

The Chatham Record.

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Little Kisses. Little Kisses at the gate Meets me in the twilight late; Where the rarest roses bloom...

Saved By a Phonograph.

Edwin Walters, geologist, botanist, and explorer—at present engaged in the discovery of the resources of the Ozark region for the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, is a storehouse of information about the Southwest, Mexico, and Central America.

He tells a story of how he escaped interference, if nothing worse, from a band of Jicarilla Apaches in the Tros Valley, in New Mexico, about two years ago.

When they came to the Taos range which arose out of the Moreno Valley and which lies north of Santa Fe about 100 miles and is north and east of the Rio Grande River, he determined to go over the range on foot into the Taos Valley.

In the Taos Valley are three settlements. Fernando de Taos, a town of about 2,500 Mexicans and Americans; the Rancharo de Taos, where a German with a Mexican wife has a ranch and flouring mill; and the Pueblo de Taos, a settlement of Pueblo Indians.

Mr. Walters arrived at Pueblo de Taos, became the guest of San Juan, the young chief, a fine young fellow of 28 years, whose wife was a beautiful girl of 18 years.

By means of a round piece of wood, covered with beeswax, for a cylinder, and a card with a keel-hole through it for a diaphragm, he explained in a measure to San Juan the purpose of the phonograph.

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them is sacred, being sun worshippers, and they are equally suspicious of all the inventions of the white man.

The Pueblo Indians are direct descendants of the Toltecs, but have lost the arts which distinguished their ancestors, and are now devoted mainly to agriculture.

Mr. Walters was anxious to secure a cylinder for the phonograph recording the speech of San Juan. The Pueblo consented to talk into the mysterious machine, but when before the receiver he was unable to speak.

Up the valley they went, now over grassy mesas and again through canyons so narrow and deep that they could see the stars at noonday through the narrow rift above them.

They were unpacking their camp equipage and preparing to turn their horses loose, when they saw emerge from the canyon a band of about forty Jicarilla Apaches.

"Make medicine first, then," said Walters, a cheerful way of telling him to pray. "And then let's bluff it out."

"El hombre grande!" This was passed up the line and the great man turned and rode slowly back, accompanied by two of his sub-chiefs, while the other Indians dismounted and grouped themselves at a distance.

"Listen and you will hear the Great Spirit talk to you out of the medicine box." At the same time he slipped a pair of the tubes into his own ears and watched the Indian's face.

upon him, he dropped the tubes, jumped into the air with a howl and took himself to a safe distance.

The photograph took the tube out and slipped another one in, meanwhile keeping his body between the Indians and the chief.

The Indians stalked off to their ponies, mounted them from the left side, and rode off in a dignified manner.

A Dog Brought the Pardon. It was a dog that brought liberty to a convict in the Kentucky penitentiary recently.

It was part of Gardin's duty to look after the animal, and they came to be fast friends. When the prison doors were opened in the morning the collar was there to meet his convict friend and accompany him to the mansion.

Gardin was in the yard patiently awaiting the arrival of the Governor's messenger, never dreaming that the dog had been selected.

The Heart of Gotham. The real heart of Gotham, the brains and genius of the metropolis, are to be found in a very small section of this big city.

The younger braces love to fish as well as to hunt. This is especially true among the Chip-was, who live in a country which abounds in fish.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DOG WITH A FUTURE. Such a curious little, foolish little, clumsy little thing!

He shall learn to fetch and carry and to play that he is dead. To beg upon his hind legs and stand upon his head!

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THIS DUTCH STATE were laid under great difficulties. In 1837, when the first trekkers crossed the Vaal, and settled in the part of the territory where now stands the town of Potchefstroom.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN BOER AND BRITON. The Transvaal, or South African Republic, as it is officially designated, including the recently annexed territory known as the "New Republic," a fragment of the old Kingdom of Zululand, had in 1888 a total superficial of about 116,000 square miles.

THE TRANSVAAL. 41 members elected for four years, one half retiring every two years. AP signatories to a petition for annexation of Transvaal are excluded from the right of suffrage and from all public office.

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THE TRANSVAAL.

Points of Interest About the South African Republic.

The Irrepressible Conflict Between Boer and Briton.

