The Chatham Record

ADVERTISING

one square, one insertion-One square, one month .

For larger advertisements liberal con racts will be made.

First the grain, and then the blade— The one destroyed, the other made; Then stalk and blossom, and again The gold of newly-minted grain

Earth's Tribute.

So Life, by Death the resper cast To earth, again shall rise at 'ast; For 'tis the service of the sod To render God the things of God. - Dobn E. Tabb, in Youth's Companier

With the Prussians at Metz.

BY CHARLES A. COLLMAN.

Twenty years ago, when the Prusslans, like a ring of iron, drew their invincible army slowly around the in a little French village that had just them before. been taken possession of by the Germans. I was correspondent for a Cincinnati paper during what the French persist in calling the Franco-Prussian, shallow water. Thus I threaded the huge fellow here the little Frenchman and the tiermans persist in calling the

A low stone coping ran along the road at the cud of the village, and one sunny day I stood here leaning against the wall, beside the sentry.

For several days only some slight upon the wall, sunning himself. skirmishes had taken place between the two armies engaged at this point.

They were separated here by a diminutive valley, whose sides were covered with that most delicious fruit for which this region of the Moselle is famous-banches of glowing au-Tumu grapes.

Thes: grapes, as I gazed down upon them, tempted me wonderfully. I the sun and in such close proximity knew the sentry beside me; he was a they were an ugly look. luge Pomeranian, who, in the capacity of his calling, had shaved me a rum ber of times in the capital of Prassin. But as I expressed an inclination to descend the hillside and secure some of the fruit, the sentry shook his

Down there, said he, in the midst of that thicket of trees and vines, the place was swarming with Frenchmen only too cager to get a shot at a man.

I laughed at his words, "Why, what can you see down there, Moritz? I said. And, in truth, as we gazed down, the scene seemed peaceful

Two peasant women, in gandy costumes, were gathering grapes in little baskets. Beyond, on the other side of the valley, ran a wall, upon which we could catch a glimpse of the red trensers of the French sentry folling

After a moment's hesitation Heaped suddenly over the coping and ran lightly down the lint. Mori z cried the words of a basty warning after me, but the sounds fell unintedligibly upon my ears. The two French peasant women dropped their ba-kets and can havily away at the sight of what they to k to be the approach of one of those dreaded Prussians.

In another moment my parched gains were feasting on those famous grapes. They were deficious. I can

My pleasure was of short docation From some close quarter a shot came suddenly and tore away a bunch a few inches from my outstretched hand. I thought at first that this was a joke on full of soldiers who would rush forth the part of my friend, the sentry, and when the death-shot of the sentry was just turning about to protes against such grim humor, when another shot came in as close trex imity, but fortunately without harm-

The bright sun dazed my facultie for an instant. What should I do? I could not ascend that steep and un protected hill behind me and reach the stone coping abve.

I plunged into the thicket where probably the very danger was luck ing; and yet it was my only refuge.

I slipped carefully through the row of vines until I found myself in the she ter of the trees that covered the bottom of the valley. A little stream can past here, and the wood, though small, was very dense.

What troubled me most was that the crackling twigs ceasetessty betraved my footsteps. The whole ground was covered with dead branches. I halted and listened, after every step, for another sound or sign

of the enemy. Of a sudden a grumbling voice broke upon my cars so close so m

"Ou est il done?" inquired the grambler, in a voice that was intended for his companion only, but which reached me distinctly, so near were we to each other.

The other answered, but his wordescaped me. They spoke together in to locate the sentry. lowered tones as they stood there and from what I overheard, they seemed to think that I, not being in uniform, was a spy trying to creep

made me retreat to the stream, and provided the scapel of my progress.

