

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 4.00.

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Between the Showers. Between the showers, between the showers, Oh, but it is all over to my spirit and me.

MY FRIEND THE MAJOR.

I am taking a rest after a round of gaiety and social activity which I never equalled before, and I doubt my going into the "skinn" again next winter.

It was a matter of considerable difficulty to secure an invitation to the Van Schoonhoven reception, but I managed it—no matter how—and it was at this reception that I made the acquaintance of Major Hoffman.

I had strolled into Dr. Van Schoonhoven's office to get out of the hot and crowded reception-room, and in the dim light was leaning against the window casing idly tapping on the glass with my nails, when I noticed at the top of the window sash a bit of metal gleaming in the semi-darkness.

I touched it and found that it was a part of a burglar alarm, moving from the window was opened upon another bit of metal two inches above, and by contact completing an electric circuit of some sort.

I was curious of an electrician, and my interest and curiosity were at once aroused. Without stopping to think, I unscrewed the upper bit of metal with my knife, and after twisting of the wire which led from it into the woodwork was examining it when I heard a light step at the door, and looking round found standing by the table a tall, dark-looking man in evening dress, with black mustache and imperial, an Elong, rather early black hair—in all suggesting at once the popular idea of his estate majesty.

By one of those impulses which overcome us all at times I slipped the bit of metal into my pocket and turned towards the stranger, whom from his dress and manner I assumed to be one of the guests at the reception.

"I hope I do not intrude," he said politely. "Oh, no," I had to reply. "I am glad some one else can enjoy the coolness here."

"I think I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," the stranger queried smiling, and with a light foreign accent. "As guests in this house I trust we need no formal introduction—my name is Hoffman, Major Franz Hoffman."

"And I am William B. Vanee, very much at your service, sir," I returned, decidedly pleased with my new friend's voice and manner. "I am indeed glad to make your acquaintance, Major."

I found Major Hoffman a very agreeable fellow, a gentleman of refinement and culture, polished, well-informed, a ready conversationalist, though decidedly reserved as to himself, and a smoker of excellent cigars.

laughing, "and never know my own plans two weeks in advance. Indeed, my plans are largely made for me, and I go and come usually at the bidding of others."

While he was talking Dr. Van Schoonhoven entered, and I did not see the Major again that evening, as I presently returned to the reception-room, the Major remaining for a chat with his host.

I was decidedly ill at ease, for I had that piece of burglar alarm in my pocket, and could find no opportunity to put it back. I was fully aware that my hasty action might be misinterpreted by one who did not know me, and I was anxious lest the Major had seen me take it down, though not in the most remote way had either of us referred to the subject. It was no business of his, though, in any case, and I deemed myself in no way bound to consult him in so trivial an affair.

Subsequently appeared, however, that he did see me take it, and that his actions were strongly influenced by the ideas the trifling incident suggested to him.

As it happened, I found no opportunity to approach the window again, and I went home with the bit of metal in my waistcoat pocket.

That night an attempt was made to rob Dr. Schoonhoven's house, the burglars entering by the very window from which I had removed the burglar alarm. They did not succeed in securing any plunder, but were frightened away before any valuables were found.

Now, this attempted burglary was similar to several others which had taken place at some of the finest residences in town, in each case followed only six or two after a reception or ball similar to that at Dr. Van Schoonhoven's house.

As it happened, in every instance but one I had been a guest at the entertainment, and I had almost begun to fear that the people who had invited me should regard me as a bird of evil omen and cease to "respect the honor of my presence" at their houses.

Probably you are thinking of Major Hoffman in connection with these robberies? I must confess that I did not, though I had occasion after words to associate him, more or less directly, with all of them. I had met him but once and for a short time only, and his name did not occur to me until two weeks later, when Senator Cook's daughter was married. At the reception in the evening I met the Major again, snave, polite, but, as before, suggesting Mephistopheles.

I encountered him a dozen times that evening, on the back veranda, in the conservatory, in the garden till I began to regard him as my evil genius.

Particularly did he hover in the neighborhood of the roomful of silversware and jewelry which comprised the wedding gifts. Though I did not see him touch them or hear him speak of them, it seemed as if some irresistible fascination held him in their vicinity. I think others noticed it as well as I, for I saw them looking at him and remarking upon his actions among themselves.

When I left the house the last person I saw was the major, who went out with me and left me at the corner house, lowering down the side street with a wave of his hand and a cheery "Good night, Vanee."

I saw the major again that night, and it happened in this wise: The moon had gone down and it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when, with two friends, I stood in the garden in the rear of the senator's house and the shadow of a large bush. I still wore my evening dress, but had a soft hat pulled down over my eyes and wore a dark overcoat. In my hand I held a revolver as did my two companions.

In pursuance of my project, it was only a minute's work to quietly open the door at the rear of the house and the glass door at the head of the stairs within. Two minutes we were in the room with the wedding gifts. A dim light burned in the chandelier, and at the other side of the room, the figure of a man lay upon a sofa. I slipped over to his side and with my revolver close to his temple, signalled my friends to begin their work.

