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Nothing is lost. Nothing is lost; the woods and fields grow green again in spring. The earth and flowers are full of life--new life in everything.

The Cruise of the "Ice King"

BY GEORGE KETHEBERT WALSH. The ice had been so smooth and thick all winter that nearly all of the skins and furs had been sent down to the stations by pack-slides drawn over the ice by skaters.

Willis Livingston, the son of an old trapper living on the shores of the Eagle Lakes, had made an innovation in the business which had at least the marks of novelty and uniqueness.

He offered to make a weekly trip to the stations, carrying the skins and hides of the animals with him for a very small sum.

Jim Carson was his only competitor. Jim was a rough, gruff old trapper who did not believe in modern conveniences, and when Willis proposed to carry his skins for him on his new ice-boat, the man replied:

"No, thank'ee; I kin carry my own skins. That old hunk of yours ain't goin' to prove much of a success. It ain't no good. Ye can't depend on it, an' it'll be wrecked some time."

"Then I'll pay for all the skins that's lost," Willis replied. "Where would ye get the money? No, thank'ee; ye ain't comin' round me with any new-fangled notions. I kin carry my own skins faster than ye kin with that boat."

Willis smiled and told him that he could beat him one-half the way from Eagle Lakes down to Aroostook station, and have several hours to spare at that.

"Now, ye can't do any such thing, but ye can brag." Willis met the old trapper one day, skating leisurely along the river, drawing a sled piled high with furs behind him. The man was a fine skater, and though he had no grace about his strong form, he could make the skates spin.

A very light wind was blowing and the ice-boat moved slowly. Willis longed for a fair breeze, for he saw that old Jim was going to prove his claim by racing with him. The trapper waited until the ice-boat was even with him, and then he said:

"I suppose ye think that ye can beat me now? I ain't in none too good trim, but I can beat that rig." "There isn't much wind to-day," Willis replied, doubtfully, "and this is as fast as I can go 'untill the wind freshens up."

"Well, then, if this is your fast travellin', I'll leave ye; an' wait in Aroostook for ye." The old trapper laughed a loud, grating laugh, and then moved swiftly ahead of the boat. Willis could only make the best of the situation, and trust to the wind for better speed.

He watched the trapper gain rapidly on him, and once or twice he saw him wave his rifle over his head as a token of farewell.

"Now, Jim Carson, look out for your laurels," Willis muttered, exultantly. "I'll pass you now before night." About three in the afternoon he caught sight of the trapper, who was still skating vigorously along.

The man saw the ice-boat coming and he quickened his speed. But he might as well have tried to escape an express train, for the ice-boat swept down upon him with the speed of the wind.

"Good-by, Jim," Willis shouted, as he came up to the skater; "I'll wait for you at Aroostook." The old trapper exerted every muscle in his body to keep abreast of the ice king, but in half a minute he was several lengths in the rear.

The ice king reached the trading station long before sundown, and discharged her cargo before Jim came up with his pack-sled. Willis was arranging to take back a load of provisions and other useful articles, and the following morning was spent in loading the ice king.

Jim, on the contrary, started to return in the forenoon, determined to beat his young rival back to Eagle Lakes. He was tired with his exertions of the previous day, but his sled was light and his heart was strong.

Willis had another object in waiting until the afternoon: the wind was dead against him in returning, and a change was expected before night. In the afternoon it shifted around to another quarter, and the sails of the ice king were hoisted.

It was a fine afternoon, but there were indications of a cold, windy night. The wind howled and moaned among the trees on either side of the river, and in two hours it was necessary to keep on the leeward side of the wooded shore to avoid the gusts of wind.

Jim Carson had made good time, and he had several hours the start. The afternoon waned and darkness settled over the land early. The cold was intense, and Willis had to beat his hands to keep them warm.

In the distant woods he could hear the howling of the wolves and the shrieks of the night-birds. "How I wish some wolves would come for me and give me a race!" he said, laughing heartily at the thought.

