

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.50.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Hunters. A cricket fed on an insect. Too small for eye to see. A field mouse captured the cricket. And hunched his ministrs by.

A PACIFIC PARADISE.

In the year 1829 an Englishman who had been a resident of New Zealand for ten years suddenly blossomed out as an inspired leader of man.

The first stop we made was at Sunday Island, which then had about 500 inhabitants. There was neither law, order, nor decency among them, but Marks managed to keep this fact from his people.

We had six weeks' sailing after leaving Sunday Island, and there were frequent quarrels among the elect. Many would have remained if possible, and had not Marks possessed a peculiar personal magnetism the troubles would have been more disastrous.

The island is thirteen miles long by seven broad, but a mile or so at either end is low and swampy and covered at high water. There is also a large marsh on the eastern shore.

It took us about a week to discharge cargo and get ready to sail, as some of the sailors had a hard time to help build temporary shelters for the people. When the ship had been cleared and everything was ready for sailing, the captain of the brig, whose name was Bartwood, who had been reasonably kind to me, ordered me into the yawl with another of the crew to pull him ashore to deliver a bundle which had been forgotten.

While Marks had made a dog of me and beaten me on the slightest excuse, I was not wretched of nights. The chain and ring had also been removed. At midnight on this night I awoke out of my berth and went and warned Baker of what was in store for him.

him £500 to settle matters. After being licked into silence, I realized that my best way was to endure what I could not cure. The brig had gone, and if I did not take hold with some show of spirit Marks would make it a memorandum. I expressed sorrow at my conduct, promised to do better, and was quieted and put to work.

All the houses were to be erected on one line, facing the south. That of Marks had already been begun. It was the summer season there, and one could be out at night without the least inconvenience. A certain number were to work at the houses while others cleared land and planted crops, and even the children 6 years old had tasks allotted them.

It did not take on autocratic powers until all necessary work had been accomplished. Then he proceeded to show himself in his true spirit. He was to be boss and father, while all others worked and obeyed. His arguments were to go without dispute. Had he not descended to trifles the people would have borne with him, but by and by he wanted to dictate in even the smallest things, and one day there was an awful row between all hands.

Marks had treated me fairly well up to the time of the split. My sympathies were with the other party, and hearing of this, he led me to a tree and whipped me until I fainted away. He then claimed me to a log for a week, and when I was released he forced me to do back from daylight to dark. One day I ran away to the north end of the island, and for two weeks I kept clear of the men who were hunting for me.

Marks was determined not to divide the throne with anybody, and after waiting about a month in hopes to see the Baker faction return to its allegiance, he began to plan an aggressive campaign. Under his direction a raid was made one afternoon on the houses of the Baker faction, and five rifles were secured. Each man in the colony had a rifle and more or less ammunition, and the capture of these five guns practically disabled five of the faction. The men were out in the fields when the raid was made, and, of course, their wives could make no defence.

That evening Marks sent word to the Bakerites that they must come in and sign a paper repudiating their leader, or he would treat them as malecontents and dangerous persons. They referred to a man and that night I heard Marks planning with some of his men to commit murder. The situation is one which has many times existed. A lot of people go away by themselves to escape avarice and oppression and are invariably the victims of some of their own number.

Of the latter men, seventeen had come with Baker, but five of these were without fire-arms. Marks had just a man, but the extra guns made up for it. After the killing both sides declared war, and both were anxious for further bloodshed. The women and children kept to the houses, while the men scattered over the island and hunted for each other. In the course of a week Marks lost four men killed and two badly wounded, and the Baker side lost one killed and two wounded. While I lived with Marks, it was because I was obliged to, and I was therefore treated as a non-combatant. Any message between the leaders was carried by me.

When night came he got the men out into the woods to watch, and I took from his house six rifles, all the money, the bedding, clock, clothing, etc. I supplied the boat with forty gallons of water, and a lot of cooked and fresh provisions, and by midnight I had my rifle. I had had a plan of my own ever since Marks opened his mouth. It was very doubtful if he meant to take me with him at all, but if he did it was more than likely that he would throw me overboard when he had sighted other land.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before the tide turned, and then I got into the yawl and let her drift to the west. I was not yet out of hearing distance when Marks came down to the creek and called me.

