The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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To His Namesake.

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of dear hopes! For then I crave
What riches never brought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the sage's thought of old—
God make thee beautiful within!
And let thine eye the good behold
In everything save sin.

—*John G. Whittier in Good Cheer.*

"UNCLE STANTON."

The first time I saw Uncle Stanton he was standing at the open doorway of his shop, rubbing his hands on a leather apron. His face was stained with the black dust of the forge, and great beads of perspiration rolled down on his brow from under his confusion of hair—hair so thick that I used to wonder the possibility of a comb. He was short in stature, with a small featured face and restless blue eyes. He was bent by toil, and his careworn expression gave emphasis to a nervous habit of twisting one corner of his apron when he idled for a while. He was a shabby old man, but on a Sunday (it was always called "the Sabbath" at the "Center") he would don a threadbare suit of ill-fitting broadcloth in which he was very ill at ease. Everybody about the Center and for that matter, everybody else for miles away—knew him as "Uncle Stanton." He was generally respected, and I doubt if there were any so well informed in the rise and decline of the old place. Yet he had not always lived in the Center. Years ago when Joe Wheeler died, there appeared to be no one at hand to take his place at the forge. Joe had built the shop in the early days when the Center promised to be much more than the pivot whose radius was then marked by "Kirby Run" and Deacon Greene's vineyard. The dear old Deacon! I can see him now with his freckled face, and hair as red as the autumn color of the leaves which used to fall from the big maple tree in front of my old home. The vineyard was on the side of the hill, steep enough to free it from stones and brush, yet not so steep but the Deacon could keep his foothold, and work all through the hot summer days. How often have I seen him with his head bobbing above the green leaves, and how often have I heard him ask for the folks at home, with "God's blessing upon them!"

Well, Joe had mended the wagons and the ploughs, shod the horses and been considered "pretty handy" for many years, but it did not occur to one that a time would come when Joe's tools would lie idle for the want of his hands to use them. Joe had provided for this emergency. "I've writ to Uncle Stanton, Marthy," he said to his wife when he found himself no longer able to rise. "He's a sartin sort of a man, and a good one to take hold of the smithy. I never seed a time when he missed the mark he aimed at, and I've knowed him, Marthy, a powerful long while. You see we growed up together, he was uncommon sharp, and likelier n'me, but I got the start somehow and went away, and Stanton's been trudging along the same old rut."

So it came about that four days after Joe Wheeler had been put in the little yard back of the Methodist Church whose steeple covered with rusty tin marked the Center for many miles, the big, creeky doors of the shop once more swung open, the smoke of the forge was seen curling out of the tall red chimney, and Uncle Stanton gratefully welcomed his first customer.

We became acquainted easily enough. My first visit at the shop was with handsome gray Billy, who had cast a shoe. I can recall even now the noise of his hoofs as they clattered over the oaken floor, and the wonderment expressed in the glance of his noble, bright eyes, as Uncle Stanton bent down and critically examined his hoof. Billy had a great many friends, and I believe it was never decided which was the better animal, mine or the lean lark bay which the aggressive Mr. Mullens, the meat peddler, constantly drove.

"They've had a bad time over at the Kirby's, I heard," Uncle Stanton said to me, as he paused over a shoe which he was hammering into shape. "Two funerals less'n a week. I didn't believe Rube would pull the second girl through—he ain't much on fevers, not so much as young Hawkins. He beat the world on fevers. Now, there was Southworth's boy over at Pineville; t'want a week before he was up'n about, and that gave Jim a settin' up They ought to 'have had Jim, to my thinkin'."

And so Uncle Stanton would rattle on. The gossip of the village all came to him somehow; he never forgot what he heard, and very little happened in the place that did not in some shape or other reach Uncle Stanton's ears. Concerning himself, however, he was strangely reticent.

