

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 4.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A Little Song of Hope. No tears, dear, if the black skies frown - Hope for the best!

The Diamond Necklace.

STORY OF A NOVEL WAGER.

This is not precisely a great market for precious stones, writes a Vienna correspondent of the Chicago Times...

"I want a diamond necklace," was the reply, "but the very best you have."

"These three strike my fancy with equal force, but I only require one. I cannot choose between them."

"Familiar!" replied the head of the firm, "I should think it was. She is one of our best customers."

"How curious!" remarked the Count, "Well, now, I want you to send these three necklaces to the lady and I will look in here tomorrow and pay the bill."

And he drove at once to the address given by the Count. It was not the address at which the lady herself had lived when she had been at his shop...

"Does Franklin W. live here?" he inquired of the doorkeeper at the mansion pulled up at the house.

"Yes, sir; moved in a few weeks ago." "Is she at home now?" "Don't know, I'm sure, but I fancy she is out. She generally is out at this time of day."

"What do you mean, Franklin? Has the Count not yet called?" "Oh, please stop that! You know as well as I the necklace was for Franklin B. up stairs, and your shopman took it to her last night."

"What in heaven's name do you mean? Where are my diamond necklaces?" And Herr X. was as pale as a ghost as he asked the question.

"You, sir, are a—"

"No, do be calm, please, and let me finish what I have to say; then you may talk as long as you like."

"The Count selected, not indeed a diamond necklace, but a magnificent bracelet, and requested Franklin W. to honor him by wearing it as a souvenir of the curious incident in which she had played such a prominent part."

"Well, Franklin, I hope you have followed my advice and chosen the necklace I recommended. It is by far the best of the three, and as for the stones, I can assure you that Princess E., when she saw them a few weeks ago—"

suggested that they should remain in my keeping. But the matter has gone far enough. I don't wish to hear any more about it."

"My God! Have I been victimized by a clever swindler?" he exclaimed when it was ended, and paced the room like an infuriated tiger in his cage.

"There are your necklaces. Now, listen—"

"You, sir, are a—"

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

IMY LOUISE. I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! With your silken hair and your soft, blue eyes.

Why? You never raise your beautiful head. But some day, little one, your cheek will glow red.

With a flush of delight to hear the words said. "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise? I've said your praises for nearly an hour. Yet your dark-fringed eyelids droop lower and lower.

And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower. "Cora's Child," Baby Louise.

Probably the prettiest and most delicate of the shell creation is the argument or "paper sailor."

These shells might be taken as an example of the superiority of the female sex, for only the females, says Lt. Simpson, have been accommodated by nature with shells.

In a house where there are children toys are an important part of the family outfit. They are of many kinds, and are to be found everywhere.

How the young owners thread their way among them it is difficult to understand. How the toys are to be kept in any sort of order is a puzzle for older folks.

A DUCK RANCH.

Ducks Raised Where They Cannot Take to Water.

How the Flesh Acquires a Distinct Taste of Celery.

Did you ever eat a rapidly-grown, celery-fed duck? No? Well, then, there is a new sensation for the appetite in store for you.

This story told by the proprietor was confirmed by their New York buyer at the time of his visit, early in September, there were about 4,000 nearly ready for market, and such a multitude of pure white birds was a pretty sight.

The Pekins are prolific in eggs, laying from 125 to 150 each in the year, but many of the eggs are infertile.

The eggs are hatched in incubators, which are set in operation as soon as there is a complement of eggs to fill a machine.

Of course such weights are obtained only by farmers who thoroughly understand the business. The men I visited had been in the business several years, and had learned by practical experience how to achieve success.

How the young owners thread their way among them it is difficult to understand. How the toys are to be kept in any sort of order is a puzzle for older folks.

There is one peculiar feature in the market for choice poultry—the breeder need not consign his stock for sale and take the chances of the market.

It is claimed that the dress worn by the Romans under the empire was the most rational ever worn by civilized people.

are willing to pay a good round price for it. Eager buyers seek for a good article, while a poor article has to hunt for a market.

These ducks rapidly grown are like rapidly grown lettuce or radishes—very tender. Their market was originally made on this tender, fat condition, without the use of celery to add to the flavor.

The wholesome food of course changed the quality of the flesh, and now the supply is not equal to the demand. They are fed celery finely cut and mixed with their food for probably a month previous to killing.

If our sun were removed to the Pleiades it would be hardly visible in an opera glass with which nearly 100 stars can be seen in the cluster.

If we seek to know the dimensions, not of the individual stars but of the cluster itself, we are met with many difficulties, but, on the assumption that it is approximately spherical in shape, we can calculate its diameter to be over 10,000,000,000 miles.

It must not be forgotten that though there are 2,300 stars in the cluster, yet, vast distances, must separate the stars from one another.

An instrument that will enable a mariner to tell in an instant upon seeing a lighthouse or any well-known mark upon the sea coast just how far his ship is distant from shore; that will inform the captain of a man-of-war how far away his ship may be from another vessel of his own navy, and be of assistance in many other respects when the elements of distance or height are factors, has been submitted to the navy department for trial.

Mrs. Mary Bannan died recently at the home of her son, John Bannan, about fourteen miles north of Nevada, from a scratch of a rose thorn.

There is one peculiar feature in the market for choice poultry—the breeder need not consign his stock for sale and take the chances of the market.

It has become the fashion to serve to mourners at home funerals confection in thick glass tumblers.

The Twentieth Century King.

No spider preying on his kind, An idler and a parasite; No autocrat of people blind, Ruling his slaves by right of might.

No plaything of a bygone age, A picture pleasing to the eye, Strutting for one brief hour the stage— A foolish, useless butterfly.

He wears a laurel wreath for crown, And throughout all the land men sing His good deeds, praises and renown— The twentieth century king!

Humorous. The folding bed has some bad habits, but it never stays up late at night.

He—I want to tell you all I know if you have time. She—All right. I've got five minutes to spare.

There ain't no satisfaction in tellin' people your ailments nowadays, ez they allus feel was 'ya own dew.

Some women remind me of hens," said Crimmonhook to a friend. "They never find anything today where they laid it yesterday."

"You cannot crush me," he hissed to the girl who had just spurned him. "You just wait till I get out on the street with my bicycle," she muttered indignantly.

Until Tesla practically develops his idea—and he doubtless will of deriving our electric energy direct from the elements surrounding us—without the wasteful intervention of steam, ordinary mortals must be content with the powers at hand for generating the magic current.