When daylight came and I got a breeze I was only three miles off shore and was in doubt as to my own party. I held to the northwest, having a compass in the boat, and after three days and nights of fair progress I reached another of the Austral group, called the King's Park, and there found a trader, to whom I related all. After a short delay he set sail for the island I had left, taking me with him, but owing to contrary winds we did not reach it for a week.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met. It was in a market, two of the trio were waiting to be served, and Spot was praying, that is, he was in an attitude of prayer, and a much more reverent one than mine assume when in church on Sunday. Spot's head was bent way down on his paw, and there he remained motionless for his master's amen!

This first passage leaves no agreeable memories. They dress you as if you had to endure the cold of Siberia, a proposition which I have found useless in the M-statement. With knit woolen hose, cap and shirt, I have never felt the cold. Then comes the ample coat, which we get into through the neck-hole, and the cap, which is as snug as if one had his head in a kettle. Then they put on you a belt with a dagger, shoes with leaded soles and lead at your breast and back. Now you are so loaded that you could hardly stand straight if the boat should tip, then you go down into the water where all the weight is no longer felt.

Now a different feeling begins. At the command, "Pomp!" some one rapidly sews down the glass in front of your cap, and you hear a noise to which you have to accustom yourself, "pomp! pomp! pomp!" accompanied by hissing of the air. Little whiffs of air come to you, scented with machine oil and kerosene. The beginning fails to manage the escape, and his out and sleeves become inflated, so that, when he wants to go down, he floats like those frogs we used to blow upon when we were boys, and then throw upon the water to amuse ourselves with their vain struggles to get under it.

It is a strange coincidence that exactly 102 years ago young girls in London were in constant terror of meeting the "Jack the Ripper" of that day. He attacked and wounded several ladies in different parts of the town, cutting their garments and gashing them in the body with a sharp pointed instrument, although he never went so far as murder. In April, 1789, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of "The Man to be shot," as he was popularly called.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

I have a little servant With a single eye. She always does my bidding. Very faithfully.

Another little servant On my finger sits. She does my bidding. Very faithfully.

Now, one more little servant, Through the single eye. Does both the others bidding. Very faithfully.

A needle and a thimble, And a spool of thread, Without the fingers' number, And the knitting board, They would never make out, If they tried the work out.

Frogs, toads and lizards bury their selves in the mud in winter, as do cat-fish and eels. The fresh water mussel digs itself a place in the soft bottom of the lake or stream, it may be living in, and I've no doubt all of them are just as comfortable in their mud blankets as we are in our woollen ones.

Squirrels are systematic and thoughtful providers for the emergencies of a long winter, and not only store away their favorite food in one grand store-house, but make deposits at other places, so that in case the chief nuttery should be destroyed or become exhausted the sub-store can be fall in back upon.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

It was not many days after the bell rang, and Harry and Spot stood at the golden gate. They had come for a visit, and a jolly visit it was too, for a brighter chap than Harry would be hard to find, and a better trained dog than Spot doesn't exist, and my own should be proud to be called the friend of either or both and to take the lead or the paw accordingly.

Some one has said the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. But if there be anything more than a good dog it is a good boy. Fearing so, it isn't strange that there was no introduction necessary the other day when the writer and Harry Michel and his dog "Spot" met, and this is how we met.

HUNTING BUFFALO.

Advice, types of an Expedition on an American Desert.

Two Small Herds of Buffalo Sighted in Wyoming.

Two miserable months on a dreary segment of Sahara, two buffalo hides, two heads with the short horns of the wild cow of the prairies. This in brief is the history of the exploits of an expedition of great hopes organized at Laramie, Wyoming, last August, and in the field from early in September to November. The party included J. C. Robbins, Jack Holt, Frank Kelley, Willis Woodruff and William Hopkins, all brave boys, who have ridden the range for years. Their project was to capture the band of buffalo roving on Red Cloud, 120 miles north of the Union Pacific in the center of the State. They proposed establishing on the Laramie plains a buffalo ranch similar to the preserve of C. J. Jones near Garden City, Kas. The project has been abandoned after a trip full of incident.

A couple of light storms made travel difficult, and they were two weeks from this place before the desert was reached. They skirted the northern edge of the waste by way of reconnoitering, then plunged into the expanse of alkali, greasewood and water holes. There first of adventure was the finding of ten holes of Arapaho Indian, who had come out into the desert to hold some sort of a powwow. The boys were friendly and told the hunters of a lake where they could camp and be reasonably certain of sighting the buffalo they sought. The hunters traveled as directed and reached the milk sheet in two days. In the forty-eight hours they crossed seventy miles of vegetable land and a broken country without vegetation and with scarcely any water. They pitched their camp early days, finding all the time.

