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The boats of the Express Steamboat Company will run as follows from the first of October until further notice:

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Castles in the Air.

I am fair with the fish of girlhood, My heart is as light as air, My future is brilliant with promise Of days which will hold no care.

I am dolled in silks and satins, The bells of the ball-room I Whirl ev'rywhere as watching As happily I pass by.

I am travelling in far-off countries, Idling 'neath Italy's skies, Enchanted with scenes that delight me Where'er I may turn my eyes.

I have suitors—yes, by the dozen— Keeling so low at my feet, While pride in my heart rises riot, And the songs of triumph is sweet.

I am queen in a lordly castle, With servants at my command, And close and comfort and pleasure Close within reach of my hand.

—Lo! the fire is burned to embers, The room is chilly and dark, There's a well-known step at the doorway, For John is coming, and, hark!

The coo of my own dear baby, Lying awake in her nest, And we welcome papa together, I and the child on my breast;

For though my castles have fallen, And grandeur has vanished away, No queen could be prouder or bolder Than I with my dear ones to-day.

THREE TIMES.

"Come, Helen, dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!"

And Lily Leslie's voice grew pleading as she watched the sober face of the girl who stood in the door looking down across the cool green lawn that sloped away from the house toward the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is this what makes you so sober to day?" questioned Amy in a whisper, as Lily stood looking wistfully toward the meadows.

Before the young governess could answer Lily called:

"Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is."

Helen Arnold shook her head, and the two girls ran down to meet the tall, sturdy young man, who seemed to bring with him the scent of the hay that lay freshly cut in the meadows. The beauty and brightness of the summer seemed doubled as he came up across the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear, happy voices of the girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the front doorway, waiting with a trembling yearning to unsay the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity, passing in at the side door and seeming not to notice her.

All day, as Helen Arnold had toiled in the little school-room she had thought of John Leslie, and wished (oh, how earnestly!) that she had waited before saying that "No," which she did not mean. She began to feel how lonely life could be even among the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, and that her buoyancy and brightness of spirit during the long happy summer had not been all on account of present and healthy surroundings. She went into the house and up to her room to hide her face as she brooded over unpleasant thoughts. One of life's golden opportunities had been offered her, and she had cast it aside, and now it was gone forever. This was the last day of her engagement as governess, and she would soon be at home, and he would soon forget her. But perhaps he might give her a chance yet to return a different answer. A blush mantled her pale cheek, and the blue eyes grew strangely dark and bright, as she went to the mirror to arrange the gold braid hair that fell over her neck in graceful curls. She smiled as she saw reflected the faultless picture, and with a new hope went down to join the family at the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat, very quiet as usual, but his eager eye drank in the exquisite loveliness of the young girl's face and figure as she came round to her place. Perhaps he read in her downcast, tender eyes, the change that had come over her, but he gave her no intimation of it, and after supper, when the children roused about her and called brother John to place a wreath of wild flowers on her head, he showed no signs of embarrassment or emotion, but talked to her coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought he had been trifling, and that she could not bear. A fire burned brightly in her deep blue eyes, and blazed brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph; but, oh, when was glory not bought too dearly? He leaned over her, and touched lightly her soft hand.

"Did you not mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy."

"Inipudent! Do I not know my own mind? Love you?"

Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered she wished they were unsaid; but John Leslie could not know it; and if he had, perhaps he would not have forgiven her. His face grew very pale, and he turned away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Leslie. He became a successful merchant, and therefore was a mark for matrimonial speculation; but still he troubled not his head about marriage. At last the pleasant, insinuating mamma, who talked to him so sweetly and affectionately about the dear girls who were their greatest treasure, got to saying, as kind things about the "dear old bachelor," behind his back. Of what use was it, to be sure, to always have so prettily to such a reserved old fellow? He seemed to care nothing at all for ladies.

Lily thought surely at her wedding with Dr. Maynard, brother John would come out of his retirement and make some of the marriageable ladies of her acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short-lived happiness, for it was a long time before he again left his business.

The truth was that the young ladies did not seem to know—if John Leslie and wanted to marry any one of them, or all of them together, he would have asked them. Being well satisfied to let things take their course he did not trouble himself much about what was passing outside of his business, but dodded steadily onward. Now, when he went out to Dr. Maynard's, he had the little Lillian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went oftener than before the baby came. One day while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Maynard said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is coming, all to stay awhile with us, John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so very quiet and reserved that I want to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much. She never does that."

John tossed the baby, and the baby's mother was so pleased to see the little one's delight, that she forgot her brother did not reply. However, it was several weeks before he ventured to visit Dr. Maynard's again. Then it was only after an urgent entreaty from Lillian.

