

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 8.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The End. When I forget old faults behind, And search the years with forward mind...

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

The fact that I was Arthur Rutledge Darlington, a rising young attorney and the son of Judge Darlington...

Nor was I to blame for this feeling of largeness, for when a body is anybody in a small town he is somebody.

We had a pleasant society in our town, rather mixed, as it always is in small towns, but still quite attractive...

To put the matter plainly, I was in love with Deborah, and couldn't have helped being so if she had belonged to the commonest family in the town.

All things considered, a woman's heart is one of the most remarkable contrivances on earth.

"Here comes the explanation of the entire affair, Miss Gale," I said, with extreme formality, "and I shall leave you with it and never trouble you again."

Mr. Smith's approach prevented further conversation on that line, and as I rose to go, he came up the steps and insisted upon my remaining.

It was all I could do, though to keep from knocking Smith's head clean off his shoulders and leave his headless trunk as an ornament on Miss Gale's piazza.

But I was not to be utterly deprived of my revenge and, as I left Smith and Miss Gale laughing and talking on the field of my defeat...

It was a beautiful night and if there was any blood on the moon I couldn't see it, but I felt that it must be there.

"Hello, Arthur," he exclaimed in startled surprise, "what are you doing here?"

"What do you want to lick me for?" he said, in a sepulchral voice that scared me.

"The only being on earth that I cared for."

"Goo Goo" is what the good government clubs are called in New York city.

Gold-Bottomed Lake. Returning miners and prospectors from Alaska, tell differing stories of their hunt for gold.

Hans Christian Pande, an old sea captain and a former resident of Tacoma, is the man who believes he has found a treasure.

Assays of sand from the shores of the lake, made by J. A. Becker, an assayer at Sitka, show that it will produce the almost unbelievable results...

Mr. Pande's golden Mecca is reached only by the greatest hardship and danger, and he and two companions, he claims are the only persons who have ever come back alive from the little lake.

A Fair Explanation. There are some men who are never at a loss to give an explanation of anything they are asked about...

New Bread Healthful. New bread and the morning hot roll have been condemned as injurious and difficult of digestion.

The ostrich at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia stood in the long yard adjoining its cage in the deer house, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The low prices of horses may suggest to the horse breeder that sheep may be a good thing to invest in.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HER FIRST SEA VIEW. She walked across the glistening sands, Beneath the morning skies...

BIRTHDAY RHYMES. Superstitions people! Why all of us are superstitious. Anyhow, a birthday rhyme is always excellent.

THE ENCHANTED PUMPKIN. When your little brother or sister has a birthday party and you want a novelty as a centerpiece for the tea table...

PUSS AND THE OSTRICH. The ostrich at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia stood in the long yard adjoining its cage in the deer house...

When the ostrich was asked about the matter, he said: "I'm a substitute for the man with his barrel."

When this is done the skins are hung up to dry, after which they are put in the "blower."

The cleaner is a log wooden drum with pegs on the inside, where the furs are hung. The latter are well sprinkled with anodyne sawdust; then the

"TREADING FUR."

Queer Treatment That Skins of Animals Undergo.

Dried and Buttered and Cleaned in Revolving Cases.

Few women who wear furs have any idea of the process which is gone through to bring the coats of wild beasts into shape fit for their backs.

When I started to visit a fur cleaning establishment I was prepared to see rooms full of dried skins and unpleasant odors, writes a contributor to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All were turned wrong side out, and piled one upon the other, with little or no fur visible.

When the fat is removed these skins are hung up to dry. This makes them very hard and stiff, but the butter treatment soon softens them.

The finer furs, when dried and buttered, are put into the barrels. Each barrel will hold about fifty mink skins or fourteen beaver skins.

When this is done the skins are hung up to dry, after which they are put in the "blower."

drum is closed, and revolved by machinery until the fur is thoroughly cleaned. It is then taken out, shaken, and sent to the rape manufactory...

Hindoo Fakirs.

Herr Kuhn not long ago presented a communication on this subject to the Anthropological Society of Munich.

When the fakir has by these means got himself into the proper condition he has only to lie down in one of the positions enjoined by the sacred books and fix his eyes on the end of his nose...

Professor Bunge, in the course of a paper on iron as a medicine, read before the German Congress of Internal Medicine, has been ventilating some ideas which are as much matter of general science...

Iron in Food.

Gen. Miles told a story to a few friends the other day on a Scotchman by whom he had been entertained on the Pacific Coast.

Gen. Miles was very fine," answered the Scotch American, "and Egypt is very old. But I don't think much of the land in Asia."

Few Olives There.

Gen. Miles told a story to a few friends the other day on a Scotchman by whom he had been entertained on the Pacific Coast.

The Army in 1890.

The trim young female orderly approached the captainess and saluted. The officer returned the salute.

Good Night. A wink from Heper falling, Fast in the sunny sky...

Across the miles between us, I send you sigh for sigh.

HUMOROUS.

Prisoner—What, that man going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!

James—Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar? Wallace—She's a graduate of Vassar.

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Very well. Have it sent,"—Judge.