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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A street-car motor, to be run by quicksilver, is being made at Aurora, Ill.; 800 pounds of quicksilver are required.

The newspaper owes its origin to the custom which prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century of reading aloud in the public places a manuscript of the news of the day, prepared by authority.

A merchant of Portsmouth, England, purposely began a ship on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her the "Friday" and got a commander for her named Friday. She sailed from port on a Friday, and was never heard of again. Yet this proves nothing.

A French physician who has studied the effects of turpentine on some 300 painters, arrives at the conclusion that the injurious effects produced by turpentine fumes can never be sufficiently severe to cause death unless they are contained in a very confined space. With good ventilation no fear need be entertained of fatal effects from this cause.

In the Methodist Protestant Conference, Dr. L. W. Bates offered an amendment to the report on ministerial education, that the question, "Will you abstain from tobacco?" be stricken out. The Conference refused to accept the amendment, and the report was adopted as read.

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod of America, in session in Philadelphia, makes the following utterance officially: "Never was infidelity more bold or blatant. Newspapers are published professedly in the cause of infidelity. New books are written and old books reprinted, and lecturers go from city to city and town to town in the interests of the same unholy cause."

A ton of wheat when carefully burned leaves 28.24 pounds of ash, while a ton of straw will leave 60.13 pounds, and a ton of chaff 179.07 pounds. To know this is of interest to the wheat grower, as it teaches the importance of returning the straw to the soil; and great care ought to be taken of the chaff, for one pound as a fertilizer is as much as three pounds of straw, containing six times as much mineral matter as the grain itself.

The college book of Harvard gives statistics showing that out of 913 Harvard students who graduated between 1800 and 1875 (inclusive), 203 were Unitarians or Liberals, 217 Episcopalians, 126 Orthodox Congregationalists, 46 Baptists, 25 Presbyterians, 16 Methodists, 12 Swedenborgians, 8 other Unitarians, 2 Quakers, 15 Catholics, 2 Jews, 1 Mormon and 113 undecided. Stats are furnished to students, at the expense of the college, in any church of their own election.

Leprosy is not uncommon in San Francisco among Chinamen. But it is not paraded. Some white men have been reputed to come from the Sandwich Isles. It is not contagious. The Hawaiian government has for sixteen years spent \$250,000 a year in vain efforts to stamp it out. An island is set apart for lepers. There are 700 at present isolated and guarded. About 400 a year die, but new ones replace them. Many are hid by families and friends. Those in San Francisco escaped scrutiny in emigrant ships from China. They are employed in cigar making.

The earth turns upon its axis with a surface velocity of over 1,000 miles at the equator, while at the pole the rate is reduced to zero. A scientific gunner says that, under special circumstances, heavy guns with long ranges have to be corrected for the different rate of rotation of the earth at the place from which one is fired and the point where the shot falls, which difference may cause as much as two yards deflection to one side or the other in firing north or south. The earth's rotation is thus actually made visible.

Dr. Manson has been communicating important information in regard to filaria, which are now proved to be introduced into the human system by the bite of mosquitoes. These filaria are small microscopic worms, and Dr. Manson spoke of their singular habit of periodically passing in and out of the blood circulation, and gave a table showing the hour of the day and night at which they were either present or absent in the blood. These worms were remarkably punctual in keeping to their appointed times. The evening intrusion of the circulation commences at about half-past seven, the overcrowding taking place about midnight. Dr. Manson exhibited drawings and specimens of the filaria in all its stages of growth, and also numerous infected mosquitoes.

Brigham Young's Daughter's Opinion of the Mormon Church.

One of the daughters of Brigham Young, who was lately expelled from the Mormon church for suing some of the recently brethren who attempted to rob her, when entreated to return to the fold, replied: "My father, prophet though you call him, broke many a woman's heart. If it was required of me to break as many hearts and ruin as many women as my father did, I should go to perdition before I would go back into the church. A religion which breaks women's hearts and ruins them is of the devil. That's what Mormonism does. Don't talk to me of my father!"

The Higher Courage.

