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Sleep. He sees when their footsteps fall, when their hearts grow weak and faint, He marks when their strength is falling, and listens to each complaint; He bids them rest for a season, for the path-way has grown too steep; And, folded in his green pastures, And, lulled in his green pastures, He greets his loved ones sleep.

VOSS.

A group of young men were standing one morning last April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and half a dozen others with their sisters and sweethearts.

could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness—perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing idle fellow. "Come, come!" cried Bund. "Afraid, eh?" The lads and girls looked at Voss; even Jeannette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

Hibernian Courtship.

Galway is one of the few towns of Ireland that still clings to its primitive simplicity in dress and custom. The "love matches of Connaught" are spoken of by the more civilized provinces with supreme contempt. "Love in a cottage," or rather in a hovel, is a real every-day occurrence there.

the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. At the theater, somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with the vivats! Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him. Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot, attended by his old mother and father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at home.

The Cotton King.

Mr. Richardson, of Cresson, Miss., is the largest cotton planter in the world, and is the cotton king of America. He has worked hard all his life, and is still working. He is popular with his masses, and especially so with his colored laborers. He is generally believed to have accumulated from \$15,000,000 to \$30,000,000, all made in the South, the poor South. Eight hundred hands are employed in the factories, three-fourths of whom are women gathered from the surrounding country, good, faithful, industrious and intelligent. The remaining fourth are men and boys, gathered from various places, a few from the North and a few from England and Scotland, who work 400 looms and 18,000 spindles.

A BABY WITH TWO HEADS. A Strange Creature in the Smithsonian Institute—Mystery as to its Origin. A recent letter from Washington to the Philadelphia Times says: One of the officers of the Smithsonian Institute sent me a note a day or two ago asking me to come over and see the strangest thing that had ever been in the institution. I went, as a matter of course, and was surely shown a very amazing thing. It was a two-headed baby, nicely dried and preserved. It was about a foot long. The heads, about the size of a base ball, were perfect, and so were the two trunks, which came together at the waist. The shoulders seemed to be perfect, the four arms were perfect, and the two chests were, so far as I could see, natural and normal. The hips appeared about the proper size for an infant of that age, and the legs and feet were natural. Every part of the body to the hips seemed to grow together. The right arm of the left boy was over the head of the other boy, while the left arm of the right boy was around the neck of the other. The other arms were stretched one along the sides. The child or children were larger than usual at birth, and it is a conjecture whether it or they may not have been born alive. The scientists have not examined it critically; but so far there does not seem to be any natural reason why the children should not have lived. It is certainly a more curious freak of nature than the Siamese twins, except in the matter of living. The remains arrived a day or two ago from a Southern State. The case is enshrouded in a good deal of mystery and still more secrecy. The authorities pretend that they have not a full history of the singular thing, and whether they have or not it is doubtful that it will ever be given to the public. Even the "specimen" itself is kept locked up in a room with a lot of rattlesnakes, and the people are not allowed to see it, and this is the first publication about it that has ever been made.

A Fantastic Fair.

The Figaro states that two phenomenal specimens of humanity are now in Paris: one is a giant and the other a dwarf. The giant named Nicolai Simonoff, seven feet five inches high, is a young Russian of twenty-four, who served in the body-guard of the emperor of Russia during the Turkish campaign. He is one of the one hundred and seventy men who formed the passage across the Danube near Serebitsa on the 15th of June, 1877, and was rewarded with the Saint-George medal for his bravery. During the war many of his companions fell around him while he escaped unhurt, and as some people expressed their astonishment at the fact, "It is very simple," he said; "All the shots passed between my legs." Nicolai Simonoff began to grow so enormously only when he was about twenty; until eighteen he was of ordinary stature. He had married before joining the military service, and on his return his wife, much astonished to see a giant enter her house as her husband, refused to recognize him. Princess Paulina, the dwarf, is Dutch; she measures only one foot two inches. The giant holds her on his stretched-out palm.

How Andersonville Looks. The Andersonville prison has just been visited by a correspondent, who found it a thrifty cotton field. The caves in which the men burrowed are all gone. On the north hill, which sent its slope down to the south, the rains of fifteen years have carried away their roofs and have washed the earth away until they have gullied ravens thirty feet across at the top, and deep, with crumbling, precipitous sides. On the south hill, facing the north, the caves are marked only by the depressions of the hollows have not entirely filled, and probably never will, now that they are covered with the meager grass and weeds of Southern Georgia. The stream is now a clean brook about four feet wide and ten inches deep. The sides which, trodden down by the feet of tens of thousands of men daily, were a soggy quagmire, are gaining solidity, though still swampy, and in some places impassable.

Words of Wisdom.

What is joy? A unison between two clouds. Beware of the man who hates the laugh of a child. Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless. If you can say nothing good of any one saying nothing at all, for in friendship as in love we are often happier in our knowledge. Good temper is, like a summer day, the sweeter of toil and soother of disquietude. It sheds a brightness over everything. The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

A He'ping Hand. "Every man's Nemean Lion lies in waiting for him somewhere."—Ruskin. There was a small crowd of boys and men congregated upon an uptown corner the other morning, and the occasion of it was a horse fallen in the harness—a respectable-looking horse drawing a respectable-looking milk wagon, and driven by a boy, who now tugged at his head, vainly urging him to rise. "Jerk him up," called a man who stood on the sidewalk with both hands in his pockets. "Give him the whip." Each one shouted out some advice, but no one volunteered to assist the boy, who was just far enough away from his childhood to feel like having a good cry; but he coaxed and pulled at the horse that now lay quite still, and with horse sense did not try to move on the slippery, but stretched his neck out in a way that brought despair to the heart of the boy, who believed he was going to die on his hands. Just then a man came walking briskly along and saw the prostrate horse, and the disconsolate-looking boy; he carried a heavy piece of machinery in one hand, but this he laid aside as he stepped out to the horse and began to take off the harness. In a moment he had run the shafts back and left the horse free. Then he took the bridle-rein, gave a quick, sharp chirp and the animal sprang to his feet and gave himself a great shake; the man helped the boy re-harness him, the two exchanged a smile of thanks and welcome, and then the man picked up his machinery and walked cheerily off one way, as the boy drove on another. He had slain the Nemean lion to begin the day, and we may well believe that when evening came he would be one of those who can sing: "Something accomplished, something done Has earned a night's repose."

