

The Chatham Record.

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Sunshine and Shadow. When we walk in gladness... When on mountain tops we sing...

A FRIEND OF MINE.

We called him Mascot from the time we first had him. You see, we thought it was a great piece of good luck...

Isn't he an ugly-looking fellow, with the rough hair standing up all over him, not long enough to droop and be graceful?

Sit down, Mascot, and lean against my knee. He likes to be with his head on my foot, and I like to have him.

It's two years ago this spring. I was going down Clark street almost on a run to catch a train. There happened not to be many teams in the street...

They had this dog—lie still, Mascot!—they had him muzzled, his jaws tied together so tightly that the rope which bound them had gnawed into the flesh...

I wanted to kill every boy there was there. I did knock one over; the rest ran away. The torch was left smoking on the sidewalk...

not one of the snivelling kind. Yes, Mascot, it's all right now; you needn't lick my face, and we're not going to part.

Well, as soon as he became a little more calm, or I might say as soon as we became more calm, I looked at my watch. It was of no use to think of the train now; I couldn't possibly catch it.

We started. Mascot didn't like to be as far away from me as the distance between the front and back seat. He was continually reaching out a paw, and presently I lifted him over beside me.

We lived here then, and my wife was in the garden when the hack stopped at the gate. She saw me with a smooch of blood, the dog's blood, on my face, and gave a little scream as she ran forward.

"I'm all right," I hastened to say, "and I've come back because I've saved this fellow. I hope you'll like him."

I stepped out, and Mascot stepped out after me, or rather with me, in his fear lest he should get left.

He was not a reassuring object. His hair was full of mud and blood; there was a gash in his under lip; and he was now beginning to feel stiff and sore.

Fortunately my wife had had a dog when she was a child, and if you have ever been intimate with a good dog, it makes all the difference in your feeling toward the whole canine race.

Having become convinced that I had met with no accident, Margaret looked at the new comer an instant, then she held out her hand and said softly:

"Poor fellow! What a hard time you've had!"

Mascot extended his head and licked the tips of her fingers; then he glanced up at me and said, "I'm going to love her, too—but not quite so well."

We took him into the kitchen and put him into the sink. We washed him, we cleansed his wounds with warm water and castile soap.

How gentle he was, and how he tried to hear it. Then we put an old blanket in the corner, and he sat stiffly down on it.

I was glad I called him Mascot, for that very night one of the firm, to whom I had sent word that I was determined to start on my business trip that morning, came out and said they had decided to put me in another department, with five hundred dollars more salary.

She was a sweet-faced old woman, but her clothes showed plainly that she came from a part of the country where Sunday gown and bonnet are bought but once in ten years or so.

"Well, I never! Why, they're almost as pretty as wax flowers!"—New York Herald.

Brazil had in 1894, 7,549 miles of railway in operation and 4,341 in course of construction.

Roads in France. A traveler is especially struck with the fine roads in France, of which the people are justly proud.

All the underbrush, small twigs and even the lower branches of the trees have been cut for firewood, and not a twig is wasted.

Every foot of ground is cultivated, or so it seems to strangers. There are mountains and barren places where nothing will grow, but every bit of ground that can produce anything is made to do so.

The fields are generally separated by fences or hedges. The dividing line is, however, clearly shown by the sort of grain growing in them.

Wherever one sees a small number of sheep there is also to be seen a guardian with them. Alas! it is not the beautiful shepherdess of poets and painters!

In reality, the shepherdess is often an old woman, who leads her flock from one spot to another, tranquilly knitting a stocking while her sheep nibble the grass.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Eating a Menagerie. During the siege of Paris, after all the supplies from without had been cut off (September 22, 1871), it was decided to sacrifice the inmates of the Zoological Garden, the Jardin des Plantes.

The sold animals were slaughtered and eaten. A list was kept at the time, and from this we learn that from October 18 to the end of 1870 the following animals were sold and eaten in the order given: One dwarf zebra, £14 12s; eleven rabbits, £1; four reindeer, £32; two Nilgai antelopes, £100; one doe, £12; two wapiti stags, £100; one antelope, £26; two camels, £160; one yak calf, £8; two camels, £200; two elephants, £1,080.

Most of the above were sold to an English butcher, who kept his shop in the Avenue de Friedland well stocked all through the siege with all possible, and previously impossible, kinds of meat.

To killing of the elephants, Castor and Pollux, presented some difficulty. The former was fired at three times, and was at last dispatched by means of a steel bullet discharged from a Chassepot rifle.

The flesh of the elephant was sold at 50 to 60 francs a kilo; the trunk fetched 30 francs a kilo.

Trunk and feet were regarded as particular delicacies by the gourmands. The same butcher sold the flesh of a young wolf at 24 francs a kilo.

The fish of the cassowaries was bought by Baron Rothschild, who was one of the butcher's best customers.—London Mail.

A Joke on the Emperor. One of the most amusing anecdotes about the German Emperor circulating in Berlin just now is this one: During his recent stay in Kiel the emperor wished to pay a visit to the aunt of the empress, Frau Professor von Esmarch, wife of the famous surgeon, who is by birth Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein.

