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The Chatham Record.

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The larger advertisements liberal contracts will make.

An Old Roman Camp. The gold has paled to silver on the bright, The gull belated to the lake has flown; Why sits young Andro in the house to-night, While Caesar lingers in the old camp alone?

PLAYING THE DRESSMAKER. Mrs. Ross Ruslington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled--all because her own darling had seen fit to consult his own heart in falling in love.

Mrs. Ross Ruslington, senior, understood it all in a flash. Her daughter-in-law, whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker. Mrs. Ruslington, junior, was inwardly astonished to see such a dignified, well-dressed lady come to make up her black silk, and, while Mamie was absent a moment in response to a little nestling cry from Baby Helen, Grandmamma Helen suddenly began to enjoy the situation, and when Mamie came back, said--

Mamie Ruslington, the year-old wife, was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-flopped head nestled among blankets and lawn, from which it will be deduced that Ernest Ruslington had not been intimidated by his mother's threats, but had bravely foregone luxury and elegance for the sake of the girl he loved and who loved him, and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surroundings that were more than plainly comfortable, so that to her the pleasant little home her husband took to her, and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a saved little sum of money in the bank, was a paradise to her, where she was as happy as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly. Then a little baby-girl had come to them, and over the nestling's cradle, over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's floppy golden hair. "I wish as heartily as I could, darling, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compiment in naming baby Helen Beryyn, after her own maiden name. Who knows but that this little pet of ours will prove a peace maker.

But in this special instance Mr. Ernest Ruslington was proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness, his mother was very determined to dispose of them all--except her boy--very summarily. And, to this end, was the interview tending when Mrs. Ruslington sat in her blue silken-cushioned chair, with her fair blonde face as stern as her well-bred indignation could make it.

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THE MEXICAN CAPITAL. Interesting sights and scenes in the City of Mexico. Mexico is a serious and by no means a gay city. There are no crowds upon the sidewalks, no cating of ices in public, no cafes chateaux, nothing Parisian. By nine or ten o'clock the good people appear to have retired already, to be up betimes in the morning for the work of the day. A military band plays three evenings in the week, but even this, except on Sundays, is so sparsely attended that the men seem to be discouraging their music for their own amusement. Policemen are found strolled at short intervals in the quiet streets, with their lanterns set in the middle of the roadway. They are obliged by the regulations to signal their whereabouts every quarter of an hour, and the sound of their whistles, which have a shrill, doleful note, like November wind, may be heard repeated from one to another all the night through.

Here at length is the great central plaza, in which events of much moment have been transacted. We may actually sit down upon an iron bench at a corner of a little garden in the midst of it, the Zoocal, and make ourselves as comfortable as if we had always been used to it. The imposing cathedral piteously pyramid-shaped from this point of view into the spot where stood the pyramid of the Aztec war god. These stones should be ankle deep for all the blood of various sorts that has been spilled upon them. For the moment we are fanatic reactionists. One would gladly see again for a brief instant old Hutzilopotchi, the war god, aloft on his terrace, hear the beat of the ingubrious war drum, and watch the dismal procession of captives winding up to the sacrifice, ministered to by the wild priests, with black locks flowing upon their shoulders. Except that at the previous moment--we trust we are merciful enough for that--before it was too late, we think we should insist upon charging up the steps of the edifice with our swords, and to their delivery.

Mexico is extraordinarily flat, and its streets laid as regularly at right angles as in our own most symmetrical town. At the ends of all of them, in whatsoever direction, the view is closed by mountains. Its flatness, together with its position in reference to the adjoining series of lakes, is one of the circumstances which have occasioned the greatest solitude in the past, and still call for almost as much. Bad roads beset the nostrils; and stagnant gutters, neglected heaps of garbage, the sight of the wayfarer about the interesting streets. The situation in this particular is a crying shame. The citizens of Mexico should stop, as if an enemy were at their gates, and devote themselves to their remedy. Not another railroad should be built, nor another dollar voted to any public purpose, till it is attended to.--W. H. Bishop, in Harper.

