

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

The Chatham Record.

VOL. V.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MAY 24, 1883.

NO. 37.

RATES

OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, .25
One square, two insertions, .40
One square, one month, 1.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Wind Blows.
The wind blows, and -sleet and hail
Flut follow on the ed lying gale-

The wind blows, the hills grow brown,
The snow melts and the rain comes down,

The wind blows, the nights grow brief,
The savage forests burst in leaf,

A Chapter of Accidents.

"Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

He wrote, and wrote, and wrote,
Not exactly from "early morn till
devy eve," but from the cricket's first
chirp to the rattle of the milkman's
cuppage.

He felt keenly the delicacy of this
position, and it is not unlikely that his
brain and pen did also.

He spent a large portion of the
night dreaming on this situation
reversed. How glorious to possess every-
thing, and say, "All yours, my queen."

Then he hastened to sign, seal and
deliver to the corner post.

It was on a deserted corner, and a
gray morning; so perhaps no one saw
that he touched the letter to his lips

"Stand from under!" She was pass-
ing under the scaffold of an unfinished
building three days after the posting
of Mr. Carlton's epistle, when this cry
and an ominous crashing overhead
brought her to a standstill of terror.

"This way, Miss Trente. I can in-
sure you a safer return," said he, quietly,
leading the way to the rear en-
trance of the house.

"Miss Trente gave a shuddering
glance at the still vibrating timbers.

"They would have crushed me to
atoms," she murmured, fearfully.

"I was very fortunate to be in time,"
Carlton said, after a brief pause. "The
house is one of my uncle's, and I hap-
pened by with directions from him."

"There was a kind of stern repression
about him that Miss Trente noticed
with surprise.

"I hope my silence has not led you
to believe me unappreciative," she
said, hesitatingly, as they reached the
sidewalk. "I am very grateful, Mr.
Carlton, and"

ward him returned hastily to its fellow
in the shelter of a dainty muff, and
Miss Trente's pretty brows raised a
trifle with dismay.

"Oh!" she gasped. Then, with gen-
tle dignity: "I will not offend so far
again"—and passed on with a slight
bow.

But Jack cried, "Forgive me!" in a
tone of trouble and contrition, that
stopped her as effectually as an iron
grasp could have done.

"I did not mean that. Forget it,
and say good-by!"

His hand was extended entreating-
ly, and hers met it without hesitation.

"Are you going away?" she asked,
gently, wondering at the white shadow
on his face.

"What else?" he said.

Her eyes fell, and her color changed
slightly as she murmured:

"I hoped you would learn to forget."
"In death, perhaps."

She looked up then with quivering
lips and a world of compassion in her
eyes.

"Good-by. You know what that
means?"

"God be with you."

And she passed on, an expression
of mingling with the pity in her face that
puzzled him; for had she not sent him
away?

It puzzled him so much that he
would have followed her but for the
flash of her diamond ear-rings.

It was a "nipping and an eager air,"
that almost froze the breath upon one's
lips—a bitter, snowy day in January.

Carlton had taken a horse-car, din-
ner-wagon bound, and, finding it full,
took his stand beside the driver.

That farwelled blessing of Miss Tren-
te's had proved a very potent one.

In the year since, "Carlton's luck" had
become a trite phrase among his
friends. His face was a fortune in it-
self, they said. Not that he was pec-
uliarly handsome, but there was a
light of steadfastness in his eyes, and
firmness of purpose in the curve of his
mouth, that must win, soon or late.

you come this evening?" half-own-
mand, half-entreaty; and, before Jack
recovered from his astonishment, she
had placed a card in his hand and was
gone.

He never remembered how that
drive was finished.

Some recollection came of a narrow
escape from arrest at the depot, and
he had a vague impression of being
abused by some passengers who seemed
to have passed their destination, and
threatened by others who resorted to
jumping off while his horses were be-
ing urged to their utmost speed.

But he did not notice anything par-
ticularly until darkness found him in
Miss Trente's presence. There was a
certain constraint in her greeting that
troubled him.

After a while she showed him a fam-
iliar envelope, saying:

"See, the number is wrong—2 instead
of three; and it did not reach me
until you were gone, and you left no
address."

His face grew bright as a new brass
preserving-kettle.

"Then you did not send me away,
and you will not now?"

