

The Chatham Record.

Cows in the Meadow.

When springing meadows are freshly dight,
And green new leafed throw scarves
Of color.

A Matrimonial Campaign.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

The old village clock was striking
eight in its muffled, asthmatic way,

On each side of him rose up plump
heads of cabbages, and blue-green
swamps of onions.

In the days of his deceased wife
there had been a faint attempt at
morning-glory vines,

"Fudge!" he had ruthlessly cried.
"they won't grow to neither stew for
cough-mixtures, nor to soup up for
greens."

"Money! money! money!" That was
the goal of Mr. Bidgfield's idolatry.

He attended the prayer-meetings
punctually, for he was a member of
the church, but he never put more
than a copper penny in the plate.

"If every man takes care of number
one," he said, with a hard compression
of his lippin-vital lips,

He rose up early to economize the
sunshine, and lay down late for fear
of wasting time.

"Oh certainly!" said the late Miss
Nancy Bloom.

Mr. Bidgfield's first wife had
dropped quietly and obscurely into
her grave before anyone fairly com-

Nancy was the village school-teacher—a
bright-eyed, buxom young woman
of twenty-eight or thirty.

"You'll risk it," Nancy had cheerily
replied.

And so she married Mr. Bidgfield,
and went to the farm-house to live.

The six young Bidgfields had been
told that a stepmother was a fearful
thing; but to their surprise they
found Mrs. Bidgfield, Number Two,

"She showed me how to boil
molasses-candy with lickory-roots

chopped up in it," said Simon, a
world-child of eleven, who was popu-

"We're to have pie every day,"
chuckled Moses who liked good things
to eat and drink.

"And I'm to lay up the berry-
money for a blue muslin frock all of
my own," added Adeline, who never

"I'm to have a bran-fine new tool-
chest if I raise the red heifer calf,"
excited George, the tallest boy.

"I feel as if I could do most any-
thing,"

Mr. Bidgfield had scarcely been
married a week when he came home
on a raw, rainy night,

He opened the door and walked
grimly in.

Dead silence fell upon the children
at the wet-blanketing apparition of
"father."

"You're late, aren't you, Benja-
min?" said she.

"It's supper," said Nancy. "Sit
down, my dear, and help yourself."

"Chicken!" roared the farmer, and
spring chicken at that, when they're

"Sweet cake, sars, and the best knives
Moses put them back in the
cupboard."

"What," roared Mr. Bidgfield,
lunging the package of serge down
on the table,

"I thought perhaps you had for-
gotten that I was housekeeper here,"
said Nancy.

"The children turn as many colors
as the rainbow; Moses, who was con-

"Mrs. Bidgfield," said the irate
farmer, "will you be so good as to
explain yourself?"

"Oh certainly!" said the late Miss
Nancy Bloom.

"They shan't stay here!" shouted
Mr. Bidgfield, the veins starting out
on his temples like ragged whip-

"Of course they are at liberty to
take their own choice about that,"
said Nancy, smiling.

"I'll stay with stepmother," said
George and Leroy, in one breath of
cheerful eagerness.

"So'll I!" squeaked Simon.

Mr. Bidgfield eyed the tabernac-
ular with impotent rage.

"Now, Ben," said she in the coax-
ing tone with which one cajoles a lit-
tle child,

"Well!" shouted Mr. Bidgfield,
still tugging at his cravat folds.

"Why, then," said Nancy compos-
edly, "you can go about your busi-

"I'll consult a lawyer," said he. "I
never, never was so treated before in
the whole course of my life!"

He consulted a lawyer, but the ver-
dict was not favorable to his side of
the matter.

But they didn't. And then he
lowered his own colors. Nancy had
been too much for him.

"And I must confess," he afterward
added, "that I never was so comfort-
able as when Nancy makes me."

The children—poor souls!—said the
same thing. Their stepmother had
brought a new sunshine in the dreary

And the neighbors all wondered
how it was that Nancy Bloom got
along so nicely with that old crab of a
husband of hers.—Saturday Night.

The queer little Italian republic of
San Marino, with its 33 square miles
of territory and its population of 6,000

The introduction of the printing-press.
The city of San Marino, with a
population of 17,000, is one of the

A little bit larger than San Marino
in population, but six times as large
in area, is the republic of Andorra.

It is governed by a Sovereign Council
of 24 members, elected by the people,

When they build a dam they find a
suitable spot where there are trees on
the side of the stream so that they can

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"While I was on a hunting trip last
month at Luman, Kan. I saw a sight
which few sportsmen have ever seen,"

Dr. Lundstrom has recently de-
scribed some crosses of all-gold plant
ministry.

The next eye is more marvelous.
There is a very graceful wild plant
with beautiful delicate flowers,

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Children's Column



A tiny seed dropped on the waiting land
in future years may rise a great elm tree
grand.

Anna M. Pratt in Sunbeam.

FISHING FOR RATS.

The prize fishing story has just come
to light, as related by one of the
keepers at the "Zoo." He declares
that on several occasions during the
past month the lion house at the

THE BEAVER'S TRAIT.

The beaver is found in the northern
part of Europe and Asia, but more of
them are found now in the northern
part of North America. It has two
layers of fur.

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AROUND THE WORLD

A Complete Circuit to be Made in
Forty Days.

Effect of the Completion of the
Railroad Across Siberia.

Reports from the line of the Trans-
Siberian railroad indicate that Central
Asia is soon to feel some such impetus
of growth as came to many parts of
our West with the development of

But aside from the spectacle of a
sudden development of modern civiliza-
tion in Asia, the Trans-Siberian rail-
road has an interest for mankind from
the fact that this line is materially
to shorten the journey round the

A SLAVE MADE A BISHOP.

American travelers in England, as
a rule, make a pilgrimage to the an-
cient cathedral of Canterbury, which
is filled with associations of moment
to the historian and the Christian.

Here before the high altar, with all
the solemn splendor of the ceremonial
of the English church, a poor freed
slave, with a skin as black as coal, was

Alaji, a Yoruba boy of twelve, was
taken prisoner with his mother by the
Fon's trader and sold to Portuguese
slave-traders.

He proved to be so faithful and
practical, both as Christian and African,
that he was sent to England to make

On his second visit he was made
bishop. He returned to his own tribe,

No man in Africa served the Master
more faithfully than Bishop Alaji
Crotcher.

"I am an African. Jews will know
me in my own skin and in my blanket."

A Roentgen Romance.

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