The monarch desired to call unceremoniously and quite en famille, and hence had not announced his coming. He rang the bell at the small house, and a raw servant girl, who had never seen him before, opened and demanded to know what he wanted.

"Announce me, please; I am the emperor," whereupon the girl, thinking she had a madman to deal with, shrieked with fright and slammed the door in his face.

When five minutes later, the aunt of the empress in person opened the door, the emperor was still standing patiently on the threshold, grinning with the fun of the situation and anxious to be admitted.—Chicago Record.

FOX FARMS.

A New Industry to Replace Fur Sealing.

Wary Reynard Readily Grows as Tame as a Dog.

Cattle ranches, ostrich farms, and even snake farms are common enough in some parts of the world, but such a thing as a fox farm is comparatively rare.

Byron Andrews, connected with the staff of the National Tribune, is one of the originators of this enterprise. In an interview recently he said:

"At present the industry is really in its infancy, but we have strong hopes of eventually making it one of such proportions that it will go a great way toward solving the problem of the future employment of the Alaskan natives, when the fur-bearing animals are practically extinct in those regions.

"The suggestion was made by Captain Thomas F. Morgan, of Groton, Conn., then an agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, on St. George's Island, that the fox might be domesticated and under proper conditions bred with profit, thus utilizing many uninhabited islands and giving employment in a congenial business to natives who were coming to hardship by the extermination of the seal, otter, and walrus. It was finally decided to try the experiment.

"To be brief, after many ups and downs, the experiment proved a success, so much so as to show that the breeding of the blue fox in domestication was practicable, and from this small beginning there are now no less than twenty-two of these little islands devoted to this business, giving support to more than 100 people, nearly all of whom before depended on sea otter hunting.

"All the early settlements for the fox-breeding business were made by whites, who employed natives, but within a year or two some of the more intelligent natives who have learned the business have taken the islands and are making satisfactory headway in this new industry.

"For some time we have endeavored to get a lease of some island, with an option of purchase, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. This was because of the local conditions. The first requisite of the business is isolation. Islands have been selected, therefore, that were uninhabitable, so far as internal resources were concerned; then, too, those chosen would never attract settlers by commercial advantages, through fisheries, timber or the precious metals. These requirements, however, resulted in placing the establishment on a frontier infested with maritime marauders flying the flags of Japan, Canada or the United States, to whom these fox islands, if they may be so called, might become a tempting object for raids.

"Under these conditions those who have engaged in the business have felt the need of the strongest possible title for moral effect. It was apparent that this was a matter of the highest importance that in order to avoid any ground for quibble entire islands should be recognized as under the control of the occupant and not simply a portion.

"These islands, or at least those in the Aleutian Peninsula, are merely desert peaks, most of them like mountain peaks, cropping out of the ocean. Most of them are supplied with fuel only by driftwood. Little are so far north as to afford so little herbage that but a small number of cattle can be kept on the best of them, and on most of them none at all, so that the stock-raising element does not enter into consideration to any great extent.

"The Treasury Department, having by law an oversight of the fur business of Alaska, and means to enforce the Secretary's regulations through the revenue cutters, practically and morally is the sole evidence of govern-

ment's authority among the Alaskan islands.

"Do the foxes tame readily? Well, the mass of them are tame enough to come up to the great feeding troughs that we have built, apparently without fear, but they are generally shy, as might be expected. However, it is a common sight to see foxes that have been thoroughly tamed lying around the houses and as sociable as any dog. The natives have taught some of these a few tricks and derive a good deal of amusement from them."

A Lincoln Story. An old-time Southern politician tells the following: "When Lincoln first came to Washington, I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left the first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him and, if permitted, loving him. One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice. 'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard every mean thing about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his cheek thoughtfully, and then he drew out in his peculiar western voice: "'That reminds me of something a boy said to me when I was ten years old. Once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat. One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them. There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along a-leaf-down. 'Abe,' he said, edging close, 'give me a man.' I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one. 'Abe,' he said, 'give me that other'n.' I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said: 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he said earnestly, 'I don't suppose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do,' and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, 'I don't suppose there's anybody gets less of it.'"—Facet and Fiction.

NEW COURSE FOR LUNCHEON. A new course for a luncheon consists of hard-boiled eggs stuffed with sweetbreads in place of the yolks. Boil half a dozen eggs twenty minutes, and cover with cold water. When ready to use, cut off one end, take out the yolks, and make them into a paste. Season with salt, pepper, and a small tablespoonful of olive oil; mix with three tablespoonfuls of sweetbread cut in small pieces, and serve on leaves of lettuce; or a bed of watercress, with a half-teaspoonful of Mayonnaise on each. If one wishes a hot dish, use the eggs on round slices of toast, with a white sauce seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped parsley.—New York Post.

