

The Chatham Record.

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WALTER BLOOMFIELD

CHAPTER VII. Continued.

Aunt Gertrude made no reply to this question; a shadow seemed to pass across her face, and she was, I thought, slightly annoyed by her husband's banter. Miss Marsh gave uncle Sam a delightful smack on the face with her narrow little hand, whereat she sought to capture her a second time; but she eluded his grasp and fled up the stairs, her tormentor pursuing her closely. The wondering footman, unused to American society, beheld this undignified reception with an astonished gaze, and then slowly preceded my aunt and me up the stairs.

Ernest, you are my only confidant. As your discretion has always appeared quite in advance of your years I have no hesitation in laying before you a matter which is occasioning me very great anxiety, and in doing so I refrain from insisting upon the importance, at least for the present, of absolute secrecy, for you must, I am sure, at once perceive the necessity for it. The enclosed letter from your grandfather reached me the day before yesterday. Read it carefully, and retain it in your possession until you see me. Of course, I am anxious to do anything in my power to help your grandfather in his trouble, but what is there I can do that is of any use in the circumstances? This is what I want you to consider, and you can either write to me to return to Holdenhurst at once, if only for a day, I would come to London myself and talk the matter over with you, but, as you know, a large staff of workmen is a present engagement of the place, and one or other of us ought to be here. Poor little Annie! My heart bleeds for her unfortunate father, and I fall altogether to understand the case, for to me she seemed always a most affectionate child. I would ask the advice of my brother how best to proceed were it not for his former affection for your mother, which disinclines me to talk with him of the Wolseys; he is so much cleverer than I, and would be sure to think at once of what was best to be done. Don't let this matter worry you overmuch, for that more than anything would increase the already great anxiety of your affectionate father. ROBERT TRUMAN.

Enclosed in the above was a letter which bore the postmark of Sydney, N. S. W. I recognized my grandfather's handwriting at a glance, and taking the letter from its envelope, read:

Sydney, New South Wales. 4th March, 18--.

Dear Robert—I hope you won't think hardly of me for neglecting to write to you such a long while, but I am high to being out of my mind with trouble—a condition I have to the present done my best to conceal from every one, especially you. My affairs are now at such a pass that not only is it no longer possible to conceal from you the particulars of the anxiety which is wearing my life away, but I am compelled to solicit your aid in respect of it.

You must know that when, a little more than four years ago, I placed my only surviving child, my dear little Annie, in the great drapery establishment of Milliken & Burton, Oxford Street, London, I acted in accordance with her wishes and my own best judgment. Looking at the slenderness of my resources, the increasing unprofitableness of farming in England, and the insecurity of a young person dependent entirely upon such a life as mine, I decided that I should do well in so placing her, and she went to London accordingly. All went well for a year, and my poor girl made good progress in her business. I received a letter from her regularly every week, and on three or four occasions when I was in London I saw her for an hour or so, and was satisfied as to her position. But one day a communication reached me from Messrs. Milliken & Burton informing me that my daughter had left their premises without notice or assigned reason under circumstances which induced them to entertain grave fears for her safety. The intelligence dismayed me, and I at once prepared for a journey to London that I might, if possible, recover my daughter, but ere I could begin my journey I received a letter from my child, heart-breaking in its expressions of affection for me, yet begging me to forget her as one utterly unworthy. As if that were possible, and she the only one living of all my children!

In London I could learn little or nothing of my child beyond that she had left her situation in the manner described, and that she appeared well provided with money, having given such small possessions as she had (as well as other present which she purchased) to some of the young women employed in the same establishment. You who know so well how deeply I loved my child—you who are also the father of an only child—will realize as perhaps no third person could how complete was my desolation. I resolved to cease my efforts to recover my child from the villain who has betrayed her only when my life shall cease, and I accordingly left Holdenhurst as you know. I have traced her to Liverpool, but too late to see her—to Brighton, to Leamington, Derby and other places in England, but was decoyed by a clever stratagem no less artful, into coming to Australia, though I am now of opinion that my daughter has never left her country. Some of the circumstances attendant on the pursuit in which I am engaged are so very extraordinary that I am quite baffled by them. Though I have been unable by any means in my power to discover where my daughter is, my address, wherever I go, is known to her, and a letter from her, fully and correctly addressed, reaches me regularly at intervals of about six weeks.

