

The Chatham Record.

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Parity.

Like a shy startled thing she stood
In the wild tangle of the wood;
Her violet eyes in sweet surprise
Seemed some fair shadowing of the skies;

THE RIVALS.

BY JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

'Now that we understand each other
Let us shake hands and be friends.'
'That's it!'
Their hands met in a firm grasp.

with an eager undertone in his voice,
watching her face closely.
'It would almost—of course, if—
but Zip, you have no right to ask such
questions,' she answered, looking up
shyly and blushing.

'You are of some account now, Zip,
and you had better stay right where
you are.'
'No; I've made up my mind to go,
and I am sure it is the best thing that
could happen for us all around, so I'll
stick to it,' said Zip, resolutely.

It had started the walls to caving all
around.
Then a large mass of earth fell crashing
to the bottom of the well and laid
bare a huge bowlder hanging as if ready
to topple the next moment.

'I saw Mr. Gladstone once at a garden
party, where he was lionized to an
extent that is unknown in America,'
writes Blakely Hill in the New York
Sun. 'Everywhere he went, droves of
people followed him. When he began
a conversation with any one, all the sur-
rounding crowd stretched forward as if
their lives depended upon hearing every
word he uttered. In power or out, up
or down, successful or unsuccessful,
Gladstone is the one prominent and
majestic figure among his countrymen
to-day. To say that he is the foremost
man in England is to put it very mildly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

'Twill All Come Right.
Oh, many is the kindness by ingratitude
repaid.
And many is the trusting heart that finds its
trust betrayed.

How Wasps Ventilate Their Homes.
An English gentleman, a lately took a
small wasp's nest, about the size of an
apple, and, after stupefying its inmates,
placed it in a large case inside of his
house, leaving an opening for egress
through the wall. Here the nest was
enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding
thousands of wasps, and he was able to
watch their movements, and noted one
new fact—namely, their systematic at-
tention to ventilation. In hot weather,
from four to six wasps were continually
stationed at the hole of egress, and,
while leaving space for entrance or exit,
created a steady current of fresh air by
the exceedingly rapid motion of their
wings. After a long course of this
vigorous exercise, the ventilators were
relieved by other wasps. During cool
weather only two wasps at a time were
usually thus engaged. —[Golden Days.

How to Write on Ice with Ink.
Not many of you my children, will
care to write your letters on ice, even
during the summer months. But I was
rather struck with the novel idea, when
a boy of the school house told the
dear little school-marm a bit of news
that lately had come to this country
from Austria. It appears that Francis
Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has a
country seat near Vienna, and on this
fine royal estate is a lake which in winter
is used as a skating pond. Well, during
one of the latest Austrian "cold snaps,"
an expert Vienna gentleman went
skating there, with a little reservoir
of ink adjusted to the back of his
skate in such a way as to allow the ink
to flow out in a fine steady stream.
Then off he started, and before he had
skated long there appeared in his rapid
track the name of the Crown Princess,
beautifully and plainly written upon
the ice. —[St. Nicholas.

Italian Sailor-Boys.
In writing of his experience with Italian
seamen, Mr. Keane gives them a
first-rate character; but what will in-
terest the reader most is what he has to
say of the boys among the crew. There
were nine of these on board from twelve
to twenty-one years of age.
These young boys serve for a period
of seven years, beginning at a pay of
three shillings a month, which is in-
creased every year until it becomes
nine shillings a month in the last year
of their apprenticeship. They are
brought up in an extremely hard man-
ner; only those who are in the last year
of their time are allowed to live below-
decks. The other poor little wretches sleep
anywhere, two or three of them in the
galley during their watch below at
night.
They have no proper mess, but the
cook used to give them a great pan of
food from the remnants of our mess and
the cabin. It was generally a mixture
of macaroni, boiled beans, boiled cor-
meal, stockfish, olive oil, and scrapings
from every other dish of the day.
The five youngest boys would find the
driest place on deck, and then sit
around it, with one spoon among them
all. Each one would take one spoonful
and hand the spoon to his right-hand
neighbor; so the spoon would go round
until the food all disappeared, each
one having taken the same number of
spoonfuls.

