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A River Dream.

The blue, blue sky above,
The blue, blue water under,
Two eyes more blue, and a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
To lands of light and wonder.

The sunny fields around,
The river rippling by,
A smile more bright than noon-day light,
Her eyes with meadow gardens crowned,
And never a care to try us.

A drifting with the tide,
A wind that whistles greeting,
An air of rest in the faded west,
With only the waves on the shore beside
My eyes restlessly looking.

—H. E. Root, in *Cassell's Magazine*.

The Princess Philippine.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. FRETTON.

The Princess Philippine dwelt in an ancient, gray, stone castle standing on the banks of a small river that divided a beautiful green valley in northern Germany. Broad, fertile fields and green pastures, dotted by herds of the famous black cattle and by flocks of snowy sheep, with here and there a peasant's or a herdsman's cot, lay each side the stream. On either hand deep, high mountains that sheltered this fine state, of which the Princess Philippine was sole heir, from the rough blasts of winter. The Princess Philippine had neither father, mother, brother nor sister, but she had an indulgent guardian and when a more child had been betrothed by her parents to his son, the brave, young Prince Basil who lived just on the other side the high sheltering mountains.

With such charming surroundings it would seem as if the young princess ought to have been a very happy little maiden. But I am very sorry to relate that she allowed her life to be made miserable by her uncontrollable and unreasonable fear of spiders. Spiders love the dust-filled crannies of a vast old castle like that of the Princess Philippine, and why should the spiders that had held possession for more than 700 years be put to rout on account of the whim of a child of a girl?

The Prince Basil asked the princess something of the kind on the occasion of one of the frequent calls he made at the castle, accompanied by his lady mother. The Princess Philippine was exceedingly angry at this question, saying that he had no regard whatever for her fine sensibilities, and she was surprised to see that his mother sat by and smiled at him instead of chiding him for his rudeness. So, and to say, the young couple had their first quarrel, and the young prince rode home in high dudgeon, declaring there was no reason in a spirited young fellow being tied to a girl who would not walk in the park, sail on the river or ride in the forest on account of her silly dread of spiders, who even would not walk about the saloons and galleries of her own fine castle unless she was enveloped from head to foot in a sheet like wrap of glazed white linen.

"I have danced attendance upon a ghost as long as I can endure it," he said, "and now I am going away to see the world." And so he went.

The parents of the young Prince Basil were greatly chagrined at this arrangement, for in Germany betrothal has always been held almost as sacred as a marriage, and they said: "We will leave her entirely to herself for a season and see. Perhaps she will come to her senses enough to realize how foolish it is for her to set herself up as being different from all the rest of the world." So with one accord all her neighbors and friends declared, "We will leave her alone with her morbid fears."

Philippine now shut herself up with her attendants in her own apartments, that were all hung with pale blue satin, and passed her time in making sure no spider of any kind invaded her premises. Naturally enough, now that there was no supervision by her friends and guardians, everything went at loose ends about the castle and the estate, and the news thereof went abroad, no one can tell how, into the world.

One morning there came riding up to the castle drawbridge a knight in armor mounted upon a milk-white charger and followed by an attendant whose steed was as black as coal. The knight demanded to see the Princess Philippine, and when after much delay he was shown to her presence he informed her he was her cousin, six times removed, and proposed paying her a long visit.

"Very well," she said, "I never have heard of you, but that may not be strange. Pray make yourself comfortable and give orders that the rooms you may choose for your own may be thoroughly swept and dusted and made free from spiders, for I suppose there is not in the world such another spider-inhabited place as this same old Castle Philippine."

Day by day the knight made himself at home about the premises, giving orders to the servants and managing as if the estate was his own, but when he began to make free with all the secret drawers and papers in the great library, sitting over them until far into the night, the old servants shook their heads and said, one to another, "Ah, his presence here bodes no good."

After some weeks he demanded another audience with the princess, who by this time had almost forgotten his existence, so taken up was she in watching to ascertain if indeed a spider had taken a tenement under the embrasure outside her bedroom window. When shown into her presence the knight informed her in a state of way that he had found papers that established his claim as rightful heir to the estate, that he had already taken possession and would like her to deliver the keys immediately.

