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A Song To Love. Life has, for all its wintry ways, its beautiful, sweet yesterday; its memories of the days of old rainbowed in red and regal gold; life has, for all its wintry ways, its beautiful, sweet yesterday!

DEAD AND HALF DEAD.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT LEWIS.

One of those delightful pictures where a giant elm tree, its spreading foliage far above the moss-grown roof of a simple weather-beaten, one-story cottage; before the threshold of which passes the seldom-travelled turnpike.

Sitting under the tree an aged woman. Sightless eyes in the head that never turns; voiceless lips that continually move; dead to all sound the ears that show their thin, transparent outline between faded locks of white.

It may not be sad, nor melancholy, to descend the pathway of life if our senses remain acute; but when the better part of life's unborn companions have deserted us - alas, the misery!

Before this patient woman who was deaf, dumb and blind, sat the lord of this simple manner - Venable Abbott. He was not bowed, nor decrepit, nor had any of his senses deserted him.

Up through the clover field came this purgation of loveliness. By her side a handsome man, one of the campers in the near-by woods - a city elopé well-served.

"Elsie seems very fond of him," said old Venable to himself. "They certainly make a handsome couple. I thought I heard something like a kiss when they parted at the door last night; but I can't trust my ears for sure. I was probably mistaken."

"Elsie went into the house, and handsome Mr. Collingham threw himself languidly upon the grass. Mr. Abbott, hunched, settled back in his chair, folded his hands across his ample stomach and looked inquiringly at his guest.

"Mr. Abbott," began the lover, "you have doubtless observed quite an attachment springing up between your Elsie and myself?"

He paused for some remark; for farmer Abbott was looking far away toward the blue hills. "I am, as you may be aware," he continued, "of the old Collingham family of New York. I am engaged in business with my father. I am an only son. I will inherit his estate, which is very considerable, I may remark. And I have learned to love your Elsie until she is indispensable to my happiness. Briefly, sir, I want your permission to win her for my wife."

est a man as you look, sir, and you'll be good to her, and she tells me she loves you, then she's yours, sir, she's yours! Elsie! Elsie!"

"What is it, papa?"

"Mr. Collingham has asked me to give you to him, Elsie. Do you want to be his wife? Do you love him, Elsie?"

"Yes, papa I love him."

"Elsie, repeat those words, looking at mother. Repeat them as if she were looking at you and could hear what you said."

"Yes, I love him." The words came firmly, and the gaze was unwavering.

The old man arose, crossed to his wife, and laid his hand gently on hers. Instantly she arose and placed her arm on his.

"Mr. Collingham," said old Venable, his voice quivering and his eyes dim, "she is yours. I'll take mother in the house and tell her about it."

It was a dark, stormy night in late winter. Venable Abbott and his afflicted wife had lived alone for two years. Those years had made great changes in both. The mother accustomed to Elsie's touch in the early morning, when the devoted daughter had dressed her for the day, soon declined to rise at all. She failed rapidly. Was it loneliness? Are the deaf and dumb and blind ever otherwise than lonely? She grew pallid; and whenever thoughtful old Venable ran up from the field to press her hands and stroke her brow and make her more ease he always found her in tears.

This had its effect upon the devoted husband; and he watched eagerly for the letters from Mrs. Collingham. When they arrived he placed the perfumed paper and envelope in her hands, and she would carry them to her nostrils and snuffle and crouch over them and bury them under her pillow and weep. There she kept all her daughter's letters, falling into a habit of feeling under her pillow every few minutes. It was her diversion.

This dismal night Venable sat in the old-fashioned kitchen reading his little by the light of a candle. This was his nightly custom before retiring. Suddenly he felt a strange sense of suffocation. He caught at his collar to remove the choking. Then he felt prone by apoplexy and expired in the insensibility of the succeeding few minutes.

In the adjoining room lay the dead, mute and blind partner of his life. She was soundly slumbering, and felt no jar of Venable's falling body.

Morning dawned. A superb equipage, occupied by a handsome man, a lovely woman and a sweet-faced infant, drew up in front of the low cottage, under the great, sighing elm.