Her letters come from all parts of the world, but I am now satisfied that they are sent to the places where they are posted merely to disguise the whereabouts of the writer, and think it is probable she is in England in the neighborhood of London. Last year when I was ill in Wellington, New Zealand, the particulars of my illness were known to her, and she wrote to me more frequently than usual. Only once since she went away did she fall to write to me for three months, and then came a long letter, couched in terms more than usually affectionate. Informing me that she had been ill, but was now recovered, that there was nothing she desired more than to see me again, but that if she could not ask my forgiveness in the character of a wife she would not ask it in the character of a mother.

I am convinced that my girl is well treated, so far as is possible under any such arrangement as that to which she is a party. I forgive her the step she has taken from my very heart, though I regret it as keenly as any father could. Were I to see her or write to her I should tell her this and use no word of reproach. And now for the aid I require from you. I have noticed that the letters which reach me from Annie are enclosed in envelopes embossed at the extreme edge of the opening. "Dickenson, Maker, Richmond, Surrey." That you may not fail to understand my meaning, I enclose one of the envelopes. From this evidence I have formed the opinion that she lives in Richmond or thereabouts, and I want you, if you will, to institute a secret enquiry—personally, if you can conveniently do so—to ascertain this positively, but you must be careful that she does not see you, or before I could return to England she would be gone. Should you discover her you might telegraph to me, but if you fall to do so a letter will serve, addressed Box 2847, Postoffice, Sydney, N. S. W. I am anxious to avoid returning to England unless there is a good chance of achieving my object, and this for several reasons, of which economy is not the least, for I have not found it easy to travel as I have done on an income less than £200 a year—though of this I make no complaint. If only I might see and talk with my Annie once more I could die content.

With every good wish for yourself and my grandson Ernest—who must be almost, if not quite, a man now—and assuring you both that I have never ceased to think of you notwithstanding my long silence, I remain, always yours faithfully,

WILLIAM WOLSEY.

The letter fell from my hands and I sat for some minutes lost in thought. That the playmate of my childhood, she who had always been to me as a sister rather than the relation she really was, should have fallen so low, filled me with sadness, while I could not but feel extremely pity for my grandfather in his desolation. Thoughts of the happy Saturdays in summer when, with little Annie for my companion, I had wandered through the Suffolk groves in search of nuts, or chased her among the neglected grave-stones of Holdenhurst churchyard, of her bright eyes, rosy cheeks and happy smile, crowded upon my mind. And I thought, too, of the stalwart old man who had taught me to ride and shoot, whom I had accompanied I know not how many times to Bury market in his village cart, picturing him now as white-haired and bowed with care. I know not how long my reverie lasted, but when I was recalled to myself by a summons to breakfast I started up, full of energy, resolved to do whatever might lie in my power to satisfy the pathetic appeal I had just read.

My uncle and aunt and Miss Marsh were already seated when I entered the breakfast room. Uncle Sam was stirring his coffee vigorously, and appeared even more vivacious than usual. "What!" he exclaimed, as I entered the door, "one week in London and your country habits already lost! Why, I thought you were an early riser. Come, Ernest, what have you to say for yourself?" "Only that I have been up for nearly two hours."

"Two hours!" echoed uncle Sam incredulously; "why, what have you been doing?" I replied that I had been reading my letters. The declaration mystified uncle Sam still more. He said he had himself sorted all the letters which had arrived, and there appeared to be none for me. My explanation of this, I thought, was not very pleasing to my uncle, for after remarking that whatever might be the nature of my correspondence it did not seem very beneficial to me, for I looked very pale, etc., he opened the Times its full width and said no word more during breakfast.

