

The Chatham Record.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal rates will be made.

The Never-Ending Song. The music of the birds which filled the woods with melody...

THE GOLD FLORIN.

From the Lido to the Riva degli Schiavoni, the Lagoon lay like a mirror, shimmering and iridescent...

Upon the canals, the silent gondolas glided, swanlike, swaying to the melodious chant of the gondoliers...

John Edward MacG—, earl, lord, peer of England, and possessor of an entire county in Scotland...

He was a handsome youth, this Lord MacG—, tall, a blond of reddish hair, with tender, kind eyes of serene blue...

Bored, like many of his compatriots, who call the melancholy produced in them by the fogs of the Thames their spleen, John Edward had closed his great house in Oxford street and come to Venice...

For eight days he had visited with enthusiasm—English enthusiasm—all the museums, churches, canals, galleries, in short, every place suggested by his guide...

Now, here he rested, motionless and interested, in the middle of the Giant's Stairway, watching a little girl, a child of seven years, her eyes red and swollen with weeping...

Lord MacG— mechanically descended a step, the child came nearer and finding herself encouraged, whispered with a breaking voice...

"Charity, signor, in the name of Christ, the Saviour."

The Englishman, moved in spite of himself by this prayer, so like a command, took a handful of change and offered it to the child, who refused it almost angrily...

"No," said she, "and her voice became shrill and fierce—"I must have a gold florin."

John Edward, despite his unaffected indifference, could not repress an exclamation of surprise.

"A gold florin!" he repeated, staring with his great, mild eyes, into the sad ones of the little girl.

"To bury my mother, signor, who is dead."

and truth. In the top of a miserable house, a dead body lay, awaiting burial, waiting to be carried to its last home—six feet of earth—awaiting the prayers for the dead.

It was that of a respectable, brave widow, whom sickness, poverty, hard work and despair had killed before her time; for she had implored Providence to grant her to live until she might rear her child to womanhood.

John Edward knelt with a quiet simplicity by the dead woman; then inquiring regarding the formalities to be observed; attended to all with lavish generosity; and the following day, with uncovered head, walking in the midst of the common crowd of people, accompanied the mother to her last resting-place.

"What is your name?" "Carita, signor."

"Then the English lord said in a low voice: "Would you like to be my little daughter?"

The child looked earnestly at him for an instant before answering; then suddenly, bursting into tears, she threw herself into his arms, open to receive her.

"Yes, yes, signor," she sobbed.

Lord MacG— returned to London, accompanied by Carita, and without delay proceeded to turn upside down his grand old mansion, fancying it unsuitable to shelter the childish charms of the Venetian orphan.

His whole life was changed. It seemed as though a ray of the Italian sun had entered his heart with the affection which he felt for the child, and which daily grew greater and deeper.

John Edward was rarely seen at the clubs, gambled no more, fled from society of every kind, neglected Eton, and even forgot his name in the House of Lords.

For six months Lord MacG— had realized that he was forty years old, and that his ward had reached her nineteenth year.

"My dear child," he said to her, "you are old enough to think of marriage, and from to-day we must consider seriously this grave question; so prepare yourself, for in a short time I shall present you to Her Majesty, the Queen, who will be glad to take you under her gracious protection."

The voice of this most honorable gentleman trembled a little as he uttered these words, but his face was calm and smiling.

"I do not wish to marry," she said.

"Because," she replied, lowering her eyes, heavy with sadness.

Carita straightened herself and looked him firmly in the face, with the bold modesty of an innocent heart.

"How! How you, Carita, as a father, as a— He never finished, a change came over him, the innermost recesses of his heart were revealed to him, and in their depths he read a sentiment so wonderful, so profound that he was frightened.

"That is not enough," murmured the young girl, becoming very pale.

"What!" cried the earl, "you could—you would allow me—"

said she, "for I have sworn to myself never to have any husband save you."

Five months ago Lord MacG— married his beloved adopted daughter, who wore to the church, as her only ornament, a gold florin—the florin given her by John Edward on the Seal of Giganti, and which had never left her since.

They had been in Paris for a week, and I saw them yesterday at the opera, and upon my honor their happiness was so wonderful that one was filled with the desire to imitate their example.—[Romanian.]

When Pianos Get Out of Sorts. "Sometimes a piano gets sick," said an expert tuner.

"My experience," as a sausage maker had made me thoroughly acquainted with the traffic in horse flesh.

