The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Spring Song.

Far in a green and wooded dell,
Where the maple boughs do meet,
Rustics—shall I truly tell,
Gentle whispers, low and sweet?
O, sounds most dear,
What songs you sing,
What tales you bring
Of summer's coming near.

Every leaflet sings in praise,
To the leaf its neighbor;
All breathe deep in their own ways,
Gay and free from labor,
Breathe the holy air of peace,
Perfume never more rare,
Nor a spring-day finer,
E'en in storied Greece.

Birds and leaves on every bough
Sway and toss in splendor,
Upward soars my soul—till now,
Oh, so weak and tender,
Summer's sun brings lasting balm,
Gone is winter's biting blast,
Rain is now all over past,
Following storm—the calm.

From the German.

OUTWITTED.

"I have had some of my strangest experiences," said a detective, "in hunting up missing people. I will give you an instance:

"Mr Naylor was a rich farmer near Abingdon, England. He had married late in life, and had one child, Margaret. She was a well-built, handsome lass of eighteen, with light, curly hair, very bright, and of resolute will. Her father doted upon her, and had her educated at home by governesses. He was a very curious man, and very mean in money matters, except where his daughter was concerned. His brother George was the rector of an adjoining parish, and, though a comparatively poor man, as liberal as his brother was stingy. He had married a poor widow with one son, named John Major. John and Margaret had been playmates from infancy, and were like brother and sister. John was articled to a lawyer in York, but when an aunt died and left him an income of some £400 a year his studies ceased, and he lived at home and amused himself with his horses and dogs. Farmer Naylor looked on this life with much disfavor, and took every opportunity to let John know what he thought of his idle course. John was a rollicking-good-natured youth, and took this in good part, admitting that he hated work, and never intended to devote himself to it if he could help it.

"By and by John began to be very attentive to Margaret. This greatly incensed her father, and in order to stop the thing he sent Margaret to an aunt's, near Driffield, to spend a month or two. When she returned, John began to visit the house again, but Margaret, though she treated him kindly, gave him no encouragement as a lover, so far as the watchful eyes of the father could discover. Finally the old farmer told John his company was not wanted, and that his daughter should never marry him, forbidding him ever to come near the farm again.

"Soon after this a young man applied to Farmer Naylor for work. He gave the name of Charles Simms, and being a strong, likely young fellow the farmer put him to work. When the harvest was over Simms told the farmer that his father's health was failing and he must go home, and the farmer parted with him with reluctance.

"The next day, September 17th, Margaret disappeared. Not a trace was left, and I was employed to discover her whereabouts. Then the facts already narrated came to my knowledge.

"The first thing I found was that the very day Margaret disappeared, John Major disappeared also, simply telling his people that he would be away for a few days. I ascertained that a youth of fifteen or sixteen had been seen in the adjoining village, and that John joined him there, the two then taking a train for Hull. To that town I at once went, satisfied from the description of the youth that it could have been none other than Margaret Naylor in male attire. On reaching Hull, I interested the police authorities in the case, and in a few hours ascertained that a young man answering John's description was to be seen daily in the Zoological Gardens, just on the outskirts of the town, accompanied by a youth of sixteen and an elderly, infirm man. I visited the gardens, and was lucky enough to find the persons for whom I was looking. I had a photograph of John and one of Margaret, and was at once satisfied that, though the younger man was John Major without doubt, the youth was not Margaret Naylor. Still, here was a mystery, and I felt I must solve it. I managed to scrape an acquaintance with the elderly gentleman as he sat on a bench, and when he was joined by the other two we sat for half an hour and had a pleasant chat together. Much to my surprise the young man and the youth called the old man father. I met them two days in succession, and then suggested that as the weather was beautiful we should take a trip next day up the Humber to Goole, suggesting that a lady's company would be agreeable. They gladly assented to the trip, but said they knew no lady, and we had a very pleasant time. I and the old man were together much of the time, and as we were returning home in the autumn evening he related to me a strange story.

