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Distance. How many leagues of weary land and sea. Can place thy spirit far apart from mine? Can I rise from distance dim some silent sign? Can I see my soul entranced far from thee— After long years that never leave me free, From tones that stir my heart like mourning wine.

On Account of a Card.

"I shall never forget my experience in a Capt. Melville, of Arkansas, said Capt. Melville, when the conversation had turned upon adventure. 'There are many pleasant occurrences that we forget, but an affair of horror remains with us. The memory of a pleasant dream soon passes away, but the recollection of a nightmare becomes a mental landmark. Some time ago I was instructed by my employers to repair at once to the White Oak mountains and buy all the cattle that a reasonable sum of money would induce to leave the rugged trails. I boarded a railway train, and was soon rushing toward my destination. Sociability is a prominent feature of my nature, which I suppose is an heirloom left by long experience as news-paper reporter, and I had not been long on the train until I had formed the acquaintance of several gentlemen, among them a United States deputy marshal, who gave me his card with an evident air of pride in being connected with so prominent an institution as our government. At a small station, a long-haired man, a genuine native of Arkansas, I surmised, boarded the train and took a seat opposite me. I was desirous of hearing him talk in his quaint dialect, and moved over, addressed him and handed him my card. He looked at the card minutely and carefully placed it in an old black pocket-book. He eyed me nervously for a moment and then asked: 'What mount yer be from?' 'White Oak mountains,' I replied. 'I get off at Patsy station.' 'He looked at me with an earnestness, an unobtrusiveness of gaze that I could not understand, and said: 'I reckon you'll find it fite pleasant up there. Best lot of rife yer ever seed, an' they ain't afraid, lemme tell you.' 'I could not divine why their physical courage should in the least add to the pleasure of my visit, but supposing the remark grew out of his admiration for men who are not afraid, and that such information would lighten, in charming anticipation, the fatigues of the journey, I did not ask him to explain. He did not seem to cotton to me, as the planters sometimes say in expressing predilection, and he left his seat and stood near the door. I approached him again, feeling more than ever an interest in him, and asked him if he had ever been among the White Oak mountains. 'Have I got fingers and toes?' he replied. 'I can answer assuredly concerning your fingers, and can speculate with chances in my favor in regard to your toes; I said in factious attempt. 'Wall, then, I've been there.' 'Many rattlin' that country?' 'Yes, an' yer'll find some of them patty hard to han'le, lemme tell yer.' 'My friend, I must confess that you puzzle me. I have asked you several very civil questions, expecting civil answers, but you are so evasive that I can get no satisfaction.' 'Yer're gone to school, hain't yer?' 'Yes.' 'Talk Latin, I reckon.' 'My knowledge of Latin is limited. It's what they call a dead language.' 'Then yer moit need it arter a while.' 'I don't understand you. Your meaning is as dead to me as the language in question is to the unlettered world.' 'So much the worse for yer. I reckon yer ar sarter proud of yer learnin' an' it may be all right to fling out yer book business at every man yer see, but it don't speak o' very soon sense, lemme tell yer. In my country when a man gets to apoutin' like yer've been doin', we put him down as a grin-an' an' don't have nothin' more to do with him.' 'By this time the train was slacking up at a station. The brakeman shouted 'Patsy,' and in a moment more I was standing on the platform. The next business to be transacted was to hire a horse, which I did after considerable trouble. Just as I mounted and started across the rugged country,