During the first morning Bill sighted a herd of buffalo with his field glasses. The bunch numbered fifteen and they were grazing quietly. Before the hunters could get into action the game had disappeared and was not found again. A few days later they came upon a magnificent bull, four fine cows and a yearling. The bull charged them. They shot to frighten him off, and were altogether too successful in this direction. Bill roped one of the cows. The animal worried herself so that she died after being "dog tied." A buffalo will struggle till completely exhausted and rarely recovers. The only other capture was that of another cow, which soon succumbed to the necessitated chocking.

Robbins satisfied himself that this herd was not from the National Park, as has been so often reported of late. The Indians told him that in 1884 the herd numbered 500. Three years later it contained but 100 and is now not over 20. The bull killed many and the remainder died during the severe winter of 1889-90.

During their desert travels the hunters encountered several herds of wild horses. They were the regular mustangs, small and spotted and looking makes up in their winter coats. Robbins, manager of the expedition, says he has had enough buffalo hunting to satisfy him the rest of his life.

Made Cannon for Washington. A historic property known as the Warwick farm, near St. Peter's, Chester county, Penn., was sold the other week. The old Warwick furnace, which was one of the chief attractions of the farm, is now to be taken down by the first in the United States and was put in blast about the year 1750. At this furnace, very old iron of the common used in the revolutionary war by the continental army. Although it has not been in operation for some years, many of the principal buildings about the furnace are still standing, and in a good state of preservation.

In the meadows near by many pieces of artillery, the buried, having been secured in that way by the managers of the furnace in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the British after the battle of Brandywine in 1777. At that time General Washington retreated with his troops northward through Chester County, thus leaving this important iron furnace exposed to the mercy of the enemy. In 1876 several of these cannons were dug up and sent to Philadelphia as exhibits in the centennial exposition. Others have been sent to Flash, Valley Forge and elsewhere as relics. The old bell cast at this furnace in 1777 and used in the bell for many years is now kept as a curiosity in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Chicago Alfred Diter, employed this method.

The Most Beautiful Picture.

What impressed you most of all that you saw in Europe? I recently asked a friend who had just returned from a year of travel extending from Amsterdam to Naples, and taking in the chief points of interest in England, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. He hesitated a moment, and then he said: "The thing that really affected me most, I think, was a picture I saw in Rome. It wasn't by Raphael or Michael Angelo or Titian or Murillo; in fact, it wasn't painted, but a living picture. Not was it in a palace, surrounded by luxurious accessories. It was just a simple little composition in a lonely, out-of-the-way doorway—a horrible mother, sitting upon the top step, whining into a little child of seven that her baby, a sturdy little curly-haired fellow of seven or eight years, held out over his two hands stretched apart. There was a tender look in the mother's eyes, and a contented, happy expression in the face of the child that took me back forty years to a pretty little home in a Massachusetts village, where, on a doorway not unlike that one, I sometimes sat with the skirts of my over my outstretched arms, and my dear old mother would fit into a ball."

I could not quite see my mother and myself in these Italian faces, so far as physical resemblance was concerned, but the content, the freedom from care, the joy of that beautiful life that never is half appreciated until it is past. That picture, my friend of all that I saw, was what impressed me most. None of the royal pageantry I witnessed, none of the tales of glowing empires I looked upon, none of the interesting historical scenes I visited, presented anything to compare with it. [New York Sun.]

Perpetual Fire. There exist still a few anxious few who believe in this perpetual fire in our churches. They go by the name of "candle snuffers." The earliest known to me in England but in the American outside the Roman Catholic church of St. Andrew at Milan. It is a block of white marble on a troubled base, now broken, but bonded together with iron. It stands three feet ten inches high, and is two feet six inches in diameter at top. It consists of a flat surface in which are depressed nine cup-like hollows. These were originally filled with oil and wicks were placed in them and ignited.

In England one is still in situ, in the church of St. Martin, in Cornwall. There it is not far from the door. It consists of a circular block containing on its flat upper surface, which is two or three inches across, seven cup-like hollows four and a half inches deep. The stone stands on a richly moulded base, octagonal, and is overall about two feet six inches high. In Europe, Italy, among the ruins, has been found another, with three cups in it, at a place called "The Well," with six iron such cups for oil and wicks. At York is another with six such iron cups, and at St. Albans another with the same number, in a square stone table. At Wood Church, Dorset, is again another example built into the south wall of a small chapel on the north side of the church. It is a block of Purbeck marble, and has in the top five cup-shaped cavities quite blackened with the oil and soot. In some of the examples there are traces of a metal pin-wood which the wick was twisted. [Cleveland Magazine.]