"If you still mean all this"—with a
shy glance at the letter whose eloquence
had been so nearly wasted—"I would
not send you away for the world."

Evidently Jack was sure of his
meaning.

"Even knowing my position?" he
said, presently, with a queer smile in
his eyes.

"I cannot bear to think of that," she
cried, eagerly. "Don't go back to
those horrid cars ever again. Indeed,
I cannot bear it, while I have so much,
Jack."

"My dear," cried Jack, with a light-
hearted, ringing laugh, "I have been
growing rich, not poor, and now I am
the richest man in the world!"

A Great American.

Henry Cabot Lodge says in the Atlan-
tic Monthly: The universal preva-
lence of the colonial spirit is
shown most strongly by one
great exception, just as the flash
of lightning makes us realize the in-
tense darkness of a thunder storm at
night. In the midst of the provincial
and barren waste of our intellectual
existence in the eighteenth century
there stands out in sharp relief the
luminous genius of Franklin. It is
true that Franklin was cosmopolitan
in thought, that his name and fame
and achievements in science and litera-
ture belonged to mankind; but he was
all this because he was genuinely and
intensely American. His audacity,
his fertility, his adaptability, are all
characteristic of America, and not of
an English colony. He moved with
an easy and assured step, with a poise
and balance which nothing could
shake, among the great men of the
world; he stood before kings and
princes and courtiers, unmoved and
unawed. He was strongly averse to
breaking with England; but when the
war came he was the one man who
could go forth and represent to Europe
the new nationality without a touch of
the colonial about him. He met them
all, great ministers and great sovereigns,
on a common ground, as if the colonies
of yesterday had been an independent
nation for generations. His autobiog-
raphy is the corner-stone, the first
great work of American literature.
The plain, direct style, almost worthy
of Swift, the homely, forcible language,
the humor, the observation, the knowl-
edge of men, the worldly philosophy
of that remarkable book, are familiar
to all; but its best and, considering its
date, its most extraordinary quality is
its perfect originality. It is Ameri-
can in feeling, without any taint of
English colonialism. Look at Frank-
lin in the midst of that excellent Pen-
nsylvanian community; compare him
and his genius with his surrounding,
and you get a better idea of what the
colonial spirit was in America in those
days, and how thoroughly men were
saturated with it, than in any other
way.

Influence of Iron.

Does the increasing transfer of iron
from the interior to the surface of the
earth, asks Kuehlich, exercise any
meteorological influence? Is it in any
marked way influential on electric cur-
rents, and thence does it affect magnetic
storms? This is a question which
needs a little thought to answer safely.

The development of railways, and the
almost universal substitution of iron
for wood wherever it is practicable to
use that metal, must surely exercise a
decided influence of its own. Every
year more and more of the iron former-
ly buried in the earth is spread upon
its surface, and it is surely reasonable
to assume that, electrically at least,
some effect is produced; how far we
may venture, as some seem now dis-
posed to do, to translate this into a me-
teorological agency is a problem for sci-
ence to determine.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A good character shines by its own
light.
They that govern most make least
noise.
Life is but short, therefore crosses
cannot be long.

In jealousy there is more love of
self than of any one else.
People do not need to know more
about virtue, but rather practice what
they already know.

If there is any person to whom you
feel a dislike, that is the person of
whom you ought never to speak.

He who can irritate you when he
likes is your master. You had better
turn rebel by learning the virtue of
patience.

Poetry is the blossom and fragrance
of all human knowledge, human
thoughts, human passions, emotions,
language.

Whoever lends a greedy ear to a
slandorous report is either himself of a
radically bad disposition or a mere
child in sense.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger;
give, when asked, of the little thou
hast; by these three steps thou shalt
go near the gods.

It is little troubles that wear the
heart out. It is easier to throw a
bombshell a mile, than a feather—
even with artillery.

Be willing to do good in your own
way. We need none of us bedisturbed
if we cannot wield another's weapons;
but our own must not rust.

In misfortune one may know a
friend, in battle a hero, in debt an
honest person, in decaying fortunes a
wife, and in misdeeds an affliction.

Let us be careful only of the quality
of our work that it be thorough,
genuine, simple-hearted, the best that
is in us, the best that can come out of
us.

It is neither safe, respectable, nor
wise to bring any youth to manhood
without a regular calling. Industry,
like idleness, is a matter of habit.
No idle boy will make an active, in-
dustrious and useful man.

