

# The Chatham Record.

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### A Choosing.

"The child is mine," said the daylight,  
"For she is most like me;  
So get thee hence, thou gray night,  
We've naught to do with thee!"

Her eyes are blue as my skies,  
Her looks are like the sun;  
She shall but sleep 'neath thy shies,  
When my glad hours are done."

"Not so," then spake the night-time,  
"She's fair as is my moon;  
And her voice is like the love-rhyme  
My own bird sings in June;

Her eyes are like the star-gems  
Set far above the sun;  
And her breath is sweet as the blossom  
That opens when thou art gone."

"Choose thou me," said the daylight,  
"For all the world is mine;  
The birds sing in my gay light,  
Like gold the waters shine;

And mine are all the best flowers  
That over the whole earth grow.  
And mine are all the blithe hours  
Wherein men come and go."

"Nay, be thou mine," said the night-time,  
"For I, too, can give thee gold;  
Fairer indeed is my bright time,  
Fainter, and somewhat cold;

But the lover love's my fay-light;  
With me the poet's song best;  
While the toiling children of daylight  
Can use me but for rest."

Then she answered, "While flowers smile  
While the birds and the humming bee,  
And the eyes of my playmates fun-lit,  
Are joys enough for me—

While burdens are light for bearing,  
While sorrow is loth to stay—  
So long, beyond all comparing,  
I will love thee best, oh, day!"

"But when I shall find a gladness  
To all but myself unknown;  
And when there shall come a sadness  
I needs must endure alone;

When grief is too great for weeping—  
When bliss cannot bear the light—  
Then, while the rest are sleeping,  
That I'll watch with thee, oh, night!"

—Bath Times.

### A PLESANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eight months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is?"

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they had walked and listened ever since they could remember; at any rate, she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress." There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No estimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But its something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alie!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting perhaps that it was nicer—which it was no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pigtail, and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes," she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—'I forgot—and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a 'poor lieutenant,' you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no, indeed, I shall not Alie," she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we've got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alie, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and but-tempered, and it was handsomely accepted.

Maggie went as governess into the family of a Mrs. Marshall, of Woolwich. Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband was really mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school-room as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night, and been delivered to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an im-promptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?"

In the evening she put on her shabby black gown and stuck a spray of white flowers in her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons. When it came, with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a sacred, almost hushed expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more hand and soldierly looking, was Alie Granger. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left it altogether. She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity towards the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment she saw him by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost pitiously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, then, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed, how interesting!" then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be our dance, I think, to Alie, and she sailed off with him triumphantly."

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alie.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger?"

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed."

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidences talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson!" Maggie said indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alie, who was no doubt strolling about the common listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked.

Suddenly, at about 12 o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alie Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right Tom, put it down; that's right; now be off. There I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dear, he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed, pupils, "I'm quite sure you'd like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears, and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them."

"Oh, Alie!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking.

"What do you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never wrote letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box."

"But Alie, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now what do you think of these fighting wits? Got em at Java on purpose for you," and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over her head, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them.

"There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me into dreadful trouble—you will indeed; Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she's only jealous," he laughed.

"Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked innocently.

"Why you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you little coquette?" and he put his arm around her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but Alie!"

"Oh, but Maggie!"—and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

Of course there was no rejoicing on the part of Maria, but notwithstanding Alie and Maggie were married within a month.

### Colorado Mining Interests.

In and about Leadville, Colorado, mining is the only thing that is thought or talked about. Even the children resort to miniature mining operations in their play. The latest strike on the Lead Chief tract was made by two little boys, who put up a small windlass, hung a bucket on it, and with their small picks and shovels began operations in earnest upon the stubborn soil. They worked faithfully and progressed well, and soon were rewarded. At the depth of four feet they struck a large, blind lead, the ore from which is richer than anything yet found on the claim. All through the vein upon which the owners are working is a splendid one. The new strike is a well defined fissure, running parallel with the first and about fifty feet distant from it. The new mine has been called the Little Chief, and the owners of the Lead Chief having leased it, they are taking ore from it yielding 800 ounces of silver to the ton.

### A Mirage Phenomenon.

The Morris, Minn., Tribune says: "A mirage, a phenomenon common in this locality during certain seasons of the year, was unusually distinct last Sunday morning, especially to the east. The timber and clearings in the Holmes City and Alexandria woods, distant some forty miles, was very plainly seen from this point, and the smoke from the houses in Alexandria could also be seen for a short time. The condition of the atmosphere was such that there was a double refraction, the first inverted and the second erect. This, we believe, is caused by the reflection and refraction on the denser medium of air. To the west the cotons or bluffs along the Dakota line were quite distinct, and looked to be only ten instead of fifty miles distant."

Life is but an empty dream to the young man who makes himself sick at the stomach with too much enjoyment.

### Accusing His Mother—Remarkable Story.

In a New York court recently Mrs. Sophia Lyons, a stylishly-attired woman, asked to have her son, a ragged boy, sent to the House of Refuge.

While the woman was speaking the boy changed color, and tears ran down his cheeks. When the Justice asked him what he had to say, the boy inquired, "May I tell you the whole truth?" and, on being told that he would be heard, said: "That woman is the wife of Edward Lyons, the burglar. Ask the detectives who he is and who she is." The boy spoke intelligently and in a clear voice. "She herself," he continued, "is a thief who has done time—"

The woman, pale with anger, sprang toward him and struck him a hard blow in the face. Two policemen interfered, and the Justice ordered the woman removed.

