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The Chatham Record.

Nobility Who counts time for nobility is not in a state of play. And hours are for him to him. Who wears them not with nobility's grace. They, to their present, to their peer. Count it all in their own right. Stand on a longer for it. Then that of action or of ways. -Mrs. Hooper.

Miss Pinkney, Governess.

BY WILLIAM HOWARD.

During the "fury" at Winchester, when Sheridan rode twenty miles, or more, daily, his daughter, Miss Pinkney, and a Confederate and a Unionist met at the front of two opposing lines, during a charge. A ball from the former's pistol hit the latter at its feet, a dying man. Even amid the roar and fury of the battle the daughter of the Confederate's noble and generous heart.

He lay, over the fence, who was trying to draw a soldier from his horse. The Federal soldier hit him and the soldier's fingers reached to the mouth of the girl. She was not to be moved. Her eyes were fixed on the man. With a final effort, she threw her arms around his head, and wept.

A young man who had been the scene of the battle, the Federal soldier, the fighting American. The Federal was able to find a way to ride away. After the battle, he examined the soldier's horse. It looked like a horse of a party. He had seen it in the hands of a young man, who was sitting on a horse. He was looking at the horse. He was looking at the horse. He was looking at the horse.

After that, Miss Pinkney was treated with greater kindness by Major Hinton than ever. Had she been one of his own soldiers, his soldiers could hardly have been more marked. Her salary was gradually increased, until she felt herself able to resign.

"What can this be?" cried Laura, fishing from an old trunk an oval, velvet case, with faded brown stains thereon. "It is a picture. This is father's old army trunk that accounts for their being nothing serviceable inside."

"Dear Miss Pinkney," said Laura, springing to her side, "what can be the matter? Here, let me take the old picture."

"But Miss Pinkney clung to the case, while slowly regaining composure. Then, looking around upon the girls, she said weakly, yet with dignity."

"Patience, Laura, I should like to show this picture to Major Hinton. If this is one of his old army in moments, when I say to me—'that I once saw it before it could have come into his possession.'"

She had come from South Carolina, and was understood to be of an old and distinguished family. They had been reduced to poverty during the Civil War. Through the influence of friends, she had obtained her present position in Major Hinton's family. She was quiet, rather reserved, perfectly competent, and undeniably distinguished in manner and person. She gave herself no airs, and

attended conscientiously to her duties. Though possessing a sweet and gentle disposition, she at times displayed undoubted force and dignity of character. In her womanly heart, the thought that had befallen her, left no bitterness toward the conquerors. Therefore, being lovable, she came to be loved by them.

Major Hinton was in his library, when there came a light knock on the door. At his bidding, Miss Pinkney walked in, her face still unusually pale, the open miniature in her hand.

"Parsonage, major," she said, "but in searching for some old costume in the cabinet, Laura came across this."

"Ah," she cried, "do you recall it? You will understand what a great interest it possesses for me when I tell you that this little dress is my own, taken when a child. I can just remember seeing my dear father kiss and replace it in his bosom as he rode off, after bidding farewell to my mother and me. He never came back. He was killed at Winchester. We found that out, though we did not know how. O, ah! perhaps you can tell me something of my father's death. This picture in your possession reveals strange things."

The major, during the recital, showed signs of strong self-repression. He was usually a quiet, reserved, self-contained sort of man, and, by the time Miss Pinkney concluded, all outward signs of despondency, except a certain degree of pallor, were carefully banished.

"I have almost forgotten," he said, kindly, "it seems to me I pick it up on the left field. If you saw a remainder of the post is of value to you, you may keep it. I am not to do it in paper owners, but I will. You see the family name is Hinton, is it not?"

"My full name is Miss Pinkney Hinton," said the governess, quietly. "I concluded to drop the 'H' when I found that it was not to be returned to me. It was not through false pride, but in deference to the wishes of others. And you never saw my father, Major Hinton?"

The major hesitated, and drew a long breath through his teeth.

"No," he almost whispered.

