

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
One copy, six months, .75  
One copy, three months, .50

## The Chatham Record.

VOL. IV.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 24, 1882.

NO. 50.

## ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, . . . . . \$1.00  
One square, two insertions, . . . . . 1.50  
One square, one month, . . . . . 1.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

## The Edelweiss.

The Edelweiss, over the hill and round  
Up the hill and round the hill;  
It wears a kindly smile,  
And at its crumpled hem,  
Just as the sun arose, one morn,  
A little Alpine flower was born;  
The light-winged wind that bent its leaves  
Its leaflets like Edelweiss.

A little while it saw the high,  
Blue dome of air we call the sky;  
It heard the torrent rattle sweep  
All white with foam from steep to steep;  
It felt the mountain winds that blow  
From heaven across eternal snow,  
And once upon its lonely bed  
An eagle's shadow fell and fled.

But to the mountain came that day  
An English youth from far away,  
And climbing down its rugged side,  
The little blossom he espied,  
And gathered it because it waved  
Upon the perilous heights he braved,  
And bore it back with him, where stand  
The great oaks of his native land.

Between his brother's leaves of song  
Its petals lay forgotten long,  
While all the fields with snow were white,  
Or all the lanes with roses bright,  
Till now across the summer sea  
He sends the Edelweiss to me,  
And for his sake this morning-time,  
I weave its story into rhyme.

## UNCLE NAHUM'S WEDDING.

Uncle Nahum Nixon was reading the paper in his back parlor. Nobody would think, to look at the simple surroundings of the unpretentious apartment, that Mr. Nahum Nixon was one of the wealthiest men in the town. The carpet, it was true was Axminster, but it had been twenty good years of service, and was worn down to the very warp; the faded red curtains were of moreen instead of satin damask; the old clock on the mantel was no Parisian affair of alabaster and gilt, but a substantial Connecticut time-piece, that struck with a whirr, like a partridge springing out of her nest; the chairs of old-fashioned mahogany and haircloth stood bolt upright against the wall; the portraits of Gen. Washington on horseback and the surrender of Cornwallis ornamented the gray papered walls in frames of sombre gilt, and the one elegance of the apartment was a casket of preposterous wax flowers under a cracked glass shade.

But Uncle Nahum had remembered that furniture ever since he was a child, and he wouldn't have exchanged it for the fittings of a Parisian boudoir, or the choicest specimens of the modern East-lake pattern. He was a rich man—that was quite enough for him.

"If you please, Mr. Nixon," said the trim little maid servant, "Mr. Marmaduke Bourne wants to see you, if you please sir, if you are quite at leisure."

"Mr. Marmaduke Bourne, eh?" The old gentleman took off his spectacles and laid them on the floor near the newspaper. "Ask him in, Polly."

And Mr. Marmaduke came in—a tall, fresh-colored young fellow, with sparkling gray eyes, brown hair, all in a mat of curls, and a straight Greek nose that seemed as if it might have been borrowed from some ancient statue of Apollo.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Nixon.

"Well, sir?" counter interrogated Mr. Bourne, "did you get my letter?"

"I got your letter," said Uncle Nahum. "So you want to marry my niece Faith?"

"Yes, sir," valiantly acknowledged Mr. Marmaduke Bourne.

"Ah," nodded Uncle Nahum. "But perhaps you don't understand all the facts of the case."

"The facts, sir?"

"I want my niece to marry Colonel Ashland's son," slowly enunciated Uncle Nahum.

"But, sir, she don't love him."

"Pshaw," snorted Uncle Nahum. "And if she don't marry him she'll be a beggar—I'll give her no money of mine. Now you understand matters. Marry her or not, as you please."

He took up the newspaper once more—a fact intimation that the interview was at an end.

"Sir"—began Mr. Bourne.

"That'll do," said Mr. Nixon, "I only wish to—"

"That'll do," thundered Mr. Nixon; and so Marmaduke Bourne went away. Little Faith Nixon came down stairs presently—a blue-eyed blossom of a girl, with yellow hair growing low on her forehead, and a very little mouth, exactly the shape to suggest the idea of kissing.

