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Summer Days.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the woods;
The heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flatteries were in our blood.

THE PRINCESS DROGUA.

"No, Herbert, I can't do it. You will have to get out of the difficulty by yourself. It is useless my going to your father any more; he said the last time he would never again cripple himself by paying your debts.

"Then what on earth am I to do?" inquired the Hon. Herbert. "The Jews will do no more for me, I'm 'broke,' and that's the truth. They say there's a baronet working down at the docks, glad of three shillings a day when he can get it. I suppose I shall come to that!"

Lady Chetwynd looked at her favorite son and smiled a little. "It was a funny picture that of this grand creature, resplendent with the beauties of nature appropriate to a 'master,' and adorned by clothes perfectly built-working at anything but the obtaining as much amusement as possible out of life.

"What of her?" inquired the Hon. Herbert looking up from his admirable boots, which he had been studying attentively, possibly wondering whether the hundred well-worn pairs that stood in his dressing room would be of any use to wear out when he was a dock laborer, or whether it might become necessary to have a sale of his personal belongings.

"Well, I know she is in England. She wrote and told me so, in fact. And it has occurred to me, once or twice, to wonder whom she will leave all her money to."

"Has she no one?" inquired the Hon. Herbert quickly.

"No one at all, I believe, absolutely no one. She was an only child, and with no near relatives, when she married your uncle George. That is how she came to be sole heiress to such an enormous fortune."

"Made out of sausages, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no; nothing worse than pickles and jam. I'd have forgiven her the source of her money, for, her father being dead when she married, it might all have been forgotten, but I found it difficult to forgive her for being herself."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the Hon. Herbert.

"Well," said Lady Chetwynd, hesitating a little, "she's vulgar—and rather flighty. She never seemed to me good enough for George."

"Why did he marry her, then?"

"Oh, as for that," answered Lady Chetwynd, her color rising slightly, "I believe he married her for her money. I can imagine no other reason."

respectfully of his memory. Now tell me where to find my Aunt Margaret, the Princess Droguca. Surely I must have inherited some of those fascinating powers you and Uncle George seemed to have possessed in common; I will try them on her. I will be humble, dutiful, the most exemplary of nephews. I will carry her prayer book to church and nurse her pillow. Most elderly ladies have some mania or other. I will discover hers and feed it. You will hardly know me if you should see me at her side, so full of humility and devotion shall I be."

Lady Chetwynd smiled and sighed at once. "I have no idea what she is like now," she said, "it is a long time since I have seen her—many a long year—never since George died, in fact. She was not pious then; perhaps she is now. You will find her at the Clairville at Seagate."

"I've heard of that establishment," said the Hon. Herbert thoughtfully; "a queer place for an elderly lady. However, I dare say she knows no better, give me a line of introduction to her, and I'll run down at once. I shan't mind going to Seagate just now; it's superb weather, and lots of people there."

Early Chetwynd, looking thoughtful as she did so, wrote a very brief note and handed it to her son, who started off immediately. He was in such an exceedingly "tight place" just now that he would have gone a much longer journey, at equally short notice, if thereby he might discover an elderly aunt with money.

Seagate was looking glorious; and the gaiety of the place and people, the freshness of the air, and the brilliant coloring of the sea and sky, young the Hon. Herbert felt very "young and delightful." He resolved to lunch at a restaurant, take a turn on the promenade and smoke a cigar on the pier before going to the Clairville. He fancied that he would then be refreshed, and so better able to enter thoroughly into the role of dutiful nephew which he proposed to play.