The princess's manner was as formal as his own, and her tone as haughty, when, after a little pause, she replied: "Sir Knight, doubtless thou art not aware that in the possession of the crown prince are papers showing that with this estate goes a signet ring. The ring is always in possession of the rightful heir and that ring I have."

The knight was exceedingly angry, but he brought all his arts of fascination to bear upon the princess, thinking to induce her to show him the ring, but all in vain. Quite out of patience, at length he told her if she did not give up the ring immediately he would set every person on the estate to gathering spiders from field, forest, river, and castle and would fill her apartments, her clothing, may even her coach with them. The princess quaked with fear at even the thought of this, and enveloping herself in her linen wrap pressed the knight to the arsenal that was high up in one of the western towers. Here behind a coat of mail that was hanging upon the wall she touched a spring that opened a secret drawer within which was a small golden key. With this key she closely clenched in her hand, and the wily knight close at her side, she proceeded to the great picture gallery.

There behind the life-size portrait of her own beautiful mother she found another secret drawer, and taking therefrom an ivory casket she unlocked it with the golden key, disclosing the coveted prize.

"Let me examine it, please," entreated the knight.

"Never," cried the princess, now that the ring was in her hand, impressed by the instructions regarding it she had received from her parents, and dismayed at her own weakness in being frightened in her own castle, and her own people by a stranger.

The knight, quite forgetting all his assumed courtly ways, sprang to take it from her, when, quick as thought, she threw it out of one of the deep narrow windows that the knight had opened on account of the closeness of the air in the long disused gallery. It flashed like a coal of fire in the sunlight and was gone.

"Mad girl!" shouted the knight, angrily. "It has fallen into the moat!" and leaving the princess he rushed down the stairs.

With her heart beating wildly, and her eyes sparkling with excitement, the young girl leaned out the narrow window and looked far below to where the gray walls of the strong square tower were reflected in the still black waters of the moat.

"Ah! what is that?" she cried, for just below her, even within reach of her hand the signet ring hung securely caught in the meshes of an ancient, closely woven spider's web. Although the spider was close by, curiously regarding this singular prey, the princess did not mind, but reached down and secured the ring without fear. As she did so, standing there in front of the portraits of her parents, she seemed to hear their voices, explaining once more the significance of the ring, and setting forth her duty to all the dependent people living on her estate.

"To whom much is given much shall be required," she said half aloud. "Dear me! how selfish I have been."—and securing the ring to a chain fastened about her neck, she, too, ran down the winding stairs, quite regardless of her linen wrap that lay forgotten on the dusty oaken floor of the gallery, and astonished her servants by dispatching a courier with a letter to the crown prince.

The knight meanwhile had set all the laborers about the estate to draw the water off from the moat and search the muddy bottom for the ring. While they were thus engaged with the knight in the greatest excitement and followed by his servant, pacing back and forth across the drawbridge, a company of horsemen arrived who had been sent from court. The Princess Philippine met them in the gar-

ments, lace and jewels of her beautiful mother and on one dimpled finger sparkled the signet ring.

The grand old courtier who bowed over her proffered hand, said: "Your face and your bearing establish your identity for I knew your parents and grandparents, but this signet ring substantiates your rightful ownership to the estates beyond a doubt."

The designing knight and his servant were banished from the country. Young Prince Basil was sent for and most gladly returned home. The crown prince and princess and a great retinue from court came to the wedding and the feast surpassed anything that had been in the castle for hundreds of years.

At the wedding dinner the Princess Philippine found an almond with two kernels.

"These stands for you and me," she said to her husband, "you shall have one kernel and I will wear the other."

"Thanks, my love," said the prince. "Let me have the kernel that represents yourself and I will wear it, that you may never again be lost away from me."

"Here is your Philippine," said the princess, "and with it I give my signet ring, that stands for all my possessions, for since I threw it away and it was saved for me by a spider, against all whose kind I have all my life waged war, it humiliates me every time my eyes fall upon it, and I think I ought to pay some penalty for my foolishness and for my ill-treatment of yourself."