Sometimes I would stop at the shop door in the early evenings when the sun was setting back of the hills and throwing its golden mellow on the roofs of the farm houses and lingering in the tree tops. Uncle Stanton always sat there smoking his pipe, and when he had no one to talk to would gaze off upon the road in dreamy silence. He always had a cheery sort of welcome for me, and I used to think that he was freer with me than any one else. Perhaps it was because I was very young.

One day—it was a year or more after I had made Uncle Stanton's acquaintance—he said to me suddenly, "Davy, my boy, the world isn't so very big, and the people in it often run amuck when they don't calkerlate."

We were lounging at the doorway, and Uncle Stanton was seated on the raised floor with his back against the casement, pressing down the tobacco in his pipe with the end of his stubby finger.

"What is it, uncle?" I queried. There seemed to be something on his mind, and I fancied he wanted to talk to me.

"Sit down here, lad, and I'll tell you a little story. It's a story there's none left to tell but me, and I'm agoin' to let ye hear it, Davy, because you've bin good and because in y'r face I've found the only comfort I've had many a long day. You don't know how those eyes of your'n have gone to my heart how they've brought me back to when my boy Harry was so much like you that sometimes when I've looked at you I've stopped my work and let my irons grow cold."

Had he forgotten what he was about to say? He had paused and was searching his waistcoat pocket for a match, and his head was bent down. As he relit his pipe and puffed it into a glow I saw that his eyes were moist and his hand was trembling. I edged close to him, and placed my hand on his arm.

"He was a happy little chap, Davy, and the folks o' the village used to fill us with feelin's sort o' pride like, by the things they would say of him. You see, he was smarter'n a whip, and if thar was anythin' agoin' on among the young folks Harry was at the head of it. Well, he growed up and got to readin' all kinds o' books with larnin' in 'em that set his mind a wanderin', and then somehow Harry was changed like and didn't care for our old-fashioned ways; he wanted to go to the big city, and at last one day he went."

"Did he run away, uncle," I asked, "run away and leave you?"

"Yes, he ran away, Davy, leavin' me an' mother; mother who loved him and who used to pray for him every night until my heart would get to bleedin'! He ran away, Davy! He didn't come to us like the little man he used to be, but he stole away one night, it was just after harvestin' time, and then, but he never writ to us—never writ to mother!"

The old man touched his eyes with his apron and drew hard on his pipe.

All this was years ago, but I have not forgotten the deep impression it made on me his sad, worn face which seemed so much more troubled than ever before, and the nervous twitching of his hands, all of which I scarcely realized then. I can see it all now; we two sitting there in the old doorway, the sun setting back of the hills and the long shadows streaking the road that fell away from the shop into the little valley below.

"Don't tell me any more," I said, "if it makes you feel so bad. Listen! There are the cows over at the Deacon's; they are coming in for the milking."

He paused and then went into the shop. He raked the coals at the forge and covered them up for the night. I fancy that he did so that I might not discover his agitation.

"He never writ to us," he presently resumed, "but Joe Wheeler did, and when that letter came which told us how Harry—our little Harry—had been put in jail for a crime, it broke poor mother down. But we never knew what came of him. Thar' was nothin' we could do; we were far away."

"Oh, uncle, and you have never seen him since that time?" I asked, feeling a great lump in my throat.

"Seen him, Davy? Seen him? The world is wide and the years have been long, but Davy—"

He turned away from the forge and came near to me.

"Davy, I seed a face last night out on the road thar that kep' me awake till the light came in my winder this mornin'. I seed a face that's a bin growin' and a growin' on me; it t'want a ghost, Davy, but it was him, him! my Harry!"

It was dusk when I left Uncle Stanton that evening. I helped him close up the blacksmith shop and walked with him down the road to Joe Wheeler's old house, where Uncle Stanton boarded, and when I started back again to my own humble home I remember that I was so full of thought that mother, who waited me anxiously, said:

"Davy, I didn't hear your Pappy whistle as you came along: what makes you so late, child?"

