

The Chatham Record.

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Where Love Builds, Where love builds a shelter, Claim thou a part; Where his fire flames, Stay and warm thy heart.

HETTY'S GLOVES.

Gas Varley was going away, like the boy in the fairy tale, to seek his fortune. Before he went he had something to say to Hetty Romer.

Now he had come for the last time, and had bent over Hetty, and softly whispered:

"Come out upon the porch with me, Miss Romer, won't you?"

And Hetty had said:

"Come, Rose," and he had mentally ejaculated, "Confound Rose," and had snatched out as amiably and gallantly as though the arrangement delighted him.

No chance all the evening, not one. At last, as the clock struck ten, Gas grew desperate. He snatched to the mantel, and with his pencil scribbled a few lines on a leaf of his pocket-book, and looking about him, saw Hetty's gloves lying on a table.

He knew them to be Hetty's, for her color was lavender; Rose's always lemon. By and by, no one looking that way, he slipped his bit of paper into the palm of the right-hand glove, and rolled the left over it. At least, she must find that when she put on the gloves.

"Good-by," he said, a few minutes after. "Good-by," said every one. Then Gas was gone. Poor Gas!

"I hope he'll be successful," said old Captain Romer.

"And steady," said Aunt Abigail, "I'm going home," said Rose, after a while. Where are my things? No, don't light a lamp. I've got them—all at hand and gloves. Good-by all!

But Hetty walked to the garden gate with her, and watched her trip down the lane in the moonlight. She stood there listening to the cricket's chirp, and looking at the moon.

"He's so nice," she sighed, "and I wish we may never see him again. I wonder—"

But she did not say what she wondered. At last she went in. A lamp was lit. The big Bible was open.

"We are waiting prayers for you," said old Captain Romer, a little sternly.

The mother tossed her a pair of gloves.

"Either Rose has worn yours or mine," she said. "Those are hers."

"She has mine," said Hetty. "It don't matter."

Then they had prayers and went to bed, but the missing gloves were the last thing on Hetty's mind.

But Rose thought of nothing else. She had taken the gloves unwittingly and had not put them on at all, but in her own room she had discovered her mistake.

"Hetty's—not mine," she thought, and stooped to pick the piece of paper that fluttered from between them from the ground. She saw Gas Varley's name. Then her face flushed, and she read this eagerly and angrily:

"Dear Hetty—Yes, dearer to me than all the world beside, and I can find no chance to tell you so. You are never alone. I am going away and Heaven knows when I shall return or how. I do not seek to bind you by any promise to share such a doubtful future, but if I prosper—if I succeed, you will share life with me? Dear Hetty, can you give me that hope—will you, if you can like me well enough, send me one little line—just your name if nothing more, or 'Yes'—anything but 'No.' Forgive this scrawling. It does not express half that I would say.

"Yours while I live, Augustus Varley."

"And I thought he was in love with me," said Rose, and in rage tore the paper in atoms. "She shall never hear of it, deceitful little wretch!"

The next morning Hetty brought over her gloves. "And have you mine?" she asked.

Rose gave her back the gloves, not

looking at her, and half expected to hear the love-letter asked for next; but Hetty was ignorant of the letter, and had there the matter ended.

Gas, having no answer, took his refusal bitterly and turned his back on the village forever, grew cynical on the subject of women, refused their society and became addicted to cigars and solitude.

Rose, jealous for a while, soon found a new admirer and married him. Hetty alone remained unchanged.

Five years passed—six, nearly seven. Gas became rich. He lived in luxury. The fact that he hated women was his only drawback.

And so, going with her husband to New York, Rose—now Mrs. Muller—saw and heard of him. She was very happy and she knew that Hetty was less than she. She was not really bad—and her heart smote her.

Had she parted two true lovers? Then she assured herself that Gas would have followed up the thing had he really loved Hetty, and that Hetty never cared for Gas. And so went home.

Her first guest was Hetty Romer. Rose never mentioned Gas; but her husband, blantly ignorant of his first out with a full account of his forthwith:

"A fellow who left here without a penny rolling in gold—living like what his name in the Arabian Nights, you know—and as splendid a man as I ever saw. Hates women, though. Has a house full of men servants and a cook from Paris—"

And so rattled on, never hearing Hetty's pale face, though Rose saw it. Soon Hetty, who had come for a visit, escaped to her own room; but Rose followed. She found Hetty in tears, and took her in her arms.

"Tell me all, my dear," she said. And Hetty made confession.

"It is so foolish. I was only 17 then; but—but I loved him, and I never have forgotten him. That is why I never could think of anyone else, Rose. No one knows it, not even mamma. But that talk about him was too much for me. I—I thought he liked me, Rose."

