

The Chatham Record.

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Coming Home. Love is coming home to rest; There were roses on his breast...

THE SUPREME TEST.

A STORY OF THE LATE NAPOLEON.

The tide of Napoleonic literature is still rising. Here is the latest: On October 5, 1793, a little before sunset...

The three observers, says Figaro, were Bonaparte himself, his chief of staff, Berthier, and Admiral Ganthezume.

"There is no possible doubt about it," said the admiral, holding his glass; "there goes an English war ship, and further in the distance I notice two others."

"That is impossible, admiral. We must leave this very night," "General, excuse me for insisting, but if as everything seems to indicate, the English fleet is there, we would be obliged to pass through it, and it would be very difficult for us to do so without being perceived."

"Admiral," said Bonaparte, slowly, "in the East a man becomes a fatalist. Now I believe firmly that destiny is on my side."

At this moment one of the sailors that escorted the three chiefs came up. He reported a singular discovery. On the crest of the mountain the men found a mass of coral shrubbery, evidently intended to make a bouffée.

As the sailor finished his report two gun shots were heard, and shortly afterward two sailors brought a struggling man before the chiefs. Two individuals armed with guns were found in ambush behind the rock near the path.

"What were you doing there, hiding near the road and armed with guns?" "We were watching for a wild bear."

"Why did you not answer when you were hailed? Why did you run away, and why did you fire upon French sailors?"

"We are mountaineers and we are not acquainted with uniforms. We believed that we were attacked, and naturally we defended ourselves."

"You are spies in the employment of England," said Bonaparte. You were preparing a signal for the English cruisers, but, on seeing us, another idea came into your heads; you thought you had a good chance to assassinate General Bonaparte and you put yourselves in ambush so that you might fire on me as I passed by.

Another report was heard, and voices cried out: "He is dead!" An expression of despair despair contracted the features of the prisoner and his eyelids became red.

"You are a Vulturio," continued Bonaparte; one of the bitterest enemies of my family. Yes I have seen you before; you are Giovanni Vulturio."

I am his brother, Giuseppe, the last of the Vulturios. "You hate me pretty hard, don't you?" said Bonaparte. "If I had three souls I would sell them with delight to the devil for the chance of a single shot at you."

"Are you a good shot?" "At 500 yards I can drop an eagle. Do with me what I would like to do with you."

"Bring him over to yonder bush," said Bonaparte to one of the sailors, "and count your steps as you advance."

The sailor placed himself at the foot of the bush with the prisoner, after having counted fifty paces. "Give him his gun," said Bonaparte.

The sailor, almost stupefied, looked at the general, hesitated, but at last obeyed. Bonaparte then said to the bandit: "Take good aim!"

Without losing a second over his surprise Giuseppe pointed his gun. "The scene was so rapid and so extraordinary that the two companions of the general were unable to interfere. They remained there as if they were paralyzed until the shot was fired."

With his back against the trunk of an oak and his hands behind his back, Bonaparte never budged. A few pieces of bark fell over his clothes. The ball lodged in the trunk a few inches over his left shoulder. Giuseppe, almost weeping with rage, threw his gun into the bushes. "Let that man go!" said Bonaparte.

Before disappearing the Corsican shouted: "You may reign, but I will never be your subject!" That same night the French fleet left Ajaccio. On October 9 it reached Frejus and one month after Bonaparte celebrated his eighteenth birthday.

Giuseppe Vulturio kept his word. He left Corsica and established himself in Tunis, where he became a Mussulman. His grand-son, by whom this singular episode is related, lived at Tabarea at the time of the occupation.

Charles Allard of Ravalli, Montana, possesses the proud distinction of being one of the owners of the largest herd of buffalo in existence, and is one of the few frontiersmen who during the early '70's had foresight enough to preserve that at some day this noble animal would become extinct, and had the courage to attempt to stem the tide of slaughter.

In a recent conversation with some friends Mr. Allard told of how he had engaged in the novel business of buffalo farming, and his story is given in the Washington News:

"It was about 1870 that I conceived the idea of keeping a herd of buffalos," he said, "for at the rate they were being killed then I knew that some day they would become scarce and valuable. I captured four or five calves and kept them with my herd, but during the hard winter they became scarce and I was compelled to turn them loose. Then I was never able to start out for myself, because every time I wanted to quit the boss raised my salary, and this persuaded me to keep on cow-punching. When I finally gave it up he was paying me \$200 a month. Then I came to Flathead valley. I bought from the Indians a few head of buffalo which they had there in semi-captivity on the reservation. I paid them from \$200 to \$300 apiece for the animals, and then I started into the business of raising buffalo. The herd thrived in all seasons. They had a range of from thirty to forty miles north and south and were shut in on both sides by wooded hills, which made as good a fence as a man could build, for buffalos do not venture among trees."

