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Joy and Sorrow.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad,
For lights beam bright across the way,

No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throngs;
No hope that joy will dawn again,

A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

BY WALLACE F. REED.

"She will be a princess, if—"

"Speak!" commanded Señor Valdez.
"Surely the power of your evil art has not deserted you."

"The fortune-teller again scrutinized the innocent baby face before her, and looked at the pink little palm extended in her brown, leathery hand."

"There is a lemon seed in the glass," said her father.
"Rita laughed. It was such a trifle, she told her father."

"The Queen's Tobacco-Pipe."
One evening as Uncle Cap gazed meditatively at the smoke wreaths from his cigar he said: "Children, who do you think has the largest tobacco-pipe in the world?"

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"That does not need to be said," answered the empress, taking the girl by the hand and leading her to a quiet corner of the salon.

The Señora Valdez had been educated by the best European tutors that her father's liberal offers could secure. She was mistress of every accomplishment.

"She will be a princess!" old Valdez would repeat a hundred times a day. The señor moved to the capital, and established himself in a palace.

"By all the saints!" he exclaimed, leaping from his bed. "In one week from to-day Rita will be eighteen! What did the old witch say? Her words all depended upon an if."

The señor hastily dressed himself and ran into his daughter's room. Rita was sleeping quietly, and her face wore the glow of health.

Valdez examined the fastenings of the windows, and then retired locking the door and taking the key with him.

"We must run no risk," the old man said, as he stroked her head affectionately.

On the morrow Rita would be eighteen. Valdez passed the day in a state of dazed illumination.

"No coffee, my dear," he said, "A glass of lemonade is more wholesome. Heavens!" he shrieked.

"What is it?" asked the astonished girl. "There is a lemon seed in the glass," said her father.

Rita laughed. It was such a trifle, she told her father. But Valdez would have his way. He poured out another glass, and examined every particle of food that came into the room.

Before night the windows were securely barred, the room was searched to see that no assassin had concealed himself, and finally at a late hour Valdez told his daughter that he was afraid to give her any supper.

"The truth is," he said, "I am afraid of poison." "May I have a few bananas?" pleaded the señorita.

"Bananas," shouted her father. "Why of course. They cannot hurt you. Yes, you shall have a whole bunch."

He gave his orders, and in a few minutes the tempting looking fruit was brought into the room.

Valdez kissed his daughter, and locked her in. He did not tell her of his purpose but all night long he paced the hall in his stocking feet with a pistol in his hand.

the death of her favorite she at once discontinued her court entertainments for the season. The empress felt the shock so severely that it is believed by many in Mexico that her subsequent mental troubles really dated from the death of the unfortunate Rita.

Mushroom-growing in Illinois. A company was recently organized in the city of Chicago which has leased five acres of the tunnels of the Utica Cement Manufacturing Company for twenty years for the production of mushrooms.

A Smart Old Rat. On a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead and tried hard to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo and was first at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter.

She first wetted her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill.

One evening as Uncle Cap gazed meditatively at the smoke wreaths from his cigar he said: "Children, who do you think has the largest tobacco-pipe in the world?"

"The Sultan," said Bryce. The little girls wondered, but could not even guess.

"No," said Uncle Cap, with a smile; "you are all wrong. The largest pipe in the world is known as belonging to a certain lady of whom you all have heard."

"A lady!" exclaimed the children, in great astonishment. "Yes, and her name is Queen Victoria. In her pipe which is called the 'Queen's Tobacco Pipe' hundreds of pounds of tobacco are consumed at a time. It is a huge furnace built in the centre of the vast tobacco warehouses at the London Docks and in it is burned all damaged or unsaleable tobacco arriving at that port."

"Tommy, do you practise regularly on the piano when I am down town?" "Yes, pa." "Every day?" "Yes, pa."

"How long did you practise yesterday?" "Two hours." "And to-day?" "Three hours." "I am glad to hear that you practise so regularly."

"And next time you practise be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago."—[Sittings.]

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two."

"I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."—[New York Sun.]

"I've been making nine pies," said a wife, as the after-dinner coffee was brought on, "and I'm very tired."

"And I've been eating nine pie," remarked her husband, "and I am tired, too," and he bowed his head upon the table.—[New York Sun.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Grandpa's Barn. Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn, where the doors stand open throughout the day.

A Smart Old Rat. On a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran.

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"A New Process. Patron—It's astonishing what a number of new artistic designs have been invented lately. Poor Artist—Yes, indeed, sir. I have often drawn on an empty stomach."—[Tid Bits.]

LOBSTERS.

Some Facts Concerning the Warriors of the Deep. Their voracity leads to their easy capture.

