

The Chatham Record.

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The Top Floor.

Neely approves build their nests Underneath the eaves. From above touch their breasts. In the straw and leaves. From the house-top over the way. Curious gossamer peer. At one I rhyme each day. Only found here.

How they peep, and see and kiss. All the bright day long. From a perch from which they look. Love and then a song. Sing for six weeks. It is well. For the music floats. Freely as the notes that swell. From the hole's clear throat.

Here's a song then. Life is sweet. Though it buries the. Cheerily the world I greet. The stars are high. Knowing little of the stars. Close to the sky. Love. Who will it climb the stars. In the window this.

And I hold a man may love. Sober, truly, when He is led as far above. All his fellowmen. For his health is a pure air. Does he never die. Stars that trace the atmosphere. Brighter seem to him.

Stars are warmer. or at least. Shine with greater grace. Nature is his soul's high priest. And his temple. space. And the world's music comes from. Mournfully only. For the darkness of the sky. Melts and makes them soft.

In a great blue night. Far from busy throngs. Little sparrows, chirp to me. Touch my soul your songs. Teach me that it's world is sweet. Though I travel alone. With the print of child feet. In the path of love.

Sing and play your little notes. Underneath the eaves. Though the heart that loves you rests. With life's fallen leaves. Sing! for life's kind and sweet. As it hurries by. Cheerily the world we greet. I kiss stars high.

—KATHARINE DYER, IN ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

A TELEGRAPHIC TICK.

BY W. E. LAMFORD.

"When I was a young man," remarked the traveler, sitting by the hotel stove one night, "I was for about five years a telegraph operator, and it was the making of my fortune."

"Nobody ever heard of a telegraph operator getting rich," interrupted a young man who was getting \$50 a month as a checker at the railroad station.

"Indirectly they may," said the traveler, "though possibly not quite as I did. To go on with my story. When I was 25 I was sent down into Mexico with a lot of other operators to handle the tickets for a new line they were building there. I had charge of a section of the line, and my headquarters were in a town of about 1,500 people, which was a sort of a station also, for a big mining country in the mountains and it was a tough place, I tell you. I had my room at the tavern, the landlord of which was one of the smoothest villains you ever saw. He could speak English quite well, and had the confidence of all the telegraph people, except myself, and, somehow, I suspected him from the very first. After I had been working there about a month we had a big sensation in the shape of the abduction of an Englishman, who owned one of the biggest mines in the mountains and he was held for ransom. The brigand wanted \$50,000 for him, and the authorities did all they could to catch the band or rescue the prisoner, but without avail. They couldn't find hide nor hair of robber or Englishman, but the demand for ransom still stood. I'd been longing to leave the line for a week, and when I came back to my town I never saw a man in such a pitiable state of grief over my piece of good-luck as that landlord was. Indeed, he was so sorry that I became sorry for him, and began to think he was not so bad after all. That night I retired about 11 o'clock, and just as I was on the point of falling asleep I heard what I thought was cricket or rather a death watch knocking on the heavy wall of masonry against which my bed stood. I could hear the faint knocking of the bug, but not being superstitious, paid little attention to it and went to sleep. Once or twice during the night I rolled over uneasily and fancied I could hear that death watch still plugging away. Just before daybreak I heard it again, and made up my mind to make a little investigation in the morning and see what manner of insect a death watch was anyhow. At 7 o'clock a knock on my door awakened me for breakfast, and at first I thought the death watch must have found a hammer and changed his base of operations, but when I had my eyes fully opened, I answered the knock and heard the caller pattering down the hall to another door. As I lay in

bed enjoying for a moment or two the pain of having to get up, I heard, my death watch again, this time in the wall near my head, and I began to listen.

"Tick, tick," it went, then several ticks, but I could not see any sign of bug or insect.

"Tick, tick, tick, tick," it went again, slower and faster, and faster and slower, irregularly I thought at first, but in a moment or two as I became accustomed to it, I discovered it was not irregular.

"Then all at once I sat bolt upright in bed, with my eyes almost standing straight from my head, and the next minute I had laid the side of my face flat against the wall. I think my heart must have ticked ten times to that other tick, once as I pressed my ear tight against the wall, and then I almost yelled at my discovery, but a second thought came and I kept still.

"Tick, tick, tickety, tickety, tick, tick," went the noise, and I read the telegraphic signals.

"Help, they said, help, for God's sake. I am the prisoner they are holding for ransom and the landlord is in league with the brigands."

