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The Chatham Record.

Golden-Rod.

On the hazy hill it blows
In a splendor gay and dreamy,
And the twilight softly glows
In its texture rich and creamy.

And it lights as ether drifts—
When the light begins to waltz,
And the tender light-wave shifts—
All the silver of the thistle.

Little fairy garden trees
In the meadow gayly waving,
All the landscape vividly
With a flood of sunshine laying.

Though it blows in summer-time,
The torch of gorgeous yellow
That abides in autumn's prime
Sets the woodland brown and mellow.

—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

"I tell you, ladies," declared handsome and cynical Wilton Robley, the artist, "a fortune teller showed me the image of my wife two years before I ever saw her in the flesh and thousands of miles from the place I first met her."

"You are the last man in the world whose mind I would think obscured by the clouds of mysticism," replied the rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron. "You have never shown any patience with the charlatans who pretend to expose and expound the secrets that a wise Providence has ordained we should not fathom. And yet you are taxing our credulity with a statement that would be marvelous if true."

"I must insist upon my veracity in this instance," smiled the artist.

"Now don't stop to argue, mamma," urged the elder of the Austyn girls. "There is a story in this, and after Mr. Robley has told it you can reclaim him from the darkness of his superstitions and air your theories. Now do tell us all about it!" and three pretty sisters sighed their curiosity in chorus.

"Just so, you don't ask me to explain," said the artist with a quizzical look. "I shall give you the remarkable facts and leave you to wrestle with them. Eight years ago I was in Paris pursuing my studies, and lived the life of a Bohemian from choice, rather than from necessity. We fellows held the responsibilities of life very lightly and laughed at all human phenomena that would not yield to the test of materialism. I was chief among the scoffers, and found barefaced fraud in everything from clairvoyance to the piercing of the future through the medium of tea grounds."

"Then as now I occasionally broke entirely away from my usual surroundings and was one day sauntering alone through Rue de Boulogne. As I passed one of the most pretentious houses I was startled by a scream for help and dashed through the open doorway to find a woman battling with flames that with great leaps and flashes were consuming the white draperies of what struck me as a consecrated altar out of place. Our combined efforts soon mastered the incipient conflagration. As the woman unaccounted my hands with some soothing lotion I saw that she was as dark as a gypsy. Her hair rippled back from her forehead in waves of blue black, her eyes were brilliant in the same deep coloring, and her strong, even teeth suggested polished ivory. She was an amazon in size, yet the sweeping curves of beauty were such as to fascinate the artist while her motions were supple and graceful as those of a tiger."

"You are a gentleman, and there is but one way in which I can offer return for your service," she said as I turned to leave. Her voice was soft as the notes of a lute and her accent gave unsuspected charms to my mother tongue. "I was born of royal blood in India. Through study of the sacred Vedas and the pure doctrine of Karma I attained the power of divination. Your people would classify me among fortune tellers; but I am poles apart from the vulgar humbugs that trade upon ignorance and superstition. Promise you will come tomorrow, for I am smitten by this accident. Then I will be both your historian and your prophet. I shall count on you, monsieur."

"Though I mentally sneered at the woman's pretensions and lay awake half the night assuring myself that I would never seek her out, I was at her door ten minutes before the appointed time next day. I will not describe the 'Inner Temple of Mysteries' to which she conducted me, but in the weird effect of its hangings, mirrors, grotesque carvings and mystic symbols it challenged the most hardened skepticism. Throwing the white light of a gas lamp upon my face with a powerful reflector, she generalized upon my past life as any shrewd judge of human nature might do. Then suddenly knitting her brows

and leaning closer she slowly spelled out 'Marcia Arnold.'

"That is the name of the girl you will marry," she announced in a dreamy voice, "and there you see her."

