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SLEEP. We all must sleep; Sleep is the best of things; Sleep is the best of things; Sleep is the best of things...

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

BY NINA F. SIVITER.

At the Le Roy loaned back in her softly cushioned corner, threw one dimpled arm back of her beautiful head, and gazing into the pleasant face of her confidante, Louise Lure, exclaimed:

"So many things have happened since you left, I don't know where to begin, but you must hear the part little Bertie March and Jack Graham played in the War of the Roses. You remember that's what Evelyn De Pay always called the rivalry between Mrs. March and Mrs. Graham, because they are both named Rose."

"O, yes! What was the end of the war? When I went away they were both trying for that handsome George Adams, the editor, and we girls used devotedly to pray his guardian angel to save him from either. But do go on."

"Well, one evening Mr. Adams went to Mrs. March's for dinner. Just before dinner was announced the widow heard a yell in the back yard, and, looking out, saw that little rascal of a son of hers, Bertie, who has a way of looking like a cherub, pounding Mrs. Graham's little Jack as hard as a six-year-old tough could pound. Mrs. March flew to Jack's assistance just as Mrs. Graham's home arrived, and such a looking creature as she presented! He was covered with mud, his coat was torn, his face ruffled with dirt, and his nose was bleeding. Mrs. March scolded the boy in her worst French to relieve her feelings and sent her upstairs to mend the torn coat. Then she smuggled her own little villain up the back stairs, and led the other forlorn little sinner straight into the parlor where Mr. Adams was. Here she kissed and petted the rogue, gave him bon-bons, with the sweetest, most deprecating Begonia-sweet-maid-and-let-whosoever-will-be-clever-ay-wondered-how-any-mother-could-let-her-darling-little-son-run-the-streets-at-night! It really wasn't dark yet, but she had kept him so long it might as well have been. Then she sent him almost tearfully away, and when little Bertie, in his best toggery, came smiling in, she clasped him in her arms and spoke so sweetly of a mother's holy influence, Mr. Adams must have thought she was either a saint or editor of the mother's column in a woman's journal."

"Of all shabby rascals! Did Mrs. Graham find it out?"

"Did she? Trust Mrs. Graham! She knew the whole thing in less than an hour, and didn't go to church next day because she was so mad she couldn't say her prayers."

"Is she able to go yet, Adelaide?"

"Well, yes. She isn't so mad as she was! You know the free Kindergarten Association is a fair of society women just now, and of course both ladies are members of the one here. It was not long after the incident I have related that the editors of the different papers were invited to visit the school. By some manoeuvring Mrs. March got herself put on the committee to show the school to the admiring eyes of Mr. Adams and some other gentlemen."

"That morning she left home early, and the March cherub escaped over to see the Graham angel. They coaxed a piece of bread and molasses from the cook, with which they artistically decorated themselves. Then they found a can of red paint in the yard, which had been overlooked by the house painters, and by the time Mrs. Graham discovered them they looked about as disagreeable as they did the night they fell into Mrs. March's hands."

lands. For one of the Graham sinner did not get the spanking he expected. His mother kissed him sweetly instead, and then with a smile coaxed little Bertie to go with her to such a nice place! With a calm look—a sort of a duty-performed-is-a-rainbow-to-the-soul expression—on her face, she led that dilapidated, paint-and-molasses stained young one to the free kindergarten school, where she handed him over to the teacher to be hurried into the circle as a new recruit picked up outside!"

"Adelaide! she surely didn't!"

"Louise! she surely did! And when Mrs. March sailed in with the editors, and began explaining the system—how the children were taken from the most degraded homes in the city—Mrs. Graham chimed in: 'Yes, indeed! You can see the depravity on many of the children's faces, young as they are,' and she actually pointed out Bertie March, who at that instant was shyly trying to kick the shins of the youngster in front of him."

"The boy really has a bad face," Mr. Adams admitted, but it looks slightly familiar."

