The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Golden Days Departed.

O voices still beneath the churchyard sod,
Bright eyes that glistened from behind long lashes,
Warm beauty early given back to God,
Red lips that now are ashes!

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
Each hope and joy and grief is laid within
The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of midnight hour
A strain of boundless music sweet and solemn,
A dream, a bird, a leaf, a flower
A sunset richness [illegible]

Can fling that portal open, and beyond
Appears the resistless summer feeling:
All hopes, all joys, all loves, all musings fond,
In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight —
Its cares and woes that make us weary hearted,
And leaves us basking in the holy light
Of golden days departed.

MARIETTE'S HAIR.

Little Mariette had long yellow hair. It was so long that it fell almost to her knees whenever she pulled her comb from it and tossed her head, like a bird shaking its plumes. It was as yellow as ripened grain and showed golden lights that made one imagine that it had caught and imprisoned the light of the morning sun whose rays had indiscreetly lingered to kiss her white shoulders as she braided her hair before the window. Ah, the beautiful tresses of Mariette! Many youthful gallants dreamed of them. Among these was Jean, a young man of twenty, and one fine day Jean and Mariette were married.

Jean was a clever, merry youth, who looked upon life as if it were a good farce. He was gifted by nature with a talent for drawing. It was by this talent he expected to make his way in the world.

Well, Mariette and Jean were married. Why? Because they loved each other, of course. Jean, who treated Mariette as a comrade, carried his heart in his hand. One evening, when they had clasped hands for a longer time than usual, Mariette found his heart in her little palm. The giddy-headed Jean had forgotten it. To punish him, Mariette kept it. That is the whole story.

The day after their marriage Jean, after searching his pockets, found three francs.

"They will not last us very long," he said.

They hardly lasted until dinner, which was somewhat abridged. Jean and Mariette, however, recovered themselves at supper—a supper of fond caresses and kisses.

Two days afterward Jean was surprised by the receipt of five hundred francs. An uncle who lived in the provinces had sent it to him as a wedding gift. After having pinched each other to assure themselves that they were not dreaming, the couple began to lay their plans, and talked of buying everything in Paris. Mariette was the first to become serious.

"Give me the money," she said. "I will take care of the cash box. It is necessary for us to economize and think of the future."

Jean, with a royal gesture, handed her the bank notes, and took no more thought of the money. One thought only troubled him a little. When he went into the street and saw himself in the large glasses of the store windows he found that he had a bourgeois appearance and he was constantly examining himself to see if he had not reduced his obesity somewhat. Then, in order to make himself slender, he would run about Paris searching for work.

At the end of a fortnight Mariette began to experience great uneasiness. It could hardly be believed—the 500 francs were nearly exhausted. Was it possible? Was there not some magic under it all? Mariette became grave and reflected a long time.

"You know," she said to Jean in the evening, "it is eight days since you have had work."

"I know that very well," he replied. "But why that serious air? Have we no more money?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "only a man ought not to be doing nothing."

"You are right. I will look for work, but it is not easy to find."

Eight days later Mariette became very anxious. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that starvation was at hand. She said nothing to Jean, knowing that he was doing his best to find work. She tried to imagine what would be the end of this terrible misery. She began to practice the most extreme economy.

At the end of a week Mariette had become a most prudent as well as a most clever manager.

One morning, as Jean was about to depart, Mariette was seized with a fit of weeping. One hundred sous—only one hundred sous were left—only enough to last two days—and then! Decidedly everything looked black. She made her toilet, however, but not without sighing. As she was putting up her hair before the glass she found that she had no hairpins left.

"Another expense!" she groaned.

When she went into the street she entered the shop of the hairdresser at the corner to buy a package of hairpins for two sous. The hairdresser was busy in a corner of his shop braiding a plait of blonde hair which was fastened by a nail to a wooden head.

"You have no need of that," he said, glancing toward Mariette's hair.

"No; fortunately not," replied Mariette, "for that must be dear."

