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Longfellow.
No man can sing like him whose songs have
touched the great world's heart.

Her Engagement Ring.

Fannie Gerrard had been engaged to
be married to young Dr. Harry
Raymond, the nephew of a wealthy
New York physician, whose extensive
practice was expected to soon descend
to his young relative.

The ring was handsome and unique,
with its splendid solitaire, and their
combined initials in tiny diamonds im-
bedded inside the golden hoop; and of
course Fannie valued it for its beauty
as well as for the love of which it was
the pledge.

It became necessary for Fannie to
eke out the small remaining income by
turning her accomplishments to ac-
count.

It was then that the thought of
parting with her precious ring occurred
to her for the first time, although
all her other jewels had gone long
since. The idea came to her with a
sharp pang that was almost an agony;

"I need no reminder to keep me
true to this memento," she murmured,
while heavy tears overflowed through
the long, curling lashes, and fell, glit-
tering rivulets, upon the diamond which
she raised to her lips and kissed again
and again with passionate fervor.

"Is it your own?" asked the old
man, with a searching look in his
keen gray eyes at the young girl, who
had made her request in such low and
trembling tones.

"The gentleman to whom I was en-
gaged to be married went away on a
long voyage, and was lost at sea," she
said, "and then my father died and
left us poor, so that I have been oblig-
ed to sell my jewels. I kept this till
the last. Will you please buy it,
sir?"

"Ump, ump!" and polished his
spectacles, murmuring, "Fair lassie!"

pecially by flood? I hope it is not un-
timely. And the returned traveler laughed
as he held of the timepiece to the old
man.

"Nothing more alarming than a
broken main-spring," replied Mr.
Blakie, smiling. "We will have it
ready for you to-morrow, sir."

"Blown away as much as you like,
old boy," laughed Raymond, wringing
his companion's hand heartily,
"but not under water, yet, as you see.
But, come—give me some land news,
won't you? This is my first day in
the city, and I haven't seen anyone
yet. How is everybody?"

"Well, much as usual, I guess. But
come over to my rooms, and maybe I
can be more definite."

"Oh, by the way," said Jack Gordon,
suddenly bursting in on one of his own
speeches, "you have just turned up in
time to be late for the marriage of an
old sweetheart of yours, Fannie
Gerrard. Married an old chap with
heaps of money, too."

"What—what did you say?" asked
Dr. Raymond, clutching the arm that
lay on his, and stopping short in the
street.

"I said that your old flame, Fannie
Gerrard, was married yesterday to
old Mr. Roberts, the millionaire. Why,
what's the matter? What are you
staring at? You look as if you had
seen a ghost!"

"I thought it was worth more than
that—intrinsically," she said. "Two
hundred, at least."

"With a strong inclination to scream,
which she suppressed to a gasp, she
turned and involuntarily held out
both hands, while a look of mingled
amazement, delight and love shone in
her face. Then, meeting nothing but
a strange smile of scornful bitterness
upon the features that had become
to her those of a saint, and where,

hitherto, she had seen naught but
glowing tenderness, she drew back as
though stung.

"You do not understand," he said,
"she was my betrothed wife, and I re-
turn to find her—married!"

"Married?" echoed Dugald, blankly.
"Yes; married to a wealthy doctor,
and anxious to get rid of that ring
lost she should be disturbed by unpleas-
ant associations."

"And as he thus expressed this sug-
gestion of his fevered fancy his voice
was raised in resentful passion.

"Oh, forgive me, darling—pray for-
give me!" he pleaded. "I was hasten-
ing to find you immediately on my ar-
rival, when I was told that you were
recently married! But I was mad-
dled to doubt you, and throw myself
on your mercy."

"And she seized the little hands, ner-
vously clasped together, and covered
them with kisses.

"It was my cousin," she answered
reproachfully.

"Ah! but I knew naught of her, and
to me, sweetheart, there is but one
Fannie Gerrard in the wide world.

