The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Has It Never Been Known?

Has it never been known—
A maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Eyes tender and true, as violets blue,
And a lover, who is all her own?
Has it never been known?

Has it never been known—
A tale that is told, with a ring of gold?
Love's Spring-tone and kiss, with a dream of bliss
Like a bird that is flown?
Has it never been known?

Has it never been known—
A fair girl in white, as from realm of light;
Now flushed, now pale, 'neath a bridal veil,
And the man, no longer alone?
Has it never been known?

Has it never been known—
Wife gentle and good in her womanhood;
Love's coronal worn, and love's sceptre borne
Like a queen on her throne?
Has it never been known?

—*Rev. Dr. Rankin in The Independent.*

"A WONDERFUL CURE."

"What's that black figure agin the white snow?" asked Mrs. Getchey, fitting on her far-sighted specs, as she sat at the window upon a threatening Monday morning.

"*That!*" said Aurilla Ann. "Why, that's Mr. Dorking a hanging out the clothes!"

"Mr. Dorking!" repeated Mrs. Getchey. "Why, where's Mariar?"

Her daughter-in-law, Aurilla Ann, indulged in a short, snorting laugh.

"Up stairs in bed, I calculate," said she.

"Sick?" said Mrs. Getchey, in accents of concern.

"No more'n I am!" said Aurilla Ann, shaking the table cloth out of the buttery window, so that the long legged Brahma fowls might have the benefit of any stray crumbs which might be going. "Cranky, that's all. She always was as odd as Dick's hat-band."

"Eh?"

Mrs. Getchey, a Western woman, was evidently unversed in local allusions.

"Don't you know?" said Aurilla Ann, with a chuckle. "Dick's hat-band, that 'went bad' way around, and tied in the middle?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Getchey. "But Mariar Dorking used to be as smart, stirring a woman as ever I see."

"She's took a notion t'other way, of late," said Aurilla Ann. "I declare, I never in all my life felt as sorry as I do for Daniel Dorking. He's a dreful peaceable, good tempered man, and Mariar treats him reel mean. He does all the work of the house himself, even to the washing and ironing, because Mariar chooses to fancy herself sick; and I jest wish you could see the poor man's shirts! Besides, there's the mill to see arter, and the farm work, though of course that last ain't so heavy this time o' year. But it's too much for one man, let alone the worry of it."

"Ain't they able to hire no help?" said Mrs. Getchey, who had fallen back on her knitting work.

"Why, of course they be!" Aurilla Ann made answer. "But Mariar won't have no help about the house."

"That's rather hard on Daniel, ain't it?" said Mrs. Getchey.

"Well, I should think so," replied her son's wife, piling fresh knots of wood under the wash boiler, preparatory to her Monday's work.

While the neighbor who, unconsciously to himself, was the subject of so much solicitude among the surrounding families, hung out his last wet and flapping sheet, securing it by a battered clothes pin, and hastened, with blue nose and frozen fingers, into the house.

"Maria!" he spoke, up the stairway, which wound around and around like a wooden corkscrew—"Maria!"

"Well?" sighed a mournful voice.

"Shan't I make ye a little buttered toast?"

"I don't care for no buttered toast," returned the funereal strains.

"Or fry ye an egg? Do try an egg, Maria—with a shaving o' bacon and some coffee! Ye must eat, Maria, or ye'll break down. For my sake, Maria, eat something."

Only a sigh was the response.

But Daniel Dorking made the coffee, and fried the little slice of bacon, with its accompanying eggs, speedily carrying the tray up stairs, where he opened the door by means of a gentle impetus with his foot.

Maria occupied the best room in the house, that was very evident.

A rag carpet, woven in gay maroon and yellow stripes, covered the floor; a cheerful wood fire blazed in the chimney; the window was curtained with Turkey red; and Mrs. Dorking, propped up on a pile of feather pillows, was surrounded with a variety of devotional books, a camphor bottle, and a fan.

"The washin' is all out, Maria," said poor little Mr. Dorking; "and I've wiped up the floor, and set the kettle o' vegetables back, where it'll simmer and not burn. And now I'll jest step over to the mill."

"And leave me all alone, Daniel?" said his wife, lugubriously.

