The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Ascertain Your Weight.

In public places nowadays there stands a handsome scale,
Without pendulum or clerk to tell its simple tale;
But passers-by may read the words engraved upon a plate,
To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a moment's thought,
A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most excellently taught;
For it is the part of man to have a bout with fate,
It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your weight."

So if you think that politics affords your widest scope,
If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and your hope,
If you think that your destiny's to glorify the state,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you dream that you're an actor, and imagine you're endowed
With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the crowd,
If [illegible] fill your soul with [illegible],
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right do belong
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassus' heights of song,
If ballades, rondeaus, triolets, you long to [illegible],
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only ask the chance
To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of romance,
If another Robert Elsmere you are eager to [illegible],
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a [illegible],
Or if you think that as a [illegible] you could make a dazzling show,
If you deem so very [illegible] you ought to [illegible],
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

In short whate'er the path to which ambition points the way,
Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make essay;
For [illegible] modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

—William L. Keese.

Mrs. Raymond's Economy.

BY ANNA RAVENSTEIN.

Drifting—drifting away into the quiet land of dreams—half uncertain whether he was awake or asleep, with a pleasant semi-consciousness the while, of the clear fire glimmering on the walls and of the gray kitten purring drowsily on the hearthrug, George Raymond had a very narrow escape from a sound nap, when his wife came in, with fluttering dress and elastic step.

"George, dear!" said she.

"Well, Cis." He was wide awake in a moment, and ready to make an affidavit that he hadn't had the least idea of going to sleep. "What is it, little busybody?" he asked, lazily stretching out his hand to play with her watch chain, as she came toward him.

"Can you spare me ten dollars this evening?"

"Of course I can—what is it for?" he asked, leisurely opening his purse and handing her the money.

"The milliner's bill; she will be here early to-morrow morning. Thank you, dear."

Mrs. Raymond sat down on a little hassock, close to the sofa, when she had put the money in her purse, so that the firelight played genially on her delicate face with its shadowy masses of dark hair, and large, violet-gray eyes.

"Well, Pussy, what are you thinking about?" said her husband, after a moment's unbroken silence.

"To tell the truth, George," said Mrs. Raymond, looking up smilingly, "I was wishing that, instead of coming to you for everything I want, I had a regular allowance of my own."

"A regular allowance of your own?" he repeated. "Really, that is complimentary to my generosity!"

"I knew you would laugh at me, George; yet indeed I do wish it very much indeed."

"And pray, why? Don't I give you everything you ask for?"

"I know you do, my love; yet I should feel richer, somehow more independent, if I had my own resources—if you would allow me just such an amount every month."

"How much would satisfy you, little miser?"

"Well, I think I could do very well on forty dollars a month."

"Do you happen to know that I have handed over to you just one-third more than the sum you specify during the last four weeks? It strikes me you would not be much of a gainer, pecuniarily speaking, by this new system of finances."

"But I believe I should, George, for it would teach me to calculate and economize, and——"

"In short, you want to try the experiment?" said her husband.

"That's just it," said she, coaxingly.

"My dear, this is all nonsense," said he. "Believe me, I understand the care of money better than you do."

"Then you are not going to indulge me?" said Mrs. Raymond, and there was such a plaintive accent in her voice, that her husband checked himself in the midst of a tremendous yawn, to look full into the aggrieved little face.

"My dear," he said, laughingly, "I have never refused you anything you chose to ask, and it isn't likely I shall begin to assert my independence at this late hour. Take your forty dollars a month—take what you please—but I'm considerably mistaken if you don't come to me, teasing me for 'just a little more money' before the four weeks have expired."

"Now you shall see!" said the delighted little wife. "What shall I render in payment of your docility, Mr. Prophet?"

"A kiss," replied her husband. "And now be off about your business, and let me finish my nap."

How often, during the next twelve months, George Raymond rallied his wife within an inch of the "crying degree" about her financial schemes—how often he alluded mischievously to the probably exhausted state of her purse, and his entire willingness to hand over any amount of money the moment she would confess herself to be wrong, and him to be right, until she was nearly tempted to abandon her cause in despair. But she persevered so bravely that after a while he declared that he believed his little wife could do very well with a smaller sum than he had previously had any idea of.

"But I know you are denying yourself scores of feminine fol-de-rols, Cis," said he. "Say the word, my dear, and I'll make it fifty dollars a month, instead of forty."

"No, indeed," said Cicely, decisively. "Didn't I tell you that forty would be enough? And it is."

