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Life's True Significance.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;

Life is more than what man fancies
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances

Up the rugged height of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,

More of religion, less profession
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,

More of love, and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,

Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to discover,

And in whatso'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty

VIVA'S LANDLORD.

"Viva, dear, it's coming near the first of May!"

And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming elbowless, and looked across the lamp-lit table with anxious eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.

Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark-brown hair gathered loosely behind shell-pink ears, and lips red as the cactus flower, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.

"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown school-girl, "because the front gate's off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and—"

"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."

"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly. "Some place where the rent would be moderate; but—a sudden look of longing shining out of the pain worn face—"I would give all the world, dear, to see the country again. I feel stifling here."

A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety-brown eyes.

"And so you shall, mamma!" she said, emphatically.

"My darling, how?" in mild surprise.

"Well"—Viva puckered up her low, white brow, and tried to look wise and business-like—"you see we could get a cottage in some of the suburban villages at half what a city house would cost. Besides everything is so much cheaper in the country, and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"

"But your pupils, Viva?"

"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week—taking the train in, you know, is almost as cheap—and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.

"It looks plausible at first sight, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how that boy does wear out his clothes!"

Viva came over and clasped two maroon merino arms around the invalid figure before her.

"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried, gaily; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised 'cheap'—in italics, you know—and then—"

The rest was too glorious to describe. Three days later, Viva danced in, out of a blinding April shower, with rose-red cheeks and starry eyes.

"Here it is, mamma," she cried, emphatically, with a hearty kiss and hug that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair. "Now listen!"

And from the open paper of that morning, she read aloud:

TO RENT—IN SUBURBAN VILLAGE, Twenty minutes ride from the city, an eight-room cottage, with garden attached. Cheap, to good tenant. Apply to Clifford Chandos, Room 12, 74 E—St., City.

"I am sure this will suit—'cheap,' in italics, as I said mamma. You will have our happy countryfied summer, after all," with an exultant little laugh.

"Now, for a while, good-bye!"

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To see about this, mamma. Lessons are over—"

"Yes, but I do not quite like your going alone, Viva."

"What! An old-maid music teacher like me? I almost acquire the dignity of age in this voluminous waterproof and green veil. Green! Just think of

it! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I'll be back before you know I'm gone."

And with this decidedly sweeping, but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the rifting, drifting April sky, and going cityward as fast as the street cars could take her.

In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of dingy stairs went Viva.

A timid knock at Room 12.

"Come in!"

She turned the handle, and with the green veil well down, went in.

Two or three gentlemen, writing at baize-covered desks, looked up carelessly as she entered, and went on with their work.

A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced toward the door, as the graceful figure in threadbare waterproof came timidly in. Down came the feet, out went the chair, and Clifford Chandos, pushing a cigar forward, bowed gravely, questioning, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage advertised."

"The cottage? Oh, yes, to be sure! Will you please to be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"

And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the tall, grave man, with straight, black brows and keen, kindly eyes, explained the terms with incessant courtesy.

And when she lifted the obnoxious green veil a moment, to conclude some necessary arrangement, Clifford Chandos started over so slightly as he saw the pretty, girlish face before him, as serene and dignified in its grave, business-like composure as though its owner were eight-and-fifty instead of eight-and-ten.

"When will you look at the place, Miss—"

"Rayner!" supplemented Viva.

"Miss Rayner. Shall we say to-morrow at one?"

"At two, if as convenient."

"Certainly. Two, if preferable."

Then he held the door open as courteously as though she wore sealskin and diamonds, while with a quiet grace she bowed slightly and passed from the room.

And Clifford Chandos went slowly back to his chair, a softer light in his keen gray eyes, and actually for once in his life forgot to re-light his cigar.

The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty, roomy, raftered cottage, where honeysuckle and wild roses straggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.

And Viva, coming home from the dusty city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low, happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—grown young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.

It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in. It was more curious that their quiet, handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.

He grew into their simple lives in those days. Mrs. Rayner came to think the cheery voice better than any medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him, and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm footstep on the garden path.

One evening, when the soft May wind was swaying the "lady-fingers," as the children call them, over the door, Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.

Just a little more tired than usual after a desperate struggle to teach an irritatingly obtuse pupil the mysteries of crochets and quavers and demi-semiquavers.

She stood there, a fair, girlish figure in her soft white dress, a great bunch of blue-meadow-violets at her slender throat and waist. The scented wind gently loosened the dark-brown hair and blew a fitful drift of rose-bloom into the pure, pale face.

Very pretty?

Well, Clifford Chandos thought so, at all events, as he came along the uneven country road with his light, firm footfall.

"Good evening, Miss Rayner!"

She turned suddenly, the faint flush deepening to carnation.

"Good evening, Mr. Chandos!"

I think a person can give one a very tolerable shake hands without holding one's fingers quite a minute. But apparently Mr. Chandos thought differently.

