

The Chatham Record.

The Beautiful Land of Rest. There's a realm of rest in the sunset hills, And a life of peace in the morning...

TIGER LILY.

A mid-summer moon was shining down on the uneven surface of the little mountain plateau...

Six months they had been stationed at Onayo. When first the straggling settlement sprang up around the mountain...

But the United States protects its own, and a body of men were stationed at Onayo, until the settlement was strong enough...

Old Joe Jernigan sat smoking his pipe on the board platform in front of his General Supply Store.

All the evening it had been full of customers. But now, as the hands of the wooden clock neared the figure nine...

Lily was Jernigan's niece and book-keeper, and in addition to this the very apple of his eye...

Lily was adding up the books for the day. Old Joe was no scholar, and knew nothing of bookkeeping...

"How shall I call her?" thought the old man. "My pet lamb, that I wouldn't hurt for a king's ransom..."

"Well, Uncle Joe!" she said gaily. "Well, my lass!"

"There—there's something I want to tell you." "Is there, Lily?"

"You won't be vexed, Uncle Joe?" she said, resting her head close against his arm.

"I've done wrong, Lily—I've forgot that a great rough man like me ain't the sort to look after a tender chick like you."

"Yes, I have," said he, "but, oh, Lily, is your heart very much in this?"

"Well," said he, "I guess I won't disturb them."

"A nice man, that young feller?" "O yes, more old Joe nodded."

"I may's which?" "It's wife. From Sacramento City. Didn't you know he was married to old General Purviance's daughter?"

"No," said Joe Jernigan, "I never heard it."

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"Uncle!" "Has he asked you to marry him, Lily?"

"Yes, uncle!" "Then—the old man flung his clay pipe down upon the ground, where it broke into a score of fragments, and muttered a deep exclamation under his breath—'he's a villain, that's all.'"

"Uncle!" cried out the girl. "An' a double-dyed one at that!" said the excited old man.

"Lily! he has a wife already at Morton's Pass! He's going to her now."

"Lily had lifted her head and looked earnestly at her uncle."

"But uncle, he ain't going to Morton's Pass."

"Yes, he is—tomorrow. And I wish he'd fallen dead before he ever came to Onayo with his epulettes and his jangling spurs, and his false, handsome face!"

"Uncle!" cried Lily, "whom are you talking about?"

"About Captain Ismay, to-be-sure."

"But what has Captain Ismay to do with it?"

"Everything, hasn't he?" Lily knit her pretty brows in a puzzled fashion.

"Nothing at all," said she, "except that he's been an excellent friend to Reuben, and we're both ever so much obliged to him. Only think, uncle—he's got the contract for Reuben to be chief electrical engineer at North Marine in the new works there, and whenever you can spare me uncle—"

"Reuben!" burst out Joe Jernigan. "Yes, to-be-sure—Reuben Dorsey. We've been engaged a long time now. Do you mean, you dear, darling, stupid old uncle, that you never suspected this?"

"Never!" said Uncle Joe, smiting his knee with his fist. "But look here, Tiger Lily, do you love him?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"Of course he does!"

"Then," said the old man, "I haven't a word of objection. I shall be awfully lonesome without you, but as long as you're both happy, why, it's all right."

And as he kissed her forehead, she thought she felt the touch of a tear drop on her brow.

"But it can't be possible," said Tiger Lily, to herself, "because who ever heard of Uncle Joe shuffling a tear?"

But Tiger Lily did not know that this tear was not one of grief, but rather of thankfulness that there was no blood-guiltiness on his hands.

The Wild Mustang Pony. There are still bands of wild mustang ponies in Southern Texas.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE OLD NEST. A nest hung rocking in a tree. With father bird, mother bird, little birds three.

But the first little bird, trilled its wings and flew. And the two little nestlings were only two.

And, ere they knew it, the second bird took to a sweet-scented saucer-board. And the third little bird left alone in the nest.

Look! Look over the edge and I was gone with the first.

Then the father bird and mother bird sat alone. For the three little birds from the nest had flown.

And the father bird says that a feeble hope, and the mother bird stills the robe under the nest.

For what has nest on a feebly tree Without the dear little nestlings three? —Graphic News.

HIS WAY OF REPELLING. One day the son of a well-known minister asked for something to eat.

Not pronouncing the word, but there should be a disappointment, the mother inquired curiously, "Is there any of that cake left?"

The boy was given a piece of cake, and went out to his play, but presently he wanted "more," and, treating it, stood before his mother with a perplexed look, evidently thinking hard.

