The Chatham Record

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Deluded.

Happy is he who hears, with brow serene,
Above the tumult of the unheeding throng,
The plaudits of the Future, clear and strong,
Down the long centuries reverberate,
Though unrewarded be his common fate.
Content to leave a heritage of song,
To suffering souls who can do no wrong;
Content, though it never gained, Fame's crown to wait.
Dupe of his dreams, what matter if not his,
Pain in the crimson gold and purple gloom
Of some cathedral vast, that honored tomb
Whose stones the pilgrim nations kneeling kiss,
Slumbers he not less sound though overhead
On a forgotten mound the grasses spread.

(Cornhill Magazine.

A DOOR AJAR.

It was all over; past and done with forever; not a hope remained. Inez Cameron had plucked them one by one from his heart in her cool, stately, graceful way, half an hour before, when she declined his hand and offered him her friendship, in the dim, sweet-scented glen, which he could see from the window at which he sat.

"Friendship from her!" he muttered savagely, while a burning wrath flamed in his dark eyes. "Did she think I had been her slave for almost a year to be content with that at last? As true as there is a heaven above me, she allowed me to think she cared. I was no fool to say such words as I said to-day to her, unless I had been encouraged! You have taught me a lesson, my fair faced Inez. I take my leave of an earthly heaven on no woman's smile hereafter; and I dangle no longer in your train, lovely as you undoubtedly are, and dainty and dazzling. I doubt if I ever take any fair lady to my home. When Sister Nettie and her husband depart in a month's time, I will go roaming once more. No man cares for his home when his heart is as heavy as mine is."

The shadows gathered and lengthened, but Guy Hamlet sat silent and miserable, trying to crush down the regrets—trying to bury the corpse of his love-dream.

It was bitter to him, this rejection by the girl he had wooed in such a princely fashion; whom he, perhaps, had reason to think he could win.

Life seemed a very poor and barren possession to the proud young owner of that the old farm-stead, while a summer twilight gathered its soft draperies about him, and still he forgot that it was time to dress for dinner, and his sister and friends would wonder where he lingered when they came down presently.

Suddenly a low, sweet, soothing melody stole to him, there the air of a tender old ballad, played lowly, by some dainty fingers.

Somehow the music soothed the pain in his heart, comforted him in a strange manner, as though the white hand that toyed with the keys had laid a tender touch on his forehead.

"I wonder who is playing?" he thought. "Whoever it is, I hope she will continue. I wish she would sing."

As if his wish had been heard a voice took up the words of the old song, and sent them to him so tenderly where he sat—sad, tender, pathetic words which made his eyes grow dim as he listened.

"I wonder who she is," he said to himself, and then, rising, he quietly crossed to the door, which was ajar, and looked into the drawing-room.

In the twilight he saw a slight girlish figure at the piano, and in pale amber. The face was turned from him, but he knew by the slow, weary, dreary, the masses of rich auburn hair, that it was Inez Cameron's home-coming, Hilda Dallas.

"How sad the girl's voice is!" he thought. "How intensely sad! Yet she has always seemed bright and cheerful when I noticed her. I fear I rarely did notice her, poor silly child!"

Just then the drawing-room door opened and Inez Cameron entered.

Guy watched her with passionate adoration and bitter regret in his eyes as she went and stood near the musician.

"Don't sing that doleful thing, Hilda," she said in her sweet tones of silver. "Even though it may be fool enough to love a man who doesn't care at all for you, there is no need for you to sing that forlorn ballad with your heart in your voice."

The music had ceased into a discord, then stopped.

The girl on the piano stood wheeled about so that Guy saw her face, and from his heart he pitied Hilda Dallas when he saw her pained eyes and colorless face.

Ay, and something which was not love stirred his heart for the fair blue-eyed beauty who stood serenely there, her lip curling just a little, her lithe and graceful draperies falling about her in such graceful folds.