"My wits came to me then, and taking an hammer I had in my small kit, I ticked back:

"Keep up your courage. I am the American telegraph operator and will have you out of that as soon as I can get a foreman."

"Then I dressed quickly, went to my breakfast, which I ate as usual, for I was afraid to do anything to excite suspicion, and went out to see what kind of a condemnation I could organize to save my man. The town police I believed, were in collusion with the brigands, and I could not go to them. At the corner of the street I met the landlord.

"Ah, Mr. American," he said, almost in tears, "we have heard nothing of the poor, unfortunate gentleman, but there have just arrived in the town 100 government troops and they will hunt the murderers down and do justice to the poor prisoner. There comes the gentleman to command now, and looking at the landlord pointed, I saw a Mexican cavalry captain with two aides walking.

"They are going to stop at my home," exclaimed the landlord cheerfully, "and I must go to prepare for them."

"He hurried away and I waited for the officers. In a few minutes I had told my story and in a very few more minutes they had hurried back to their company, and I was on the tavern steps with the landlord when the whole thing came up. The landlord was all bows and smiles, and the officers came upon me, themselves. In two minutes more they had seized him and quietly, so as to cause no alarm, we took him to my room and telegraphed to the prisoner to know how to get into his pen. He gave me directions as he best could and after a difficult search, as the landlord swore he knew nothing and could tell nothing, we found our man in a little room with a heavy wall all about it and no sign of a window. It was a pen built for such a purpose and was a hiding place for the landlord's friends, the brigands, as we afterwards learned.

"To make a long story short," concluded the traveler, "we got our man out, and a more gratified one you never saw. He told me he had learned telegraphy for pasture, and when he was locked up in there it occurred to him that possibly somebody might be beyond the wall who knew the signs and that all the time he was not sleeping he had been repeating that message on each side of the room, and had been doing so ever since the first day of his capture, for the robbers had put him in there the first night. He felt safe in doing it, because he knew nobody knew the signs but the American who was in that vicinity as operators, and it was on the chance of catching one of them he had done it. As I said, he was the gratefullest man you ever saw and after rewarding all the soldiers liberally, he gave me a position that let me get out of the country with half a million dollars in seven years."

"What became of the landlord?" inquired the hotel clerk.

"Shot the next morning at day-break." — [Detroit Free Press.

A Sad End.

Restful Rags. What's become of Peter? Worry William (shaking his head). Don't ask me, Ragsy. He's gone to the bad. Restful Rags. — In jail, eh? Worry William. — Worse than that! He's working regular in a factory. — [Kate Field's Washington.

Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago in February, 1635, John Blackstone sold the site of the city of Boston for \$150.

Fa'mis'ry.

Since palmistry became a social amusement people have resorted to be careful of the inside of their hands, written over with this line and with that, lest they be seized upon, and be read to their dismay, the survey of the lines there pulling them up with conceit of themselves, or putting them to open shame in the face of folk. "I would not trust out of sight the best friend I had in the world," said, recently, an enthusiastic prophet of the art, "if I found the line of truth did not join the line of life before leaving the hand!" And if she were justified in her statement, what complications and perplexities might ensue to the adherents of the art! The next thing in the advance of the matter might be that no lover would propose to the doped who had filled his eye and touched his heart, until he had looked at her wrists and certified to himself the absence of the bracelet of command there, lest he should see before him the fate of Parolot's mate. Perhaps, too, the young lady's father would find it necessary to compare the right hand of his lover with his left when he had stammered his wishes into the paternal ear, and thus discover what traits he had developed in his right hand by scanning the original lines in his left one, what good tendencies had increased, if any, and what evil ones had been suppressed in his growth, and if, in short, he had desirable traits and would make a good husband. The mother-in-law that is to-be may also think fit to examine the line of life of the proposed bride of her son, and see if it is crossed by the mark of sorrows, illnesses, or otherwise, in order to judge if he be best for her son to enumber himself with a sickly wife, or she may even look for the stars that signify the number of marriages this young woman is to contract, that she may thus forecast her son's chances of long living. — [Harper's Bazar.

Children's Column.

HOW ONE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY. "I never can do it," the little kite said. As he looked at the others higher up in the sky, "I know I should fall if I tried to fly."

"Try," said the big kite, "and try again. Or I fear you never will learn at all!" But the little kite said, "I'm about 130 feet. The big kite nodded, "Ah, well, good-by!" "I'm off," and he rose toward the transparent sky. From the little kite's paper streamer, at the sight, and trembling he shook himself free for flight.

