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## LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

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

### CHAPTER XXV.

"I have seen that cloud-surrounded face, my father's face, and more distinctly than ever before. The same warning, too, to beware of Harriet Foss. And am I not bewaring of that woman? John Marks will remove her to win his son. And such a son! I dreamed that idiot was my son, and that he called me 'Father! Father!' until my brain reeled with the shrillness of his cries. But, worst of all, I dreamed of James Greene—of James Greene and my two dead wives. I thought I saw him holding them by the hand, and climbing up out of the old well-climbing, climbing, until they all got in here, and then the floor opened under me, and I fell, whirling down a thousand years, amid mists, idiots and dead men, until I stopped, mangled to a pulp, in a lake of burning brandy! Horrible! I awoke, and the sun was shining in my face with a gleam that blinded me. Then I dreamed that I sought for the lost will, and not finding it, I fired the house, and saw everybody in it escape except myself, who was grasped by James Greene, and held in the well until it was red hot and I a cinder."

He rambled on of his dreams, trembling and nervous, until Stephen sneaked into the library.

"Stephen," said Hammond, "take these letters to the postoffice. Then call at my office in Wall street for letters, and say that I am out of town. There's an order for you to get the letters. Then go to No. — Mott street. Ask for Mr. Thomas Allday. Tell him his note is due, and that he will be wanted some time to-night. Tell him he shall have his note and its value in cash besides if he is found not wanting. Then hurry home."

Stephen took the letters and departed. After bathing, as was his custom, Hammond breakfasted, and was returning to his library, when old Fan sprang up in his path and said: "Mr. Hammond, I want to go away."

"Go where? You are better off here than you can hope to be elsewhere," said Hammond, eying her suspiciously.

"I want to go away," said the old creature sitting down on the steps, and rocking herself backward and forward. "I want to go away from this dreadful house, Luke Hammond. My yellow birdies aren't safe here."

"Come, this is all nonsense," said Luke, angrily. "Get up; get out of my way. I wish to pass up to the library."

"Not until you can tell me I can go—can go, Luke Hammond," said Fan. "You must tell me you won't set the dogs on me, and let me go."

Luke looked at her sharply. "What do you wish to go after?" said he.

"After! Nobody," said Fan. "You lie, you old hag. You wish to betray me. Go to your kitchen; and remember, my eye is on you always."

"Yes, yes—so is his—so is his!" said Fan, hiding her face in her apron.

"His? Whose?" demanded Luke.

"James Greene's—yes! James Greene's," said Fan. "His eye is always on me—on me! just as he looked when the floor sank under him and he went down—down; but he comes up—he comes up! and he creeps and crawls all over the house, looking at me—at me! and for you—for you!"

"Old woman, I must tie you up," thought Hammond, as she rose and crept slowly away. "You are growing very dangerous."

He entered his library, and pulled a bell cord, then called out quick and sharp, like a snap:

"Come up! Quick!"

She had crept there to listen, for in her distorted brain began to burn a suspicion that Luke Hammond had lied when he told her that Roland Dunn, her son, was hanged, and that Luke Hammond knew where that son was. But that Luke Hammond was that son, old Fan as yet, never dreamed.

"Nancy," continued Luke, "often before now, during my life of plot and scheme, I have felt as I now feel, and always I have acted."

"Act then, Luke," said Nancy, who was much impressed by his earnest bearing and pallid face.

"You consent?"

"Not to her death, Luke," said Nancy, "but to her imprisonment."

"Folly! I feel as if my unseen agent of success tells me to remove forever this woman, whose remorse begins to threaten my death—death on the gallows—to your death, Nancy Harker."

"I will not consent to her death," said Nancy. "Imprison her until you have got full possession of Elgin's estate, then we will share the wealth, and you may fly to whatever place you like."

"And you, Nancy Harker?"

"This affair finished, we must separate," said Nancy. "I shall fly to Italy."

"And where shall we imprison old Fan?" asked Luke.

"Until he uttered those words old Fan had no idea of whom he was speaking. She began to creep farther up the steps; the conversation was growing very interesting to her."

"Anywhere. There are places enough in this large house to keep the old creature safe," said Nancy.

"There is but one safe place for her," said Hammond, shutting the library door.

But old Fan's ear was at the key-hole in a second.

"And where is that?" said Nancy.

"In the old store-room."

Old Fan nearly screamed at the bare thought of the place.

"You mean to murder her, Luke," said Nancy. "I will not consent to it."

"Take care, woman. You are growing dangerous. You are opposing me."