"What do you mean?" questioned the lame girl in a quick voice of pain. "I don't love anybody, I—"

"Bah!" cut in the blonde's silvery tones. "You love Mr. Guy Hamlet, and I have known it for a long time. He cares nothing at all for you—he scarcely sees you; today he asked me to be his wife. Now, perhaps, you see how little a little coquette you are."

The auburn head was lowered suddenly, and two white little hands were flung over Hilda's colorless face. A moment after, and Guy caught the sound of quick sobbing, mingled with the low ripple of laughter from Inez.

"Oh, I didn't accept him," pursued the flute-like tones of the woman he had thought almost an angel. "I don't care to bury myself in a dull old place, and besides, I know Mr. Jarvis was very much pleased with me, and he's worth half a million."

It all passed through to where Guy had stood so long, spell-bound, unconscious that he should not stand there. Touched to the soul by the passionate weeping of Hilda, love dying in his heart for Inez—it all came to him, through the distance between, because fate had ordained that the door should be for half an hour ajar.

The lame girl had subdued her emotion, picked up her crutch, and left the drawing-room before the young man recovered presence of mind enough to glide quietly away and gain the hall by another door.

That night his guests were rather surprised to find that their handsome host scarcely left Hilda Dallas for a moment; and perhaps some of them noticed also how sweet her face was with its changing color and great shy eyes of purple with a touch of pathos in their velvet depths; that night, for the first time, they saw beauty in another face than that of Inez Cameron—and for the first time a dull jealous pain made the heartless blonde realize that she would purchase half a million at too great a cost if she give in exchange for it the love of Guy Hamlet.

* * *

It was months later. Mrs. Nettie Jervis and the gay party she had brought with her for the summer to her old home were about to scatter themselves in different directions.

Many an idyl had its beginning in those glad days of heat and sunshine, and a few pleasant love dreams had died, that which Inez Cameron had so carelessly laughed down a month before was in its shroud and coffin, and a warm, living love was stirring in every pulse of Guy, as, in the hushed a still evening, he and Inez came to face in the very spot which once saw him proud, eloquent, with her for her love.

She was rarely, dangerously lovely as she smiled at him, but no pulse in his heart stirred in response to fairly she turned to walk with her.

"No," she said softly, "that is ended here. Guy—child here when I was so wicked to you some weeks ago. You will forgive it all, will you now? I read my own heart more clearly now, and I know I made a sad mistake." He took her face in his, a warm color in she held her hand to his lips and whispered, "You understand me, do you not, Guy?"

He looked puzzled little but confused and at the beautiful tender eyes.

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "You were not more unkind to me than most women are under like circumstances."

"But—but I was unkind to myself," she faltered. "I made a sad mistake, Guy; it is not too late—if you love me and—"

Generously he interrupted her there.

"I am to be your cousin some day," he said softly, feeling as though he was dealing a blow on the flushed beauty of her dainty face. "Hilda has promised to become my wife."

"Hilda Dallas!"

There was passionate pain, incredulity, wonder, in the silvery tones.

"You will marry Hilda? But you do not love her—you who loved me a month ago! Tell her the truth and she will refuse you; she is generous."

"She is the girl I love," he uttered sternly. "She is true and tender, and more to me than any living on earth. Make no mistake, Miss Cameron, I cared for you when we first met her, but an hour after we had parted—while yet the wound was fresh and smarting—I knew what folly such an affection was for me to cherish. From words which I overheard you say, I was convinced that you had made no mistake in rejecting me, but did it become Mr. Jarvis was pleased with you and had half a million. An hour after you had spurned my love, it was dead in my life; another, pure and sweet, and tender, stole to me through a door ajar, and I thank Heaven for the gift. Miss Cameron I think somebody is coming; compose yourself."

She forced the color back into her face and stilled the trembling of her figure as a slight halting form appeared down the isle of shade.

Guy hastened forward, met Hilda, and drew her hand through his arm.

"My darling," said he to her, "I have seen Dr. Blank about your ankle, and he says there is a surety of cure if you will place yourself under his care for half a year. What will you do, my little sweetheart?"

