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The Chatham Record

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THE UNCHANGING.

Too fleet the hours slip by
With foot unerrying;
Too soon is lost the sky
Of life-renewing spring;
Too soon comes Autumn's breath
With presages of death.

Yet, though the red rose fade,
And the green fields lie waste,
Despoiled and disarrayed;
Though consciously we haste
To our dim heritage
Down the gray paths of age.

There is one thing that Time,
The great all conqueror,
May touch not with his rime,—
The fond, true heart of her!
Gift with Love's asphodels,
There Youth perennial dwells.

—Harper's Bazar.

Love Levels All.

"Is this the ferry?"

The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps.

As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question.

"Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?"

Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham ferry."

"Thank you," responded the girl. "And will you be good enough to ferry me over?"

"With pleasure," was the reply, and stepping forward, he assisted her into the boat, shoved off, and commenced sculling across the river.

When they arrived at the opposite bank, and, as the young lady was being assisted out, she asked:

"How much do I owe you, please?"

The ferryman turned rather red and hesitated for a few moments before he replied:

"The fare is a penny, but you had better pay when you come back."

"I am afraid I shall have to," replied the pale girl, looking in her purse, "for I have nothing less than a shilling."

"Shall I expect you down this afternoon for a row?" inquired the young man.

"Very probably—I think so, and, by the bye, what's your name? Whose boat shall I ask for?"

"My name is John, but my friends usually call me Jack."

"Very well, John, I shall be at the landing place about half-past 2." And she walked away with that grace and vigor which are inseparable from a girl who has been brought up in the fresh air and athletic surroundings of a country life.

The half hour had barely struck when the young lady made her appearance at the ferry. Jack was waiting for her, and without any loss of time they got afloat and started up the river.

This was a memorable day with Geraldine, for it was her first introduction to the "silvery Thames," and as she leaned back on the cushions in the stern sheets, the ripple of the water and the songs of the birds combined with the rhythmic sound of the boatman's sculls to make sweet music, which she enjoyed in silence until they neared opposite Pope's Villa, which Jack duly pointed out.

"A grand poet!" exclaimed Geraldine, with enthusiasm.

"Much overrated," answered Jack. "His brain was as crooked as his figure."

"You have been misinformed," observed Geraldine. "Of course, you have not read his 'Iliad'—it is not a book that would appeal to you. But—"

"O! yes, I have," interrupted Jack. "And his 'Odyssey,' too. But I would rather read one canto from 'Childe Harold' than the whole of Pope's works."

This led to a disputatious argument, in which Geraldine lost her temper, and was rude enough to say:

"You are evidently an exemplification of the old saying that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'"

"Well, I'm bothered!" exclaimed Jack, with a satirical smile, "if that isn't a little too bad. For, if there was one thing that I was supposed to be good at, next to rowing, it was Greek."

"You seem to be very well educated for your position in life," remarked Geraldine.

"O, I don't know," answered Jack, and he added, quickly, "the free libraries are so convenient, you know. But I might return the compliment, and say that you seem very well read for a young lady."

When they returned to the ferry Geraldine extracted her purse; but, as she was taking out the money, Jack said, pointing to Hammerton, the ferryman:

"That is the person to pay, please. I am not allowed to take any money."

After she had gone Jack said to the ferryman:

"Don't forget, Dick, if she should happen to make any inquiries, that I am only one of your assistants."

"All right, sir," answered Dick, with a knowing look, "I won't forget."

For the next month Geraldine went on the river every fine day, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon; and those boating expeditions were extended on many occasions up the river to Kingston, Molesey, and Sunbury, and it may an argument they had social talks and cut—for, as a rule, their opinions on these subjects were diametrically opposite—as they drifted down homeward bound.

One afternoon they were returning down the river when the conversation turned upon the wedding of a lady of property in the neighborhood, who had recently married her coachman.

"Poor, unfortunate woman!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How bitterly she will regret it."

"Why should she?" inquired Jack.

"Because happiness is impossible with such an ill-assorted match."

"How do you know they are ill-assorted?"

"Why! the man is only a common coachman."

"But you must remember that she has married the man, not the coachman; and if they are fond of one another, why should they not be happy?"

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How can she—a lady of birth and education—have anything in common with a fellow like that—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water?"

"Don't be too hard upon us," said Jack, half seriously. "Remember that Homer was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite, Pope, only the son of a linen draper."

"Ah but genius levels all things," replied Geraldine, with a smile.

"There is something else which levels all things," observed the young boatman.

"What is that?"

"Love," answered Jack. "That glorious feeling which is the true philosopher's stone, which gilds the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed."

"How eloquent you are this afternoon!" remarked Geraldine, but her voice was tremulous, and it was evident that her playful sarcasm was but assumed. "What novel have you been reading?"