"He married, he said, in London, when he was very young, and after three months spent with his young wife, went as second mate of a vessel to Rio Janeiro. After an absence of nearly a year, he returned, and found himself the father of a fine boy, who was named John, after himself. His next voyage was to Montevideo, where he invested his savings, along with four others, in a small whaling schooner, and started for the Southern Ocean. They were wrecked off Terra del Fuego, on their return voyage, with a fine cargo, and lost everything. They were captured by the savages, and remained in bondage three years, without an opportunity of communicating with their friends. One day a large three-masted schooner ran aground in one of the narrow channels of the Straits, and Major and his friends managed to elude their captors and swim to the vessel. They were heartily welcomed on board, and, a strong breeze setting in, the vessel floated off and continued her voyage. On reaching the Falkland Isles they found an English vessel and took passage in her for Bristol.

"On reaching England, Major went to London, but, in spite of the most diligent search, failed to find any trace of his wife and child. He determined to return to Montevideo, and, on reaching there, began to speculate in hides. He was successful and grew rich, and believing that his wife must be dead, married again. One child—the youth mentioned already—was the issue of this marriage. After living happily together for fifteen years, his wife sickened and died, and he resolved to return to England.

"'Now,' said the old man at this point, 'I am going to tell you just what happened to me, and it proves, I think, that truth is stranger than fiction.

"'When I reached London with my son I took rooms in Lambeth, overlooking the river. One day my son went to the grocery to order some trifles, and directed them to be sent to Mr. Major, at our address. The grocer remarked that it was an uncommon name, and said he only remembered having met with it once before. My son asked where that was, and the grocer replied that a widow named Major and her little boy boarded for some time with his mother, and that she afterward married the curate of the neighboring church and left the neighborhood.

"'Naturally enough, when my son returned home,' said the old gentleman, 'he told me what had happened. My son knew nothing of my former marriage, and so, saying nothing to him, I went to see the grocer. I found that the Mrs. Major he knew had lost her husband at sea, and that her first name was Antoinette Agnes, the name of my wife. I inquired from several clergymen, and finally ascertained that the curate, whose name was Naylor, had been appointed to a living at Withersea, in Yorkshire. I came to Hull and made further inquiries, and soon felt satisfied that my former wife and my son were indeed living. I intrusted Robert here, my younger son, with the story, and dispatched him to communicate with his brother. He did so successfully without arousing suspicion, and in consequence I beheld my dear boy once more.'

"Well, thought I, this may be a very pretty story, but it is very certain that it has nothing to do with Margaret, and I had better look in another direction. I had encouraged the idea that John had certainly gone off with Margaret, and had her in hiding somewhere, but now it vanished, and I resolved to be off. I returned to Abingdon and began afresh. I thought the the matter over thoroughly—what a fool I am! It was clear now as daylight. The young fellow Simms was a lover in disguise, and he and Margaret had eloped. I made a circuit to find the direction taken by the young couple. I could learn nothing of them. A young fellow somewhat answering the description of Simms had been seen on the evening of September 16th going toward Withersea, but no one was with him. I spent two days trudging through the country—I was a young fellow then—but all in vain. Then I hurried my steps once more toward Abingdon. There was a frown on the farmer's face when I met him.

"'You're a pretty fellow,' he said, 'a nice one to be a detective. You'll do for London, perhaps, but you're no good for the country where the people are smart. Look at that.'

"He held out a letter. I laid hold of it and read it. I shall never forget what was in it as long as I live. It ran thus:

"'No. 57 John St., Hull, Sept. 24.

"'DEAREST FATHER: I am married to John Major and we are very happy. We are coming to see you to-morrow about three o'clock.

"'Your loving daughter,

"'MARGARET MAJOR.'

"How did I feel? Can't you guess? Why, of course, I'd been done—regularly done. I was there when the couple arrived and the old man received his daughter with open arms, and shook John heartily by the hand.

"'We are coming to live with you, father,' Margaret said, 'and John is going to manage the farm for you, and we are going to have that nice young man Simms back, as John won't need him any more to look after his dogs and horses.'

