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A Day of Memories.
On a day like this, when the streets are wet,
When the skies are grey and the rain is falling...

A BARREL OF SOFT SOAP

"Hain't you put that rack in the cellar yet, to hang that er dried beef on?" asked Mrs. Stutson.
"No, July, I thought melba 'twould rain in a day or two, and then Jabe could be spared to help a little about the house, for I must get my work ketch'd up while we have good weather."

pulls, these incidents being sufficient to impress the mother with the great responsibility which devolved upon her to keep a watchful eye upon Martha, lest Tom, whom she deemed unworthy the prize, should rob them of their precious treasure.

On reaching the cellar she found a suitable place over the pork barrel, where to her mind the beef would be "out of the way of rats, and yet be handy to get at," as she afterward told Mr. Stutson. Having armed herself with hatchet and nails, she mounted the barrel and prepared to drive the first nail, when the barrel cover slipped, and splash she went into what?

It seemed that Giles and Jabe had been there before her, and in getting out some cider barrels, had changed things about in such a manner that the barrel of soft soap stood where the pork should stand; and she, in her haste, not noting the change, had mounted the former.

"Where are you, mother?"
"Where be I? I should think you'd ask! Go ask Tom Ryder! Melba he'll tell you—that's all you think on—and leave me to get along alone."

"Where be I? Can't you see nothing better put on your specks and look in the soap barrel, if I was any judge?"
"Who's that?" Do you think I'm so big a fool that I don't know what I've got into? Martha, where's your father? Why don't he come along?"

"Wal, Miss Stutson, how are you going to get out?" asked Jabe.
"That's what I'd like to know, Jabe; you get that wash-bench around here so that I can have it to step on; and you take hold of this side, and Giles, here, you take 'tother, and when you two hist me up, Martha Ann can scrape off the soap. Here, Giles, you ain't good for nothing! Ye never was knee high to a toad. If I ever git another man, I'll git one that won't have to stand on a sheet of paper to reach a soap barrel."

After numerous attempts, Mrs. Stutson was partially outside the barrel, with one knee resting on the top, when splash she went back again, spattering the soap in every direction, a goodly portion lodging on Giles' shirt front, while he, with the others, was enjoying another hearty laugh.

"Did I ever see such a pack of fools?"
"There's no use crying over spilt milk, July."
"Spilt milk and a woman in a barrel of soft soap are two different things, and you'll find it out so afore you get through."

"I always told you, July, if you'd do a little less scolding, and use a little more soft soap, you'd make a good many more friends than you do now."

"Wal, Miss Stutson, how are you going to get out?"
"Thats what I'd like to know, Jabe; you get that wash-bench around here so that I can have it to step on; and you take hold of this side, and Giles, here, you take 'tother, and when you two hist me up, Martha Ann can scrape off the soap. Here, Giles, you ain't good for nothing! Ye never was knee high to a toad. If I ever git another man, I'll git one that won't have to stand on a sheet of paper to reach a soap barrel."

FINDING GOLD NUGGETS.

Stories Illustrative of Perseverance and Luck.

Unearthing Big Lumps of the Precious Metal in Peculiar Places.

An old miner who followed the gold excitement in its various wanderings in Australia, California, Mexico, and British Columbia, related to a Col. reporter a few days ago several instances of lucky discoveries.

"And old Dutchman brought the plodding method of his race to the work of gold digging in Australia. All of his companions had boldness and dash, but few had the stolid persistency in the face of bad luck that this Dutchman possessed. He had been plodding along for several months digging a tunnel. Hoavy, dull clay was all about him. Not a promising sign beckoned him on. He seemed to get more settled in his determination to work the tunnel to the end the more unpromising it looked. He had been working on in the face of discouragement for several months. One morning he was making his way into his tunnel, and before he had gone ten feet his heart had sunk within him. There in front of him was his tunnel caved! The path that he had laboriously dug into the hill was clogged with tons of earth. But the quality of his character asserted itself. Most men would have volaged out at his ill luck, and packed up their kit and left. The miner moved more slowly than before, but he started to work again in the same tunnel. He crawled into his tunnel, and with pick and shovel set to clearing away the hill of earth that blocked his path. He had not struck a dozen blows with his pick before the sharp iron point struck something solid. Mechanically he bent forward and cleared away the earth, and there before him was a big nugget, as nuggets go, weighing fourteen ounces. He crept out of the tunnel, bringing his precious nugget with him, and when he got into the fresh air and heard the birds singing, he sat down and wept. No one begrudged the Dutchman his luck."

