand." Other travelers recount that the women are taught to shun the opposite sex from their earliest girlhood. They are even exhorted to talk as little as may be to their own husbands. What is still more extraordinary is the inanity of the men. This sentimentality impels them to work in jacket and trousers in the hottest weather, while the richer classes use a kind of bamboo framework to keep the clothes, otherwise unbearable, from contact with their skin. —[St. James Gazette.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Birds and Boys.
Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes Build them a nest in the barberry bushes; And when it is finished all cosy and neat, Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.

"Twitter-oo twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But, oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing,
It's something to work for small hobbler-hobs,
That will bear their trousers and make such a noise;

"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of bother;
But, oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's sweetness for me! It's sweetness for me!"

—[Youth.

A Little Girl's Wonderful Escape.

Yesterday morning a most remarkable accident occurred on the New Orleans and Northeastern railway, near Nicholson station, Miss., by which a little girl was thrown out of the train into a blackberry bush beside the track and miraculously escaped injury, receiving only a few slight scratches from the briars.

The Boston excursion train was running in as the first section of the fast or cannon-ball train which was followed about twenty minutes behind by the second section. The train was running at the same rate of speed as the cannon-ball train—that is, about 40 miles an hour—and the little girl whose name is Mabel Smith, either leaned out of a window and lost her balance, or stepped out on the platform and was whirled off the coach; at any rate, she was thrown off with great force, and had her body struck the ground, would doubtless have been instantly killed. Providence, however, was watching over the child, and she fell into a blackberry bush, where she lay unable to move. The train, with her parents on board, sped onward in the early dawn, no one on board being aware of the accident.

Twenty minutes later the cannon-ball train came along, and the sharp eyes of the engineer detected the little one lying in her very uncomfortable bed of briars. He applied the air brakes, brought the train to a halt, and the little girl was picked up and taken aboard the train. This occurred about a mile south of Nicholson station.

On the arrival of the cannon-ball train the little girl was returned to her almost frantic parents. —[New Orleans Picayune.

The Kingfisher in St. Helena's.

There is an overhanging, stunted, leafless bough over there, and upon it has just alighted a kingfisher. At first its form is motionless; soon it assumes more animation and anon it is all eye and ear. Then it darts—hangs for a moment in the air like a kestrel, and returns to the perch. Again it darts with unerring aim and secures something. This is tossed, beaten and broken with a formidable beak and then swallowed head foremost. The process is again and again repeated and you find that the prey is small fish. From watching an hour you are entranced at the beauty of the fluttering, quivering thing as the sun shines upon its green and gold vibrations in mid-air. You gain some estimation, too, of the vast amount of immature fish which a pair of kingfishers and their young must destroy in a single season. Later in summer you may see the young brood with open quivering wings, and constant calling as the parent birds fly to and fro. Their plumage is little less brilliant than that of the adult. The hole in which the young are reared is never made by the parent birds, but always by some small burrowing rodent, or occasionally by the little sand-martin. The food of this species is almost entirely fish—minnows and sticklebacks forming the principal parts. Water-beetles, leeches, larvae, and small trout, as well as the young of coarse fish are, however, all taken at times, and during the rigor and frosts of winter the kingfishers betake themselves to the estuaries of tidal rivers, where their food of molluscs and shore-haunting creatures is daily replenished. Old naturalists aver that the bird brings up its prey in its feet, but this is never so; all its food is taken with the beak. —[London Globe.

Gobelins Tapestry.

The most remarkable artistic production of the Gobelins Tapestry Manufactory of France, during the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, was the reproduction of the "Life of Marie de Medici," the originals of which, painted by Rubens, are in the Museum of the Louvre. This hanging, which decorated the palace of St. Cloud, was fortunately preserved when Paris was besieged in 1870. Since that time the looms of the Gobelins manufactory have been almost entirely employed in reproductions of the great Italian masters. —[Dry Goods Chronicle.

PLUCKY GIRLS.

Western Damsels Who Manage Ranches and Run for Office.

The Phenomenal Success of the Idaho "Horse Queen."

