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For longer advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A number of chemurgine manufacturers of Chicago propose to test the vitality of the yellow fever virus...

M. Pastour seems to have been tolerably successful in his treatment of hydrophobia cases notwithstanding the recent reports to the contrary...

The old saw "that there is nothing new under the sun" is being constantly exemplified. Agrarians upon the banks of the Nile...

The lofty wooden spires of the churches in Mattson, Ill., have been placed in low beds of glass by woodpeckers looking for food or for places for nests...

A story comes from Mexico that the natives of Mexico on the coast have late themselves with the virus of cholera, typhoid and typhus...

The Chatham Tribune tells a pathetic story of the eldest daughter of John Brigham Young, one of the wealthiest men in Utah...

At various times for fifty years or thereabouts been issuing from the swamps of Florida, and every now and then they project to account for it...

When the Emperor William travels, says the Pitt-Sutton Gazette, every possible measure is taken to provide for his comfort. The emperor's special train consists of three saloon carriages...

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The Golden Bridge.

Let him listen whose would know - Concerning the wisdom of King Ten Puh. Fair is Paktin, with count it rolled. Wave on wave of the river of gold...

"Build me a hundred bridges, the best, higher and wider than all the rest. With posts of oak and foundations of gold..."

"Straightway the bridge was builded so. As had spoken the wisdom of King Ten Puh. And every day from dawn till dark. They who watched the towers of each could mark..."

And the treasurer whispered, bending low. "Great is the wisdom of King Ten Puh." - George T. Loughead.

PATTY'S PIES.

Old Mrs. Markoe was rocking leisurely back and forth in a willow chair on her porch in the soft moon sunshine with a piece of knitting in her hand...

"Do you know any one who would buy it?" Patty wistfully questioned. "No," said Mrs. Markoe. "But what's your notion to sell it?"

"I-I would like a little money very much," said Patty, almost in a whisper. For she felt instinctively that she could hardly explain to old Mrs. Markoe her longing for a new home...

"That's easier said than done," said Mrs. Markoe. "Oh, with sparkling, downcast eyes, 'they have never any of them asked me to marry them, Mrs. Markoe.' 'They will in time, my dear,' said the old lady, encouragingly."

to Mrs. Parker. She may perhaps buy it.

"Mrs. Parker, a blooming widow of forty, did not want the brooch, and said so, frankly. 'But, Patty,' said she, 'I'm awfully glad to see you! I'm going to have all Uncle Jeremiah's folks here to tea, and Deacon Goodie's wife, and Haven Hill's family, and I'm just driven to death. Could you stay and help me a little while?'"

"Well, you and I will choose," said Mrs. Parker. "There is the best part to scrub and dust, and the front windows to clean, and then the apple pie and sponge cake to make in the kitchen. I baked the biscuit before breakfast this morning. Now, which would you prefer?"

"Oh, I'd rather be cook!" said Patty. "I can make pies with any woman, and I know a famous new recipe for sponge cake, and only eight eggs to the pint. Just lend me a white apron, will you?"

"You're the dearest little girl in all the world," said Mrs. Parker, kissing her. "And the very next time that you have a raft of unexpected company, I'll come over to your home and lend a hand, see if I don't!"

It was quite true what Mrs. Markoe had said - Patty was a belle. She had plenty of gallants at every gathering. She was never allowed to occupy the position of wall-flower when others danced. She had plenty of company home from singing-schools, spelling-matches and evening churches. But no one had ever asked her to change her single state. And in a sudden spirit, Patty repeated to herself the words of Mrs. Markoe's song: "Why don't the men propose?"

"I don't go out and ask them," said Patty to herself, as she ran the needle into the fabric around the edge of the pie that was first ready for the oven. "I wonder if that's what they expect?"

"We stopped for you, Patty," cried they, "but your Aunt Judith said you were gone out." "Yes, said Patty, as she brought them a glass of fresh, cool water to drink. "Oh, Mrs. Parker's cook, now!"

"Oh, Mr. Jeffreys!" cried Patty, recognizing him in the startlight. "I've just come from Mrs. Parker's," said the young man. "I expected to find you there."

