The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

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Endeavor.

"What hast thou for thy scattered seed,
O Sower of the plain?
Where are the many gathered sheaves
Thy hope should bring again?"
"The only record of my work
Lies in the buried grain."

"O Conqueror of a thousand fields!
In dented armor dight,
Win growths of purple amaranth
Shall crown thy brow of night?"
"Only the blossom of my life
Flung widely in the fight."

"What is the harvest of thy saints,
O God! who dost also?
Where grow the garlands of thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have thy servants in thy pains?"
"Their only—to have tried."
—[Julia Ward Howe.

OUR CINDERELLA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

She was our nurse-maid and a sort of factotum. We thought we could scarcely get along without her. And we called her "Our Cinderella," playfully, and not at all reproachfully. Our cook had gone off, and, my wife being sick at the time, Betty undertook to get our breakfast. She succeeded, after a fashion; but she so covered her usually neat person with ashes and coal smut that my little daughter, Carissy, called her Cinderella, and the name stuck.

The way we got Betty was this. Our boy baby, little Marmaduke, had to be out in the air, and my wife, Mrs. Judkins—I am John Judkins, seedsman and florist, successor to Jarmin & Judkins—suggested that, as the seed shop was doing a good business and the greenhouses were run to their full capacity, as we were able to keep a cook and a chambermaid, we might as well go further and have a regular French bonne, with ribbons and a cap like a new pudding boy, to wheel little Marmaduke on the sidewalk. Thus we could add to the comfort of the family and show an admiring population the prize baby of the period—growing the two plants on one stalk. I suggested in turn that we had better move out to the garden where there was a handsome house for which I had not been able to secure a tenant. Here my better half interposed a veto. Mrs. Judkins had been born and bred in the city, and in the city she would live and die. Like her father, the late Mr. Jarmin, there was no overcoming her once expressed resolution.

At length this matter was settled by a compromise. I didn't get the French bonne, but I came upon a German one, a sort of amateur nurse, as it were. A young girl fresh from Carlsruhe, who spoke English very well, but a little stilted, as she had learned it at school, was looking for a situation as teacher. She had good recommendations and was vouched for as respectable by the German consul, who was an occasional customer of mine. In default of something better, she agreed to teach Christy German and the piano, and to give the baby attention and an airing when we thought proper. So I engaged her at very reasonable wages.

Her name was Elisabeth Reinfeldt; and so we transmuted her name into Elizabeth, and from that into Betty. The only drawback was that she was very pretty and graceful, and had the smallest feet and hands I had ever seen on a girl; but that just fitted the baby, who was the very—no matter; every one admitted his beauty. She grew to be invaluable, for she turned out to be a good seamstress, and was ready to turn her hand to anything.

Bit by bit we got her history. Her father, who was a cadet of a good family, had married the daughter of a mechanic, when the head of the house cast him off. He had obtained a situation as librarian at Carlsruhe, and there he managed to live comfortably and educate his only daughter, who had lost her mother when only five years old. Then when he died, the baron, her uncle, would have recognized her, but she resented her father's treatment and rejected his offer of a home. Believing she could earn her living in America as a teacher, she had sold the household effects left her and came to this country with a slender purse, whose contents were nearly exhausted when we got her.

Among my customers was Mr. Paul Exton, a rich bachelor, who was a great flower fancier and an amateur gardener, with a conservatory large enough for a greenhouse and a great desire to grow new varieties of plants. He was not much over thirty, but had so bronzed himself by travel that he looked older. When he grew anything novel, which he rarely did, he always gave me the stock plant to propagate from, so that he was very useful; and he got in the habit of dropping in the shop and chatting once or twice a week, or even oftener, and we got quite intimate. One day—it was just two months after Betty had come to us—Exton came in the shop. He was in a state of excitement, and had evidently not come to buy or to talk plants.

