

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.

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The Sunlight. The sunlight, the sunlight, It cometh space! It breaks through the dim light Of night-shadowed space!

LUCINDY'S LOVE AFFAIR

BY BELLE BATHFIELD.

They say every Jack has his Jill. Well, perhaps; but there is one Jill left over in a small white house in Lisbon, New Hampshire.

Since her father's death, forty years before, Lucindy had lived alone, busied by looking after the old homestead and the kitchen garden.

There had never been any romance in Lucindy's life, even in her girlhood, when the now faded hair was faintly tinged with gold.

Her life was spent, as it always had been, in household duties, in minding the patch of a garden, and "dropping in" on the neighbors.

Her life had been monotonous and barren enough—until Zachary came. Zachary usually drove up on Sunday, after meeting and hitched his dejected mare to a part in the fence.

Lucindy would be sitting by the window in the black horse-chair, reading the big illustrated Bible on her lap.

It had been her habit of late to ask Zachary to remain to dinner of a Sunday, and he would grin and reply to the stereotyped invitation to dine with "a lone woman" like herself.

And when all was ready and the trio sat down, Lucindy piously asked the divine blessing, after which, as Zachary would have expressed it, they "fell to."

Lucindy always wore her best black silk on those delightful occasions, and latterly the busy-bodies accused her of wearing gay little ribbon bows in her caps.

She sat on the edge of her chair ready to pass anything her guest might desire, watching his plate more constantly than her own.

She ate very little and talked with tact about crops and cattle and the prospect of the sugaring for next year, because Zachary cared little for church matters.

people began to joke about Zachary and Lucindy "a-keepin' company," and when, early one August morning, Zachary and another man appeared in front of the former's house with long ladders and pots of fresh white and yellow paint, the neighbors were as sure Zachary and Lucindy were going to get "hitched" as if the marriage intentions had already been published.

Lucindy looked younger and pryer than she had for many a year, people said, and the faint pink that was often seen in her cheeks now rendered quite becoming the bit of artificial lilac, with spikes of quivering jet oats, which she added to her black bonnet of many seasons.

The Sunday after his house was painted, white and yellow, with shining green blinds and curtains from the city, Zachary and Lucindy walked to church together, followed by Mary Caroline in a short, ill-fitting gown.

The little church was crowded. Many were standing, for every available seat, including the fireless stoves, was occupied.

Following the sermon was the funeral of a little old woman who had literally dried away, and an entertainment—for that is what it seems to be to them—is rare, if ever, neglected in New Hampshire.

Lucindy was perfectly conscious of the interest the townspeople took in her love-affair, as she looked up at the plink which she had planned in her tall companion's coat that morning, and then above to the good-natured red face she had learned to care for so much.

"Square" Plympton, joggling along the road after them, thought they were well matched even though Zachary was a couple of years younger than the little spinster.

"I shall have them in the office soon, I suppose," he thought with a chuckle as he dismounted at his door.

In the evening Zachary appeared. Lucindy felt that the crisis had come. Zachary wore his best "store" clothes and a tucked "billed" shirt with a white satin cravat.

He was carefully shaved and perfumed with patchouli; his hair was slick and shiny with applications of hair-grease.

Lucindy felt strangely agitated. Her little old heart beat loudly and she pressed her hand against it, for she fancied almost that Zachary might bow her to, and read his answer to soon.

Zachary measured his thumbs in silence. They listened a moment to Mary's shrill, girlish voice in the north parlor, and then Zachary hitched his chair nearer to Lucindy's and cleared his throat.

"Lucindy," he said, in an earnest, low voice; "Lucindy, Gregg ain't a purty name, an' I knows it; but it's all I got to offer."

"Any woman who loved you would be proud to be Mrs. Zachary Gregg," answered the little woman, tenderly, a great joy filling her breast.

"Dyer really think so, Lucindy? Well, now, I got a good big lump in the Lisbon bank—four thousand an' odd—an' a house in the teova here," he began, excitedly.

Lucindy allowed the hand nearest Zachary to slip down to his knee, and a happy little smile parted the thin lips.

