

The Chatham Record.

A Country Road. Yellow with dust it stretches far away. Yellow with dust it stretches far away. On the mossy wall the chipmunk frisk and play.

CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE.

AN INTERESTING WAR STORY.

Would you like an interesting war story today? We have it, and it reads like a romance. It was related by Mr. Charles A. Howell. The story begins with the charge of Wilson's Western Cavalry on the Confederates around Columbus.

chirping of the crickets, the monotonous hum of the water plying with the mill wheel, and the noise of a gentle wind toying with the limbs of the towering oaks, lent an air of solemnity to the occasion.

There are sounds of the pattering of horse's hoofs. In another minute the band is rounded, and two horsemen, magnificently equipped and in full uniform of Federal cavalry, hastily dismount at the gate of the mansion.

"The Yankee! The Yankee!" screamed the ladies in consternation. The riders had promptly "covered" the young officer with their revolvers, and advancing toward the house, one of them, in captain's uniform, said:

"Have no fear, ladies; we will not harm you." Then, turning to Lieut. Howell, the speaker continued: "You surrender!" "You are unarmed."

"I can get it for you, and you can go home, and Heaven prosper you." And thus it was that Lieut. Howell finished his war experience and returned to Atlanta.

And now for the after war part of the story! Naturally Mr. Howell, no longer Lieutenant, has often wondered what became of the brave Federal Captain, to whose kindness he was so much indebted.

Several weeks ago, in casual conversation with Mr. J. M. Swartz, with Capt. Jacobs in charge of the work on our new army post, something about the story was mentioned.

"I think I can find him," said Mr. Swartz, and find him he did, at Dunkirk, Ohio, to which place Mr. Howell at once wrote him. A few days ago a reply came, as follows:

I received your letter some time ago, and was glad to hear from you. I recall the time that I was out scouting and I picked you up. I am truly glad that you found me out and wrote to me.

A letter has already gone inviting Capt. Louthan to come down.

The Upas Tree. Supernatural, almost diabolical, influences are attributed to the famous upas tree, which, according to all accounts, is so deadly that if a hot wind passes over it an odor is carried along which is fatal to whosoever breathes it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HOW POLLY AND PETER KEPT HOUSE. My uncle is thrashing with Freddy; My mother has gone to the fair; I've vowed to be steady as a steady plow, and baby she's tied in her chair.

A SPARROW CHASES AN ALLEGATOR. An allegator and an English sparrow were seen to engage in a battle near Darien, Ga., the other day. The sparrow provoked the fight by snapping at the bird, which in turn flew furiously at its ugly antagonist, aiming with precision at the sparrow's eyes.

A KNOWING CANARY. Canary birds are easily trained, as we told you recently. Two of our girls send us the following letter about one belonging to a trained bird and there is no reason why boys and girls should not teach their little pets all the tricks our young friends here tell us about.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—After reading about canary birds in your paper we thought you would like to hear about one our aunt has in Washington. It is very tame and flies through the house both up and down stairs. One day he followed grandma out into the front yard without her knowledge.

A "WHITE CHIEF."

Colonel Jordan, a Pale-faced Leader of the Sioux Nation.

How He Persuaded the Indians to Cede Their Lands.

The "white chief" whose marriage to a Sioux princess put it in his power to become a leader of the Sioux Nation is Colonel Charles P. Jordan, and to his influence more than to that of any other white man, except General Crook, is due the ratification of the great Rosebud Agency of the act dividing the Indian reservation in severely among the Sioux and opening up to the white a vast and fertile tract of land in Dakota.

Colonel Jordan is a spare but well proportioned man of keen, penetrating eye, bronzed face, brown hair and mustache and medium height. By right of marriage to an Indian princess he is "white chief," and has more influence among the Sioux than any other white man perhaps in Dakota.

He has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him he was to his father-in-law, who lives in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition and of his inability to care further for his family, and telling him at the same time that he did not wish to be a burden upon any one, but would go somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly await the coming of what was henceforth to be a useless life.

A Parental Laughter.

Joseph Oscar Johnson was sent to Roll Home, at Mason, Ga., a few days ago, and his case is probably one of the most remarkable that ever went to that or any other hospital.

He is a paralytic, and one side of him entirely useless. The stroke came on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer, and was able to make a good living. He had seen a good deal of the world, and generally saw the bright side of it. It was in the town of Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was on a run that carried him into that town. He was one day doing some work on his engine and talking to some one standing near.

When he has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him he was to his father-in-law, who lives in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition and of his inability to care further for his family, and telling him at the same time that he did not wish to be a burden upon any one, but would go somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly await the coming of what was henceforth to be a useless life.

HI MOROES.

One out of a thousand—399. Once more in our midst—The water-melon. Out on a fly—The dove when it left the Ark. Marriage may not be a failure, but there are lots of Mrs. mads in matrimony.

Cattle Breeding.