Finally his face shone, and he asked: "Mamma, is there any more of that A B C left?" —Youth's Review.

THE SHEEP AND THE SERPENT. Farmer Harley's sheep always used a certain path through a thicket when evening came, and they left the down for home.

There might have been caser or ways or shorter ways, but these sheep had gone by that path ten years ago, and so they and their children would go by it for ten years to come, or longer, probably.

That is the way with sheep; they like nothing so well as doing the same thing over and over again.

Another fashon they have is that when the leader of the flock does a thing all the rest of the flock must do the same thing after him, even if there be no necessity for it.

For, for example, the leader jumps over a bar, to get into a field, all the other sheep will jump at the same place, even if the bar has been taken away.

Now it happened that one morning, while Farmer Harley's sheep were quietly grazing on the down, a serpent, searching for a place to make a nest, came upon the very thicket that lay between the down and house, and it seemed such an exceedingly nice place that the gull decided to search no further.

Gulls do not build in trees, as most birds do, but on the ground, and so this particular gull chose the most suitable spot in the thicket and made its nest there.

It so happened that the most suitable spot, in the gull's opinion, was directly in the sheep path, and there it settled itself as comfortably as it knew how.

By evening it was as much at home as if it had always lived there.

Bit of all this the sheep were, of course, quite unconscious, and so they trotted toward home that evening as they had done every other evening for as long as they could remember.

They entered the path at the thicket, in narrow file, crowding each other as sheep will do, and the head sheep was at most on the brooding gull before he saw it.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

Some Peculiarities of this Ophidian Terror.

When His Headless Tail is Pinched the Neck Strikes.

From an article by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, on "The Poison of Snakes," in the Century, we quote the following: "Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief."

He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is slow and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail.

He does not purr, but wags. Little animals he scares unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or fowl he loaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisier creatures alarm him.

Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is open very wide, the long held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions prepare one but little, he strikes over and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave.

The blow is a stab and is given by thrusting the head forward while the body below it is straightened out to long the neck and give power to the motion which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they enter, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fangs deeper in.

It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The teeth strikes on tough skin and double back or fails to enter, or the serpent misses its target and falls short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the air, doing no harm.

I had a curious experience of this kind, in which a snake eight feet six inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison at my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two.

I have had myself near escape, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

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Desperados Who Were Fine Shots.

There never were finer pistol shots in the world than many of the noted desperados and killers who have figured in the romantic criminal annals of the west.

There is scarcely a story of Wild Bill's proficiency with a pistol that is not true. He was the quietest, surest shot ever in the west.

He had killed nearly forty men in his time, "not counting Indians and greasers," as he had met it pleasantly to say. It was the rarest thing that he shot his victim more than once.

His favorite spot in which to plant his deadly bullet was between the eyes. He occasionally shot his man through the heart by way of variation.

It is said that he could throw an oyster can into the air and put twelve bullets into it from his own hands before it reached the ground.

He could also send six bullets through the hole made by the first ball in a target seventy yards away.

While shooting he never appeared to take aim but sent his leaden messengers flying on their mission in seemingly the most careless and off-hand way imaginable.

All the killers with big records and private graveyards shot in much the same manner. Billy the Kid, Jay Allison, But Anderson, Sam Hilday, the Erp brothers, "Commadore" Jack Stowell, and other worthies of the frontier all shot with no apparent aim.

All of them were professional killers, and in their later days, when abundance of practice had made them divested in the art of murder, most of them shot their victims always between the eyes, in imitation of Wild Bill.

Watch Out. When it is necessary for you to go among machinery in motion, just as you start in "watch out."

Many a man has started to go around among shafting and belts in motion to do oiling and necessary work, and come back on a board, never able to tell how he lost his life—a bloody splash here, a part of a limb there, even the parts and coils of the accident.

The poor fellow did not "watch out," hence the lifeless body that lay before us.

Not many years ago this was one of the sad scenes I witnessed. A man followed by every one of the 500 men working in a shop was missed, and the engineer fearing some accident had happened to him, shot down and the search began.

In five minutes poor Jimmy lay before them dead. The better oil can was firmly clutched in his hand and a frightful gash in his head told the sad tale—he didn't "watch out."

Quite a few years ago the proprietor of a large shop in a New England city where his natives were built, saw a man trying to put on a heavy belt.

This man was "watching out," and failed to put it on as quick as the proprietor wanted him to, so he said: "By, come down and let me put it on." The proprietor in his haste and anger, did not "watch out."

