

The Chatham Record.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes 'One square, one insertion', 'One square, two insertions', 'One square, one month'.

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

A Recipe for a Day.

Take a little dash of water cold. Add a little lemon of prayer. And a little bit of sunshine gold dissolved in the morning air.

HUMOROUS.

Called down—The juvenile mousetraps.

The man who has horses and carriages for hire believes in a stable currency.

Toxic—What a nice fresh complexion Miss Peachbottom has. Jessica—Yes, fresh every day.

Visitor—How does the land lie out this way? Native—It ain't the land that lies air. It's the land agents.

Now, that is what I call a good head for business," soliloquized the barber as the long-haired poet entered the shop.

Her Father—What do you mean by kissing my daughter, sir? Her Lover—Certainly not on account of her likeness to you.

Mallet—your wife seems to be of a very pleasant disposition. She is always smiling. Husband—It isn't that—it's good teeth.

Did Miss Galsin look upon your suit with favor? "Oh, yes; she thought the clothes were all right, but she objected to the waister.

"I'll speak my mind at last," he cried. "To long this right has been denied!" And then she said, this maid unkind. "A small smile will speak your mind."

When a man flings himself down on the sitting room couch the presumption is that he proposes to take it easy on the home stretch.

Concerning telephones and high rates people will be satisfied to get the matter right in the ear; they don't want it continually in the neck.

She—Charles, why are you so much opposed to piano duets? He—From principle. I think it's cowardly for two persons to attack one piece of music.

First New Yorker—I rode down town on the elevated this morning. Second New Yorker—Very crowded? First New Yorker—Not in the least; I had a strap all to myself.

Stranger—How much are turkeys a pound? Fowltryman—Ten cents. Stranger—Any reduction if I take a quantity? Fowltryman—Certainly. Stranger—Then give me five pounds.

Proprietor of Dime museum—Where is Professor Gummage, the man with the iron jaw today? Attendant—Gummage? Oh, he broke his jaw this morning over a piece of steak at his boarding house.

A Stone Carrot.

One of the finest specimens of vegetable petrification ever exhibited to Helena was recently brought to town by Hector Cady. This specimen is a carrot, little more than nine inches in length, with about an inch of the tip broken off.

Eyes With Double Pupils.

A remarkable belief is that which ascribes supernatural powers to the Bitus, Bith, or Bethus, persons said to have double pupils in each eye. Apollonides alludes to these people under the heading, "About the Bithum." He says: "There are certain femalis in Scythia who are known as Bithos, and Phylarcus states that a tribe of the Thaur in Pontus, and many other people as well, have a double pupil in the one eye and in the other the figure of a horse or some other animal."

These persons, so say all the ancient writers, were possessed of both mucus and supernatural powers. Even Cicero says that the glance of all women with the double pupil in the eye is noxious, blighting and withering. Cadius tells us that such persons would not drown; still others say that if they did drown the body would never sink, neither would it decay. They could cure the disease of the chest (consumption) by rubbing their perspiration on the affected parts of the individual, and in case the double pupils were red instead of black they could cure the lepers and the blind.—[St. Louis Republic.]

A Mexican Art.

A Mexican artist has taken space in the World's Fair for a pottery where Indian and Mexican potters will make busts of living men in sight of the multi-obs. As a peculiar quality of clay, found only at Guadalajara, is the only material they can work with, a large quantity, some seventy tons, will be taken to Chicago for this purpose.

A Young Giant.

"Is the baby strong?" "Well, rather." "You know what a tremendous voice he has." "Yes." "Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour."—[Texas Siftings.]

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

A Curious Machine Which Is Said to Work Perfectly.

It Transmits Writing and Pictures by Wire.

The very latest thing in telegraph instruments is called the teltautograph, or long-distance writing machine. It consists of a transmitter and a receiver associated for use at one station. The mechanism of the machine is extremely simple and direct. An ordinary lead pencil is used in transmitting. Near its point two silk cords are fastened at right angles to each other. These connect with the instrument, and, following the motions of the pencil, regulate the impulses that control the receiving pen at the distant station.

The writing is done on ordinary paper five inches wide, conveniently arranged on a roll attached to the machine. A lever is so moved by the hand as to shift the paper forward mechanically at the transmitter and electrically at the receiver. The receiving pen is a capillary glass tube placed at the junction of two aluminum arms.

It is supplied with ink, which flows from a reservoir, through a small tube placed in one of the arms. The electrical impulses, coming over the wire, move the pen of the recorder simultaneously with the movements of the pencil in the hand of the sender. As the pen passes over the paper an ink tracing is left, which is always a fac-simile of the sender's motions, whether in the formation of letters, figures, signs or sketches.

