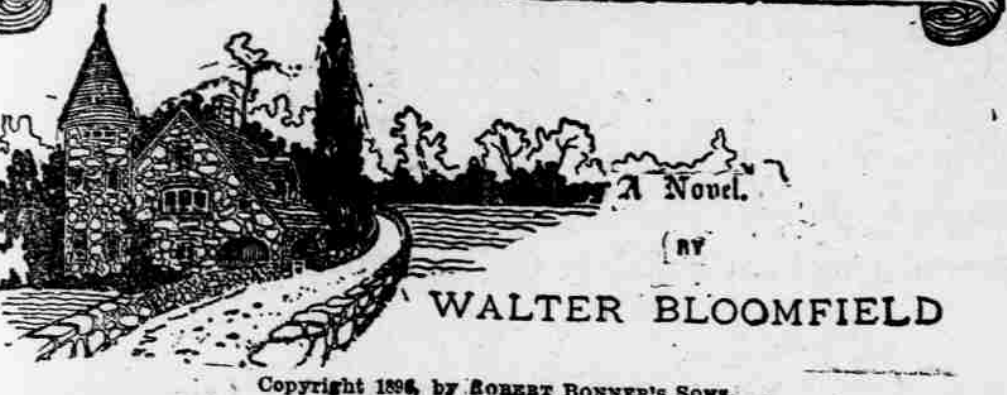


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WALTER BLOOMFIELD

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CHAPTER XVII.

Continued.
My father smiled faintly. "As you will," he replied. "That is as much as I hoped of you. And now to speak of a more congenial subject. I shall be sorry to be without you for a few months, though of late we have not been such good companions as we once were. However, what benefits you, can yield me nothing but pleasure; so go, my boy, and peep at that world which you have not yet seen, and God be with you and protect you. I will impose no limit on the duration of your absence, and your means shall be the best I can afford. If it is your wish to visit your uncle, I have no objection to your doing so; but I have no message for him."

"The rest of the interview was more affecting than interesting, and needs not be chronicled here. Perfectly amiable relations, similar to what prevailed before I had seen my uncle, were re-established between father and son. But there now took root in my mind a horrid doubt of my uncle's honesty; and only those who have experienced it can know the pain of discovering a hideous fault in an idol which one has set up for one's self. And Samuel Truman had been to me as an idol. His coolness, his wit, his self-reliance, his magnificent success, had moved me to adoration of the man. If my uncle's unbecoming love of the power which money confers had indeed induced him to rob his poorer brother of a quarter of a million of sequins, then I was sorry for humanity."

My father had given me \$250; and on that modest sum I resolved to travel round the world by easy stages, so as to reach home again at the end of six months. My plan was to go direct to New York City (I could not make up my mind whether I would call upon my uncle or not, but at least I would look at the house where he lived, if only for the sake of my lingering affection for his ward); thence, but with many stoppages, across America to San Francisco. From the City of the Golden Gate I resolved to cross the Pacific to Australia, and after visiting the principal places of interest in that country and in New Zealand, to return direct to the continent of Europe. In planning my tour I was conscious of reversing the usual order of an Englishman's travels; but a keen desire to see New York, the native city and home of Constance Marsh, had taken possession of me; and I resolved to gratify it with as little delay as possible.

For the next few days I was busily engaged in preparing for my departure. Fortunately, my personal expenses during my four months of moping had been nil, and I now found the accumulations of my pocket money for that period very useful in providing additional clothes, and other necessities for my journey, without encroaching upon my \$250.

My unwonted activity benefited me greatly, and left no doubt that in the bustle of the busy world, surrounded by new scenes, the depression from which I had so long suffered would altogether pass away.

The eve of my departure arrived, and was spent in quietude with my father. All my arrangements had been made, and I was to leave for London by the first train from Bury St. Edmund's in the morning. My fear that my father would again talk of our stolen treasure was ill founded, for he never once referred to the matter of the name of my uncle. He regretted that he had been unable to find out the whereabouts of Annie Walsey, which he thought might possibly have been discovered had I been in a condition to assist in the inquiry he had made (which had not been the case), and furnished me with the address in Australia from which my grandfather had last written; "though," he added, "I don't suppose there will be much use of your calling there, for it is more than likely that your grandfather is already on his way to England." I took the address and placed it in my pocket book; but the matter engaged very little of my attention.

