

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal on facts will be made.

Recompense. Straightway through my heart this fact to-day. By truth's own hand is driven; God never takes one thing away...

IN PASTURES NEW.

Phillips, now, and Uncle John, Fat, Forty and not such a fool as he looks. Since a Drawing Room in Suburbia. Uncle John (putting down his newspaper as Phillips enters)—Very glad to see you, my dear. Enjoyed myself immensely, thank you. Delightful yacht; French cook; Chopin's music. Can't believe I've been away three months. Quite well—dear? That's right. And joggling along pretty much the same as usual, I suppose.

the players generally is, you know, Dang-r adds to the excitement—don't you think? Phillips (rather faintly)—Yes. But of course football is the only way of developing ourselves, uncle. I practise that, certainly, a good deal by myself in our back garden, but—what are you laughing at? Uncle John—Laughing, my love? Not at all. It's this cough I caught on board. Phillips (reassured)—And there's bicycling, too. Uncle John—Capital sport that—capital. Very glad you go in for that. Saw a young fellow—by-the-by, I am not sure it wasn't a young woman—on Riptide hill last summer slipping down at a beautiful pace—come off—, head over heels. Picked up—life extinct. Sad, of course—not unusual. Wear trousers, Phillips. Phillips (outraged)—Uncle!

What the Goat Had for Lunch. Six years ago the baggage department the Northern Pacific road issued and order that no goats could be transported in baggage cars. A peculiar incident brought about the general order. A goat had been placed in a baggage car that was bound for the Pacific coast. During the trip the animal had eaten the leather straps that hold the brass checks to the trunk. When Portland was reached the checks were all on the floor of the car and there was no way of identifying the trunks. It took nearly three months to straighten out the tangle and the general order was issued. The rule has never been disobeyed until the last few weeks. C. E. Stone, city ticket agent of the Northern Pacific ticket office in St. Paul, generally makes contracts with traveling shows that pass over the road. He had an Uncle Tom's Cabin company recently, with bloodhounds and a donkey, that was booked in towns along the road. Among the properties of the show were a small wagon in which were seated two goats that were used to give a parade. Contrary to orders, agent Stone took the goats and had them put in a baggage car with the bloodhounds and the donkey. In the same car were two bicycles belonging to a man and his wife. During the night the goats dined on veritable wild pudding, for they ate up the pneumatic tires of the bicycle and chewed the cork handles for a dessert. The owners of the bicycles filed a claim with the company. The claim was referred to the baggage department. When it reached agent Stone there was a copy of the prohibitory order attached to it, with instructions that the one who was responsible for the violation of the rules should pay the claim of \$50. Agent Stone will "dig up" a portion of his monthly stipend to settle with the claimants.—Minneapolis Times.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. LOCKED THE OWL IN. Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident, and peaceful, he is not to be tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show. A companion and I, on an August day not long since, pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ogd from Santa Clara Valley. About the spring stands a large grove of oaks. In one of these not far from the tent door a pair of woodpeckers had, for years, no doubt, made their dwelling place. Some-what shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It has frequently amused us as a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass to observe the birds, with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do. We had camped there a week or ten days when before daylight one morning we heard a commotion about the grove of our stud neighbors. Our attention was attracted by their shrill screeches and the whirr of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door, and peered out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It soon became apparent that a little scold or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodgings in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners, and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the invader. They tried billing awhile about the only aperture to the hollow tree, but to little purpose other than to cause the scold to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in. At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpeckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture, and driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the owl to prey hitheretly sealed up. After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the owl was still in the hollow and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a scold. —Buffalo Express.