"Ab," I muttered to myself, "there oughty annihilated the disguised solcome the two grape-pickers." I dier at the coping. thought that the two Frenchmen were approaching to investigate my position, but here, instead, the noise was side toward the other. Somehow his caused by the heavy sabots of the two actions aroused me to a like fury, and peasant women, who advanced, peer- we both tore madly up the hill toward

fugitive Prassian. There was something odd in their appearance, and, though I could gain echoes reverberating among the hills. but a passing glimpse of them, I made The French outposts leaped up, as if

a discovery. kets in their hands!

fortifications of Metz I found myself that I was, not to have recognized

I retreated softly and quickly, half along the sandy bed of the stream, half recover from his surprise, not even to along the white stones that lay in the bed of the stream until the voices of to the earth, and the Pomeranian my pursuers grew fainter. I had picked him up, neck and crop, and proceeded some distance, and now, through the thinning trees, I saw that I had come within shooting distance of the red-trowsered sentinel lying

There were, in fact, two sentries there; one lolling up on the wall and the other leaning against it with but head and shoulders visible, I observed them very distinctly; I heard their voices now and then, and the lazy vewning of the one that lay in the sunlight,

I saw their chassenots gleaming in

I was safe, however, as their attention was not attracted toward me. and so I turned my thoughts to my two pursuers again. I had heard them bunting and cursing for a while far in my rear, but now all noise of them had died awar.

Happening to turn my glauce my to the stone coping, to which I longed to return, I saw, to my surprise, that the wo grape-pickers had given up my pursuit and were engaged in their forner occupation again. But now they were much nearer to the coping than they had been before, and under the cover of their pretended employment they were still slowly but surely advancing. I well perceived ther ob-

Here was a predicament, truly. The sentinel, not possessed of an abunfance of wit, would let the two ap proach unchallenged, until they were near enough to turn suddenly and shoot him with their hidden weapons; and yet were I to attempt to warn him, swift and sure retribution would be upon my own head, both from before and behind me.

But this was not all. At the place where I stood in hiding the foliage that sheltered the stream grew scarce and ended. Before me was a wide plot of unprotected turf.

On the other side of this open space the thicket there began to stealthily e stirred. I saw the tops of the togshes nod. What other foe lay concling there? Was there one who could see me and was aiming at me even now perhaps? Was the thicket

This train of nervous fancies, howver, was not interrupted. Rising carefully from the midst of the bushes saw a well-known pointed belieft. A head rose, too, and a hand that waved a greeting.

It was Moritz, who, grown uneas at my non-appearance, had stoler down to ferret out the cause.

Immense as was the figure of the Pomeranian, yet he concealed himself very abiv. I noticed from his actions that he guarded himelf only from th view of the two sentries by the wall, seeming to think that screened from them be would be safe.

As he crawled carefully our into the pen, therefore, I attracted his attention to the two masculine females who had gradually stolen close to the

The Pomeranian knelt in the grass and looked up. As he noted the two tigures and the intentions which their movements betrayed, his face became transfixed with rage. So terrible was the wrath depicted upon it that I was glad to see it turned towards others

than myself. One of those figures up there, in his gaudy costume, had already reached the coping and with his chascout to his shoulder ready for firing pered stealthily over the stone wal

At this act and those costumes of laplicity, the large Pomeranian, regardiess of all consequences, leaped with rage. It seemed to infuriate him beyond reason that those two regneabove should have thus decrived him.

Swinging his gun like a club and roaring with fury, he ran up the hilling through the trees, as if they were the skirted soldier who, turning, also seeking the whereabouts of the seemed struck as if by a thunderbolt

at our sudden approach. The shot of Moritz had sent the electrified, from their sunny wall; innumerable others started up from the surrounding thickets. A rain of bul-Those, indeed, were masculine forms lets fairly peppered the grassy slope and faces. And their voices! Fool But our sudden on-rush had carried us in advance of this bail.

So quickly was the Pomeranian upon his foe, that the latter had no time to raise his gun. The onslaught of the dragged him over the wall.

The red-tronsered grape picker was then led. jeered and hooted at, through the village-a most dejected skirmisher.

The clussepots across the way yelped angrily at us throughout the rest of the day; but two days afterward, that hillside over there was swarming with Prussians, and the fron ring had closed more closely about Metz.-Detroit Free Press.

Fate is Often Fickle.