"Miss Rayner, will you come for a walk—a little way down the road? There is a show place there I should like to have you see."

He asked pleadingly, hurriedly, as though fearful of a refusal.

"Is it far?"

"No," eagerly; "quite near. Besides Miss Viva, I have something to tell you—or, rather, ask you."

They were already strolling slowly on. She paused and looked up in vague alarm.

"To ask me, Mr. Chandos?"

"Yes, Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose cottage."

Was he mad?

"To leave Rose cottage!" she repeated, blankly.

She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown, bewildered eyes.

"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"

"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I asked you!"

"Me? Why, Mr. Chandos—"

She broke off abruptly as she saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her. Such a look as would make more successful wooers in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her in spite of herself.

"Viva, my darling—my darling!" he cried, all the mischief in his voice swept away in his fiery earnestness, "won't you understand? I love you very dearly, Viva, and I want you for my wife!"

"Yes—I understand," she said, simply.

"I am not a rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy!"

She looked up at him with bright, outshining eyes, and though her cheeks flamed hotly, she said, in her gentle, straightforward, girlish way:

"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chandos!"

"Mr. Chandos!" sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford!'"

And, her hand in his, she said it, simply:

"Clifford!"

In a short time they paused before a massive entrance gate and pretty gothic lodge.

"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva. Shall we go up and look at it?"

They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country-seat, stretching, verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.

"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a curious smile.

"But the owner?"

"I go with his permission."

Then, passing the servant at the door, he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste. Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were drowsily falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical, dusky nooks.

"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood 'neath the darkening sky.

"Handsomely, oh, Clifford!" with an ecstatic, long-drawn breath.

"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried, quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum!"

"Yours!" she gasped. "You said you were not rich."

"Well, not Rothschild nor Vanderbilt, love, but," with a sudden change of tone, "richer than all the world, sweetheart, in you."

So, after all, Viva graces a home worthy of her. And Jessie sentimentally remarks:

"'Twas well we moved."

And Viva nods and smiles as she slips her little sparkling hand into her husband's loving clasp.

Facts for the Curious.

The complete independence of man and wife, where property is concerned, is nowhere carried to such a point as among the Indians of Central America.

Every day the husband buys his meals from his wife, who purchases from him raw material for the table.

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times, the word "and" 46,277. The word reverend is found in Psalms cxvi., 9. The middle verse is Psalm cxviii., 8. All the letters of the alphabet except the letter j are found in Ezra vii., 21. The longest verse is Esther viii., 9, and the shortest St. John xi., 35.

The "Riot Act" is an English law, providing "that if any persons to the number of twelve or more, being unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, shall continue so assembled for the space of an hour after a magistrate has commanded them by proclamation to disperse, they shall be considered felons." It is the custom in England always to read the "Riot Act" before proceeding to extremities.

Dr. Johnson tells an extraordinary story of a sea-cucumber which he possessed. He forgot to furnish it with fresh water, and the creature became sick and dejected. Under this neglect it wasted away in a most remarkable manner. One by one it ejected its tentacles, its teeth, its digestive tubes. These fragments lay here and there, scattered about the aquarium. Still what was left of the creature was not dead. Its empty sack contracted at the least touch. As soon as fresh water was provided the animal began to revive again, reproducing one after another of its lost organs, and at the end of two or three months appeared to be as well and as happy as before.

AN INTELLIGENT REPTILE.

At Great Risk of Death to Itself a Snake Saves a Child's Life.

"I want to tell you how my child's life was saved up in the mountains the other day," said an old farmer who came into the Appeal office yesterday.

"You don't mind an item with a snake in it, do you?" Hearing no reply, the old man continued: "Last Tuesday I was coming down from the lake with my little girl, when I stopped the horse and got out to get a drink at a spring, my bottle having given out. While I was drinking the horse got frightened and dashed down the road with the child in the wagon. I only have twelve girls, sir, and wouldn't spoil the set for worlds. Well, I gave up the horse and child for lost, but I followed them up, and presently found the horse right on the edge of a precipice, at a dead standstill. He couldn't move an inch. When I got closer I thought that a strap had caught round his fetlock and one end had also caught round a tree. I went to pull on the strap, and I jumped about ten feet, for I must clear open if it wasn't a rattlesnake that was holding the horse. He had wound his trail around the horse's leg and his neck was turned three times around a sappling and his teeth were fast in the wood. He was twelve feet long, sir, for I measured him right then and there. A few pounds more strain would have snapped the snake in two. I got the horse away from the precipice. And I'm a well tell you the whole truth. The snake wasn't over five feet long, for when I took the strain off he came right back to his natural size. You know how elastic a snake is. The child is four years old and wasn't frightened in the least. If you put this item in the Weekly send me four copies—I want 'em for relatives in the East."—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

How to Keep Cool.