Grandpa dead! Grandma half-dead. This it is some lives glide mutely along the tide of life, in some cases bereft of every sensibility at a blow, the useless vessel of clay is abandoned by the vaulting spirit, and it stiffens upon the shore of time. In other cases the disorienting is partial and periodical; and the helplessness of the drifting craft increases, until total wreck becomes a consummation devoutly to be wished. - [Chicago Record.]

The Potato Game.

A novel scheme is being perpetrated on the public by a number of vegetable dealers in St. Louis. The scheme is unique and a paying one, for the city market is no judge of the products peddled off upon him.

Last week marketers were rather surprised to see displayed at the stands what purported to be new potatoes selling at 15 cents a small measure, the measure containing not over a dozen small potatoes. The obliging attendants at the stands, upon inquiry, relieved themselves of the information that the potatoes came from the Bermuda Islands. The customer accepted these statements and purchased lavishly of the delicacy.

"Where are your new potatoes?" asked a reporter yesterday of one of the stand proprietors, whose display was conspicuous by the absence of the new potato.

"New potatoes?" he ejaculated. "There are none in the market at this time of the year."

"But all the other stands have them."

"Oh, I understand what you mean. A man came to me the other day and wanted to sell me a supply of new potatoes. I laughed at him. He then told me that he had a process of taking old potatoes and making them appear as new, and the public would never know the difference. He said that he picked out the smaller and less salable of the old potatoes and buried them for a few days. During this time the eyes began to sprout and the covering became fresh-looking, and when washed resembled new potatoes. When he had completed his story I told him that I respected my customers and would handle none of his goods." - [St. Louis Republic.]

A Coral Reef 1,250 Miles Long.

One of the marine wonders of the world is the great barrier reef of Australia. This stupendous rampart of coral, stretching in an almost unbroken line for 1,250 miles along the northeastern coast of Australia, presents features of interest which are not to be equaled in any other quarter of the globe. Nowhere is the action of the little marine insect, which builds up with mirroring industry these mighty monuments with which the tropical seas are studded, more impressive; nowhere are the wonderful constructive forces of nature more apparent. By a simple process of accretion there has been reared in the course of countless centuries an adamantine wall against which the billows of the Pacific, sweeping along in an unintermitted course of several thousand miles, dash themselves in intellectual fury. Enclosed within the range of its protecting arms is a calm inland sea, 80,000 square miles in extent, dotted with a multitude of coral islets and presenting at every turn objects of interest alike to the unlearned traveler and the man of science. Here may be witnessed the singular process by which the waxy, gelatinous living mass hardens into stone, then serves as a collecting ground for the forams and jetsam of the ocean, and ultimately develops into an island covered with luxuriant mass of tropical growth. Here again, may be seen in the serene depths of placid pools extraordinary forms of marine life, aglow with the most brilliant colors and producing in their infinite variety a bewildering sense of the vastness of the life of the ocean.

Demand for Bananas.

The shipment of bananas for the past year was estimated at 325,000 tons, and valued at \$5,014,000. The industry has steadily grown since the first shipment in 1865, until it has become one of our standard fruits. Its great merit lies in the fact that it can be picked in a green state, and after reaching this country can be artificially ripened as required.

The demand for imported bananas is entirely confined to Americans. To the natives of the tropics the fruit exposed in our markets is a disappointment, as it is entirely lacking in the flavor and richness of that fully matured and ripened before picking. The claim made by some, that instead of losing in flavor the banana actually gains by being gathered when green, would never be made by any one who had ever tasted the fruit ripened naturally. - [New York World.]

A House Warning.

"Will you be down town tonight?" said one department clerk to another.

"No, I'm going to a house warning."

"You don't say so! Whose house is it?"

"Mine. Before I started down town this morning my wife told me she thought I'd better come home early and see about starting a fire in the furnace." - [Washington Star.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My papa says that I'm about as sweet as sweet can be, but why he says a thing like that I really cannot see.

I hated my thumb, and would He'd made a sad mistake. I'm not as sweet as lemonade, nor half as good as cake.

INCIDENT IN A CHILD'S HOSPITAL.