"A nugget country that has been only partially worked is just as good a field as virgin soil," continued the miner. "The spots that have not been touched may be the very nests of the precious metal. It is dangerous to leave a single foot of ground unworked. The fortune of a lifetime might thus be passed by and lost forever. There are many instances of just such cases. There was a poor, shiftless fellow with a wife in Paris and children in Spain. The whole family used to go into the diggings together and shift about till they had got enough to buy something to eat. They kept sinking lower and lower. But one day they struggled into the diggings, not having energy enough to push on ahead of the workers. They fell to picking a little pillar that had been left standing in the midst of the diggings, all about it having been worked. I do not think it could be more than three feet across, certainly not more than six. It was a spot that had been neglected as the diggers pushed their drifts ahead. The sprud family had begun to work on this solitary pillar; all they hoped was for a few grains to feed them for the day. As the man continued listlessly, the sunlight was caught up by a speck in the pillar that glistened and dashed. The eyes of the poor fellow saw it; he thought his work for the day was done. He knelt down to clean away the dirt from the bright spot. As he did so the shining metal grew to larger proportions. Immediately the whole family was around it in eager haste to uncover it. The further they cleared the soil away about it the further it seemed to recede. After working two hours with growing astonishment they saw the full outline of their prize—one of the largest lumps of gold ever found. That was the luckiest find ever made."

"The Mount Mollagul nugget was found in a most peculiar place," resumed the miner. "There was an unusually rich digging in the vicinity of Mount Mollagul, Victoria, that had made a hundred men rich. It had been thoroughly worked in every direction, and it was thought that every grain of gold in the neighborhood had been collected. The crowd that once made the camp a busy scene of life dissolved as quickly as it had collected, leaving the shanties to the mercy of the weather, which soon made them a picturesque ruin. Off toward the east there was a solitary tree stump standing on a pillar of earth that had not been cut away by the gold hunters because of the old roots of the tree that spread through the soil. It was not more than ten feet in circumference as it had been left by the diggers. One day

AN INXUIT'S BREAKFAST.

Early-Morning Scenes in an Esquimaux Home.

Lieutenant Schwatka Describing the Preliminaries to an Arctic Journey.

