The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### The End.

The rich heir at morning looked over his lands,
All bright in the pride of their harvest prime:
He counted the people to him came to his hands,
But he saw not the angel who stood at his side!

For death waits not, though riches increase:
And the world may trust in treasures that cease,
But their boast must end in mourning.

Quoth he, "The wealth of my fair fields teeming,
I will hoard, and eat while the years roll on:
And I'll build broader barns"—but a voice broke his dreaming,
And his flush'd cheek with terror turned haggard and wan.

For death waits not, though riches increase,
And the hope that flatters a miser's peace
Is the hope that ends in mourning.

That night, still and cold, in the silence dim
O, his stately chamber the rich man lay;
And his barns, and his harvests, what are they to him?
And whose was his wealth when his soul fled away?

For death waits not, though riches increase,
Nor the gold of the miser can buy him release,
When the day of his doom comes in mourning.

—*Theron Brown.*

### The Belle of the Bakery.

It was not one of your common bakeries. It was a very genteel bakery, indeed, with a solid plate-glass window, and "Parties and Weddings Supplied" gilded in sprawling letters across the front. The floor was of chequered marble, and the walls were frescoed with peacock feathers and half-open fans. And Mrs. Biggs knew nothing at all about "the business," but came in and out of a private door, and Miss Edelgitha, her daughter, was taking lessons on the piano, and in arrasene work, and read D'Israeli's novels.

As for Mr. Biggs himself, he was invisible half the day in the subterranean region, whence he would occasionally emerge with a very red face, and hair and whiskers powdered with flour.

"They ain't nothin' like the master's eye," Mr. Biggs would observe, with a noble disregard of grammar, which was peculiarly aggravating to Edelgitha, his daughter.

Then there was Mary—"Polly," as Mr. Biggs called her. Mary Biggs had come to visit Edelgitha, and be educated with her, when the sudden death of her father left her unprovided for, and all but friendless.

"She's most educated, ain't she?" said Mr. Biggs. "Del'll put her through and make a teacher of her, eh, wife?"

"Pray, Mr. Biggs, don't go to putting such nonsense into the child's head!" said Mrs. Biggs. "It's a deal too expensive, and it will be three years at least before she will be qualified to teach. And we can't board and clothe her all that time. Let her go down into the bakery and help you. You were complaining only yesterday of being short of hands."

"But it's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mr. Biggs, who was a kind-hearted soul. "Such a bright, smart little critter as Polly is."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Biggs. "You want bright, smart creatures, don't you?"

"But I somehow calculated to give Polly the same advantages as Edelgitha," urged the baker, wriggling like an uneasy eel.

"Then you calculated entirely without your host," observed Mrs. Biggs, tartly. "We are not Rothschilds and Signor Caracch charges eighty dollars a quarter; and I've spoken to a French mam'selle about daily lessons in conversation at a dollar a-piece. Besides"—with a sudden change of base—"Mary was telling me, only yesterday, that she pined for something to do. She has always been used to such an active life."

So Mary, in her black calico dress, with the mist of tears still heavy on her eyelids, went down into the work-rooms, to help her uncle.

She was a brisk, efficient girl, who had what Uncle Biggs called "a level business head." She was a good accountant, and kept the books below stairs; and once in awhile she amused herself with making up a pile of dainty, snow-white meringues, or a batch of old-fashioned doughnuts, for the store. It was lonely down there, to be sure, among the busy workmen, and she sighed at times when she heard her Cousin Edelgitha practicing the scales.

"It is very ungrateful of me," she said to herself. "I ought to be glad and thankful to help good Uncle Biggs."

And it never occurred either to Mary or her uncle that if she hadn't been so very much prettier than Edelgitha she never would have been banished to the basement of the bakery.

"Edelgitha must marry rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "We have prepared her to adorn any station; and Mr. Lilburne, certainly was very attentive when he met her at the private view of the picture gallery. I really think he likes Edelgitha."

"He's a queer old fish!" said the baker, meditatively.

"But he's rich," said Mrs. Biggs.

"Well, then, let's ask him to supper, and leave him and Edelgitha alone together afterward?" suggested Mr. Biggs. "That is, if she likes him."

