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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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An Old Prayer.
Puffing, my darling, because it rains
And flowers droop and the sun is filling
And drops are blurring the window panes
And a moaning wind through the lane
Is calling!

OLNY A BUTTON.

A cheerful south room, with a bay window full of blossoming plants; a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate; a carpet whose soft, velvety pile was shaded in blues and wood colors, to correspond with the damask-covered furniture; and a little gilded clock, which had just struck nine at night—all these things met Mrs. Chickery's eye as she laid down her book and yawned as widely as her ripe cherry of a mouth would admit.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright fire, Mrs. Chickery gradually grew drowsy, and before she knew it, she had drifted off into the shadowy regions of dream-land.
She was roused by the clock striking eleven.
"Dear me! how late it is!" she thought with a little start. "I must go up stairs immediately. There, I forgot to tell the cook about having breakfast at five to-morrow morning, and of course she's a-bed and asleep by this time. I'll be up early enough to see to it myself, that will be just as well."

many another wife than Mrs. Chickery has echoed, with perhaps better reason.)
Mrs. Chickery was sitting down to her little dinner, with a daintily browned chicken, a tumbler of currant jelly, a curly bunch of celery ranged before her, when, to her surprise, the door opened and in walked her lord and husband.
"Why, Frank, where on earth did you come from?" cried the astonished wife.
"From the office," very coolly answered Mr. Chickery.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.
Bill Nyo Meets a Beautiful Blonde at a Hotel.
A Beautiful Dream of the Night Rudely Dispelled in the Morn.
Night before last, after I had registered at the hotel and been assigned "the last room in the house" I used the language of the hotel clerk I went into the dining room to tea.

A Novel Delicacy.
Among the products, more or less Chinese, which, since the hostilities with France, have found their way back to Paris, the trepang, or sea-anemone, is the most remarkable. The trepang is probably the most extraordinary fish which lives in the sea, and there is just now a great demand for it among the Parisian gourmets. The trepang indeed, is one of the latest Paris fashions. From its habits the very idea of the trepang is repulsive, but its flesh is delicate, and it produces a soup which many people esteem equal to turtle. The scientific name of the trepang is Holothuria edulis, and, in appearance, it is something like a long small traversed from one end to the other by a digestive tube. The creature, indeed, is more like a stomach than anything else. It walks upon hollow tentacular feet, which, when it moves along its native rocks, act as suckers. The trepang possesses the extraordinary faculty of ejecting, when frightened or irritated, the entire contents of its body even to the teeth. What, however, is more extraordinary still is that when the organs have been ejected they presently reproduce themselves. Another not less extraordinary faculty is that of spontaneous subdivision. When it is hungry and cannot find food to nurture the whole of its body, the animal snaps in the middle, and two perfect specimens are produced where before there was but one. So great a delicacy is the trepang esteemed by the Chinese that some thousands of junk are occupied in fishing for them. The Chinese seas are exceedingly bumpy, and the Malay fisher can observe the animal sticking to the rock at a great depth. They are transixed by a kind of harpoon fixed to a long bamboo; but in shallow water they are taken by divers. Immediately the body returns to the shore the creature is thrown alive into a cauldron and boiled in sea water. After being cleaned they are smoked or dried in the sun. The usual price for trepangs ready for consumption is seventy pounds per ton. They are mainly used for soup, but in China are sometimes eaten like ordinary fish. The Parisian gourmets who have lately been experimenting upon trepang-soup say that it possesses much of the exquisite flavor of the cray-fish.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
One of Cleveland's Prisons.
There is a pretty little story told of Grover Cleveland's last summer at a resort in the Adirondacks. At the hotel where he was stopping the gentlemen were very fond of sporting and also of young venison. One day when they were out on the lake in a boat a little fawn ran down into the water, and they were able, by getting in its rear, to finally catch it and drag it into the boat. After they had done so it again escaped them and got into the water. But they recaptured it and brought it, dripping and frightened, to the hotel. Here they announced their intention of killing it for the table. The ladies, however, were delighted with it, made a strong petition for its release. There was much discussion and it was finally decided that it should be tried for its life before one of the party, who should act as judge. This was done and the speeches were made. But the judge found the fawn guilty of death and the sentence was passed. The ladies still pleaded, and it was finally decided to let the governor decide whether it should be pardoned or not. He promptly granted its pardon, much to the disgust of the hunters, and the little thing bounded away.—Our Little Ones.

Chaff and Grain.
Each story of a snail is good, but who shall write it, for who knows what makes the gentleness?
Or, who can sift it and bring out the grain, winnowed and clean from the concealing chaff?
Who can the dross (drosser from the gold)?
Who estimate the little or the great?
Even in our human world? Or who shake out the hidden lodgings of a human heart?
Or who count the one hour's ravell'd thoughts?
Of one poor mind even in its daily day?
The business of man are all untrue;
His weights and eyes deceived. He may win
The story of a puddle on a rock,
The amount of a bottle or a waiver;
But the great story of his own past being,
The hills and valleys of his life, he cannot find.
And yet containing in its troubled room
Thoughts and things and feelings, failures, conquests,
Inch by inch and rather without end.
—Harriet Beecher.