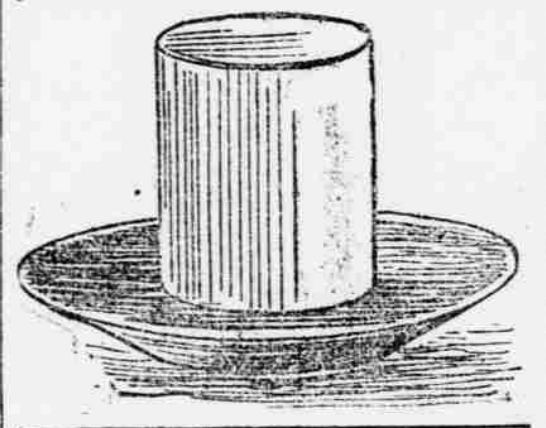
"You certainly have lost your color this morning," remarked aunt Gertrude; "are you quite well, Ernest?" "Yes, I think so," I replied, and when the next minute Miss Marsh proposed that I should go with her for a long drive I had no further doubt of the matter.

AGRICULTURAL.

Buying Eggs For Hatching. The time has now again rolled around when breeders will be buying eggs for hatching. We are glad to know that so many of our readers last year purchased eggs and thereby improved their flocks, or at least made an attempt to do so. We only wish that more breeders would see the wisdom of thus improving their stock, and that this year would be the banner one in the history of the poultry business in this regard.

The cheapest method of getting good stock is by purchasing eggs, and in this way one can for a small amount secure a good foundation for future years and have a reasonable size flock of birds for the coming winter. We want to urge our friends not to put off the matter of buying eggs until it is too late. Now is the time to buy your eggs for hatching. Get your chicks out before the fierce sun of midsummer is here to check their natural growth and retard their future usefulness. It will be just as easy to buy the eggs now, or at least in a few weeks as it will later. The universal opinion of successful breeders is that it pays to hatch chicks early in the season.

Drinking fountains require close attention. Small chickens drink frequently, and oftentimes their beaks are loaded with food which is left to a greater or less extent in the water supply. As it is necessary to keep



these fountains in a tolerably warm atmosphere, they soon become tainted and emit a disagreeable odor. This condition must not be allowed to exist, for all food and drink consumed by fowls should be wholesome. Nothing less than frequent scalding with steam or hot water will answer the purpose. A cheap, efficient drinking fountain may be made by taking an empty tomato can, bend in the ragged edges where it has been opened, make a hole in the side one-quarter of an inch from the edge, fill it with water, put a saucer on it and quickly invert both. The water will then stand in the saucer constantly at the height of the hole. Chickens can drink but cannot get in the water, which remains clear.

The Hens on the Farm.

The hen seems to be a necessary adjunct to the farm, and is therefore familiar to all who have had anything to do with farming. A farm without a hen would almost be a curiosity. It certainly denotes that hens are considered a source of revenue to a certain extent, if for no other purpose than to supply the family with eggs. It is true also that while no farm can easily be found that does not contain poultry, yet the poultry on the farm receive less recognition than any other class of live stock. Farmers seem to set them apart as suitable work for the female members of the family, and consider the profit from them to be too insignificant for their notice, yet they seldom venture to learn, by keeping an account, how much the hens pay in a year. Hundreds of farmers grow crops of wheat on a margin of \$2 or \$3 profit per acre, and also engage in very laborious work to make that profit, yet the same labor, care and amount of capital stock given to hens on an acre of land that is often bestowed upon a crop of ten acres of wheat would show largely in favor of the hens. The farmer seldom engages in the keeping of poultry as a business, and many farmers do not really know what can be done in that respect. There is no more reason for turning the hens over to the female members of the family than for the farmer to abandon any other department, for in so doing he makes a mistake, as he should seek the best channels for securing the most profit. Land that is unprofitable for cultivation can be used for poultry, and the markets are ready to receive all that can be produced. Considering the small proportion of labor required from spring to fall, and the self-sustaining powers of the fowls in seeking their food, it is no mistake to assert that nothing on the farm is produced at so low a cost as eggs, and nothing brings so high a price in comparison with value of labor bestowed and cost of food.—Mirror-Farmer.

