

The Chatham Record.

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Achievement.

Trust in their own untiring capacity. As they would trust in God himself. They said: 'Is not an emanation from the whole. Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee, vast and unthought-of as the grandest sea.'

TALE OF A "PHONO."

The little village of M—, situated at an equal distance on the north, south, east and west from several manufacturing towns, was unique in its isolation. Its people were staid, slow-going and conservative.

Such a thing as a sensation in the sleepy old town had been unknown since the last attempt to locate a railroad through it failed. However, one Thursday, when the stage, at a snail's pace, drew up at the door of the village postoffice and general notion store, and a passenger alighted, an utter stranger, his appearance in the village created something akin to a sensation.

When the turmoil caused by the advent of Mr. Thomas E. Dixon into the midst of their contented little village subsided, life among the villagers went on as usual. In time he became incorporated into the every-day routine of their town, and the interest aroused by his first appearance among them was forgotten.

Although nothing certain could be learned of his reasons for settling in M—, it became a generally accepted fact that Mr. Dixon had chosen this retired place to conduct a series of experiments, which he had in hand, the result of which it was very desirable and important should be kept secret.

No one was ever admitted to the inside of his house, and how this rumor could have become circulated and accepted as the truth was a mystery. Nevertheless it was a satisfying explanation to the simple villagers.

In the year 1875, when Mr. Dixon had lived in M— three years, his goings and comings were as unobserved and created as little interest as those of the older inhabitants.

One Thursday morning, when the usual crowd was gathered around the postoffice awaiting the arrival of the stage coach, Mr. Dixon was found to be missing, contrary to his wont, from the assemblage.

'I haven't seen him for three days past,' said Sam Hall, the postmaster. 'Nor I, nor I,' half a dozen in the crowd observed. A silence fell over them, and several shook their heads ominously, though why it would be hard to tell.

house and see if there's anything the matter," continued the postmaster.

In a few minutes more the stage pulled up, the mail was thrown out and distributed.

'A letter for Mr. Thomas E. Dixon,' called out Hall. 'Has he come yet?'

He was answered in the negative, and then said:

'Well, come on, gentlemen, we'll go to his house.'

The postmaster in the lead, with the crowd following, proceeded to act. Traversing the one long street, in the bright morning sunlight, they arrived at Dixon's home at the extreme end. As the house came within view, somewhat obscured from the street by large locust trees in the front yard, it presented, as the villagers afterward said, a weird and uncanny aspect.

The windows and doors were closed—not a sign of life was visible. Knocking and receiving no answer, they entered and went to work investigating and searching the grounds. A back door was found open, through which they entered, finding themselves in the room evidently used as the kitchen.

'How shall we get in, fellows?' said Tom Jones, a big, strapping countryman. 'Break in the door?'

'Hold on, Tom,' said Dixon, as Jones put his shoulder to the door, preparatory to carrying out his suggestion; 'maybe some of the boys have a key that will fit the lock.'

Several men stepped forward with bunches of keys, and among them one was found which opened the door.

Sam Hall, the postmaster, was the first to cross the threshold. As he made a step or two he uttered a loud exclamation and pointed to the middle of the room. Lying under a large table was the body of Dixon. Upon investigation it was discovered that a long knife wound in the breast was the cause of death, although probably not immediately. The apartment was torn up and everything in confusion, as if a desperate struggle for life had taken place.

The result of the inquest and a full account of the murder were published in the county paper, but no one appeared to identify the dead man. No clue to the perpetrator of the crime could be gleaned, the town and county authorities doing all in their power to ferret out the guilty person. The deed remained a mystery.

The owner of the house in which Dixon had lived took possession of the murdered man's effects, stowing away in the garret the instrument found in his workshop, where it was forgotten. In the time of the only crime of its kind ever committed in the village became a tradition—and nothing more.

Another mail day, three years afterward, and from the appearance of the town of M— one would suppose the inhabitants of the whole place were collected around the postoffice. Such, indeed, was the fact. A stupendous event had taken place in their quiet little habitat. Great interest was depicted on the faces of the as-

semblage. They were waiting for the matter," continued the postmaster.

At last the mail coach was seen in the distance, coming up the main street, the horses in a brisk trot—a pace, it is safe to say, they had not struck for years. As it rolled up in front of the store and the mail was carried in, the crowd became wildly impatient.