You tell me that life is not what I dream, That man is selfish, and woman vain; That the strong are made strong through suffering, And the wise are wise but in bearing pain; That our souls are filled with earthly dust, The glory leads from our skies away, And the human heart, like the mountain pine, Sings a song of grief on the brightest day. Yet must we live for petty aims, And say perfection exists nowhere? I see not homo-planta—well, what then? The fields are green, and the hills are fair, Better good dreams than evil facts, A noble faith than ignoble deeds, My path may not run through treas and flowers; Must I therefore fill my hands with weeds? I know, I know you must die away, The altar-lights of the misty dawn; We worship no more at the shrine of youth, Their idols are broken, their splendor gone, Yet, hoping on as best we may, Whatever makes or whatever makes, It can be no crime, if our feet grow tired, Though the dust be mixed, to look at the stars. Nay! find no fault with the world as it is, Though the end of all things may not see, Facts are God's thoughts, my friend; and God— What is God but reality? We must labor on till the long day's close, We shall know life's meaning then. Oh, well, We may find it true in the end—who knows? The old tale of the angel and I. —Augusta M. Lord.

RULED BY THE VIGILANTES.

The recent twenty-fourth anniversary of the murder of James King, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, led C. L. Divine, foreman in the office of the Indianapolis Journal, to tell a reporter the following stirring incidents of California's early days: I was in San Francisco in 1856, and until there was no protection whatever to either life or property. Outlawed from all parts of the world had looked here, chiefly from the large cities of the Atlantic States, and desperadoes from Australia. Murder was almost of everyday occurrence. I was sitting in the San Francisco office; myself and other printers, when our work was done at night or in the early morning, always arranged to go home in squads of four or five for self protection, carrying out revolvers in our hands. You can have no idea of the lawlessness that prevailed there, nor of the desperate roughs who required the heroic treatment of a vigilance committee. But the work done by that committee was one of purification, and for nearly twenty years after the moral atmosphere that pervaded San Francisco was delightful. What I think started the vigilance committee of that year was the murder of General Richardson, United States marshal, by gambler named Cora. Bella Cora, the wife of this man, was notorious, beautiful and wealthy. One night at the theater General Richardson, through his opera-glass, gazed on this woman. As I said, she was a woman of remarkable beauty, and he looked long and searchingly at her. She, it seems, became angry, and, considering herself insulted, took offense. She told Cora that she never would be satisfied until he had killed General Richardson, and she promised her to do the deed. A night or two after this Cora met the general in the Blue Wing, a grand drinking saloon of that day, and charged the matter with the officer. The general explained that he had not intentionally insulted the lady, and made ample apologies. The two men then took a drink together—the California way of settling small difficulties—and stepped out of the saloon to the pavement. A moment after a pistol shot was heard, Cora had treacherously killed Richardson, and the woman was avenged. He was arrested and taken to jail, as he expected to be—a mere formality, as he was under amounted to nothing except a mere matter of money to bribe justice, for the judges were notoriously corrupt. The sheriff was Dave Scannell, a rough, and a particular friend of Cora. The citizens murmured, but it was only another man killed. There was nothing to be done. There would be, as there had been before, a trial by jury, the peers would disagree, and soon after, the excitement having subsided, at the next trial the jury would acquit. James King, called James King of William to distinguish him from another of the same name, had just started the San Francisco Evening Bulletin. He was an honest fearless man and began to lash the scoundrels who infested the Golden Gate without mercy. He assailed them openly and fearlessly. He exposed the villainy of Ned McGowan, Billy Mulligan, Jim Casey, Charley D. and others, but out-box stuffers and thieves generally, and they said that he had to be got out of the way. The three named and one or two others threw dice to see who was to kill King, and the lot fell to Casey.

On the fourteenth day of May, 1856, the afternoon that King was killed, I was working at my ease in the Globe office, opposite Wells & Fargo's. Casey, who had been lurking about Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, stood in the door as James King came down the street, going diagonally across the street to Montgomery block. When he got about half-way across, Casey, following at his back, called out to him. King turned, and as he turned Casey fired, shooting him in the breast. When the shot was fired some printer (we all heard the report)

There's another man gone!

and we all went to the windows to look out. One of the compositors said: "My God! that's James King of the Bulletin." Casey and his friends had planned everything beforehand. As soon as he shot King, Casey gave himself up to his confederate, Sheriff Dave Scannell, and went to jail. What King wrote of Casey was that he was an expert marksman from Sioux Falls. Well, the news of the murder went over the city like wildfire, creating intense excitement everywhere. Business houses were closed and merchants, mechanics, the best citizens, came out in the streets. There were men speaking at nearly every street corner, urging that the time had come for the people to take the law into their own hands. A printer, named Andrews, and myself with others spoke at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. It was the first and only speech I ever made in my life. As I finished speaking a man came up and said he wanted Andrew and me. We took several printers we knew and went with the stranger to a large warehouse on Sanson street, and were there told that a vigilance committee was forming. We registered our names, and were each given a number and went out. My number was 4265. No man got into that organization unless fully vouched for as thoroughly reliable.

