

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

That's The Way. Take the old world as she comes - Think that times are brightening; Dance to all the thunder's drums; And read the news by light'ning!

LARRY'S OLD FOSSIL.

There was so much talk about Professor Chesney before he arrived, that Larry declared himself sick of the subject. Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him, and with her usual perversity, made up her mind not to like him.

he whispered, "You know I gave you a week." "I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere!" "Poor wretch!" rejoined Jim. "He has my sympathy!" "Unwilling to account for the change in Larry's manner, the professor nevertheless found her very agreeable; and, though never neglecting any one else, it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her, and she it was who went with him to picture-galleries and lectures and concerts; who was the life of theatre and opera parties—sassy, wild, charming.

With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers, and gave them to her mother and sisters. "I don't want them," she said, promptly, in answer to her mother's remonstrance. "I was only civil to him to please you all." Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears, and that she took the card away with her. "It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said, as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. I am not feeling well today. But why I cannot say. I had some low fever last week, and I am not quite recovered yet. I also had some cramps, and some abdominal pain. And when I met with Tommy Wells a stick of fine tallow. But I was careful with each one - I had some of them before. I cannot be that young, but I got the pain to rest. I had six cookies, but I ate but six cookies before. They were never left me feeling bad. Nor pickles - twice or more. These water wouldn't make me ill - 'twas Billie's treat. I sort of think this terrible. Comes wholly from the heart. -Harper's Young People.

SODA WATER. Some Facts About A Popular Beverage. Cost of Manufacture Less Than Two Cents a Gallon. Many years ago a Frenchman conceived the idea of manufacturing a carbonated water by mixing a solution of tartaric acid with carbonate of soda. The proportions used were thirty-five grains of the soda dissolved in a wine-glass of water. This was the original soda water. The public knows in a general way that marble dust is sometimes used in making soda water, and the question is sometimes asked: "Isn't marble dust injurious to the system?"

Skeleton in a Tree. A strange story was related to an Overville, (Cal.) Mercury reporter by a resident of this county, whose home is in the mountains near Nimeshew. "About a month ago I had occasion to build a new barn on my little place near Nimeshew, and to save expense on its construction I concluded to split out myself all the shakes I would need. I had known of a splendid sugar-pine tree ever since I had lived in that locality that stood on a hillside about two miles from my home. It was a splendid specimen, fully twelve feet in diameter. With the assistance of my eldest son we went one morning about a month ago, and in the course of a few hours felled the forest giant. Then we proceeded to split out from the trunk of the tree the shakes that we wanted. "One day my son saw a squirrel playing in the boughs, and picking up the game which had fallen at the report, I paid no attention to him until I heard an exclamation of horror and saw him standing on the trunk gazing intently into the tree top. "Fastened securely in the second limb-fork of the tree, eighty feet from the ground, was a human skeleton. It was wedged in so securely that even the fall of the tree had failed to dislodge it, and it was intact. A few remnants of rotten clothing still hung to it, and an old sodless shoe half supported the fleshless leg in the crotch of the tree. One bony arm was twisted tightly about a limb, and the skull, still held by the ligaments, rested on the breast. "We dug a shallow grave and buried the bones on the hillside. The skeleton was that of a white man of average size, and from the condition of the teeth and skull he must have been just middle age. From its bleached condition it must have been in the tree top for at least twenty years. "Now, the question arises, and it is a question that makes the whole story seem improbable, is, how did that man get into the tree-top? We made careful measurements and it was a little over eighty feet from where it rested to the ground and in that space there was not a limb or even a knot to which a man might cling in climbing a tree."

The Windfalls. "Childie, n'?" - "Yes, Ma'am." "Early in the morning You will gather up the apples that have fallen from the trees." "For three the hottest time A little keg for a storm - Would you a market apple though to buck-wheat to his knees. Childie, do you hear me?" - "Yes, Ma'am." "Childie, n'?" - "Yes, Ma'am." "Early in the morning Each will to the orchard his basket take." "The no finger not a germ. For a little, worthless worm A chicken spits an apple though in barley to his throat. Childie, do you hear me?" - "Yes, Ma'am." "Childie, n'?" - "Yes, Ma'am." "Early in the morning Gather up the apples that have fallen from the trees." "To how then is a pity I will sell them in the city. Ah, perhaps I'll buy you something that will please you and please me? Childie, do you hear me?" - "Yes, Ma'am." -Toronto Mail.

HUMOROUS.

He (passionately)—You are my life. She (practically)—Have you got it insured? There is only one man now from whom star motors will take any talk, and he is the prompter. Perhaps some expert in color effects can explain how it is that a man often looks bluish when he is in a brown study. "When did you discover that you truly loved Mr. Jones?" Stella—When Fido would allow him to come in without growling. What is it you speak to in a dream? - "It is a vision from heaven; Or is it something that we see. The night before." Caller—Can I see Miss Snuggle? Servant—She's engaged, sir. Caller—Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to. Servant—Oh! Brown—Smith ain't at all snave and polite to his typewriter. Jones—That's rather unkind, isn't it? Brown—I don't know about that; she's his wife. "Do you have a good deal of trouble changing servants?" "No, indeed; the last only stayed an hour and the one before didn't even take off her hat." "I could a tail unfold"—began the frog. He mused and seemed wrapp'd in thought. "That is to say, I could just as well. But I am no tailpole now, thank you." "I have just married," cried the youth. "Oh almost every kind. Since my marriage is down in front, My necktie is broken!" "I know my faults, Harry, and I'm trying to overcome them. Harry—Well, all I've got to say is, you have a good deal of courage to face such a multitude alone. Featherstone—I hear that you are going to move, Ringway. Ringway—Move! I should like to know where you heard that. Featherstone—Your landlord told me. Proud father (looking at his first)—Isn't he sweet? Mother—Yes, indeedly. "Weest itty sing as ever was. Proud Father—Looks almost human, doesn't he? One day in the bliss of perfection well live. And would it be a trouble and a shock; More starch in our shirt fronts the handless will give. Instead of so much in our socks. "You will doubtless bear me out," he insisted, "when I say that I love you." "No," she rejoined, coldly, as she touched the bell, "either papa or the coachman will do that." "Do you find it very hard to get your husband through the telephone?" inquired Mrs. Baggis of her friend, Mrs. Serrogis. "I never tried it," answered Mrs. Serrogis. "He weighs 200." Mrs. Yeast—Do you believe that fish makes brains? Mrs. Crimson-Back—Of course I do. Why, when my husband goes fishing the next morning his head is that big his hat won't fit him. The dog looked at the boy with a sad and pensive air. And asked, when near the parking-house, "Will you want me ever there?" Baker (discussing a turkey)—I never saw times so hard. Wife—You have plenty of trouble. Baker—Yes, but four has got so cheap that I will either have to stop baking bread or lower the price. Lawyer—On what do you base your opinion that the defendant is naturally of a peaceable disposition? Witness—Well, he lived for two years alongside of a family with ten children and he never did any of 'em. Savage Party, annoyed by yelping dogs—If I kick that dog in the ribs perhaps he'll stop barking at me. Yelping Dog's Owner—Perhaps he will. He never wants to bark when he's got his mouth full.