Miss Pinkney sighed, and soon, thereafter, retired.

and embraced her, to the amazement of all.

"Alice, my child," he exclaimed, "the harm has been done. I am your father."

"I am Dr. Charles Watson. My real name is Charles Watson Hayward. Long after the fight was over, I came to you, once more, instead of dying. I was killed away, and was rescued by a kind-hearted Unionist. My wound bled on for some time, and for several months I lay at death's door, much of the time delirious. I finally recovered, but it was months before I could travel. All this time, I was in the Federal lines. I was then reported by some one, and taken North as a prisoner of war. My money was all gone, and for two years or more I had no hope of anything connected with my father. My mother died, and the difficulties I encountered are a part of my present. When I finally recovered, I wrote back home. My wife and child and my daughter, my wife of course, knew not whether my property was gone. I was alone and penniless. I had studied medicine before the war, and I took up the practice of it, after dropping my family name as Alice had done. God has blessed my efforts. I have made money, and now I have found my daughter."

He again fondly embraced the governess, who wept softly upon her father's bosom. Meanwhile, Major Hinton had assumed, as though his hopes of heaven depended on it, catching every word. But the death-dews were gathering on his brow, and his eyes were glazing. With a last effort, he gasped:

"Thank God! I am not a murderer."

Shortly thereafter, he passed away, surrounded by his mourning family. In a coffin of recent date, he had made a final journey for the grave, though such happiness was not his own.

The doctor and his daughter assumed their family name, and, after a time, returned to their old home, which the father's success as a physician enabled him to retain some more. -Yale Herald.

An Ambitious African Railway. The first section of the Trans-African Railroad now completed is forty miles long, extending from the coast to Kabiri. The road from that point runs south to the Congo river, whence it is to be extended directly west to Ambaca, 725 miles from the coast. A peculiarity of the railroad is that this far-reaching line has been graded entirely by native laborers, and the work has made slow progress, as the negroes are not able to shove a railroad build so long as with civilized men. They are, however, able to do it in a way that is not preferable to those which are inhabited; for, according to M. Bonvalot, it is a kind of Asiatie Arabia, or No-Man's Land, where all the desperadoes and fugitive criminals from Afghanistan, Bokhara, Kusgharia, China, the Tibet, and elsewhere, are in the habit of resorting, as to a country where no sheriff's writ or king's or emir's mandate runs. These tough characters have a regular scale of treatment for travellers. If the latter are weak, they are murdered. If they are strong, they are of possible blackmail. The staple resource is to pretend that some neighboring ruler pays a veto upon the advance of the travellers; or that they must halt until instructions are received from the said ruler. -New York Tribune.

The Yellow Bees of Honduras. There is a little yellow bee in Honduras that is very much like the little yellow bee found about our silks. The bees are without stings, and the most industrious of the insects imaginable. They build in hollows in trees and wherever they can find a lodgment, and they gather a double handful of honey of delicious flavor in their nests of rough comb. So plentiful are they that a person can take a hatchet and cut into the knot hole in the trees and soon collect all the honey he wants without the danger of being stung by the bees.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Poor Betty is ill. I gave her dolly a pill, pill, pill. But all the same she is ill, ill, ill. I gave her a powder, put on a plaster. But her poor little pulse beats faster and faster.

A Giant Story. Cunning little Jerry, aged three, says "A L'ecier," into his mother's ear. "Would you like to hear it, mammy?" asked he.

The Winds. Centuries before you were born, in the Cloud country dwelt Miss North Wind with her children, West Wind, South Wind, Wind of the Rising Sun, known by the sobriquet of Sunny.

The Elephants' Salute. In the new Zigzag volume we find a very amusing description of the salutation with which the Sambar hunters and the elephants they ride greet the presence of the King. Arrived at the King's Palace, we witnessed a strange sight of a salute that led to a prison or open tower about two hundred feet from the ground, where we could command a magnificent view of the wide country around us.