He lunched well, lit his cigar, and started in search of half an hour's recreation. He did not go far before he found what he was in search of; he met with a lady so surprising to look at that the mere sight of her re-created him. He proceeded to stare steadily at her and to take note of all her "points" carefully. She was a little creature, well formed, with pretty feet and hands; the feet clad in wondrous high-heeled boots that were very high, but did not meet at all in front; the legs clad in played crimson open-work stockings. The little figure, waisted, was dressed in the most extravagant of French fashions—the sort of costume devised by the Parisian collector for English women who are "fond of dress." A mass of blonde and frizzed hair encircled a small face which was admirably well painted; only the usual mistake was made the thing was overdone, and thus the possibility of deception destroyed. The lady's hat and parasol each deserve a page of description; they were so surprising. The whole thing astonished and delighted the Hon. Herbert. This young gentleman had a good deal of the "knights of the pavement" in him; if a pretty girl gave him a glance of encouragement he was capable of walking after her quite a mile, the hope of adventure. The lady he now saw before him had "encouragement" writ in large characters all over her; thanks to her costume and her plaintive blue eyes repeated the word. She stood, quite alone, by the rail at the edge of the sea walk looking at the passers-by. She soon became as much interested in Herbert as he was in her. She slowly walked towards the pier and went on to it. The Hon. Herbert followed her, passed and repassed her.

At the end of the pier there were some sheltered, secluded seats. The lady walked on to these slowly—for no one could walk fast in such boots as hers—chose one with much deliberation, sat down and straightway dropped her parasol. Of course Herbert was at hand to pick it up. Then he sat down by her and for half an hour they looked at the line sea and looked. She amused him very much. She never smiled, but said the most spicy and pungent things in a small, high-pitched voice, looking straight at him the while. Herbert knew very well how to look admiration, and he found that she understood the look perfectly, but also that she appreciated a little more open flattery. This made it very plain sailing and Herbert found himself much less bored than usual during a flirtation. The little lady being so excessively pronounced it was difficult to feel bored until one had seen all her extravagances.

At last he rose. "I must go," he said; "it is hard, but I must. Do you come on the pier in the evening?"

"Yes," she answered immediately; "about 10 o'clock."

"Then I shall stay in Seagate till to-morrow," said Herbert gallantly, and left her.

Then, assuming a business-like manner, he walked off to the Clairville, meditating all the way on the mode in which he should address his aunt. After he should address his aunt in his mind he resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment, and to follow her lead very carefully till he knew how to humor her.

On his way a hired carriage passed him; in it sat the little lady whom he fully intended to meet upon the pier to-morrow. She gave him a glance from under her wonderful parasol; such a look—so beautiful, full of invitation.

"I believe she is as old as the hills," reflected Herbert; "but she is marvellously made up, and very funny. What a catastrophe if she should live at the Clairville!"

He arrived at the hotel—a fine house, standing in pretty grounds, and tenanted principally by people who lived on pension; people who seemed to have no homes of their own any where; who were exceedingly sociable and very merry. On the broad terraces a number of people were talking and laughing; the hour of afternoon tea had brought them to the house. In the midst of a small crowd of gentlemen stood the little lady; evidently she was a favorite. Herbert quickly passed the group, looking the other way the while. He entered the hall and, finding a waiter, asked for the Princess Droguca. He was shown in to a small drawing room.

Two minutes later the little lady came in and looked at him with some surprise. "You have asked for me?" she said; "you know my name?"

The awful truth flashed upon him. For one wild moment he thought of sinking his identity—of escaping with out telling her who he was. But he had not time to think it out; he was confronted, stammered something and then, in despair, handed her his mother's note.

She opened it deliberately, and it at a glance, and threw it carelessly on a table. He fancied his doom was sealed; took up his hat and prepared to go. But he felt he owed it to himself to apologize; he did so profusely.

She interrupted him with her slight sardonic voice, looking straight at him with those plaintive blue eyes, which were so full of candid humor for admiration.

"What are you apologizing so much for?" she said. "It is the first compliment your family has ever paid me. Come into the other room; I must have some tea."

She put her hand on his arm and led him away. For the first time in his life Herbert was at a loss what to say or what to do. But at last he consented to take her cue; it seemed funny to dirt with one's aunt, but he did it.

And she paid his debts. Probably she will leave him her money.—London World.

An Historical Chess Table.