"Perhaps I am eloquent," replied Jack. "It has been said that all men deeply in earnest are so, and this is a question that affects more the bottom of my soul! In days of old women married men because they loved them, irrespective of their banking accounts or pedigrees. If a man was honest, brave and honorable, he was considered a match for any lady's race, and why should it not be so?"

"Times have altered," faltered Geraldine, her naturally pale face a rosy red; "and we have altered with them."

"Not so," responded Jack. "The times have changed, I grant you, and, in many respects, for the worse; but men and women are still the same. Indeed, so sure am I that this is the case, that I am about to stake my whole future happiness upon it. I love you truly and devotedly. I have never loved before, and I shall never love again. Will you be mine? Will you trust yourself and your future happiness to me?"

"O! this is unkind and ungenerous," cried Geraldine, her eyes filling with tears. "You should not—you ought not to—talk to me like this."

"Why not? Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," answered the young man, and, leaning farther, he possessed himself of one of her hands. "Put on one side all disparities of rank or fortune, and ask yourself the questions: Do I love him?" Geraldine, dear Geraldine, do not let the cruel bars of society come between us and ruin the happiness of two lovers. Speak, darling, and tell me you love me."

"Can you not see," cried the poor girl, commencing to weep bitterly, "it is unkind of you to press me further?"

"I want to hear it from your own dear lips," persisted Jack. "I only want you to say, 'I love you, Jack, and will be your wife.'"

"Oh, I cannot."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, but—oh, look, there is my aunt!" exclaimed Geraldine. "Please put me on shore at once."

Jack looked around and discovered an old lady watching them intently from the towing path, and, turning the boat's head, he sculled in to the bank, saying, as he assisted Geraldine to land:

"I shall call upon you in the morning."

He did so, and was informed by the servant that the family had gone away early that day, and had left no address, as they were going to travel on the continent.

It was the middle of the London season, and Lady Althorpe's rooms were crowded with the youth, beauty and elite of the aristocracy. Bustling up to Geraldine, the energetic little hostess exclaimed:

"Don't move away for a minute, dear, I want to introduce Lord John Jasper to you. A most eligible parti, my dear. So handsome, as rich as Croesus, and so delightfully eccentric! Sets up as a woman-hater, you know, but if he resists you, my dear, why I shall give him up altogether."

A minute after she had gone in search of his lordship, a well known face caught Geraldine's attention, and the next moment Jack, the boatman, was standing in front of her.

"At last!" he said, in a low, deep voice, while his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through.

"O! Jack," cried Geraldine, "what are you doing here?"

"I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation," replied Jack.

"O! but isn't it rash of you?" said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. "Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive myself if you got into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack."

"Tell me you love me, and I will leave you at once if you wish it," answered Jack.

"O! I do—I do!" exclaimed Geraldine. "I never knew how much until we were parted, and now please go away. O! there comes Lady Althorpe."

"Ah! Lord John, I was going to introduce you to Lady Geraldine, but it seems as though you have met before," rippled the genial hostess. "Ah! you sly things!"

"O! Jack," cried Geraldine, when they were once again alone in the crowd, "why did you do this?"

"Because I wished to be loved for myself alone, darling," whispered Lord Jasper. "And I had given up all hope of it, when Providence brought us together at dear old Twickenham ferry."—The Princess.

BIG CHUNKS OF GOLD.

Some Famously Large Masses of the Golden Metal.

While the nugget found in the Blue Jay pocket by the Graves brothers is likely to become famous for its size and value, it is not, as has been stated, the largest one known in the authentic history of mining. This nugget stands, or it has stood—for it is now being melted—for about $12,000, but earlier records of the alleged Chilian nugget, weighing 161 pounds troy, the "Welcome" nugget of Ballarat, weighing 210 ounces 16 pennyweights, was sold for over $10,500, or nearly $52,500. It is even a question whether the Graves nugget is the largest one ever taken from the soil of California. According to Bancroft, a nugget was found at Carson hill, Calaveras county, in November, 1854, which weighed 195 pounds troy, and the value was over $43,000. Between the two there is no great interval of value, but what there is appears to favor the earlier specimen.

The first nugget found in this state, the one which Marshall picked up, was worth but 50 cents, and the next one discovered had $5. A soldier in Stevenson's regiment found the first large specimen, a mass of gold weighing between twenty and twenty-five pounds, while stooping to drink in a small affluent on the Mokelumne river. This nugget was taken east, where its exhibition confirmed the stories of California wealth and added naturally to the public excitement there.

