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The Chatham Record.

VOI. VI.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 19, 1884.

NO. 41.

One square, one insertion - \$1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

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Mother's Work.

Baking, stewing and broiling.
Roasting, frying and boiling.
Sweeping, dusting and cleaning.
Washing, starching and ironing.
Rippling, tanning and mending.
Cutting, fitting and stitching.
Making the old like new.

PART II.

At seven o'clock.
Little Tom in white.
Pierced all with.
And the last good-bye.
Tucking them safe.
In each cozy bed.
Slightly asking.
Over each head.
That dear Father.
In heaven will keep.
Safe all my doings.

PART III.

Alone! dear mother!
As I hang round.
And the dear steps start.
While my heart is beat.
A cry for the mother who was.
When she was here.
Her nestling down?
All in one place.
Saw one alone?
Faded their garments.
With red nose and eye.
I'm round the pillow.
And around the chair.
No ribbon to tie.
No hair to wash.
No comb to carry.
No brush to use.
To wash my face.
To dry my hair.
To kiss my cheek.
To hold my hand.

JENNIE'S MISSION.

"Oh, this dull round of small duties, how tired I am of them all. How I wish some grand mission in life would come to me!"

Jennie Oron, the pretty little school-mistress, leaned her chin upon her hand as she mused in the above manner, and gazed out over the gray spring fields, whose drowsy ploughed furrows were thrusting their rascal faces up through the rapidly disappearing snow-drifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone to-day," she mused mentally, as the changed appearance of the fields struck her eye. It was the last day of March, and all winter long the snow had been heaped in miniature mountain ranges by the roadsides, and on the fields and meadows. During the last week, warm weather had set in, making rapid incursions upon snow and ice.

The children came running under the window where Jennie stood, playing at "Round the House!" Then they flocked off together toward the brook that rippled by the school-house, a few rods distant. Jennie watched them absent. Her mind was not upon her duties that day. Her plodding round in a country school-room seemed very dull and mean to her. She sighed for some great and lofty mission.

"If I could do some one great act, heroic and noble," she said to herself, "I would be willing to die then. What is life worth if we must plod on forever like this? I am no more than an ant, or a spider, or a squirrel, with the life I live! How gladly would I give up the monotony of years in this routine for one hour of sacrifice, heroism, and then welcome death!"

How she hated her homely life as she looked back over its nineteen uneventful years. She had always lived in this dull country place, ever since she was a wee child and her parents had emigrated to the West. She had received her education in this same little school-house, attended divine service there also—as the place boasted no church edifice—and her only knowledge of the world beyond was obtained by a yearly visit to the city, fifty miles distant, where the family supplies were purchased, and from a few books and newspapers. Now she was very tired of it all—tired of her dull past, her dull present, her doubtless dull future. Even the thought of her fond, true lover, Jack Kellogg, who was building the house where she was to reign mistress, annoyed her to-day. How poor and monotonous life stretched before her. How much better to perform some one grand act and die, than to live on to old age in this dreary fashion. It was a very romantic girl who stood there in the little school-room dreaming her discontented dreams, you see.

Suddenly she saw by the noon mark that it was time to call in her scholars.

She had no bell—for this was in the early days of Wisconsin history, before the railroads had spread their great iron spider webs all over the state, and Jennie's school was conducted on a very primitive plan. She took the great ruler, with which she inflicted punishment on the palms of unruly boys, and rapped loudly on the window. Then she sat down and waited for the pupils to come trooping in; not with the regulation and order which governs school-rooms in these days, but helter, skelter, lurry, skurry, laughing, pushing each other and playing "tag" to their very benches.

"O, teacher, the creek is getting awful high," said Tommy Smith, as he plunged into his seat. And Jennie did not correct him for the improper use of "awful," which proved to be more appropriate in this case than teacher or pupil supposed.

"I suppose the snows are all melting and running into it," she answered, absently, as she took her place at her desk, and by another tap of the ruler indicated that the afternoon session of school was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room to see that no pupils were missing.

"Where is Tod Brown," she asked, "I do not see him here?"