"The mill has got to be seen to, now that Elab Johnson has gone on his weddin' trip," said Dorking. "And a man can't be in two places at once, Maria, ye know."

"Oh, well, it don't matter," said Mrs. Dorking, with a melancholy sniff. "I'm only a poor creetur, I shan't bother nobody very long."

"Hev a little more bacon, Maria?" soothed her husband.

But Mrs. Dorking, who had already eaten enough bacon for a working man, both the fried eggs, a slice of bread and butter, and drank about a pint of coffee, shook her head, and fell back on "Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs."

"I won't be gone long," said Daniel, cheerfully. "And I'll fetch a bit o' fresh meat to cook for dinner. Perhaps you'd fancy a steak or a chop. Salt meat's gettin' sort o' monotonous."

But Maria declined to notice this remark at all, and poor Daniel crept away, believing himself a heartless pollroon, and his wife a persecuted angel.

"I don't see how on earth I'm goin' to get along this way," said he. "Them clothes is friz as stiff as boards, and ought to be took in and dried round the stove; and the chickens ain't been fed, and the soft soap's sp'ilin', and the apples need to be picked over, and the potatoes is all sproutin' down cellar, and my stockings is full o' holes, cobble 'em as I will, and Maria won't hear to no hired help. And my neuralgy was pretty bad last night. I'm 'most afeared I'm goin' to break down. I've half a mind to go over and talk to Getchey's folks about it."

It was just a week afterward that the younger Mrs. Getchey made her appearance in the bedroom of the melancholy Mrs. Dorking.

"How are you feelin' to-day?" she asked, in the carefully modulated accents of sympathy.

Mrs. Dorking shook her head backward and forward among the pillows with closed eyes.

"I'm mis'able, thankee," she said.

"It must be a comfort to you havin' Abby Jane here," said Mrs. Getchey, seating herself in the splint bottomed arm chair beside the bed.

"Havin' who?" said Mrs. Dorking, opening her eyes widely.

"Why, Abby Jane—the young woman your husband's got down stairs to help with the housework, you know," explained Mrs. Getchey.

Mrs. Dorking sat up in bed.

"A young woman," she repeated "to help with the housework?"

Mrs. Getchey nodded.

"Don't wasn't goin' to say nothin' about it to you," said she. "He calculated it would only fret and worry you. But he found he couldn't get along and do everything himself. And Abby Jane's right smart. I jest wish you could see how white the clothes is out on the lines. And how nice she's scoured up the kitchen tins and bleached the old curtains and polished the brass candlesticks! She's a one to turn off work, now I tell you!"

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Dorking.

"She's a bakin' pies now," said Mrs. Getchey; "dried apple, with plenty of fennel seeds; and pumpkin, and a cranberry tart for Elder Swift. Elder Swift is to be here to tea, and he's dreadful partial to cranberry tarts and short cake."

Mrs. Dorking turned very red in the face.

"Invitin' company, be they?" said she; "and cookin' a lot o' things in my own house, and never consultin' me! Him and his hired gal, indeed!"

"Don't calculated you was too feeble to be bothered," said Mrs. Getchey, consolingly.

"I ain't so feeble as he'd like to make out that I be!" muttered Mrs. Dorking. "I was a thinkin' a spell ago about settin' up a little while. Jest hand me my stockings, will you, Aurilla Ann?"

"I wouldn't try to set up," said Aurilla Ann; "you ain't able."

"Yes, I be!" snapped the hypochondriac. "Who's the best judge of my feelings, you or me? What sort of a lookin' gal is this that's bossin' my kitchen while I'm in bed?"

"As pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Getchey; "cheeks as red as peonies; hair as black as a coal; and she steps off as light as a thistledown."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Dorking. "Give me my double gown, Aurilla Ann. I mean to see arter this business myself; and if Daniel Dorking thinks I'm goin' to put up with such treatment as this—"

"Better take my arm," suggested Mrs. Getchey.

But the late invalid impatiently rejected her offered assistance.

"Lemme alone!" said she; "I can walk as well as ever I could. Why shouldn't I?"

And Mrs. Dorking went down stairs into the sitting room, where her spouse sat very close to a pretty young woman, both engaged in examining the pages of a "Universal Atlas."