During the early period of its growth, says the Baltimore Sun, the lobster casts the whole of his shell frequently—in the second year every two months—but as its size increases a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fullness of physical dignity, its armor grows as it were rusty, and becomes coated over with parasitic shells.

Dr. Beard tells us that "the lobster only increases in size during the short period of molting, but this increase is so great that it is almost as difficult to believe the cast off clothes ever fitted the large fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic genie ever came out of the jar the lid of which had been in an evil hour removed by the Arabian fisherman."

When the pea is sufficiently ripe the fish has the power to place her eggs under the protection of her over-arching shell, where they advance gradually to maturity, one lobster producing from 20,000 to 25,000 eggs each season. The spawn is thus carried by the mother till nearly fit to commence independent life, and when cast off it soon gives birth to the young lobster, which grows rapidly, but passes through many changes before it assumes the form and color with which ordinary observers are more familiar.

Enormous as is the increase from a single female lobster, their numbers are considerably diminished by predatory fish, which devour them with great avidity and relish, but we are told that the mother protects her progeny to the utmost, and by no means ceases her care with the deposit of her spawn, but continues it in a very pleasing and interesting manner longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organization.

Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the season the old lobsters with their young around them. "Some of these infants have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peering out from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, when herself and young family took refuge under the rocks; the rattling was no doubt to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, without the slightest concert or question of collusion."

"The lobster's home," says Dr. Beard, "is in the purest water, beneath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy weeds, a warrior in full panoply, ever ready to do battle with all comers."

It is here in rocky ground and in the fastnesses such localities afford to a creature so frequently defenseless he feeds chiefly on the aquatic vegetation which surrounds him, chopping up his salad with the large claw, little conscious how his example may be followed by man at a feast at which he may be the principal invited guest.

Lobsters and crabs vary in their tastes. Lobsters will be attracted by almost any description of offal, the more putrescent the better; the crab will refuse to enter if the bait is not sweet and fresh.

Dr. Blakey says the lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is often called the scavenger of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substances of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell although no distinct organs for this office have yet been detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps made of strong twigs, like the common wire mousetraps, are lowered into the water and marked with a buoy, and these become the most effectual means of capturing this epicurean crustacean.

Boring a Square Hole. A man has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a two-by-four mortise in from four to five minutes—and do it with perfect accuracy—that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour.—[Hull-fax Critic.]

Care of Canary Birds. A writer on the care of canary birds says that a raw apple, cabbage leaf and plantain should be provided. Aim to give one or the other of these things every day the year round. Occasionally give a piece of bread soaked in milk, but never cake or candy. Once a week give boiled egg mixed with cracker. Never hang any birds in a draft or the wind, and never set them out of their cages. In moulting time give a dusting of cayenne pepper to their egg and cracker, or bread and milk.

The Game of Progressive Observation.

"Progressive Observation" is the name given to a new Boston game that has been taken up with interest in social circles. It has an advantage over "donkey parties," and progressive euchre in that it teaches something useful. The hostess provides five tables, at each of which are seated four or five persons, or even more if desired. Table No. 1, or the "head" table, represents the sense of sight, the highest sense. Table No. 2 is touch, No. 3 hearing, No. 4 smell, and No. 5 taste. There is a teacher for each table, and the teacher is supplied with a variety of objects suited to the use of the table. For instance, the teacher at the sight table holds before each player in turn a collection of small objects on a tray, and after the lapse of half a minute takes away the tray and asks the player to name the articles. Or the teacher gives each person a single article, and after a short inspection calls for answers to all the questions that can be asked about it. Score is kept by the teacher, and the player making the least mistakes progresses to the next table.

At the close of the evening the player who has made the most "progressions" is awarded the prize. The variety of objects for the several tables is only limited by the teacher's ingenuity and the resources of the house. At the "touch" table the players close their eyes and depend on the sense of feeling alone for their impression of the article given them. This is not so easy as it may be supposed. For the "hearing" table a musical instrument may be used and the test given on a note or combination of notes; or a number of thin glasses may be used in a like way, the player being asked to give the number of a particular sound which is given alone after being struck in a regular succession. For the taste and smell tables the kitchen can be drawn upon, and such things as flour, meal, powdered maccaroni, corn starch, granum, and others, whose taste and smell in the raw state are either not very pronounced or not familiar, are good for the purpose.

The game is not so much like "child's play" as may be thought. True, it had its origin in the "plays" of kindergarten, but, as developed and enlarged, the idea proves very well adapted to the entertainment of grown people, who are rational enough to like a little sense with their fun.—[Minneapolis Tribune.]

Smoking Under Water. "Do you know how that trick of smoking under water is done?" asked a showman the other day. "You'll see it tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange, I admit, to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. It is a trick, but it requires practice. I used to be quite proficient at it. Just as I threw myself backward to go down, I would flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another flip reversed the cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."—[Philadelphia Call.]