"I care not whether I am growing dangerous or not," said Nancy, vehemently. "Bad as I am, Luke Hammond, there is a crime I cannot commit. Our conduct caused the death of our father, the madness of our mother, and were you to place your pistol at my head and say, 'Do it or die!' I will die before I consent to the death of our mother."

"Fool!" cried Luke, in a rage. "I did not say I wished her death. I say she must be imprisoned in the old store-room, not beneath it. She cannot know why."

"The mere fact of being there would kill her—her remorse would kill her," said Nancy. "No; imprison her in any other room."

me upon the dread records of heaven! I knew not what I did! I am dying!" She sank forward upon her face, as weak as a child.

"She is dying," said Nancy. "Help me to place her upon the cottee."

"No. She must not die here," said Luke. "Come, we will take her to Catharine Elgin's room upstairs."

He was fearfully agitated, and perhaps at that moment even his soul writhed with remorse. They raised the unconscious form of their mother, and bore it to the room formerly used by Kate Elgin.

They placed their mother upon the bed, and she opened her eyes.

"They started back from the calm, reproachful expression of those dying orbs."

"My children," said Fan, in a feeble voice, "I am dying. I know I am dying, but I am glad to die. I thank God that I die in my senses. It seems like a fearful dream, but I know it is true—a dread reality. You, who call yourself Luke Hammond, are my son. And you are my daughter. My mind is calm and clear; it was not utterly clouded as it has sometimes been, and I remember all, or nearly all, I have done in this house. At times during my madness I have been entirely sane, and so great was my misery in being sane, that I have prayed to be mad again. But never have I been in my clear mind more than a few moments at a time; and for many months I have never been utterly mad. I have always believed that I should see my children again. May God forgive me for all the evil I have done, as I forgive you, my children. I have done and thought much evil, but I was mad, or half mad. My daughter, place your hand in my bosom, there is a weight there."

Nancy Harker obeyed, and drew out the little sack of golden coin.

"Sink it! bury it! cast it away!" said the dying woman. "How I loved it in my madness! There's the price of a human life in it! Oh, scatter it to the winds! Roland, my son."

But Hammond felt weak, sick and faint, and hurried away to his library. His face wore an appalled and ghastly look, as he departed, but there was no tear in his eye, no repentance in his soul. He regretted—nothing more.

"He has gone," moaned Fan, turning her weeping eyes upon Nancy, who knelt near her. "Ah, I loved my husband too much to gain the love of my children. Have you children, Nelly?"

"Yes, my mother, one son," said Nancy.

"And has he—has Roland children?"

"Yes, my mother, one son," replied Nancy.

"I would ask many questions," said the dying woman. "I would talk much with you, my daughter. But death is near me. But oh, my child, tell me, have you known me to be your poor mother very long?"

"No, my mother," said Nancy. "I have suspected it only a short time. I wrote my father's name on the floor, and you recognized it."

"I remember now. I fainted. Look at my scarred and distorted face. See the ravages of that awful disease, the smallpox. No wonder you did not suspect sooner. But stay, I remember something more. That sick man in the red room—that young maiden in the other—who are they? You do not answer. What deed of crime are you doing, my daughter?"

Nancy made no reply. Sorry for what she had done she was, but sorrow is not repentance. She had a purpose to accomplish, and what that purpose was the reader shall soon learn.

"Farewell, my daughter, and may God forgive you. May you repent and reform ere you die. And now to Thy mercy, Father of all mercy, I commend my soul."

Old Fan, as we have called Ellen Elizabeth Dunn, never spoke again. She fell asleep, and in that sleep her tortured spirit passed away from earth forever.

Nancy covered the body with a sheet, and stole away to the library. She found Luke drinking brandy, and looking very wild.

"She is dead," said Nancy, coldly. "It is well," said Luke. "And now you must perform the duties she performed for a time."

"Are you not sorry, Luke?"

"Of course I am, Nancy," said he. "I am puzzled how to manage about the burial. Trouble there—trouble ahead."

And that was his sorrow!



### THE WIDE TIRE.

HE following is from Coleman's Rural World: One of the means of improving the condition of the highways which is of importance, but generally disregarded, is the use of wide tires on wagons carrying heavy loads. Such tires are of great value in rolling the surface of the road and avoiding the formation of ruts. The belief that increasing the width of the tire increases the draft probably arises from the fact that as a rule the increase in width of tire is accompanied by a decrease in the diameter of the wheel. Of course, diminishing the diameter of the wheel increases the draft, and increasing the diameter of the wheel diminishes the draft. The radius of the wheel constitutes the lever arm through which the power of the team acts to move the load. The shorter the lever the greater the power required to move the load.