First whirling and frightened, then braver grown, He flew through the air alone. Till the big kite, looking down, could see The little one rising steadily. Then how the little kite thrilled with pride, As he sailed with the big kite, side by side! While far below he gazed on the ground, And the boy-like small spots moving round. They rested high in the quiet air. And only the birds and clouds were there. "Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried. "And all because I was braver and tried." — [Katharine Dyke, in St. Nicholas.

Little People in Outer Space.

If you were a German child of four years, you would know how to weed your mother's garden without ever pulling up a flower or a vegetable, and you would do it, too, for little German boys and girls are taught to work in the fields almost as soon as they can walk. By the time you were twelve years old you would be quite an experienced farmer. If you remained in Germany the law would require you to go to school ten months out of every year until you were sixteen years old, but during the vacations and holidays your parents would train you to work out doors, only there would not have to be any force about it, for the work would have become a habit to you and you would enjoy it.

A Japanese baby never learns how to creep, so if there is any truth in the old adage that you must "creep before you walk," it is no wonder that they are not very graceful walkers. The poor, tiny tots are taught to begin walking on their hands and the soles of their feet, and when they sit they squat on the sides of their feet, which must be tiresome enough. — [Recorder, Jr.

A Pet of the Postmaster.

Owney went to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and they attached checks to his collar. Then he went on through Salt Lake City to California, and from there to Mexico. In Mexico they hung a Mexican dollar on his neck. From there he came up through the South, finally reaching Washington. His collar was hanging full of tags and checks, and poor Owney was weary of the heavy load about his neck. Postmaster-General Wainmaker saw him and took pity on him. He carried him out one day, and had a harness made for him; then he took the badges from his collar and fastened them to his harness.

Owney did not tarry long in Washington, but was soon off again with his new harness. The farther he went the more checks he had to carry, and the heavier grew his load. At last the attachments alone weighed over two pounds, and poor Owney was tired of carrying the dangling things about with him.

A Boston postal clerk saw him and took pity on him as Mr. Wainmaker had done; he carried him home to his house, and wrote a letter to the postmaster at Albany, telling him of the dog's difficulties. Word came back to take off the harness just as it was, and forward it to them. This was done, and the harness with its attachments can be seen at any time in the post-office building at Albany, preserved in a glass case with Owney's picture.

Once in his travels Owney reached Montreal, and happening to follow the mail-bags to the post office, he was taken possession of and looked up, while a letter was sent to Albany telling the officials there of his whereabouts. A reply came to let him go and he would take care of himself. This the Canadian postmaster refused to do till the cost of feeding and keeping him was paid, in all amounting to two dollars and fifty cents. A collection was called for among his old friends, the money forwarded and Owney released.

Everybody in the postal service in the United States knows him, and perhaps the next time he visits Canada he will not be a stranger. — [St. Nicholas.

Well It Was His Boy!

Baltimore has a blind boatman. His boat was stolen by some worthless fellows the other day, and subsequently abandoned and picked up. He claimed it, and when told that he must identify it, did so, not by telling its color and model, as a man with good eyes might do, but by giving the positions of all the nails and clinks in the boat where splinters had been knocked off. — [Chicago Herald.

Arizona's Camels.

"Ships of the Desert" Running Wild in the Northwest. Descendants of a Herd Used as Pack Animals.

Camels now running wild in Arizona are descendants of a small herd originally imported for use in Nevada. In the early days of mining on the Comstock, long before there were any railroads in the Great Basin region, it was thought that camels might be profitably used about the mines, particularly in packing across the surrounding deserts, and 12 "ships of the desert" were accordingly purchased and brought to Virginia City. They were wanted for use in packing salt from the Salt Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. This salt deposit lies far out in a desert region, and to reach it many waterless stretches of sand and alkali had to be traversed.

The camels were able to cross all the deserts in perfect comfort, carrying heavy loads of salt and finding means of subsistence in the prickly and bitter plants and shrubs everywhere to be found in abundance. In short, the animals did as good work here in our deserts as they are able to do in any country in the world, but they were too slow. The camel may be fast enough for an Arab, but he is too slow for an American.

When the occupation of the camels as packers of salt was gone they were sold to some Mexicans, who used them for a time in packing wool down to the mountains. The Mexicans took them up rocky trails into the rugged hills and used them the same as they use mules—unmercifully. They soon killed three of the wretched beasts and would have killed the remainder had not a Frenchman, who owned a big ranch on the Carson river, below Dayton, taken pity on the poor abused creatures and bought the whole of them. This Frenchman had been in America with the French colony, where he had developed an affection for the camel—probably owed the animal a debt of gratitude for having saved his life on some occasion. He had no use for the beasts, therefore turned them out to roam the desert plains at will.

