

The Chatham Record.

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Abide With Me. Abide with me, for darkly looms the future's mystic way. My streaming eyes yet fail to catch the glow of coming day.

Tears came unbidden into Eunice's eyes. "Oh, how delightful it would be to live in the real country!" she said to herself.

"Eunice," he said, gently, "your words encourage me still more in the mission upon which I came. I have bought an old manor house on the Androscoggin River, with a farm and plenty of green trees.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. THE INVESTIGATION. I know a little in the life of a very young child. To make investigations he is wondrously inclined.

CARGO OF SNAKES. A Quaker Mississippi Craft's Load of Reptiles. Its Owner is the "Rattlesnake King of the Rockies."

Layed by a Sparrow. The ubiquitous English sparrow is always "breaking out in a new place," so to speak.

A Song of Good Times. Sing a song of good times, Sing a song of good times, All the world rejoicing!

"To Let--Apply Within."

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"There!" said Miss Lobelia Lynn. "I guess I've got it black enough now!"

Miss Lobelia had been wrestling with pen and ink. Not that she was a literary lady—that was far from being the case.

"I won't pay any real estate agents' fees," said she, "nor I won't pay good, hard money for a notice I can print myself.

"I'm glad that girl didn't shut the parlor door," said she. "I am intending to change my local habitation," observed Mr. Benedict.

"I'm going to Vermont," said Miss Lobelia Lynn, "to keep house for Cousin Peter Lynn, whose wife Cynthia is feeble, and can't keep an eye to things."

Eunice colored visibly. "But, Aunt Lobelia," said she, "it was me that Cousin Peter wrote for to come and help Cynthia and be a companion to the girls."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Lobelia, with the indifference of utter selfishness. "But Peter hadn't any idea how young and inexperienced you are, and I've wrote to him that I will come there, if he'll pay me liberal wages and give me the complete management of everything."

And Aunt Lobelia cried: "Fired! Why what on earth have you done to be fired?"

On the afternoon of the second day Miss Lobelia should have shridly down the back staircase to her niece:

"Eunice! Eunice! Hurry up! Here comes Mr. Benedict, the rich old powder from down town. He's looked at the 'To Let,' he's coming in. Put an extra fifty dollars a year on the rent if he's to take it!"

"He's not so very old, Aunt Lobelia," said Eunice hurriedly, flinging off her kitchen apron and hastening up the stairs.

"He's no chicken," said she. Eunice smiled to herself. She had not been so ignorant of all the wiles that her aunt had put forth to captivate this man, Mr. Benedict.

"I'm sure I congratulate you," said she, with a little gasp. The house was let that afternoon to a widow who wanted to take a few gentlemen boarders.

Eunice was married the next week and went to Wallace Manor House—a superb old stone mansion, which seemed like a palace to her unappreciated eyes.

And Aunt Lobelia sorrowfully took her way to Vermont. "I'm afraid I've mismanaged matters," said she. "If I'd sent Eunice to Cousin Peter's at once, perhaps Mr. Benedict would have proposed to me!"

She started back with an exclamation. "Eunice!" said she, in some embarrassment.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Lobelia," said Mr. Benedict, resolutely retaining the hand that Eunice would fain have drawn away.

"I hope you won't be vexed, Aunt Lobelia," said Eunice, half expecting to be rebuked, as of yore.

The betrothal of women is proverbial, and although the report of a canon could not have electrified Miss Lobelia Lynn any more than did this occurrence, she rallied promptly.

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And even this dubious "perhaps" was a comfort to poor Aunt Lobelia.—Saturday Night.

Restoration of Famous Oak. A remarkable and indeed unique process of restoration has been carried out in the interior of a tree.

The tree is the famous "Rillo's Oak" which is to be seen within a very distance of Rome, It is declared to be the identical oak upon a branch of which the first Duke of Normandy used to hang his gold chain to see if any of his subjects would like to hang there instead.

If it isn't it is, at any rate so old that it has completely lost its inside and was liable to collapse at any moment. It has now been revived of this liability.

