

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.

A Merry Heart. Clear day or cloudy day, Remembrance or could. A happy heart keeps holiday. The heart is bold. Out of wintry skies, Ever smiling as you go— A merry heart is wise.

A LOVE PLEDGE.

"Does this think he will come today, Dorothea?" "I'm almost sure of it, mother."

"Oh, yes, mother! And the sponge cake is beautiful!" eagerly spoke the girl.

"Henry used to be fond of sponge cake," reflectively murmured the old lady.

"Don't you remember, mother," said she, "the silver quarters which Henry and I exchanged the week he went away?"

"Why," said she, slowly, "it is Josephine Pearl! The Gipsy Abraham's grand-daughter, isn't it?"

"Yes," she cried, "it's Jo Pearl back again! A bad penny always returns, you know—and I've run away from Old Cat Baker. I couldn't stand the long hours, and the hateful lectures, and the stich, stich, stich all day long!"

"Friend Martha compressed her lips and remained silent, but then spoke pleadingly."

"I can enable down anywhere," said the black-eyed girl, eagerly. "If there's nowhere else, I could string up in a hammock in the apple tree yonder, or in the barn loft."

"That is nonsense, Josephine," severely uttered the old lady. "But thee may sleep one or two nights in the linen room, until thee gets another place. Perhaps thee is not aware that the hem of thy frock is torn down?"

"I ran across boys from the railway station," said she; "as hard as I could rush. I thought I could make the home run better from Lowwood than from the Brick Depot; but I was a little vexed when two disagreeable

young men, that had been trying to attract my notice on the train, got off, too. So while they were asking questions of the depot agent, I cut and run. There's where the gipsy blood came in handy. Did I distance them? I rather think I did. I dare say they're looking for me now in the Lowwood Mills."

She laughed a merry peal. Friend Martha looked graver than ever. "Oh, and I had another adventure!" said eager Jo. "You see—"

"Perhaps," mildly interrupted the Quakeress, "it is not worth while for thee to chatter any longer about thy adventures, Josephine. Draw a pail of fresh water and bathe thy hands and face. Dinner will soon be ready."

Jo Pearl obeyed, but as she ran up stairs after Thea to the little sleeping-room, she gave her friend a furtive hug and whispered:

"I never could see, Thea, how such a girl as you came to have such a solemn little mother as yours is."

As she flung off her shabby gray jacket and plunged her rosy face into the bowl of cool water, wetting her hair until it crisped up like a water spaniel's curls, something twinkled on the floor.

Then stooping to pick it up, "Why, what is this?" she said, with a curious, sweet-pea flush drifting across her face.

Josephine made a snatch at it, "It's part of my adventure," she said. "Give it to me—quick, Thea! Oh, such a handsome young fellow!"

Then was silent a moment. She hesitated. Then she gave back to Jo Pearl the silver quarter, with the date "1874" on it, the tiny hole drilled at one end, and the curious little scratch across the fine Greek nose of the Goddess of Liberty, and her heart sank like lead in her bosom.

And after a chance flirtation on the cars, for she knew too well the proclivities of her wild little protegee, Gipsy Abraham's grand-daughter, for the flash of a pair of black eyes, the smile of a cherry lip, he had flung away the precious gage of amour given by her hand.

Jo Pearl was not in fault. She had never seen her friend's fiancée—in fact, she did not know of the engagement.

"No," said Thea to herself, "it is not her fault. But that he—that Henry should think so lightly of my gift!"

With a sudden jerk she untied the blue silk cord from about her neck and flung the second gleaming silver circlet out into the tall grass, where a cluster of daisies nodded their coroneted heads.

Her eyes flashed. A deep crimson spot glowed on either cheek. In all her innocent life, Dorothea Dale had never been so near a passion as now.

"He shall not come to this house!" she told herself. "No—I will not see him. Where would be the use? I'll try to be dignified, but I will not see him. No, never again—never!"