Henry Bosse, the proprietor of this unique establishment, was born in Belgium in 1863. His father was a celebrated butcher of that place and Mr. Bosse learned the business in the parental establishment.

"My experience," as a sausage maker had made me thoroughly acquainted with the traffic in horse flesh.

"Where do your supplies come from?" he was asked.

"Consignments reach me from Philadelphia, Newark, Lancaster, Penn., and of course, New York and Brooklyn. I buy nothing but good healthy horses. Two veterinary surgeons inspect all my stock."

"In Belgium horse meat forms the chief concomitant of many of the delicacies eaten by the wealthy classes.

"Do you believe that horse meat will ever become an article of food in the United States?"

"It is hardly likely," said Mr. Bosse "so long as we have a plentiful supply of good beef and pork."

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EQUINE ABATTOIR.

Where Horses Are Slaughtered for Human Food.

The Practitioners of Hippophagy Reside in Europe.

On the outskirts of Mespeth, Long Island, stands a big frame building which has a history of peculiar interest.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Wide-awake boys and girls are generally fond of making scrapbooks of pictures or stories.

The funny papers are great sources of revenue to the little girl and make some very amusing pages in the cut book.

Prima Donna—Using only English words, Manager—Never mind; no one will need to know it.

"The hard times make very little difference to me," remarked a line dealer; "my business is always slack."

"So he's going to marry Miss Goldbird, eh? What sort of a racket did he work?" "Temis, I understand."

Jagson says his neighbor's daughter, who is learning the piano, cannot be accused of fraudulent practices—"It's all sound."

There are men who say that the pretty bicyclist should not be unrecognized as the daughter of the revolution.

For an example of pure and unadorned contentment, take a barber's opinion of the young man who is growing a full beard.

Mockton: Why did the policeman club Vikes? Boughtart: For getting in his way when he was getting away from a fight.

Mabel: Do you not think Mr. De Little a man of small endowments? Grace:—Perhaps; but I'm sure of one thing—his a big boy.

De Toop: Isn't it rather late for you to go home alone? Tottie: You bet! Mamma would never forgive me if I came home alone.

Her coffee is very sweet and clear, Melancholia and I, And all she said I loved to hear, I can't tell you more.

"Aunt, what do they call the man who hunts up the taxes?" Aunt Sarah: Taxidermist, of course, because he skins everybody.

Dozeleigh: Why do you insist upon the new pastor being a fat man? Dewey Broadside: Because fat men are generally short-winded.

Sands:—He may be worth a million, but he is about the windiest old blowhard I ever saw. Briv:—Yes, a sort of million-air in motion.

Mrs. Hudson: I am so much interested in the poor. Mrs. Shimmer:—Indeed? Mrs. Hudson: Yes, I read all I can find about them.

Mrs. White:—Your husband is a most remarkable man. Nothing seems to escape him. Mrs. Black:—That's because he isn't a detective.

"You ought to be ashamed, Arthur; you annoyed your aunt so much that she has left us." "I don't say; I only like distant relatives, my love."

Doctor (to servant girl)—Well, now what is your particular affection? Servant girl (childishly)—Please sir, he's a charmer player.—[Journal Amusement.]

Rose: I think I'll say yes. It's better to marry a man you respect than one you adore. Dolly:—But it's so much easier to love than to respect them.

Government Pawnbroking in France.

The government has a monopoly of pawnbroking in France, the institution being called Month-de-Piete.

The capital is not supplied by the state, but is borrowed on the national credit by issuing bonds.

The director has just borrowed \$12,000,000 for use during 1894. The money is advanced on all manner of security, not less than 60 per cent. of the value is loaned, and the rate of interest is far less than American small usurers charge.

Good for Tau. Lemon juice, also horse-radish, is recommended for tau, but a more speedy remedy is magnesia, wet with clear rain water; stir to a thick mass; spread on the face and let remain two or three minutes; wash off with castile soap and tepid soft water, rinsing thoroughly.

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Be My Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart, When birds are on the wing, When love and but and budding bloom Bespeak the birth of spring;

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart, When the meadow golden glow Of earth adorns with the glorious blush Of sweet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart, Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart, As into the moon we go.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart, When fall the lustrous year, When fruit and wine of true and vine Give us their harvest cheer, O sweetheart, be my sweetheart, For winter it draws near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart, When the year is white and old, When the fire of youth is spent, forsold, And the hand of age is cold, Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart, Till the year of our love be told! Eugene Field.

HUMOROUS.

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