A Faithful Guardian.
This story of a dog is vouchered for by
a lady who resided in Dresden, Ger-
many, and who knew all parties con-
cerned, from the baby to the dog. It
seems that a lady left her infant asleep
in the cradle, sitting beside the child a
nurse, and sleeping at the nurse's feet a
large St. Bernard dog. Returning
home some hours after she found the
room empty and heard a low whine from
a linen closet adjoining. On entering
she found her child on an upper shelf,
held there by the forefeet of the dog.
The little one was safe and crowing, all
unconscious of its danger, while the
dog fell exhausted to the floor when
relieved of his charge. On inquiry it was
found that the nurse had been arranging
the closet and to have the baby near her
had laid it on the shelf, and on being
called off suddenly had left the child
and forgotten it, while the faithful
dumb servant had stood an hour and a
half watching his charge and holding it
on the shelf. It is useless to say how
grateful the parents were to their dog,
who, after all, had done only what every
responsible dog would do under the
circumstances. —[Piscayue.

A CAVALRY CAMP.

Sights and Sounds Around a
Bivouac on the Plains.

Preparations Before "Boots
and Saddles" is Sounded.

Drawn by a feeling of curiosity, a St.
Louis Republic correspondent strolled
down to the encampment of the Eighth
Cavalry, United States Army, which
passed through Arkansas City, Kan.,
recently on its way from the posts on
the Lower Rio Grande to Dakota and
Montana.
The regiment had bivouacked on a
broad, level plain, just at the edge of
the city. Long white rows of army
tents scattered here and there suggested
one of the mushroom towns which in
the far west often spring up in a day.
Each troop encamps by itself and so
regularly are the tents pitched that
from the head tent to the foot tent a
straight line might be drawn, touching
each tent between. As soon as the tents
are pitched all the stock must be attend-
ed to and the regular duties of the day
kept the men occupied till evening.
Then guard mount takes place, twilight
gives place to dark, and soon nothing
remains of the busy hive but a few
ghostly tents, lit up by the flickering
light of the camp fires. Every half hour
the sentinels pacing their weary beats
called out the hour and "all's well."
Every two hours came the guard relief,
and thus the night passed just as the
night before had gone and just as the
many coming nights will go with these
men.

At 4 1/2 the bugle roused the sleep-
ing camp, and just as the first faint
streaks of dawn appeared the camp once
more became a scene of busy activity.
The stock must be galloped off to the
river a mile away, and then horses and
men return to their morning meal. The
horses are fed in feed buckets which
are fastened under their mouths by a
land passing over the head. In a
short time horses and men jaded with a
thousand-mile journey, are reinvigorated
and ready for another day's march.
To the uninitiated these ordered pre-
parations appear like the most reckless
confusion. Privates in dirty blue
blouses and grass-stained trousers run
to and fro; every now and then some
teamster gallops off to the river fol-
lowed by an animated chorus of army
mules; wagons are being loaded; men
rush here and there filling their can-
teens. A few minutes before 6
general call is sounded and chaos
assumes order. Shortly after comes the
order to strike tents, and in an instant,
as if by magic, the encampment has
disappeared. While you are watching
one tent pulled each man has done his
work, and once again the miniature
town gives place to the plain of a day
before. The tents are quickly rolled
up and put in the wagons and then
"boots and saddles" is sounded. Ev-
ery man takes his station. They are
ranged in troops, men and horses al-
ternating. Each trooper has his right
hand on his horse's bridle, faces vacant
and expressionless, eyes adjusted a cer-
tain distance to the front, holding noth-
ing, awaiting nothing, but the order to
mount. This is presently given, and
like an automaton each man springs to
the saddle. The day's march has now
begun.

