The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
Strictly inAdvance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XI. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1889. NO. 25.

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RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
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Humanity.

There is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul which yet to each belongs,
There is a sound made of all human speech
And numerous as the utterance of all songs
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages span it, lifetime vast,
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall forever last.
And thus forever with a wider span
Humanity overarches time and death;
Man can shed the universal man
And live in Life that ends not with his breath
And gather all ry that ever was still
Till Time his grave with Death's last stone shall fill.

—*Richard Watson Dixon.*

A Remarkable Experience.

"If you want a story," said a friend to a San Francisco *Bulletin* reporter, "come with me, and I will introduce you to a man who will relate to you a very strange one."

The reporter accompanied his friend to the latter's office, on California street, where he met the person alluded to. In appearance the man, the hero of special interest—little dreamed he ever heard of, was a cripple. He was of medium height, slightly built, possessed a remarkable strength, but with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and with not the slightest color in his face to let one know that the warm life blood was coursing in his veins. What added yet more to his extraordinary appearance was his hair and beard, both as white as the drifted snow, altogether an extraordinary man, who would be looked at and pointed at wherever he went. But the peculiar appearance was not natural to the man, for he could be seen have lived from age of twenty-five. It was a premature aging, and in his intensity of agony, of suffering, of the most acute torture.

The reporter was introduced and the man shook hands—hands yet hardly that, either, for his hand was cold and clammy. After a little preliminary talk he said: "You are anxious to hear my story. I was about to tell my friend here the narrative of those sufferings which made me what you perceive I am. He asked my permission to bring you here, and as you are a lover of strange things, I will gladly make you in my little audience. I have not always been such a wretched person as you see me now. This age, which weighs me down almost to the ground, was the result of a concentration of intense suffering into the short period of a week. It I should live when I tell you of my sufferings, bear with me. It is not often that men are snatched from the jaws of death to tell how near they have been to it.

"I am an Englishman and come of an old and wealthy family of Essex. I had a liberal education in my youth, but never could see why I should heed my years and learn to be a living compression of country air for the tomb of the gospel, and so, turning my back on the supplies, I invested on going to sea. I went. What with my influence and my skill as a navigator and seaman—for which, indeed, I had natural aptitude—I soon rose to a position of trust. I became second mate of a fine ship. From that to mate was a short step, and a few years saw me chief officer of one of the finest vessels sailing out of London. It was in my 26th year that my ship, the Osprey, owned by Fowler Brothers, was chartered to come to this port for wheat. We arrived safely, loaded wheat, and soon were outside of the Golden Gate heading for home. Everything went smoothly, and nothing occurred to forewarn me of the terrible adventure the future had in store for me.

"We were to the southward of Valparaiso when I felt ill. It was a kind of faintness that would suddenly and without warning come upon me, so that I often fell on the deck and lay there until some one could come to my assistance. This continued without my getting much worse, until we got down off the Magellan Straits, in the latitude of Cape Pillar, or the breakouts. One day a gloomy, forbidding day, such as the mariner often meets with down there, I had the afternoon watch, and was superintending one of my men who was fixing a rat line in the weather mizzen topmast rigging. The fellow was very clumsy, to say the least of it. I got annoyed watching his awkwardness; more annoyed, in fact, than was warranted, I think, now that I look back. But I was growing more and more irritable every day, which was probably owing to my fainting spells. Suddenly I became so excited that I jumped into the mizzen rigging, and was into the top in a trice. I was about to pull the fellow away from his job when it fell come on. A sudden mist clouded my eyes. My senses left me; I reeled and fell from the top to the deck. In my descent I struck once or twice, which caused me to turn over, with the result that I fell on my head. When I recovered consciousness I was lying in a bunk in the hospitable. Still there was a thick mist before my eyes. I could, indeed, see everything so as to recognize where I was, but somehow my eyes refused to move about, and I could only stare straight up at the deck. I tried to turn in my bunk, but I could not; to raise my arm, but I could not; to sit up, but my muscles failed me. At last the truth struggled into my darkened mind. I perceived at last that I was in a perfectly cataleptic trance. The strange part of it was that my mind was almost as active as ever. I knew all that was going on about me, and I felt an overwhelming terror at my possible fate.