The animals, left to shift for themselves, soon waxed fat, and increased and multiplied. In a few years from nine the herd had increased to thirty-six, old and young. The Frenchman then sold the whole lot to be taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore down off a big mountain range. It was said there was a good smooth trail, but the animals found all the rocks and soon became footsore and useless, when all were turned adrift to shift for themselves. They have regained the instincts of the original wild state of their species and are very wary and swift. They fly into waterless wastes impenetrable to man when approached. Some of the old animals, however, occasionally appear in the vicinity of the old settlements. Of late it is reported that the cattlemen have been shooting them for some reason, perhaps because they frighten and stampede their horses. No one knows how many camels are now remaining at large in the wilds of the Gobi country, but there must be a great number. One is occasionally caught. Four years ago one was caught near to Gila Bend that measured over nine feet in height. It appeared to be a stray one of the herd in that region. — [San Francisco Chronicle.

Silver-Mine Rats.

Rats are believed to have been brought to the Comstock town, from California in freight wagons, probably in big "prairie schooners," among boxes and crates of goods. One of these rats, multiplied at a prodigious rate, especially after they discovered the mines. Underground there were no cats to trouble them; and man, who was their enemy on the surface, was here their friend and protector. He shared his food with them, says the Engineering Journal, and they scampered about him with perfect impunity. The warmth, too, was very congenial to the rats, both old and young. Cold was a thing unknown. As it were, they had been furnished with immense hot-houses in which to breed. Any temperature they wished, from 60 degrees to 130 was at their service.

Rats are useful as mine scavengers. They devour all the scraps of meat and other food thrown upon the ground by the men, and eat even the hardest bones. As the decay of the smallest thing becomes unendurable in a mine, the miners never intentionally kill a rat.

The men have a high opinion of the rats' sagacity. From them they often

How a Porcupine Fights a Snake.

"Several years ago I was an interested spectator at a combat between a hedgehog and a huge black snake," said W. D. Ingraham of Memphis. "I came upon the scene just as the hedgehog began to attack upon the snake, which was lying stretched out on the road asleep. The hog advanced cautiously upon the reptile and seized its tail in its mouth, giving it a sharp bite. Then he quickly withdrew a few feet, and rolled himself into a compact ball, as a self-developed defense. The snake, upon being thus rudely awakened, turned to fury upon its antagonist, striking the hog again and again with its fangs. The wary hedgehog, securely entrenched within its spiny armor, remained perfectly motionless all the while, allowing the snake to keep up the attack. At every stroke the jaws of the snake would become filled with the spines, until at last, exhausted and bleeding from dozens of wounds caused by the needle-like spines of the hog, the snake gave up the battle. This was evidently what the hedgehog was waiting for, as he immediately proceeded to roll over the snake again and again, until he had completely disemboweled his victim." — [St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Descendant of Annas.

George Jones, who is said to have told more lies during his lifetime than any other man since the days of Annas, is very ill. Between moons he told a story of adventure for a reporter. He was once a bear hunter, he said, and had killed over one hundred bears during his time. He claimed that no man had ever killed bears as fast as he did. When hunting in Oregon one time he discovered a place up in the mountains where bears appeared every day to drink. He used to fill a pool with whiskey, sweetened with sugar, and every time a bear appeared brain drink the whiskey and get dead drunk. Jones would then start the bear to rolling down the side of the mountain, and it would land at his camp below, where he had a man employed to butcher and skin it. Jones then filled the pool with whiskey again, and the next bear was so red the same way. Jones says he captured an average of three bears a day at this place for two months, which cannot be true, for he only claimed to kill a hundred bears in the first place. — [Atkinson Globe.

Suits as Food.

W. A. Macdonald, London, England, writes the American Agriculturist, quite a stir has recently been created in Europe with reference to the value of suits as food for human beings, and if this movement spreads, as there appears to be every prospect of its doing so, there will be a great impetus given to the value of the bore, for its suits are one of the most delicious kinds of food. Much discussion has taken place regarding the relative values of cereals and nuts, the only important distinction among them being the excess of starch in the former, and the excess of fat in the latter. The Wheaton settles this dispute by having a considerable percentage both of fat and starch, and it contains as much nitrogen as cereals, being also more nutritious than the average of other nuts. It may be added that the bore is the only tree whose green leaves are adequately suited to the human palate, so that in case of famine, or lack of other foods, they would occupy a conspicuous place. Also its wood occupies a high place as fuel and as an article of manufacture.

