

The Chatham Record.

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AT LOW PRICES COMMERCIAL

CHAPTER I. "Prince Charlie" dined. The sun shone on the face of his father, the Earl of Eresdoun...

CHAPTER II. The sun shone upon her braver, brighter, happier mien than Col. Charles Lennox. He was one of the handsomest officers in her majesty's army...

CHAPTER III. BEATRIX LENOX, child as she was at that time, remembered the untold horror of the day on which her father was brought home dead...

CHAPTER IV. It was a brilliant morning. A rich amber light lay on the lake, a soft golden haze had overspread the hills...

CHAPTER V. A newspaper in the library was a record of a fortune of great worth. Lady Lennox never purchased one; but, if by accident one came wrapper round a parcel, every word of it was read...

CHAPTER VI. Lady Lennox was the first to break the silence that fell upon the little group. She raised her forehead face to his...

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She turned her face to where the long line of distant snow lay within the sun. Then the sound of a bell tinkling across the lake aroused her. She sprang up with a smile from the hearth.

"The bell rang again. Beatrix scolded herself across the lake, secured the boat, and hastened quickly through the dark hill-groves to the pier...

"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix. It is not dinner time yet, but I rang the bell. The whole house seems to grow so dark while you are away."

"I never wish to leave here," was the reply. "It seems to me, mamma, that I have found the true philosopher's stone. I am content."

"This will be a queer place for her to grow up in," his lady thought. She had the right of a human face here from one year to another. Perhaps it will be only for a time that you will stay here."

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CHAPTER VI. Lady Lennox was the first to break the silence that fell upon the little group. She raised her forehead face to his. "Are you quite sure," she said, "that there is no mistake? My husband always told me his father Peter was dead."

"The fire in those dark eyes of hers will light a flame that even she will not be able to extinguish. The only thing we shall have to do will be to exercise care, for it strikes me that when she does love there will be no half-heartedness about it."

"Time proved that he was right. (To be continued.)" Growing Melons. Watermelons and muskmelons need similar treatment as regards manuring and cultivation...

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"I believe it, mamma," said the clear voice of Beatrix. "I can trace the Lennox features in the gentleman's face."

"Thank you," returned Peter Lennox. "Still the first excitement I have ever received since the death of my personal beauty. Still the Lennox features are good."

"I am a true friend," said her brother-in-law, "but we will talk of that after ward. Do you know that thousands of miles away from here Scotland I read of my brother's marriage to Alice Graeme, and that I have been longing to see you ever since? I have been a hard, stern, cold man all my life. I have devoted myself to one thing, and have cared for nothing else. Years ago I learned that money was power in the new world, where I am better known than here, they call me Peter Lennox, the millionaire."

"You success is the very wine of life. I don't think I cared for nothing else before my day. I had something, but I have been pulling at my hair since I was a child. Three years ago I met in New York some one who had known my brother Charlie. He gave me all his history, and told me how he had been courted by the noblest of the land, Prince Charlie, who he called him. I heard the story of his ruin, of his sudden death, of the loss of the old house, Eresdoun, and a new ambition entered my heart. I said that I would go back home, that I would seek out 'Prince Charlie's' wife and child, that I would purchase Eresdoun, and restore the glories of the house of Lennox."

"I have taken the liberty of following this good woman, who seems to have a most lost her senses," said the same deep bass voice; and looking up, Lady Lennox saw a tall, slight, elderly man with iron-gray whiskers and iron-gray hair, a determined-looking man, yet with something in his face that made her heart beat wildly. She knew not why.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Golden Mean - What He Wanted. The Golden Mean - What He Wanted. Customer - I want to get a ton of coal. Dealer - What size? Customer - The legal 2240-pound size, if you please. - Philadelphia Press.

What He Wanted, Probably Didn't Get. Customer - I want to get a ton of coal. Dealer - What size? Customer - The legal 2240-pound size, if you please. - Philadelphia Press.

All Over Him. "Why, Madge, where are all the tassels on your new chignon?" "Oh, I stepped on some of them, and other people stepped on some." - Detroit Free Press.

Opportunity. "Somebody has invented a ring which will cure rheumatism." "Well, Edmund, if I had another diamond ring I think it would make my rheumatism feel better." - Chicago Record.

The Author's Ambition. "London - I suppose Bilson's ambition is to write the great American novel." "Tollum - Oh, no; he is trying to get the great American dollar." - Baltimore American.

Bad Workings of a Good Scheme. "My man, tell me how you came to be a tramp." "Oh, bless you, they got me in five one of those don't-worry clubs; an' I got 'em I didn't know when I lost 'em job." - Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Where the Trouble Lay. "Kidnapper - What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in a great pain." "Little boy (groaning dismally) - No, I ain't, but dey seems ter be a great pain in me." - Philadelphia Press.

Hopeless Case. "Hoax - My wife is never happy unless she's in trouble." "Joan - Can't you cure her?" "Hoax - Not much. When she hasn't anything else to worry her, she'll get out a railroad time-table and study that." - Philadelphia Record.

Could Never Be Repaid. "I see Buchmann, the publisher, it owed," said the solid business man; "I owed him a debt I can never repay." "What was it?" asked his friend. "He refused to publish some verses I wrote in my youth." - Philadelphia Record.

Her Aptitude. "Professor - You wish your daughter to take lessons on the piano. Has she any aptitude for it?" "Prud Manum - Wonderful talent, sir; there are very few operators who can equal her speed on the typewriter." - Collier's Weekly.

Posted in Spite of the Rules. Collector - I am afraid to present this man in person to Mr. Grump; had we not better forward it by mail? Manager - Yes, but remember this is the only instance where we will violate our motto, "Post No Bills." - Columbus Ohio State Journal.

Settled the Sex. "I want to return this dog to the pet who owns him. I seen his 'ad.' in the paper," said the rough-looking man at the door. "How did you guess it was a 'gent' that put the 'ad.' in?" asked the lady. "Cause it said 'No questions asked.'" - Philadelphia Press.

Discouraged. New Music Teacher - I cannot hear you very distinctly. Why don't you raise your voice? "Conscientious Pupil - Why the fact is, Mr. Crochet, my last teacher told me it was like a celt with a broken leg - not worth raising." - Boston Transcript.

The Father Slow to Act. "Bertram Barnes - Does your father prefer that we live in a cottage or a flat after we are married?" "He has never said." "He hasn't? What's he going to do about the furniture? Looks like he'd be asking me." - Denver News.

The Workings of His Mind. "Thought you said you had proved that ten are field?" said the first farmer. "No; I only said I was thinking about plowing it," said the second farmer. "Oh, I see; you merely turned it over in your mind." - Chicago News.

Anything Goes. "Er - you remember that country fair (previously) I got out when we were not having so well as we are now?" asked the successful author. "Yes, don't," answered his wife. "What of it?" "I wanted to know if you had a copy of it, but you had none. I have just received an offer, with a good bit of money in it, for the dramatic rights." - Indianapolis Press.