

The Chatham Record.

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Faith.

Dark as a dungeon my chamber As, rising, I grope my way Step by step to the window That faces the far-off day.

ONLY A SHOWER.

BY LEIGH WEBSTER.

Herbert Reppher stepped into the Fifth Avenue stage at Bleecker street one afternoon in the early spring.

He noticed that it was beginning to sprinkle as they neared twenty-third street, and then Corina Winchester came into the stage and went directly opposite him.

His eyes were lifted no higher than the hem of her heliotrope gown, but he saw that it was the same one she had worn that day at Mrs. Vaughan-Smith's tea.

He had looked at her face before he had seen that she was not entirely at ease either. Her cheeks alternately flushed and paled as she gazed persistently out of the window.

The driver growled "Fare!" and started through his people. She dawned consciously and took out her purse. Her vis-a-vis held out his hand with "Allow me!" and the purse slipped to the floor.

On they went—past Sherry's, where he had danced with her so often; past the club, where he saw Billy de Poyster and Remington looking out—Billy, whom he had decided upon for his "best man"; on, up into the fifties; St. Thomas, where they would never be married now.

How she started! "Oh, no, no; thank you!" and she hurriedly pulled the strap, without giving him time to do it, and fairly sprang out of the door.

As he unfurled the umbrella over her head they were on the sidewalk, and he said, inaudibly: "You mustn't spoil your gown, you know."

"Oh, I don't care about that," she said impatiently. "But it's too pretty to spoil," he went on. "I like that color particularly."

She looked at him curiously. Her eyes said, "I wonder if you remember?"—but her words were: "Do you always notice the color of gowns?"

"I always have of yours," he said, simply. He thought he was getting on beautifully in his role of friend. They were walking along Fifty-seventh street.

"Oh, you needn't think of that again; you were as kind as you could be," she went on. "You took me so by surprise that I'm afraid I was abrupt, and—and I answered inconsiderately."

"Oh, no," he interrupted; "you were gentleness itself. I suppose I did startle you. I didn't say anything that I meant to. Perhaps a man never does."

"You know," she pursued, "you had never given me any reason to think you cared for me in that way, and—and I had you were speaking on impulse."

They were going up her steps now, and he was holding the umbrella so that a little stream of water was trickling down her back.

Mr. Forbes first discovered the peculiarity in October last, when taking it down from the peg in the barn where it had hung undisturbed during the summer.

It has not only been subjected to a critical inspection by several reputable men, but has undergone a microscopic test by two prominent physicians, of whom Dr. Henry C. Finch of Broad-lin makes affidavit before Judge Gardner.

The Rage for Quinine.

"The sale of quinine has increased in late years to such an extent, said a druggist who has one of the largest trades in this line, "that it has become a staple article in nearly every drug store. It is being bought in bulk in such large quantities as would surprise you."

"People in using quinine should be careful they get a good grade of the article or that they are not being fooled altogether. In many cases an inferior product of the cinchona bark, from which quinine is made, is substituted for the real article. It is a little better than the cinchona bark and has not nearly one-third of the virtue of quinine. This is called cinchonidin, and can be bought for from two cents to four cents an ounce, just a little more than the bark itself.

"Winter, when people are catching colds, is the best season for the sale of quinine, although the sale keeps up well during the entire year. A damp, murky day is sure to bring the quinine trade to a standstill, and it is only when his favorite remedy, so the sales on these days are always large."

Flowers Colored While You Walk.

The football rage is responsible for a great many curious things, but it seems to have its best spasm in the demand for flowers for decorations at football parties and banquets. The demand for orange and black and blue and white flowers has led growers of chrysanthemums and florists into chemical research as to the possibility of producing the desired colors. White chrysanthemums are dipped in dyes of different shades, and the experiment of producing several colors in one flower has been made with success.

The naturalist and the aesthetic lover of flowers can scarcely repress a shudder of horror and disgust at the sight of a chrysanthemum in Scotch plaid or one with streaks of orange and black or alternate petals of blue and white. Ringed, streaked, speckled and spotted chrysanthemums will soon become the order of the day.

The Oldest Fire Department.

The oldest fire department in the world is that of Rome. Its history dates back as far as 759 A. U. C. In Papal times the commander of the corps belonged to the best Roman families, such as the Origo, Gaetani, the Aldobrandini and the Chigi. Don Giovanni of the Princes Chigi was the commander of the corps in 1870. The actual service is very good as far as heroism and unselfishness can make it so, but the organization is bad.