The experiment stations of the country have made exhaustive experiments upon this subject, and in printed bulletins have spread broadcast the result of their investigations. These reports invariably show the advantages of wide tires on good roads, both in the less power required than with narrow tires and in the beneficial effect upon the road. As to the effect of the width of the tire, where the diameter of the wheel remains the same, the Seattle Post notes a trial where forty per cent more power was required to draw a load on a wagon having one and one-half inch tires than on a wagon having three-inch tires. Experiments in this matter have been especially prominent in the work of the Missouri Experiment Station, and they indicate the same result from the use of different width tires on wagons carrying heavy loads.

It is said that many European countries have laws regulating the width of tires. In Germany four-inch tires are required for heavy loads. In France the tires must be from three to ten inches, according to the load, and the front axle must be shorter than the rear axle to prevent "tracking." In Austria wagons carrying two and a quarter tons must have tires at least four and one-half inches wide, and every load over four and a half tons must be carried on tires six and one-fourth inches in width. Switzerland has similar regulations. In some sections of the United States laws have been enacted regulating the width of tires on wagons carrying heavy loads, but in many instances they are ignored. If the value of such regulations in improving the condition of the roads was fully appreciated even by those who are enthusiastic for road improvement, there would be a public sentiment created that would demand the enforcement of such laws.

There seems to be a general awakening upon the subject of improved roads throughout the country, and more liberal local and State appropriations for this purpose are to be made in the future than have been made in the past. Great progress is being made in the dissemination of knowledge upon the construction and repair of roads, and skilled engineers are taking the places of those unskilled in the work in the management of public highways. Along with this general improvement in road matters there should be developed a better appreciation of the importance and value of wide tires in road improvement, that the laws upon the subject may be enforced and other laws enacted along the same line. The subject needs frequent and earnest discussion in order to secure this.

### A Heavy Tax.

Col. J. B. Killebrew in a recent article in the Southern Farm Magazine has this to say: "The tax in getting produce to market in the South is something enormous. Not less than twenty-five cents per ton per mile is paid out every year to get the cotton, tobacco, peanuts, rice, wheat and other produce to market. For transporting the 5,007,541,964 pounds of cotton in 1905 to the railroad station or to market over the common highways, assuming the average distance to be six miles, cost the planters, at twenty-five cents per ton per mile, \$3,823,087. If the cost of carriage could be reduced to eight cents per ton mile, which may be done over good roads, the saving in getting the cotton crops to market would be \$2,59,690."

### What is the Best Way.

The question that confronts us today is not "Shall we have good roads?" but "What is the best way to secure them?" It must be conceded that an initiative step is to give up everywhere the time worn and pernicious system of working out a road tax. In many communities a direct road tax has been substituted, the proceeds of which are expended on the highways under the supervision of experts. The subject has been broadly discussed and generally approved, though there is still a moot point as to how much the General Government shall furnish, how much the State shall pay and what proportion of the expense shall be borne by the counties and townships.

A Japanese marine officer has explained why Japan has such good sailors. Most of her coast vessels are small, but there are a great many of them, and almost any man taken from a fishing village has had enough experience to enable him to become an efficient sailor in a short time.

### THE PERSONAL COLUMN.

Dailies Think Items Silly in Weeklies That Are Proper in Their Sheets.

We can all understand the interest and appositeness of the personal columns of the newspapers. They have a news interest. Additionally, they have a personal interest to others. They take the place, to a degree, of the exchange of personal information that used to be made at the church—and which still, under circumstances that give it value, is made there. There is, besides, in the personal column a human side. It represents interest in people amid the multifarious concerns of other kinds with which the newspaper is freighted. This personal column is the same in its characteristics wherever it is found—the same in London, Indiana, as in London, England. (We speak, of course, to the purely private personal information, that which gets no warrant from official position or commercial function.)

And yet few things are more amusing to a community than the personal column or items of another community. There is more fun in it than in looking at the fashions of last year or the last decade. We know how comically funny tight trousers look in an era of loose trousers, or tight-waisted, long-skirted coats in a time of straight gowns—never reflecting that when fashion swings round again the present styles will look precisely as ridiculous. So, each community finds fun in the personal columns of another community, and seldom with the reflection that the converse is the case.