"The Black King and the White Pasha."
When Gordon Pasha was taken pris-
oner by the Abyssinians he completely
cheeked King John. The King re-
ceived his prisoner sitting on his throne
or whatever piece of furniture did
duty for that exalted seat, a chair be-
ing placed for the prisoner considerably
lower than the seat on which the King
sat. The first thing the Pasha did was
to seize this chair, place it alongside
that of His Majesty, and sit down on
it; the next, to inform him that he had
him as an equal and would only treat
him as such. This somewhat discor-
dered his sable Majesty, but on re-
covering himself he said: "Do you know,
Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on
the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly
well aware of it, your Majesty," said
the Pasha. "Do so at once if it is your
royal pleasure, I am ready." This
disconcerted the King still more, and
he exclaimed, "What! really to be
killed!" "Certainly," replied the Pasha;
"I am always ready to die, and so far
from fearing your putting me to death,
you would confer a favor on me by so
doing, for you would be doing for me
that which I am precluded by my reli-
gious scruples from doing for myself
—you would relieve me from all the
troubles and misfortunes which the fu-
ture may have in store for me." This
completely staggered King John, who
gasped out in despair, "Then my power
has no terrors for you?" "None what-
ever," was the Pasha's laconic reply.
His Majesty, it is needless to add, in-
stantly collapsed.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A towel folded several times and
dipped in hot water and quickly
wrung, and then applied over the seat
of the pain in toothache or neuralgia
will generally afford prompt relief.
Headaches almost always yield to the
simultaneous application of hot water
to feet and back of the neck.

Dr. Wilson says in the Southern
Health that it is a mistaken idea that
no fruit should be eaten at breakfast.
In the morning there is an acrid state
of the secretions, and nothing is so
well calculated to correct it as peaches,
apples, &c. The small seeded fruits,
such as figs, blackberries, raspberries,
and strawberries, may be classed
among the best fruits and medicines.

The Chicago Herald recommends
the following remedy for severe scalds
and burns: cover the injured parts
freely with soft soap. If the burn be
severe, apply soon after a mixed oil,
with a plentiful dressing of flour. This
cures, and fresh oil and flour can be
added. When this covering falls off a
new skin will have formed, and no scar
left. The same journal says caron oil
is one of the best remedies where the
skin is unbroken, and of course being
taken to exclude the air from the in-
jured part.

Dr. James Edwin Briggs, of New
York has contributed to the Medical
Tribune an article on catarrh and its
sequences, containing some facts
which are important for everyone to
know. He says indigestion and
fatigue are the principal causes, though
indignation is not to be lost sight
of, and the vaccine-poison is a frequent
cause of the blood disorder which
eventually results in chronic catarrh.
Where there is the most vaccination
there is the most catarrh." In the
way of hygiene he recommends that
"the food should be plain, the amount
moderate, and over-eating is to be
shunned as a prolific source of mischief.
One-fourth of the food usually taken,
and frequently more than that, can be
omitted with advantage.—Dr. Briggs's
Health Monthly.

An Inexplicable Case.

