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June Sweetness.

Grandma sits by the window,
And looks with pensive eyes;
The birds are trilling softly,
There's a new moon in the skies.

The twilight softly deepens—
The stars come out in the sky—
A night-bird, swooping darkly,
Gives out complaining cry.

The moon goes down in the west,
The winds are sighing softly,
The birds sleep in their nest,
And grandma murmurs a blessing.

Grace Hazelton's Mother-in-Law.
BY PHOENIX.

Grace Hazelton was a happy woman;
she had been married but a few months
to the man she loved; but perfect bliss
is impossible in this world, and she was
in a very thoughtful mood; for had not
all her friends warned her against a
mother-in-law? And her husband had
just informed her that he would like his
mother to share their home.

"It is true," he continued, "that she
has all that she requires in a worldly
sense; but she resides in a distant city
among strangers; she is advanced in
years, and I think she should be with
her children. You are very young,
dear Grace, and are motherless; and if
you were to know my mother, I am sure
you would love her."

But these very words hardened the
young wife's heart; she was resolved
not to love her mother-in-law, and was
sure that she was a meddling old
woman, who thought no girl good enough
for her son Harry. And with womanlike
inconsistency was sure that the few
faults her husband possessed he inher-
ited from his mother.

The door opened, and Mrs. Candid
entered. She greeted Grace by ex-
claiming—
"Moping already, and only been mar-
ried a few months! Have you had your
first quarrel, or did Harry forget to kiss
you good-bye?"

Mrs. Hazelton laughingly assured her
friend that none of these misfortunes
had occurred, and she was anticipating
the arrival of a guest.

her. At last Mrs. Lemon entered the
room. Her countenance corresponded
with her name. The sound of her voice
was sharp and bitter as she exclaimed:
"This will never do! You must not
give way. I am sure that your sickness
is all imaginary. My son John's wife
was always sickly, and when I came to
live with them I told her to go around
and work it off. When your mother-in-
law comes I am sure that she will give
you the same advice, for we both come
from the good old-fashioned stock. But
you look tired, so I will go."

Our young friend endeavored to for-
get her troubles in slumber, but thoughts
of her mother-in-law banished sleep.
Harry Hazelton returned home and
found his wife weeping like a child.
"Oh, Harry," she cried, "I am so
glad you have come! I am so lonely,
and I feel so ill!"

"Why, what is the matter, little
woman?" he asked in cheering tones.
"Did all your friends desert you?"
"One or two called," she answered,
"but they appeared in a hurry, and only
stayed a few minutes. It has been such
a long day, and I feel as if I were alone
in the world. I have no mother, no
kindred. I thought that I had friends,
but now that I require their attention I
discover that I have only acquaintances."

"My child," replied her husband, "it
is only the way of the world. Selfish-
ness is the nature of mankind. Get well,
be able to entertain visitors, and your
guests' visits will not be so hurried."

The next morning the young wife
awoke ill in mind as well as body. The
long hours dragged along; no friends
came to cheer the invalid, only polite
messages of inquiry respecting her
health. She felt desolate and forsaken.
Suddenly a faintness crept over her;
her eyes closed and she became uncon-
scious. When she recovered she saw a
sad, gentle face bending over her. This
lovely old lady could not be a mother-
in-law. She then heard the question—
"Has the poor child no friend, that I
find her so alone when she requires a
woman's care?"

"Mother," was the reply in her
husband's voice, "are you not old enough
to know that the world is selfish?"
Then she realized that the dreaded
mother-in-law had arrived. Presently
she heard her husband say, quietly,—
"I will now leave you, and I am sure
you will be able to take better care of
Grace than I can, for I do not under-
stand her sudden illness."

"My son," was the reply, "you should
cheer your sick wife, not sadden her by
unkind speeches."
The door closed, and they were alone.
The old lady embraced her daughter-in-
law, and said in gentle tones,—
"My child, do not fret over those
foolish words of Harry's; men are not
so sensitive as we are, and he did not
intend to be unkind. Now tell me what
has so prostrated you? You not only
are ill, but you are enduring mental
anxiety. I do not think my boy can
treat you harshly, for I always taught
him that it was unmanly to be unkind
to a woman. Confide in me, my child,
and tell me the cause of your unhappi-
ness."

The young wife's reply was to throw
her arms around the speaker's neck and
to sob out these words,—
"Do not speak so kindly, for I must
make a confession that may change your
affection to dislike."
"Grace," was the reply, "I will spare
you the humiliation of any explanation
by uttering one word; that word is
mother-in-law. You dreaded my arrival,
for you always regarded a mother-in-
law in the light of a social monster.
And now we will change the subject,
for you are too weak to talk. I have
made you some jelly and you must en-
deavor to eat it; then try and rest, and
I will soon return."