Hog Raising For Profit. The first thing to be considered is the breed which answers best these requirements, for we must have a pig with a good length and fair depth; with an even distribution of firm flesh along the back, from the head to the tail; a pig with medium light jaw and good thickness of belly meat. The selection of a brood sow is very important. Sows which have been penned up and forced from birth do not give as good results as sows which have had plenty of exercise and given a chance to develop as they grow up. Do not have your sows arrow too young; better let them grow until one year before they give birth. Brood sows should always be treated kindly,

in order that they may be quiet to handle, this being a great advantage at farrowing time.

If the farmer has plenty of milk there is not much difficulty in raising young pigs, but many farmers have not sufficient milk. A few roots, cooked and mixed with oil cake, in connection with shorts, make a splendid food for young pigs. Pigs cannot be grown profitably on grain alone. They thrive much better in winter on a liberal amount of roots of some kind. The Danish sugar beet is relished by pigs and makes a splendid root ration. In feeding roots and chop many add water to mix up. By doing this you force your pigs to take too much water, especially in cold weather. Roots are said to contain ninety per cent of water themselves, so that if water is added it has a tendency to wash all grains through the pigs before it is properly digested.

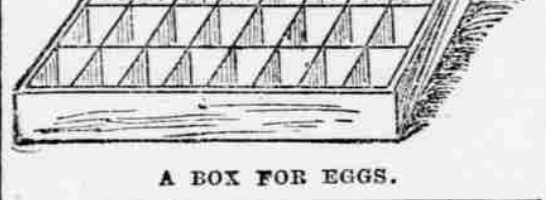
In the summer nothing is equal to a piece of lucerne clover near the barn, as it grows very rapidly and the pigs enjoy the fresh green feed, and gain very rapidly if a little grain is added to balance up the ration. When pigs get to weigh 140 pounds, more grain should be fed in order to harden up the flesh and make a better quality of pork for the packer. The greatest profit is obtained by getting the pigs off before they reach 200 pounds live weight. Pigs, to make first-class bacon, should be fed slowly and not forced too much.—J. W. Clark, in Tribune Farmer.

Box For Carrying Eggs.

Most poultrymen are familiar with the egg carriers used on the market, and those who have a considerable quantity of eggs to handle use these carriers. The farmer, however, is in the habit of carrying eggs to market in a basket, and often many of them become broken, resulting in considerable loss. The illustration shows one of the boxes which may be made from cheap material and which will answer as well as the boxes sold for the purpose.

Any grocer who handles quantities of shipped eggs will give a customer some of the cardboard fillers such as are used in the crates; then buy some cracker boxes and fashion a neat box like the one shown, cutting the pasteboard fillers with a sharp knife so that they will fit the wooden box. Boxes made to hold one dozen eggs and others to hold two dozen will be large enough. These boxes ought to have covers with a hasp coming down over a staple so that the box may be locked if need be.

These boxes will cost but little if made at home, as suggested, and if one has strictly fresh eggs of a good size as well as uniform in size, they can



A BOX FOR EGGS.

be marketed in these boxes at a higher price than if marketed in a basket. Try it and see if it is not so. As an extra inducement to the consumer, wrap each egg in white tissue paper and twist the ends of the paper as they are twisted around oranges and lemons. Have the eggs strictly fresh, of good size and clean and you'll find that the tissue paper conceit will sell them readily at good prices.

Sheep Notes.

Sheep require a variety of food to form flesh and fat.

A small fat sheep will always bring better prices than a large, poor one.

Overstocking is usually injurious to the sheep and ruinous to the farmer.

Dryness is one of the requirements in the production of the finest grades of wool.

Sheep are almost essential in maintaining the fertility and cleanliness of the land.

With sheep rather than with any other class of stock, care must be taken not to overfeed.

Sheep are naturally gregarious. When one is seen by itself something is evidently wrong.

Keep the quarters clean. Sheep do not need the accumulation of manure to keep them warm.

Sheep thin in flesh have a weak digestion, but even the strongest are easily injured by grain too heavily.

To have good sized sheep, they must be grown rapidly while young, and it is important to give them a good start.

