

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 3.00.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Cradle Song.

The crickets in the corner sing, O'er farm and field the shadows creep Their homeward way the swallows wing...

announce their engagement, with the consent of her family. He also added that he would run out and see her before joining his company, if she wished.

Two letters remained unanswered. Ferris accused the mail system and sent a third. He waited long and anxiously for a reply. It came when he was safe in San Antonio, with many miles between himself and Miss Foster.

Ferris's anxiety in waiting to hear his fate pronounced took the form of a nervousness which drove him to unwonted social activity. He had always done his duty in the matter of calls and the hundred little affairs of etiquette which are peculiar to the service and are as binding as the laws of the Moles and Persians; but he had never gone in for the mild dissipation of a garrison near to a town.

Mrs. Irwin protested mildly until a day when Ferris took the two over behind the quartermaster's and set them to fighting out a difficulty, which had arisen, with their own good nails and fists, arguing that such settlement is more worthy of the sex than to call names and threaten to tell mamma.

After this discouragement, Ferris drew into his former shell of reserve, and went only at rare intervals to Captain Irwin's quarters. But when he had written the letter which was to bring Kitty to terms, he walked with it to the postoffice, and, coming back, he determined to forgive and forget that his efforts had been unappreciated and to drop in upon Mrs. Irwin for a cup of tea before retreat.

The children having been sent off to play with their tin soldiers, Mrs. Irwin resumed her confidence and told Ferris, with the charming interest in his future of a true captain's wife, that she had practically arranged his life to come. She had a sweet girl friend coming to stay with her at the end of the week.

—had just been visiting the Barneses at Angel Island, had gone from there to Monterey, and had determined quite unexpectedly to come down south. Angel Island was Kitty's post.

The girl came, and Ferris, together with every other young man in the post, called upon her the night of her arrival. Beautiful she certainly was, quite unusually stylish, and agreeable, but Ferris went away unsatisfied, for he had had no chance to inquire about what lay nearest to his heart.

Miss Kingsley emerged from the dressing-room in all the glory of her youth, beauty, and a New York gown. She leaned upon Ferris's arm and whirled off to the music, the half-barbarous, intoxicating "Santiago." She danced as no girl had ever danced before, so Ferris thought; she became a part of the music and as light as its strains.

They stopped only with the waltz itself, and Miss Kingsley leaned breathlessly, against the draperies of a garrison flag. She made a lovely picture, and Ferris stood looking at her with keen pleasure; but his eyes were suddenly fixed on a fall of lace, they were riveted, and as he looked his face grew gray.

"Might I ask, Miss Kingsley, where you got that pin?" "Why, certainly. A girl at Angel Island gave it to me; she said a cadet had had it designed for her, but as she didn't care for either it or him any more, and as I admired the little thing, she gave it to me.

Yet when, a month later, Miss Foster, reviving over the "personals" in the Army and Navy, saw "the engagement is announced of Miss Annie Kingsley, of New York, to Lieutenant Edwin L. Ferris, —th Infantry, stationed at San Antonio, Tex.," she railed at the inconsistency of man.—Argonaut.

In some parts of New Mexico, says an article quoted in Current Literature, there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses, after eating the grass, in nearly all cases, sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down.

In Magistrate Ritter's court, Ky., T. M. Jagers was held for Circuit Court on bond of \$100 for detaining an apple tree belonging to his neighbor, David Sanders. There was only one apple tree on Sanders' farm, but it was very prolific and Jagers requested his neighbor to divide the fruit with him, but Sanders refused to do so, thereupon Jagers became angry and declared that he would kill the tree.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

NANCY'S WAY. I am the doll that Nancy broke! Her'n' loon hors a week. One lino a noon, and I sweetly spoke...

Wearing the words that Nan said When these things were brought to her view. All of us ought to be painted red, And some of us ought to be tan.

IN THE CURIOUS miniature city of Zaandam, Holland, there is no spot so curious as the little hut where Peter the Great spent six days as "Peter Michaeloff, an artisan."