As warm weather approaches, we devise all sorts of plans to keep cool, and by every earnestness defeat our purpose. To be cool, one must be tranquil—and avoid unnecessary exertion. The prudent housekeeper will make her morning fire suffice to do the chief part of the cooking for the day. Cold boiled meats, cold vegetables, cold desserts for dinner, when that meal comes in the middle of the day, are in order. Potatoes made into salad are not to be scorned by any lover of that vegetable. If a cup of hot tea or coffee is desired, it can be made on an oil stove, and such food as is prepared warm can be warmed over. But custom renders cold food as palatable as, and during hot weather even more palatable than hot food is in cold weather. A little persistence on the part of the house-mother will prove this the case, and the experiment is certainly worth trying. Farmers' wives who stew over the stove in mid-summer noons have a harder time of it than farmers do in the fields, and there is no necessity for this. Good tea and coffee and milk are as delicious as hot tea and coffee when one's palate is accustomed to them. The hardest part of the work should be done in the morning, if possible, and if you can lie down for awhile in the heated part of the day, so much the better. Plenty of sleep, with frequent baths, will enable almost any one to bear the warm weather philosophically.

Gardens for Children.

All children love flowers, and take delight in cultivating them if given the opportunity. How infinitely more entertaining such a study as botany or vegetable physiology might be made if the dry teaching of the class-room and lesson-book were illustrated by the plants that were being coaxed into bloom in their own flower-beds. What a pretty combination of outdoor and indoor employment, again, for a child to cultivate flowers, and then to draw them in outline as they come into bloom. What could possibly be a more healthful and wholesome occupation for an intelligent child to collect the prettiest of wild flowers from their native pastures and hedgerows, and cultivate them in the "wild garden" at home? All sorts of knowledge might be gathered up in such a pursuit, involving as it would the necessity for observations of the favorite haunts of the various flowers, the effects of different soils, their mode of propagation, seasons of bloom, etc., and the inquiry might often be made to lead away into collateral topics—the folk-lore associated with them, fairy tales and poet fancies and historical associations. Then, again, how easy and appropriate, to make flowers the means of drawing out sympathy with neighbors, or with the sick and suffering at a distance. And again, the cultivation of flowers always exercises a refreshing influence.

The Original Penny.

The old, old penny in England, as in other countries, was of silver, and its appearance throughout the earliest time of its history would rather astonish those who know nothing of numismatic love. From the Saxon times, in which it was the only piece of silver extant, till those of Edward I., it was stamped with a square cross. This enabled the coin to be readily broken into halves or quarters, which then served the purpose of halfpence or farthings. But the latter coin was not much inferior to the value of the present English penny, inasmuch as the unbroken piece was valuable at one-thirtieth of a mark, or three-pence sterling. At this time five of them seem to have made a shilling, or shilling, so that the relations between what are now chief English silver and bronze coins has entirely altered in the course of six centuries. King Edward, who reformed the coinage, like everything else, was the first to issue pennies without the indented cross; and to make up for the loss of the queer-shaped half-pennies and farthings hitherto in use, supplemented the silver coinage with circular pieces, bearing the same value and denomination. He fixed the standard of the penny, moreover, by ordering that it should weigh thirty-two grains of well-grown wheat, or, which was a more accurate test, that twenty pennies should weigh one ounce.

A Meagre Excuse.

The young man who pleads poverty and a meagre salary as an excuse for refraining from marriage will do well to remember the pluck of Thomas A. Scott, the great railroad magnate, and Charles A. Dana, the great journalist. The former embarked upon the matrimonial sea with a salary of fifty dollars per month and the latter with a salary of five dollars per week. Marriage, however, was not the only thing that made these men succeed.—Buffalo Express.

A fashionable New York doctor has cured several fashionable women of spinal disease by making them wear lower heels on their boots.

A Few Words to the Boys.

Don't trouble yourselves about the details of your business. Leave small things to small minds. You were born to be at the top, and of course a way will be provided for getting you there.

If you would make your mark in the world, never learn to write.

Do you wish to be men? Learn to chew, smoke and drink. It will be hard to distinguish you from the real article.

Always bear in mind that you are made of superior clay, and it will not be long ere everybody will be forced to admit it.

It is well for you to know that the girls are all dying for you. You cannot but pity them, but then it is not your fault. This should teach you resignation.

Strive to get all the leisure time you can. It will make older and busier persons envy you.

Speak your mind freely. It shows that you possess such an article.

Characterize as nonsense everything that you cannot understand. You will find a great deal of nonsense in the world.

Never fear to do wrong. Don't be a coward. Always do the right thing—when the right thing will pay.

When you have anything to do, don't hurry about doing it. Take your own time, or your employer's, which is the same thing. If he discharges you, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he will be the loser by not having your valuable services.