In commencing to fatten sheep, the feeding should not be crowded at first, but gradually increase the amount of the ration.

Old sheep, or sheep that from any cause have had teeth should be fed ground feed. Such sheep are rarely profitable.

It makes considerable difference in the quality and strength of the wool whether or not the sheep have even regular conditions.



FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Mousseline Sauce. Put yolks of three eggs in a bowl; add the juice of one lemon; add a little salt and pepper; place the bowl in a pan of hot water; stir constantly until it thickens; add one tablespoonful of butter, melted a little at a time; remove from the fire and add three tablespoonfuls of cream, whipped.

Scallops of Mutton. Take the scraps of cold mutton and cut in small pieces; put a layer of the meat in a baking dish, then a layer of stewed tomato, then a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle with salt, pepper and butter; then put over another layer of meat, tomatoes; salt and pepper to season; spread over the top buttered crumbs.

Lemon Pudding. Put in a double boiler the grated rind and juice of two lemons, one cupful of water, one cupful of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs; stir until scalding hot; then add one-third of a box of gelatine that has been soaking in one-third cupful of cold water; stir until gelatine has dissolved; remove from the fire, let cool; when cold add one cupful of cream, whipped stiff; turn into a mold and stand on ice.

Lobster Stew. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a small pan; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir this until smooth; take the pan off the fire; add gradually one cup of water in which the lobster was boiled and half a cupful of milk; put over the fire and stir until boiling; then add the lobster meat, cut in large pieces; when thoroughly heated remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of lemon juice; serve hot.

Curried Rice. Wash in several waters one cupful of rice; put it into two quarts of boiling water; add one teaspoonful of salt; when the rice is nearly tender pour it into a strainer; put over the fire one cupful of stock; add to it two teaspoonfuls of curry powder rubbed smooth in a little cold water; then add the rice to this and cook until tender; serve in the centre of a platter; pour the broth over it, also the juice of half a lemon; then sprinkle over chopped parsley.

Buttermilk Bread. For three good sized loaves use one quart of sour buttermilk, one generous tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda and two and three-quarter quarts of flour. Heat the buttermilk to the boiling point, stirring it often to prevent curdling. Put the sugar in a large bowl and pour the hot milk on it. Now gradually sift into this mixture a quart of flour, stirring all the while. Beat well; then cover and let it stand in a warm room over night. In the morning dissolve the soda in three tablespoonfuls of water, and add it to the batter, together with the salt and butter, melted. Beat thoroughly; then gradually beat in the remainder of the flour, reserving, however, half a cupful for kneading. Sprinkle the board with flour, and turning the dough upon it, knead for fifteen or twenty minutes. Divide into three parts, and shape into loaves. Place in buttered pans, and put into the oven immediately. Bake for one hour in a hot oven.

Try serving whipped cream with chocolate layer cake as a dessert. Very sour apples used in a sauce or in pie take on a spicy flavor if a few chopped dates are added. A stick of cinnamon scalded in the milk to be used in chocolate or cocoa improves the flavor for some persons. One yeast cake is equal to one teaspoonful of yeast, a measurement often used in the older, much prized cook books. A cucumber sliced into tomato soup while boiling will add a delicious flavor. It should be skinned out just before serving. Two or three minced pinolas are added by one cook to her creamed potatoes just before they are served, and the result is slightly as well as toothsome.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Try serving whipped cream with chocolate layer cake as a dessert. Very sour apples used in a sauce or in pie take on a spicy flavor if a few chopped dates are added. A stick of cinnamon scalded in the milk to be used in chocolate or cocoa improves the flavor for some persons. One yeast cake is equal to one teaspoonful of yeast, a measurement often used in the older, much prized cook books. A cucumber sliced into tomato soup while boiling will add a delicious flavor. It should be skinned out just before serving. Two or three minced pinolas are added by one cook to her creamed potatoes just before they are served, and the result is slightly as well as toothsome.