"It was soon made known to me. The Captain entered my room. I could hear indistinctly, as if it were afar off, his footsteps on the deck. Then the steward also came in. I heard them consulting together, and both came to the conclusion that I was dead; that my neck was broken by the fall.

"Tell Sails to come in and take his measure. We must bury him tomorrow while the fine weather lasts,' I heard the Captain say, and presently the sailmaker came in and measured me for the last hammock I should ever sleep in. I could not feel him, but I knew by his motions what he was doing. I will not describe how they laid me out on the cabin table and left me there while Sails, close by, made my shroud. Stitch, stitch, stitch, went his needle, seeming to enter into my brain every time instead of the thick canvas. I can distinctly remember that while I lay there the steward tried to close my eyes, but, thank God, they flew up every time and left the poor consolation of seeing the preparations for my doom.

"At last all was finished. The canvas spread on the deck and I was laid in it. Then the sailmaker began to stitch me up. He had stitched up all but my face, when I heard him say he had lost his knife. A vigil search was made everywhere but it could not be found, so Sails returned to work, and all that time I was thinking in my dull way what fools they were for not looking into my shroud for the lost knife. As I afterward learned, it was next day at noon that I was carried on deck and laid on a plank, preparatory to being shot over board. The man who had sewed me up took a look at my face, and then it was covered up forever. The burial service was read by the Captain, there was little delay, and then the plank was tilted, and I shot into the bitter cold water off the Diego Ramirez. It must have been the shock that brought me to my senses, for as I sank down, dragged down by the shot at my feet, I felt my feeling and action return. At the same moment my right hand, released from its dread inertia, grasped what I instantly knew to be a knife. Mechanically I forced the blade and ripped my canvas shroud so that the shot fell and I began to rise to the surface. In a few seconds, I suppose, although it seemed years, I opened my eyes—for it is a curious fact that while I lay in a state of coma they remained open, yet when my feelings returned with the shock I closed them at once—and saw once more the light of day, which I had never expected to see again. I was an excellent swimmer, and had soon regained my breath and cast from me the canvas which impeded my movements. Then I looked around over the waters, and saw that my miraculous escape had been all for nothing. The ship, looking like a great swan, getting smaller and smaller every as I looked. Never more to my lips a frenzied curse against the God that had abandoned me thus, but almost immediately afterward, as if to rebuke me for my wickedness, I noticed a piece of wreckage floating toward me. Hope once more filled my breast, and I swam toward the piece of deckhouse, as it proved to be, and clambering on top threw myself on my face and wept for very wretchedness.

"Alone on the wide ocean, a piece of wood the only thing between me and death, dazed and weak from my last terrible experience, what else could I do but weep? Soon I began to feel an intense hunger. By the lowest calculation I must have been counting for three days, so for that time I had had no nourishment. The thick mist that suddenly came down satisfied my thirst, but there was nothing to eat, nothing to eat. I nearly went crazy as the day wore on.

"At last night fell and added the terrors of the blackness of darkness to the pangs of hunger. I could never tell the horrors of that first night. It was a wonder I was not stark staring mad when day broke. The second day passed like the first. Nothing to eat, something to moisten my lips, but no sail in sight. The third day broke with an angry sky and murkier sea, and I saw that before the day closed a Cape Horn gale would be raging with its attendant sleet and cold. I trembled then, for, even though I was almost dead and quite without hope, I wanted to live. By noon the sea had risen tremendously, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to keep on my raft. By nightfall the gale was raging furiously, and I was expecting every moment to be engulfed in one of the terrible abysses into which my raft slipped constantly. This was the most awful night I ever spent—worse even than when I lay to all appearances dead on the cabin table of the Osprey. The flying spoondrift cut me to the bone. The great waves rolled their crested phosphorescent heads high above me, who, sunk in a black abyss, heard the gale shrieking overhead. I felt soon that it could not last much longer. Numbed and weak as I was, I clung to my refuge with the energy of desperation, and waited bitterly for death.

"Finally an immense wave, higher than all that had gone before, rolled its wild head to the skies and rolled down on me.