"With that the lights faded to the dimness of deep twilight, and there followed the darkness of the dungeon. Opposite me as if in life was the image of the sweet and beautiful woman you know as Mrs. Robley. Never before had I been dominated by the tender passion, but there I was fathoms deep in love with what might have been an enchanting illusion or a superb painting. So deeply was I impressed that after leaving in a bewildered state I sketched the magnificent creature so indelibly impressed upon my memory."

"Eighteen months later I was in southern California enjoying the medicinal virtues of the climate, and finding subjects in some of the delightful scenery. One morning I had my camp at the edge of a wooded precipice overlooking a charming spread of landscape. The velvet carpeting of grass and moss had failed to warn me of approaching footsteps, and when I turned it was the startled movement caused by a half-suppressed scream. There were two ladies, the elder anxiously supporting the younger, whose face was blanched and whose eyes were fastened upon me as though I were a terrifying apparition. It was the girl the Indian sorceress had shown me in Paris; but what did she know of me? As she sank down under the weight of her emotions, I hastened to a near-by spring for water, and when I returned her eyes were upon me in that same fixed and troubled look."

"What can be the matter, daughter? You have always been so strong and vigorous."

"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked the younger of me, without heeding the mother's question.

"It is Wilton Robley," I responded quietly. At that instant it flashed upon me that in a desire to conceal my identity I had given the name of Henry Morton to the fortune teller. Then with the inspiration of an anxious lover I added: "But I have a cousin of that name who bears a striking resemblance to me."

"My immediate reward was a revival of strength and spirits on the part of the young lady. The mother introduced herself as Mrs. Gilson, and then said: "Lucy, we had best get back to the hotel."

"Lucy Gilson?" and yet it was her presence that had been conjured up as my bride to be. She was the girl of my sketch and my dreams. The next day I called at the hotel to inquire after her. I called often. We walked, drove, painted and boasted together. I came to know through the intuition of love that she was not indifferent to me. One evening as we drifted lazily through the water lilies she handed me a sketch of herself and asked: "Is that a picture of Henry Morton?"

"It's perfect," I answered though dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed her face, and she was about to tear the picture to pieces when I caught her hands and suddenly showed the reproduction of herself that I had made in Paris. It was her turn to be surprised, and when I told her of my experience at the fortune teller's on Rue de Boulogne, giving her the date, she quickly exclaimed:

"Why, I was there with Marcia Arnold. Mamma and I did Europe that season, and we two girls visited that Indian princess just for a lark. That was where I saw Henry Morton, whom I was told fate had decreed as my future husband."

"Before we rowed home it was all explained, and the sequel of our strange experience was a happy marriage. The dusky prophetess who had confined the name of the two girls was a cultivated fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors, ladies."—Detroit Free Press.

The Identification Needed.

Mrs. William Maydenbauer of Seattle, Wash., is a woman who deserves to go down to posterity as one with an admirable sense of good humor. She became known to fame in the following manner: One day she entered the First National Bank and presented to the cashier, one Turner, a newswoman in the city, a properly drawn check. Mr. Turner demurred at paying it because he did not know her. He informed her that she would have to be identified. She looked up, and discovering that a stranger was waiting on her, remarked succinctly:

"Well, sir, if any identification is necessary you are the one to be identified. I have lived here all my life and never saw you around here before."

The cashier cashed the check. —Boston Advertiser.

Effective Matchmaking.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perce Indians and their visitors during the celebration on the last Fourth of July. The natives of the local tribe are very wealthy people, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different classes of civilized society. The young lasses of the Nez Perce tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of royalty in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way.

The marriageable maidens were by common accord quartered in a selected spot in the valley of the Lapwai. At an appointed hour the young men who wanted wives to share their annuities, their homesteads and the affections of their hearts appeared in procession on the hallowed campground. The hour was midnight, and the scene was in a grove of trees made fragrant by the wild flowers, and every heart danced to the music of the rippling waters. The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their brightest colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was doleful as the song of an owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents. At last the singing and the drumming had the desired effect.

The maidens came forth, after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens; the former kept up the march and the music throughout; the maidens counter-marched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow the brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair. —Portland Oregonian.

