

The Chatham Record.

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Since it must be, that fairest flowers will wither. Bright springtime days depart, we know not whither. Since it must be— Look well upon the blossoms while ye may. Glean all the gladness from each golden day. So gain sweet memories for your weary way; Since it must be.

Mother Ballard's Home.

That is my cousin Susie Lee, and that is her husband; that fat baby is her oldest; we ain't got no picture of her other children, though she's been a promiser' them to us this long time. That other baby on the opposite page, the one with the cunning bare toes, is Abner's youngest, taken good ten years ago, and so on, and so on, until they every picture in Seth Ballard's photograph album had been described in full to the somewhat weary visitor.

But what else could Ida, Abner Ballard's wife, do to entertain the guest, a lady from New York, who knew no one in the little town of Clifton save the cousin who was her hostess? Laura Martin, the guest, knew nothing and cared nothing for the details of farm life; in fact, she would never have come to this quiet place but that she had been ordered there by her physician.

The cousin whom she was visiting, Rufus Martin, was almost a stranger to her; and his wife and her family she had never before seen or heard of. She exerted herself to be cordial to them, and never allowed them to suspect how fearfully she was bored. This afternoon she and her cousin's wife, Izzannah, were visiting Abner Ballard; and his sister Izzannah, and Serena, his brother Seth's wife, were there also assisting to entertain her.

Serena would every now and then disappear into the kitchen, and then after a moment's pause Ida would follow her. During one of these brief absences, when Izzannah was attending to the wants of her youngest baby, Laura, being left to her own resources, began to examine the gaily-bound books which lay on the center-table, carefully pried and mathematically equidistant. Presently she saw a volume of poetical selections not quite so new or shiny as its companions; and, as she was glancing over its contents, she came upon a photograph which represented a bright-eyed, curly-haired, good-looking fellow about 19 or 20 years old.

"Who is this good-looking young man, Izzannah? His face is very familiar," said she, showing the picture to Mrs. Martin.

"I heard he was wild." "He may have been, but if he was, others were to blame. He was always good to me. They called him lazy; but he never let me chop a stick of wood or draw a pail of water. I never took any extra steps when he was round. He didn't love to work maybe, as the others did—he set great store by his books."

"Did his mother give up all hope of him before she died?" asked Laura, pitifully.

"Oh, mother ain't dead, nor won't be for many a year," answered Izzannah, cheerfully. It was her turn now, not Ida's. "She's beautifully settled in the Old Ladies' Home over to Fairfield. One of us goes to see her every year or two. You see when Abner got married, being the oldest son, he and Ida naturally chose to live on the farm; and as Ida had to have her mother with her there wasn't no place there for anybody else's mother. Indeed, the two of 'em had always had one another like poison; so mother had to give up the old house to Abner. She never did like farm life, anyway. Mark took his love of idle reading from her. Seth said he couldn't have her come to his house, for there wasn't no room for her; his house is dreadful small, and I come to get three hired men and Seth and his wife in them attics—for that's all his bedrooms are—it is pretty full.

"The boys thought I'd ought to have taken mother; but, dear me! how could I? I wa'n't livin' in the old house, and what with my troop of young ones, a lady always in my attic, and my work round the house, I ain't no time to tend to invalids; for by this time mother'd got real poorly. So we all joined together and got her a beautiful room in the Fairfield Home, where she didn't have a thing to do all day but just enjoy herself."

Laura was so shocked and pained by this evidence of Ballard's heartlessness that she left her seat to Clifton, and started for her home the next week.

A part of her journey was by water, and happening to fall into conversation with the lady who sat next to her on the boat, she related this incident to her, prefacing it with the question: "Do you know anyone in Clifton?"

"No," replied the stranger, "nor many parts of this State. We, my children and I, are simply passing through it on our way home from a visit to the mountains."

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A SHORT TALE. Heigh-he! All in a row, Johnny and Joe, Bob and Ted, Ed and Ned, O a one long e-e! But upright, each in his place, With a smile on every dear little face, Ready and so They start it off, and away they go.

Heigh-he, Tipped in the snow! Johnny and Joe, Bob and Ted, Ed and Ned, All under the sled, Tip-toe, leads in the air, For one rule they failed to observe with care, Be sure you know When you start a thing, how to make it go. Youth's Companion.