We met in a large hall the next night or two after initiation, and were put into companies, electing our own officers and forming regiments. No man was called by name; each had his number. We were armed at first in all sorts of ways—revolvers, knives, clubs, anything; but we soon provided ourselves with muskets and ammunition. Our force soon rose to 6,000 men, and was composed of cavalry, artillery, mounted riflemen and infantry. Who was the leader? I never knew any leader. All our orders came from "Thirty-three, secretary, by order of the committee." We took a large building in Sanson street next, in which we made cells, court-room, stores, rooms for arms, and all necessary apartments. This building was got together with a dispatch that rivaled the execution of Aladdin's palace. It was thoroughly guarded at every point, and there were four cannon upon the roof, while numerous companies of men of artillery were pointed down upon the roofs of adjacent buildings. There were 6,000 stand of small arms and fifty cannon.

A large hall was placed on our quarters in Sanson street, and when three taps were sounded every vigilante was to come instantly to the committee rooms. Governor Johnson called this uprising of citizens an insurrection, rebellion and other harsh names, and issued a proclamation taking measures to put us down. Then we had offer of help from all parts of the State. Word came from the mines and from the towns everywhere. Sacramento offered thousands of men, if necessary, to help us. Many of the thieves and out-box stuffers took the alarm and fled. On Sunday, May 18, 1856, three taps were sounded on the bell on the roof of the committee rooms, and the vigilantes came to headquarters, 3,000 strong. They were completely organized and fully armed. Everybody understood what was going to happen as two companies marched to the jail. Sheriff Scannell was on the roof of the jail, which was flat, with a posse, and the demand came from the vigilantes for Casey to be delivered up to them. Scannell replied that he would protect Casey with his life. The companies then fell back for orders, when a battery came up supported by the entire 3,000 vigilantes, and was planted in front of the jail. The man in command of the battery then demanded the surrender of Casey, and drawing his watch, gave Scannell three minutes to consider the demand. Scannell parleyed until two minutes of the time had passed, and then came down and threw open the jail doors. As a squad of vigilantes passed by Cora's cell with Casey the former cried out, "Jim Casey, you've signed my death warrant." Casey was put in a carriage, surrounded by the citizen soldiery, and taken to the committee-rooms. The vigilantes then returned and demanded Cora, who was immediately surrendered and brought to the rooms.

Casey and Cora were then brought to trial in the court-room of the vigilantes. They were allowed witnesses and counsel, and the trial was conducted with fairness, except that all technicalities were ruled out. No names were used in this trial, the judge, jury and all the officers of the court being designated by numbers. One of the provisions of the constitution of the vigilantes was that no person brought before the committee should be punished without a fair trial and conviction. If arrested and tried thieves, gamblers and dangerous men, as well as murderers, and in cases of conviction there were but two penalties—death by the rope or banishment. During its short reign it tried and disposed of over thirty cases brought before it—hundreds died without waiting for trial—and of these, four were hanged. It was said that after Cora was taken from the jail the wicked woman who had instigated the murder offered \$100,000 to any one who would get him out of the hands of the committee. But there was no way of bribing or escaping that stern, unrelenting justice.

On the twenty-second of May, Casey and Cora, after a fair trial, were hanged from the windows of the committee rooms. A beam of wood projected from above each of two windows, from which dangled a rope. A plank was at the foot of each of the two windows, and on each stood a condemned man—Casey on

one, Cora on the other. They were not blindfolded.

The funeral of James King took place on the same day. It was passing down Montgomery street just as the final arrangements in the tragedy in which these two men formed the awful central figures were being completed. As the hearse crossed Sanson street, standing on the boards at the windows, their heads in the noose, they could plainly see the so-called vehicle as it drew its dread length along. As it crossed the street and receded from their sight the boards fell from beneath their feet. The vigilantes continued the work thus begun, arresting, trying and fixing the punishment of the criminals brought before their tribunal.

