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## The Chatham Record.

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## RATES

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## A Poet's Mail.

Four letters and a paper: this one, showing  
A carol and a ballad, from my Cousin May;  
Ten pages long, and full of overflowing  
Of beauty, and truth, and love, and all  
things gay.

And this one: well, I cannot quite discover  
Just what the indefatigable poet does intend;  
He's quite too frankly cordial for a lover,  
And much too free-like for just a friend.

And here a sister-poet tells her family,  
Merry or sad, just as her humor is;  
Weaving a web of many-colored sentences,  
Out of the subtlest materials.

And here some marvelous superlatives:  
I make it out by guessing at a part—  
I tell the truth without a trace of fiction—  
I tear it open with a fluttering heart.

Two stanzas would have given my vision—  
Two stanzas would have given my vision—  
And yet they crush me with their earnestness,  
Their most polite "Respectfully declined."

I take up tenderly my little vesting,  
That I had written with such loving care;  
I feel as does a mother when her nursing  
Is called by others under sweet and fair.

I sail against the man who addresses it,  
And like the wind against a wall I turn;  
He does not know a poem when he sees it,  
Then I am glad to have him turn.

Then I am glad to have him turn,  
Then I am glad to have him turn,  
Then I am glad to have him turn,  
Then I am glad to have him turn.

Oh, he wants to crush me with his anathema,  
To keep from me the joy of love and life;  
Oh, he wants to crush me with his anathema,  
To keep from me the joy of love and life.

It may be he wishes to try himself,  
It may be he wishes to try himself,  
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It may be he wishes to try himself.

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It may be he wishes to try himself.

as noisy. See here, sir! just let me ask  
you how long you intend hammering on  
that door?"

"Until I get in."  
"Well, why don't you go in, and do  
your knocking to-morrow?"

The knocker made some irrelevant  
answer to this, which Pam could only  
translate as having some reference to  
putting somebody's head in a bag, or  
what sounded like it, and went on vi-  
gorously with his knocking. Pam stood  
it for two minutes longer, and then  
opened his batteries again.

"See here, Mr. — Mr. — I don't know  
your name, but if you don't stop that  
noise I'll call the police."

"Go in, old man, and tell your wife  
to grease your ears and put you to  
bed," sneered the outsider, and re-  
doubled his knocking.

"Oh, by George, this won't do. I  
must coax this chap. See here, my  
dear fellow, can't you arrange this in  
some other way? Why don't you go  
to the hotel for the night? I'd rather pay  
for it myself than stand this noise."

"No, sir! I don't leave where I can  
keep sight of this house. I have pri-  
vate reasons for that!"

"Hullo! what does this mean? He  
has private reason for wanting to keep  
sight of that house. Then why don't  
you stand under the porch opposite and  
watch the house without knocking?"

"Knock! knock! knock!"  
"Oh, murder! Here, hold on, sir!  
What do you say to coming up here?  
You shall sit by this window till mor-  
ning, and watch your house. Anything,  
so I can get a bit of sleep."

"Well, you my son, that's very civil  
of you. How am I to get in?"

"Hold your hat. Here's my night-  
key," and Pam threw it.

"All right. Thank you!"  
"There was the poking of a strange  
hand at the door, and a strange step  
stumbling up the stairs, and Pam held  
the door of his room open to a stalwart  
fellow, dripping inside the carefully  
kept bedroom.

"Oh, God bless me! We'll all be  
afraid in a minute. Here, sir! for  
gracious sake take off some of those wet  
things."

"By George, sir, it's all a plot. They  
must have heard me. Don't you think  
they heard me?" and the stranger dis-  
tressed himself of overcoat and hat, and  
threw them dripping as they were, on  
the bed.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Pam, rushing at  
the wet garments, and snatching them  
away. "You'll soak the bed so that it  
can't be slept in for a week."

"Oh, don't be fidgety. It's a plot, sir!  
Heavens, a plot!" And the stranger  
strode up and down the little room  
fiercely.

"Don't stamp on the floor so; you'll  
disturb the lady down stairs. My land-  
lady begged me to be very particular.  
She's a new tenant, and likes to be  
quiet."

"Oh, confound the lady! I wish  
that there wasn't a female in the world.  
Are you a married man, sir?"

