

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.00.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Age of Lightning. This is an age of lightning. The world lives on its way. And lightning lights its lamp by day.

BOGUE—A HERO.

BY O. A. K. DAVIS.

"It's a curious thing," said the Doctor, "show the friendships of our boyhood occasionally come back to us in later years."

We were sitting in his office enjoying a quiet little chat over old college days. Something in his manner told me that he had a good story, so I answered with a tentative, "Yes? What suggested that to you?"

"Oh, the queer ending one of mine has just had. I'll tell you about it. I was a boy when my father first came to this town. As boys will, I soon made my friends and my enemies—more enemies than friends, perhaps; but among the friends was one of the best-natured little fellows you ever saw."

"Bogue was a jolly youngster. He was bright, shrewd and happy; always ready to do a friend a good turn, and continually occupied with one of a thousand schemes he had for making a few cents, or in spending those previously earned. He had two brothers, no more like him in nature and disposition than a rain day is like the sunshine. They were both sober young fellows, working hard at their trades, and never having any time or money to spend for pleasure."

"But Bogue was their exact opposite. Volatile and free, he had no thought for the day or the morrow. He made the best he could of his life, and had no complaint because existence was not a bed of thornless roses. His bright, winsome ways made him sought of by friends. Men pre-occupied with business cares would go out of their way to do him a kindness, for there was a phase of his life which the brave little fellow never mentioned, but which half the town knew and prized. Favorite that he was elsewhere, at home he was disliked. To the mother, so careful of the other boys, so watchful of their lives, he was unwelcome."

"The sweet, sunny nature, so much in need of the tender care of a mother's love, was hurt and darkened at the beginning of its development; left to warp and grow crooked if it would; left to run into paths the mother-love should so carefully guard. As if strange there should have been dark days in his life: The strange thing is that the happy nature was not forever ruined, and that the native manhood within him triumphed. Well, we boys lived and grew together. At school he was the brightest and the worst of the lot. What mischief he could devise was not worth attempting; what plans for bothering his teachers he could not formulate were beyond the rest of us. But with all his dare-devilry and mischief, that reckless, merry hearted boy carried in his manly bosom the very soul of honor. Generous to a fault, he would willingly take the blame of any prank if thereby his companions should escape. But there were some things neither persuasion nor force could induce him to do. And one day the master called on him for one of them."

"There had been a prank of more than usual magnitude played on the master; his desk had been opened and his text-books hidden. There was an ominous gleam in his gray eyes that morning as he called out: 'Sanderson, did you have anything to do with this?'"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Come up here."

"Bogue stepped forward, never dreaming but that a good thrashing would settle the whole trouble; but he was mistaken. "Who was with you?" asked the master.

"The boy's big eyes grew round with astonishment and flashed with anger as he answered: 'Do you think I would tell you that? You don't know me!'"

there breathless and eager. The master grew ghastly pale; the boy's voice, low and quivering with rage: 'Sanderson, I command you to tell me who was with you.' 'The big, old-fashioned clock on the wall loudly ticked the only answer. 'I say I command you!' 'I refuse to tell.' 'That was nineteen years ago, but it seems as if but yesterday, so vividly do I recall the scene that followed. The master stepped to his closet and took down a long, green rawhide, such as are used for riding-whips. There was a single cry, 'For shame!' but he silenced it with a look of such terrible malignity as I have never seen in another man's eyes. The boy stood waiting what he knew would be the most awful beating the master could inflict; but he never flinched. The muscles of his mouth assumed a set, rigid expression, and the big brown eyes blazed with indignation. That was all."

"The master raised his whip. He shook with uncontrollable passion. 'I'll teach you to refuse to obey me!' Again and again the little lash fell. With strength inspired by his terrible anger the master swung his stinging whip. It cut the voiceless air of the school-room with shrill, hissing sounds, and fell upon the back, the shoulders, the limbs, the head, of the boy with resounding, malignant vigor. For fifteen minutes the pitiless whip fell. The boy neither moved nor cried out; but in his face was plainly portrayed the depths to which his soul was stirred. The boy was changing to the man. That quarter of an hour marked the transition period of his life. The old, free spirit was curbed. The masterful will became dominant. 'The little town rang with the story of the wrong. Everybody was enlisted for the boy except the ones whose sympathy and help he had the right to demand. They alone turned against him. Three days afterward he came to me and, with tears in his eyes, bade me good-by. He was going away—where, he did not know; how, he did not care. His mother, he said, had discredited him; his brothers said he was wrong and deserved the beating. That night he went. The iron had entered his soul, and he never forgot it."

