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Could We Not Know.
Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, unceremonious road.

AT UNCLE PAUL'S.

"There," said Juliet Garland, impatiently, "I can't wear these old gloves again by any possibility. They've been once to the cleaners, and I've done them myself twice with breast-crimbs."

"Why don't I get myself another pair?" sharply cross-questioned Juliet. "Because I haven't any money. That is the reason."

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Dora, pretty Dora, contemplating her pink fingertips; and at the same moment Mrs. Templeton, the married widow of the family, came in with a worn look upon her face.

"Why don't I get myself another pair?" sharply cross-questioned Juliet. "Because I haven't any money. That is the reason."

"Why not?" said she. "Do you think I am particularly in love with this sort of life? I declare, there have been times within the last month when I've felt inclined to go for a servant-maid, or look up a situation as factory-hand. Just consider, girls—the dress I wear isn't paid for; the milliner is always sending her girl around with bills. I can't go on this street nor on that, for fear of meeting some one who will ask me for the money that I honestly owe them. Rosie, like a darling that she is, keeps giving parties and lunches and morning musicales, to try and get us well married. Frank, poor fellow, is working beyond his strength, to give his wife's sisters a fair chance; but it isn't a bit of use. See how we all hang fire. Now I don't know about Juliet and Dora, but I, for one, am tired of

being put up in the world's window.
'For sale' Yes, I'll go to Uncle Paul.
'But,' gasped Mrs. Templeton, 'what will society say?'

"What it pleases," Gladys answered, "society don't settle my food-bill, nor provide me with pocket-money."

"Gladys," said Juliet, remonstratingly, "I think you are crazy."

"Because I am emancipating myself from slavery? But you know, Juliet, I cannot see where all this is to end."

"What will Mr. Mandeville say?" demurely questioned Dora, with a shy, sidelong glance at her sister.

"He will say," Gladys stoutly answered, "that there is one fortune-hunter less in the ranks."

"Gladys, how can you speak so coarsely?" said Juliet, not without indignation.

And then he closed his eyes; a dead pallor crept across his face.
'I think he has fainted,' said the Wall street broker.

And just then Uncle Paul came in. Uncle Paul, who was a born chameleon, and who understood all the leading secrets of the glen and forest, and Gladys heaved a deep sigh of relief. It would all be right now.

"I think we could easily get you to Andover," he had said, wistfully. "And a parlor-car from there."

"Oh, hang your parlor-car!" said Mr. Mandeville, impatiently. "I am doing very well where I am now."

"You'll never marry in that wretched way," said Mrs. Templeton.

"There are nineteen old maids in this block," said Gladys. "We count of them yesterday. Dora and I. Do you suppose there are nineteen old maids on Lake Mohelchankamunk?"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Templeton. "And besides," added Gladys, the laughter falling from her eyes, "is it really the end and aim of all female humanity to get married? Why shouldn't I be an old maid as well as another? Do you think I shouldn't survive it? Wait and see."

THE RURAL MASSES IN CHINA.

Hopless Poverty—Early Marriages—Joint Family System.
A family, C. D., consisting of eight persons, owns an acre and a half of land. The land was bought by the grandfather of the present head and has never been sold since nor added to. He grows about seventy bushels of rice and twenty-five of wheat and some vegetables and cotton besides, worth altogether in money about \$10. He has two nephews who work outside and bring home some thing to help and in that way they get along. But are very poor. He pays government and tax to the extent of \$1.50 a year. He and all his neighbors wear native blue cloth, spun and woven in the family by the women from cotton grown by themselves. He never wears foreign cotton. The coat he had on in a well-worn affair had been made two years previously, and it would last two years more. It served him at night as a coverlet as well as a coat by day.

Another family owned four acres of rice culture. Their income was about eighty bushels of wheat and 150 of rice, about a fourth of which they could usually sell. They paid some thing over \$1 a year in government land tax. They also grew more cotton than they could use, and sold every year about \$10 worth. They were better off than some of their neighbors, but never saved any money. They had fifteen months to feed.

