

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.00.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

"The Glorious Fourth."

THE BOY'S RESOLVE. Breathes there a boy with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said...

THE CHICKEN'S FOURTH. "I'm afraid of the Fourth of July," Clucked a chicken who lived in Delphi...

LEO AND THE FOURTH. That July is the month of the Lion, Zo hard writers have written, But the Lion that I have my eye on...

THE AFTERMATH. Away, when the day has gone by, How heavy and beautiful the sigh, How busy all come in...

MAY'S PRISONER.

"So Harry is really coming at last," said Mrs. Chapin, as her husband laid down a letter he had been reading...

"What possessed the man to come here now?" she exclaimed. "He will spoil our visit together, and if I have been held up to him as half the paragon Frank has pleased him to me...

"I wouldn't, May," began M. S. Chapin, who was an inveterate teaser. "It has always been a pet scheme of Frank's that you two should marry. Indeed, I think he only asked him here now so that he could make you acquainted."

"I won't stay, I'll go to Cousin Mason's until he is gone!" exclaimed May. "When will he be here, Frank?" to her brother.

"Your paragon, Harry Briston," "He? oh?" referring to the letter which he placed carefully in his pocket—the will be here on Saturday."

"On Saturday," repeated May, with a sigh of relief, "almost a week yet. How does he look, Frank?" "Pretty well, I believe; he hasn't been ill," replied her brother.

"What is the use of being so hateful, Frank? you know what I mean," said Mrs. Chapin. "What is he like?" "Opinions differ," replied Mr. Chapin. "Some think like his mother, some like his father."

May turned in mock despair to her sister-in-law. "Cook mutton for dinner today, Carrie," she said; "Frank hates it."

"Don't ask, Carrie," replied Mr. Chapin, seriously; "I have to make up a large sum of money this week, and shall have hard work to do it. I am going to Trenton tomorrow to see about it. You and May may go with me if you wish."

eight, young, with dark hair and eyes; is clean shaven, with the exception of a heavy dark mustache. Not violent or dangerous unless contradicted or excited.

"Well," queried May, as her brother paused, "show will that help us?" "Catch him," replied Mr. Chapin laconically.

"Oh!" replied May, with more than a hint of sarcasm in her tone, "I did not think of that; I wonder I did not think of it!"

The conversation soon turned upon the expected journey, and the escaped patient had not mentioned again until Mr. and Mrs. Chapin were leaving home the next morning.

"You are not afraid to stay alone, are you, May?" asked Mrs. Chapin. "I am not alone," replied May. "Bridget is in the kitchen, and there are neighbors almost within call. Besides, what could happen?"

"The patient from the asylum might call," replied Mrs. Chapin. May Chapin laughed. "I would much rather see him than Harry Briston," she said.

"What did I say that for?" she said half aloud as she watched them drive away. "I am afraid of that man and I do not want to see Harry Briston, but I can't stay here like a piece of goods in a shop window, and Frank ought to know it."

Later Bridget came with a pitiful story. Her mother was sick, could she go to her for one hour? And in the kindness of her heart Miss Chapin hurried away and bade her stay until night. Then as the gate banged behind Bridget's substantial figure, and Miss Chapin realized that she was really alone, she locked every door in the house.

But as the hours dragged by and nothing occurred, she grew weary of the stillness of the house, and unlocking a side door, stepped into the garden. She was bending over a rose-bush when the click of the gate aroused her; she looked up and grew pale.

A young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, was approaching. Even in her sudden alarm Miss Chapin felt a thrill of pity for the intruder.

It was too bad that one so young and handsome should be insane; for she had no doubt the man before her was the escaped lunatic, the man that had kept her in fear all day. A gentleman evidently, and the advertisement had described him well. But when his dark eyes met her own she could scarcely believe that the light of reason had fled. Magnetic eyes they were, that drew her thought into words before their owner had uttered a sentence.

"I—have been expecting you all day," she faltered. A look of surprise came into the gentleman's face. May noticed the change in his expression.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "perhaps I ought not to have said that. I am afraid he doesn't like it. I must say something else." She hesitated and coughed.