"Gradually the affair was forgotten. In a little country town like this such things are not long remembered. The boys grew up and scattered; and, save an occasional chat over old times, Bogue's name was rarely mentioned. 'So eighteen years passed. One day when I returned from a professional call I found a man in my office. He was worn and seely, and ragged, and he had been drinking; he was lying on the sofa, and the fumes of liquor filled the room. 'What do you want?' I asked sharply. 'He sat up and gave me a quick, startled glance from his brown eyes in which there was something strangely familiar. But I did not recognize him until he said: 'I didn't think you'd remember me, Dave. I'm Bogue.' 'My dear fellow, where have you been?' 'Oh, I don't know. Nobody does; nobody cares. I'm a tramp. Have been a tramp three years; but what's the difference? Nobody cares.' 'But I care,' I replied. 'He shook his head sadly. 'Nobody here ever cared anything about me. I never even had a home. I just grew as I could. I used to wonder what a home would be like if a fellow had one of his own. Maybe if somebody had cared a rap whether I went right or wrong it would have been different.' 'He was hungry, dirty, cold, and had no money. I took him to my rooms, gave him a bath, got him some clothes and had him down to dinner with me. Something had sobered him wonderfully. After dinner we went back to the office, and he told me his story. 'There wasn't much to tell. When he left our town he had gone to a big railroad centre and found work. He got the opportunity and learned telegraphy. He had been gone fourteen years and was grown to manhood, when he was given a country station. There the old, old story was told again. He fell in love with the daughter of a business man, and became engaged to her. 'It was queer,' he went on, 'how the old longing for a home of my own came back over me. How we planned and arranged! Everything was ready, and the wedding day was almost come. I never dreamed of trouble; but, Dave—the day we were to have been married—she ran away with another fellow. He had seemed a good friend of mine, and had been helping me with the arrangements."

"That night I was wild. For the first time in my life I got drunk. I don't know how it was, but when I got her note it seemed as if I was on fire. I went down to the office drunk. The boys were astonished to see me so, but they had heard the story and understood. But, as if it were not enough to have the dream of my life ruined, I made a mistake in taking a train order, and the train was wrecked. A man was killed and a woman crippled for life. That night I went away. I started out to walk, and I have walked ever since. That was almost three years ago. 'And here I am. You're the first man in all that time who has had a good word for me. I went to see the boys—my brothers, when I got here. You know how it used to be with us. They would not speak to me. No, there's no use of my trying to brace up. I've tried it till I'm sick, and it's no go, so I guess I had better move on.' 'But I stopped him and made him stay with me. That was about a year ago. He stayed six weeks, and gradually got back into something like his old self. But I could see that his heart was gone, and that it was a strained effort he was making. In those six weeks his brothers never spoke to him once. Some of the old friends who were still here were really glad to see him; but he was very reticent, and spent all the time with me. 'One day he said he was ready to go to work again if he could get the chance. I had some influence in railroad circles, and we went down to headquarters together. He was a fine workman and thoroughly competent. So there was not much difficulty in getting him a place. I went with him out to his station, and saw him fairly installed before I came back. The morning that I left him he gave me a hearty hand-shake, and, looking me straight in the eyes, said, with quivering lips: 'Dave, old fellow, I'll be a man now.' So I left him. 'He never wrote to me but I heard of him occasionally, and always the report was a good one. He was keeping steadily at his work. In fact, it seemed, for he never associated with the young men of the town. His secret was his own and he kept it. 'So it went until, ten days ago, I got a message from him. He had been hurt in an accident and wanted me. I went at once, but there was no hope. The poor boy was beyond all human help, and it was merely a question of time. He knew it, and was not afraid. The old strength that I had seen in his face when the master so cruelly beat him came back again. The promise of his boyhood was fulfilled. 'I sat down beside him, and he told me how it happened. I kept my word, Dave,' he said. 'Sometimes it was pretty hard; but it's over now. It was a little homesome out here at times, too; but that's all right. I went up to Brady's station the other day to see the agent there. We stood on the platform, talking, while we waited for the passenger to come in. There was a through special coming ahead of the passenger. There were lots of people on the platform; but I did not notice any of them in particular until, just as the special swung by the yard target, a woman screamed: 'Oh, my baby!' There was a little baby girl just toddling across the track. She fell over the outer rail. I jumped and pushed her off, but somehow I slipped. Jack Dolan was pulling the train. He saw it, but he couldn't stop her. 'He paused, extended, then in a whisper he added, 'Dave, it was her baby. Good-by.' The soul of a hero had gone to its God.'—New York Independent.

