

The Chatham Record.

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He and She. "If I were a king," he said, "And you were just a lowly beggar maid, With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side And crown you queen; and in the great king's bride Men would not know, Or would forget, the beggar maid."

A HUNTER'S PLIGHT.

Twenty years ago, before the disappearance of the buffalo, and before the power of the fighting tribes of Indians was broken, a white man could get almost any sort of adventure west of Omaha at a very early hour in the morning.

Had been in a bit of a cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days before I got anything like a scare. It was within forty miles of the south line of Washington Territory, and the country for a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent.

On the 10th or 11th day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning loaded for bear. I followed the valley up for a half a mile, and then turned into a ravine which was the bed of a creek during the melting of the snows.

In those days I could run like a horse, and I was accustomed to all sorts of ground, but I hadn't made ten jumps on this occasion before my foot slipped on a stone and I went down with a crash. Old grizzly was within twenty feet of me when I got up, and I pitched my rifle into his face as I took a new start.

on I came to the end. As I did so my hand encountered something soft and furry, and there was a hiss and a spit that told me that a kitten panther was present. I felt all around me in the black darkness, but the kitten was the only living object.

The grizzly did not follow at once into the cave. It was five minutes before I heard him working his way in, and by this time I had recovered by breath and nerve. I was certain he could not reach me within six feet, and was rather glad to hear him wheezing and snorting as he pulled himself along.

I was wondering how I should get out of it, when I heard the scream of another animal at the entrance of the cave, and in a moment more realized that the mother of the cub panther had arrived. It was well for me that the body of the bear blocked the entrance.

When the panther had gone I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was nearly noon, and I was really suffering for water. There was a damp spot on the rocks over my head, and I licked it with my tongue and in that way got some relief, but I would have traded my whole outfit for one glass of cool water.

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plainly audible; but by and by they gave it up as a bad job and went away. It was now close on to 3 o'clock, and I went at the carcass with the determination to push it before me. It was too late; the limbs had stiffened like sticks, and the feet caught at every inequality and resisted my efforts.

He backed out after flinging several missiles at the rear of the cave, and from the voices and movements I was satisfied it was a hunting party numbering eighteen persons. They sat down right there for the night and built a camp fire, which reflected right into the mouth of the tunnel, and kept their chatter a-going until nearly midnight.

Luck was with me, however. The Indians crossed the valley too high up to discover my camp, and I found the mules safe and sound. That afternoon, as I was looking after some traps set on a creek about a mile from camp, I found a panther dead in a thicket.

The Manufacture of Ribbons.

It is known that the manufacture of ribbons was fairly established in St. Etienne, France, in the eleventh century, and that the place remains to this day the centre of the industry. During the attacks of the Huguenots in that country, many of the St. Etienne operatives went to Basle, Switzerland, and established the industry there, where it became second only to Etienne.

It is a curious fact that for 500 years ribbons were worn mostly by men rather than by women, especially during the long period of effeminacy in the male attire. In the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries their use in England was restricted to the royalty and gentry by statute.

Looking for Something Choice.

"Any good buter?" inquired an old lady of the grocer. "There's never any dies on our butter, madam." Then the old lady, whose knowledge of English is very limited, said: "Well, if dies won't eat it, 'taint nool 'nough fer me," and she went across the way where only the choice brand is sold.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

What Are You Made Of!

"What are you made of, Maggie dear?" Maggie turns from Rover, With the strictest reverence (Just her grandma over) In the truest, blindest eyes, Back of sunny lashes, While the earnest answer comes, "Made of dust and ashes!"

"What are you made of, Johnnie boy?" Boy stands still a minute: If there's any mischief round He's the one that's in it. "Tan't dirt!" His brown eyes gleam, And he archly reaches Towards the basket's dainty board: "Guess I'm cream and peaches!"

"What are you made of, Taddie pet?" Taddie's eyes are glowing, Two white hands push back the curls, Two white teeth are showing; And the smiles, they twinkle round Like a hand of bliss: "Cause they takes them all the time, Guess I'm made of kisses!"

[Youth's Banner.

Swallows on Shipboard.

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred the other day on board the French steambark Abd-el-Kader during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the skies became quite black with swallows. It was then about 6 o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails, ropes and yards of the Abd-el-Kader. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences, they descended coolly ca deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers; and eventually found their way into the cabins both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food which they enjoyed heartily.

The L. & N. P. R.

At a country station on one of our railways, writes General Porter in the Century, a pig used to be a constant visitor, and drove a thriving business in picking up stray grains of corn which dropped from the bags as they were loaded on the cars. One day the pig's greed so far overmastered his discretion that his tail got nipped between the brake-shoes and the car-wheel, and when the train started the tail was jerked out by the root. The victim of this sudden catastrophe was now confronted with the dismal prospect of having to navigate through the rest of the wreck. He continued coming to the station after that, but whenever he heard the clatter of an approaching train, he hurried off to a safe distance and backed up close against a brick wall till the cars had passed; he was never going to permit himself to be subjected to the risk of such an indignity again, even though there was no longer any tail left to be pulled out. He had acquired sufficient railroad experience to appreciate the magnitude of the loss of terminal facilities.

