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Rest.

Rest is not getting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without stain
Flowing to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best,
'Er evening, merrily,
And this is true rest.

—Globe.

The Captain's Umbrella.

Captain Fortescue danced for the best part of one happy evening with the prettiest girl of the season. And the gallant captain felt desperately in love with her. He went home in the bright mistiness of an early summer morning in a high fever of excitement, for he believed that Miss Braecgridle viewed him with considerable favor.

The next afternoon he went to call on her. She seemed to him even more beautiful in the daylight and a simple dress; he became momentarily more and more in love. And now he fancied that not only Miss Braecgridle, but her mother, regarded him with kindly eyes. In that case he had but to go in and win. He resolved so to do, and left the house so full of his passion and his thoughts that he forgot his umbrella! This was no unusual circumstance, Captain Fortescue was given to forgetting his umbrella, and leaving it in a hansom cab or any other convenient place. Thus it happened that this which he had now left was the only one he possessed. The next day he knew Miss Braecgridle was going to an afternoon fete at the Botanical Gardens. He intended to meet her there. But it was showery, thunderous weather, and he felt that to visit the Botanical Gardens without an umbrella would be dangerous and difficult. Besides, an umbrella is so admirably useful during the progress of a love affair.

He had learned by accident that the Braecgridles were going out shopping in the morning. He determined, therefore, to call and ask the housemaid to give him his umbrella. This seemed exceedingly simple, but luck was against Captain Fortescue. The maid who admitted him on the day before had this very morning departed in a four-wheeled cab with two boxes on the top of it, her "mumb" being "pup." A new maid had taken her place—one of a less smiling disposition than the last.

"I called here yesterday afternoon," said the captain, "and left my umbrella, will you let me have it?"
"Something in the sternness of the eyes which were upon him made him falter before he had said the last word of his request; it suddenly occurred to him that he might find it a little difficult to prove that the umbrella in question was indeed his own.

"No, thank you," said the maid. "I've had enough of that at my last place. I'm not going to get into trouble here. Better take to an honest trade, young man." With which piece of advice she shut the door in Captain Fortescue's face, leaving the officer astonished, speechless and crest-fallen. He went straightway and bought a new umbrella. Armed with this, and admirably attired in other respects, he went to the Botanical Gardens, where he met Miss Braecgridle, who seemed more beautiful, more charming and more graceful than ever.

As soon as seemed at all decent he called again, feeling very contented with himself and his fate. But when he asked whether Mrs. Braecgridle was at home and the stern maid eyed him for a silent awful instant, his spirits fell strangely.

"She is not," said the maid, and shut the door with an abruptness that gave him a singularly desolate feeling. When, about an hour later, the ladies came in and the maid brought them some tea, she said to Mrs. Braecgridle: "If you please, ma'am, that young man has been here again who came one day with the umbrella. He asked if you were at home—of course he knew you were not—and I suppose he had some plan for getting into the house, but I shut the door in his face and could not listen."

"That's right, Eliza," said Mrs. Braecgridle, "never give them a chance to get inside the hall. There's been too much of that stealing of coats and umbrellas in this neighborhood; it never would happen with a sensible housemaid. Master Harry leaves his things hanging in the hall, so that it would be quite easy to carry off a coat or umbrella, if you left the man there alone only for a minute. If he is so impudent as to come again, the moment you see who it is shut the door."

The next afternoon was Mrs. Braecgridle's "day at home." Captain Fortescue had not intended to go there; he wanted the lovely Miss Braecgridle to himself, not surrounded by a crowd of admirers. But as he had not been able to see her the day before, he determined

to brave the crowd, and be content if he got but one smile all his own. And so he presented himself once more at Mrs. Braecgridle's door, this time knowing her to be within. But when it was opened and he confidently framed the phrase, not as a query, but an assertion, "Mrs. Braecgridle at home?" and proposed immediately to enter, the maid said shortly, "No, she is not," and quickly shut the door upon him.

No words can describe his feelings. He stared blankly at the handmaid's door, well shut and firm, that suddenly had closed upon him and separated him from his love. What could this awful thing mean? Had Mrs. Braecgridle heard something—false, of course, and uttered by some other base admirer of her daughter—which had made her take this cruel step? It was impossible to guess. It was impossible to knock again and ask; it was ridiculous to stand staring at the door. He turned to descend the steps and walked down the street.