How well I remember next day with its drizzling rain and the wet leaves of the big maple tree which were tossing against my little window when I awoke! I had slept very late, and while I made my hasty dressing mother called me. Deacon Greene's rusty top buggy was standing at the door when I went down and the good old man was telling a piece of news that had aroused the Center to an excitement which is not forgotten to this very day.

Uncle Stanton was dead!

"We don't know how it all was, Davy," he said, turning to me. "Most likely it was his heart that did it You see—well, it couldn't have been an hour before candle-light when Marthy Wheeler heard a noise in Uncle Stanton's room, but afore she could get her fixin's on and get her old bones up the stairs it was all over. Uncle Stanton was on the floor, gone beyond help. The window was open and the little box he used to keep his money in was gone."

And this is all that ever came of it. Nothing was ever discovered; nothing was learned of the thief. But somehow or other when I think of that summer evening, when Uncle Stanton told me of a face he saw, there comes over me a shudder—a suspicion—Well, I won't write here what I think. Could it be?—*Bessie Welch in Graphic.*

A Lawyer's Trick Exposed.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* relates some interesting anecdotes of old Gov. Allen—"Rise-up William Allen," one of the most noted and popular political characters ever produced by Ohio. One incident is particularly amusing. At one time Gen. Murphy, a celebrated advocate, practised in Chillicothe and Southern Ohio, the defense of criminals being his forte. His power with a jury was almost irresistible, and the facility with which he wept in behalf of his client carried everybody with him.

A notorious horse thief had been indicted at Chillicothe, and, of course, had retained Gen. Murphy. The prosecuting attorney secured the services of Allen to help him convict the rascal if possible. The evidence was heard and it made a pretty clear case against the accused. The prosecutor opened for the State and was followed by Gen. Murphy in one of his most eloquent and tearful efforts. The jury, like the advocate, and a large portion of the audience were in tears, but Allen sat bolt upright, with a stony and dangerous glare in his steel-gray eyes. When Gen. Murphy had concluded, and sat wiping away his tears and sobbing, Allen arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, it seems cruel to say anything to break the charming spell that the learned counsel has woven around you, or rudely dispel the tears that he has drawn like pearls of humanity from your eyes. Your tears have been responsive to his, but perhaps had you known the fountain whence sprang his tears, yours would not have welled up responsive. Gentlemen of the jury, let me show you the fountain of the learned counsel's tears."

Saying this he reached over the table with his long arm and fished something out of Gen. Murphy's coat-pocket. Holding aloft a big red onion, peeled to the quick, he went on:

"I was aware that the onion was the symbol of the Egyptian mysteries, but not until now did I know that it was the substance of Gen. Murphy's tears and mysterious power over a jury."

The prisoner was convicted without the jury leaving the box, and it was years before Gen. Murphy got over the clever expose.

Vocal Quality.

A lady was singing at a concert, and her voice was, to say the least, very thin in places.

"Ah!" said her husband, who after the manner of husbands who have musical wives, thought her vocal powers were great, "what a fine voice she has!"

"Very fine," replied a strange man at his side.

"What timbre!" continued the husband.

"Considerable timber," responded the stranger again, "but too many cracks in it for weather-boarding, and not quite enough for a paling fence."

The husband remained silent during the concluding portions of the entertainment.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE CITY OF KHARTOUM.

The Town in the Soudan where Gordon Fell.

Description of the Place, Its Inhabitants, Mud Houses and Traffic.

Khartoum may be called the Gate of Central Africa. European civilization enters at one side of the city and African barbarism comes in at the other. Beyond Khartoum from the north few tourists have ever made their way, and beyond Khartoum from the south few savages have ever ventured. From the south the Nubian sends his stores of ebony, ostrich feathers, ivory, skins of animals and other products of the equatorial lake district, while from the north the trader carries grain, cotton, gum, Brummagim knick-knacks and beads to feed and clothe the "savages pouting at the line." As the entrepot of the products of Central Africa, Khartoum is a place of some commercial importance. Among the 30,000 people who make up its population there are many Greeks and Italians, while two or three Americans here find profitable investments in furnishing beads and other trumpery to the savages from Khordofan, El Obeid and Dafour. The traders sell canned fruits, meats and vegetables and make the Dongolowee howl through the streets after taking some of their raki as a refresher. Arabs in their bournaises, Turks with the traditional fez, Copts with their bashe, and Birbareen Arabs with their knotted and combined locks of hair, standing up like quills of the porcupine, wander through its irregular, narrow and badly drained streets. It is no wonder that Khartoum is unhealthy. When it rains, great pools of stagnant water are formed, and from these fevers are generated and the deadly miasma does its work among the people.

