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The Wild Rose,
WRITERS IN A YOUNG FRIENDS.
Edna the flowers the table opening.
At a table all our boys.

THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Major Anthony Hartlep was a very good match indeed, as Miss Angerona Dilworth and the gossip very well knew.
T-heseure, he was rather bald and had a wart on his nose, but, then, he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat, short-horn cattle and flocks of long-wooled Merino sheep; he raised untold quantities of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Sugar Maple village.

see to that. She shall have a white dress, with lace flounces, an' one of them crimped things girls wear around their necks, to stand up with us in."
And so, his mind busy with cheerful pictures of the happy future, he reached Miss Angerona's house, ascended the steps, and was about to knock on the open door, when a shrill, high-pitched voice reached his ear.
"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth, you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy, if I marry that bald-headed scare-crow, as I s'pose I shall! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds, miss!"

"What behavior?" asked the major, coldly.
"To pass me without speaking, when we are engaged to be married!"
"Engaged!" cried the major. "Why, you have refused me!"
"I didn't; I accepted you!" contradicted the lady, faintly.
"I have your refusal in black and white; here it is!" he retorted.
And taking a crumpled note from his pocket, he read it out to her.
"—I—it's a mistake!" gasped Miss Angerona. "I never meant it!"
"Blat you wrote it, and that's enough for me. Good morning, ma'am!"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
A Cobweb.
A spider spun his shining web,
Where tall green grasses grew
He darted, with the tiny thread,
Like a shuttle, throng and through.

A MONKEY-INFESTED CITY.
The "City of the Gods," where Apes are Sacred.
Twenty Thousand of Them Allowed to Room at Will Through the Town.
A railroad company in India has declined to carry ten thousand monkeys. Most railroad companies probably would. That such an undertaking, however, should ever have been suggested to a Board of Directors is a curious incident in railroad history, yet it is a fact. The Brahmans of Benares, anxious to get rid of several thousand superstitious monkeys, asked the company to carry them away for them to a distant spot, but the railroad authorities showed no enthusiasm in closing with the offer of such a multitude of singular passengers. It is a matter of common knowledge that in Benares, the "City of the Gods," there is a very large and very sacred colony of monkeys. Not only have they a temple, properly furnished with shrines and priests, specially dedicated to them, but they are free of all the others besides. In Benares they can go where they like, and, although this liberty is qualified by a certain measure of respectful attention when they abuse their privilege too outrageously, the monkeys are virtually free of the whole city, private dwellings and public buildings. These circumstances, with every favorable condition for longevity in individuals and fecundity in the species, it is no wonder that the four-handed folk have become redundant. Even the Brahmans themselves have at last confessed that there are too many monkeys in Benares, and are now trying to rid themselves of a portion of the intolerable burden of the sanctity which such a host of reverend quadrupeds imposes upon them. The common people, in spite of the sacredness of the creatures, have long ago begun to think that so large a population of idlers has its unsatisfactory side, and when we read that a monkey will every day eat and waste as much grain or fruit as an average Hindu requires for his weekly sustenance, and that the mischief in which these creatures pass their time—having nothing else, poor bodily facilities, to do—must entail a substantial appreciable loss upon their human fellow-citizens, it is not difficult to sympathize with the ape-ridden men and women of the Holy City. Without contributing in any way to the material welfare of the sacred place, these animals, twenty thousand or so, constitute a very serious tax upon the working population and divert from other charities a vast quantity of good food. Each handful of grain which a monkey wastes would suffice for the meal of a mendicant fakir. At last, therefore, it has been decided to take steps to reduce the tailed population. The monkey, however, is at all times an intelligent person. He knows as well as any body else when he is well off. In Benares he is especially contented. Plenty of good water, unlimited vegetables, fruit and grain, delightfully shady nooks, verandas, temple corridors, etc., commend themselves to him as accompaniments of attractions not to be easily matched elsewhere, so that he accepts all suggestions of emigration. Once or twice the pious and benevolent old Rajah has invited the four-handed hosts to come across the river from the city to his Palace of Raunaggar, and the priests have actually ferried boat-load after boat-load from one bank of the Ganges to the other. But the monkeys pretended to misunderstand the arrangement. They affected to think the trip a mere outing a day's picnic. So, though they allowed themselves to be taken over in the morning with the utmost complacency, they always insisted on being brought back again in the evening. Beasts ply in large numbers upon the river, and, without asking for permission or offering to pay any thing, they used to ship themselves as passengers and return to sleep in the city.