George Vanderbilt, the literary member of the family, is the owner of the chess-table and chessmen that formerly belonged to Napoleon I., and which he used during his exile at St. Helena. Not only this, but there is even more of a ghastly interest attached to this souvenir. It was standing by the table when the physicians were making their post-mortem examination of the dead emperor, and when they took out the heart they pulled open one of the drawers of this little table and laid the heart upon it, and today one may see the deep stains of the blood on the inside of the drawer. This relic belongs to Mr. McHenry, of railroad celebrity, before it came into George Vanderbilt's possession, and the New York correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial tells how the latter secured it.

Young Vanderbilt, who was a frequent visitor at Mr. McHenry's house in London, used to look at this table with longing eyes and often expressed his envy of its possession. So Mr. McHenry, who was fond of the young man, determined one day to send it over here to him as a surprise. In the meantime he met a friend of the Vanderbilt family, who told him that he had been authorized by William H. to offer him \$10,000 for that chess table to present to George on his twenty-first birthday. "Keep your \$10,000," said Mr. McHenry. "I have no use for it. The table is already on its way to George, and will reach him on his birthday," which it did, to his great delight. On the same day, by the way, William H. said to Mr. McHenry: "I have just paid over to George two millions and a half dollars as his portion of his grandfather's will. The boy must take care of himself now." Which Mr. McHenry can do very readily on his income.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Terrible Mortality Among the Workmen—Progress of the Work.

"Our \$20,000,000 has been spent in establishing homes for the engineers, and workmen along the route of the Panama Ship Canal," said Captain James Whitbank, who has been for more than a year engaged in dredging operations on the canal, and who has returned home after a tough tussle with the dreaded swamp fever.

"Plenty of money there, then, Captain?"

"Oh, plenty. There is only one thing more common than cash, and that is death. Men die like the leaves in autumn. Only the Italians appear to live. The dead are disposed of without ceremony. A shallow grave, no prayers, and all is in a moment forgotten. There are now 15,000 men at work on the canal, mostly negroes from Jamaica and the French West Indies. These negroes are brought over in droves as fast as those at work die, and I venture to say that not two thirds of the 15,000 laborers now at work will be alive a year from now. It's dreadful. Five thousand died during the past three months; but the large pay tempts men to brave all the danger. The company appears to have an unlimited supply of money, and pays off every two weeks."

"What progress has been made in the four years?"

"Well, two miles and a half of the canal proper has been dug out. Originally this section was dredged to a depth of fourteen feet, but is now only six feet deep, the soft swamp lands pressed down by the weight of the dirt thrown out on either side filling in the canal from underneath. A great deal of work has, however, been done with the great steam shovels in leveling the high lands through which the canal is to pass, and dredging will soon be started in those sections. Work is now progressing upon the only large mountain which bars the way of the canal from ocean to ocean. This mountain is 100 feet high and nine miles in circumference, and is to be cut down with steam ploughs and carted away. The company has been compelled to spend \$2,000,000, as I said, to locate homes through the swamps from which as a loss the work of digging out the canal can be carried on. This work necessitated the building of railroad branches into the swamps and the making of solid foundations with stone and gravel, hundreds of feet wide and miles in extent. Laborers get \$3 a day, and skilled mechanics and bosses from \$10 to \$15 a month."

"Will the canal ever be finished?"

"No, I think, unless the swamp sections are constructed with piling, and that would cost so large an amount of money that the scheme could not possibly pay. But the company appears to have all the cash necessary to carry on the work."—Philadelphia Record.

Famous Spendthrifts of Ancient Times.

Pasha Loring says in the Manhattan Magazine: Prodigals have been confined to no land or age. As long as the wealth of the world continues to be unequally distributed, so long, probably, shall we have spendthrifts. Old Adam Smith tells that the necessities of life include only those commodities that are indispensable to our healthful support, and those things the lack of which, among credulous people of even the lower class, is rendered intolerable by the custom of the community. All other things he declares to be luxuries. If such a declaration as that were accepted most of us could easily be convicted of needless extravagance. A glance at the careers of a few of the monumental prodigals of the world will be found to be of interest.