An abortive effort to fill the hollow with a solid new inside of masonry. The masonry is made to follow and fit every turn and twist and guard of the patient and there is the veteran solid as a rock again.

Then the fissures and cracks on his exterior have been neatly filled up with cement and the cement has been artistically colored so that you would never know it from the natural bark.

It is expected and believed that the tree will not know the difference, either, and take to flourishing again as it did a few centuries ago. Still as no tree has ever been thus rejuvenated before, its behavior is being watched with some anxiety.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Oldest Oak in Great Britain. Dr. A. J. Harrison, in the current number of the Naturalists' Journal, says the oldest existing oak in Great Britain is considered to be the Cowthorpe or Colthorpe oak growing near Ribstone Hall, in the West Riding.

It is only a remnant of the forests of ancient Britain, but a monarch among the kings of trees." The circumference of the trunk close to the ground is seventy-eight feet, and three feet higher forty-eight feet. The trunk is now hollowed, and is capable enough to contain a crowd. A few years ago the vicar of St. James's, Wetherby, and the church-warden and school children, to the number of ninety-five, got inside the tree, and while the vicar raised the union jack, the children sang the "Old Hundred" and the "National Anthem."

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR. A tame monkey in India recently was given a lump of sugar inside a cork bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind and it nearly killed him.

Sometimes in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle away out of his own reach and then he'd be tractful until it was given back to him.

At other times he would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would solemnly take up the problem and gaze into the bottle.

He would tilt it up one way, and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch the sugar as it fell out at the bottom. Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warning to the point of the revolving lamp, used to himself into regular knots round the bottle.

Fits of the most incoherent melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments. Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions.

His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. It then, the bottle high in his claws he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth and munches it with much satisfaction.—Christian Advocate.

"Blue Beard." The nursery tale which has charmed generations of children and grandchildren, known as "Blue Beard," was written by a French author. The original of the character of Blue Beard was a marquis of France who lived in Brittany and who was charged with murdering several wives and over one hundred children. Being convicted of sorcery, he was burned.—Philadelphia Times.

Inate Depravity of the Bicycle. There are people who declare that there is a certain inhumanity about a bicycle's behavior that is short of the atrocious. Doubtless we riders all remember the delight every bicycle takes in guiding the beginner straight toward any big boulder that may be in sight; the road may be fifty feet wide, and that the only boulder within half a mile, but do what we may, the bicycle makes merrily for it at once, even if it takes us twenty feet out of our way to do so.

A Joke on the Mayor. Badly P. Waggoner, the newly elected Mayor of Atchison, Kan., recently played a mean trick on himself, returning home late one night, he found a cow grazing on his lawn.

Milk Soured by Blasting. A curious sound has been developed at the village of Leimout, Ill., on the big Chicago drainage canal. The milk there all sours in a few hours, much to the discomfort of the citizens.

The Typewriter in Royal Favor. Now it is the typewriter that seems to have met with royal favor. The German emperor composed many of his speeches at the same time that he is writing them with the machine.

It Makes all the Difference. Willie—Oh, no-o-o! Is that great big dish of ice-cream for you, grandpa? Grandpa—No, Willie; that's for you.

Willie—Umph! What a little bit. It makes all the difference.

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HEMORRHOIDS. If candles were made in the shape of a cross many people would burn them at the four ends.

"What, Pat, ye've had yer hair cut?" "Shure, now, an' who told you that? An' I intendin' to surprise ye, too!"

Amateur Yachtman—What do you look for amusement up here? Clara Dwyer—We watch you gity fellows sail boats.

It's not a fact from pain and aches. Truly, I can't see his brown. He's a young fellow's named Peter. And he's named now.

"Some men can take a new turn of mind and look it fresh as if it was made a century ago," says a journalist. So can a good child.

She—There's no use in talking, it's the small things that annoy one most. He—Yes. Even a little mosquito bites me frightfully.

Lawyer—Did the parties come to high words? Witness—No, sir. They were about as low as I ever heard come out of anybody's lips.

The time is here when a woman may be the patient. The time is here when a woman may be the patient.