Tod was the smallest child in the school; a little boy scarcely five years old, who was placed in her charge not so much to learn his primer, as to keep him out of his mother's way. She was burdened with two smaller than he beside a babe in the cradle.

"I left Tod down by the creek," answered Tommy Smith, "playing" throw pebbles into the water. I told him school was called."

"You should have brought him along, Tod is only a child," Jennie said reprovingly. "But go and bring him now; and hurry, for your lesson in arithmetic comes directly."

Tommy came back in a brief space of time, white and frightened.

"Tod is stannin' on a stone and cryin', and the water's all 'round him," he said, "I couldn't get near him at all."

The whole school rose en masse, and Jennie at the head of the small army led on to the rescue of Tod.

Yes, there he stood on a stone which a little time before had been on the shore, but now, alas! was in the midst of the rapidly swelling stream, beyond the reach of anyone in that little group.

"Mamma! mamma!" he called in piteous tones. "Come and take Tod. Tod is 'frail. Come, mamma, come!"

Jennie looked over her little flock of pupils who crowded about her. Not one of them was large enough to wade out and rescue Tod. The only boy in her school who might safely have attempted this, had remained at home that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every moment. What was to be done, must be done quickly, or the angry waves would seize poor little Tod, and sweep him away down the swelling stream.

"John," cried Jennie, speaking to the largest boy in the flock, "you stand here on the bank, while I wade out to Tod. I shall want you to take him from my arms as soon as I have him safe. Some of the larger girls must hold fast to your coat, so that you do not fall into the stream."

Then Jennie drew her skirts close about her slight figure and plunged bravely into the cold waters, sinking almost to her waist at the first step.

Slowly, slowly, she made her way toward the crying child, the waves rushing up higher over his feet every moment.

The little flock on the shore huddled together like frightened lambs, watching their teacher with wide, distended eyes, and sobbing out their fear and terror, as she slowly forced her way against the waves.

Another effort, another plunge, and she had him in her arms. Then she tried to make her way back to shore, but the waters were growing more furious every moment, as if angered at the loss of their prey. They almost swept her from her feet—they dashed above her shoulder, and her little burden screamed and struggled with terror, making her task twofold more difficult.

"Just another step, teacher, and I'll catch hold of him," cried John from the shore, reaching out almost his whole length over the waters, while two sobbing girls held fast to the skirts of his coat.

It was an exciting scene, a wild moment of suspense. Jennie's face was white as chalked marble; her long, black hair had fallen from its fastenings and floated back over the billows like a dark mantle; her eyes were large with fear, her mouth drawn with pain, and her slender form swayed as if her strength were well nigh exhausted.

With one last mighty effort she laid her burden in John's outstretched arms. Tod was saved!

A wild shout of joy and triumph rose from the excited band on shore, and

they flocked about the prostrate form of the almost inanimate child.

Just then a great wave swept down upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet just as she was about to grasp the shore and bore her rapidly down the stream like a light piece of drift-wood.

As she was whirled away the whole events of her past life rose before her that life which only an hour before had seemed so poor, and mean, and dull to her. Ah, now how precious and bright—and beautiful it became! She remembered her rash wish, that she might be given some one heroic act to perform—and then die. That act had been granted her almost instantly, and she had performed it heroically. But now must she carry out the remainder of her thought, and die! Oh, death was so dark—so cold; the unknown seemed so terrible; she was so young, and life was so sweet!

She thought of Jack, her lover, and the half-completed house. Life with him there, that an hour before had seemed a dreary, monotonous waste, now shone upon her like the departing shores of some lost paradise. Oh, to see his dear eyes smiling fondly upon her, once more to hear his voice, life, youth, love, how precious they all were!

Then all grew blank. "Jack, Jack, I am so cold! O, God! save me—pity—forgive," she cried, and then sank away into unconsciousness.

Two miles below the school-house they found her tossed on shore with a mass of drift-wood. Quite dead they pronounced her at first, and the old village doctor confirmed the assertion.