The girls of the Northwest are peculiarly self-independent and self-reliant, declares a correspondent of the New Orleans Times, writing from Fort Keogh, Montana. There may or may not be something in the atmosphere that produces the change in them, but certain it is that soon after their arrival from the States, from timid, frightened and half-creaked creatures, they soon blossom out into self-supporting land-holders and farmers, and even go so far as to run for political office. One girl not far from here came to Montana from a Chicago dry-goods store, where she was getting a miserable pittance as salesgirl for sixteen hours' work a day, and working six days out of the seven. She first went to Bozeman as a school teacher. From school teacher she came boldly out as a candidate for county school superintendent, for which office a "brute of a man" was her only opponent. Beauty and cheek won the race, however, and the man was awfully snowed under, and has not been seen or heard of since. Another girl came West about four years ago and took up a homestead claim on Middle Creek. Matters progressed so favorably that she proved up on time the limit allowed by law. 640 acres, and then started in to raise sheep. In this venture the gods favored her, until the young and enterprising damsel was compelled to have an overseer for her flocks and herd. Thereupon she sat down and wrote to her lazy brother in the East, who was out of a job, paid his fare out and made him overseer.

Now it happened that the adjoining claim was owned by a young bachelor who also had a great many young lambs, &c., in his own right. The two minded their flocks in company for some time, and finally agreed to join fortunes. Instead of two farms of 640 acres each these happy wool-growers now control 1280 acres of the richest land in the northwest, and their flocks roam in company as they used to do, only now they bear one brand instead of two, as of yore.

As a matter of fact, there are between 1500 and 2000 ladies in the northwest today who are interested in one way or another in ranch and stock property. Many of them come right out and acknowledge their brands over their own names, while many others again are interested in stock running under other names, and in which they are virtually silent partners. The history of their success, too, is not so very strange. Beginning years ago with a few milk cows, living within their income and attending strictly to business, a decade of time, with no particular or special drawbacks to speak of, is bound to make sooner or later, wealthy women of them all.

One of the most remarkable instances of this kind is the experience of Miss Catherine Wilkies, of Owyhee County, Idaho, popularly known as the "Idaho Horse Queen." When she was a baby her father invested \$40 for her in a filly, and from this simple beginning all her subsequent wealth has come. Now that "Kitty" is of age, she finds her time pretty well occupied in looking after her large band of Percherons, Morgans, Hambletonians and Normans, 700 or 800 all told, besides a large herd of cattle, which also belongs to her in her own right. Still her taste runs to horses, as there is more money in it, and the wild, free life connected with the rearing of them has something decidedly fascinating about it. Again, a fine fat steer on the range is worth about \$30, while on the other hand a good horse is worth, at the very least, \$100, and as an animal, so far as range and feed and care are concerned, one horse, successfully raised, represents five head of beef stock, and all for one-fifth the trouble of handling five steers. Miss Wilkies employs about thirty-five herdsmen and cowboys to round up and look after her stock.

Girls of all ages, from twelve years to sixty are rustlers in this latitude. In Valley Creek is the ranch of W. N. Miller, who semi-annually rounds up and cuts out from his herd cattle suitable for beef.

On all of these trips the thrifty ranchman is accompanied by his twelve-year-old daughter, who assists generally in rounding up the herd and in keeping her father company. She is a fearless rider, this twelve-year-old child, and can go scampering across the prairie on the back of her beautiful cayote pony at a rate of speed that would astonish some of our modern paper fox-hunters in the East.

On the other hand, a sturdy matron of some fifty summers, whose husband was away in the mountains prospecting, came riding into Livingston a short time ago bound on a mission of importance. From her saddle bow hung a Winchester rifle, while the saddle pockets were filled with ammuni-

Chinese Secret Chambers.

Work will be commenced in El Paso, Texas, in a short time on a Federal building for a postoffice and custom house, for which an appropriation of \$150,000 has been made by Congress. The site selected for the building is near the centre of the city, on St. Louis and Oregon streets, and is still occupied at present by an extensive old adobe structure one story high, covering an entire block, into which are crowded together several hundred Chinese and where all their peculiar industries are pursued.

There are plenty of laundries in this rambling old building, a number of groceries, joss houses, Chinese physicians' headquarters, while it was generally known that opium smoking and fan-tan playing was being carried on at a colossal rate, but the latter unlawful pursuit could never be traced to the building. The last few days orders have been given by the former owners of the land that the building must be vacated so that the property could be turned over to the United States. This order has created the greatest consternation among the Chinese inhabitants, and they are in as terrible an uproar as a beehive is when a foreign animal intrudes into it.

The cause of this scare has just leaked out. The whole of the region has been undermined by secret tunnels and excavated rooms, in which not only opium smoking and gambling has been carried on, but other dark deeds perpetrated, without the white population of the city, and even the owners of the real estate, having suspicion of what was going on. It is said that the Chinese have been in the habit of keeping the bodies of those of their countrymen who died in these subterranean chambers, and boiled the skeletons clean of flesh, and then sent them, carefully packed in trunks to San Francisco, as occasion offered, for transportation to China for permanent burial.