Uncle Nahum looked keenly up at her as she fluttered about the room, straightening a table cover there or patting down a curtain fold here.

"Yes," said he, with a curious twitch of the muscles around his eyes, "he has been here."

pect to live on, I should like to know."

"We can both work," said Faith bravely.

"You're more likely to starve," said Mr. Nixon. "Mind—don't count on help from me. If you will get married you do it at your own risk."

"Then you consent, Uncle Nahum."

"No!" roared the old bachelor. "Nothing of the sort."

"But, Uncle Nahum, I should be wretched without Duke," softly pleaded Faith.

"Fiddlesticks," said the old man. "And I'm sure he couldn't live without me!"

"Trach," grunted Mr. Nixon.

"And if you please, Uncle," added Faith, "perhaps I'd better go to my friend Violet Smith's to make up my wedding things, since you disapprove so decidedly of my plans. She lives in New York, you know, and it will be convenient for shopping, and—"

"No, Uncle," said Faith, meekly. "But, you'll let me thank you for all your kindness, and—"

"No, I won't," said Uncle Nahum, so shortly that poor Faith fled upstairs, in dismay and had a quiet little cry, notwithstanding she was so very, very happy.

For Uncle Nahum, brusque and crabbed though he was, was all the father she had ever known. But she packed her trunk and went to Violet Smith's in New York, which was all the pleasure, in that Marmaduke Bourne had also taken himself to this modern Gotham and gone to work studying law as if he meant to take Coke and Blackstone by storm. And Violet Smith, who was a sentimental young lady, sympathized intensely, and the young couple were as reasonably happy as many another couple has been before and will again.

But one day Duke Bourne came in with a face full of tilings.

"Faith," said he, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Faith.

"Your uncle will get the start of us, after all!"

"What do you mean, Duke?"

"Why, he's going to be married."

"Uncle Nahum?" cried Faith incredulously.

"Yes, Uncle Nahum. That accounts for his being so willing to get rid of us, eh, little one?"

"And who is the bride, questioned Faith.

"Why, that's the mooted point yet. Nobody seems to know. Some say one, and some say another; but the general impression seems to be that it is the rich widow who owns the brown stone block on the corner."

"I'm sure I hope he'll be happy," said Faith, with tremulous lips and eyes suffused with tears. "But—but I think he might have said something to us about it."

"People are not generally in a hurry to proclaim the fact that they are about to make fools of themselves," said Duke Bourne bitterly.

"Why, cried Faith, laughing through her tears, "that is precisely what he said about us."

But the next day a letter from Uncle Nahum himself settled the matter. He wrote:

"There is to be a wedding at my house on the 17th, and I want you and Duke to be there without fail."

"A wedding! At his house!" cried Faith. "I supposed weddings were celebrated at the bride's residence."

"So they are, dear," said Miss Smith; "but your uncle was always so eccentric."

"What shall we do?" asked Faith.

"Why, go, of course," said Marmaduke Bourne; to show that we bear no malice at being disinherited, if for no other reason."

The 17th of March arrived, a cold blustering night, and the old red brick house was all in a glimmer of lights as the young betrothed pair drew up to the door. Uncle Nahum met them on the threshold, in his old fashioned swallow-tailed coat, with a huge white camellia in his button hole, and a pair of surprisingly white gloves.

"Have you brought your white frock?" was his first question to his niece.

"No Uncle, I—"

"That won't do," said Uncle Nahum. "No one must come to my wedding without a marriage garment. It's lucky I provided one for you. Come upstairs, quick, and put it on, for the parson is waiting and the company are here."

"But, Uncle, the bride?"

"You shall see her by-and-by," said Uncle Nahum, despotically. "Come up stairs now and change your dress."

"But, Uncle, a white silk," cried Faith, looking in dismay at the glistening dress laid out for her use.