When the hour of my departure had come, John Adams insisted upon accompanying me to the station. He had not taken the reins since his illness, and was still in a very weak state; but all that my father and I could urge in opposition to his wish availed nothing; the old man was obstinate, and with some skill turned our objections against us by admitting his feebleness, and representing that it was not improbable that he might never see me again, but that he particularly wished for an opportunity to talk with me once more before I went away. The old servant prevailed, and after I had taken a most affectionate farewell of my father, we started for Bury St. Edmund's.

As soon as we were on the high road the old man opened the conversation by observing:

"These be woeful bad times, Master Ernest."

"Yes, very bad, indeed," I agreed.

"I hear as Sir Thomas Jarvis have four farms on his hands which he

can't find tenants for, though he have reduced the rents something wonderful."

"I am sorry for it," I said.

"Yes," continued the old man, "and corn at twenty-seven shillings! Why, the country will soon be quite ruined if them foreigners ain't stopped sending their cheap produce over here. You'll excuse me what I'm going to ask you, won't you, Master Ernest?"

"Certainly; ask me anything you please."

"Well, I'm an old man—sixty-six come Michaelmas, though some folks tell me I look younger. Your father has been a good master to me, and I have saved more in his service than I shall live to spend. Knowin' how bad the times are for landlords, and that you're agoin' on your travels, I want to make you a present," and the old servant placed in my hands a small canvas bag, such as is used by bankers, strongly fastened with coarse string.

"No, no," I said, returning the bag. "I appreciate your kindness very much, but you must really excuse me. I would be quite wrong in me to take your money."

"There is no more potent despot than an old family servant. If he fails to work his will one way he will succeed in another; and he has generally many strings to his bow. My protests were powerless against the pertinacity of Adams. When, as I paced the platform of the station a few minutes later, I opened the bag and found that it contained fifty sovereigns, my conscience smote me for the uncharitable aspersions I had recently cast upon my benefactor. Though I lost some what in dignity by accepting this gift, I gained a welcome addition to my purse. Alas, that these two things should be so often inseparable!

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW YORK CITY.

I remember asking my uncle, soon after I first became acquainted with him, what sort of a place New York was; to which inquiry he made the characteristic reply that it was a very fine city, with more thieves to the square inch, than any other place on the earth's surface. That was all I could get my relation to say of it. Baedeker's account of New York, my only reading while on the Atlantic, was more detailed, but less interesting. Indeed, one of the first things to impress a traveler is the inadequacy of all descriptions of places, for the faces of men do not differ more widely than their ideas of the sublime and beautiful, the sordid and hideous.

It was with great satisfaction that I found myself at last in New York harbor. The steamer which had brought me to America was of recent construction, well found, swift, and luxuriously appointed; but none the less was I heartily tired of the voyage. My first forty-eight hours at sea had been spent in a way too common with travelers to need more than passing reference. Fear that the ship would go to the bottom soon changed to fear that it might not; and that mental condition departed on the renewal of health and appetite. Then came the days on deck, spent in watching the restless waves and the magnificent rising and setting of the sun, varied by occasional studies through a field-glass of some fifteen hundred Russians huddled together on the fore-part of the deck, the most filthy and repulsive mass of humanity conceivable—material destined for speedy conversion into American citizens. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, the magnificent suspension bridge connecting the two populous cities of New York and Brooklyn, the multitudinous ships from all parts of the world, and the commodious ferriesboats keeping up continual communication between New York and New Jersey, taken altogether formed undoubtedly one of the great sights of the world, quite captivating the stranger, and worthy of all admiration.

