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Where Summer Bides. Down through the mountain's silver haze, Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways...

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

BY MAY KENDALL.

It was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable. Besides, the particular company for which Archie Johnston worked had become infected by socialist principles...

For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know and have a kindly feeling toward him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days...

Archie's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part, responded with an anxious good-will in which, if Archie had known, there was a certain undercurrent of penitence...

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archie drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24 Dik street, an address that lingered curiously in Archie's memory...

"We feel it most, you see," he said in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

"Can you take my place to-day?" he said, accusing Warner: "I am awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed. "I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archie, "I'd a feeling as if it should be in luck today."

"It's just here," said Archie, starting straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day—or two—or maybe more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snatched up."

built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archie had no difficulty in recognizing 24. There was a brown blind over the lower half of the window; but Archie's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small bare room, with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two, and an old rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking-chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking slowly to and fro, and singing wearily, over and over again.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet." A mere girl she looked, but very wasted, and her cheeks had not a tinge of color; and yet it was one of the sweetest faces Archie thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She did not look as if there was. But, for the life of him, he dared neither ask her, nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer's; and though he thought of all kinds of expedients for getting a shilling inside the door that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water-spout with a critical eye, he might have clambered on the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the horse already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight; and at last—he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by—he turned away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some other quarter of the city, and look for work himself. For work? Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

It was a month later, and Archie had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said, of course, he might have found it. Archie, so it is, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the general relief committee, but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white-faced girl through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters"—as related to a credulous relief committee, struck him so forcibly that he broke into a loud laugh as he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old job, he had been sitting where he could, the few pence he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; but he tramped dimly on, asking for work, till he fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur, or a grudge; he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day, when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, as it is called, ever passenger had left it. They had a quarter of an hour to wait, and the driver slipped hastily across to his favorite public house, which was conveniently situated. Warner looked eagerly up and down the street, as if expecting some one, but it was almost deserted. There was a policeman a little way down; there was a shabby-looking fellow standing at the corner, against a lamp-post, with his hat slouched over his eyes—no one else. Warner's face fell, but it lightened again in a moment, as a girl's figure emerged from a street nearly opposite and ran lightly across to the omnibus. Warner held out his hand and she sprang in.

"Here it is," she said proudly, unpacking the small basket. "You can't guess what I've made you for dinner to-day, and, if you eat it now, I do believe it will be hot." "Meat pie, Janet!" said Warner. "Well, you are a cook and no mistake. I've twelve minutes—best if there ain't that unfortunate old lady who always comes a quarter of an hour before we're ordered to start." "She's a long way off," said Janet, with a look of disappointment. "Go on with your pie, Will; she won't be here yet awhile."

instantly. "Hang the old girl—look at her umbrella!"

They kissed each other hastily in the omnibus, thinking that no one saw them. Least of all, the aimless vagabond at the corner, with hat slouched over his eyes, who was looking at nothing. He—ah, no! Then Janet sprang down again; and presently the old lady mounted the step, and Warner ate his meat pie furtively, between maintaining a conversation on the drink traffic, a subject in which his passenger seemed to take an absorbing interest; but then she had had her lunch before she started.

Yet Warner had also time to reflect pleasantly on how much better Janet was looking, and what a color she had, and wondered also if the young man who had gone into the country would be back tomorrow, and couldn't help hoping not. Then more passengers entered, and the driver hurried back at the last moment, stuffing a large fragment of bread and butter into his pocket, and the omnibus rolled away.

But that night, when Warner returned to the small house in Dik street, he found a note thrust under the door, that no one had noticed. It ran thus: DEAR MR. WARNER: I have this note in press to say I have given up my place as conductor for good, and therefore hope you will stick to it as long as it suits you. I have made up my mind to stay down in the country. Yours, with best wishes, ARCHIE JOHNSTON.

Hens as an Aid to Peach Raising.

