

RATES OF ADVERTISING. 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 Chatham Record.

The Ups with the Downs. Say, (a), will you tell me what makes all this trouble? ... I think both my feet as I walked over the ...

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Captain Edward Ford, of the California Battalion, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, will be remembered by every officer in the Army of the Potomac, and particularly by those who served with him in the valley of the Shenandoah, as a scholar, a kindly hearted gentleman, and a gallant soldier. ...

soldiers of every State in the Union who will remember, with pleasure, the happy times spent there as Colonel Ford's guest. One night, just before Christmas in 1876, the colonel stayed up in his library long after his usual time for retiring. ...

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. THE MAMMOTH CURVE OF KENTUCKY. It is said that some explorers have penetrated the mammoth curve of Kentucky to a distance of ten miles, but they might easily have been mistaken as the paths are very rough and progress slow. ...

A QUEER ROUND-UP. How Cattle Are Shipped From Hawaii to Maui Island. Enraged Steers Chase the Cowboys Into the Surf. The big cattle ranges of the Sandwich Islands are on Hawaii, where most of the stock is bred, but there are smaller ranges on the Island of Maui, where two and three year old steers are fattened for the principal market, which is still on another island, Oahu, on which is Honolulu. ...

When all the bunch has been thus scattered, the voyage is made to the "landing" of the purchaser on Maui. There is no ceremony there about the unloading. Steer after steer is simply pushed overboard. Their instinct is dependent upon the nature of the water where, which most of them do. Some are too mad, or too bored to do what is expected of them, and drown, apparently, to spite their captors. ...

A Novel Drink. "Come and have a horse collar!" said Captain Anson of the Chicago line ball club, at the Arlington this morning, to a friend. The latter looked startled. "I have had a horse on me many a time," he replied, in vague wonder at the invitation. "But I never found any use for one of their collars." ...

A Pathos of Brave Men. A song for the new so true. The sailors of wooden ships. The sport of the winds that blow. Devoted to the waves, white lips. There, where the ocean dips. There, where the sky is blue. There, where the wind blows free. There, where the sun is red for you. ...