"When John was forbidden the house, you see, he put up a job with Simms, his factotum, to find employment with the farmer, and carry on the desired correspondence between him and Margaret, and arrange for the elopement. J. Simms received her early on the morning of September 17th, dressed in boys' clothes, with a cloak around her, which she at once removed, and drove her in a gig to a spot near the station, where John joined them. On reaching Hull, John said to himself: 'The old man will have the police after us, and I don't went to travel to far away.' Then down he went to the police headquarters, and got the address of half a dozen detectives. The second one he visited suited him, and he took rooms and board for himself and Margaret. Then he got the license, and they were married. The next was to make a clean breast of it to the detective, and as John paid a good price for his rooms, and a round sum in addition, he determined to see him through. When information was given by me to the police, the detective was one of the first notified, and with great acuteness he planned what followed, getting his father-in-law—an old retired officer—to take the first hand, and skillfully introducing his own son to fill out the story, which, of course, was the sheerest fabrication."

What the Agents Thought of the Dolphin.

Elian ascribed to it a parental love that did not fear death for the sake of its young. The mother would not forsake her young one when it was caught, but would share captivity and death with it; if one of two was taken, the mother would drive the other one away from the danger, and then go back to perish with the caught one. Elian tells of many such traits which seem to reveal a kind of human nature in the dolphin, and to connect it most intimately with man and his sea-life. Dolphins were said to accompany the ship of the hardy sailor over the solitary sea, to endeavor to entertain him with their sportive movements, and to be so confiding that, if they were called by the name of Simon, they would come up and help the fisherman in his work of driving the fish into his net. They forewarned him of the storm, also had a good feeling toward bathing boys, and exhibited thankfulness toward man. The spiritual qualities of the dolphin appeared not less deep to antiquity. If a dolphin was caught, he would greedily eat all the fish that were caught with him, then would break the net and escape; hence the wise fisherman, if he casually caught a dolphin, would draw a rush through his nose and let him go, marking him for another time. That such an animal, to which a lavish fancy ascribed so many noble qualities, should have enjoyed in reality a certain degree of honor and indulgence, follows as a matter of course, especially when it is remembered that the dolphin was of little value when caught, but when at large could often make himself very useful by driving up the smaller fishes toward the nets, as the whale does in the herring-fishery.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Significance of Gesture.

In his essay on the philosophy of style Herbert Spencer indicates as to writing the same theory that Mr. Irving reduces to practice in acting. "How truly," says Spencer, "language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs.

"To say 'Leave the room' is less expressive to point to the door. A beck of the hand is better than 'come here.' No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again it may be remarked that when oral language is employed the strongest effects are produced by interjections which condense entire sentences into syllables."

ABOUT TURKISH BATHS.

Peculiarities of a City Bathing Establishment.

Some of the Tricks of Attendants and Oddities of the Customers.

"There are tricks in every calling it seems," said the proprietor of a fashionable Turkish bath establishment in New York.

"What peculiar tricks are in your business?" inquired a representative of the *Mail and Express.*

"In the massage operation much deception is frequently practised by the operator. In the first course after leaving the sweat bath a hand rubbing is given with warm water. This is a very delicate and soothing performance, and when rightly administered places the bather in a splendid condition to receive the flesh brush. Expert operators can with well-feigned labor slight their work and leave the bather in doubt whether the performance is satisfactory or not. It is done by noise chiefly. The hands in running over the flesh are raised and brought down hurriedly, producing a series of pops, pops, which is music to the ear of the manager. It does not hurt, but at the same time it is not as beneficial as a rub. When the operator pops a great deal he is doing the bather—so to speak—up, rushing things to get through. Some bathers though prefer these popping operators. The popping is in the massage as flourishes are in writing, entirely superfluous, but still ornamental when produced by experts. Some old operators can carry on a conversation by means of the pops. I remember I had two operators who had attained to this proficiency. A millionaire was stretched on one of the massage tables and a dry-goods clerk on another near by. The operator for the former conveyed the intelligence to the one for the latter that he expected a big tip. The latter answered in a disgusted tone, telling of his cheap customer, and predicted no tip. The millionaire did not tip, but the cheap clerk did, much to the surprise of his customer.

But these attendants or operators deserve great credit for their skill and frequently for their forbearance and good nature. Customers are often exacting and want double the amount of scrubbing others get. There is a wealthy old gentleman who is a bull in the market and a regular bear in the bath-house. He has a habit of imagining that on a certain portion of his body a cancer will come because, many generations ago, a second cousin of his grandfather died with one. For this reason he has an hour consumed in scrubbing that particular place. He doesn't pay any more either. These are some of the drawbacks experienced."

