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WON BY A DUCKING.

By A. Weiss.

The sun was setting in fact, the blood-red orb had just disappeared below the horizon, and chilly gray shadows were gathering in the nearby leafless grove in the rear of Beech Villa. On the mossy root of an old tree close to the bank of the river which meandered past, sat a young girl watching with a silent eye an air of infinite hope and disappointment, as a path which wound away in the direction of the suburban road on which the villa was situated. Clearly she was expecting some one.

He came at last, a tall, slim young man, exceptionally attired, and who, as he strolled his way among the tall grasses, slowly struck off their heads with his gold-headed canes.

The girl sprung to meet him.

"Oh, Augustus, I've so glad you've come back!" She waited no longer, but with a sudden anxiety, as she noted his grave expression, asked, "Does have you lost?" Preparations were to be seen after having so merrily forbidden me to receive your visit?

"Yes, however," the young man answered gloomily, "I have not avoided it; I am home from the door posts he was tearing the house."

"And what did he say?" she asked, eagerly.

Augustus placed his arm around the slender waist of the girl, the ground were part of her father's domain and quite sheltered and deeply downhanging prettiness.

"He said," speaking slowly and with a faraway, absent look, "he told that you and I were a couple of scoundrels."

"What? How? Why?" she faltered.

"For proposing to marry on six hundred dollars a year."

"But paper is enough for us all, and I am his only child. Truly you're a minder him of them?"

"No, indeed. How could I stoop to such mercenary considerations? On the contrary, I told him that I did not want his money; that I could not ask for my time, as he had done, and that all I asked of him was his consent to our marriage."

"And what did he say then?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Nothing; except to request me to leave the house and never again see you."

"What a shame!"

Tears sprung to her eyes and she laid her cheek caressingly and soothingly against her lover's manly shoulders.

"Of course I won't," resumed Augustus, with a slight smile, "but before doing so, informed Mr. Hogan respectfully but firmly, that though I might never again enter his house, I would on no account relinquish my claim to his daughter's hand. I told him that we loved each other, and defied any human power to keep us apart."

The girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed.

"That must have touched him!" she said, gazing with proud tenderness into her lover's face. "That must have stirred his feelings, if anything could."

"It did," responded Augustus, grimly. "In fact, I don't wish to harrow your feelings, Maude, dearest, but your father was stirred to that degree that he not only slammed the library door in my face, I left the room, but followed me to the hall-door and flung the door mat after me. Indeed, I suspect that the mat is still upon my back."

"So it is," said Maude, indignantly. "Stand still, dear, and let me brush off the dust. What dreadful behavior in papa! Aunt Eliza always calls him the best, but I never dreamed of his carrying on like this. Perhaps—with a little sob in her voice—perhaps he'll come round by-and-by. He does sometimes. Aunt Eliza has most influence with him, and she—she's our friend, you know."

They were standing near the river's bank, and Maude was still engaged in vigorously dusting, with an embossed pocket handkerchief, the back of her sun-kissed, low-cut, over-the-top hat. But a whiff of wind took the light straw hat from her head, and drifited it to the edge of the bank.

Augustus instantly hastened to the rescue, but he had not taken into consideration the steepness and slippiness of the incline; wherefore he unexpectedly found himself plunging, with a

splash, into the muddy water, six rods below.

Maude shrieked as she beheld him disappear beneath a pad of water-lilies, and the sound reached her aunt, Miss Eliza Pilkins, as she walked in the garden between the grove and the villa.

Augustus' head, adorned with algae and drooping weeds, soon reappeared above the surface of the water, and with hands and feet he commenced a desperate but futile attempt to swim across the slippery clay bank.

Seeing this, Maude knelt down on its edge and extended both hands, which he ineffectually grasped, but, was with a contrary effect to what was intended.

For a moment she was in the water, and with difficulty supported in the arms of her lover whose feet with this additional burden, stuck fast in the mire, bot tom.

How in this situation, struggling with deeps water, that they were discovered by Miss Pilkins, when, summond by Maude's shrieks, she hurried to the spot.

"Grace, heavens!" Mr. Tomlinson. "Murch! How did this happen? Why don't you save yourselves?" she cried excitedly.

"We can't," gasped Maude, frantically clinging to her lover. "I—I fell in, and Augustus tried to save me, and—well known if you don't help us!"

"Give me your show," promptly responded practical Miss Pilkins, and don't get excited. You can't drown if you keep still, and I'll have you out in three minutes."

Hooking up the hand with a crooked stick, she fast it to her own, and attaching one end to a sapling on the bank, twisted the two into a sort of rope.

By means of this the pair were enabled, after more struggling and exertion, to reach the bank, where they stood dripping and shivering.

"Here you are safe," said Miss Pilkins, "and now I should like to know what's the next thing to be done?"

"Augustus, I'm sorry for Maude," chattered Mr. Tomlinson, all of a tremble while the water dripped from the ends of his disengaged moustache and limp fingers. "Come down stairs and see her," said Mr. Hogan excitedly.

And seeing Mr. Tomlinson by the side, she said aloud, "But for you and your wife's exertions where would one have Maude at this moment, but?"

"Oh, sure she's had a lye there on the fifty cent, with her eyes shut, an' white as a sheet, an' for all the world into the copper he would a bison now, but for him," said Maude, who, by reason of long and faithful service, was a privileged person in the household.

"Come down stairs and see her," said Mr. Hogan excitedly.

And seeing Mr. Tomlinson by the side, she led him to where Maude, now covered from her bairning cloth and flushed with the joy of a sudden and unexpected happiness, was awaiting him.

"You saved her life," said the agitated father, "and she belongs to you. There take her and may heaven bless you both!"