HOW TO COOK CAULIFLOWER. Nearly all cook books give "twenty minutes" as the proper time for cooking cauliflower. Cooked a full hour it is a different vegetable, and tried once you will never cook it a shorter time. Tie it in a clean white cloth. Put it on in cold salted water (stem up) in a graniteware or porcelain-lined saucepan—never in iron or tin. When done place it (flowers up) in a hot platter and pour over it the following sauce: Rub together a teaspoonful of butter to a smooth paste, add gradually a cup and a half of the water in which the cauliflower was boiled. Let this boil for two or three minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper, and just before serving add the well-beaten yolk of an egg, mixed with a tablespoonful of cold water to prevent curdling. This is also the best sauce for asparagus, using the water in which the vegetable is boiled.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Sandpaper will whiten ivory handled knives which have become yellow from age or usage.

Warm bread and cake should be cut with a knife the blade of which has been heated by standing it in boiling water.

If clothespins are boiled a few minutes, and quickly dried, every few weeks, it will cleanse them and make them more durable.

A paste made of melted India rubber mixed with shellac varnish is the best thing to use for fastening leather trimmings on wood.

If a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to the water in which tough meats or fowls are boiled it will tend to make them tender.

If a strip of webbing two inches wide is sewed tightly on the under side of a rug, close to the edge, it will prevent the edges from curling.

Before commencing to seed raisins, after the stems are removed, cover the fruit with very hot water and let it stand a very few moments. Drain the water off and the seeds may then be removed quite easily.

It is said a large bowl of water placed as near as possible to the head of a sick person will induce sleep, and healthy people will often sleep better if shallow vessels filled with water are placed about the room.

During the hot weather the bread box requires special attention to prevent bread from moulding. The box should be scalded twice a week and aired in the sun for an hour before fresh bread is put in it. A tin box is much better to use for holding bread than a stone crock.

Two Opinions. "What I know about bicycle riding," said Scorchleigh, "would fill a good-sized volume."

"What you don't know about it," said the officer who arrested him to running down an old lady, "would fill a good-sized cemetery."—Pack.

President Faure, of France, remarked the other day that his greatest objection to his present position is that it leaves him no time to ride his wheel.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

SWEET BREADS. At least six pairs will be required for twenty persons. Put them at once into ice water, in which put a tablespoonful of salt. Let stand for twenty minutes. Then place again in cold water. Then cut in halves lengthwise. Season with pepper and salt; dip for an instant in melted butter and broil over a bright fire for five minutes. Make a drawn butter sauce. Chop some mushrooms and cook in the sauce for five minutes; then serve in a dainty bowl.

CRICKET A LA MARYLAND. Clean a pair of young chickens and wash in salted water; cut each chicken in eight pieces, season with black pepper; salt and dust lightly with flour; fry in boiling lard until thoroughly well done and brown. Have ready some nicely fried corn mush cut in squares, on this arrange your chicken and pour over it a rich gravy made of one pint of cream (two teaspoonfuls butter beaten with one scant tablespoonful flour) stirred in while cream boils, and seasoned with pepper and salt; add just before pouring over chicken a tablespoonful and a half of chopped parsley.

Never write lead pencil comments in a borrowed book. The owner may rub them out. Use ink.

A—I hear you are deaf to your creditors. B—How can it be otherwise? I'm over my ears in debt.

Biskeley—I understand you ladies have organized a debating club. Margaret—Yes; and we have such grand times laughing at the girls who get up to talk.

Why is it if we kiss a maid she seems to try to make us rue it? And when to venture we're afraid gets mad because we didn't do it?

The Real Article—"Uncle Simon, what's an orator?" "He's a man who can get people to stay in a room and hear him talk without having the door locked."

"Then you mean to tell me I'm a liar?" "Well, no, I don't wish to be quite so rude as that, but I will say this—you'd make a good weather prophet."

"Dr. Sixtily is trying to abolish big hats in church." "Yes; he says that when the women wear such enormous hats he can't detect the men who slip out before the sermon."

He received a fortune in youthful years, and the memory brings to his face a frown.

"For the days that he spent in living it up, like now in reproof, while he's living it down."

"I just can't understand it," said the cheerful idiot. "Can't understand what?" asked the boarder. "Why bloomers, being undoubtedly plural, should make a woman look so singular."

"Now, Willie," said Mr. Wilkins, "papa is going away for two weeks. Remember whose boy you are and behave accordingly." "You bet I will, daddy," said Willie. "I'll have just as good a time as you will."

"Sir," said an irate little gentleman of about four feet eleven inches to a six-foot man, "I would have you know, sir, that I have been well brought up." "Possibly," was the answer; "but you have not been brought up far."

Her heart is broken—yet 'tis queer; Though deeply merged 'neath sorrow's pall.

The gowns she used to wear last year This summer will not look at all.

"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than when he was standing up. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me," said the cheerful idiot, "as pretty tall lying."

If You Love Me, Tell Me So.

Roses are not always blooming, but the winter comes anon; Sunbeams are not ever shining, yet the clouds oft make day wan; And if love can give us pleasure, its existence we should know; So through cloudy days or sunny, if you love me, tell me so.

The flowers may be blooming, yet the breast may still be sad; The sun be sweetly shining, yet the heart may not be glad; And if love be all so deem it, its existence we should know; So through flowery days or barren, if you love me, tell me so! —Will T. Hale in Baltimore American.

HUMOROUS.

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