At the same moment she started as if some electric current had thrilled her veins. A familiar voice was talking to her mother in the kitchen below—Henry Barron's voice.

"I just missed the Lowwood Station," said he, "and I had to go on to Brick Depot, so it was half an hour's longer walk to bring me here. How I grudged every step of the way! But you're sure you are well? And Thea—where is Thea?"

"And—yet I think you had better let me give it back to him, Jo." And Jo Pearl, to whom Dorothea Dale was a sort of lesser Providence, submissively placed the silver quarter in her friend's hand, and crept back to the little bedroom with the sloping roof, to brush her crisp curls.

While Thea, standing down the back staircase, went straight to the tangle of silver-sprayed daisies, and felt softly among their roots for the coin she had but now flung indignantly away.

If she had lost it? But no, thank providence, it was there! And once more she fastened it around her white, fair neck and came up the porch steps, where he was standing by this time.

"Thea, my darling!" She flew into his arms, her blue eyes sparkling, her lips dimpled with soft smiles. And at the same moment she held up the little silver token with the figures "1874" engraved upon it.

"Look, Harry!" said she, mischievously. "Do you think you deserve to have this returned to you?"

His face lighted up. "Why, Thea, where did you get it?" he demanded. I took it out of my treasure box this morning and put it into my pocket, so as to have it ready for you, and when I came to search for it just now, it was gone. Are you a magician, dearest?"

"That comes of succoring distressed damsels in the cars," gaily retorted Dorothea. "And for about five minutes, Harry, I was as jealous as any feminine Othello in all the world could possibly be. But when I heard it all—oh, my true love!" she whispered, laying her head against his arm—"I was so proud of you!"

"It was dreadfully careless of me, Thea." "It was like yourself, Harry!" said she. "And here it is again—my second gift to you, dear. And now come in to dinner. I've baked such a blackberry pie for you."

And she led him into the sitting-room, where Friend Martha had nearly got the table set; and the serene old Quakeress never knew how nearly there had been a deadly quarrel between the two young lovers—Saturday Night.

An Odd Colony. An Italian Deputy, Achille Fazzari, has sent word to the King of Italy, the Pope, Crispi and various members of Parliament that he means to retire to his estate, on the shores of the Gulf of Squillace, in Calabria, live there as an agriculturist and fisherman and found a colony to be called "Castellodoro," in memory of King Theodoris.

Signor Fazzari has drawn up rules for the regulation of his colony, to which all who take part must adhere. The rules enjoin the abandonment by legal act of all personal property; the renunciation of all reading, whether it be newspapers, manuscripts, letters or telegrams, which, should they arrive, will be burned; work to be in common; members to live in separate huts. It is prohibited to teach the children that may be born to read or write.

The colony will be advised by a chief to be elected annually. On Sundays a Catholic priest will say mass and proclaim the laws of the Italian State, which will be obeyed. No punishments will be inflicted in the colony, but unworthy people can be expelled. Men and women will wear the same costume. The food of the colony will be soup, meat and fish; wine produced will be drunk.—London News.

A Church-Going Robin. A few Sundays ago, says the London Standard, the family of Mr. W. A. Wykeham Musgrave, entering their pew in Thynne Park Chapel, Oxfordshire, were surprised to see a partially built robin's nest on the book ledge against a prayer book and a hymn book. The family immediately decided to occupy another seat and to leave the little redbreast unmolested in its strange abode.

On the following Sunday the nest was completed and contained five eggs, and on the succeeding Sunday the bird sat on the eggs during the whole of the service. It has now been found that the bird has hatched four young ones, and the mother flew in and out of the chapel during the service with food for her young.

Breaking the News. It is related that it once fell to an Atchison man to break the news to a woman that her husband had been killed. "Do you know," he said, calling at her house, "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you dressed as a widow?" She blushed and laughed. "And you are one," he added. "Your husband was just blown to atoms down in the boiler works, but then black is so becoming to you."—Atchison Globe.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Only a bunch of fragrant peonies, Rose-red and white, But to get these lovely ones We'd the bus and miss to fight.