"What then? Isn't white silk the thing for a wedding? Put it on, quick, and I'll send some one up to bring you down in five minutes."

And so, with a doubting heart, Faith Nixon robed herself in the white dress, with its trimmings of vapory blonde and long trail.

"Where's your veil?" said Uncle Nahum, when he came himself, a few minutes later, to the door.

"Uncle, I can't wear a veil," pleaded Faith.

"But you must," said Uncle Nahum. "Nobody comes to my wedding without a veil." And he placed the wreath lightly on her head.

"But, Uncle Nahum, they will take me for the bride."

"Let 'em," said the old gentleman. "Take my arm. Now come down stairs and I'll show you the bride. Here she is."

Lifting her bewildered eyes, Faith Nixon beheld her own figure reflected in a full length mirror at the stairway.

"Here's the bride," chuckled Uncle Nahum. "And here's the groom," touching Bourne's shoulder. "And here's the parson, all ready and waiting. Now, reverend sir," to the clergyman, "marry 'em as fast as ever you can." And before either of the astonished young people could remonstrate, they were made man and wife.

"Duke," cried the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, "did you know of this?"

"No, I didn't," said Mr. Bourne, with his arm very tight around his little wife's waist, "but I must say I approve very highly of the whole proceeding."

Uncle Nahum stood by, rubbing his hands, with his whole face wreathed in one prodigious smile.

"So you supposed it was I who was to be married, eh?" said he. "Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. I'm too old in the bird to be caught with such chaff as that. No, no, little Faith. Did you think I was going to turn my wee bird out of her nest, after all the years she has been cherished there? No, no, I only wanted to assure myself that your fancy was a real fancy, and that this young rascal here, 'smiling Bourne on the shoulder once more, 'loved you for yourself alone and not for the money he thought the old man was going to leave you. And you're to live here, both of you. And you'll be happy ever after. Strike up your harps and fiddles. Let's have a dance—let's all be merry together."

Uncle Nahum Nixon himself led off the bridal quadrille, dancing in the good old style of fifty years ago.

"I don't have a wedding every day," said Uncle Nahum, breathlessly, as he cut one last pigeon wing, "and I mean to make the most of it."

## FASHION NOTES.

Embroidery is the coming trim-ming.

Picelle lace will hold its own next season.

All Worth's new toilets are made with tulle.

Watered Irish poplins are achieving a great success.

Ventilated corsets are the best for warm weather.

White dresses are worn everywhere in town and country.

Quantities of Morosque lace are worn on dressy toilets.

Old tapestry shades of color are most in favor for summer toilets.

High-pleated collars, resembling collarettes, will be much worn.

Woolen dresses, to be tasteful, should be made as plain as possible.

Floods and cascades of Oriental lace are worn on every dressy toilet.

Chemises are made with a V-front, to be worn with V-front dress bodice.

Picelle net will cover the collars and cuffs of many dressy costumes in the fall.

Turkey red parasols, trimmed with Oriental lace, are in great vogue at the seaside.

Huge cabbage roses are worn upon the bonnet, at the top of the parasol, and as corsage flowers.

Immense hats of drawn or shirred crape, mull and veiling are worn at European seaside resorts.

White blousé waists are worn under long, loose jackets for seaside and mountain fatigue costumes.

Pale blue or pale pink muslin dresses dispute the majority with sprigged and polka-dotted patterns.

Sontache embroidery is now in general use, and will doubtless continue to be during the coming winter.

"Brodrie de Palermo" is very popular for lingerie trimming. All trans-casuals have many articles bordered with it.

Small checked silks are made up in many fancy styles and always in combination with other fabrics, plain mer-veilles being the usual choice.

Light cane canvas boots and shoes, foxed with yellow leather, are worn for mountain climbing, and also do duty for lawn tennis and croquet wear.

White pique waistcoats, with collars rolling over the velvet or cloth collar of tailor-made jackets, are much worn by young girls on the other side.

In the way of fruit garniture, elder-berries, in superb coloring, or pale green grapes, surrounded with silver-powdered leaves, meet with the greatest favor.

