The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Christmas Chimes.

The meadows are brown, the hills are all bare,
And up through the valley the clear creeks run
Is singing a Christmas song
Like the song of the sea in the purple shell,
If we list to its notes it will sweetly tell
The secret it's kept so long.

It tells of a time so sunny and fair
When we watched the clouds of the snowy air
For the reindeers' tiny form.
And saw in our dreams such pictures of light,
As we lay through the hours of the long, dark night,
Away from the clouds and storm.

Such pictures as glow in fairy tales
When told at the hour that daylight pales
And the crimson west grows gray,
When we list for the chime of tiny bells
That are hung in the shade of haunted dells
And are rung by gnome and fay.

It rings on the heart a tearful change
O'er darkened time, so sad, so strange,
When our dreams had lost their light.
It whispers and sings to the leafless trees
The secret that sighs in every breeze
Till the day wears into the night.

O, Christmas of mine! Ye are merry and sad,
Ye wound the heart and ye make it glad
With the notes your ringing makes;
And the weary heart that has dreamed so long
Likes up the thread of the broken song
And sings till it, quivering, breaks.

THE RED LIGHT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve.

Not one of the ideal Christmas Eves of poets and romance writers, wherein the moon is always at the full, the snow always a sparkle like pulverized diamonds, and the air always still and cold and clear, but a stormy twilight, with the snow driving steadily from the east, the wind raw and biting, and the sky—what you could see of it—black as ink.

But it was Christmas Eve, all the same, and Bertha Hooper's cheeks were as red as the bitter-sweet berries in the woods as she sat, all wrapped up, in the train that was steaming northward, on her way to spend Christmas with her Aunt Almira Higgins.

Christmas in the country! To Bertha, who had lived all her life in the brick walls and stone pavements of a city, the very words seemed to convey somewhat of cheer and joyousness. And Bertha, as she sat with her eyes closed and her little gloved hand's safely nestled into a gray squirrel muff, beheld in her mind's eyes great fires of logs roaring up wide-throated chimneys, walls festooned with hemlock boughs and black green tufts of mistletoe; and she had half composed a poem on Christmas and its cherished associations when the ruthless conductor came along for her ticket.

"How far are we from Montcourt station?" she inquired, as she gave up the bit of pasteboard.

"Next but one, Miss," said the man, as he hurried on, with his lantern under his arm. "Half an hour yet."

She had never been so far from New York in all her life before. The driving rain in which she had left her home had changed as they progressed northward into the steady fall of snow, which fluttered around them like a white waving shroud. But Bertha thought little of this. Had not Aunt Almira promised to send Zebedee, her youngest son, to the station with the pony to meet her on the arrival of the six forty train from New York? And was not Zebedee to have a lantern with a red glass door to it, so she could identify him at once?

She was very pretty as she sat in her little black velvet toque, with its curling plume of cardinal red and the wine red ribbon bow at her throat—pretty with the bloom and freshness of eighteen. She was dark, with large hazel eyes, almond-shaped and long-lashed, a clear, rosy bloom on either cheek, and wavy dark hair hanging in silken fringe over her broad, low forehead.

"Mont—Court—station!" bawled the breakman, putting in a snow-powdered fur cap, and withdrawing it again as quickly as if he had been a magnified edition of the Jack-in-the-box, which children much rejoice at in holiday time. And Bertha Hooper knew that she had reached her destination.

Stiff and cramped from the length of time in which she had been sitting in one position, she rose up, with a little steel-clasped traveling-bag in one hand and a dainty silk umbrella in the other, and made her way to the door.

All she could see when she stepped out upon the wet and slippery platform was a blur of driving snow, through which the lights of the solitary little country depot gleamed fitfully; but the next instant something flashed athwart her vision like a friendly red eye—and beneath the reflector over the station door she saw a tall fine-looking young man, in a fur-trimmed overcoat, a seal-skin cap set jauntily on one side of a crop of chestnut curls, and a red-lighted lantern swinging from his left hand, as he stood straining his eyes in the stormy darkness, as if to catch sight of some familiar face in the little crowd.