It was always expected that new patients would cry for at least half a day. Emile was a rogue who seemed to take delight in prolonging this period of initiation. He was an Indian boy of three, with large head, big brown half-wondering and half-roguish eyes, and the crookedest legs, which made him waddle like a duck. Once it was noticed that even on the second and third days after admission some children in his ward would be crying for home in the very beginning - a thing explained only when the tricks of this young rascal were discovered. He would watch until all was quiet and the nurse had stepped out of the ward for a minute on some duty, and then would call to the newcomer. "Say, say, don't you want to see 'em niddy?" Whereupon the flood-gates would open once more. - [Harper's Young People.]

PASS IT ON.

Once when I was a school boy going home for the holidays I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwell. I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just money enough to pay my fare; and that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything I needed in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic, and the boat of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth four hours wretchedly ill and just eating for anything when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," I said, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your baggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band on it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation - how that some years before, some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I. As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet any body that needs a friendly hand you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up, and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying - a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep the troublesome tears, as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all I want but a few pence; and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly I dashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, today," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

ODD CHURCH GOING.

A Sunday Scene in a Hawaiian Temple of Worship.

Worshippers of Both Sexes Smoking or Sleeping.

Sunday at the great church, not a chimney to relieve its barn outline, says a Honolulu correspondent of the Boston Transcript. A little girl sits at the entrance smoking a cigar. This entrance is as floorless as if at a circus; the sexton, a Chinaman all joints, is juggling at the church bell. As worshippers enter, the bellringer stops to talk with those who come in, until all social uses and we enter. The plaster walls enclose a large arena. Here is a family in a roomy pew near the door - four children with the mother and father. As the service progresses the children must be amused; a loaf of bread is produced, and while the mother nurses the baby she cuts three slices from the loaf and adds these to the spiritual food which is offered her restless young ones from the pulpit.

Directly below the preacher two old women are seated sideways, confronting each other, their arduously clasping the knees. Each smokes a pipe; as they smoke they nod and yawn. From the congregation loud snores are occasionally heard; two little boys, close by the preacher, skirmish with umbrellas. One of the boys is driven to the wall; the father of the defeated comes from the body of the church and roughly drives away the boy who has discomfited his child. Young men and women stroll down the aisles, or step over the backs of seats to get drinks, sometimes returning with a mug or calabash of water for a friend. A horse thrusts his head through a window and looks quietly upon the audience. However, in spite of these events the main portion of the large assemblage seems undisturbed; the mother with four children produces a rattle, a darning basket to quiet the baby. A woman is seized with headache, she loosens her hair and signals a friend, who crosses to her in bedline, bestriding the backs of the seats, and kneads the muscles of her head in native fashion (don't faint). Posing in his part he is by the way, the only tenor voice in the choir, a young man takes from his pocket a little mirror and a comb, carefully arranges his necktie and combs his hair, standing in full view.

"Look!" cries the preacher, on the top, and with vigorous gestures, "look at these, look at that old bill, there are enough raw fish and taro, while you are complaining of famine? Why doesn't the Lord bring you earthquakes? Oh, you are too lazy! Six to the pot," etc. Turning to me, the only stranger present, he translates this part of the sermon, the interruption being received with equanimity by the people. Suddenly descending he borrows a cap which he holds toward each person in the audience, not excepting his own family, for money on a written promise to bring it next Sabbath, and enters into a discussion of pros and cons, when his parishioners object to giving. The delinquents blush and stammer with native grace; a few young men who attempt to slip away from their obligation are checked by a brisk turn of the minister's spectacles; he forces back change upon such as give beyond his approval; the little ones who have brought a knut are praised and thanked. A father guiding his children through good man lives in their confidence and love.

A Customer Secured.

A young man in a dry-goods store in Boston was endeavoring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style, and the man seemed inclined to take them, says an exchange.

When the goods had been examined and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer inquired: "Are these goods the latest style?"

The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods, and it appeared evident that it he said they were the latest style the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied:

"They are not the latest style of goods, but they are a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later styles, and said: "I will take those of the older style, and some of the new, also. Your honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place."

The man not only sold his goods and kept a good conscience, but he

My Neighbor's Garden.