The men all wore cavalry boots, some-
what the worse for wear and dirt. Their
coarse, heavy trousers were tucked
tightly within. They wore seated on a
light, cheap saddle, very unlike the
cowboy saddle of the West. It had a
small horn, and looked like an extreme-
ly comfortable seat. The stirrups are
covered and worn very long, compelling
the riders to rest the weight of their
body on the toes. On the right side of
the saddle the carbine is slung, and on
the left the canteen and feed bucket
must be disposed of. Strapped to the
back of the saddle are the unfastening
slipper (or waterproof rubber coat) and
army blankets. A coarse, blue shirt
and an army slouch hat complete the
outfit, and the private may pass on se-
cure in the consciousness that nobody
will envy him all he possesses. The
officers were but a shade better off.
Their clothes looked a little newer and
their faces were a little cleaner, but the
bronzed faces showed a life of hardship.
One fine-looking old gentleman had a
villainous looking old pipe and a sack
of tobacco hanging to his saddle-
bow. It took about a quarter of an
hour for the regiment to file past. A
huge cloud of dust was raised, and
"glory and dir" disappeared together.
The entire isolation of army life and its
dreary regularity must become monoton-
ous in the extreme. Social advantages
are entirely out of the question; friend-
ships must be forgotten as soon as made;
new scenes come to mean only so much
ground passed over, and new towns are
only another camping ground. In win-
ter quarters, however, pleasure is not
so infrequent. Amateur theatricals and
social events relieve the unvarying mo-
notony of camp routine. The life must
be unlit one for any kind of business.
When a man has been accustomed to the
routine of orders prepared by superior

officers he finds it almost impossible to
redirect his energies back into a plane
of perfect independence. It is at
its best a wandering life, with no home-
ties.

The Value of Advertising.

Everybody has heard of Frank Millet.
He paints pictures and writes magazine
articles in times of peace, but when a
war is "on" he becomes a "war corre-
spondent," and is likely to turn up in
the Sudan, the Transvaal or the Balkans.
But there was a time when he
was not known. He sent pictures to ex-
hibitions, to be sure, and good ones,
but no one paid any particular attention
to them or said anything about them.
One day he conceived an idea. He
painted a picture of a lady in black sit-
ting on a bright red sofa standing
against a vivid yellow background. The
effect was just a trifle startling. Friends
who saw it in process of production ex-
postulated with him, and asked what
he was going to do with it. They were
simply astounded when he announced
that he was going to send it to the ex-
hibition. They labored with him, but
in vain. They told him that the critics
would "wipe the floor" with him.
"They can't do that without mention-
ing me," said Frank, quietly, "and
they've never even done that yet."
To the exhibition the picture went.
It killed everything within twenty feet
on either side of it. You couldn't help
looking at it. It simply knocked you
down and held you there. The critics
got into a towering passion over it.
They wrote whole columns about it.
They exhibited the English language
in abusing it. They ridiculed the com-
mittee that permitted it to be hung.
They had squibs and gibes about it, but
every time they spoke of it they men-
tioned Frank Millet. He suddenly be-
came the best known artist in town.
Somebody, because of the stir that it
had made, bought the picture at a good
price, and removed it to the exclusion
of his own home. When the next ex-
hibition came off Frank had another pic-
ture ready, one of a very different sort,
and very good, but no better than
others which had been exhibited be-
fore. The critics had much to say
about it, and "noted with pleasure the
marked improvement" that Mr. Millet
had made, "an evidence," as they mod-
estly put it, "of the value of criticism,
even though severe, to a young artist."
And a majority of them never saw that
Frank had simply complicated their at-
tention by a clever trick. —[Boston
Herald.

Humorous.

Small comfort—A baby.
A fascinating tail—The peacock's.
Sighs for lost beauty are vain regrets.
An astonished country—Consternation.
When a man has but one match it
doesn't go.
Hogs do not marry, but they are often
betrouched.
The latest from Shanghai—Cook-a-
doodle-doo!
The man of brass is always ready to
show his mettle.
The sign "No Lining" seems out of
place in a bakery.
'It may be a slave, but there's nothing
of the surf about me," said the Mill
Stream.
Washington has a summer home for
cats. It is said to be surrounded by a
caterwaul.
It is true that when a man bows to a
lady and she ignores the greeting, he
becomes a left bower.
Smith—What! moving again, Jones?
Jones (gloomily)—Yes. 'Had a fire in
the house?'—No; a fire out of the
house.'
Dead beats may learn a lesson from
the fly. It never thinks of taking your
sugar and things without "settling on
the spot" for them.
Western Judge (to prisoner who was
arrested in the gutter)—You're (hic)
drunk yet, my friend? Prisoner—No,
sir, (hic), sober as a judge.