"The coldest storms of winter do not trouble them, for their thick, sluggy coats are wind-proof. During the heavy snows and blizzards they climb the hills, and, turning their breasts to the winds, defy the storm. A good buffalo hide is worth \$100 now in the market and hands bring from \$200 to \$300 when mounted, and the value of these is steadily increasing, so that buffalo breeding is as good an investment as real estate. Our herd is the only one I know about of any size. There is a small one in the Texas Panhandle, and those, with the few that roam in the National Park, are the sole remnants of the thousands which roamed the prairies but a few years ago."

Won the Prize, Though. Johnny—I got a book as a prize in school today for havin' a good memory. Mamma—What was the name of the book? Johnny—I can't remember—Pittsburg Record.

A very interesting story is the following account in the Rochester Union related by M. T. Bly, an attorney of that city, who said of his trip to Europe:

"The perfect roads of Europe make wheeling most delightful. Between the European roads and the beaten paths which go by that name in America there is no comparison. France has the best roads of all Europe, the national highway from Lyons to Paris being the finest. We were especially impressed with the wonderful dryness of this road, even after a heavy shower. The roads, too, are singularly free from thorns and glass, and I didn't have a single puncture during my entire trip. Mr. Weicher's tire was punctured twice."

"A singular and rather unpleasant feature of touring on the continent is the frequent payment of tolls and taxes on bicycles. Upon entering France we were compelled to deposit \$4 francs, about \$16, a receipt being given in return. On leaving the country this amount was refunded. Permanent residents of France pay 42 francs for the privilege of owning a bicycle. Throughout our two months' journey we carried no baggage except a small telescope bag strapped on the front of our handle bars. My advice to any intending tourists is to carry with them as little baggage as possible. The best plan is to have a large case made in which the bicycle can be carried on ship board, thus protecting it from injury. This case can be shipped to the place of embarkation on the continent."

With regard to the expense of such a trip Mr. Bly said that it was not great, the cost while touring never exceeding two dollars a day. The actual expense of a cycling tour is about half that of traveling by rail and is ten times more enjoyable. To all in search of a most delightful and health giving holiday Mr. Bly recommends a cycling trip through Europe.—New York Recorder.

Skinn-dressing by Women. In her tanning and skinn-dressing work the savage woman's problem was to remove the dermis from the hide, and leave the hair adhering to the epidermis, with only a thin portion of the true skin. If the work were creditably done, the surface of the robe, frequently more than thirty square feet in extent, had to be uniform in thickness throughout, and she should not cut through the epidermis ones. The whole must be as pliable, too, as a woven blanket; the problem was to reduce a hide of varying thickness and twice too thick, every where to a robe of uniform thickness throughout without once cutting through the outer part of the skin. Her tools for this varied with the locality. The Eskimo women scrape off the fat with a special tool made of walrus ivory or bone and plane down the dermis with a stone scraper. The Indian women cut off bits of meat and fat and remove the dermis with a hoe or adze. In the good old days of savagery the Eskimo woman made her fat scraper of walrus ivory or antler; her skin scraper was of flinty stone set in a handle of ivory, wood or horn, whichever material was easiest to procure. But later on, it may be the whalers helped her with steel tools. The Indian woman had three tools—to wit: the stone knife for cutting away the flesh; the hoe-shaped scraper for splitting the skin; and the grainer, a hoe or chisel-like tool with serrated edge to roughen up the inner side of the robe and give it flexibility. Besides these, both Eskimo and Indian had hands and feet and teeth for pulling and pounding and breaking the grain. They had also a wonderful supply of pride in their work, and love of applause, which kept them up to the mark of doing the best that could be done with their resources.—Popular Science Monthly.

Native and Foreign Born.