"Lucindy," pleaded the lover, won't you ask her, now? Mary's so kinder peart-like I'm sorter skeert to ask her ter marry a lone like I.—[Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Our Sweet Naval Bells. The best gift that any American city has made to the cruiser named after it was San Francisco's service of plate to the beautiful ship of that name.

There is so much of this great and costly set plate that the cabinets containing it are found above and below stairs, in the Admiral's and Captain's quarters, and in the wardroom.

All the pieces are large and heavy, the biggest being a high punchbowl of great beauty of design. Every lid in the service is surmounted by a solid gold bear, the symbol of California, and the effect of the bright yellow on the white silver is very pleasing.

visitors here and in Hampton Roads. All the bells on the white ships contain a great deal of silver, and produce clear, sweet, and extra musical notes. Sir John O. Hopkins, the British Vice-Admiral, would stop his own part in a conversation at any time on his quarter deck on the Blake to listen to the bells on our Yankee ships.

In that navy the bells go from ship to ship, as fashions in war change, and on some ship today the bell that rang out the time for Nelson or for Blake is tolling away as it did in its hour of glory. One of Nelson's bells may be on the Australia or the Partridge, but alas! the British do not carve the dates and names of the ships on their bells, and so their special merits are lost. The old bells are thrown in the dockyards and kept there until one is needed for a new vessel.

They are deep-voiced, gruff bells, whose sound soon dies out, while the silvery peals of our bells cling to the air and reach far out upon the waters.—[New York Star.

Too Big for a Tip. A few evenings ago ex-Senator T. M. Palmer, president of the World's Fair Commission, entered the lobby of the Arlington with slow and measured tread, knitted brow and wrapped in deep thought and a heavy overcoat, says the Washington Star.

Removing the overcoat, he thrust his hands first in his trousers pockets, then in his vest pockets and then in every one of his coat pockets. From the coat pockets he sought the vest pockets, and finally ransacked his trousers pockets again.

Several of his fellow-commissioners noticed interestedly this little pantomimic exhibition, and as the ex-senator finally shook his head with a well-give-it-up expression, they asked him the cause of it.

"I had a \$50 bill somewhere about my clothes," he answered, "but I'm blessed if I haven't lost it. I don't remember of having spent it."

Mr. Palmer has been stopping with Gen. McCook. The next day Gen. McCook met a mutual friend. The general seemed to have a great burden upon his mind and finally unbosomed himself.

"Palmer," said the general, confidentially, "is a fine fellow, one of my dearest friends, and a man for whom I have the most profound regard; but it won't do; no, sir, won't do at all, sir. It is well enough to be generous, but when it comes to giving the servants \$50 bills there's going to be trouble about the house in the lower floors—it demoralizes them terribly. I must ask Palmer not to be so generous."

And thus was the ex-Senator's lost bill located; he had given it to the laundress, supposing it to be one of smaller denomination.

Spider Giant of the World. The spider giant of the world in Central and Northern South America, ranging to the north as far as the southern border of Mexico. He is the titan of the mangle species, and from his habit of preying upon the smaller representatives of the feathered tribes, is usually referred to as the "bird-catching spider."

This formidable insect has a body from 4 1/2 to 6 1/2 inches long; his diameter, with legs extended, being, in some instances, as much as fifteen inches. The nests of these creatures resemble those made by the larger caterpillars—those inhabiting tropical countries—consisting of a beautiful white silken tissue, the whole strengthened by very strong threads, capable of instantly arresting the flight of any bird not larger than a common English sparrow.

In the center of this web-like tissue, which is composed of numerous layers, like the side of a horse's nest, are placed the eggs, which vary in number from 1 to 3000. This species of spider is very powerful, being provided with wicked-looking instruments of attack, which enable it not only to destroy small, harmless birds, but the larger hawks and other reptiles.—[St. Louis Republic.