Mr. Daniel's hand rested familiarly on the pretty girl's shoulder, and the pretty girl's braids of black hair were close to Daniel's own iron gray locks.

"Daniel!" almost shrieked Mrs. Dorking, "I'm astonished at you, that I be!"

Daniel Dorking started up, with an exclamation of surprise; the atlas fell from the pretty girl's knee.

"Why," cried the farmer, "it's Maria!"

"Yes, it's Maria!" enunciated Mrs. Dorking; "and about the last person in the world that you wanted to see, I guess!"

But, to her surprise, Daniel Dorking's face relaxed none of its beaming cheeriness.

The pretty girl, instead of fleeing guiltily from the room, came forward with outstretched hands.

"Won't you kiss me, Maria?" said she.

"I?" gasped Mrs. Dorking. "Kiss you?"

"It's Jenny," said Daniel; "my youngest sister, Abigail Jane, from the old farm at home. I wrote to her how bad off we were here, and she's come, bless her dear little heart, to stay all winter with us. We was goin' to surprise you, as soon as you felt a little particle better. But we didn't expect any such good luck as your comin' down stairs yourself, did we Jenny?"

"No, indeed!" smiled the pretty girl. "But now that you are here, Maria, we'll make you so comfortable!"

Mrs. Dorking now turned to Mrs. Getchey.

"You never told me she was Daniel's sister, from Vermont," said she.

"You never gave me time," said Aurilla Ann, with an odd sparkle under her eye-lashes.

That was the way in which Mrs. Daniel Dorking was beguiled down stairs; and she never "took to her bed" again.

But neither was she ever known to admit that she was fanciful and foolish. No, no! Mrs. Daniel Dorking was not to be caught in that trap. She always alluded to that season as "the time of my dreadful illness!" and the doctor called it "a wonderful cure" and sent in a big bill.

"I guess we were the true doctors!" thought Mrs. Getchey and Jenny Dorking, looking archly at each other.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Questioning the Doctor.

"How'd you find your patient doctor?" "Went to his room." "Yes; but I mean how'd you find him when you got there?" "Found him in bed." "Well, but is he better?" "If he's well he must be." "Does he improve any?" "Hasn't any to improve; he sold his farm and lives in a boarding house." "Is he worse?" "Worse than what?" "Is he better, then?" "Better than who?" "Oh, doctor, what is there about him?" "A double sheet and two blankets." "But what ails him?" "Nobody ales him; he's a St. John man." "But is he dangerous?" "Naw, gentle as a lamb." "See here, doctor, don't you want to tell what's the matter with him?" "No matter at all, it's a fresh cut." "Well, you seem to be pretty smart; do you know how to tell what ails your patient?" "Oh, yes, I know how to tell, but you don't know how to ask." Some physicians never want the neighbors to know anything.—*Bob Burdette.*

All One Man's Work.

Delitzch is one of the humblest of the towns in Germany; its population, even now, is not more than 8000, and thirty years ago it was much less; but from small beginnings among the shoemakers of Delitzch, in 1850, Hermann Schulze has, by faith and patience, created one of the most remarkable social structures of the century. When he died, in the Spring of 1883, there were 3500 co-operative societies in Germany organized under his own control, besides thousands more in Austria, Italy, Russia and Belgium, which owed their origin to his example, and looked up to him as their father. These 3500 societies had a membership of 12,000,000, a share capital of £10,000,000, deposits amounting to £21,000,000, and did a total business of £100,000,000 a year.—*Good Words.*

A Bank Officer.

"What're yo doin' now, Bill?"

"Teller in a bank."

"The deuce! What d'ye have to do?"

"Have to tell when the stove needs more coal in it."

THE DIAMOND DRUMMER.

Men with Big Fortunes in their Vest Pockets.

One of them Speaks Interestingly of His Life and Experiences.