Level-headed farmers in Connecticut have for seven or eight past years been working, reviving an old industry—the growing of peaches for market. Fifty years ago the peach crop of the Nutmeg State was an important item, but the trees ran out after a time, the orchards were cut down, and apples and other small fruits took their place. After giving the land a long rest, the industry was revived again about ten or twelve years ago, and each succeeding year the peach premiums at the several agricultural fairs has been increased in importance until they have drawn out some of the finest samples of the fruit raised north of Mason and Dixon's line.

As to cultivation, there are as many methods as there are individual growers. The simplest was that practised by William Platt of Newtown, a formerly very successful grower, but who is now an inmate of the Middletown Insane Retreat. Mr. Platt used to spade up a circle around each tree of perhaps three feet in diameter. Into this he planted or sowed very sparingly corn, oats, buckwheat, and other cereals. Then he turned his large flock of hens into the orchard and let them scratch for their living. He claimed that by this method he kept the earth about the roots of the tree loose and easily permeable by rain and dew, and the hens, besides gathering the corn and oats, acted as insect and worm destroyers, keeping the trunks of the trees free from borers and other pests, which would otherwise have to be looked after with a sharp eye. Mr. Platt used to raise peaches the size and flavor of which gained him a wide fame. [New York Sun.]

A Patagonian Child Doctor.

When a child in Patagonia is sick, a messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and never leaves him until he comes with him. As soon as the doctor arrives, he looks at the sick child, and then with much ceremony rolls it up in a piece of skin. He then orders a clay plaster, or by this time the child has ceased crying, soothed by the warmth of the skin, and so rendering still more solid his reputation as a wise man. Yellow clay is brought and made into a thick cream with water, and the child is painted from head to foot, causing him to cry again. "The devil is still there," says the doctor sagely, and throws two mysterious packages he carries, one contains rhea sinews (ostrich) and the other a rattle made of stones in a gourd decorated with feathers.

He then fingers the sinews, muttering something for a few minutes, then he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, staring very hard at the crying child. Then wraps it in the skin again and it ceases crying. Again it is painted, rattled at and stared at, and again it cries. This is done four times, and then the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes his way, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as a fee. Strange to say, the child generally recovers, but it does not, the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine skin tightly around the child, and so let the devil get back again. This is the only true black magic children in Patagonia are ever known to receive. [Ladies' Home Journal.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WE THINK. He swears his face with honey, He grabs at papa's money, He's awful cute and funny, He's awful baby. (He's the baby.) She sings like a canary, She dances like a fairy, Her daddy's somewhat airy, (She's no baby.) He's nothing but a bother, He's a trouble to his mother, There's nowhere such another, (That's L. S.) [Harper's Young People.]

A HEAD SINGER.

The lark as ends until it looks no bigger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practiced public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion, save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings. [The Naturalist.]

A JOURNEY IN A SCHOONER.

