

One copy, one year, \$5.00
One copy, six months, \$3.00
One copy, three months, \$1.50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1881.

NO. 12.

One square, one insertion, 10 cts.
One square, two insertions, 15 cts.
One square, one month, 50 cts.

For larger advertisements liberal discounts will be made.

The Well.

Dark and cool the water lies
In the old time honored well;
Deep, down deep the bucket flows,
And how often, who can tell?

ERNEST WYETH'S IDOL.

The last musical note of a slow psalm
Had floated through the still air of the
little village church, and was echoing
faintly from the pale, painted walls,

During the service there were many
curious glances bestowed upon the
blue-robed figure who sat so straight
and still between Mrs. Warrington and
her daughter, Eve, with her young face
upraised and her eyes resting on the
earnest countenance of the preacher.

At last the service ended, the organ
ceased its pealing, and out in the vestry
Mrs. Warrington stood, introducing with
calm staidness her niece, Nannie Rus-
sell, to the young clergyman.

The Warrington residence was but
a short distance away, and Mrs. War-
rington did not consider it worth while
to bring her carriage into requisition;
so the party of four started down the
gravelled walk together.

"Mr. Wyeth," Mrs. Warrington began,
laying her hand on Nannie's arm and
stepping back, thereby leaving a signifi-
cant vacancy beside her daughter,
"will you—"

But Nannie interrupted her with a
little gesture and a low, rippling laugh.
"Mr. Wyeth is entertaining me with
an interesting little anecdote," she said;
"do not disturb him, auntie."

With a low Mrs. Warrington passed
on and walked in stately silence beside
her daughter. She was displeased,
and took no trouble to conceal the fact;
but by the time the little party reached
the iron gates of the Warrington estate
she had assumed her bland, society
manner again, and bade the clergyman
good-day in very friendly tones.

"I have asked Mr. Wyeth to come
here to-morrow afternoon and enjoy a
game of croquet," Nannie said, as she
stood before the mirror adjusting the
silken strings of her bonnet.

"Were you aware that Eve is going
into town then?" asked Mrs. Warring-
ton inquiringly.

"Oh, yes," Nannie replied innocently;
"that's one reason, you see. I
would be lonely enough left to my own
resources, and wanted some one to
amuse me."

"Audacious!" muttered her aunt be-
neath her breath; but she made no
comment aloud.

When Nannie left the room Mrs.
Warrington turned to her daughter, say-
ing—

"Is she not a forward mix? But
you shall stay at home to-morrow."

"Oh, mamma," said Eve, pitifully,
"I'd much rather go; I do dislike
being in anybody's way."

But Mrs. Warrington was firm, and
on the morrow, when the clergyman
arrived, he found two young ladies
waiting to receive him.

was set as far apart from ordinary people
as the moon above the earth; she was
a woman above women, an idol to be
worshipped from afar, a—how much
higher his thoughts would have soared
there is no telling, had not Eve's soft,
slow voice broke in upon his rever-
y with—

"It is shady on the lawn now, Mr.
Wyeth. Suppose we indulge in a game
of croquet?"

"I am most willing," the clergyman
replied, with a glance at Nannie, who
smiled in approval.

"I had so much rather be out in the
fresh air," she said, as they strolled
across the lawn. "The close, confined
atmosphere of a drawing-room oppresses
me, and another's best rooms are so dark
and gloomy; don't you think so, Eve?"

"I have never noticed it," Eve re-
plied.

"Have such a pretty suit of rooms
at home," Nannie went on. "Papa had
them furnished for me, and his taste is
excellent. They are the perfection of
soft colors, flowers, birds and sunshine.
Still I like the outdoor world best. I
think a Bohemian life would suit me,"
with a soft little laugh.

"No, I think not," contradicted Mr.
Wyeth, in apologetic tones. "You
could not endure the fatigue and hard-
ships; for it is a hard life, Miss Rus-
sell."

Nannie shot him a quick glance, and
then drooped her eyes again.

"Perhaps you are right," she said.
"Was thinking of but one side—the
pleasant side. Which color do you
prefer, Mr. Wyeth?"

They had now arrived at the croquet
ground, and she stood tapping the balls
with her mallet.

"Blue," Ernest was about to say;
then with an inward laugh at his own
folly, chose black.

When the young clergyman went
home that night he opened his little
journal and wrote there—

"I have seen Miss Russell for the
second time. She is one of the purest,
fairest women on earth, all honor and
simplicity. Happy is the man who wins
her love!"