Only a favorite bear-skin, Lying on the hearth by a rug, But to get that bear-skin, The bear and I'd a tug.

Only a dollie's dress, But to get it, I'll confess, Such pretty buttons, such a trim, All for a dollie's dress.

Some crustaceans like their shells under another sea creature, apparently to protect themselves. A certain hermit crab found in the Mediterranean sea is fond of a sea-anemone, and it is not unusual to find a shell which a hermit has chosen for his house unprotected by his anemone friend.

"All went well for a while," he writes, "when the hermit grew so large that he had to leave his shell and abandon his friend. An hour after the hermit left his old shell I looked at the anemone again, and was surprised to find the sea-anemone on top of the new shell which the hermit crab had adopted as his dwelling. They both seemed very well satisfied."

"How kind and anemone came there? I soon found out. I cautiously lifted the shell to the surface of the water and let the anemone fall to the bottom of the aquarium, and then I put the shell down again."

"Hardly had the crustacean touched bottom before he seized the anemone with one claw, then with two, and I saw at once what he intended to do."

"With great care he went to work to replace the anemone on the shell. He found the anemone upside down, and he took great pains to set it upright again. Then he grasped it firmly with two claws, and I raised it and placed it on the shell. For twelve minutes he remained perfectly motionless, pressing it firmly on to the shell all the time. Then he very cautiously took away first one claw, and the other."

"I was pleased to see that when he moved the sea-anemone remained in place, as firmly fixed as the energetic little crab could wish."

Billy and Nat and the other boys were on their way to the village to buy fireworks for the Fourth when they saw a queer looking wagon moving toward them. It looked like a horse-drawn wagon, but when it came nearer they found it was a huge cage with an eagle in it.

"I took that eagle from the nest when it was little," he explained; "and I have just been carrying it to town to sell to the show; but the show is gone, so I must cart him back."

"Why, you ought to let him fly!" cried Billy. "Don't you know, tomorrow is the Fourth, and I guess George Washington would not have liked very well to see the American eagle caged up like a chicken?"

"The man laughed. 'Well, now, if you boys feel so, why don't you buy him and let him loose tomorrow?' He would go up like sky-rockets."

"That's all!" they all cried together. So a bargain was struck, and they carried the eagle home in triumph. That evening the following handbill was posted around Merryville:

"Great silylabration! the Bird of his Country," said Boody, "in honor of the Fourth of July."

"All right," said Mamma Tom, "and now we'll get it home—if we can."

It did seem at first as if they might have to leave Spang where they found her. But by coaxing and pushing and pulling and waiting and running it finally came to pass that the horses and boys and girls and the dog and the bossy calf all got home to a late dinner. And the children were about as tired and happy as it was possible to be.—Youth's Companion.

AN ODD MILL.

Operated by the Geological Survey at Washington. Chiefly Devoted to Sawing up Petrified Logs.

There are many novelties in the government departments at Washington, and especially in the scientific bureaus. The most novel that has yet been discovered is a petrified lumber mill operated by the Geological Survey. It is an institution that has not many visitors, its location down in the basement of the survey building on F street being rather out of the track of the regulation sight-seer, but there the survey lapidaries grind thin sections of rocks and minerals of all sorts for microscopic examination, and there is a hand saw, the invention of the survey, that will cut anything from hot butter to a quartz crystal.

Lately the scientists have been sawing up a lot of vegetable petrifications from Idaho. They can carve up anything in the shape of petrified logs than they can get in front of their sawing machine. Even the ossified man of the dimmest museum would not be safe from them, and, indeed, lately they were called on to cut up a petrified woman, one that was an exhibition in Washington. After they had bored into one of the damsel's lower limbs a little way they struck a gas pipe. The petrified woman was made out of Portland cement, and the scientists gave her up as a hard case, which, in fact, she was.

