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LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck,
Author of the "Stone-Cutter
of Lisbon," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Continued.

"Never mind the will now," said Luke. "We shall find it, if it is to be found, and we know it is in the house. We must prepare to meet James Greene, who will soon miss his Kate and begin a search. I overheard him tell her he would meet her at 7 o'clock this evening. You see it is nearly 3 in the morning now. Before this time tomorrow he will lead the police here, for the scene that passed between us last night will stimulate us to instant action."

"Very true," said Nancy.

"Very true?" Parrot? Have you no plan—not in that cunning head of yours by which we may rid ourselves of him?" cried Luke.

"James Greene will ruin us if he is not deceived," said Nancy.

"We cannot deceive him," cried Luke. "This you who are underrating him. I tell you he has an eye like a hawk, and I felt it darting through me last night. James Greene must die!"

"Nancy Harker heard this without a tremor. She had arrived at the same dread conclusion.

"If he lives we have to die," said she. And drawing the decanter of brandy near her she poured out a wineglassful and drank it herself. "I have never felt so chilly in all my life," said she, shivering. "He must die, Luke, for our exposure will draw the fingers of the law over our past lives, and uncover more than enough to hang us, had we ten lives."

"Right," said Luke. "And now to get him into our power. Not only must he die, lest he shall ruin us, but because he is Henry Elgin's intended heir."

"And what shall you do with Henry Elgin?" asked Nancy.

"I have my plans," said Luke. "Now keep your mind on James Greene. Do you know where he lives?"

"Daniel can find out," said Nancy. "I know, and so do you, where he works. He is not a journeyman, but has a shop of his own."

"Very well," said Hammond. "Now here is my plan: I will force a note in Catharine Elgin's hand asking him to call here at 9; saying she cannot meet him at 7—and that he must come disguised."

"Why disguised?" asked Nancy, in wonder.

"That when he shall have disappeared," said Hammond, in a whisper that sounded like a serpent's hiss, "men may not say, 'James Greene was last seen entering Luke Hammond's house.'"

"Brandy has not dulled your wits, after all," said Nancy, admiringly.

"Brandy does not affect my brain; it nerves and hardens my heart. Push the decanter this way. Not I must crush the habit—it grows!"

He pushed back his stiff, short hair and continued:

"The note must tell him to come disguised as Luke Hammond."

"Disguised as you?" cried Nancy.

"As me," said Hammond. "He is of my height—slim, too—though muscular. I wear my hats of a peculiar shape, and always white. True, he wears no beard—that is easily supplied. I wear a black silk cap over my hair, and under my hat, in the street. The necessary articles, with one of my coats, Daniel can take in a satchel—a white hat Greene can get anywhere. The note will tell him Luke Hammond has gone out of town for a few days. Old Fan will meet him at the door, and tell him Catharine Elgin wishes to see him in the eastern wing; he will follow her, and she will lead him through the old store-room. Do you know what is in that store-room, Nancy Harker?"

"Yes—a trap-door, opening from below, and immediately over an old well, thirty feet deep—rocky at the bottom," said Nancy, with sparkling eyes but livid face.

"Not rocky, Nancy Harker. No rocks; or, if there are rocks, they are covered with a depth of six feet of ooze, slime and mud. An alligator tossed in there would suffocate," said Luke.

"And when old Fan has led him into the store-room, what then?" asked Nancy.

"James Greene will vanish and his place shall be known no more among the living," said Hammond.

"Nancy Harker shuddered and asked: 'The being removed, what then?'"

"The papers will become full of the mystery," said Luke. "Perhaps, after a few days, his body shall be found floating in the East River. The certainty of his death will so weaken Catharine Elgin that, to save her father's life, she will reveal where she has hidden the will."

"To save her father's life!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Yes. I shall threaten to remove him also," said Hammond.

"Then—the will found and destroyed?" asked the admiring Nancy.

"The same threat shall force her to consent to marry my son Charles," said Hammond. "I expect him every hour."