A few hours later, and Mrs. Hazelton
entered the room. She gently ap-
proached the bed, and glanced at the
young wife's pale cheek; she looked
but a child as she slept. She moved
uneasily and softly murmured, "Mother!"
She was dreaming of the dead.

"do not reproach yourself. When I was
your age I almost hated my husband's
mother, and in after years we had many
a laugh over our first meeting; and I
learned to love my mother-in-law with
true affection, for she was a noble
woman."

Five years passed away. Grace Haz-
elton knew both joy and sorrow. She
was a mother—death claimed her babe
—she stood by its tiny coffin bowed
down by grief. It was the mother-in-
law who shared her sorrow, and taught
her resignation to the will of God. Now
other little ones enliven her fireside,
and it is the mother-in-law who shares
her joy.—Waverly Magazine.

The Skidmore Butter.
The affable and gentlemanly proprie-
tor of one of our leading hotels had just
finished his first forty winks after retir-
ing the other night, when he was con-
scious of a slight noise under the bed.

"Come out of that or I'll blow you
full of Sutro tunnels!" he shouted, as
he sat up in bed and cocked his re-
volver.

"Hold hard! I'm coming!" said the
concealed party, scrambling from under
the bed. It was too dark to see clearly,
but the hotelkeeper could perceive a
shadowy form arise and lean affably
over the footboard.

"What the blanknation are you doing
there?" roared the incensed steak
stretcher.

"Now, keep cool—take it easy—don't
get excited," said the intruder, blandly.
"It's all your fault."

"What the blazes do you mean?"
"Why, I've been trying—my name is
Sliggs, agent for Slustrington & Slazy,
Philadelphia—I've been trying to see
you for two weeks. Wanted to show
you a patented article of the greatest
value to your business."

"Don't want to see any agents—but
what the devil do you mean by—"

Fashion Notes.
Turquoises are the favorite jewels.
Vesqueque is the last new color.
"Bilboa" is a charming blue-grey
neutral tint.
Marguerite blue and Faust red are
new tints.

Nymph emire is a shade of delicate
flesh color.
Chessboard or damier patterns are
almost a fureur.

An exquisite shape or coral pink is
called "disparn." it is so soft and plu-
cely.
Nearly every corsage, fichu, and bon-
net has its spray or cluster of flowers.

Valois praisers of lace are very elegant
with full-eross mid-summer toilets.
Florentine grenadine, beaded in
stripes, is used for deep collars and
shoulder capes.

Pretty breakfast caps are composed of
a tiny square of mull edged with a deep
lace ruffle.
Canton crepes in Egyptian patterns
are very handsome for the mid-summer
full dress toilets.

Certain combinations of yellow and
green are said to resemble an omelet
with lettuce.
Gilt and steel stripes, star and rain-
bow stripes are all to be seen on bonnet
ribbons and scarfs.

White Leghorn hats, covered with
rows of pearl-beaded Spanish lace, and
trimmed with four or five short ostrich
tips and a cluster of jaquemint roses
to brighten the whole, are exceedingly
stylish for summer wear. A few of
these hats just imported have a ruffe of
pear-beaded Spanish lace drooping from
the edge of the hat.

Camel's hair or Indian shawls seem to
compose many of the most elegant and
costly outside wraps; while satin, plain,
embossed and brocaded vies with plain
Indian cashmere for others. The latter
material is shirred upon open pumors
so as to form a deep, round yoke, and
looks quite pleasant, with the addition
of fifty yards or so of lace painted around
the neck, sleeves and bottom.

Parasols are more elaborately trimmed
than ever, especially in the linings, and
are carried so that the lining may be
seen as a background for the face and
hand. Fans of feathers embroidered in
silk, of cretonne, with figures outlined
with tinsel thread and of several rows
of lace, are larger than those used last
season. Those of point lace and hand-
somely painted are about the same as
before.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF US.
What Bell Run Russell Thinks of the United
States Now.
While the welfare and prosperity of
this republic do not, in any manner,
depend upon what our English cousin
think of us, yet we never object at all
to hearing them express their opinions,
and we can take them for what they are
worth. Dr. William H. Russell, the
English correspondent (better known in
this country as "Bull Run" Russell
from his remarkable departure from the
scene and description of that battle),
having finished his tour of the United
States with the Duke of Sutherland and
his party, has now given expression to
his views upon some of the things he
has seen, and they are not uninterest-
ing reading. He pats Americans on the
back a trifle, or rather, gives them a
back-handed compliment by saying that
they have improved greatly. "Their
traditional inquisitiveness," he says,
"either never existed or it has disap-
peared, and I have seen no evidence of
the self-assertive manner that was once
attributed to Americans. No one shows
an impertinent curiosity as to your
business, who you are or whence you
come. I find no offensive self-assertion
among the American people now, what-
ever may have been the case years ago."