"One summer, when Patty Moss was nine years old, she took a long journey in a schooner" with her parents, sister Mina and baby Jake. "Patty's father went to find a new home, as he declared the old farm 'wasn't worth a tinker.' How much that was I cannot tell you. "They took along a tiny stove, a bed, a little table, and provisions to keep house in the way, besides Jake's cradle, boxes of clothing and a rocking-chair. "Patty's father took his team along, too, a little, long-necked, stim-tailed mule and a big, tough, Rocky-Mountain colt, with a short, stiff mane standing up straight on his neck like a ruff, and spots of white and red all over his sides. "His neighbors called them the 'Gander' and the 'Unicorn.' "A cage of ducks and guinea-hens was fastened to the back of the 'schooner.' So, too, were Dinah, the cow, and Cully, a great, black, cross-bred. Cully's rope ran through a ring in his long mane. "Why, Aunt Kitty! I should 'spect they'd 'drown!' cried my niece, Lou. "Well, dear, I forgot to say that this was a dry-land schooner—a covered wagon, big enough for a family to live in, which they use in the West in journeying from place to place. So you see, Cully and Dinah had nothing to do but travel along as the 'schooner' went. "Dinah liked it well enough, for she could snatch a mouthful of grass now and then from the near roadside. "But Cully was sullen. He hung back, but the ring in his mane quickly brought him to terms, though he galloped along with his black bristles standing up straight with fury. His ears flapped wildly, and his tail had a vicious quirk in it. His legs were long and he could have run a race with the 'Unicorn' himself—and beaten him, too! He was full of mischief, and pulled out the tails of nearly all the ducks through the cage bars. And he often nipped Dinah's heels. "One hot day there came up a terrible thunder storm—almost a hurricane. The 'schooner' had arrived near a strip of timber, under the lee of which it was drawn to wait till the storm passed over. "How dark the air grew! The lightning leaped and the thunder cracked and roared overhead. The air was full of branches, torn by the wind from the tree-tops. The family crawled beneath the 'schooner,' expecting the strong gusts to carry them off, too, or do great damage. They did swoop down behind the timber and fear of the canvas schooner-top, whisking it out of sight in a twinkling. "Towards the last there came an awful clap of thunder. It made the 'Gander' and the 'Unicorn' rear and fill at their hubbers. Dinah leaped and slid up closer to the 'schooner,' but poor Cully, scared half to death, jumped so high that he pulled the ring out of his mane and off he scooted over the prairie, squealing even above the thunder peals. "After the storm, Mr. Moss took the 'Unicorn' and went off to find him, but he had hidden himself in a ravine, a mile or two away, and that was the last of him. But he found the schooner-top and the journey was continued without further mishap." [Ladies' Home Journal.]

MEXICAN COOKERY.

The Dishes are Appetizing, But Too Highly Spiced.

Primitive Way of Making Tortillas, the National Bread.

Every Mexican's yard almost has an oven, built out of earth and rock, half under and half over the ground; here they bake their meats and some kind of cakes, but their own bread is tortillas. These are made by an interesting and peculiar process. The Indian corn is boiled whole in water, into which a litte unslacked lime is thrown, until the grain is tender. It is then taken out, washed, put into clear cold water, and allowed to soak all night. In the morning it is drained dry and crushed into flour between two stones—the bottom one like a three-cornered tray on legs of unequal height, so that it slopes downward; the upper, like a rolling pin.

They place the tray upon the floor, and kneading, they mash and roll the grain until it becomes a beautiful, white, starchy flour. This is then mixed with water into a paste, next kneaded and flattened out between the hands into bread, very thin cakes. In the mean time the fire-pan is in the corner of the hearth has burned into a grand hot of coals; on this is thrown a flat sheet of iron, which is soon hot. Here the cakes are placed, and brown instantaneously; they are turned, and in a minute are ready to be eaten. They are good, too, but need salt, for the Mexican mixes lime of his bread. The Mexican of the lower class uses neither fork nor spoon, but rolls a tortilla into a scoop, and eats his chile con carne, frijoles, etc.

When too much softened by the gravy to take up the food, he eats his improvised spoon, takes another tortilla, and proceeds as before. They sit on the floor to eat, putting the dish of food in the middle of the circle, and not in one house out of six of the lower order is there a table. They are hospitable in the extreme, welcoming a perfect stranger to their homes and offering him of their best. The Mexican cooking, though Americans have a prejudice against it, is exceedingly appetizing, but far most palates too highly peppered, stife entering largely into the composition of every dish. Yet it is a rare good feast one can have by ordering the following bill of fare: Sopas de Frijoles, Gallina con Chile, Enchiladas, Chile con Carne, Tortillas, Salsa de Chile, Paes de Limon, Granitas de Chiles, Cate.

Out in the street, on the sidewalk, at night, one finds here and there about the town blazing fires, and over them set great three-cornered pieces of iron sheeting supported on legs. These sheets have round places cut out of them, and over these holes are tin cans, their contents boiling merrily. Tamales are cooking here, and the Mexican woman who is tending them looks like one of the witches in Macbeth, as she moves about in her old red skirt with her black shawl about her wrinkled bosom face, while the fire-light falls upon her in fitful gleams, now throwing her figure into broad relief, then leaving it in shadow. Behind her the open door of the place shows a blazing fire within, and on the floor, playing gravely in the quivering, dancing light, many children of different ages; for, be it known, this people is not a moral one, and a family of Mexican children may vary in all the shades between black and white. This is, however, the rule of the lower orders. [Harper's Magazine.]