A Poisonous Liquid. The New York Telegram says: Professor Brown, a chemist, whose life has been so short lived a reputation, is reported to have lately returned to the French Academy of Sciences and by condemning the water supply from the burning of the city of Paris, he has established a position of high respect of producing almost immediate death. The poison is an alkaloid, cyanogen, and not a molecule or series of molecules. He injected this liquid under the skin of a rabbit, and the effect was speedy death without convulsions.

It is a warning of course does not discourage the practice of kissing, it ought at least to emphasize the necessity for ventilating the apartments in which folks live and sleep, as well as the public halls, theatres and churches. [Freight.]

Eyes Reveal the Horse's Temper. The horse has no eyebrows. The appearance of much white in the eye of a horse indicates a vicious nature, because a high-tempered horse looks constantly about, apprehensive of danger or desiring to do mischief. The quick motion of the eyeball in opposite directions exposes an unusually large surface of white, which thus becomes an evidence of the temper of the animal. [New York Journal.]

An Essay on Fame.

I read a brilliant essay on Fame the other day. The writer attacked the subject in a most decisive way. Should I (twas a woman) That glory was a snare, An ignis fatuus leading Through deadly swamps of care. She likened it to bubbles That tempt the childish eye, But shatter soon as captured, And into nothing fly. The love of praise, she said, Betokened silly pride, And thrives in nature little And impotent beside. And when this witty woman Had quite demolished fame, She closed her brilliant essay, And signed in full her name! [George Horton in Chicago Herald.]

HUMOROUS.

"He was generous to a fault" when the fault was his own. When aerial ships come in we shall have fly time all the year round. The wills of strong minded men cannot be broken until they die.

He—What makes the dining-room so cold, dear? She—I think, love, it must be the frizzle on the wall. Citizen—Did by reputation do the man any good? Doctor Oh, no; but it was a beautiful operation.

Hearts with a Single Thought.—When a girl is in love she always thinks the young man is perfect, and he agrees with her. Customer (entering book store)—Have you "Thoughts of Women?" Clerk (absent-mindedly). Yes, ma'am; I've been engaged a week.

Father—Is that stranger who calls to see you a man of regular habits? Daughter—Yes, indeed, pa. He arrives every night promptly at 8. Sarah Bernhard has the reputation of being very thin, indeed, but even she cannot compare with the excesses some men make when they stay out late at night.

"This is a dollar store, isn't it?" asked Bostons, as he presented himself. "No, sir," replied the teller severely, "this is a bank." "Well, what's the difference?" A story at hand, describing a love scene between the hero and heroine, says: "He wooed her with a will." That's a good way, especially if the wooer is old and the will is in her favor.

An Amazon River Phenomenon. Shortly after the tide had stopped running out, they saw something coming toward them from the ocean in a long white line, which grew bigger and whiter as it approached. Then there was a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder, which grew louder and louder as the white line came nearer, until it seemed as if the whole ocean had risen up and was coming, charging and thundering down upon them, boiling over the edge of this pile of water like an endless curtain, from four to seven metres high, that spread out across the whole eastern horizon. This was the poumoat!

When they saw it coming, the crew became utterly demoralized, and fell to weeping and praying in the bottom of the boat, expecting that it would certainly be dashed to pieces, and they themselves drowned. The pilot, however, had the presence of mind to hoist anchor before the wall of waters struck them; and, when it did strike, they were first pitched violently forward, and then lifted, and left rolling and tossing like a cork on the foaming sea it left behind, the boat nearly filled with water.

But their trouble was not ended; for, before they had emptied the boat, two other such seas came down on them at short intervals, tossing them in the same manner, and finally leaving them within a stone's throw of the river bank, where other such seas would have dashed them upon the shore. They had been anchored, before the waves struck them, near the middle of the stream, which at this place is several miles wide.

Oysters Grown Ready Packed. Mr. Joe King, the systemer, has a small keg of full-grown oysters which is a curiosity. Under favorable conditions oysters will attach themselves to any convenient surface which is hard and smooth. Samples of such growths have been sent to the Sun office in endless variety, and they have included odd boots and shoes fully encrusted and filled with fine oysters, bottles covered with live oysters, crabs and jugs of them, animals of all sorts full of them, and even a clay pipe burthened with three or four heavy shells; but it is not often that oysters take the trouble to pack themselves so closely and so cleverly in a keg, handy for transportation, as in the Joe King specimen. [Baltimore Sun.]