Buying a Horse.

The Trif, Field and Farm says that
in buying a horse first look at his
head and eyes for signs of intelligence,
temper, courage and honesty. Unless
a horse has brains you cannot teach
him to do anything well. If bad qual-
ities predominate in a horse, education
only serves to enlarge and intensify
them. The head is the indicator of
disposition. A square muzzle, with
large nostrils, evidences an ample
breathing apparatus and lung power.

Next, see that he is well and clean cut
under the jaw, with jawbones broad
and wide apart under the throatle.
Breadth and fullness between the ears
and eyes are always desirable. The
eyes should be full and hazel in color,
ears small and thin and thrown well
forward. The horse that turns his
ears back every now and then is not to
be trusted. He is either a lifer or a
kicker, and is sure to be vicious in
other respects, and, being naturally
vicious, can never be trained to any-
thing well, and so a horse with a
rounding nose, tapering forehead and
a broad, full face below the eyes is al-
ways treacherous and not to be de-
pended on. Avoid the long legged,
stilted animal—always choosing one
with a short, straight back and rump-
withers high and shoulders sloping,
well set back and with good depth of
chest, fore legs short, hind legs,
straight, with low down hook, short
pastern joints, and a round, mulish
shaped foot. By observing the above
directions a horse may be selected that
is graceful in his movements, good
natured and serviceable—one that will
be a prize to the owner.

The Clerk Wilted.

A few days before Congress ad-
journed Senator Harris, of Tennessee,
a rather plain-looking old gentleman,
went into the room of the Senate com-
mittee on claims to look up the case of
a Tennessee friend. The clerk of a
Senate committee is always a bigger
man than the chairman, or the presi-
dent of the Senate for that matter.
The clerk of this particular committee
had never seen Harris before, and he
did not like the somewhat imperative
way in which Harris asked for informa-
tion about his friend's claim. "Are
you the claimant?" he finally asked,
sharply. "No," said Harris, "I am
not." "Are you his attorney?" still
more sharply. "No," said Harris as
quietly as before, "I am not." "Well,
then, what interest have you in the
case?" asked the clerk in the high-
keyed-George-Bless tone. "Oh," not
much," said the senator blandly; "but
the people down there sent me to the
Senate, and as the claimant in this case
is my constituent I thought the best I
could do was to ask about it." For
once the clerk wilted.—Troy Times.

BEAUTIFUL CORALS.

What They Are and How They Are
Fished Out.

Coral, as an ornamental stone, was
appreciated centuries before its real
nature was known. At first it was
thought to belong to the mineral king-
dom, and then it was recognized as a
marine plant, the coral beads which
were first brought into Greece being
thought to be berries, which had red-
dened and hardened by exposure to
the air. It was centuries after its first
discovery that an Italian naturalist
called these supposed flowers or berries
"Corallium rubrum," and scientific men
accept this definition as conclusive.

But it was a French doctor at Mar-
seilles who found out, not much more
than a hundred years ago, that these
supposed flowers were in reality ani-
mals, endowed with the power of vol-
untary motion. When, however, he
communicated his discovery to the
French academy of sciences, his name
was concealed, in order to protect him
from the derision that was expected to
follow his declaration—so persuaded
were even the men of science that
corals were merely petrified flowers.

The French doctor, however, was
right. Corals are sea anemones, that
have secreted a calcareous skeleton and
have become compound by budding.
In a living state, the coral branch we
see in commerce is covered with a
leathery coating of a bright red color,
studded with small holes, out of which
protrude white polyps, with eight ten-
tacles, looking exactly like flowers,
which deceive the Italian naturalist.

Well, it is these colonies of soft-bodied
zoophytes which secrete the base of
which the valuable stone is composed.
Now, although coral is one of the most
abundant substances in nature—entire
islands and reefs being formed of it in
tropical seas, the particular variety of
red coral is comparatively rare, and is
almost entirely confined to the Medi-
terranean sea. It is there found in
reefs, a few miles from the shore, and
at depths varying from one to a hun-
dred fathoms. The greatest coral fish-
eries are those off Naples, Sicily, Sar-
dinia and Algiers.

