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The Chatham Record.

Opportunity. He who shut his eyes repeating, When a shadow dim the day; May not see the sunlight shine; When the sun have passed away.

NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A lovely afternoon in the spring, when the baby air and the fresh, bright tints of the daffodils made a gala day even on Broadway. Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly-fitting gloves.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be really the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nice pair they were taken off again.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no visiting at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends called him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cherries.

As the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became uppermost. Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginia place, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did. That would perfect his idea, he thought.

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieving voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip." "No, dear, and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood so far. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must behave and dress as city people do."

familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and impleasent criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—well, as Jessie Mabin."

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any trace of Nona's faith and memory. Still he did not feel much troubled.

This confidence did not agree with him. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

There he felt unconsciously and, as he very well knew, unconsciously rebuffed by the greeting of the identifiably dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tip of her shapely fingers to him, drawing out the "whiter pretty little assurance of being 'our girl to see Mr. Hays' with the information that 'Nona had been expecting him since the early morning train."

"Very kind of them, but—?" "Well, so it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the top Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie and his friends declared to be "the thing" yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat, and her wrists.

All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usage of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone broken. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled apron, never more looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when I slip in the "opposition," reminds him of his own experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way if he got it, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do.—Hesper's Weekly.

Crow and King Birds.

Crows are loved neither by farmers nor by other birds. "All across is good for," said a Norwich (Conn.) farmer, who had hung up the feet in a cornfield and shower of other crows with."

The bird which is the most common of the top of a bar post or on the cone of a mullein will make a crow to speak and flounder away to the words with abundant manifestation of profusion terror.

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The Fish of the Jordan.

The most characteristic fishes of the Lake of Galilee belong to the family of Cyprinidae, three species of which are figured in Dr. Tristram's work.

Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighborhood?

New Policeman—Shure, yer Honor, I saw not one man at I asked him what he was doin' there at that time of night. So he: "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in this vicinity later on."

GLASS-EATING.

Men who Pretend to Chew and Swallow Glass.

A Probable Explanation of the Manner in which it is Done.

No matter how absurd anything is the great majority of people are willing, if they cannot understand it, to accept any explanation offered and be satisfied with it. This has been especially true of the alleged glass-eating, which has now become a regular "profession" with a number of men.

The first originated in Philadelphia, where, it seems, a negro appeared to develop a peculiar fancy for lump chimneys and other kinds of glass as an article of diet.

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A Defective Education.

This education they fill boys up with now days don't seem for 'mount no more much for ordinary use," said a Dakota settler.

An African Protigy.

The Hamburg Zoological garden has received a full-grown specimen of the Canis pictus, or spotted wild dog, of central Africa.

A Close Shave.

The Story Told by a Secret-Service Detective. Showing a Woman Suspected of Trying to Poison a Cabinet Officer.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

The Story Told by a Secret-Service Detective.

Showing a Woman Suspected of Trying to Poison a Cabinet Officer.

In the summer of 1884 a member of the cabinet received a basket of flowers at his desk. They were placed on the desk while he was at lunch, and the colored attendant who received them stated that he took them from the hands of a well-dressed boy.

It was little I had to encourage me in the start. I got a description of the boy, however, and after a day or two I found a crowd of whom I had inquired his way from the station to the Secretary's office.

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Friends of the Farmer.

There are two kinds of wars in the Eastern States. The smaller kind breaks chiefly on mice and insects and is not known to kill poultry.

The Outside Dog.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog, or of any dog that you please. But the dog that is outside the dog, the dog that is outside the dog, the dog that is outside the dog.

BIMORPHS.

Hard luck. A dog for crop. The greatest satisfaction to the blacksmith, but he is very extremely proud.

The Outside Dog.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog, or of any dog that you please.

But the dog that is outside the dog, the dog that is outside the dog, the dog that is outside the dog.

Not his is the best they are fighting for. And waggling his tail outside the ring. Keeping always his line in sight.

BIMORPHS.

Hard luck. A dog for crop.

The greatest satisfaction to the blacksmith, but he is very extremely proud.

When you get a man to a horse he may say nothing, but he'll mean it.

Wives who are always blowing up their husbands are domestic magazines.

Our country's best possessions are undoubtedly its women, but its resources should be husbanded.

The proper course to pursue on being informed that somebody has threatened to pull your nose is to procure some tallow and grease it.

A wife who says that a woman is a silent power in the land. That is a cycle of old huckster editorials.

That will be news to the parents of husbands.

Papa, if there were a bicycle, what is one wheel? "One wheel, my son, Well, let me see. One wheel, my son, Well, let me see."

"No, it's not papa, it's a wheelbarrow?"

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