Longevity.

Elijah Glenn has just passed his one hundredth birthday. He is one of the thirteen survivors of the war of 1812, and is as cheerful as a cricket, with the prospect of many years ahead of him.

Some scientists tell us that it is possible for the average man to cover a century, and the wonder is that so few try the experiment. Most of us stumble along through fifty or sixty years, carrying a load of rheumatism and gout, while a slender minority are young at three score, healthy at four score and ten, and not very old or very feeble when they pass the century mile stone.

Every country in Europe produces a goodly number of centenarians, but the crop is largest in Roumania, where it is said one man in every thousand celebrates his one hundredth birthday. One hundred and twenty-five years constitute an exceptional age, but even one hundred and fifty have in several instances been reached.

The nervous what do the business forms, and we Americans wear our nerves on the outside, where every blast irritates them. Worry makes us old, but how can one help worrying in a political campaign like this.

Some time, perhaps, we shall take life more easily, and then we shall live without wear or tear, and therefore live till we go to pieces like Holmes' "one hour show." Without doubt the ideal limit is a century, and a half, but, as in all other instances, the ideal is hard to attain. —New York World.

As Old as Noah.

Mr. Reynolds is a bright and well preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter Mabel he seems very old indeed. She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for a long time one day, when she asked suddenly:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear," gasped her astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment.

"Then, grandpa," she asked, "why weren't you drowned?"

Bewilderment of grandparent.

London Answers.

Origin of Colds.

A noted physician says (in Popular Science News) that instead of colds coming from atmospheric changes as people generally suppose, they generally originate by breathing impure air. Ninety-nine percent of what are termed colds are nothing more or less than the poisoning of the mucous membrane by bad air.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Some Facts of Interest About the Great Chinaman.

He Could Have Made Himself Emperor of China.

Perhaps two or three times a day, when Li Hung Chang is at home in his palace at Tien-Tsin, his son, Lord Li, who acts as his secretary, brings the Viceroy some state documents which necessitate his taking the brush and India ink used for writing in China and rapidly painting his elongated signature at the top left-hand corner.

This palace, in which the greater part of the work of running the Chinese Empire is done, is remarkable. It has been described incorrectly as being furnished in the Western style. As a fact, every apartment in the immense collection of buildings but one is in Chinese fashion.

This single room is known as the "foreign reception chamber." Everything in it is foreign except a Chinese divan. Circular sofas of the latest pattern, gorgeous tapestries and gilt furniture give this apartment the appearance of having been transported in its entirety from a Fifth avenue mansion. There is even an artistic fireplace instead of the porcelain stove universal in China.

It is here that the Viceroy entertains distinguished foreign visitors. On the walls are oil paintings of Armstrong, the ship builder; Krupp, the gunmaker; the famous Chinese Gordon and Li himself. When one of Li's song comes in and chats to the visitor in correct English or French the caller's surprise is complete.

American visitors to the Viceroy were surprised at his knowledge of politics in their own country. The first question he usually asked was, "Are you a Democrat or a Republican?" and then spoke of affairs here in a way that showed extraordinary familiarity with the system of government. He is particularly inquisitive as to the amount of corruption in politics in what he calls "Ta Ma Quo"—"the great American country."

However, he cannot look down upon any corruption here. The system in China is the perfection of extortion and bribery. The amount of Li's fortune is known only to himself. He is probably one of the richest men in the world, and owns immense amounts in Western securities. All this money has been accumulated by the use of every opportunity his position gives him, to the uttermost extent. A mandarin, wishing even to speak with the Viceroy, must first pay a fee, and there is a scale of charges for every possession. Too much blame cannot be attached to Li for thus making use of his chance to enrich himself. It is the recognized Chinese system and no odium is attached to it there. Indeed, the whole government is one vast machine of corruption, from Emperor to the lowest servant of a mandarin.