But the most interesting case that has come to the petrified lumber mill lately was known as a yeast, a sort of vegetable parasite which flourished in the prehistoric forests of the country some million years ago.

It looked very much like a yeast-plant with the husk on and I was cut up almost as easily as though it had never been petrified.

The hand saw used in the work is nothing more than an endless steel wire between an eighth and a seven-tenth of an inch thick running at a very high rate of speed over two good-sized fly-wheels, declines an exchange. Water and emery are fed on the wire as it runs, and the saw comes as near being an irresistible force as anything known in the cutting line. Since the invention of the wire saw in the survey, it has been copied by a number of laboratories and lapidary establishments all over the country.

Besides the saw there are a number of grinding machines, smooth iron plates revolving like grindstones, flat side up and flooded with water and emery. On these plates sections of stone for microscopical examinations can be ground a thousandth of an inch or less in thickness, so as to be perfectly translucent under strong light.

The lapidary establishment is one of the most essential aids that the Geological Survey has in working up the geology of the country. Many of the rocks that are met with in the fields cannot be distinguished from each other, except by laboratory examination, and as the nature of the rocks filling the different sections of the country has to be ascertained in working up its geological history, the specimens, carefully labelled, have to be sent back to the department in Washington for study and classification.

The Crow Was Loaded. Dick Willoughby relates an amusing incident that happened to him at Funder Bay.

Dick was driving a tunnel on a ledge back of his cabin, and was in the habit of leaving a stick of giant powder on a rock in a sunny place at the mouth of the tunnel to thaw out. On several occasions when he went to get his powder it had mysteriously disappeared, and he was at a loss to account for it. As it was considerable of an annoyance to have to go to the cabin and get more powder, and wait for it to thaw, Dick concluded to watch proceedings and wait for the thief.

He laid the stick of powder in its usual place, and had waited but a short time when he saw a raven sail out of a tree and swoop down upon the explosive. The bird tore at the tough paper cover until it could get at the powder, then began to greedily devour it. Giant powder is made up of nitro-glycerine, sawdust, and grease, and a whole stick of it makes a very hearty breakfast for a raven. The stick had nearly disappeared when Dick thought it time to avenge his loss, and was in the net of raising his rifle, when the raven gave a defiant caw and arose in the air with the remainder of the stick of powder grasped in its claws. When up some dis-

tance the powder slipped from the bird's grasp and came tumbling to the ground. Dick saw the powder drop and dodged behind a boulder, fearing it would explode when it struck the rocks; however, it did not. The raven perched in a tree, and Dick drew a bead and let drive. Immediately following the report of the gun Dick was not a little startled at receiving quite a shock and hearing a second and louder report, while the air was filled with small bits of raven meat and feathers.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away, all that Dick could find of that raven was the bill and claws and a bunch of black feathers. The shock of the bullet passing through the bird's body had exploded the powder it had devoured.—(Alaska) News.

Counting Coins by Machinery. The feat of counting 2,000 silver dollars per minute is now being performed at the Mint by a little machine invented by Sebastian Heins, the chief carpenter of the institution, and by its aid the work of counting the coin and weighing the silver bars, can it is thought, be completed by the middle of next month. The slow progress made in counting by hand led Mr. Heins to experiment, with the result, after the expenditure of much thought, and time, of turning out a very successful machine.

Mr. Morgan of Mint Director Preston's office was greatly interested in the experiments, and, upon witnessing the final successful test of the invention, he granted permission for its use in counting the great mass of silver dollars. The machine was put into regular operation yesterday, and when worked to its limit was easily able to dispose of two bags of coins containing 25,000 in a minute.

The machine consists of a hopper, into which the coins are dropped. A cog wheel, the teeth of which resemble those of a circular saw, carries the coins to tubes, and from there they are forced out upon a little table, containing twenty grooves, each of which contains just fifty coins. A turn of the crank counts 1,000 coins which are immediately put into a bag, and a second thousand follows before the expiration of a minute.—Philadelphia Record.