There is practically no limit to the work that this machine will do," said John H. Bryant. "Wherever a record is required it is invaluable. From his office a business man can send instructions to the factory, close by or many miles distant, and have them delivered in his own handwriting. A broker dealing by wire can give quotations and execute orders to buy and sell securities without danger of dispute. A physician may wire his prescription to a druggist, using the arbitrary code of the profession, confident that no mistake will be made in the transmission. A reporter writing up a fire or an accident of any kind, can send to his paper a sketch of his subject taken on the spot. Supt. Byrnes wishing to notify all the police precincts at once of the escape of a burglar could not only do so as quickly as by telegraph but he could be sure that his orders were transmitted in his own writing, and an accurate description of the man could be sketched at the same time if necessary."

Speaking of the telephone Mr. Bryant said that the teltautograph would become more popular than the former instrument, because there would be no buzzing on the wires, and no questions to be asked and answered perhaps a dozen times before getting a definite reply. "This tangle of ours," said he, "will keep moving along and have your message all recorded before the telephone is through buzzing. There will be no more strikes of messenger boys, for while we are waiting for the boy to come, the message, written on the machine, will be at its destination. Then, again, a man can go away and leave his machine locked up in his desk. When he returns in one, two or half a dozen days, he will find the messages sent to him by his friends all recorded on the roll paper in his desk."

In cities and towns the teltautograph will be operated on the exchange or central station plan, in much the same manner as the telephone is now worked. Prof. Elisha Gray, the inventor of the teltautograph, has devoted his life to the perfection of communication by electricity. He invented the musical telephone, and history, his friends say, will give him credit for inventing the speaking telephone and the harmonic telegraph.—[New York World.]

Business at the New York Post-Office.

The most interesting details which can be told of the New York Post-office relate to the amount of business transacted in each division, for only in this manner can a true idea of the importance of this office be obtained. I have already given the grand totals, but these are made up of many interesting items. For instance, the international money orders received and certified to Europe in 1891 numbered nearly a million, and aggregated nearly sixteen and a half millions of dollars. The European country with which the New York Post-office had the largest transactions through its Money-order Department was Great Britain, the items amounting to nearly

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE MISS MIDGET. Little Miss Midget is all in a flutter. Her ears as a mother are really ringing. Enough to make her dizzy. "Oh, have you seen Polly?" My last little dolly. I'm so careful of her, but I've been ringing. I've left her—I don't know where!

"What did she wear?" Her own ringlet hair. One little red shoe, her—yes, her gold pocket. And—oh, her beautiful smile! Don't cry little Midget. Be foolish to flidget. For there, in plain view, sticking out of your pocket.

Were Polly's poor legs all the while. [New Orleans Picayune.]

WHAT IS GUM ARABIC?

Gum arabic is a juice which comes from the bark of the acacia tree. It hardens as it runs, and forms in lumps the size of a pigeon's egg. Morocco is the best producing country for this gum, and the native Moors live upon the money which they get from its sale. About the 1st of January the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest to gather their annual harvest of gum. Little Moorish boys are sent into the woods to gather the egg-like lumps from the outside of the trees, while their elders load it upon camels and prepare to carry it to the seaports. In its natural state the gum is very nourishing. Three ounces of it, or a lump not much bigger than an egg, will supply a little Moor with food for a whole day. Six ounces are allowed for a man.—[N.Y. Ledger.]

JOHNIE'S TAME SPARROW.

Last summer, writes John C. Miller, I found a sparrow as I was playing in the street. It had been wounded by some cruel boy and it could not fly. I took it up tenderly and started for home.

When I was near the house I saw some boys coming toward me with beanshooters. I hastily put the bird under my jacket, for fear that they would take it from me. I then went into the house.

My mother bathed the wound and gave the bird something to eat. The next morning it was a little better; sometimes it would fly up and sit on the top of a picture that hangs in the kitchen, just over where my sister sits, and would eat the flies as they flew past.

When it was strong enough to fly away, my father took it out and put it on a bush, but after my father had gone in the house and closed the door it flew back into the house through the window.

The sparrow grew to be very tame, and would eat from my hand. It lived with us about three weeks, and one morning when we arose he was gone. We were all very sorry to lose it, and I hope to have another pet this summer.—[New York Recorder.]

GETTING OUT OF BED THE WRONG WAY.

Whenever little boys and girls are cross, it is a sure sign they must have gotten out of bed the wrong way.

As a general thing, Leonard is a very good little boy, indeed, but even the best little boys will sometimes get up in the morning feeling cross at everything and everybody, without knowing just why. When this happens to Leonard, his mamma will say: "Oh, Leonard, jump right into bed again, quick."