"Suppose Charles will not marry her?" said Nancy.

"Hah! woman! do you think he would

consideration, dear James. Ever your own, KATY ELGIN."

"How's that?" said Luke, placing the note before Nancy.

"Excellent," said Nancy. "Had I not seen you write it I would have sworn Catharine Elgin wrote it. But—"

"But what?" demanded Luke.

"If he should not bring this letter? He may think a note in reply assuring Miss Elgin of his presence will be enough, and that old Fan will not notice the difference. You know lovers treasure the letters of their beloved. Besides, he may—there is a possibility—leave the note behind, or show it to some friend."

"James Greene will not show such a note to any one. He is of that nature to consider it a sacred thing. But if he should leave it behind it would not matter."

"How so? You are foolish," said Nancy.

"No, I am cunning. The ink with which I have written that note will fade from the paper within twenty hours. I have used it often. I can grade its durability so that it may last a week, a month, or a year. I have written personal obligations, not transferable, and borrowed money with that ink. When the holder of my note brought it to me, when due, the note had become blank paper. So if James Greene does leave this decoy letter behind, long before his absence shall have become remarked by his friends not a vestige of the ink will remain. I assure you that ink has been of great use to me," he added, folding and backing the forged letter.

"If you don't succeed," said Nancy, with a burst of admiration, "old Nick gives you wit to destroy you."

"Right," laughed Luke. "And now go to bed. It is nearly 4 o'clock, and you must be sleepy."

"And you, Luke?" said Nancy, as she rose to depart.

"Cannot sleep; have not slept in my bed for months, Nancy. I sleep in that large chair. Ready for flight or fight, as either may seem best."

"You are childish. Nothing can hinder me from sleeping."

"No? I will tell you something to keep you awake."

"I defy you," replied Nancy.

"Listen," said Luke in a grave voice. "John Marks has been here to-night. What do you think he told me?"

"That he wanted money. He always did, the spendthrift," said Nancy.

"Is that the way you speak of your husband, Nancy?"

"Husband!" exclaimed Nancy. "A lie! John Marks and I separated years ago."

"True. You and John Marks could never agree. I did not tell him you were here."

"Don't. If you do you'll regret it!" said she.

"Won't that bit of news keep you awake?" asked Luke.

"Not a minute," replied Nancy.

"Well, then, I must make my promise good. John Marks told me that there is now in New York a woman named Harriet Foss."

"Harriet Foss?" muttered Nancy, sinking into a chair and staring in terror.

"Ho! That'll keep you awake, Nancy," sneered Luke.

"Can you sneer and know your danger while Harriet Foss lives, Luke?"

"Bah! I have already prepared for her removal," said Hammond. "John Marks will take care of her."

"Speak out, Luke," cried Nancy. "Have you employed John Marks to—"

"Now do you speak out, Nancy," said Hammond. "No, I have no design on her life."

"Good-night," said Nancy, as weak and pale as if just from a swoon.

"When John Marks calls here again let me see him."

She departed, leaving Hammond alone.

"Ha! she wants to see my friend, John Marks," said Luke, locking the doors about him and tasting his brandy deeply. "I know what she wants of him. Nancy is a terrible woman sometimes."

Hammond then seated himself in his sleeping chair, and soon fell soundly asleep, with cocked pistols on the table before him. Luke Hammond was dangerous game to take alive!

CHAPTER IX.
FAN AND KATE ELGIN.

While Hammond sleeps, plotting even in his dreams, we will visit Kate Elgin, as she sits in her chair, with old Fan crouching on the floor, her crooked back against the door, and her distorted yellow eyes, bloodshot and fierce, staring at the unfortunate girl.

Luke Hammond was right when he said Kate Elgin planned, but she planned first of all to establish some means of communication with her father!

"The heart of Mrs. Harker is a flint," said Kate, as she surveyed her strange position, when that evil woman was in the room. "I will have nothing to say to her."

After old Fan had been installed as guard for the night, and after Luke Hammond's last visit Kate resolved to speak.