But Jack Kellogg would not listen to any of them. "She is not dead," he cried. "How dare you tell me such a cruel thing. She is alive, and will look up and smile in my face before the day passes."

They shook their heads and thought the poor boy had gone mad, as he set to work over her. But they all lent a helping hand, and every restorative known to them was applied to the pallid figure of the young girl.

It was hours before they saw any signs of returning life. Then she drew a deep, quivering sigh, opened her eyes, and smiled, even as Jack had said she would, into his loving face bent anxiously above her.

"Is this heaven?" she asked in a whisper. "I thought I died!"

"You went out clear to the very threshold of death," Jack answered as he clasped her in his arms, "but love was strong enough to bring you back dear."—Ella Wheeler.

Potatoes in their Jackets.

W. Mattie Williams, in Popular Science Monthly, says: I must here throw myself into the great controversy of jackets or no jackets. Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets, and will state my reasons. From 55 to 59 per cent of the above-stated saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of blood—so important that in Norway where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and, according to Lang and other good authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food.

Potash salts are freely soluble in water, and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filtering and adding the usual potato test, platinum chloride.

It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin only occurs at quite the latter stage of the cooking. The greatest practical authorities on the potato, Irishmen, appear to be unanimous. I do not remember to have seen a prepeeled potato in Ireland. I find that I can at once detect by the difference of flavor whether a potato has been boiled with or without its jacket, and this difference is evidently saline.

Levity with Letters.

Greatly in demand—the letter D. Always in debt and disgrace—the letter E.

Never out of office—the letter I. Always first and last in the river—the letter R.

Frequently late—U, for it frequently comes after T.

Good for naught—the letter O. Always in use—the letter C.

The most welcome letter of all—the one with an X in it.

Always away from home—U and I. Forever in bed—E.

Always cross—X.

Always in drink, but never intoxicated—K.—Chicago Sun.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Foolish Little Man.

There is a little man Who might be very wise, If half the time he spent tears Were not in his little eyes. There is a little man Who might be very strong, If half the time he did not fret. Let things, were going wrong. There is a little man Who might be very bright, If half the time he did not fret. The sun shone on his cap. —M. E. Stone, in Young People.

A Queer That Idea.

It had rained many days and nights. The little brook had become broad creeks. The creeks had turned into rivers. And the river! nobody could tell what that would be. But everybody was very much afraid it would overflow its banks.

Every day Martha looked out from the window in the wood-house chapter, and saw the river rising—rising. "It is coming—the water is surely coming some day," she said.

"It will be here to-night," said Fritz one day; and he sent his cattle and sheep to the high lands, and got a boat and fastened it to a tree in the yard.

"Now," said he to Martha and little Maggie, "you can go to bed and I will watch. If the water comes, we will take to the boat."

Fritz was tired and fell asleep (toward morning). He was awakened by a thump—thump against the house. He opened the door; the water had come. It was washing over the porch. The boat was about and beating against the house. He woke Martha and Maggie, and they got into the boat as quickly as they could, with a basket of food and some clothes. Then Fritz took the oars and rowed off over the tops of the hills and hollyhocks.

When the sun came up they were floating over a wheat field. They opened their basket and ate breakfast. A big hawk flew by, and a little brown bird perched upon it. He flew to Maggie's shoulder and she fed him with crumbs. Many hearts full of people were in sight. But here comes something that isn't a boat.

It was a raft of earth, with three strange fellow travelers—a wolf, a fox and a rabbit.

"I should think the rabbit would be afraid the wolf would eat him," said Maggie.

"The wolf won't hurt him," replied Fritz. "He is too much afraid himself. Fear makes wild beasts tame."

They rowed to the high lands, and there they staid until the waters went down, and they could go back to their homes.—Little School-Woman.

A Pet Seal.