"But why, mamma?" "Oh, I'm sure you get out of the bed with the wrong foot, so get into bed again dear, and try to get out with the right foot this time."

So Leonard will take off his shoes and stockings and climb into bed again.

"Which foot must I put out first, mamma?"

"I don't know, Leonard," says his mother, "only be sure to put out the right foot. I can always tell two minutes after you get up if you have put out the right one."

And then Leonard is so busy looking for the right foot to put out of bed first, that he forgets he ever was cross.

I think if every little boy and girl would follow Leonard's example, and get back into bed again when they get up cross in the morning, and stay there until they find the right foot, it would be ever so much nicer. Don't you think so, too?—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Still Missing.

Yalsley—Did you ever tackle any of these "missing word" contests? Mudge—Yes. The missing word was "yes," but I could not get her to say it.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Rabbits have become a pest in parts of Kansas. A bounty of five cents each is paid for rabbit scalps in Barber County.

don't believe I ever shall succeed, and—

There was a little pause, during which Elsa's sobs grew full of dreary despair.

"You must go home, Elsa."

There was a protesting movement of her palpitating little figure.

"Yes, you must go back to your people. You are too tender, too delicate, too sensitive for this sort of life. You know I told you," the girl went on, a little wearily, "that making one's own living and striking out independently for one's self was not so easy as it might seem. If a girl has a good home, even though it were ever so simple a one, she is, perhaps, safest and happiest in its shelter."

"You mean a girl like me," said Elsa, sitting up and nodding her head with dreary sagacity. "You know that nothing would induce you to go back to the sort of life which I should lead on the farm with grandfather and Aunt Polly. But you are different. Some day you will surely succeed, whereas I—"

Laura was silent a moment.

"And Mr. Varian?" she finally said.

"She felt the presence of the blush on the other's cheek which she could not see.

"Don't, don't! Don't speak of him in—in that way!" breathed Elsa.

"Come in," said Laura a week later.

The summary invitation had evidently not been heard, for the knock was repeated after a discreet interval.

This time Laura rose, and, pencils in hand, opened the door herself.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Varian," she said, gravely. "Come in."

Of the two it was not she who was embarrassed. Laying down her pencils she pushed a chair slightly towards him with the gesture of a queen.

"Mr. Varian," she said, "I have known you but a short time. Practically we are strangers. Yet I think we shall understand each other. I do you the credit of believing that I can speak frankly to you. I asked you to come here to see me for a special reason, which I shall broach at once. You are aware," she concluded, "that Elsa—Miss Hart—has returned to her home and friends?"

"Indeed? I had no idea of it. No."

Laura dropped her eyes for a moment.

"You make it more difficult for me to say what I wished," she observed in a moment. "She has gone back to friends because she was far too sensitive and delicate a little creature to face the hard-mouthed, struggling existence of a female art student successfully. She should never have attempted it. I blame myself now, for I love the child dearly. Still, her year of such experience as she has known here would do her no harm, rather good, perhaps, were it not for one thing," and here those gray eyes rested full upon the young man again. "and with that you, Mr. Varian, are connected."

The gray eyes flashed scornfully.

"It is unworthy to disseminate!" cried Laura. "If you have given that poor child cause to think that you love her, and have taught her to love you in return, there is no reason why you should attempt so to conceal the fact."

"Pardon me, I have been unnecessary. By rule and by duty. But I am Elsa's best friend, I think. I know her very thoroughly. Her happiness seems to have become, in some sense, my responsibility since she left the safe shelter of her home to be with me—to try the same life that I have tried. Mr. Varian, I believe Elsa is very unhappy now. And—"

"And you think she is unhappy because I have trifled with her affections? Led her to fix them upon me when—"

"Of course, you are a man of the world, Mr. Varian, and Elsa is a mere little country girl," interrupted Laura, with rapid utterance. Her case, somewhat, did not seem so very clear after all. And strong and collected as she was, she was growing strangely nervous now.

"But Elsa is worthy to be the wife of any man," she hurried on. "And"—she paused abruptly.

"I honor you more than I can say for what I have seen of you in the last ten minutes," said Varian's voice at this juncture. "Few women would have had such directness, such loyalty to a friend, such courage. But there is a mistake here. I—I cannot marry Miss Hart."

Laura raised her head. For a moment they measured each other.

"You cannot marry"—

"No. Because I do not love her. I have looked upon her as a pretty child—nothing more; and mindful of her grandfather's kindness to me the summer that I was thrown from my horse when riding near his place, and laid up under his roof for weeks, I have tried to do what little I could for her. That is all. I sought her out, not for herself, but because she was your friend—because she was near you."

She had turned ashy pale. The pallor of her cheek was reflected on Varian's. He had not thought to speak so soon. Their eyes held each other for a long, breathless pause. In an instant the young man was on his knees at her side.