In an article on "The Will and its
Derangement," published in the Youth's
Companion, Dr. W. A. Hammond says:
I had once under my observation the
case of a gentleman who could not sign
his name; unless he first rose from his
chair and turned round three times.
As he occupied a position of trust, and
one which required him to affix his sig-
nature to papers very often in the
course of the day, the circumstance
caused him great annoyances. The dis-
order was developed very suddenly
and quite unaccountably. He was
one night, after a day of excitement
and fatigue, about to sign a check
which he had just drawn up, when he
found, to his astonishment, that he
could not form the letters of his name.
He pushed the check aside, and began
to copy some words from a book which
lay on the table before him. He did
this with his usual facility. But the
moment he attempted to write his
name to them, he was powerless.
Alarmed at what he thought was a
symptom of some serious brain disease,
he threw down the pen, and rising
from his chair, walked several times
up and down the floor, trying to ana-
lyze his feelings. There was no pain
in his head, his thoughts were collect-
ed, and there was no excitement except
that developed by the curious circum-
stance which had just occurred.
Determined, if possible, to overcome
the difficulty, he again essayed to sign
the check, and, to his great relief, ac-
complished the undertaking without
the slightest apparent effort. Em-
boldened by his success, he tried a
second time to write his name, but a
second time he found it impossible to
do so. Reflecting upon the matter, he
recalled the fact that it was only after
he had passed the floor that he had
been able to write his name. So he
walked across the room two or three
times, and then found that he could
make his signature with entire ease.
Further experience showed him that it
was not the walking that was necessa-
ry, but that it was essential he should
turn round three times. Without
these preliminary gyrations it was im-
possible for him to write his name,
though perfectly able to write page
after page of other matter. The con-
dition existed for about a month, and
then by his advice he stopped writing
altogether and took a voyage to
Europe. He remained absent several
months, during which period he never
put pen or pencil to paper. On the
way back a subscription was taken up
on the ship for some charitable object,
and he was requested to sign the

paper. Without reflecting—for if he
had, he would not have made the at-
tempt—he took the pen held out to
him and wrote his name without the
slightest hesitation. After this he had
no further trouble. Such cases are, in
the present state of our knowledge, ab-
solutely inexplicable.

Salmon Fishing on Labrador Coast.

One of the most important of the
Labrador fisheries next to the cod is
that of the salmon, though they are by
no means as extensive here as in the
lower Canadian provinces, especially
of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the
Bay of Chaleur, on the south side of the
River St. Lawrence. The salmon go up
the river to spawn; returning, they are
found in the adjacent waters of the
river along the coast, in the late summer
and early fall. The number of fish
annually captured is immense. The best,
and in fact only real, season for capturing
these fish is a few weeks in the early
autumn. They are caught in gill-nets,
large or small, with a regulation mesh
of six inches. The nets are placed
along shore at the mouth of the river
or across some channel of the stream,
and visited every day. The fish en-
tangle themselves in the meshes, which
are made sufficiently large to allow the
young fish to escape by passing en-
tirely through them, and are held
until the fishermen come and secure
his catch. The fish are then cut open
from head to tail, and carefully clean-
ed inside and out, all the black skin
being peeled off the back bone. They
are then soaked in fresh water, then
in salt brine, and finally packed in
barrels. There are seldom more or
less than twenty-three fish to a barrel.
As each barrel brings about \$12 cash,
each fish is valued at fifty cents. This
is, of course, the first cost of the fish.

Salmon-fishing is only in its prime
for about four weeks, between, say,
July 25 and August 25. This fishing
is plentiful all along the rivers on the
coast, and there is seldom one that
has not several fisheries upon it. I should
say that a barrel of salted salmon will
average about 200 pounds in weight.
Salmon are, other than above, preserved
by drying, smoking, and canning.
The latter process is rarely, if at all,
employed in Labrador; the other two
seldom. They are smoked much as
herring are, and dried in the sun much
as codfish on fish-hooks. Salmon are
caught with the hook and line by
those who care to angle for them, and
as the rivers and bays are quite full
at the proper season, it is a work of
pleasure and profit to practice the rod
with this king of fish in his native ele-
ment and at home, when he is most
abundant.

Marrying Early.

The New York Evening Post says
observation among one's acquaintances
shows the fact to be that people do
not marry early nowadays, and, in-
deed, as a general rule, do not marry
early enough. In many cases that
event takes place as a result of pruden-
ce and calculation.

The New York Ledger rejoins: We
cannot agree with our contemporary
in regarding time as so important an
element in marriage. A girl can af-
ford to wait a great many years
rather than marry any one but the
right man; while, on the other hand,
it may be wise for a man to marry the
right girl as soon as he is sure he has
found her, no matter how early. As
Herrick sang, so he may say to him-
self:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."

"Then he had not, but we are your time,
And while we may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may never marry."