Among the arrests made by the committee was the noted pugilist, "Yankee Sullivan." He was arrested and tried for out-box stuffing, a crime in which he had been so notorious that he feared the committee would hang him. He was confined in a cell after no trial, and would probably have got no heavier sentence than banishment, but he got scared, and at night, in his cell, committed suicide. Some one had given him a bottle of acid or porter. He broke the bottle, and with the sharp glass cut the veins in his left arm and bled to death. He was found stiff and cold, dead in his cell, the next morning.

Only two other men were hanged by the committee. One of them was not a man in years, though a monster in human form. His name was Braze. He was a hack-driver, and only nineteen years of age. He had been tried for murder on more than one occasion in the county, but escaped without difficulty. When tried by the committee he was less than fourteen years old, and was found to have been committed by him. He would get a person into his hack, drive out upon the sand, and putting a revolver to the head of the helpless passenger blow his brains out. Then he would rob him.

Hetherington was a wealthy despatcher. He had also been tried for murder, but escaped from punishment through the use of money. In July the bell on the committee rooms rang out three times. Hetherington had gone in to get Mr. Reynolds' hotel, and had there met a chargee of a Hetherington answered him, taking a note from his pocket, which he held before the former, and said he would pay it, that would be it. "Take that, then," said Hetherington, firing two shots. He had instant several vigilantes—they were everywhere—gathered around him and took him away to the rooms. The cause of the ringing of the bell was that a report had been received that the "law and order" party intended a rescue.

Braze and Hetherington were not arrested from the windows of the rooms as Casey and Cora had been, but from a scaffold erected half a square away in the streets. The little notices sent out to the evil-doers by "33" read very plain. There was no mystery about them, but as a general thing, when a "spotted" individual got one of these notices he disappeared as soon as possible, and the places that he had known him know him no more forever. It simply said: "You are ordered by the committee to leave instantly, or in twenty-four or thirty-six hours, or the case might be, and it was signed "33, secretary."

The case of Judge Terry, as near as I can now call it to mind, was this: A man named Hopkins had an order from "33" for the arrest of some offender, and went into a business house to arrest his man. Judge Terry, United States judge, interfered with the arrest in some way; there was a scuffle, and the judge with a knife stabbed Hopkins in the neck. Terry was instantly arrested and hurried to the rooms of the committee. Hopkins, badly wounded, was taken with the most considerate tenderness to an engine-house near by. Everything was speedily fitted up for his reception. The surroundings were made luxurious; ladies came and nursed him; the best medical aid to be had waited upon him; ropes were stretched about the building along the streets to keep vehicles and foot passengers at a distance; a crowd was sent upon the streets to render some aid. The life of a United States judge hung upon a very frail tenure for days and weeks. Had Hopkins died Terry would undoubtedly have been hanged, and David Crockett would not afterward have died at Terry's hands.

The law and order party applied to the commander of a United States vessel in the bay for assistance, saying that the United States judge was in the hands of robbers. The commander sent word to the committee to deliver Judge Terry to his vessel by three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, or he would open fire on the committee building. The guns of the vessel were turned broadside to the rooms, and it looked as if we were actually going to come in conflict with the United States authorities. The guns of the vigilantes were then trained on the vessel, and we sent back the defiance that in case the vessel opened fire we would blow her out of the bay. The committee had, however, in the meantime, sent word to Commodore Stockton, I think, at Mare Island, and he recognized the gravity of the situation, ordered the vessel to move for the Sandwich Islands, and at 3 p. m. instead of Judge Terry being delivered to the ship, she had her nose turned to the north-western of Honolulu. Terry was held for a week or so, until Hopkins' recovery was assured. The editor of the Hon. Times having quitted down, concluded to assist put their trust in an execution. The ball-

Dear Old Pa" Was There.

It was dark in the depot one day last week when the evening train came in. An elderly farmer was backed up against the partition, watching in open-mouthed wonder the big puffing engine and the yellow covered cars as they discharged their passengers, when a handsome young girl in a sea-skin cloak dashed forward and throwing herself upon the honest granger's sunny breast, imprinted a kiss upon his sunburned cheek and exclaimed: "You dear old pa, I knew you would be waiting for me! And how's mother, and how's Jennie and how's John—and oh! I'm so glad to see you—and where's my trunk—and old pa, you take the check and let's hurry."