After Peter's departure the house passed from hand to hand. On a certain memorable day Paul the First of Russia, Joseph the Second of Austria, and the King of Sweden made an excursion to Zaandam on purpose to visit the czar's old home.

There is no place where persons are so guileless and so ready to talk about their private affairs. They little imagine the resources of the customs service, and know little who is in its employ.

The chief apartment is entered by the one door; the projecting roof covers the room probably occupied by Peter's servant, and on the left of the larger room is the cupboard in which Peter slept.

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DODGING DUTIES.

Smuggling is Common Among Transatlantic Passengers.

Women Are Chief Offenders Against Custom Laws.

It would be difficult to convince the staff of custom inspectors in this port that the average European tourist doesn't rely on paying the expenses of his trip out of the proceeds of a successful smuggling swindle on the government.

A remarkable feature of attempts at smuggling during the last few weeks is the detection of rich smugglers. Six men, each of whose fortunes is estimated at more than a million dollars, have been arrested and exposed since the westward travel became heavy.

"There seems to be an overpowering fascination in cheating Uncle Sam, despite the honest old gentleman's present need of revenue," said Inspector Brown, who, with his associate, Inspector Donohue, makes more arrests than all other agents combined.

"The weight of goods a woman can carry about under her clothes is astonishing. If the burden is very heavy, she sometimes adjusts it with straps over the shoulders. Very often the goods found on one woman are all that one of the inspectors can lift, and it is through the weary air of the smuggler and her painful movements that she becomes suspected.

"Persons who intend to attempt smuggling are frequently too confident for their own welfare aboard ship, and thus render their error easy. There is no place where persons are so guileless and so ready to talk about their private affairs.

The customs inspector labors under great difficulty in that a blunder may cost him his position. Very few mistakes are made, because the manner in which a suspected person receives an interrogation usually decides beyond a doubt whether he is innocent or guilty.

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Presently Buffer came backing from the branches heaving and tugging at some resting weight; at once he spun about and had his prey in the open. We could see something

"A Little Garden."

A little garden, great enough To hold Love's wings. You, and the sacred Bird of Love, Hark, how he sings!

The ardent Flower of Love, likewise, Burns in the brake. Love's wings are set with myriad eyes Ever awake.

Henry with honey flies the bee From rose to rose. Powdered with gold dust to the knee, He comes and goes.

The sweet song the nightingale Sang to the moon. It shall be hidden by Dove's veil, Now it is noon.

The secret thing the golden bee Said to the rose. Though it be known to thee and me, Shall we disclose?

Alas, Love's secrets let us keep. Lost the winged god. Angered, go seeking while we sleep Summer aloof.

Truth compels the statement that, considered artistically, the mouse is a very homely creature; his legs and his head are too long, and his neck and body too short for beauty.

But all these homely features have their uses. His overhanging nose is as useful as a tapir's snout in browsing on the twigs of the birch, maple and poplar, and his keenness of scent is worth more to him than an accident insurance policy.

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HUMOROUS.

"Is it true that the old Jones' place is haunted?" "It used to be, but they have a baby there now."

"That's a very blurred picture you carry in your watch." "Yes; it's a composite photograph of my summer engagements."

"Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married man—Yes. He has to."

"The younger one—I wonder if I will lose my looks, too, when I get to your age? The elder one—You would be lucky if you did."

"So old Mr. Brown is married at last?" "Yes; a turnip, I heard." "A turnip? No, an English lady."

"Oh, I heard as 'ow she was a Tartar. Flinders—Scientists say that the earth subsides in her orbit. Gray—ogle—I've noticed that myself when I've been going home from the club."

"Johnny—Papa, I want to ask you a question. Papa—Well, what is it, my son? Johnny—If the ruler of Russia is a Czar, is his wife a Czardine?"

"Piano Tuner—Good day, madam; I came to tune your piano. Pianist—But I did not send for you. Piano Tuner—I know; but your next-door neighbor did."

Manchester (in the course of a slight disagreement)—The fool killer is neglecting his duty. Birmingham—I know he is, but I'll let him know where he can find you.