"But did I not cry 'Philippine,' my dearest one! the moment my eye fell upon you on my return," said the prince, "to show you that I never held anger against you in my heart."

At this all the young people who found double almonds began to eat them with some chosen friend, and since they all had not signet rings to bestow, it came to be a custom that the one who should first cry "Philippine" after an absence should receive a gift, and the custom continues among young people in all countries to this day.—*Springfield Republican*.

South Carolina's Phosphate Deposits.

A member of a New York firm who has received an order for dredges for use in excavating phosphate in South Carolina reports that industry as especially prosperous, and that 500,000 tons of this material is now being dug up as against 350,000 tons in 1883. The phosphate rock bed of South Carolina now supplies the world with the chief part of all the phosphate of lime used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers, and this industry was unknown there until 1868. The greatest length of this phosphate bed is about seventy miles, the city of Charleston being about the center of the most accessible deposits. It crops out at the surface in many places and is found distributed over large areas at the bottom of many of the rivers. It is mined in three ways—by open quarrying and digging in the land; by dredging and grappling with powerful steam machines in deep water; by hand picking and with tongs in shallow streams. Its average price is about \$6 a ton, and the State levies a tax of one dollar a ton on all that is shipped, making it an important item of revenue. These phosphates are the remains of ancient animal life, and fragments are brought up not only representing the tapir, horse, elephant, and mastodon, but amphibious ones, such as the seal, dugong, walrus, etc.

"Churning" for Clams.

Two thirds of the clams are got by "churning." The clam gang wades out over the bed and shovels up mud and clams and everything that comes along into big wire baskets, which, when about full, are lifted out of the water, and a rinsing and shaking washes out the mud and leaves the clams. Two men and a boy attend to each basket, one man shoveling in the mud, the second getting out the clams, and the boy "churning" them. Churning can only be done at about half-tide, when the water is two or three feet deep, as, by the time the workman has to put his head under water, when he bends over at shoveling, he soon has to give up the job. The suction on the shovels is tremendous, and they are made exceptionally strong. When there are good tides, on the full and change of the moon, the clams may be raked out after the manner of the non-professional digger; a shovelful of mud is turned up at a time, and the clams it contains are raked out with a clam-hoe. Consideration of either of the above methods is sufficient for a true understanding of the happiness of the clam at high water. The clam ordinarily lies in the mud from two to eighteen inches; a clam that would bury itself much deeper than eighteen inches is not to be looked upon with favor.—*Providence Journal*.

COUNTERFEIT EXPERTS.

Women Whose Sense of Feeling is Marvelous.

Able to Pick Out Spurious Money as Though by Instinct.

There is a very large amount of counterfeit paper about, and some of it finds its way to the Treasury, when it is discovered in the redemption division, says a Washington letter to the *Pittsburg Post*. It is here that all the money sent in from outside sources is counted and examined. The counting and sorting is done by ladies, and they are the most expert in the country. They can tell a counterfeit instinctively, with eyes open or shut, and there is not a bank cashier in the United States, or even among the large contingent now sojourning in Canada, who could compete with them in the matter of determining counterfeits. They can tell a spurious bill as far as they can see it, and the mere handling of the paper is enough for them to decide upon its genuineness. The silk paper upon which Treasury notes are printed can only be made by expensive machinery, and it is a felony to even manufacture the blank paper without due authority. Under the circumstances all counterfeits are printed upon inferior paper, which lends a big disadvantage in the matter of detection. A guide was once taking a party of visitors through the redemption division, and was expatiating upon the expertise of the four money handlers in this respect. He solemnly assured the party that one of the girls had detected a counterfeit in the middle of a pile of money six inches thick by merely seeing the thin edge of it. To a stranger it seems more like diablerie than the possession of trained vision and a delicate sense of touch in the detection of counterfeits.