Nearly five years had passed away. It was a stormy night in March; the clouds were flying before a strong gale, and the air was chill and raw with occasional gusts of snow. Mrs. Raymond sat in her cheerful parlor, stitching away at a little frock for her sleeping baby, and singing her half-forgotten melody to herself as she worked.

"I wonder what makes George so late," she murmured, as a stronger blast than usual shook the windows and roared down the chimney. "I hope it isn't any difficulty in his business matters. He has looked very grave lately."

The words had scarcely passed through her mind when the door opened, and Mr. Raymond entered. He did not speak to his wife as usual.

"George, are you ill, dearest? What is the matter?"

He made no reply. She rose and came to his side, reiterating her inquiries.

"Ask me no questions, Cicely," he said at length, in a tone so strange and altered that she started at its sound. "You will learn evil tidings soon enough."

"Tell me, my husband. Are not my joys yours, your sorrows mine? Surely we have not ceased to be one?"

"Cicely," he said, rising, "I did not intend to cloud your happy brow with my griefs, but it is too late longer to dissemble. I had hoped, dearest, to outride this storm of disaster which has wrecked so many of our wealthiest merchants in its whirlpool of failure. To-morrow, however, a heavy payment falls due. I had relied on receiving [illegible] which would fully liquidate the amount; instead of which, I have heard to-day of the failure of the firm on which I had so wholly depended."

"But can the amount be raised in no other way, George?"

"By borrowing here and there—by straining my credit to the utmost, and scraping together every dollar of available funds, I can raise the sum, all except one thousand dollars. But it might as well be one hundred thousand. Unless the whole amount is met, I am a ruined, disgraced man. To think that my whole future life should be darkened for want of one thousand dollars!"

"And is that all you lack," asked his wife.

"All!" he replied. "But what is the use of dwelling further upon it. I appreciate your sympathy, Cicely, but it is vain."

He sank back on the sofa, clasping his hands on his closed eyes. He must have sat there motionless for five or six minutes, when Cicely, who had left the room, returned, and laid her soft hand on his forehead.

"Dearest, look up a moment. Do you remember our childhood's fable of the lion who was released from the net by a little mouse's tiny endeavors?"

"What of it?" he asked, with a vague apprehension that Cicely's wits had been a little unsettled by the sudden news of their impending misfortune.

"Well, I am the little mouse—you are the snared lion. Here is the sum you want. Take it, and may it prove useful in your time of need."

He sat suddenly upright, staring alternately at her and the roll of neatly folded greenbacks.

"But, Cissy, how—when——?"

"Dear George, I saved it from my allowance," she replied. "I thought perhaps the day might come when it would be welcome. Believe me, my husband, it gives me ten thousand-fold more pleasure to place it in your hands than to have expended it in waste, or on anything I did not absolutely require."

"My darling wife!" faltered George Raymond, "you have preserved me from ruin. This crisis once passed, I can bid defiance to misfortune."

At that moment Cicely seemed to him to wear the lovely guise of an angel of rescue. Later in the evening, as she sat by his side, she could not forbear whispering, with a touch of loving mischief in her voice, "George, who was right about my financial abilities, you or I?"

"You little tease!" said he, laughing. "I never realized before what a blessing it is to have an economical wife."—[New York Weekly.

The First Oil Wells.

Petroleum was sought and used in North America perhaps as early as anywhere else in the world, since it was collected in many places and in large quantity by the mysterious people or peoples whom we know as "The Mound Builders," says a writer to the Pittsburg Dispatch. When, in 1859, I went to Titusville, like thousands of others, called there by the Drake oil well, I noticed that the bottom lands on Oil creek, below the town, and where covered with a magnificent forest of hemlock trees, were pitted in a peculiar way; that is, the surface was occupied by a series of contiguous depressions ten or fifteen feet in diameter, and from one to three feet in depth. These were circular and symmetrical, in that respect differing from the pits formed by uprooted trees.

Inquiring the cause, a bystander answered my question by taking me to his well. As it chanced this well was sunk in one of the pits before referred to. It was carried to the depth of about twenty-five feet in the earth when the rock was reached and the drilling began. Throughout this depth it followed the course of an old well, which had been cribbed up with timber, and in it was a ladder such as was commonly used in the copper mines of Lake Superior by perhaps the same people who worked the oil wells.