"My time had come. I was swept like a chip from my raft and carried on the crest of the monster as I supposed, to death. But once again the hand of the Almighty was stretched out to save me. I was dashed with inconceivable violence against something solid as a rock. Ropes were flying all around me. I grabbed several and then swooned.

"I awoke and recognized the old hospital of the Osprey. Then I thought my burial and subsequent adventures were all a wandering fancy and that I had never left the hospital. But I was soon undeceived. A kind face bent over me and I saw once more the features of my good captain. He should not permit me to speak all that day, but on the next I was allowed to relate my story, which I did in a weak and quavering voice, I can assure you. Then the captain told me that after burying me, as they thought, they had kept on their course for two days, when they encountered a heavy head gale which drove them back on their course again. They shipped a terrible sea which carried away boats and houses forward, but it was the last expiring effort of the gale, for after that it blew away. When the waist was sufficiently clear of water to enable the men to work there, they had discovered my body entangled in ropes lying in the forecastle. At first they thought my corpse had been washed aboard again, as has been several times done, but on lifting me up they saw unmistakable signs of life, and with great awe and wonder carried me into the cabin. As to my comatose sleep, the captain said he had never seen anything more like death. He had doubted if the most skillful doctors could have discovered any life in me. He was confident my neck had been broken.

"In a week or so I got around, and one day, looking in a glass, discovered to my astonishment that my hair was quite white. It was two years before I got over my terrible experience at Cape Horn sufficiently to go to sea again, but it has left me what you see me—a man of 60 at 45. My case was thought a very extraordinary one by medical men, and the medical papers described my attack of coma, as they called it, very minutely, only quite differently from my experience."

A Human Almanac.

Connellsville, Penn., has a freak who is of immense value to farmers in setting out their crops and to the superstitious people who cut their hair and finger nails at certain stages of the moon. The freak is James H. Rothermal, a carpenter, possessed of a peculiar birth mark at the base of his brain. It is naturally crescent in shape and bluish in color. As the moon is turning the first quarter the mark becomes a reddish hue, and the swelling of the flesh below it, extending diagonally across the neck to the right shoulder, is perceptible.

The mark becomes redder as the moon grows older, and the flesh swells correspondingly. When the moon is full the crescent is of bright red, and the flesh assumes a horn like roll over two inches in thickness at the largest part, gradually tapering to a point on the shoulder.

As the birth mark grows large as the moon becomes full, so it decreases in size as the moon wanes, and when the moon is quite dark there is nothing to be seen but the bluish, crescent shaped mark. Mr. Rothermal suffers no inconvenience by enlargement of the neck, nor does he claim much pain. He needs no almanac to tell the change in the moon, simply placing his hand on the mark to tell its condition. While going to school the scholars and teacher often observed the changes in the birth mark, and wondered at the remarkable regularity with which they occurred.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Latest Fad in Foot Gear.

The latest fad in woman's foot gear is the rubber boot with fancy uppers of Jersey cloth in plaid or check patterns. The entire boot is lined with Canton flannel and is buttoned on the same as a pair of walking shoes. They are extremely stylish and combine both comfort and warmth. The uppers are also made in plain goods, so that there is little difficulty in matching the dress material.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Cat's Explanation.

You ask the reason I am so [illegible]
Why cats don't wear [illegible]
Before the world, to clear my character
In all good Christian circles.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pinnacle of home building,
Had planned to cut for a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he crept along sporting,

"All things follow the rule of fashion,
Please think of what I say"
And wishing to be the latest well dressed,
Pussy hooded his entire coat.

But when she reached the place to wish
Chance for a escape of feeling,
The clever young mouse had gone that day,
Without respect to meeting.

A fellow counsel met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash, till after eating.

—*Eva J. Poole.*

Saw Oliver Optic.

A ten year old youngster was curled up on a sofa in the parlor of Haynes' hotel Thursday evening deeply interested in one of "Oliver Optic's" tales, when a portly, white whiskered man strolled into the room and stopped before the little fellow, asked him what he was reading. "A book, sir," was the reply, "and I'd like to know the feller that wrote it." Taking the volume from the boy's hand a quiet smile played around the stranger's mouth as he looked at the title. After some further conversation it was agreed between the two that on condition the little fellow promised to be good one long year and to mind his mother promptly, he should be given a glimpse of "Oliver Optic." It was further agreed that the youngster after waiting two minutes should pull aside the curtain in an adjoining room and there he should behold his hero. After the allotted time the boy crept to the curtains, and peeping behind them saw his good natured white whiskered friend in the room. It was some time before the boy could be made to believe that was "Oliver Optic," or W. T. Adams, which is the author's real name.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Boy Mathematician.