Almost every year a new bed is
found somewhere along the Italian
coast. A rush is then made to the
spot and the bed is soon exhausted.
The rush used to be so great, indeed,
that it frequently took a man-of-war
to keep the fishing fleet in order. Now,
however all this is changed; for, by the
new fisheries act, the discoverer of a
new coral bank has the exclusive right
to fish on it for two years. The value
of these banks may be estimated at an
average yearly rate of eight thousand
tons of coral, rendering several millions
of pounds sterling! The coral fisheries
off Algiers are under the control of the
French government, which exacts
heavy duties for the right of fishing;
and in order to prevent the exhaustion
of this fishery the reefs are divided
into ten portions, ten years being the
time which the coral is supposed to
take in order to reach its full growth;
thus, by fishing only one of these
divisions at a time, provision is made
for an uninterrupted fishery.

Medical Curiosities.

Dr. F. C. Valentine, who for several
years practiced medicine in Central
America, has written of the "medical
curiosities" of the home practice in
that country. Many of their resorts
are curious and amusing, such as the
administration of frog soup for all
skin diseases, but several are worth
worth quoting because they are prob-
ably useful suggestions for anyone, as
follows:

Marsh-mallow leaves are largely used
in poultices and for painful hemor-
roids.

A tea of chamomile flowers is con-
sidered tonic and useful in indigestion,
and when hot in colic, whether stom-
achic or uterine.

Three ounces of flaxseed in two
quarts of water, reduced by boiling to
one quart, with an ounce of manna
and the juice of a sweet orange, pro-
vides a drink in cases of dysentery,
which Dr. V. holds fast by, having
proved it to be good.—Dr. Felt's
Health Monthly.

King Alcohol's Way.

A young man by the name of Mur-
phy, living in London, went home the
other night, and instead of finding a
warm welcome and hot supper, he
found his mother stone dead on the
floor, with her head firmly wedged in
a tin saucepan. She was in liquor when
her son left her, and the medical evi-
dence went to show that she had
pitched forward upon the floor and
driven her head into the saucepan so
securely that she could not extricate it,
and had consequently died of suffoca-
tion. Since the dawn of creation the
king of terrors has wielded an infinite
variety of weapons, but probably
never before confronted his victim
with a saucepan.

KEEPIING A STEER.

The Story of the Old Settler From A Wagon
Back in Pike County, Penn.

"We heard that Phil Boyer, who
lived six mile back on the ridge, were
going to beef a steer of his, which
were a little too obstreperous to be
handled for work. Ez none of us had
ever heard of a beedin' bee, we rather
calculated ez 'twere 'bout time to get
one up, an' so we jest throw'd together
a high ole party, an' started to give
Phil a s'prise.

"For a mile or so 'fore we got to
Phil's we heard a fearful yellin' and
howlin', but we thort 'twere only a
cattymount singin' over in the swamp,
an' we hedn't time to think about a
little thing like that. The moon were
bigger'n a wash tub, an' we could see
jest 'bout ez well ez if the sun were
shinin'. It were colder than Greenland."

The howlin' an' hollerin' got louder ez
we got nigher to Phil's, an' when we
struck his clearin' an' come
up to the house, we see a sight that
jest nigh on to killed as a laughin'.
Thar were Phil on the roof of the
cabin, straddle of the ridge pole, a yell-
in', 'Help! help!' ez if some one were
butcherin' on him. A pratin' an'
bellerin' round the cabin, first on one
side an' then on 't'other, were the
steer, a pawin' the snow was nor if a
nor'easter were gettin' in its work on
a drift, an' actin' ez if 'twere havin'
more'n a barrel of fun, an' 'twant cost-
in' of him a cent. It were a funny
sight, an' we jest howled!

"What a ye doin' up thar, Phil?"
we holler'd. "An' how'd ye git up
thar?"

"Lord, but want he hollerin' and?"
"O' clumb up the chimney, o' course,
ye dohblasted galobd," said he. "It
was so blamed hot in the cabin that I
clumb up yer to git cool."

"Come down, Phil. We 'rve come to
give ye a s'prise. We thort ye was
goin' ter beef yer steer to-day. An'
ye goin' ter beef it?"