"We are so lonely," she wrote. "The doctor is away, and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves her so dearly; I want you to come out. I miss my dear old brother John. Do come by the next train. I will send to meet you."

Lillian.

Helen Arnold sat at the piano, singing softly, and touching the keys lightly; and Lillian played with the baby, and laughed at her cunning ways one minute—the next looked out of the window and fretted at John's delay.

"Dear me, I don't see why he doesn't come!" and she went to the window for the fiftieth time and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled round with a cry of delight.

"I was looking at a beautiful picture," said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him. Before she had time to think of John, baby set up a cry of delight too, of course. She was such a knowing child; and her frightened mamma took her up, and talking sweet baby talk to her, carried her up to the nursery. After she was quieted and petted a little, she was left with Susan, and Lillian ran down to the drawing-room to see "dear old John," wondering all the time if he would be polite to Helen.

"Good gracious!" This was all she said, as she opened the door agape. What do you suppose she saw? There was John, brown, handsome John, sitting on the sofa, smiling, and apparently very happy; and Helen Arnold, with a crimson face, sat quietly in the shelter of his arms.

"Come in, Lillian darling, I want to tell you about it. I have proposed," said John.

"Proposed!" said his sister.

"Yes," said John. "This is the third time."

Lillian laughed, and as she came up to her brother, he drew her down beside them. Then he told her all about it, and added:

"This time she has not said no; and we will have a happy home, too, will we not, dear Helen?"

And he turned his beaming face from his sister to look at the lovely one upon his shoulder, grown thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but now most sweet and womanly, as he drew the smiling arms closer about her.

He did not seem to think there was any danger of a "No," now, judging by the glowing look she gave him, at the same time saying, softly:

"I always thought you would ask me again, so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of the happiness within, as he answered:

"It seems a foolish thing to do, but yet I am not sorry that I proposed three times."

Lillian laughed, and ran upstairs to see the baby.

The Bogus Pearls.

A curious story is told of a Jew street old gold man. A gentleman's individual once called on him to sell a pair of pearl earrings in a very heavy old-fashioned gold setting. "The pearls are bogus," he said. "My wife got them once when she had to raise money on the real ones." The dealer, on this, simply stripped the setting off and paid a few dollars for it by weight.

As the imitation pearls were a very handsome pair, however, he tossed them into his odds and ends box, on the chance of a collector's giving a dollar or two for them. The latter, as soon as he saw them, asked:

"Why, where did you get these pearls?"

"Out of a setting, of course. They're real beauties, ain't they?"

"They are, just. I'll give you three hundred for them."

The dealer, who regarded the offer as a joke, replied laughingly that he would not take twice as much. The collector then increased his offer one hundred dollars, and as the matter began to look serious, the old gold man sent across the way for a friend, an expert in gems. The latter found a pair of pearls for a pair of the real pearls at \$1,000.

And neither the gentleman who had sold the bogus pearls, nor the man who had bought them, had any more to do with the matter.

"THE AULD WIFE."

Many a man a little past the so-called prime of life, looking at his pretty young daughter just blossoming into girlish beauty, loves her all the better for the thought that comes to him, like a thrilling realization of his youth again, that she is the very picture of what her mother was at her age. And then an unconscious sigh disturbs him as he glances at the mother, and sees the havoc that has been wrought in the once smooth fair face as the years have been slipping by, taking many things with them besides rosy bloom and dimples, bright teeth and luxuriant locks. He is not so foolish as to complain of the inevitable, to ask why she cannot always be young, or to forget that he himself has suffered a change, that his forehead is very much higher than it used to be, and that his old wedding coat would not by any means meet across his shoulders now. But nevertheless, he feels it a subject of regret, even if he does not acknowledge it to himself, that when beauty dies, the love of beauty does not die as well, or that some other and more satisfactory and lasting beauty, the beauty of the soul, which transmutes the worn and weary flesh, does not always and rarely take its place. Perhaps he is so fortunate, when gazing in his wife's face, as to see this beauty of the soul that has grown there, till now, illuminating and irradiating, it shines like a name burning in an alabaster vase. Or perhaps, in a very few extraordinary instances it has happened, the original beauty is all that it ever was, even after the lapse of very many years, and has only mellowed and deepened with time. But neither of these possibilities is a universal or frequent one.

If, however, he sees neither the original beauty, nor the spiritual beauty that has grown under the discipline of life to replace the other, there is some reason for his sighing; and if any little shade of self-reproach mingled with the sigh, there would often again be reason.