"Cousin Zebedee!" cried Bertha, aloud, and she made one spring into the arms of this blonde-whiskered young giant. For had not she and Zebedee played dominoes and fox-and-geese together, in the days when she wore blue ribbon sashes, and his hair was a closely shorn mat of carroty red?

"Oh! Cousin Zebedee, I'm so glad to see you; and I hadn't any idea you had grown half so handsome!"

And she gave him a great hug, at the same time holding up her rosebud lips for a kiss.

But, to her infinite amazement, the hero of the sealskin cap seemed a little backward in responding to her cousinly advances.

"I—I beg your pardon," said he, slightly receding, "but I'm afraid there is some mistake. My name is not Zebedee and the lady for whom I am looking is some years older than you."

Bertha Hooper started back coloring and confused, and as she did so, a fat, comfortable-looking old lady came trundling along the platform in an India shawl and a box of Russia sable worth its weight in greenbacks.

"Charlie!" she cried, "I thought I never should find you. Is the carriage here?"

"All here and waiting, Aunt Effie," responded the young man; but he still hesitated a second as Bertha Hooper stood with averted face and motionless figure in the shadow of the building.

"Can I be of any service to you?" he asked. "If you are expecting friends who have failed to meet you——"

"Anybody here by the name of Bertha Hoo-ooper?" shouted a stentorian voice, and a tall, raw-looking lad with a lantern also lighted with red glass rushed shuffling around the corner.

Zebedee himself! red haired and shambling and awkward as he had been in the old fox-and-geese days.

"Oh!" said he, catching up his lantern so that the scarlet bird's wings flashed out like a spot of flame scarcely more scarlet, alas, than Bertha's own face. "Here you be! I'm a little late, for the roads is so all fired bad, and I couldn't start the pony out of a walk. Come on. How de do? Be you very cold?"

"Zebedee," said Bertha, clinging almost hysterically to her cousin's arm, "who's that young gentleman with—with the other lantern?"

"Eh?" said Zebedee. "That feller with the old lady in a patchwork shawl?"

"Yes."

"It's Charley Harcourt, the squire's son," said Zebedee. "Just come from furrin parts."

"Zebedee," said Bertha, with a curious little sound between a laugh and a sob, "put me into the cutter, quick, and drive me somewhere. I don't care where! Because——"

"Eh!" said Zebedee, staring hard at his cousin, as he packed the buffalo robe around her before touching up the laggard old pony.

"Because," added Bertha, in a species of desperation, "I took Mr. Harcourt for you; and I hugged him and kissed him."

"Is that all?" said philosophical Zebedee. "He won't care."

"No!" said Bertha, "but I shall."

"You ain't crying, be you?" said Zebedee, noting the quiver in his cousin's voice.

"How can I help it?" wailed poor Bertha.

"Twarn't no fault o'yourn," said Zebedee, consolingly.

"Of course it warn't," said Bertha, impatiently. "How was I to know that every lantern at Montcourt had a red glass door to it?"

And poor little Bertha cried herself to sleep that night.

The next morning Christmas Day, all snowed up into glorious drifts everywhere—Mr. Harcourt drove over to the Higgins farm house. The young lady had dropped a fur glove on the platform, and Mr. Harcourt felt it his duty to restore it to her. And, moreover here Mr. Charley Harcourt hesitated a little—he hoped Miss Hooper would excuse him for being so stupid as to allow her to fancy him her cousin.

"I ought to have explained sooner," said he.

"No, you ought not," said Bertha. "The fault was all mine."

"I don't recognize a fault anywhere," said he. "And if I am pardoned—"

"Of course you are!" said Bertha, rosier and prettier than ever.

"In that case I am commissioned by my mother to ask your aunt's permission to take you over to help us finish dressing the church in time for morning service. My horse is waiting."

"May I go, Aunt Almira?" said Bertha with sparkling eyes.

"Of course you may go," said Aunt Almira.

What was the end of it all? There is but one sequel to stories like this when youth and bright eyes and human hearts are concerned. The next Christmas eve Bertha Hooper and Charley Harcourt were married. But the bridegroom persists in declaring that Bertha did the first of the love-making.