"My life is anything but a life of ease and pleasure," said a veteran traveling salesman for one of the largest diamond houses in America, seated in an easy chair at an uptown club. "I have been on the road for ever twelve years, and have traveled all over America and Europe," continued he, taking an easier position on his chair and lighting a cigar. "It is sometimes a wonder to myself to think of what I have been through and lived. I spend ten months out of the twelve on the road, and I live nearly always on the train or boat. I seldom stop at a city longer than two or three days. I must stop at the best hotels, on account of the valuable property I carry. I start out on my trips twice a year, from New York, in May and November, taking $150,000 to $200,000 worth of stones with me each trip. I have a regular route that I go over once a year. I take the west in on my May trip and go south as far as Mexico in November. I am treated much more courteously than the ordinary jewelry salesman by the people to whom I sell. In the first place, my having such an enormous amount of property in my pocket commands a certain kind of respect. There is a curious fascination about diamonds that few men can resist. Nearly everybody loves to look at them and watch the different effects of light on them in various positions. When a diamond drummer enters a store and makes known his business, he is generally invited back into a private room and asked to show his stock. If a stone suits a customer, instead of ordering so many by sample, he buys at once, gives his note and the transaction is complete."

"How do you carry your diamonds?"

"In cases like this," replied the salesman, taking out a Russian leather case shaped like a common envelope. It was about six inches long by four broad and sewed together with strong silk thread. It was lined with oiled silk, and fitted on the inner back with two compartments also envelope shape. When folded up two heavy bands of elastic held the laps. It looked like an ordinary pocketbook. "That little book," continued he, "will carry about $50,000 worth of diamonds. Nice pile, eh? I have my vests especially made to accommodate these cases. I have seven of them and pockets for each one. All the pockets are on the front of the vest and strongly protected from pickpockets. An effective protection against the knife of the pickpocket is a fine gauze of steel sewed next to the cloth of the vest. Very few can go through that in the short time they have to work. I never take my vest off, even while I am sleeping. I have never lost a dollar's worth by robbery or otherwise."

"Of course you go armed?"

"Well, slightly," replied he with a quiet smile, reaching back of him and bringing out an improved Colt's revolver, 38-caliber. "I carry two of these with me or two Colt's derringer pistols when on the road. I practice shooting regularly, and I think I can hit a five-cent piece at fifty paces."

"I can tell you the life of a diamond broker is one that requires nerve, and a great deal of sharpness. In the west last summer, on my way from Denver to Chicago, I discovered I was followed by a man who had got wind of my vocation and the diamonds I carried with me. I had an alligator-skin traveling bag, which I had put up in the rack over my head in the railroad car. He evidently thought I was fool enough to put my diamonds in that bag, by the way he eyed it. At a little way station, about one hundred miles this side of Denver, we had twenty minutes for dinner. I went out with the rest, leaving the bag in the rack. Instead of going to the dinner table I took up my stand by the window looking toward the cars. I saw this fellow walk up to the rack, take down the bag and throw the strap of it over his shoulders. With a satisfied smile he walked down the steps of the car, and started out through the station. A shot from my revolver caused him to stop and nearly frightened him to death. He gave up the bag, which only held some soiled linen and such things, and I let him go. I have some adventure every time I go out, and some day I suppose some one will kill me," and he laughed lightly and turned to other subjects.—*New York News.*

The highest railroad viaduct in the world is claimed to be that of Garabit Bridge in France. That remarkable structure is 1,800 feet long, and near the middle of the great central arch the distance from the bed of the river to the rail is 413 feet.

How the Commander of the "Monitor" was Wounded.

From the late Commander S. D. Greene's paper, entitled "In the Monitor Turret," published in the *Century*, we quote the following: "Soon after noon a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house directly in the sight-hole, or slit, and exploded, cracking the second iron log and partly lifting the top, leaving an opening. Worden was standing immediately behind this spot, and received in his face the force of the blow, which partly stunned him, and, filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him. The injury was known only to those in the pilot-house and its immediate vicinity. The flood of light, rushing through the top of the pilot-house, now partly open, caused Worden, blind as he was, to believe that the pilot-house was seriously injured, if not destroyed; he therefore gave orders to put the helm to starboard and 'sheer off.' Thus the Monitor retired temporarily from the action, in order to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received. At the same time Worden sent for me, and leaving Stimers, the only officer in the turret, I went forward at once, and found him standing at the foot of the ladder leading to the pilot-house.