Painting Blackened Eyes.

The other day my attention was attracted by a gaudy sign over the door of a tiny establishment, which set forth the fact that black eyes and bruises were painted and red noses were made a natural color. I asked the 'facial artist' whether there was much of a demand for his services. He said: "Yes; every day men or boys come here with blackened eyes and bruised faces. I never ask how any one is injured, but simply paint the spot over with a carefully mixed paint. Professional fighters have come to me after a battle to fix them up so as to appear to have received little damage." "You may be surprised, but I have had society women come here with delicate skin colored to a rich purple. Each hastens to explain it at her leisure was caused by a fall, the dropping of a trunk lid, or something of that sort. They pay well. One richly-dressed woman paid me a five-dollar bill for work for a moment's visit. In many cases I am called to residences to touch up bruised faces."

Sitting Bull at the Telephone.

When an Indian can not explain a thing on natural grounds, he attributes the mystery to the action of the Ether. It is the Great Spirit's doing. I will remember Sitting Bull's introduction to the telephone, writes Captain King in the Courier-Journal. It was his first visit to the States, and I was invited to St. Paul to meet the old warrior in hopes of getting something out of him about his share in the Custer battle. Of this, however, he would not talk, and I don't blame him, for it is soon transpired that he ran away with the squaws.

But we had some fun out of him. His nephew, Spotted Horn Bull, was of the party. We seated him in a certain office at the telephone with an interpreter to show him how to work it, and then marched the old man several blocks away to the Pioneer Press building, and then asked him if he would not like to talk with "Spot." He smiled complacently when the telephone was pointed out to him, but as the agent assured him it was no joke he was persuaded to ask some question in the Sioux language. He did so with a shrug of his blackened shoulders and an incredulous grin on his face.

The next instant he started as though shocked; the ear trumpet dropped from his nerveless hand and he almost fell out of his chair. "Wahoon?" was his only exclamation, which might be translated "the devil." Spotted Horn Bull had answered him in Sioux and nearly saved the life out of him. He would not touch it again that night.

A Japanese Royal Progress.

A Japanese royal progress has still some novelty to European eyes. On the occasion of a recent visit of the Empress of Japan to the city of Osaka the following regulations were published for the guidance of the people while her Majesty was passing: "When her Majesty shall pass along no one must look at her from the frame built on houses, for the drying of clothes, or of single cracks in doors, or from any position in the upper portion of their houses. If anybody wishes to see her Majesty he or she must sit down at the side of the road by which her Majesty will pass. No one must look at her Majesty without taking off his hat, neckcloth or turban, or whatever else he may be wearing on or about his head. Moreover, no one must be smoking while he or she is looking at her Majesty, nor must any one carry a stick or cane. Only women wearing foreign clothes will be permitted to retain their head covering. Although it may rain, no person will be allowed to put up an umbrella while her Majesty may be passing. As her Majesty passes no one must raise his voice, nor must any sound be heard, nor must the crowd close up and follow her carriage, for no noise must be made. When her Majesty reaches Fushiki Station her Majesty will be discharged of fifty fireworks." [London News.]

A Trout as a Bird Hunter.

"I was sitting on my front porch Sunday morning," said Mr. Tull to a reporter, reading the News, when I was startled by a noise and fluttering sound that came from the side yard. I jumped and ran to the end of the porch in time to see what was the matter, and I witnessed one of the miracles of my life. I have in the past surrounded no Tomtit so several fish, trout taken from the creek, and on the edges of the pond the grass grows thick. An English sparrow had alighted on the grass to get some water, and one of the fish seeing the bird swam near him, made a snap and caught him. The bird screamed and fluttered, but it was no use. When I reached the end of the porch the fish swallowed the bird and went swimming around the pond in the most satisfactory way." [Albany (Ga.) News.]