And Bertha only laughs.—*Amy Kendolph.*

The Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

This tower is situated on an island in the Rhine, and is supposed to have been erected during the middle ages by some of the robber-knights that then infested Germany. The ruins have been covered with stucco and converted into a watch-tower. Its name is popularly derived from the legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto of Mayence. According to the story, as told in the well-known ballad of Southey, the crops of the district had failed one year, and all the poor people were starving. But the rich bishop had granaries filled to overflowing, which he was holding in order to profit by the advanced price of the grain. The wretched people besought the bishop to give them food from his abundant stores. To rid himself of their importunities, the bishop appointed a day for all the poor to come to his barn and receive a portion of grain. When they had all gathered in the building, the cruel prelate ordered his servants to fasten the doors and set fire to it, thus burning the wretched beings alive. The next day a whole army of rats were seen coming toward the bishop's palace. He fled for safety to this tower on the Rhine, but they pursued him, swimming the river and scaling the walls of the tower, and making their way into the room where the terrified bishop was trying to conceal himself, they devoured him alive. This was in the year 970. A different story concerning the mouse tower, however, is given in Murray's Handbook of Germany. This asserts that the tower was not built until the thirteenth century, more than 200 years after the death of Bishop Hatto. "It was intended, with the opposite castle of Ehrenfels erected at about the same time, as a watch-tower and toll house for collecting duties upon all goods which passed the spot. The word *mauss* is probably an older form of *mauth*, meaning duty or toll, and this name, together with the very unpopular object for which the tower was erected, perhaps gave rise to the dolorous story of Bishop Hatto and the rats."—*Intercean.*

Fast Railroad Time.

"It's a foolish statement," said Assistant Superintendent Rowland, of the C., B. & Q., pointing to a paragraph cut from a railroad paper published in Chicago. "I refer to this paragraph, which somebody has mailed me with a big interrogation mark on the margin: 'A train on the West Shore run eighty miles an hour not long ago. The fast mail train on the C., B. & Q. regularly makes sixty miles an hour on certain portions of its run.' I am astonished that such a statement as this should appear in a railway paper. No train in America was ever run eighty miles an hour, nor no engine without a train. Of course our fast mail train doesn't make sixty miles an hour any portion of its run, regularly or irregularly. A mile or two here and there on a down grade may be covered at sixty seconds to the mile, but that's all. I have run a train for twenty-two years and I tell you I don't want to ride eighty miles an hour or anywhere near it on the best track the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has, and we have just as good roadway as there is in the United States. Eighty miles in an hour is practically an impossibility with our present locomotives and track. For years I tried to beat the record between Mendota and Galesburg, an hour and forty-six minutes for the eighty miles, with two stops, but we couldn't do it. When they talk of their sixty miles an hour you tell them they lie. Beats all the fast running stories that go around. The other day I read that a train in England regularly ran ninety miles an hour for 170 miles."—*Chicago Herald.*

Very Like a Tornado.

"Papa, what is a tornado?" asked a youthful seeker after information.

Glancing nervously around the room to see if the coast was clear he said:

"You have often heard your mother blowing me up for bringing company home without previously notifying her?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, that is as much like a tornado as anything I know of. But you needn't tell your mother that I said so, however."—*New York Journal.*

EXPLORERS IN A PLIGHT.

Unexpected Adventures in Little-Known Regions.

Dilemmas, Some of them Ridiculous and Others Dangerous.

It often happens, says the New York *Sun*, that explorers find themselves in some unexpected dilemma, and, unless they are quick enough to immediately extricate themselves, the results are sometimes serious. Lieut. Cheyne's adventure with a polar bear in the arctic regions shows the advantage of keeping one's wits about him in an emergency.