in an article on the routine of arctic life, printed in the New York Times, Lieutenant Schwatka says: When the first Inuit (as the Esquimaux call themselves) opens his eyes in the arctic regions about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, if it be a spring sleigh journey—and most of the journeys are undertaken in that season—he will find a breaking day or possibly the sun in its hour or two high in the eastern horizon, and the daylight pouring through the thick walls of his house of snow (igloo) almost as freely as if it would penetrate the walls of a canvas tent. He knows about what time it is even in his little closed, eggshell-like nose of snow, and if he has any doubts about it, thinking that an overcast morning might deceive him, he thrusts a snow stick (a small-sized stick used for heating the snow of reindeer clothing and bedding) through the top of the snow dome and takes a peep at the sky or tries to satisfy himself as to his computations. Thinking it is time to begin the day's labor he awakens his wife, and with a soldiering gown or two turns in to a short nap until breakfast is ready. Among the most energetic of the northern race I never saw any of them do any work before the morning meal beyond the labor necessary to prepare the lady of the home north land having disposed of her preliminary morning yawns dresses herself so far as putting on her inner reindeer suit (the Esquimaux have two suits, an inner and outer), sits on a stool on the reindeer blanket at the head of the bed and prepares the lamp. This Esquimaux lamp might well be compared in shape to the half of a clam shell supported on three upright sticks about the size of carpenter's pencils stuck in the snow. The shallow dish is filled with seal or walrus oil, which is kept in a seal-skin bag, and when it is nearly ready to run over the low flat edge of the clam shell the Esquimaux woman takes a little bit of moss from a compact variety that grows on the stones near the water, and rubbing it in her hands, like some one preparing a pipe of tobacco from the writings of a plug, she strings this material along the edge of the lamp just where the oil touches it and then sets it to it with a match. This is the working of this strange lamp. The flame is about as high as that emitted by a kerosene lamp, and extends along the flat edge of the lamp from six inches to two feet. Over this flame is hung the cooking and the drying of clothes. Above the fire is suspended a chow-like kettle with a length equal to that of the flame, and holding from a quart to a gallon and a half. This is half filled with water, and then a lot of reindeer or walrus meat is placed in it, generally in chunks about the size of the double fist. About three to four pounds of meat is provided for each grown person. The water simmers about an hour, when the flesh is thoroughly cooked, although the water never boils in the stone vessels. All the shoulders are awakened, and the preparations for breakfast consist in their simply sitting upright and putting on their undergarments of reindeer skins. A little meal from the horn of the musk ox or a tin pan is supplied to each guest. It is capable of holding four or five of these chunks of meat, and the breakfast is begun. The eaters each fastens his teeth into one of the steaming pieces of meat, holding it with one hand, while with the other he severs the second portion with a sharp knife, and after a few mastications bolts it, and renews the operations, being always careful to cut downward to avoid slicing off the tip of his nose. After the meat has disappeared the soup left in the kettle, and which becomes a very rich meat tea by the simmering process, is apportioned among the guests, giving each about a quart, when provisions are plentiful. In winter this soup is made as oleaginous as possible, and I have seen two inches of pure melted fat swimming on the top of it devoured with great eagerness. The morning meal having been disposed of the toilet is completed by the party in putting on the outer suit of reindeer clothes. The head of the house then issues from his hut and announces the state of the weather. If it is fair the party prepares for the day's journey.

Her Little Man.
"Here comes my little man." The voice sounded pleasantly on my ear, and I turned to look at the speaker. She was a ruddy checked woman of some 40 years, plainly but neatly dressed; a clean, comfortable looking body. She was standing at the garden gate of a small house, and the words spoken were not spoken to any visible person. I then looked ahead, and lo and behold! her little man was approaching. He was a little, fiddle looking body rather shabbily dressed, with a little round red nose and twinkling eyes. I should put him down as a clerk with a big no means gigantic salary. There was nothing comical or particularly lovable in his appearance, but at the moment the face of the woman was beautiful to look upon by the reason of the pleasant and strong affection that beamed from it. "Her little man." He ought to have been proud of it, and I dare say he was. It is good to be somebody's little man, or big man, if you like that better—to feel that your heart is filled, and not empty and withering for want of the glory of the warmth and light of true love. It is many of the poets have sung, the nearest approach to Heaven is true and honest love of one dearer than all, love that never wavers and is returned in all its satisfying fullness, what a long way from Heaven must an old bachelor be, with his heart full of nothing but missing shirt buttons, smoky old rooms, cheerless lodgings and vexatious handmaids.

We laugh at the pictures of those old bachelors sewing on their buttons and making their own grub, but some of these pictures darken into a very somber background, as the weary and unrequited old fellows gradually drop into a perfunctory decay.

Nobody's little man. I know some of them by sight. Day by day they may be seen wearily plodding through the same streets, with the same pipe of grim disaffection on their faces. Deeper and deeper the corners of their mouths, higher up go their shoulders, and thinner grow their noses, and cheeks. They go home and there's never a kindly word with a pleasant smile, or kiss or word of love. Nobody's little man.—Detroit Free Press.