I saw my long-haired acquaintance on a mule, riding rapidly in the direction I was to take. I called to him, but he made no reply. 'My instructions were to call on a gentleman named Harvey. I learned that he lived about fifteen miles from the station, and when night came on I had considerable trouble in pursuing the right course. Hurrying clouds obscured the moon, and I could only get an occasional glimpse of the narrow and deflecting road. Suddenly my horse stopped and snorted. I urged him, but he would not proceed. I dismounted to ascertain the cause of his fright, when I was seized, and, despite resistance, bound and gagged. There seemed to be quite a number in the party of captors, for while bound to a horse and hurried along, I heard numerous suppressed voices. We must have travelled several miles over a country rough with ravines and almost precipitous with hillsides. When we stopped I was rudely lifted from the horse and taken inside a log house built so close to the mountain-side that an immense rock formed a side wall of the structure. I was placed upon a bench and my hands were untied. I saw around me ten or twelve rough-looking men, heavily armed. They were fierce in action and determined in expression. I had pleaded with them, ere they put the gag in my mouth, but now they had restored to me the use of articulation. I sat mute and almost stupored. At every turn I saw great copper vessels, and off to the right, where my eyes involuntarily wandered, I saw a rude corn-hell and a pile of corn.

'So you've come out here to take us to the penitentiary, eh?' said a large, grizzled bearded man, stepping in front of me. 'No,' I replied, 'I never heard of you before. I came to this country to buy mountain cattle.'

'An I reckon you've found more of 'em than you can buy?' 'I don't understand you. I don't know why I was brought here. I never harmed any of you, and why you should reduce me to a moment on me is something I don't understand.'

'Oh, he's powerful innocent,' exclaimed a fellow, who looked at me with an expression of blood-thirsty revenge. 'He don't know what we mean now because he ain't got his crowd with him.'

'That's the way he's tryin' to work it,' exclaimed a man who leaned against one of the copper vessels, but from him a hoarse 'ho' showed us.

'Gentlemen, you—' 'Gentlemen,' repeated a score of voices. 'Did you hear that? He's gittin' powerful meek.'

'Young feller,' said the grizzled bearded patriarch, 'we're goin' to put a mighty tellin' lesson afore your eyes. We're citizens of this here American government, and don't want to be poster in the exercise of our nat'l rights. Our forefathers in 'n' bled for the establishment of this Newwated States, an' we think we've got a right to make whiskey when an' where we please.'

'Now you're talkin', put it to him,' chimed the chorus. 'You may be a brave man,' continued the patriarch, 'an' may be discharge in your duty, but it's our duty to see that you don't. We could have killed you easy enough without puttin' our selves to the trouble of fetchin' you here, but we wanted to furnish an example to a young feller that turned traitor. We want to hang you rite afore his eyes an' then hang him.'

'A groan arrested my attention, and looking around, I saw a young man bound hand and foot, stretched upon the floor. 'That young chap,' continued the grizzled leader, 'went down to Little Rock some time ago, an' as we found out by your card, turned traitor on us. If he hadn't been for him you wouldn't be in a cold sweat to whar the revelations of the gospel end an' whar the real work of eternal punishment begins. Hold the young feller up an' let the sinners look at each other.'

'Before you murder me,' I gasped, 'tell me what I've done.' 'You are a deputy United States marshal on the hunt of distillers,' replied grizzled beard. 'I am not. I am a cattle buyer. No one can prove that I am a deputy marshal.'

'I reckon I kin,' replied a voice and before me stood the long-haired man I had met on the train. 'I did not tell you that I was deputy marshal.'

'No, but yer give me yer ticket,' and he produced a card bearing the name and address of J. M. Diller, United States Deputy Marshal.

'Then I realized how the mistake had occurred. The deputy marshal had given me his card, and when I introduced myself to the long-haired man, I had, without noticing it, given it to him. I made an elaborate explanation, and in proof, told them to search my pockets, where they would find several cards bearing different names, but would find at least fifty bearing one name, which was my own. They did so, and took the rope from my neck, and also liberated the young man who they thought had turned informer.'

'I was soon liberated and allowed to mount my horse. The grizzled man gave me instructions in regard to the road to Harvey's, and bade me good night in a spirit of friendship. When I had gone about fifty yards, some one called to me to stop. I did not know whether to fly or obey, but knowing that the distillers could, by their knowledge of the country, soon head me off, I stopped. Pretty soon an old grizzled man appeared.