That "blood will tell" is a true one of cattle as of horses or any other domesticated animals. Breeds of cattle can be improved just as surely and with as good results as trotting or running horses can be bred to a high standard of excellence, and it is of interest to know that much more attention is being paid to the breeding of cattle in the United States at present than was the case formerly, when everything with a tail and four legs was considered good enough for range or farm cattle.

Richard Johnson of the Bureau of Animal Industry has just returned to St. Louis from a three months' trip through the cattle districts of the West, the object of his trip having been to ascertain the condition of farm and range stock, and especially to learn what improvements have been made in the grade of stock on the ranges. He says that on the whole the result of his examination is satisfactory, and that in most of the cattle-raising parts of the West the grade of the cattle is improving.

He calls particular attention to the changes which are taking place in the Southwest. The Texas long horn, a sinewy animal, is being rapidly replaced by a cross between the Durham and Devon, and the average weight of the cattle in that section is greater by more than 100 pounds than it has ever been before.

Dead at the Age of 130.

A remarkable old Turk has just gone to his rest. Hadji Soliman Sabi was 130 years of age and counted his descendants by scores—all of whom, however, are grandchildren and great-grandchildren, as he leaves no sons or daughters living. He had seven wives, all of whom, like his sons and daughters, died before him. Hard work and simple living seem to have been the secret in enabling Sabi to nearly double the allotted span. Except on occasions of high festival barley bread, beans and water made up his diet. He labored in the fields as a farmer, living much in the open air and wearing severely any clothes. A mattress and a straw mat constituted his bed. He was never ill until three days before his death.

Settled.

Husband—Half the time I don't know whether I am crazy or not. Wife—I know all the time.

The Cowboy in the East.

The Indians he slush'd and gush'd and slapp'd and slow and slaughter'd; He'd beat and shoot the howling Ute, who squall'd and roch'd and tatter'd; He'd bang and whang at every gang of robbers and murderer.

In every fight his buck he struck and never met his bluster; In gun and den, and hunter and men, he never found a master; No gun or slash could ever dash against his front terribly.

No fox could stand his red right hand that slung a slug so scientific; The rattlesnake he punch'd and crunched, he overthrew the lion; He sought and fought an awful lot each beast 'neath the horizon.

No bear or jar could ever mar, no horn could ever get him; But want of breath and speedy death ever took all things that met him.

But to the town he came for fame, he moved into the city; He fell, an well! I grieve to tell—the pity—oh the pity! He'd hit and split his head, and get a brace at every crossing; And the terrible man and the moving van his mangled form was losing.

When'er he crossed the street his feet, with wheels and things were tangled; And his frame became a bloody shame, all maim'd and mused and mangled; He'd fall and sprawl right there 'till all the towns all discolored.

With most of his face stuck on the wrong place, and both of his feet maim'd; And soon it came to pass the gas the big gas house expired— And he—ah me!—was hit, you see, he didn't know it was loaded.

Oh, my! In the sky he shot as high as war contractor's bonanza; And his scattered frame was found, they claim, in number different counties.—S. W. Fox, in Yankee Blade.

That's Just Where It Does Go.

So me people eat more than they need so that it "won't go to waste." But that's just where it does go—to waste.

Norah—"An' has your mistress good taste?" Bridget—"Good taste, is it? Faith, her dresses look better on me than do mine."

There is a good deal of humor written on the subject of marriage; but after all matrimonial matches should not be made light of.

Injustice.—Was your cashier right or left-handed? Bank President—"Right, I should say, nothing he could get his hands on is left."

Mr. Magnus—I think travel broadens one, don't you think so, Mrs. Lofly? Mrs. Lofly—"Oh, let you. Why, I gain ten or fifteen pounds every time I go to Yurupp."

A little girl in Piedmont, W. Va., who was given a drink of fizzing mineral water the other day, took a sip of it and then exclaimed: "It tastes like your foot's asleep!"

Smith—"Say, Jones, your wife is a graduate of Vassar, isn't she?" Jones—"Yes." Smith—"How many tongues is she mistress of?" Jones—"Only one, but by fate that's a rustler!"

Rat and Puff Parrot. Chris Pinto owns a puff parrot that is a chandy. The other morning a rat, lured by the luscious smells of the luke shop, left the stanches of the cellar and sewer, and climbing up stairs, made a raid on cream puff, gorged down a few tarts, nibbled the macaroons, and demolished the pies and gingerbread before he was hustled off with a vengeance, and, rushing into the room where the parrot was, succeeded in breaking into Polly's cage. Polly was playing circus with her claws and bill, and when she spied the rat she came down on his back with both claws and head it flung to the bottom of the cage. The rat rolled over and twisted its head around, squealing like mad as Polly pecked at its eyes and soon had them both out. The rat snipped and tore out some of Polly's feathers, but she held fast to the varmint and succeeded in killing it. Then mounting her perch and fling her feathers about her neck, she announced, "Polly wants a cracker."

To Tell Twins Apart. "Shupkin' of twins," said old man Chumpkin, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike to their dyin' day. Lem didn't have any teeth and his brother Dave did, but they looked pre-cisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Lem's mouth, and if he bit yer 'twas Dave."—Lexington (Me.) Journal.