Before he had gone half way he met a hated rival, a very fine fellow, whom he had only begun to hate in the last three or four days, since he had noticed that Miss Braecgridle sometimes gave him very charming and encouraging glances. Captain Fortescue walked on slowly and listened for the confident pat-tat-tat of his rival. He heard it, listened and looked back. The door opened and the visitor instantly admitted.

The unhappy man who had been turned away from that same entrance, sighed heavily and went away down the sunny street, hanging his head. He told himself that it would be only a fool or a maniac who could pretend to misunderstand so plain a refusal as this. Perhaps it was meant kindly, he thought, and groaned at the thought. Miss Braecgridle was no coquette, and did not care to have men offer her their love when she had no intention of accepting it. He was so desperately enamored of her that he busied himself in trying to see this cruel cut as a kind deed. His hopes were gone, but he could not bear so suddenly to lose his love. He determined he would not worry her by his unwelcome presence, where she could not easily avoid him, nor permit himself to be laughed at by his successful rival. So he excused himself from certain engagements at houses where he knew he should meet her. He gave up dancing and took to cards instead.

"Mamma," said Miss Braecgridle one day, "doesn't it seem odd that for three weeks Capt. Fortescue has not called?"
"Does," said Mrs. Braecgridle; and yet, when I come to think of it, we have not met him out anywhere, either. He must be ill, or more likely he has gone out of town. He will call when he comes back."

This she said, noting that her daughter looked a little pale and out of sorts. But, secretly, she was uneasy herself. Capt. Fortescue had shown signs of being so hot a wooer that it seemed very improbable he would leave town without a word to them. At the next opportunity she quietly made some inquiries about him, and learned that Capt. Fortescue was neither ill nor out of town. This was bad news, indeed; for Mrs. Braecgridle knew perfectly well that her daughter's heart was seriously to-be-had; and, as Capt. Fortescue was perfectly "eligible," all had promised fairly. Now that fair promise was destroyed. There was nothing to be done, except try, by other distractions, to erase the impression which Captain Fortescue had made. Mrs. Braecgridle devoted herself to her daughter more tenderly than ever, and the girl understood her.

Amid all the gaiety and the many engagements which came with every day there was a melancholy about the house which had never been there before. It was impossible for them to banish it altogether. Even Master Harry, a cheerful youth of 14, became aware of it at last, and declared his sister was not "half as jolly as she used to be." One day when his mother and sister were taking a quiet half hour before dressing for dinner, he came into the room carrying an umbrella.

"I say, mother, this umbrella's been in the stand for a month. The fellow it belonged to has forgotten all about it. I expect; don't you think I might have it?"

"Isn't it yours?" said Mrs. Braecgridle. "I gave you a silver-handled one last year."

"Oh, I lost that long ago," replied the youth coolly, "and I may as well have this instead. It's like mine, but ever so much more awfully. There's a name engraved on it; but I could have that scratched out."

"Let me see the name," said Mrs. Braecgridle. She took it and read "Fortescue."

An odd look came over her face. She said nothing for a moment, but seemed plunged in thought; then she rose and went down stairs to the dining room. She rang the bell, and the stern-eyed maid appeared.

"Eliza," she said, "can you remember the appearance of that young man who came one day and asked for an umbrella? He came twice, I think you said, and asked for me the second time. Will you describe him if you can?"

"He was quite a gentleman to look at, ma'am," said Eliza; "but this sort mostly are. Tall and broad-shouldered, and military looking, with blue eyes, very short fair hair, and a long, heavy, fair moustache."

"That will do, Eliza," said Mrs. Braecgridle, "you can go."

As soon as Eliza had left the room, Mrs. Braecgridle sat down and wrote a note. Then she tore it up and wrote another, which was merely an informal invitation to lunch the next day.

Then she called Harry down to her. "Harry," she said, "I want you to go to Captain Fortescue's rooms, and take this note and the umbrella. See him if you possibly can, and try to explain about this unhappy umbrella and that wretched, stupid Eliza."

Harry put on his best manners, accomplished his task well, though he felt much aggrieved at having to give up the umbrella. Captain Fortescue came to lunch, and this time Eliza admitted him, and blushed as she did so.—London World.