"He was a ghastly sight, with his eyes closed and the blood apparently oozing from every pore in the upper part of his face. He told me that he was seriously wounded, and directed me to take command. I assisted in leading him to a sofa in his cabin, where he was tenderly cared for by Doctor Logue, and then I assumed command. Blind and suffering as he was, Worden's fortitude never forsook him; he frequently asked from his bed of pain of the progress of affairs, and when told that the Minnesota was saved, he said, 'Then I can die happy.'

"When I reached my station in the pilot-house, I found that the iron log was fractured and the top partly open; but the steering-gear was still intact, and the pilot house was not totally destroyed, as had been feared. In the confusion of the moment resulting from so serious an injury to the commanding officer, the Monitor had been moving without direction. Exactly how much time elapsed from the moment that Worden was wounded until I had reached the pilot-house and completed the examination of the injury at that point, and determined what course to pursue in the damaged condition of the vessel, it is impossible to state; but it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes at the utmost. During this time the Merrimac, which was leaking badly, had started in the direction of Elizabeth River; and, on taking my station in the pilot house and turning the vessel's head in the direction of the Merrimac I saw that she was already in retreat. A few shots were fired at the retiring vessel, and she continued on to Norfolk."

How Insects Breathe.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spot-like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots which are generally eighteen or twenty in number are in fact the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, or whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirit of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump. The apertures in question, which are technically known as spiracles," communicate with two large breathing tubes, or "trachea," which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions and continually divide and subdivide until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure and penetrating even to the antennæ and claws.—*Good Words.*

Perfect Understanding.

"I am down on roller skates!" said a young lady while with a party of friends the other afternoon in a candy store.

"Yes, I noticed you were yesterday when I saw you at the rink. You seemed to be down most of the time."

And then all the spiteful sisters of Eve giggled at their innocent sister.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Refined petroleum exerts an influence upon a ship's needle the same as cargoes of iron and steel.

The next total eclipse of the sun visible in this part of the world will take place August 12, 1999.

Experiments with the electric light in forcing plant growth are showing less effect than was expected.

Earthquake observations are to be added shortly on the summit of the Ben Nevis, where is located the highest meteorological observatory in the British Isles. The isolated position of this station renders it particularly suited to observations of slight tremors.

A collection of skulls from the southern hemisphere has been studied in England, the most notable conclusion reached being that some of the races of South Africa, Australia and the southernmost part of South America, are remarkable for the smallness of their heads.

The dicotyledon plant Cephalina esculata, Schumpf, has been described to the Paris Academy of Sciences as an astringent and febrifuge capable of replacing quinine, as well as a dye yielding a beautiful yellow color. It grows in West Africa, and resembles the Morinda of the South Sea Islands pretty closely in many respects. Its active principle is donadakine.

Prof. Huxley has remarked that while birds now constitute a well bounded group, nobody mistaking the forms included therein, we find the case to be different when we turn to the geological record. Fossil forms are found that present definitions do not embrace, indicating a wider range of structure, and the existence of types intermediate between birds and reptiles.

M. Pasteur recently recommended a member of the Academie des Sciences to experiment with young animals in order to ascertain if they can be nourished upon the absolutely pure food which many people regard as an ideal diet—that is, a food wholly free from microbes. He believed that such a diet would not sustain life, and that the presence of common microbes in the digestive organs was necessary to the proper functional action of these organs.

Garfield at a Baseball Game.

A year before his election, General Garfield could have been seen gayly sauntering along Pennsylvania Avenue, laughing, talking, nodding his head to this acquaintance and that, without any obstruction to his progress in the shape of a sidewalk reception. Those who did not know him personally were familiar with his face and name. The ladies had heard his eloquence in the House—the street urchins had seen him at the baseball grounds, shouting, with the eagerness of a boy, his pleasure or dissatisfaction as the game progressed. While a member of the House, he often took occasion to run out into the suburbs of the city to witness this exciting sport. I remember one afternoon when he reached the stand erected on the grounds a few minutes after I did. I was leaning against the front rail of the platform, and, clapping me on the shoulder, he asked "Who's ahead?" I gave him the information, and he thereupon became so interested in the game that he seemed unaware that his heavy weight upon my little body was, to say the least, inconvenient. He was constantly exclaiming: "Good catch!" "Fine hit!" "Oh, what a muff!" and other well known extracts from base-ball language, and he soon grew so excited as to make me feel the effects. I thought it wise to move to a place of safety, and I finally succeeded in edging away through the crowd.—*Edward Alton, in St. Nicholas.*

Way Up.