Of our total population at the last census, 9,219,547 were of foreign birth and 53,372,792 of native birth, including the colored races. The native whites numbered 45,862,023. It is interesting to note that the changes have been comparatively small in these proportions in the last thirty years. The native ratio in 1860 was 86.84, of which 73.46 was white, the foreign was 13.38. In 1890 the native ratio was 85.23, with 73.24 of it white, and the foreign was 11.99. Prior to 1860 the native ratio was larger, being, 93.22, but the native white ratio is given as only 73.24, or precisely as at the last census.—New York Sun.

Not counting Sunday-schools, it is estimated that every year in the United States 20,000,000 religious services are held, and that 10,000,000 sermons are preached in 165,000 places of worship.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHADLE SONG.

Hush-a-tye, sweetheart, the stars are all sleeping, Surely a twinkling, as softly they rest, Cover a flower from its slumber is peeping, The ships are asleep on the dark ocean's breast. The roads are hushed, the dark woods are hushed, The roads are hushed, the dark woods are hushed, And each little bird in its nest. Hush-a-tye, my dear, the hyacinths are fast, Are drooping and dreaming the whole night through, The fairily sleeps in her velvet lace, And sparkle jewels of gleaming dew. The moon is in a cloudy cradle, And star-fringed blankets of blue. Oh! some little babies are softly weeping, Sheltered under the warm green sod, And some mothers are hush-a-tye weeping, For fair little souls at home with God, But don't wish with your mother, my own little baby, And sit in the realm of God. —JESSE VIVIAN KEAR in Womankind.

HEAT MAKES IT WHIRL.

Some handy little boys can make an electric motor if he reads this:

Let the copper spokes of a wheel pass through a piece of cork at right angles, and to the end of each copper wire attach an ordinary wire—the thinnest bent in a circle.

Balance the wheel upon a knitting needle, which should be kept straight up and down by means of a cork having a glass head for its hub. That will make the friction very small.

Place a strong steel magnet and a small alcohol lamp in the manner shown in the cut.

In a few seconds the wire above the flame of the lamp will become red hot and the wheel will suddenly whirl, the heated part always turning away from the magnet.

The explanation of this interesting trick forms one of the principles of magnetism. It is known that iron at its usual temperature is attracted by a magnet, but as soon as it is heated to 690 degrees the attraction ceases.

Therefore says the London Million, the cold part of the wheel is attracted by the magnet, while the heated section is repelled in the direction indicated by the arrows.

THE BIRD'S OIL CAN.

Ted's eyes opened wide with surprise. "Oh!"

Two birds were sitting on the ledge in the yard, enjoying the sun. Ted, if he could judge from their merry "Chirr! chirr! chee-chee!"

"They don't mind the rain," laughed grandpa. "For their little oil cans have done their good service today."

"Who ever heard of a bird having an oil can? Birds don't have lamps do they?" and Ted moved away from the window with an air of positive unbelief.

"They don't have any lamps for they use their oil for something else," laughed grandpa, more heartily than before.

"Didn't you ever see the hens use their oil cans?"

"No!" replied Ted, shortly. "Well," continued grandpa, "every bird has a little oil can—soon call it an oil gland, but it means just the same thing. This tiny oil can or gland, is placed at the base of the tail. It is of great value to birds, for they don't always have a home to shelter them, and it would be very disagreeable to them to be drenched to the skin every time it rained. To prevent this they have their little oil cans. They dip their bills into their tiny cans and cover them with oil, and then they rub the oil over their feathers, and it thus makes their feathers waterproof—in fact, Ted, they all have a gossamer for rainy weather."

"Do they all have an oil can?" inquired Ted with delight. "The hens, too?"

"Yes, indeed," answered grandpa. "Now, Ted, get the umbrellas, and we will go down to the barn, and who knows but that we shall find the hens using their oil cans, so they can go out for a walk!"

Strange enough! When Ted reached the barn old Spackle and Bright-eyes were just putting on their gossamers! "So!" grandpa, and Ted laughed outright at the novel sight.

"Grandpa, you must know lots of funny things! I never knew that before—'bout the bird's oil cans!" and Ted took hold of grandpa's hand lovingly as he spoke.

"'Tis rather queer, I'll admit," laughed grandpa.—Young Id.

Breaking the News Gently.

Mrs. Swiftly—Jerry, dear, I wish you would get a lawyer and commence prosecution.

Mr. Swiftly—Prosecute whom?

PEPSIN.

A Mysterious Secretion of the Hog Defying Analysis.

Factories That Keep Busy Making Artificial Digestions.