"Laura! Laura!"

"No, no, no!" She shrank away from his touch; but he had seen the expression of her eyes, and all his pulses beat in the intoxication of a new hope.

"You must go away; you must never come back," she cried hoarsely.

"Laura! You can't mean that?" the poor fellow gasped.

"She had risen to her feet.

"Why? Why?" she stammered, following her as she retreated from him. A light burst upon him, induced by something in her face.

"It cannot be that— You are not thinking of Elsa, of Miss Hart? But this is folly, madness! For a girl like you—head and shoulders above other women—such a stand is 'incomprehensible!'"

"She loved you—she trusted me," said Laura, rigid and white in her effort at self-control.

"Good heaven!" the man exclaimed, driven to bay, "you would not have me marry a girl I do not love simply because she happened to fancy otherwise? I deplore the delusion, but what more can I do? Laura," he pleaded, "you will not say me nay?"

"Yes." She still stood rigid, with downcast eyes.

"At least," he pleaded again, "will you not tell me that you care for me—a little?"

Not even then would she raise her eyes.

"Very well. I shall go now, but I shall come back. Do you hear me? Time works many changes—and I shall return."

And, so saying, he left her.

But she never hoped for his return. She never expected it.

The last of the warm days had flown; the autumn afternoons were growing short. Laura worked on, leading her own solitary life.

She had resigned herself to the solitude in which she seemed to have been abandoned. Her pencil never faltered in these days. But the hand that wielded it had grown thin and white, and the blue veins showed like delicate tracery under the transparent skin.

She was coming home late one dark afternoon, when, in the gloom filled landing before her door, she made out an indistinct form. It did not move at her approach, and only when she had thrown open the door did she recognize who it was.

Then she staggered back a little.

"You see, I have come back—as I told you I would," said Varian.

In the stronger light of the room he saw how changed she was and how she trembled.

"Laura—my poor girl!"

Even then she strove to push him from her.

"Good heaven, Laura!" he cried, stepping back, "do you not know that Elsa Hart is married?"

"Married?"

He drew a folded newspaper from his pocket.

"You see, she was married two weeks ago, and to a man I happen to know, a clever young artist, rising in his profession, who spent his summer sketching on her grandfather's farm. Now, Laura, will you come to me?"

"Oh, how could she, how could she?"

"Forget me so soon?" laughed Varian. "Fardon me, dearest, but I think you rather overrated the depth of her feelings. She liked me no better than she would have liked any other man who happened to be a little kind or attentive to her. She is a dear, sweet little woman, but"—he broke off immediately—"why should we talk of her. You have not yet answered a question I once put to you."

"What question?" The girl's eyes would not meet his.

"I asked you once if you cared for me—a little."

Then, indeed, her gray eyes met his with the full glance of the Laura of old.

"I think—I have always cared—for the first—more than a little," she said.—[Wax Boston Post.]

Old, Tried and True.

A song I sing to all that's old— old, tried and true. Ah, I would fain The lanes with the sweetest hold.

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WON AT LAST.

Elsa came in with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes.

Laura, bending over a spirit lamp on the lustered table, glanced up from her brewing.

"I waited awhile for you, but as you did not come"—she observed, lifting the small copper kettle from the slender blue flame.

"Why did you wait one moment?" cried Elsa.

"She lingered somewhat over the simple operations of removing her gloves and putting up the books she brought in. She presently gathered herself together with an effort.

"Did you get any lunch for yourself?"

Laura was calmly sipping her tea.

"No."

"No?" Laura, how could you? To work all day without eating! Do you mean to say that you have had nothing at all since breakfast?"

Laura, instead of replying, cast a circular glance about the room.

"What became of the bun? We had some bun left, had we not?"

Elsa went to an ancient and somewhat picturesque chest of drawers, and from under an improvised drape of half a yard of old brocade brought out a paper bag.

Their eyes met, and in a moment both girls had broken into long shrieks of laughter, ending on Elsa's part with a half-strangled sob.

"Oh, Laura, I'm afraid I can't stand it much longer! It is so—so degrading!"

"Degrading?"

Laura had consumed her bun and was now gathering up the two Japanese caps and saucers.

"Did you lunch to-day?"

"Yes."

"With Mr. Varian, I suppose?"

Elsa only made a little motion with her pretty head. Then:

"Oh, Laura, you don't think there's any harm in it, do you?" she pleaded.

"Harm?"

"In your case—no, I don't think there is any harm—exactly."

"Laura," you say that so cautiously! Don't you think Mr. Varian is—"

"An honorable man? I hope so," rejoined Laura, coloring in her turn rapidly under her rich, dark skin.

"In any