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Only a Dream.

'Twas only a dream, I know,
Like the fancies that come and go:
Only a dream, and yet so true,
It has been in my mind all through the day,
And I cherish it, though reason does say
That it was only a dream.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

I had just returned after ten years' absence in the West, and of course, found many changes even in my country home. There was a new birdhouse on the barn-top; there was a new woodshed built on to the old kitchen; there was a handsome carriage drive in place of the old uneven road and narrow foot-path which led from the apple gate around the hospitable side door, with its pleasant piazza, covered in summer by creeping vines, and in the winter by the loveliest snow drapery; the vine resting for support and giving form if not color to the flakes as they fell. I think I never saw anything so pretty.

husband is well enough, very pleasant and interesting indeed—I think an architect; poor I believe, at least, far from rich; you need not be afraid of her being spoiled by ease, for she has a host of little ones I hear, and of course she is dragged to death.
I was always a great hand to take quiet walks by myself, and also to drop into a friend's house to make a call without ceremony; so, when after a long ramble the next day among my favorite haunts of olden times, I found myself near the stately mansion of James Cerowe, Esq., I determined to waive etiquette, and call first on my former pupil. She received me very cordially, a little stiffly perhaps, considering our past relations, but quite in keeping with the elegant appointment of that magnificent drawing-room, and her queenly presence. Helen was an aristocrat by nature, as Lois had said, and wealth and art had added their treasures to perfect her character as such. Susy, on the contrary, was perfectly simple in all her tastes and habits. I used to call them "Josephine and Maria Theresa." "The one," as Napoleon said, "the perfection of nature, the other of art."

"Such a noise!" as Mrs. Cerowe had truly said. The windows were open, but the blinds were closed, and merry voices rang out clear and sweet and full of innocent mirth that bright summer morning.
"Ob, Harry, Harry, you will surely kill poor papa; pity, pity, you young rogue, I say!" and amid the shouts and tumbles I hardly dared touch the door bell ever so lightly. In an instant there was perfect silence, however, and a pleasant, merry-eyed Bridget ushered me into the parlor—so different from Mr. Cerowe's but so like Susy—simple and neat, yet elegant.
Only a moment had I to observe it all, for my Susy's loving arms were about me, and her tears of joy wetting my cheek.
"Here, Harry, Harry, come in quick and see her; you know quite well, I am sure, who she is."
"I must be very stupid if I do not," said Mr. Lorrimer, advancing and grasping my hand most cordially, "after hearing her name mentioned and her many perfections described every day for the past six years."
"Am I may hope that it has not proved that familiarity breeds contempt," I retorted.
"Contempt, my dear madam! rather love, reverence, thankfulness; for my wife constantly assures me that all she is she owes to you."
"Am I your children, Susy," I said, "how many have you, and are they all well?"
"Four, dear, and such darlings! Here, Harry, my love, come in, and see mamma's old friend; and will you bring in Walter and Frank, Bridget, as soon as you can make them decent."
Harry came up to me at once, with such a sweet, frank face and earnest manner.
"Are you my Aunt Esther?" he asked.
"Yes, darling," I answered, delighted to find my name a household word.
Presently the little ones came in, fat and happy, just from baking splendid dirt-pies and mud houses in the back yard.
"I cannot keep them quite clean all the time," said Susy, with her old deprecatory manner when excusing herself for any lack of what her stately friend Helen deemed indispensable to etiquette. "They must play, you know, and I won't punish them for soiling their aprons, only for being naughty and wilful. And my baby—you haven't seen her yet?" as if she had treated me with injustice to deprive me of the pleasure so long; "come up to the nursery and see her sleep."