"Biggs, don't be a goose!" said the lady, irritably. "You haven't a soul above one of your own flour-barrels—no, nor you won't never have."

So Mr. Biggs retired, and gave his whole attention to the checking off of a load of St. Louis flour, which was being delivered at the alley-door.

Mary Biggs had come up into the store to whisper one of her uncle's messages to the stylish young woman behind the counter, when a servant-girl hurried in and emptied about a peck of little, flat, brown cakes on the glass top of the show-case.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, miss," said she; "and they're trash!"

"What!" said the shopwoman.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments; and they're trash!" repeated the maid. "He said they wasn't ginger-snaps at all; they was only lard and molasses. He wanted the kind his mother used to bake, of Saturday mornings. The very first one he tasted he threw on the floor."

"Well," remarked the shopwoman, tossing her head, "if our ginger-snaps don't suit the gentleman, then it's impossible to suit him. That's all!"

"He's been sick, you know," said the maid-servant, apologetically. "And he's just getting better and his appetite's dreadful uncertain, and Mrs. Pugsley—my missus—she thought she was sure to tempt him with these 'ere. 'Ginger-snaps!' said he. 'Just what I've been a-longin' for. My mother used to bake 'em for me, when I was a child. Yes, Mrs. Pugsley,' said he, 'you may order 'em for me.' But," with a mild sigh, "missus might ha' known they wouldn't suit. Nothin' suits when a gen'leman's just off a sick bed."

"Is it Mr. Lilburne?" said Mary. "Oh, I remember him. He came here once, and went to sleep while Edelgitha was singing, 'Oh, Summer Night.' I liked him. He talked to me about the country. He knew all about calves and chickens, and cranberry swamps and robins'-nests. Does he like ginger-snaps? I'll make some for him. I know an old-fashioned receipt that is always good. Come here to-morrow, my good girl," to the maid, "and I'll have some ready for you. Poor Mr. Lilburne! I'm sorry he's sick!"

The smart shopwoman stared as superciliously as Liszt or Chopin might have done if a village lagler had volunteered to them the first principles of music.

A country-girl, like that, expect to compete with "Biggs's Celebrated Bakery!" Well, really, the shopwoman did't know what the world was coming to.

But little Polly hurried down stairs again, to where Mr. Biggs, all powdered with flour, was laying down the law to some of his satellites.

"Ginger, my dear?" said he. "And flour? What you like—what you like! As I was telling you, down on, a barrel of prime flour has to be humored. You can't drive it. Flour is flour, and must be handled accordingly."

* * * * * *

Mr. Leonidas Lilburne, stalking uneasily about his sick-room, and anathematizing the sluggish current of the hours, was secretly making up his mind to get married.

"After a man has once been sick in a boarding-house," he said to himself, "he's a fool if he don't look around for a home of his own. I am forty next month. It's high time I was thinking of settling in life— Eh, who's there?"

"It's me, sir, please!" said Mrs. Pugsley—"with some ginger-snaps."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Fling 'em out of the window! Give 'em to the dogs! I don't want any more of your city humbugs!"

"But please, sir, these are quite different!" Mrs. Pugsley coaxed—"made by a young woman from the country, as works in Mr. Biggs' bakery. And I was to ask, would you be so very good as only to taste 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I'll taste them!" said Mr. Lilburne, sarcastically. "It's no trouble to poison myself, just to oblige people!"

And Mrs. Pugsley, entering with an apprehensive air, put the plate of round, golden cakelets on the table.

"I really think, sir," said she, "if you would only taste them—"

"Hum! ha!" said Mr. Lilburne. "These are quite a different article! These are the kind my old mother used to turn out! They're ambrosia—they're food for the gods! Who made them, I say?"

"I—I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pugsley, rather discomfited by this direct address. "Some young person in Mr. Biggs' bakery."

"Order a carriage!" said Mr. Lilburne—"and bring me my sable-trimmed overcoat at once! I'll go and see that young woman. I don't believe there is another person on the American continent that can make ginger-snaps like these, now that my poor old mother is buried!"