"Do ye see or hear anything of that
steer, consarn ye?" said he. "An' can't
ye see it's only a question whether I'm
agoin' to beef that steer or whether
it'll beef me? and the odds bez al-
ways in favor of the steer all day. The
infernal critter genly boosted me
out this ridge pole at 10 o'clock this
mornin', an' I've been yer freevin' an'
yellin' fur help ever since. My ole
woman an' the young'uns is locked in
the cabin, an' I've seen em try twice to
git out to the wood pile, but that steer
has took good keer that they didn't, an'
ez I haint heard nothin' on em sence I
reckon they'll either freeze to death or
go to bed to keep warm. That steer
bez havin' the properest kind of a
fourth of July celebration all day,
an' if some of you fellers can git away
with him ye kin send for the corner,
but I'll be freeze stiffer'n a Christmas
goose 'fore mornin'."

"So we hed to tackle the steer. By
pluggin' it full of pistol balls, an'
poundin' it on the head with an ax
for half an hour or so, we split his
little fun. Then we got Phil down
an' thawed him out.

"Well, we had a high ole time at
Phil's that night," continued the
ranger. "The ole 'oman an' the
young'uns had gone to bed to keep
warm, sure enough, but we soon hed
'em in good shape. An' that beedin'
bee closed the season."

The Human Skin.

If you could see a piece of your skin
through a microscope you would see
big lines of ridges and hollows that
look more like plowed ground than
anything that I can think of. The
ridges are divider into little conical
elevations in which a nerve terminates
or else passes around it; and here lies
the sense of touch. In the hollows are
the pores that are the open-
ings of the sweat ducts. What are
these, do you ask? Well, they are
minute tubes which, straightened out,
would be about a quarter of an inch
long, that start in the tissue beneath
the derma and wind spirally up through
the skin until the upper sur-
face is reached where its open end ter-
minates. The other end is twisted in-
to a sort of knot which is contained in
a little sac, and this is surrounded by
blood vessels.

The number of these little sweat
ducts or glands is astonishing. It is
estimated that in every square inch of
skin there are at least 2500, and, as in
a person of ordinary size there are
2500 square inches of surface, these
glands count up 7,000,000. Only
think of it—7,000,000 pores to keep
open through a whole lifetime! If
these tubes were put together end to
end there would be one long canal of
about twenty-eight miles. How is
that for a system of sewage?—Toledo
Blade.

The Edinburgh Medical Journal en-
deavors to show that baldness is prob-
ably contagious.

Sowing and Reaping.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rains;
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not,
A tithel will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To enter your hard-earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tents fall upon it—
They will stir in quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then sow for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And ere not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall find some way
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Were the starry light appears—
Were, in spite of the sow'er's doubting,
O, your own heart's trembling fears.
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

—Abelard A. Prester.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A fine fellow—The Judge.
Agricultural item—Never cultivate
an acquaintance with a "rake."

A man in the hands of a drunken
barber should be glad when he gets
out of the tight scrape.

A new song is entitled, "We Never
Speak As We Pass By." Probably they
are both courting the same girl.

"Let every man add a good name to
his other capital," quoted the forger
when he fixed up a ten-thousand-dollar
check.

It is said that inhaling the fumes of
sulphur cures catarrh. The course
that many people pursue in this life
gives promise that they won't be
afflicted with catarrh in the next.

A gentleman had his boots blacked
by one of two boys and gave the
shiner a two-dollar bill to get changed.
After waiting some time he said to
the other boy, "Where's your partner?"
"O'h," said the youth with a grin,
"he's bust up and I'm his assignee."

Travelers in Canada have not failed
of noting the number of shop-
keepers, from chow-chow builders to
undertakers, that are purveyors to the
royal family; but it remained for a
Dundas barber to fling to the breeze a
gayly-decorated banner with the awful
device: "The Queen's Barber Shop."

There are sixty-six thousand locomo-
tives in the world. And yet, when
you have waited for a train at some
desolate way station for five hours you
wouldn't believe there were half so
many. Sixty-six thousand! And still
a man can miss a train as easily as
though there was only one engine on
the whole continent.

"Which is the deepest, the longest,
the broadest and the smallest grave in
this church-yard?" said a pedestrian
to his companions, while meditating
among the tombs in a cemetery.

"Wig," was the answer, "it is that in
which Miles Button is buried, for it is
Miles below the soil, Miles in length,
Miles in breadth, and yet after all it is
but a Button-hole."

Troubled.

"Dearest, sweetest, what is it? Are
you sick?" What ads my precious
pet? and the young husband bent
tenderly over the graceful form
of his blushing bride.