In ten minutes he was on his way home on a stretcher, dead. His clothes caught in the belt and he was carried over the shaft and dropped on the floor a mangled mass. The two little words would have saved his life and spared him to a loving wife and happy children.

Taking a Philosophical View. It is told of a prominent business man of the city that he bought through a broker bonds to the amount of \$10,000, and on receiving them put them into the outside pocket of his overcoat, walked to the head of Milk street, where he became entangled in a crowd and had the bonds stolen.

All this was only a somewhat exaggerated case of carelessness, but what followed showed that the man was a philosopher.

The usual steps were taken to discover and recover the missing securities, but when some days had passed without any clue the owner began to conclude that he should never hear of them.

"Well," he remarked to his broker one day, when he had dropped in to inquire whether anything had been heard of the stolen securities, and his question had been answered in the negative, "there's one thing about it; all I lost is the interest of the money."

"The interest of the money?" repeated the broker; "why, you have lost the principal, too, haven't you?" "Oh, not at all," was the reply; "my heirs lose that." —Boston Courier.

The Shape of the Skull.

Is a man stupid, or brilliant or wise, depending on the shape of his skull?

It all depends on the shape of his skull. It all depends on the shape of his skull. And there are some things that some men cannot do.

Let them struggle and try till they're dead. Unless they can build a big L on their brain over the shape of their head.

They do not attempt these impossible feats. And struggle until you are gray. On tasks for which you were never designed.

For your skull isn't shaped the right way. Shape the shape of your life by the shape of your skull.

Build your life to the mould of your brain. Run your ears on the track that was built for your ears.

Did you ever see a man who would wreck the whole train. A man is not used for a storehouse, unless he is not used for a house or hotel. By the shape of the house, as by the shape of the head.

It is a vision, not a will. Then don't try to fight against nature's design. You'll find it hard work and small pay. Don't squander your strength on impossible feats.

When your skull isn't shaped the right way. For the world is filled up with irrational men. Who struggle and try to attain the cloud-banked peaks of impossible heights.

Without thought of the brain. For the plastic skull of the man is shaped by a fate that is greater than he. And he must judge by the shape of his head. The trend of his destiny.

Then judge by the fit of your cranium case in the art of murder, most of them shot their victims always between the eyes, in imitation of Wild Bill.

Humorous. Calling a halt—"Hi, there, you cripple!"

The road to ruin leads through the violet gate. Berry pickers get what they can and can what they get.

Why had a poor singer better sing to an organ than a piano accompaniment because of the frequent stops.

Daddy man's Son—A mouse has fallen into the milk. His Mother—D-d you take it out! Boy—No; I have thrown the cat in.

The man who is in the habit of trying to get to the bottom of things should beware of falling overboard in mid-ocean.

Young Lady—"That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all." Dealer—"Yes, you said you wanted one that wouldn't be a nuisance to the neighbors."

"Why are you so agitated?" inquired the glass of the pain-leaf talk, which was in a great flutter. "Because I have reason to believe that you are about to get drunk."

A musician brought to the pair by the poor playing of a lady in a room above his own meets her one day in the hall with her three-year-old child and says in a most friendly manner: "Your little one there plays quite well for her age! I hear her practice every day!"

The Value of Soapstone. One of the valuable minerals of this country, which the output is largely increasing is talc or soapstone.

It is used for dressing skins, leather gloves and similar purposes, but its greatest use is as an adulterant. For this it is peculiarly fitted on account of its lightness, being employed as a filler in the manufacture of soap paper and rubber, and to a certain extent as a lubricant with other substances.

It is also used for making slate pencils, crayons, stoves, awns, umbrellas, linings, and linings, and also being acid proof, for sizing rollers in cotton factories. In Alabama it is used for leadlines. The American also originates used for culinary articles, and the Chinese for the carving of their idols. Its lightness and its fibrous character add to its almost entire incorporation (99 per cent.) with paper stock, while clay and other materials which it replaces are only available to the extent of thirty or forty per cent. It is known to commerce by such names as pulp, mineral pulp, agalite, asbestos pulp and others of the same character.

Beds Were Bundles of Straw. In the early period of modern history beds were almost universally in Europe nothing but bundles of straw. As late in England as the time of Queen Elizabeth no carpets were used and the floors were strewn with rushes, and the beds were hardly any thing better than a wale bench or any rude framework which lifted it above the floor.

A Stumbling Block. Rev. Primrose—"Your mother doesn't seem as fond of you as she might be." Little Johnnie—"No, sir. She says if it hadn't been for me she'd have had sister married years ago." —Hesper's Bazaar.