Ernest Wyeth's heart throbbled with
a quick pain as he wrote the last words,
and he dimly wondered why. Some day,
no doubt, she would be wooed and won;
but the thought was not a pleasant one,
although the idea of winning her him-
self had never entered his mind.

Every day after that found the young
clergyman at the Warrington mansion,
but, as he was in the habit of visiting
there frequently, it occasioned little re-
mark. Every day he basked in the sun-
shine of Nannie's smiles, and gazed into
her pretty blue eyes with such an inten-
sity of feeling in his own that, had she
been more worldly-wise, his secret
would have been revealed.

"Cousin Nannie returns home on the
morrow," Eve said, one day.

Ernest glanced quickly to where the
tall, blue-robed figure sat with her
graceful head bent over her embroidery,
and his eyes darkened a trifle.

"Miss Russell?" he said, inquiringly.

Nannie raised her eyes and looked at
him smilingly.

"Yes," she replied. "I have made a
longer visit now than I intended to—
two whole weeks." Then, after a little
pause, "If you ever come to L—, Mr.
Wyeth, I hope you will call upon me."

"Thank you," Ernest replied. "But
you will visit D— again, Miss Rus-
sell?"

"I may come here next summer," was
the reply.

So, with farewells to all her friends,
Nannie Russell went back to L—, and
on the following Sabbath, when the
preacher's eyes wandered to the War-
rington pew, they rested on a vacancy
between Mrs. Warrington and her
daughter—a vacancy that he fictionally
filled with a mass of pale blue robes
and a halo of golden hair framing a
sweet, fair face and tender eyes.

Early in the autumn Ernest Wyeth
decided to visit L—. So it happened
that a few hours later he sat in Nannie's
parlor and awaited her coming.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Fashion Notes.
Shirring and ruffling are employed to
an unlimited extent upon costumes for
children of all ages.

In the arrangements of the front
hair there is a revival of the fluffiness
that for a time was unpopular.

While feathers stand out conspicu-
ously upon poke bonnets, ribbon trim-
mings lie smoothly in their places.

Conspicuous shapes should be avoid-
ed in deep mourning bonnets, and
English crape of good quality ought to
be used.

Little girls still wear their hair bang-
ed across the forehead, while the re-
mainder brushed straight back fall-
ing loosely from a comb.

The usual style of hair-dressing is
characterized by simplicity. Elaborate
coiffures do not find favor, and moder-
ate quantities of hair arranged in
graceful easy way is the usual mode.

Lace, as strings, is now used on
satin bonnets only. Satin, plush, or
watered silk being the general rule. A
border of plain, ribbed or furrowed
plush is often seen on silk or satin bon-
net strings.

The silk net-work used to cover satin
waists comes in buff, pale tan, ivory,
azure, pistache, pale pink, and coral
shades, and is matched by a crimped
fringe used to border widths of the net
used for skirt trimmings.

A new mantle worn by est de
ladies abroad is called the Marie An-
toinette, and is made of black satin.
The enormous hood comes well down
over the shoulders and back, and the
wrap is trimmed with black satin ruf-
fles slightly gathered.

Cats at Sea.
Certain animals were once thought to
provoke storms at sea, and were thus
regarded as unlucky by seamen. A
dead hare on board ship has long been
thought a stern bringer. The hare is
unlucky in many folk-lore stories.
Many people, as Lapps, Finns, Chinese,
will not eat it. As an animal supposed
to see at night, it was connected with
the moon, shining by night, and we
have Eastern traditions of the hare in
the moon. Hence it is, with the moon,
a weather-maker. The cat was still
more widely feared as a storm bringer,
and is always unlucky on board ship.
She "carries a gale in her tail," and is
thought particularly to provoke a storm
by playing with a gown or apron, rub-
bing her face, licking her fur the wrong
way, etc. Provoking a cat will cer-
tainly bring a gale in sailor belief, and
drowning one will surely raise a tem-
pest. Fielding, in a voyage to Lisbon,
(1775) says: "The kitten at last recover-
ed, to the great joy of the good cap-
tain, but to the great disappointment of
some of the sailors, who asserted that
the drowning of a cat was the very
worst way of raising a favorable wind."

Flaws on the surface of the water are
in sailor lore "cat-paws." There is a
Hungarian proverb that a cat does not
die in water, hence its paws disturb the
surface. A larger flurry on the water
is a "cat-skin." So it rains cats and
dogs, and the stormy northwest wind
in some parts of England is the "cat's
nose." In Chinese lore tigers cause
storms, and the Japanese water-god has
steel claws and a tigerish countenance.
In Germany there is a proverb that any
one making a cat his enemy will be at-
tended at his funeral by cats and rats.