Large collarettes and shoulder capes of lace and embroidery are much worn. A new fancy is to decorate them profusely all around with loops of satin ribbon.

The most popular dresses for morning and afternoon at mountain resorts are of cashmere in any of the admired new shades of color, with collars, cuffs, and a wash row of velvet to match.

It is an open question whether she was an aesthete or a pretty Quakeress. At all events, her dress was a model of great simplicity. Soft wool, in a quiet gray shade, with plain full skirt and shirred waist and Quaker kerchief of embroidered white mull crossed over the bosom. Golden rings of naturally curly hair peeped from under a gray poke bonnet which matched the dress. She wore gray lace mitts and carried a bag of gray silk, and the tiny shoes "peeped in and out beneath her petticoat" were gray also.

A novel and stylish costume has the short walking-skirt of black gros-grain silk, trimmed with richly-worked applique bands of cut jet. Over this a French casaque of black and white striped silk, fitting the figure very perfectly, and fastened down the front loops of silk braid and jet-headed frogs. The parasol of black is adorned with jet and lined with white silk, black silk Jersey gloves drawn on over the close cut sleeves of the casaque and a bonnet of black lace, wrought with jet beads and trimmed with a semi-wreath of white roses, complete the costume.

From His Wife's Head.

A few days since a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party, and, holding a long hair before his eyes, said—

"See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?"

"Why, that's from my wife's head!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?"

"No, probably not; but I am sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by.

The "Down-East" Dialect.

But you and I have heard and conned and laughed over the provincialism of the 'Georgia Cracker,' and the 'Western Hoosier,' and I have for you some of the expressions of the 'Down-east Yankee.' I have recently been visiting the mountains of Maine and New Hampshire, and while enjoying the sights myself, collected some of the sounds for you; they are in this book," and she handed me a small memorandum.

"You can say that off with you—lug, mind you, and not take as the Southerner would say, nor take, a la the Western man."

"Why, how you talk!" I responded, as my eyes fell on that quotation in the little book.

"Yes," laughingly she rejoined, "that is one expression of surprise, and I don't know is another, with these 's' and 'd' and 't' for mild exclamations of wonder."

And then we drew our chairs near together like two school children, one knowing the lesson and teaching it to the other.

"Where were you when you wrote this book?"

"Please study its orthography and speak by it," she interrupted. "I want what you have before you in Oxford county, Me. I see people there on a holiday from all over the country, a master-busy crowd. How the men did jump, hew, watches, boots and knives on that day. It was an enjoyable occasion. Two men, but neither was much hurt. Two boys, one a tall fair (or) tree, that made me kinder nervous; I was a-worried they would fall and get scratched. An Indian encampment was once just where we dined."

"That is very good, 'Clary August,' remarked her husband. "Go on and tell about Mrs. Hill's husband's loss."

"Well, I wish you could have seen that animal—he was such a pretty creature (pretty creature). I couldn't help but gettin' Mr. Hill, for the animal was not a-scratched of anything, not even the knees. He was a horse of great rally (value). He was full of spirit, but Mrs. Hill's Young man have'd im often. He was as sound as a barrel and a fine rooster. Charles, he you really got to try to buy him?" she asked of her husband.

"If I could get rid of two I now have the first house I set foot into would be Hill's."

"What did you find to eat so far North?" I queried.

"Chicken, aye, butter, bris (berries) and cake (biscuit). The last Sunday we was in Oxford we had baked fowl for dinner and it was monstrous nice. I think the water of the 'mud' wells be the best I ever dranked. These people is mighty clever, but awful queer. Now there is Bill Haskell—he has been keepin' company with Lizzy Jane Wiggins nigh on to twelve years and they ain't married yet. There is Mrs. Stellings, a widder woman with a sight o' money, but they say she set so much store by her husband (loved him so much) that she won't let no man keep company with her. Although the sun was warmer hot than any body had sunbath (umbrella). I had a face fringed parasol with me, but when I set it out two or three times at me so hard I took it down. The dressing of some of the men's fit gamin (uncouth). A few men always set kerked up (crooked) as if they had the convulsions."