to their homes, they are found to dwell among ruined walls in the outskirts, in adobe huts which can have changed very little in aspect since the Conquest. These Indians have peculiar, pleasant voices, rather in contrast to the Spanish voice, which is apt to be harsh. Their manners, too, are above their surroundings. It is a favorite Mexican expression to say, "This is your house," and I have had them on being introduced say, "Well, remember number so-and-so of such a street if your house." So, in the same way, it happened to me once, on looking with curiosity into one of these abodes, to ask an elderly woman who stood near by, by way of making talk, if it were hers. "Yes," she replied at once; "and yours also, sir."

Another Repudiator. A man with a countenance blurred as though a butcher had slapped his face, arrived in Little Rock yesterday. He was moneyless. Going to a pawn shop he drew out a paper, threw it on the counter and exclaimed, "Here, sir, is my commission as mayor of Black Oak, give me fifty cents on it." "Take it away," said the broker, "and don't bother me with your foolishness." "I will go and see the governor of the State, sir, and have this matter investigated." He went to the State House and hurriedly walked into the governor's room.

The Flora of Europe. The flora of Europe is more varied than its fauna, says a letter from Florence, Italy. Coming through the Pisanian Alps we discovered almost every plant, tree and flower to which my eye had become accustomed in New York, Connecticut and Minnesota--golden rod radiant above the fences, willows nodding by the streams, Lombardy poplars, stiff-backed and defiant, like the soldiers that have so often desolated these fertile lands, elms (small and untrifling), large oaks, whitewoods and walnut trees, tansy, campanula, mulleins, angelica, water lilies, wild asters, vervain, bouncing bet, yarrow, the woodbine, honeysuckle, and many others as familiar. The flower gardens are of the same blossoms as ours, but not so brilliant, it seems to me. The omnipresent grapevine adds a novel element to the landscape. Throughout Germany grapes are generally trained on arbors or sticks, like beanpoles; on the steep mountain slopes of Austria they are bowed down half over a wire or a horizontal pole, so as to let in the sun to the best advantage. All through Northern Italy they are furnished trees for a support, with the addition of a swing of large wire or rope, stretching from tree to tree, along which the agile vine creeps. There is nothing in vegetation more picturesque than these leafy festoons of which the wine of Lombardy is cradled.

Once upon a time, and that time dates back more than a hundred years ago, there lived in Perth, Scotland, a poor, ignorant lad of the name of Bisset. He must have been born with a wonderful love for animals and birds. In his eyes "they were very good" friends and playmates, that could be trained to gentle ways; and in them he was sure he could discover indications of greater intelligence than others would give them credit for. He could not explain what spurred him on the pursuit of such lowly studies. He could only say: "I believe in them, and they know it. I can teach them many things, for they know I love them." The neighbors laughed and wished him joy of his "new knowledge." To them a cat was a cat--a mouse, it might be, often a great nuisance--simply that and nothing more. Bisset went on his way, shielding his pets, unmoved by the raillery. That there was a home helping sympathy we are sure. Doubtless the hard-working mother whispered words of good cheer. Any way, the jibes of ignorant associates fell unheeded on his ear.

Necessity made it imperative that the boy should be apprenticed to a shoemaker; and for years but small leisure came to the lad. Nevertheless, problems and fancies filled his busy brain; for pegs and awls and leather aprons cannot shut away the luxury of private thought. And so, plodding on with great pains in his head, he accepted quietly whatever word of counsel or reproach the master might fling out, happy if at night he could share his pittance with his pets, tamed and hidden from prying eyes.