The foregoing cases are given because they represent fairly the average condition to be found in rural China. The greater number of cultivators probably belong to the class of tenants. Some say the proportion of tenants to peasant proprietors is as seven to three; others put it as three to two; but whether tenant or proprietor, the condition of the cultivator is much the same; that is, it rarely rises above what is just enough for the bare necessities of life. My own observations have been mostly confined to this and the adjoining provinces, and I extend the cultivators of tea, silk and opium, who, growing a commodity more and more in demand and easily transportable, are in a far better position than the ordinary peasant; but speaking for the greater part of China, I believe I am not over-estimating the case in saying that for the working agricultural masses it is a daily hand to hand struggle with want, in a succession of good years they are very comfortable; they have enough to eat and to wear, and they have few other wants; but population is ever increasing up to the food limit, and when a bad year or two comes they die off by hundreds or thousands.

Two or three causes may really be named as having mainly produced this state of things, causes which are generally to be found among Asiatic races. The rule prohibiting the devolution of property by will, and making division compulsory among all male children, tends rapidly to reduce all holdings to a minimum, that is, to the very lowest quantity out of which it is possible to make a living. Here, as everywhere else, energy and good luck raise individuals to a position of wealth, who may, if they choose, be some large land owners; but in the course of a few generations this universal equalizer, aided by the apathy of the ordinary Chinese when in comfortable circumstances, will have reduced things to the former dead level. Another equally potent factor is the habit of too early marriages. Parents deem it a religious duty to provide matches for their children as soon as they are of marriageable years, and the young people go to the altar in as much the same way as they go to school in Europe. It never occurs to them to ask first whether there will be enough to fill the mouths that may come after, and the evil is further aggravated by the joint family system, which takes the responsibility off one's shoulders and puts it jointly on that of half a dozen others. When the man knows that he will get an equal share of what is going whether he earns it or no, and that the benefit of denying himself any particular indulgence will accrue to others as well as to himself, a great motive for thrift is withdrawn.

In one respect the Chinese peasant is in a better condition than the Indian ryot; he is not in debt to money-lenders. But I do not know that that is a virtue for which he is entitled to much credit, for there is no class of money-lenders to whom he could get in debt. Indeed, I am not sure that he is not thereby in a less advantageous position, for when hard years come he has no means of pledging his property, which, if he could, might save him from sheer starvation.

Florida has 620 factories, working 2,749 hands, with a capital invested \$1,627,930.

An Imperial Hog.

Peter the great hog, have been a pleasant companion at dinner. When he and his consort dined together they were waited on by a page and the empress' favorite chambermaid. Even at larger dinners he bore, in the presence and service of what he called listening languages. His taste was not an imperial one. He loved, and most frequently ordered, for his own especial enjoyment, a soup with four calves in it; goulash, pig, with some cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers or salad, beans and lampreys; salt meat, ham and Lusburgh, etc. He usually addressed himself to the "consummation" of this supply by taking a glass of mineral water. At his request he quaffed spurs, sort of beer, which would have disgusted an Egyptian, and he finished with Hungarian or French wine. He is described as "eating ruddy" with a sort of swilling, indeed, a quite appropriate accompaniment of such an imperial hog's feeding.

But Peter wasn't a crank of his megalomania. Strange stories are told of his brutal and ferocious eccentricities. On one occasion, for instance, Peter and his consort arrived at Stuttgart, in Germany, for the night. The owner of the country house, which they stopped readily agreed to pay them a small bedroom, the selection of which had been made by the empress herself. It was a room without stove or fireplace, had a brick floor, the walls were bare, and the season being one of rigorous winter, additional aid as to warming this chamber, the host soon solved the difficulty. Several casks of brandy were deposited on the floor, the furniture being first removed, and the spirit was then set fire to. The Car screamed with delight as he saw the sea of flames and sniffed the odor of Cognac. The fire was no sooner extinguished than the bed was replaced, and Peter and Catherine straightway betook themselves to their repose, and not only slept peacefully all night in this ghastly bower, and the fumes and stench of burnt brandy, but rose in the morning thoroughly refreshed, and delighted with their couch and the vapors which had sustained their repose.