"I will do whatever you desire, dear Guy," she answered softly, and in the dimness of the little glen he bent and kissed her, unmindful of the blue burning eyes upon him, which belonged to the woman who loved him, whom he had lost to us.

Six months later Hilda flung aside her crutch and married Guy. Inez married Mr. Jarvis.

Superstitions of Sneezing.

Most people sneeze in the course of their lifetime, and even in this country there are many communities among whom by-standers, upon such an occasion will exclaim: "God bless you!" This is designed to avert the evil omen. The superstition was brought here from England and from most of the northern nations of Europe.

Many of our readers will recall what Longfellow wrote of the custom in Sweden: "You sneeze, and the peasants cry 'God bless you!'"

A writer at the beginning of this century, remarking upon the custom of Italy, says that when you sneeze, "even in the theatres, men rise and wish you 'Felicita!'" The purport of this is the same as the hearty Swedish and English "God bless you!"

The origin of this custom in the different countries of Europe was the same, just as its meaning is the same. It has been traced to those visitations of fearful pestilence known as the black death. One will read of it in England in the time of Edward III. In 1349 the plague swept over Sweden and Denmark. Its ravages in these countries were so great that the disease gained the name of the great death.

The first symptoms of an attack followed a post was a sneeze. Then upon the astonished bystanders, with sorrowing glances, would turn to the nearly stricken victim and exclaim: "May God restore thee!"

If the account of the custom be correct, it will be seen at what good reason the usage originated, and with what want of all reason it is continued in times when a sneeze at the worst indicates but a trifling cold. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant little custom, which does harm to nobody, and we have not so many acts of formal courtesy that it is necessary to dispense with any of them. Youth's Companion.

"Home, Sweet Home."

It is said, when darkness settles over the Atlantic Sea and fishermen are far from land, their wives and children pray, just before putting out the lights in their humble cottages, go down by the shore and in their clear, sweet voices sing the first lines of the Ave Maria. Then they listen, clearly and serene the sea echoes to them the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, and time each knows that all is well. I often think that from the homes life of the nation, from its shrines and altars, daughters and sweethearts, there sounds through the throne of Heaven this song, the tender response of a dearer song which hushes to holier tones up and collects in a strain from more far east and the sublime "Home, sweet, sweet home." God grant that danger and more stormy days may prove that beauty exists in hearts and women's lips and love.—Frances E. Willard.

Birthplace of Abraham.

Not far from Aleppo is situated the little town of Orfah, the ancient Edessa of the Crusaders, which is of great historical interest, it having been the birthplace of the patriarch Abraham. There are few Jews in the place, but the Arabs still point out a small building lying outside the town, which they claim to be the house wherein Abraham first saw the light, and which they therefore treat with a reverence which they do not pay to the house of the prophet at Mecca. It is most improbable that the actual house should have stood for three thousand years, but the building in question is of great antiquity. By its present owner, an Arab peasant, as well as the Arabs generally, it is held in the utmost veneration, the tradition being that to touch the walls with the hand is equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Could Hurry When He Had To.

When Sherman was near Atlanta he encountered a stream which he wished to cross quickly. But the Confederates burned the bridge. Gen. Sherman asked the superintendent of the construction train how long it would take to replace the bridge.

"About four days," was the reply.

"Say," said the General, "I will give you forty-eight hours or a position in the front rank before the enemy."

The bridge was completed in the two days allotted. Chicago Times.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

William C. Kingsley, president of the Brooklyn bridge, estimated many years ago in the infancy of the enterprise that 36,000,000 persons per annum would represent its maximum capacity, and this number of people would be using the bridge in 1900. At only 27,500,000 cross the bridge, and at the present rate of increase Mr. Kingsley's estimate may be reached in 1900, ten years before the time fixed by him.

Sold.

"I [illegible] this evening."

"[illegible] sold."