Bullets Without Billets. The question has often been raised, what proportion of balls, exchanged by hostile armies, will hit their mark and kill. Difficult as it is to solve it exactly, some approximation may be arrived at from the number of balls—estimated at 20,000,000—which were fired by the Germans in the war of 1870-71. The French army lost, in dead and wounded about 140,000 men. According to this, only one ball out of 143 fired hit its man, and assuming that on an average only one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one rifle-ball in 858 proved fatal. If it is further considered that the number of men wounded and killed by the guns of the artillery are included in the above estimate, it may safely be said that not over one rifle-ball in 1000 fired proved to be fatal.—[Boston Beacon.]

Japanese Agitators. Young men clad in the garments formerly worn by students have been numerous in the streets of Osaka, Japan, lately. They lecture in out of the way corners, and even in crowded streets when no constable is at hand, upon political subjects, and frequently urge the doctrines that "official salaries are the life-blood of the people."—[Chicago News.]

It Couldn't Help Falling. "Fat," said an American to an Irishman who had lately landed, and who was staring at Niagara. "Fat, did you see such a fall as that in the old country?" "Faith, and I never did; but do ver so, why shouldn't it fall? What's to prevent its fallin'? That's what I'd like ter know."

A Face.

Between the curtains of snowy lace, Over the way, is a baby's face. It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee, And waves its pink little hand at me. My heart responds with a lonely cry. But in the wonderful By-and-by, Out from the window of God's "To Be," That other baby shall beckon to me. That ever haunting and longed for face, That perfect vision of infant grace, Shall shine on me in a splendor of light, Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good— All that puzzles me, understood; And the wee white hand that I lost one day Shall lead me into the better way. —[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

HUMOROUS.

About the first thing lost at sea is the sight of land. A first-class tailor you will always find good at figures. Half the boys to-day would rather be drum-majors than presidents. "Won by a mere scratch," as the hen observed when she turned up the worm. The only people who are fond of getting into court are lawyers and young folks. Waiting for a letter that never came is not a circumstance to waiting for a backward success. A man may be behind in his work and still show push. This is so if he is wheeling a barrow. The emperor of Russia plays the cornet. Can this be the real secret of nihilistic activity. The man who wrote "O, solitude, where art thy charms?" was a business man who didn't advertise. Old lady (in drug store, to small boy): "What am I to take this medicine in, sonny?" Sonny: "Take it in your mouth, mum; taunt to be rubbed on."

When a boy is caught in an orchard, the first thing he says is invariably as follows: "I wa'n't goin' to steal none of yer apples." Tourist: "You have a fine farm, indeed!" Farmer: "Yes, I reckon it's one of the best." Tourist: "What's the most profitable source of income?" Farmer: "Summer boarders."

Rivals to Tea and Coffee. If tea and coffee can never be wholly dethroned from their dietic pride of place, it is quite possible that new beverages may be invented to rival them. Mate, which the Peruvian sucks hot through a silver pipe; guarana, much richer than the Mocha berry or the Chinese leaf in theine; the kola nut and the coca plant are all possible competitors. The negro of the Soudan, Mauritius, West Indies and Brazil would not give up the kola nut for the best tea or coffee. Then there are millions of people who drink infusions of the leaves of sassafras of lodum, of pimento, and the partridge berry, and hundreds of unsuspected plants contain the ingredients which the human race seeks for in such beverages. The chief of these are the alkaloid, which is present by a proportion of about 3 per cent. in ordinary tea, and the aromatic oil which give to that and to coffee their special flavor. The Chinese will not drink new tea because it contains too much of the latter ingredient, and is sometimes actually intoxicating.—[London Telegraph.]

Stick to the Text. The difficulty with many actors is that they think they know better than the writer of the piece, or even the audience, what will please, and so take liberties with the text. This is sheer ignorance. To such an actor W. S. Gilbert once said, while rehearsing "The Mikado": "You must read the lines as I have written them, and make no changes." "I think I am old enough to understand without telling me," was the respectful reply. "You certainly are," returned the actor. "And I ought to know," said the actor. "You certainly ought," was the dry response; but as Mr. Gilbert said nothing further, the actor became even more resentful, though obedient. He found afterward that he got more applause from cultivated people when sticking to the text than when attempting to "gag" it.

Struggling with his Memory. Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of a way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby? A-aked his aunt. "Why, ma, I told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat and I'm trying to remember it."—[New York Sun.]

Somewhat Personal. A humpback met a malicious one-eyed neighbor. "Ah," said the latter, "you have your load on your back early this morning." "Yes," responded the humpback, looking intently at the one-eyed man, "it must be rather early. I see you have only got one blind open."—[Sittings.]