"I-I don't know how to begin, but I should be proud if you would consent to marry me," blundered on the honest young fellow. "Oh, I couldn't!" said Patty, thankful that the soft, purple dusk hid the blushes on her cheek. "Oh, thank you very much, but I never could do it."

COUNTRY HOMES.

Fortness of Our Presidents for Rural Residences.

The Place Owned by the Various Presidents Since Washington's Time. Almost every President that this country has had has passed a part of his career in the delights of a country home, Washington, as everybody knows, owned a large estate at Mount Vernon, where he retired after his two terms in the Presidency. His death, it will be remembered, was caused from exposure incident to his duties on the plantation, which he delighted to manage in person.

"My dear Miss Wallace, it is with the utmost regret that I learn that you have not served at my post-front Espousal Fair. But the fact emboldened me to try to treat you to become my wife. Next year I hope I may be able to see you. Do come, if possible, to my farm. The outside of the envelope and back by the messenger, will make me rather the best of the most amiable man alive."

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Work of the Big Volcanoes.

Volcanoes, in the celebrated eruption of A. D. 79, is said to have thrown out more lava and ashes than would build another mountain of its own size. Its ashes were carried to Constantinople and into Syria and Egypt, while stones of eight pounds weight were cast into the streets of Pompeii, six miles distant. Pompeii, in 1699, disgorged more than twenty times its own area, and nearly sixty years later poured forth a flood which covered slightly four square miles of surface and measured nearly one hundred million cubic feet. After the eruption of the same mountain in 1819 the molten sea kept moving at the rate of a yard a day for about nine months, and did not become thoroughly cold and solid for ten years. From thirty to forty million cubic feet of matter have probably been discharged from the great volcanoes, Tamaoraga in the Andes in 1787, killed up valleys one thousand feet wide and six hundred feet deep.

Volcanoes are perhaps the most noted of the world, their eruptions destroying from one to four thousand lives at a time. Earthquakes have been attended with more widely fatal results, one such, that will only give a faint idea of the magnitude of the disaster which visited New Zealand in June will have to make a startling record if it is to be placed in the first class of destructive catastrophes. - Washington Star.

The Highest Observatory. The observatory of regular observance of what is going on several thousand feet above the earth has been inaugurated by astronomers. Terrestrial stars to the scientist, the Lyones are going to have the highest observatory on the world. They have built the observatory on the mountain of San Carlos. As a mountain would be an unsatisfactory site for high up in the air the weather observatory is provided with a lot of machinery, hoisted and lowered by the top of the mountain, but the observatory can be entirely secure, so far as the wind-storms that sometimes rage in the upper air, because the stone refuge, which is cut into the rocks, of course, the observatory will be able to communicate with the earth by the means of the telegraph. Another observatory will be the famous tower, 1000 feet high, the foundations of which are seen to be laid on the Champo de Maricao in readiness for the Paris Exposition two years hence. It will be one of the wonders of the world. We have described it before in our columns, but after the expiration of the year it will be an observatory, and will be devoted to forwarding observations. - Boston.

Florida Mosquito Yarns. We have heard it up. The toughest mosquito yarns come from down the river. It is told of one of the crew of the steamer R. Evelyn, that after they got into the river, when night came he went to sleep in a stateroom, the window to which was just closed by a screen. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a sound of rattling. The mosquitoes had thronged the screen and struck their heads into the meshes till they had exhausted every particle of it. He frantically kicked out the screen, and now he does not know whether he would rather die of suffocation or of mosquito bites. Another curious story went from below is that a young man went to work for the first time on his home-land, providing himself with a good snuffly netting bar. The first night he pitched his netting bar and went to bed. The first day and night he did not see. The mosquitoes had so thickly covered his net on the outside that it was perfectly dark inside. He did not know when day light came. - Ladies' Home Journal.

A Conspirator. "Say, Jones," said Barlow, "I understand that you and Jeffery are no longer friends. What's the trouble between you?" "Trouble," replied Jones. "Trouble enough. He's a conspirator, that man is, a cunning, a cowardly thief. Oh, if I only had him here now!" "Why, my dear fellow, you seem to be excited. I can't believe that Jeffery is as bad as that. What did he do to you?" "Do to me? Traded with the best and best of feeling that man can know. I'm a thief, a liar, a scoundrel, a scoundrel. Do to me? Cheated me, outraged my finer feelings, teased me and wounded me. Do to me? Induced me to try to let me ride on a bicycle! Oh, the villain!" - Somerville Journal.