"Judkins, old fellow," he said—he always called me "old fellow" when he was in good humor—I had a queer thing happen to me to-day. I was crossing town to grower to Williamsburg when I found I had ripped one of my shoes. I found a German cobbler's shop in Avenue A, and stepped in to have it sewed. While I was waiting for it I saw, standing on the counter, waiting repairs, a pair of the prettiest female shoes in the world. They were worn down, but perfectly even on the heel and sole, and the feet they belonged to must be simply perfect. Small, high instep, well arched—perfection. I said to the cobbler: 'The child that wears those ought to be handsome.' 'Child!' said he, 'she's a fraulein, and very pretty at that.' He did not know her name, but promised to find out. I am bound to get acquainted with her, and if she's all right—she has good blood, as her feet show—and she'd have me, by Jove, I'd make her Mrs. Exton."

There was something so comical in the idea of a man choosing a wife by her feet that I laughed outright, and so did he.

Exton came in a week after, and among other things I asked him if he had found the young lady with the pretty feet. He nodded, looked grave and at once began to talk about new plants in the shop, one, a fuschia, in particular.

"It is new," I said, "but will not be for sale till next year. I am getting up a stock. If you admire that so much, you ought to look at the one I have at my house. It is covered with bloom."

"I should very much like to see it," he said.

"That is easy," I replied. "I dine at three o'clock on Sunday. If you will come then and take dinner with me I'll show you the fuschia and something finer—the handsomest baby in New York."

"With pleasure," said Exton. "The plant is attractive and the baby—irresistible."

Exton came according to invitation. After dinner, and he had sufficiently examined and admired the fuschia, Betty brought in the baby. Exton's praise of the child quite won my wife's heart. It was pronounced to be a prodigy, and Exton snapped his fingers at it, and cooked-cooed for it in a way that would have done credit to an experienced family man; and he wound up by giving the nursemaid some advice about its management, which, to make it more impressive, as he said, he expressed in German, which he spoke fluently.

Exton came to see us again, on some pretext, and acquired the habit of coming frequently. He never seemed to have enough of that baby; and as whenever he came it had to be brought in, and kept there, my wife got used to it and left him with the baby and its nursey while she began to build an air castle.

"You may depend on it, John," said she, "that the baby will profit by this. Mr. Exton is very fond of Marmaduke, and as he has neither chick nor child and is not a marrying man I shouldn't be surprised if he left it a nice penny."

I smiled, for I had no hopes of that kind. My wife often returned to Betty, but suddenly dropped the subject and said no more about it.

One day there came a letter with a foreign postmark addressed to Betty. She translated its contents to my wife in confidence, and they had a confab over it. Then there was a deal of sewing going on. The sewing machine was kept busy, but it was always shoved aside when I came in, with blushes from the girl and giggling from my wife. I supposed they were making something for me against my birthday, and I kept very quiet, to let them have the satisfaction of surprising me. But when my birthday had come and gone, and there was nothing said, I was a little puzzled.

One day, later on—it was a pleasant, sunny day in the Indian Summer—I was detained at home till near ten o'clock. Betty had gone out to air the baby. I went to the station of the elevated road in the next street, and when half way up the steps chanced to look down the cross street. There I saw Betty wheeling Marmaduke's carriage on the sidewalk, and alongside of her walked Mr. Exton, who was talking to her earnestly. A policeman, a new one on the beat, caught my eye, and with a slight wink nodded his head toward the couple.

"Well," I said to myself, drawing a long breath, "I am astonished, to say the least."

That afternoon Exton lounged into my shop and I asked him into my back office, whence I had previously ejected the clerk.

"Mr. Exton," I said, "I have always had a great respect for you, but—"

"But!" he interrupted. "Does that mean that I have lost your respect?"

"Not quite," I replied, "but I was sorry to see you to-day filling our little Betty's head with foolish notions. She is a good girl, even if she be nothing but a nursemaid—"

Here he interrupted me again.

"I beg your pardon, Judkins; but she is something more than a nursemaid. She is a gentlewoman, every inch, and her filling the position she does, under the circumstances, is no discredit to her."

"I don't say that it is; but as you do not intend to marry her—"

"But I do intend to marry her," he again interrupted, "and in three weeks' time. As she has no relatives here, the German consul has been good enough at my request, to represent them at the wedding, and with their full consent."

