

The Chatham Record.

RATES

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Good-By.

When we have said good-by to some dear friend, or watched receding loved ones from the shore,

Then turned away, since we could do no more,

To make their happiness complete, we send

Our best good-wishes after, as we went,

Our homeward way, by the Home to our

poor.

It is blessing on the ones that we adore,

And God forgive us so far to extend,

There may be many less loved, sad and

Harm none unkind of dangers! But this

Is not the heart to desire? We defend,

A Xmas' concert every year, instead

To be indifferent, seem it's a duty,

When with our trusting lips we say

Good-By.

— *Mother Dear in Times Distance*.

BUNNIES.

Speaking of bunnies, what was it? Alphabet.

The ideal bunn is not always a woman's best friend.

A Chinaman's bunn may be called a comical because of his comical tail.

There are 300000 people speaking English and they are all living outside.

Another good name for insomnia is to have the mind step up in the action with the baby.

A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as moments of reflection.

What has old Lady Macbeth ride before she left a fond adieu to her wicked husband? The nightmare.

A kiss is said to be something which comes by nicks but never by post.

This bairnery we have often known kisses to come by the postbox.

Chilly jealousy. "Take that pencil out of your mouth," says Sir, master, who owns this?

— A scold, a婆子, a judging from its size.

Brightly. — What would you do, doctor, if you had a bad cold?

Doctor accordingly laid a reputably physician, so.

Brightly, unluckily.—I don't suppose you could tell me where I could find one, doctor, could you?

If you could tell me, go get it out.

And you should come with its price,

But you know, it costs you twice as much as you can afford.

Then you will be a good citizen.

— Fascinating Moorish Bazaars.

South Africa, India, principal seat of New Algeria, South Africa, one sees many of these fascinating Moorish bazaars in which, at those who enter, leave all thoughts of money behind.

So, bewitching are these displays of oriental goods, embroideries, rugs, Moorish jewelry and Arab stuffs, that it is simply impossible to escape without inesting either for ourselves or for our friends.

It is especially difficult to resist them as the Moorish merchant, who himself a plump, squat addition to the same places he stands at your feet, as it were.

He is almost willing to kiss your hand if you will only be amiable enough to make him an offer for his goods; and then haggle over the price with him. He will usually gladly accept your offer of one-half the original price, but it takes time and patience, and those who buy hurriedly must pay accordingly.

What exquisite antique curiosities one finds here, so delicate as to look almost like a web of silk. There are such beautiful and shades of faded colors, blended with artistic taste, and producing as often impossible with our modern materials. Old costumes of native embroidered sashes, velvet and muslins, told of gone splendor, belts and sashes of cloth of gold, and metal buttons, and fringes which show the nobility of each display.

Then the peculiar Rajahs were what particularly this bazaar! Exquisite toys best with colored stones, vases, inkstands and the jewelry worn by the women of those nomadic tribes. The delicate finger work in metal, inlaid with turquoise and other stones, is to my mind, the odd and most characteristic work, which one can find in this country.

— See You, tomorrow.

Two Views of Innkeepers.

Shenstone - Blue, who J. A. Benton in the New York World, will forever stand out as the most notable inscription to the mid-time taverns. They have often been found fault with, we are told, as being a disengagement to ordinary hospitality and of human nature, but they appeal by their parties to one side of our common experience. Shenstone says:

Whoever has travelled life's dull round,

May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an inn.

It is almost cried to parody so touching an analogy, but it is said a way which saw these names appropriately displayed at a hotel wrote beneath them the following motto:

Whoever has travelled much about

Must very often sigh to think

That every host will turn you out

Unless you've plenty of the chink.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE QUEEN FLOWER.

FORTY THOUSAND ROSES SHIPPED
DAILY FROM ONE TOWN.

EIGHTY-FIVE BUILDINGS FILLED
WITH BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

The rose that New York buyers want are raised in Madison, N. J. Probably more roses are grown there and sold than in any other place in the world. There are 85 enormous greenhouses in the town and 150 people are employed in the cultivation of roses. At least a score of men have grown rich from the sale of the queen of flowers. On an average 40,000 rose bushes are shipped from there to New York every day in the year. Two east best, the fragrant buds. They are unshipped at Hoboken and taken across the Hudson by the wholesale dealers, who buy from the Madison florists. From June to September the shipments are heavy and are not confined to New York. Long Branch, Manhattan Beach and a score of California cities receive thousands of the roses. The roses are shipped in small boxes, each sealed with a lock and bearing the grower's name. The boxes are returned empty in the evening. There is no money delay in the transit. It is paid off at night when she puts her pay out of a little hole in the basket for us to smooth it. She was homesick all the time we were there; she had no appetite, and seemed to be fatigued. Let us see as we got back to Boston she was very happy and grew fat and well again. — *New York Herald*.

The Kangaroo.

When Captain Cook discovered Australia he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors ashore to buy it of them. When it came on board, he saw it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer: "I don't know" or in the Australian language, "King-a-roo." The sailor supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. That the name of the curious animal is the "I don't know," which is almost equal to the one given, is one of the many mysteries in Tasmania's Museum, the "What is it?" — *Christian Advocate*.

A lucky dog.

Bonaparte Journe, who died in Paris a few months ago, left behind him the whole sum of \$30,000 to Tige, his faithful Dalmatian mastiff.

According to the provisions of the will, a family residence is to be purchased in one of the suburbs, in which the dog is to take up his quarters. A male at tendant and a charwoman are appointed to look after the dog and keep the house in order, and will be paid for their services an annual salary of \$100 each, together with free lodgings. Every little contingency has been provided for. A small sum has been set apart for the apothecary and the veterinary surgeon, every year Tige is to be furnished with a new rug, and in spring and summer with fresh collars of elegant design. At the death of the noble animal (\$200) are to be spent on a gravestone, and the house and the capital to become the property of the Society for the Protection of Animals.

Saved by His Monkey.

An instance of the instinct and fidelity of a young monkey comes from Bruxelles, a suburb of Paris. A little boy was playing in a room alone with the monkey, which is very fond of its young master. The boy was playing with the end of a window blind, pretending to hang himself, to the immense satisfaction of his simian playmate.

"Long ago," he said, "I should have had a dog like this, King-a-roo."

"Well, that was a long time ago," said the boy.

"Are making merry, I have no doubt, over the accident."

"You say nothing of the swing part you played?"

"It was no more than any man should do for any woman," he answered, ignoring the desperate chance he had taken.

"How do you know?"

"Because I was hanging by my fingers."

"Huh!" The gentleman must be long to the military. But go on, Katie."

"And in the skies breaths 'Miss—'

"With what did you see?"

"Nothing but the flash of a gun."

"Pulling the leg under the shadow of trees that fringed a grassy bank, he rested upon the sun, and panted, with all the strength and boldness of his manhood, likewise."

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