The Transvaal, or South African Republic, as it is officially designated, including the recently annexed territory known as the "New Republic," a fragment of the old Kingdom of Zululand, had in 1888 a total superficial of about 116,000 square miles.

The white population, formerly almost lost amid the surrounding aboriginals, already constituted a respectable minority. Along more than half of its periphery the Transvaal enjoys the advantage of natural geographical frontiers.

The foundations of this Dutch State were laid under great difficulties. In 1837, when the first trekkers crossed the Vaal, and settled in the part of the territory where now stands the town of Potchefstroom.

The Boers are less polished in the Transvaal than the Orange Free State. Their English visitors often describe them as Barbarians. Of all South Africa lands the Transvaal is most abundantly supplied with all kinds of natural wealth.

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A Birth-day.

I feel no more the snow of years; My mounts, and pulses bound; My eyes are filled with happy tears, My ears with happy sound.

My childhood keeps the dew of morn, And what I have I give; Being right glad that I was born, And thankful that I live.

—Alfred Austin.

HUMOROUS.

Why didn't the person who suffered untold agony tell somebody?

Miss Elderly—She said she heard I was engaged. Lena—How nice of her.

Ho—Do you think my picture looks like me? She (sympathetically)—Yes, I am sorry to say, it does.

The good housewife will form no opinion of her new neighbor until after they have their washing out.

"Dignity, my son, is a very proper sort of thing; but don't put on too much of it or you may be taken for a fool-stone."

Misses—You have a soldier in the kitchen. What is he doing there? Humankind—Learning cooking, please, mum.

Interested Stranger—What is the trouble with the baby sister? Papa—Blood I know, except that it doesn't seem to be his lungs.

"Hi! hi! help!" yelled the man, "As there is no doctor within hailing distance," and the highwayman, "I think I can relieve you."

Father—This is an awful big bill for Turkish baths. Why do you go there so often? Daughter—Where else can a girl go who has nothing to wear.

Eggs to Emergencies—Country Editor—What's the matter now? Prossman—We're out of ink. "Well, rub the rollers with the office towel."

Mrs. Crumson—I hope I don't see you drunk again today? Mr. Crumson—He—I hope you don't suspect me of leading—his—a double life.

Madzeck—Digges is one of the most thorough reformers I know. Zounds—You're right; he would cut off a man's head to cure the tooth-ache.

Lawyer—What occupation did your husband follow? Witness—He was a skipper. Lawyer—Of a schooner? Witness—No; of a bank; he shipped to Canada.

Alleged, Woe—"Dreadful about that burglar taking your diamond seal ring, wasn't it?" "Well it might have been worse. He took my necktie too, the one my wife gave me."

Biggs—I see Jiggs has been married. Suppose congratulations are in order? Mims—Well, I don't know his legal, so I can't congratulate him; and I don't know him, so I can't congratulate her.

Mrs. Henry Peck (whose mother has been visiting them for over four months)—I don't know what to buy mother for a birthday present. Do you? Mr. Henry Peck—Yes! Buy her a traveling bag.

He—I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to go to your kids, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine. She—And was there no bridge or no boat?

Backboards of Northern Maine.

The backboards of northern Maine are strange-looking vehicles, and resemble closely the accepted pictures of Noah's ark.

They are altogether unlike the backboards of the Adirondacks. The body is made of long, narrow boards, and upon this is stretched a round top, very much like the old-fashioned Salschauer.

Usually there is a decoration of faded streaks of blue paint which adds to its quaintness and ancient appearance. The cover is usually of canvas or rubber, from which most of the color has faded.

These backboards do not look strong or steady, but they are used on the roughest roads, and traverse ditch, ruts, and stumps with impunity. They are very comfortable and easy to ride in, and it is remarkable how much can be packed away in them.

Probably no other vehicle could stand an equal strain or give equal comfort on some of the wood trails on which they are used.—New York Ledger.

Fill the Bill Exactly.

"I've got Smedley's new gun."

"Why don't you know you couldn't hit anything with it? It's a beauty, but it won't shoot straight."

"Oh! That's why I got it. Follows always gone because I couldn't shoot, and now I've got an excuse for missing."—Chicago Record.