A tablespoonful of powdered sugar stirred into a bottle of cream will put off the souring process for at least twenty-four hours, provided the cream is kept near the ice. When you happen to have a few tablespoonfuls of jam or jelly left over, try what a delicious addition it makes to baked apples, dropping a teaspoonful into the core of each apple before they go in the oven. Eggs Benedict, as they are called at the hotels, comprise halves of toasted English muffins, on each of which is placed a thin slice of broiled ham and on that a poached egg. Over the whole is turned Hollandaise sauce.



GOOD ROADS.

WASHINGTON correspondent of one of the great dailies, feeling "all run down" as a result of vain attempts to manufacture news about Professor Langley's "buzzard," recently concluded to go into the rural districts of Maryland to recuperate. After a few days of rest, his journalistic instinct reasserted itself, and he decided it would be an amusing experience to go out and interview some of the farmers. Securing a pad, he started up the road sharpening his pencil and whistling one of Sousa's latest marches. Before long he saw a farmer cutting corn in a field alongside the road. Climbing the rail fence, he hailed the farmer pleasantly, and after a few remarks about the weather and the crops, explained his errand.

"Want to interview me, eh?" said the farmer, "I never had any experience givin' interviews, but if your heart is set on it, go ahead. What do you want me to talk about?" "Well," said the reporter, scratching his nose reflectively, "suppose you give me your views on reciprocity." "Couldn't have suited me better for a subject, Mister. The fact is, I've been thinkin' a good deal about reciprocity, lately. I believe in it. I don't mean reciprocity with Cuba or Canada, although that may all be very well in its place. What I want to see is reciprocity right here in the United States. I think reciprocity, the charity, should begin at home. I want the fellows who have been enjoying the blessings for a good many years to reciprocate a little with the farmers."

"What do you propose?" asked the wielder of the pencil, who began to see that he was getting more than he expected. "Well," said the farmer, "I want some plan adopted by which a part of the revenue collected will get back to the rural districts. I understand there's a fellow down there in Congress who has introduced a bill that will do the business. I mean that bill providin' for the Government to aid in improvin' the roads in the rural districts. That would be a great blessing, not only to the farmers, but to everybody. Talk about developin' resources! I'd like to know what would do more to develop this country than buildin' good roads. If this plan was adopted, a few millions of the taxes the farmers pay would come back to them, and there couldn't be no charge of special privilege, either. The money would be spent for public improvement, and would benefit all sections and all classes. Now I want to see the city people who have been protected so long turn in and help the farmers get that law passed. That's the kind of reciprocity I believe in."

How much more the farmer might have said the reporter will never know, for the interview was just then interrupted by a blast from the dinner horn.

Unanimous For Good Roads.

Mr. Chas. F. Saylor, special agent of the Government for the investigation of the sugar industry, who has traveled through nearly all the Northern and Western States in the prosecution of his work, recently expressed the results of his observations as follows: "Probably no other subject of interest to the rural population is receiving more attention throughout the Nation than that of road improvement. One of the fundamental means of society is a ready means of communication. The experiment stations of the country are now engaged in experimental work and actual demonstration with a view to stimulating the public mind and promoting the best and cheapest systems of good road building with local material. State Legislatures are enacting better laws, and in some cases the principle of State aid has been adopted. The Federal Government has established an Office of Public Road Inquiries in the Department of Agriculture. Literature has been prepared and distributed for the education of the people on this subject. "There is nothing that will work so effectively for good roads as necessity, 'the mother of invention.' When a factory is established farmers at once discover the necessity of good roads. Agitation begins, public meetings are held, and every public highway becomes the object of solicitous attention. It is found that the farmer requires at least four horses if he is to accomplish the best results in the saving of time and expense. Neighbors talk over road improvement and the idea becomes infectious. A public meeting is called, public roads are discussed, and an organization is effected which goes to work for the improvement of the roads."

Reports from all sections indicate that the question of road improvement is one of the most popular subjects of discussion in farmers' meetings of all kinds, and State and National aid are being generally endorsed. The farmers are beginning to see that they have not received their share of attention from the National Government, and to demand substantial recognition in the way of Federal aid and co-operation in the improvement of the rural highways. The British Board of Agriculture estimates that there are 1,871,639 dogs in the country—one to every score of human beings.