Few newspapers indulge in this sort of fun so frequently, and (it must be) get so much enjoyment out of it, as those of our great imperial city of New York. It is almost a standing feature for them to copy the personal information of some other community. The enjoyment that it occasions can be imagined from the frequency and prominence with which it is done. A recent example was the reproduction in one of the metropolitan papers of the personal column of a paper of a small Kentucky town. One of these items so solemnly reproduced (there were others of its kind) was this: "Mrs. Mann, of Ewing, Ky., is visiting her brother, C. M. Boone, of this place."

This was doubtless very funny. But the same New York paper contained this item for itself:

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunt have arrived from Europe, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Julian W. Robbins."

And doubtless there was nothing funny at all to the New York paper in that. But why should the one be sober and the other silly? The Hunts and the Robbinses are as much unknown quantities in the Kentucky community as the Manns and the Boones are in New York. As for the importance of the event chronicled to the two communities, manifestly it is "horse and home." Similarly another "funny" Kentucky personal was copied, thus: "George and New Fox started Monday to Illinois, where they will make their home this summer."

But the New York paper chronicled: "Mrs. James McVickar has left town for Brookside, her place at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, for the season."

Again we have Kentucky: "Mr. W. L. Staggs bought of Mrs. James Mason a farm of eighty acres at \$67 per acre."

And New York: "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKeen, who are at present in Paris, have rented Pinecote No. 3, in Narragansett avenue, for the coming season." Where is the difference, if any? The persons involved are equally unknown in the "other" community, and both alike in a third community. All are in private life. They touch the public in nothing. And certainly there is as much dignity in buying a farm as renting a house; and for the matter of that the one implies a life of industry which means something added to the country's riches; the other implies a life of idleness, mere dawdling with nothing more intelligent in it than the play of children with hobby horses and dolls.

It seems to us that there is a large gap in the metropolitan papers to cultivate with reference to the personal intelligence department, and that is to get over the idea that such items in other communities are ridiculous, while in theirs they are of the utmost dignity and moment. Both alike have their local value, but not one stiver of worth outside of that, and both are equally inane to a third party; and if there is any difference the New York items are the inane of the two, for they are a mere repetition of the name of the same set of idlers—the folk that it chronicles of them is just that: They come to "town"; they go to the country; they give a dinner; they attend a dance, et cetera ad nauseam. For the Kentucky folk it can at least be said that the personal mention that they occasionally get does not represent all they do in life.—Indianapolis News.

### Studying Labor Conditions.

The Countess of Warwick, who has done so much toward gaining better conditions for women in the industrial life of England, has just sent to New York twenty-five delegates from the Women Workers' League of Great Britain and Ireland, for the purpose of studying labor conditions in this country so far as they concern women.

### Japan's Good Sailors.

A Japanese marine officer has explained why Japan has such good sailors. Most of her coast vessels are small, but there are a great many of them, and almost any man taken from a fishing village has had enough experience to enable him to become an efficient sailor in a short time.

### With the Funny



Change of Diet. She said: "Give us our daily bread"—Then heaved a little sigh. And said: "To-morrow night, mama, I'm going to pray for pie."—Houston Post.

Privilege. Knicker—"Does your cook eat with the family?" Bocker—"No; the family dine with her."

Not Quite Plain. Kind Lady—"Poor man! Wouldn't you like a nice chop?" The Hobo (suspiciously)—"What kind of a chop, lady—lamb or woodshed?"—Chicago Daily News.

A Heartfelt Revelation. Fidelia—"Aunt Fidelia, why did you never marry?" Aunt Fidelia—"My dear, the only man that I felt sure could manage me never proposed to me."—Brooklyn Life.

Heading Him Off. Hicks—"My wife dropped in to see me at the office to-day, and—"

Wicks—"Sorry, old man, but I've been touched, too; can't lend you a cent."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Old Standby. "A good many people seem to dislike Toucherly—yet he appears to stand by his friends."

"Yes—and I'll bet you never saw one of them offer him a chair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Same Thing. Shaver—"Do you believe that 'early to bed' makes a man wealthy?" Old Boy—"Well, er, yes. You see, it he goes early to bed it keeps him from squandering his money at night!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Optimist. "Oh! yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest."

"Yes, if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman."—Philadelphia Press.

### No Chance For Percy.



Ida—"Are you going to spend that dollar in a present for Percy Sapp?" Map—"No. I promised papa I wouldn't spend it on anything foolish."—Chicago News.

Fixed For the Evening. "What a supremely satisfied look Mrs. Witherleigh has."

"Yes. She has just succeeded in getting her husband paired off with a homely old lady who won't let him get away from her this evening."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Gentle Reminder. Mrs. Blue—"My husband is so tired hearing about coal bills that I don't dare mention it to him again, and we're all out. What shall I do?" Mrs. True—"Let him freeze for a while and he'll think of it himself."—Detroit Free Press.