The Prince and the Sentry. The following incident is related in a private letter in illustration of the steadfastness of the British soldier. When at Gibraltar, Prince Henry climbed the hill, and on approaching the summit at a certain point found himself stopped by a sentinel. 'No road this way?' 'Prince Henry told the man he only wanted to go to the brow of the precipice, so as to see the water on the other side. 'No! no thoroughfare!' replied the sentinel. 'But I am commander of the town,' said Prince Henry. 'All the same; no thoroughfare!' insisted the soldier. 'But I am a Russian Prince,' continued the commander of the town. 'No thoroughfare!' obstinately replied the sentinel, and Prince Henry abandoned the undertaking.

An Embarrassing Query. He—A true man will marry only for love. She—Well, what do you propose to marry for?—[Chatter.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE NEW BOOKS. Tramping thro' the passage, stamping on the stair, comes our bipedition, with such a noisy air.

Who? why, our four-foot baby, pulled in his Johnny Toot; In all the fall-blown daisy of small zozanes and hoos.

The baby sleeps, 'tween mother, 'tween softy, Johnny Toot; 'What matters it?' quoth Johnny, 'I am a man today.' With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

With noisy stifle still nothings, he loudly sings the doo; Jean spies him from the kitchen and rushes out before.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

Graphic Description of the Oncoming of a Wall of Flame.

A Fiery Ordeal Once Common in the Far West.

We all spring up to see one of the saddle horses—a veteran in years and experience—standing with his head high in the air and pointing due west. While he looks as fitly as if his eyes had lost their power to turn, his nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement. We watch him a full minute. He was the first to exhibit alarm, but now one horse after another throws up his head and looks to the west. 'It's the boys!' 'Had it been right we should have seen the reflection. Had there been a strong wind the odor would have come to us sooner. There is only a gentle breeze—languishing, dying under the fierce sun, but resurrected and given a new lease of life at intervals by an unknown power. But now we can see the smoke driving heavenward and shutting the line of the west from our vision—now the horses show signs that no man could mistake. A great wall of flame fifty miles in length is rolling towards us, fanned and driven by a breeze of its own creation, but coming slowly and grandly. It takes me two or three minutes to climb to the top of one of the trees, and from my elevated position I can get a grand view of the way of fire which is driving before it everything that lives.

We work fast. Blankets are wet at the spring and hung up between the trees to make a bulwark against the sparks and smoke, the horses doubly secured, camp equipment piled up and covered, and before we are through we have visitors. Ten or twelve buffaloes come thundering past the grove—halt and return to its shelter, crowding as close to the horses as they can and showing no fear at our presence. Next come three or four antelopes, their bright eyes bulging out with fear, and their nostrils blowing out the heavy odor with sharp snorts. One runs against me and kicks my hand.

Yelp! Yelp! Here are half a dozen wolves, which crowd among the buffaloes and tremble with terror, and a score of serpents race over the open ground to seek a wet ditch which carries off the overflow of the spring. Last to come, and only a mile ahead of the wave, which is licking up everything in its path, is a monster—a single animal which has somehow been separated from his herd. He comes from the north, racing to reach the grove before the fire shall cut him off, and he runs for his life. With his eyes laid back, nose pointing, and his ears fixed on the ground, his pace is that of a thunderbolt. He leaps square over one pile of camp outfit and goes ten rods beyond before he can check himself. Then he comes trotting back and crowds between two of our horses with a low whinny.