I merely stared at him.

"I probably owe you an explanation," he said. "Don't you remember I told you I intended to find the owner of those little shoes and if I could win her to make her my wife? When I came to your house I soon found that she was Elisabeth von Reinfeldt. When I was at Heidelberg her cousin was a classmate and an intimate friend. I wrote to him about her and soon learned that she had refused their offers of assistance, in resentment of the family treatment of her father. I honored her spirit. I wrote asking their approval of my suit, which they gave, and they sent to her at the same time a handsome sum for her trousseau, which she only accepted at my request. She is quite my equal, socially, in spite of taking a nurse's position rather than be idle. Her blue blood makes no difference, you may as well understand. I marry her and not her family, and, as she consents, would mock her my wife, if she were the daughter of a street sweeper."

Of course, all I could do was to congratulate him and say no more. But I told my wife about it when I got home.

"John," she remarked, "never do you say that a woman can't keep a secret. What do you suppose all this sewing and fixing has been for?"

They were married, and they have been in Europe for the last year.

My wife was right about some good coming to Marmaduke, though it did not take the shape of a legacy. On his wedding day Exton handed me a paper.

"Mr. Judkins," he said, "I have robbed your boy of his nurse and he has helped me to a wife; so I owe him some reparation. I have invested twenty-five hundred dollars, to be paid him when he comes of age, along with its accumulated interest, and this makes you trustee. It is not much; but it will help, with what you may add to it, to give the young man a start."—[New York Mercury.

Varieties of Corn.

Some writers assert that maize, or Indian corn, was known in the early history of the world to the Chinese, founding their theory on drawings of a similar grain in ancient Chinese manuscripts. If this were true, the culture of the grain was wholly lost in later years. There has been much discussion on the subject, but Alphonse de Candolle, who may be regarded as an authority on the subject, in his valuable work, "Origin of Cultivated Plants," says: "Maize is of American origin, and was not introduced into the old world until after the discovery of the new." It was found by the first explorers of the western hemisphere to be in cultivation by the natives, from New England to Chili, but it is thought to have originated in the highlands of Peru and Bolivia, as traces of it have been found there in ancient tombs and in geological deposits with the earliest traces traces of man in that locality. As to the present existing varieties of corn, it may be noted that the maize plant is affected in a remarkable degree by climate and soil, and a local variety can be established at any time by the selection and continuous sowing for a few years, of seed showing any striking peculiarity. All the varieties in cultivation in the United States, from the smallest kind of popcorn to the enormous specimens of maize grown in the western and southern states, are but one species, and we ascribe differences to peculiarties of climate and soil and to continued selection in cultivation.—Inter Ocean.

Misdirected Energy.

Tom Cooke, the comical fiddler of happy memory, is said by Dr. Spark to have related the following story to Sir Henry Bishop: A son of the Emerald isle was obtained to blow an organ in a certain city. Being thoroughly unacquainted with the business, he never having seen an organ broke before, it was doubtless the guiding star of his destiny that led him to the spot, for

"There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The time having arrived to "let the pealing organ blow," the signal was given, but there was no wind. It was repeated twice and even thrice, but still no wind. The delay was becoming awkward, the congregation was getting uneasy—what was to be done! "Blow! blow!! blow!!!" issued simultaneously from half a dozen different mouths, but not the slightest zephyr stirred within the chest. The organist hastened to the blower's sanctum, when lo, how sublime the spectacle that presented itself to his astonished vision! Clinging with heels and hands to the wooden handle of the bellows, there hung the full grown protege, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his cheeks distended and crimson with efforts to force his breath into the end of that long wooden handle!—[Musical Record.

A Sufficient Reason.

Miss R.—"Why is it, Mr. A, that whenever you refer to a Boston friend you invariably use the word fellow?"

New Yorker—"Oh, because he belongs around the Hub, you know."—[Boston Globe.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Calling Them Up.

