

The Chatham Record.

Old Age. When on the furrowed cheeks of Age...

WON AT SIGHT.

We had been upon the Mediterranean station for about a year, when our commander ordered the ship to head for...

I was then a young Irish boy, and enjoyed the leave on shore in a foreign port with boyish delight...

We were strolling on the square known as Le Cours St. Louis, a sort of permanent flower market...

While we were filling away the hour in Le Cours St. Louis, with those regular and pretty flower vendors...

"You are Americans, and I trust gentlemen. Is there one among you who will marry me?"

"Ah, you are in sport, but I am in earnest. Who will marry me?"

"Yes, but I have no time to love," and taking his arm, they walked away together.

We looked upon the affair as some well-prepared joke, but were a little annoyed at the non-appearance of Harry...

On board we went, therefore, leaving Harry on shore. When we reported the question was, of course, asked where...

"What is the upshot of it, Harry?" we asked. "Well, I'm married—that's all."

"Married?" asked the mess, in one voice. "Tied for life?" was the answer.

"Hard and fast?" "Irrevocably." "To that little craft you scolded away with?"

"Exactly. As good as I pure a girl as ever lived," said Harry, earnestly.

"How did Old Neptune let you off?" "He is hard on me," said Harry, seriously.

"Where-w?" again from all hands. "Let's get up a petition for Harry," suggested one.

"It's of no use, I know he means what he says. He has given me a whole to think it over."

"Capt. D— was a severe, but an excellent officer, and he had only given the delinquent the alternative of resigning or being sent home in disgrace."

Julie Maurice was the orphan child of a merchant, who had been of high standing during his life, and who left a handsome fortune to endow his daughter...

After his death Julie became the ward of her uncle, by the terms of her father's will, and the period of her educational course having just closed at the convent, Hubert Maurice, the uncle, brought her home to his family circle...

Hubert Maurice, the uncle of Julie, was a sea captain, whose calling carried him much away from his home. During his absence his wife treated Julie with the most tyrannical, even keeping her locked up in her room for days together...

like the present time, so I have been making arrangements to bring that about immediately."

This was enough for Julie. She undervalued the situation fully now, and saw that her aunt would hesitate at nothing. The poor child feared her beyond description and had yielded to her in everything, save this one purpose of her marriage with Hubert.

Julie was a very gentle girl, one upon whom her aunt could impose with impunity. She had no idea of asserting her rights, much less of standing up for them.

The next day after Julie had heard this information was Sunday, the gayest day of the week in Marseilles, and, fortunately, Julie succeeded in making her escape from her aunt's house.

As she explained to Harry afterward, she was intent only upon escape, and believed this to be her last chance. When she saw a half dozen young Americans, who seemed perfectly respectable, the idea that positive safety lay only in marriage dawned upon her...

Harry became more and more impressed with Julie's story as they walked along, while he was delighted by her innocent beauty and manifest refinement.

"Do you trust me with your happiness?" she looked at him thoughtfully with her soft, pleading eyes.

Julie wandered on. Julie had always plenty of money in her purse, and they strolled into a little chapel on their way, where they found a young clergyman, who could not resist their request to marry them, and so, though reluctantly and advising proper delay, he performed the marriage ceremony, aided by the sexton and his wife, who each received a Napoleon.

As an inducement, Harry had also told the clergyman that he was not going to sea, and that he must be married before he sailed, that not even one hour was to be lost.

Whatever might be said with regard to the propriety of the young folk's conduct, it could not be undone. They were irrevocably united as husband and wife.

Speaking of the small circle in which even the greatest move, Lord Bacon's field used to tell the story that Napoleon I, a year after he became Emperor, was determined to find out if there was any one in the world who had not heard of him.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

GOOD MORNING. Tip in the nursery. Tip in the nursery. Tip in the nursery. Tip in the nursery.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY. Once, long ago, when the earth was young, an angel was wandering through its verdant fields searching for a flower to make an offering to his Heavenly Father.

"A pure white flower," he murmured, but, though he searched long and diligently, he could not find one.