It is little known that Li, had he chosen, could have been Emperor of China. In 1887, when Prince Kuang was retired in disgrace, a bold coup would certainly have placed the Viceroy, then at the height of his power, on the imperial throne. His supporters were anxious that he should allow himself to be made Emperor, but, probably considering the dangers continually surrounding the position, especially without the prestige of right by birth, he refused, and placed the present Emperor, Kwang Han, on the throne instead.

The blackest and most treacherous action in Li's life was the abetting of the leaders of the Tao-ping rebellion. These men came to the Viceroy's camp by invitation to negotiate terms of surrender. As soon as they were in his power he had all of them beheaded. It is said that "Chinese" Gordon was so furious with Li that he armed himself with a revolver and hunted for him high and low, with the avowed purpose of taking his life. However, he relented, no doubt considering in cooler moments that Li was a Chinaman, and as such unable to understand Occidental ideas of honor.

A Surgical Operation.

Dr. Sutter performed a difficult surgical operation at the city hospital recently. James Hayes, a barber, was in his shop on Park avenue when the building was destroyed by the tornado of May 27th, and besides other injuries had his right arm broken between the shoulder and the elbow. His arm was saved by a surgeon, but for some reason the bone did not grow together, and he has suffered great pain and been unable to use his arm since. A few days ago he applied to Dr. Sutter and ex-

plained the nature of his injuries. He was told the only way to relieve him would be to join the bone together by artificial means, so a day was decided upon for the operation. He was placed on the operating table and chloroform administered to him. Dr. Sutter then made a long incision in the flesh and bending the arm at the broken place, caused both ends of the broken bone to protrude clear of the flesh, to enable him to operate on them without interference. He then sawed off the rough end of each fractured part, and a smooth, even surface was then secured.

He then sawed each end of the bone half way through, about an inch from the end, one being sawed on the top, and the other on the under side, and then cut each end lengthwise to meet the cut previously made, thus taking out a piece of the bone an inch long and half its thickness. Both ends were then placed together and the broken bone was mortised evenly and smoothly. To hold the ends firmly together a hole was drilled through the bones at the point where they were mortised and an ivory peg driven into the hole, binding the ends securely together. The incision was then sewed up and the injured arm placed in splints. Mr. Hayes was then removed and later in the day went to his home.

Dr. Sutter says the arm will be about an inch shorter than it originally was, but otherwise it will give Hayes no inconvenience after it heals firmly together, which will take about four weeks. The muscles, Dr. Sutter says, will accommodate themselves to the shortened length of the arm. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Double Shots at Game.

The pride of a sportsman is to make a good double at game. Take a ruffed grouse hunter, for instance. He puts up two of the birds at once. They go whirling off through the brush as I are brought down one after the other. That makes the hunter happy.

A Texas deer hunter riding along on horseback once saw a couple of deer leap from their beds and start off on a jump. He dropped both, one with each barrel; they were big bucks.

A hunter in Wisconsin saw three bears fleeing away through the timber. He killed two of them and wounded the third so that he got it the next day.

A German hunting lures with a 16 gauge shotgun loaded with No. 3 shot and saw two deer running, one behind the other. He killed them both at twenty yards.

Men on the plains in the days when antelopes were far more plentiful than now used to get within shot of a bunch and then, by shouting the leaders, manage to get all the bunch. It was the same with elk, while buffaloes were killed by dozens; but such shots were not pleasing to the men who made them in any other sense than that they brought so much money. This was market hunting.

How He Knew.

Bloomer—Good morning, Mr. Blossom.

Blossom (handing him a twenty)—Here you are.

Bloomer (surprised)—Why, how did you know I was going to ask for a twenty?

Blossom—By the way you addressed me.

Bloomer—Well, I'll fool you the next time.

Blossom (the next time)—Hello Bloomer!

Blossom (handing him a twenty)—Take it.

Bloomer (greatly surprised)—You certainly must be a mind reader.

Blossom—No; I don't claim to be.