"Please pause here for a definition," I asked. "What is this and where did you catch it?"

"Let me look; oh, yes; that is a skunk-gill. That word was first heard in a church trial. The parson was arraigned, charged with having attended dances. Deacon Podger having been appointed to put the charges in writing, read them at the church meeting. He stated therein that the parson had been guilty of an offense of immense magnitude and preposterous, and that his punishment should be skunk-gill. It is said that upon the pronouncement of the last word, the parson skipped through an open window, ran off as if for his life, and has never been heard of since. There are other words worth observing as father for leather, blood for blue, kite for kettle, die for dived, fer for far, here for hers, youn for yours, sinner for sinner, hadn't order for should not. A cat goes and a bird goes; this goes gives more milk as the other, instead of than the other."—Boston Post.

The superintendent of the Lachine canal, Canada, discourages bathing in that estuary by confiscating the costumes of the bathers. The other day a man was obliged to walk home wrapped up in a flour barrel.

## AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S CANOPY.

The Pall Fanoil Stretched Over the Coffin at Solomon's Centenary.

The ancient pall, found in the recent discovery of royal mummies in Egypt, was composed of numerous pieces of leather tanned by the bark of the *acacia*, and sewn together by red cord, and is supposed to have covered the mortuary cabin of the sacred boat or horse, to which it formed a kind of baldachin. It is exceedingly brittle, and the colors are still well preserved, the centre nine feet long by six feet wide, and divided into two equal sections, one of which is covered by pink and yellow rosettes on a blue ground, the other displaying six flying vultures flying with extended wings and holding leather sceptres in their claws; they are separated from one another by horizontal lines of hieroglyphics, the name and titles of Masahuta, high priest of Amen Ra, the deity of Thebes, and a row of pink rosettes on a yellow ground. On either side is a flap divided from the central section by four bands of colors—blue, red, yellow and green—and further divided by a border of spear-head pattern. Below this comes a row of panels containing a row of emblematical devices, predominant amongst which is the scarabaeus, flying with extended wings thrusting forward the solar disk—emblems of the sun-god—but having with this emblem the representation of a gazelle, supposed to be the favorite of the Queen, twice repeated, a singular representation of two united ducks and ornaments like the Greek anafix and the cartouches or royal name of Pinotem II. seven times repeated. Below this is a border of pink and blue chevrons at the bottom, with a broad kilt of pink or perhaps originally scarlet. This magnificent work of leather measures 22 feet 5 inches in length and 19 feet 6 inches wide, containing a space of 241 square feet of leather. It is the most remarkable object next to the historical mummies of the whole collection, and exhibits the greatest technical skill in the preparation and artistic excellence in execution and design. Its age is somewhere about the time of Solomon. Specimens of this leather canopy, which have been brought to England, show that the colors with which it was painted or dyed still retained their original lustre. From some unknown circumstances they have, like the flowers, never faded by the effects of time.

Fifty Years in Chicago.