While Americans may feel more or less
complimented by these views, yet we
fear Dr. Russell has not had an opportu-
nity to interview Mr. Conkling or he
might wish to take back some of his
words about the disappearance of the
self-assertive feature in the American
character. In addition to this Dr.
Russell said: "Where you can't raise
wheat you raise gold, and where you
can't raise gold you raise lead, and
where you can't raise lead you raise
silver. It's something everywhere—a
country of wonderful resources. Of
course, border life was expected to be
a little strange and rude; and when
people asked where Sutherland was, or
crowded to see the Duke, it was all
accepted as a part of the play. But
when you come, as you will by-and-by,
in the great West, to separate the vice
and the crime from the industry and
steadiness and to settle into a crystalline,
social body, it will be a great country,
with a great future before it. It did
seem a little unusual, however, that
every spot in the West the party visited
should possess some legend of how some
person was shot. But these things, I
suppose, are inseparable elements of
life on the border, and as the civiliza-
tion of the East pushes westward,
further and further, they will disappear."

Dr. Russell does not tell us anything
striking that we did not know before,
but he seems to have learned a lesson
from Dickens, and to have resolved not
to say anything about this great land
of ours and its inhabitants, which in
after years he would be compelled to
ask our pardon for.

He Had Them All Down Fine.
The other morning a young man of
affable manners presented himself at
the box office of a variety show at Peta-
luma and requested a press pass.

"You don't claim to be a journalist,
do you?" asked the manager, glancing
suspiciously at the good clothes and
innocent expression of the applicant.

"Yes, I do, though; I'm on the Flea-
town Snapper."

"Hum! what is your department?"
growled the manager. "I was a news-
paper man myself once."

"I do the 'Answers to Correspond-
ents,'" asserted the youth.

"Do, eh? Lemme see! What was the
fastest mile ever skated backward for
money in the United States?"

About Bells.
Nobody knows when and where bells
first came into use. The old Egyptians
were summoned to the feast of Osiris
by the sound of a bell, much as our
good people are called to church on a
Sunday morning. When Aaron went
into the holy place, his coming and
going was signalled to the people by
the tinkling of the row of golden bells
which he wore upon his ephod. There
is another picture of David playing,
with a hammer in each hand, upon five
bells, suspended before him; but it is
hardly to be presumed that the paint-
ing was taken from life. The early
Christian missionaries in Ireland were
accustomed to carry a bell with them,
in order to summon the inhabitants to
worship—that which belonged to St.
Gall being still preserved in Switzer-
land, while St. Patrick's is exhibited to
this day in Belfast. Church-bells were
introduced into England in the Sixth
century, where they have continued to
make much noise ever since. Nearly a
thousand years ago names were given
to bells, and the "Old Tom" of Oxford
is historical.

The Americans have their "Liberty
Bell," which, after having, in 1776, pro-
claimed to the land that the United
States were free and independent, now
rests, cracked and voiceless, in the Hall
of Independence in Philadelphia.

In one of the towers of Old Moscow
there were not less than thirty-seven—
one of which was so large that it re-
quired twenty-four men to pull the
clapper, the bell itself being immova-
ble. A traveler says: "The large bell
near the cathedral is only used upon
important occasions; and when it
sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates
all over Moscow, like the fullest tones
of a vast organ, or the rolling of dis-
tant thunder. It is forty feet nine
inches in circumference, and weighs
more than fifty-seven tons." What is
known as "the great bell of Moscow,"
the largest ever made, still stands
where it was originally cast. It has
been consecrated as a chapel, and a
door opened where a piece of the bell
was broken out by throwing water upon
it when heated by fire. The size of the
room is twenty-two feet in diameter,
and more than twenty-one feet in
height.

The Chinese are also well off for bells.
There are seven in the city of Peking,
each of which weighs one hundred and
twenty thousand pounds. In former
times the hand bells that stood upon
the table, often made of silver, and
beautifully chased, answered all the
purposes of the household. The hang-
ing of bells in private houses, and the
door-bell, are of comparatively modern
date. The knocker was in use as long
ago as the time of Alexander Pope, as
appears from the lines—

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued, I
said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."

On the doors of some houses may
still be seen the marks of what was
called "the rasp," a piece of iron pivoted
perpendicularly and fastened at both
ends, with the inner side roughly ser-
rated or notched, and two or three
heavy rings attached, which were rat-
tled up and down by one who wished
admittance. This must have been a
little worse than a knocker.