When Blaise Pascal, who became one of the most distinguished mathematicians who ever lived, was ten years old, his attention, at the dinner table, was attracted by the sound which he struck his plate with his knife.

"Blaise, what are you doing with that plate? You will break it," exclaimed his oldest sister.

"See here, sister," answered the boy, "when I strike the plate with my knife, notice how it rings. Look!" and he struck his plate again. Both listened for a moment, when Blaise continued.

"Now sir, when I stop the plate with my hand, the sound ceases."

And he struck the plate again, the ringing of which ceased when he grasped it with his hand.

"Why is this, I wonder?" he asked. His sister could not enlighten him; for he went on examining and observing the nice distinctions of sounds, sounding the depths of science and penetrating its utmost recesses, until he brought forth his elaborate treatise on the subject, in manhood.—*Youth's Weekly.*

Butterfly Nurses.

Ants and butterflies are not confidently on the most friendly terms for ants have a ruthless custom of eating and devouring their winged acquaintances. There is, however, one species of butterfly, described in a scientific journal of Bombay, the larvæ of which are protected by the large black ants found in Indian gardens and houses.

The secret of this care lies in the fact that the larvæ exude a sweet liquid, of which the ants are very fond, and which they obtain by gently stroking the little creatures with their antennæ. At the foot of a bush on which the larvæ feed, the ants construct a temporary nest and are then ready to act as attentive nurses.

About the middle of June the ants are busy running about on this bush, in search of the larvæ, and driving them down toward their own nest. When the prisoners reach their prison, they at once fall into a doze, and undergo transformation into pupæ. During this period, if the loose earth at the foot of the bush be scraped away, hundreds of larvæ and pupæ may be seen, arranged in a broad, even band about the stem.

In about a week the butterfly is ready to come forth, and is tenderly assisted to leave its shell. If it is strong and healthy, it is allowed to spread its wings and fly away, but should it prove defective, the ants exercise the utmost care in assisting it to the tree, and leaving it there in safety.

It is said to be a curious sight to watch these fragile creatures going about in perfect confidence among the stinging, fierce ants, which have, however, by no means adopted the profession of nurses for the fun of it, for when the larvæ of another species are present, they immediately set upon them and tear them in pieces.—*Youth's Companion.*

HISTORY AT A GLANCE.

The Date of Important Events in America from 1861 to 1865.

Abraham Lincoln inaugurated, March 4, 1861.

Fort Sumter fired upon, April 12, 1861.

Fort Sumter captured, April 14, 1861.

First bloodshed in war, April 19, 1861.

Battle of Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861.

Battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

General Lyon killed, August 10, 1861.

Port Royal, S. C., taken, Nov. 7, 1861.

Seizure of Mason and Slidell, Nov. 8, 1861.

Fort Henry taken, Feb. 6, 1862.

Roanoke Island N. C., taken Feb. 8, 1862.

Fort Donaldson, Tenn., taken, Feb. 16, 1862.

Battle of Pea Ridge Ark., March 7, 1862.

Battle of Monitor and Merrimack, March 9, 1862.

General Albert Sidney Johnston killed, April 6, 1862.

Battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862.

Island No. 10 captured, April 7, 1862.

New Orleans captured, April 7, 1862.

Beaufort, N. C., captured, April 25, 1862.

Yorktown, Va., taken, May 4, 1862.

Norfolk, Va., surrendered, May 10, 1862.

Corinth, Miss., taken, May 30, 1862.

Battle of Seven Pines, Va., May 31, 1862.

Memphis, Tenn., surrendered, June 6, 1862.

Seven days' battles, June 25 to July 1, 1862.

Battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

Second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 29-30, 1862.

Battle Richmond, Ky., Aug. 30, 1862.

Generals Kearney and Stevens killed, Sept. 1, 1862.

