

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - 1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.00.

The Song That Silas Sang. Neighbor Silas sang a song Every day his whole life long.

Like the battle drum to me Was that song of victory. Like the bugle's vibrant strain And the wounded and the slain.

BESS TREFOIL'S REWARD

BY ANA RANDOLPH.

It was a clear, frosty February morning, the sun glistering on a mantle of newly fallen snow, the wind whistling merrily around the street corners, and Flora Trefoil made haste to button her well worn jacket and fasten on her black felt hat with the gold-green cock's plume.

"How I do hate to work," murmured she, with a pout of her rose-red lips. "How I wish I were rich, like that swartly-complexioned little Cuban heiress, who orders such luscious dresses of Madame!"

"I don't know," said Bess, coloring a little. "Auntie Nan, I'll bring up some buns for tea, and a pound of crackers. I'm ready now." At Madame Enrico's place time was measured by the clock.

"To-night! Oh," cried Flora, remembering the projected sleigh ride. "I couldn't, possibly." "It must be done," said Madame Enrico, knitting her black eyebrows.

figure. Of course, you'll have to work all night, but she's willing to pay you extra!" Bess opened her dark-gray eyes wide.

"Oh, no," said Flora, uttering the ready lie without blanching. "It's you, this time. And, since you can't go on the sleigh-ride, do you mind my wearing the cherry-colored merino? My crushed-raspberry customer is really getting too shabby to be decent."

"You can't support all the old people in creation," Flora said. "Auntie Nan isn't our real relation after all." "But she brought us up and cared for us when we were little, Flora."

"I shall not be late," said Bess. "I can walk very fast when once we are out. But Auntie Nan has a headache this morning, and I can't leave her with all this to do."

"Auntie Nan is always having headaches," said Flora. "I say, Bess, if we go on that big sleigh-ride tonight, what shall you wear? The red merino? Charles Cotesworth likes red!"

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"I'd be on the town of it if it wasn't for her. Flora wouldn't care nothin' of I was. She thinks old folks ain't no business to exist. Poor Bess! I was dreadful sorry for her last night; she wanted to go on that sleigh-ride awful bad!"

"You can't put no dependence on what Flora Trefoil says," declared she. "She's allays a-tryin' to put other people in the background. I just wish you could 'a' seen Bess cryin' over her work arter you'd all gone away and left her last night!"

"I'm not a miser," retorted Bess. "But I do like to help Auntie Nan a little, and to pay Cousin Thankful Morse's wand at the Old Ladies' Home."

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG. A snowbird sat on a spruce-tree And this is the song that he sang to me—"Open thy heart, little girl, little boy, And think of me all alone."

"The ground is covered with snow and ice, It is so very cold and dreary, For I know you all have got hearts of gold. And are loving and true and kind."

"I don't think this a message for you, Telling you just what you ought to do?" —(Howards.)

A Newfoundland dog was one day sitting on a wooden bridge over a very swift stream discussing a bone when a predatory pig came along and a smart altercation arose over the bone.

TOOT'S ADOPTED FAMILY. Toot came to me one morning with a puzzled and inquiring look in her large beautiful brown eyes.

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A LOCUST PLAGUE.

An Annual Affliction of Australian Agriculturists. Locusts Covering the Ground Four Inches Deep.

In order to check, if possible, the annual plague of locusts that devour the herbage and blast the hopes of graziers, farmers and fruit growers to a greater or less extent in December, the Victorian Government proclaimed November 7 and 8 last as holidays for the selectors and schoolmasters in the rural districts.

People at home can hardly conceive how serious the locust plague is in these colonies. Recently the reports came that the creatures massed themselves so thickly along some of the lines of railways that, although the brakes were shut down, the trains could not be brought to a stand until they had gone half a mile beyond the station.

Where the country presented any depressions it was found impossible to pass with a buggy, and in several favorable localities, such as low-lying lanes, etc., the insects were swarming about in masses some two or three feet deep.

The A-lavering of a Fish. Few things in the world are more curious than the method by which a little fish comes into being.

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THE MAN WHO CANNOT LAUGH.

There are some individuals who really can't laugh. And the chief of the number is the very trying one.

How like a biting frost that chills the roses in their bloom Are some individuals who wear a cloak of gloom?

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper-box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of its neck.

Young lady (to young man who kneel before her)—That's very singular, sir. Young Man—Ah, well, allow me to make it plural?

Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—There is a severe swelling over the region of the heart which must be reduced at once. Patient (anxiously)—That swelling is my pocket-book, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.

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HUMOROUS.

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