The Seal Life of the Alaska Waters. Prof. Elliott tells us that the fur seals which repair to the islands of St. Paul and St. George, of the Pribyloff group, are in numbers almost fabulous. They go to land to shed fur and hair and to breed. The seal life of that region is classified under the head of fur-seal, sea-lion, the hair-seal, and the walrus. Of the true fur-seal, the professor goes so far as to say that there is no other animal known to man superior to this from a purely physical point of view, and few creatures exhibit so high an order of instinct, approaching even to intelligence. A male in his prime at six or seven years, measures 61-2 to 71-2 feet in length, and weighs at least 100 pounds, some reaching 600 pounds. The comparatively small head is almost all occupied by the brain; the large bluish hazel eyes, alternately born with a sanguine, passionate light, then suddenly change to the tones of tenderness and good nature. When it seeks the land it is in its fattest condition. In from six weeks to three months the superfluous fat is consumed by self-absorption, and the bones show under the shrunken skin. It does not seek the place of its birth, but aims for land without regard for special location. The seal weathers is the "foggy, humid, cozy damp of summer," and about the first of June the males select their positions, after the most extraordinarily brutal contests which man can witness. The females arrive a few weeks later. The body is covered with two coats, the short, crisp overhair concealing the soft, elastic fur. In contrast with that of the males the behavior of the females is described as "exceeding peace and docile amiability." The females are four to four and a half feet long, and more shapely than the males. They do not have protracted fasts like the males, and have no great masses of blubber to sustain fasting. Soon after they give birth they leave their young on the ground and go to sea for food, returning perhaps next, or not for several days, in the meantime sleeping to distant fishing banks to satiate their hunger. The head and eyes are exceedingly beautiful; the expression is really attractive, gentle, and intelligent. The large, lustrous, blue-black eyes are luminous and soft, with the tenderest expression, while the small, well-formed head is poised as gracefully on her neck as can well be imagined. She is the very picture of benignity and satisfaction when she is perched upon some convenient rock and has an opportunity to quietly fan herself, the eyes half-closed, and the head thrown back on her gently-swelling shoulders. Prof. Elliott declares that he never saw any driving of the young pups into the water by the old ones, in order to teach them to swim, as certain authorities have positively affirmed. The pups blunder into the water awkwardly, and become the most expert swimmers only after many discomfures.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The laws of Rhode Island require that a naturalized citizen, in addition to the qualifications required of natives, shall own real estate above in value of the value of \$174.

LOOKS AT FAMILY FACES.

What a Humorous Saw in a Photograph Album.

How He Foundered after Wading through Twenty-nine of its Pages.

Oh, yes, I said, I always enjoyed looking at photographs. Photographs and autographs I just doted on. I had, myself, a large collection of the autographs of eminent tradesmen, mostly local, to which I was daily adding, paydally, that was, expansive fondle. She was a serious sort of a woman, Mrs. Squar-top, and never smiled at my feeble joke as she handed me the album to look over into her husband's name in the field. I had just engaged summer board.

I am a man accustomed to family photographs. You can't fool me on them. I have sat up with them from Halifax to Denver and I know them by name and sight. Pa and ma, and that's grandpa and that's grandma and here's Uncle George and this is an aunt of pa's, she's very wealthy and has no children and pa is her favorite nephew; and this is a young lady I went to school with and this is brother Henry and this is cousin Sue and this is Aunt Hattie's baby and this is a young man Henry went to school with, and—do you know who this is? Ah, you, now I won't listen to another word, it ain't a bit like me anyhow, it's horrid, and this is pa's clerk and this is—oh, he—a young man—no, I won't tell you his name, he lives in Kikapoo, and this is—oh, my son, you can't strand me on photographs, I know just where the family ends and the strangers lie in.

So I praised everybody's ugly, flat, expressionless, staring, stupid mug in Mrs. Squar-top's album, and I bit everything all right on the first and second quarter, and was coming along splendidly, and drew upon the strangers just about in sight of the distance pole, and I usually feel a little tired then, and rest myself on the strangers.

"And who," I said, airily, "is the plaid old female who had her face ironed out while it was soft?"

"That was Mr. Squar-top's mother," Mrs. Squar-top said, half smiling, and I felt elated, evidently the old lady was not so plain as she looked.

"And old 'fore taking,'" I said, "this forlorn old ghost just disappearing into his shady collar?"

That was Mr. Squar-top's great uncle, a grand old man, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. That is, he would have signed it, she explained, only the signing committee got all the signatures they wanted just before they got to him. I had struck a snag, but not a bad one. The uncle was out of place, anyhow. He ought to be run down. I laughed and said:

"This old boy who has just been blown up in a powder mill—did his friends know that he contemplated this photograph?"