Right in front of the pavilion below were ranged in regular order, a hundred and fifty hunting elephants, and on each were seated two men—one at the back, the driver, with his long good-looking spear in his hand, to guide the beast to his onslaught, and the other the hunter armed with lance and spear, a quiver attached to his waist of arrows, ready to be discharged at a moment's notice. When this formidable looking hunting party saw the royal assembly they worked and and I bowed a salute; then each hunter raised aloft his spear and saluted the King. After which each of the drivers gave the word of command in a deep, loud voice to his elephant. No sooner was the word spoken than each beast lifted its heavy trunk to the air and brought it solemnly down to the earth. I never saw a more comical sight than the elephant salutation to the King of Siam.

This done, the royal drum from the adjoining chamber thundered out the signal for the hunt to begin. Away went the mighty company of hunters, one half on one side, the other half on another, dashing off in a semi-circle to clear the forest for the white elephant, which, it was said, had been grazing there with a troop of black ones.

In Switzerland, Canton Ticino, a marble altar, dedicated to Jupiter and Mercury by one Fronto, son of Quintus, has been unearthed. Cartharus and Patens decorate the sides.

LIGHTHOUSES.

Origin and Ancient History of Famous Beacons.

Some of the Earliest Known Lighthouses.

The earliest lighthouse of which more than a tradition is known is the Pharos, at Alexandria, whose name has entered into a number of languages with the meaning lighthouse, whether or not the word meant originally a structure of the kind. It was square and built in tiers, each smaller than the other, the top one supporting a lantern in which was a bonfire. An inner stair gave access to a platform at about half the height of the tower, whence farther upward passages appear to have been by an extremely uncomfortable method, the stairway being mere projections from the inner walls. Apparently confusing the lighthouse with the obelisks, brought down the Nile to Alexandria, a report was current that the latter had placed this tower on four great obelisks of stone, as we now know that the obelisk in Central Park, New York City, was once placed on four granite blocks. Another more likely legend is to the effect that Socrates, the philosopher, named the name of the Pharos, who ordered the work to be carried in ball letters on the front, but he took the precaution to have his own name carved in the stone of the same spot. Then filling up his own name and preparing the ground, the King's inscription was cut in the soft coating. Naturally in the course of years the weather wore off the soft material and brought the name of the originator of the design to the light of fame. The tower at Ostia is said to have been a copy of the Pharos of Alexandria. A lighthouse shown in a Latin medal shows four stories, but is round instead of square. Another medal found in Ballynary on the Famine Sea has a rapidly diminishing, standing on a main tower with a large doorway, all three parts being round. These on medals are apparently designed for very high cliffs far beyond the reach of waves, for while the circular form would be favorable to withstanding the shock of waves, their lower cones are not fit to struggle long with that element.

In Northern Europe the earliest lighthouse was on the cliff up which the town of Boulogne has crept, but the spot has disappeared owing to the crumbling of the rock. It was very good and built in stone, but perhaps square or round above, if one can distinguish so much from the little sketch made by Gaudy Chastillon in the sixteenth century. One of the handsomest lighthouses stands at the entrance to Bixieux, called the Tower of Goulouin, begun in 1584 by Louis de Foix and restored about 30 years ago. The various lights or Eddystone furnish the most interesting and instructive history of this kind of structure, from the building by Winstanton, which was able to withstand the onslaught of remarkable storms, to the present structure, recently rebuilt, enlarged and provided with the best illuminating appliances. Smoot's tower on Eddystone is the pattern on which this and most successful lighthouses are constructed which have to support enormous weights of water. Smoot's tower was begun in 1756 and finished in 1759. It stood until partially taken down when the new structure was built 129 yards off. The latter was begun in 1878, the foundation stone placed by the Prince of Wales in August, 1879, and the first stone put in place by the Duke of Edinburgh in June, 1881. The upper part of Smoot's tower has been preserved as a monument to his fame by the people of Plymouth on a granite base like that of the original.