My foot first touched American soil at one of the slips on the North River, near Courtlandt street. I at once engaged the services of an Irishman, the proprietor or custodian of a cumbersome four-wheeled vehicle something like the London grolwiler may be supposed to have been in an early stage of its development; and having secured my portmanteau and handbag, the only luggage with which I was encumbered, bade him drive me to the Gilsey House in Broadway. Immediately the vehicle began to move I perceived the necessity for its strength, for the roads were extremely rough—in some places paved like the bye-ways of Norwich and other English provincial towns. The fine width of the avenues and streets, and the height and grandeur of some of the commercial buildings, pleased me greatly. Having secured a room at the Gilsey House, refreshed myself with a bath and a "good square feed" (to use the language of an American gentleman who sat next to me at dinner) I adjusted my watch to American

time, and sallied forth into the street to observe the qualities of the people, or whatever else might attract my attention. It was the first time that I had been so far from home, or had so much as \$300 in my possession, and I greatly appreciated my responsibility and felt very manly.

On coming out to the Gilsey House I turned to my left and proceeded what the New Yorkers call down town, until I reached the region of City Hall Park, Printing House Square, and Bowling Green.

It was scarce midday when I arrived in New York, and three hours later I dispatched a telegram to my father informing him of my safe arrival. The month was September, and the fierce glare of the American summer had subsided and given place to beautifully clear bright weather which rendered walking very enjoyable, especially to one just released from the monotony of a sea voyage. Continuing my walk up Broadway, I observed that the street which ran out from it on each side were numbered, not named, as in the older portion of the city about Castle Garden, and my heart beat faster, and my mind became confused with resolves and counter-resolves, as I thought that each step brought me nearer to the home of her who had caused me to travel so many miles. "What folly is all deception, and most of all that which is designed to deceive one's self! I had told my father that I had abandoned all hope or thought of Constance Marsh, and at the moment the words were uttered I had honestly believed them to be true; but now that I was within a mile or so of her home, and with nothing but my own will to restrain me from calling there, their unreality became more and more apparent. Should I call there? I had had no quarrel with my uncle. On the contrary, I had championed his cause against my own father; and that with what pain none but myself can ever know, for no words of mine can adequately describe it. No; I would not call there—at least not to-day. But there could be no harm in looking at my uncle's house. I would be careful not to be observed, and would not suffer any sudden impulse to induce me to break my resolve; if I went there at all, it should be after mature deliberation. Full of these thoughts I quickened my pace and soon found myself at Union Square, where I examined the few monuments and rested myself on a seat at the foot of the Lafayette statue. I did not remain there for long, but soon struck into East Fourteenth street, and thence into Fifth avenue, continuing along that fine thoroughfare of palaces until I reached East Thirty-fourth street, into which, with much trepidation, I turned. No—, a large house built of brown stone, was only a few doors off Fifth avenue. I looked at it for a moment from the opposite side of the street, and noticing that a canvas shade projected from every window to protect the rooms from the sun, I crossed over and observed it more particularly. To do so did not engage me more than a couple of minutes, and I returned to Fifth avenue and continued my walk up town until I reached Central Park, passing on my way the magnificent palaces of many celebrated millionaires which I had not yet learned to distinguish.

After spending nearly four hours in wandering over Central Park I began to tire. The park is admirably planned and well kept, and few strangers will willingly quit it before they have seen it all. A zoological collection, to which a part of the park is assigned, the deep golden tint of the declining foliage, the mermaids with their infant charges, and the numerous languages one constantly hears spoken among the people, were sights and sounds quite new to me, and interested me greatly. Though there remained much which I would gladly have noted, I wisely resolved to return to my hotel and get to bed quite early; but whether on the following day I would visit my uncle or leave New York for Chicago I could not yet determine. Making my way into the main road, I began to retrace my steps. It was now nearly 7 o'clock, and the roadway was fairly well filled with carriages occupied by that section of society which had already returned from mountain, lake or spring—for the exodus of wealthy New Yorkers from their city in summer is very complete. I was walking briskly along when a sight met my eyes which set my brain into a whirl, and in an instant threw me into all the panics of jealousy. An elegant open landau, drawn by a pair of grays, in which, seated side by side, was the Rev. Mr. Price and Miss Marsh, passed swiftly by and disappeared down the road.

Oh, the miserable weakness of man! Or can it be that I am different from other men—that I am a feeble embodiment of sentiment and impulse, with no well-defined object, rationally and generously pursued? It must be so, or human society could not endure. Yet am I powerless to help myself. I am as I am, and know nothing in myself for which I should reproach myself.