AN EMERGENCY MAN. A Day With the Vice President of the United States. A Great Office Without Influence or Patronage. The vice presidency is essentially an office of dignity. No other office under the government, so highly esteemed as that of the vice president of the United States, has such lofty possibilities for its occupant, while at the same time being so utterly bereft of influence either to wield patronage or to affect legislation. The vice presidency requires a man fitted to fill the highest office under the government, one whose broad information will make him equal to coping with any national question that might come before Congress, and whose information and position among men would qualify him to preside over the conservative branch of Congress. He is an emergency man. Should death remove the president, it is he who is called upon to occupy the White House. Should there be a tie in the vote of the Senate, he, then, has the deciding vote, but, except in this emergency, he is without influence to affect legislation. While the speaker of the House of Representatives assigns all the representatives to places on committees, and in that way virtually determines what legislation shall be enacted, the vice president, not being a member of the Senate, has nothing to do with the formation of committees, and is not even admitted to the caucuses of his party, in which, if that party has a majority, committee assignments are determined and the play of the party is then mapped out. The patronage of the vice president consists in the appointment of a secretary, a messenger, a telegraph operator and a telegrapher's page. That is all. The president's office of the senate occupies a handsome room, opening on the senate lobby, and is accorded all the respect which goes with his high office, the chief function of which is to preside over the deliberations of the United States Senate. Because of the peculiar character of the duties of the vice president, the daily routine of his life is very different from that of a United States Senator. His social life in Washington is just what he chooses to make it. His invitations would not be disregarded by any one in official or social life here, but whether he entertain much or little is a matter purely within his own pleasure. While certain social functions are a part of the official duties of the president, the vice president is free to entertain or not, as he sees fit. The duties of the vice president do not require him to burn any midnight oil in the consideration of public questions. He has ample opportunity to keep himself informed on all matters that come before Congress by being a good listener and he has no occasion to prepare any speech for delivery in the Senate. He is relieved from all committee work, of course, and even the task of presiding over the Senate is rendered an easy one because of the fact that that body is a very docile one to govern, and is not fraught with the perplexing parliamentary problems that are constantly occurring in the House of Representatives. The fact that the Senate is so largely run by "courtesy" makes it an easy body to preside over. Perhaps no man connected with the United States Senate is so apt to be bored as the vice president. Without power to influence legislation, his office being such that even any suggestion from him would be apt to be regarded as an unwarranted interference, he is yet obliged to attend the sessions of the Senate daily, and to recognize this or that one who happens to have a bill to present or a suggestion to make. From 12 until 2 o'clock is known in the Senate as "the morning hour," and during that time all the business of introducing bills, making reports from committees, presenting petitions and memorials, etc., is done. The vice president is seldom absent from the chair during the "morning hour," but when that exerts the "regular business" is taken up, which practically means a continuation of speaking on the pending bill. The vice president has an opportunity to leave the Senate, which he does if there is not in prospect some very interesting debate which he wishes to hear. He seeks his private office, where he frequently holds a reception, for his friends know the hour when he is at leisure and can see them. He generally is on hand when the Senate adjourns, and then he has nothing in the nature of official duties to occupy his attention until the day on which the Senate is next to meet.—Washington Star.

adjuvans, and then he has nothing in the nature of official duties to occupy his attention until the day on which the Senate is next to meet.—Washington Star. Animals Like Petting. "Does petting make any difference in the intelligence of animals?" an animal expert once asked. "Yes, and often the effect is marked. Cats are generally regarded as the least susceptible to influence—are slowest in developing—but great changes have been made in them by petting. In many parts of the country they run wild; that is, a cat abandoned by a family, because the people are tired of it or because to move it will bring bad luck, takes to the woods and its descendants live by hunting. These cats often become expert hunters and fliers. Some are caught and trained; but they are never bright. "A cat that lives in a family of sedate people, who never play with it, is never so intelligent as one that plays with children. I have known cats that seemed to understand all that was said to them. I had a cat once that would jump somewhat when begging for supper. Trimmer the great publisher, had one that came to meet him every afternoon when he returned from business—it seemed to know when he was due. "Dogs show the result of attention even more than cats. Several years ago an experiment was made at Bellevue hospital which was interesting. A litter of newly-born puppies was divided, part shut up in a kennel and part allowed to remain in the house. At the end of one year all the dogs were killed. The brains of the house dogs were taken as before as those of the dogs that were kennelled. Animals like to live with people and are willing to be petted. Young seals crowd around their slavers and seem to welcome them. Moose are very susceptible, and will even allow women to ride on their backs. Bears do not respond—they are very stupid and beyond a few tricks, know nothing.—New York Press. This Bridge is Blown Up. During the army maneuvers near Gettysburg a comical incident occurred. A young lieutenant of the cavalry guards, who has considerable property, was sent with six men to reconnoiter in the direction in which his regiment was to advance. Arriving at a bridge crossing the Gettysburg highway, he fastened a board across, writing upon it with chalk these words: "This bridge is blown up," signing it with his name. After this heroic exploit he retreated a little ways and treated his command and himself to an excellent breakfast, in which several bottles of liquor played an important part. Tired from the ride on the hot days the little command, after that report, took a rest along the wall of a crenelated building, allowing the horses to graze. In the meantime, however, an infantry regiment of the enemy had arrived at the bridge, and its commander wrote another one, which read: "This bridge is built up again." The cavalry patrol was discovered and sound asleep. The colonel of the regiment ordered their horses and arms taken away, allowing them to continue in their number. Of course, when they awoke, a few hours afterward, and made their way back to their own command, without being able to give an account of what had become of their horses, sabers and guns, there was great consternation among them. Since the lieutenant in charge of the expedition intended to retire into private life at an early day, to devote himself to his agricultural interests, the colonel of his regiment gave him the advice of executing the contemplated change as early a date as possible.—Berlin Borsen-Zeitung. He Shed His Whole Skin. A Lake City, Pa., correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union says: John Allen, a farmer in this county, reports that some six weeks ago a boy in his neighborhood, about six years of age, stuck an orange thorn into his hip, which inflamed until the boy was terribly fevered and swollen from head to foot. Finally the peculiar swelling subsided and the boy recovered. But immediately his skin began to flake off in great dead strips and patches, until he had as completely shed his entire cuticle from crown to foot, as a snake at the moment of molting, so that the palings of his hands and soles of his feet, which came off whole and resembles somewhat of a cast-off shoe, and being quite as hard and thick. It is a perfect cast of the foot, showing the lines of the skin, and it is about the consistency and much of the appearance of hard glue. But the boy has a completely new skin and is doing well.