Cats see better at night, are connected
with the moon in many legends, are
witches' familiars, and hence are eyed
askant by many. The Egyptian goddess
of evil, Bast, was a cat-headed god-
dess. Cats were, as we have seen, used
by witches in raising a gale, and are
said to smell a wind, while pigs see it.

On shipboard, the malevolent charac-
ter of the cat is shown in nautical nomen-
clature, and the song now popular—

"It was the cat"
is liable to more than a double inter-
pretation. The cat-o-nine-tails is not
a desirable acquaintance, nor do sailors
have a love for the miscellaneous gear
connected with raising the anchor, such
as the cat-head, cat-fall, cat-tail, cat-
hook, cat-back, etc. The lubber's-hole,
through which it is thought derogatory
to the able seaman to pass, is in French
"l'ou du Chat." Weak tea is called by
sailors "cat-lap." Freya, the Norse
goddess, was attended by cats, and thus,
Friday, her day, was thought unlucky.

A spectral dog "shony" is said to pre-
dict a storm when appearing on the
Cornish beach.—The United Service.

Another Heroic Engineer.
The name of J. F. Wager, of Sedalia,
Mo., is to be added to the list of loco-
motive engineers who have deliberately
given their lives to save others. His
train, heavily loaded with passengers,
was crossing the Osage river, on the
Missouri Pacific Road, when the engine
left the track and finally broke through
the bridge, to be buried in the water.

The fireman jumped out and escaped,
but Wager stayed to put on the sir-
brakes and reverse the engine, and thus
saved the train and lost his own life.

POPULAR SCIENCE.
French authorities are investigating
the subject of the influence of school-
room arrangements upon the eyes of the
pupils.

The preservation of articles of diet
with salicylic acid has been prohibited
by the French Government, it being
considered that this well known preser-
vative agent is dangerous to health.

The hydro-carbon discovered some-
time ago by a Frenchman, still attracts
much attention on account of its pecu-
liar property of burning at a very slight
increase of heat above the average of
the surrounding air, so that, while its
light is very brilliant, its heat, when
burning, will not burn the hand or char
a handkerchief.

An egg deposited long ago by an
ostrich was discovered in a subterranean
columbarium at Gonzaga. It has been
submitted to a chemical examination by
M. Ballard, and its composition was
found to differ from a recently laid egg
in that it had more carbonate and phos-
phate of lime and less of carbonate of
magnesia, &c.

In the British collieries numerous
experiments have been made to deter-
mine the cause of explosions in the
mines, and these results are now accepted
as correct by most of the experimenters.

1. Explosions are usually caused by the
presence of coal dust in air containing
a small amount of true fire damp, the
Davy lamps serving to detect the pres-
ence of dangerous gases when in
sufficient quantity to alone cause
explosion. 2. Mixtures of coal dust
and air without fire damp are not
explosive. The researches have shown
that air containing no more than two
per cent. of fire damp (a quantity so
small as to escape notice) is unsafe in
the presence of coal dust.

By securing variety in temperature
through planting oysters in different
depths of water, as practiced in Con-
necticut, the Scientific American says
oysters can be obtained in a fit condi-
tion for the table every week in the year.

The greater the heat the earlier the
oysters will spawn. Those in the deeper
and colder water feel the heat later and
spawn later. Some portion of the oyster
field, so to speak, will therefore be
ready for harvesting at all times.

The Largest Vessel in the World.
The Great Eastern has been sold in
England for the trifling of \$150,000, one-
twenty-fifth of its original cost. The
man who bought it has on his hands a
veritable marine elephant. The Great
Eastern is, as is generally known, the
largest vessel in the world.

The Great Eastern requires a great
deal of elbow-room for about twenty
engines and immense boilers and their
accompaniments, which represent in
propelling power the strength of about
15,000 horses. It is an interesting fact
that the vessel is larger than the Ark,
according to its dimensions in the Bible.

The Great Eastern carried 10,000 troops,
with their horses and provisions, to
Canada on one occasion, when the forces
were exchanged for others. The services
done Great Britain by the vessel have
been considerable. The world owes to
this enormous hulk the laying of the
first great submarine cable. It is too
large for ordinary business, too big for
this small globe of ours.