The earliest known lighthouse in the United States is that which once stood on Little Brewster Island, Mass., on the north side of the main entrance to Boston Harbor. It was built in 1716 and rebuilt in 1829. Beaver Tail, the light so well known to visitors of Narragansett Pier and Newport was established in 1749. In 1718 the keeper of the Beacon light, with wife and daughter, was drowned, and Benjamin Franklin published a lull on the incident and offered it to the public. But it would take too long to enumerate the best lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coast which Major Heap has thought worthy of mention. His work will be found readable and instructive, in no respect pedantic, but well calculated to give a good general notion of the difficulties in establishing lighthouses at the points where they are most needed, and well supplied with pictures of the most important buildings of the kind now existing, or once famous.

It seems odd that night schools should use day books in teaching book-keeping.

Paraguay and Its People.

Among modern states there is probably not one whose vicissitudes can for a moment compare with those experienced within the past quarter of a century by the republic of Paraguay. Twenty-five years ago it was one of the most flourishing states of South America, and possessed a population of a million and a quarter, mostly descended from mixed marriages between Spanish colonists and the native Indian race. Then came the terrible war of 1865 to 1870, in which brave little Paraguay fought single-handed against the combined forces of Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. The war ended with the annihilation of the adult male population of the republic. Indeed, five-sixths of the entire nation were destroyed, for in 1871 the inhabitants numbered less than a quarter of a million, while more than a million had perished. One strange result of the war is still visible in the present fact that the adult female population of Paraguay outnumbered the adult males in the proportion of three to one. In all Anglo-Saxon colonies the reverse of this is invariably the case, the men showing an enormous preponderance over the women. The Paraguayan women are said to be very good looking, but they can't get any husbands, at least, it is to be feared, not all to themselves. The government strongly discourages male celibacy, and there is hardly a bachelor to be found in the country. The statistics of the Paraguayan register general reveal some curious facts resulting from this inequality of the sexes. Among other things, there are far more girls than boys. -Littell's Standard.

Felling Trees by Electricity. Hitherto machines for felling trees have been driven by steam power, but this is becoming inconvenient, especially in thick woods, and electric power has recently been adopted in the Galician forests. Usually in such machines the trunk is sawed, but in this case it is drilled. When the wood is of a soft nature the drill has a sweeping motion and cuts into the trunk by means of cutting edges on its sides. The drill is actuated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it. The motor is capable of running round in a vertical axis, and the drill is guided to it in such a manner that it can turn through an arc of a circle and make a sweeping cut into the trunk. The first machine made the drill is advanced a few inches and another section of the wood removed in the same way until the trunk is half severed. It is then clamped to keep the cut from closing, and the operation is continued until it will be possible to go on. The remainder is finished by a hand saw or an axe. These machines are very handy for felling large trees brought through the forest from a generator placed in some convenient spot.

A Madman's Ingenuity. John B. Leont, a young sculptor, whose parents are supposed to reside in Jersey City, N. J., who for some time has been a inmate of an asylum, escaped from his keeper, some time ago, and was detected by Washington, N. J., where a five-year interest was taken in him. He was found roaming aimlessly around the streets, and, pending the result of inquiries as to his identity, was placed in the city jail.

Shortly after his incarceration Leont obtained possession of a piece of soap and proceeded to scratch the jailers. With his finger-nails he extensively began carving the soap and gradually assumed human shape. When the high bailiff Leont had produced a model of the Alpine hunterman. The figure, which is now in possession of Mayor Silborth, is about seven inches in height. The right arm is outstretched, his hand on the neck of a stick, which is a carefully reproduced figure of the hunter. The left hand hangs by the side, holding a shot gun. At the feet of the hunter lies the figure of a fox (trapper), with a long and a game his master holds aloft. -New York Press.

The Most Noted Man in China. In China often comes, in the first place, from scholarship, and Li Hong-Chang, Viceroy of the Empire, is one of the most noted scholars of China. He has passed three public examinations, which means having been three times one of 200 of the most successful out of 15,000 competitors and at the last one he received the highest degree. He is a fellow of the Hanlin College, the most learned body of China, and he is such an important man in the Chinese Government that when he wished to retire from office about six years ago, to mourn on account of the death of his mother, the emperor refused to give him more than one hundred days for grief. She then recalled him to his post on the ground that he was a necessity to China. He now lives here at Tientsin, and his residence makes this point almost as important in the eyes of the nation as Peking itself. -Frank O. Carpenter.