My neighbor's garden is full of weeds, and he only lets them grow. When the wind is right it will blow their seeds.

Over into mine, I know. For days and weeks I have watched them there. And wished he would clear them out. He should give his garden better care. Oh, what can he be about?

Why proclaim that thy neighbor's plot? Hath the garden plot no weeds? And have they not reached a goodly height. What thou hast learned another's needs? I will take all the time thou hast to give. To keep thine own garden clear. Work, or the weeds of its weeds may live. To grow in my garden near. Warner W. Price in Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

"Hard luck!" To windward. A man cannot save time by stopping his watch. The sculptor is a man who can always forge a lead in the world. When the captain of a yacht gets on a port tack he ought to have his shoes on.

A Washington woman threw a hoop at an organ man. Of course it was wicked. The shoe-leather is one man who makes nothing by having his foot-wear half-sold. He fears no foe as power of man. He wants no more to make his money. But, goodness gracious, how he fears his best girl's little brother.

When the hands of a clock are arrested they stop doing time. It is quite different with a man. Fond Father: "What was the gist of her father's remarks on your proposal, my son?" Son: "Gilt."

Our idea of a rash, foolhardy youth is one who will dare to read out loud in the presence of a school teacher. Lady: "What earthly use is that 'off' clock?" "It is going at east to day." Lady: "Give me 50 yards."

The fat man who imagines he is growing stouter gives himself a weigh when he steps on a Fairbanks' platform. A man named Oyster in Iowa has been arrested for embezzlement. Of course he is in a stew over the outcome.

One mother is in a corner - A woman's nose is her hair. But not when through the night it hangs. I own a bedroom chair. "Was there anyone to blame for Downer's hanging, house?" "No." "Clearance of his own free will and accord."

The average young man never knows just as much as he thinks he does, but he doesn't usually draw a salary to correspond. Judge: "Haven't I seen you before somewhere?" Prisoner: "I shouldn't wonder. I have been in some other places in my time."

When a man advertises that he wants to buy a "safe" horse for his wife to drive, he means one that will not cost more than \$20. The children of the Antitaki Islands are born with the left leg an inch shorter than the right. Let them move to America and have a walk.

Sophisticated: "They say that one should always strive to get into company that is better than one's self." George: "By your case that would be impossible." The equine and the human man. A wide, wide and soft seat. The lady's always on the beat. The former hardly ever.

Grandfather who has just sold fancy sportswear, some cartridges: "You'll remember the place, sir, when you come back, sir, for we sell all kind of fresh game." Mr. Huggins: "I Miss Fossilie still no silent at your society for the same reason of slang, Miss Skiddle." Miss Skiddle: "No, she got too fresh and we turned her down."

She: "You see all this talk about hoop skirts coming back again has died out." He: "Yes. The women have been comprised by putting the hoops in their sleeves." "Why should a soldier never lose his head in battle?" asked a German captain of a private soldier. "Because if he did he wouldn't have any place to put his helmet on."

Papa says every state has a political ring, and I guess it's so, because the geography shows it. "In what way?" "The towns are all represented by dots, but the state capital is always a dot with a ring around it." An elderly parliament, moving deftly and shrewdly as a cat, was disturbed by the well-intentioned but blundering manner of the new, young serving-man. "Oh, Dennis! I wish you were not so green!" With a significant look he replied: "Tis better to be green than withered."

Author of "Maryland, My Maryland."

James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," is now connected with the office of the senator's sergeant-at-arms. He is a welcome visitor to the press galleries of the senate and occasionally writes clever letters to his home newspaper; but it is difficult for a stranger in meeting him to conceive that he was the author of that world-famous battle-song, with its fire and spirit. Mr. Randall receives requests from all over the English speaking world for autograph copies of his song. - [Chicago Herald.]

Her Ideal.

Ada: "No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal." Ella: "What sort of man is her ideal?" Ada: "A man who will propose." - [Pack.]

Quick but Seldom.

Mrs. Watts: "Goodness! man, aren't you afraid you will ruin your digestion by eating at such a rapid rate? You ought to eat more slowly." Hungry Higgins: "I may not eat slow, mam, but I eat mighty seldom." - [Indianapolis Journal.]