From that forth a preparative to repose with Peter was to "foment" his chamber with burnt brandy.

Principal Battles of the War.

Following are the dates of the principal battles of the civil war, who commanded in each, and the number killed on both sides:

- Bull Run (First), July 21, 1861: North, Gen. McDowell; killed, 451; South, Gen. Beauregard; killed, unknown; Shiloh, April 7, 1862: North, Gen. Grant; killed, 1735; South, Gen. A. S. Johnston; killed, 172; Seven Days and Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862: North, Gen. McClellan; killed, 870; South, Gen. J. E. Johnston; killed, 2800; Antietam, Sept. 16 and 17, 1862: North, Gen. McClellan; killed, 2400; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 3700; Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1863: North, Gen. Hooker; killed, 1542; South, Gen. Jackson; killed, 151; Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863: North, Gen. Meade; killed, 2841; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 3500; Vicksburg, July 3 and 4, 1863: North, Gen. Grant; killed, 55; South, Gen. Pemberton; killed, unknown; Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 20, 1863: North, Gen. Thomas; killed, 1644; South, Gen. Bragg; killed, 2389; Wilderness, May 5, 6 and 7, 1864: North, Gen. Grant; killed, 5507; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 2000; Spottsylvania, May 8-21, 1864: North, Gen. Grant; killed, 4177; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 4000. The above figures are based on official returns, and do not agree with returns of the Adjutant General. Notwithstanding, the Adjutant General makes the killed at Wilderness 2201, and at Spottsylvania 2270; while Gen. Meade's report, based on reports immediately after the battle, states killed at Wilderness at 3288; at Spottsylvania, 2446.

Something of Hotel Life.

Gossiping about the hotels of New York and the costly habits which they stimulate, the "Lounger" of the 7-7-gaz touches upon a hidden feature of hotel life thus: "Many a guest is in debt and cannot get away from his hotel. Many a woman, apparently independent and fortunate, is wondering while she smiles with visitors, how she can get her trunks away from the establishment, and what person in the house she shall strike for a loan and at what sacrifice. People often look into the tenement houses and think that the people must live very miserable there; but I wonder if they are not happier homes than some of these large hotels, where every week comes the report that \$200 or more is due and the rules of the house imperative."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Some men give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.
The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties.

No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another.
Men must be decided on what they will do, and they are able to do, with strength what they ought to do.
A crowd of people on a street in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one man sees where the good natured people tread, yet the ashes thrown on the ice left in the door.

There are as yet no modern, unappreciated, prudent people, both male and female, who can be charged with killing time, and who will risk a young fellow of his own name before he has years to know the value of it.
If you cannot be happy in any way be unhappy, and this faculty of disposition wants, but little aid from philosophy, for health and good fortune are almost the whole affair. Many run about after misery. Life is almost too bright for me, but without it is his hand or so, he is dead.

Personality of Legislators.
"Two engines are alike. I mean as regards their character," said an engineer to a reporter.
"Two engines have a character, then, have they?"
"They have, indeed. They have their peculiarities, and their ways, and their needs also. On every railroad the fact is understood, and each engine has its assignment, who gets the longer he drives his iron horse the more he has to learn about her. Some times she is erratic in action, and for no apparent cause. Sometimes a higher pressure is necessary to make her go, sometimes under low head she will fly. And then again, under the same conditions, she kicks and sports like a balky horse. I have taken out my machine on the Cook, Wayne, and put her through the run one day of forty miles like a lady. The next day it often happens she will kick and lumpy, and has to be forced into going. It's all according to the way she feels. However, an engineer learns his engine's peculiarities, and knows how to control them, and if she has any speed he can get it out of her."

Wonders in Store.