Disappointed and weary, he sat down on a stone and wept. The crystal tears fell down his cheeks and sank into the ground. Instantly a lily sprang up to pure and sweet that the angel, with a joyous burst of song, straightway gathered it and flew on high to the bosom of God, and kneeling, laid the offering at His feet.

"Because of thy zeal in my service, thy flower shall henceforth grow all over the world, and when sinful man looks upon it he will think of thy favor and imitate it."

"Go home! what meat?" exclaimed the little dog, as he tried to pick the meat of a bone.

"Well," began Tip, "if you had only bread and milk every day for your meals you would look sulky, too."

"All right," said Tip, after thinking awhile; anything to get out of eating bread and milk every meal. I'll go ruder now and pretend I'm you."

"Tip had not told Jim of the bad boys in the farm, or how they tied tin cans on his tail that sent him howling over the house, while kicks were a lie to the noise he made."

"Poor Jim, not being used to such treatment, didn't know what to make of it, but he determined to put up with it till he saw Tip."

"Why couldn't I be happy like that I thought Jim. -W-B, I'll try anyhow and see how I succeed."

DIAMOND FIELDS.

A Natal Millionaire Tells About the Precious Stones.

Their First Discovery, and How They are Obtained.

John Agnew, a wealthy resident of Natal, who recently arrived in this country, gave a reporter for the New York Times an interesting account of life and business in the diamond fields.

"Every day in and about Kimberly is in the diamond business. There is no agriculture. Provisions are brought from Natal or Cape Town or by the Beers in wagons three or four hundred miles overland."

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Names of Plants.

The number of countries which have contributed their quota to the nomenclature of English plants is legion. Beginning with France we have the dent de lion—lion's tooth—whence we derive our dandelion.

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Remember Me.

When shadows over the earth are creeping, And stars peep through the skies, When breezes in their meads are sleeping, And nature slumbers in its joys...

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HUMOROUS.

The man who is right is seldom left. Some strong holes—Safe deposit vaults. Virtue is its own reward, and no questions asked. A man must be pretty sick of work when he throws up his job. In poultry circles the old hen generally proves her good standing by her setting. One of the interesting experiments in popular chemistry is when a youth feeds his flame with ice cream. It does not necessarily follow that a sailor is a small man because he sometimes sleeps on his watch. Monchaux's F. Gulliver (who has been relating an incident)—"You look surprised!" Faxon Toucanman—"Yes, I know it's true." The coal cart with a portable chute may increase the size of the cart, but it does not materially increase the weight of the average ton. Emma—"Your hair is perfectly charming, and it suits you so well." Marie—"Oh, yes, but if you only knew what a fearful fainting fit it cost me!" Mrs. Gazzam (to her daughter)—"Mabel, you should keep an eye on Mr. Looker. He's a splendid catch. Mr. Gazzam—"What club does he belong to?" Rest for Weariness of Body or Brain. A tramp knows what it is to be weary, a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary and a soldier to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is generally a physiological "syndrome," which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he needs his pace in obedience to the situation, every step is a drop drawn from his life-blood. Ifness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of its commonest experiences. The clocks that many a man draws on his physiological resources are innumerable, and, as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary banking account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side. Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep is another, regular eating and good digestion another. One day's holiday in the week and one or two months in the year for those who work exceptionally hard usually bring the credit balance to a highly favorable condition; and thus with care and management physiological solvency is secured and maintained. But a physiological fortune is no good a thing, or even a better thing, than a money fortune. Stormal resources, well invested, keep the mind easy and the body youthful. If, however, a man has not these, but only enough of strength to go on steadily from day to day, he should watch carefully against excessive weariness. A feeling of prostration is the dark thunder cloud that portends a change in the atmosphere. Health, like weather, may "break;" and when once it is broken nobody knows when the barometer will mark "set fair" again. Weariness, coming on in the ordinary course of work, without any special and temporary cause, is Nature's demand for an immediate holiday. The horse is tired. He does not want the whip, but a month's run in a quiet and abundant pasture. As nothing in the world can properly satisfy hunger except food, so no drug or stimulant of any kind except rest can restore the weary to energy and health. The doctor's tool is a very good thing in its way, but it will no more act as a substitute for rest than a glow-worm's light will serve the same purpose as the moon.—The Hospital.