"No, sir, thank God! Don't sit down  
in that arm-chair; you'll spoil the up-  
holstering."

"A bachelor! Let me congratulate  
you, sir! You can enjoy the world, sir!  
You're not locked out of your own house  
at midnight. Let me shake hands with  
you, sir!" And the stranger gave Pam's  
hand a squeeze that brought the tears  
into his eyes and distorted his body into  
impossible curves.

"Now, then, Mr. — Mr. — would it  
suit you to go to sleep? You see the  
fire begins to burn low, and —"

"Oh, certainly! certainly!" And the  
stranger divested himself of his boots  
and made for the bed.

"Hullo! Here, that won't do. I  
can't let any one sleep with me."

"Why, what the deuce do you mean,  
then, by asking me to go to sleep? You  
won't let me go to bed, and you won't  
let me sit down in your chair?"

"Well, didn't you come here to watch  
your house — not to sleep?"

"Ah! Yes. By the by, sir, it's an  
infamous plot. That woman has  
ordered the servant not to hear me, you  
see."

"What woman?"

"Why, my wife, sir! I'm a married  
man, an unlucky dog."

"The deuce you are! Well, what  
then?"

"Yes, sir. And that perfidious woman  
lives in that house!" And the stranger  
rushed to the window, threw it up with  
a crash, and pointed across the way.

"Oh, for heaven's sake close the  
window. I'll catch my death of cold."

"Well, well, anything for peace. Sir,  
let me tell you my story. A sad tale,  
sir; in a word, I am a jealous man."

"God bless me! How unfortunate."

"Yes; and I have cause, sir! I won  
my wife by a race, sir! And, in winning,  
I became convinced of her instability  
in love, and I've never had confidence  
since."

"You're right, sir—right! I wouldn't  
give two-pence for the plighted faith of  
any woman in matters of love. I've had  
bitter experience myself!" And Pam  
heaved a heavy sigh.

"Never spoke a truer word in your  
life, sir! I've been three years married,  
sir!"

"Have you? What a dreadful  
thing!"

"And for three years, sir, I was pay-  
ing attention to my wife—attentive,  
sir, that couldn't be misunderstood,  
when all at once, I heard she was  
engaged to another. Yes, sir—to  
another! Darn the fellow! I forget  
his name, just now."

"Well, sir! Go on, you're quite  
interesting!"

"Why, sir, what did I do? Instead  
of going to work deliberately, and skin-  
ning the fellow alive, as I should have  
done, I backed out and left the field to  
him."

"Ah! Very wrong—very wrong!"

"But, sir, I soon came to my senses;  
and one day hearing that the fellow  
had left town for a week, I rushed to  
her house, offered my hand and heart,  
and was accepted."

"What a wretch!"

"You may well say it, sir! Wretch  
indeed she really was."

"I've had quite an unfortunate expe-  
rience of the instability of woman.  
Once I was engaged, but left my  
affiance only for a week, when a wretch  
whose name I will not mention—an old  
lover, it seems, came along; and when  
I returned it was to see a sight and  
receive a treatment that obliterated me  
forever against the sex."

"God bless me, sir, I console with  
you! What did they do?"

"Why, sir, they treated me as you  
were treated to night. They let me  
stand in the cold, pulling an unan-  
swered bell, and when I looked up at  
the window—he cast his eyes out of  
his window at the house opposite—  
"they—good heavens, how strange!"

"That's just what I saw."

"What—what?"

"Why, their shadows on the window.  
My affianced and her newly accepted!"

And Pam, pointed to the shadows of  
two persons on the curtains of the op-  
posite house, standing closely together.

"That's my wife?" shouted the stran-  
ger. "By heavens! I knew it was true.  
They told me her old lover had been  
seen in this street several times during  
my absence. That's what brought me  
home, sir—that's what makes me want  
to watch that house. I'll kill him, sir  
—I'll kill him!"

"Control yourself, my dear sir. Per-  
haps it's all a mistake."