'Here,' he said, handing me a bottle, 'take the moonshine along with you. It's the best, an' along towards the turn of the night you'll find it mighty strengthenin'. Don't say any thing about our pleasant meetin' for you moit be sorry for it. Good bye.'

An Incident of the Crimean. A formidable mine had been dug and loaded under the Malakoff tower. If General MacMahon had not chanced to discover in the barrack one wire leading to a well-known coal-vault under a large quantity of powder under it, and another connecting it with the powder magazine, the whole victorious force might have been blown into the air after having gained possession of the fort. The wires were cut, but the powder magazine could not be found. Some of the French soldiers were setting fire to the empty gabions which had been thrust into the small windows of the bomb-proof cellar under the tower, in order to barricade it.

One of the gabions appeared to be moving. A French officer called out that if any one was there who could speak French he might come out without fear. The gabion was pushed through the window, and a very young Russian officer crept out. He was assured that he and any others surrendering as prisoners of war would be well treated. After saying a few words in Russian at the window he was joined by four soldiers and 200 common soldiers. They begged, through him, to be taken away at once. This request suggested some knowledge of an impending explosion. The young officer was therefore ordered to point out the position of the powder magazine. The lad made no answer. A French subaltern said in a loud voice to the commanding officer that the Russian ought to be shot if he refused to obey the order given to save so many lives. The youth kept silence, with a haughty glance of indignation at the subaltern, apparently for supposing that he would betray a secret under a threat. The French chief formed a platoon to shoot him and he turned to face his executioners. An old Russian major, who seemed to understand French, ran forward, took the commandant by the hand, drew him to a heap of earth, and pointed downward. The earth was quickly shoveled away, and barrels containing 88,000 tons of gunpowder were discovered. A strong French guard was placed over them. The young Russian officer was told to go with the other prisoners. He gave a military salute and kissed the old Russian major's hand. 'Do not blame him for showing you the powder,' he said in French to the commandant, with a trembling voice and tears in his eyes. 'He is my father.'

Would Just About Suit. A pretentious person said to the leading man of a village, 'How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?' 'Very well, sir; very well indeed,' he answered, a lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this village.'

TRIUMPHS OF OLD AGE.

What the Heterogeneous Do Except and Erisson Have Accomplished.

Two notable examples are now before the public of men whose senses have waxed not old, whose eyes are not dimmed and whose natural force is not abated by the eighty years which they have lived in the world.

One is DeLesseps, the famous canal builder, whose mental force, physical strength and moral audacity might well be the envy of men half his years. In emerging from his conflict with the English Government and the Theodorides during the Egyptian war, when alone he defeated the neutrality of the Suez canal, he has entered into a contract with the English Government to build another without yielding a single claim or demand which he made when the Khedive threatened him with English vengeance, nor, regardless of international consequences, taking a backward step. In the meanwhile he is pushing forward the Panama canal project, which is to the Suez canal what an Alpine tunnel is to a country ditch, obtaining money, ignoring protests and objections, and bringing to its support an indubitable will and a self-assertion, possessed only by the master-works of war and statesmanship. Although eighty-one years of age he is the husband of a comparatively young wife, and the father of eleven children, the youngest of whom is only a few weeks old. His public projects are as far reaching as if he were but fifty, his physical vigor equal to his mental force. The continuation at such an age is very rare.

Another instance is the inventor, Erisson, of the same age as DeLesseps, and in all but his years a young man yet. It is more than twenty years since his invention, the Monitor, arrived in Hampton Roads just in time to prevent the United States forces from being driven from the Virginia peninsula. Since that time, naval warfare has been revolutionized again. The low, creeping iron-clad is a thing of the past, unless against an immense argument and the steel-plated feet of the modern navy. To meet this formidable enemy Erisson has devised beneath the water, and his torpedo-boat, the Destroyer, is expected to be the 'cheap defense of nations' against the monsters which our just-class governments allow own to keep one another in order. His solar engine, destined to drive up and down the sun's rays in tropic latitudes for the purposes of irrigation, is still on his hands; but of its successful little doubt is expressed. At any rate, his four score years seem to him as his hope, full, active, vigorous and industrious, as at any period of his life.