"Oh, it costs twenty-five francs."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the labor of arranging it, you know, brings a good price."

"To be sure! But the hair alone, that is worth something?"

"Indeed it is! This now is worth fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs! How much would mine be worth on my head?"

"Let me see it."

Mariette drew out her comb, and, as she shook her head, her luxuriant hair fell about her.

"Ah," exclaimed the hair dresser, "a beautiful head of hair."

Then, suddenly restraining his enthusiasm as he scented business, he added:—

"That is worth—well, a hundred francs would pay you well for it. Do you wish to sell it?"

"Not to-day," replied Mariette, as she put up her hair, "but one of these days, perhaps. For some time it has tired my head very much."

"But we could arrange not to cut it all at once. I would buy it by the piece.

"That will be a good idea. Well, we will see."

And Mariette went homeward in a thoughtful mood. Jean had just returned for dinner.

"Jean," said Mariette, with a little laugh, "do you know what the hairdresser below has just proposed to me?"

"No."

"He wishes to give me a hundred francs for my hair."

"What an absurd idea"

"Oh, I don't know! When our money gives out that would be a resource worth thinking of."

Jean suddenly worked himself into an angry passion, saying that if ever she did such a thing—Well, what would he do? He did not know, but—Well, anyway, only a woman could have thought of such an absurd idea.

Mariette made no reply. A fortnight later as she was combing her hair, Jean, who had forgotten something, hastily entered the room.

"Good day," he said, embracing his wife.

Then he suddenly paused.

"Look here! This is strange. One would say your hair was falling out."

"Do you think so?" answered Mariette, drawing her hair through her hands. "Yes, it has seemed to me for some time past that it has been falling out somewhat."

"Then buy a hair restorative."

"Bah! they are worthless."

Eight days afterward, as he leaned over the bed to say goodby to Mariette, who was rather lazy that morning, Jean said:—

"Decidedly, your hair is becoming thin; you have not nearly so much as formerly."

"Yes, yes," replied Mariette, sinking back and burying her neck in her pillow; "it falls out continually. Well, when I have none left you will no longer love me!"

"You deserve not to be loved for saying so. But be patient. If I conclude my negotiations to-day we will bring back your hair. I promise you that."

At mid-day Jean returned, entering the room so hurriedly that he failed to close the door behind him.

"There," he cried, "the bargain is concluded. It appears that I have talent, talent enough. I am engaged for 300 francs a month. Peru and Golconda! And to begin with, I have received pay for half a month in advance. Look at that! I am rolling in wealth!"

And the triumphant Jean threw five Louis on the table.

Mariette, astonished, looked at him with admiration.

"But," said she suddenly, "why have you all those bottles?"

"To restore your hair, madame," replied Jean. "I have a dozen bottles of the best hair restorative. I have rifled all the perfumers."

"And for that?"

"Yes. I paid only fifty francs; no more."

Mariette almost fell to the floor.

"Ah! you have done a fine thing!" she exclaimed.

"How so?"

"Why, my hair is not falling out. Here, look at it."

And, taking her hair in both hands, she pulled it without moving a muscle. Then, as her astonished husband stared at her, with open mouth, she broke into a hearty laugh.

But Jean suddenly approached her, and, seizing her hands, thrust them aside.

"It is not possible!" he said, in a changed tone.

"Why not possible?" answered Mariette.

"Cut! You have cut your hair?"

"Well, it was necessary—to live, as we were out of money a month ago."

Jean for a moment remained silent and motionless. Then he tenderly pressed his wife to his bosom and kissed her forehead.

As she let him do this without saying a word, Mariette perceived two large tears fall upon her hair.

"Ah, foolish fellow!" she said, "be reasonable. My hair will grow again—have no fear—for those two tears will do it more good than your dozen bottles of restorative."—*Joseph Mandet.*

Labor and Longevity.