The various companies owning it have
never been able to make it pay. It was
expected that the rush of visitors to the
International Exposition under Napo-
leon III., in Paris, would bring the
vessel in demand, and it was fitted up
elegantly at enormous expense. A
French company of capitalists chartered
the Great Eastern for something like a
million dollars. She was sent to New
York, and fewer passengers were booked
than on any of the steamers of the
Cunard and Inman lines. She made
but one voyage, and the company went
into bankruptcy. It was generally
feared, that being so long, she would
try to straddle too many waves at one
time in some storm and break into
pieces. On the contrary, the Great
Eastern is eminently sea-worthy. A
storm makes no impression on her,
except to make her roll a trifle more in
that lazy way from side to side, with
something like a green. Passengers of
the Great Eastern on that voyage will
remember the hundreds of unoccupied
state rooms. There were one or two
stories of this immense floating hotel
without a lodger. Did one descend to
the hold, that vast cavern of thundering
and mysterious sounds, he would find
an empty space.

It is the most unfortunate of ships.
On the voyage spoken of a submarine
cable in New York bay was torn up,
and the voyage could not be continued
until \$10,000 in damages was paid; and,
what was worse, as far as concerned the
individual comfort of the passengers,
when the steam tug came alongside at
Brest to convey them ashore, the bilge-
water was being pumped from the hold
of the monster, and by an unfortunate
turn fell in drenching torrents on the
parting guests. The Great Eastern is
the last and only one of the race of
vessels larger than there is any use for.

Guiteau's Efforts to Raise Money.
Among the recent communications
written by the productive Guiteau is a
letter to the President proposing that
the latter should contribute some of his
Presidential salary towards his (Guiteau's)
defense. Another letter is to
James Gordon Bennett, asking that
gentleman to make a contribution to
his defense, "in view of the sufferings
the Herald caused me in 1874," saying
that he had no doubt if he had pushed
his libel suit against the Herald it would
have cost the journal twice \$10,000, the
amount suggested as a proper contribu-
tion under the circumstances.

A Fight between Sea Monsters.
A Newfoundland correspondent
writes a vivid account of a fight which
he witnessed between sea monsters.
On a lovely afternoon in July I stood
upon the bank of a lofty cliff on that
part of the coast between Placentia
and St. Mary's Bay. Everything was
still. Only the faintest murmur, the
surg tones of the ocean roar upon the
angry tones of delicious music, stole
up from the strand to where I stood.

I stood like everything about me,
mute under the influence of the after-
noon, a sound as of innumerable and
gentle tapplings came up from the still
sea, and looking I saw myriads of fishes,
cool and the lesser creatures on which
the former preyed, had risen to the sur-
face and were "breaching." The tap-
ping sound was made by beating the
water with their tails and fins. Such a
scene is not uncommon; but almost
simultaneously with this I heard a
hollow, whistling sound, and saw a
column of spray rise like a geyser,
about 14 feet from the water. I saw
then that a whale had risen among the
fishes, and with his monster, gaping
jaws, in a fourth of the time it takes to
write it, had engulfed several hundreds
of the breaching fishes, and was about
to plunge under the waves again to
swallow his prey piecemeal, when two
other creatures appeared upon the
scene. They were the united and im-
placable foes of the whale, the sword-
fish and thresher. The sword-fish is a
long, lithe creature, armed with a long,
hard substance protruding from its
snout, resembling a sword, from which
it derives its name; the thresher is a
species of sea-scorpion or fox-shark. It
was evident that they had come for the
double purpose of making war upon the
whale and getting some of the best for
themselves. In the space it takes the
eye to twinkle the offensive and defen-
sive were assumed. The sword-fish
attacked the whale under water, the
thresher attacked him above. As the
whale made an effort to live he impeded
himself against the armed head of his
lithe foe, and if he remained where he
was the thresher brought its ungainly
body upon the precision of machinery
down upon the unfortunate monster's
back. Such a "thrashing" I had never
experienced of even in my dreams, when
I used to go the hills and rob birds'
nests, and saw the teacher, more terri-
ble than a wrathful dragon, with a cow-
hide to expiate my guilt. The sword-
fish were dull thuds when the thresher
struck his antagonist, and sharper and
louder when he missed his aim and
struck the water. The waves were
beaten about in foam and spray, the
whale trying to ply his tail upon his
enemies, but before he could get his
ungainly body into position his enemies
were out of harm's way and making a
new attack upon unexpected quarter.
The contest continued, broken only by
short intervals, when the whale went
below the surface for about ten minutes.
Then the sword-fish, as if satisfied with
the part he had played, dived down into
the clear blue water and the thresher
followed his example. The whale, too,
suddenly disappeared, and as he was
the only one of the three that had to
rise and breathe at stated intervals, I
watched with much eagerness to see
where he would rise and "blow," or if
he rose at all. Beyond the point, a
half-mile distant, I saw the spot, and
then a vigorous plunge, and knew the
whale had survived his thrashing.
Numbers of boatmen had rode up to
see the affray, and gazed at the contest
between these monsters of the unknown
deep with a pleasure deeply mingled
with awe.