It Saves Trouble. An experienced traveler, in taking a short journey with a small trunk of a large value, always sends her baggage by express. The cost of transportation, she has discovered, is no more than that charged for moving it to and from the railroad station, and it is absolutely off her hands and mind until it reappears duly at her residence.—[New York World.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A FLAG DAY. Flags high in air. Flags East and West, Flags everywhere. Ours with the rest. Boys on the run, Boys at a stand, Boys full of fun All through the land. Shouts from the crowd, Shouts South and North, Shouts long and loud, Hurrah for the Fourth! —[Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN CHILDREN AS FRUIT EATERS.

American children are said to be the greatest fruit eaters in the world. They eat more than even the children of the tropical countries where fruit grows wild and does not have to be bought at a fruit-stand. Last year, from the shores of the Mediterranean, there were brought three million cases of oranges and bananas. The great city of London uses only one-fourth as much, and, next to London, there is not a city in the world which brings from the warm countries one-tenth of the fruit brought every year to New York.—[New York Ledger.

HOW THE ROSE BECAME QUEEN.

Have you ever heard how the rose became queen of flowers? The rose has been queen ever since you or any one else was living can remember. But there was a time, long ago, when she did not hold that position. The flowers then were all equal, and none was considered higher station than the other.

But one year, at the annual meeting of flowers, one of the blossoms present proposed that there should be a queen to rule over them, and the blossom asked that vote of all the flowers lifted up his head and said: "I think that the rose should be chosen to be our queen. The rose is large like the earth. Its colors repeat all the red and yellow rays of the rising sun, and its petals are more numerous than the stars that float in the heavens. Upon its stem there are thorns like the mountains upon the earth, and its stalk is green and firm like the branches of the great trees. Let the rose be queen of flowers."

Then all the flowers cried out with one accord: "Yes, let the rose be our queen!"

THE BEAVER'S HOME.

Upon an elevation in such a pond, just covered by the water, the beaver build their house, after the manner of the one just described, except, however, that the usual house, when newly built and covered with fresh limbs, resembles more a heap of brushwood. A family apartment, accumulating five or six, may be six or seven feet across the floor, or "shelf," while the walls are built up to the height of a foot. Poles (some of which are as large as one's wrist), laid slantingly upward and covered with earth and other sticks to a thickness of over a foot, compose the roof of the chamber, which is three or four feet from the floor to ceiling.

Between the sticks at the peak is space for ventilation. Each member of the family owns a bed, which it lines warmly with grass or shreds of poplar wood split as fine as if for basket-work. There are several exits under water for additional safety. In the middle of the pond is a fan-shaped pile of brush, all the butts pointing toward the entrance of the house. There is a wagon-load of it—the store of winter's fuel, covered with water and ice before the pond was drained. Every stick has been cut in the sun, rounded woods and dragged to that place.

Paths, a little less than a foot in width lead back a distance of a quarter of a mile from the stream. These paths are found in every beaver settlement. The birches and whitewoods are separated from the resinous evergreens, and dragged along these little roads. Saplings growing in the way are chopped off close to the ground. In one place where a large pine log lay across their landing road, a section of soiled wood a foot wide and six inches deep was cut out. Indeed, when large logs fall across their ponds, an entire section is sometimes removed.—[St. Nicholas.

Caught on the Fly.

He (mistakenly) I should think a bridal tour to the World's Fair would be an event to be pleasantly remembered in after life.

She (enthusiastically)—O, it would! But, John, this is so sudden.—[New York Press.

South Africa still supplies the greater part of the ostrich feathers used by manufacturers.

A TOWER OF LIGHT.

Wonderful Electric Display at the World's Fair.

It is the Central Exhibit in the Electricity Palace.

In the extreme centre of the Electricity Palace at the World's Fair is located one of the triumphs of the Exhibition, representing the achievements of the incandescent lamp.

From the centre of the floor a tall, graceful, luminous shaft shoots up into the grooved arch formed by the intersection of the nave and transept, over eighty feet of solid brilliancy, an obelisk—a monumental expression.

It is the epitome of the artificial light of the world. Surrounding it on every side are the exhibits exemplifying the success attained by other nations in electrical science and its application.

