

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

SONG OF THE TRAMP.

JOHN FOWLER, IN HOME AND COUNTRY. A rover am I of a well-known stamp. In fact I am simply a typical tramp. My home is wherever I happen to camp— Yet none is more merry than I.

Letting the Old Homestead.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "I dunno I've any objection to let you buy the old place," said Simon Linton, as he stood leaning on his hoe.

and a gold half-eagle on the table beside her. Simon Linton jumped from his chair and cast down his knife and fork in a sort of desperation. "Well, I am beat!" shouted he, "I've let the place, too, to a young fellow from New York. And here's my first month's rent—fifteen dollars."

ephorably little rooms in it. And there's only three of us and one of Mr. Pindar. Why couldn't we all live together?" For an instant silence prevailed. Then Alice turned away, her face all a glow of scarlet blushes, murmuring some incomprehensible sentence.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE. Snuffbox-infected Blankets Destroyed Sources of Infection. San Antonio (Tex.) correspondent in the Globe-Lemercier. John Ferris, the veteran stage driver, who in the early days drove the stage on the overland route between Independence, Mo., and Santa Fe, was relating some of his interesting experiences to a group of friends the other day when he told a story, the circumstances of which will be recalled by many of the pioneer citizens of St. Louis and the Western country.

The crime is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part; the animal is then known as the stoat.

PROFIT IN ORANGES. Something About the Crop of Southern California. The first orange in Southern California was planted by the old mission fathers, who undoubtedly brought the seed from Spain, where it was originally carried from Arabia by wandering tribes. The orange is a remarkable tree. It flourishes in what is apparently the poorest soil, is always green, ripe fruit will hang on its limbs for a year, and it is always in fruit or blossom. The tree will bear when 150 or 200 years old, while at Versailles there is a tree known to be over 100 years old, and older still as a tree at New that is fifty feet high and still bears 1,000 oranges a year. Its exact age is not known but it is a product of antiquity.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. WATERPROOF FOLK. I looked from my window. And dancing together. I spied three queer people Who love the wet weather. The turtle, the frog, and the duck all found lands To enjoy so gaily upon the wet sands.