Such lives are exceptional, but not solitary instances. Danabole, Doge of Venice, won some of his greatest naval victories at eighty, and stormed and captured Constantinople at the age of ninety. Benjamin Franklin was as bright, inventive and active in his seventy-fifth year as in his nineteenth. Goethe was nearly eighty when he wrote the second part of 'Faust,' both Bacon and Newton were old when they made some of their most notable discoveries. But these are marvels in human history, and well entitled to provoke attention and curiosity. If a man survives his sixtieth year, he is generally well content, even if active and strong, to live upon his past fame and achievements rather than to undertake new enterprises or plan new projects.

The Value of Manner.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely round, selects for herself the warmest place in the room, perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the fire—curls herself up and goes asleep. She curls secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily and gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an access of warmth and comfort in themselves, from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way, and by a less self-possessed individual. If it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or clumsily, or diffidently, even, or in any way ostentatiously, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosoms of all beholders! How thoughtful, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

EYES THAT SEE NOT.

Being of the Kind That are Expoted to the Various Artificial Optics.

'We sell from 100 to 150 artificial eyes a year,' says a Philadelphia optician, 'and the demand seems to grow greater every year. There is a very large nominal profit on these goods, for they sell at \$10 to \$15 each, according to grade, but when you consider the trouble and annoyance the fitting involves, and the time it consumes, you scarcely see that they are well worth the price charged. We never have a customer that is satisfied with his own eyes at the first trying on. Within a day or two he comes back and claims that the color is a shade lighter or a shade darker than the good eye, or that they don't match in some other way. There is only one thing for it. We must give over our whole stock, and the eye is matched, and our time and trouble must count for something. We have a number of steady customers, who always buy their eyes of us, and bring them to us to be cleaned and repaired.'

'Where do you get artificial eyes?' 'They are made at Stuttgart, in the Thuringian forest in Germany, and the works employ a large force of skilled workmen. It is wonderful how closely they imitate the human organ of sight. I don't believe there is an eye that cannot be almost perfectly matched.'

'Do artificial eyes wear out?' 'Oh, yes, an eye wears out in about two years. The salt and other alkaline substances in the tear and eventually eat out of the polish and the inner surface becomes rough, and requires to be repolished.'

'We have some customers, nervous and excitable people who are constantly changing their eyes, and not at all to the betterment of their appearance. Others provide themselves with several eyes, and use them alternately. Their wearers must take them out at night and keep them in clean water, for the secretion of the eye would otherwise gather upon them. Moreover the muscles, that keep them in place, require frequent rest.'

'What are the eyes capable of movement?' 'One of the great prejudices in the case of an eye, when it becomes necessary to have the surrounding muscles intact. This is generally done by experienced oculists, but sometimes cases come to us in which the muscles have been remorselessly destroyed, and then we find it almost impossible to make the artificial substitute look natural. I know a pretty young lady whose glass eye will stare steadily and solemnly at you as if the owner were invariably assuming you of some grave offense, while her natural eye twinkles merrily at the joke that she is jesting to or at something funny that she sees. Once, when she was looking into my pocket-book for some change with her good eye, that terrible artificial eye twisted itself around in my direction and glared at me with a malice that frightened me. It was only then that I discovered that it was glass eye, for it was very well matched. When I subsequently examined the young lady's eye I found that nothing could be done for her. She must go through life subject to all kinds of misunderstandings, just because a surgeon who didn't understand his business, had bungled over the operation on her eye. I know, also, an old gentleman, whose right eye beams with intelligence and amiability, while his left glares gloomily forth with an air of utter disgust and dissatisfaction with the world.'