An officer of an Illinois regiment in the civil war tells an annising story of himself, which illustrates the fact that while many persons fail to get adequate rewards for their efforts, others are paid honors to which they have no

battle," relates the officer, ... when the brigade was ordered to carry by storm a position in which the enemy was strongly fortified. The regiment went forward, but when it came under fire, the centre wavered, while the wings made a dash to reach a stone wall in front, bending the regimental line like a rainbow. I was in the tear of the centre urging the men to push forward, when my horse, which was new in the business, took the bit in his teeth, and dashed at a gailep alread of the men and up to the stone wall. I made the best of an awkward situation, rose in my stirrups, waved my sword, and called upon the mente push forward. Believing that I had gone willingly into danger, they dashed forward to my rescue, and after a furious tight, we drove the enemy from their position, went over the walt, and were soon in full possess sion of the ground that we had been directed to occupy. I was credited, of course, with extreme bravery. There was a great deal of talk about the gallant manner in which I rode up to the very bayonets of the enemy.

"In the end I was promoted to Colonel at one jump, and ever after that I endeavored to maintain the tandard of bravery fixed by that stubborn old horse. I was no more responsible for that during ride than if I had been carried there by a burrlcane. My creditable part in the pernot too badly scared to take advantage of the position in which the horse's stubbornness had placed me."- [Harper's Young People.

An Epic in Embroidery.

Probably the only opic in embrotdery the world contains is treasured the Hotel de Ville of Bayanx. France. Miss Strickland says of this piece of work: "It is beyond all competition the most wonderful achievement in the centle craft of needlework that ever was executed by fair and royal hands." It was done by Matilda of Flanders, wife of Wilfiam the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. It is a coarse linea cloth, 214 feet long and twenty inches wide on which is worked in wooden thread of various colors a representation of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. It contains the figures of about 625 men. 200 horses, fifty-five dogs, forty chips and boats, besides a quantity of quadrapeds, all executed in the proper colors, with names and inscriptions over them to elucidate the story. It is a valuable historic document, as it gives a correct and minute portraiture of the Norman costumes and their manners and customs: - [New York Press.

Unfortunate Hankinson,

Mr. Hankinson-Here are some chorolate creams, Johnny. De you think Miss Irene will be down so n?

Johnny (after stowing them away ecorely) - Yes, air 'll be down party son, I reckon. I wish it was you, Mr. Hankinson, sis was goin' to marry above should have thus decrived him, instead of that stingy old Songsford.

A sudden flash from his gan there, ... (Chicago Tribane.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

a service rose manufacting A little song for bestime, When, robed in gowns of white, All sleepy little children et sail across the night For that pleasant, pleasant country

Where the pretty dream-flowers blow, Twist the sunset and the sunrise For the Shumber Islands, hel-

And the heavy lids droop down To hide blue eyes and black eyes, Gray eyes and eyes of 570 wn: A thousand boots for dreamland Are waiting in a row.
And the ferrymen are valing
For the slumber I simils, hot Then the sleepy little children

Fill the heats along the shore. And go sailing off to Dreumland. And the dopping of the our In the sea of sleep makes music That the chicken only know When they answer to the bootmen's For the Samber Islands, bo! Ole take a kiss my darlings.

Everyou sail away from me In the locat of dreams that's waiting To bear you o'er the sea; Take a kiss and give one, And then away yourgo A sailing into Preamland, For the Stumber Islands, but

Charles h. Shetterly, in Boston Courler

A Spanish peasant fiving in the sub-

urbs of Madrid has long been in the habit of repairing daily to the city accompanied by a donkey laden with milik for distribution among certain customers, the day, however, the master was taken ill, whereupon his wife suggested that the donkey should be sent on his customary journey alone. The panniers were accordingly filted with milk as usual, and a bit of paper was attached to the donkey's headsta'l requesting the customers to help themselves to their ordinary allowance of milk and to put back the cans in the pannier. Off started the donkey, and he returned in due course with the cans empty and everything in order. The master found, upon inquiry, that the trusty messenger had called at the right doors without mi-sing one, and also that in some instances he had pulled the bell with his teeth when kept waiting. From that day forward the donkey has gone his rounds alone.

- Picayune. There was recently in Paris a Russ sian, by name Dourof, who is supposed to know more about the nature of rats than any other man living-He has made a business of training them to do queer things, and at the same time has carefully studied their habits and ways.