These females experts receive \$75 a month for their services. They do nothing but count from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, and their hands move with a rapidity seldom acquired by the most expert bank clerks. But they make no mistakes. A miscount or a counterfeit overlooked makes out of the wages of the one taking the error, and two or three mistakes a month would wipe out a girl's salary, as some of the bills handled are very large. The great drawback of the position is the poison absorbed by the continuous handling of money. The backs of all Treasury notes are printed with a pigment which consists chiefly of Paris green. Small particles of this substance are absorbed, and in a year or two the girl who may have entered the Treasury smooth-skinned and healthy finds herself a victim of lassitude, and with her hands and face broken out in malignant sores. Each employee is furnished with a sponge to moisten the fingers while counting. A new one is supplied every morning, and by evening its color will have changed to a full black by the action of the poison. Notwithstanding this drawback there is never any difficulty in filling vacancies.

The Thistle and the Cornstalk.

A Canada Thistle which had taken root in a farmer's garden one day saw a blade of corn peeping out of the ground, and in a tone of ridicule called out: "What a little one for a cent! It's a wonder you have the cheek to force yourself into my company." The blade continued to grow day by day, and it was of such bright color and looked so thrifty that the Thistle finally called to the Farmer and said: "Really, but I can't put up with such impudence, and I hope you will remove that corn-stalk at once." "And who are you?" queried the Farmer, having for the first time noticed the Thistle. "Me? Why, I'm the Biggest and Handsomest Canada Thistle in the Business. My Genealogy carries me back to King."

"Umph!" interrupted the Farmer. "One grain of corn is of more value than a Hundred Thistles. Come out with the Roots!"

MORAL:—The Thief who abuses the Law always gives Himself Away.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Mighty Sentence.

The opening sentence of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth," contains five great universal terms, and speaks of as many boundless totalities: God, Heaven, earth, creation and the beginning. It is, perhaps, the most weighty sentence ever uttered, having the most gigantic members. In its comprehensive sweep it takes in all past time, all conceivable space, all known things, all power and intelligence, and the most comprehensive act of that intelligence and power. This sentence is a declaration on nearly all the great problems now exercising scientists and philosophers.—*The Independent*.

The Food of the Persian Masses.

The food of the Persians is very varied. As a rule, the very poor do not get meat more than once a week; while villagers and the numerous nomadic tribes see it very rarely, and only on great occasions, as at marriage feasts. The ordinary diet of a laboring man is bread and cheese in winter, bread and fruit in summer. But even the laborers manage to obtain an occasional bowl of strong soup; and they vary their diet with conserves, dried fruits, basins of curds, and hard-boiled eggs. The actual weight of bread that a muleteer or laborer can consume, and does consume, daily, is very great, seven pounds not being an extraordinary allowance! In the south of Persia dates are the staple food; they are very cheap and satisfying. During the summer, lettuce, grapes, apricots, onions, and cucumbers form the dainties of the villager, and these, with bread, cheese, and curds are their only food. In every large town cookshops abound. But in Persia, as in the rest of the East, bread, rice, or dates are the real food, the meat merely the sauce or *bonne bouche*. Persians of all ages are very fond of confectionery, and are constantly devouring sweets. These are generally pure and good, but there is little variety in color, most of them being white, and nearly all are flavored with lemon-juice. The lower-class Persian will eat several pounds of grapes, cucumbers, or apricots for a meal. They eat onions as we eat apples. Pomegranates and melons are in a great demand as food; and the melons, which run to 140 in weight, are very nutritious. Cucumbers are looked on as fruit, and are eaten in large quantities by rich and poor. They are not indigestible. Seven pounds' weight may be often had for a halfpenny. Grapes in infinite variety and of the most delicious kinds, from the huge long grape, which measures 2m, to the tiny sultana, sweet as honey to the taste. The curds, or mast, is simply made by adding a small portion of rennet or else old curds to warmed milk; in a few hours it sets into a mass, the cream on top. If eaten the first day, it is like a junket; if allowed to remain it becomes sour, and will keep good any time. In this our state it is preferred, and is either eaten with honey, sugar, or grape sugar. Eggs boiled hard and dyed a gay color are much eaten; from forty to fifty can be had for 24. These things, then, form the cheap and varied diet of the working classes. Beef, too, is eaten by the lower classes; never by the well-to-do.—*St. James' Gazette*.

