

# The Chatham Record.

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## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## A SISTER'S STORY.

The song birds are flying,  
And sunflowers are blooming;  
No more their glad songs we hear,  
The gardens are lonely,  
Crys-sundown-sings only.

Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are biting,  
The former prairies,The buckskins are yellow,  
And after her.The woods will look bare,  
Without all their crimson and gold.The loud winds are calling,  
The ripe nuts are falling;

The squirrel now gathers his store,

The bears have all begun,

Will soon sit,

go simple, till all is over.

Jack Frost will come out,

The little birds are gone,

The snow clouds are up in the sky,

All ready for snowfall,

Dear Autumn gone,

We bid her adieu—good-bye.

Yours truly,

Dotty.

THE NEW WARFARE.

The struggle between China and Japan is being watched closely by military men all over the world, as it is the first war tested in rapidity of the new invention for fighting. The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, whom you see marching through the streets on festival days, would have to learn the tactics of warfare if they went to meet an enemy now, though only thirty years have passed since our civil war, in which they first wore the uniforms.

And many a soldier, even though he was young, fought with six feet odd inches and brand proportionately, as the miserable prisoner stumbled out and stood cowering before them. "What are you doing here?"

"Old clothes in exchange for china vases," he faintly stammered.

"Then what are you doing with our silver milk-pot and tea-kettle in your coat pocket?" demanded Rankin.

"And what the Jerusalem business has you a-prowling round and scaring the women-folks?" said Miles Ruggles, smiling vacantly to the bout. "Here, Rankin, I'll get up the old one-hoss wagon you'n'st got the shay an' sent the fellow off to Justice Gillis' hand. He'll settle him in quick time. I'll tell ya what. Just tie the fellow's hands and make him all ship-shape. That's all I ask of you!"

With a quickglimpse of inspiration, she advanced toward the shoulderless fellow with the sinister face.

"There are some old garments in that big chest," said she. "You may look at them. Perhaps they will be what you want."

The eyes of the sinister man, who had by this time reached the top of the stairs, glistened. He promptly advanced, and bending over the side of the monstrous chest, peered into its depths.

"Most anything'll work in my trap," said he. "I ain't no way particular, because—"

Now was Dotty's time. As he bent over, within least two thirds of his body in the old-chest, she sprang smartly forward and bulldogged the other third into the study recesses.

The trap dropped like a huge overgrown kitten into the flamed blue lotas. In a instant Dotty had the lid shut down, and had turned the key.

"Now Ev'rybody!" said Dotty, all triumphant, though deydeyed. "Oh, you kick and pound all that you like, but you'll not get out until Rankin and Rankin are here!"

And flying down stairs she seized the old tin horn and blew a blast which echoed over hill and dale.

Rankin, swinging his scythe, stopped to listen. Rankin dropped his scythe, and Miles Ruggles, the hired hand, cried out:

"Shame-some! it ain't twelve o'clock yet!"

"There's something up, anyhow!" cried Rankin, making a grasp at the iron end which hung on the nearest thorny bush.

"Mother ain't home, and Dotty is all alone!" exclaimed Rankin.

"Wal, of there's anything extraordinary on the carpet," declared Miles. "I ain't goin' to be left out in the cold!"

Up hill and down dale, over log-bridged streams and across hummocky swamp, hastened the three boys—Rankin, without loss of time, and Dotty, all abreast, into the kitchen door.

Dotty stood there, with the broom in one hand and a pine pan of boiling water in the other, pale but resolute.

"Dorothy," cried Rankin, "what on earth is the matter?"

"He's up stairs!" gasped Dotty.

"Who is up stairs?" demanded Rankin, as he reached down a hooked revolver from the very top shelf in an old little three-cornered cupboard.

"And I think he's looking through the side of the chest!" faltered Dotty, clinging to Rankin's arm.

"Al-ru-mum!" again remarked Miles Ruggles, under his breath.

"Who?" persisted Rankin. "What east?"

"The belligerent!" said Dotty. "He's the old chest up stairs. I tipped him into it. And oh, I was so afraid afterward that he would suffocate to death, because he was so still for a minute or two. But when he began

## ICEBERGS.

Fragments of Glaciers That Float Down From Polar Seas.

They Are a Menace to Vessels Crossing the Atlantic.

An iceberg melts very slowly.

When in crossing the Atlantic you see a berg you may know that it has floated in the sun and rain thousands of miles to that place, and has been perhaps knocking about for the better part of a year without sensible diminution.

Many people think that icebergs are accumulations of sea-ice from the polar regions, and foolishly imagine

when they see a berg that the ice at the pole must be several thousand feet thick.

As a matter of fact it is impossible for ice on the surface of any sheet of water to freeze to a depth of twenty feet, as the ice itself acts as a shield or protection from the cold.

Many icebergs, however, are thin sheets of feet in diameter. This is because they are the broken-off ends of glaciers, which freeze from the top and bottom and around the sides.

The glacier coming down to the sea with its sheaf, but sure progression, strikes its nose under the sea, and the upward pressure of the water, finally breaks off the end.

Then the berg floats down from the polar regions when spring comes, the ice is upon the north, and it finally gets into the Atlantic to a stormy New York on their way to Europe. It is then one-eighth of an iceberg is above the water, and the submerged part often projects out a long distance. For this reason it is dangerous to them a wide berth.

Yet many vessels running into an iceberg in the fog have been damaged only above the waterline, as was the case with the *Manana* of the Cook Arctic Expedition. Icebergs chill the air for long distances in their immediate neighborhood, and their presence at sea often heralded by the thermometer before they are seen on the horizon.

The proposition has become more than once made that long-burning lights be put upon the bergs floating in the tracks of ocean steamers so as to lessen the chances of a collision. Hundreds of these bergs are scattered about in the Atlantic, many of them in large groups. One of them would furnish enough to supply a large city for a whole year.

The number of icebergs in the path of ocean steamers during the past year has been very large. As soon as these bergs have been sighted their location is noted down and reported to the Hydrographic office. In the charts issued periodically by the Hydrographic office, these bergs have been indicated so that mariners know in advance about where they are to be encountered. The bergs drift very slowly, sometimes not more than a mile a day.

They grow smaller and smaller as they near the equator, but in most cases they have formed a reef.

"That's barren; they stimulate faster than good ones," said the ticket man.

"He-ho! that's beauties," added the man passing back a well-worn nickel.

The man looked to me easily like the regular things, and I was curious to know how the ticket man could tell him right.

"Oh, it's easy enough," he said.

"Feel it. I couldn't tell anything but the price of one beer in it. Then I took out another nickel and felt that. They looked alike, only the spacious coin was more worn than the minnow.

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