A reporter who visited him and his two hundred and thirty free and erdinality uncaged rats found him in the act of exhibiting his "rat railroad." It consisted of a narrow track laid in a circl upon which were three passenger cars large enough to hold five or six rats aniece, a baggage car, and a pretty little locomotive.

Close to the track was a small painted wooden house, which served as a station. There were switches

and other railroad paraphernalia. Presently a cage was brought in, which contained a considerable number of rats. Dourof clapped his hands together three times, and all the rats tumbling out of the care and swarming into and about the little

He clapped his hands again, and half-a-dozen black and sleek ratsvery respectable, corpulent fellowsclimbed into the first car, which was a

first-class couch. Once more Dourst clapped and halfa-dozen black and white rate, quite regularly marked, got into the secondclass car, while an indiscriminately marked and rather discountable-look ing company scrambled into the last car, which was third-class

A black rat, who did duty as the station-master, promenaded up and down on the platform of the tittle house, while two or three small white rats dragged some little trunks into the baggage-car. These were the "baggage-smashers."

A whistle was heard; the engineerrat climbed upon the locomotive, and a switchman rushed to the switch. Again the whistle sounded, and the train moved off around the track.

The training of the rate to the performance of this feat was, M. Dourof declared, extremely easy except in the case of the baggage-men, whose education la 1 cost him a great deal of trouble. Each party of spassengers' had been placed -one party at a time at their breaklasting hour opposite the ear to which they belonged, in which some pieces of soaked bread had already been placed. At his signat they had been liberated, and had quickly found the bread.

Little by little they led been textend in this way to enter the proper car. The locomotive was operated with chick-work, and the rate had nothing to do with it .- [Youth's Companion,

AN AMERICAN TEA.

"Mate" is Its Name, and South America Its Home.

Curious Manner of Preparing It For Consumption.

"Taste that," said a tea merchant to New York Tribune reporter the other day, as he handed him a curiously shaped bowl, full of thin, brownish liquor, with something that looked like a tobac o-pipe resting in it, bowl downward. The reporter pur his line to the stem of the pipe and sucked at it eautionaly.

"What is it?" he asked. "It tastes

like weak ten." "That's just what it is," answered the merchant, what is is a brand of tea I'm pretty sure you never tasted before. That's a genuine American tea; grown in America, cured in consumed in large quantities for for years by humbreds of thousands of you never heard of it."

"Perhaps not," admitted the reporter guardedly. "What state is it raised in? Is some four-story brick tea-farm down here in Water street responsible for it? Willow leaves. or something of that sort, ch ? "

"Not at all," said the merchant, a little indigment. "It's a perfectly genuine and unadalterated article. Its native state is Paragnay, and that country raises enough for its own consumption, and about 3,000,000 pounds annually for export to other South American countries.

"Oh, South American," exclaimed the reporter. "You misled me by

"Did 17" said the merchant sareastleally. "And way, pray? That's back in their little houses themselves one of the annoying prealiarities of when they were tired or hungry. this people. They're too conceited to get themselves a distinctive name, but in a lordly way dub themselves Americans. They speak of Brazilians, Canadians, Chillans, Paraguayans and the other millions of Americans as if they had no right to that title at all."

"But about the rea," interrupted do you call it?

"Mate is the name of it." replied the merchant, "gronounced unat-ch." And many South Americans are very fond of it. You have just had the pleasure of drinking it in the native manner. That curious bowl is not made of papier-mache, as you might are experts in that line, and by binding the green goard here and there with cords, or bending it one way and another, they make it take a diversity of shapes before it becomes rips enough to be cut, dried, screped out and used as an utensit. It will not stand five, of course; but the mate is first put in the gourd, and then bolling moments a jope or tube is inserted,

"What looks like the bowl of the pipe," continued the bea investment, as reality a strainer, which prevents the grounds from reaching the mouth. It is made in the shape of a buck or ball. and this one is a curiosity in its way, for it is all woven by hand, in very tine meshes, from a species of dried and the rich have siver strainers This is an old-style one, and I value it on that account. It is called a from bills. The natives tike their mate, as we would say, red hot. It's effect is are accustomed to, stimulating and restorative, and, of reares, has its enemies, who pronounce it slow polson, and its friends, who call it the Paraguayan equivalent for the cup

that cheers but not, etc." "Is it real tea, botan eatly considered?" persisted the skeptical re-