Mary Biggs came, laughing, up from the subterranean deeps of Biggs' bakery.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lilburne," said she, "I made the snaps! Don't you remember me—Edelgitha's cousin?"

"But what are you doing down here?" demanded Mr. Lilburne, in some amazement.

"Earning my own living," Polly promptly answered. "And they told me you didn't like the store snaps, so I baked some after my grandmother's old receipt."

Mr. Lilburne looked at Polly with the respect due to a maker of incomparable ginger-snaps, mingled with chivalrous pity for a desolate maiden.

"Miss Polly," said he—"that was what they called you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Polly, "that's my name."

"Perhaps I ought to warn you that I'm going to be a little abrupt," said he; "but—I should like to marry you."

"Oh, dear!" said Polly, starting back in amazement; "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Lilburne. "Think of it, that's all. Think of it for a week, and then let me know your final decision. I'm not exactly what the world calls a gay young lover, but I can give you a good home and an honest, loving heart. Your uncle can tell you all about Leonidas Lilburne. There, I won't tease you any longer. Just take my proposal into consideration, that's all."

So he went away, and Mary, in her perplexity, went in among the flour-barrels, and took counsel with Uncle Biggs.

"Uncle," said she, "what am I to do?"

"My dear," said the good man, stroking her head with floury, yet not unkindly, hands, "what do you think? Could you learn to like him?"

"I think so," confessed Mary, with downcast eyes. "He spoke so pleasantly to me, and he has honest brown eyes."

"Then I recommend you to say yes," said Uncle Biggs. "Lilburne is a good, warm-hearted fellow, if a little eccentric, and his wife will be a lucky woman."

And he thought of Edelgitha and sighed.

A week subsequently, Mr. Lilburne gave his landlady warning.

"I hope I haven't failed to suit you, sir," said she, plaintively.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Pugsley," said he. "But I'm going to be married."

"I'm sure, sir, I congratulate you," said Mrs. Pugsley, faintly.

"You may well do so, ma'am," said Mr. Lilburne. "She's as lovely as Venus, as domestic as Dorcas, and—she makes ginger-snaps such as my poor mother once did! Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, I feel that I have gained a prize."

So Polly Biggs' ginger-snaps won the treasure which Miss Edelgitha's frills and French conversation had been powerless to reach.

"I really can't see what Mr. Lilburne saw to fancy in my Cousin Polly!" said she, with spiteful tears.

And Mrs. Biggs could not enlighten her daughter.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

### About Authors.

Baxter was one of the most voluminous writers in the English language. He wrote no fewer than 168 separate works.

Dr. Owen published seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. He wrote so carelessly that Robert Hall said of him, "He is a Dutchman floundering in a continent of mud."

Samuel Clarke was an indefatigable worker. His edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries," his seventeen sermons, his twelve books of the Iliad, etc., prove the fact.

Otway performed an immense amount of literary labor before he had attained his thirty-fourth year.

Doctor Lardner was a voluminous writer. His "Credibility of the Gospel History" alone comprised fifteen volumes.

William Cobbett wrote more than one hundred volumes.

Thomas Miller author of "Fair Rosamond," "Lady Jane Grey," etc., wrote one hundred volumes in twenty years.

Theodore Hook produced thirty-eight books in sixteen years, and as he was during that time editor of a paper and contributor to the magazines, he may well have been considered a great worker.

Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo Books" wrote more than one hundred volumes for his juvenile series.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

When a thing is once begun, it is almost half finished.

People's interests can only be decided by their conduct.

Happiness is like an echo; it answers to your call, but does not come.

Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they also make them artificial.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes, but inquisitiveness dries up the fountain of all goodness.

Make no promise you do not perform this or that; it shows a weak or untrue mind, and makes people doubt your word.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

A great secret of education is to make the exercises of the body and those of the mind serve always as a recreation to each other.

Observation and experience combine to teach us how small a part of life incidents which happen to us can be foretold. Therefore it becomes the wise to enjoy with equanimity or to suffer with fortitude whatever happens.

It is an argument of a candid, ingenuous mind to delight in the good name and commendations of others; to pass by their defects and take notice of their virtues; and to speak or hear willingly of the latter, for in this indeed you may be little less guilty than the evil speaker, in taking pleasure in evil, though you speak it not.