A Tea Cultivator Wanted.
The manager of a large tea farm in India appeals, through the Scientific American, to American inventors for what we may call a spading machine, to be used in the cultivation of tea plants; the machine to be worked either by bullock or steam power.
The tea bushes on the estate in our correspondent's care are mostly planted four feet by four feet apart, in plots eighty plants broad by four hundred and twenty plants long; a few acres are planted four feet by five feet and five feet by five feet, in fields of the same length and breadth. Many tea gardens however, are planted five feet by five feet. The tea bush grows from three to four feet high; it occupies about a square foot of ground at bottom, and at top spreads so that the lines of bushes almost (sometimes quite) touch each other. The nearest approach in America to a tea field, our correspondent thinks, is a plot of gooseberry bushes, which somewhat resemble tea bushes, minus the thorns. In general aspect an ordinary cotton field might be compared, we imagine, to a tea field; and possibly a machine suited for the cultivation of the one might be readily adapted for use in the other.
The India tea fields are dug by hand from twelve to fifteen inches deep, the upper surface, grass, etc., being turned over and buried and the subsoil brought up to the top. A day's work for a cooly is to dig one line across a field, or 1,280 square feet. The ordinary plow will not answer for this work, as it leaves one side of the bushes uncut and cuts the roots of the bushes on the other. The horse hoe or cultivator has been tried, but it does not cut deep enough, it does not turn the soil over, and it injures the outer stems of the bushes.
What is required is a machine working a blade or blades set at right angles to the handle, with an up and down motion, and so operated as to turn the soil over. It must dig to a depth of fifteen inches and turn the soil thoroughly. It must dig close to the root of the plant, yet not injure the side stems; and it must be able to do much more work than a cooly can do—say ten or twenty times as much, when drawn by a bullock or by a fixed steam engine working with wire ropes. A machine of this character, able to compete successfully with cooly labor, both in cheapness and efficiency, would bring our correspondent thinks, a small fortune to the inventor, "as there are upward of a thousand tea gardens in India hard up for coolies and looking out for something of this kind."
We may add that the inventor's right may be protected in India by patents. Also that the extension of tea culture in Java, Formosa, and other islands, not to mention Japan or China, would seem to offer a wide field for the introduction and sale of a successful cultivator. The same machine might also, as already suggested, be adapted to the requirements of cotton and other fiber plants.

POPULAR SCIENCE.
The ameba, sponge and tape-worm have no blood. There is no need of it, for, being destitute of digestive organs, their food comes in contact with all parts of the body.
The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 had its origin in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, whence convulsions extended over 7,500,000 square miles, or one-twentieth the area of the globe.
There are many curious instances where the loss of one sense adds to the acuteness of the other. Dr. Moyses, the blind philosopher, could distinguish a black dress by the smell.
Redi found that birds sustain the want of food from five to twenty-eight days. A seal lived out of water, without nourishment, for four weeks. Dogs live without food from twenty-five to thirty-six days.
In the Royal Palace at Berlin, 40,000 wax candles are simultaneously lighted by a single match, the wicks being previously connected by a single thread of gun cotton. Thus the 700 apartments are lighted at once.
Lizards have been found imbedded in chalk rocks, and have lived on exposure to the atmosphere. On detection, the mouth was found to be closed by a glutinous substance so dense that they are sometimes suffocated in their efforts to extricate themselves.
Near Cambridge, England, the portion of the wall letter boxes surrounding the apartments has been treated with luminous paint to enable the people to see to post their letters after dark. The result has been satisfactory.
On Sunday, September 18, at Kingussie, Scotland, several persons observed a pink rainbow just over Glen Pesby. The box was shaded from crimson to pale pink, but there was no other color. Not one of the party had ever noticed a similar phenomenon before.
A most remarkable discovery has been made in the Sweetwater country, in Wyoming Territory. It is a deposit of sulphuric acid in its natural state. The odor, chemical action, and general appearance of the stuff demonstrates it to be a pure quality of sulphuric acid. The ground is impregnated over a large area—one hundred acres or more—and parties have filed claims upon it.
Large iron ore deposits of almost unprecedented richness have lately been surveyed in Lapland by practical mining engineers. The district is near the village of Jukkasjärvi, in Swedish Lapland, about ten miles from one of the arms of the West Fjord. Analysis shows 70 per cent of metallic iron in this ore, and the quantity is said to be sufficient to supply the entire world with iron, at the present rate of consumption for many years.