"Mrs. March, meantime, had been diligently studying the child's face, and had herself turned first red and then white. Just at that instant, Bertie—poor, innocent mislaid lamb!—saw his mother, and with a yell of delight, flew to her."

"O, Adelaide! What did she do?"

"She didn't do anything! She couldn't! But Mr. Adams did. Before the month was out she proposed."

"Not to Mrs. Graham, surely?"

"No; to Evelyn De Pay."—[New York Vogue.]

The Black Death.

In England, during its first and most dreadful visitation in 1348, it was noticed that it carried off an enormous number of the laborers in the country villages, the poor and the workmen in the towns, the monks and nuns and friars, that is, all that portion of the population who were ill housed, ill clothed, ill nurtured, or, like those in the religious houses, lived habitually upon insufficient diet, among whom the practice of asceticism in various forms tended to bring about a weakening of their stamina and their vital power.

On the other hand, the mortality among the clergy was far in excess of that among any other class, and this can be attributed only to their noble disinterestedness in the discharge of their ministerial duties among their parishioners. Breathing day and night the pestiferous air, working heroically among the people in every stage of the disease, comforting the dying, and burying the dead in the large pits that were dug to contain the putrid corpses the priests dropped by thousands into the same graves in which they had helped to lay their people; and, before the year was out, the supply of clergy began to fall short very seriously over all the land.

At Florence, Boccaccio tells us, "it became necessary to dig trenches, into which the bodies were put by hundreds, laid in rows, as goods packed in a ship; a little earth was cast on each successive layer until the pits were filled to the top." At Avignon, several, almost as soon as they were seized with the sickness, "were carried off to the pit and buried. And in this way many were buried alive." At Vienna, "the dead were buried in the trenches, each of which, according to one chronicle, contained some 6,000 corpses." In London, Sir Walter Manny provided a new cemetery, more than thirteen acres in extent, "in respect of the danger that might befall in this time of so great a plague and infection."—[The Athenaeum.]

First American Boys in Japan.

The first American boys who ever visited Japan were set ashore with great ceremony near the city of Yedo, or Tokyo, on Thursday, the 14th of July, 1853. They wore the uniform of the United States navy, and every gilt button and buckle was polished till it shone like gold. They carried between them a large square envelope of scarlet cloth containing two beautiful round boxes made of gold, each box enclosed in a larger box of rosewood, with lock, hinges, and mountings all made of pure gold. Each of the gold boxes contained a letter to the Emperor of Japan, beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvets. To each letter the great seal of the United States was attached with cords of interwoven gold and silk, with pendant gold tassels. The names of these boys are not known to the writer; but it would not be surprising if some young American should write to the Young People. "My father was one of those boys."—[Harper's Young People.]

Wood Pulp Spun to Finest SILK.

An experiment is being made at Besancon, in France, with a substitute for silk, which will be washed with interest. The invention, that of Count de Chardonnet, is to convert wood pulp into soft, silken thread, durable, lustrous, and elastic. The "silk" threads produced from the wood pulp were first shown at the last Paris Exhibition, when they enjoyed a good deal of attention among those interested in the silk industry. But the process was at that time far from complete, and many improvements had to be made before the invention could be regarded as a commercial success.

That point, in the opinion of Count de Chardonnet, has now been reached, and a mill has been built for the manufacture of goods from the new material. One of the great difficulties, it appears, that has to be overcome is the mapping of the threads while they are being spun, owing to the unequal pressure which is exercised in forcing the wood pulp through an exceedingly small aperture, so as to convert it into thread. This is a defect, however, which the inventor is confident he will soon overcome. After the wood has been reduced to the consistency of pulp, it is dried in an oven, and then plunged into a mixture of sulphuric acid and nitric acids, washed in several baths of water, and dried by alcohol. The product is afterward dissolved in ether and pure alcohol, and the result is a colloid similar to that used in photography. This colloid, which is a sticky viscous substance, is enclosed in a solid receptacle furnished with a filter at the lower end. An air pump sends compressed air into the receptacle, and by this pressure the colloid is forced through horizontal jets in the form of fine threads. As the thread is forced out it passes through a vessel filled with ether and alcohol, which solidifies the colloid and makes it elastic and as brilliant as silk. If the invention turns out as successfully as its inventor anticipates, it will be the beginning of a very important industry. —[Edinburgh Scotsman.]

