

The Chatham Record.

Cradle Song.

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
What is the dream I'm dreaming?
I press a kiss on the golden crown,
I smile at the shadow of gold dropped down
Where the evening bells are gleaming.

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
What is the future bringing?
And where will the tiny feet stray,
To the perfect end of a perfect day,
With the golden shoes appearing?

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
What are the tears I'm weeping?
Is it for the sound of the wayward feet,
Once soft and dimpled and pink and sweet,
Alas from the mother's keeping.

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
This is the prayer I'm praying -
For patience, Lord, for the weary three,
For the rained life and the broken rhyme,
For the footstep and the delay.

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
This is the promise bringing -
"I am a lady, for the success feet -
Weary and tired, pink and sweet,
I'll be one of the happy three."

Rock, rock, rock, rock!
Sound is the lullaby sleeping -
Soft are the feet in the baby bed,
Toughly the feet in the baby bed,
At night the father's begin -
—[Mary R. Conley, in Boston Transcript.]

THE TWO MARIES.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France, one dark morning a number of men were marching through the streets, and a crowd of people followed them. The men were dressed in the uniform of the revolution, and the crowd was shouting and cheering. The men were marching in a line, and the crowd was following them. The men were marching in a line, and the crowd was following them.

Among the multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the fan of the bloody leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a line in her expression, about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell, she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved. The first female watched the execution for a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the watch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Farewell, friend!"

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd, but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called Pauper Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, and then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Marie the Pauper."

"Are you known to Robespierre?"

"If so, I want to know a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wished to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself to all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me, I will give you a thousand francs; and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the pauper.

Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping going on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as near alike as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth is like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can fix that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie, the pauper of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless deeds of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockinged and shoeless feet of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the fifth and rags she merged into the street.

She now took her entire back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those remarks sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform.

She swept it with her eyes. Her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

The crowd opened as the body of men passed.

Marie gazed among them. A low cry escaped her.

Her brother was there. But he walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very step which led to the block.

Up to this time the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocracy that are to die."

"Awful, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No. I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the reply.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie. Don't you know me?"

"The pauper?"

"Yes! I look like one, don't I?"

"But this man is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light passed at once across his face and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed pauper, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release that man."

The chains were instantly removed and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and then asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes, I know a little about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it and I am glad."

The noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so they both sought secure quarters, after regarding the beggar girl as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But, if so, it was a dose of money and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested and lived happily with that sister who so nobly perilled her own life to save him by representing the pauper of Paris.

Some Facts About Meteorites.

In a recent lecture Professor Hamlin considered the distribution of meteorites and the phenomena of their fall. They, he said, are peculiarly coming from the cold regions of planetary space, they strike our atmosphere with an intense velocity. The resistance from the air results in burning heat and the appearance of a "fire ball."

The friction not only fuses the outer surface of the meteorite but the surface is put to land and gashed by contact. The moving mass leaves a train of fire, sometimes radiating behind it. They frequently explode before they reach the earth, probably owing to the unequal heating of the mass while passing through the air. There are two classes of meteorites, of iron and of stone. The latter are very rare.

There are on record some 200 falls of each class, the stones have been seen to fall, but the iron is recognized, not by its having been seen to fall, but by its chemical peculiarities. The illustrations which ended the lecture included several ideal sketches of meteoric showers, and numerous meteorites, enlarged to exhibit their peculiarities. —[Boston Transcript.]

Big Plates of Glass.

The largest plate glass in this city and in the State is in the Eastern street window of Robert S. Thompson, at the southwest corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets. The size of the plate is 280 by 160 inches, and it was manufactured at Kokomo, Ind. The firm which had the contract for furnishing the glass first placed its order with a Pittsburg company, which was unfortunate enough to break two plates of that size in preparing them for transportation. There are several others which nearly equal this one in size. There is one 194 by 100 inches, another 140 by 144, and one which was recently replaced, an inferior one having gone through its 198 by 98 inches. The largest plate of glass in the country is in stock at Kokomo, and is 200 by 140 inches. —[Philadelphia Record.]

A Coconut Tree's Long Journey.

A coconut tree that weighs six tons is to be transferred from Honolulu to the public park in San Francisco. In a trench around the tree, which stood in a grove near Honolulu, a massive box was built to enclose the roots. About the box was a frame that had jackscrews for lifting the entire mass. After the tree had been raised it was cradled and its long leaves were gathered together and tied. The nuts were wrapped in soft packing. By hydraulic power the mass was raised on a truck that carried it to the beach where it awaits shipment.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THREE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Three little chickens in the country
Bubbled up over so bold.
One said "Cluck!" and one said "Baw!"
And one said "My! I ain't it bold!"