The street that borders the river side looks down upon the water from an elevation along which stately palm trees and large gardens of citron and orange trees stand. Many neatly white-washed buildings stand along the river bank, and these are relieved by the minarets and mosques which give the air of a city in Upper Egypt, like Benisooef or Rhoda in a large way. There are, of course, the characteristic mud houses, the tropical foliage, the palms and the weeping domes, the dedelabahs hauled on the beach for repairs, the bales of cotton heaped on the shore, the sacks of gum, the tusks of ivory and the stevedore population who brave crocodiles for their paltry paras.

The palace of the Governor is an ugly looking building facing the river and the helmeted and cassocked negroes who form the guard of honor, are dressed in white uniforms. An army of men as large as the army of the United States is engaged in capturing the negroes of the Upper Nile, and it is said that 130,000 slaves, worth about $80 a head, yearly pass through the tortuous thoroughfare of this gateway city. The Turk, with his Moslem religion, sees no great harm in the traffic, for he is taught polygamy and the servitude of one race to another. At Khartoum the harem is regarded as a sacred institution, as the Koran is the inspired law of the majority. Even if the mountain passes of Abbyssinia were sealed up, the seaports of the Cape of Good Hope blockaded, and all the outlets of Central Africa barricaded, yet it is believed that the same silent caravans will be found starting over the deserts, and the same slave-dealers sneaking through Khartoum across the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. For 400 miles south of Khartoum the White Nile is covered with rich cotton fields, which slope away from the banks of the river from five to fifty miles into the interior. The resources of the country are immense, and Khartoum is destined to play an important part in the development of the resources of Central Africa.

Driving Without Hands.

A new method of driving horses by means of the feet, so as to keep the hands warm in cold stormy weather, has been introduced recently. The method can be used either with or without the ordinary plan of hand-driving, the latter being resorted to in genial weather if preferred. The feet rest on a firm board, and the horse is guided by raising or lowering the toes, thus bearing on one or the other rein by means of straps in connection with them, which pass over the pully mounted on the front board of the vehicle. The driver's hands are quite free and may be inserted in the pockets of his great-coat. The apparatus can be attached to any vehicle in a very few minutes and can be used by a very young person. When the driver leaves the vehicle there is a gentle bearing on the horse's mouth, which tends to keep him quiet.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Dumb Made to Speak.

"Nearly every hospital and house of correction in the country has its regular attendance of malingerers," says a physician at the Episcopal Hospital Philadelphia. "Some are most cunning in their schemes to become patients. The comfortable bed, the good food and the kind attention they receive are the temptations to try these deceptions.

"Why, I once saw a case of feigned muteness. A youth of 17 was brought to us. His parents said he had spoken well enough until he was 11 years old, but since then he had never spoken a word. He had his hearing perfectly. We tried a good many things—galvanism, tonics and even, because we thought it was stubbornness, we had a clergyman to talk to him, but all was of no avail. At last we came to the conclusion that the young rascal was hoodwinking us, and we determined to try a trick upon him that has been tried with success before. Two of the physicians stood at his bedside, as if consulting about his case. One of them said in a loud whisper to the other:

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. First of all we'll cauterize the whole of the under surface of his tongue, and, if that does not succeed, we will cut out his tongue and examine it under a microscope." Then, turning to an assistant, he continued: "Mr. Wilson, please get the iron red hot. We will use it at once upon this boy."