A history of the spendthrifts of ancient Rome would fill a volume of good size and unimpeachable authority. Crassus, Probus, Claudius, Nero, Vitellius and Caligula all squandered vast sums on the most trifling objects. Apicius spent \$1,000,000 on his palate, cast up his accounts, and discovering that he had only \$300,000 left, immediately hanged himself to avoid the privations of threatening poverty. Elagabalus regarded the attendants of his palace on the brains of pheasants, the tongues of thrushes, and the eggs of partridges. At his own meals the peas were sprinkled with grains of gold, pearls were scattered in dishes of rice, and the costliest amice was used to render palatable a dish of beans. Crassus made a great banquet for the populace during his candidacy for the office of Consul, at which ten thousand tables were heaped with luxuries. Even this was surpassed by Caesar, who, at the funeral feast on the occasion of his daughter's death, spread twenty-two thousand tables, accommodating three thousand at each. Tiberius, too, Calpurnia, gulped down precious stones

mixed (after being crushed) in wine, and he heaped the plates of favorite guests with gold and jewels, which they carried away. It was Tiberius who caused to be built boats of cedar, covered with gold and precious stones, and large enough to admit of their being turned into floating gardens, in which were planted flowers, vines and fruit trees.

But it is to Nero, of whom it has been said that "there was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit," that the price of senseless prodigality must be awarded. In the simple recreation of fishing he used lines of purple silk and hooks of gold. His tiara was estimated to be worth two and a half millions of dollars, and he never wore the same costume twice. When on a progress through his domains, five hundred slaves followed in his trail to supply fuel for the daily bath of himself and his wife, Poppea.

Christianity gradually displaced the fashions of heathenism, and a deluge of barbarian overthrown Italian civilization. Time-forward, for a long time, the extravagant expenditure of great fortunes was confined to the Eastern empire, whose capital was the city of Constantinople.

Imitations of Costly Leather.

The custom of carrying bunch reticles, money purses, and traveling bags of leather has made an increased demand for the leather from rare animals, or for leather of attractive appearance. As the natural supply of alligator and the great python or boa skins is not sufficient to keep up with the demand, these skins, or the leathers from them, are imitated very largely by using the leather of commoner and cheaper skins. Even seal leather, goat leather, and kid leather, or morocco, are imitated. The surface of alligator leather consists of almost exact rectangles or squares separated by deep furrows, the squares gradually diminishing in size as they recede from the center of the skin. The seal leather is in diamond shaped patches, forming a fine network, and is very elegant, the diamond lines being very fine. Snake skin leather is a dispersed or arabesque pattern of irregular divisions raised and depressed. Goat leather is crossed in regular lines at acute angles, forming minute elongated diamonds.

As some of these leathers are too costly to be furnished at low prices, the million who desire the best, but cannot always afford the cost, are supplied by fair imitations, which are not so durable as the genuine, serving in part the purposes of the costly leathers. These imitations are made by the aid of photography. A genuine seal, alligator, or goat or other costly skin is photographed then printed on sensitive gelatine. The parts not acted upon by light dissolve out in water, and a cast or an electric type plate then made in copper or type metal, as practiced in the reproduction of engravings, and then the metal plate and the smooth leather of some fine animal are passed between rollers under pressure, and the figure on the plate is permanently fixed on the leather by great pressure. Any of these leathers may be stained, colored or dyed in any tint desired; but plain black or the color left by the tanning is generally preferred.

The Game of Mahles.

I have often wondered how that Fort George of the small boy, marbles, came into vogue, but never found out until a recent visit to Birmingham, where I came across an old antiquary who enlightened me. He said that a century ago it was a popular amusement with stud and professional men, who used to assemble in the marble "allevies" or alleys connected with the inns of the town, to pass an hour or two in this amusement. Think of it, boys! Gray old men, genuine grandfathers, would hang their cocked hats on oaken pegs, and taking from private hooks their own particular knecaps of stantly-lined leather go plump upon their knees and deep in the delights of "alley toss" and "scummons" and familiar cry of "knuckel down!" A few of these alleys are still in existence in connection with ancient hosteries.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pismarck's Best Medal.