Remarkable as have been the advances in the use to which electricity can be put, according to Professor Melville Bell, the future has even greater surprises in store for us. He thinks the time will come when electrical and telephone messages will be sent without wires. The message carrier will be the rays of the sun itself. The so-called "wireless" telegraph is simply vibrations in the air, which produce certain results at different points, and Professor Bell is of the opinion that inventors genius will yet enable us to make use of the invisible means to transmit messages over long distant distances. Indeed, there are enthusiasts who now think that we will ultimately be able to communicate with sentient beings in other planets. It has been demonstrated that the materials which compose the heavenly bodies are identical, and it is a fair inference that creatures corresponding to our own race, with the same kind of attributes, people them. If so, we may perhaps yet have a friendly chat with the inhabitants of Venus and Mars, and probably other worlds outside systems beyond our own. —The Atlantic Monthly.

Phil.

In a paper recently read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, some very interesting facts were given in regard to the various materials used as fuel, with some of which our readers are probably not familiar. Wood, resin, which has the appearance of yellow amber, is obtained from the auriferous alluvium of New Granada. Egyptian asphalt leaves after burning a red ash, which is oxide of iron. Java pitch is found floating in limps on the surface of the Indian Sea. Samples of pitch from China are obtained from tree holes which the Chinese put down on the purpose of procuring it. These holes, which are usually about 60 fathoms deep and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, are bored with an iron rope, and the salt water is raised by a bamboo rod with a valve at the bottom. When the bore hole is put down to a still greater depth, considerable quantities of inflammable gas issues from it, and the gas is utilized in lighting up the work and also for firing the steam boilers. The Chinese find practical and wise awake in this as in many other things.

The Mother.

Though lost in the whirlpool of passion, Though high on the pathway to fame, When hopes of an innocent childhood Have melted away to a name, One thought, like a gem amid ruins, Will dazzle our eyes with its joy, And bring back the sweet words she uttered: "You'll think of your mother, my boy."

You'll think of the love that she showed, Enshrouding by day and by night; You'll sigh for the sweet, good-night kisses, The eyes with their meek, loving light! And whether life's pathway be pleasant, Or tedious of each roselod of joy, Your heart back to her still will journey— You'll think of your mother, my boy! Wherever the smiles of a mother Have enlivened a heart and its care, God's blessing has bestowed that roof-tree! A glimpse of sweet heaven is there! Though further the years have advanced, They cannot be nearly destroyed; In heaven and tears all children You'll think of your mother, my boy.

HUMOROUS.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was smooth just before he was brought in."
A sherry cobbler will never mend your old shoes.
A regular kidnapper—Soothing syrup.

Why the rabbits escaped.—His lordship (after nibbling his tenth rabbit): "I'll tell you what is, Bagster, your rabbits are all two inches too short hereabouts."
"No, sir," said Fogg, "I never knew Brown to nibble, or devour anybody in his life. No, sir, fact is, he couldn't. Nobody would believe anything he ever said."

Little Aggie's Sister had invited her best young man to tea. There was a fall in the conversation, which was broken by the impulsive Aggie: "Papa is a good feller, older Mr. Wobbinson's man?"
"Yes," said the drummer, watching a rival at a hotel; "it's his first trip the way. Don't you see, he isn't on fitting terms with the table girl?"

A young man, who went to the late war (begin his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion: "My dear Julia—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'"
"See, man—'What' a female physician? I want a doctor, to make me well, not a woman, to make love to me." Female physician (bashfully)—"I promise to do neither."

A Cuban Execution.

Arrived at the foot of the platform the death sentence was again read, and the "alguacil de corte," corresponding to our sheriff, asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head, by way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied, and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast, and the collar of the garrote fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceedings the "verdugo" pulled from his person a long, bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face, and the priests began to recite the "credo." When they came to the words, "His only Son," the "verdugo," by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, launched the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the form, then all was still, for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and bungling performance frequently given through with at our gibbets.

As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and, seizing the "verdugo," arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison where the "verdugo" were still assembled. Placing him in their midst he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The judge asked him what he had to say in answer to this charge.

"It is true," replied the "verdugo," "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged," displaying his arms with the badge, "I did it in the name of justice and in pursuance of the law, all of which I was compelled to do by virtue of my office."
"The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied.—Philadelphia Press.