"So he did," said Rose.

"No, else he would have told me so."

Just for one moment Rose thought of telling the truth. But caution overcame impulse.

"Strange things happen in this world," she said. "Who knows? You are both young still. Good-night, love!"

Then she went away—not to sleep, but to write.

"Sir,"—she wrote: "Years ago, you made a proposition of marriage to Hetty Romer. Perhaps you would like to know she never read the note. It was destroyed by one who blushes to own the act. She would have answered yes, had it ever reached her. A word to the wise is sufficient. She lives here still, and is not engaged."

She copied the note in book-hand, addressed it to Augustus Varley, and the next morning she posted it. Three days after, Gas came down to the village and went to see Hetty. What they said, we can only guess by the fact that, at parting, he kissed her. He had spoken just once of the past.

"You remember the night of my departure?"

"Yes," she said.

"Did anyone have your gloves that night?"

"What an odd question!" she said. "My gloves! Yes, Rose Narrowsy wore them home—by mistake, Why?"

"No matter why," he said, "Perhaps I'll tell you some time, and then he kissed her again; his next call was on Rose.

She was alone—all but the baby, and that counted for nothing. He came straight to the point.

"You wrote to me," he said.

"It" she cried. "Dear me."

"You wore Hetty's gloves that night."

"Have you told her?" she said.

"No, not yet."

She put her hand on his arm.

"I've done you a good turn," she said, "and I don't do me a bad one. I'm fond of Hetty. I don't want to quarrel with her, and it was no mean."

"Tell me why you did it," he asked.

Just a moment she looked into his eyes, then burst into a laugh.

"I needn't mind now, with my good, handsome husband, and these children. I was jealous, Gas, and thought the letter ought to have been addressed to me. Come, you'll not make mischief between Hetty and me."

"Never."

And he kept his promise, and, until this day, Mrs. Augustus Varley does not guess why her husband was so serious about her old gloves.—New York News.

Capture of a Freak Fish.

The queer freak of the sea captured by Italian fishermen near Goat Island Oakland, Cal., which has been on exhibition, has been purchased by the Academy of Sciences and shipped to San Francisco.

J. H. W. Riley, a stenographer in the Superior Court, who is an ichthyological expert, made an inspection of the fish recently, then he consulted his books and announced that it was a fox-shark—a creature very rare on the coast.

"I have made a close examination," said Mr. Riley, "and I am certain that the fish is of that class known as fox-shark or thresher. I will give you the correct designation of it from my authority: Fox shark, or thresher, also called single-tail, sea fox, sea ape. It ranges from Cape Cod to Florida. Mitchell describes it as a long-tailed shark, its specimen being thirteen feet in length. De Kay describes it as the thresher shark, and says: 'The species has been noticed on our coast from Nova Scotia to New York. Storer records it as the same and puts the length at from 12 to 15 feet. We have heard of one being caught at Nantux which measured 20 feet. It is frequently caught in seines in Massachusetts Bay. The tail of this species is fully one-half of the total length.'"

"I have no doubt," continued Mr. Riley, "that it is a fox shark. It is certainly a curiosity on this coast, and I have never heard of another being captured. I am glad that the Academy of Sciences has secured it, for the reason that it will be a valuable curiosity. This one is not quite as large as those described, for it measures only eleven feet. But then that is a pretty catch for a fisherman in the Bay of San Francisco. These fox sharks are good fighters with their tails, which is their only means of defence. They go into a school of small fish and switch their tails with great rapidity and force, killing and stunning many of their victims, and in this manner they secure their food."

—Portland Oregonian.

Crowning Moment of a Ship's Career.

A successful launch of a large vessel has been called the crowning moment of a ship builder's career. Some one has said also that a launch is the most delicate part of the ship builder's work. It is very difficult to say what is the most delicate part of ship building, for the simple reason that there doesn't seem to be any part of it that isn't delicate. No more complex machinery is made than the wonderful marine engine; no more carefully designed structure exists than the sail of a modern steamship. A launch is as much a matter of mathematics as any part of the work of building a ship, and perhaps it is because launches are always inspiring that they have been called the crowning occasions of ship building.

It is only since the United States began to build a new navy that we have had launches of large vessels in this country. We have built so many fine warships that it was not unusually difficult for us to build merchant vessels of the first grade, and we have just finished two ships next in size to the two largest ships that are afloat in the world.

Building these ships was a great achievement, however, and hence the ceremony of putting them into the water from dry land attracted great attention throughout the country, and was attended in each case by thousands of spectators.