"Fanny!" said she.

"No—my name is Fan—old Fan," said the old woman. "When I was young and pretty like you, they called me Pretty Nellie."

"They? Who were they?" asked Kate.

To be continued.

Prostrate.

"Well, I've lost the job he gave me," "Too bad. Isn't there anything for you to fall back on?"

"Not unless somebody digs a hole under me. I'm flat now,"—Phyllis Press.



GOOD ROADS

Employing Convicts as Roadmakers.

ARDEN PATRICK HAYES, of the Kings County Penitentiary, believes that the idle prisoners in the various prisons and penitentiaries in the State could be employed to great benefit to the State and to themselves in the building of public roads. If the convicts were thus put at work, the Warden believes, the State would in time have the finest system of highways in the country. To demonstrate the practicability of his theory, the Warden is just now engaged in experimental work along these lines. He is employing the idle prisoners in the Kings County Penitentiary to lay out a street near the prison.

"This street is being laid through a large plot of land owned by the county to the south of the penitentiary. The street will be an extension of Montgomery street. It is being cut through a sandhill, and about 100 convicts are being employed in the work. The prisoners seem to enjoy the work, as there is nothing for them to do in the penitentiary, and the road-building fills in their time and occupies their minds."

"I think," said Warden Hayes, discussing his theory as to the employment of convicts, "that the State might well take up the question of road-building by convicts. It would be a most excellent thing for both the State and the convicts themselves. It would keep prisoners from going insane for want of employment, for one thing, and yet would place them in no direct competition with other workers. By the employment of inmates of penal institutions many miles of good roads might be laid out in the State at very little cost."

"The only expense the city will be asked to stand in the laying out of the street we are cutting through here will be for the curbing. The road will be about 750 feet long and 70 feet in width. When we have cut down to the grade level we will lay a good macadam roadbed, most of the stone for which we are taking out right here. When this street is completed it will be every bit as good a piece of roadway as there is in Brooklyn, and its cost will represent but very little more than the expense of keeping the prisoners, which would have to be borne by the county, anyhow, whether the prisoners were at work or idle."—New York Times.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love is life's magnetism. Serenity follows sincerity. A bias is not a good basis. Happiness is heart health. A loose tongue quickly gets into a tight place. The saddest loss of all would be to lose all sorrow. Chill a child and you find it hard to thaw out the man. "The best way of effacing a failure is to obtain a success." "You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief." Make any one think he has been clever or agreeable and he will think you have been so.—Nineteenth Century.

Serenity sits upon the brow of him who has grown old gracefully, upon whose heart time has laid his hand gently.—Rabbi D. Phillipson.

Those who have the most of happiness think the least about it. But in thinking about and in doing their duty happiness comes, because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe.—Thackeray.

News From Venice.

George Ade recently heard that an old lady from the neighborhood down in Indiana where he was born was in town on a visit to a grand-daughter. Mr. Ade thought that theatre tickets would be a fitting attention, and on consulting her as to her choice of plays she explained that she had seen the "Merchant of Venice" over thirty years ago, and had always had a strong desire to witness it again. He accordingly looked to it that her wish was gratified.

Calling the next day, he asked her how she found that the performance compared with the one of long ago.

"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have spruced up a right smart bit, but that Shylock is the same mean, grasping critter that he used to be."—Harper's Weekly.

Subterranean Dwellings in Ireland.

An interesting find of subterranean dwellings of primitive man has been made in County Antrim, thus, in all probability, establishing the presence at one time in that part of Ireland of a race which occupied a great part of the European Continent before the appearance of the earliest Celt. It is held by many authorities that the Lapps are the living representatives of the early race to which these underground dwellings are ascribed. It seems also extremely likely that a large proportion of the fairy lore of the later races is derived from the actual existence of these "little people" in holes in the earth in the out-of-the-way places to which they had retired for safety.—London County Gentleman.

JUGGLING WITH FIRE.