The curfew-bell was rung all over
Europe at eight o'clock in the evening
as the signal for covering up the fire,
as the word curfew—cover fire—indi-
cates. In Roman Catholic countries
the passing bell is a summons to offer
a prayer for a liberated spirit.

It is in the depths of the country,
when the notes of the village bell come
floating over the sweet fields and ming-
ling with the soft music of the trees and
the ripple of the brook, that the sound
is most melodious. The thunder of the
great cathedral peal is grand; the elab-
orate chimes of Antwerp and Bruges are
beautiful, but the music of the solitary
village bell,

"Falling at intervals upon the ear in cadence
sweet,"
fills the soul with a calmer devotion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
The Hungarians would rather go hun-
gry than touch American hams, bacon
or lard. The importation of all hog
products is now prohibited.

The libel suit brought by Governor
Bishop, of Ohio, against the Cincinnati
Gazette has ended in a verdict for \$500
damages.

He is a very ordinary man who never
finds fault with himself, and a very ex-
traordinary one who never has reason
to do so.

Matches carried into a nest by birds
at the corner of the roof of a cottage in
Shropshire, England, became ignited,
and the building was destroyed.

A man has invented a chair that can
be adjusted to eight hundred different
positions. It is designed for a boy to
sit in when he goes to church.

Blind musicians from the Perkins In-
stitution, at South Boston, have kept
in tune for five years past all the pianos
—130 in number—in use in the public
schools of Boston.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the noted
litigant, is petite in stature, attractive
in appearance, and possesses a full suit
of yellow hair which is all her own.
Her age is about— But let that pass.

The Baldwinville (Ga.) Gazette ad-
vertises the opening of a drug store next
to an undertaker's shop in that village,
and says that "the two institutions will
be conducted in conjunction one with
the other."

It is claimed that the excursion
steamers in Massachusetts harbors and
on the little strip of New Hampshire
coast last year carried more than 11,000-
000 passengers without accident to any
one of them.

Most of the United States senators
draw their salaries once a month, but
some draw small amounts almost daily.
One senator—Mr. Anthony, of Rhode
Island—draws his salary at the end of
every year through his banker.

Naturalized American citizens who go
abroad should not fail to obtain pass-
ports; without such certificate of their
identity and citizenship they cannot legiti-
mately claim the protection of the
United States legations in foreign coun-
tries. The State Department gives
notice that much trouble and annoyance
may be avoided by this simple pre-
caution.

How to Live in Summer.
Clothing must be considered, for it
has much to do with our elasticity of
movement. It is as yet a point of dis-
pute whether cotton stuffs are the best
wear, many approving of light woolens.
For women no'ing is sweeter in sum-
mer than a linen dress; it is a pity we
do not patronize linen more for adults;
for children, cottons; for workmen,
worsted. The heavy suits of men are
weighing them down in summer, and
clothes of serge are far preferable to
those of thick woolen cloth. Very thin
silk is a cool wear. The heavily-laden
skirts of women impede the free action
of movement much, and should be sim-
plified as much as possible for summer
So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not
be allowed to go with bare feet; it often
produces diarrhoea, and they should al-
ways wear a flannel band around the
stomach. Another important matter is
the changing of night and day linen
among the poorer classes. It is terrible
to think that a workman should lie
down in the shirt in which he has per-
spired all day at his hot work. Let men
acustom themselves to good washes
every evening before they sit down to
their meals, and to changes at night
that they may take up a dry shirt when
going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is abso-
lutely necessary—anyhow, a night and
day change. This change alone would
help to stay mortality among children,
if accompanied with other healthy mea-
sures, such as sponging the body with a
little salt and water. Where tenements
are very close wet sheets placed against
walls will aid to revivify the air and ab-
sorb bad vapor in rooms. All children's
hair should be cut short; boys' hair may
be cropped and girls' hair so arranged
by nets or plaits that air passes freely
round the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in
summer, for the head must be kept cool.
The most serviceable dress is that which
allows air to pass freely around your
limbs and stops neither the evaporation
of the body nor the circulation of the
refreshing atmosphere. In summer you
must breathe freely and lightly; you
cannot do so with your stomach full of
undigested food, your blood full of over-
heating alcohol, your lungs full of viti-
ated air, your small digested with nau-
seous scents, your system unable to
carry out the natural process of diges-
tion. All the sanitary arrangements in
the world will do no good if we eat and
drink in such a fashion that we are con-
stantly putting on fuel where it is not
needed, and stuffing up our bodily
draught, as we would that of a heating
appliance. Our ignorance and our bad
habits spoil the summer, that delightful
season of the year—nothing else.