When the boy had been told to go on, he said that ten years ago his father and mother lived in a fine house at Madison avenue and 110th street, New York; one night there was great confusion in the house, and policemen came in and arrested his father and mother and some men. They were taken to court and the boy was sent to Rullall's Island. "One day, the boy continued, 'I was sent for and was taken to Detroit, where I met this woman, who said that my name there was Robinson. In the house were lots of jewelry and silks and laces and cloaks. My father, I learned, was then in prison. Many men came to see my mother, and I often heard them talk of robberies.'"

He went on to tell of his bad treatment and how he finally went to New York and sold flowers and sang in saloons for a livelihood.

"I met my mother in Sixth avenue yesterday," he continued, "for the first time in many months. She told me to come home with her, and she would buy me a new suit of clothes. I went with her to a house where there was a strange man. I told last night all I had done. To-day she told me that she was going away."

Justice Murray, having patiently listened to the boy, recalled the mother. The woman's manner was changed. In whispered words she acknowledged to Justice Murray that she was known as a thief, the wife of a burglar. Neil Lyons, she admitted, once under a twenty years sentence, managed to escape from the State prison. She was at that time a prisoner, and her husband, a few months after his own escape, returned and assisted her in escaping. Then they went to Canada, and he opened a broker's office. When re-arrested he had \$25,000 in bonds upon him.

The woman completely broke down when she confessed that her own mother was a thief, and that she herself, twenty-four years ago, when a child of six years, was arraigned in Essex Market Police Court, accused of picking pockets. She told how Justice Osborne took her on his knee and questioned her. Justice Murray told her to go home and he would see what he could do for the boy.

After court the justice sent for the boy and again questioned him. The justice then asked the boy to sing for him, and he sang in Latin the "Ave Marie." Alderman Shiels offered to find him a good home. Justice Murray, however, will confer with Father McTilghy, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, and endeavor to get the boy a home where he will be under Father McTilghy's care.

### A Learned Cat and a Wise Hen.

Mrs. Augustus W. Brooks, of East Eliot, Me., has (or did have) about a year ago) a cat thirteen years old, which she brought from Boston, and for which she has been vainly offered \$50. This learned pussy will stand up at the word of command, bow slowly or quickly as directed, walk around the room on her hind legs only, dance, turn somersaults, go through the motions of holding a jeweler to her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, mew when ordered to speak, kiss her paw to visitors, hold a saucer of milk on her fore legs and lap the milk, and stand on her hind feet and with her fore paws catch bits of bread or meat thrown to her, like a base-ball player. Her kitten, a year old, will turn somersaults. The same lady has a hen which always wipes her feet on the mat on entering the house, and if asked, "How do you get your living, biddy?" will scratch on the floor, look to see if she has scratched out anything, and then look at the questioner to see if the answer is correct; this hen despises the wooden, china and porcelain chests, which some people tumble them out of her nest as often as they are put in. A rooster will also scratch the floor when asked how he gets his living, but can not be made to wipe his feet.

A life insurance policy is of no use to a man who does not intend to die before the company fails. It is something like a glory which comes to a military corpse on the field of battle.

The life of a washer woman is not one of unbroken happiness because her lines do not always fall in unpleasant places.

### Ladies as Stock Speculators.

A private stock exchange exclusively for the use of ladies has been opened in New York. Circulars were sent out addressed to prominent ladies, many of them the wives of gentlemen whose names are familiar in finance and in the professions, and set forth that the exchange was "under the immediate management of a lady of standing, who has had a long and successful experience in stock speculations," and did business in Wall street "through a widely-known house of bankers and brokers of large capital and unquestionable solidity."

"Many a woman," said a gentleman, speaking of the document, "may be led to pledge her diamonds or to compromise her attitudinators or her husband's financial standing, with the vague promise of a fortune thus held out to her." Mrs. Favor states that she merely issued a business circular, not differing materially from those usually issued by such establishments to parties likely to become their patrons. The Exchange, she said, was opened a few weeks ago at the urgent solicitation of ladies of large and independent means, who had speculated in Wall street for years, and had often met with losses because their facilities for information were not equal to those of men. She, Mrs. Favor, was simply the salaried manager of the concern, and had no share in its profits or responsibility for its expenditures. Ladies of the highest standing—married and unmarried—some with fortunes in their own right, and others the wives of prominent lawyers, doctors and even bankers—dropped in during business hours, and gave orders to buy or sell according to the state of the market.

### Andrew Jackson's Affection.

The deep affection felt by President Andrew Jackson for his wife is illustrated by an incident related by the late Nicholas P. Trist, who was for some time his private secretary. "One evening," writes Mr. Trist, "after I had parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what those directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early next morning, I returned to his chamber door, and tapping gently, in order not to awake him if he had got to sleep, my tap was answered by 'Come in.' He was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I had supposed he must be by that time. He was sitting at the little table, with his wife's miniature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books, and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use. This book, as I afterwards learned, was her prayer-book. The miniature he always wore next his heart, suspended round his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before lying down to rest was to read in that book with that picture under his eyes."

### Dr. Holmes on the Press.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes reads the newspapers religiously. He said yesterday: "We must have something to eat and papers to read. Everything else we can give up. If we are rich, we can lay down in our carriages, stay away from Newport or Saratoga, and adjourn the trip to Europe sine die. If we live in a small way, there are at least new dresses and bonnets and everyday luxuries that we can dispense with. Only bread and the newspaper we must have, whatever else we do without. The time may come when even the cheap public print shall be a burden our means cannot support, and we can only listen in the square, that was once the marketplace, to the voices of those who proclaim defeat or victory (this was written during the war) Then there will be only our daily food left. When we have nothing to read and nothing to eat, it will be a favorable moment to offer a compromise. At the present we have all that nature absolutely demands—we can live on bread and the newspaper."

### Outdone By a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

"The little fellow looked at them."

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There was some blushing on four manly faces