Bill Terriers the Race. A friend of mine, who knows something about the correct style in dogs and there is a style in dogs as there is in spring bonnets and fall gowns, said the other day that bill terriers were the proper fall for young women just now. The more fragile the young woman the more ferocious the terrier should be. "Of course," he added, "this is an extreme fashion, as all such are. Still, you would be surprised to know how great a change there has been in pet dogs during the past year. No more spaniels, skyes, poodles, or others of that class. The present style runs to the savage, and full-blooded bull terriers are the rage. How long it will last I can't pretend to say. Probably by next summer, when their pets will have to be muzzled, the fashion will change. A muzzled pet with a license check on his collar is apt to kill feminine devotion if anything can do it." -New York Star.

The Parted Lovers.

If I be old now that after all these long hours have passed to thrill. We, whom a life the fates divide. Should sorrow's slender side by side. That one green spray would drop its dew softly like above to me. All would be well, for I should be at last, dear loving heart, with thee! How slow I know this dust of care. Moulding will feel the soft rain flowers. The sweet of leaves, the song bird's tone At once as our rest be blown; the breath of sun, one sheet or rain. Make green the earth above us (twain) Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be, At last, dear loving heart, with thee! But half the earth may intervene. Thy place of rest and mine between. And Engages of land and wastes of wave May stretch and lose to e'en our graves. The led with summer light be warm. While snow drifts leap in wind and storm. My pillow, who see me then will be beloved that I cannot wish to see! out if there be a life full sphere. Where I should see thy smiling face. And wandering with in useless quest. Shall find thy long for love of rest. It is not higher, happier birth. We meet the joy we missed on earth. All will be well, for I shall be, At last, dear loving heart, with thee! -Elizabeth W. S.

Humorous. Stuck in mud air—The North Star. An act to Amend—Sewing on a patch. A high handed proceeding—Gilding a girl's tips. When a little man is hopeless in love it greatly increases his sighs. The mop is very frequently floored, but not in a household argument. Home is the dearest place on earth, consequently many people board on account of economy. "John, I am going to raise your rent," said a landlord. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

Hisland (starting)—Isn't that a rap at the door? Wile—Yes. You had better go for it, darling. I had it sent C. O. D. Chicago is organizing an aristocracy of its own, composed mostly of successful stock speculators. They are, of course, all high-bred persons. Bobbie—Say, pa, a bee hums, doesn't he? Father—Yes, my boy; but run away and don't bother me. Bobbie—Well, pa, if that's so, ain't a bee a hum-bug? A Nevada man who had seven homely daughters, got a paper to hint that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married in five months. Punny item in funny paper: "If a building catches fire in its upper story, it may burn down; if it takes fire in the basement, it may burn up." Naturally, then, if fire starts about half way between basement and roof, it will burn sideways, and finally go out by the fire escape.

Hats Now Run to Smaller Sizes. "Yes," said the hatter, "hats, if not heads, are growing smaller. I have noticed it year by year in my business, and where a 7 1/4 or 7 3/4 and 8 hat was not a miracle in the old times, today the average hat is 7, and it's rare that we have to show up a 7 1/4. London hatters are talking about the change in the size of the hat, and they say that the English heads average 6 3/4 to 6 7/8, against 7 to 7 1/8 of 50 years ago. However, besides the fact about the method of wearing the hat, it is to be said that they also wear their hair close to the head nowadays and that this makes a difference. In a few times, people were bushy hair and a hat that always left its mark on the locks. Furthermore, English hats run in larger sizes. A 6 3/4 hat of English make equals a 6 7/8 hat of American make. Here's a hat, though! See the English coat of arms, etc., and the address of Regent street, London? The hat was made in Connecticut. No difference in size, about that hat, etc." -Lexington (Mo.) Journal.