A Good Place for Dentists and Photographers.

Throughout South America all the dentists and nearly all the photographers are immigrants from the United States, and if there is any one among them who isn't getting rich he has nobly but himself found fault with, because the natives give both professions plenty to do.

Nowhere in the world is so large an amount of confectionery consumed in proportion to the population as in South America, and, as a natural consequence, the teeth of the people require a great deal of attention. As a usual thing Spaniards have good teeth, as they always have beautiful eyes, and are very particular in keeping them in condition. Hence the dentists are kept busy; and they charge twice as much as they do in the United States, the profits are very large. In these countries it is the custom to serve sweetmeats at every meal, dainties, as they are called—preserved fruits of the richest sort, jellies, and confections of every variety and description. Many of these are made by the nuns in the convents, and are sold to the public either through the confectionery stores or by private application. A South American housewife, instead of ordering jams and preserves and jellies from her grocer, or putting up a supply in her own kitchen during the fruit season, patronizes the nuns, and gets a better article at a lower price. The nuns are very ingenious in this work, and prepare forms of delicacies which are unknown to our table.

The photographers as well as the dentists are Americans, and have all the bells her photograph taken every time she gets a new dress, and that is very often. The Paris styles reach here as soon as they do the North American cities, and where the national costumes are not still worn, there is a great deal of elaborate dressing. The Argentine Republic is the only country in which photographs of the ladies are not sold in the shops. Elsewhere there is a craze for portraits of reigning beauties, and the young men have their rooms filled with photographs of the girls they admire, taken in all sorts of costumes and attitudes.—*New York Sun*.

THE TALK OF A DENTIST.

How All Work on the Teeth Has Been Perfected.

Nearly a Ton of Gold Annually Buried with Dead People.

"A ton of gold goes under the ground nearly every year," said a prominent Philadelphia dentist, "buried in the teeth and plates of people who have at one time or another been in the dental chair. The repair and refurbishment of the teeth has got to be a profession of the highest skill and proficiency. High standing in the profession is repaid with richest rewards. The establishment of the university department of dentistry has given a great impetus to the study. Scores of able and expert young men matriculate annually. They come from all parts of the world—South America, Cuba, Mexico, the continent, and Japan. This city is foremost in dental operations and dental surgery. Some of the work turned out here is wonderfully perfect. Many men and women prefer false teeth to the natural ones, if the latter are the least bit defective, and few people have a perfect set of teeth.

"Instruments?" Why, yes, the instrumentation of a first-class dentist is comprised in several large cases, like that," pointing to a series of handsome rosewood cases, and pulling out drawer after drawer, filled with delicate steel probes, chisels, borers, and forceps. The manufacture of these is a great trade in itself. There is the dental engine, one of the greatest inventions in the profession, indispensable now, with its flexible screw. The electric mallet, another modern invention unknown to the old-fashioned tooth-carpenter, is used by nearly all dentists and requiring a battery to run it. The rubber dam, or appliance placed over the tooth and mouth of a patient to prevent moisture and saliva reaching the part operated on is the greatest of the modern discoveries. Any one who has been in the dentist's chair under the old plan, which necessitated packing the mouth of the patient with napkins, and since under the rubber dam, can see what infinite torture this scientific adaptation has relieved him from.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year. Yes, there are dental surgeons in this city who make that much by their profession. A clientage very often includes a whole family and the care of the teeth of each from infancy until adolescence and beyond. American dentists have the highest repute abroad—Dr. Evans, for instance, whose patients in Paris and elsewhere were emperors, kings, queens, and princes of the blood.

"Gold is the best material yet found for filling teeth. Silver and composition of various kinds, being cheaper, are used, but the royal metal is the only one which ought to be used. The manufacture of gold foil or leaf for our business is immense, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth are consumed every year.