The First Prayer in Colorado.

Father Dyer, a Methodist minister, was the pioneer preacher in Colorado. He brought prayer over in a wood-barrow before any of the Pullman sleeper preachers arrived. It is related of Father Dyer that when he first landed in what is now Denver he saw before him a large tent, and to that, supposing a camp meeting was in progress, he wended his way. To his astonishment he found not a camp meeting, but a very extensive series of games, such as, rary, poker, keno and the like, going forward. He remonstrated about the tent for forty-eight hours, looking very intently upon the progress of the games. At the end of that period he stepped upon a table and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard all about him: 'Boys, I have looked at your game now for the past eight and forty hours. Now, I ask you to give some attention to mine. Let us pray.' They had not known before that the solemn-looking man was a minister, but at the invitation hats were taken off, chairs were dropped, and all bowed their heads in prayer, with Father Dyer leading. And that was the first public prayer uttered in the Pike's Peak country. After the prayer had been concluded the games were resumed.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Do.

Do the best you can at all times, and that is saying a good deal. Do your work, as a general thing, before you play. Do rest when you are tired, if you possibly can. Do sleep at night rather than in the daytime. Do keep your feet dry and warm, and your head cool. Do live cheerful and happy as possible, and make all those about you as much so as you can, and in order to do this keep healthy, busy and active, and kind and bold.

The Monkey and the Snake.

A recent English writer gives the following illustration of the sagacity of animals, which will interest our young readers, if not their elders as well. I remember once, in India, giving a time monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometime, in an impulse of disgust, it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and then he would crawl until it was given back to it. At others, it would sit with an unconcerned of the most intense depletion, contentedly plating the bottled sugar, and then as if pulling it all together for another effort, a solution would steadily take upon the problem, after a long time it would succeed.

It would think up one way, and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, when it was unable to do so, it would try another way. Under the monkey's skin that could capture a fly, a wasp, or a bee, or give its teeth against the glass, or scratch, and, in the end, the monkey would get the sugar out of the bottle by the use of its tail.

Nothing availed, however, and on one day a light was shed upon the monkey by a pair of slaves, falling from the table with a crash, and the monkey falling about in all directions. His monkey-ship contemplated the catastrophe, and remained upon it with the intelligence of a Hamlet.

Letting the bottle fall on the pavement, he would walk up to the table, and, in a moment, he would be drinking the sugar into his mouth, and munching it with great satisfaction.

Brass, Sticks.

One day in autumn a fine flower bulb was planted some five or six inches deep in the rich brown ground, and a stick that the gardener had found lying in the field just outside of the garden gate was stuck near it. 'Well,' said the stick, in a little voice, 'soon as the gardener had gone I never thought to be brought into this beautiful garden, at which I have been peeping through the fence for a month or more. I wonder if I am to live here always. I hope so.'

'If you do live here always,' cried the flower bulb from her snug resting place, 'I don't see what good it will do you. You're only a stick, and a stick you'll remain. Now I go, by the by, if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have had in the field, for you were wanted only to mark the place where I am planted. I shall greet the spring with handsome green leaves and the summer with lovely blossoms.'

Now it happened before the winter was over, a hungry mole burrowed its way into the garden, and sniffing about in search of something to eat, found all the roots and bulbs too bitter for its taste with the exception of one. The very one that had spoken so contemptuously to the stick, and that it quietly devoured. And so when spring arrived nothing came from the spot where that bulb had been placed to greet her.

But, by and behold, the stick had taken root, and was covered with its prettiest tiny green leaves. The gardener, coming that way, looked at it with wonder. 'Why, that's the stick I picked up outside last fall,' said he. 'I'll let it stay there, and see what it comes to.' And it came to a sturdy freedom, covered before the summer passed away with fragrant pale pink flowers. Some chrysanthemums, who had heard the conversation between the bulb and the stick when they paid their autumn visit, cried, 'Bravo, stick! you have done well, but how did you do it?'