Bloomer—Well, then, how did you know I was going to ask you for a twenty?

Blossom—By the way you addressed me.

Bloomer—That's what you said the last time, and I addressed you entirely different.

Blossom—That may be; but I've noticed you address me only when you want a twenty. —San Francisco Wave.

A Reminder.

"Willie, didn't I ask you to make less noise?" said Mrs. Still at the dinner table.

"Yes, you did, mamma."

"Well, I will have to ask you again."

"Remember, mamma, you told me it was impolite to ask for anything twice at the table." —The Statesman.

Yes or No?

"Tell me," said the young man, passionately, "is my answer to be spelled with three letters or two?"

"Three," said the summer girl shyly.

"Darling?"

"That is to say it is 'ait.'" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

POLISH FOR THE SHIRT BOSOM.

Melt together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti; turn into a clean shallow pan. When cold break into pieces about the size of a chestnut and put in a box until required. When making boiled starch add a piece of this wax. —Ladies' Home Journal.

COLOR SCHEME FOR A DINING ROOM.

An unusually pretty dining room was furnished in mahogany and old blue. The woodwork was painted to match the old-fashioned mahogany sideboard standing opposite the door. On each side of the door narrow shelves reaching to the top and fitted with diamond-paned glass windows served as china cabinets. The walls were prepared with old blue cartridge paper. A blue Japanese rug covered the floor. The windows were curtained in white dotted muslin with blue spots.

SPOOL-SPRITTY DINNER.

Don't spoil your pretty dishes by letting them "sizzle" and soak in the heat of the stove with meat and eggs and things like that, for it is entirely unnecessary. Have a set of plain dishes upon which to place the things that must be kept warm, and use them for no other purpose. Always have hot things hot, and cold things very cold, when brought to the table. To heat china, pile the plates and dishes in the dishpan and pour boiling water over them, then dry quickly and send to the table. You will find that by doing this you get the dishes as hot as though they had been seething for an hour in a Dutch oven.

DOING UP LACE CURTAINS.

A good housekeeper will never put away her lace curtains in a soiled condition, as the dirt left in them for several months is harder to wash out, and requires a much severer rubbing of the delicate fabric. If one has a curtain frame it is a very simple matter to do them up at home, but it is by no means impossible to manage without one. The curtains should be left to soak in warm, soapy water, so that they will require as little rubbing as possible to get them clean, and this should be done with the hands, as a board is simply ruinous. Make a thin boiled starch, slightly blue, and dip the curtains in, wringing them out gently. Then take clean buff sheets and pin the curtains on the sheets to dry, being careful to pin them exactly in shape, so that they will be perfectly square and even when dry. Some people dampen and iron the curtains, but it is very bad for the fabric, and they never hang properly afterward.

RECIPES.

Stewed Onions.—Place young onions in boiling water and cook ten minutes. Pour off water and pour over them one cupful of milk, and stir till tender. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a lump of butter the size of an olive.

Frosted Rice.—Boil one teaspoonful of rice in milk till very tender; add saltspoonful of salt. Beat yolks of three eggs with this in a deep dish. Beat three whites to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little grated lemon. Spread over rice and brown in oven. Put on ice and serve cold.

Toast.—The great secret in having good toast is to dry all the moisture out of the bread before holding it to the fire, otherwise the outside will become browned and scorched while the middle remains spongy. To carry out this process dry the slices of bread for a quarter of an hour in the oven with the door open. Turn the bread once, so that both sides dry equally. The bread will toast very quickly after this treatment, and it will be crisp, yet neither hard nor tough. Directly toast is made it should be stood upright in a warm place till served.

Olds and Ends Soup.—This is made of any scraps or bits of meat and vegetables that are left from one or more meals—as, for example, the bones of a porterhouse steak, a nut-ton chop, a tablespoonful of hashed meat, a hard-boiled egg, piece of a chicken, one or two cold potatoes, turnips, two or three spoonfuls of boiled rice, meat gravy, every kind of bits of pork, ham, brook, etc., may be used. Put all together in a stew pan, except the bread, cover with cold water and let simmer for half or three-quarters of an hour. Then put in a quart of beef stock, and let it simmer gently for half or three-quarters of an hour longer, when it should be served hot with square pieces of toasted bread placed in the bottom of the tureen.