"The fellow didn't say anything, but he tried by signs to beg the doctor not to perform the operation. The iron was brought, and the surgeon began arranging the patient. The sight of the instrument on its spirit flame, almost at a white heat, brought forth a terrible cry from the boy, the first sound in six years. Then one assistant held his legs, another his arms, a third his head, and a wedge was thrust into his mouth. Still not a word. The hot iron was lifted and brought near to his face, so that he could feel the heat. Whether the operation would have been performed or not I am unable to say, but there was no necessity, for the instant he felt the heat he shouted:

"Oh, don't, doctor dear, please don't; I'm not dumb. I will speak—I will, indeed."

"And he left the hospital that very afternoon."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Old Egyptian Skill.

The ancient Egyptians excelled in nice mechanical work, and it might puzzle some of our masons and stone workers to equal them at the present day. Mr. Kendrick, in speaking of the casing of the great pyramids, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver paper; and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone, and finished with the same beautiful exactness. But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices separated *secundum artem* from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done—by driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone. By infinite labor, then, in chiseling and sawing? The old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that; they cut a small grove along the whole length of say, one hundred feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove and the wedges expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the large fragments as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond."

Microbes.

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. Pasteur read a letter of M. Buteau on the utility of microbes in the system of creation, the writer maintaining that vegetation would be impossible in a world in which no microbes existed. In the course of some remarks suggested by the communication M. Pasteur declared that for his own part he believed that life itself would be impossible for animals fed on absolutely pure food—that is, food free from ordinary microbes; and he announced his intention of submitting his theory to the test of practical experiment if his other labors allowed him the time necessary for the purpose.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIO.

The caterpillar has 4,000 muscles. This gives it four muscles to each leg.

When you hire a servant in Mexico it is with the understanding that her entire family reside with you.

The legend of the Wandering Jew originated in the East, and was first brought to Europe in the eleventh century.

There are at least a dozen species of fishes which are alone among animals in the possession of electric organs—truly the most remarkable weapons in the entire animal armory.

Dr. Max Bertels, a distinguished German anthropologist, has within the last four years investigated twenty-one well authenticated cases of persons having been born with tails.

"Wiseacre" comes from the old Saxon, Weisager, meaning philosopher, wiseman or wizard. Having been frequently used ironically, it came finally to be used in that sense only.

An English physician has been trying to count the hairs on the human head. He quotes the average number of hairs per square inch at 1615, and estimates about 128,000 hairs for the entire head as a general rule.

The juice of the curious ink plant of New Granada requires no preparation before being used for writing. The color is reddish when first applied to paper, but soon becomes a deep black which is very durable. This ink is now used for public records and documents.

To "sit above the salt" is an old saying. In England, formerly, it was the custom in noble families for servants to take their meals in the same hall with their masters. A large salt cellar was placed in the middle of the table, and it was customary for the servants and poor guests to sit below this. To "sit above the salt" therefore was a mark of honor.

The latest thing in clocks comes from Russia. It is a little timepiece about eight inches high, on a base five inches in diameter and covered with a glass globe. All the works are plainly exposed. The pendulum is a solid brass wheel, supported at the centre or hub, by a slender wire. It does not swing, but revolves from left to right and right to left. Being a 400-day clock, the winding of it is a small item. It will not vary five minutes in 400 days. No temperature affects it.

Taking His Master's Place.

With the peasantry of Spain the donkey is a petted favorite, almost an inmate of the household. The women and children of the family feed him from their hands, and talk caressingly to him. A peasant had for many years carried milk into the market of Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey with panniers well loaded, trudged their accustomed round. One morning, when he was attacked by sudden illness and had no one to send with his milk, he decided to trust the donkey to go alone. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk, and the priest of the village wrote a request to customers to measure their own milk and send back the empty vessels. The donkey was instructed, and set off with his load. The door bells in Spain have a rope hanging outside the house, to which is appended a woollen handle, or the hoof of some animal. The donkey stopped before the house of every customer, and, after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, he pulled the rope with his mouth. When he had gone the entire round he trotted home with the empty canisters. He continued to do this for several days and never missed a customer.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Hawthorne and the Fly.

