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The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JULY 23, 1885.

NO. 46.

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

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Three Lovers.
There were three maidens who loved a King;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die
For him for a day he might love me!"

The Mysterious Hand.
Do not think for a moment that I
could ever have seen anything super-
human in the occurrence. I do not
believe in any but normal causes.

I was examining magistrates at the
time at Ajaccio, a little white city lying
on the edge of a beautiful bay, which
is surrounded on all sides by high
mountains.

I learned one day that an English-
man had just leased for a number of
years a little villa at the foot of the
bay. He had brought with him a
French boy-servant, engaged at Mar-
seille as he passed.

I wished, in my capacity of examining
magistrate, to obtain some definite
information in regard to this man, but
I could learn nothing. He gave his
name as Sir John Rowell. I took satis-
faction in watching him near at hand,
but no one could point out to me
anything really suspicious about him.

He was a large man, with red hair
and beard, very tall and very robust, a
man of placid and polished features.
He had nothing of the so-called Brit-
ish stiffness, and he thanked me cordi-
ally, speaking with a strong English
accent, for my scrupulousness.

He received me with scrupulous
English courtesy, enquired of France
and Corsica, and declared that he was
warmly attached to that country and
to that particular portion of the coast.

"I have also been a great hunter of
men,"
Then he turned the conversation to
the topic of arms, and invited me to
the house to look at guns of different
kinds.

His drawing-room was hung with
black silk upholstered with gold. Large
yellow flowers, rioting over the dark
background, shone like fire. He
explained that it was a Japanese fab-
ric.

But in the middle of the largest
panel, a strange object drew my eye.
On a square of red velvet a black ob-
ject was thrown into relief. It was a
hand—a human hand. Not a skeleton
hand, white and clean, but a dried and
blackened hand, with yellow nails,
naked muscles, and traces of blood—
old, clotted blood, where the bones
were cut short off as if with the blow
of an ax, about midway up the fore-
arm.

An Oriental Hospital for Animals.
The Jains, like other Buddhists,
have a strong respect for all animal
life, not only that which is beautiful,
but that which is weak, helpless, and
even hideous.

As I entered Sir John's sitting room
I saw at the first glance his body
stretched out on his back in the middle
of the floor. His waistcoat was torn,
one torn sleeve of his coat was hang-
ing; all told that a terrible struggle
had taken place.

He had died of strangulation! His
terrible countenance, black and swollen,
seemed to express an abominable
fear; he held something between his
set teeth, and his neck, pierced in a
hundred spots, as if with iron points,
was covered with blood.

It was his habit to retire early at
night and to lock himself in with care.
He always had weapons within his
reach. He often talked very loud in
the night, as if quarrelling with some
body.

That night it chanced that he had
made no sound, and it was only on
coming to open the windows in the
morning that the servant had found
Sir John assassinated. He suspected
nobody.

I reported to the magistrates and
public officers all I knew about the
death, and a minute inquiry was pro-
secuted over the whole island. Nothing
was discovered.

Had I an explanation to suggest it
would but overthrow your wild imag-
inings, and would not be likely to find
acceptance with you. My belief is sim-
ply that the lawful owner of the hand
was living, and had come in search of
it with the one that remained to him.
But I have not been able to picture to
my satisfaction on the manner of his re-
venge. From the French.

General Custer's Pets.
Mrs. Custer, in "Boots and Saddles,"
says: "As the soldiers and offi-
cers knew the General's love of pets,
we had constant presents. Many of
them I would have gladly declined,
but, notwithstanding, a halibut, porcu-
pine, raccoon, prairie-dog, and wild
turkey all served their brief time as
members of our family. They were
comparatively harmless, and I had
only the inconvenience to encounter.

A Dollar's Worth.
The one mitigating circumstance
about hard times and low wages is the
increased purchasing power of a dollar.
The Boston Commercial Bulletin has
been figuring on the subject, and comes
to the conclusion that \$1 will buy as
much of the necessities of life to-day
as \$1.35 in 1875, \$1.32 in 1855, 94
cents in 1845, and \$1.16 in 1825.

Signs of Affection.
As a sign of affection, kissing was
unknown to the Australians, the New
Zealanders, the Papuans, the Exqui-
maux and other races. The Polynesians
and the Malays always sit down when
speaking to a superior. The inhabitants
of Mallicolo, an island in the Pacific
Ocean, show their admiration by hissing;
the Exqui-maux pull a persons nose as a compliment;
a Chinaman puts on his hat where
we should take it off, and among the
savage people a coffin is considered
as a neat and appropriate present for
an aged person, especially if the aged
person is in bad health.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Five Little White Heads.
Five little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
And they crowded their way through the soil
With pride.

Once Teddy went fishing,
Teddy's father went too, and his
mother and Uncle Butler and Aunt
Butler and Miss Wilkins.
Uncle Butler and Teddy's father
rowed along, and Teddy stood in the
stern of the boat, and trailed his line.

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HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK

India's Wonderful Temple-
Cave of Karli.

The temple-cave of Karli, says a
letter to the New York Independent,
is an illustration of the fearful lapse
of the ethnic faiths of Pagan India.
The monks of Albania and other regi-
ons between the Adriatic and the
Egean Sea, dug out many a cell in
the early days, and honey-combed vast
regions, where they spent their lives,
and were laid away when the long
monotony was over.