A Joke on the Shark.

The pearl divers on the Coromandel coast are not infrequently attacked by ground-sharks. As a rule, a shark will leave a man with a dark skin alone, but when hungry it rarely makes a difference between a European and a Hindoo. Knowing this, the divers of whom I speak frequently arm themselves with a stout bamboo in the shape of a cross, with the extremities made sharp. With this four-pointed dagger they will dare any shark to seize them, for as the monster turns on his back and opens his mouth for the bite, they dexterously thrust the bamboo cross between its jaws. Great care is taken of the strength of the bamboo; the consequence is that the shark, on closing its mouth to obtain the first taste of his anticipated meal, drives the spike well home between its jaws. Fishermen say that when a shark has a sturdy, well-pointed and placed bamboo cross fixed in its distended mouth, no efforts of the creature can rid it of the wood. Its efforts are described as being often furious and comic. The diver, as soon as he has impaled his enemy, has to get out of the way as fast as possible, as a blow from the tail of an infuriated shark is no joke. As for the comic side of the picture, it must be a ludicrous sight for the little fishes to witness, to see their dreadfully, but now impotent, arch-foe wildly tearing about hither and thither in the deep, with a cross-bar between his distended jaws. Boys Who Wish to be Men. Boys, do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules: Hold integrity sacred. Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make few acquaintances. Yield not to discouragements. Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Fight like a lion bravely, manfully. Consider well, then decide positively. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Use all your leisure time for improvement. Attend carefully to the details of your business.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. There are 3,000 miles of canals in France. You may give the cold shoulder to the poor; but let it be of mutton, says the Yonkers Gazette. Some of the palm trees in Jay Gould's late conservatory on the Hudson were over 500 years old. A Nevada critic, speaking of a harpist, said: "We never before knew there was so much music in a gridiron." The cook who can give sage advice does not always put the right herbs in the soup.—New York Herald. The military enrollment of Connecticut shows that there are in the State 79,236 citizens fit for military duty. "Kissing your sweetheart," says a triding young man, "is like eating a cup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough." A railroad station would seem to be the best place for marriage or divorce, for they are used to coupling and uncoupling there. The comparative value of wood and coal as fuel is shown by the fact that two and a quarter pounds of dry wood equal one pound of soft coal. An Iowa judge, although sixty-eight years of age and considered a pretty well educated man, has entered a college in Boston as a student. Detroit, Mich., has 820 manufacturing establishments representing an invested capital of \$13,226,373, and giving employment to 17,870 skilled workmen. By investigation at the records in the treasury, Washington, it is found that out of the 650 millions registered bonds less than 150 millions are held by foreigners. The Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfurt, is reported to have just purchased for his collection one of the most superb and expensive silver gilt cups in the world. It cost \$150,000. Jute culture is one of the rising industries. In North Carolina alone 1,900,000 yards of jute cloth are used annually for cotton baling. It can be produced at one-eighth the cost of cotton. The great glacier which gives rise to the Zaratshan river in Central Asia has been explored and recently described by Mr. Mushketof, a Russian geologist. It is fifteen miles long, and a mile wide. The Empress Eugenie is a very wealthy woman. She has estates in Hungary, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy and England. She has, besides, the product of savings and speculations, and the insurance on the life of her late husband. "We never heard of such a street," they said, and well laughing on. It was a weary professor going home from instrumental lesson-giving, with the merest breath of life left in him, who stopped and said: "You mean Antoine street, aunty," and he turned her in the right direction, and saw that she followed it. And so he had slain his Nemean lion before he slept. For the difficulty of moment in the path of everybody is the small, homely, unheroic duty, which is so unobscurely we will not see it, and has so little grandeur with which to invest us when we have performed it. Who of us cares to be seen assisting an old woman with an overburden of unwashed clothes, or a blind man groping behind a wheelbarrow. The fear of ridicule is stronger than the creed of ages.—Detroit Free Press.

Of Course She Failed.

"So she's all broken up, eh?" replied a Detroit landlady when she heard of the failure of another woman in the same business in Toledo. "Well, I knew it was only a question of time. I was in her house for a week, and I saw plainly that she had no economy about her. I tell you, a landlady must think and plan." "Yes." "Not only in great things, but in small. There's philosophy in running a boarding-house." "How?" "Well, I can't stop to tell you more than one instance. I have buckwheat pancakes every morning for breakfast for fourteen boarders. They use butter on their cakes. I keep the butter on ice until it is as hard as a rock. The cakes are all placed on the table, not smoking hot, but mildly warm—just warm enough to soften the outside of a lump of butter. In this way I make a saving of two pounds of butter per week over the usual way of rushing on hot pancakes. It's only one dodge out of a hundred, but the landlady who doesn't play more or less of them must ultimately come to grief."—Detroit Free Press.