The Depth of Sleep.
Two of Verriard's pupils, Monninghoff and Poesberger, have made the depth of sleep the subject of an investigation. They worked upon the principle that the depth of sleep is proportional to the strength of the sensory stimulus necessary to awaken the sleeper; that is, to all forth some decisive sign of awakened consciousness. As a sensory stimulus they made use of the auditory sensation produced by dropping a lead ball from a given height. The strength of the stimulus was reduced in accordance with some recent investigations of Verriard, as increasing, not directly as the height, but as the 0.57 power of the height. For a perfectly healthy man, the curve which they give shows that for the first hour the slumber is very light; after one hour and fifteen minutes the depth of sleep increases rapidly, and reaches its maximum point at one hour and forty-five minutes; the curve then falls quickly to about two hours and fifteen minutes, and afterward more gradually. At about four hours and thirty minutes there is a second small rise, which reaches its maximum at five hours and thirty minutes, after which the curve again gradually approaches the base line until the time of awakening. Experiments made upon persons not perfectly healthy, or after having made some exertion, give curves of a different form.—Medical Advocate.

A Water-Lily.

On a star on the breast of the river!

You are within the thought of an angel,
You heart is steeped in the sun,
And you glow in the golden City,
Did you fall straight down from Heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?

Men who pry into things Bur-
glars.
You can easily tell a dogwood tree by its bark.
A dentist is no chicken. He is always a pull-it.

A charity entertainment is generally a "poor" show.
A tramp closely resembling an elephant in an exhibition at Key West.
A man closely resembling a boat can be seen almost anywhere.

A man in Oseoda, Mich., has three daughters, all of whom are nutes. He is probably the champion dumb bell raiser of the world.
It is now quite the style for the bride couple to be an hour or two late, so as to produce the impression that neither cared very much to get married.

"I've dived out to make room for more interesting matter," said the editor, as he shoved aside a plate of beans and fiddled a pipe.
It takes but thirteen minutes to load an elephant on a train, while it takes twenty for any sort of a woman to bid her friends good-bye and lose the check for her trunk.

It is said that out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers, seven marry every year. How awful it must be for those seven women to marry every year.
"Whut-ong shall I sing for you to-night?" he asked him, "sing that old Scotch song, 'I canna leave the muid folks yet, wad' better bide a wee.'" "Oh, George, that is a very ugly song. It suggests prostration. Let me sing that beautiful song, 'Just now.'"

Handily, handing bill to boarder:
"This is the forty-seventh time, Mr. Jones, I have presented this bill." Boarder, taking it from her hands and examining it critically: "Is that so, Mrs. Sweet? Well, it doesn't show the wear and tear at all. Have you any idea who manufactures this paper?"

The Evolution of Punctuation.
Caxton, the first English printer, had three punctuation marks: the comma, the colon, and the period. But says Mr. Blades, an excellent authority in relation to Caxton and everything concerning him, it is doubtful if he had any idea of the principles of punctuation. The earliest known manuscripts are with all of points, nor is there any division between the words. The confusion resulting led to the separation of words by a single dot. Then a space between the words superseded the dot, which was made to perform another service, viz., to show the division of a sentence. The Greek grammarians were the first to recognize the limit of a sentence. A clause they called a comma, a member of sentence a colon, and a complete sentence a period. Little attention, however, was paid to these divisions for a long time. Elias Donatus, who flourished in the fifth century, and wrote a grammar which served all Europe until after the invention of printing, was the first to distinguish these divisions by placing a dot at the bottom of the line, where one full point now is, to designate the comma, in the middle of the line, where the hyphen is, for the colon, and at the top of the line, where our apostrophe is, for the full point. It was not until well into the sixteenth century that printers began definitely adopting an acknowledged system of graduated points.—Printer's Gleaner.

Encouraging Arizona Grains.
An Arizona paper makes the following announcement: "We will pay \$10 for a good epic poem of one hundred lines on the 'Scourge of the Seventeen Year Locust.'" Said poem must be sound in wind and limb, but it must not be all sound; a little sense is desirable. All meta, hors must be new and applicable to the subject. No more than one poetic license to ten words will be allowed. Rhyme not absolutely necessary, but reason a sine qua non. No parodies allowed. We reserve to ourselves the right to work over the poems of all unsuccessful candidates into editorials on the need of a new saxy and the failure of the wheat rop."