"All a mistake? Do you think I don't  
know my own wife? And what right  
has any man to be in her bed room at  
this time of night? And she, too, has  
always declared solemnly to me that she  
didn't care a pin for that fellow, and  
was only going to marry him because  
I didn't propose, and she didn't want to  
die an old maid. By George, I'll kill  
him both!" and the stranger threw up  
the window and leaned out, shouting—  
"Fiends! Wretches! Traitors! I'll  
be there in a moment!"

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow,  
don't! You will alarm the whole  
neighborhood!"

"Darn the street!" And the stranger  
made an emphatic dash for the first  
thing that met his hand, a china vase  
on the mantel, and dashed it fiercely  
against the street and through the win-  
dow of the shadows, with a yell of  
"There, take that!"

"Dear me! How do you know but  
you have made a mistake in the room?"

"Made a mistake in the room? Don't  
I know my own room? Don't I know  
my own wife? Don't I know that in-  
fernal shadow beside her—that shadow  
of Pity?"

"Pity? Pity?"

"Yes, Pity!" And the stranger  
leaped further out, and screamed the  
name across the street, "Pity!"

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow,  
will you wait a moment? Don't you  
see the people opposite are looking at  
you in astonishment?"

"What's your name?"

"Minkins—I'll astonish 'em! What's  
yours?"

"Pity!"

"Pity?"

At that moment there came a voice  
from below which said—  
"Hezekiah, is that your voice?"

"Yes, my dear!" said the heroic  
Minkins, as mild as a lamb. "Why,  
what are you doing there?" And Mr.  
Minkins seemed to be conversing with  
somebody who had put her head from  
the window just below, consequently it  
could be no other than the new lady  
lodger.

"Why, I wrote you on Saturday that  
I had left the house opposite."

"Didn't get the letter, my love!"

"What are you making all that noise  
about? And what are you doing up there?"

"Nothing, dear. I'm coming down in  
a moment."

And Minkins mildly closed the  
window and approached Pemberton  
Pity, who stood on the defensive.

worth quarreling about, anyway. I am  
rather sorry, on the whole, that you  
didn't get her. Not that I bear any  
malice, though. Good night."

## WONDERFUL—IF TRUE.

The Biggest Cave Yet Discovered in Ken-  
tucky, and its Marvelous Contents.

A startling piece of news comes from  
Kentucky. It is nothing less than the  
discovery of another cave, inside which  
that hitherto known as Mammoth  
shrink into insignificant proportions. The  
story of the discovery is told in the  
Grayson Advertiser, a weekly newspaper  
printed in the town of Leitchfield,  
Grayson county.

This cave is situated on the farm of  
Mr. Evan Rogers, and to be exact on all  
points, its existence was unknown  
until December 1, 1881. Mr. Rogers'   
house is about one mile from the Leitch-  
field post-office, the Grayson Advertiser  
informs us. A huge mountain rises  
immediately to the rear of it, and to  
the side of this mountain are numerous  
small caves. One of these last was  
used by the family for the storage of  
milk and butter, being conveniently  
near the house. It was found too small,  
and Mr. Rogers resolved to enlarge it  
by blasting out some of the rock at the  
back, and while engaged in so doing  
he found that there was a vast opening  
separated from his little cave by a "very  
thin wall of alabaster rock, covered  
with a calcareous formation." Mr.  
Rogers proceeded to investigate and  
"was greatly astonished to find before  
him an immense cave, with avenues at  
least one hundred feet wide."

Mr. Rogers, it seems, is not a selfish  
man and he lost no time in communi-  
cating the good news to his neighbors.  
He hurriedly saddled his horse and rode  
into town, there to tell the tale to the  
astonished Leitchfielders. Torches  
were prepared, and almost the entire  
adult male population, including the  
county judge and the postmaster, were  
called to make an immediate investi-  
gation.

"Entering the cave," says the  
various chronicler, "they were at  
once greatly impressed with the  
grandeur and sublimity. For three  
long hours they explored its spacious  
avenues amidst its wonderful formations  
without meeting a barrier to their  
progress, until they came to a wide,  
deep river, which they found contained  
vast schools of eyeless fish and other  
sightless wonders of the marine world."

"It was now late in the afternoon  
and they retired, determined, however,  
on a thorough exploration on the following  
day."