AN EXCEPTION TAKEN. A friend of the German court tells us this good child story: The German empress, most maternal of mothers, always hears the nightly prayers of her young family, which, as you know, consists of six boys and one girl, the latter being the youngest. In the course of her usual offerings to heaven, the little girl inclines, "Pray, God, make me a good girl." This she repeats after her mother, but more often than not she says, "No, mother, pray God make me a good boy; I don't want to be a girl." What is one girl among so many boys!—New York Record.

A MISERABLE CROW. Strangely enough, there was nothing of which he stood so much in fear as crows. He was often told some perilous near and "save" at him. He never would fly to the house, and his relief was plainly manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he bobbed up as fast as he could. It was a most off-putting way of preventing them from frightening him when they grow bigger.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hi!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers who went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snow-balled. He would stand upon an old tree-trunk, and look down at the boys, as much as to say, "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing heartily as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snow-ball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it could be fired off a number of times, without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children who came for water, and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal down into the cellar. The blows he would give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One day pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.—St. Nicholas.

A "PIPE OPENER."

No Appetizer Better Than a Draught of Ozon.

A Physician's Discovery While in a Refrigerator.

No better appetizer can be found than a draught of crisp, cold air on a bright, clear day when the temperature reaches down toward zero. On such a day the dyspeptic, the nervous man, he who cannot eat with an appetite or sleep in restful slumber, should throw his cocktail, appetizers and all his medicines to the dogs, take a long, brisk walk and breathe through the nostrils, and with tightly closed lips, in full, strong, vigorous inhalations, the delicious and refreshing oxygen of such an atmosphere.

A noted French physician recently while making experiments with refrigerators discovered that his best appetite was completely restored when, well muffled, he entered his refrigerator, inhaled and breathed a zero atmosphere for a brief interval. Cold air, like cold water, is coming into vogue as a great restorative, and remedial agency, the only special requirement on behalf of the patient being that he shall be well clothed, so that he shall not become chilled. Some physicians are recommending, even for febrile patients, that they be well muffled and placed in a room with open windows where, while snugly and warmly covered, they breathe in moderation the coldest air available.

The wonderfully successful treatment of lung diseases in the north woods proves the efficacy of fresh, pure, cold air as a leading instrumentality. Consumptives who seek the north woods sanitariums are obliged, even in the depths of winter, to spend much of their time outdoors. No medicine, pure air is the light and nourishing, pure air is the great restorative, and the effects of this treatment in nearly every instance have been marvellous.

The intensely nervous temperaments, their devotion to sedentary pursuits, their long hours of labor at the desk and in the counting room, fail to appreciate the benefit of a cold bath and a vigorous rub in the morning, and of generous and frequent cold air bath for the lungs during the day. Let the reader who has not tried it take a brisk walk from his counting room down town to his home, two, three or four miles up town, breathing deeply through the nostrils and note if, when he reaches his home, he does not feel the tiredness, head-ache, and tingling in his veins, the bright glow of health mounting his pallid cheeks and find "that tired feeling" by a quick exhilaration and a sharper appetite.—New York Mail and Express.

Swedish Method of Making Matches.

A description is given of the Swedish method of manufacturing matches, which has at least the merit of simplicity in the manipulation of the wood stock. The timber is cut into blocks about fifteen inches long and placed in a turning lathe; with each revolution a strip of veneer is peeled off the thickness required for the matchsticks while at the same time eight small knives cut the stick into seven pieces, like ribbons, and of the length required for sticks; these ribbons are then broken into lengths of six or seven feet, knotty and defective pieces are removed, and the ribbons are then fed through a machine which cuts them into pieces like a straw cutter, these then passing through another machine arranged with cutters which slices off as many pieces, the thickness required for a match, as there are cutters, one machine turning out from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 match splinters a day. The data given of this manufacture shows that Sweden and Norway have long been among the largest match-producing countries of the world, their exports amounting to about 20,000,000 pounds of matches per annum, while in Germany the number of factories is stated at 290 with an annual yield of about 70,000,000,000 matches and in Austria there are some 150 factories with a correspondingly large output.

Hungry to Bed.

Physicians declare that it is injurious to go to bed hungry a number of the prevalent diseases is the result of an unnecessary emptying of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly fastidious by the opinion that they must not eat late suppers.