At the first soft click of the silver in the bag, into which they were greedily slipping the wedding gifts, the room was suddenly flooded with light, and I heard an oath from one of my companions. I turned quickly, to see Major Hoffman and three policemen standing in the doorway, covering us with revolvers. I had time only to see the major smile triumphantly and nod in my direction before my arms were seized from behind, my pistol wrenched from my hand, and with

two sharp clicks I was a prisoner. The major flung back his coat so that I could see the police light glancing on his waistcoat as he remarked: "Hardly expected to meet again tonight, eh, Vanee. You tried that burglar alarm dodge once too often, let me tell you. Gentlemen, you are my prisoners."

As I before remarked, I am now taking a rest from my social duties, I shall stay at this institution somewhat less than twelve years, and there are eight indictments, I am told, waiting to be attended to when I leave. —Montreal Herald.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE WIDOW AND THE SPIDER. The spider was led across the lawn. She was a spider of a silver year. As she passed the flower bed, she saw the spider and said: "Won't you please sit, little lady, and wind us round your lovely."

A STRIP OF RED GINGHAM.

There was once an old gander who lived with an old woman in a little red house down the road. This gander had quite an affection for the old woman, and she seemed equally fond of him.

The old gander stayed near the house most of the day. When the weather was warm, the old woman thought that out-of-doors was good enough for the old gander to sleep, so he stayed out-of-doors and slept in a corner of the fence.

But when the weather was cold, the old gander marched boldly into the house and took his place on the warm hearth, and the old woman was so tender-hearted she never could bear to turn him out.

I regret to say that this old gander was a very impulsive bird. He had peculiar notions. Perhaps it was because the old woman's house was painted a bright red that the old gander admitted that color. It was certain that he was always attracted by anything red, and always stopped to examine it.

One day little Leslie and Edie Bright sat at the side of the garden, near the road, making mud pies. Mrs. Bright did not know they were there, for a big lilac bush hid them from the house. As Mrs. Bright had known the condition of Edie's clean, red gingham dress and Leslie's blue trousers, I think she would have come out and interrupted that baking.

Just then the old woman's old gander came walking down the road. Through the fence he spied Edie's red dress, and came up with loud squawks to look at it. He stuck his head between the railings, took a good look at the red dress, and began to pull with all his might.

"Oh!" screamed Edie. "It's the old gander! He's trying to pull me through the fence! I shall be so late to school!" Leslie seized a stick, and tried to beat off the gander, but the gander let go the red dress just long enough to give a squawk, which frightened Leslie out of his small wits.

"Run, Edie!" he cried. "But Edie was not quick enough. The gander took another grip of the red dress near the collar.

Poor Edie cried and screamed, and Leslie, too brave to desert her, tried to pull her away.

"Dear, dear, what terrible hubbub is this?" exclaimed mamma, at the door.

"It's the old woman's old gander," replied Leslie, his eyes big with alarm. "He ate up a big piece of Edie's dress, and he wanted to eat Edie, too!"

"Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. Bright, and Edie screamed harder than ever.

The only one that was satisfied was the old gander. He carried the strip of red gingham proudly home to his sleeping-place in the corner of the fence, and he sat upon it every night all summer.

BIG PIE FACTORY.

Ten Thousand Assorted Pies Turned Out Daily.

Various Processes of Their Manufacture Described.

The largest pie factory in New England without a doubt is located in Boston. Not only is this bakery on patriotic soil, but it occupies, in part, an old church building.

The largest pie factory in New England without a doubt is located in Boston. Not only is this bakery on patriotic soil, but it occupies, in part, an old church building. In this factory the average is 10,000 pies a day, and the varieties are many. That they are made with great rapidity goes without saying. The manufacture consists chiefly of four processes—preparing the filling, making the crust, filling the pies and baking them.

When the expert mixer gets them all mixed by approved rules for mixing, but never getting mixed himself, this filling goes to the filler, who, though always engaged in filling, never gets full. Meanwhile, another set of men have prepared the crust. A huge trough is partly filled with flour and lard; "shortening" is worked into it by a fellow dressed in white, with his hair powdered and arms bare. This dough is then changed into a doughlike consistency by adding water as near freezing as possible to make it pliable and mixing it with the hands.

When the batch is ready it is taken to the men who roll it out and put it on the tin plates. The deftness and quickness with which this is done throws into the shade the work of a lightning change artist. Then the pie is filled, and this, too, is done by a fellow. A long-handled dipper, held just enough to charge a pie, is used in one hand by the operator and the pie in the other.

With a dextrous dip into the barrel of filling and a twist of the arm to lift and invert the dipper over the pie the work is done. Another set of men in white put on covers, and then the pies pass to the oven, which is a narrow, quite likely its like, suggested the Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, for that follows its prime, as of construction quite closely. It is arranged so that a big wheel, at least 12 feet long and 16 inches in diameter, is suspended by its axle in a big oven, under which is a glowing fire. Hung from the rim of this wheel are eight iron platforms, upon which pies are placed.