Think not you are the only one who has to endure, and who dreads the hardships of life. Ease and comfort are the natural desires of the human heart, and there are thorns, real or imaginary, in every one's pathway. But sitting down and brooding will never bring power to overcome them—rather be up and doing, thankful for the blessings yet remaining.

### Knife Handles.

An ivory-hafted knife to the ordinary diner-out, says a London paper, is simply a piece of table cutlery, useful at meals, but devoid of all romance. He wonders not at the ingenuity that made the steel and fashioned the blade with its keenly-cutting edge. In his eyes it is only a knife-handle and he does not allow its antecedents to interfere with his appetite. But through what an experience this bit of ivory, so smooth and shining, has passed! It once formed part of an elephant's tusk and was probably dug out of the desert or found in some dense African forest, while the jackals or the vultures were feeding on the animal's carcass. It was most likely carried hundreds of miles over a trackless country and territory peopled by hostile tribes ready to shed blood for its possession. Like fame, ivory is frequently very difficult to get, and when, by the exercise of strength, endurance, watchfulness and cunning, the dusky natives have brought it to the shore, they deserve a substantial price for the precious load that has fatigued their limbs and made their shoulders ache. A tusk sold one week at Liverpool weighed not less than 110 pounds, and it can scarcely be said that the African's yoke is easy and his burden light when he has to toil along, in tropical heat, with an elephant's tooth in his grasp.

But the obstacles to be overcome in getting the ivory to a civilized region are not entirely responsible for the present high prices in the English market. The elephant is defunct in Egypt, and tusks are only obtainable there by dredging in the sand; but the leviathan of the woods is by no means extinct in Africa and India, and would possibly yield an abundance of ivory if the demand only grew as slowly as his teeth.

### The Small-Sized Japs.

Doubtless had not the long centuries of seclusion from the outside world compelled the Japanese to marry and intermarry among themselves as they have, they would show a much taller race than they now do. Every species of animal life is dwarfed from the same cause of interbreeding. The cattle are small, and the horses are much smaller than the California mustang; in fact they can only be called ponies. There may, perhaps, be yet another case for the short stature of the race. Their internecine wars have destroyed the lives of myriads of the fighting population. It is known that the wars of Napoleon served to shorten the stature of the French people very materially, and doubtless the destruction of life caused by war has effected the same result here. The Japanese are a warlike race, and when they fight they fight to kill, using the most effective edged tools ever made for the trade of war.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Photographic plates have proved that light penetrates clear water to the depth of 300 feet, and it is thought that rays powerful enough to exert an influence on the lower forms of life may reach to greater depths.

Diamonds, A. B. Griffith considers, had been formed by the action of highly-heated water or water-gas, aided by great pressure on the carbonaceous matter of fossils in the sedimentary rocks, followed by cooling and consequent deposition of carbon in the crystalline condition.

The German military engineers have succeeded in adapting and perfecting the celestophotograph apparatus to be placed in a balloon for observing the enemy's camp, etc. It will take a perfect photograph of the country below in the fraction of a second when the balloon is at an elevation of 4000 feet.

One of the largest brains on record is that of an illiterate, not very intelligent mulatto of Columbus, O., who recently died at the age of 45 years, and whose case is reported by Dr. Beldemas in the Cincinnati *Lancet*. His brain weighed sixty-eight and three-quarters ounces, or nearly five ounces more than the famous brain of Cuvier. The case was mentioned a few months ago of a lumber-layer who could neither read or write, whose brain weighed sixty-seven ounces.

An English inventor has devised a huge listening trumpet, by which a sound at sea is caught up and rendered audible to an officer on shipboard. Such an apparatus has been put up on the North Sunderland pier, and it has been found that if a ship is hailed from this pier, the person hailing can hear quite distinctly, through the opening in the vibrating funnel, the reply sent. Experiments are yet wanting to test the efficacy of this simple apparatus in fogs at sea.