Once more I run from the room in tears, leaving the happy lover to themselves.

Miss Pilkins, seated before the fire in her own room, smiled cheerfully to herself, as she gazed into the glowing coals, while in the kitchen cook and Betty, regarding themselves on the remains of the hot-supper and tidy, declared how beautiful it had all been, and wondered when it would be time to commence preparations for the wedding.—*Saturday Night.*

A Solid Silver Wagon Road.

"You may talk about solid plated railroads," said Vice-President T. L. Stanley of 304 Walnut street, "but what do you think of a solid silver wagon road?" The Horses—Mine in Colorado has one, although when it was built they didn't know it would pass at that way. They had to have a road from their mine a distance of three miles, over which heavy loads were to be drawn. They took the rock that had been taken from the shafts, they were sinking and which lay around in the way, and made a causeway the road all the way through. The wagons passing over the road ground the rock down. One day they had a heavy rain, and when things got dry again after this rain the wind blew the dust off the road, and all through the road bed, every which way, they could see big streaks of silver. Well, maybe they didn't realize on the start of that horse rock that lay around those shafts? They sent away a lot of it to be assayed, and when the report came back they found that their load was worth \$200,000. It was a little expensive to draw over, but they had to have the road, and I suppose they've got it, if their mine ever fails.

"Hello! What is the meaning of this?"

At sound of that awful voice, the household rushed up stairs all but Maude, who immediately tumbled dead away in her room.

"Hear me listen to me—let me explain!"

"Explains?" roared Mr. Hogan. " Didn't I turn this fellow out of my doors a few hours ago, and don't I come home to find him not only again in my house, but in my room—in my bed? And by the everlasting hickey?" as agitated Tomlinson rose up in bed, "in my clothes? Where are my pistols? Let me get at him! Let me bring him out of the window!"

But here the coo's and household

had come to the rescue, and the girl, who immediately tumbled dead away in her room.

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In a Russian paper is mentioned the definite completion of a project for a floating theater on the Volga. This theater will be arranged on a large steamer, built according to American plans, and will contain an amusement hall for thousand people, and likewise a small restaurant with accommodations for the artists and necessary employees of the undertaking. The boat will move up and down the stream, stopping principally before such cities as have no theaters. There will be two stages, one for operettas and the other for dramas and comedies. It will be a stock enterprise.

A new lace pin is an emerald frog with diamond eyes.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

What Should Children Learn.
What shall little children learn,
To insure the best return,
All in the spring time early.

How to sing when skies are gray;
How to smooth another's way;
How to estimate the right time;
How to sleep away all care;

How to carry bravest heart;
Curdly through every part;

How to perform a girl's skill;

How to yield a wise will;

How to keep the temperate fire;

How to let a courageous girl;

How to be a little squire;

How to sing right on every note;

To insure the best return,

This shall little children learn,

All in the spring time early.

—*Editor of "The Young People."*

Mother Love.

A favorite in Lewiston, Me., recently entered a room where she had three little kittens, and taking one in her mouth, advanced and placed it to the mistress who fed her. The latter took the kitten in her lap. Then the cat went languidly to her nest, secured another kitten and took it to her mouth. She repeated the act with the remaining kitten, and then pulled over and died. It was then discovered that the animal had been fearfully injured. It transpired afterwards that she had run foul of a mower in a field, who had nearly cut her in two with his scythe. The cat had remained her orphan little ones to the care of her mistress.

Mice Can Climb.

While overhauling a small closet through which extended a water pipe, says Dr. Fitzgerald, the cook, "But for you and your wife's exertions where would one have Maude at this moment, but?"

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A NOTED COURT.

Dispensing Justice at Fort

Smith, in Arkansas.

Fifteen Hundred Criminals

Tried Every Year.

The United States District Court at Fort Smith, Ark., is one of the most noted in the world, chiefly because of the large number of criminal cases that stand its dockets. Not less than 1500 criminals are brought before it for trial every year, and an average of fifty of them are charged with murder.

Judge Parker, who has presided over the court for fifteen years, during that time disposed of 817 murder cases.

He has had no visible means of support,

but spent his time sitting on a stump or block, whittling on a circle he struck with an old compass or sawing off bits of wood from some dead tree, and thus day after day his time was spent, and the general impression was that he was crazy. When pleased school in the home that the wife, by urgent entreaty of her friends, had about made up her mind to return to her parents' home, when the fruits of Eli's whittling and sawing materialized in the first wooden clock ever made in America, and in my country. It was readily sold to a neighbor for \$30 and paid for in peck flour, potatoes, other family necessities, and a little money, with which he bought tools to facilitate his work in further prosecution of clock making. Another and another was made, sold readily, and so on, until he had accumulated a collection of wooden clocks over 100, and the time he had made to accumulate them was nearly ten years. Notwithstanding his unadorned appearance, he became very rich. He died about 1845, at the advanced age of 85 years, beloved and respected by all who knew him, leaving a large family of grown-up boys and a number of grandsons, all very wealthy, and all living at Terrellville, Ark., controlling nearly all the steam-mill magistrate one might expect, says that severe punishment is absolutely necessary in order to hold the criminals of the Indian country in check. The despotism becomes terror-stricken, and some of them, rather than give before him trial, killed themselves.

There are no executions. Most of the trials are for criminal offenses ranging all the way from selling liquor to murder, and the punishment is severe. For merely taking a bottle of whiskey into the Territory men are sent to prison for three months. A horse thief generally gets ten years in the penitentiary, and hanging is almost invariably the verdict in the case of a convicted murderer.

Judge Parker, personally a present and good gentleman, and not of all the stern magistrate one might

expect, says that severe punishment is absolutely necessary in order to hold the Indians in check.

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