This ladder was a portion of a small tree, of which the trunk was thickly set with branches. These were cut off four or five inches from the trunk, and thus formed steps by which the well-owner could go down and gather the oil as it accumulated on the surface of the water, just as was done by the oil-producers on the banks of the Caspian and the Irrawaddy. Some of the trees which grew over the pits which marked the sites of oil wells were three and even four feet in diameter, thus proving that the wells had been abandoned at least 400 or 500 years ago. At Enniskillen, Canada, and at Mecca and Grafton, Ohio, I found similar ancient oil wells.

A Useful Invention.

There seems to be no limit to the triumphs of inventive genius. A Californian, Mr. A. Bancroft of San Francisco, has invented a method of naming and numbering the roads, lanes and byways of sparsely populated country districts, so that a traveller can find his way to any isolated and remote dwelling as readily as he could find a residence in a city. To people living in the country, and still more to those who want to find the residences of people living in remote sections, Mr. Bancroft's system will be of much practical value. The world is getting a great many valuable things from California.—[New York Ledger.

Not Serious.

The Doctor—The fright that you have had, madam, has troubled the functions of the heart, which has disturbed the circulation of the blood and caused your malady.

Patient—And what is it, doctor?

Doctor—Five dollars, madam.—[Gazette.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

A stands for the Amazon, mighty and grand,
And the B's Beresina, or Mussoori's strand;
The placid Charles River will fit for the C,
While the beautiful Danube is ready for D.
The E is the Elbe in Deutschland far North,
And the first F I find, strange to say, is the Forth.
The great river Ganges can go for the G,
And for H our blue Hudson will certainly be.
The quaint Irrawaddy for I has its claims,
And the J's the limpid and beautiful James.
The K is for Kama, I know in a jiffy,
And the L is the Loire and the prosperous Liffey.
For M we have plenty to choose from, and still
There's the noble Missouri, the gentle M[illegible].
For N we have Nile, and the Ohio for O,
While for P you can choose the gray Pruth or the Po.
The Q is the Quinebaug, one of our own,
But the R comes to front with the Rhine and the Rhone.
For the S there's the Shannon, a beautiful stream,
And the T is the Tiber, where Rome reigns supreme.
The U[illegible], I think, will with U quite agree,
And the turbulent Volga will fit for the V.
The W's Weser, and Xenil is X,
[illegible] find it ended with a J, to perplex.
Then for Y, Yang-tse-kiang is simple and easy,
And to end the long list with a Z take Zambesi.

—[St. Nicholas.

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.

There is on the Isle of Man and in Cornwall, in England, a species of cats without tails. One of the legends relating to these funny fellows tells that St. Patrick whacked the tail of a tomcat off short one night while it was amusing itself by disturbing his meditations with a serenade intended for his favorite pussy. The gallant Felix was so mortified and ashamed of his appearance that he bid farewell to Ireland forever, swam across to the Isle of Man and became a regular Bluebeard. He abandoned all of his dudish airs and adopted the manner and habits of a tough, which together with the curse of St. Patrick, are the principal characteristics of his posterity.—[Picayune.

A MERRY ROMP WITH A BEAR.

In the Valley of Tabarran, in Siberia, two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another, gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near to a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest fear went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving. At length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in finding the spot, when to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's neck and the other feeding him with fruit. They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went into the forest.—[New York World.

HOW TO MAKE DOLLS.

A whole family of dolls may be made in a few moments from sticks of pine wood; make faces, eyes, nose and mouth with ink and dress in cast-off aprons or towels. Wooden alphabet blocks may be sawed from a thick box cover, and large cut letters from newspapers or posters and pasted on them. A cart can be contrived if one does not wish to buy or is far from the store; from a wooden box answering for the body, two round wheels being cut from the cover, while the "axle" and "pole" can be evolved from an old broomhandle. The button box, too, holds a wealth of treasure for the little ones; they will often spend hours assorting or stringing them. Transparent slates are always another source of pleasure, and by saving pictures of uniform size and purchasing a small piece of ground glass a home-made one can be produced which will give just as much satisfaction as the "bought" ones. The little ones can also be taught to make picture scrap-books for themselves and their small friends from newspaper prints.

Extracting Teeth with Electricity.

An electrical instrument invented for avoiding the pain incident to the extraction of teeth consist of adjustable prongs, carrying buttons and connected with an electrical battery. The buttons are placed on the face, over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established the moment the extracting instrument touches the teeth.—[New York Telegram.

IN A HOSPITAL.

The Probationary Period in the Training of a Nurse.

Embryo Florence Nightingales Must be Receptive and Active.

Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones in an article in Scribner's describes the training of a nurse as follows: We each begin our duty in the hospital as probationers on a month's trial. That beginning is very new to most of us, quite unlike anything in our previous lives. Before entering the school, some of us may have imagined that we had a peculiar fitness for nursing, even if we did not consider ourselves born nurses.

We may have made up our minds that we knew how to make a poultice, and to care for the sick by being kind to them and ventilating their rooms. We may possibly have read Miss Nightingale's "Notes," and so are quite sure that we know something of nursing; but that the hospital training will give us a sort of [illegible], and therefore it will be a desirable thing to have. As we proceed with our training we discover that we did not know how to make a poultice, nor how best to care for a sick person.

Some of us, so to be, know nothing at all about nursing, but we are not required to know anything. A head nurse prefers to train a raw material, so to speak, in her own way. What is required is that the probationer be receptive, [illegible] and above all, [illegible], and in case she has any knowledge of nursing, or ideas or opinions, [illegible] keep it to herself.

We have one drawback; [illegible] is no place for sentiment, and very little for sympathy in the ordinary sense of the word. Were we to sympathize with all the woes that we see we should [illegible] should die.

A probationer enters the ward for the first time, and is placed under the head nurse. [illegible] probationer set to do some simple piece of work such as arranging a [illegible] or folding clothes and the like. [illegible] she will have her regular duties to learn. As the afternoon comes on she may find herself resting at the clock watching for [illegible] so that she may go off duty, and she [illegible] probably a bad headache. There is a hospital atmosphere produced by the smell of drugs and other unavoidable odors, perceptible to a fresh nose; there are strange sights and sounds which, combined, give a sort of shock for the first day.

Uncle Sam's Only Chinese Soldier.

E. D. Cohota is a native born Chinaman. He has lived in this country nearly forty years, having left the land of his birth when 6 or 7 years old.

Although but 15 years old when the civil war broke out, he showed that he was over age and enlisted in the Twenty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, under command of Col. Andrew Elwood.

The only representative of the Mongolian race among the millions of men thus facing each other in a struggle for life and death, Cohota was a unique character. Under fire Cohota proved that he was made of stern stuff. [illegible] was commented on during various engagements, notably at Cold Harbor and in the building of [illegible] in front of Petersburg.

At the close of the war Cohota was mustered out along with the survivors of his regiment, then under command of Col. Raymond of Marblehead. Since that time Cohota has devoted himself to business, there being little in common between him and the ordinary Chinaman. [illegible] characteristics. In speech and dress he is an ordinary citizen.—

Having His Own Way.

"Why did you run away from home?" asked Judson Whitcomb of the ragged [illegible].

"Because I wanted to have my own way."

"Well, you look as though you'd had it," is Whitcomb's [illegible] reply.

The boy who is eager to have his own way is continually met with, and many times it is an extremely hard way. The freedom of home is of the mildest sort, [illegible] compared with what he has to undergo in endeavoring to have his own way. Many times he falls into evil company, and in imitating their ways and making it his own, he discovers himself on the way to a reform school or prison. Ask the [illegible] and [illegible] whom you find [illegible] how he began his downward career, and if he [illegible] he will tell you trying to have his own way.—[Texas Siftings.

Salt Licks.

Such names as those of Licking River, Big Licks, and the like, in some of the Central States, mark what were curious phenomena to the first settlers of the country west of the Alleghanies. They were places to which the larger game, such as deer and bison, used to resort for a supply of salt. The springs at these points were briny, and the soil about them became like a cake of salt. This the animals used to lick, just as our domestic cattle will lick the ground where salt has been sprinkled. It was from this circumstance that so many places in Ohio and Kentucky got the name of "licks."

These were favorite hunting places with the Indians and white settlers. The habits of the animals and their time of visiting the licks were well known. To lie in wait for herds of deer or bison on their way to the springs was an easy way of securing game. The wholesale slaughter soon frightened those that escaped, so that they abandoned the springs and the region as well.

It is said that the bison tracks had direct to these salt springs from a distance of [illegible] miles. They were followed year after year, by generation after generation of the bison, until they were worn so deep and plain as to be traced long after the country was settled.

The practice of the animals was to drink of the salt waters, to bathe in them, to lick the soil impregnated with salt and to roll in the mud. It was a medical treatment for disease to which these animals were subject in [illegible] pictures of prairie and woods. After some days of taking [illegible] teeth and [illegible] with a coat [illegible].

The "licks" had been the resort of animals from a time earlier than that of deer and bison. In the mud and mire of the springs have been found the remains of mammoths, animals long extinct. The Big Bone Lick took its name from the gigantic bones found [illegible].—Youth's Companion.