That was her father's cousin who was very dear to her. It has always been very dear to her, I judge, an excellent picture. She said it again, and left out the good and placed the emphasis on plain, unadorned judges. So below I wished she wouldn't.

I next found a "pirate stricken with remorse," which proved to be her half-brother, whom she loved more dearly than any of her own brothers, and then I tried to even up by praising the angelic face on the opposite page. Ah, there was a face for a man to love! There was a countenance to shine in a man's home and his heart like sunlight—ah!

It was Mr. Squar-top's first wife. Then I went at it again and tried to check the falling thermometer by saying that the moustache with the curly hair would look less like an ass if he had simply had his hat photographed, as that was evidently what he had borrowed that silk tie for, but as the moustache was Mrs. Squar-top's dearest cousin, it was a failure, and I set down for a final effort on "the squab with the snub nose," and wondered if he had as many brains as he had buttons and trolleys, adding that it was marvelous how awfully black red hair always took in a photograph. It was Mrs. Squar-top's eldest son, now at West Point, and I was greatly relieved by the opportune entrance of Mr. Squar-top, Sr., at that moment. He bowed and I waited for an introduction. I got it.

"This was Mr.—ah—" she said. "Featherly," I said, bowing. "Leatherhead," she accepted sweetly, "he came to look at the two rooms in the south wing, but I think they will hardly suit him. They are scarcely airy enough. I didn't want them to think I was running away or was frightened, and so I sauntered down the road after I said good-by, with slow motions, but taking awful strides. So I wasn't five

hundred yards down the road before Mr. Squar-top emerged over the orchard fence, calling on me to stop a minute. He might as well have asked me to stop a whole week. A man clad in the habiliments of the plowboy is not arrayed for a foot race, and before I was quite across the county line he had given up the chase.

I still retain unimpaired my excellent voice for photograph albums, but I have no patience with people who scatter their relatives all the way through them. What shall it profit a visitor if he wades safely and gracefully through twenty-nine pages, and then founder in a hundred and thirty fathoms on a first cousin or an only son?—Buckley.

Some Mexican Superstitions.

Not long ago, in one of the frontier towns of Mexico, a man shot a defenseless old woman in the street in broad daylight. He was captured with his carbine in his hand and when examined before the magistrate gave as a reason for his crime that the murdered woman had been called upon to nurse his brother, who was sick, and had, by working charms upon him, caused his death. The firm belief in phantoms is tolerable advantage of evil disposed persons who, disguised as women, glide about the suburbs secured from molestation by any passers-by. These phantom hunt graveyards, and grown men will gravely tell you of "phantoms," as they call them, seen at or near the spot where men have been murdered. These generally bear the form of men lying dead, weltering in their blood. Those that recount you these tales affect not to believe in the existence of spirits, but one can see that although like Mue de Stael, not believing in ghosts, they are afraid of them all the same.

At Pueblo a man went before one of the judges and asked protection from a disagreeable sweetheart, who, he declared, had made an image the exact representation of him, and which was carefully dressed in clothes like those he wore, and that she stuck pins in the arms and legs of this puppet, which act caused him the most awful tortures, fearful pain shooting through the portions of his body corresponding to those in which the pins were stuck on the puppet. He had dragged to court the woman, and actually bore the puppet in his arms as proof of what he said. He proposed to destroy this uncomfortable phantasmagoria of himself, and only asked that the judge would prevent the woman from making another one.

The superstitions, of course, give rise to a considerable traffic in charms in which may be found a curious intermixture in religious belief. A thief, for instance, will carry as a charm against detection some curious verses addressed to the patron saint of his guild. Love powders and potions are often used, and sordid old men and women yeaped "curanderos" make a living as doctors, practicing a curious medicine and necromancy. It is not so long ago, in an interior city, that one of the old women snatched herself and patient, a tax collector of some intelligence, to death in an improvised Russian bath, in which she raised a mephitic vapor of certain herbs for the purpose of driving out a witch that inhabited the body of her patient. The fact that she herself perished shows that she believed in ghosts and thought that she could conquer them. Before entering the bath she told her attendant to pay no attention to any cries from within, as the witch would probably make a great disturbance before allowing herself to be dislodged.

Tattooed by Lightning.