'Oh, I tried so hard,' said the tree, 'in a mellow little voice, and I never lost heart, no matter how cold the winter wind and snow. But I'm sorry the mole ate the poor flower bulb.' Harper's Young People.

In the English navy only lime juice is used, and is very practically serviceable. In the merchant marine service lemon juice is chiefly used, because it is cheaper, and cases of scurvy are frequent. The trouble is that lemon juice soon becomes inert and useless by fermentation.

The Woods in Autumn.

Flashes of gold that flick the sober grey, Darkly only that crimson in the light, Soft strokes of silver glimmering pearly white, Amid the most browned hazels while it may, Pure green must be autumn's holy dream, Faded purple shades that peep out from the lights.

Such scenes with glory the September day, Of autumn woods! I'll breathe the stream, That winds you round about so lovingly, And light in case of wondrous beauty, see How vain must be autumn's holy dream, To find our like yours, or dare to trace Your ether-like youth, your perfect grace.

FUGENT PARAGRAPHS.

An old landmark. 'For sale.' The bearded hero. 'You're a bar.' The first rule team. The pickpockets. A man who breaks big word at the still-room.

Ice-cream may taste good but it's cold comfort after all. Rollers sway the people, but the head master sways the rulers. The meanest man out is one who knows who will be next president but will not tell.

Henry Bergh opposes gambling because it not only fattens the fish, but encourages lying. Out in Illinois if a man washes his face twice a day and wears a collar, they call him a snail.

The man who drinks nothing but reform water is the one who leaves well enough alone. Adam was not a polygamist, although in his day he married all the women in the world.

If you hear a man say that there is very little gambling going on at present, you can safely infer that he knows no better. Young Higgins, recently became a party to a very interesting delight of hand performance. His girl gave him the mitten.

Another filibuster plot has been unrolled in Reno. When the car entered the breakfast room the other day he found two American cumberbuts and a melon right on his plate. 'Were you in the late war?' asked a veteran of a badly demoralized citizen who came hobnobbing down the street on a crutch. 'I don't know how late you mean,' was the sad reply, 'she gave me this one last night before the war.'

Limit of Human Swimming Speed.

The utmost limit of human swimming speed is two miles in one hour, and nine miles has never been done in five hours. Yet in the face of these facts, we are told that a young woman swam, lately, eighteen miles in two and a half hours, the truth being that she swam six or seven miles and drifted the remainder of the distance. We also learn that a man swam in the Hudson twenty miles in six hours, and also read of two gentlemen, who only a few days ago, swam five miles in one hour and ten minutes. A simple illustration will reduce these erroneous reports to their rightful absurdity. Suppose that three ordinary swimmers be thrown into the East River, foot of Eighth street, New York, at the mouth of the tide. Let the first swim down toward the Battery, and in about fifteen minutes he will pass the Blackwell Island hospital, having, according to the new style of report, swam a mile and a half in fifteen minutes. Let the second man be on his back and float, without moving hand or foot. In about twenty-five minutes he will also pass the hospital, without swimming a stroke. Let the third man swim up stream toward Hudson, and in about forty-five minutes he will find himself drifting, feet first, down by the hospital. He could not have swum there, for he swam all the time in the other direction. A little study of these examples would tend to increase the accuracy and intelligibility of swimming reports.

Taming a Wolf.

At a recent meeting of the anthropological society of France, at which the supposed descent of the dog from the wolf was discussed, M. Harbordin said that he had brought up a wolf that was as gentle as a lamb. It was also remarkably intelligent, and could open the doors by turning the handles. When it heard a clock strike it would stand on its hind legs and move the hands round with its paws. It was fond of perfumes and lived on the best of terms with poultry and other animals, but had a great aversion to cats. M. de Mortillet, on the other hand, said that he had been endeavoring in vain to tame wolves. He found them gentle enough so long as they were young, but they became savage at the adult age.