To be continued.

A Conscientious Beggar.
As he stood on the stoop before the lady of the house he made a figure battered, but polite. His boots especially were in the last stages of decay, and some half a dozen of his calloused feet were peering from the crevices of his shoes. He called attention to the fact with a Chesterfieldian wave of the hand. "And I would not ask you even for a pair of shoes, mum," he protested, "but the truth is that these be ruined, and 'tis to-day I promised to buy a pair. I adjusted my watch to American



IN WOMAN'S REALM

White Picture Hats.
Large white picture hats, inset with lace and adorned with one large ostrich feather, are among the season's novelties.

Melon Pink a New Shade.
Melon pink is a new shade which should be intense enough to suit even the present liking for vivid effects. It is found in the cotton voiles, silks, etc.

A New Hair Decoration.
An entirely new decoration for the hair consists of a couple of large flowers on a narrow fillet. These are intended to come on each side of the hair in front. They are in brilliant, and the effect of the shadows in the blossoms is given by an inlay of cut rubies.

Where Woman Suffrage Reigns.
"Messdames," declared the political orator vehemently, "you cannot logically, reasonably or consistently vote for Timothy J. Duan for the office to which he aspires!"

Which was all that was necessary to insure Mr. Duan's receiving an overwhelming majority of the female vote at the regular election.

Which also proves that a politician will resort to any means to secure votes for his candidate.

A Concens on Beauty.
It is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself. Certain defects of complexion and figure can easily be remedied. Physical exercise, fresh air and good diet will work wonders with these, and by the addition of a smart dressmaker, milliner and clever hair dresser many a plain girl has been transformed into a pretty one. If a woman's nose is inclined to absorb too much color and her cheeks too little no doubt a few judicious dabs of powder and rouge in the right places may be excusable.

Her Brother's Overcoat.
One of the smartest and newest raincoats bears a striking likeness to a man's spring overcoat, with wide back and straight loose sleeves, put in without any fullness. In fact, it might be mistaken for that garment, but for the fact that it has a belt across the back and reaches to within ten inches of the skirt edge. This is the most recent ordinary length for raincoats, it being found to draple less and keep the skirt quite as dry as the older full-length sort. Severe to manliness is the new raincoat.

Mothers' Vocal Duties.
Mothers and those who have the education of children in their hands, says the London World, are chiefly responsible for our abuse of the English language and our elocutionary shortcomings. A mother should make it a special duty to correct every mistake in the sound of her child's voice and in its choice of words; and if voice production, the right pronunciation of words and distinct reading aloud were made part of a child's training we should soon become an intelligible and musically voiced people. Unchecked, we shall ultimately bark.

For Tired Feet.
Many women suffer terribly from sensitive feet these hot days. Massage is very soothing, and most chiropodists give it nowadays. The process is simple. The feet are first bathed in warm water, strongly impregnated with sea salt. Five to ten minutes of this, followed by a dash of cold water, takes all the soreness out. The chiropodist then rubs in a pink paste, which looks very much like the paste used for facial massage in barber shops, and which consists principally of mutton tallow.

Every bone in the foot, from the little toe to the ankle bone, is squeezed, rubbed and patted. Persons who have tried the foot massage say it makes their shoes feel several sizes too small for them for twelve or fifteen hours afterward.

Her Afternoon Hat.
In the afternoon the girl who is not athletic and sailor-batted dons a hat of chip or leghorn. Such a hat is one of the faintest tone of cinnamon, with a widely spreading brim and a very tall crown, draped round with scarfs of soft male pink and blue satin, finished at the sides with roses, pink, blue and cream. To wear with a white embroidered muslin frock is another hat of the same type, built of lemon-colored leghorn, the crown of which is draped with pearl-strung lilac gauze, while at one side plumes of lilac and lemon ostrich decorate the brim.

Quite an appreciable number of hats are given gauze strings, such appendages finding their best place upon those hats that are very abruptly turned upward from the brow in a far away imitation of the early Victorian bonnet.