Artesian Wells of the Dakotas.

"The West possesses many wonders of nature and [illegible] but none are more interesting than the artesian wells of Dakota. I saw many wonderful things during my Western trip," said the [illegible] agent of a Boston firm to me, "but the most wonderful thing I saw were the artesian wells of Dakota. From Aberdeen to Yankton, a territory larger than the State of Connecticut, these wells supply the cities with water, pure and plenty of it. At Huron there is a fountain well that supplies the whole city, and lots of water runs to waste. The pressure is so great that it is used for power for driving small machinery, and no engine is needed for use at a fire. Nature has, [illegible] in other Dakota towns, provided the finest system of water works in the world. These wells are of immense value to the farming districts as well as the towns, for much of the land is useless except through artificial irrigation. The wells furnish abundant water for this purpose, and the work is not expensive."—[New York Star.

Promptly Excused.

The Rev. Myron Reed related an amusing incident of his military career at the Loyal Legion banquet the other night. His regiment got into Nashville one morning, and the following morning he was told to go and relieve the guard at the Capitol. He took up his company, and was told the first business was to put the prisoners to work to clean out the place. He set them to work with mops, pails and brooms, and just as they were fairly at work a person came up and wanted to know what he was doing making such a noise.

"Here, I don't want anything of that," said Mr. Reed; "you just get your broom and help these men."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't know," and I told him again to get his broom and pail and fall in quick. Then he introduced himself—Andrew Jackson, military Governor of the State of Tennessee, and I excused him."—[Denver Republican.

The Problem Solved.

Wife (looking up from a book)—This writer says that half the miseries of married life come from the fact that wives do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please.

Husband—True; and the other half of the misery comes from the fact that husbands do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please.—[New York Weekly.

Love's Opportunity.

Two lovers in the [illegible] gate,
[illegible]
[illegible] Late! Late! Late!
[illegible]
"No! No!"
A [illegible]
"Sweetheart, don't go
Till the [illegible]."
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] face,
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
Why [illegible]
Till the [illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Till the [illegible]
—George Horton [illegible] Herald.

HUMOROUS.

A stoic is a man who never had the toothache.

Men who have horse sense know when to say neigh.

A counter-irritant—The shopper who doesn't buy anything.

The waiter in a boarding restaurant always resets the table in a rout.

An odd thing about boots and shoes—they're always soled before you buy them.

"Did you do any good deed today, my son?" "Yes, mother; I gave up my seat in the car to an old lady—when I got off it [illegible]."

First Tramp—What are you doing, Jimmy? [illegible] mighty tired." Second Tramp—"That's just what I am. I'm [illegible] of the [illegible]."

[illegible] to [illegible] How many of you [illegible]. [illegible] that's too [illegible] half of [illegible] down at once.

Mrs. Bloosom [illegible] husband who has come home [illegible]—"That's what [illegible]." "No, my dear, it's what [illegible]."

"Well," [illegible], "I [illegible] him with a [illegible] at various times, but this is [illegible]."

At a [illegible] the [illegible] What [illegible] a tenant and [illegible]. The tenant [illegible] a widow [illegible].

Cures by Hypnotism.

A [illegible] professor [illegible] hypnotism [illegible] medical [illegible] and [illegible]. Three [illegible] will be [illegible] and the bone were repaired [illegible] to walk and the [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] the [illegible]. The reason, according to [illegible], is the [illegible] of the [illegible].

[illegible] hypnotism [illegible] a person who has [illegible] will not be [illegible] second operation [illegible]. I do not speak [illegible] always [illegible] cerebral [illegible] shown [illegible] some [illegible] by numerous [illegible] will [illegible] you may [illegible] speedily relieved [illegible] have [illegible] than [illegible]. Hypnotism [illegible] causes of illness, but does not remove them.

Skin-Grafting on a Foot.

The demonstration of skin-grafting was performed on Mr. [illegible] at [illegible] last week. The patient was [illegible] Anderson, whose left foot badly crushed at the [illegible] about two months ago. The skin from the ankle down the [illegible] side of the foot for the space of four or five inches square was torn off and the flesh left exposed. From the leg of Anderson several strips were taken, but not enough to cover the space necessary. Another patient offered to lend Anderson a little section of his cuticle. The offer was accepted and from the patient's arm enough was taken to complete the operation. [illegible] of the six new pieces are growing nicely, and in a short time Anderson will have a skin all over his injured foot.—[Portland Oregonian.