

The Chatham Record.

The Voice in the Storm.
Not always under calm and sunny skies
The Lord hath most to show, though we seek him there.

THE DUKE'S PARDON.

In the year 1476 the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, was besieged by Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, a warrior of the most heroic daring, but whose hot and irritable temper often drove him to commit acts of wanton cruelty.

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pression on the minds of her listeners. Fresh courage was instilled into men and women, and no one spoke of surrender.

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them to take his life and spare her gray-haired father.

Charles hesitated long as to how he should decide; he was quite ignorant of whom he had before him, for no word had fallen during their strife which could betray their rank.

"Mighty Duke, do not hesitate as to which of us you shall condemn to death. I will give up to you the man who has so raised your vengeance, for whom so many brave citizens must die.

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A LOON'S DEVOTION.

Efforts of the Parent Bird to Save its Young.

A Wonderful Exhibition of Courage and Sagacity.

In August 1893, while canoeing on Lake Sebago with Prof. W. A. Robinson of Roxbury, Mass., we witnessed a wonderful exhibition of devotion, courage and sagacity of a male loon.

Retaining to the surface, we noticed the little fellow, generally four or five feet behind his mother, but he would quickly pounce and grasping her tail would give a little spring, while the mother would aid his efforts by a flit of her tail, and in less than a second he was on her back again.

For about five minutes we watched the birds beating back and forth and showing contentedly, doubtless fearing that we would block their passage into the lake, the outlet being very narrow, when father loon suddenly dove, and passing under the canoe, emerged some fifteen rods beyond us in the lake, calling our attention from his family by a loud scream.

First diving into the water, he arose some five feet distant, then leaping into the air about four feet, and again diving when he reached the water, he described a series of cycloidal curves, having a base of about five feet, and uttering a loud scream each time he left the water.

Turning, he repeated the same manœuvres in an opposite direction, coming very near the boat. At last he turned on his side and uttered cries which grew fainter and fainter until all motion ceased, and he lay still as if dead.

When we ceased to follow he returned in the same manner, until our compassion got the better of our curiosity, and we withdrew so as to leave the mouth of the bay unguarded, but stopping near enough to see the outcome of the matter.

As soon as he saw the coast clear, our gallant bird so recently in mortal extremity, holding his great green head high in the air, quickly rejected his note, entering her previous charge. It was most affecting to see the mutual embraces by rubbing their necks and heads together, and the little one did not fail to receive a goodly share.

Angry body named Mrs. Summerfield has been crazed by the awful experience through which she went a few nights ago. Mrs. Summerfield is the mother of a wheat farmer living in Vermont, Tex., and has been ill for some time with a throat trouble which has nearly destroyed her voice.

FEARS OF THOUGHT.

A white lie early bursts the liar, Cupid dehumanized is no angel.

Without are not as romantic as they seem. Hope is a necessity, not a luxury. Hope is the gas in the balloon of ambition.

Beauty speaks the same language to all people. The tone of note is one who never pays his debt. He who says wild oats is not apt to trap game ones.

We say on tombstones what we do not say to the men's lives. The holiest man is never the one who boasts of his holiness. If brass were gold the check of some men would be worth a fortune.

A wedding wife is just as beautiful to look upon as a shambling husband. Plenty of men who keep their hogs but keep their minds most awfully lean. The corker over the lay of the law is a great deal more malicious than the average American than the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Made by Thunderbolts. In the museums of nearly all the large colleges you will see what appear to be sandy petrified trees, much resembling branches of trees. You may conclude that these are the remains of forest monsters that grew in a far away geological age, but if you will take the trouble to ask your guide, or better still one of the professors, who are always handy, he will tell you a queer story, one, in fact, that "smacks of the marvelous."

Francis Galton has collected some interesting facts in regard to the effect of athletics and improved physical conditions during the last forty years on the physique of the middle classes. Mr. Galton gives instructive evidence of the amelioration of the upper and middle class. When he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, from 1840 to 1844, although but five feet one and three-fourths inches in height, he was taller than the majority of his fellows.

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THE SWING.

Baby and I in the swing— Now we go up and now we go down, With never a fear and never a frown, A cheer and a laugh as the wind shakes the curls.

Baby and I in the swing. From the sky down to the flowers, Sunshine and gladness filling the hours. Dear little hands holding fast as we ride, Content both as she sits by my side.

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HUMOROUS.

Quite Unnecessary—The "Quite." Brought to Bay—The incoming steamer. Has its webbing features—The money lender's trade.

Has its webbing features—The money lender's trade. Many a romantic maiden looks for her knight in the daylight. The work of a week in a big hotel necessarily covers a wide range.

The best remedy for a discarded lover is to walk him through a female seminary. Another proof that life is a conundrum is that everybody eventually gives it up.

The grip microbes is supposed to have started on its mission in the lodgerium. A frantically child in the street, cries a poor fellow, "the crying shame" as the law flows.

Miss Olive—Oh, how I could love the man who loved me, Miss Kenne—So could anybody. "Poor Emma! She has so much to live for." "Yes, they say her husband's life is insured for \$50,000."

It was a dollar. Every time we spoke. Meanly of another. No one would be broke. The minutiae which are constantly being found at Cairo evidently belonged to the First Families of Egypt.

Ethel—Jack Jollyboy is very imprudent. He attempted to kiss me last night, Chrissie—Imprudent! I should call him crazy. "What did you do when Miss Beliefeld refused you?" "I wrote a poem about her."

"What a revengeful creature you must be!" "Colling—Say, Tillinghast, didn't you tell me that Miss Elderkin was an artist?" Tillinghast—No; I said she was a work of art.

Mrs. Hushley—Have you tried the coffee this morning, Mr. Crossgram? Mr. Crossgram—Yes, indeed, and it has proved an abject. "How do you know she is plain-looking?" "You haven't seen her."