There is a roar like Niagara. The smoke drives over us in a pall like midnight. The air seems to be one sheet of flame. The wave has swept up to the edge of the bare ground, and is dividing to pass us by. We are in an oven. The horses snort, and cough and plunge, the wolves howl and moan as the heat becomes intolerable. Thus for five minutes, and then relief comes. The flame has passed, and the smoke is driving away. In this path is a breeze, every whiff of which is an elixir.

In ten minutes the grove is so clear of smoke that we can see every foot of earth again. A queer sight it is. It has been the latest of refuge for snakes, lizards, gophers, prairie dogs, rabbits, coyotes, wolves, antelopes, deer, buffaloes, horses, and men. All, antipathic and hunger-suppressed, for the moment that all might live—that each might escape the head in pursuit.

For half an hour nothing moves. Then the mustang flings up his head, blows the last of the smoke from his nostrils, and starts off with a flourish of his heels. The buffaloes go next, the deer and the antelope follow, and in five minutes we are left alone.

For fifty miles to the north, west and south there is nothing but blackness—a landscape of despair. Away to the east the wall of fire is still moving on and on, implacable, relentless, a fiend whose harvest is death, and whose trail is destruction and desolation.—[Detroit Free Press.

Getting Around It. Wickwire: Hello! I thought you stopped smoking on the first of the month? Yabsley: Well, I did. If a man can't go without smoking one day in each month he is an abject slave.—American Naturalist.

How the Dog Found the Handkerchief.

Can anyone match the following as an instance of canine intelligence? A party of children had spent the forenoon in a huckleberry pasture. A dog belonging to a Mr. Prindle, father of one of the children, had been with them. (If he was like a dog I know, he had hunted out a patch of blackberries, and had gone into business, picking and eating on his own account.) Upon their reaching home, it appeared that the Prindle girl had lost her pocket-handkerchief. The dog, being a remarkable animal, and up to such tricks, was sent back to find it. He came home after a while, dispirited and without the missing article. As it would never do to allow a precedent like this to become established, the owner went back with the animal to the field, and waited to see that he properly performed his task.

He was at first reluctant, and sat on his haunches for several minutes in a state of evident mental dejection. Suddenly he started up, all alert, with the air of having solved the problem, and what he did was this: He took his position a rod or so from the outside wall, and made a swift circuit of the entire field, keeping that distance from its boundaries. Returning to his starting point, he took a new course—a rod or two inside his former one, and encircled the field again as before. His next course was at the same distance inside that, and so kept on, till, as must in time inevitably happen, he found the handkerchief, and gave it to his master.

I have to confess that there is no element of tradition about the story of Mr. Prindle's dog, in this respect, that it belonged to a former generation, and that, while my informant himself of that generation, and acquainted with both master and dog, held it as an unquestionable fact, I cannot now absolutely verify.—Christian Union.

Children of Millionaires.

The richest helps in the United States, Pauline Astor, daughter of William Waldorf Astor, dresses in black for street wear, while the New York over-pondant of the Philadelphia Press. She gets driving every day in the Astor carriage, accompanied by her nurse and her two little brotles. She wears a plainly made gown of soft, black, woolen goods, a double-breasted jacket of black cloth, and a black Leghorn hat, trimmed with folds and rosettes of black muslin, de sils. At home she wears plain gowns of the finest French muslin, with hand run tucks and hand embroidered collars and skirts. The mill is—exquisitely fine that it is not sent to the laundry, but instead to the cleaners. There it is cleaned like silk or satin.

The most sensibly dressed children of the very rich families are those of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. Their nursery has every modern improvement, and none of the furniture is too fine to be adapted to daily use. The walls are papered in pale blue, with designs from Grimm's 'Fairy Tales' and pictures of different countries, with the fauna and flora of each country grouped around it. The two little children who live in this pretty room wear pretty wool dresses, made rather plain, and over them high necked and long sleeve linen aprons, finished with fluted ruffles at the neck and wrists. For dress occasions they have white silk and white mill dresses, made very simple, but sewed entirely by hand, and their laces and hats are pure white.