### She Was.

The sweet girl graduate was reading her essay.

The fond mother, sitting near the front row, was gazing at her with rapture.

"You ought to be proud of her," Mrs. Highmus, whispered the admiring friend sitting alongside.

"Indeed I am," answered the mother. "It cost her \$75, and fits her like a glove!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Saturjane.

"No malaria around here?" said the man with a tourist's cap. "Nope," answered Farmer Corntossel. "Nor mosquitoes?"

"Nope." "You must have some of the annoyances of country life."

### Real Thing.

"What sort of labor is best paid in this country?" asked the English tourist.

### POPULAR SCIENCE

If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about twenty-five per cent of its heating power, the former about forty-seven, per cent.

According to the Scientific American, the power generated in a modern steamship in a single voyage across the Atlantic is enough to raise from the Nile and set in place every stone of one of the great pyramids.

A French journal describes an attempt to produce a sufficiently thin sheet of aluminum to serve as a substitute for tinfol as a wrapper for articles of merchandise that might be injured by moisture. Paper coated with tin is also employed for the same purpose.

It has long been known that ozone is a powerful germicide, and a number of different methods of using it to purify city water supplies have been devised. A well known plant for that purpose is situated at Wiesbaden, Germany. Another has been installed at Philadelphia.

Enormous swarms of butterflies move along the Amazon and other South American rivers. M. Goidl, of Para, Brazil, finds that detached masses make detours to visit trees in bloom, but does not explain the general migration. One suggestion is that the great flights are made up of females seeking mimosa as a place of egg laying.

Electric waves and sensitive receivers offer a means of performing a variety of operations at a distance. Professor E. D. Branly has been trying to attain such results, and has shown the Paris Academy an apparatus by which he can start an electric motor, cause incandescent lamps to glow, and cause an explosion. These effects may be produced or discontinued in any desired order, one after another.

Veterinary surgeons know, but the general public probably does not, that some animals are as liable to meningitis as are human beings. Goats and horses are the principal sufferers in the dumb creation, and from them the infection may be transmitted to man. In horses the disease is known as "hydrocephalus acutus." Of horses affected with the disease, seventy-eight per cent die, and the remainder have a chronic tendency to relapse.—London Globe.

### CANADA'S NORTHWEST POLICE.

No Other Such System of Public Guardianship in the World.

Readiness for duty in any form has made the Royal Northwest Mounted Police what they are, the trusted guardians of life and property in Western Canada. Their field is from the United States boundary to the Arctic coast, and in this vast territory, 1000 miles from south to north, 800 scattered men keep peace and order. Through any part of it, prairie, wilderness or woods, a defenseless woman may go alone and have no fear. To make this easy the traveler's way meant years of vigilant policing and even of fighting. Those were stirring times, when mounted police service had zest and glory. To-day there is less glory and more hard work; for as the country is settling farther north the police, too, are moving up and widening their beats. Smugglers in the border, thieves on the ranches, criminals in the settlements, fires in the forests, to guard against these and to represent the law in a land that would easily be lawless are their duties today, and to these have now been added the carriage of the mails in the extreme north and the protection of the whale fisheries on the Arctic coast. The Royal Northwest mounted police are unique. There is no other such system of public guardianship in the world, nor are there now in any other country quite the same conditions which called it into being.—Aubrey Fullerton, in the World To-day.

### "Man is Nature's Enemy."

"Man," says Professor Lankester in his Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is nature's rebel." Natural selection, as supposed, lifted him from so low—the monstrosity of his present high estate, is now believed by many of its advocates to be a failure as regards raising him any higher. Having done so much in the past, it is thought to be incapable of doing "the little more" which is of such great importance. While in the case of other creatures their actions are supposed to play into the hands of natural selection, so that this beneficent force becomes the alma mater of new races, in the case of man it has been otherwise. His own actions have defeated the aims of natural selection for his welfare. Darwin held similarly pessimistic views. "In one of my latest conversations with Darwin," writes Dr. A. R. Wallace, "he expressed himself very gloomily on the future of humanity." And this was on the grounds that under present conditions the fittest did not survive. Many evolutionists, therefore, as Mr. Francis Galton and Dr. A. R. Wallace, have suggested ways in which natural selection may be assisted rather than thwarted in producing a more perfect race. The remedy proposed by Prof. Lankester is that men should acquire greater control over nature by means of a deep study of science. And in the reformed education advocated by Prof. Lankester Latin and Greek are to be eliminated as injurious.—London Globe.