He did pass one or two of the animals on the ice, but the boat swept by so suddenly that they did not have time to think of chasing it. As the darkness increased, it became more difficult to see objects on the ice.

My only danger is running against a snag. Going at this rate everything would go to smash if I hit anything." He sped on rapidly for half an hour after he had, and then the sound of wolves ahead of him attracted his attention. They seemed to be on the ice directly in his path.

He peered as far ahead in the darkness as he could, and in so doing he did not see objects close to him. Suddenly there was a crash, and the splinters of some heavy object flew into the air. The boy jumped back in fright, but the ice king kept steadily on her course.

He gave a quick glance behind him, and in the dim light he caught a glimpse of Jim Carson's sled. "Gracious! has anything happened to him?" he gasped.

"Skate up to the other shore and I'll come for you," Willis shouted, "I can't step here." The trapper mechanically obeyed the order. The ice king was then brought up close to the wind, and her course changed so that she would cross directly in the path of the howling wolves.

The animals slackened their speed a little at the sight of this strange apparition, and the boat had ample time to pass ahead of them. When just abreast of them, Willis took his Winchester and shot several times right into the pack.

His shot was effective, for the whole pack stopped, and growled over their dead and wounded comrades. While they were tearing the flesh off the victims, the ice king was heading for Jim Carson again.

The boat ran in front of him, and then she was brought up into the wind so suddenly that her headway was checked. She came almost to a standstill before the sail filled on the other side.

"Now quick, Jim, get on her," the young ice-boatman shouted. The trapper skated up to her, and dropped down upon the welcome boards exhausted. The wolves had, meanwhile, started in pursuit again.

The chase was not over. To get headway on this tack, Willis had to let the boat run right down the howling pack. The animals saw it coming, and stopped in consternation, but ready for a spring.

When within a few rods of the wolves, Willis brought her around on the other course, allowed the sheet rope to run, and the sail to fill from behind. She whistled along with tremendous speed; but one of the foremost wolves gave a mighty spring, and landed directly in her path.

There was a crunching of bones and the wolf was crushed into a mass of jelly. Away the ice king sped under a full head of sail, and in five minutes the pack of wolves were nearly out of sight. Five minutes more and they gave up the chase.

Carson said nothing but simply watched the ice king sail. When they had covered ten miles he ejaculated: "Wonderful! wonderful! Ye always carry my skins after this. This rig has saved my life, and I can thank 'ee for it." (Harper's Weekly.)

Power of the Bee. In a recent work on the bee, Mr. F. W. Cowan states that the insect can draw twenty times its own weight, can fly more than four miles an hour, and will seek food at a distance of four miles.

Examples of the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were brought before the Physical Society of Geneva, at a recent meeting, by M. Fatio. The snipe received especial credit as a surgeon of remarkable skill.

The fattest babies. The fat babies from Stone county were on exhibition at the Monet reunion. They are both girls. The oldest, aged five years, weighs 107 pounds and the youngest, aged two and one-half years, weighs 93 pounds.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

JACK FROST. Jack Frost, he is with us again; He comes every winter, you know; But we're hardy and bold, And we don't mind the cold.

"I DON'T CARE A RAPE." Sometimes these words are wafted past my pulpit from the lips of some defiant boy or girl--who, by the way, may care a great deal in spite of this off-hand assertion to the contrary.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE-CRACKERS. The reason why the smell of burnt powder and smoke from firecracker stumps is so grateful to boys is not far to seek. It is the sudden force shown in the explosion and the little sense of danger, as well as the noise, that pleases the youth.

SHERMAN AND THE COLOR GUARD. No doubt most boys and girls have met with the words "erving the flag" but I dare say that few of them know how literally the phrase expresses the sentiments of army and navy officers.

SAIPE SURGERY. Examples of the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were brought before the Physical Society of Geneva, at a recent meeting, by M. Fatio.

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WHALE FISHERIES.

Facts About an Important but Languishing Industry.