"[illegible] another [illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I can't think why he loves to follow me wherever I go.
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper shadows which are always very slow.
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India rubber doll,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see,
I'd think shame to stick to a chum as that shadow sticks to me!
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup,
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was not awake at bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Salt Water Fireworks.

Although water is used for putting out fires, it is now the less possible to extinguish disasters to set the sea on fire. The shores of the Caspian, for instance, are full of naphtha springs, and the improved cases of this volatile substance not infrequently escape through fissures, and bubble up in large volumes to the surface. The manner in which this circumstance is taken advantage of to set off marine fire-works is thus described by a traveler:

"Having a small barge, we put out to sea, and, after a lengthy search, found a suitable spot. One boat having moored round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning [illegible] into the sea, when floods of light depicted the surrounding darkness. No fire-works, no illuminations, are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our eyes. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively until the mouth of shooting, dancing tongues of flame at prodigious rate. Now they emerged from the water, and they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and were taken away, at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the [illegible] bubbling billows making music to the scene. In compliance with the wishes of some of our spectators our barge was steered towards the flames, and passed through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha, and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unusual spectacle of a sea on fire."

Which is the Mother?

You have all heard of the judgment of Solomon, what he did when two mothers claimed the same baby.

Curiously enough, the same thing seems to have occurred in China in a similar dispute.

This is the story:

Two women came to live on a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke:

"Let the servants catch a large fish in the river," she commanded, "and let it be brought me here alive."

This was done.

"Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed, and its clothes put on the large fish.

"Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrappings in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without a doubt, she is the true mother," the mandarin's wife declared, and the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the "Flowery Kingdom."

Could Get Another.

Anxious Skipper—"The barometer has fallen, sir."

Unnautical Sailoress—"Never mind, captain! Don't feel so badly over it. We can get another when we get to Key West."—Tid-Bits.

A DARING RAID.

A Thrilling Episode of the Civil War Revived.

How the Mitchell Raiders Undertook a Desperate Journey Failed.

A chapter of the war, one of the most thrilling and picturesque episodes of the entire war, is revived in a report made to the lower House of Representatives, by the committee on pensions. The bill on which the report is based was introduced at the request of a number of gallant men, members of the Mitchell raiders. In April, 1862, General O. M. Mitchell had advanced his forces from as far south as Shelbyville, Tenn. On the west the battle of Shiloh had just been determined in favor of the Union arms. At the east McClellan was threatening an advance upon Richmond. Opposed to these two armies the South had concentrated their full strength. The importance of securing and holding Chattanooga as a strategic point on the great railroad line between the east and west was obvious. The "Mitchell raiders," a body of twenty-six in number, under command of J. Andrews, were selected by General Mitchell to make the desperate enterprise to penetrate 200 miles into the heart of the enemy's country to destroy the railroad bridges between Chattanooga and Atlanta. If successful this would cut off the advance of troops of the South while Mitchell, at Huntsville, should attempt to capture Chattanooga. The soldiers of the band were to go, dressed in citizens' clothes, not in twos and threes, but in a mass, at Marietta, Ga. They were to take passage on some train bound north, seize upon the train, the engine, and their baggage, and tear up the track behind them as they dashed along.

The first part of the programme was successful. While the train was stopped for breakfast, Andrews, the commander, at a signal the raiders, who had bought tickets and had taken the ordinary passenger, sprang into the cab, pistol in hand, and drove out with incredible celerity, and threatening the engineer, and the party, twenty-four in number, succeeded in gaining the train. At Kingston, however, Mitchell's advance had alarmed the Southerners, and the rolling stock about Chattanooga had been ordered South, out of danger. The locomotive engine with captured train was met by three trains. Andrews, in charge of the party, impressed himself as a Confederate officer who had impressed the train for military purposes, and he succeeded to a marvelous degree, and was allowed to pass on. Twice, however, he was compelled to wait more than a long passing time, while every minute was precious. The conduct of the captured train was a mixture of haste and energy, and without waiting for breakfast, he started down the line at full speed. By some accident he received a handcar, and after travelling a mile or so he left the train behind. It was a great track. When he had gone he ordered that they should be prepared for a desperate chase, and, in spite of the slightest manner, he and his companions were. After a run of five miles the captured locomotive had to be abandoned, while the Union soldiers continued through the woods.