"Shall I go and call them up,—
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"
Asked the rain, "they've had a pleasant
winter's nap."
Lightly to their doors it crept,
Listened while they soundly slept;
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!
Quickly woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!

Soon their windows opened wide,—
Everything astir inside;
Shining heads came peeping out, in frill and
cap:
"It was kind of you, dear Rain,"
Laughed they all, "to come again;
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!—
Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"
—[George Cooper, in St. Nicholas.

How a Wild Cat Was Tamed.

A black cat, which lived in a country house, and which was so wild that it never approached any one except when it wanted food, became all of a sudden a decent, well-behaved member of feline society. I will tell you how this came to pass. One day there was found in a spring trap in the grounds of this house a tabby cat which had been caught by the paw. The poor thing was in such pain that it was thought it would have to be killed to put an end to its misery. On looking at the wounded paw, however, it was believed that it could be healed, and so the injured cat was taken into the kitchen and placed in a comfortable basket by the fire. This had hardly been done when the wild black cat pushed through the crowd of onlookers, and going straight to the basket, at once began to lick the other cat's crushed paw. From that very moment the black puss grew an altered creature. Its fierceness left it and it became tamed, or, as we say, domesticated. The bruised foot soon got well, and the two cats lived together in the house quite happily ever afterwards.

A Pet Blue Jay.

Olive T. Miller in the Atlantic writes of her feathery pets as follows: When he has more of any special dainty than he can eat at the moment, as meat or bread and milk, he hides it at the back of his tray. And when outside, nothing can be droller than the air of concern with which he goes around the floor, picking up any small thing he finds left purposely for him, a burnt match, a small key, stray pins or a marble, and seeks the very best and most secluded spot in the room in which to hide it. A pin he takes lengthwise in his mouth, which he closes as though he had swallowed it, and at first I feared he had. He has no doubt about the best place for that; he long ago decided that between the leaves of a book is safest. So he proceeds at once to find a convenient volume and thrusts the pin far in out of sight. A match gives him the most trouble. He tries the cracks under the grooves in the molding of the doors, the baseboard, between the matting and the wall or under a rocker; in each place he puts it carefully and pounds it in, then hops off, attempting to look unconcerned, as if he had not been doing anything.

But if he sees that he is observed or the match is too plainly in sight, he removes it and begins again, running and hopping around on the floor with the most solemn and business-like air, as though he had the affairs of nations on his shoulders, the match thrust nearly the whole length into his mouth. The place usually decided upon is an opening between the leaves of matting. It is amusing when he chances to get hold of a box of matches, accidentally left open for he feels the necessity and importance of disposing of each one and is busy and industrious in proportion to the task before him. It is not so pleasing, however, when in his hammering he gets one off, as he often does; for they are "parlor matches" and light with a small explosion, which frightens him half out of his wits, and me as well, lest he should set the house afire. The business of safely and securely secreting one match will frequently occupy him half an hour.

He finds the oddest hiding places, as in a crotch between the wheel and its frame; up inside the seat of a stuffed chair, to reach which he goes in among the springs; in the side of my slipper while on my foot food, in the loop of a bow, in the plaits of a ruffle under a pillow. Often when I get up a shower of the jay's treasures falls from various hiding places about my dress—nails, matches, shoe buttons and others, and I am never sure that I shall not find soft, milk-soaked bread in my slipper. But the latest discovery and most annoying of his receptacles is in my hair. He delights in standing on the high back of my rocking chair, or on my shoulder, and he soon discovered several desirable hiding places conveniently near, such as in my ear and under the loosely dressed hair. I did not object to his using these, but when he attempted to tuck away some choice thing between my lips I rebelled. I never expect to find a keyhole that he can reach free from bread crumbs, and the openings of my waste basket are usually decorated with objects half driven in.

So our lives glide on; the river ends we don't know where, and the sea begins, and then there is more jumping ashore.

TEACHING THE BLIND.

A Reporter's Visit to a School of Sightless Pupils.

Interesting Facts About the Blind that are not Generally Known.