Holidays in Italy.

The Italian lets pass no opportunity for celebrating a holiday, says the Milan correspondent of the Chicago Record. The slightest pretext is seized upon to don his best clothes, and with a silk hat upon his head, a flower in his coat-lapel, "fare una bella figura" on the principal thoroughfares to see and be seen, admire and be admired.

"Ah, those were happy days," I heard an Italian bookkeeper say, "when I received 150 lire a month. Then every Sunday, for 20 cents an hour, I could drive up and down the Bestioni in a cab, with a cigar in my mouth, a carnation in my buttonhole, a friend beside me—how happy I was! I enjoyed it all day Sunday and enjoyed thinking of it all the week."

The holidays are denoted on the calendar by red letters, and in gleaning over a calendar one is led to think there are more holidays than work-days. I desired a piece of work done and called to the portiniera and told her to do it immediately. But she informed me that she could not do it that day, for it was a festa. "Well, tomorrow, then," I said. "But tomorrow was a festa also. The next day!" But that was a festa, too. Three holiday days in one week and the woman refused to work on those days, even though she might starve in consequence.

No Hing Crows.

John C. Glenn and Benjamin Glenn recently netted 1,500 crows, 210 in one day, on the meadows adjoining the House of Correction, along the Delaware River, near Holmesburg. This is considered one of the best places in that section for catching crows. They are caught in a net about 30 feet long and 12 feet in width. It is placed between strong hickory spring poles, set 100 feet apart and bent backward, so that the net lies flat on the ground some distance from the bait. Canks of meat are laid at a point the net will cover when sprung. When the hungry crows congregate on the bait to feed, the net is sprung by the trapper from a blind, 300 feet distant, by means of a line which reaches from the trigger to his bowler. They are sold for 25 cents a pair. —[Forest and Stream.]

On the Ocean.

The sea was pretty rough, the ship was pretty rocky, and the sick passenger was leaning against the rail. "Be careful," cautioned an officer, "or you will lose your balance."

The passenger went through two or three spasms.

"Well," he replied, "I don't think this thing keeps on there won't be much balance to lose."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS. Five little brothers set out together To journey the living day, In a curious carriage all made of leather They hurried away, away!

One big brother, and three quite small, And one was feller, no size at all. The carriage was dark and noisy too noisy, And they could not move about, The five little brothers grew very gloomy, And the one who began to wail, Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you say? Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together, And off they went, they sped! When somebody found that carriage of leather

"Oh, my! how she should be heard, 'Twas her little brother's shoe, as every one knows, And the five little brothers were five little boys."

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON, in Independent.

GENTLEMAN BROWN.

Brown was simply a large dog, who was so strong, so fearless, so intelligent, and so active in affairs that he was considered the champion of the town.

He could thrash any dog round about, and always did it when it was necessary.

But he was extremely kind and benevolent. He showed great kindness to tramp dogs, and protected many a wretched little vagabond and saw him safely out of the town in good condition.

One day he brought a specially bad specimen home with him. He came into the house and into the dining room where the family were at dinner, the wretched little tramp dog at his heels.

He looked up at his master, wagging his tail, asking for something to eat. A plate of food was set down and the little dog snatched at it ravenously. Brown seemed to think that was all right. He did not offer to touch the dog. When the little dog was through he asked for another plateful and had his own dinner.

He kept the little dog for quite a while, always permitting him to eat first. At night he took the dog into his kennel, himself sleeping outside.