Our contemporary speaks of pruden-
ce and calculation in the same
breath, as though each was equally
objectionable in the selection of a wife,
but we cannot go so far. Surely pruden-
ce should be an element in every
matrimonial arrangement.

Go Slow at First.

Burdette says: Learn to walk, young
man, before you try to prance. Don't
hunger and thirst for a boulevard car
while you are the junior clerk, and have
to sweep out the store and sleep under
the counter. If you are a young phy-
sician, don't expect to make it all in
the first year. Your father rode four or
five horses to death before he was able
to put an axminster on the office floor,
and lean back in his sleepy hollow
chair and announce that he would an-
swer no calls after 6 p.m. If you are
practicing law, remember that the old
attorney whose office you are sweeping
out, wore white hair, and not much of
that, before he began taking whole
farms for single fees in small cases.
And bear in mind, too, that they didn't
spend every cent of it as fast as they
got it.

HAIR BY THE TON.

Gathered from Many Lands—Some of It
Worth its Weight in Gold.
"Human hair goods are worn more
now than they ever were," said a Bos-
ton dealer who does a large business
in such articles. "All classes of ladies
wear it— young, middle-aged and old
—some for use, but more for ornament.
Men wear wigs only when they cannot
help it. Women wear false hair to
add to their charms. Short hair is in
demand now, in the form of Lisbon
and sea-foam waves and fringes, and
the favorite color is chestnut brown.
The golden shade, so much in fashion
a few years ago, has fallen 50 per cent
in price. There is a great deal of com-
petition, and all kinds of hair goods
are cheaper than they used to be. In
Switzerland, especially, can be had at a
low price. Ladies formerly paid \$15
to \$20 for a good one, but they can get
an extra nice style at from \$5 to \$10
to-day."

"Where does the supply of artificial
hair come from?"
"Nearly all from France and Ger-
many, with a little from other parts of
the continent and England. The
largest quantity and best quality is
from France. It is not the hair of
dead persons, as many imagine, but
comes from the heads of living peasant
women and girls. It is gathered by
post-holders, who buy it for a trifle—
a silk kerchief or some other trifle which
pleases the fancy. It is taken to Paris
and sold to manufacturers, who assort
it in lengths and shades for export to
America and other countries. Here
are some boxes with hair which has
not yet seen light in this country. I
will open one. There, you see the
form in which it comes. Little rolls,
which I will pull out so, and you see
what will be part of a Lisbon wave.
This is the best quality of hair. There
is also an inferior kind, not much used,
which is gathered from ash-barrels and
dust-heaps of Paris and Italy, and
assorted in lengths and shades. It is
the cheapest kind of hair. Dealers
pay from \$5 to \$12 a dozen for the
switches, and sell them at \$1 and \$2
each. We see some raw hair in this
country, but very little. It comes
nearly all from the nurseries. I do
not think there would be 10 pounds of
it in the half a ton of hair which I buy
in a year. There are some inferior
grades made by New York jobbers, but
all the good hair comes from abroad.
There are in France regular 'hair
raisers'—that is girls who have their
hair cut for sale every four years."

"What is the most expensive kind of
hair?"
"Natural silver white, like this, is
worth \$15 or \$20 an ounce; so, you
see, it is worth more than its weight
in gold. Bleached white hair is worth
only \$1 an ounce. Natural hair of or-
dinary shades is worth from \$5 to \$20
a pound, except the hair collected by
rag-pickers, which brings only from \$1
to \$3. The value of different orders of
hair depends on the fashion. Yellow
hair, not golden, is almost useless to
us."

"I suppose there have been great im-
provements in your art of late years?"
"Very, indeed. You could tell the
old-fashioned wig a mile off, but now I
can make a wig which will defy de-
tection. A great many top pieces are
worn by men—like these."

Here the hair dealer, greatly to the
surprise of the reporter, lifted up what
was to all appearance the natural hair
on top of his own head, and disclosed a
cranium as bare as a billiard ball."