Following is a list of cathedrals, pyramids, towers, etc., whose altitude reaches beyond two hundred feet:

	Feet.
Washington Monument	555
Pyramid of Cheops, Egypt	541
Cologne cathedral, Germany	501
Antwerp cathedral, Belgium	476
Strasburg cathedral, Germany	474
Tower of Utrecht, Holland	464
St. Stephen's, Vienna, Austria	450
Pyramid of Cephanes, Egypt	447
St. Martin's church, Bavaria	436
St. Peter's, Rome, Italy	448
Notre Dame, Amiens, France	422
Salisbury spire, England	410
St. Paul's, London	404
Florence cathedral, Italy	384
Cremona cathedral, Italy	372
Freiberg cathedral, Germany	367
Seville cathedral, Spain	360
Milan cathedral, Italy	355
Notre Dame, Bavaria	348
Dome des Invalides, France	347
Magdeburg cathedral, Germany	337
St. Patrick's, New York city	328
St. Mark's church, Venice, Italy	328
Norwich cathedral, England	304
Chicago Board of Trade	303
Chichester cathedral, England	300
Trinity church, New York	284
Canterbury tower, England	273
Notre Dame cathedral, Paris	272
St. Patrick's, Dublin, Ireland	226
Lincoln Cathedral	223
Bunker Hill monument, Massachusetts	221
Notre Dame, Montreal	220
Lima cathedral, Peru	220
Garden City cathedral, Long Island, N. Y.	219
St. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia	216

Khartoum.

[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

Boundless expansive—Children.

Business men as well as religious men should be wary of false prophets.

It takes a pretty smart phrenologist to tell what is in a horse by examining his head.

When a trotting horse dies, it is always a day after his owner was offered a fabulous price for him.

One man in Germany has made and sold 300,000 thermometers. That's what you might call making money by degrees.

"I'll make you dance!" cried an irate mother, pursuing her erring son, slipper in hand. "Faces," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a bawl."

Wisdom and politeness are not always associated. The owl said to be the wisest of birds is also the most contemptuous. He hoots at everything.

Said Brougham when he was a struggling lawyer: "Circumstances alter cases, but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

At dinner. A waggish guest before whom has been placed a dish of fish turns to his fair neighbor and says: "Miss, will you have some of this dead fish?" "Dead fish? Though—how a [illegible] you?"

It appears the latest wrinkle in the way of ornamentation for a wedding breakfast table is to have the photographs of the bride and groom inclosed in a block of transparent ice. This display of coolness between them would be much more appropriate about a year later.

The Superiority of Grandfather's Clock.

That the best power for a clock is a weight, is beyond dispute. The invention of the mainspring came near annihilating the race of good common clocks. "Grandfather's clock," with its wooden wheels and other crudities, is still the superior of the grandson's clock as a time-keeper, for "grandfather's clock" had the great advantage of a motive power sufficient and just sufficient to propel the clock when it was properly cleaned and oiled. The grandson's clock has a coiled spring as a motive-power, having, when it is tightly wound, not less than three times the amount of power required to drive the clock, and diminishing in amount, thereby altering the rate of the clock, with each successive hour. The grandson's clock will march on, oiled or unoiled (and therefore usually unoiled), until it comes to a premature end as complete as that of the "one-hoss shay." The "grandfather's clock," on the other hand, which declined to go unless its rations of oil were doled out to it once in a year or less by the peripatetic tinker, is good for another century, since its bearings have been saved from cutting themselves away from lack of oil. The kitchen clock of to-day can only be made to keep respectable time by so regulating it that the gain it makes when tightly wound shall be offset by the loss as it runs down.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Rose Tree One Thousand Years Old.

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim in Hanover. This rose bush is guarded and rugged, as becomes its extreme age; and, in some places, the principal stem is about as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the apse of the cathedral, and this year the venerable and venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that, after its life of a thousand years, the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is apparently taking a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim at the fact. The person who takes charge of the ancient rose-bush is instructed never to give away a cutting; and its flowers, which are pronounced the very sweetest of their kind, are also jealously guarded from vandal hands.