Three little chickens pulled on the rooster
Over the high iron post.
And said "Cluck!" and one said "Baw!"
And one said "My! I ain't it bold!"

One little chicken put down a peck.
And swallowed them like a cork.
One said "Cluck!" and one said "Baw!"
And one said "My! I ain't it bold!"

—[New York World.]

CAN'T-DO-IT AND TRY.

Can't-do-it and Try were both boys in our village. They set out together, and one had as good a start as the other. Can't-do-it soon lagged behind, while sure-footed and steady Try went on ahead. Can't-do-it felt into a fright whenever a hard thing had to be learned or done; he thought it was a fine thing to avoid learning or doing it. Try always did his best, and found that he was able to do much better next time. Can't-do-it grew poorer and poorer; his mind, as well as his body, grew rusty for want of using; and at last, nobody wanted such a poor tool at any price.

Try made one good thing the step-stone to another. Can't-do-it and Try at last met on a quiet hillside road, and no one who had seen them as boys would have thought that they started from the same place. Can't-do-it, I hear, now lives in a wretched room in Workhouse street. Try will become Lord Mayor of London one of these days, or something equally as good, or better, and even then he will not be content; he will try to do something for good and man as long as he lives. —[Editor, are you a cousin of Can't-do-it, or is your name Try?]

—[Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.]

HOW TONY SOLD ROSEBUDS.

He was only a dog, but a remarkably clever one. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog. Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would seem inclined to cry from loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the old man came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm here, but don't nobody! I'll stand by you."

But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar house with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell his roses that day. What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with greater difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds.

Having filled his basket, the boy went home again, and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog and said: "Now, Tony, you're the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and close their flowers, and put their money into the tin cup in the centre of the basket. Now and then, when a ride boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and he should not wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

This is how Tony sold the rosebuds, and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it. —[Harper's Young People.]

A Mystery of Mysteries.

"Robert, dear, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into the cellar?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life." —[Brooklyn Life.]

THE MAGUEY PLANT.

Mexico's Most Useful Vegetable Plant.

Multifarious Uses, to which it is Put.

As soon as the coconut, clump and banana plantations of the southern and central parts of the country become established, it does not end until the hot hands of the opposite coast are reached. Nearly every species of the found growing in grotesque forms, from creeping stems and round balls bristling with spines, to columnar masses of prickly pear and organ cactus. The Turk's cap, set with thorns, springs from the crevices of the rocks at great altitudes. Cereus grandiflorus wastes the sweetness and glorious evidence of its short-lived bloom in deserted pastures. There are followers of the tall, shaggy organ cactus, the nettles, and there are rugged and lower-level bushes of mingled varieties of trailing cacti. In this mode through the maguey, armed with its bristling sheath of swordblades, from the east and the west. At the way from the Rio Grande to the southern border of Mexico it is seen, now mixed in cultivated fields of hundreds of acres, and again straggling in neglected wilderness, by the roadside or on the rocky crest of inaccessible hills. So plentiful is its cultivation that it grows and thrives where other forms of vegetation perish.

The Indians use the maguey in many ways before the conquest, and it is still one of their chief resources. It was the famous wine, the Aztec's pulque. It is the Mexican's pulque, mescal and tequila, and it is one of the most valuable fibres known to the textile industry. From the refuse leaves a thatch is made with which the Indian huts are covered, and when there is no other fuel, they serve to keep the pot boiling. The Indian woman will use the thorns for pins and the longer spikes for needles, if they do not find their thread in the fibres of the combed flax. When the honey water is clarified with lime, boiled down with syrup and crystallized after filtration, a good raw sugar is made. If the Indians' supply of corn and beans (millions of families) grow low, the maguey can be cooked and eaten as food, and there is a larger percentage of alcohol to be extracted from them than from the leaves or the husk. The native custom from it is a caustic for healing their wounds, and American physicians, inspired by the fact that bright's disease is almost unknown in Mexico, have brought pulque into use as a medicine and a tonic.

But to return to the Mexican stuff of life. An ordinary maguey will yield 200 pounds of sap a day. Very vigorous plants will produce 400 pounds in 24 hours and not dry out in five months. Maguey under cultivation on good soil can be depended upon to furnish from a gallon to seven or even nine quarts a day. At the great haciendas in Central Mexico, large maguey plantations, which are highly profitable, in a hundred or more acres can be set out from sprouts. When ripe at maturity each plant flows with milk and honey like a vegetable spring, and its product is worth between \$20 and \$30.