The Root of the Matter.

She—If you are really connected with the Von Breeblids, why haven't you a family tree? He (confidentially)—Well, a—hom—to tell you the truth, our family is only a branch.—Puck.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE LITTLE BROWN CRICKET THAT LIVED IN THE WALL.

JOSE went to her grandma's last summer, in June. And she stayed grand old time in the fall, but the very best friend that she made while away.

"Good bye, little cricket," cried Rose at last. "I'm sorry to leave you so soon, but do not forget me! I'm coming again. I wish I could take you away to my house, but you wouldn't enjoy it at all."

As Rose nestled that night in her bed, she heard from her trunk in the hall a queer little "creaky-creaky-creaky."

WHAT A NEST OF BIRDS WILL BE!

Think of a bird's nest with five young ones in it. Every young bird needs, on the average, 50 caterpillars a day, that makes 250 caterpillars. The young birds are fed by their mother for about thirty days, disposing of about 7,500 caterpillars. Each of these pests gets its own weight in leaves and blossoms every day.

LIFE IN A PARIS SCHOOL.

The large Paris schools are called lycées, or lycées, but the pupils refer to them as "boxes," and this is not at all surprising when you consider that the boys are shut up in schools just about as if they were in a box or a prison.

The method of punishment is to make a scholar write several thousand lines as a task, or to deprive him of his Thursday walk, or to deprive him of one or more of his Sundays out. A minor punishment is inflicted by making the boys stand up against the wall of the playground and learn Latin verses by heart during recess.

The working-hours are somewhat longer than in America, because certain fixed hours are set aside for preparation and study. For instance, there is a recitation at eight o'clock in the morning, then a study-hour, and then fifteen minutes' recess, followed by another study hour.

The passenger on the front platform of the crowded car was blowing energetically on his gloved hands.

"They 'peep to be cold," said the driver, sympathetically. "Well, I'll tell you how to warm 'em. Don't keep your gloves on when your hands get cold. Take 'em off right away. Then double up your feet as tight as you can just as if somebody was tryin' open your fingers and you wouldn't let 'em 'an' then run your hands down in your coat pockets. I'll 'prise you, sir, how quick they'll get warm."

OCEAN TRAMPS.

Steamships That are the Guerrillas of the Sea.

Sailors Lead Cheerless Lives Aboard the Dirty Nomad.

There is but one very peculiar feature in the maritime life of every country about which very little is generally known and that is the tramp steamship, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every year numbers of steamers, some large, some small, often ugly and dirty to look at, and commonly called tramps from their readiness to go anywhere and take a haul in trade that happens at the moment to promise a profit, arrive at and leave our shores.

These ocean footpads are generally worn out hulks, disarmed by the companies who own them, and belonging to no regular line and identified with no particular class of cargo, and are sent out as a matter of speculation to pick up what freight they can from port to port, like an old and worthless horse turned out of the regular pasture to find a living by the roadside.

After having been laid up at Liverpool or Glasgow for some time, orders will be given to prepare the tramp for sea. O'Leary will start on a voyage that will be extraordinarily zigzag. Perhaps to commence with she goes to Cardiff for a cargo of coal to one of the West Indian Islands.

The operating expenses of these ocean tramps are reduced to a very low level. The coal consumption is small, in many cases not over twenty-five to forty tons a day; the crew is as small as possible, and the other general expenses are kept at a minimum.

On the sea the tramp steamer is but little liked. Round-riding along with a bad look-out, perhaps none at all, the tramp is a terror to the owners of small sailing craft—yachts, fishing and coasting schooners—and, taking no notice of their lights, often crashes into them, remorselessly sending some of the occupants to a watery grave.

The passenger immediately put the suggestion into effect. In a minute or two he looked pleasantly at the driver.

"It is wonderful," he remarked. "My hands are as comfortable now as I could wish."—Washington Star.

Wars Caused by Trifles.

Many times it has happened that a great and costly war has been brought about by an incident trivial and even ridiculous, says Answers. Thus the war of the Spanish succession is said to have been caused through a glass of water. A lady, Mrs. Masham was carrying a glass of water, when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torey. A slight scuffle ensued and the water was spilled. The Marquis thereon took offense and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that war was declared.

