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Sleep Song.
Hush the homeless baby's crying,
Tender Sleep!
Every fold is violet
May the outer storm forget;

It Turned Out All Right.

It never rained harder than on that particular October evening. If they were to put me on the witness stand in the Court of Common Pleas, I should still reiterate that statement. Sheets of water poured from the ceiling; Aunt Sabina's big hoghead, under the wooden conductor-trough, was brimming full, the gutters along the road streamed like miniature Niagara rivers, and the sleepy old time played ceaselessly upon the roof as I came into the low-celled sitting-room, where Uncle Job lay on the lounge, with his brows all wrinkled with pain.

hurry! How do I know but that inflammation will set in, or gangrene, or something of the kind?
The boy set off in a dog trot, and that was the last I saw of him.
As the twilight closed darkly in, and Uncle Job groaned occasionally, my heart began to misgive me.

The Bird with the Big Mouth.

Eat and sleep, sleep and eat, go to bed with your stomach full and sleep till you are hungry, then all your pouch with food enough for sixty hungry men. That's just what the pelican says by his actions, which speak louder than words. He has a bag attached to his lower bill, which wrinkles up when it is quiet so as not to appear over an inch in width, but when stretched it is big enough to hold a man's head, and it is even told that a man's leg with his boot on can be hidden in his pouch. The lazy Mexicans utilize them by making their catch fish for them, and they manage in a funny way. They catch a live one, break its wing and tie it to a tree; the miserable bird screams in distress, which attracts other pelicans to her, which, in their charitable-ness, rather than see her starve, vomit some of the fish which is in their pouch. Then the lazy Mexican comes out from his hiding place, picks out the best of the fish for his own supper, leaving the captive pelican to eat the rest. Instances have been recorded of their being domesticated and trained to go and fish in the morning and return at night and discharge part of the contents of their pouch. They sometimes go into a fishing partnership with cornucopians and operate in this way: They spread into a large circle at some distance from land, and the pelicans flap with their huge wings above on the surface, while the cornucopians dive beneath. Thus the fish contained within the circle are driven before them toward land, and as the circle lessens by the birds coming closer together, the fish at last are brought into a smaller compass, when their pursuers find no trouble in filling their stomachs. Sometimes the sea-gulls join and help them in their partnership.

"I shall be detained there a day or two," said he. "May I have the pleasure of calling on you?"
Well, only to think of that! Of course I said "Yes." What else could I say?
And he called. And when he went away he asked permission to correspond with me—with me—little Marian Keyser, only just out of boarding school.

MORMON WOMEN.

Their Deplorable Condition in the Land of the Latter-day Saints.
A poverty-stricken Mormon is frequently the possessor of three or four wives. They all live in a single hut, and the children that are brought into the world are early taught an utter disregard of moral law. The thrifty saints, however, have an establishment for each wife, and can live very comfortably off them. The wives spin, wash, scrub and farm, and in that manner secure enough of the world's goods to keep their lord and master without work. A bishop's wife did the laundry work for my family. "I am compelled to wash for the Gentiles while on earth," she would often say, "but in heaven they will be servants to me." John Taylor, the president of the Mormon church, had five wives in 1870, but since the passage of the Edmunds law he has put all but one away. At the last general conference of the church he was twitted about his cowardice, and told that he should obey God's law rather than man's.

be melted; if too heavy it is filed to its proper weight. This is the ladies' work, and an interesting sight it is to watch the small white fingers dexterly handling the shining pieces. A room near the adjusting-room has been set aside for the ladies, who use it as a lunch-room; two long tables are provided and a janitress furnishes hot water for making tea, and also keeps the place neat and clean. Several of the ladies have been in the mill for a number of years.

China is Governed.

Subject to certain inmovable customs, the Emperor, in his capacity of father of the people, can in theory give any order and can in practice punish with despatch or exile any official or person who disobeys it. He is in all serious affairs, however, obliged to consult, though not to obey, a rather large group of Princes of his dynasty and great Mandarins, who divide the departments and the great Viceroys among themselves. The dynasty, moreover, being foreign, is compelled to respect the army, to some extent, while this army is, for financial reasons, so limited in number, that it is difficult to garrison the Empire and impossible to hold it down for an hour. It is the tradition of the court, therefore, never seriously to offend either the army or the people in such a way as to provoke enemies, more especially in Peking. At present the Emperor is a boy, only just twelve years of age, and all real authority belongs to a widow of the last full-grown Emperor, Hien Fung—who is called the Empress-Mother, but is not the mother of the Emperor—to Prince Kung, Li Hung Chang, the favorite of the native Chinese, and two or three less-known high officials. They can send out any orders they please and are obeyed, but they cannot afford to risk the insurrections which would follow any great affront to the pride of the people, such as the cession of Tonquin would. China, in fact, is a more solid Turkey, with Sultan, Pasha, army and mob sharing power in unequal degrees. As in Turkey, too, all four are bound in the chain of a law that cannot be modified.