'Read the news out loud!' shouted the people. One of the number mounted a barrel, paper in hand. Quiet prevailing, he read:

'Sam Hall, formerly storekeeper and postmaster at M—, is convicted and sentenced to be hung. \* \* \*

The story of the crime is one of the most sensational on record. Three years ago, Thomas E. Dixon, a well-known inventor, was murdered in M—. No clue to the crime was discovered at the time and the matter died out. Some months ago, however, William Laurens, while traveling through the small towns of the State giving exhibitions with the phonograph, and incidentally explaining the working of the invention, stopped at M—. After the entertainment, one of the townsmen, J. C. Nettleton, approached Laurens and claimed that he once knew a gentleman who had invented the phonograph prior to Thomas A. Edison. This claim naturally aroused the curiosity of the exhibitor, and he asked for Laurens to substantiate it. Nettleton took Laurens to his home, and from a garret entered with a rubbish re-erected a 'receiver' identical with Mr. Edison's. Laurens, on examining it, perceived a series of indentations on the wax, indicating that it contained a message. Mr. Laurens, learning the circumstances under which Nettleton had become possessed of his phonograph, was eager to see it in its receptacle.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

'Come, little leaves,' said the wind one day— 'Come over the meadows with me, and play. Put on your dresses of red and gold. Summer is gone, and the days grow gray. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call, Down they came fluttering one and all; Over the brown fields they danced and flew. Singing the soft little songs they knew. —Youth's Banner.

THE JAGUAR. The jaguar inhabits the larger and more powerful than the leopard, which it resembles in color, but has a black streak across the chest, and a black spot in the centre of the rosettes. It is fond of climbing trees, and finds little difficulty in ascending even when the trunk is smooth and destitute of branches. It chases monkeys successfully, and is said to watch for turtles on the beach, and to scoop out their flesh by turning them on their backs and inserting its paws between their shells. Nor does it confine its attention to the turtles themselves, for it watches them lay their eggs and then scoops them out of the sand with its sharp claws and devours them.—[Detroit Free Press.

QUEEN MARY'S CAPTION. Mary Queen of Scots had a favorite lobster, which is said to have been present at the execution of its poor mistress in Lochmaddy Castle. After the royal lady had been beheaded, the faithful creature refused to leave her dead body, and had to be carried off by the jailer. At that period halibuts were the pet of men as well as of women. Dr. Boleyn, a relation of unhappy Queen Anne Boleyn, owned one, "white," as it is written, "she bore it."

As one once asked him to guard her one wish, and in return he should have whatever he might desire. Knowing his affection for the dog, she begged it of him, and of course the doctor had nothing to do but to give it to her. 'And now, madam,' he said, 'you promised to grant my request.' 'I will,' quoth the Queen. 'Then, I pray you, give my dog to me.'—[New York Globe.

A FARMER'S STORY. George Bell, keeper of Florida Island in the lower harbor, has two little girls to whom a pet dog belonging to the island is much attached. The little town follows one of the children wherever it goes. Wednesday the children stole away from home to play on the wharf, when the younger one accidentally fell overboard. The dog at once jumped in after the child, which sank out of sight.

The dog ran to the keeper's house, where the mother of the child was. It reared on its hind feet, bow and snorted and cut queer antics so as to attract Mrs. Bell's attention. It then started down on the beach on an excited run and jumped into the water again. Mrs. Bell followed the energetic animal which she saw plunge from the wharf into the water. One leg of her little girl was sticking out of the water and when she resumed the child was unconscious. The child was finally resuscitated. Captain Robert Warren, who owns the town, is so proud of the animal that he has ordered a handsome collar and silver-bell for it. He says \$1000 would not buy it.

THE BIRD THAT SWAM UP. There is a curious fish of the Indian Ocean, to which, although it has long been known to naturalists, attention has recently been called on account of some new observations of its peculiarities. It is fat and chubby, not unlike the ordinary sun-fish, and seldom exceeds seven or eight inches in length.

It is furnished with a short snout or mazzle, which as we shall see, serves very much the purpose of a sportsman's gun. It is fond of insects, and its mode of capturing them has suggested its name of the archer.

Swimming close beneath the surface it watches the brilliant flies flitting above, and, having selected one to its fancy, suddenly thrusts its mazzle out, and with almost unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim.

Confused by the watery projectiles, and with its wings entangled and rendered temporarily useless, the insect falls upon the surface of the sea, and is immediately seized by its voracious enemy. The fish is said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from a height of two or three feet.

BEACH MOSSERS.

The Curious Industry of A New England Town.

Gathering Moss from Which Blanc Mousse is Made.

Fair old Scituate boasts an industry in which, if in no other, it is the leading town in the country. It has, as none of its more wealthy sister towns have, its moss. From the rocks that carpet its harbor and make its shores fringed by the surf is gathered an income every year that may not be primarily, but is still large enough to compensate the town for the lack of noisy, smoky factories and strong-smelling wharves.