"Oh! dear, no, you are right. They are not convenient," replied Miss Chapin quickly. "Would you please put the jar in a cupboard you will find down there? You don't mind the dark, do you? you are not afraid of it? I mean," she explained confidently, "you can see in the dark, can't you?"

The gentleman, half way down the narrow stairs, paused and seemed about to speak, but his words were lost in the clang of the lock on the door as Miss Chapin banged it to and turned the key. Then she sank down on the porch step, weak and trembling.

Usually the first thought that comes after some great danger or excitement is trivial. "Now," said Miss Chapin to herself, "she will have a paroxysm and break the preserve jar!"

There was a few moments of suspense while she waited for some sound to announce the arrival of the expected paroxysm, but all was silent. She began to feel a sense of relief, almost of exhilaration. Then the face of her prisoner appeared behind the screen in the small square ventilator in the wall near the door. He watched her a moment or two before attracting her attention.

"I have put the jar where you told me to," he said, "now may I come out?" "Oh! do stay a little longer, please. I'd so like to have you stay until my brother comes, if you please. He'll be so glad to see you! You will, won't you? And it is cooler down there than anywhere else. There is a bench down there and you can lie down and go to sleep. It will do your poor head so much good. There," she added coaxingly, "go away from the window now. I don't want to talk any more now."

How glad she was that she had fastened the inside doors, else he might find his way up into the kitchen. The face disappeared, and she grew courageous, and presently went into the house and opening the piano began to play soft airs that she fancied might soothe her prisoner to slumber. "I will not tell Frank and Carrie until they are rested," she thought.

They came before she expected them. Carrie's face wore a conscious look, and Frank glanced about the parlor expectantly. "Why, May," he began, "where is Harry? He came this afternoon and Carrie and I stayed away so that you two might get acquainted. Have you captured him?"

May's face was a picture of dismay as a hint of the truth flashed upon her. "I—I'm afraid I have, Frank," she stammered. "He—he is shut down cellar with the vegetables. I thought it was the insane man."

And with another word, but with an ill-get-even-with-you look at her brother, she ran up the stairs, followed by Frank's shouts of laughter, and shut herself into her room.

Half an hour later Carrie tapped at the door. "Come down, now, May," she said. "Frank has smoothed the way for you and has left Mr. Briston in the parlor alone. Come, you must apologize before—" with a spice of mischief in her tone—"you go to Cousin Mason's."

May went down, and, as Frank afterwards said, made her apologies like a man. That they were accepted may be inferred from the fact that when, six weeks later, she made her intended visit to Cousin Mason, she was Harry Briston's promised wife.

Dick, the Seagull. It is well known that birds return year after year to build their nests in the same place, often in the same tree. The Boston Trausserien reports a more surprising case, in which a winter visitor from the north, a seagull, has been known to manifest a similar local attachment.

It is twenty years since Dick first came aboard the lightship, which lifts and slips over Brenton's reef, the roughest bit of water in Narragansett Bay, and one of the most dangerous spots upon the Atlantic coast. For twenty years he has shared with the crew had to eat; has been their gentle and affectionate pet; has taken his part of the weather and enjoyed it all.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE FIRST OF JULY. The air is sweet and clear, And we know the dawn is near; In the east the sky grows light, And bright, and yet more bright, Till the sun bursts on our sight, And gone is the soft still gloom.

Yes, that is the first of July; And now look out for the fun, Jack and Frank and Fred, And Bob, who are snug in bed, Will jump and shout and run— Fred flies out of his room.

And now close in his track Cousin Bob and Frank and Jack, No closer to the side nor back. Staunch they rush to the front, Bound they will see the least Of the fun, or meet their doom.

And now close in his track Cousin Bob and Frank and Jack, No closer to the side nor back. Staunch they rush to the front, Bound they will see the least Of the fun, or meet their doom.

Anyone who is disposed to have a cat party in his or her back garden has to procure some catnip and leave it there, and all the cats in the vicinity will soon arrive and then the fun will begin. They will sniff it, toss it up, roll over it, fight for it and scratch it around until there is not a vestige of it left.