For how many times has he pined, for all his love of her, and thought, as their youth was deepening into middle life, how best to save that bloom on the cheek, to spare that smooth forehead, to keep the old sweetness that he loved round the eye and lip? Cares must come in spite of him, cares and griefs and troubles, since the tale of no one's life is made without them. But he has constantly remembered to make himself the wall against which they first should break, or to be personally the means of bringing none of them upon her? If his pride, his ambition, his love of pleasure, exceeded his means, and required her, in the effort for respectability, to do something much like making bricks without straw? Has he allowed his unquiet temper to keep her nerves always at concert pitch, with fretting and fault finding and excursions, till she has become little but nerves? Has he demanded of her in all her departments a perfection that he has not rendered in any of his? Has he given her any cause for contempt of him as for one caring more for eating and drinking than for anything else? Has he forgotten all the strain on a delicate frame that the birth and bringing up of children are, not to speak of household or the direction of servants, if she has them? Has he taken care to remember that even if supplied with every bodily comfort, and perhaps luxury, her soul yearns far more after the old tender assurances and words of admiration? Has he, in fact, just so far as in his power, warded off trouble, brought home happiness, taken pains to put on a smiling face when coming in the door, and added to her stock no unreasonable solicitudes?

Of course almost every wife knows that she is indispensable to one phase of her husband's contentment, to the management of his food just as the experience of years has taught her his taste, the care of his clothes, the cheerfulness of his home. But there is no wife living who does not long to be made constantly aware that she is indispensable to him for herself, and herself alone, as well as all the rest, and there are too many wives dead for no other reason than that the assurance failed to come, and so life lost its savor, and they slipped out of it unheeding and unloved.

That husband who wants to see the beauty of youth on the "auld wife's" face, or as much of it as the positive laws of nature can spare him, has loved her with no care that could be avoided, and if he could not give six pawns and plum cake's, has seen to it that he gave her no anxieties either. Physical burdens greater than the strength do much toward undermining the good looks of youth, but there are other destroying influences more potent yet. It is anxiety and the wear and tear of tired-out nerves that whiten and thin the hair, that engrave the lines upon the forehead and about the mouth, and that, far sooner than time would do it, make the weary muscles flaccid, and let down all the pump roundness and lovely curves into loose skin, and call the blood from the cheek to the aching heart. The wife, too, whose husband does not now and then glance at her teeth, is apt to let the time for going to the dentist slip by; whose husband does not ever pass a caressing hand over her hair, cease to

care how it is dressed. "There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ," says Barlet; and all the more, then, it needs to be kept in tune; and the husband who wants the old beauty of her girlhood, or the beauty of the sweet and contented spirit, must take some heed to retaining the one and evading the other; and he will see the result of such conduct on his part by observing the face of any thoroughly happy and not overtasked wife.

To be sure, no woman who has any respect either for herself or her marriage vows will, by reason of overtaking or of neglect, pretermitt any duty devolving on her. The one, she knows, owing to various household exigencies, may, after all, be unavoidable; the other may be faceted, and the consequences of pro-negation; but whether they are so or not, they will not excuse her for failure in fulfilling her part of the old golden rule, either to her husband or to the eyes of the world. But the woman who is wise in her day and generation will, irrespective of any such arrangement, do the best she can to maintain and preserve the charms that once pleased, and will not let the less smooth the hair and brighten the teeth, and add grace and variety to the toilette, because the one who doubts loves them yet does not every day think to praise them, or make old raptures new again concerning them.

"Nobody Will Ever See It."

A short time ago we called upon a certain party in business in Vallejo, and asked him why he did not advertise in the Chronicle.

"Oh, because," he answered, "what's the use? Nobody will ever see it."

"You're mistaken," said we; "every page in our paper is read."

"Nonsense!" he replied; "even if they did read my ad., people would never think of it again. I don't want to advertise."

"But—"

"No buts at all. I don't want to advertise, and don't bother me any more; I'm busy."

And he walked back into his store and strangled a poor little fly that was helping itself from a barrel of sugar.

Time passed and we never again intimated "advertisement" to him, although meeting him daily. Yesterday the gentleman called at our sanctum, looking a little uncertain as to how he would be received. We cherished no hard feelings, and motioned him to a chair.

"I suppose you heard of that little affair of mine below?"

"Oh, yes," said we, "that little episode on Kearney street night before last? Yes, we've got all the particulars for a moment."

"Hush! Not so loud, please," said he, "of course you are going to say nothing in the paper about it?"

"And why not? It's a matter of interest to your friends and the people generally."

"Heaven! Why it would ruin me!"

"Oh, no, guess not. Nobody will ever see it."

"Yes they will! And it will ruin me as sure as I'm sitting here. I'll be the laughing stock of the town. They will see it!"

We rose and touched him impressively on the shoulder.

"Well, we will admit that the people will see it; but then you know, they will never think of it again!"