MISTAKES OF MILLIONS.
How Unclaimed Postal Money Orders Accumulate to an Immense Amount in the Sub-Treasury.
"Is it true," inquired a reporter of Postmaster Pearson, of New York, yesterday, "that there are nearly \$2,000,000 in the United States sub-treasury, representing accumulations from unclaimed money-orders for several years back?"
"Yes," replied the postmaster, "I suppose that in round numbers they hold about that amount; belonging to careless persons whom it is impossible for us to find."
"Would you propose to do with this money, Mr. Pearson?"
"Congress will probably be asked at its next session to make some disposition of it."
"Will there be no legal limitation to the time when funds of this character may be accounted for. The postmaster cannot tell when the parties to a money order may correct fatal mistake in the order and demand their money. You know we must always be prepared to pay on legal demand."
"Can you give me a general idea of the way in which such large, unclaimed accumulations of money comes about?"
"Primarily it is due to a lack of knowledge concerning the operations of the law under which the money-order system is organized. Then a great many people who understand the provisions of this law are habitually careless and overlook some of the necessary details in making out the order. For instance, they may get the name of the payer wrong, or they may neglect to notify him by mail. Then, again, the person to whom the money is sent may be a traveling man, who has left the town where the order is payable and who may never return there again. No legal provision has been made for advertising for these people. The individual amounts which go to make up the large sums of unclaimed money orders in this office are, generally speaking, small, and no doubt have long been forgotten by the persons who sent them, as well as by the persons who were to receive them. All post-offices which do a reasonably fair share of money-order business have the same trouble to contend with, but some day or other Congress may definitely settle postal responsibility in the matter."
The Anatomy of an Oyster.
Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, cunningly devised intestines, and other necessary organs, just as all living, moving and intelligent creatures have. And all these things are covered from man's rudely, impetuous gaze by a mantle of pearly gauze, whose wool and warp put to shame the frost lace on your windows in winter. The mouth is at the smaller end of the oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval shape, and though not readily seen by an unpracticed eye, its location and size can be easily discovered by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the surface of the locality mentioned. When the spot is found, your bodkin can be thrust between the double lips and a considerable distance down towards the stomach without causing the oyster to yell with pain. From this mouth is, of course, a sort of canal to convey the food to the stomach, whence it passes into the intestines. With an exceedingly delicate and sharp knife you can take off the "mantle" of the oyster, when there will be disclosed to you a half-moon shaped space just above the muscle, or so-called heart. This space is the oyster's pericardium, and within it is the real heart, the pulsations of which are readily seen. The heart is made up of two parts, just as the human heart is, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of blood vessels, and the other drives the blood out through arteries. In this important matter the oyster differs in no respect from other warm or cold blooded animals. And no one need laugh incredulously at the assertion that oysters have blood. It is not rusty, according to the accepted notion about blood, but it is nevertheless blood to all oyster intents and purposes. In the same vicinity, and marvelously proper positions, will be found all the other organs named. But it is very proper to be incredulous about that mouth and organs. At first glance it would seem that they are utterly useless, for the mouth can not snap around for food, and the oyster has no means wherewith to grab his dinner or lunch. True, apparently, but only apparently, for each oyster has more than a thousand arms—tiny, delicate, almost invisible. And each one of them is incessantly at work gathering up food and gently pushing it into the lazy mouth of the indolently comfortable creature.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
The body of Miss Cross, who died at Erie, was almost eaten up by rats, after being prepared for burial.
So far \$250,000 has been subscribed towards the King cotton factory at Augusta, Ga. It is intended to raise \$1,000,000.
The San Francisco Call makes the estimate that the Chinese laborers in California send home \$15,000,000 every year.
Queen Victoria's children stand in great awe of her. They were on far earlier terms with their father, whom they adored.
Mr. Yendo Kitano, a Japanese officer who has been studying at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, took the highest place at the recent examinations.
Mr. James C. Ford, a well-known planter of Kentucky, and one of the wealthiest men of that State, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Huntington, at Rhinebeck, N. Y., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.
The register of the ancient parish church of Oxford, Kent, contains an entry of the marriage of Henry Clark to Sarah Thorp, with a note to the effect that the former was 99 on his wedding day. So no bachelor need despair.
A fashionable city wedding now costs from \$1,800 to 3,500. It is said that a Wall street broker, not willing to spend such sums, got a friend to put up his intended son-in-law to elope with his daughter—on the score of economy.
The Courier-Journal, in a leader on "the abominable pistol," says "we would have a tax of \$25 levied on the vendor of firearms of every weapon sold; a license tax of \$20 on every person who carries a revolver, and \$50 fine on every person found carrying a pistol without a license. In every instance when a pistol is used and a wound results it would be well to send the offender to the penitentiary for six years."
A Sad Tale from the Sea.
Mrs. George L. Hunter, the wife of Capt. Hunter, of the schooner Thomas J. Lancaster, which was wrecked north of Cape Hatteras, has returned home to Philadelphia widowed and childless, having left the bodies of her husband and three children buried in the North Carolina sands, near the burial place of four seamen and the second mate. The high up in the rigging of the Lancaster, while the strong vessel was pounding herself to pieces, Mrs. Hunter saw her infant child torn from her arms by the sea which had only a moment before swallowed up her husband and his eldest daughter, and still clinging, wet and nearly frozen to the mast, the heartbroken woman heard above the roar of the sea a plaintive, sobbing cry.
"Mother, come to me," which told her that one child still lived. Through twelve hours of wind and rain and darkness Mrs. Hunter battled against the ropes which obstinately saved her life by fastening herself there out of reach of the storm and of her child, who died even after success came, and the five survivors of the ill-fated ship were brought to land. When the captain's body was found, his pocket had been robbed of \$75, which he had secured before leaving the cabin when the vessel struck the reef. The poor woman was thus left destitute, but not friendless, for she met kind assistance from Lieutenant Newcomb, of the United States army, and keeper Mudgett, of the life-saving station, who made her as comfortable as it was possible to do in that uncivilized place.
A Homely Connecticut Girl.
'Twas a dull, heavy evening; the light of the dozen gas jets along the streets only served to make the haze and fog visible. The clock just tinkled forth the hour of nine, and, with the usual remark that "twas time honest folks were abed," old McGunniggle trudged off up stairs, followed by the aged partner of his sorrows and searcher for his joys.
"Don't you young folks set up till the morning paper comes, this time," shouted she over the banister.
"No—o—o," replied a sweet voice from the parlor; "we won't will we?" said she in an undertone.
"Not if I know it," was the reply. "If the old folks are going to be as soon as this I guess I'll skip now," and he reached for his hat.
"See here!" and the girl's eyes gleamed with earnestness, "you're the first fellow I've had, and you've got to put down that hat and sit up and court me in good shape. I'm homely, I know, but I can build better bread, iron a bosom shirt handsomer, knit a pair of stockings quicker, and make \$1.57 go further than any girl in the village. Them's my recommendations."
"That suits me exactly," and the hat flew into the corner, and that evening the details of the wedding were all arranged. He depended on a girl as smart as that to get the best of the old folks.