A New York Sun reporter has been visiting a school for the blind. We quote from his interesting account:

The superintendent was announced. The reporter turned to the blind ladies and thanked them for their courtesy. He unconsciously bowed low to their unseeing eyes, as men and and gesticulate at the telephone. Turning to William B. Wait he looked with much curiosity into his eyes. They were the eyes that did the seeing for 500 sightless human beings. Wonderful eyes they are, beaming with kindliness and intelligence, with merry twinkles lurking in the corners, and conveying a remarkable impression of depth, as if they were storehouses for others' visions. The superintendent said that there are 570 pupils in the building, and that the main hall can seat 750.

"What is the proportion of blind persons to the total population?"

About one in every 1000 for the latitude. This holds good throughout America and Europe. When you get in Africa, where there is sand, or in the mining regions, where any dents abound, or in extreme northern latitudes, where the glare from ice and snow dazzles, the proportion is greater.

"Whom do you receive here?"

"We take children of eight and over, and we give them an education. We do not take grown persons. Most of them have obtained their education before they become blind. Two impressions prevail about blind persons. People will read of the remarkable exploits of a man like Fawcett, and they will conclude that all blind persons are wonderfully gifted. Then they will see some blind persons who have not been educated, and they will conclude that all blind persons are helpless. The truth is, blind persons who get their education in institutions for the blind can be developed into wonderful proficiency, but those who have received their education before they became blind have hard work all their life."

"What proportion of the blind do the institutions deal with?"

"It is very much smaller than people have any idea of. The number of blind persons under ten years of age is only 7 per cent. of the whole number; between 10 and 20 years, 13 per cent.; between 20 and 30, 30 per cent; and over 50 years, 50 per cent; so that the number of schoolable blind does not exceed 15 per cent. from which it appears that 78 out of 100 of the blind get their education and training in schools for the seeing if at all."

"Are the other senses more largely developed by the loss of the sight?"

"The capacity for general development is diminished in proportion to the importance of the faculty that is lost in an unaided condition. When the loss is supplemented by proper means and appliances of instruction, then a blind person, the mind being unaffected, is yet susceptible to the highest development. This is shown by the attainments of men in practical life such as Fawcett, Sally the remarkably successful furniture man of Newburgh, and Sanderson, who was blind at four years of age, but who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, as professor of mathematics at Cambridge."

"What faculties and senses are most developed to replace the lost one?"

"Memory and the sense of hearing. They have to rely upon them more. Hearing can be developed so finely that they can tell whether furniture has been taken out of a room and replaced with new, and know when the location of furniture has been changed. In walking along the sidewalk they can tell when they come near a post."

"That must be a sort of nervephone, isn't it?"

"I can't say what it is that enables them to detect the post, but they can do it."

"Can they detect colors by the touch, as is claimed?"

"People humbug themselves about that. In very coarse fabrics, like jute, the blind can sometimes tell the color by the feel of the wool that is changed by the coloring matter. But they cannot detect color in glass. People see them assorting colored beads. It is not the color but the size that enables them to put them in the right boxes."

"Do the blind have any idea of color?"

"Where they have been blind from childhood they have none. What others have is a matter of memory. When the optic nerves are gone everything is as black as tar to them."

Naming the Babe.

"Isn't it a cute little thing?" said Mrs. Gashly to her husband, as she held the baby up to him.

"Yes, it is, and doesn't it look like me! It's got some of my ways already. I'll wager that it'll grow up to be just like me. By the way, we haven't named it yet. What would you suggest?"

"Well, if you're anything of a prophet I'd take chances right now on naming it Ananias."—[Washington Critic.

Caterers to Cats.

Robert P. Porter says: There are in London at least 3,000 men and women who earn very comfortable livings as caterers to cats. This trade, which never tends somewhat into the West End, does not flourish in the wealthier neighborhoods, where the cats are often fed with dainty scraps from the table. In the East End, with its 2,000,000 of human beings closely packed in long rows of narrow streets, there are no spare scraps from the table. "We are obliged to eat close," said a Bethnal Green woman to me. "Our cats get no dainties. The old man or the young one get the best mouthfuls and attentions the last hours." A vast majority, therefore, of the half million or more of London cats live on boiled horseflesh, and the "cat's meat man" is the purveyor of this meat for the poorer, middle and better class cats of the metropolis.