Lieut. Cheyne was an English officer in one of the Franklin search expeditions. Early one spring he was sent with a couple of sledgemen to examine the condition of some provision depots that had been laid down the previous fall. They took nothing with them but a tent and sleeping bags, rations of pemmican and hard tack, and a small supply of tallow to be used as fuel in thawing their pemmican and boiling the tea. One morning, after they had traveled about 150 miles from the ship, Lieut. Cheyne was awakened by something pulling at the corner of the tent. He lifted the tent flap just in time to frighten a big white bear, and the animal was in full retreat over the ice before Cheyne had extricated himself from his sleeping bag. The party had more serious work on hand than bear hunting, and they would have let the animal go if it had not been suddenly discovered that his bearship had torn open the tallow bag and eaten every ounce of fuel. Here was a predicament. The men were five days' journey from the ship, the weather was terribly cold, and they could not eat the solidly frozen pemmican. It was necessary to get that tallow back, and so Cheyne, shouting to his comrades to follow, set out after the bear. The chase was an exciting and anxious one, but the animal was at last overtaken and killed. No time was lost in opening the creature's stomach, and the men returned to camp in triumph with all the tallow of which the unfortunate brute had robbed them.

During last winter the James brothers succeeded in exploring a part of Somauli, in East Africa, where several explorers had been killed. The region has remained almost wholly unknown on account of the hostility of the natives. The bravery of the Messrs. James's escort rapidly oozed out as they advanced into the hostile country. They refused once or twice to go any further, and finally the brothers hit upon this expedient for infusing them with a little courage. A great noise in their own camp generally has an inspiring effect on the natives of Africa. The Jamesons had their sentinels fire their guns at frequent intervals during the night. They report that this practice greatly pleased and inspired their people, who always felt more secure when firing.

The young explorer, Thompson, two years ago, was considerably nonplussed by a lot of smart and suspicious natives whom he encountered near Mount Kenia in East Africa. He had a few tricks which he very impressively performed when the inhabitants were unfriendly, and it was necessary to exhibit his great power as a wizard to induce them to sell him food. He had two artificial teeth on a plate, and the feat that usually overcame all opposition when everything else failed was to extract these teeth. These Mount Kenia natives were very much pleased with this feat, but they said that if he could take out two teeth he could remove the others also, and they insisted upon seeing the entire show. Finally they not only refused to sell him food, but threatened to attack him unless he took his teeth out, and he thought best to make a forced march one night to escape his too exacting acquaintances.

Mr. Thompson's white comrade, Martin, had a more serious experience with some suspicious natives, and perhaps it served him right. He was telling a crowd of Wakwafi girls that he could do even more wonderful things than the leader had shown them. Holding out his hand he said he could cut his fingers off and put them on again. One of the girls suddenly sprang forward, seized one of the extended fingers and cut it to the bone with a native knife. She had taken Martin at his word, and was determined to see the feat performed.

Dr. Hayes stole a march on the Esquimaux who refused to take him and his comrades back to Dr. Kane in South sound after the failure of Hayes's attempt to return to Upernavik in small boats. Hayes and his men fully expected to die of starvation unless the Esquimaux, with their dog sledges, assisted them to return north. The Esquimaux declined to make the long journey in the growing darkness of the winter. One day two natives drove up to Dr Hayes's hut with a sledge load of walrus meat. They were on their way home after a long journey, and they accepted the doctor's invitation to tarry a while. Everybody ate heartily of the walrus meat, and then the natives, overcome with fatigue, laid down for a nap. Hayes and his men stole to the hut, barricaded the entrance, and then drove off with the dogs and walrus meat. They had gone several miles before they saw the Esquimaux in full pursuit. The party waited for the thoroughly angry natives to come up, and then told them plainly that they would never see their dogs and sledge again unless they agreed to go with them to Kane's ship. Finally a bargain was made, good feeling reestablished, and the poor fellows, together with some of their friends from a neighboring village, never rested until Hayes was back on the ship again.

The "Thirteen" Superstition.

In Paris there are streets where 12 does duty instead of 13; and the householders who thus ingeniously sought to circumvent fate would not for the world let the proper number be painted upon their doors. Some years ago Prince Napoleon tried to laugh his countrymen out of the superstition; but his efforts did not benefit his cause, for, with characteristic perversity, he used to invite twelve friends to carouse with him on Good Friday, whereby he gravely scandalized right feeling people, whatever their theological views.

