

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep! the Mother says; Heaven's angels kneel and hold their wings...

The Baker of Barnbury.

It was three days before Christmas, and the baker of the little village of Barnbury sat in the room behind his shop...

Christmas! he said to himself, how I should like to see the children...

As he said this he opened his order book and ran his eye over the names...

How he supposed that he was over the list...

He wanted to the end of the village...

He was like to have a fine Christmas, he said to her.

He said to her, 'I shall not have any Christmas this year.'

blanket that I can get to bind. They don't put them on horses, but they have them bound with red, and use them for door curtains...

But haven't the Barnbury folks any more work for you? cried the baker.

Those things they make themselves, answered the widow, but this binding is heavy work and they give it to me.

Did not your husband leave you anything? he asked.

My husband was a sailor, said she, and he went down with his brig, the Misticoe, three years ago...

That night the baker did his Christmas work, and the next day at supper time he went out for a walk.

He is going to skip Christmas, and I am going to skip Christmas, why should you be skin it together?

Now the Widow Monk was a good girl, but she was not a good baker.

As the baker entered the hall man said to the baker.

He went the baker, his head bowed on his breast, the sun shining like a mirror...

evil thing. He knew not where he was going, he knew not what he intended to do, but on he went.

When he had entered and had seated himself before the fire, she said to him: 'Truly, you looked chilled, you need something hot,' and she prepared it for him.

Then the baker began his appointed work, and the heat of the baker's soul as the widow's heart trembled in his own.

'Now said the baker to himself, when I leave this house may the devil take me and right welcome shall he be.'

'You are not a sailor man, quoth the jovial brother, like my old mate, who went down in the brig Misticoe, but my sister tells me you are a jolly good fellow...

The baker told himself of his soul-brothering plight of the day before.

'Now, then,' said he, 'don't you think that by rights I should take all the same?'

'Oh, that will be skinned,' she said, with a laugh, and now go on and make ready for the cakes, pease, and sweetmeats...

Now, said the baker, she said, 'I am going to skip Christmas, and I am going to skip Christmas, why should you be skin it together?'

As the baker entered the hall man said to the baker.

for, some one hastened to meet him. It was the Widow Monk.

'You wicked man, she whispered, you are a quater of an hour late. The parson's waiting.'

'Now said the baker to himself, when I leave this house may the devil take me and right welcome shall he be.'

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LAKE DWELLERS.

Large Villages and Towns Built in the Water.

The Inhabitants Keep Cattle in Pens Beside Their Houses.

Much attention was recently called to the region around Kotonon, on the Gulf of Guinea, near which place several hundred of the woman warriors of the King of Dahomey were killed in battle by the French troops.

On any good map one may see the 'Dahoman waters' near Kotonon. This is the home of these lake dwellers.

The upper ends are secured by cross piers, on which are laid a bamboo flooring, two-thirds or one-half of which is covered in by a house.

These natives are fishermen and also a pastoral people. It is a curious fact that they keep cattle in pens adjoining their houses built on piers over the water like their dwellings.

In some other parts of Africa, particularly in the Congo basin, the habit of dwelling in huts sustained on piers in lakes or rivers is very largely followed, and perhaps a million or two of the people of Africa are still perpetuating the phase of life of which we have relics in the remains of the lake dwellers of the prehistoric era.

According to the New Orleans Times-Democrat it has become very much the style in New York to be religious, or at least to go to church, and the fashionable maidens attend Divine services, as they call it.

A Few Seasonable Maxims. A line that which is evil (Rom. xii. 9). Make a certain contribution for the poor (Rom. xv. 26).

Secure I Away. I declare, I believe the present generation of men are losing all civility and sentiment.

A Patient Man. 'No, Mr. Trotter,' she said firmly, 'I repeat it a thousand times—no!'

Remarkable Echoes.

There are several very remarkable echoes in the world, at Woodstock and at the Sicilian cathedral of Gergenti, where the confessions poured forth near the door to priestly ears were heard by a man concealed behind the high altar at the opposite end.

It is curious that such a spot should have been accidentally chosen for the confessional. The whispering gallery in St. Paul's is another instance of the echo.

But if it should happen that there are a number of reflecting surfaces the echo will be repeated over and over again, as at the lakes of Killarney.

The women in Heligoland are generally speaking, small and gracefully formed and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates.

Each lady, broad-shouldered son, though he may have passed his twentieth birthday, is required to give up at least all his earnings to his father so long as he lives in his father's house.

Why Leaves Change. The green matter in the tissue of the leaf is composed of two colored red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in autumn, and the natural growth of the tree is stopped, oxidation of the iron takes place.

Costly Prayer-Books. According to the New Orleans Times-Democrat it has become very much the style in New York to be religious, or at least to go to church, and the fashionable maidens attend Divine services, as they call it.

The Kaiser as an Outfitter. Regulations have been just issued by the Kaiser as to how the officers of the German Navy may and may not dress themselves.

Glimpse of a School in Persia. Little boys sit on the floor in a stooping position, in a Persian school, studying the Koran, intermingling rocking their bodies, and while loud and singsong voices reading texts in the holy language of the Prophet, of which they probably did not understand one word.

At the Fireside.

For on the hearth the bright flames start And up the smoking chimney rise, How grateful should be sweetheart.

Do you not feel the eloquence of nature here on this gloomy eve? 'No, murmured, 'Yes, he answered, 'No, The inevitable'.

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