Ericsson, the veteran inventor, was 81 years old recently. He is in excellent health, and works, it is said, sixteen hours a day, an exception to the general rule, proving it, like many others that are received without question, a fallacy. Perhaps it might be fairly asserted that busy men live longer than idle men; that work is, after all, the true elixir of life. Many noteworthy instances where longevity coincides with remarkable mental activity will easily occur to the reader.

Was not Sophocles more than 90, when, to prove that he was not in his dotage—as his heirs claimed, in order to get his money—he wrote one of his greatest tragedies? Did not Humboldt do more work at four-score than many bright men do at forty? Goethe, as every one knows, died with pen in hand at the age of 82. Von Ranke, the foremost of living historians, has just published another volume of his Universal History; he will be 86 years old next December. Carlyle and Emerson lost none of their vigor until they reached three-score years and ten.

And to-day, who imagines that Oliver Wendell Holmes, already on the verge of 70, is old? Longfellow did some of his best work shortly before his death, at 75, and Whittier is now two years older than that. The vast energies, whose sum in many directions are known as Victor Hugo's, show no signs of decrepitude, although it is now eighty-two years since Victor Hugo was born. Historians, it may be remarked, have usually been long lived.

Voltaire died at 84. Thierry and Michelet, at 76; Mignet and Guizot, at 87. George Bancroft is now 81, and George Ticknor lived to be 89. In public life we have had several recent examples of great men whose power for statesmanship did not diminish through age. Gladstone is nearly 75, and Palmerston was Prime Minister at the time of his death, two days before he had completed 81 years. Benjamin Franklin, in the last century, lived to be 84.

Autumn Leaves.

Maple and oak are most desirable; sumac and ivy must be gathered after the first slight frost, or the leaflets will fall from the stem. Ferns may be gathered at any time. The leaves when gathered should be placed in a large book; this may be made of common newspapers with pasteboard covers. Immediately after gathering take a moderately warm iron, rub white wax over it, and apply to the surface of each leaf. Do not press the leaves with the iron too long, or they will become perfectly flat. Very pretty transparencies are made by placing a bouquet of autumn leaves between two pieces of bobinet lace, which are kept in shape by bonnet wire, and bound with bright-colored ribbon. A bird cage of autumn leaves with a stuffed bird in it, is a pretty ornament for a winter room, though a live bird in a wire cage would be in some respects more desirable.

A Fish Story.

"They've a man-eating shark down town," said Mr. Jones to his wife the other evening; "quite a curiosity."

"I don't see what makes it a curiosity," answered Mrs. Jones, shortly.

"Did you ever see one?" asked Jones.

"No; but I've seen a man eating pumpkin pie, and a whole crowd looking at him."

Then Jones laid down his paper and explained that a man-eating shark was a large fish on exhibition at one of the markets.

"So you said," answered Mrs. Jones calmly, and if the man prefers shark to other fish, I don't see as its anybody's business but his own."

Then Jones tore out a handful of his hair, but remained silent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Master Squirrel.

Master Squirrel, frisky and gay,
Come and live with me I pray.
Nuts have I for thee to crack;
Gourds to rend them it never lack;
Sweet apples and pears to eat
For thy pleasure shall them get.
A gilded cage hath he thy nest,
A bed of down thy place of rest;
A fine feast thy bed shall be
If thou wilt come and live with me.

Nay, my winsome little maid,
I prefer the glen and glade;
Hath my home I my house,
Through the woods I can rouse
Nuts have I and berries to spare,
Leaves and corn and berries fair
When the sport-mad [illegible] and I
Many a frolic-filled hour [illegible]
A golden cage and wealth to me
Are no exchange for liberty.

—*H. P. Woodcock in St. Nicholas.*

A Wise Dog.