He was not at all intimate with the dog, but treated him as a visitor, not at any time as a friend. The tramp finally went on his way, strong and well as plump and sleek as any dog need be. What was said between these two dogs, both at meeting and parting, would be very interesting to know. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

A GREAT ANIMAL PAINTER.

The greatest painter, as well as lover, of animals, was Sir Edwin Landseer, the English artist, who was born in 1802. Edwin began to draw when he was only about six or seven years old. When he was thirteen years he saw a fine St. Bernard dog in the street one day. Edwin followed the dog home and begged the owner to allow him to make a sketch of him. This drawing is said to be the finest picture of a dog ever produced. It was so natural that a live dog that looked at it became greatly excited.

Landseer was wonderfully quick at his work. One evening, at a reception in London, some one made the remark: "Well, there's one thing, nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once." Landseer, who was present, said: "Oh, I can do that; lend me two pencils and I will show you." The pencils and a piece of paper were brought and the artist, taking a pencil in each hand, drew at the same time a stag's head and the profile of a horse, and the drawing by the left hand was quite as good as that by the right.

It is said that dogs and children can pick out their friends by instinct; certain it is Landseer had a wonderful power over animals, and especially over dogs. A lady once asked him the secret of his influence. "By paying into their heart, ma'am," was the answer. Once he came in from his meadow and some one asked him what he had been doing. "Only teaching some horses a few tricks, and here is my whip," he said, showing a piece of sugar in his hand. Landseer said that breaking in horses meant more often breaking their hearts. He was always strongly opposed to a dog being tied up and said that a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because a man could take off his coat, but a dog had to live in his forever.

Landseer was a great favorite with the royal family. Queen Victoria especially being very fond of him. Once when she was ill she made him pay her a visit to Balmoral.

Landseer died in 1878, and was buried with distinguished honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. —[New Orleans Picayune.]

KING OF SINGERS.

Habits and Characteristics of the Mocking Bird.

Sweetest Voiced and Pluckiest of the Bird Family.

A man who has for years made a living by trapping mocking birds in Texas, tells the Washington Star something about the little songster's habits. He says:

"Of all the feathered musicians the mocking bird is easily king, and his rich, pure notes are far ahead of the English nightingale, about which poets have raved and birds have sung. The mocking bird is the gem of the bird family, and his plumage gets him into all his trouble. He is a natural gourmand, and hunts the woods patiently in the fall until he finds a section that will supply him with food all winter. Then he settles down. Twenty-five feet away, perhaps, another mocking bird takes up his abode, but let him encroach one inch on the others preserve and there is immediately a war to the death. These fights, however, are not frequent, for there seems to be an unwritten law among the birds that when one of them stakes out a claim he is entitled to the benefits therefrom. The mocking birds prefer a dense thicket as a home, and it is here the trapper hunts for him. Just about this season of the year they are all busy preparing their nests."

The females, who have been to them selves during the winter, are looking up their nearest husbands, and great preparations are being made for family cares. Usually four eggs are found in the nests, which are light blue in color with hazel brown specks. The hatch in fourteen days, and then the exterior plumage of the mother becomes marked. She sends a divorcee right away from her husband, and will not allow him or any other bird to come near the nest. After three or four weeks the birds may be taken from their nests and easily reared by hand. A little hard-boiled egg and potato, however, should be their only diet until they have reached the age of about eight weeks, when a little prepared mocking-bird food, with an occasional spider or huckleberry, may be given. Some people prefer the hand-reared nestling to older birds, but I do not think they are any better."

The mocking bird commences to sing when he is about two months old. The first indication you get is a restlessness on the part of the bird, with soft, low, unfinished notes. Gradually his voice improves, and as he gets older he adds to his repertoire until he is a finished vocalist. Not content with productions of his own, he imitates the notes of other birds, and can imitate almost any of the bird family, but the song of the mocking bird you hear in the cities is not the song you hear in its native state. These notes are pure, sweet and resonant, while in the city he often introduces a harsh note in imitation of some noise he has heard. As I said, he can imitate anything from an eagle to a crow, and not only that, but beat them at their own song. My experience has been that the mocking bird is the easiest imitator of all the feathered songsters. This perhaps is due to a marked degree to his intelligence.