Cradle Song. There's a baby moon rocking far up in the sky; And the night-wind is blowing a soft lullaby; And down, away down, in a mossy-lined nest, Are five little babies, beneath mother's warm breast. O hushaby, little one, sleep! Enfolded in arms that a loving lord keep, Another was baby is rocking to sleep, A soft golden head presses close to my heart, And dainty beaded eyelids just drowsily part. O hushaby, little one, sleep! The tiny star candles are lighting the way For brides and givers that to Sleepy Town stray, But my baby's stars are his mother's brown eyes, That love-light his path as to dreamland he lies. O hushaby, little one, sleep! The silver-moon baby slinks low in the west, The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest, And, swinging and swaying, with eyes close-lid, My little one crosses the border at last. O hushaby, my little one sleep! —Daphne Frances Camp. HUMOROUS. Unhappy love lasts usually longer than the happy one. If roses had no thorns, they probably would have thorns. To keep things moving, a crank goes with every millionaire. There is language in colors, though some are much lovelier than others. Quicksilver has been rising rapidly of late, although barometers are "way down." True love is the most happy capitalist. Love pays the highest interest and gets richer while giving it away. "Say Smith's got a box in a safety deposit vault." "What's he got in it?" "The receipt for the rent of the box." "Will you be my wife, Fraulein Paula, and make me happy?" "I am sorry, doctor, but I should like to be happy myself." She—Do you think it would be unbecomingly for a girl to propose to a man? H—Certainly not, if she is rich enough for two. Bonnie—What's a conversationalist? Jennie—Oh, it's a man that doesn't have to stop talking when he hasn't got anything more to say. "Haven't you made Mr. Bulger's portrait a good deal more than life size?" said one artist to another. "Perhaps. You see, that's as big as he thinks he is." "Mamma, teacher whipped a boy today for whispering in school." "Well, that was right." "Well, mamma, he whispered ten times as loud as he whispered!" "Dad, what's a running account?" "It's an open account with a dry goods store, my son, which keeps your mother running down-town all the time to buy something." Willie—What's the matter with your nose, Bobby? Bobby—Tommy Higginbottom and me had a fight in school about some marbles. Willie—Who got 'em? Bobby—Teacher. "Been married seven times, has he? Is he a man of leisure otherwise?" "Oh, no; he's a hard-working tailor." "What a remarkable instance of the survival of the fittest." "Excuse me, sir," said Barker to a business traveler, "out what is your business?" "I am a gentleman sir. That's my business." "Ah," said Barker. "I see. You are taking a vacation." "Jane," said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who says he is stingy?" "Oh, nobody says so; only that I could see that he was a little 'near' as I passed through the room." "I wonder if sleeves will be as big next year as they are this?" said the fashionable girl. "I hope not," said the economical girl. "Why, if they're not you'll have to make all your wardrobe over." "Of course; and then I can take one dress and make two of it." Unexplored Lake in Missouri. The Grand Gulf in Oregon County, Missouri, is nearly four miles long, 100 feet deep, and 100 feet wide. It is crossed by a natural bridge wide enough for a wagon road, with a passageway below wide enough for two teams to pass abreast. At the base of the gulf is a cave, leading to an unexplored lake of water inhabited by eyeless fish. This lake is some 500 feet beneath the surface and is supposed to be a feeder for the mammoth spring in Arkansas, eight miles distant. The Grand Gulf is one of the wonders of the world.—Sedalia (Mo.) Gazette.