Harry had gone to the country to make a visit. He was sitting on the porch, talking with Farmer Hughes, when the farmer said, "Isn't it about time you brought up those cows?" Harry was used to being called upon to help everybody at home; but, as this was his first visit to the farm house, he felt a little surprised at being told to bring up the cows. However, he started to go; but the farmer kept on talking so lustily to him that he could not get away without being impolite. He sat down to wait till the end of the farmer's story. Pretty soon Harry saw the cows coming up and a gray shepherd dog driving them.

"Oh," said he, "I understand now! You told the dog to go for the cows. I thought you meant me."

Farmer Hughes laughed. "You must have thought we were in a hurry to set our visitors at work. Nero knew whom I meant. He was in the kitchen, and went out the back door."

"Is his name Nero? It seems a shame to call a nice, innocent dog by that name."

Harry had been reading history and had learned about a wicked emperor named Nero, who used to burn Christians to light his garden.

"Yes," said the farmer, "but he doesn't care. The dog is so intelligent and good, that it makes his name like the name of Nero. He understands everything. Nero, bring up that lamb."

Nero walked quietly away, and soon came back, driving a lamb before him.

"Now bring the sheep." And he brought them. In a little while the sheep started back to the fields. "You better hold those sheep, Nero," said the farmer. And Nero went out and placed himself in the gate, and kept the sheep in the yard.

"Do you believe a dog can tell one color from another?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, no!" replied Harry.

"Nero can. I have two red and two spotted oxen. And he will bring the one or the other, as I tell him. Nero, bring up the red oxen."

Away went Nero, and soon came back driving a red ox and a spotted ox before him.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry. "I thought he couldn't tell color."

"Nero," said the farmer sternly, "what did you bring that spotted ox for? I told you the red ones. Now take that spotted one back and bring the other red one."

Nero looked very much ashamed of his blunder. He hastened to take the spotted ox back to the field, at a good canter, and quickly came back with the other red ox.—*Our Little Ones.*

Great Libraries.

Germany has more books in its libraries than any other nation. There are over 1,000 libraries in Austria. Germany and Switzerland, twenty of which contain over 100,000 volumes. France has six libraries of over 100,000 books, besides the National Library, which is the largest in the world. Great Britain has only nine libraries of over 100,000 volumes, and the British Museum pays out $10,000 annually adding to its collections. Spain has thirty public libraries, containing 700,000 volumes. The library in Washington contains 518,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets, and there are but but five larger in the world—the French National, with 2,500,000; the British Museum, 900,000; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Munich, 900,000; and Berlin, with 750,000.

Heavier than Dough.

"What is the heaviest thing in the world?" asked young Sharply of Mrs. Badger, his landlady, as he poised a biscuit in his hand.

"I should say it was money."

"Ah?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, because you never seem strong enough to raise sufficient to pay your board when it is due."

Mr. Sharply eats his biscuits now without asking any conundrums.

It is estimated that one voter in seven cannot write.

MYSTERY OF FLOWERS

Curious Studies in Floral Beauty.

Significance of Some Flowers—The Origin of a Familiar Line.

The name of the peony is derived from Peon, a celebrated Greek physician, who taught the Greeks that this pretty flower was of divine origin, emanating from the light of the moon, and a valuable cure, therefore, for epilepsy, which was supposed to be a moonstruck malady. The peony was thought to have power over the winds, to protect the harvest from storms and to avert tempests.

The floral kingdom furnishes plants which flower unfailingly on certain days, and superstition has seized on this fact and associated some with the qualities of great persons who happened to be born on the day they paid flowers. The cyclamen opens in Southern Europe on St. Romuald's Day, and is dedicated to this romantic recluse, who abandoned a noble career for a monastery, because he witnessed his father kill a kinsman in a duel. The rose bay will blow here, the French called St. Anthony's fire, because of its red hue, and its having appeared firs in the eleventh century, when the plague of erysipelas was raging, and access to it the powers of intercession with disease which its patron, St. Anthony, was believed to possess.