"The teeth should be looked to often by a good dentist. Individual care early in life saves much dental work and expense. It used to be the idea that the deciduous teeth, as they were temporary affairs, needed no attention. They should be treated with greater attention than the second set. They are not filled now as much as formerly, but extracted when caries attacks them. The biblical expression, 'skin of the teeth,' is true. There is a delicate enamel, resembling epidermis in its microscopic delicacy, and covers the teeth with a beautiful mosaic, which is susceptible of a perfect polish, which you may see glistening on the teeth of some young people and Africans. Accidents go for this and once broken in upon caries ensues. Good and bad teeth are hereditary, but early care and professional skill will do much with even a bad natural set of teeth. A Philadelphia father I know—client of mine—has in each of his children's rooms over the lavatory the following motto: 'Say your prayers; wash your face; comb your hair; brush your teeth.' It is a good one."—*Philadelphia Times*.

When Day Meets Night.

Out to the west the spot day knows night,
And with one parting glow of passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, a softly dwells,
And throws a glow of her girlish dream:
The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.
The clouds, sun-faded, cling 'round the day's decline,
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Faded throes to gray; a snuff-dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Above the western height
The calm cold dark has kissed the day to sleep:
The wistful eyes look out across the night.
—*Charles W. Clemens, in Harper's*.

HUMOROUS.

Proud flesh—The haughty aristocrat.
The bird for literary men—The reed bird.

The woman question: "Now isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"

"Good gracious!" said the hen, when she discovered porcelain eggs in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

"The lattle is not always to be awarded the butter premium at a county fair.

An organist who advertised for vocalists for a church choir, headed his advertisement: "Good chants for the right parties."

Mrs. Montague: "Do you sing, Mr. De Lyle?" Mr. De Lyle (with a superior smile): "I belong to the college glee club." Mrs. Montague (disappointed): "Oh, I'm so sorry. I hoped that you sang."

"They have discovered footprints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." It is impossible to conceive how a race that made footprints three feet long could get lost.

Dude—"You love me, then, Miss Lydia?" Lydia—"Love is perhaps somewhat too much to say. At least I have sympathy for you, because your face resembles so much that of my poor dead Fido."

"He's not what you call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a homely baby that lay howling in his mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that ever grows on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the maternal being; "you'd be better looking if it had!"

The Boy that Was Buried.

A Madrid (Spain) letter tells this story of the cholera epidemic: In Ulea, Murcia, there was attacked a man of over middle age, the father of a family, and also his little boy, aged 11, called Jose Gomez. The father died, and a few days after, at 6 in the afternoon, the boy died also, and was carried immediately to the churchyard, at the same time when the gravedigger was finishing his day's toil. He viewed the last arrival, but although the grave was almost filled up he threw in the dead body and went away. Upon the next morning, as he opened the cemetery gate, the first thing he saw was Jose Gomez, almost naked, just as he was buried, amusing himself. "Hullo!" exclaimed the astonished gravedigger, "who took you out of that?" "Nobody," replied the boy, cheerfully, "I came out myself." "Bueno (good); come here. I wish to speak to you." El chico (the little one), believing that he was to be treated to another burial, began to run, and did not stop until he reached his mother's cottage, whom he frightened out of her wits, as she believed he had come from the other world. "Where is your father?" was the first question put by the poor woman. "Oh, he stayed here; but give me something to eat, mother, for I am very hungry." The mother broke out into sobs and lamentations, and the neighbors crowded in and tried to surround the chico, who fled and endeavored to hide himself, believing firmly those attempts were premonitory of another funeral. In the end he was caught and put to bed, all the time protesting that his one malady was hunger. So they gave him his breakfast, and now he is the pride of the village as he runs about stoning dogs, which, it seems, was his favorite recreation before he was attacked by cholera. The final touch in the story is a striking instance of the truth of what the poet sang: "They change their sky, not their dispositions, who go across the seas."

Willing to Work.

Country girl (addressing robust tramp)—Why don't you go to work? Tramp (looking hungrily around)—I would if I had the tools. Country girl—What sort of tools do you want? Tramp—Knife and fork.—*Rambler*.