The Karli cave-temple is very differ-
ent in construction. It is by far the
finest in India. To reach it, you take
the train from Bombay, and go nearly
a hundred miles eastward, on the
general line to Calcutta. From
Khandala to the Karli cave temple we
had a ride of five miles on horseback.
It was not long before we were com-
pelled to leave the carriage road, and
take a path through the fields, toward
the range of mountains on our left,

The temple walls, and every part of
their adorning sculpture, are hewn
out of the stone mountain. Were
there no statuary of pagan deities, no
reminders of an early worship, and
were the country any other than In-
dia, one would take this wonderful
structure for a superb cathedral. Not
many serious changes would need to
be made in order to convert into an
English minister. The cave is 124
feet long, forty-five feet broad, and
forty-six feet from floor to ceiling.

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Home Life of the Anamese.

The Anamese are not shining exam-
ples of the domestic virtues, says a
Democratic Correspondent. Neither
have they in their intercourse with
one another that bland and self deny-
ing politeness which characterizes the
social relations of the Japanese in
such an eminent degree. Both men
and women will discount a London fish-
wife in the matter of obnoxiousness.

The fire on domestic householders
cannot be expected to burn brightly
under dripping roofs of thatch and
drafty walls of palm or bamboo mat-
ting. It is hard to tell whether the
husband or wife rules the roost,
though doubtless, as in civilized coun-
tries, it is sometimes the one and
sometimes the other. I have seen a
husband chastise his erring wife with
his fist in the streets of Hanoi, while
his wife in Hanoi, where the native
population is expected to retire early,
I have seen a husband who stepped out
at half past eight o'clock, squatted at
the door of his home, humbly begging
to be admitted, with every prospect of
having to spend the night in that hu-
miliating attitude. At sunset I have
also seen an aged crane perched in
debent and servile lord into a crowd
of thoroughfares and led him back and
scolded him to resume some household
duty which he had shamefully
endeavored to evade. Between hus-
band and wife, therefore, so far as the
subjection of either is concerned, the
honors may be considered easy. Mar-
riage is a sort of social compact, man-
aged on the part of the young woman
by her mother. It is more than any
thing else among the common class a
matter of bargain and sale. With
foreigners the marriage de conven-
tion prevails as in China, the mother
selling the daughter to the stranger
for a stipulated sum per month. There
are no occupations in which young
girls can be profitably employed beside
taking care of the superfluous child-
ren of the family, except sometimes to
assist at the hereditary labor or crafts
or to learn the ministerial business,
thru the guitar and sing in the fash-
ion of the country—a fashion, as in
Japan, adopted from the Chinese
many years ago.

The Tenuious Turtle.
A recent letter to the New York
Sun says: The account published in
the Sun of a night between two tur-
tles in Big Walker Pond, near Shole-
ts, Penn., and the relation of the sin-
gular tenacity of life shown by the
head of one of the turtles even after
decapitation, brings a gentleman from
Huguenot, N. Y., to the front with a
story of an even more wonderful case.
In this instance the gentleman and his
brother had been spearing fish at
night in a river near their home.
When returning they saw in the water
a large turtle of the snapping variety.
In an instant the spear went down,
and between the prongs, when it came
up, was the neck of the turtle. The
reptile was lifted out on the bank, and
the spear pressed down in the soil.
The head was then cut off and left
fast to the spear, which remained
sticking in the ground until morning,
the turtle being taken home. Next
morning the spear was washed, and
one of the youngsters about the farm
brought it in, bearing it about with the
head of the turtle still remaining
between the prongs. It was set down
in the door-yard, and remained there
until nearly noon. About that time
an inquisitive chicken began pecking
at the head of the turtle. Suddenly
the mouth opened and again collapsed,
and between the jaws was the head of
the inquiring chicken. It was evening
before the strength had left the
jaws of the turtle sufficiently to allow
the chicken's release. The chicken's
head had been crushed, and the poor
little fellow was dead. This is believed
to be the most remarkable case on
record, where goring motion has
been retained for nearly twenty-four
hours.

A Good Reason.
"No, gentlemen," exclaimed a mid-
dle aged man, who was talking to a
crowd on Austin avenue, "nothing in
the world could induce me to allow
one of my children to enter a school
room for the reason that—

"You hire a teacher to come to the
house," interrupted one of the crowd.
"No, it's not that. It's because—

"They are too sickly to go to school,"
exclaimed another, excitedly.
"No, that's not the reason, either.
No child of mine shall ever attend
school, because—

"Because you don't want them to
be smarter than their daddy."
"No, gentlemen, the reason is be-
cause I've not got any children."—
Siftings.

Tired Only One Way.
"Mother, did you say I can't go to
the rink to-night?"
"Yes, Mammy, I did."
"Why, mother?"
"Because you have been there every
day three times for the last three days,
and so much exertion will ruin your
constitution."
"Why, I'm not a bit tired, mother."
"Well, if you are not, come and
help me wash these dishes."
"O, please, I'm that kind of tired,
but not the skating-rink kind."
She helped wash the dishes all the
same.

A Famous Jewel-Box.
Baron Adolph Rothschild has re-
cently purchased at an almost fabu-
lous price, the famous jewel-box which
was presented in 1549 by the gold-
smiths of Nuremberg to the Duke
Albrecht of Bavaria, on his marriage
with the Princess Anna of Bavaria,
the renowned "Anna with the golden
hair." It is of enamelled gold and
richly ornamented, and is altogether
one of the most perfect gems of medi-
eval art in Europe.—London Truth.

Homestek.

The blue sky stretches far and wide,
No cloud greases gloom,
The playful prisms in its pride
With halos are illum.

The sunbeams play their misty games,
The stars show bright on snow,
The moon's soft light on the plain,
The water's surface is so blue.

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