

The Chatham Record.

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How Is It?

It is an axiom, in both ways, in every body's hand. To meet in need, a friend indeed, and cheer a brother's hand!

LED BY A CHILD.

Not many years ago there lived in a small town in Yorkshire an old maid who was known throughout the district as the cheese-cake maker.

Mary wrote to "Walker," asking him to call and see her if he were really the father of Elsie.

A few days later she received a visit from the man who had eaten the dozen cheese-cakes.

"I was in great trouble," he said, "I had just lost my wife, the little one's mother, and I had been a long time out of work."

"I had no relatives who would take charge of her," asked Mary, in whose mind there could be no greater crime than the desertion of a child.

"I had the misfortune to marry a woman of whom I know nothing and who turned out to be a drunkard."

"I should prefer it to be a girl," she explained to an old friend, "the eggs then I could teach her to make cheese-cakes, and that would be something to her."

When she was once more alone, busy with her knitting, Mary recalled the time when James had pleaded for her hand, and she had replied that she could not marry a drunkard.

Her friends talk about Rae and find it strange that she should have married to him and that he was harsh and cruel to her.

On going to open her shop door Mary heard a wailing outside as of a little babe, and found one there wrapped up in an old shawl.

It was a comely little thing of about eight or nine months old apparently. There was no scrap of anything to indicate whence it came, or to whom it belonged, except the word "Elsie" on one of its garments.

Mary thought the little creature was a present from heaven, and though she made diligent inquiry to discover, if possible, who were its parents she was glad when no one could be found to own her.

Slowly Elsie approached him. Then turning to Mary, he asked if he might give her the cake.

"Yes," she replied, "there is nothing in it to hurt her."

The man watched the little one eat it, bending on one knee the while. Then he arose and said:

"She's a little beauty, ma'am, and I've no doubt as intelligent as she is pretty."

About a week later Mary saw the same man hanging about just after dusk. When he perceived that he was observed, he walked away.

This happened again a week or two later, and she feared the man intended to carry off her darling.

When she had conveyed secretly to a friend in a village a few miles away.

Mary did not see the man again, and was in hourly dread lest he should find out where the child was and manage to kidnap her.

At length she received a letter bearing a Hull address, asking her if she would give up Elsie to her father on payment of the charges for which she had been put for her keep.

The letter was signed "Thomas Walker."

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to woman's father? Other little boys and girls' fathers and mothers live in the same house. Who don't you and mamma?"

Neither could answer. The tears welled up into their eyes and emotion checked utterance.

They had brought very near together in a common sorrow, and the love of the old days, strengthened and purified by suffering, had renewed itself.

No word was spoken between them, however, no answer was given to Elsie's question. But a fortnight later, when Rae sent word that he should be coming to see his beloved Elsie on the Sunday morning, and that he intended to leave the town at a little way-side station a couple of miles from the town.

Mary, who seemed to guess his wish, and went through the fields by the most direct route.

Over the meadows came the distant sound of a train, and Mary knew that in a few minutes James Rae would be with them.

Elsie saw the first to catch sight of his tall figure. She ran toward him with arms of delight, and Mary crossed and followed her.

A quiet smile lighted up Rae's face as he saw her.

"I thought I should find you here, Mary."

"I thought you would expect me," she returned.

"Let us sit down for a minute or two in the old days' till Elsie has completed her lesson," he said.

When little Elsie returned with her hands as usual as they would hold, she found both father and mother with wet, though gleaming eyes.

They had taken up the thread of love, where it had been broken off at that spot years before, and had resolved in her memory with Elsie's wish to have her mother and father as one.

It is only a few weeks ago since they were married at the parish church, when all the town turned out to see the happy ending of the "Old Maid's Romance."

A Monkey's Dread of Snakes.

Of snakes, large or small, Bob has always stood in abject terror. It is his field and the snake is his field near him, he looks pitifully in the face of his keeper, and sometimes, more in sorrow than in anger, he will bite if he is not let go.

At one time a snake in a paper bag was shown him. When the paper bag was thrown left near him, he would furtively approach and open it to peep a moment at the thing inside, and then retreat again, muttering, only to approach for another peep when he had summoned sufficient courage.

A live alligator was placed on the table by his side. This he looked at with a great deal of interest, finally taking it in his hands, with many precautions. When he saw how firm it was, he laid it down and lost all interest in it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? "What do you think of the little boy who said 'I don't care' as I walk about? Can't you do anything about it?"

THE BEACH. "The beach is a fine place, and I have seen many people there. It is a good place for a walk, and I have seen many people there."

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A KANSAS HORROR.

Frightful Fate of a Newly Married Couple.

Killed by Serpents on Their Wedding Night.

A popular (Kansas) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic gives an account of the shocking death in Cherokee county of August Schrader and wife by serpents' poison.

Mr. George Higgins, a commercial traveler, was one of a party of hunters, consisting, besides himself, of two trappers, A. M. McPherson, Sheriff James C. Babbs, A. F. Zapp, and W. E. Spier, all of Cherokee, Kas.

The cabin was less than 100 yards from the demands of the old man Schrader and had been newly built on the latter's farm for the occupancy of the young couple.

Hardly had the company party retired to their tent when about 2 o'clock, they were aroused by calls for help from old man Schrader.

Upon investigation it appeared that the fireplace had been built in close proximity to a sort of cavern in the bluff in which the reptiles had habited.

The Maoris believed like men and heroes, some of them taking a double turn in the carrying, when, from excessive fatigue, their white coverings were torn to shreds.

Not Measured by Feet.

The following incident I heard related at a recent banquet. Captain Wynne, of Rhode Island, was then He is a venerable looking, but lively old gentleman with white hair flowing down over his forehead and with a few remaining that of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Have you a heart to love me?" she inquired of the pale clerk in the music store.

several yards of the bluff and exposed the serpents' den, in which no less than 100 snakes of all varieties, from the harmless blacksnake to the copperhead and rattlesnake, were found in a torpid state and slaughtered.

Roaring of Baby Elks.

"One of the most interesting sights that I saw in the Yellowstone Park this summer," said a tourist, "was a small herd of baby elks. The little animals wouldn't let strangers touch them, but to their keeper they were tame and cuddling as young puppies."

They licked his hands and face and played around him like excited babies. The keeper said he was tending them for the Government's biological department at Washington.

"We are obliged," the keeper sometimes, to handle the little elks with the utmost care and kindness. No animal is more sensitive than they are, and if I should cuff or slap one of them as I would a dog I could never see it again or make any progress with it."

While the keeper was saying this he held a little four-footed pupal and held around him, licked his clothing, stuck their noses toward his face, and showed the most remarkable affection for him.

Faithful Maoris.

That was a touching story told to the papers the other day about the accident in the Matahina, twenty-four miles from Opoitiki. A party were clearing bush, when a European got his leg broken.

And an incident which I have heard related shows how much of the heroism there is in the nature of the Maori.

Not Measured by Feet.

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"Have you a heart to love me?" she inquired of the pale clerk in the music store.

What Love Is. Love is folly - Love is hate - Let us dwell with Love - He's a cheat of low estate - He's a cheat of low estate - Piping reed in streaming flow - Loved to lose his name is Love!

Humorous. "Time will tell" on a thirty days' note. The cat is a nautical animal. She loves a yard. No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.

Humorous. "You're the biggest fool I ever knew." "Mind - You forget yourself, man!" "I would it if I could." "My wife is the dearest little woman on earth." "Alas! - How much does she cost you?"

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