

The Chatham Record.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes '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. LAMPTER.

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...

I was quite sure I had the pick of the town in the matter of its roseland garden of girls, and upon mature deliberation I selected, as that one most befitting my station and future...

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.

"Deborah," I said one beautiful moonlight night in June, "will you be my wife?"

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.

I looked at Smith as a cat might look at an unsuspecting mouse, and fairly gloated over him. I had gloated fully a minute when I stepped out and confronted him.

"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."

"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?" Joe, taking the mean, gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head and said: "I can't make nothing out of it."

"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.

There are some men who are never at a loss to give an explanation of anything they are asked about, and often they do not go so far wrong even when they have no actual knowledge in the matter.

On giving the menu to the butler, he thoughtfully stroked his chin, and said "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere."

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

Finally the kitten got scared. It ran out on the ostrich's neck to get out of the way.

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.

Then part in glee, and part in doubt, And wholly in surprise.

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

Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace.

When your little brother or sister has a birthday party and you want a novelty as a centerpiece for the tea table try the "enchanted pumpkin".

It ought to be a prize pumpkin and a big one. Scoop out all the inside. That will do well enough to make pies out of for grown up people on days that are not birthdays.

To each package tie a bright ribbon, letting the loose ends fall out over the sides of the pumpkin.

When the feast is over set the children to guessing how many seeds are in the pumpkin.

Of course each little guest secures a pretty gift.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE OSTRICH AND THE OSTRICH. 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.

After all the skins have become thoroughly soaked with the butter the coarser ones are put into a "tanning mill," which is a substitute for the man with his barrel.

"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.

Along each side of the apartment was a row of barrels, ten in each row and in every barrel stood a man.

All were busy with aprons, which were draped carefully over the barrels so that it was not possible to see how the men were fastened in—though from their apparent efforts to get out it seemed certain that there must be something to prevent them.

"Will you please tell me what is the matter with those men?" "They are treading fur," he replied.

"What else have they in the barrels besides fur?" "Butter, salt and sawdust," he said.

"We use nothing but good butter, and for the finest fur we use the very best that we can buy. Our two heaviest expenses are butter and sawdust."

The finer furs, when dried and buttered, are put into the barrels. Each barrel will hold about fifty mink skins or fourteen beaver skins—according to the size of the skin—besides a man and several quarts of sawdust.

drum is closed, and revolved by machinery until the fur is thoroughly cleaned. It is then taken out, shaken, and sent to the cape manufactory, where the fur dresser's work is done.

Drum 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 to fall into a state of trance.

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 (and therefore extremely important) as they are details connected with the physician's domain.

Iron in Food. 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 (and therefore extremely important) as they are details connected with the physician's domain.

Cow's milk is poor in iron, but, as balancing this deficiency in the food of the young mammal, it is found that the blood of the youthful quadruped contains much more iron than that of the adult.

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.

In fact, the country is noted for its extraordinary production of olives. After he had acquired a good fortune he determined to visit Scotland.

The Scotch friend has been very successful on a ranch in California, where he has raised many fruits, but the pride of his life is his olive crop.

Every woman, whether she knows it or not, has a color or colors that are hers by right of suitability, and, however much her eye may be captivated by other tints, she should not be led astray by her fancy.

Good Night. A wink from Heper falling Fast in the sunny sky Comes through the open blue, Hear, like a word from you, Is it good-bye?

Across the miles between us I send you sigh for sigh, Good night, sweet friend, good night! Till life and all take flight, Is it good-bye?

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

Wallace—How did you feel the first time you got into the barber's chair for a shave? Ferry—To tell the truth about it, I felt like a bare faced fraud.

Bacon—Does that young man who is paying attention to your daughter leave at a reasonable hour at night? Eghert—Yes; I have no reason to kick.

James—Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar? Wallace—She is. "It thought she was. I heard her ask if the muzzle of a gun was to prevent it going off."

Brown—They say twins are always alike in disposition—is the same thing at the same time. How is it, Jones? Jones (who has a pair)—I wish they'd sleep at the same time.

Show—I think you would better tell father that we are engaged dearest. He—Why? She—His nose runs out on the first of the month, and he wants to know whether to take a larger house or not.

He—Do you think you love me well enough to be my wife? She—Yes, George. He—Well, I only asked it to ascertain how you felt on the subject, so in case I ever should want to marry, I would know where to come.

Rough on the Sentry. One of the most amusing stories of the day treats of a mistaken punishment. At a certain army post there was a sentry on duty near the hospital.

Personal Color Selection. Every woman, whether she knows it or not, has a color or colors that are hers by right of suitability, and, however much her eye may be captivated by other tints, she should not be led astray by her fancy.