The pursuit was relentless, and the whole party was captured after enduring terrible suffering. Eight were hanged as spies, chained together by twos over the cross, and thrust into a dungeon in Chattanooga. Two attempts were made to exchange them, but the Confederate authorities refused to accept the terms. Finally, after a long imprisonment, they were condemned as spies, without the slightest attempt at consideration, and had to suffer the penalty. When [illegible] forced from the dock and [illegible] prison cell they were so blinded by the light of day that for hours they could not see. Andrews, the leader, was hanged as a spy. Twenty of the band were hanged as spies. One man was given forty lashes on his bare back and the [illegible] were put back into prison. At the end of six months eight had died, and after seven months the few survivors were released by exchange. The extraordinary enterprise in which these men engaged, the dangers they incurred and their gallantry and devotion to the Union have entitled them to consideration. All but four of them are now receiving pensions under the general law. The others provided for by the bill are William Knight, Jacob Parrott, William Reddick and John Wollam.—Chicago Herald.

No Light Used.

A farmer in Ludlow, returning home rather late one night, discovered a young man with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-courting.

"Come a-what?" asked the farmer.

"A-courting, sir. I'm courting Mary."

"But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer. "I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the young man's reply. "I don't think it would advantage in the looks of the matter."

A Profitable Team.

1863 when ex-Senator William Pitt Kellogg, then judge of the supreme court of Nebraska, happened to be on his way West, as he tells the story long after to the Cincinnati Times-Star's Washington correspondent, he stopped in Illinois, at a place where he had a partial business. He was sick and thought he would take his team, and drive to Nebraska. While he did with the following result:

He arrived in Omaha with the team, and while he was looking round there Ben Carpenter, an old acquaintance, was constantly borrowing the team. Mr. Kellogg did not know what to do with the team after he had finished his court work, and had made arrangements to go home. But Carpenter came to him one day and offered to trade off some land for the team. They strolled out into the land, which was a tolerable tract. The man owned the trade while they were there. Mr. Kellogg took up a tract of the land at $80 an acre, the team, harness and wagon being counted at $300. In a few months he purchased the other quarter at $100 an acre. This was in '63. He has held on to a part of the land with an appreciation since that time, partlier only to realize profits from his agent it owning, with usual equal value of unimproved property. His body for last year was in good fashion [illegible] He sold a small part of an acre of the tract for $20,000. He took that $20,000 and more for his share of property in the northeast Washington, known as the Willow's tract property. He paid $70,000 for the purchase price. He would not have done so [illegible] for this Washington property. He can sell out the income of his land some time on Omaha any time for $200,000. So the poor stable boy in today's [illegible] is a rich man.

A Mind Reader in New Zealand.

The Edinburgh Dispatch in Helper's contains this story about Bishop the mind reader. While in New Zealand the Bishop of Wellington, who is a devotee of mesmerism and mind reading, the Professor numerous proofs that he claimed to possess supernatural powers. After some persuasion it was decided that his Lordship, mighty himself, should conceal an article which Bishopson to discover. Mr. Bishopson taken from the room, and on the Mount King's ring, affirming his sordidness, the article was to be hidden in the King's presence and at once began the search. In a few minutes Mr. Bishop turned to the mantelpiece where the article was concealed. His Highness [illegible] to the [illegible] Professor, as [illegible] the article, he was in [illegible] Bishop [illegible] that the article [illegible] to search. After considerable refusal and persuasion persuasion on the part of the King and the Professor the mantelpiece was [illegible] and [illegible] Bishop turned to the mantelpiece where the article was concealed. His Highness [illegible] to the Professor [illegible] the article [illegible] Bishop [illegible] the King [illegible] the search. In a few minutes Mr.