"Now," said he, "there is what we
call the Lisbon wave for ladies. It is
in the fashionable shade, but it is worn
over natural hair of any color and
wholly conceals it. A great deal of
hair is required to make a good wig.
The hairs have to be drawn through
meshes one by one where the parting
is, and at that part the meshes are
made of white hair woven in pieces of
different lengths and widths. Here
are some of them."

A few thin packages lay in a small
desk drawer. They looked like coarse
muslin.

"There are \$500 worth there," said
the dealer. "You can shut your hand
on \$100 worth. A good wave costs
from \$5 to \$50, according to quality
and color. Ornaments for the hair in
latest style have Rhine stones in them
to sparkle at night. These cost from
25 cents to \$5 each. Do I make false
eyebrows? Sometimes, but it is hard
to do good work with them so they
cannot be detected. I do not make
false mustaches for dudes."

"I suppose you sell a good many
light-colored waves to dark haired
ladies?"
"Ah, you may see many a pretty
blonde on the street with black eyes
which she cannot hide and black hair
which she can. Fashion rules all.
Just now the color is medium brown,
but there are constant changes in style,
enough to keep one on the go' all the
time."—Boston Globe.

Distance Leads Enchantment.

The hills were on their feet
Are as white as white can be,
But never over in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight
Turn to white, gray, and a vapor
Before we can reach the height.

Put out the gas," called a lady to
her husband who was being talked to
death by a book agent. It hurt his
feelings so much that he shut up his
specimen pages and retired.

"Yes, my wife is a good poker player,"
says a farmer. And then he added:
"she is also just as handy with the
tongs."

There are some marriages which re-
mind us of the poor fellow who said:
"she couldn't get a husband, and I
couldn't get a wife, so we got mar-
ried."

Self-made men are not "born to com-
mand," because they are not made to
order.

The early bird sometimes catches a
body full of shot.

A private affair—the drill.
Much needed—good bread.
Waiting for a rise—the young lady
who hangs on a strap in a horse-car.

A workman is known by his chip
and a barber by his shavings.
"Don't you think I have a good face
for the stage?" asked a lady with his-
toric aspirations. "I don't know
about the stage," replied her gallant
"companion," "but you have a lovely
face for a bus."

Extent of the Czar's Estate.

One may form some idea of the ex-
tent of the possessions belonging to
the Russian Emperor as property
immediately attached to the Crown
when we hear that the Altai estates
alone cover an area of 40,000,000 des-
iatins, or over 170,000 square miles
being about three times the size of
England and Wales. The North-Siberian
estates in Eastern Siberia are estimat-
ed at about 18,000,000 desiatins. In
the Altai estates are situated the gold
and silver mines of Barnaul, Pabuy,
Sudoy and Lo-Jepp, the copper
foundry at Salsoun and the great iron
works at Gairilov, in the Salagray
District. The receipts from these
enormous estates are in a ridiculously
pitiful ratio to their extent. In the
year 1882 they amounted to 950,000
rubles, or a little more than 235,000,
while for 1883 the revenue was estimat-
ed at less than half this sum, or
about 400,000 rubles. The rents, &c.,
gave a surplus over expense of admin-
istration of about a million and a half
of rubles. On the other hand, the
working of the mines showed a deficit
of over a million; hence the result just
indicated. A partial explanation of
this very unsatisfactory state of things
is to be found in the situation of the
mines, which are generally in places
quite destitute of wood, while the
smelting works were naturally situat-
ed in districts where wood abounds,
sometimes as much as 600 or 700
kilometres distant from the mines.
The cost of transport of raw materials
became considerable in this way. By
degrees all the wood available in the
neighborhood of the smelting works
became used up and it was necessary
to fetch wood from districts of even
over 100 kilometres. Formerly the
mines were really penal settlements,
worked by convicts, who were partly
helped by immigrants, whose sons
were exempted from military service
on the condition of working in the
mines. But since the abolition of
serfdom this system has been quite al-
tered, and there is now a great deal of
free labor on the ordinary conditions.
—London Times.