It is unwise, of course, to indulge in foods which heavily tax the digestive organs; but a bowl of hot broth or soup, or thin gruel is a positive aid to nervous people and induces peaceful slumber.

This is especially the case on cold winter nights when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light, well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate during the cold months of winter, should be the retiring food of every person who feels, as many do, the need of food at night.—New York Dispatch.

Always to Thee.

In the spring, when flies came, And crows set the woods aflame, All the world with love's delight Flushed and glowed from dawn till night. All day long the happy birds Sing and sing, and find no words, And my heart the whole day long Sang to thee a wordless song.

When the winds white and red On the roses their fragrance shed, Through a world of sunlight went Love and laughter and content; And my heart from leafy June Caught and kept the strange, sweet tune; Brook and branch, and bird and bee Sing of thee, my sweet, of thee.

Now, when golden autumn fills The purple wine cup of the hills, 'Mid their happy harvesting, Still of love the reapers sing; When the plow wheel and fly Black against the shining sky, In my heart the old refrain Swells and falls and swells again.

When winter comes, with icy breast, And holly flashing in his crest, All love's slumbers sweet are gone, Save the music, be above Pipes his note, sweet and strong— Death alone can still his song. Like the robin, so shall I Sing to thee, my love, till I die.—D. J. DONOVAN, in Longwood's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

A good lucker—the cart horse.

Hard luck is often the result of efforts to secure a soft snuff. The fire-dealer's lawyer put it thus: "I love the very ground Mrs. Bloomer wheels over."

McSwatters—Talk is cheap. McSwitters—Not when you talk back to a justice in court.

"It's strange," says a philosopher, "but you've got to raise the wind before you can sail it."

Master (angrily)—What did you put in this coffee? Ma'd (innocently)—Nothing but water, sir.

When it comes to paying campaign assessments, the deeper you are in politics the more you are out.

"Young man, don't you know you ought to lay something away for a rainy day?" "I do, my rubbers."

There goes a man who used to stare raise em down south. "A regular fire-eater, eh?" "No, a singular planter."

Woman may have a sphere that is boundless, but she strikes an impassable barrier when she comes to a barbed wire fence.

Spencer—Show me a man who likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence. All right; come along with me to Sing Sing.

Sutor—I am sure your heart is in the right place. Beloved—I am glad to hear you say so. I have just given it to the other fellow.

We believe it was a well-meaning citizen who alleged, as a reason for not wishing to live on a hill, that the climb-it did not suit him.

"Did old Grabgold show you the least attention when you called upon his daughter?" "Jingle—Yes, he showed me the door at once."

The most cautious man we ever knew was the one who was afraid to buy a lead pencil for fear the lead would reach clean through it.

She—So the first thing Tom told you about his fiancée was that she was "awfully sensible?" He—Yes, she—that settles it. She's plain.

Boy—Dad, what are the "happy days of your?" Father—The happy days of your are right now, when you've got somebody to hustle for you.

Humorist—Where's that joke I left on your desk yesterday? Editor—I don't know. It's probably gone home; it was certainly old enough to know the way.

A Kenton youth, who had been told that a certain young lady's father had plenty of dough, proposed to her before he discovered that the old man was a baker.

"I don't see how Ethel has so many admirers," she remarked. "She neither sings, plays, paints nor speaks French." "Ethel," he replied reflectively, "maybe that's why."

Mrs. Panacea (nervously)—Why are you hanging around my back window so long? Tramp—Ma'am, those apple pies of yours are purty as pie, apples, an' I'd like to be the frame of 'em if I could.

"I'll just fine you an even twenty," remarked the judge to the ambitious young man who had tried to "bilk" a policeman. "Nobody but the nice director in this country has a right to put a head on a copper."

"I say, Chippie," said one Pittsburg Willy boy to another, "isn't this a heavier case than you 'sauld' know?" "It is, dear boy," was the reply. "The doctor recommends no exercise for me, doncherknow."

Ada (pensively)—I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married.

Jack (boldly)—I'd invite you the first one, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding.—Life.

Wife—Oh, John, as I came in just now I saw smoke pouring out of Mrs. do Lancy's windows, and not a soul seemed roused.

Husband—Well, did you ring the bell and tell them?

Wife—Of course not; I don't owe her a call.—Judge.

Mexico has an area of 751,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth that of the United States.

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