

The Chatham Record.

On an Old Song. Little snatch of ancient song, What has made three lives so long? Plying on thy wings of rhyme...

A Country Doctor's Patient.

The summer of 1891 was the first gay season Glenham had ever known. The picturesque little town, nestled in one of the most beautiful regions of the Catskills...

Among the earliest arrivals at the Beau Sejour was Mrs. Ainsleigh, a lovely young widow, who wore the most elegant toilettes Glenham had ever seen.

Mowbray was sick at heart and miserable. He went away persuaded that his happiness had been wrecked by a heartless woman. He resolved never to see her again.

Mowbray looked a her inquiringly. "They said that woman with the doll's face, who wears four gowns a day, had designs upon you. I wonder if they could have meant me."

"Do not be angry, for I love you," he stammered, agitated as his own effort. She was looking at him with an amused smile.

"This is my harvest and I must work," he said, somewhat gloomily. "It is playtime with your other admirers, but I must prepare for the time when I will be married."

She rose and went to her desk; then returning bent over his shoulder with a caressing gesture and put a paper into his hand. "Look at that!"

"Think of you marrying a woman with such tastes, at the outset of your career, Robert," she said regretfully. "There are more of these, but this woman is becoming troublesome."

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied laughing softly. "Mr. Ainsleigh is my late husband's elder brother, and as a sort of guardian to me. He is very rich, and he thinks he wants to marry me."

"Mr. Ainsleigh is coming next week," she said, "and we shall probably leave for Bar Harbor soon afterward. Let us make the most of the time, Robert; we may never meet again and we are too fond of one another to quarrel."

"Doctor, Mrs. Ainsleigh and I leave for Bar Harbor the day after tomorrow. Will you do me the favor to send your bill to the hotel in the morning?"

To refuse was impossible. What would Mr. Ainsleigh think of such an action from a stranger? Would it not arouse his suspicions and injure Helen?

"Dr. Robert Mowbray presents his compliments to Mr. Herbert Ainsleigh, and in accordance with his desire, incloses bill for services rendered Mrs. Ainsleigh."

The next afternoon she called at his office. The first thing she did was to take from her portmanteau a roll of crisp, fresh bank notes, which she laid on the table.

"Then an idea occurred to him. He rose, and taking the money, counted out \$150, which he put in his vest pocket, then taking the two Janes of his inmates, he kissed them passionately, and slipped the remaining

bits in the opening of her glove, pressing her fingers over them. "Dearest," he murmured, "we must part; my heart is well nigh broken at the thought, but we will love each other while we may, and that we may never forget the happy hours we have passed together."

Edmond Gros is the owner of a bull terrier dog which is pronounced the greatest inebriate canine of his breed. Gros is a medical student, and as such, he had gathered a number of specimens and preserved them in alcohol.

"I saw you, Tommy," she said. Then she turned the cake around and told him to look at it now. He did look, and what do you think he saw? Right in among the decorations and reaching all across the cake were the letters OMMY.

"Why, it's part of my name," said he. "Oh, mamma is it mine?" "No, your name is Tommy, and there isn't any T there. It can't belong to you."

"I wonder," writes a European traveler, "how many Americans who have visited the Invalides at Paris are aware of the fact that the body and especially the heart of one single and solitary member of the gentile sex are preserved in that resting place of France's greatest military commanders."

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There is a bear skin on exhibition in Hudson's gun store that takes the cake. It is 9-1/2 feet in length and 8-1/2 feet across in the widest place. The bear that wore this skin was a grizzly, and he lived in far-off Alaska.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A FAIRY WEST DRESSING. A father went trotting upon his gray mare. Bumpety, bumpety, bump! With his daughter behind him so gay and fair.

One day, as Tommy was going past the storeroom door, he saw that it was open. He peeped in and found there was no one there. Then he went inside, and began to look at the things on the shelves and the table.

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CAPTAIN BASSETT.

The Venerable Doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

"How do the public men of today compare with those of half a century ago?" Captain Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper of the Senate, was asked. "The men are much the same, but the attitude of the people towards them has changed."

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London Truant Schools.

When a London Arab, otherwise a bad boy, declines to go to school he is caught and sent to join a regiment of truant schools that have been established for the purpose.

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Rain and Tears.

I want the coming of a rainy train, And while I wait the leaves of thought unfold. The day is dismal and the wind is cold; The restless patter of the drizzling rain...

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Humorous.

A good cure for lovesick women—Mauicure.

A cornfield is one of the things that is often greatly shocked without the aid of electricity.

The principal difference between a lobster and a lobbyist is that you can make a lobster bluish.

Women suffer the afflictions of the servant question simply because they won't help themselves.

Teacher—What is the leading characteristic of a paradox? Dick Hicks—They never agree on the diagnosis.

"It's a biting wind," said Slithers. "Yes," replied Slithers. "I know it is. I was right in the teeth of the gale."

Husband—Thank heaven I am not as other men. Wife—You are mistaken there. It is they who should be thankful.

The advocate of anarchistic principles seems to think he has taken the truth out of a nutshell and put it in a bomb-shell.

Wiggle—How long did you know your wife before you married her, Satupon? Satupon (mournfully)—I didn't know her at all until I married her.

Lady—How nice it is to have a little brother as you have, Fiasse. I suppose he always takes your part, doesn't he? Fiasse—Yes'm, when the pie is passed.

"Do you think that monkeys can be taught to talk?" he asked. "I never put the question that way," she replied. "I always wondered whether they could be taught not to."

A poor fellow who had failed at one thing and another at last took up the profession of submarine diving. It was perilous he knew, but, as he expressed it, he "had to do something to keep his head above water."

Counsel for the defense (to his wife)—My dear, I want you to look up everything that is movable in our house. Wife—Why so? Counsel—The thief who was acquitted this morning without a stain upon his character, owing to my brilliant defense, is coming this afternoon to thank me.

A Deluge Brought Down the Stones. A curious story comes from Weigh-sing. The town suffers from inundations of the Yellow river, and two years ago a movement was started by the local magistrate to build a break-water. The chief difficulty lay in the want of sufficiently large stones. Suddenly, however, to the astonishment of the community, a heavy storm of wind and rain deluged the country, and brought down an endless quantity of huge stones exactly suited to the purpose. The people naturally regarded the incident as a direct manifestation of divine power in aid of a great public undertaking, and the governor of the district cites a fact which conclusively proves the supernatural origin of the event. One of the stones, he says, which was as large as a house, was inscribed with seal characters, two of which, meaning "work" and "stone" respectively, he was able to decipher.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

The Virtues of Cold Water. Bulwer Lytton, the father of Lord Lytton who has just passed away, was a profound believer in the efficacy of the water-cure for everybody, but in particular for overworked literary men. Whenever he was tired out and felt the need of recuperation, he would go to a water-cure establishment for a few days drink water in unlimited quantities and be sweated and soaked until he had lost half a dozen pounds in weight. When he felt sufficiently reduced he would go back to business or pleasure, generally with a horrible cold, but under the conviction that he had been greatly improved by the treatment. He even wrote a pamphlet or book on the subject, in which he assumed the ground that water would cure anything if a man only took enough.—[Globe Democrat.]