A Lively Time with Bears.
R. H. Rawles proposed that we take a bear hunt on Monday morning. We made every preparation the evening before, and after a hearty breakfast, at 5 o'clock mounted our horses for the hunt. We were provided with Winchester rifles and three well-trained bear dogs. After a run of about an hour they came to bay. We pitched our horses and crawled through the brush to the dogs. The undergrowth was so thick that we could not see ten feet ahead of us, but at last we found the bear, a large brown one, perched on the limb of a large pine tree, about a hundred feet from the ground. We took position and commenced firing. Bears are very tenacious of life and this one proved no exception to the rule, as we each fired three times before he fell. When we reached him he was dead.

China's Young Emperor.

A letter in the North China News reports the youthful emperor as very bright and as making rapid and satisfactory progress with his studies. He proceeds to the school-room every day shortly after the cabinet council—say about 8 or 9 o'clock—and continues with his teachers, of whom there are several, till 1 or 2 p. m. His progress is said to be twice as rapid as Chinese youths, and the plan adopted seems to be most rational. It is not with him a mere question of committing a certain number of characters to memory, but his teachers read over the passages several times, and explain to him the meaning of the characters. Being now 13 years of age, having ascended the throne when a boy of four, he meets his ministers at the council every morning, and in his audience he is instructed by the western emperor, his aunt, empress regent, what questions to put. No councils or audiences whatever are allowed to be present at these meetings. All state documents are kept strictly private. They are sent sealed to the empress for her inspection, and the emperor takes his with him to his private quarters. At his public interviews he is always attended by his ministers. His father is seldom there, but Prince Kung is always present. The emperor resembles his father, the seventh prince, very much. As is well-known, most of the Kang's sons are of a slender build, and rather poor and meager aspect. Their bodily presence is comparatively weak. When the emperor proceeds to the school-room or elsewhere through the courts of the palace, those on guard give the alarm, and the eunuchs and others immediately retire within the rooms and draw the curtains. The very dogs have been trained to observe this rule, and on the mention of the word shoo, they, too, retire into concealment before the august presence of the Bodog-shan. The empress is said to be a very able woman, but with a fiery temper. The prince has already set up a telephone between his palace and his garden, where he loves to sit surrounded by all nature in artificial miniature. In his garden he has a lake, with flocks, islands, rockeries, hills, etc., and erected in conspicuous places his foreign representations of wild animals. He lately added some clay deer to his menagerie. His pleasure grounds are more extensive even than those in the palace, which are not much over an acre in extent.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
It has been thought that the freezing of sap causes trees to expand in cold weather. Prof. Thomas Meehan finds, however, that such is not the case, as the trees contract to a considerable extent.
A remarkable modification of the microscope has just been perfected by Mr. J. Leitz, of Vienna. It has received the name of gastroscope, and it is to be used for viewing the interior of the human stomach.

An Humble Confession.

Who is that little woman in the blue?
Well, laughing eyes and dark brown hair,
And physiognomy so fair!
My wife.
Who is not as small as she appears,
And does not live in a doll's house,
And look like a new-fashioned toy?
My sister.
Who wakes me up on every morning,
About the time the day is dawning,
My (prostrations entirely soaring?)
My mother.
Who mends my clothes with India ink,
And curls my stockings quick as a wink,
Who is fat but not smoke and thick?
My aunt.
Who cooks me every day for money,
With counterpane and dainties and funny,
And calls me "pretty boy" and "honey"
My little woman.
Who runs this house both night and day,
And over all exerts her sway,
Who's boss of this about the way?
My better half! — Aaron Fletcher.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
A specimen of vegetable wool is on exhibition at Amsterdam. It comes from Java. When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between sixteen and seventeen cents a pound.
The danger of lead-poisoning to which the use of glazed earthenware may expose people has been pointed out in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. The glaze contains much lead, which is readily extracted by any substance that is allowed to ferment in the dishes. Freedom from risk may be secured by substituting the glazed stoneware for the ordinary ware.

Humorous.

The farmer's wife should wear gross grain silk.
"Will, I'll be hanged!" says the window curtain.
"I'm going to beard," was what the log remarked on entering a sawmill.
"Who is the worst thing about 'riches'?" asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy.
A whaling company has been started in San Francisco. An old-fashioned ghostrunner would make a good president of the concern.
There is going to be a boom in matrimony. They are making bicycles now with two seats. A man who can't cope with his girl in a swift vehicle that makes no noise, deserves to be a wretch of a bachelor all his life.
"I do not love him in the old fond way," writes Ella Wheeler complainingly. "Too bad, Ella. What's the matter with him? Has he been indulging a reckless fondness for onions, or will he not treat you to oysters any more?"
An editor met a young man who had recently been married and asked him how he was pleased with his change in life. He took a long breath and turned his eyes up as if trying to think of some expressive word, and then said: "Oh, sir, I wouldn't take a million dollars for myself."
A vigorous old fellow in Maine, who had lately buried his fourth wife, was accosted by an acquaintance, who, unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Capt. Plojogger?" To which the captain replied with a grave face: "Waal, to tell the trowth, I'm kinder out of wives just now."