The party of the next day was  
materially augmented by stragglers from  
the surrounding country. It included  
the county surveyor, who measured the  
distances. The main avenue was found  
to be fourteen miles long, or five miles  
more than that of the Mammoth Cave,  
which is not far distant. A river both  
long and wide, and deep enough to float  
a small class Western steamboat, was  
also discovered. "Beautiful stalactite,"  
reports the Advertiser, "glistening like  
great diamonds pendant from above,  
while ponderous stalagmites and pillars  
of alabaster rear themselves like so  
many beautiful monuments below."

This is not all, however. The most  
wonderful part is still to come. "A  
pyramid—an exact facsimile of the  
great pyramid of Egypt—was found in  
one of the chambers of the cave, 'to-  
gether with a Masonic altar and other  
Masonic emblems—also a number of  
well-preserved mummies which were  
reposing in stone coffins, which were  
evidently constructed by a great sculp-  
tor, as they are fine specimens of the  
sculptor's art, and are covered with  
beautiful Masonic emblems. The ac-  
cident further says that 'there are  
evidences on all sides that the cave was  
the abode of a prehistoric race,' which  
the Advertiser thinks was identical with  
the ancient Egyptian race."

Whether this wonderful cave and its  
attendant big river and pyramid and  
mummies and altar and Masonic em-  
blems is not the latest manifestation of  
the effects of Kentucky whiskey on the  
Kentucky imagination remains to be  
ascertained. Leitchfield is on the line  
of the Paducah and Elizabethtown Rail-  
way, and the facts should be easily  
verified.—New York Graphic.

An Evergreen Maple Tree.

A farmer living near Schooley Moun-  
tain, New Jersey, has for the last three  
years carefully watched a remarkable  
maple tree in the woods that is entirely  
unlike the others surrounding it. The  
leaves never fall off, continuing green  
all winter, and in April were just as  
fresh as in December. The tree was  
tapped every week, and furnished a  
plentiful supply of sap. At the present  
time the tree is full of foliage, though  
every other one on the mountain except  
the evergreens are bare of leaves.

In the last ten years the Baptists are  
said to have gained 761,418 members in  
fifteen Southern states. In the six  
Eastern states the increase has been  
16,700; in the Middle states, 31,903;  
and in the Western states, 61,765.

## RELIGIOUS READING.

Christ, resting in a Turk.  
At St. Paul's, Ouseway Square, Lon-  
don, recently, a christening took place  
sufficiently unique in character to draw  
together an immense congregation.

Twelfth, who was imprisoned by the  
Turkish Government, and lay under  
sentence of death, for taking part in the  
translation of the English Prayer Book  
into his native language, was received  
into the English Church. At 4 o'clock,  
amidst the strains of the organ, this  
small, dark, refugee, looking very much  
like a prisoner, clothed in a long, black  
robe, with fez and turban, was brought  
up the aisle under the escort of his god-  
parents, Archdeacon Philpot, Sir Wil-  
liam Muir and Mrs. Webb Peplow, who  
placed him in a seat close to the font,  
and immediately under the gallery.

Meanwhile Dr. Kohler mounted the  
pulpit, and gave an interesting and im-  
pressive account of what it cost the con-  
vert to renounce Mohammedanism. At  
the end of the discourse, Dr. Kohler  
came up the aisle to the font, in which  
stood the three sponsors. The meek  
of the Turks was then led to his place,  
where he stood in an attitude of pro-  
found reverence, not with his head  
down, but with his head elevated toward  
heaven, and his bare feet bedewed  
with emotion. When he knelt, with his  
face still up, his attitude was painfully  
suggestive of instant execution. When  
Mr. Peplow had finished his part of the  
service in English, Dr. Kohler repeated  
it in Turkish, during which Ahmed  
Twelfth betrayed the writhings of the  
spirit in a series of groans and Oriental  
mutterings, but gave out the responses  
with great clearness, and all the solemn-  
ity due to his translation from one  
religion to another. When all was over,  
he gravely raised the Christian hands  
of Dr. Kohler and Mrs. Peplow, and  
kissed them with Christian lips, and  
then received the congratulations of  
some clergymen and friends.—London  
World.

Religious News and Notes.

Of the 878 Baptist churches in the  
State of New York, at least 450 are not  
able to support a pastor.