They saw the picturesque side of each of these events. They saw the foam as the christening bottle of wine was broken upon the bow. They heard the cheers and shouts and helped to make them. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs as the ship began to glide down into the water, and each man almost held his breath until he saw her safe in the stream acknowledging the plaudits of the multitude by making a graceful bow.

Bicycle Put to Novel Use.

Bicycles have been put to a novel use by Mr. E. A. Sirene, the entomologist of the Jamaica, Long Island Agricultural Station. Mr. Sirene fixes a bicycle with a square reservoir of concentrated insecticide strapped to his handle bar and a knapsack spraying machine on his shoulders. He visits all parts of the island, giving out lessons to the agriculturists and horticulturists and imparting personal instruction to them in the preparation and use of the remedies which he finds to be efficient.—Scientific American.

Shunk raising for the far is a novel business carried on or projected in Milford, Wis.; Bilsca, N. Y., and Harrisonville, Ohio.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

VERY AWFUL.

There is a little maiden Who has an awful time, She has to hurry awfully To get to school at nine.

Her tasks are awful hard; Her playmates all are awful rough When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty, Who often shows his claws, A dog who jumps upon her dress, With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister With an awful little nose, With a full, cunning dimple, And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers, And they are awful boys, With their awful drums and trumpets, That make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense Come and this maid defend, Or else I fear her awful life Will have an awful end.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHANGHAI.

At least the boy readers of the Junior no doubt know something about Shanghai chickens, and what long legs they have. They are both so and their legs continue to grow into regular drumsticks of the longest dimensions.

It is said that although very good layers, they are very fond of devouring their own eggs. A farmer who has tried them and found them wanting gives the following account of their peculiarities. Their true name, he says, is "Shank-high," and he pronounces them to be rightly named.

"They have no body at all, and when the head is cut off the legs come apart. I don't see how they can set on their legs—my jack knife can stand as well as they can."

"They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens do; not a bit of it. When they attempt to sit on their chickens, they fall off backwards."

"They sit when they eat. I know, for I've seen 'em do it. And I've seen 'em try to eat standing, but they couldn't fetch it, for when they peck at a grain of corn on the ground, their head bows right between their legs and makes them turn a complete somersault."

"I'd as soon set a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard as these shank-highs."

"They crow, too, a long time before day, when it isn't day. Probably because their legs are so long that they can see daylight long before a common chicken can."—Atlanta Constitution.

LEOPARDS AS PETS.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his recent book, gives some excellent advice to those adventurous people who endeavor to make pets of wild beasts, especially of such animals as tigers and leopards.

Although the cubs of leopards are charming playthings and exhibit much intelligence and apparent affection, it is a great mistake, he says, to adopt such companions, for their hereditary instincts are certain to become developed in full grown life and lead to disaster.

The common domestic cat is sometimes uncertain with its claws, and most people must have observed that the seats and backs of leather chairs are well marked by the sharp talons, which cannot refrain from exercising their power upon anything which tempts their operation.

I remember a leopard that was considered tame. The beast broke its chain, but instead of enjoying its liberty in a peaceful manner, it at once fastened upon the neck of a much-prized cow, and would have killed the animal had it not been itself beaten to death with clubs.

All such creatures are untrustworthy, and they should be avoided as pets. The only class of leopards that should become the companion of man is the most interesting of the species, the hunting leopard (Felis palustris). I have never met a person that had shot one of these animals in a wild state, and such an animal is rarely met with in the jungle.

The hunting leopard is totally different in shape from all other leopards. Instead of being low and long with short but massive legs it stands extremely high, the neck is long, the head small, the eyes large and piercing, the legs long and the body light.

It is generally admitted that the hunting leopard is the fastest animal in the world, as it can overtake upon open ground the well-known black buck, which surpasses in speed the fastest English greyhound.

The number of clothes pins made in this country exceeds 500,000,000 a year.

A SNAKE FARM.

Queer Occupation in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri.

Accumulating a Fortune By Raising Rattlesnakes.

Probably the oddest occupation ever followed by man is that of an old Tennesseean who now lives three miles north of Gainesville, Mo., in the Ozark Mountains. He is George Jaynes, who is generally known as "Snaky George."

He came to Missouri from the mountains of Tennessee a few years ago and followed the occupation of hunting for a living. He never accumulated much, but managed to eke out a scanty living by the sale of game and pelts.

Jaynes brought with him a knowledge of the art of making snake oil, and sold several pints during each season to the druggists of Gainesville and neighboring villages. His excellent quality always secured him a good price.