His words came back to him like a flash, and he trembled so violently that his eyeballs fairly jingled; and he was such an object of commiseration that we promised to keep mum. This little moral is drawn from the above, which is applicable to the world over. Ask a man to advertise, and he will immediately say, in the majority of cases, that "Nobody will ever see it," but advertise gratis come little indiscretion he may commit, and he immediately grows indignant over the certainty that the whole world will know it.

Position of Women in China.

Among Edwin, a Burmese, who has been educated in this country with the view of sending him as a Baptist missionary to Burmah, lectured lately in Baltimore. Speaking of the deplorable condition of woman in the East, owing mainly to peculiar religious teachings, he says: "Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and therefore not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children, they are disposed of in the following way: At regular intervals an appointed officer goes through a village and collects from poor parents all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets attached to the ends of a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to the Government asylum, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room there they are taken in, if not they are drowned."

It looks bad to see a sensitive grinder busily engaged in front of a newspaper office two days in a week.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The legislature of Mississippi has passed a law obliging all railway companies in the state to fence their roads under a heavy penalty for failing so to do.

J. B. Mervin, editor of the American Journal of Education, says: "It is easy to show that money paid for schools becomes an investment at compound interest."

In the struggle to capture a party of colonists bound for Kansas by two rival railroad passenger agents at Rochester, the fare was reduced from \$33 61 to 25, one agent selling ninety-three tickets and the other forty four.

A report to the annual conference of the Mormons says that the Mormon population of Utah is 111,820, that the Church in that Territory has lost 600 members and gained 1,500 in a year, and that the Church receipts in that period were over \$1,000.

The Australians do not take kindly to the polygamite. One of the Salt Lake priests who has just returned from a proselyting visit to the big island, says that four attempts were made there to murder him, and the Salt Lake Tribune is abusing the Australians for their poor marksmanship.

Eastern people who have a general idea of the size of Colorado may yet be surprised by the statement of the Denver News that it is the fourth state in the Union in the respect, and is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined.

In many portions of Missouri the cane sugar industry is being vigorously worked up, and several syrup and sugar factories, some of them on a large scale, are being prepared for work in the fall. A great many farmers will plant the best varieties of sorghum, intending to raise their own sweetening hereafter.

A new railroad between Cincinnati and Baltimore is projected, and an act incorporating the company which proposes to build it has passed the Ohio Senate. It is said that English capitalists will furnish the money. It will run along the north bank of the Ohio river to Gallipolis, and thence through West Virginia and Maryland to Baltimore.

The report of the commissioner of statistics for Minnesota now tells us that "the crop of spring wheat for 1879 will not be more than 25,000,000 bushels, and the yield per acre not more than nine bushels." For weeks during the growing season of 1879 the St. Paul newspapers considered their state inflated if the figures "45,000,000" bushels were doubted for a moment.

A new and curious case of death from poisoning has occurred in Philadelphia. A young woman who wore colored stockings and shoes with copper nails, had her feet punctured by one of the latter. Inflammation immediately set in, and in a few days she died. Physicians do not know whether to attribute the poisoning to the stocking or to the nail, or to both.

Thomas F. Kelly, of Philadelphia, deemed himself an uncommonly wicked sinner. By way of penance he sold his house for \$700, gave the money to the poor, and started barefooted for the Roman Catholic monastery at Loreto, Pa. He is begging his food and lodging on the way, and his feet are terribly swollen from hard usage and cold. He intends to spend the rest of his life as a monk.

The project of an international bullion bank is now discussed in Paris, its purpose being to secure the dissemination of gold coin, and substitute for a bullion. By this arrangement it will be possible to save the expenses of exchange and the danger attending the transportation of gold coin. This bank is to be opened in Paris and London, and branches are to be established in large cities all over the world.

In regard to strikes the Boston Bulletin says: "Arbitration alone is the key to the situation. Let master and man both listen to reasoning. Let the wants of each be freely expressed to the other. Let each understand the other, and very often the difficulty can be easily settled. But if employers are stingy and workmen are unreasonable, then let committees of arbitration settle the dispute. If there could be a board of labor commissioners authorized by the legislature of every state, with the power to settle labor questions, rates of wages, hours, etc., a vast deal of trouble would be saved."

Mrs. Scott Siddons was reading to a fashionable audience at Columbia, S. C. In the midst of a selection from "King John," at the point where the Prince sentenced to be blinded, she stopped abruptly, and it was impossible to proceed, and walked off the stage. The people thought that she was overcome by emotion, aroused by the passage which she was reading, and so they applauded her for the supposed display womanly feeling. But they were mistaken. A party of young men in a box had annoyed her by conversation and interruption, and she returned to explain that unless they behaved better she would read no more. They were quiet thereafter.