Weil, if you come down to botany," admitted the merchant, "it's really a species of holly, Rex Paraguayensis, but it contains in large proportions the constituent which makes other teas useful, that of theine. Its caves and green shoots are col lected, dried and ground up unevenly thecis, some of it gets to be a flu powder in the rough method of preparation, and then again you will find twige in it an inch long. A large number of people get employment in its growth, preparation and export, but I am not aware that it finds market in any list South American

The in-teased consumption of sugar in this country in 1891 and, 1890, was 363,265 tons.

Queer Mexican Dairies.

NO. 39.

In Mexico the dairies are not by any means models of cleanliness. When the cows are driven from the prairie. or from the mountains to be milked, they are run into a yard or corral surrounded by high adobe walls. Mud to the depth of a foot is in the rainy season amalgamated with fith by the constant trend of the cows. The farmer most first catch his cow, and these are not always tractable. He then, having lassoed the animal, makes a half hitch to the tail and draws that appendage over the back and fastens with a rope to the horns. The hind legs of the cow are then tied, after which the male milker calls for a calf, for without the presence of said calf the cow will not give down its milk, the calf claiming the first "pull" for the weakish lacted, and it must be the cow's own calf. No other mother's calf will do. After the calf has taken a few swallows the Mexican takes the teats and draws the milk. America, indigenous to America and These calves, sometimes to the number of twenty, are kept in a separate corral during the night, away from Americans: and yet I'll be bound yet the mother; hence their afacrity in the morning to assist at the milking. The milk is received in large olfas, and generally is drunken warm and unstrained. No attention is paid to the cow's bodily comfort, and if she cannot find sufficient food about the arsenic and a patent essence of theine, prairies she must go hungry, as they are never fed in stable .- [American Farmer.

Pierre and Dick.

The great gilt cage of the mackingbird Pierre stood in the sunny wisdow. Dick, the canarc, in his cage, and Julie in hers, hung near him. Then they would slug and chatter all day long. Sometimes the cage doorwere opened, and the two causries could fly and hop about as long as they pleased. They always went

One day Julie flew up on the mosking-hard's cage, and he picked her on her breast, and pulled out a bunch of her dear little yellow feathers. He held them in his blil write he hopped back and forth a few times, and then let them go. They flattered about, and settled down on the carpet. Poor the reporter apprehensively. "What Julie watched them, and looked so sorry. Dick watched them too, and looked at Julie as if he wished he could do something for her.

Then a beight thought seemed to come to him for he hopped around and gathered all those sweet little feathers in his tiny bill, and took them to Julie, and laid them down at her think, but is a gourd, trained into that | feet. Did he think she could put themshape while growing. The natives in again?-[Harper's Young People,

The Emperor and the Sausage.

That astonishing youth, the Emperor William, touched the universal heart of the Fatherland the other day when he accompanied the King of Wurtemburg to the barracks at Pots-When their serene uniesties reached the cauteen a tremendous water is poured on it. After a few kettleful of san-ages was simmering on the fire. Withelm II., German and the Lypor is drawn off by suction. | Emperor, King of Prussia, K. G., etc., asked for a sansage, and when a ministering spirit rushed off for a plate, he lifted it from the liquid and allowed knife and fork from the effects' messthe reporter to examine 2, wis in the Emperor stopped from saying, "Never mind the fork. Just hand the sausage over to me. A bot sausage tastes better when caten without a knife or fork!" and he took the dainty between his imperial fingers. He who takes William for a fool has got hold of the wrong man. This is the very man to m and the German nation like clay, - | Christian Leader,

The Submarine Senter A novel little instrument just in

vented is attracting great attention in English nautical circles. It is called the submarine sentry and is made of two pieces of board so shaped that when lowered overboard from a moving ship it dives under water to the full extent of the wire that holds it, and there it stays quietly enough until it touches battom, when it rings an alarm on deck. It is said to work perfectly in practice, and that no ship provided with it could get into shoul water without the officer of the deck being instantly apprised of it - New Orleans Picavione.