On another occasion certain lands a short distance off were specially set apart by the princely Rajah for their maintenance, and an immense number of the animals were respectfully conducted to their new quarters and invited to settle there. But no; the monkeys found there were no sweetmeat stalls in the fields, no cake-shops in the groves, and they courteously, yet firmly, declined the Rajah's proffered hospitality, and came strolling back into the city at their leisure. They had tasted the pleasures of a rural life, and deliberately arrived at the conclusion that they preferred those of the town; so they gave up the carolite and the mango trees for the cool courts of the many-templed city, and the bazaars where lollipops were always to be had for the stealing. The present effort, however, this deporting by train to such a distance as Sa-

arrapora such a large number as 10,000, is by far the most serious that has been made, and if the four-handed ones submit to be deported this time, they must make up their minds for permanent exile. Railway companies have no superstitions about Hanuman; they do not worship monkeys. Thus, unless the animals are prepared to travel their own return fare, and to pay back in a respectable and honest manner, they will have to bid farewell to the beautiful old city where they spent such happy years, and where their homes will now have no chance of secretly reposing after death. There is no chance of their ever finding their way back.—London Telegraph.
Meadows of Gold.
Meadows of gold,
Reaching and running,
And with the light of the day
You are the elements of earth.
The winds who waken to drive
The water's blue, and leopards, try
Under the dark and the dew.
Members of gold,
Winking and winking along,
Like to be held.
And more and more with song,
You are the poets who rhyme
Are sung by the reapers, whose chains
Are written in mind-rows of grass.
By ground and the that you pass.
Members of gold,
Laughing and laughing,
Each in your job.
You are the beautiful ones,
You are the ones who fly
And fly from the beam to the lip
The water, whose platinum float
Is thick and comes into blood.
RUMORS.
Motto for a dude—"There's room at the top."
The question of the hour—"What time is it?"
Opening of the season. Uncovering the mustard pot.
The father should always be placed on joint committees.
It is the man who has the most property that has the greatest will power.
A man who sometime ago married "an angel" says it is about as complete a faith cure as anything he has heard of.
A medical expert says that only one man in a thousand can whistle a tune.
And yet there are people who think there is nothing to be thankful for.
"Why are those things on your dress called 'single trimmings'?" George wanted to know. "O, Emily replied lightly, 'because pa blocks over the bill.'"
"I can't afford more than one flower on my hat," she said to the milliner. "Well, where will you have it?" As I sat next to the wall in church, you can put it on the side next to the congregation," was the self reply.
A New York dentist says that women who gossip a great deal lose their teeth soonest. We doubt it. The women who lose their teeth soonest are the ones who leave them lying around in wash basins, or window sills, etc.
A little four-year old girl, remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I'm not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a little afraid once when I went into the parlor in the dark to get a candle." "What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the candle."
The Esthetic Motmot.
The most striking example of abortive effort or at least bizarre form of decoration is found in the case of the motmot. South American bird, which succeeds in paralleling some of the most absurd of humanity's decorative freaks, notably of filing the teeth to points.
The motmot is by Nature endowed with more than an ordinary degree of beauty. The prevailing color of its plumage is green, the wings and tail being tinged with a beautiful shade of blue, a sable tuft, edged with blue, adorns its breast, and a blue-edged black triangle surrounds the eye and extends to the ear. In addition to this, and to a long and graceful tail, it has upon its head a crest which it can erect at will.
But, as if dissatisfied with Nature's attempt to beautify it, the motmot essays an improvement. It selects the two middle feathers of its tail, those two being usually the longest and most conspicuous as the objects of its decorative design. About an inch from the tip of each feather it cuts away with its serrated bill about an inch, thus giving each feather the appearance of a lawn tennis bat. Nor is this done in a mechanical or instinctive way, for sometimes a too anxious motmot will begin toosoon and before its tail has reached its full growth, and will clip away on the wrong feathers, thus disfiguring itself even in the most estimation, in this respect being not unlike the young males of the human family who, rather than not shave at all, will sometimes use the razor on that much of the hair of the head as wanders down in front of the ears.
It was formerly supposed that the motmot wore away the web from its tail feathers by constantly tearing around while sitting on its nest, and when Waterton explained the real reason for the condition of the feathers he was laughed at. Recently, however, captive birds have been seen to perform the cutting operation.—C. Beard in Harper's.
Taking the Chances.
"Do you know," said George, warningly, "that in this extremely hot weather two or three dishes of this ice cream might prove fatal?"
"I haven't a doubt of it," replied Clara, "but it would be a happy death to die."—New York Sun.