Alfred Tenyson is the author of the lines. "The better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all. It was Sir Walter Scott who said: "Who, among an unnumbered race, We doubly love, ourselves alone." Chilli not only respects this nation, but wants us to mind our own business and keep our diplomacy for those who sign for it. Looks as if we'd better do it. Satin wood is a species of the Chibuchina striata, a native of the East Indies. The wood received its name from its silky aspect. It is very close-grained, heavy and durable. Portrush, Ireland, can boast the first electrical street railroad in that country. It will be under the direct control of Dr. W. C. Biemens, who is a large shareholder. Eight of the Presidents of the United States have been members of the Masonic fraternity--Washington, Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Garfield and Arthur. The great trouble experienced in Iowa in keeping Russian blood hounds is the fact that they don't discriminate between the tramps and members of the family, but bite all alike. You can't go amiss of death in this country. A Vermont woman got a dig from the claw of a turkey, neglected the wound three or four days and then died of lockjaw.

The Beauty of the Heart. A lovely form may charm the eye With fairest loveliness and grace; And oft we may be captivated by The entrancing beauty of a face; But there's a beauty far more true, Whose radiant charms shall never depart, But every morn and eve be new; It is the beauty of the heart. Beneath the weight of passing years The prodigal form must stoop and bend, And all the charm that beauty wears Must fade away and have an end. The sparkling light must leave the eye, And from the cheek the bloom depart; And there's a charm that never shall die; It is the beauty of the heart. 'Tis this that scatters o'er life's path The gems of happiness and truth; And many charms in age it hath, As in the rosy morn of youth. A charm that wrestles with the dews And doth the sweetest joys impart, Which brightly glows the saddened hours; It is the beauty of the heart.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Alfred Tenyson is the author of the lines. "The better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all. It was Sir Walter Scott who said: "Who, among an unnumbered race, We doubly love, ourselves alone." Chilli not only respects this nation, but wants us to mind our own business and keep our diplomacy for those who sign for it. Looks as if we'd better do it. Satin wood is a species of the Chibuchina striata, a native of the East Indies. The wood received its name from its silky aspect. It is very close-grained, heavy and durable. Portrush, Ireland, can boast the first electrical street railroad in that country. It will be under the direct control of Dr. W. C. Biemens, who is a large shareholder. Eight of the Presidents of the United States have been members of the Masonic fraternity--Washington, Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Garfield and Arthur. The great trouble experienced in Iowa in keeping Russian blood hounds is the fact that they don't discriminate between the tramps and members of the family, but bite all alike. You can't go amiss of death in this country. A Vermont woman got a dig from the claw of a turkey, neglected the wound three or four days and then died of lockjaw.

HUMOROUS. "Oh, yes," said the broker; "oh, yes, he's sharp; he's very sharp. But then he's like most sharp men, he never cuts anything unless it's softer than himself. A man with a small salary and large family says if pride goes before a fall, he would like to see Iride start on a little ahead of the price of coal and provisions. The Boston Post considers it possible for animals to blush. A turkey has been seen to turn mighty red around his gills when pointed out to the cook, and maybe the Post is right. The Boston Home Journal speaks of a "picked squad of twelve men from the Crescent Bicycle Club." They were, doubtless, picked out of a soft layer of mud.--Melrose Argus. A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much dew on it." "You have heard, my love, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?" "I know it; but what I can't understand is that a woman as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to marry her." Perils of Pole Climbers. A Western telegraph-pole climber tells a stirring tale of the hardships endured by men of his trade. They are often forced to climb rotten poles, especially in the rural districts. In one case when a pole broke under him he held on the cross-piece and the wires let him down gently to the ground. But perhaps the greatest danger is from the electricity, which sometimes knocks men from the poles. In damp weather, especially, they are liable to receive severe shocks, when they touch two wires at once with different parts of their bodies. The climber said: "I tell you it is a fearful contract to undertake to fix a broken wire on a wet day. I have seen some of the boys kick and squirm on the cross-pieces, and yell so loudly that you would think they had gone off into spasms. I have in my mind one young man in particular who came near breaking his neck. He was what you call one of your 'smart Alecks.' It was a damp, rainy day in September when he went up to splice a wire. As soon as he reached the first cross-piece he thought he would make the boys laugh by performing various antics, so he sat astride of the wire near the pole and caught hold of another. The batteries attached at the ends of both wires were heavily charged, and he was so badly shocked that the men were compelled to go up and take him down. In fact the shock almost killed him."