The Great Heat that the Human Body Can Endure.

Fire tricks were practised in very ancient times, says a learned professor in the Washington Star. Many of today's best-known tricks were employed to deceive the public of long ago. There is nothing even now which astonishes the ignorant more than the breathing of flame, an accomplishment handed down from remote antiquity.

The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B. C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to perform this marvel, Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed to-day, in an approved manner. The juggler rolls together some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he licks burnt until nearly consumed. Then he rolls round it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales through his nostrils only.

For deceptions with fire the ancients also employed naphtha, which is so combustible that it kindles when it only approaches a flame. The priests of old took advantage of this property of naphtha to make their offerings catch fire as if spontaneously.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats. An ancient ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused. Such trials were conducted by the priests, who covered the hands of those whom they desired should escape with a protective paste. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected, a man could walk on hot iron in the midst of flames.

Very interesting experiments have shown that great heat may be endured by the human body. Two doctors, in the course of their researches on the subject, stayed in a room where the temperature was 200 degrees. A beef-steak was cooked in the same atmosphere, and was overdone in thirty minutes. Sir Francis Chantrey remained for two minutes in a furnace much hotter, the thermometer indicating 320 degrees when he came out.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

To Keep an Umbrella.

An umbrella should not be opened out to dry, as the stretchers are apt to warp in the bent form, giving the unsightly appearance when the umbrella is closed. The silk should be left to drain with the handle downward, and gently wiped with an old silk handkerchief.

A Cozy Living Room.

A delightful idea for a country cottage living room is shown in one of the art decorating shops. The scheme is brown and yellow, with gleams of green. The furniture is browned oak with cushions of browned linen; the draperies are lattice cloth of brown and green. The lamp is of brown pottery, with a Jap paper shade showing yellow daffodils and long green leaves. On a shelf is seen some dull green pottery and a bunch of yellow crocuses in a brown vase delights the eye on a small table.

Cheerful Philosophy.

When I could not obtain large pleasures I put together as many small ones as possible. Small pleasures, depend upon it, lie about as thick as daisies in summer, and for that very reason are neglected, trodden under foot, instead of being worn in our button-holes. We cannot afford to buy roses at Christmas, or carnations at any time, and so we couple buttercups with vulgarity, and things that grow in the hedge side we let wither where they grow, for no other reason than that the king's highway is not a royal garden.—Woman's Life.

How to Care For the Hair.

Mothers should teach their girls to care for their hair as early as possible. If a girl is coaxed into the habit of giving her locks a hundred strokes with a clean brush every morning and every evening and braiding them loosely for bed, the foundation for a future beautiful head of hair will be laid. Too many children are allowed to go to bed with their hair in tumbled condition, only to have it jerked and tangled hastily when school time comes around. Such a practice is disastrous to the nerves of a sensitive child and ruinous to the hair. Never allow one child to use the other's hairbrush.—Indianapolis News.

Scraps of Lace.

Scraps of lace, both new and old, and especially those of floral design, are most useful to the ingenious and tasteful woman for beautifying her gowns.

She begins by cutting out the leaves and flowers from the net foundation and applying them to the silk or other material which she desires to adorn. Then she works over the design, covering up the lace well with silk, and so gaining a really good effect.

The lace answers all the purpose of a stamped design, and indeed it is better, for it causes the embroidery to stand out well without any padding, and, if nicely arranged, is more pleasing and far more original looking than any of the patterns, sold at shops, which every one may have who cares to pay for them.—Newark Advertiser.

The Girl Who Poses.

Have you ever happened to meet the girl who is always posing? There are girls, and many of them, who are afflicted with this habit, and it is, indeed, a bad one. Just give her a seat within range of a mirror, and the visions of some few persons, and she is content; give her a sympathetic listener, a pair of admiring eyes and that is all she asks.