Such is the manner of suspension that they always remain horizontal. This wheel is revolved by power. One of these platforms is before the opening in the oven, which operator is as large as the wheel itself. The attractions cover this platform with pies and the wheel is turned until the next comes into view, which is then filled, and so on until eight have been supplied. The next turn brings into view the first lot put in, and they are ready to take out. They are removed and the platform blank again. The wheel turns and another filled lot is presented, and so it goes on day after day, 1000 an hour taking their course over the pit of fire. —Grocery World.

On the Mer.

It has been said truly that "the Egyptians regarded their horses as an inn, and the grave as their grand home; life on earth is a brief sojourn, death is true life." And as a matter of fact, their tombs have survived their cities, and perpetuated the memory of their lives to our time.

One of the theories concerning the pyramids is that the massive stones were the graves of some notorious criminals, as it was customary to pile stones on the graves of such felons. It is also the story that the pyramids were the tombs of some of the pharaohs.

Ten minutes' walk from the pyramids brings one before the majestic Sphinx, which for the past six thousand years has been keeping guard over the valley of the Nile. This marvel is from a single piece of solid granite.

It was begun under Cheops, and finished by order of King Chefnun, builder of the second pyramid, as we learn by a huge tablet affixed to the breast of the image, which was greatly admired by early Egyptian travellers for the bouge beauty of its features. Now, however, the face has a hideous, grotesque aspect, chiefly owing to the loss of the nose. The Sphinx is of a human head, typical of the highest intelligence, and the body of a lion, an indicative of strength.

We also visited the burial place of Apis, the sacred bull, which was discovered by Mariette, the great French explorer, after having been hidden for nearly forty centuries. He found footprints that had remained undisturbed for that incredible space of time in the mud that was strewn over the floor, and the "finger-prints" of the Egyptians, who had soiled up the tomb, were still visible in the mortar.

Keen-sight of Gulls. "Any one who has watched the gulls and other birds catching fish along our coast must have discovered how keen is their sight and how cunningly they discover a school of fish long before a fish has disturbed the surface of the water," said Captain E. M. Bates of New Bedford, "6000 times when at sea I have tempted the vision of gulls that happened over my ship, to the great amusement of the passengers. From a distance of 1000 yards the ship was being about at a pretty rapid rate, I noticed a number of gulls following closely in our wake, apparently on the watch for anything that might be thrown overboard.

Humorous.

Pipe that catches a man—here comes a book. Almost all revolutions have mental reservations in them. It is astonishing how far a little moderate reform will go with a woman. The man who gets a large salary as he thinks he deserves, is generally overpaid. "There goes a man that keeps his work," said one? "Yes, no one else will take it."

Worried very much afraid that the doctors will next attempt to cure nodules by cutting the spots out. "Have you ever seen a real cyclone—some that come up everything?" Mr. Maloney No, but I've had a jealous sweetheart.

General Taylor (speaking the other day) "Oh! Franklin D. Roosevelt, my I offer you to heartily—extra quality—durable and unimpaired!"

Mrs. K. (to her son) You will own up, Mr. B. (to her son) that you are often right. Mr. B. (to her son) Certainly; but they are most often left.

Proprietor—It's singular how few young ladies are here this summer. One of them—Not any more singular than the young ladies are.

W. Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story. She—Mrs. W. (to her son) ought to tell you that. I make her positively lambaste.

That poor ball-point cloth may be a good thing, but anyone tried it in a pair of knickerbockers for a month? That should be the final test.

This is the season of revenge. The young men who were laughed at when they were in the banana pool while the girls were young women when the bananas were ripe.

She—Why don't you propose to me now? He—Yes, I do. She—Well, I have already said that I'm not interested. He—You superstitious about money.

Friend—What do you say to you when you propose? Mrs. R.—He said he would not say anything. Friend—He was so nervous that he just said his possessions amount to...

"Hello, Bobbery. I hear you're going off for your summer vacation. What are you going to do then?—Come back to your business to work?" "No, come back to my business to work."

"Think she would be a dreamy-eyed?" "Yes," replied Willie Wilberly. "She is indeed. I met a young fellow last night, she could hardly keep her eyes open to sleep with in my presence."

Mrs. F. (to her son) are you sure Mr. D. (to her son) have you for yourself alone? Grand Aunt F. (to her son) Will a lot of bills be better as well to have any one else come in to the room.

Nurse—(to her son) the twins have been making a noise all day, no, no, Mrs. O. (to her son) What about? Nurse—It's because they can't have a bedtime story, like the South children do. They think they have been cheated.

Early of the Past.

We read in history of a man in the past, who lived in a cave, and who was very much like a monkey. He had a long tail, and he was very much like a monkey.

They know not why it is, but they know that it is so. They know that it is so, but they know not why it is so.

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