There is a marked difference between a male and female mocking bird as there is between a crow and a black bird. There are crows, however, where the female resembles the male to a very marked extent, and I have heard of females making good songsters. The degree of excellence is measured by the number of white feathers in the bird's wing. The highest type is called the four-feathered bird. The feathers are found in the wing, and must be not only well-shaped, but perfectly marked white. The white feathers must have no splashes of black in them, but must be pure and white. The birds which have two feathers and a half and two long white feathers perfect, with a splash of dark mark on the white on one side of the quill of the third feather, are usually males. I have found from experience that the birds which have the broad wing feathers are to be preferred. It usually requires two years before the bird attains full song, and when they are three years old they are said to be at their best. Generally speaking, the mocking bird is a hardy little fellow, but their eggs should be kept clean and their food regular."

Intelligence in Animals.

When you come to consider reason in insects, the subject expands to an extent entirely beyond brief discussion. It has been claimed that ants rank next to man in respect to intelligence. Their wonderful social or-

ganization has long been the admiration of observers. They keep cows, which they milk, and apparently domesticate smaller species of insects, which may take the place with them of dogs and cats. It is more than suspected that they play games. Some species store up seeds for food, while others appear to cultivate certain plants for the seeds, permitting nothing else to grow within a certain area about the nest, and carefully harvesting the crop. Some kinds of ants keep slaves to wait on them, obtaining them by attacking other nests and carrying off the grubs and young ones.

Ants that keep slaves are commonly as helpless as human beings, who have depended on slave labor for a long period. They cannot work or even feed themselves, but can only fight. Deprived of their servants, they soon die of starvation, though supplied with plenty of food. There are some ants which build in the nests of other ants and are cared for by the latter, being wholly unable to do anything for themselves. It is supposed that they are survivors of a race, which formerly kept slaves, being now few in number and reduced to the condition of parasites, living on the generosity of their old servants.

Among the most remarkable ants are the "drivers" of West Africa. The frequent floods in the tropical country where they live would destroy them, but they protect themselves at such times by running together and forming balls as big as baseballs, the smallest and weakest individuals being on the inside and the big and strong soldiers on the outside. These balls float on the surface until the waters retire. The driver ants have an ingenious way of crossing small streams by forming a ladder with their bodies in such the same manner as monkeys are said to do. A long string of their bodies from a bush projecting over the stream, and it is fastened until on each hanging in the water is floated across to the opposite bank and secures a foothold. Thus a bridge is created for the army to walk over. —[Washington Star.]

Racing for Life Is a Wine.

David M. Griffith, a miner, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death while at work in the Franklin mine last Thursday, but the accident fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than a broken leg in a terrible fright.

Griffith was at work on a slope when pieces of coal weighing about 1,500 pounds became detached above him, and started down the slope toward Griffith, whose only escape lay in running down the slope ahead of a lump of coal. It soon became a race for life, with the coal increasing its speed at every bound and a flying to the terror of the flying Griffith. Half way down the slope the speed at which Griffith was going extinguished the lamp in his hand and left him in the dark.

He continued his flight, in which by his only safety, and after running for what seemed an age, he scrambled on one of the side benches and fell, expecting to be instantly crushed to death. The coal came on, and by a miracle, was checked by the timber, but in jumping caught one of poor Griffith's legs against the timber, breaking the bone in two places. Help soon came down to the man, and he was carried out and cared for. Griffith says it was the narrowest escape from death he ever had. —[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]

An Experienced Salesman.

"It's strange I can't find something to suit you," said the dog-store manager after he had displayed twenty varieties of handsome collars, pocket-knives, Newfoundlands, Siberian and Spanish dogs to his customer. "Can't you give me some idea of your personal preferences?"

