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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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The Music of the Rain.

All day, falling, on the house-tops,
With a music quaint and rare,
Like the sound of human heart-beats
On the silent midnight air;

SPEAKING TOO SOON.

It was a sunshiny May day, with an immense bee booming among the lilacs and peonies in the school garden, an intense glow of golden light on the grass, and a drowsy languor in the air that made Alice Hopkins sleepy in spite of herself, as she sat with the little children's copy-books in a pile before her, inscribing the month's marks upon their covers, according to their respective merits.

wheeled a consent out of us before-hand, so that everything shall seem smooth to-morrow when the committee meets. But he'll find that he has mistaken his customer this time!"
Little Alice began to tremble all over, and to grow pink and white by turns, after her usual fashion when she was disturbed.

for the shady cedar-woods, where she still sat arranging ferns around the ribbon of her hat.
"There's no use trying to run away," thought she. "I may as well stay where I am. And after all, why should I be afraid of Mr. Barthorne?"

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
Idleness is the door to all vice.
Success is a fruit slow to ripen.
Egotism is the tongue of vanity.
Many are esteemed only because they are not known.

ARTHUR AS A POET.
The President as a Schoolmaster—An Early Political Education—How He Encouraged a Bolder Youth.
A pleasant reminiscence of President Arthur's college days is told by Dr. Asa G. Stillman, of Albion, a suburb of Troy. In the little village of North Pownal, Vt., thirty-one years ago, Chester A. Arthur, then a student of Williams college, taught school during vacation at the college to earn money to help defray the expenses of his education.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE.
An Account of the Slaughter Given by an Indian Woman.
Since General Custer and his command of 800 were massacred by the braves of Sitting Bull, two or three accounts have been given, each of which purported to be a correct history of the fight. But of the particulars of the scene there have been only meager accounts. The St. Paul Pioneer Press publishes an interview between a correspondent at Standing Rock Agency and the wife of Tatohkahogloska, or Spotted Horn Bull. This woman is first cousin to Sitting Bull, and the story is vouched for as being a true account of the battle.

The Train.
Hark!
It comes!
It comes!
With ear to ground
I catch the sound,
The warning, courier-race
That runs along before.
The pulsing, struggling now is clearer!
The hillsides echo "Neater, neater."
Till, like a drove of rushing, frightened cattle,
With dust and wind and clang and shriek and rattle,
Passes the Cyclopedia of the train!
I see a fair face at a pane,—
Like a piano-string
The rails, unharmed, sing:
The white smoke flies
Up to the sky;
The sound
Is drowned—
Hark!
—Charles H. Crandall in the Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"A dream of fair women" — rich men.
What a mother lacks in skill she makes up in enthusiasm when she cuts her boy's hair.
"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully ruined the one he was on.
Strong as is the power of imagination you cannot make a woman believe that she does not need a new bonnet.
"Whisky," said the doctor, "hardens the brains." "Maybe it does," replied the horrible example, "but it softens the knees most wonderfully."
A Venetian glass manufacturer is fabricating ladies' bonnets by the thousands, and selling them, too. That style of bonnet ought to make good looking-lasses.
"Where are the springs of long ago?" writes Edith M. Thomas, in sweetly flowing verse. Give it up, Edith. Some of them may be hanging in that old hoopskirt in the attic.
"Let us pursue the subject a little farther," said the medical students at the bedside of a dying patient. So the next night they went and stole the body from the cemetery.
A fence-rail was blown right through the body of a mule by the Mississippi cyclone, so the story goes. Even a cyclone has to approach a mule sideways to get the better of him.
The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you."
He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied, adding, "I hope so, if you think of getting off there."

A Canine Critic.

In the year 1839 a phenomenon appeared in the musical world which attracted considerable attention in Germany. A gentleman well known as an enthusiastic musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, had a female spaniel, called Poosle. By striking the animal whenever music was played, and a false note struck, she was made to howl. At last the threat of the unpraised stick was equally effective, presently a mere glance of the master's eye produced the same howl, and at last the false note itself. A German paper of the period says: "At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S. and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarinet, hautbois or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poosle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce the same effect." It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its musical career, towards its close a vicious modulation or a false relation of parts produced the same result. "Sometimes to tease the dog," says our German authority, "Mr. S. and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the inharmonious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far, because when the dog's patience is much tried it becomes savage, and endeavors to bite both its persecutors and their instruments.—London Society.

Preserving Power of Salt.

It is well-known that in soil where lime abounds, dead bodies are fossilized in a few years or even a few months after burial. In soil where there is no lime there are sometimes other elements which often preserve the features of a buried body unchanged for many years. The philosopher Haufler, nursing by an old grave over the fact that man turns into dust, and dust into earth, exclaims:
"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!"
But what would have been his musings if he had stood beside the disinterred body of his father and seen how and form appearing as natural as when he gave "the world assurance of a man?" Yet this might have been, for there are numerous cases on record where bodies disinterred for removal after years of interment, have been found to be as well preserved as if they had been only a few days dead. General Washington's features were quite perfect when his body was taken up to be put in the sarcophagus where they now repose. The same was true of General Wayne, when his body was removed forty years after death; and of Robert Burns, twenty-one years after burial. But it seems almost incredible that the body of John Hampden, who was disinterred 200 years after death, should have been in a similar state of preservation. But Lord Nugent records the fact. His word is not to be questioned. Possibly the most remarkable fact of all these cases is that the bodies crumbled to a heap of dust soon after exposure.

Locomotive Caprices.

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that if a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like material, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great deal of coal and water; another will not listen to such a thing, but insists on being coaxed by spade-fuls and bucket-fuls. One is disposed to start off when required at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at the work and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared, on being brought from the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive, I won't go;

Opium Smokers.

Most authorities agree that the first opium smoked by a white man in America was consumed in California but there is a division of opinion as to when the vice was introduced. Dr. H. H. Kane of New York, who has given the subject careful study, says that in 1868 the practice was begun in the United States by a California "sport" named Clendynn, but Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton says that he saw white smokers in San Francisco joints long before that time. The habit traveled rapidly Eastward, and reached New York in 1876. In Park, Mott and Pell streets among the Chin-se first joints were opened. Now more than 6000 Americans are said to be slaves to the habit of opium smoking.