In America similar but less aggressive attempts have been made to correct popular superstition, and numerous Thirteen clubs have been established, the members pledging themselves to dine thirteen at table on every opportunity. In France, too, there is a Thirteen club, the headquarters of which are at Senlis, and even in England there is a little coterie of thirteen men who dine monthly at a house numbered thirteen, and pay thirteen shillings each for their dinner and 13 pence each to the waiters. Yet still the superstition is as lively as of yore all over Europe and America, and probably it will continue to flourish and to make people uncomfortable until the end of time. There are, in all likelihood, men and women who are even now undergoing vague uneasiness because 1885 happened to be a multiple of thirteen.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Machine that Calculates.

The calculating machine invented by Prof. Thomson appears to excel, in its ingenious adaptation to a variety of results, even Babbage's wonderful apparatus. By means of the mere friction of a disk, a cylinder and a ball, the machine is capable of executing numerous complicated calculations which occur in the highest applications of mathematics to physical problems, and by its aid an unskilled person may, in a given time, perform the work of ten expert mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculating of tidal, magnetic, meteorological and other periodic phenomena; it will solve differential equations of the second, or even higher powers of orders; and through this same wonderful arrangement of mechanical parts, the problem of finding the three motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is done by simply turning a handle.—*New York Sun.*

Books for the Indians.

The only written language of the American Indians was in the form of hieroglyphics, but this plan of picture-writing was not much used among the tribes of North America. As the spoken languages of the tribes, however, have such a complete dialectic structure it was not difficult to give this a written form by means of the Roman alphabet. This has been done in many instances, and a number of grammars and dictionaries have been printed in different Indian dialects, besides many other books. Several newspapers are at this time printed among the civilized Indians of the West, and at mission stations in the Indian language. The Aztecs and Toltecs kept their historical and other records by means of hieroglyphics in a very systematic manner.

An Odd Public House.

A curious public house is among the latest attractions in Paris. It is called La Taverne du Bagne. The walls are hung with paintings representing the horrors of convict life, interspersed with portraits of notorious Communists. All the waiters are dressed in convict uniform and wear the chains and *boulets* of the regular *forcat*. The landlord is Citoyen Maxime Lisbonne, one of the leaders of the insurrection of 1871.—*London Truth.*

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

An Instrument Frequently Produced in Court.

How the Glass is Used in Detecting Forgeries and Other Crimes.

A Washington *Star* reporter was sitting in Dr. E. M. Schaeffer's office, talking with him of the mysteries of the microscope. Dr. Schaeffer is called in as an expert microscopist in a great many cases in the courts. "This little instrument is a very valuable witness sometimes," he said as he put a slide upon the microscope and addressed himself to the scribe. "It is exceedingly inquisitive and uncovers a great many mysteries, not only of inanimate nature but of men. As its master I am informed of many curious things. Tragedies which it would not do to mention, have come under my notice through it. Some very interesting and curious incidents of a domestic character are brought to my attention by folks who come to have microscopic analyses made. Not very long ago the result of one of these analyses came near leading to a tragedy. The principal thing an expert microscopist is called for in the courts is to testify as to the blood on clothing of something of that sort in a murder trial, or as to writing in cases of forgery. I can tell instantly whether a stain is blood or not, no matter how old and indistinct it is, and this is often most important in the detection of crime."

"You can distinguish animal blood from human?" asked reporter.

"I have frequently heard of expert witnesses testifying that certain stains were made by human blood. I think they are wrong to assume so much knowledge. The little corpuscles of a sheep's or dog's blood are as a rule smaller than those of a man's, but it has been discovered by careful study that the largest of the sheep or other animals and the smallest of the man may be the same size. This, of course, does away with all certainty of distinction. A bird's blood may be distinguished from human, because its corpuscles are of a different shape. But this does not lessen the importance of discovering blood stains on a murderer's clothing. The circumstances and other evidence will do the rest."