Her one redeeming feature is the fact that she had rather pose than talk. Her silence is to those near her, really golden. At home the mirror is this girl's most constant companion, and before it she studies herself in every conceivable attitude, looking for her best points so that she may show them. If she has one really good feature that is brought into effect at all times; it is never allowed to go unnoticed. Her companions and friends are never allowed to forget for one moment that she possesses that feature.

The girl who poses never forgets herself and her attitudes long enough to do things for which she might be loved. She is generally not popular with either sex, for she is too obviously seeking effect. There is nothing genuine about her.

How to Look Young.

A young old woman! Yes, there are such women, but they are also few and far between. A limited number of the female sex have really found the art of growing young even though Father Time tries all in his power to discourage it, but it cannot be accomplished by the beauty doctors, massours or physical culture teachers. As one noted beauty says, "it is easily accomplished by simply overlooking the approach of old age." A woman who wishes to retain youth cannot afford to worry over trifles, and much less over large affairs. A statement that there is no trouble large enough to pay for one wrinkle, may be attrib-

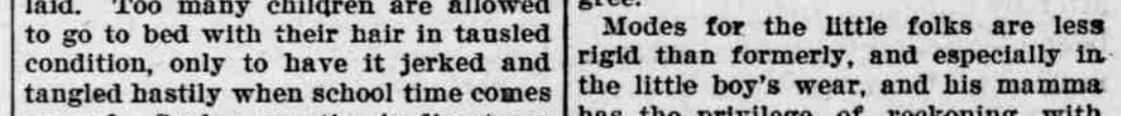
Fashions For Little Boys' Suits.

Little boy fashion to suit the little boy's mamma must unite a certain elegance and taste with small expense. Just at present there are two general styles from which all others are derived—on the plain blouse relieved with straps, a large collar, revers and similar trappings, and the other a pleated or tucked blouse which is adorned and varied in like fashion. Both are long waisted, with long effect from the shoulder to the hem of the blouse, and the wide belt is drawn down in the front to a moderate degree.

Modes for the little folks are less rigid than formerly, and especially in the little boy's wear, and his mamma has the privilege of reckoning with his age, stature and size in general. The patterns are growing simpler. One will find now that the tucked blouse has quite taken the place of the flounced and ruffled ones, which were worn by boys several seasons ago. Lightweight serge and cloth are used extensively as the most popular materials for the boy for his spring attire, and such suits are economical and stylish.

For boys under six years of age there is no style of dress more becoming than the kilt, made Highland fashion, and a blouse. Moreover, the kilt is a much more healthy dress than trousers, as it gives perfect freedom, while providing a sufficient amount of warmth for the most vital parts of the body. The chief thing in putting a child into kilts is to be sure and have the skirt kilted, and not side pleated, which last named more often than not sticks out on all sides with quite a ballet skirt effect.

In a proper Highland kilt the skirt must be no longer or shorter than to just cover the tips of the knees, the waist edge being at the height of the waist edge of the trousers, and finished in the same way, if suspenders are to worn. Otherwise the skirt should be sewn to a lining bodice. There is never any marked change in the fashions for small boys' clothes during the hot days, for the sailor and Russian blouse suits seem to be the best that can be designed, and consequently, the fashion remains in favor in all weathers.



FRILLS OF FASHION

Lighter patterns in silk braid are the vogue.

Novelty in both color and design prevail.

Horizontal tucks for the bottom of skirts are all very large.

The keynote of good style in embroidered trimmings is the broderie anglaise.

Transverse tucks make a very effective trimming for tulle, Brussels net, or chiffon.

Velvet bands and bows will give just the right touch to the fashionable costume of fancy silk.

A very smart trimming for silk or fine cloth is a combination of Venise lace and broderie anglaise.

A three inch Hercules braid, embroidered in silk in Persian colors, is a recent idea in dress garnitures.

Laces will adorn everything this season, and Valenciennes, the most exquisite of fine laces, is in highest vogue.

Little ribbon and silk bows, sometimes so small they suggest tuftings, are used to dot surfaces and spaces that otherwise would be flat, trimming skirt flounces, bodice, yokes, etc.