"You often have queer customers, do you not?"

"Yes, plenty of them, from the full-fledged crank to the monomaniac and mild idiot. An old lady imagines that by a regular course of sweating she can change her disposition and ideas entirely. 'In every seven years,' she said, 'we take on a new form, and I propose a system of sweating to do it in a year or less time.' Poor thing, she stays in the hot room until the perspiration fairly rolls off her. But it is doing her good and her ideas are evidently improving. A young cripple thinks his withered arm will grow out again, and takes a bath every day. I could mention many other cases. The attendants soon learn to humor the cranks and pity human nature."

A Remarkable Disease.

The roller skate craze that has seized body and soul upon the people of this country has spread rapidly within the past few months. In 1881, while traveling in the West and on the Pacific coast, says a writer in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, I visited many towns that contained flourishing rinks, and learned that the pastime had taken quite a hold on the young people of both sexes. Returning to the east, I found that the epidemic had obtained a good foothold here, which has spread with amazing rapidity this winter, until now its ravages are viewed with alarm and dismay by pulpit and press. In looking over a volume the other day that contained accounts of different manias that have taken hold of nations in past years, I came across the following, which I submit to the consideration of roller skaters and other interested parties:

In the month of February, 1863, the Europeans resident at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, began to hear rumors of a new disease, which it was said had appeared in the west or southwest. The name given to it by the natives was 'imanenjana,' and the dancers were called 'ramanjana,' which probably comes from a root signifying to make tense. The name did not convey any idea of its nature, and the accounts given of it were so vague as to mystify rather than enlighten. After a time, however, it reached the capital, and in the month of March began to be common. At first parties of two or three were to be seen, accompanied by musicians and other attendants, dancing in the public places, and in a few weeks these had increased to hundreds, so that one could not go out of doors without meeting bands of these dancers. It spread rapidly, as by a sort of infection, even to the remote villages in the central province of Imerina, so that, having occasion to visit a distant part of the country in company with an Englishman, we found, even in remote hamlets, and, more wonderful still, near solitary cottages, the sound of music, indicating that the mania had spread even there.

The rapidity of this spread was certainly remarkable, but not to be compared with what is related of the outbreak of the child-pilgrimage of Erfurt, when on the 15th of July, 1237, 1,000 children assembled, as if by instinctive impulse, without concert, and unknown to their parents.

The dancing was regulated very much by the music, which was the quickest possible. The patients were fond of carrying sugarcanes about with them. They held them in their hands or carried them over their shoulders while they danced. Frequently, too, they might be seen going through their singular evolutions with a bottle of water upon their heads, which they succeeded wonderfully in balancing. The drum was the favorite instrument of music, but others were used, and all were acceptable.

The disease was rarely fatal; still a few cases of death undoubtedly happened, and these only occurred, so far as the writer is aware, where the patient was restrained from joining in the dances. It would seem that these persons actually died from pent-up passion or excitement. The dancing, no doubt, was so far salutary. The music served to regulate and control the wild muscular movements that might otherwise have proved injurious. A most remarkable fact is, that the mere physical exercise, prodigious and long-continued as it is in this disease, seems perfectly harmless, and we know of no fatality connected therewith.

Forest Fires.

The *Lumber World* makes the astonishing assertion that the loss to this country through forest fires is now not less than $100,000,000 a year, simply through the destruction of available timber, without counting the additional loss from the annihilation of the seeds scattered on the surface, and the scorching of the ground, which often renders it sterile for a generation. This enormous sum, about equal to the interest on the public debts of all the civilized nations of the world, is, according to the report of experts, annually thrown away forever by the people of the United States, without the smallest return in the way of comfort or satisfaction, but, on the contrary at the cost of many lives each year, simply through the carelessness of boys and hunters, and of those more intelligent persons who ought to know enough to keep a sharp watch over these destructive animals. Next to human beings of feeble intellect, railway locomotives do most injury in forest countries, and the *Lumber World* inquires seriously whether the owners of such locomotives should not be compelled, in the public interest, to furnish them with spark-arresters during the dry season. The idea that railway companies are responsible for the value of timber destroyed by fires set from their locomotives undoubtedly has some effect in preventing legislative interference with their management; but it is so difficult to fix the kindling of a forest fire with certainty upon locomotive sparks, to say nothing of the obstacles in the way of collecting large debts from newly established railway corporations, that the safer way would be to provide as far as possible against raising the question of responsibility by compelling the use of spark-arresters. Against animated incendiaries a forest patrol might be tolerably effective, but it would be still more useful to provide in some way for the removal of underbrush from the woodland. Trees by themselves are not easily kindled, and the mischief is usually done through the ignition of dry leaves, ferns or bushes, which burn long enough to char, and at last to kindle the branches of the trees above them.—*American Architect.*

