

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 Trundle-Bed Valley. I know a little valley, in among the mountains...

THE WOMAN'S ROSE.

I have an old brown carved box; the lid is broken and tied with a string...

There were other flowers in the box; a bunch of white anemone flowers, gauged by the strong hand of a man...

It was many years ago now; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small, up-country town.

Then I felt a hand touch my hair. "Stand still," she said.

The man who was hit by a rifle ball said that it was annotated by a bullet.

I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived along at my life; no one ever told me that I was beautiful and a woman.

She and I never spoke to each other. If we met in the village street we bowed and passed on; when we shook hands we did so silently.

At last the time for my going came. I was to leave the next day.

The evening came; when I arrived and went to the waiting room to take off my mantle, I found the girl already there.

"How nice dark hair is; it sets off flowers so," she stepped back and looked at it.

"You are so beautiful to me," I said. "Yes," she said, slowly; "I'm glad."

American Heiress—All is over between us, sir. I heard General Know-all say you were no count.

The Antiquity of Fishing.

Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing.

Certain hieroglyphs on ancient Egyptian monuments seem to indicate that the people who erected these monuments employed comarans to catch fish for them.

But perhaps the funniest thing to be told respecting the antiquity of fishing relates to the holy wasps which were winged in ancient Egypt.

Tests of Maple Sugar and Syrup. In selecting a cake of maple sugar to eat, shun the small, square, hard bricks that look as though they were composed of coarse sand and pounded glass.

A New Dyeing Industry. A new industry in the line of dyes is becoming of considerable importance.

Satisfactory Explanation. American Heiress—All is over between us, sir. I heard General Know-all say you were no count.

The man who was hit by a rifle ball said that it was annotated by a bullet.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

I used to say, "When I'm a man, I'll have my own boat; if I can, at least I know I'll go to sea."

The bright-colored, carmine-speckled, active trout is found in rapid and clear-running streams.

The crows one spring began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent.

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife, he banded the broken leg.

There was a great explosion of gunpowder in Rome, shattering blocks of buildings, killing many people.

When it was over he went into the hospital to help with such a black face from the powder.

It takes all sorts of ways to make people good, as children put it.

SHIPPING ORANGES.

Transporting the Fruit in Paraguay. A Procession of Women Loading a Steamer.

The two principal ports for shipping oranges are San Lorenzo and San Antonio. We staid at the latter, a lovely spot on the Paraguay river.

Not everybody knows how to eat radishes—yet everybody thinks that a very impudent thing to say.

Mr. Asker—They tell me that the bookkeeper of your firm is behind in his accounts; is that so?

Young Larry (out-yodeling)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck? Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rubber.

A curious variety of grass known as "sleepy grass" has been found in New Mexico, Texas, already and some parts of South Dakota.

Henry Wagner, an old German gardener, was digging in his garden the other day at Dubuque, Iowa.

The character of the soil in and around Rapid City, South Dakota, has a peculiar and marvelous property.

The wonders of the "Bad Lands" are equalled in no respect at least, by the mineral-saturated soil at Rapid City.

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The Sleeping Sea. Far away ships are sailing—Far, and faint and dim—Gleams of white, or glints of light, On the vague horizon's rim.

The worst all-around striker is the borrower. "Sailors says you're not his equal." "He's a lying sneak, I am."

It is sometimes easier for a man to complete a round of pleasure than it is for him to make things square afterwards.

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