The methods of construction in the elaboration of this shaft or column have resulted in depicting a perfect whole, as if from base to capital the entire shaft were hewn from one massive block of stone, carefully selected from the earth's quarries, as though it had been reposing there for this purpose alone, to harmonize most completely with the light which it carries.

It springs clear from the roof of a colonnade (pavilion), surrounding the base, and the entire exterior is strewn with thousands of incandescent lamps, as many kind as the Western sun. The lamps are arranged by mechanical methods, capable of being flashed in harmony with the strains of music.

To successfully complete the brilliant conception, it is crowned with a gigantic, albeit well proportioned, replica of an incandescent lamp, formed from a multitude of pieces of prismatic crystals. Upward of thirty thousand of these beautiful jewels are strung on a frame and are all lighted from the interior by a large number of incandescent lamps.

The effect produced will be unique in its marvellous brilliancy, and can only be realized and appreciated when seen. It is the incandescent lamp in its most glorious expression.

The colonnade around the base is the home of the exhibit of a Pittsburgh glass company. Here are shown the most superb productions in artistic glassware that this continent is capable of. It rivals, if it does not excel, the finest productions of the manufactories of the old European countries.

Cut glass globes and dishes, glass chandeliers of varied form, delicate gasometer glass formations, which look as though a breath might dissipate them, forms and facials of every kind, all illumined with the rays of the incandescent lamp; and the light reflected from the polished mirrors combines to make of this exhibit under the colonnade a perfect fairy tower of glass.

The distribution of the electrical conductors to attain the various effects and changes necessitated careful study and consideration, and the elaborate fancies and combination of kaleidoscopic beauties are almost infinite.

The lights are all operated from a specially devised switchboard, not unlike a keyboard, concealed in the interior of the shaft.

Burning Diamonds.

In France they are burning diamonds as a sort of scientific amusement. It is only fair to say, however, that the real object is not to amuse the experimenters and the public, but to learn something of the properties of that marvelous gem which puzzles the chemist as much as it delights the jeweler.

If they have not yet discovered much else about it they have, at any rate, found out just how many degrees of heat are required to destroy the glittering bauble. Some deep-colored diamonds burst into brilliant flame at various temperatures between 690 degrees and 720 degrees, while white Brazilian diamonds, according to the experiments of M. Henri Moissan, do not begin to burn below 700 degrees or 770 degrees, and even then they do not become incandescent.

Cape diamonds have been found to be even more refractory, and when heated in a current of hydrogen up to 1,200 degrees they remain unaltered. But, John, when this is treated, sometimes lost their transparency and brilliancy.

Metallic iron when heated to its melting point combines energetically with the diamond, and crystals of graphite are deposited as the fused mass of iron and diamond cools. It will be remembered that graphite and diamond are two of the forms in which native carbon occurs.

It is true that none of these experiments appears to give us any hint as to how to make diamonds, but they tell us interesting things about the precious jewel whose secret nature guards so zealously; and, after all, who would wish that the art of manufacturing diamonds should ever be discovered?—[New York News.

Walked Off with a Locomotive. "The most successful and at the same time most unique civil service examination I know of occurred during the war," said T. C. DeLand of the examining board at the treasury to a Washington Post man. "The Confederacy was very much in need of a railway locomotive in order to operate their supply system. It was in 1864, and they had not the means to buy an engine, so the inevitable alternative arose capture one. A band of 100 men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a big six-foot-four Georgian, who had been foreman of a stone quarry and was more or less skilled in the use of derricks, etc. He took his men up into Maryland, and they tore up a section of the Baltimore and Ohio railway tracks, flogged the next train, and with nothing on earth save plenty of rope those 100 men carried the locomotive 52 miles over hills, across streams, through bogs and woods, until they struck a line the Confederacy had built. Then they ran the engine down to Virginia. When the president of the Baltimore and Ohio heard of the feat he couldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the scene, went over the route and declared it the most wonderful feat of engineering ever accomplished. After the war he delegated a man to find the leader of the band. He was located in Georgia. Mr. Garrett sent for him, and on the strength of that single feat made him roadmaster of the entire system of railroads. 'Any man that can pick up an engine with fishing lines and carry it over a mountain has passed his examination with me,' said he."