His Delicate Musical Mission.

"Does yer old man work on the dock now?"

"N-a-a-w. He is a musician."

"Is he the man that swallys the clarinet in the band?"

"N-a-a-w; he don't swally the clarinet in the band. He stands on the sidewalk and keeps time wid his fut." *Siftings.*

DEFENDING HIS COLORS.

The Brave Act of a Massachusetts Soldier.

How a Federal Sergeant Lost Both Arms at the Battle of Fredericksburg.

The late Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, of Worcester, Mass., lost both his arms while carrying the colors of his regiment at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. At the time he was twenty-three years old. Following is the story of his brave deed:

On the afternoon of December 13, 1862, the brigade to which the Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment was attached was ordered to charge the impregnable Confederate position on Marye's Hill, just back of the town. Plunkett was ordered to take a position in the rear of the line to prevent straggling from the ranks. As the regiment swept forward on the double quick, under a deadly fire from the Confederate works, Color Sergeant Joseph H. Collins fell mortally wounded, and the national banner fell to the ground and was left behind. Sergeant Plunkett, seeing the flag fall, threw down his gun, seized the colors and rushed to the front of the line. A hot fire was at once concentrated on the flag, bullets passed through its silken folds, the staff was splintered and its gallant bearer had his cap perforated by a well-directed shot. Still the line swept on, the colors borne proudly at the front by the heroic young sergeant. Suddenly, just as the regiment arrived at the point nearest the Confederate's works, which it was fated that day to reach, a shell burst directly in front of the colors. A portion of the missile struck Plunkett's right arm, near the shoulder, nearly severing it, so that it hung by a shred of mangled flesh. Then it struck a book which he had buttoned inside his vest—a book with thick covers descriptive of the White Sulphur Springs which he had picked up in Fredericksburg that morning—tore it to pieces, and glancing, struck his left arm near the wrist, making a frightful wound. The book, which was thick enough to turn the direction of the shell, undoubtedly saved Plunkett's life. It was struck with such force that the marks of the covers could be seen on his breast for weeks. Plunkett fell forward upon the flag, and the stains of his blood are visible upon the banner today. When he fell, Colonel Clark (now Professor Clark of Amherst college), who had witnessed his exploit, came to him, cut off his accouterments and sent him to the rear in charge of one of his comrades. He walked for some distance until faint from the loss of blood, when a stretcher was procured and he was taken to an improvised hospital in the city of Fredericksburg. The surgeons pronounced his case hopeless and turned their attention to others whom they thought more in need of their services. For two hour he lay on the floor helpless and half delirious from pain, wet with the water used in washing the wounds of his comrades, until finally his prayers that something might be done for him prevailed. The surgeons administered chloroform and amputated both his arms, one near the shoulder and the other below the elbow. He was then taken to a field hospital, and on the 25th of December, Christmas Day, the entire regiment turned out to do him honor as he, with other wounded men, was transferred by way of Aquia Creek to Washington. His brother, Frank, had secured, through the efforts of Charles Sumner, a pass to Aquia Creek, upon which he managed to reach Fredericksburg, only to find the sergeant gone. After hunting three days in Washington, aided by the people at the Massachusetts headquarters, Plunkett was found in the Emery Hospital on the outskirts. Here he lay several weary months, his left arm causing him a great deal of suffering. At one time it was thought a amputation would be necessary, but his vigorous constitution pulled him through, and in May he obtained a "War Department" furlough, and started for home. On recovering from his wounds Sergeant Plunkett was generously provided for by the contributions of people who honored his bravery and by a full pension. He has held a position as messenger in the State House, in Boston, fifteen years.