"Oh," said the customer, who didn't seem to be able to make up his mind, "the dog isn't for me; it's for my wife."

"Humph! Why didn't you say so?" said the dog-store man. "Here's what you want." Then he brought forward a shapely yellow pug with a face like a Chinese pig, a snub-nose and bow legs. —[Chicago Record.]

The Railroad Graveyard.

A well-known gentleman who was an intimate friend of Wendell Phillips tells me the following story, which a resident of Vermont told him: Mr. Phillips was once waiting for a train at Essex Junction, where passengers at times were obliged to exercise great patience. He saw a graveyard away from the village near the station and very full. He inquired the reason, and a Green Mountaineer calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers in who die while waiting for the train. —[Boston Herald.]

Sons of These Fine Days.

Some of these fine days to come, the weather'll all be fine! Every man that's feeling grand'll have a fishin' line! An' the 'ol' jays' half the best of it for every fish in sight! There'll be a worm to wangle, an' a whinin' fish to bite!

Some of these fine days to come the skies'll all be bright! Sun'll get up at break of day an' stars walk out at night! Won't be so much cold an' rain, an' crops'll grow so high, They'll almost brush the ceiling of the everlastin' sky!

Some of these fine days—when the storm'll soon be past! The rainbow'll reach across the world with legs of gold at last! We'll have our books for fishin', an' we'll fill 'em with our rights! An' for every worm that wiggles there'll be a fish to bite!"

—E. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

IMMOROUS.

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said "Chloroform."

Amy—Jack, I hear that you are out a great deal of nights now. Jack—Oh, no, I'm seldom out more than six.

Maud—What is the height of your ambition, dear? Marie blushing furiously—Oh! something about six feet.

"Have a cigar, Jack? I obliterated it," Jack (after a few puffs); You have made a mistake; the maker did that.

"That's another story," said the doctor boy said when the passenger asked to be taken to the next floor above.

"He (after the first kiss) Ah, Ethel, it was your womanly instinct told you that I loved you?"

"Now, your sister."

He—And what would you do if I kissed you? She (with dignity)—Ed call mamma! (After a pause.) But mamma's out this evening.

"The place was rather hot, night," "Indeed! What was taken?" "Nearly everything. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."

Judge—you are accused of stealing a watch. What have you got to say? That—I'd like to turn state's evidence against myself, your honor, if you won't punish me.

There are some men who, when the Lord to make them thankful for what they are about to eat, and then abuse their wives because the cooking doesn't suit.

It is only possible to hold that cows be "will never do it again." Even when caught in the act, the milk-grown man of sound mind tries to prove that he didn't do it at all.

They talk about a woman's hair. Moved and in the hair—And after several years of the hair, I found it is gone.

"Marriage," remarked the professor, "was a nice party's d by the month."

"And bachelorhood," interrupted a maiden of forty, "is a wrong practiced by the moderns."

"While," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?" "I'd like to be the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, 'the boys' people'—trouble-like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

Wary Watkins—"I think I'd had my life to live over again, I would go into the astronomical business." Humble Watkins—"What sort of thing is that?" Wary Watkins—"Well, just watching the stars. Folks would tend to that sort of job 'y'm on 'em, wouldn't they?"

"This," said the attendant, as he led the way toward the incense-burner, "is one of the worst cases we have here. He was once a poor overman."

"But what is his infirmity?" asked the visitor inquired. "He thinks he has money," answered the attendant sofly.

The applicant for small assistance was telling the gentleman something about himself, one feature of which included an experience of ten years in the penitentiary. "Ah, sir," he said, "my career has been a checkered one."

"Say 'stripped' rather," suggested the gentleman, and gave him half a dollar.

Johnny—Maw, what makes you always count the things when you send them to the washwoman? His Mother—I've always done it, Johnny, ever since your father and I began housekeeping. "Why don't you count them when they come back?" "Well, I never got into the habit of doing that."

His Affinity.

She—They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages.

He—That's why I'm looking for a girl with money.