Tame seals are frequently met with in Shetland. On one occasion, my terrier, Grip, was the cause of a sad condition in a drawing-room; by nibbling at the dipper of a tannin seal which he had covered up in a dark corner. Finding her paddles interfered with, Phoebe rushed upon the offender, who first took refuge under my chair, and then fled from the apartment, when Phoebe scented at once back to her corner. The label took me to the beach where I saw the seal take her bath. She is a P. barbata, or great seal, and was captured by a cottager, a tenant of the laird's, who found her on the beach of a retreat. The young of the great seal do not take to the water until several weeks after their birth, and are therefore easily captured if discovered. Their hiding-places are always well chosen. The specimen just mentioned is found on the rocky beach of a little creek walled in by cliffs and otherwise secured from observation by masses of rock. The vigilant female was seen on shore, and after a long, astonished stare at the two men who were engaged in tying the dipper of the baby, she plunged into the water to fetch her mate. Both were soon on the spot, wailing and howling while the dippers of the young one were being tied. They swam after the boat in which it was placed and might have easily been shot. The young seal became a great pet. After refusing food for several days, he made a meal of milk, and then another of fish. He was led daily to the sea with a rope attached to a dipper. One day the rope slipped off and he found himself free, with the trackless ocean all before him, and the companionship of his kind no doubt within a mile. He immediately began to dive and tumble, and continued doing so until the coaxing voice of his keeper brought him rushing up to the beach, when he first lay down at his friend's feet, and then followed him home like a dog. He was a most affectionate creature, and when this same friend left him for a few days, he refused his food and pined until his return, giving him a most demonstrative welcome on his arrival. His end was an untimely one. At eleven months old, suffering from indigestion, he refused food for twenty-eight days, when he died of exhaustion.

A PECULIAR SHARPER.

A Man Who Makes a Living Out of Breaking His Leg.

Of all the means of gaining a livelihood in the world, says the Kansas City Star, that of an individual who was in the city a day or two ago is probably entitled to the champagne. The name he was last known to fame as traveling under was John L. Wells, and he attracted the attention of a Star reporter, who knew his peculiar history. Wells is a professional cripple, not of the variety who wear a placard and hold a hat in their laps at corners, but a more enterprising person altogether, who makes a good living blood-sucking corporations and cities. He first attracted attention in Detroit, Mich., where a number of years ago he brought suit against a local railroad for damages sustained in being ejected from the train, resulting, he claimed, in the breaking of his leg. The case seemed to be all straight, and the company, compromised for \$2000 rather than stand the expense of a lawsuit. Some time afterward he fell on a bad spot on an Indianapolis (Ind.) pavement, again breaking his leg, and the city compromised for a respectable consideration rather than stand a suit which seemed certain to go against them. In 1871 he came to Louisville, Col., fell down, broke the much-suffering leg, and sued the city. Some weeks ago his crookedness had reached the height of his career, and the city, objecting to look up the man's record. Their investigations showed that he had, in different parts of the country, broken his leg about twelve different times, dislocated his hip eight times, and hurt his spine twice, for all of which he received valuable considerations. However, there was nothing besides this to invalidate his claim, and they gave him \$200 to withdraw it.

Leaving Louisville he went to Columbus Springs, Ga., where he promptly suited up a defective suit on one of the pavements, and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee. His fame, however, had preceded him, and a vigilance committee had interviewed him, upon the matter and insisted upon his withdrawal. They were very impressive than the demands of Koran readers.

The Beaver's House.

One is usually disappointed with the first view of a beaver's house. Instead of the symmetrical, round, plastered dome we are led to expect from its popular accounts, the house is instead an irregular pile of sticks, mingled with rushes, grass, and last, not broad at the base as compared with the height, and of the same general order of architecture as the dam. Apparently devoid of system, it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic crow's nest turned upside down by the border of a pond or stream. And yet, though they are not plastered smoothly, and the interior exhibits but rough walls, merely evened by cutting close the twigs that project through the building (the whole affair apparently conceived and put together in a better-kelter fashion, they are very compact, exhibiting both solidity and firmness, and are well adapted to warmth and protection. Each dwelling consists of but one apartment, and this opens by a short incline beneath the surface of the water into a channel dredged to sufficient depth to avoid being blocked by ice in winter. It is easy to determine whether a dwelling is in present occupation by the appearance of the trails over which the beaver drags his supplies from the woods; by the freshly-peeled sticks, the bark of which has served for fuel, and which are invariably heaped upon the house itself; and in winter by the melting snow on the roof caused by the exhalations from the occupants.—Popular Science Monthly.