The World's Railroads.

There are 300,000 miles of railroad in the world, or enough to reach around the world 1 1/2 times. There are 103,000 locomotives. England has 80 locomotives for every 100 miles of road, while in the United States there are only 19 to every 100 miles. The railroad capital of the world is estimated at \$29,000,000,000. A good many railroad companies are having their freight cars equipped with air brakes. Nearly all of them are ordering additional locomotives. [Chicago Sun.]

A Bleak Prospect.

Bill Collier (authoritatively)—I wish to see Mr. Neverpay immediately. Shrewd Servant—You can't see him now. He's gone to bed, so he can't wash his hands. [New York Weekly.]

Wild Plum.

Overhead is the hum Of the wind in the bloom Of the centennial plum, And below the wild plum, Where the albatross son slippers, Shows its snowy white bloom, Flings its snaky perfume On the breeze. To the trees.

How the horse around, The faculty and hold, Making the fire horse sweat With a panting sound? And the psyche they meet, Lullabies of good, From the trees and hold, Jingles Round the tree, Where is Mary, where is Peter? Is that Andrew? From the top of the hill, 'Tis an honest old plowman, 'Tis the best of men! In clothing, in manners, Then a plume of white, And away! Oh, my boy!

How the blossom and the butter, And the honey and the milk, In the depth of the brook, To the heart of June, 'Tis a little more—'tis good, More than most men would! Every man's turned, By the home, And the home, Oh, my boy!

MEMORIES.

An American boy meets— "A clothes line—The laundry wagon. Dives from land to mouth—The dentist. How full men do not believe it rough diamonds. All plain sailing—Navigating a prairie schooner. Spitefulness is often the dirt's punishment for contempt of court. The trouble with Japans is that each does so little besides holding their doors. Sewing girls are sometimes gathering where they are sewed and characters shaped. Boston ladies attend to ball games in large numbers. They are on the lookout for a good catch. Nothing cuts a cross-man more than to find a button off his coat when his wife has not time to sew it on. A correspondent wants to know "how long girls should be carried." On stiffs, of course, short ones on chairs. Young Tom chicks have come to ask to be allowed to go fishing. Now, mamma, don't say I can't, because you'll just make me display you. "Wanted—reliable men!" read Mrs. Kaysom from the advertising columns of the paper. The she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world's a considerable number of countries yet before it gets 'em."

Use Good Flour for Pastry.

The use of good pastry flour is a matter more vital to the preparation of perfect puff paste or of tender cake than anything else. Good cake or puff paste which is a mass of delicate crisp layers cannot be made from bread flour. Since the introduction of the "spinning roller" process in milling the best flour is made from spring wheat grown in favorable sections of the country. Pastry flour must be made from winter wheat in order to possess the requisite qualities. For a long time after the introduction of the patent roller winter wheat was ground by the old process, and this flour went by the name of "old process" flour. All flour now is ground by the patent roller, and by improvements in the last few years so much so that it is said to equal the best made by the old process. An excellent pastry flour is made of pure winter wheat at St. Louis and at Baltimore. There are several brands of so-called pastry flour in market, which are prepared from spring wheat, merely "sprouted" as the dealers term it, with little winter wheat. This flour is offered as a compromise and is recommended as good for both bread and pastry. In point of fact it is inferior for both uses. Nothing shows the lack of "softness" in the flour made of spring wheat so quickly as cake. Bread flour makes tough, dry cake. [New York Tribune.]

Excused This Time.

Schoolboy (with cautious look in her eye): "What made you so late, Robert?" Robert: "Born fighting." Schoolboy (talking with fury): "You have, eh?" Robert: "Yes, meanin'—A boy and yer was only as home-made one, an' I just gave it him."

Well, He's Done.

Well, He's Done, dear, I'll have to parlay you this time, but confer your temper the best you can.—[Epica.]