Prince Bismarck is represented as often saying of all his decorations, that upon which he sets most value is a medal he received from a humane society for rescuing a drowning soldier. His method of rescue, as we see it related, was eminently characteristic of the man. The soldier clung to him in such a manner as to endanger both their lives. Bismarck, being the stronger of the two, held the terrified man's head under water and ceased to struggle, and then swam with him to shallow water, from which he conveyed him to the shore.

AMONG THE MEXICANS.

An American's Impressions of our Neighbors across the Rio Grande.

In a letter from the city of Mexico to the Detroit Post and Tribune, W. A. Croft says: "My Progress, we first to mind Mexican food and first saw the strange vegetation, customs and costumes of the continental tropics. The palm, the mango, and the castor grow here in great luxuriance breaking the faces of the hot sun that heats up the almost unpopulated town. The houses, like those of Mexico, 30 miles inland, are of pebbles or shell covered with mortar and heavily drenched with palm leaves, and the lints or eaves, which are a great majority of the residences of both places, are built of rocks or cane, very light and airy, indeed.

There is not a chimney in Yucatan, or anywhere in Mexico, as far as I have seen, and their absence gives an odd aspect to the architecture, like that of Arabian towns. No house has a fireplace or a stove, for it is never cold, but the kitchen is equipped with a sort of ungrainy brick or stone range 10 or 15 feet long, having holes for pots and kettles, in which charcoal is burned. The flames escape by the open doors and windows. Charcoal is the fuel of Mexico—almost the only fuel except in the northern states. It is packed to the cities, sometimes hundreds of miles, by grotesque little donkeys (burros), who carry loads four times their size, or by the porters of the country, who will totem an average 150 pounds apiece 20 miles a day.

The poorer Yucatanians like our well known, gaudy flower dress in Yucatan as they do in the city, and all surrounding Mexico, in two or three garments that have been worn white, the upper garment, for both sexes, being a shirt and the under garment being drawers for men and a skirt for women. These degenerate through every degree of color and texture, to the fabulous rays of the hot sun, and the color that infects every kind. The rich men's people are equipped, more or less, with the fine cloth of pomegranate shade that is so highly esteemed by the natives, but is not so much worn as it once was. It is a fine, soft, and very cool fabric, and is made up in two or three pieces, and some of the men add the mouse-straw (chicote) for bits, large, round and heavy. They are quite proud for when you look at one he generally removes his hat, quickly and mildly irritates his scalp with his unresisting fingers. Possibly they also perfume their hair, but when they are not observed, but nobody has been able to find out.

All classes who are exposed to the chill of night or the midday sun have one protective wrap known generally as the serape for men and the rebosa for women. The former is a large woolen blanket, the latter a cotton shawl. The rebosa is thrown over the head and wound around the neck, the serape is worn like the cape of a coat, and nearly like the Roman toga; it is drawn about the body, once or twice, and the corners are hung with light dexterity over the left shoulder, where it sticks through every air and as it is drawn it were fastened by a phantom button. These wraps rise through all grades of excellence, and are often made of silk or the finest wool. All tropical birds delight in high colors, so to these Indians, Malinchos, Mexticos and exotic Spaniards, and their attire, is of all combinations of red and green, and blue and yellow. I saw this morning a fluttering gang of convicts go up the street to work, led by a soldier with a revolver in his hand and followed closely by two more. Their clothes were of all degrees of picturesque patchwork, but one ragged pair of yellowish trousers seated with blue in the form of a heart, and worn with jaunty grace, gave an air of pensiveness to the entire outfit.

Some Last Poems of Whittier.