No Need to Drown.

"I always dread the return of the season when sea bathing is indulged in," said a gentleman. "My family have had several narrow escapes, and still they have a perfect mania for the water."

"Why, there is no need to be afraid," answered his friend, "if you but retain your presence of mind. When you and your wife in deep water you will sink at first, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again. On reaching it immediately draw a full breath and throw your head back. This will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is the most critical moment for those who do not know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, and the palms of your hands downward, and begin gently paddling in the water with the movement of the wrist only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms, your head or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so and not to struggle about, you will never sink, so long as you keep paddling gently without exertion. So you may stay on until you are picked up, or until you are numbed by the cold."—New York Sun.

Turkish Traits.

Coffee drinking is a grave matter with a Mohammedan, and he takes his pleasure sally, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle from Constantinople. He will sit for hours without speaking a word, and in general, it is easier to get a Missionary down off of a fence than to wake a Turk on such occasions of conversation. A dog fight, perhaps, will fetch him quicker than any thing else. But he is subject to such sad fits, and immediate relapses that the dogs are losing interest, and will not fight without personal provocation. They are a blessing to the Turks, these dogs. They are not only useful to them as scavengers for their cities, but afford them their greatest amusement, and supply by their presence, a constant object for religious veneration, for they do venerate them. If a Mohammedan gets very drunk and wants to run amuck, and is afraid to go out and kill a man for fear of the after-consequences, when he gets to feeling real nice and murderous he takes his knife and sticks it recklessly into the first dog he meets.

The Same Old Story.

Some fishermen with their fishing weaves the reel, he'llly turned the leaves. And so it happened that their hands Traced lines and then upon the sands.

Her shawl was fluttered by the breeze, And both eyed the fish to size, And so it happened that their hands Traced lines upon the sands.

She did not mean it should be so, But she forgot to let her go; And she forgot to claim her hand, And then she sat upon the sand.

The hook was closed, the shawl blew wide And as they sat there side by side They both moved to fasten hands And walk toward their life's sands.

Some words passed by, and both again Were waded by the shining main. And so it happened that their hands Traced lines upon the sands.

HUMOROUS.

Croquet is a for lawn game. The Italian does not wear a feather head-dress to keep his wig warm.

"Beauty is kin-deep," remarked the old bean as he kissed his pretty cousin.

Although Rome had eight circuses, neither of them had a celebrated acrobatic clown.

What sort of a little girl will she be after you are married as a life? A little couple of angels.

"One small leg is another," sings an Ohio poet. Yes, that is the great curse of this kind of an American habit of "tooting."

A parent has been granted in Washington for a "shot" post. The only wonder is that somebody has not got a parent on the line.

Washington has 72,000 trees along its streets. For a city named in honor of a man celebrated for cutting trees down, this is a good showing.

A herd of Italian brigands captured a child recently and held him for thirty days. Any American brigand can do that, and hold him longer.

It takes 1,000,000 tons of potatoes to last Great Britain a year. It is time for some enterprising Bostonian to introduce the potato in the British Isles.

Little Jack—"Let's play we is married." Little Nell—"No, I won't. It ain't right." Little Jack—"Why ain't it?" Little Nell—"Cause mamma said we wasn't quarred."

A little girl, trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could fill in singing, said: "Oh, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle—she does it so sweetly."

A really-made rejoinder: He—"You made a fool of me when I married you, ma'am." She—"Lord, you always told me you were a self-made man!"

Housewifery—Butcher: "For dinner? Yes, ma'am. Nice quarter of mutton, ma'am." Mrs. Turtledove (a side of two weeks): "Oh, but there are only two of us. Don't you think an eighth would do as well?"

And the mother: "No family jewels—none!"

Somebody: "No family jewels—none!"

And the mother: "No family jewels—none!"