The Rain.

Over the valley, the hill and the plain
The rain! the rain! the rain!
The dusty illness the drops will drain;
A deeper crimson the rose will stain,
And the world grows glad at the sweet refrain.

Over the valley, the hill and the plain
The rain! the rain! the rain!
How it drenches the dust of the field and lane
And tempts the violets out again!
How the world thanks God for the sweet refrain.

Of the bright, abounding rain!
—F. L. Stanton.

HUMOROUS.

"What must a man do, doctor, to attain a ripe old age?" "Live."

Shoe—Was there any particular thing about the town which struck you? He—Yes; a bicycle.

Girl—Weren't you surprised when he proposed? Another Girl—No. Why should I be? First Girl—Everybody else was.

One of the ironies of life is the fact that the man who has money enough to pay no he goes can get all the credit he wants.

Old Gentleman—You want my daughter? Why, she's only just graduated! Young Man—I know, sir; but she'd get over that.

Mrs. Quiverful (sternly)—What was going on in the parlor last night? Ethel (blushing)—Only my engagement ring, mamma.

Bride (at the wedding to a best man)—Why is marriage often a failure? Best Man—Because the bride does not marry the best man.

"Tell me a story, grandma." "What kind of story do you want, Tommy?" "Tell me a story with plenty of rains and candy in it and a dog."

Social Rake—Why is it considered unkind to look at a funeral procession from under an umbrella? "Some fellow might want to borrow it."

Miss Antique (school teacher)—What does w-h-i-t-e spell? (No answer.) Miss Antiques—What is the color of my skin? Class (in chorus)—Yellow.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood," wrote Byron, and these simple words reveal.

Although the poet nature understood, He didn't know a thing about a wheel.

"I understand, then," concluded the interviewer, "that your success was achieved at a bound?" The India Rubber Man nodded his head gravely.

No Wonder.—Mrs. Talkalot—What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph? Joseph—Good! it's the only chance I ever get.

Hoax—Poor B Jones has to run all the errands and cook his own meals. Joan—What's the trouble? Hoax—He was foolish enough to buy his wife a bicycle.

McSorecher—My baby has had the wind colic for two days. Siskelace—What caused the trouble? McSorecher—The poor kid tried to eat its teeth on my pneumatic tire.

Arden Lover—If you could see my heart, Bessie, you would know how fully—Up-to-Date—(producing Rosengen camera)—I intend to see it, George. Sit still, please.

"I'm afraid that when Yappy and that Mrs. Prettygold are married she will run the whole establishment."

"And why not? She will be the senior partner by at least 10 years."

Mrs. Jimsmith—George, what does "carte blanche" mean? Jimsmith—It refers to the way a man feels when he has got \$25 in his pocket and his wife has gone away for a week.

"Just got a letter from Mildred. She's enjoying the country so much. She says: 'Every day at sunrise a neighboring rooster rouses us with his early morning lay.' 'Early morning lay? What's the matter with the hens—on a strike?'"

An American Flag of Girls.

Fifty years ago the American flag was raised over the port of Monterey, Cal., and it thus became a United States seaport instead of a Mexican town. The town's semi-centennial was fittingly celebrated a short time ago, and the place was crowded with visitors.

One of the most beautiful of the ceremonies was the formation of "Old Glory" by arranging two hundred girls in appropriate costumes. The red and white stripes of the living flag were made of gowns of those colors. The blue field was similarly secured, and the white stars were placed on top of immense flat-topped hats which the girls wore.

When the two hundred girls lifted their voices to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" the applause broke the echoes of the hills around Tig Monterey and drowned the music for several minutes.