

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Swallows. The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low, And summer winds come, and summer days go...

HUNTING OUTLAWS.

For the first three years of my connection with a western detective agency I was known to the employees of the agency, when known at all, as "the outlaw man." Not that I had ever been an outlaw myself, but because I was assigned to the duty of hunting down outlaws and no one else...

man, but I'm afraid of Mr's Gibbs just the same!" Gibbs was to wait at the colored man's cabin until the owner's return. I ordered him to go forward and say nothing to any living soul about meeting me, and when he had disappeared I started for the cabin...

up what necessity demanded and cut loose from civilization. That is, I headed for the mountain, determined to pursue the man day and night until I had run him down. It was no use to plan to catch him about any of the farm houses, as he knew that I was after him and he would, as a measure of prudence forsake his old haunts for the time being...

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE REASON WHY. "Sweet little maid," said I - "Gay little maid," said I - "Tell me the reason why You are so merry?"

FIGHTING A MOCKING BIRD.

One of those singular snakes, known as coach-whips, was seen fighting a mocking bird in a North Albany, Ga., garden the other day. It was dispatched and measured nearly five feet in length.

THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.

As most people know, the death-watch is a small beetle which frequents decayed, rotten wood, and is of lonely and retiring habits. It is one of the smallest of the vagabonds, of a dark brown, with irregular, bright brown spots, the helmet turned up and the upper lip hard and shining.

DIVING BIRDS.

According to the late Rev. J. G. Wood, there is no bird which excels the great northern diver in the subaqueous powers, although penguins and cormorants are notable in that respect. This bird is common on the northern coasts of the British Islands, where it may be seen pursuing its arduous course through the water.

GARFIELD'S HORSE.

There is a short chapter in the history of General Garfield's war-horse. It was the general's habit, while at the front, to visit and caress this horse, the last act every night before final retirement. However fatigued and whatever his engagement, the last thing was this visit, which seemed to carry him back to home life and love.

An Indulgent Father.

"Mary, what is the matter with that child? He's been squalling now for a whole hour." "Oh, he wants the earth!" "Well, for goodness' sake, give it to him. I can't do a stroke of work with all this noise." - Beebe.

HERB STORES.

One of the Curious Industries of the Metropolis.

Selling Vegetable Remedies in Their Natural State.

Down in quaint old Varick street and over on East Broadway, on the very first blocks on Sixth and Third avenues, are the herb stores of the city. "Botanic depots" is what the directory says. Few, indeed, nowadays are the believers in the old country women's remedies of bottling and brewing. The city man or woman of today rushes off to a doctor at the first ache or pain. His prescription, it is quite likely, is some herbal extract, for doctors do not always give mineral remedies. But he uses those herbal extracts prepared by the large drug firms, and prescribes them under their long Latin names—so people won't know. If questioned very closely he is likely to acknowledge this, but he will add: "Not in their raw state. They are first chemically prepared, refined and purified." But the old-fashioned woman will shake her head, declare that nature is good enough for her, she'd rather trust it anyway than the principles on commercial preparation, and that "there's an herb for every pain." But the doctor sugar coats his pills nicely, and the herb remedies are often of very nasty taste. And then a few drops of an extract will suffice, while decoctions and infusions of the herbs themselves quantities and cupsful must be taken.

There is one institution in India which the hand of the reformer has so far spared. Whether the native plough, in its present form, has been handed down from generation to generation for 4000 years may, perhaps, be open to question. A Calcutta paper makes that claim on behalf of the venerable instrument, to which it assigns equal longevity with the Vedas and the Darshanas.

The Indian Plough.

Herbs are prepared for the dosing in two ways: by decoction—that is, boiling—this applying only to roots and herbs, and by infusion, which consists in the pouring on of hot water and letting the stuff stand and steep. Of the latter class are plants and leaves. There is also another method—that of soaking in cold water—such as goose grass, of a hay-like appearance and smell, a dropy remedy, and ginseng, the inner bark of a West Indian tree, chipped into bits so that it looks for all the world like pine shavings. This is used as a tonic.

Florida's Annual Cornucopia.

Florida annually produces \$30,000 worth of honey, \$40,000 worth of strawberries, \$50,000 worth of hops, \$30,000 worth of sheep, \$350,000 worth of beef, \$750,000 worth of sponges, \$350,000 worth of fish and oysters, \$3,500,000 worth of oranges, lemons, limes and pineapples, \$65,000 worth of sugar and molasses, \$200,000 worth of rice, \$500,000 worth of cedar, \$20,000,000 of other lumber and \$4,000,000 worth of cotton—a total of nearly \$30,000,000.