Mexico is making a study of the culture of the rubber-plant. The hardiness of the plant is said to be such that its culture is exceedingly simple and inexpensive where the climate and soil are suitable. In much of the Mexican coast region almost the only expense is the weeding required when the plant is young, to give them a chance to grow and strengthen. In fact, it is certain that properly set out, the plants will grow and mature in spite of the weeds, but are so retarded that it pays well to give them careful attention. Cotton can be cultivated simultaneously between the rows, and the culture of the cotton is sufficient to care for the rubber-trees also.

### Habits of Seals

The inhabitants of Iceland relate many anecdotes of the habits of seal-dogs, particularly that species called the land-seals. They say that these animals are very observant; when they perceive any new object upon the shore they approach toward it—which has suggested to the inhabitants the idea of catching them in two ways. They spread nets in the straits and bays through which the seals pass, and then on a dark evening they make a fire on the coast with shavings, horn, and other combustible substances, that exhale a strong smell; the seal, attracted by the scent, swims toward the fire, and is taken in the nets. They are easily tamed, and the people put them, when young, into pends, and feed them daily, by which they become as tractable as a common dog; run about the yard, and follow the master of the house, or anybody else who may call them by name. In some years the seal is almost starved. When for instance, the winter is severe, fish and insects are scarce, and the seaweed by which they are nourished is carried off by the ice and breakers; then they are so lean and weak that it is impossible for them to escape, and they are easily taken; their fat is consequently wasted, and nothing is found in their stomachs but marine plants and stones.

### Southern Houses.

The Atlanta correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* writes: The style of architecture has changed materially in the last five or ten years. Right after the war we had an inundation of Northern architects, who planned houses suited to cold Northern climates and wholly unfitted for our warm atmosphere. They made close houses, with small rooms, narrow stairways, without halls, and with only scraps of veranda and porch. The little cuddles of rooms and labyrinthine arrangement of interior were the very culmination of discomfort for our hot climate. The philosophy of a true Southern dwelling is roominess and a chance for a breeze. We need wide halls, some porches, and large rooms. The new and improved system of Atlanta architecture recognizes these climatic necessities.

### The Engineer at a Concert.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end just as if they were gauges, and waited to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line, just as if he was holding a horse race. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 387 pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited. About the time I was flying to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the feeder, and, Jerusalem, jumpers! how he did run. I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was 'pounding' on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his side-pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of corn stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the roar of a lumbleber. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a locomotive, slipped an eccentric, blew out his oil jobs, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a brake set. She went by the meeting-point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the special. In a dazed I heard the crash as they struck, and saw the cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the furnace of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

### Remarkable Tree.

There is a most remarkable fir tree in the forest of Allaz, canton of Vaud. It is near the Bath of Allaz at a height of about 1200 feet above the hotel, and 4500 feet above the sea, surrounded by a forest of trees whose average height is more than thirty feet. The trunk is a little less than three feet in circumference at the base. At about a yard from the ground it splits out, on the south side, seven branches, which have grown into trunks as strong and vigorous as those of the other trees in the forest. Bent and gnarled at the bottom, these side trunks soon straighten and rise perpendicularly and parallel to the main stem. This feature is not, perhaps, wholly unparalleled, but another curious fact is that the two largest of the side trunks are connected with the principal trunk by a singular triangular leaves resembling girders. The space between the lower flooring formed by the growing together of the offsets, at their point of departure, and the upper limbs, is large enough to admit of building a comfortable hermit's hut within it.

### An Ancient Nation.

At the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, China was seven hundred years old; and when Isaiah prophesied of her she had existed fifteen centuries. She has seen the rise and decline of all the great nations of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome have long since followed each other to the dust; but China still remains a solitary and wonderful monument of patriarchal times. Then look at the population of the country, roughly estimated at four hundred millions, ten times the population of the United States, more than ten times the population of Great Britain and Ireland. Every third person that lives and breathes upon this earth is a Chinaman; and every third grave that is dug is for a Chinese.

### Echo Song.

I call across the rolling plain,
"O mountains hear your sleep awake,
Give me back some shadow-bright,
Hear and give back some bright song."
And back the echo brings a sound,
Increasing as it comes around,
Repeating every laughing word,
"Repeat!"

There lofty peaks of black and brown,
Across the plain stand up majestically
The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Where across the [illegible] coast
The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[