The Conductor's Large Acquaintance. "When I was out in Chicago at the opening of the World's Fair," said a friend of mine, "I had occasion to make an call on some old acquaintances on the West Side. The streets in that portion of the city had many of them the baptismal names of women, and as I lived there at one time, the calling of them by the car conductor sounded familiar to me, although it seemed to puzzle an old man on board, who was doubtless visiting Chicago for the first time. There were a number of ladies among the passengers, and as the conductor called out 'Elizabeth,' the car stopped and one of them got off. A few squares further and there was the call 'Ada,' followed by a stop and the exit of another lady. The countryman began to look interested, and when the next call came, 'May,' and he saw a lady gather up her bundles and walk down the aisle, he had a puzzled air. In quick succession there came 'Pauline,' 'Roberta' and 'Augusta,' followed by the departure of a passenger. The old man could not stand it any longer; his eyes bulged out, and making a dash for the platform, he said in a stage whisper to the conductor: 'Great snakes! mister, do you know the names of all the women folks in this big town?'

He had been under the impression that each woman who left the car answered to the name that was called out.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

To-Day He Loves Me! To-day he loves me—Time stand still! Haste not, sun, behind the hill! To-day he loves me; no tomorrow Can touch this one today with sorrow.

As a crystal well o'er-spills With sweet water from the hills, So my heart o'erflows with bliss, Of looks, of love-words, and of kisses.

And though many a day of drought Love shall come to draw therefrom, Singing low—though this to-day Be then a year-old yesterday— "To-day he loves me!" (The Love's way) —[Love in a Mist.

Wasting away—The ebb. A fowl tip—The rooster's tail. When the goat tacked the can of dynamite you ought to see the butter fly.

There is nothing quite so interesting in the world as other people's affairs. Age is not always a disadvantage. Goodness knows how old the earth is, and yet it is as sound as ever. A poet has sprung some verses telling how the modest lobster blushes in the radiant embrace of boiling water.

He (exhibiting sketch)—It is the best thing I ever did. She (sympathetically)—Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you. Will-Eyed Man—I want some southern syrup, quick. Druggist—What size'd bottle? Will-Eyed Man—Bottle! I want a keg! It's twins!

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I go to the World's Fair," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "They're plenty of freaks there now," she said.

"Are cable cars healthy?" asks a subscriber. As a matter of fact, neighbor, the grip never made its appearance in this country until the introduction of the cable cars.

Miss Bell (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not leave coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why don't you?

Miss Fuzzie—I want to break my engagement with Mr. Sappie, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide. Little Brother—Why don't you let him see you in card papers just once.

"Do you know if Mr. McSinger is as rich as the people say he is?" "I am very certain of it." "How do you judge?" "We eat at the same place. I have a dinner and a napkin, while he sits on a stool at the lunch counter."

Jefferson and the Patent Office. The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins, in 1790, for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging the production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the State Department and a few pigeon-holes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it, and devoted himself to it as to a hobby.—[Hester's Young People.

Plants Change Their Habits. Among facts recently placed on record as showing a tendency in plants to change their habits, and, consequently, by their characters, and become new species, a recent writer states that on Mount Desert Island one of the wild knotweeds, or buckwheats, instead of climbing, sends its branches over like some raspberries or blackberries, rooting at the tips, and forming new and distinct plants in that way. With such a habit permanently fixed, changes in other parts would surely follow, and a new species, as botanists would be compelled to term it, assuredly follow.—[New York Independent.

A Juvenile Theory. Mother—Why are you not as polite and considerate and gentlemanly as little Tommy D did? Small Son—I guess maybe he was brought up on some street where the other boys was bigger than him.—[Boston News.

Senator Proctor of Vermont, with two local capitalists of Knoxville, Tenn., is soon to erect the largest marble mill in the world at that place