When the moss-gathering industry began in Scituate no one knows. Probably the value of the moss was first discovered by accident by some fisherman's wife. The gathering and curing of moss for food began in Scituate many years ago. It was used principally by the people of the south of Ireland near the coast. Many people have made the claim that they introduced the industry in this country, but even the oldest inhabitants of Scituate are in doubt as to who was the first.

The particular locality where the business is carried on is called 'Peg-bushy Beach.' Little Peggotty village is hunched here, and there the mossers and their families ply their trade. There is no heating. Everybody is expected to do his share of the labor. While the father is out in his boat robbing the sea to put bread in his family's mouth and manage and jelly into the mouths of mankind, the wives and daughters are working along the rocks and gathering the patches of moss that are laid out in regular lots in front of each regular house.

The Veteran 'moss-er' is on the beach at sunrise. There is much to do before the tide 'wells in,' and he must watch the tides. With garden rake he levels off a patch on the gravelly beach, always being careful not to leave a footprint. Then he sends the moss that his wife and daughters have washed out the night before and spreads it on the smooth spots. It is of many colors, from the maroon, purple black, to a delicate yellow, according to the windings and bleedings it has received.

The Globe man happened upon the best possible day in the process of mowing. A low tide in the morning and a westerly breeze—not a wind—is what the men pray for. Out to the rocks of Third Cliff the double spinn and dories were already stationed and men were standing up in the boat poking around in the water with long poles. In order to get a nearer view the Globe hired a typical small boy to take him out in his dory.

'How do you know when you are over moss?' was asked of a man whom the guide called 'father.'

'Oh, I can tell,' was the answer. 'The unlearned could not distinguish one rock from another at the bottom, but the experience of years (for some of these people have been here as many as thirty years) makes their sight wonderfully keen.'

The rake used in scraping the rocks has a handle fifteen feet long fitted into a heavy iron head. The teeth are set very close together and are sharp pointed. Over the back part of the head there is a guard that keeps the load from falling back into the water. As much as two pounds of moss can be torn off the rocks at one shove of the rake. A good day's work for one man is 125 pounds of moss. The cargo seldom falls below 75 pounds. Should the mosser lose rim of a rock which offers a good yield, and the ruffled waters interfere with his finding it, a bottle of oil is brought into requisition and a little of it is thrown into the water to quiet the ripples.

The moss-gatherers are met on the beach by the young folks, and 'rakes' holding a barrel each of the weed are filled to the brim at the boats, and it is then spread to dry on the beach. To bleach the moss to be soaked, color-eight washings must be made; it is laundried, when perfectly dry, in the houses. This reason the mossers want five cents a pound, while the dealers do not want to advance the old price of 3-4 cents. The highest price ever known was 25 cents a pound, and for years it held as high as ten cents, even with the great supply. This year has not been especially prosperous, yet all the single men have from \$100 to \$500 worth of moss, and those with families can count on \$1000 for their season's work.—[Boston Globe.

North America's Highest Peak.

Dr. J. T. Scovell, Professor W. S. Blatchley of the High School, Torrington, Ind., Professor U. O. Cox of the Mankato (Minn.) Normal School, and Professor Woodman, who went to measure the height of Mount Orizaba, in Mexico, have returned with information settling beyond doubt that the peak named is the highest in North America.

When the time came to measure the height of Orizaba, Dr. Scovell went accompanied by any member of his party, taking only the guide with him. The guide made the steps by which he climbed, and then Dr. Scovell could with difficulty keep near him.

They ascended to a height 14,000 feet on the mountain, and at that point the snow was too soft for the levels to be placed firmly, and barometrical calculations had to be used in measuring the mountain's altitude. These calculations are not always reliable, because a slight variation in the barometer makes such a great variation in altitude, but the barometrical measurements were compared and checked as well as the other measurements, and the instruments were tested by the Mexican government observatory instruments after the measurements had been taken.

On August 31 the ascent was made again by Dr. Scovell and his guide to test the measurements made on the trip July 29th, and the result of the two trips was that the height of the mountain was found to be 18,560 feet. Some triangulation remains to be made when the snow has grown firmer, to make the measurements more exact.

The best previous measurement of the mountain, which is now known to be higher than Mount St. Elias (17,900 feet), and the highest mountain in North America, was made by a German doctor who had not the advantage of the Mexican observatory instruments by which to test his instruments, and who made the height about 18,270 feet.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Making Sand Musical.