A fly, says Hawthorne in a letter to his wife, is the most impertinent and indelicate thing in creation—the very type and moral of human spirits whom one occasionally meets with, and who, perhaps, after an existence troublesome and vexatious to all with whom they come in contact, have been doomed to reappear in this congenial shape. Here is one intent upon alighting on my nose. In a room now—in a human habitation—I could find in my conscience to put him to death; but here we have intruded upon his own domain, which he holds in common with all the children of earth and air, and we have no right to slay him on his own ground.

A Luxury.

"Father what is a luxury?" asked little Johnnie the other night as he wrapped himself round the parlor stove. "A luxury? Why, it's something we don't really need, you know—a thing we can do without."

"Well, then," replied the logical youth, "*what* a luxury a mosquito-net must be in winter!"—*Life.*

Little by Little.

Little by little the time goes by—
Hast it you sing it, long it you sigh,
Little by little—an hour a day,
Some with the years that have vanished away—
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done
Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and lighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seeds we sow
In love's beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle right or wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near the shining goals.

HUMOROUS.

The Egyptian injunction—mummies the word.

Every dog has his day and some of them want the night too.

It has been remarked that some give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

Woman is a perennial dynamiter. Husbands are always blown up. Some explode occasionally, and go on a bust."

What the poet wrote: "Her cheeks were like the red, red rose." How it appeared in print: "Her cheeks were like the red, red nose."

It is strange that there should be any marine disasters between New York and Boston, when all the boats go through Long Island Sound.

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man. "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got here."

There are 2,795 languages. If one man could talk them all he could not adequately express his feelings over the shock of his first sit down on a rink floor.

A Michigan cow has sixty horns. A young man who was recently hooked by this accomplished animal thought he had sat down on a pin cushion by mistake.

A fellow in California placed a revolver to the mouth of his sweetheart and fired. The teeth of the young lady resisted the ball, and no damage was done. The question now arises, was the the girl armed to the teeth or not?

A new game is played as follows: A number sit round a table and write on slips of paper guesses about the weather "to-morrow." The one guessing right wins. Any number can play as there is weather enough to go around.

Jones—Yes, sir, it's mighty hard to collect money just now. I know it. Smith—Indeed. Have you tried to collect and failed? Jones—Oh, no. Smith—How then do you know that money is hard to collect? Jones—Because several people have tried to collect from me.

Making a Bow.

In public, the bow is the proper mode of salutation, also, under certain circumstances, in private; and, according to circumstances, it should be familiar, cordial, respectful, or formal. An inclination of the head or a gesture with the hand or cane suffices between men, except when one would be specially deferential to age or position; but in saluting a lady, the hat should be removed. A very common mode of doing this in New York, at present, particularly by the younger men, is to jerk the hat off and sling it on as hastily as possible. As haste is incompatible with grace, and as there is an old pantomimic law that "every picture must be held" for a longer or shorter time, the jerk-and-sling manner of removing the hat, in salutation, is not to be commended. The empressement a man puts into his salutations is graduated by circumstances, the most deferential manner being to carry the hat down the full length of the arm, keeping it there until the person saluted has passed. If a man stops to speak to a lady in the street he should remain uncovered, unless the conversation should be protracted, which it is sure not to be, if either of the party knows and cares to observe the proprieties.

A well-bred man, meeting a lady in a public place, though she is a near relative—wife, mother, or sister—and, though he may have parted from her but half an hour before, will salute her as deferentially as he would salute a mere acquaintance. The passers-by are ignorant of the relationship, and to them his deferential manner says: "She is a lady."—*Alfred Ayres.*

Promoting Harmony.

"I thought you were not going to fight with Jones any more," remarked one policeman to another.

"I am not. I am ready to bury the hatchet."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"For Jones' head to bury it in."