A Camel's Revenge.

An English traveler in the east gives the camel a very poor character. According to his account the creature is from first to last undomesticated and savage, rendered servicable not by tameness, but by stupidity. One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, in the carrying out of which he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. One instance of this I will remember.

A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, to another village at about half an hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its driver struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it bided its time; nor was that time long in coming.

A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, unladen to his own village. When they were about half way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and finding the road clear of passengers, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth and lifting him into the air, flung him down again with the upper part of his skull completely torn off.

Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole proceeding, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.

There is time enough for everything in the day, if you do but one thing at a time.

A RAJAH AT HOME.

Story of a Visit to an East Indian Potentate.

Caste Prejudices as They Exist Among the Hindoos.

I went through a labyrinth of dark corridors and frowning gateways, and found the king in a little room with a mud floor and whitewashed walls. He had not thought it necessary to put on his brilliant robes and jewels of state for an old friend, so I found him sitting on a bed with a blanket wrapped about him and his turban by his side; but as his servants approached him they took up the dust from the earth and placed it against their foreheads, and even a portly uncle who came in with me touched the king's feet by way of salutation. When I had taken my seat I offered him a cigarette; he watched his servants leave the room before he accepted, adding by way of explanation: "These people think that I ought not to put into my mouth anything that you have touched." The rajah was fond of smoking and he made an arbitrary distinction between cigarettes and anything else that passed his lips.

The Hindoos are an exclusive people, and many caste observances are devised to exclude foreigners. Even if a Hindoo leaves his home and settles in another province his family will not always receive him back into caste, though he has kept all the observances; his sojourn among a strange people has made him a foreigner in their eyes.

As I was talking about these things with the rajah, an ancient nurse hobbled out of the woman's apartments toward us. Her bent back and wizened, suspicious face would have made her fortune as a witch on the London stage, but the aged dame had not outgrown her taste for ornament. Enormous gold ear-rings hung at the side of her face, and in her nose was a large gold ring, through which the withered lips smiled me a welcome. She brought me a plate of spices and perfumes with a pretty speech from the maharani, saying that everything in the palace was mine, and hoping that I should not be put to any discomfort in their poor home. She added that she had never seen a European, and was very anxious to see that I would walk into the courtyard she would have much pleasure in watching me through the trellis. Behind the rajah led me to the courtyard. Behind the pierced stone-work I could hear the little ladies tittering and the hurry of small feet but could not catch sight of anything more than the deep reds and golds of their shawls. I displayed myself for a few minutes from every point of view, but found it difficult to maintain a proper look of concern and natural dignity, for the rajah was twisting and skaking with suppressed laughter. At last he fairly booted and roared immoderately, and I had to leave the stage precipitately for fear of compromising the dignity of the British nation, of which I was at the moment the accepted type.

The maharani sent down to say that she had been charmed, but could not help wondering why a rich English man should put on clothes "like an ass's skin." I tried to excuse my gray tweed coat by saying that our poor northern complexions would not bear the gorgeous colors which looked so lovely upon her countrymen, but I found out afterward that I had struck a wrong note, for she would rather have been told that her own complexion was as fair as mine.

As I was taking my leave of the rajah I offered to shake hands with him, as we usually did, but he drew back, saying: "I have just bathed and am going to eat my dinner. If I were to shake hands with you I should have to bathe again before eating. You won't mind?"

A Wanton Crime.

Miss Bellina Prior, daughter of the late Colonel Prior, was arrested recently at the residence of her mother, Vicar's hall, Armagh, Ireland, and charged before the magistrates with having drowned Ann Slavin, aged 3 years. The evidence showed that Miss Prior noticed the child late her house, gave it sweetmeats and then drowned it in the kitchen boiler. Prisoner said she committed the crime because she was treated unkindly at home, and she did not care if she were hanged.

Wild Tribes of Burmah.

About the wild tribes in Burmah we have some interesting details, given in the Saturday Review. A young staff officer fresh from a fort near the plateau of the Southern Shan tribes describes the country as abounding in wood and water, and the Shans themselves as addicted to blood feuds of a not very alarming or dangerous kind. Two clans had fought for thirteen days consecutively without coming to close quarters, and with only one casualty. The Northern Shans are divided into some twenty-four semi-independent tribes, always squabbling and fighting. The Burmese exercised over these clans a sovereignty which varied in oppression and weight according to distance. Another tribe, that of the Chins, has its home near the head waters of the Irrawadi and the Chindwin rivers. A curious fact about the origin of the human race from 101 eggs is too long to quote or analyze. That these Chins have devoted most of their energies to the preparation of khang, an intoxicating drink, without any prompting from the English pioneer, is a very melancholy fact which we commend to Canon Farrar. The details of this mixture are requisite. Bark, the root of the egg plant, beans, peppercorns, garlic, the entrails of a porcupine, and rice flour are all mashed up together in balls, exposed to the sun for three days, then buried with pap-boiled rice, and diluted with water. The preparation is now fit to be sucked up through tubes—like American drinks—and is pronounced "divine." Indeed, by reason of its excellence, it must be first offered to the Nats or spirits. The system of cultivation by burning strips or terraces of land is, like that of all tribes on the eastern frontier, wasteful and imprudent. Women do all the hard work and become prematurely ugly and old. Marriages are simple in form, and are accompanied by a large consumption of fowls, pork and liquor. Deaths and burials are equally the occasion for a sacrifice and feasting. The corpse is first burned, and the calcined bones are kept in a pot for one year, and then deposited in the family burial-place. And it is curious that those who have been killed "by shot and steel" are wrapped in a mat and burned in the jungle without rites.

