

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal reductions will be made.

Bells Ring Never Twice the Same. Do not think that yonder bell, Hung responsive in the tower, Minds us whether funeral knell Or a happy marriage bell...

LITTLE WHITE STONES.

It was in a lonely little fishing hamlet that poor little Ruth was born, on a night when a storm raged along the coast...

"I'm too frightened!" she said, in a trembling voice, and shaking like an aspen-leaf...

The baby changed into a little girl, faxen-haired, blue-eyed and rosy. The grandmother was still the trembling old eyes with terror in her pale face...

By and by, Ruthy began to make friends of her own age. When the sheep he sailed in was in port, Jack Parker, the cabin-boy of the Dancing Jennie...

"Nothing much," he said; "only some little white stones that I found in some oysters I was opening for the captain's mess. I said they are pretty and Ruth will like them."

in it. What with her grief for her grandmother and her anxiety about Jack, Ruth was well-nigh broken-hearted. She accepted the flat of her neighbors...

She had no time for sighing in the captain's brand-new red brick dwelling. She washed the dishes and polished the spoons and waited on the door and the table...

Go to the store, Ruth, and tell them to get me ten pounds of raisins and five pounds of currants and a pound of citron...

But she did live, and the child thrived. She had the cabin and a boat. The hire of the boat was about all she depended on...

Old Simon's store was empty in a twinkling. The loungers hurried up the road toward the dock. But before them flew a little figure that seemed to have wings...

Once when he came home he brought her another present. "Nothing much," he said; "only some little white stones that I found in some oysters I was opening for the captain's mess."

Ruth thought them beautiful, and made a little blue silk bag to keep them in. She had a few pretty things. And so the youth grew older and became a sailor...

Then Ruthy took his hand and kissed it, and thanked him and Heaven silently. "Where on earth have you been?" cried Mrs. Bright...

"I see him, indeed!" cried Mrs. Bright. "And so because a cabin-boy or a common sailor before the mast has come home, you've forgotten Captain Bright's pudding?"

It was a Christmas-day, and Ruth sat with Jack. She would lose her place for it, but she could not stay away. He could talk to her a little, and he said over and over again that if he had but the means to buy a little place that he could ferry her...

Poor little Ruth! Her bundle was put away in a cupboard. Mrs. Bright in her wrath had told her "take it and go." But Ruth, too, had a hopeful heart, and eventually might find a kinder mistress.

"I had forgotten," said Jack. "I come back to me now, Ruth, do you know, I believe they are pretty. I have seen some since, and they are found in such shells."

It seemed too good to be true, but true it was, nevertheless. The doctor wrote to the proper persons, and a jeweler came from New York to examine the pearls...

Washington's Handsome House. The first house in Washington today is that which is being built by Mrs. Z. C. Claiborne. It is on the corner of Sixteenth and K streets...

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WHAT COULD THE FARMER DO? There was an old farmer who had a cow. His name was Moo. She used to stand on the pump and baw, and what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who owned some sheep. His name was Baa. They used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who had a pig. His name was Oink. He used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who had a duck. His name was Quack. She used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who had a hen. His name was Cluck. She used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who had a rooster. His name was Cuckoo. He used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

There was an old farmer who had a goose. His name was Honk. She used to play cribbage while he was asleep. And what could the farmer do?

IN UNCLE SAM'S PAY.

Two Hundred Thousand Employees of the Government.

Their Salaries Amount, Annually, to \$175,000,000.

It requires the services of about 200,000 persons to run the government of the United States. Their salaries and wages amount to about \$175,000,000 per annum.

The pay-rolls of the United States government, if we should include pensioners, must contain nearly 1,000,000 names, for, according to the last report, there were nearly 340,000 pensioners on the rolls...

It will be observed that about one-sixty-second part of the population of the United States is drawing money directly from the government. There were in Washington alone, in 1889, over 16,000 persons employed by the government...

Nearly all the employees are now in the classified service, and are appointed after competitive examinations from the registers of the civil service commission. There are certain exceptions...

A gentleman who makes it a point always to carry a few nickels in his pocket for any apparently worthy mendicant whom he meets during his wanderings started to cross City Hall Park from the Park Row side yesterday afternoon...

The gentleman turned after taking a dozen steps and saw the seeds on drop his handkerchief. Instantly another beggar sidled up and also got a nickel. Like the first, he was profuse in his thanks and emphasized them by dropping his handkerchief.

Excited Lady—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you— Life Saver (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum. Excited Lady—Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?

Old Wells.

The descent into wells or pits is often attended with serious danger in consequence of the prevalence in these situations of air or gases not fit to be inhaled into the lungs. It occurs to us that a few precautionary hints on this subject may not be without their use.

When it is thought proper to clean out a well of any depth, or to make repairs upon it, no one should descend into it without taking care to ascertain the state of the atmosphere.

If the light be extinguished, the particular depth at which it ceases to burn should be remarked. Beneath that point, a man would as surely and as quickly be suffocated as the flame is quenched.

Over one of these points, or apertures, is placed a small glass funnel, formed in such a manner as to draw in air, excepting from the well below. Then a pipe of leather, like a common fire-pipe, is fitted into the other hole, and being of the necessary length, is made to descend nearly to the surface of the water.

Amber Growing Scarce. Genuine amber is by no means so plentiful as it was some years ago, and amber cigar-holders and pipe-stems will probably rise in price. The genuine amber is a fossil gum, which was produced in large quantities by trees having a resinous sap, which flowed down the trunks and collected in masses at the foot.

Ancient Remains. The town of Benares is the cradle of Hindostan and one of the most ancient cities on the globe. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, before Rome became known, and Cyrus had added India to the Persian monarchy, Benares had already risen to greatness, if not to glory.

Heat and Cold. Miss Stimpson—Of all things! Here comes Clara Short-shank with a fur cloak on. Miss Nonesuch (shivering)—I should think she'd roast.—[New York Weekly.

The Croakers.

Some people talk badly, and feel as good. To them life is all a trial. They sigh and snarl, and work their snarling staff. And troubles glare they feel. They see nothing but gloom in the present time.

Humorous. You-distrust—A hotel chambermaid. Man always likes to talk. He'll talk to you, but he'll also talk to his neighbors. When it comes to a question of society the best is not always the wisest.

Walter—Do you object to cigars? Mrs. Perry—Mrs. Perry—Never unless they are lighted. A young man never gets old enough to know how to talk well, but he knows the value of not talking at all.

How Red Cloud Gazed the Statesman. Judge J. K. South, of its eastern branch, has the strategy of being a chief of the Sioux Indians, writes Frank Carpenter, of the Washington Post, in 1849 and 1850 he went to the West with Governor Ramsey and Commissioner of Indian Affairs...

Red Cloud understood some English and he had no idea of reading the whites. There was a perfect understanding between a line and the lines, and he was saying the men things for him, supposing that only the interpreter understood him. Major Noah wanted until the last of the party had gone, and then, with a smile, asked Red Cloud how he liked Washington, being the thing but gauge. Red Cloud started back by surprise, and when he found that Noah had heard his whole harangue, he was very much annoyed and begged him not to tell anyone of it.—[Chicago Herald.

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