The Last of the Merrimac.
The Merrimac was lying off Turner's
Creek when the Confederates evacuated
Norfolk, and the orders were to run her
up the James River. She was lightened
until her iron plates no longer protect-
ed her bottom, and yet she drew too
much water for the river. She had no
pilot for any other river or harbor,
most of her ballast was gone and it was
decided to destroy her.

The Merrimac was run ashore on
Craney Island, her crew landed, and
then Oliver, the gunner, set fire to her
and laid a powder train to her maga-
zine. All her guns and ammunition
were left aboard, and as the crew had a
long march before them most of them
left all baggage behind. Every gun
was loaded and in battery when Oliver
left, and the heavy doors of the maga-
zine were thrown wide open.

The crew had been on the march an
hour when the explosion took place.
Just in the gray of morning there came
a terrible rumbling of the earth, fol-
lowed by a shock which made them
stagger. A column of smoke and
flame shot up over the tree tops into
the clouds, and from this fire-spout
came the distant boom of cannons dis-
charged in mid-air, while shell shrieked
and hissed in every direction. A mon-
ster solid shot from one of the big guns
whirled over four miles of space and
fell with an awful crash among the
pines ahead of the little band, and they
had seen the last of the Merrimac.

Helped.
John Flaxman who began to be
famous nearly a hundred years ago)
was the one English sculptor of whom
his country has reason to be proud,
and his statues and exquisite designs
in the gallery in London called "Flax-
man hall," after his name, are one of
the choicest collections of art in the
kingdom. His designs and outline
drawings are the best known, and
scholars will never cease to admire his
"Shield of Achilles" and his illustra-
tions of Homer. Flaxman had a good
wife, who rather loved than hindered
his career, and she deserves a share of
his fame.

At twenty-seven years of age, when
he had already begun to give great
promise as an artist, John Flaxman
married Ann Denman, a cheerful,
noble woman. A friend of Flaxman
and an old bachelor, who, of course,
was expected to have no better views
of marriage said:

"So, Flaxman, I am told you are
married; if so, I tell you you are
ruined for an artist."

Going home, Flaxman, taking a
seat by his wife, with her hand in his,
said, "Ann, I am ruined for an artist."

"How so, John? How has it hap-
pened and who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the
church, and Ann Denman has done it."
He went on to tell her what his friend
had said, how that if an artist would
excel, he must bring all his powers to
bear on his work, and that if he would
become a great artist, he should visit
Rome and Florence, and study the great
works of Raphael and Michael Angelo
and others. "And I," said Flaxman,
"would be a great artist."

"And a great artist you shall be,"
said his wife; "and visit Rome, too, if
that be really necessary to make you
great."

"But how?" asked Flaxman.

"Work and economize," was the reply.
"I will never have it said that Ann
Denman ruined John Flaxman for an
artist."

"I will go to Rome," said he, and
show that we look to for a man's good
rather than his harm, and you, Ann,
shall accompany me."

They worked, they economized, they
went to Rome. John Flaxman studied
the great authors, and returned to Lon-
don a great artist; and Ann Denman
helped to lift him to this pinnacle of
fame.

Worthy of Barbarians.
Romania evidently has in her mode
of judicial procedure great opportuni-
ties for reform. In the district of Dam-
bovitza ten peasants unjustly suspected
of stealing were treated recently with
outrageous brutality in order to compel
an acknowledgment of guilt. First
they were severely punished with the
bastinado, and as they still declared
themselves innocent, they were then
stripped and severely beaten with net-
tles. Under orders from the subprefect,
the quills of ducks were then violently
forced between the nails of their fin-
gers and the flesh. When these tortures
had failed to extort confession the men
were submitted to indescribable out-
rages, and then they were hung up by
the feet. Here they remained till they
were half dead, and then, to save their
lives, they confessed to having stolen
the goods. Before the judge their in-
nocence was clearly established and
their sufferings fully described, but the
authors of these inhuman tortures ap-
pear to have all escaped scot free.