"I came to Chicago fifty years ago today," said Mr. Philo Carpenter yesterday, "and no one ever dreamed then that it would ever be the Chicago of today. It is almost an difficult for the generation of to-day to realize that the city which they see around them, with its immense business blocks, its score of railway connections, buses, rushing life, and population of over 600,000, was only fifty years ago the little trading village of two hundred inhabitants to which Mr. Carpenter came in a canoe around the head of the lake. Right in the most thickly populated portion of the West Division, between Halsted, Kenzie, Madison and Ann streets, Mr. Carpenter paid ten shillings an acre for 100 acres of government land. That block of land is to-day worth \$30,000,000 at a most moderate estimate. About the same time Mr. Carpenter bought a piece of land near his other purchase, which he never expected to be of any value for city property, but thought it would make a desirable farm outside the city." If Mr. Carpenter still owned the modest little farm through which Ann, May and Adams streets run, he would be the wealthiest farmer in the world. In these days Chicago had to depend on the corn fields of Ohio for its Indian bread, while now its elevators feed the world. It has generally been charged that the continental observance of the Sabbath in Chicago was brought hither by our German citizens from the fatherland, but, according to Mr. Carpenter, a liberal Sunday grew up with the city. He says that there was no Sabbath out here fifty years ago. The French and Indians, who constituted the majority of the population at that time, made it a high day in trading and frolic. But the youth of infant Chicago were not to be permitted to grow up in ignorance of a more worthy employment of the Sabbath. In connection with a captain of the troops then stationed here and the captain's family, a Sunday school was started at which twelve or fourteen children were present. This was the nucleus of the present Presbyterian Sunday school system in Chicago. The signs of progress were evident then. Officers of the army threw up their commissions to settle here; traders came to drive bargains with the Indians and stopped to establish stores; tourists came to look on, and stayed to be absorbed in the whirl of enterprise which in half a century has transformed a trading post to the third manufacturing city in America. The signs of progress are as evident and alert to-day as they were fifty years ago.—[Chicago Herald.]

## In Summer.

The fields were green around me  
When last I met my love;  
The birds they flew above me,  
And sang in every grove.

The skies were blue as sapphires,  
The clouds were deep white,  
The sun's rays were shining  
With radiant, heavenly light.

How happy was our meeting  
Upon that summer day!  
We bade farewell with sadness,  
Afar apart to stray.

And now the breeze a murmur  
With voices of the past,  
Whose voices of light and shadow,  
In memory's vision cast.

Inspire a dreamy longing,  
And a vision of weary pain,  
For that summer day so fleeting,  
Will never come again.

## VARIETIES.

A Tennessee man 73 years old has a bunch of promise suit on hand.

A Kentucky man has for clock weights two pint bottles filled with whisky.

Isn't this country about ready to lynch the manufacturers of toy pistols?

Last year Texas imported corn, but this year will have 50,000,000 bushels to sell.

Upwards of 13,000 dogs have been disposed of at the pound in Baltimore in the past three years.

Athens, Ala., has a population of 3,000 and a valuation of \$3,000,000; that is, \$1,000 to every inhabitant.

Carlyle said that trifles were the hinges of destiny, but he never used any of them on his front gate.

Two thousand Kentuckians have been converted to Christianity in the last three months and still the boom continues.

A blacksmith at Nantucket buys the livers of all sharks caught there, and makes them into cod liver oil. One liver yields three gallons of oil.

A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down hill.

The oldest mule in the world is owned in Covington, Ga. The owner has papers to prove that he is over 80. The kick is on the papers—not with the mule.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her daughter, Miss Harriet Stanton, and also Mr. Theodore Stanton, are living in France, where they are all doing literary work.

A gold watch which was stolen from a Philadelphia watch two years ago by four masked men in Kentucky has just been returned to him by express by the widow of Jesse James.

Philadelphia church charity is estimated to have permanently saddled 2,000 paupers on that city. Charity will make paupers faster than business failures or poor crops.

A Coney Island horse jockey who died the other day confessed to having participated in thirteen "put up" races where it was arranged beforehand which horse was to win.

"Sweet sixteen" is all hush when referring to a girl. At that age she is the crossiest and most imprudent of any period of her life, being too old to spank and not old enough to box her mother.

Albany, Ga., has almost succeeded, after a three weeks' war, in exterminating her English sparrows. Give 'em first! Five years hence they will be a greater evil than a visit from the locusts.

In summer the daughters of the Prince of Wales wear wash prints (calicoes) for morning and white muslin for evening toilet. American girls would not think of dressing in that way. They fear that they might be mistaken for common princesses.

A Sensible Boy.

Faith and obedience are both sensible things. No traits are more lovely and becoming in childhood, and parents may preserve these even in their older children, if they will reason with them, and reason, "gently."

An intelligent boy sat on the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly-wrought and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father, approaching, saw at a glance the character of the book, said—

"What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.