Every one is familiar with the methods of repairing humanity with artificial legs, glass eyes, false teeth and wigs, but it may not be generally known that a factory at the stock yards in Chicago is busy all the year around in making artificial digestions.

For it is the purpose of pepsin to relieve the man whose stomach has rebelled at barbaric methods of eating. After each meal he simply takes a little tablet of the digestion, which he carries in a convenient vest pocket, swallows it and forthwith forgets—in theory at least—all his troubles. Any one will admit that this is a charming arrangement.

In health manufactured pepsin is not necessary because the stomach furnishes its own supply. There are millions of little cells that have no other duty than to furnish the ferment, and when the food comes down which they have been awaiting, and by its peculiar properties the marvelous process of digestion goes forward. But if a man overworks his stomach by eating too much or too often or by going to work too soon after eating, the cells grow tired and finally fall sick and cannot perform their task set for them. To remedy this difficulty some inventive genius conceived the idea about ten years ago of taking the pepsin from the stomachs of hogs and concentrating it into a convenient form for use.

Since that time the process which was then confined to the chemical laboratory and was conducted on an exceedingly narrow basis, has assumed the proportions of an industry, and the ranks of porcos are using the product. There are varieties of chews-pepsin which are said to contain pepsin in small quantities.

The laboratory in which it is made is located close to where 1,500,000 hogs are killed annually, and within an hour from the time the animal breathes its last the part of his stomach (about the size of a man's hand) in which the pepsin can be found is in the hands of Professor Munn's men.

The pieces are placed at once in rows of crocks containing dilute hydrochloric acid, a 0.2 per cent solution, where they are left all day long. They are then taken out and the new put them through a secret chemical process to remove the peptones, or the product of the digestive action of the pepsin on the membranous parts of the stomach, with which it comes. It then goes to a vacuum pan, whereby a steady, low heat, the moisture is partially removed, after which it is spread on glass plates, where it dries down to thin, white yellow scales, having a peculiar, brilliant lustre. Girls pick the product in bottles and it is ready for shipment.

The market price is about 75 cents an ounce, and it takes ordinarily about 100 hogs' stomachs to make a pound of pepsin. Numerous tonics composed of wine and pepsin are also made at the factory.

No one knows just what pepsin is. It has never been isolated from the cells of the stomach, and no chemist has ever been able to analyze it. It is to the stomach what magnetism is to the magnet. The United States pharmacopoeia for 1890 defines it as follows:

"Pepsinum (Pepsin): A proteolytic ferment or enzyme obtained from the glandular layer of fresh stomachs from healthy pigs, and capable of digesting not less than 3,000 times its own weight of fresh coagulated and disintegrated egg albumen. A fine white, or yellowish, transparent or translucent grains or scales, free from any offensive odor, and having a mildly acidulous or slightly saline taste, usually followed by a suggestion of bitterness. It slowly attracts moisture when exposed to the air."

The whole process of making pepsin, many steps of which are secret, consists in the isolation of the ferment to as great a degree as possible, there being no way of getting it entirely separate from the cell walls of the stomach.

From the stomachs of calves comes the extract of rennet which is also made at the laboratory and largely used in cheese-making. The process of manufacture is simple. The stomachs are clipped up in a sausage machine into fine bits and macerated in a solution of salt and water. It is then ready for packing and shipment, because cheese contains so much of the digestive ferment—pepsin—it is used to digest everything but itself.

A Goat Is a Goat. A tame, long-haired goat once formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a Continental one.

After a time the customs authorities discovered that it was a false coin, many sizes too large for it.

The goat's own hair was clipped very close, around its body were packed cigars, hats, etc., and then the false coin was skillfully put on, and fastened by hooks and eyes.—Toronto Mail.

Not Mathematical, but Right.

"Suppose now," said the teacher, "I should give two boys an apple and tell you to eat it in two, how many would you get, Tommy?"

"None," replied the youth, "because you let Jim eat it up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Perhaps this is the reason cheese goes with pie at the end of the meal—Chicago Record.

Bees Form Friendships.

"I always loved bees," said the young man in gold-rimmed glasses behind the dairy counter as he handed down a honey comb for the inspection of an idle customer. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a swarm descending. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarms as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed my hands and arms with lard and honey and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me."

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat and went at them. I have taken them from all sorts of places, but I was stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down my back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one time when I was stung I tried to find a swarm on a high limb and was saving it off and at the same time holding on to it so that it should not fall to the ground with a thud. In doing this I stepped one of the bees, and it flew straight up my temple and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bee business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the difference."—New York Sun.