The rocks of the Ozark mountains abound with rattlers, and Jaynes soon realized that he had a bonanza. After casting about for a time he found a rocky piece of ground which was utterly worthless for agricultural purposes. He filed a homestead claim on the land, and began improvements in a singular manner. Instead of clearing off the rocks he tried to get more there, and soon had a veritable snake retreat.

The little hillside was honeycombed with holes, and everything that a snake could desire to make home lumpy was added to the place. While he entered 160 acres he utilized only forty.

He built a hut of stone and cement, while he was fitting up a splendid home for the snakes, he did not care that they should find any retreat in his own dwelling. Then he set about getting inhabitants for his peculiar farm. In this he experienced little trouble, as the hills abounded with the reptiles, and he knew how to catch and handle them without danger. His daily excursions were taken with a view to bringing home a new resident for his farm, and his live stock increased with wonderful rapidity. Six years ago he completed the work of stocking his place. Now he is reaping the benefit of his labors.

Rattlesnakes of all sizes and conditions are to be seen in profusion, crawling about the rocks, squirming and twisting in heaps, while their deadly whir makes a noise that strikes terror to the heart of the novice. Above all, it is that terribly menacing odor which fills the atmosphere, and drives away any one unaccustomed to it.

"Snaky George" now estimates that there are 19,000 rattlers on the place, and he kills an average of 2,000 each season. He kills them only during September and October, for at that time they are fat and full of oil. They are then prepared to go into winter quarters and are in prime condition.

His method of catching them is simple. He has led them in a certain cleared spot ever since they have been his tenants, and a great many of them come there regularly. When he wants to begin work he stands on an elevated rock, near the place, and with a slip noose of wire, catches as many as he can use, and kills them.

He takes the bodies to his hat, throws them into a big kettle and "trips" out the oil. This he packs in heavy bottles and ships to wholesale druggists over the country, it being used in the preparation of various liniments.

One good-sized rattler will make a pint of oil, which brings \$1.50 a pint, netting Jaynes an dollar clear, over all expenses. He is accumulating a snug little fortune.

Some Wonderfully Small Poodles.

During the past two months the Milne Bros. of Monmouth, Ill., have been sending out pictures and accounts of the "smallest colt in the world," a diminutive specimen of the equine species foaled at their pony farm in July, 1894. This is being done because of an item which appeared in the St. Louis Republic, during the summer, and which claimed that an Indiana Shetland colt belonging to Henry R. Smith of Hartford City, was the "smallest colt ever foaled on American soil."

The equine dwarf of the Hoosier State was 21 inches high, and weighed 27 1/2 pounds on the day of its birth.

Milne's "vest yocket colt" colt, according to the accounts which were given at the time, was but 20 inches high at birth, and weighed but 20 pounds—this miniature in horse flesh was named Tom Thumb. It is

mother in Kila, one of Milne's pets. She is so small that an average sized man can stand astride her and place both feet squarely upon the ground, without touching her back.

In this connection it might be well to mention a few other dwarfs of the horse family, comments the Republic: George Washington, a pony colt foaled at the Empire City (Wis.) Shetland farm on February 21, 1895, weighed but 35 pounds and stood 29 inches high.

What is said to be the smallest full-grown Shetland in America is the property of Robert Lillburn of Emerald Grove, Wis. I have no figures on his height or age, but the World's Fair record shows that he only weighs 100. In light of the above we cannot consider the items which have been going the rounds of the press regarding the diminutive ponies belonging to the Shah of Persia and the Baroness Barlett-Coutt as being other than rank fakes. One of them declares that the Shah's pony is but 12 1/2 inches in height; the other that the Baroness' pet is but 14 inches high and that it weighs but 17 pounds.

The natives of North Africa are a notoriously dirty lot, which is surprising in the light of a recent discovery that soap literally grows on the trees there. If a man wants to shave all he has to do is to go into his garden, pluck a berry from the nearest tree and rub it on his beard. A good lather is quickly produced. All this natural soap goes to waste.

The trees which bear this curious product are of the sapindus, or soap-berry order. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about 48 per cent of saponin. A full grown tree will yield from 100 to 200 pounds of berries, and if the entire product of North Africa should be put to its legitimate use, sufficient saponin could be manufactured to make every house as clean and shining as a new copper kettle. The existence of these trees has recently been made public by a scientist from Algeria. If this natural soap is as excellent as it is said to be, however, there will undoubtedly be several fortunes made by the pioneers in the new industry. —New York World.

History of a Famous Poem.

The story that General William H. Lytle wrote his well-known poem, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," the night before the battle of Chickamauga, at which he was killed, has been revived again, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The version now going the rounds relates that the General on the eve of the battle told his favorite that he had a premonition of death, and, therefore, "to flush the poem by the dull light of a ten lantern," the manuscript falling into the hands of the enemy the next day. This is all more invention. The memoir of the General, prepared under the eye of his surviving sister, who has the original manuscript of the poem, states that it was written at the old Lytle homestead in Cincinnati in the summer of 1858, and was first published in a daily paper of that city July 29, 1858.