The early Christians, attracted to some flowers by their peculiar beauty, gathered a number of these into a herbarium, and dedicated them to the Virgin Mary. Among these are the snowdrop, the lily of the valley, white daffodil, white rose, white hyacinth, white clematis, lady's-finger, lady's-slipper, lady's-glove, marigold, lady's-mantle, etc., to all of which superstition attached qualities of purity and goodness, and entered of these upon the wearer of any of the symbolical flowers. The common hollyhock is a corruption of holy oak, and is reverenced in parts of rural England, where traditions percolate through centuries, because crusaders brought it from the Holy Land. The modest, shrinking blue bell is, despite these most opposite qualities, a plant of war in the superstitious belief of the same people. It is dedicated to St. George, their patron saint. By the French the white variety of this plant is, in curious contrast, associated with the peaceful character of a nun, and is called *le religieuse des champs.*

The familiar line "Balm of Gilead," is the name of a plant whose nearest summer relation is our acacia. In the earliest ages it was celebrated by Pliny, Strabo, Tacitus and Justin, not alone for its medicinal qualities, but the lofty spirit and dignity its meaning was supposed to increase. The Queen of Sheba brought it to King Solomon, and Cleopatra planted one specimen at near Matarea, which ripened into a shrub celebrated by travelers for ages afterwards. The Eastern Christians believed the plant would grow only under the care of a Christian gardener, and that were the bark incised by any instrument of metal, the flow of balsam would be corrupt. Under their fostering care, the plant grew as large as a fir tree, and such was the respect that it exerted that when Christianity spread into European courts the balm of Gilead came to be mingled in the oil used at the coronation of monarchs. The Celtic Christians had a tradition that when the Holy Family were leaving Egypt to return to Judea, they stopped to rest at Matarea and went from house to house begging a cup of water, and were everywhere refused. Faint with thirst and sorrow the Virgin Mary sat down under a balm of Gilead tree, and immediately a fountain sprang up beside her, and the tree rustled its leaves and fanned a gentle breeze as the Mother and Child drank of the water and rested.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A Fatal Deception.

One season, Keabat-hamen-Keoy, a cozy little village in the valley of the Sayet Waters, where the Golden Horn begins, was chosen by our family, for our summer home.

We children were delighted with the place; but especially when we discovered that two storks had built their nest on the flat top of the kitchen chimney.

One day when they were away, we got a ladder, and raised it on the top of the small house which served for the kitchen. There we rested it against the chimney, and I ascended to the nest.

We found their bed, or nest, made of the coarsest twigs, and pieces of sticks. It contained four eggs, about the size of goose-eggs, but they were of a buff color, while goose-eggs are white.

When we came down, and as we were talking about the nest, the idea struck me that it would be very funny to play a trick on the storks, by taking away their eggs and replacing them with goose-eggs.

My brother suggested that we should paint the goose-eggs exactly the color of the stork-eggs, with some water-colors we had, to make the deception complete.

We prepared four fresh goose-eggs, and when both of the birds were away, I remounted the ladder and carefully changed the eggs, and came down as rapidly as I could, before the birds returned.

The poor creatures, not perceiving the deception, went on sitting on the new eggs, for we noticed they took turns in their sittings—the male, which was the larger of the two, sitting by day and the female by night.

After four weeks' close watching, we knew, one day, that the eggs were hatched; for there was a great trouble in the stork family. Both the birds were standing and clashing their bills at each other as if they would talk each other down. At last, they both flew away and soon returned with many others of their tribe.

They all perched around the nest (or as many as could do so), the rest hovering over it and waiting for their turn to have a close look at the gosling. After the inspection and careful examination, they set up a clashing of bills that could be heard a great way off. They clashed and rattled, rattled and clashed, until their jaws got tired; then they suddenly ceased, and began pecking something, after which they all took to flight.

We were curious to know what had happened. We made haste to ascend the ladder and find out the state of affairs before the birds came back. I was the first to explore, and I was both amazed and grieved to find the mother stork lying dead on top of the young goslings which had been hatched, and which were also dead.