Drat that Piano.

"The piano is out of tune," remarked Mrs. Foster. "I'm," retorted her husband, "I wish it was out of doors." — [Harper's Bazar.

receive the first intimation of coming danger. When a big cave in is about to occur, the rats swarm out of the drifts and scamper about the floors of a level at unwanted times. The settling of the waste rock probably pinches the rats in their dens, and causes them to seek new and less dangerous quarters.

At times, when a mine has been shut down for a few weeks, the rats become ravenously hungry. Then they do not scruple to devour the young, old and weak of their own kind. When work is resumed, the almost famished creatures are astonishingly bold. They jump upon the underground engines, even when they are in rapid motion, and drink the oil out of the oilpans, quite regardless of the presence of the engineers.

After a mine slaugthers the rats by the wholesale. Few escape, as the gases penetrate every crevice, often as suddenly as to asphyxiate the rats before they can make their way out.

Now, Don't!

Don't be afraid and get your grain. Wait in the tide. When you see the wagon come, Jump in for a ride! Whip the horses— For an hour, An' you'll get there by an hour! Don't be green 'cos the sun Takes himself away; There will be another one At the break of day! Whip the horses— Moss on the high; An' you'll get there by an hour! — Atlanta Constitution.

Humorous.

Book of a feather—Ostriches. Business with the peripatetic ragman seems to be picking up. The surgeon may be very redoubtable, but he is a great hand to cut up. You are always sure to find footnotes in a show-dealer's advertisement. Ask a man how to define injustice and he will tell how others are treating him. Teacher: What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder? Harry—The end of a leather strap. Aunt: So you have had your first need of your new boarding place? Was it a coarse dinner? Little girl—Awfully.

It is an old-time question And it is still one again. "Why do you members of a globe club From such a lamely member?" Goswold: Young Bivens boasts that he never loses his bond. Dukane—Well, he couldn't expect such great luck as that, you know. Miss Snappy: I wonder why Mand gave her me as twenty-five when she married old Moneybags? Miss Guppy—Oh, I suppose she made a discount for cash! "Jimmy Jones is a horrid, mean, selfish boy, I think." Mamma—"Why?" "He gave me all his course and told me to divide it, and of course I had to give him the most."

"Papa" and Mrs. Hawkins, "I've forgotten Thompson's address, and I don't know how to get at him." "Why don't you write and ask him to send it to you?" suggested Hawkins. "No; I haven't the faintest idea of her age." "I thought you had been friends since childhood." "That's just why I am so uncertain. You see, ten years ago she was eighteen."

This great truth should be resolutely mind. With a doll and a six-cent sheet. That a man may look up and see eight stars, Or that his gas will burn and so on.

Tom: What is the meaning of the word "street-cleaner," pop? Tommy—Pop: It is practically an obsolete word, my boy, and there appears to be no longer any occasion for its use. W: Do you believe it is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house? S: Well, I should say so. I opened one the other day and the owner happened to be there and recognized it.

Bacon: I'm troubled with insomnia. I haven't closed my eyes for five nights. Egbert: You want to play football. The first game I played, I remember, my eyes were closed for a fortnight. A Scotch preacher once said: "But, my brethren, I will not longer dwell on this subject," only to hear a shrill voice from the gallery from a woman who did not approve of written sermons: "Ye canna, for your paper's rin out!"

That man is right when he says: "But, my brethren, I will not longer dwell on this subject," only to hear a shrill voice from the gallery from a woman who did not approve of written sermons: "Ye canna, for your paper's rin out!"

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"What shall we name her?" said Mrs. Druley, as she gazed fondly at her firstborn. "We'll name her Yorky," replied Mr. Druley. "Yorky?" echoed his wife. "Why, that's a boy's name." "Indeed it is not. Didn't Shakespeare say, 'A lass, poor Yorky!'"

"How is Skimmings getting along in his profession?" said one Chicago man to another. "Quite creditably, I understand." "But he told me yesterday that he owed several thousands of dollars." "Yes. That shows how well he must have established his credit."

Tommy—I say, Mr. Vabsley, sister Laura said at the table, this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mistake she ever saw. Vabsley—You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy. Tommy—But she is going to give me a penny for telling you.