The maguey produces more alcohol than either sugarcane, potatoes, corn or grapes. Pulque, which is the fermented juice, is very cheap, being sold everywhere in Mexico at a penny a large gill, and it is the universal beverage of the working classes. Mescal is a gin obtained from the juice extracted from the leaves and roots, fermented with pulque and carried through a still. Tequila is an alcoholic whiskey, and there is also a brandy made from pulque. The pulque carrier with his donkey is seen on every country road and city street. He supplies the pulque-shops with liquor from his bags of matted sheepskin, tacking for all the world like pigs on their heads or backs.

The product of the maguey fibre, called lino, is made from the leaf to the point where it is cleaned, and a full-sized maguey, after yielding a return of \$20 or \$30 in pulque, is good for \$250 more in textile. The Indian women have the patience required for dressing the fibre, and the work is done in their cabins and huts. The hemp which they send to the Yucatan market is of excellent quality and there is an increasing demand for it, so that it promises to become an important export of the greatest importance. On this account the invention of an improved dressing machine is greatly to be desired. —[St. Louis Republic.]

Collected and originated in India.

Two Miles a Minute Down a Flume.

Benjamin Edwards of Nevada is in the city. He was sitting in the Windsor yesterday discussing the early days of that state, when the subject changed to fast riding.

"You can talk as you like about the Vanderbilt specials and other trains that make phenomenal time, but if you never rode down a flume, flume in Nevada you don't know what it feels like to elude through space like a meteor. Why, up in the Sierra Nevada range there are flumes from five to forty miles long, built on a regular engineer's grade, with a sixteen foot drop to the thousand. They are built of heavy planks shaped like a V, and carry eight inches of water in the acute angle and discharge it at the rate of ten miles' inches per minute.

"I was up at Lake Tahoe one day, which is sixteen miles from Carson, and after we got through our business at Carson, the superintendent, said 'Well, better take a flying trip back to town. He explained what he called a 'cannon,' which proved to be a V-shaped canoe fourteen feet long. It had a brake which consisted of two pulleys on each side, we applied as to lift the load and let the water run underneath, when a canoe was sent, flume up your canoe on your hats and don't get scared, he said. Then as we climbed into the machine, then he told his men, to turn on three miles more of water (upon sound) but how that cannon did jump! Down we went through that thrill-like flume, and the trees looked like spears. My teeth tried to clatter and couldn't make it, and as I occasionally opened my eyes and caught a glimpse of the landscape it appeared to be only a blur on my vision. We shot around curves with a velocity that was fearful to contemplate, and finally it weighed in at Carson, just eight minutes from the time of starting." —[Denver Republican.]

The Ruthless Turk.

The Turk has been for centuries, says Alfred D. Hall writing in the New England Magazine, the most ruthless of animals in classic lands, destroying the most precious antiquities in moments to dash a fine and mortar.

Much havoc of this sort has been wrought in and about Stambul, but a wiser use has sometimes been made of ancient ruins. Whenever a relic of mediæval wall could answer his purpose, he has made of it the basement of his house, thus subscribing at once the interests of his purse and of the picturesque. The frowning masonry of the old fortress became the windows of his kitchen and store room; and upon their crest his wooden walls perch in truly triumphant fashion. Part of the walls of old Byzantium are thus crowned with houses, and at Rumeli-Hissar, beneath the windows of the American Robert College, a whole village clings to the scarp and towers of the frowning "Castle of Oblivion." No older or more delightful confusion of beehive walls and conical houses could be imagined. The tops of the thick walls form lanes and alleys, ways, leading down from level to level by steep inclines or crumbling steps. The row of houses stand at every possible angle and elevation, overlooking the abyss on the farther side of their lofty foundations, and gay with all the hues of the spectrum.

A Wonderful Well.

The reports from the artesian well at Huron, North Dakota, show that it is the most wonderful well known to exist. The water spurts up to a distance of about 100 feet, and the amount that flows from the well is tremendous, being estimated at from 500 to 10,000 gallons a minute. Even at the lowest stage enough water is ejected to furnish every man, woman and child in the state of North Dakota with at least four gallons of water every four hours. As to the pressure, that has not yet been fully ascertained, but from tests already made, it is known to be considerably more than 700 pounds to the square inch. With a fair test it is likely to reach 225 pounds. The pressure has steadily increased in the last three days, and may exceed the above figures. —[Post-Express.]

Ups and Downs.

He—They had a lover's quarrel, parried, and she married her father's coachman for spite.

She—What became of her lover?

He—Oh, he married her sister, and hired the coachman. —[Life.]

A Silver Question.

Possibly—Heigh! every silver lining has its cloud.

Copyist—Yes. You can't earn a quarter dollar without working for it. —[The Jeweler's Circular.]

It Might Have Been.