Many poems thrown off at odd moments, and of which the author thought so slightly that he included them in no collection, are now lost. Among these are "Isabella of Austria," written when he was but twenty, and said to have had a grand ring to it. "Palo Alto," which, assuming to be the translation of a Mexican lament beginning with the words, "O Bravo, O Bravo," never did appear under his name; "Bolivar," a copy of which a revolutionary general commanding in Venezuela has lately requested of the author; and a poem in Henry Clay which has had some singular fortunes, having been metamorphosed in a Western paper in an address to Mr. Benton, and again read, on the occasion of a public welcome in Virginia given Sergeant Prentiss, as the effort of an admiring Southern poet, and still later appearing in the shape of an apostrophe to Smith the Mormon.—Harper's Magazine.

First Steps.

Hold! the lady stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step—just see—
Wavers, stops—quakes, catches her!
Gauging! Life's first step will cost;
Now again she's trying—
One, two—more! she walks, almost,
Treading stumbling, crying.

One, two, three—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it!
Hear her sweet, sweet baby talk,
Little, little, little!

Prattling, rattling, where she goes,
Stepping off so proudly—
Turning in her unbalancing toes,
Down—then laughing loudly.

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming,
Are little feet attempting to go?
Baby was not dreaming
When she set out on that strange,
Roughly, treacherous, stumbling
To the one, whose soothing song,
Back for ever will be brought.

Hearts are won! The mamma's kiss—
Have you not seen it?
See the baby, 600 miles,
Miles and feet and inches;
Walks right off—the falling pet—
Down now to earth, don't
Come what will of her steps yet,
All of our baby's best bet!
—Elizabeth C. Keyes in St. Nicholas

HUMOROUS.

Going to seed—The farmer.
Eternal hanging is the price of vigils.
A sleepy head is often possessed of a nod.

A man with a head the shape and color of a calf's is now on exhibition in Paris. He is doubtless the original dupe.
Why is it that when a man sits on paint the paint and his trousers are never the same color?

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower-beds are concerned.
A man in Texas raises geese for their flesh, but when the festive creatures grow up they raise him just for the fun of the thing.

A milkman who imagined that he was unobserved was seen recently putting a pump on the back in a most affectionate manner.
A piece of bone has been found in a pound of Philadelphia butter. The man who can sell bone at the price of butter has a bonanza.

Young wife: "Dear, why are you eating so much more of my cake than usual to-day? Is it nicer than it was last night?" Young husband: "I'm dying a little, but tell you the truth, I eat twice as much as I weighed more than he did, and we were going down to the store to get it to-night."

"Where are you going, Ernest?" she asked him as he rose between the acts at the theater, one evening last week. He'd promised to meet Simpson when the curtain fell. "She? Can't you bring me a glass of Simpson, too, darling?" Ernest coughs and tries to smile; then, sits down again, and looks discontented for the rest of the evening.

Once upon a time a traveller arrived at a hotel and found all the rooms engaged. Here was a sad case. But his ready wit did not desert him. He walked into the gentleman's room, and standing in the middle of the floor, said: "Gentlemen, I am happy to see so many of you here tonight. I am a book agent, and I want to show you."

Before he could utter another word the whole company had taken to the woods, and he had his choice of apartments.
Two and a Half Were Girls.
George W. Cable, the New Orleans novelist, can make a good Sunday-school address, as well as write clever stories and crack April fool jokes, says the Troy Times. Accompanied by Roswell Smith of the Century Magazine, he spent a Sunday with friends in Monson, attended the Congregational church and was invited to talk to the Sunday school in the afternoon. Mr. Cable's fondness for children is proverbial, and he accepted. In the course of his remarks he raised his hand, extended the dust and said: "I have 50 many children at home. How many is that?" "Five," piped up a youngster promptly. "And half of them are girls," continued the speaker, staggering his audience with his apparently careless disregard of truth. "How much is half of five?" asked Mr. Cable. "Two and a half," reproachfully replied a little miss in the front pew. "Yes," said the novelist with a benign smile as he saw that his reputation for veracity was fast slipping away, "two and a half of them are girls and the other two and a half, too—five girls." "Oh," gasped the little ass with a look of relief, and then a ripple of laughter broke up from the corner where the "birds-nest" class sat, landed over the backs of the pews, limbed into the gallery and died away in the organ loft.