Quite as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth at Modena. A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a quarter, its annexation was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

A third instance of a war resulting from a trifling cause was that between Louis VII of France and Henry II of England. The Archbishop of Rouen decreed that no one should wear long hair upon his head or chin. Louis submitted to the decree, whereupon his wife Eleanor, rallied him upon his appearance. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in the dissolution of the marriage and Eleanor's marriage with Henry. By this marriage the broad domains in Normandy, formerly belonging to Louis, passed into the possession of Henry. Louis, hotly incensed, made an attack on Normandy, and henceforth, for nearly 300 years arose those bloody and devastating wars, which cost France upward of 3,000,000 lives.

The Adhesive Plaster.

In one family, where there are numerous children, backaches, bruises and sprains, the porous plaster has come to be a recognized institution. Its putting on is generally accepted with delight, but when it comes to the taking off, the "oh dears!" "don'ts!" and cries of pain are many and emphatic. Even after the plaster is pulled off, there is a layer of adhesive gum on the skin that is struggled with in all sorts of ways. Sometimes the razor is employed for scraping; sometimes a sharp knife is brought into use, and again a soft warm cloth is pressed over the spot, and when this has firmly attached itself the peeling process goes on. Those who have occasion to use the application will find immediate relief from their annoyances, if they will, after raising one side of the plaster, wet the surface of the skin with alcohol, allowing it to run down as the plaster is pulled a little. If any of the gummy substance remains, a bit of rag wet with alcohol will cause the surface immediately. This, also, has another advantage in that the stimulating effect of the alcohol prevents any possible cold that might be taken on account of the removal of the warm plaster. This is but a trifle, but it makes easy something that has always been a nuisance, especially to children, and it is well worth trying.

How To Warm Cold Hands.

The passenger on the front platform of the crowded car was blowing energetically on his gloved hands.

The Green Girl.

"I told her," she said, "to put some thyme in the breast of the turkey on the first occasion of our having such a fowl under her arrival, at the same time handing her a bunch of the herb sufficient to last all the winter. Changing to enter the kitchen later, I saw the bird ready for the oven, as the girl told me. It was not a dove, and in the breast she had not a hole, and inserted the entire bunch of thyme as a covering for the turkey."—New York Mercury.

The 'Care For Love.

Said I to a headless youth When a headless boy befall me: "Give me hair for love and truth, And the cure for love and truth, "Love is cured by love," sighed he: "Would that mine were kind to me!"

HUMOROUS.

For family use—Marriage licenses. The Chinese soldier is a great success in the long run. Down in a coal mine—A young miner's first month.

Paradoxically speaking, the dullest is an object of wearing apparel. A Frankfurt man has written a farce comically called "Vaccine." It ought to take. Lately—What time of day was Adam the most lonesome? Merely—Just before eve.

"I'll just lie in wait for the next man that comes along," remarked the defective weighing-machine. Oldhead—I suppose your wife has some favorite by-word? Longwell—Boy word? Yes. She spells it c-a-s-h.

Teacher—When Robinson Crusoe was cast on the island from whom did he get his clothes? Pupul—From the swell on the beach. The miser who snored on the breeze, Now makes his annual trip, And when the folks begin to sneeze, We know his brought his trip.

"Cholly pursued a number of studies at college, didn't he?" "Yes, he pursued 'em, but I don't think he ever caught up with any." "There is one advantage about having insomnia," says an uptown optimist. "Your wife can't go through your pockets while you are asleep."

Watts—What do you think of this idea that there are medicinal virtues in music? Potts—I believe it. Lots of these popular airs make me sick. Miss Reed—Have you "Prometheus Unbound"? Miss New Clerk—No, we do not deal in any pamphlet literature, all our books have covers on.

He—I'm sure I don't know that to say to him, "She—Just say to him, "Mr. Norris, I want to marry your daughter," and then papa will say the rest. Little Boy—Perkins, our new coachman, says England is his mother-country. Is it yours, too? Gardner—No, he prefers its my stepmother's country. Miss Port—Is Miss Strait, Luce circumspiced? Miss Custic—Circumspiced! Why, she won't accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon. "Fear the lightning rod agents have formed a union." "Yes, and it's sure to cause trouble." Why so? Because they are always talking about a strike.