The granger was old and kind of dried up, and he had never known what it was to have a wife, much less a daughter. He mistrusted the young lady in the sea-skin cloak, but a mistake he made instead of stopping her and hearing her name and having her name imprinted to the sea-skin and knowing her name around the fair creature, he made up his mind to be a father to her or die in the attempt. Imprinting a kiss like the report of a pistol on her cheek he enthusiastically exclaimed: "Oh, yer mother's well, an' John an' Henry an' (smack) an' Jane an' Susan (smack, smack), an' Horace an' Binky an' Calvin (smack), an' Peter (smack, smack), oh, they're all smart an' hearty an' well."

By the time the young lady's friends could get to her she had slid into a stone fume and they had to lug her home in a hack, while the granger, as he finished the third round with her outraged young man and snatched out of the depot, leaving him with a bad eye and a ruptured coat, chuckled to himself: "The old man's getting old an' stiff an' capricious like, but when any young woman wants to play any games of cozenage, they'd find him right to 'em, an' I shouldn't be spruced if I could 'fore nine o'clock." Glang, Kist!—Richard M. Sawyer.

Hereditary Disease.

The present article is based on a valuable paper by Dr. J. R. Black, in the Popular Science Monthly. Seventy thousand persons in America yearly die of consumption, most of whom have inherited the disease. Vast numbers inherit a tendency to rheumatism, epilepsy, insanity, cancer, indigestion, migraine, neuritis, asthma, and to early loss of sight and hearing. No other cause of grief and suffering compares with that due to organic defects handed down from parent to child. Of our forty millions of people probably twenty-six million inherit some constitutional defect. But hitherto little has been done to arrest these tendencies. Physicians are called only to the sick. On the contrary, those who have inherited tendencies to disease are generally as careless of their health as others; while, in the case of those who already show the tendency, their friends are apt to pursue just the course most likely to strengthen it. For instance, a consumptive is shut up from the outdoor air and gentle exercise, though these are his only hope. Moreover, the whole influence of our social life and practices encourages the thoughtless squandering of vital reserve. As a consequence, we are degenerating as a people. The death-rate and birth-rate are steadily approximating. The difference is already less in New England than in any country of Europe, France alone excepted. Yet there is no inherent difficulty in the way of extirpating hereditary disease. Hygienic care would accomplish it—such care as can come only from a medical expert, and such as we are all ready to resort to in acute disease. Able physicians have thus been able to extirpate tubercular consumption from themselves, their families, and descendants.—Youth's Companion.

How to Become Rich.

You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, to be sure, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of many aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive a detriment of the health, a dearth of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid society, a fearful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—Burlington Hawk.

Humane Work.

The work done by the Russian Red Cross society in Roumania during the Russo-Turkey war has lately been prepared and published. Altogether eleven ambulance trains were employed in the conveyance of sick and wounded, four being supplied by the military authorities and seven by the Red Cross society; the total number transported by the trains in 231 journeys amounting to 62,685 officers, 75,999 men, and 1,350 sick or wounded Turkish prisoners. Besides these, 22,247 sick and wounded officers and men were taken on specially hired steamers down the Danube to Ibraila. The personnel employed by the Red Cross society comprised thirty-six delegates and fourteen agents for administrative purposes, forty-four surgeons, thirty-nine medical students, 639 dressers, forty-three female students and 516 sisters of mercy; while the money expended amounted to over two million dollars. A large amount of clothing and medical stores were also distributed by the society.

The wife of the Chinese ambassador at Paris appeared at a recent ball at the Hotel de Ville. She looked about the room on her little feet a quaint, smart woman, with her hair plastered down to the sides of her white-washed face. Her husband consented to her appearance after a desperate struggle against his prejudices, for a Chinaman who knows that his wife is gazed upon with interest is held to be dishonored. "It was funny," says the correspondent, "to see him trying to look the other way, so as not to incur the disgrace involved in the knowledge of her presence. One corner of an almond eye was fixed on vicinity, the other was watching the wife to see that she did not stumble as she walked about the room."