At a confirmation in St. Paul's Cath-  
edral, London, recently, 300 persons  
were confirmed. They came from every  
part of London.

The United Presbyterian Church of  
Scotland has raised no less than \$15,  
000,000 to \$20,000,000 by subscription  
for various objects in the past ten  
years.

The American Board of Commission-  
ers for Foreign Missions received,  
within a year past, \$102,380 from  
women's societies, and \$5,370 from  
Sunday schools.

During the year ending May 26, 1881,  
George Miller received for his orphan  
homes at Bristol, England, and several  
missionary objects, the extraordinary  
sum of \$164,500.

Cardinal Manning has declared him-  
self in favor of legislation to put down  
intemperance, maintaining that moral  
means have been tried enough and  
proved insufficient.

The Lutheran Insurance League has  
now about four hundred and fifty mem-  
bers, and has since its organization  
given over \$28,000 to thirty-seven  
widows of departed ministers.

At the call of a Baptist clergyman all  
the ministers in Ayrington, England,  
including Roman Catholic priests, will  
meet in conference to consider how  
the question of non-attendance of the masses  
of the district on public worship shall  
be dealt with.

Bags instead of plates have been in-  
troduced in many parishes in England  
to receive the offerings of the congre-  
gations. The amount of the contribu-  
tions has consequently fallen off, copper  
coins taking the place of silver and gold.

A few Sundays ago a Liverpool clergy-  
man preached upon the subject, tasing  
for his text the words, "Alexander the  
coppersmith hath done me much harm."

The sermon had a good effect, the con-  
tribution at its close being much larger  
than usual.

A Remarkable Structure on the Sea-  
shore.

The new seaside resort called South  
Atlantic City has a novelty in the shape  
of an elephant, intended as a restaurant.  
It is sixty five feet in height and eighty-  
six feet long, not counting the tail. It  
is twenty-nine feet across the back. Six  
horns abreast can walk between the  
hind legs, which are ten feet in diameter.  
The trunk is thirty-four feet long and  
ten feet in diameter. The tusks are  
twenty feet long and ten feet in diameter  
in the thickest part. The eyes are discs  
of glass twelve inches in diameter, and  
are to be illuminated with the electric  
light. The figure faces the ocean, and  
about fifty yards from the beach.  
Winding stairways in the hind legs lead  
up to a dining-hall twenty feet wide and  
fifty feet long. The kitchen is located  
in the head, and the trunk carries off  
the refuse into a feeding trough, and  
from thence by an underground pipe  
into the ocean. The builder has patented  
the idea, so as to prevent any imitator  
from putting up buildings in the shape  
of animals.

## Queer Dishes.

What marvellous variety of tastes, of  
likes and dislikes with regard to  
special forms of food, from cannibalism  
to currant-cake, we find among people  
physically constituted alike in every  
respect. This person eats his meat  
battered to a cinder; that will touch  
only what is rawly minced. George  
III. preferred fish when it was semi-  
putrid; his successor's weakness was  
hot plum brand crumpled up in a quart  
of cream. Lord Bacon is said to have  
lived whole weeks at intervals on nothing  
but oranges; while the elder Pitt could  
not endure the sight of fruit, and never  
suffered any to be brought into the  
room where he was.

It seems an extraordinary thing to  
speak of eating a skunk, and that, too,  
in a part of the world where beef and  
mutton are infinitely more plentiful  
than bread; it is a fact that the Gachos  
of the Banda Oriental are in the habit  
of hunting this creature for the sake of  
its flesh—nor is this incomprehensible  
to anyone who is acquainted with the  
true nature of the skunk. The dis-  
gusting liquid which it ejects is con-  
tained in a gland on the back, and  
constitutes its weapon of defence. Cer-  
tainly, the effluvia is the most hor-  
rible and enduring that may be  
guaranteed, and man and beast will fly  
from it; but if it be surprised and  
killed before it has time to use this,  
and the gland be afterward extirpated  
with care, the rest of the body is  
destitute of all offence. Skunkkins  
are largely used by furriers, and  
beautiful skins they are, and the animal  
is capable of being domesticated, as a  
never emits the secretion except when  
in danger or alarmed. I never ate a  
skunk, but I have handled a tame one  
without any olfactory disturbance.</