Facts About Honiton Lace.

Honiton lace has a curious checkered history with many fluctuations, says the London Saturday Review. It is said to have been first introduced by the Flemish, who took refuge in England, to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. Many Flemish names are still to be found in the neighborhood of Honiton—namely, Stecker, March, Mynard, Trump, etc. In 1669 there was such a demand for it that France thought it necessary to issue a royal ordinance providing that a mark should be affixed to imported English thread lace. Two great fires at Honiton in 1736 and 1767 gave the first great check to its production. Queen Adelaide tried to revive it after 23 years of severe depression by ordering a skirt made of sprigs, copies of natural flowers, commencing with the initials of her name, for a very dejected and hideous set of patterns had come in. This does not seem to have produced a great revival of the trade, and when our present queen required her wedding lace it was found difficult to provide workers; but eventually a dress worth £1000 was made at the small fishing village of Beer. The English royal family have been most constant patrons of Honiton lace, and have done immense good in keeping the trade alive.

Three Gold Dollars.

At a meeting of the Missionary Society of the women of the Southwest Missouri Conference a letter was read stating that three gold dollars had been sent to the society, the donor requesting that one be sent to the missionary in Brazil, another to China and the third to Mexico. The history of these gold dollars was told. About forty years ago a little girl and two brothers were each presented with such a piece by their mother. When the war came on the boys had grown to manhood and entered the conflict. Both were killed and the gold dollars passed into the hands of their sister, now an aged and infirm woman, who treasured them until a few days ago, when she sent them there to be disposed of as above stated. The independence auxiliary, when this report was made, requested that it be allowed to buy these gold dollars at \$2 each and that it would return them to the Treasury, only wanting the coins long enough to exhibit them in the district meeting. This was done and a similar proposal made by the Lexington auxiliary, through Mrs. J. B. Silver was also accepted.

Not What It Used to Be.

Woman (to tramp): "You must find life very easy." Tramp: "Easy! Why ma'am, the amount of brain work that I am forced to do to obtain food, and to partially clothe myself, would kill a weaker man. Competition, war, law, has wrecked the profession." [Each

When Wife's A-go'n Away.

Somehow yams around the grocery Ain't so funny as before, An' I'm all the time forgottin' This or that 'ere little chore; When I get out in the kitchen, Want to hang around an' stay; Guess I'm foolish 'cuz this ev'nin', Why—my wife's a-go'n' away. She's a-fixin' things up fer me With a thoughtful lovin' care, Tellin' me that somethin's here, An' somethin' else is over there; Lookin' sober, speakin' low voiced, Though she hasn't much to say; Ketch her eyes on me all dim like— Guess she hates to go away. Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas way off— Wish we didn't have to part; That's jist what I keep a thinkin', An' afeelin' in my heart. Praise our spirits see much fuller Than the partin' of today, An' jist hint what they can't tell us, When a loved one's go'n' away. Calls to mind another journey, By an' by we all must go; Wonder who's a gettin' ready For the train that moves so slow! Brings the tears so think about it. So I git nigh her an' pray It may be my time for startin', Jist when she's a-go'n' away. —[Omaha World.

HUMOROUS.

The latest out—The by kept after school. The anatomy of melancholy is boiled old hen. An office that seeks the man is the police office. The silent watch of the night are not Waterbury. When the captain wants to stop the vessel, does he hoist a stay-sail? Even truth itself is not always veracious. It lies at the bottom of a well. The man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his temper worth a cent. There are two things that a woman will always jump at—a conclusion and a mouse. "Is life worth living?" has become a society question. We answer; it depends on the livr. "One good turn deserves another" was never spoken of the paper collar at this time of the year. It is no new thing for a popular man to be banqueted at a hotel, yet some people would call it a modern inn evasion. When the spider described the beauties of his parlor to the fly he forgot to state that it was furnished on the installment plan. A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher, entitled "Why do I live?" After reading a small portion of it, the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger boy." At the circus recently the leopard began teasing the elephant. The elephant bore it in majestic silence until the thing ceased to be amusing. Then he growled, "Hush, child, or I'll knock the spots off you!" Correct diagnosis. Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your husband's business? Patient's wife—He is a protogynist. D.—Has he been working hard of late? P. W.—I don't know, doctor. He took the portraits of four babies, yesterday. D.—If'm! Brain fever. Fixing the blame—Judge—"You say that your father died from a sudden shock to his system. Was he an electrician?" Prisoner—"No. He fell from a scaffold." Judge—"Oh, a brick-layer, was he? Was it his own fault?" Prisoner—"I think it was the sheriff's fault, yer honor."