Division of the Sexes.

The males in the United States at the last census numbered 32,667,889, and the females 39,351,373. This is a larger proportion of males than in 1850 or in 1870. The facts show, it is said, a tendency to an increase in the proportion of males, which has exceeded that of females certainly during the last forty years, although the tendency received a setback during the civil war, from which it is now recovering. A table shows that in Europe, while the numbers of the two sexes are nearly equal, the females are in excess, the proportion ranging from 99.58 in the Netherlands to 51.16 in the United Kingdom and 52.19 in Norway. In our country the percentage of females at the last census was 48.79, and that of males 51.21, the excess of the latter being ascribed to immigration. No doubt immigration accounts also, for some of the figures in Europe are unsteady, yet in Spain, where there is generally a little of it, we find but 49.64 males to 50.36 females, and in Austria, where there is not excessive immigration, 48.91 to 51.09.

Of course, the difference between our own States in this matter is great. The factories on the Atlantic coast attract great numbers of female operatives, while the mid- and west-empire of the West draw many males. In Montana there are two males to one female, and nearly as great a ratio in Wyoming. On the other hand, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, females are in excess, although this excess is not great. In the District of Columbia they constitute 52.44 per cent, and in Massachusetts, which stands next, 51.12.—New York Sun.

Do you love me? said the paper bag to the sugar. "I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar. "You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

"And what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?" "I'm going to ask father to get her a foot ball and then I'll teach her to play."

Mr. Jibbet (in market, suspiciously)—Did you kill this chicken, or did I die? Mr. Potts (positively)—When I kill a chicken it invariably dies, sir.

Little Johnny—The teacher said today that we belong to the animal kingdom. Do you believe boys and girls are animals? Little Emily—Boys are.

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Mr. Jibbet—What did you learn at school today? Johnny Smart—The name of the boy who was inventing my lunch and I liked the stuffing out of him.

First Cook—They say the new Judge wants \$100,000. I'm glad of that. "Was?" "Oh, because he won't be able to pronounce such long sentences."

A (positively)—I never decide my wife no size I tell her everything. B—Yes, I know that long ago. What, how? B—She tells it all to my wife, and my wife tells it to me.

Mrs. Kite—Say, Joe, do you think if I was a married woman to ride like Joe? Mr. Joe—Yes, dear; I have noticed that when a woman rides a bicycle she can't talk.

Sten Parrot—You tell me that you love my daughter and wish to marry her. But how do you expect to live on \$800 a year? Living \$300—Oh, come, now, your income must be more than that!

Awful Visitor—It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art. Dealer—None, no. Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in.

Tom—If you had the privilege of kissing a pretty young girl an the right or left cheek, which would you do? Dick—It would be her I would kiss, but between the two I should probably find a way out of the dilemma.

Then and Now. A little stream, a silent brook, Whose drop the water lies, And trembling willows bend to look In four or five old shoes— Their own and shadows off mistook For darkling prophesies!

I chose my brook, I read the brook— 'Tis Memory.

My little stream, with food secure, Paris round each money root, and brings To calient cats through storm and stress Soft cottons from the wood-bowls wings! And thence from out the darkness springs, While yet the crowding night wing wings Of stray shies.

When haply eyes Look down to bless Forc'd features— Little-hearted stream.—Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

You often hear a woman say: "It's no use talking," but she doesn't think so all the same.

When a man's good deeds speak for themselves, he should not allow his voice to drown theirs.

First Base—Can Cheely play ball? Second Base—Should say not. Why, he'd bluff an apple dumpling.

Just as soon as a man concludes that business is improving and that he is making money the plumber presents his bill.

"Does God work for his living now?" "Great Scott! no; he's the junior for a great big apartment house."

In the Gloom—Both (pointing at a star)—"Ah, there is Orion." Voice (from the darkness)—"Yes; you are mistaken, my dear, it's O'Rilly."

Mr. Jibbet—Your daughter sings beautifully. Is she studying music? Mrs. Jibbet—Indeed she is. She is studying to be a bella donna.

"Oh, mamma, tell the small boy from the city when he first saw a robin, 'Some look at this little sparrow with a red dam I shirt on!'"

Lady—Does your brother work? Little Tom—Nope, Lady—He doesn't work? What does he do? Little Tom—Just talk. He's a lawyer.

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