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The Chatham Record.

It Is Funny.

This world is very funny. For no matter how much money Man is earning he will find it and no end up all the time. To his utmost he is striving To catch up without attaining. Till it makes his life a burden when it should be his bedtime.

IN THE RACE.

A large picnic started out from Daleville, going to Freedom spring, where, beside the spring, there was a grove, a band-stand and a dancing platform. Half the village went, as is the way with villagers when on pleasure they are bent.

Indifferent to their remonstrances, McKee increased his speed every minute. Then some of the passengers spied the engine in pursuit of them, and their cries and screams rent the air.

These hapless wretches sat, some weak with fright, some swore, some wept, and some burst from the restraining grasp of their female companions.

McKee stood with his hand on the throttle of his engine, desperate but cool. The officials knew their man when they put him there. He returned on all the steam he could, and the trees and houses by the roadside seemed to fly by him in a confused mass.

The engine was nearly on them. Their engine had reached her top speed. She could go no faster. The runaway neared them - was on them - struck them - and stopped. Her steam was exhausted. She had run to the last gasp.

One of the crew now manured the runaway engine. The monster was quite helpless. Then the train began slowly to back, pushing every face forward. Stopping every now and then they poked up their canes, wags, some fixed, some - with bones broken, but none killed.

The drummer had his leg fractured, his eye bunged, and a cut across his face that marred his beauty.

But strange enough Jenny did not view him with much pity as John did. His selfish cowardice filled her with contempt. True, she had been equally as frightened herself, but that, she said, was different. She was a woman.

A timid woman is always hard on a cowardly man. This is one of the times when the old adage fails, and a fellow feeling does not make us wondrous kind.

Among the visitors to Seattle the past week was Peter Gallagher, a rancher living three miles from Benton. Mr. Gallagher is one of the pioneers of the sound country, and has lived on the same place for 29 years or more, taking up a quarter section as homestead from the government.

Following the snow, we came upon the pair. Madam chooses her home carefully, and deeply follows the clean, dry earth of it. Flowers often nod above it, grass is sure to spring greenly about the edge. Overhead it is always shelter of some sort, for the maker of it is instinctively that she will make her nest out of eggs.

Other pets are a pair of fawns that run around with the young stock on the place, eating with the calves and lying down among them as contented as though with their own kind. They evidently came from the vicinity of Cedar Lake, where considerable hunting is done and from which section game is being driven. Mr. Gallagher says he had rather part with the best cow or his place than one of the fawns. This is the second time fawns have taken up their abode at this place, the first pair coming there about five years ago and remaining with his stock for two years, even going into the stables and being locked up over night. He gave them to a neighbor, who in turn presented them to friends at Seaboard and by the Skagit.

This sounds fishy, but not only is it vouches for, but it is further said that wild ducks and geese alight in his yard and show no fear in his presence, though the appearance of a stranger is the signal for flight. Mr. Gallagher never hunts, and will not allow hunting on his place nor interference in any way with his pets, either quadrupeds or winged. (Seattle Wash.) Times-Press.

The coldest spot on earth. The coldest known spot on the earth's surface is near Werkhofinsk, Siberia. There, it is said, "the enlivening point of excessive climate in all the world is reached." In other words, it is the pole of the greatest known cold.

Attention. Is he attractive to you? Oh, very; he has been reading poetry aloud to me all the afternoon. Did you enjoy it? Oh, yes, very much. He didn't waken up but twice. (New York Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FOR THE BRIGHT BOYS. Are you tempted wrong to do? Do the right, boys. Do the right. Those who evil paths pursue Soon or late are sure to rue.

PREYERS AGAINST BILLS. A pious lancer of H-mene, in Westphalia, made a wager that a dozen lice liberated three miles from their home would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their own from the same distance. The competitors were given wings. At Bremen, a village nearly a league from H-mene, and the first lice finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon. Three other lices reached the goal before the second pigeon, the latter half of both detachments finishing almost simultaneously an instant or two later.

TO FIND A HUNTER'S NEST WAS THE VERY poetry of egg-laying. The creatures are half wild and feed far abroad. The bush pasture was their chosen haunt, and had such stores of hidden nooks, such clumps of brake and briar, such steep grassy banks, such tangle of sedge and dew-berry and plum thicket, that we would never have found an egg but for the bird's queer habit. When the hen goes to the nest, her nest stands guard over her on the nearest bare spot, and bills the air with his harsh buzzing cry.

That girl with the brown up-on-on? He asked. Why I know that girl, that's Susie Moore; and she has a dreadful bad time, grandma. Has she? said grandma. Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that height? No, grandma, I don't. That girl with the brown up-on-on? He asked. Why I know that girl, that's Susie Moore; and she has a dreadful bad time, grandma. Has she? said grandma. Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that height? No, grandma, I don't. That girl with the brown up-on-on? He asked. Why I know that girl, that's Susie Moore; and she has a dreadful bad time, grandma. Has she? said grandma. Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that height? No, grandma, I don't.

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ONYX QUARRIES.

Missouri is the Great Producer of This Valuable Stone.

Most people will be surprised to learn that Missouri supplies the onyx for the whole world, but it is a fact nevertheless, said "Billy" Fitzgerald, a well-known official around the Fort Courts of St. Louis, who was at the Grand Pacific yesterday.

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and on board ships, must be regulated according to tables which fix the variations to which watches are subject. A watch should be cleaned every two or three years. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-making watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning often than once in two years, especially if it moves badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt.

A watch which has the misfortune to drop into water should be taken at once to the watch maker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned; a delay of even an hour may spoil the watch forever.

How is your brother? he asked; he is better than you. Oh, yes, he is much better. How is your brother? he asked; he is better than you. Oh, yes, he is much better. How is your brother? he asked; he is better than you. Oh, yes, he is much better.

There is a young man in one of the offices of each of the great sleeping car companies who is engaged every day except Sunday, of course, in looking over an atlas searching for suitable names for the sleeping, dining and parlor coaches which are turned out by the company. It is no small matter when you come to understand that every name must signify something, and that there are already on the road many hundreds of such coaches, and many new ones being turned out at the rate of 200 or 300 a year. When the first sleepers were built the owners took the alphabet, lettering the first one "A," and so on until the alphabet run out. Then commenced the search for names.

The Queen of England has learned a lesson which many another woman has learned, but she has learned it the hard way, and she has learned it the hard way. She has learned it the hard way, and she has learned it the hard way.

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Through the Wheat. When she came tripping through the wheat it seemed to him to be a girl in white. And roses all the soil made sweet. And high-bow cheerily.

Down fell the snail upon the grass. And: "Mary, Mary, will you pass?" "You're in my way," she said. "Alas! I must be going!" "Not till you pay the forfeit sweet: O'wing this way through the wheat: Ah! Mary-lips were made to meet! - A kiss you're owing!"

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