Roadie's Chat.
Figured cotton dramsk is the latest and smartest thing for slip covers. The ground is light gray, with a nar-

A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

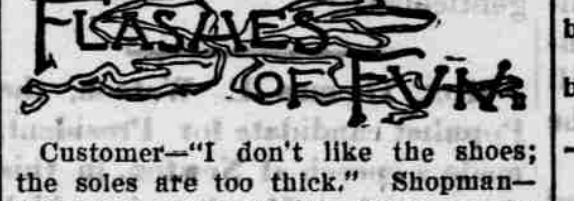
There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead,
"No room for it," she said,
"On the side of my head."
For she lived in a flat—which was horrid.

The little hat she wore,
Long behind and before,
Pointed up in the air like an arrow,
On the top. There wasn't room
On the side 'cause the flat was too narrow.

Her pretty little mouth
Always pointed north and south,
As if it only uttered "prunes" or "prism."
Neither "cabbages" or "beans."
Could she undertake to name,
There wasn't even room for "rheumatism."

So, the dear little girl,
With her pretty little curl,
And her plume and her "prunes" and her "prism,"
After narrow little hat,
Dwelt contented in a flat,
For she hadn't any room for pessimism.

—Chicago Tribune.



Customer—"I don't like the shoes; the soles are too thick." Shopman—"You will learn to like them, as the objections you speak of will gradually wear off."—Pick-Me-Up.

The warship truly is a grand
But perishable trinket.
It takes five years to build it and
A half an hour to sink it.

—Washington Star.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?" "Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Cantor—"I can't understand why Mr. Steemer invariably leaves the room when I go to the piano. He told me he was very fond of music." Mr. Cantor—"And doesn't his conduct prove it, my dear?"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Deepdigger—"You never said a word about our wedding anniversary last Tuesday—not a word." Professor Deepdigger—"My dear, how can you expect me to take any interest in anything so ridiculously recent?"—Puck.

**'Tis little I ask of fate—
A life exempt from harm,
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
And a little radium farm!**

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There will be a serum for every disease." "Just what do you mean by that, doctor?" "I mean that the flesh will come when every ill which flesh is heir to may by simple inoculations be exchanged for some other ill!"—Puck.

She—"Don't you ever send any of your stories to the magazines?" He—"Don't! I send lots of them, but I believe I'd drop dead if they ever accepted any." She (sympathetically)—"I do wish they would accept one!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"So you are going away?" "Yes," answered the young housekeeper. "You see, we discharged the cook, and she's so cross about it that we've decided to live somewhere else until she gets good natured and goes away herself."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Lakeside—"Oh, yes; some of those narrow, exclusive Eastern people say that Chicago isn't cultivated." Mr. Lakeside—"H'mph! All the city is except the south part, and that's too marshy. The land isn't worth cultivating."—Brooklyn Life.

"Well, what are the prospects with you?" asked the cheery visitor. "Not very good," was the misanthropic answer. "My son Jerry is in the woods fooling with gunpowder, and I guess it's pretty safe to say there's going to be trouble."—Washington Star.

Summer Resorter—"But how can you guarantee fresh vegetables when you don't know what kind of weather you are going to have?" Landlord—"Because I run my establishment on scientific principles. I leave nothing to chance, you know; I feed my boarders on nothing but canned goods, which can be depended upon, whether or no."—Boston Transcript.

Terrible \$50 Turtle at Large in Maine.
Over Brewer way people are staying in at night for fear of a three and a half foot turtle who has escaped from captivity and is said to be more dangerous to meet than a bulldog.

The ugly brute was captured at Hines' pond a week ago, and it took the united efforts of three strong men to get him into a wagon without injury to themselves. Since then he has been tied by a half-inch rope and fed on bloodsuckers. Wednesday night the rope gave way to the mighty strain put upon it by the turtle, who can carry a 100-pound man on his back without experiencing any inconvenience, and he is now roaming at large, although searching parties have made every effort to locate him. He was to have been sold to a circus and exhibited as the largest turtle ever taken in Maine's inland waters, and it is understood that \$50 was offered for him by the circus people. Thus his loss is a great misfortune.—Kennebec Journal.