Harvesting Slam's Chief Crop.

When the race is ready for cutting in such it looks very much like an American oat or wheat field. It is laid in by it is cut with sickles, and stacked similar to American wheat. When the waters are slow in going down the farmers sometimes move through the fields in boats and cut off the heads of the rice and put them into baskets. The thrashing is done by buffaloes or oxen. A dry place is first picked out for a thrashing floor. The grass is cut off and the ground is made smooth and level, a coat of plaster of cow manure and water being spread over it to make it solid.

A Well-behaved Parrot.

A gentleman noticed a fine-looking parrot on a perch in a bird store the other day. As the bird was neither tied nor caged, the gentleman at once made some inquiries: 'Now, if I should buy that parrot,' he said finally, 'I suppose there is no danger of its running away?' 'No, sir,' replied the fancier. 'I will guarantee that parrot will stay where you put it and won't disturb your neighbors with its chatter. It is a stuffed bird. Nice job, isn't it?' 'Good morning,' said the gentleman, as he hastily left the store.

In the Woods.

How calm and cool. The water flows in and tremble; The men in green; Most odd, I wish; For merry men be there as well.

The southern breeze sighs through the trees; To those who sleep and listen; The forest flowers; With summer showers; So soft is the sunlight gleam.

IN MOROCCO.

'Ladies in waiting?' 'Oh, my dear! An American girl would stand her back turned.' 'A Plain Dealer.' A letter of praise to the state. 'The balance with the regular generally paid in his business. If a husband and wife are out, it is the man beside him when he stands by his wife? If a lady is dangerous, the legal profession contains the punishment men in the world. 'Why do you call that group of middle-aged ladies on the piazza an "American"? 'How can they be always out of your people? A young lady sent to a newspaper a poem entitled, 'I cannot make him smile.' Therein, venturing to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

'Oh, look at those big waves,' said the girl at the sea-house (whose are breakers, aren't they?) 'Yes,' said the old gentleman, as he looked at the bold bill, 'they are breakers.' 'She: 'Don't you think you had better have a shirt? Your shoes are very dirty.' He: 'Why, they don't need it; they are patent leather.' She: 'The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed.' American millionaires (in Paris, proudly) 'My daughter is being waited upon by a duke.' Old Traveler: 'Well, dukes make excellent waiters. There are several of them in our restaurant, too.'

Watches Made Unreliable.

People who ride on the electric cars on the Fourth Avenue line complain that their watches do not keep time. Some of them have appealed to the World for information as to the cause. Electrical experts say the meters on the electric cars are responsible. These meters are fed by storage batteries, which in turn are charged with a continuous current in a central station. The magnets of the meters magnetize the fine springs of watches, and the springs, being of hard steel, become permanent magnets. This leads the several coils to seek to get together, as other magnetic bodies do, and thus interfere with the movement of the watch's machinery. The continuous current dynamo in the electric light stations frequently so magnetize watches that they will not run at all until demagnetized. One of the electric-light companies maintains an instrument in the Equitable Building for the purpose of demagnetizing afflicted watches. The alternating current is much less severe on watches than the continuous current, but close proximity to one of the alternating dynamos will also often affect the reliability of a timepiece. The magnetization of watches has become so serious that a company has been organized to manufacture non-magnetic second springs.—[New York World.

Making Bottles by Machinery.

It is stated that a new process for making all classes of glass bottles by machinery has recently been perfected and patented by Mr. Samuel Washington of Harpury, Manchester. The patentee claims that bottles are by this process of manufacture likely to be produced at one-quarter the cost of labor, besides a better finished article being the result. The bottle is made completely in one operation, in place of two, as formerly. Thus the delicate operation of putting on the neck, which requires considerable skill and lengthy experience, will be omitted, and must of necessity result in an immense saving in its cost. It is claimed to effect a saving in this respect of from 50 to 70 per cent. Small articles, such as medicine and that class of wares which are imported from the Continent, will be produced at a cost which will meet Continental competition.