"Some of the most interesting cases," he continued, "are those of handwriting. I have made a very thorough study of this under the microscope, both as to individuality of form and as to various sorts of ink and the effect of time and condition upon them. I can readily discover forgeries, interlineations or erasures. I do not think I could be deceived in this unless the man that did the work had the same facilities for doing it that I have for detecting it, that is, unless the forger was a microscopist. One case in which I testified was where a man was being sued on a bond for $50,000. He acknowledged that he had signed a bond for one of the parties named in the bond produced, but claimed that the second name had been added since. The person he signed for, he said, was reliable and trustworthy, but the other person was not, and he would never have signed the bond had his name been upon it at the time. All the writing on the document was in the same hand, and appeared to have been written at the same time. Under a microscope I discovered by the age of the ink that the second name had been added some time after the paper was signed, and that the pronoun 'him' had been changed to 'them' whenever it occurred in the bond. Another case I was called into was where an old man's name had been forged to notes by his son-in-law. There were ninety notes of $1,000 each which the old man pronounced forgeries, and on examining them I found them to be such. Without knowing anything of his habits, I knew, as soon as I saw his genuine signature, that he always wrote with a gold pen. The forgeries were not written with a gold pen, and there were enough points of difference for me to be able to distinguish them from the genuine in every case."

No Squirt.

About three months ago a man who seemed to know exactly what he wanted entered a place in this city where lawn statuary, fountains, etc., are sold, and selecting a fountain to please his taste, he asked the price. The figure named was paid and the article ordered shipped. Nothing further was heard of him until a few days ago, when he wrote a letter, saying:

"I have had your cussed old fountain set up in the yard for the last ten weeks, but not a drop of water yet. At what season do they begin to squirt?"

An investigation revealed the fact that he had made no provision for water to run it.—*New York Star.*

Gentians.

[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

All the rage—Animal dog.

As a general thing, what a man sows he rips.

The thermometer goes down lovely by degrees, so to speak.

The man who is opposed to vaccination is probably to be pitied.

Even the most inveterate loafer objects to taking a horn with a bull.

A young lady asks: "How can I remove superfluous hair?" Ask the butler.

The man who said "There is a garden in her face," was evidently using flowery language.

The telephone is an arrangement by which two men can lie to each other without becoming confused.

The king of Sweden and Norway is a poet. The diction that the king can do no wrong appears to be expected.

"Round again?" he asked, as the dun put his head in at the door. "Yes, and I'll stay 'round until I get square."

"Using tobacco in one form," says a hater of the weed, "usually leads to the use of it in another." This is doubtless true, for when a man has taken snuff he must "chaw."

"Why Johnny," exclaimed mamma, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with such a dirty face?" "No, I ain't," replied Johnny, with a conscious pride in the integrity of his intentions; "you'd like to have me taken for a tinker, wouldn't you?"

Shying Horses Near-Sighted.

"Why it is that shying in horses should be set down to an ugly disposition I don't know," said a prominent veterinary surgeon to a New York *Sun* reporter. "It must be because horsemen don't know what else to lay it to. The fact is that it seldom is not with unless the horse is near-sighted. I have tested scores of shying horses for near-sightedness, and in nearly all cases found what I expected.

And now, when I am asked to give points on buying horses, I give this as one of the requisites. Never buy a horse which is near-sighted. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule. If the horse is to have a mate, then it doesn't make any difference about the sight. One horse can go blind if the other is clear sighted. If the horse is to be used for riding I saddle be careful that he is not near-sighted, for he will throw you sooner or later.

"The reason why a near-sighted horse shies is very simple," the surgeon continued. "Of all animals the horse is the most gentle and even timid. He sees a strange object and his susceptible mind magnifies it into a monster that is going to destroy him. A piece of white paper at the roadside in the night is a ghost and an old wagon in the ditch is a dragon. Every horseman knows that if you drive the animal close to the dreadful object the horse reels down at once. It is supposed that it is because the horse makes a closer acquaintance with the object. That is true, but not in the sense in which it is generally understood. The animal has not been able to see it from a distance. He is near-sighted."

The Biter Bit.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed a suburban passenger to his milkman; "got a box of chalk under your arm, haven't you? Bought it in the city and taking it out to the dairy, eh? Now, will you be kind enough to tell me what you are going to do with it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the milkman; "your wife tells our driver to chalk it down so often that he has run out of crayons, and I'm laying in a new supply. If you'd come out to the farm I'll show you your statement of account on the side of the new barn.—*Chicago Herald.*