Sea Lions Smart Feeders.
Those who are constantly associated with animals at a zoo see many comical and interesting sights, and keepers of such places have many stories to relate. The sea lions are very much "smarter" than their appearance suggests, and while they are always interesting, their method of feeding is one of the most amusing things in the ardens. The keeper brings to the edge of the pond a ball of fish, which average perhaps a foot in length, and fixes each one as far out as he can, then the sea lions, with amazing rapidity, swim to get them. The lion arches the fish before it strikes the water.—Observations at the Washington Zoo, in St. Nicholas.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

A Nocturnal Shot.
He threw his snail clock at a cat—
He missed her, you can bet;
The clock it stopped at half-past three,
The cat is going yet.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Mouthful Only.
Barber—"What do you think of this soap?"
Victim—"Never tasted better."

A Natural Mistake.
"How do you like that college song Miss Screecher is singing?"
"Is that a college song? I thought it was a college yell."—Puck.

Singular—and Flural.
"Funny! there was a time when the barbers used to speak of my hair."
"You mean before you began to get bald?"
"Yes. Now they speak of my hairs."—Philadelphia Press.

An Urechin Cheated.
"What is Jimmy walling about now?"
"Oh, he is mad because you cut the grass in the back yard; he wanted it to get tall, so he would make a jungle."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How It Happened.
"I heard you giggling in the parlor last night," said the stern parent. "I think you must have been beside yourself."
"Oh, no," said the pretty girl, blushing deeply. "I was beside Charlie."—Chicago News.

The Limit.
Corncrib Conrad—"Ain't it disgusting to way these foreigners is crowding in everywhere?"
Next-house Noonan—"Fierce; de last time I wuz in jall dey put me in a cell wid a Pole an' a Dago. Wot yer tink of dat?"—Puck.

She Couldn't Forget It.
He—"I've forgotten what was the longest day in the year."
She—"I am not sure of the date either, but I remember it was that day in June when you called both in the morning and afternoon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

To Meet Competition.
Passer-by—"I thought you were blind?"
Mendicant—"Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all."—Chicago Journal.

The Professor.
"Open your mouth a little wider, please," said the dentist.
"My friend," replied the professor, with some impatience, "I can't open my mouth any wider. But I can extend it vertically a little more, if you insist upon it."—Chicago Tribune.

Three of a Kind.
Rebecca—"You see, I met Martha, and she is so hard to get away from."
Rachel—"How funny! I've heard her say the same thing about you."
Rebecca—"Well, that beats everything. I've heard her say it about you, too."—Cleveland Commercial-Tribune.

Lots of 'Em.
"I see by the papers," said the man who likes to read statistics, "that the Canadians smoked 200,000,000 cigarettes last year."
"My!" exclaimed the plain man; "who'd ever think that they had so many college-men over there?"—Cleveland Leader.

Out on the First.
It was at a charity dinner that a careless waiter split a plate over one of the deumy-man present.
"What—" he commenced. Then, remembering himself, he turned to his neighbor and asked: "Will some layman kindly say a few words appropriate to the occasion?"

Induced.
"No," said the dealer in rare coins, "there's no premium on this silver dollar of 1826."
"No?" I thought it might be worth a good deal," said Markley.
"Oh, they're not rare at all. However, I'll give you fifty cents for it."
"All right."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sun-Scorched.
Hicks—"I understand you met my brother down at the shore."
Wicks—"Yes; the red-headed one."
Hicks—"Oh, you're mistaken. The only brother I have is quite bald now, but—"
Wicks—"Exactly, and he's been bathing every day without any hat."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Time to Die.
City Editor—"See here! In your account of Congressman Crookitt's funeral, you continually refer to his premature demise."
Reporter—"Well, he was a young man, and—"
City Editor—"But that scamp's demise couldn't possibly be too premature."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Almost Waxed.
"I can't see through the Shakespeare problem."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, he's conceded by nearly everybody to have been one of the world's greatest poets, yet there doesn't seem to be hardly any of his stuff that couldn't be understood right off by anybody with ordinary intelligence."—Chicago Record-Herald.