General Lytle was a brilliant man and a soldier was his life in every battle in which he was engaged and the Arkansas Club would be wise to choose a less conspicuous mark for its dime novel fabrications.

A Singular Death Certificate.

Dr. N. K. Whittemore, of Elk River, Minn., recently filed the following singular affidavit of a death for the use of a court: "This is to certify that Sarah Langen, supposed to be single, died on February 8, 1895. I have no memorandum stating just the cause of death, and I have had never to think about in caring for the living than thinking about the dead. However, I am quite certain that she is dead and have certified to that fact at least once before. She was a patient of mine, and that ought to at least give me at least give me authority to know whereof I speak, and possibly that ought to be sufficient guarantee that she is dead."

Stamps Canceled in Sheets.

At the Post Office one day last week 700,000 one-cent stamps, in payment of postage on advertising matter sent out by a Boston publishing house, were canceled in the printing department. This is the largest number of stamps ever canceled on one order. A plate was prepared which canceled the stamps a sheet (100 stamps) at a time, and the sheets were run through the large press until the \$7,000 worth was canceled. Two men, one feeding the press and one taking, did in a day the work which it was estimated would take seven or eight days to do by hand.—Boston Journal.

The Woodland Path.

Through the clover red and sweet, Strangling by a field of wheat, Down across the pasture's sod Where the dandelions dot With their golden gleaming dots; Through the clear brook's lush apartment, And the bushes by the ditch Where we cut our hazel switch; Walking through the orchard trees, Where the droopingumble trees Sway by on lark wings;

Under drooping elm where swains Annually, the long bird's nest, Wherein, graced with her breast, We once rook with every sigh Of the blossoms that pass by.

Now along the tenacious' brink, Where the cattle splash and drink; Through rank bunches of blue-flax, Where the children gather, far, When from school they homeward turn, Walking deep through mud and fern— Then a starry way to take On through waterfalls, slough and brake; Over fallen rocks it leads, Through fern and heaving reeds;

Through fern, darker shade, Through dell and flower-sown glade; Under a bow with the rain, Through the fern that where the quail Pips his way of "rust, rust, rust" On it goes, and so it goes Down the fern and bog and gey; Up the lane, now soft, we know What dear spot the ending path Of this old time woodland path.

—Mrs. Phyllis Tetlow.

HUMOROUS.

Judge—Did the prisoner offer any resistance? Officer—Only five dollars, yer Honor.

The angry man who takes his words back is very apt to use them again on occasion offers.

Friend—Has your son learned much since he went to college? Father—No, but I have.

Conductor in a crowded street car—Room in the rear of the car for old lady or two gentlemen.

He (at eleven P. M.)—"Well, misery loves company, you know." She (repressing a yawn)—"Not at this hour, I think."

"Say, mamma, it's awful hard work fishin' ain't it?" "No, dear," "Then why does papa always have to stay in bed the next day, and rest?"

Peddler—Suspenders, mister? Sellin' 'em cheap. Lady (in modern attire) Sir, I'm a lady. Peddler—Beg pardon! Suspenders, ma'am?

"I have fifteen dollars I'd like to sell you." "I don't buy stolen goods, sir." "Why, they weren't stolen, my dear sir. I was married yesterday."

The postman bemoans: "Your brains are in a whirl, they are only pulling wires. To grace the winter girl."

A Lost Horse—First Lawyer—Both the law and the facts are clearly against me. Second Lawyer—Yes. We'll have to use great care in selecting the jury.

"Oh, boy, I'd give you a dollar to catch my enemy." "He's just caught my man." "Where—where is the precious pet?" "Black out up the road, got 'im."

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bosse?" "Yes, but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose, he had't the rocks to marry."

"Some very big pumpkins are reported in the rural districts," remarked Hildart. "I have noticed the reports," replied Hildart. "Some are larger than halibuts."

Homeopathic. Mowler—Especially phisicifer says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it? Cyrenus—Certainly—if you run away with the girl.

First Tankard—Did yer fell her yer wiser cousin widow mudder an' fadder? Donald Dawson: Yes. "Widder she give yer?" "She give me a bunch of flowers to put on their graves."

Henry—Yes, Carrie; I love you with all my heart. Carrie—It seems strange Henry, that you should think so much of me. Henry—I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes, you know.

An Intelligent Witness. A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?" "No, sir, I do not."

"Why, sir, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not."