Down East Harpooners Now Rendezvous at San Francisco. A bulletin recently issued from the Census Department is devoted to the business done out of United States ports in the whale, fur, seal and sea otter industries for the year 1889.

The first table is devoted to the whale fleet of the United States, giving the names of vessels, their rig, ports, net tonnage and whaling grounds. It shows a total of 101 vessels engaged in the service, over one-half of which are larke and about one-quarter schooners.

The total amount of money represented by the business is \$1,313,275. Of this the vessels represent over one-half, \$694,000, the apparatus \$347,639, the remainder being credited to a cash and credit capital and to other investments.

The total catch for the year was 780 whales, of which 547 were sperm, 109 right, 121 bowhead and the remainder hump-back, finback and black-fish. The product of 198 was brought to San Francisco, a majority of which, 88, were bowhead.

Another industry to which the bulletin devotes attention is the fur seal and sea otter fisheries. Twenty vessels are engaged in this, and with a single exception every one of the twenty sails from ports on the Pacific coast.

During the year five vessels valued at \$65,000, were lost, carrying down with them 22 members of their crews. Another industry to which the bulletin devotes attention is the fur seal and sea otter fisheries.

There is a new book entitled "How to Keep Dogs in a City." A fortune awaits the author who will tell how to keep cats out of a city.

Honors to the Flag in the Navy.

I am not so familiar with the customs of the army in regard to the flag; but in the navy I know they are admirable, and decidedly worthy of emulation in civil life.

A few minutes before sundown a bugle-call sounded from the flag-ship, and the call was immediately repeated by the bugler in the other ships of the squadron.

"Hail down, sir." "All right," said the officer of the deck. "Sound off." At that order the bugler of the Yankee blew the lovely call, "Living Colors."

The moment he sounded the first note, the officers rose from their chairs, took off their caps, and stood silent in respectful attitude, while the two seamen slowly landed down the colors, bringing them to the rail as the call came to an end.

Here is a correction: "The term horse power was derived from the power of a horse, as established by James Watt, who found by experiment that the average mill horse could lift 150 pounds, when attached to a rope over a pulley, at the continuous speed of 2 1/2 feet per minute or 1 1/2 miles per hour.

The smallest banker. Robert Phillips and child, Jacob C. Phillips, Miss Eleanor Phillips and B. F. Collins and wife, a party from Berlin, a little mountain town in Somerset county on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, ate dinner at the St. Charles the other day.

No Illiterate in Bavaria. According to the late military statistics there are no illiterate persons in Bavaria. Among 2772 recruits enlisted in the army in the Palatinato there were only three individuals who could not read or write.

Tending the Hens.

Mattie, let you mind them hens. And shoo 'em out away from here. They're scratching all the garden up. Why, Tidy's gone, wa, wa, that's queer. She hasn't come, as a rule.

The royal chief does things to the Queen's taste. The harness manufacturer is the only successful rein-maker. Time heals all things except wounded pride and old rubber boots.

There is something like a good batter in the hour of need. People who can't afford to follow the fashion usually try to follow the people who do follow it.

Flowers Good for Eating. Flowers may some day enter more largely than at present into the list of foods for human consumption. A writer, as is remarked by a recent reader, they are much more widely employed for purposes of diet than is commonly imagined.

Another variety of the cabbage, called "brocoli," is grown on alluvial soil that has been reclaimed from the sea. It is a distinctively maritime plant and to secure for its maintenance as nearly as possible like its natural food, standards are gathered on the beaches for manure.

Yellow pond lilies make thoughtful preserves. The flowers of the Judas tree are made into fritters, with water added, or mixed with salads, or sometimes the flowers are pickled in vinegar. Nasturtium flowers are often used in salads.

Every one has seen and many have eaten violets, ranunculus and rose petals in the form of preserves and candies. The flowers of the Judas tree are made into fritters, with water added, or mixed with salads, or sometimes the flowers are pickled in vinegar.

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