Make acquaintances only among those beneath you, if you can find such. It is pleasant to be looked up to as an oracle or pattern.

Shun those who are able to teach you anything in life or business. It is not agreeable to be overshadowed by anybody. Beside, who wants to be in school all his life?

Be above politeness. That will do well enough for women and children; but a man should despise all such foolishness.

People who talk about sticking to principle are humbugs or ninnies. Never mind principle where money is to be made.

Never stop to consider. Make up your mind at once. It shows promptitude of decision.

Having once made up your mind, stick to your decision. People may call you an obstinate mule, but words harm nobody. If you are pig-headed, others may suffer, but you never.

Stand up for your rights, especially among women and timid folk. You may yield a point where the other party is stronger than you are.

Watch carefully over your passions. A man without passions would be a dull creature.

Don't be too squeamish about telling the truth. Only noodles never lie. Endure others' trials patiently.

Fight life's battles in the easiest way. Remember that it is the sutler, and not the soldier, who makes money out of war.

Never injure your health by hard work. If you must lose it, lose it in a pleasant way.

Honor your father and your mother by showing to them how much wiser you are than they. You can do this in no easier way than by rejecting all their counsel and admonition.

Take every occasion to denounce religion and morality as humbugs and shams, and everyone who upholds them as a hypocrite and impostor. Everybody loves a frank, open nature.

Believe all you hear derogatory of another's character. The Bible, you know, says that mankind is naturally depraved.

If you hear anything against a person, repeat it to as many as you can. It is well to put people on their guard.

In the company of ladies, talk freely of liquor saloons, ballet girls and poker playing. Ladies naturally take to such young gentlemen. They are so interesting.

Don't go to church if you can avoid it; but if you must go, take care to show your intelligent contempt for the worship and the worshippers.

Follow these few directions, boys, and you will at least attain a high position in the world. It may be the gallows, but it will be a high place, nevertheless.

A London paper, treating of artificial aid to the toilet, says: "We are told how womanhood is nowadays a delusion and a snare; and the poet who wrote a sonnet to an eyebrow would only be addressing a few touches of Indian ink."

Prophets of this eyebrow subject, it is a curious fact that Nature always makes the eyebrow in proportionate length to the rest of the features. Thicken an eyebrow if you like, but never lengthen it. It always gives a look as if there was a cast in the eye.

Who does not pity the sorrows of a young person with bangs during this hot weather, when bandoline is in vogue? But she should content herself until cool weather with thick, straight fringe, that does not require to be glued into place—if she will wear bangs.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

One of New York's Broadway milliners nets \$30,000 a year.

Jewelry seems to run in the form of snakes, lizards and the claws of birds.

A freak of fashion is to wear an embroidered butterfly on one sleeve of a dress.

The Khedive intends to establish, at his own cost, a school at Cairo for the education of girls of the higher classes.

Nursing is becoming a profession. Schools for nurses are daily growing into favor, and during the past seven years 120 nurses have graduated from "The Training School for Nurses."

A writer for the Glasgow News says that the mania for slender figures is to be laid at the door of fashion magazines, where the human figure is invariably represented entirely out of proportion.

By immersing the stems of white roses in red and green ink they may be colored green, pink and flesh color. They will look as if nature had done the work, and it only takes ten minutes to change the color.

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often, if she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist; and if the reverse, she dislikes these small affairs.

Young ladies should ever have an eye to color in selecting lawn tennis and archery costumes. They should never wear blue, because blue does not contrast well with the color of the green; neither does violet.

It is not the fashion for ladies to kiss each other by way of friendly salutation now. They only touch each other's finger tips, faintly murmur "So glad to see you" and pass on. There is no longer any danger of their complexion being kissed off in spots.

Last year this country imported over \$12,000,000 worth of raw silk. To the end of keeping that money at home a Woman's Silk Culture Association has been formed in Philadelphia, and a mercantile firm in that city offers prizes to the amount of \$500.

The most elegant women of New York, as well as in London and Paris, while they may dress in bright materials at home or at entertainments, dress very quietly in the streets. Really refined women do not wear all the colors of the rainbow on the streets or in public.

The Dundee Advertiser is authority for the statement that the bees in New South Wales fill the outer cells of their hives with pure water instead of honey. During the extreme drought of the past year the bees suffered from lack of water, and during the present season they are guarding against a similar emergency.

Brother Gardner's Lime-Kiln Club.

"I take pleasure an' satisfaction," said the president, as he held up a parcel, "in informin' you a worthy citizen of Detroit, who does not car' to have his name menshur'd, has presented dis revised edishun of de Bible to de Lime-Kiln Club. We do not open our meetin's wid prayer, nor do we close by singin' de Doxology, but nevertheless I am suah dis gift will be highly appreciated by all. Dar has been considerable talk in dis club about dis revised edishun. Some ob you hab bot de ideah dat purgatory you all