

The Chatham Record.

"Book of Ages."

"Book of Ages, oh! for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"
Sung the lady, soft and low.

Yet she sang, as oft she had,
When her thoughtless heart was glad;
Sung because she felt alone.

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that instant felt
Merry, in heaven's book there,

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang so sweetly there,
That a voice had reached a soul

THE OLD TIN CAN.

It was the strangest set of circum-
stances almost as though it had
been planned out beforehand, as in-
deed, perhaps it was.

You see, on one side of the town
was the little cabin in which lived
Simon Greer.

Such a wretched little old cabin as
it was! The ridge of the roof had
green away, and the roof itself had

Altogether, man and horse seemed
a very good match. Both had out-
lived their usefulness and their re-
spectability.

More than that, when the old man
crept out into the light of day, as he
did sometimes when he was forced to
do so, he was so blind that he blinked

Simon Greer and his old horse were
on one side of the town, where the
rugged suburb and the ragged coun-
tryside were neither town nor country,

Nearly everybody, that is, away
at the other side of the town was a
pretty young girl, who called out
pitifully to the wretched dog, which

And in a little while Minnie Lee, to
whose tender sympathies no suffering
creature ever appealed in vain, had
coaxed the vagabond to believe in her

window so delightfully as that curtain
of green leaves. And yet Mrs. Lee
had her anxieties. Poverty brings
them in abundance, you may be sure,

"If I could have gone to school
just one more year, mamma, I could
have been advanced enough to teach,"

"But you couldn't go, Minnie, and
I wouldn't worry. A way will be
opened if you'll only wait."

Ray had his mother's cheerful spirit;
yet even he was very silent sometimes
during these sessions of what he called

So, there they were—the Lees on
one side of the town and old Simon
Greer on the other—a whole world

But it came to pass one day that
the old horse was thrown open, and
men went in with exclamations of pity

In spite of barred door and boarded
window death had gone and proclaimed
him. There was an inquest and a
pauper funeral in the paster's field,

"Crossed the crater was, I would
have been friendly with 'em if he would
let me," said Mrs. McGuire to her

There was no need of a log-chain to
pull 'em and Dennis inside of it, and
the 'em were even then having lots of

"There's a dog! Let's catch 'em
and tie 'em to his tail!" cried
Mike. "Here, doggie, doggie!"

Flattered by these gentle attentions,
the dog came in, wagging his tail.
Within two minutes Dennis was holding

What memories were afterward con-
nected with that poor dog's flight
through the town, who shall say?
Boys shouted and threw stones at him

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He took up the can and bent back
the lid, which had been almost out
off at first, and then pressed back to
close the opening. An exclamation of
surprise startled his mother and sister,

Money! Yes, money, lots of it, all
in big bills! And there was also a
queer looking paper, which the boy
soon made out to be the will of the old

And that is how good fortune came
from the old house on one side of
the town to the flower-covered cottage on
the other—in an old tin can tied to a

How Silver is Refined.
An employe of the Philadelphia
mint says in the New York Sun: "Our
visitors never tire of seeing silver dis-

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TESSIE'S LAWN PARTY.

"I am going to have a lawn party,"
announced Tessa Cuno, one hot July
morning.

"Where will it be?" asked Fran-
ziska.

"Up here was a triangular tin roof,
three stories above the street, where
Mamma Cuno and Mamma Schmelz-

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UNCLE SAM'S MINTS.

Some Curious Facts About Our
Coinage Shops.

An employe of the Philadelphia
mint in an interview with a New
York Sun reporter says: "I suppose
you know how to tell where any

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flags fluttering side by side from the
hand-bars, cheer after cheer arose
from the ranks, and even the Govern-
nor and his party doffed their caps in

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A Lover's Fancy.
O, I would be the sunbeam
That makes thy chamber bright,
Or I would be the lily bud
Amid thy looks at night;

Humorous.
Laid up—Bird's Eggs.
A Disagreeable Time—"Ninety days
after date," etc.

It is better to have one hand on a
postoffice than both eyes on a foreign
mission.

There are people who say they
would like to do good, who don't smile
once a week.

When a theatrical manager's receipts
come in thick and fast, he
blisses his stars.

Vanity is a poison that makes its
victim as cold as an iceberg as soon as
it touches the heart.

"And she didn't change counten-
ance?" "No; there was no time to
return to her bonnet."

Clara—Would you accept an apology?
Mamma—Yes, anything, if it
only looked like a man.

Higgs—Higgs is prospering, isn't
he? Hater—Oh, yes, he's got now to
where he can see his butcher.

Mrs. Gorton—Are you interested in
psychical matters? Mr. Duncer—Oh,
yes! I spend half my time on a wheel.

She—Do you see much in this gown
today? He (ignificantly)—Not much,
but what there is I admire very
greatly.

Grandpa—Well, Johnnie, did you
have anything to do the last day of
school? Johnnie—Yes; I had to stay
in at recess.

Never do anything you are ashamed
of. You can never know just the
kiddie end may be getting a snapshot
at you any time.

A Harlem dentist is said to have a
small boy sit in his office who yells at
the top of his lungs occasionally. It
leaves an air of business to the estab-
lishment.

Coro—Don't you think Mr. Bacon's
heart is in the right place? Clara—
Yes, unless papa leaves the dog un-
chained; then he says it gets up into
his mouth.

White—I wonder that Gray should
think of marrying that woman. She
is not on speaking terms with her own
mother. Black—Perhaps that is why
Gray marries her!

She (spontaneously)—I don't care if you
are captain, you needn't devote all
your time to drilling your company.
He—But, my dear, a captain is known
by his company he keeps.

She—George, on thinking it over,
I've come to feel sure that I was the
one to blame in our quarrel. He—
Yes, dear. She (tearfully)—Oh, you
think so, do you? Who told you so
much?

Crabbed Old Maid (sarcastically)—I
don't suppose there is another lady
like that in the world. Young Mother—
Oh, yes, there is! I left the
other one of the town at home with
mother.

Young wife—Gracious! Look here,
follow your dog has run off with a
whole sponge cake I left outside to
cool. Tramp—Don't fret, mamma. That
dog's stronger than he looks. He kin
eat most anything.

A horrible suspicion of cannibalism
hangs about the following advertise-
ment in an evening contemporary:
"Wanted a good girl to cook, and one
who will make a good roast or broil
and will stew well."

Young Fastid—I thought you
told me this horse was without fault?
Stableman—So O! did, sir. Young
Fastid—Well, I notice one of his
eyes is blind. Stableman—That's not
his fault; it's his misfortune.

Young man (enthusiastically)—This
is an age of progress. Old man (pity-
ingly)—Progress! Nonsense! The
world is going backward, sir. Why,
sir, in my young days even the monthly
magazines came out six weeks
ahead of time—yes sir.

"Talk about lawyers," said the en-
thusiastic man, "there are mighty few
of them can hold a candle to old man
Groathead. Why, that man has legal
knowledge by the barrel!" "By the
barrel!" exclaimed the cheerful idiot,
"I thought he always sold it by the
cane."