Battle of Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862.

Battle of South Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, 1862.

Harper's Ferry surrendered, Sept. 15, 1862.

Battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

Battle of Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19, 1862.

Battle of Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4, 1862.

Battle of Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862.

Rosecrans superseded Buell, Oct. 30, 1862.

Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.

First attack on Vicksburg, Dec. 29, 1862.

Battle of Murfreesboro, Dec. 31, 1862—Jan. 2, 1863.

Emancipation proclamation, Jan. 1, 1863.

Arkansas Post taken, Jan. 11, 1863.

General Hooker succeeds General Burnside, Jan. 26, 1863.

Fort Sumter, S. C., bombarded by fleet, April 7, 1863.

Grant's campaign before Vicksburg, May 1-17, 1863.

Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2-3, 1863.

"Stonewall" Jackson shot, May 2, 1863.

West Virginia admitted to the Union, June 19, 1863.

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-3, 1863.

Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered July 4, 1863.

Port Hudson surrendered July 8, 1863.

Draft riot in New York City, July 13-16, 1863.

Mississippi River open to Gulf, July 14, 1863.

Quantrell's massacre at Lawrence, Kan., Aug. 21, 1863.

Fort Wagner, S. C., taken Sept. 7, 1863.

Battle of Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Sept. 9, 1863.

Battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19-20, 1863.

Brigadier General Lytle killed, Sept. 20, 1863.

Battle of Chattanooga, Nov. 24-25, 1863.

Siege of Knoxville, Tenn., raised, Dec. 4, 1863.

Battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20, 1864.

Fort de Russy captured, March 14, 1864.

Fort Pillow, Tenn., captured, April 12, 1864.

Butler landed at Bermuda Hundred, May 5, 1864.

Battle of Wilderness, Va., May 5-6, 1864.

General Sedgwick killed, May 6, 1864.

Battle of Spottsylvania, May 8-12, 1864.

Battle of Resaca, May 14-15, 1864.

Battle of Newmarket, May 15, 1864.

Battle of Dallas, May 25-28, 1864.

Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Battle of Lost Mountain, June 15-17, 1864.

Fight between Kearsarge and Alabama, June 19, 1864.

Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864.

Battle of Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864.

Battle before Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 22, 28, 1864.

Chambersburg, Pa., burned, July 30, 1864.

Mine explosion at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.

Farragut entered Mobile bay, Aug. 5, 1864.

Weldon Railroad taken, Aug. 18, 1864.

Atlanta, Ga., taken, Sept. 2, 1864.

Battle of Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864.

Battle of Fisher's Hill, Va., Sept. 22, 1864.

Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15-16, 1864.

Fort Fisher, N. C., taken, Jan. 15, 1865.

Columbia, S. C., taken, Feb. 17, 1865.

Charleston, S. C., taken, Feb. 18, 1865.

Battle of Averysboro and Bentonville, March 15-16, 1865.

Attack on Fort Steadman, Va., March 25, 1865.

Battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865.

Petersburg and Richmond taken, April 2-3, 1865.

Lee's army surrenders, April 9, 1865.

President Lincoln shot, April 14, 1865.

Johnston's army surrenders, April 26, 1865.

Jefferson Davis captured, May 10, 1865.

Dental Operation on a Leopard.

The lady friends of Dr. Kopp, of Rotterdam, recently was in need of a dentist on a special occasion. She would rise on her hind legs and paw her mouth with her forefeet, and then would roll over on the floor of her cage and cry painfully. She would be a docile beast of a sort nature, for was seldom cross at all, and could not be induced to drink. Her keepers made an examination of her mouth, where the trouble seems to be, and found wedged in between the upper teeth a piece of wood about an inch in length and half an inch wide. The menagerie of the museum then asked Dr. M. Watt, Rotterdam's celebrated dentist, to examine the leopard, and last Sunday the doctor decided to remove the wood.

One of the museum men loosened the creature and dragged her to the place where tigers are fastened to keep them in such a way as to make it impossible for her to move. A bandage was then tied in front of her mouth and the gag, it with a strong instrument, pulled it to pieces, but keepers had to hold open all the time. Dr. Watt then forced the instrument into the mouth and grabbed it with strong instruments, pulling