

The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

When the Tide is Coming In. Somehow, love, your boat sails lighter...

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

A pretty face—a very pretty face indeed! I turned the little photograph upside down...

It was all very well for Wallis to go into ecstasies about his pallid, fair-haired little Bessie Armitage...

After all, Darwin Wallis was better off than I was, for he was securely engaged to the dimpled, yellow-tressed little object of his affections...

However, love inspires the feeblest heart with a sort of fictitious courage, and I was a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled upon me...

I think Paul is growing crosser every day, said my sister, shrugging her plump shoulders.

But my mother, bless her wise old soul, knew better than that.

I went up to my room after supper and made an elaborate toilet; but all the pains I bestowed upon it, served only to heighten the general effect of awkwardness!

I opened my writing case, and carefully took out a little carte de visite wrapped in tissue paper.

was the time I ought to have proposed, but, like a timorous, doubting calf, I had let the golden tide of opportunity slip unimproved away from me!

It was a lovely spring night as I entered the wide gravelled path that led up to the wide porch of the old-fashioned Vernon mansion.

Sensible old gentleman! he had not forgotten his own young days.

Cecilia was sitting in the parlor alone, as her father had said, the bright centre of a cheerful circle of light.

Cecilia was always fair to look upon, in my night; tonight, however, she seemed more than ordinarily beautiful.

She raised the liquid blue eyes to mine.

I stopped, with the fatal husky feeling in my throat, Cecilia was blushing divinely!

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost to the level of my shoulder, to look at the little carte de visite I drew from my pocket.

But to my horror and dismay she snatched her hand from my clasp sprang up and started away, like some fair avenging goddess.

I had no mind to meet the family group, so I admitted myself with the night key and stole noiselessly up stairs, where my gas still burned.

I threw off my coat viciously, as I did so the forgotten carte de visite dropped from my pocket.

And there on the mantel, where in my heedless haste I had left it, was the countenance of Cecilia!

All was clear now! Her indignation and resentment—the whole tangled web of mystery was unravelled!

Early the next morning I walked over to the old Vernon mansion; but expedition as I was, Trefoil had been there before me.

"Good morning!" I said briefly, endeavoring to pass him; but he detained me.

Well—so goes the world, and I am a bachelor yet. There is but one Cecilia, and she, alas! is married to Trefoil!

The building now called the Alamo is only a part of the Alamo, but being the most enduring, besides the most unique part, and being accredited as an important part of the fort defended by the Texans, it has been purchased by the State and is now public property.

Hundreds of strangers visit the Alamo during the year, and what do they see? A very untidy, negligently kept old building, in one room a crazy smoky old stove, steking its pipe out of one of the front windows to besegmize the walls.

Then there is a picture of a proposed monument and a contribution box nearby to which the attention of visitors is called.

Mr. Wilson relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Thibet by stratagem.

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In Surinam there is a remarkable food-like creature, the female of which carries the young in a series of cells in the thick skin of the back, which assumes a strange, honeycomb-like appearance.

There have been in England recently two examples of the recovery of lost wills found in Bibles.

When a person in the South is bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from the rabies, the animal is instantly caught, killed and cut open; the liver is taken out and slightly browned by being held to the fire, after which the whole of the organ is eaten by the patient.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BRIGHT SIDE. Nancy has a hopeful way—Bright and true Nancy. When I cracked the nut to-day, She said in her hopeful way, 'It's only a nut, but I'll try, I pray.' So my, clever Nancy!

THE HONEY BIRD. There is a curious little bird, which frequents the haunts of the Bushmen in South Africa. The Bushman's food consists, as is well known, of roots, larvae of ants, beetles and wild honey.

Once upon a time a certain mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son, who from rough, noisy, disconcerting boy became transformed into one of the gentlest, most courteous and considerate little fellows in the world.

In the fighting hall itself are various ornaments, such as steel caps of different colors and sword. A bust statue of the Grand Duke of Baden looks down from a niche at the end of the room, to lend the proceedings constantly a kind of official character.

There are ducks here some three or four mornings every week by the numbers of the various fighting clubs, of which Heidelberg has an enormous number. The most distinctive of them all is the Saxo-Borussia.

This is all a curious commentary on law and order as they are supposed to exist in Germany. Such machinery for the enforcement of law as is to be found here flourishes in no other land in the world, and yet, for one reason and another, the duel goes on unhindered.

A hotel in Chicago is so heavily charged with electricity that the guests cannot move around without getting a shock that is often painful. It is so bad that when one walks across the room a spark will leap over a space of two inches.

STUDENTS' DUELS.

Dangerous Pastime at the German Universities. A Systematic Mutilation of the Human Face.

The duels at Heidelberg are very famous. There is perhaps no university in Germany at which duelling is not practised, but here it is regarded almost as a religious duty. The sons of the rich congregate at Heidelberg, and they are the people who are especially addicted to this form of student pastime in Germany.

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On the ground floor of this tavern is a restaurant. One of the rooms, besides various pictures of different famous duels, contains three heavy oak tables, the top surfaces of which are carved with the names of students who have earlier patronized the house.

There is in the hall a table full of dainties, such as sandwiches and beer, at which those who attend the fights may refresh themselves at intervals. A side room exists for the use of the surgeons and the stitchers.

There is no danger of linen getting muddled there. The linen which has been used is thrown into another room provided with the same atmosphere, and is kept thoroughly dry.

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opposed to it, however, are so far removed from the throng of authority that they cannot make their influence felt. It is one of those abominations, of which there are several in Germany, that there will be no way to afoot until there is established a Government which can rest in some way upon a free and responsible public opinion.

Dielling is so common at Heidelberg that it is said sometimes by those who do not know their subject that all the students fight. This is, of course not true, though there is relatively a larger proportion engaged at it here than at some other universities.

Mr. Isaacs's Rare Cactus. That ardent student of floriculture Colonel Alfred Isaacs is not so passionately absorbed in the flora of foreign lands as he used to be.

In size and shape the Hawaiian cactus resembled a penholder covered with a thin grayish-white foliage. The upper end of the plant was tied to a stick inserted in the soil of the pot.

Mr. Isaacs was right. He pulled the cactus up by the roots and exposed a rat which should have been buried deeper or thrown overboard two weeks ago.

There are no laundries on board ship; they take up too much room. So the chief steward lays in thousands of pillow slips, sheets and towels. These come on board tied up in bales of a dozen each, and are stored in the linen locker, a cubbyhole of a place, on the main deck; the ventilator pipes from the engine room run through it, and keep it hot.

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A Love Song of Summer. Summer in the fields, my dear, And summer in the skies, But brighter far than sun or star, The summer in thine eyes!

Two wrongs never made half a right. "Does Van Brier practice law alone?" "No, he has a pal." Many a cook can spoil the broth without any assistance whatever.

What makes you think he cares for you? "Why, mamma talked to him for more than an hour last evening, and he really seemed to enjoy it."

Talk about daylight robbery being the height of imposition, said the man as he shook his fist at the waiter, "it is not in it with daylight robbery."

Teacher—So you can't do a single sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen apples, what would each one of you get? "Cholera morbus," replied little Johnny.

Death to the Blue Jay. The California blue jay is to be exterminated, if the object of the sportsmen of the State prevails. The blue jay is a beautiful but destructive bird.

The widow of a Famous Exile. Ismail Pacha, the late Kediye of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Esena, on the Bay of Naples.

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