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether the rascal is shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign.—Olive Logan.

A Straight Answer Wanted.
One of the east bound trains coming into Detroit the other day was heavily loaded, and a passenger who got on at Ypsilanti walked through two cars and then halted at a seat occupied by a small man and a grab bag and inquired:
"Is this seat occupied?"
"Of course this seat is occupied, was the reply.
"Are both halves of this seat occupied?"
"Of course both halves are occupied."
"Well, my friend," said the new arrival, as he let go of his satchel, "I want to bother you with one more query. Had you rather I would toss that grab-bag out of the window and sit down with you, or chuck you out and ride into Detroit with the grab-bag?"
The grab bag man got mad at that and wouldn't ride anywhere else except on the wood box.—Detroit Free Press.

A \$1,500,000 Diamond Found.
From all accounts the wonderful Koh-i-noor, "Mountain of Light," the property of her majesty, is eclipsed by a recently discovered diamond lately found in South Africa, and now in the possession of Mr. Porter-Rhodes, who is, I believe, the fortunate discoverer of the gem. The weight of the newly found stone is 150 carats. It is uncut, but from its peculiarly favorable shape is not expected to lose more than ten carats during the process. The diamond is as big as a very large walnut, and is described as "like a hailstone in sunlight, of a bewitching transparency and brilliant whiteness no other precious crystal can vie with." Most Cape diamonds are of an inferior yellowish tinge, which detracts from the value of the stone; but this specimen is not only the largest ever discovered, but of a purity unsurpassed by any of its competitors. I understand that the stone was recently shown to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and that his best diamonds, when placed beside the Porter-Rhodes stone, were seen to be "off color." Offers for his property flow in upon the lucky owner from all parts of Europe. The first offer received was £50,000; the last made, last week, was £100,000. The owner's bankers, I hear, are willing to advance £50,000 against the security. The stone will not, it is thought, change hands under £200,000, which is but £200,000 more than the famous Koh-i-noor is valued at. Mr. Porter-Rhodes asks the trifling sum of £300,000, or \$1,500,000 for his property, and does not seem in any hurry to dispose of it. It is rumored that a Russian prince is in treaty for the jewel.—London Letter.