A Sanguinous Boy.

William Trotter has been paying his addresses to Miss Rosa Hebbteer, of Waco. His visits have not been very frequent of late, and last night, Tommy, Miss Rosa's younger brother, said:—

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Trotter."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Because it makes sister Rosa so happy to have you go away. You ought never to miss an evening."

They missed Trotter for the rest of that evening.—*Siftings.*

Beyond.

The stranger is sleeping in the sexton's land,
Beneath the tall maple on the green mound—
Where oft, with pensive tread, he has gained his stand
To view the low cottage where all he e stayed;
Where, too, the fond heart has ceased throbbing,
The eyes
And the country golden to the shore,
Where a new mansion and new home awaits,
Where sorrow shall not bid her come.

And I am musing by the twilight hour,
Think of another world, far, far more,
As I see more perfect mountains rise I gaze
Heaven's golden towers above the vine and rose—

Yet a voice—and my soul feels its strength in vain—
Is heard calling me the dreamer, not for these,
But yet in A yonder mansion of great pain
Lieth those dear.

R. Every Order.

HUMOROUS.

A club-house—the police station.

Made of cloth and work—a pair of shoes.

Beau—Why do you prefer a wool hat?

Belle—Cause it pays.

What's in a name? About the hottest country on the globe is Chili.

There is a soft side to every man, but as a general thing he can't tell who it belongs to after he has been in the roller-skating rink twenty minutes.

A close observer has come to the conclusion that if there is anything under the sky at sight of which the gods weep, it is to see a woman trying to lift up a package.—*New York Journal.*

"An American who was arrested in Palestine and received the bastinado on his sore feet, said he would prefer to be skinned alive." If he had been skinned alive he would probably prefer the bastinado. Some people never do suited.

"Papa, did mamma say yes to you right off when you asked her to marry you?" "Certainly she did." "Why don't she say yes now just as quick when you ask her to do things?" "Mamma's hearing is not as good now, darling—that's all."

"So you've been practicing at the skating rink, eh?" said a friend to Simpkins. "Yes," admitted Simkins, "I have." "Well how do you take to the rollers?" "Oh, I've no objection to the rollers. They're all right. It's the chalk on the floor I object to. It's so darn hard to brush off."

A Luckless Lover.

In his last book, "Society of Vienna," Count Paul Vasili gives a novel explanation of the remarkably retired life of King Louis of Bavaria. It appears that his Majesty has long been suffering from the effects of love, and here is what the cruel Count says of him:

"King Louis was wildly in love. With whom I will not say. One day as he was bringing to his lady, just as commoners, mineral lovers do, a magnificent bouquet, he happened by accident to pass unnoticed into her little salon, where he found himself alone. Immediately he began to arrange the flowers in a vase. Having finished this delicate operation, he started to leave, but just then saw his beloved one coming home in company with a young man. So he concealed himself behind a curtain in order to enjoy the surprise and delight, as he thought of the young lady at the sight of the flowers brought to her by her royal admirer. Well she came into the room but not alone. Her cavalier was with her. 'Heaven!' she exclaimed, 'another bouquet from that fool of a King whom I detest!' Then turning to her friend, she invited him to kiss away the annoying impression. The invitation was vigorously accepted, and his concealed Majesty, although half blinded with the tears in his eyes, managed to crawl out unobserved. Then he cursed the unfaithful one, and swore that he would never again love and never marry. He kept his oath; and since that time, if the unfortunate sovereign has lived in solitude and has become the dreamer that he is known to be, it is because he has long been convinced that reveries can sometimes give as much happiness as realities, and that they are less liable to be deceptive.

A Thoughtful Husband.

Mrs. Minks: "I think it is too bad, Mr. Minks! Why can't a man be as considerate of his wife a few years after marriage as he was before? But I suppose it is too much to expect. men are all alike, and care only for themselves.

Mr. Minks: "Really, my dear, I don't know what you are driving at."

"Oh! no, of course not! You don't even know that this is my birthday, and yet only a few years ago the date was engraven on your heart, and you never failed to give me a present. Why didn't you do so to-day, I should like to know.

"Because my dear I did not wish to remind you of the painful fact that you were a year older.—*Call.*