The Roman Circus.

Such curious and beautiful creatures were brought before our eyes as I had scarce known even in my reading. And, as if their natural beauty were not enough, art had been called in to increase their attraction. There were ostriches—'tis a bird, if you will believe me, of full six cubits in height—dyed with vermilion; and lions whose manes had been gilded, and antelopes and gazelles, which were curiously adorned with light-colored scarfs and gold tassels. I should weary you were I to enumerate the strange creatures which I saw. Besides the more common kinds, there were river-horses (tis a clumsy beast, and as little like to a horse as can be conceived, except, they say, as to the head when the upper half is protruded from the water), and rhinoceroses, and zebras (beasts curiously striped and not unlike to a very strong and swift ass); and above all, elephants. Though I liked not the artificial adorning of some of these creatures—which, indeed, I thought proof of a certain vulgarity in these Romans—I could not but admire the skill with which all these animals had been taught to keep in subjection their natural tempers and to imitate the ways of men. This was especially manifest in the elephants. One of these huge beasts, balancing himself most carefully, walked on a rope tightly drawn. Other four, on the same most difficult path, carried between them a litter in which was a fifth, who represented a sick person. And even more wonderful than these were the Bona and other beasts of a similar kind. It has always been a favorite marvel of the poets, how Barchus was drawn in a chariot by leopards which he had trained to be as docile as horses. But here I saw Barchus outdone. Lions and tigers, panthers and bears appeared patiently drawing carriages, lions being yoked to tigers and panthers to bears. Wild bulls permitted boys and girls to dance upon their backs, and actually, at the word of command, stood upon their hind feet. Still more wonderful again than this was the spectacle of lions hunting hares, catching them and carrying the prey in their mouths, unhurt, to their masters. The emperor summoned the lion tamer who had trained the beasts in this wonderful fashion and praised him highly for his skill. The man answered with a pretty compliment as ever heard. "It is no skill of mine, my lord," says he; "the beasts are gentle because they know whom they serve." - St. Nicholas.

The Happy Farmer.

At last, at last, the evening shadows fall, And wearily but happily I bid me home, While in my heart I hear the welcome call That tells me from the hillside to the hearthside come.

HUMOROUS.

A hard case—The turtle's. In Chicago bay windows are called foot receptacles. One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but it isn't for want of trying to find out. The washerwoman, like the poet, spends a good deal of time over a line, and finds life full of hard rubs. We believe it was a western man who advertised: "Persons who wish to procure a good mule will do well to see me before purchasing elsewhere." "Is humor hereditary?" asks a writer. It may be or it may not, but if the cynics are to be believed most modern newspaper humor is inherited. "Dear dear," sighed Aunt Betsy, "them New Yorkers have singing dolls, walking matches and musical clubs! What on earth will they invent next?" Fair Stopper (on great stage)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up. Clerk—Don't wrap it up! P. S.—No, indeed. It'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change. This is a very practical age. The venerable motto, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," has been translated thus by an old Iowa farmer: "Boys, don't touch these medals, for they are green and God sees you." "I am not a business man, you see, and I should be glad if you would enlighten me as to what is meant by double entry." "By double entry we mean two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court if required, but not the other." A leggar had hung a board with the words "I am blind" round his dog's neck. One morning a policeman found the man reading a newspaper, and said to him: "Then you are not blind, I see?" "No, sir, my eyesight is frustrated; it's my dog that is blind."

Rejuvenating Discarded Hats.

There is an enormous profit in the retail hat business, and the dealers look with much disfavor upon the trifling hat-makers who set up in the remodeling and cleaning business. A hat with a good fur body costs \$4 in the store, if it is of fine make it is almost indestructible, but after a season's wear it is thrown aside and hats accumulate about a household like empty bottles. Some day the old hat may come along and give 50 cents for a dozen out of style calfs. They can be cleaned, modeled into the latest shape, and sold for new hats of a second grade at a cost of about 25 cents each. Business men are beginning to find out that the hat cleaner can make old hats new again, and the result is a saving on his part, and a glut of business upon the part of a few men in the city who have gone into the rejuvenating and remodeling business. - St. Louis Star.