When in a few days from now the buildings are torn down and the ground excavated for the foundations of the massive structure that is to stand there, developments will be made that will astonish this community. Last year a Chinese laundry standing near the track at the Southern Pacific Railroad depot burst down at night, and when the next morning persons repaired to the spot they saw underneath what had been the floor of the dwelling a vast excavation, in which the charred remains of the mass of gambling paraphernalia were visible. The owner of the lot from whom the Chinese rented the building had not been aware of the secret chamber which his tenants had constructed. —[Globe Democrat.

Tea Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observation on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men offering themselves. It became a cause of reflection of itself in great numbers. As far as inquiries went I was led to trace it to the excessive tea drinking indulged in by the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and this went on all through the day, whether with food or not. In fact, instead of 5 o'clock tea being the invention of the upper classes, it was found to exist to an injurious extent in the working classes long before that time. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause inflammation in the tooth sacs, leading to hyperemia and, eventually, abscess of the fang, with, of course, dentaria at every stage. Whether this special tendency was due to the ore or tannin having an elective affinity for dentine it is not possible for me to say. It would be curious to know if medical men, practicing in such manufacturing districts, had observed the deterioration of teeth to be co-existent with tea drinking. —[British Medical Journal.

Buried in a Gold Mine.

A very remarkable incident occurred at the burial of James Robinson, who died at Matthews' station, North Carolina. He had been engaged in gold mining all his life, and had for a long time managed the Baltimore and North Carolina mine, in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina. He was buried in Pleasant Grove church. The gravediggers had just completed the grave when their picks uncovered a vein of rich gold ore. The old miner was literally laid at rest in a gold mine. —[Atlanta Constitution.

Face to Face.

"You wouldn't think," he said, inditing a gentleman across the street, "that that ordinary commonplace looking person has many times stared death at a flashingly in the face?"

"Why, no, is he a desperate character?"

"Not very; he's an undertaker." —[New York Sun.

Her Letter.

"So here I am writing at home, dear, And you so far away,
And when you read the letter,
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp-fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.
"I can see her blue eyes shining,
As she leans on her little hand,
And gazes and dreams about me
Here in this distant land!"

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The light was lost ere morn,
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leading a hope forlorn;
While at home the sun is shining,
And the reeds of June unfold,
But the maiden is quietly weeping
As she dreams her dream of old.

—[Cassell's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

The road to ruin—The side door.
A soar spot—An eagle's nest.
High license—A balloonist's permit to navigate the air.
To make a long story short, send it to the editor of a newspaper.
The tin can does not point a moral, but it very frequently adorns a tail.
It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.
There is something peculiar about gravity—in the earth it attracts, while in men it repels.
"How did you leave Kansas?" "By rail—I was the only passenger, and there was only one rail."
Many men with plenty of money in their pockets find themselves "strapped" in a crowded horse car.
"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing I can easily lay out any man."
"Papa, give me a quarter to buy some perfume," pleaded a little girl. "Not a scent," replied the gruff and cruel daddy.
A boarding house keeper announces in one of the papers that he has "a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land."
Dude (bad pay)—That stripe looks well—so does this. What would you prefer for yourself if you were choosing? Long suffering tailor—A cheviot.
Youngster—"Papa, what is a revenue cutter?" Fond parent (a hard-working clerk)—"The individual who employs me, my child. He has just reduced my salary."
Smallest Screws in the World.
The smallest screws in the world are made in a watch factory. There can be no doubting that assertion on any score. They are cut from steel wire by machine, but as the chips fall down from the knife it looks as if the operative was simply cutting up the wire for fun. One thing is certain, no screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made every third operation.
The fourth jewel-wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen very clearly. These little screws are 4-1000ths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double that size. It is estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these tiny little screws. About 1,000,000 of them are made a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them. In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. All of the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably fifty out of the 120.
After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by sense of touch instead of sight, so that a blind man could do it just as well as the owner of the sharpest eyes. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which they are polished is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion, until they are fully polished. —[New York Telegram.

Her Other Face.

A Sixteenth Street lady was calling on a K street lady the other day, and the small daughter of the house kept walking around her and studying her head intently. Finally the caller became so nervous she took the child in her lap. "Well, Fannie," she said, "what is it? You seem to be looking for something." "Why—why," hesitated the child, "I was looking for your other face." "What do you mean? I don't understand," said the puzzled visitor. Oh, mamma said you were two-faced, but I don't see only one. You haven't got two faces, have you?" —[Washington Critic.