Found a Rattlesnake in a Cat's. Not long since Theo. Armstrong and some of his neighbors were fishing in Little River, some ten or twelve miles below here, where they saw a large catfish on the opposite side of the river floating near the surface of the water. Its queer actions attracted attention—it seemed to be in pain and vainly trying to go under the water. Mr. Armstrong pulled off his clothes, swam across, caught the fish and brought it to the shore. The fish appeared to be very much swollen, or at least very full of something. He cut it open and was astonished to find a large rattlesnake in its stomach. The snake was not digested, in fact, was just beginning to swell, and this swelling is what is supposed to have caused the fish's trouble. It was getting so full of gas it could not sink. Mr. Armstrong stretched the snake out and measured it. It was three feet long. The snake's head had been beaten and its rattles were gone, which led him to believe that some one had killed it, taken off its rattles and thrown it into the river, where it was swallowed by the fish.—Galveston News.

An Absent-Minded Man. The following anecdote of an absent-minded man has lately come to hand, and while some of you may have heard it before it seems to be too good to be passed over entirely.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worthies," is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!" "Bless me!" Burrows observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringling the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago."—Harper's Young People.

Soft as Wax. He—I wonder why that stunning looking girl gazes at me so yearningly. She must be endeavoring to make an impression.

She—Very probably, as people usually use something soft for that purpose.—Truth.

ALL FOR ME.

Dear sweetheart, let the gleaming of your smiling be for me— Let it cast a glowing brightness on life's turbid, restless sea; Let its sweetness ever greet me, When the shade begins to loop Dark curtains—as the sunbeams Into arms of dreaming droop!

Dear sweetheart, let the beating of your heart be all for me, Let me feel its throbbing softly, Let me know it'll ever be, Filled with deep emotions. That awake when I am near; That will bestow cheer, cheer, That will make you love me, dear. —Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

Still water runs deep, especially in the moonlight regions.

"What is comforting as an old shoe?" "The mate to it."

No doctor can keep his business in good shape unless he keeps in practice.

Many bill collectors firmly believe that they are now in the land of promise.

In producing cotton at the present prices the game is hardly worth the bagging.

"Blanks is too hoarse to speak a word of his lines. What are we to do?" "Manager—Have him on for a song. No one will notice his voice then."

"Isn't five dollars a visit rather steep, doctor?" "Rule of my practice, sir." "That's just the point. Isn't it rather steep for mere practice?"

"Look here, old man, oughtn't you to keep that boy of yours more in check?" "My friend, I do my best; this is the fourth one I've sent him this month."

Ethel (fishing for a compliment)—I wonder what he says in me to fall in love with? Charissa—That's what everybody says. But men are curious creatures, dear.

"Frank said last night that I was a perfect enigma to him. Now what do you think he meant?" Helen—Oh, one of those stupid things that anyone can see through.

"I understand that Paris and New York are very much alike." "Well, in a way they are. New Yorkers, however speak a very different French from that spoken by the Parisians."

What, on your knees, you foolish man? Do you think she'll love you if you let her think she can somehow feel above you?

He—I suppose this may seem very sudden, Miss Bramble, but— Miss Bramble—Not in the least. I've known for a year you would propose to me as soon as you had courage enough.

Frances and her papa had a few squares to go and the latter asked, "Frances, shall we walk or take the street cars?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you will carry me."

Mrs. Jennywing (to distinguished foreign visitor)—That piece my daughter is playing is extremely difficult, Baron. Baron Bredel (in extreme agony)—Ah! madam I wish it was impossible!

Miss Emerson (Glayshiel (of Boston)—What manner of man do you suppose, would be best fitted to crush my heart? Mr. Menhatten (shuddering)—Something in the line of an Arctic explorer, I should imagine.

A stockbroker grown rich, gives some advice to a new beginner—You see, my dear friend, men may be divided into two classes—dopes and rogues. "And where do you come in?" "I? I have been both in turn."