I came down the ladder at once, and after the others had had their turn, the dead birds were removed by a servant.

We learned many years afterward that no storks had ever, after that day, perched upon that chimney.—*St. Nicholas.*

Strange Antipathies.

The following are a few of the more striking manifestations of that unaccountable feeling of antipathy to certain objects to which so many persons are subject, and with instances of which—in a modified form, perhaps—most people are acquainted:

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever.

Ambrose Pare mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

There is an account of another gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

A lady, a native of France, always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. Other persons from the same country experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the color of jonquils or tuberoses.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Alston never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Ladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples.

If an apple was shown to Cicero, secretary to Francis I., he bled at the nose.

A gentleman in the court of Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

Henry III., of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomburg had the same aversion.

M. Vaugelas, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig.

John Bod, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word lana, wool, although his cloak was woolen.

The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe.

Le Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.—*Glasgow Times.*

Must have Patience.

"I know my dear," said the young doctor to his wife, "that we are not rich; but after a while our luck will change and we will have everything we want. You must learn to have patience."

"Don't preach what you don't practice. If you'd learn to have patients we would soon be out of trouble," and she whisked out of the room so full of feeling that she slopped over at the eyes.—*Merchant Traveller.*

Don't Be in a Hurry.

[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

A set of jaws. The penitentiary.

Something in the wind. Dust.

A rifle match.—Tweed-cutest between opposing lawyers.

Babies know nothing of politics, yet they are fond of errors.

The butter business is a power in politics when he makes his influence felt.

A man's domestic relations don't bother him half so much as the relations of his domestic.

An exveteran is now a barber at Saginaw, Mich. He wields the scissors as fiercely as ever, but he does more beard work now.

"Money goes a great way in our days," observed a New York bank cashier, as he pocketed scrooms of the bank's funds and skipped for Canada.

An agricultural paper has an article on "the time to look after poultry." We supposed it refers the search either after dark or when the owner is away.

"Every man is born with a monitor," says a benpecked husband. "That's his conscience. When he gets older he often gets a tormentor. That's his wife."

A shallow-brained fop remarked with an air of an instructor, "People should never laugh at their own jokes. I never once think of laughing at mine." "Does any one else?" slyly asked a young lady.

Planting a Cocoanut.

In a letter from the West Indies we find the following: "As the gentleman who has written to me that he read of the cocoanut growing nicely as a house plant in Brooklyn, and that he desires to start one, and wishes to know whether the nut should be planted with the eye up or down, I must confess that of my own observation I do not know. I always took it for granted that of course the eye and stem should be planted upward, unless the planter desired to have his tree grow through to China, for the benefit of Mongolian nuts lovers. But I am surprised to find, in a trustworthy work on cocoanuts, the following directions: 'They should be planted as follows: Place the ripe nuts about four inches under the soil, and about twenty feet apart. Care should be taken to plant the nut with the end that is attached to the stem downward, as the milk inside the nut will then cover the eye and germinate the young sprout that produces the tree.' But if you follow these directions, my dear sir, and subsequently find yourself the proud owner of a cocoanut tree growing upside down, please don't blame me."

How Sugar Cane Grows.

Sugar cane grows during about five and a half months. It makes its appearance say on the 1st of April, and by the 15th of September it has done reaching upward. In that time it grows or ought to grow 12 feet, counting the white joints and the top nag or tuft. On the 1st of July it is some 4 feet high, so that from then until the 15th of September it grows 96 inches. During August, however, it reaches the largest rate of increase, the ordinary growth during that month under favorable conditions being 40 inches. August is known as the "growing month." It is then that cultivation is over and the ground thoroughly shaded by the foliage. It is then that the daily showers stimulate the process of vegetation until one can almost literally "see it" shoot upward. It is on clear, still nights during this month that you can hear that light, crackling sound all over a healthy field of cane. It is the month when, instead of growing three-fourths of an inch per day, good cane ought to grow one inch and a half.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*