Four children of George Aston of Bells, Texas, says the Fort Worth Globe, while playing in front of their father's house, were severely shocked by a bolt of lightning that struck the earth near where they were playing. The youngest, a babe, was scorched about the hair and eyebrows and rendered unconscious for half an hour or more. On stripping the child to use water for restoration they found its breast and body beautifully tattooed with pink marks in the shape of leaves and vines that in their delicate traceries far exceeded the most dexterous work of art. The largest of the four, a boy about nine years old, had his legs paralyzed, so that it was several hours before he could walk, and not then before strong stimulating applications had been used to restore circulation. His ankles were found to be bedded around with broad red marks, apparently like the skin had been scalded. The other two children had no visible marks, but were badly shocked and nearly scared to death.

Vermont makes more cheese than any other State in the Union.

THE LONDON DETECTIVES

Certain Peculiarities which They Almost All Show.

The Successful Sergeant Unwieldy Allowed to Join the Service.

A writer for a London paper says: I am personally acquainted with several of the leading London detectives. I know many more of them by sight, and as I trundle around London I frequently "spot" a detective as I have often proved, with unerring certainty. No matter how these men are dressed, whether they wear full waders or are clean shaven, I only want to see them walk a block to be satisfied of their calling. There is a certain posture of the body, a certain measured tread, which, to the practiced eye, reveals the English detective under any disguise he may assume. This all comes about through the men having for years acted as patrolmen, for a patrolman who has been on duty for a few years acquires a deportment which he unconsciously retains to the last day of his life. Of course, there are a few notable exceptions to the rule.

Inspector Chamberlain, one of the cleverest third-palers in London, is a quiet, unassuming fellow of medium height, with nothing particular about him to attract attention, but he has before now, married, captured desperate men who have not hesitated to empty a few barrels of a revolver in his direction. Ex-Sergeant Hanu, who was allowed to leave the police, very unwisely, as I think, his completion of fifteen years' service, will not be offended at me when I say that he looks like an overfed huckle, all fresh from the plow's tail. This officer during his period of service in the police was a perfect terror to the burglar fraternity. Again and again he was complimented by the magistrates and offered rewards by the judges. He knew every notorious crook in London, and I believe I am correct in stating that during the fifteen years he served on the police he brought more offenders to justice than any other officer who ever known to do during a like period of service. Notwithstanding this, when his term of service expired, no material reward was offered him, and he retired, in the force, consequently in the prime of life he retired with his handsome pension of \$5 a week. He has since organized a special staff of detectives of his own, and is now responsible for the maintenance of order and the expulsion of thieves and other unwelcome members of the predatory class a many of the face meetings throughout the country.

It will be remembered that a few years ago four of the leading detectives attached to Scotland Yard were tried for complicity in the great tart grapple. One of them, Chief Inspector Clarke, a wily old gentleman of benevolent mien, who was instrumental in working up the case against the champions of the Tichborne estates, was acquitted, but the other three, with popular feeling running high against them, were convicted on the evidence of convicts, who in buildingly came into court and denouncing their wretched confederates. Dresson vitch, a finished linguist and an able officer, who previous to this one lapse had been one of the most valued officers of the force, lived to complete his sentence of two years' imprisonment, but died soon after, as report has it, of a broken heart. Another, who, many thought, was harshly dealt with by the court, is today the prosperous proprietor of a large suburban hotel. The third, since his release from prison, has conducted a private inquiry agency, I report has it, that he enjoys a fair amount of patronage from the public. With the exception of the cases I have quoted, no officer of any standing in the detective police force has, as far as I am aware, laid himself open to the accusation of proving unfaithful to the confidence reposed in him by the executive of the detective department.

The Orange Tree.

The orange tree is the longest lived fruit tree known. It is reported to have attained the age of three hundred years, and it is known to have borne fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit tree will grow and produce fruit so well under rough treatment. It commences to bear the third or fourth year after budding, and by the fifth year it will produce a abundant crop, but its yield will increase gradually until it reaches its maximum, and as the years pass on it will become a very productive tree. The early growth of the orange is quite rapid, and by the tenth year it will have increased more than in the next fifty years, so far as its growth and fruiting are concerned, but its age multiplies its fruit stems greatly, and an old tree will sometimes bear several thousand oranges.

"Little Brown Hands."

The "Little Brown Hands" from the plantation.

When you see a "Little Brown Hand" in the street.

It is a "Little Brown Hand" from the plantation.

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