The keeper lived in a nice brick house close to the tower, and also painted white. Unhooking the tower door we began to climb the iron stairs which winds round and round inside until your head swims. It was very dark (I don't remember any windows there). Up and up we went, quite slowly, the keeper leading until the stairs seemed to run right up against the ceiling; but the keeper pushed a bolt aside, stepped up one more step, and a flood of light came down upon us. He had opened an iron trap-door, and we went up through the opening.

There were at last, on the top, close to the lantern, I can't describe it scientifically, but it was a beauty. All of brass and thick plate glass, both wonderfully polished. In the center was the lamp, which holds two quarts of kerosene oil; but the light uses nearly four quarts every night, between sunset and sunrise. So, each night, at about midnight, the second lamp full of oil has to be set in place. Think of that, boys! Every night in the year, at midnight, that keeper has to get out of a warm bed, climb the long stairs, and change the lamp. It may be a cold, winter night, the thermometer below zero, with a furious gale-sinking the tower and driving the spray clear over the top. No matter; the lamp must be changed.

The lantern stands about two and a half feet high on an iron pedestal as high, and has a clock-work attachment, run by a heavy weight, which hangs half way down the tower, in a groove in the wall. The keeper puts in a big key and turns it once or twice. "Now watch," he says; and then slowly, very slowly the lantern begins to move. "It turns around once in three minutes," he says, "and shows a flash each side for a quarter of a minute, once every half-minute. At that point to the southeast it shows red through that red pane there. That's what we call the red sector."

"Why does it?" "There's a dangerous shoal in that direction." So now you will know what a "sector" is in a lighthouse.

There is room to walk around the lantern, but a man six feet high would have only two inches space above his tall hat. The sides of the tower here are thick panes of beautifully clear glass, almost half an inch thick; yet sometimes they are broken. By what, do you think? Why, by wild ducks and geese flying against them, dazed by the light.

The little room in which we are is very hot; the big panes of glass around it cannot be opened, and though there is a thick yellow shade to each one, I am almost faint with the heat.

So we go down again, through the little trap-door, into the dark tube of the tower, where our footfalls and voices ring hollow on the iron stairs and the cold white walls. How cool and refreshing it is after the stifling little top room. Down and around we go, till once more the bottom is reached and we step outside on the grass again.—(St. Nicholas.

GEMS MADE BY ART.

How Counterfeits of Precious Stones Are Manufactured. Chemists May in Time Provide Gems by Artificial Means.

"The finest imitation diamonds are made out of rock crystal," said a Washington dealer in precious stones to a writer for the Washington Star.

"The bases of the most successful counterfeits of all kinds of gems is a pure, very dense and highly transparent sort of glass, which is termed 'paste' in the trade. For diamonds this glass is simply cut and polished in facets, while for imitating other stones, such as rubies, emeralds, sapphires, etc., metallic oxides are mixed with it.

In manufacturing glass for such purposes the processes employed have to be conducted with the utmost nicety. For making even the best mirrors the necessary silicon is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from sea sand to a large extent, but in this case rock crystal is substituted, composing about 99 per cent. of the ingredients of the paste. To it must be added 22 per cent. of carbonate of soda, and the proportions of calcined borax, saltpetre and red lead. All of these things are reduced to the finest powder, mixed, fused together by heat in a crucible and cooled slowly.

The density, transparency and beauty of the paste depend upon the care taken in these processes. Thus made it is all ready to be cut up into diamonds and prepared for market. It may be, however, that the manufacturer desires to produce counterfeits of other sorts. If so, he has the means readily at hand. Supposing that he wants rubies, he fuses with the paste a very small quantity of peroxide of manganese and a trace of Cassius purple, which will give the proper color. For emeralds he employs in like manner oxide of iron, and for sapphires oxide of cobalt.