An able-bodied cat can live comfortably on half a pound of cats' meat per day. The cost of this meat at a cats' meat shop is a penny per pound. If the entire army of cats were supplied with a full half-pound of meat it would take about 800 horses per day to keep them supplied, as the average product of meat of a dead horse, I am told, is about 300 pounds. A considerably small number of decrepit horses than this are made to go round, owing to the skill of the cats' meat man.

A West Indian House.

Two hours' driving brought us to the entrance of a plantation of unusual size and consequence. All its appointments were on the largest scale. A long avenue of royal palms conducted from the road to the manor house, if I may so call it, and we found that only low residence hidden in flowering vines, and at the centre of a beautiful mass of tropical vegetation. The front veranda, which seemed to close the avenue as we approached, was quite covered with a superb bougainvillia vine, the colored leaves of whose flowers formed a complete veil of imperial purple, wonderful to see. Pendulous trees aglow with splendid blossoms, poinsettias all aflame, purple dracaenas rising magnificent plumes, the scarlet hibiscus and blooming cactuses were on every side. Occasional spaces opening to the sides afforded room for parterres, and in such spots were seen roses in profusion and variety, as well as other delicate flowers. The yellow jessamine and the Cape jessamine were in exquisite. I noticed over the archway of a wall, a fleshy orchid, though not in blossoms, which I afterward learned was the vanilla. Along all this tangle of green and beauty and fragrance arose an occasional aloe cross, a traveler's point on a gigantic cushion.—[American Magazine.

A Boon for the Blind.

A remarkable instrument, which will prove a veritable boon for the blind, has just been invented here, writes a Paris correspondent, by a M. Peyton, who directs the school and hospital for persons deprived of their sight. The boon is no other than a small press which will enable blind people not only to print the raised characters which they are able to read with their fingers, but also the ordinary characters on the same sheet of paper. A system of writing for the blind people has, of course, already been invented by Braille, but it only permitted them to communicate with each other, whereas the new mechanism enables them to form letters which can be read by every body. Henceforward, therefore, blind persons will be able to communicate by letter with their friends, without being obliged to have recourse to the assistance of others. The inventor has been ably assisted in the construction of his instrument by M. St. Gorgon, a professor in the School of Art and Commerce of Aix. It is estimated that the minimum cost of such pieces will be thirty francs.

A Tiger-Tamer's Peril.

A tiger-tamer performing in Vienna very near lost his life the other day through the negligence of his servant. He is attached to a large menagerie in the Prater, and in the same cage as the tiger he has tamed there is another one that is particularly savage. A partition is slipped into the cage when the performance, and the tame tiger is let into the compartment with him. On this occasion his attendant let in the wrong one, which immediately sprang on the tamer. He got out of its way, and dealt it a blow on the head with a heavy whip he had with him. His attendant then kept the animal at bay with an iron bar, and finally succeeded in driving it back to the other compartment.

A Man With a Big Appetite.

There is a brawny little old man in Essex, Mass., who is always eating. Three meals a day are only an aggravation to his appetite. He will rise at 2 o'clock in the morning and eat a slice of meat, some eggs, several pieces of bread, cut of ham and perhaps a few potatoes. At 7 o'clock he eats a hearty breakfast, at 9 he has another. About 10 he begins to grow hungry again. And so, like an avenging Nemesis, hunger chases him day and night. He is always craving food, and yet more than one reputable physician says the man is perfectly well.

Night is Mother of the Day.

How the dark, the season night,
That reigns in hues grand and cold,
Have to water, upon the sight,
To show that beauty is not of gold;
They found the source in human hearts
From age to age, from month to month,
In young lovers, in happy lovers,
[illegible]
Those [illegible] and in [illegible]
That our [illegible] [illegible] grow;
Days, the day [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] night [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] here
And [illegible] [illegible]
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