In 1851 the "Oliver Martin chunk," which was auriferous one mixed with white quartz, was picked up near Camp Corona, in Tuolumne county, in a hole which Martin had dug to bury a drowned comrade. It yielded $10,270 and became the basis of a great fortune. In 1853 Daniel Hill, a pauper, found a $14,000 nugget in Plumas county, and, coming to San Francisco, spent the proceeds quickly, $4000 being squandered in one week's whirl. With his money all gone, he went to Dutch Flats, Nevada county, and while washing his hands in a stream saw lying on the bottom a nugget of gold and white quartz, smaller in size and shape to a baby's head. This brought $11,000, and sent Daniel Hill through a career of debauchery to the poorhouse.

The finds in later years up to the Blue Jay discovery have not been of a notable sort. In the fall of 1883 two tramps, who had been put off a Southern Pacific freight train, started to walk to Bakersfield, and found a battered nugget weighing 216 ounces on the way. In 1886 a chunk worth $1100 was picked up in San Diego county, and there have been two or three discoveries on the Mojave desert. The majority of the finds have been accidental.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Beards in Rome.

The Roman barber, besides cutting the hair and shaving the face, trimmed the nails and kept the fingers in order. The Roman philosophers, with a scorn of fashion's mandates still common to their kind in the nineteenth century, affected beards of enormous length, which became known as the badge of their profession. Lucian mocks them for considering these as a mark of wisdom.

Shaving actually became sacerdotal at Rome. One of the most important periods in the life of a Roman was when he celebrated his entrance into manhood and assumed the toga virilis, marking the full rights of citizenship. In the religious rites that accompanied this observance the puerile face felt the razor for the first time; the curlings of the adolescent beard were carefully turned in a waven ball and consecrated to some divinity. When Nero assumed the toga, his youthful beard was shut up in a golden casket studded with pearls of great price, and then offered to Jupiter Capitolinus.

Hadrian, having a face full of unsightly scars, covered them with a beard, and was the first of the Roman emperors to wear such an adornment, setting a fashion that was followed by his successors.

The majority of the Latin and Greek gods were represented with flowing beards; there was even a bearded Venus.—Lippincott's.

Locks Are Smaller.

There is nothing which more illustrates the progress of science and invention than the decrease in size, weight and mechanism of locks and keys since these instruments were first put in use for the purpose of keeping out intrusive strangers. Years ago these mediums to secret chambers were made of wrought iron, and were of ponderous size and weight. The nineteenth century, however, has made wonderful improvements on these instruments. Nowadays a person may carry a dozen keys in his pocket with ease that will open stronger and more intricate locks than the grotesque specimens which prevailed in the days of our grandfathers.—Baltimore American.

GREAT YERKES GLASS

ENORMOUS TELESCOPE WHICH HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

New Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis.—Object Glasses and Their Manufacture—The Delicate Operations Involved in Grinding a Large Glass.

Some Big Telescopes.

The opening of the Yerkes Observatory was one of the most notable events in the history of modern astronomy, for the telescope then put in operation is the most powerful instrument that has ever been turned to the heavens. The distinguished American astronomers who, from many institutions, gathered at the observatory had an opportunity such as was never offered to astronomers before, for the enormous power of the 40-inch object glass brought the view details on the moon and planets to a degree never yet equaled by any other astronomical instrument.

The Yerkes Observatory, so called from its founder, is probably the most perfectly equipped observatory station in the world, whether considered with regard to its situation, to the number of its instruments or their contents. The situation is chosen with reference to obtaining natural clear sky, frequent dust and smoke and electric light, free from as far as possible vibrations of the earth. The instruments of an observatory are to determine the position of the celestial bodies by measuring the angle which they make with the plane of the horizon, or with any other given plane, and to record the time at which they cross the meridian. The observatory at Greenwich, England, for instance, has been the source of the meridian measurements, and as a consequence, has been the standard of time for the Western world. In 1884 a conference of delegates from all the Western observatories met in Washington, D. C., and adopted a resolution that the meridian of Greenwich should be the prime meridian for all the world. When the Washington Observatory was established, the time it took a telegraph message to travel from Washington to Baltimore was taken as the standard time for the Western hemisphere. In 1883 the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, was put in operation, and in 1887 the Allegheny Observatory at Pittsburgh, Pa., was put in operation. In 1889 the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, Canada, was put in operation, and in 1892 the National Observatory at Washington, D. C., was put in operation. In 1893 the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, Cal., was put in operation, and in 1894 the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, Canada, was put in operation. In 1895 the Allegheny Observatory at Pittsburgh, Pa., was put in operation. In 1896 the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, Canada, was put in operation. In 1897 the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., was put in operation. In 1898 the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, Canada, was put in operation. In 1899 the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., was put in operation. In 1900 the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa, Canada, was put in operation. In 1901 the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., was put in operation. In