Topaz is easily formed in the crucible by mixing with 1000 parts of the paste 40 parts of glass of antimony and one part of Cassius purple. For manufacturing other kinds of gems there are methods equally simple. Of course none of these imitation precious stones has the chemical constitution, hardness, specific gravity or optical properties of real ones. Accordingly their falseness is readily perceived by an expert. Inasmuch as the elements of which various gems are composed are well known, synthetic chemistry has attempted to reproduce them by putting the ingredients together and allowing crystallization in the laboratory. In this way large masses of what might be termed true ruby and sapphire are turned out artificially, such gem-like material having some resemblance for industrial purposes, although lacking the brilliancy of nature's products.

"For my own part I am confident that sooner or later some, if not all, of the stones deemed precious will be reproduced by artifice. The chemists who have hitherto confined their attention to taking things apart are beginning to learn how to put them together. All the gems are very simple in their composition, and the problem is merely to make their elements crystallize properly. In all such knowledge science has made little progress as yet. We do not even know for what reason one substance is transparent while another is opaque, though presumably there is some relation between the arrangement of the molecules in the transparent body and the length of the light waves, which, in the case of the transparent body, permits the latter to pass through."

The Pearl Diver's Fox. "Your wealthy ladies of Chicago who assemble at evening parties and soirees in magnificent costumes covered with the pearls know little or nothing, perhaps, about the many dangers encountered in gathering these pearls from the sea," remarked J. G. Danvers of London, England, at the Tremont House yesterday.

"The reason a man with a weak heart is not fit for the work is because the stopped breath and the pressure of ninety feet of sea water, with its weight of sixty-two pounds to the cubic foot, will bring on palpitation of the heart and burst the weaker vessels, causing distressing and often dangerous hemorrhages. But the

divers are still stalwart savages, in such rugged health that the physical danger never occurs to them. The dangers constantly menace the diver. Wherever the oyster grows there also thrives the giant tridacna, a monstrous bivalve whose shell is from 4 to 6 feet in length, firmly anchored to the bottom.

"It lies with its scalloped shells yawning a foot or more apart. Immediately anything touches it the shells snap together, and once these large shells are closed not a dozen men out of water could get them apart, far less the single diver, fifteen fathoms deep, who may have dropped into the capacious mouth or have carelessly put his hand within its shells while groping in the gloom.

"If such a fate befall a diver there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to amputate himself from the enormous mollusk and rise to the surface, fainting, bloody, and mangled. These savages will fight anything from a lion to a python on land, but they haven't the courage to run against a bivalve under ninety feet of water and stand the chance of those yawning shells closing in on an arm or a leg and crushing the bones to splinters.

"If the monstrous mollusks should close down and catch the diver's head, of course he would never know what killed him. His head would be mashed to a pulp, and it would go off as if severed by a guillotine. I saw only one native who had been caught by the mollusk. It had closed down on his left hand, and the only thing he could do, as the monster held him was to cut off his left arm at the elbow."

The "Treasure" State. Montana is the largest of the newly admitted States; in fact, it is as large as Washington and North Dakota combined. It is one-sixth larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is the third State in the sisterhood, ranking next after Texas and California. It contains 143,776 square miles, and is therefore the size of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia all rolled together. It is about 546 miles in length, and half as wide. As it is approached from the east, it seems to be a continuation of the huculic plains land which makes up all of North Dakota. But almost all at once upon entering Montana the monotony of the great plateau is relieved by its disturbance into hills, which grow more and more numerous and take on greater and greater bulk and height, until, when one-third of the State has been passed, the earth is all disturbed with mountains and mountain spurs. These are the four corners of the Rockies, which, speaking roughly, make up the line or western third of this grand and imperial new State. A glance at the map will call to the attention the apparently contradictory fact that the principal seats of population in the State are directly on the Rocky Mountain region. This is difficult for the majority of readers to account for. They think of the Rocky Mountains as great bastions of one stone—and such, indeed, the main range is; but the spurs and lesser or side ranges are glass-cold or wooded elevations, and even along the veritable Rockies themselves are innumerable valleys carved with the richest, most nutritious pasturage to be found anywhere in the world. In or beside such valleys are the cities built there to be close to the mines that are being worked in the mountains.