Horns of the Rhinoceros.

The born of the rhinoceres is nothmer more than a protuberance composed of agglutinated hair. Cut it in two, and, examining its structure under the microscope, it will be found that it is made up entirely of little tubes, resembling hair tubes. Of course, these are not themselves bair. but the structure is the same. The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes grow to the length of four feet. was From them the Datch Boers make ramvods and other ar-icles.

"Heroes."

Firsk to me not of the weary, Speak to me not of the sad, Tired am I of the dreary. speak to me some of the glad; Lead me to some of the cheery, Away from the meaning and mad.

Lies that are murmuring ever. lireasts that are trembling with pain, Less whose tear-drops crase never, Hearts that catch up the refrain; All in their maddest endeavor, Compassion, not praise will they gain.

Brave are those that are bearing Silently troubles that sting: Brave as the Captain that's wearing A smile while his warriors bring Tidings of battle ill-faring-Hearing his own death-knell ring. Speak to me long of the few.

Those whose last arrow sped true. Yet only brought them a crumb; They are brave warriers too, And noble, though silent and numb. Let me hear of the weak,

Opprest, yet hopeful and strong. Tell me some of the meck. Burdened, yet singing their song. They are the berows I seek on life's hard journeys and long. -IVictor J. Belleau, in Pleayune.

HUMOROUS.

A crying evil-A baby. Take boarders if you think it will pay, only don't try to board a moving

Girl customer - What is the nicest thing in veils? Clerk (smiling)-My best girl's face.

"Great sunkes, Tightgrip, what use can you find for such a hard pencil?" "I keep it to lend."

A lame defence may be very effective if it's in the case of a man who uses a crutch for a weapon. A miss is as good as a mile. This is

probably why a man doesn't feet the distance when he's got a nice girl with A young man can never gain favor with a pretty girl by telling her how

pretty he thinks some other girl of her acquaintance is. The kind of love that will buy diamonds when in funds is more plentiful than the sterling sort that

will saw wood if necessary. Mr. Harrison-Why, I declare, Miss Fanny, your mamma is getting quite stout. Miss Fanny—Ah that is because we all make so much of her.

Minister-The love of money is the root of all evil. Parishioner-That isn't the worst thing about money. "Ah! What is?" "The difficulty of

getting it." Millionaire (to family lawyer)-Well, there! I've made all the begensts I care to and \$5000 remains. Family Lawyer-It will probably take all of that to prove that you were of sound min I when you gave away the rest.

Valuable Insects.

Last July James Shinn of Niles, Cal., imported from Smyrna the blastophova, an insect which fertilizes the edible Smyrna fig of commerce by conveying to the blossoms the pollen of the wild fig, but as they arrived at the wrong time the insects died and no results were obtained.

in Lower California, has discovered a wild fly inhabited by the blastophova and he recently sent a collection of the figs full of insects to E. W. Maslin of this city. Yesterday the insects were placed on the wild figs at Mr. Shever's orchard, in the hope that they would find an entrance to the fruit and propagate. If the experiment succeeds the thousands of Smyrna fige in the State now sterile from want of propagation may be made productive, and the problem of raising Smyrua thes here will be solved .- (San Fran-

Looked Confused.

Mother (in her danghter's bondoir) -1 like that young man exceedingly. While he was in the parlor waiting for you, I happened to go in, and surprised him reading the Bible. The silly boy looked dreadfully confused, just as if true piety were sommbing to be ashamed of. I soon set his mind at rest on that point, and he seemed

quite relieved. The Young Man (at the club)-That girl is 30 years old. I saw it in their family Bible,-INew York

The Secret of the Glowworm.

In the glowworm, and in the firefly, especially in the splendid species which abound in Cuba, Professor S. P. Langley has found that light is emitted with no wasteful partnership whatever with rays of heat. How soon will genins, keen of eye, skillfel of hand, read the secret of this tine eraftsman and translate it into an engine for the illumination of the world! *- [Courier-Journal.