Money in a City's Garbage.

'New York City draws an income of
\$18,200 per annum from the utilization
of the city garbage," said Jacob Dan-
bold, Deputy Commissioner of Street
Cleaning, to a Mail and Express young
man. He added that Chester M. Smith
pays the department \$350 weekly for
the privilege of "trimming" the city
ash and garbage scows. His "trim-
mers" glean bottles, bones, rags and the
like from the mass of ashes and gar-
bage.
The labor for trimming the scows is
furnished by the contractor, which is a
\$300 to the department of at least
\$300 per week. The present contractor,
who has only recently held the privilege,
proposes to make innovations on the old
hand methods, and with the aid of ma-
chinery to clean and wash in hot water
and disinfect the products. At the foot
of East Seventeenth street he, with a
number of associates, has been engaged
for six years, at an expenditure of \$100,-
000, in perfecting a "separator" and
"crematory," in the former of which
ingenious machinery separates the
mixed refuse into its component parts
of clean ashes, useful for filling behind
lumber; coal and cinders, tomato
cans, bottles, bones, rags and garbage,
which last composes about one-half of
the mass. It is automatically conveyed
to the "crematory," where it is de-
stroyed by fire and the noxious gases
are consumed.

The Echo Maker.

The popular Science Monthly de-
scribes a curious and ingenious device
called "The Echo Maker" to be used on
ships at sea. A flaring funnel is screwed
to the muzzle of a rifle. When a sup-
posed obstacle is near the vessel, the
rifle is fired in its direction, and if the
obstacle is there the beam of sound pro-
jected through the funnel strikes the
obstacle and returns, and as the echo
is more or less perfect in proportion as
the obstacle is more or less parallel to
the ship from which the gun is fired,
and as it is near or remote, the position
of the obstacle may be inferred. The
inventor claims that a sharp sound pro-
jected or nearly at an object, and
nearly when so directed, will in every case
return some of the sound sent, so that,
theoretically, there will always be an
echo, and the difference in the time be-
tween the sound sent and the echo,
will indicate the remoteness of the
object. The Naval Board tried the
echo maker and found that a return
sound could be heard from the side of a
fort half a mile away; from passing
steamers a quarter of a mile off if broad-
side to; from bluffs and snails of vessels
at about the same distance; and from
spray buoys 200 yards away.

A Chain of Events.

Last year out in Iowa a mad dog bit a
steer, which in turn bit a pony, which
tried its teeth upon a bull, which, upon
going mad, chewed up fence rails as
though they were hay, and wound up by
biting and goring his owner. So far the
man has escaped rabies, but his neigh-
bors have raised a purse to send him to
Pasteur for treatment, and he is now,
on his way in charge of a local physi-
cian. —[Chicago Times.

Take a Lesson from the Farmer.
There's a lesson in the saying of a farmer in
the West
'That of other things in life, as well, might
answer for a test.
Shall I give the lesson to you? Will you heed
its teachings? Well,
Listen to me but a moment and the story I
will tell.
We were out among the milk cows, speak-
ing of the best ones there,
When the farmer of my first choice said,
with patronizing air:
'Sne's as plump as any piggon, and her coot's
as soft as silk,
But the slickest-looking heifer ain't the one
that gives the milk.'
Oft'neath clumsy outward bearing beats a
heart both true and brave,
And the smooth and winning manners may
conceal the vilest knave.
So the lean horse does the pulling and is not
afraid of work,
While the fat and lazy pony is contriving
how to shirk.
Would you buck a city dandy to engage in
any strife,
Or the one whose hands are smoothest for
the heavy work of life?
Choose the homely for your milk cow and
we'll then, sir, by your leave,
Send the short-horn to the butcher, she will
make him splendid beef.
Take a lesson from the farmer, with his
sturdy common sense,
Who, unlike the politician, never sits astride
the fence;
Watch the smoothest talking fellow, he may
prove the biggest bilk;
Know 'the slickest-looking heifer ain't the
one that gives the milk.'
—[Matt W. Anderson in the Mercury.

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