Family Discipline. "Well, Johnny, I suppose you frequently get your little hole tanned at home?" "Oh, yes, I get a licking every once in a while." "Who gives it to you?" "Sometimes pa and sometimes ma. It depends on which of them hasn't any thing else to do at the time."

Ill-Starred.

Oh, pines and sympathetic tears, The death of my ill-starred night, For whom ring no's atomic spheres...

Oh, pines and sympathetic tears, The death of my ill-starred night, For whom ring no's atomic spheres. For those who, early in the night, Saw flashes turning into light, And flying up to Fate their spears. The death of death, the pierced curse, 'Tis folly is it that they tell. Of those young knights whose hopes, alas! Before the sunrise could not quell; Who from the dawn within the glass, For some one else are but ill-equipped. To face the world, some work of wit And some faint hearted, fool-dipped. It's but the losses that to fill, Even in leaving with the crowd's yell And of the armor ever stripped. Oh, 'twere when the fates are set, It's a touch you've failed on every field To win the laurel's banner, yet, It's high above to hold such shield, And none with purpose strong unshield, And each shall win a victory yet. - Will M. Woodcock.

HUMOROUS.

When you say a word, You must show which way the wind blows. The darkest hour is when you can't find the match. You can't have the last word with a woman; it always has a retort. If you want a name for a cat call it Puss, because it has so many lives. Nothing in the world will produce such a quantity of material as an earthquake.

A smart high schooler on ladies reads: "The mother's heart gives the joy to the baby" (1st 2d). When they get into a scrimmage down in Mexico it always takes people quite a spell to tell accurately which is the government and which the revolution. An accepted writer, one day walking with his best of his affection said: "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm!" "Upon my word," said she, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging."

Ministers who preach long sermons - in the summer - will be interested in the contents of their smallest leaves. One of them, when asked what lesson was to be learned from the story of Saul and Jonathan, replied: "I don't see, my minister, should I ever try to preach too long sermons?" Another, a little years ago, commented thus: "Mamma, that minister preached me all to longer!"

A Bee in a Telephone.

The experience of telegraph operators, inspectors and linemen brings them into close acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of faults in connection with their work. The variety of these faults is wonderful, many stranger than fiction. One of the most curious in connection with telephony which we have ever known has just happened within the last few days at a place called Moss Bay. The lineman's attention was called to the fault in question, as hearing was difficult on listening at the telephone. He found a "short of sounding, which came so infrequently, very much resembling the distant roll of the tide, and which rendered speaking and transmission of work almost impracticable." Having searched himself by the usual methods that the instrument was right and the line free from induction, and that it would pick up vibrations, the conclusion was arrived at that the fault must be in the general office, Moss Bay. An examination of the telephone apparatus disclosed a novelty. A huge bee was inside the telephone, and in trying to make good its escape, it had become fixed between the sounding board and microphone, and it had lammed to the extent of interfering with the human organs of the circuit. How the bee came there the lineman cannot say, whether by accident or design he knows not, but the bee was the cause of the fault. In concluding his report, the lineman candidly states: "I have met some very tedious and technical faults in connection with various telephone apparatus, but I never saw done with a bee before." - Mechanical World.

A Peculiar Tree.

From the town are well supplied with beautiful and attractive ornamental shrubbery, in addition to the endless variety of fruit trees and vines. Among the ornamental trees is found one peculiar to this section and at present found in no other portion of the state in any numbers. We refer to the imported "umbrella" tree, introduced by a local nurseryman. This tree is shaped as near like an umbrella as it is possible for a plant to come, hence its name. There are hundreds of them in this section, all presenting a most attractive appearance, and several individual specimens in this city which are the pride of their owners. One in the dooryard of P. H. Ball is a beauty, and as a shade tree is perfection itself. It is now only 5 1/2 years old from the seed, is eighteen feet in height, twenty-eight feet from tip to tip of its branches, and its trunk is two feet and eight inches in circumference - two feet above the ground. Its shade is as dense as a single, not a particle of the sun's rays ever reaching the ground through its foliage. - From Cal. Republic.