A Bogus Coffee. Says a man who has been down in Mexico: "The mesquite bean that grows so rank in Mexico, Texas and New Mexico is a 'dead ringer' for coffee when parched and ground. I have a friend who has gone down on the Rio Grande and is flooding the market with this spurious coffee. It looks and smells exactly like the genuine Java before it is boiled, and the most experienced coffee buyer is liable to be deceived in it. I am told that coffee dealers are buying this stuff and mixing it with their ground coffee, like some grocers send their sugar. The surest way to get pure coffee is to buy it unparched and unground."

Johnny's Mind Dissatisfied. Mr. Fitzstep was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors, he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it!"

A Colt With Three Legs. An extraordinary freak of nature is reported by R. R. Reed of Benton township. A male colt recently foaled on his place has but three legs. The colt has two perfect hind legs, but the right fore leg is missing, and it seems that nature made no effort to supply the deficiency. The colt is as healthy and active as any animal, and seems not to miss the lacking member. We have these facts from perfectly responsible parties.—(B. O. Mo., Herald.

In Southern Europe 38,000 oranges have been picked from one tree.

The Song of the Rain. It's rain, rain, rain, From the sun's rise till it sets, And it's rain, rain, rain, In all shapes and styles of weathers, On, to be a swain.

"Will it never let up?" we sigh. It comes down drear still, And every drop of a left and stem To move or drive a mill. The gutters are bounding main, The streets a raging main, And the plashing torrents in liquid notes Sing: "Rain, rain, rain."

It's raining, it's raining, That makes the garden so green, To wash the muds to adapt him, If to the water where he lives, It rains to keep us as it were, One rainy day, 'tis known, Just like a duck's no more that he looks Fat—'tis between our toes. (Philadelphia Times.

HEROICUS. Police headquarters—The bestest. The telephone rings everybody's ear. Perhaps the best way to teach baby to walk would be to give it in charge of a step-mother.

The female fly—It must be awfully dangerous to be a soldier. He—It is, indeed. The women are always after you. Avonport (rest, fighting on church spire)—I like to have hold of the fellow who said there was plenty of room at the top.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," she said to him, encouragingly. "Yes, darling, I know," he replied, sally, "but not at No. 11 Street." A forcible argument—Suitor (persistently)—Why do you keep me waiting so long for an answer? Remember that you are growing older every minute!

Sue—I know I'm cross at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same. He—I have my doubts about that, my dear. "Doctor," said the sufferer solemnly, as he dropped into the dentist's chair, "my nerve is completely gone." "Oh, no, it isn't," was the cheerful reply. "Wait till I get a firm hold and you'll realize your mistake."

"Charley," said Maudie, "you don't like you because he says you're extravagant in your dress." "Well, he's mistaken. Just tell your father I haven't paid a tailor's bill for two years." (Detroit Chronicle.

New Cook—He said the missus wants things in the kitchen—old-fashioned style. Sure, I'm afraid I won't suit, for it's only 'plain cooking' I've done. Old Cook—"It'saisy easy. Make everything taste like something else.

A Lake Which Flies and Flows. Judge J. L. East, one of the most careful observers in Early Montana, lately called on a young party of us camped on the bank of a deep, clear lake in Basin county, near its eastern boundary. Having quipped our animals in the lake, we picked them for the night and lay down to sleep. About 10 o'clock, or a little later, when the guards were changed, one of them went down to the lake to get some water. In a moment or two he came running back, declaring the water had disappeared. He woke us up, telling of the strange fact, and several of the party went with him to the edge of the now empty basin.

"It was a deep, rocky basin, with immense boulders in the bottom, but there was not a drop of water in what a few hours before was a lake fully a quarter of a mile long. Just before sunrise the following morning two of us who were on watch heard the water returning. We observed it with much interest, and before breakfast the lake was half full. By 9 o'clock, when we resumed our journey, the water had all returned, and the lake was filled to the brim. The water disappeared and returned through several fissures in the deep bottom of the lake, but none of us were able to account for the strange phenomenon."

—(Oroville (Cal.) Register.