Mr. Carl Carns Wilson has found a way of making sand musical. It is well-known that certain kinds, like that of the Jellid Naguis on Bell Mountain of Suva, or some of the beaches of Hawaii, and other places nearer home, such as Studland Bay and Egg, yield musical notes of different pitch when disturbed by the wind or the tread of a foot-passer. The cause of this sound is rather mysterious, but Mr. Carns-Wilson attributes it to the friction of the polished surfaces of the grains on one another. According to this theory, it is necessary that the grains should be quite clean and of a certain size, and polished. But, or a mixture of fine sand and rough edges, would probably spoil the effect. It is a proof of his theory that he has recently been able to im-

prove the sand by musical notes by musical notes, and to direct notes from sands not musical, by carefully washing and sifting them—as to get straight grains of a favorable size. Moreover, when such grains are placed in a porcelain cup with polished sides they are very sonorous.—[London Globe.

Tiny Town.

Many people have been told that Vergennes, Vt., is the oldest town in the Union. But they are misinformed. Vergennes took out her charter in 1788. Hartford and New Haven, Conn., took out theirs in 1784. Vergennes, however, can truthfully claim to be the smallest and most quiet city of the United States, as she has a population, after 100 years of cityhood, of 1775 souls, and covers a territory of only 1200 acres. Her boundaries are a mile and a half, one way, and a mile and a quarter the other. She has a mayor, a city council, a full board of aldermen, and a complete city government, says the Boston Herald. There are offices enough so that nearly every man in town will have one. In this way the political squabbles and selfish struggles for power common to most cities are entirely gone. There are offices enough to go around and everybody is happy.—[New York Journal.

Color-Blindness From Fatigue.

A Russian physician, Dr. M. Relex, has reported the interesting case of a locomotive engineer, 40 years of age, who was afflicted from service on account of color-blindness. The man was able to distinguish colors correctly and with confidence up to the summer of 1889, when over-work and loss of sleep gave him a violent headache for two weeks, after which for three months all objects appeared red, and then allusion of color disappeared. In May, 1890, he again came for examination, and had fully regained the power to distinguish colors.—[Times-Democrat, N. J. Augiers.

When My Ship Comes In.

When my ship comes in I, Ah, when the morning of that day shall rise, Whose blessed dawning hour shall have been.

When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I.

When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I.

When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I, When my ship comes in I.

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HUMOROUS.

The bone of contention is the jaw bone.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to cut any crow.

An old sea dog is probably a dismantled ocean greenland.

A trifling folly—Leaving home on a cloudy day without an umbrella.

The man who lost his watch is a crowd complained that he was 'pressed for time.'

When a man grows bold it is best to say that his wife's influence is gone. She has lost her part.

'I'm not in it,' arrogantly sang the mosquito, as he buzzed on the outside of the netting.

'Excuse my lady,' is what the gentleman said to the driver when he backed him over the embankment.

Doctor: Did you strike the medicine before taking? Patient: Certainly. It was too late to give it the shake after taking.

How are you? If you are not away from home in two minutes I'll send for a policeman. Harry Haggle: Give me the arm, please. I'll hunt one up for you.

Fond Father: I fear, young man, that you seek my daughter's hand solely for her wealth. Young Man: Well, look at her candidly and kindly mention what other qualifications she possesses.

It is a very easy matter for a person to learn two phases at the same time, even though those phases be thousands of miles apart. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country and homesick.

The Romance of a Trotter.

The remarkable two-year-old Eagle Red Colt Monbars is bred (colt) with another very fast colt. This time he won a mile in 2:25, which caused his owners, Richard W. Louder, to believe that he will break the two-year-old steeple chaser record of Royal Wilkes, which is a quarter of a second faster than this trial of Monbars. The history of Monbars reads like a romance. Less than a year ago his owners placed him in the hands of a horse dealer to be sold for \$2500. While he was a good looking colt, his breeding on his dam's side was not sufficiently attractive to cause any of the horse fanciers to pay the seemingly exorbitant price. Fortunately for his owners, he was given to 'Uncle' Dan Brown to train, or rather break. Brown was driving for George W. St. Clair at the time, and about the twelfth time the colt was handled, he showed a quarter in 3:45.

This fact was communicated to his owners, who immediately raised the price for the youngster to \$3000. Messrs. Richard W. Louder had been disappointed to buy the youngster at \$2500, but they did not see enough in him to warrant the expenditure of so much as \$3000. When they learned, however, that he had gone a quarter so fast, they immediately opened up negotiations looking toward his purchase. They were not willing to give \$2500 for him, but a few days later when Monbars had gone another quarter in 3:25 they concluded to buy the colt. When they had met his owner again the price had risen to \$10,000, but so anxious were his present owners to obtain possession of the colt that they never crossed their importunities till Monbars had become their property at a private price. The other day these gentlemen were offered, so it is stated, \$30,000 for the colt that, ten months ago, could have been bought for \$2500.—[Times-Democrat.