VOL. XIII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 4, 4890.

NO. 1.

One square, one inscriton-

The Chatham Record.

RATES

For larger advertisements liberal con-

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." In the quiet nursery chambers, Bnowy pillows yet unpressed, See the forms of little children Kneeling, white-robbed for their rest.
All in outer nursery chambers, While the dusky skadows creep, Hear the voices of the children-"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

In the mea low and the mountain Calmly shine the winter stars. But across the glistening lowlands silence and the darkness Duraness growing still more deep, Lesten to the little children Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die" - so pray the children -Deep beneath the winter's snow) "Take our soute;" and past the caser

Like the trailing of His garments Watking evermore in white. Little souls that stand expectant,

Thering for away the murmur Of the turnalt and the strife; We, who fight beneath those banners Meeting ranks of formen there. Find a deeper, broader meaning

When your hand shall grass the standard Which tolay you watch from far: When your deeds shall shape the conflict In this universal war, In this universal war, Fray to Him, the teed of battles,

Firm and true your souls to keep,

When the combat ends, and slowly When, far down the purple distance All the nome of battle dies: When the last night's solemn shadows Take our souls eternally.

### MY MANICURE.

"The Northumberland," New York, Oct. 1, 188 .. Dear Mr. R. C .... Will you kindly send one of your as 9., and oblige,

Yours truly, E-S ment. I was in the habit of having my nails treated at home every Saturday. Having a large flat, it was not was a double fee to be gotten.

and fascinating manisures-but had a sigh of relief. I had come to this siways found them to be essentially fond of flattery, able to give and take women thoroughly able to take care of | my thoughts wandering whenthemselves, and, unfor unately, showing it in every line of the face and in every curve of the figure.

So when at breakfast my man an-New York club men, with an absent- not. minded "Good morning!"

A tall figure in gray arose, greeting proceeded to wheel a low chair up to rily -a soft hand took it. I can feel finger nail in the effort. that tench now! I was startled! sinh man, who had made love to every 1, whose love-making had always been of the eyes and lips, never of the heart, I feel a thrill? Most certainly auton-

My hand must have trembled, for

but penetrating glance. For an instant only-down went the head again over her work.

All I could see was a white and ng anlarn hair -not the dyed aubarn which I so heartify detest, but the nataral anburn of a person of sandy com-

"My very color," thought I. I be gan to long for a fuller view of her

face. She should look up. "Do you do much of such work, Miss J.

Only on Saturdays," was the dig nified response. No change. Bather exasperated, I assumed my most elegant manner:

"Can not I have the honor of your company some evening to dinner? knowing the average manieure's weak-

"That will fetch her!" to myself. It dia but not in the way expected. "Thanks; I never go out at night!" "But may I not call on you then?"

in husiness. of beg yours?" I managed to gasp

"Whew! What a cold plunge that was," mentally. Completely routed, I resigned myself to an awkward silence. Something I had accomplished, though, and that was a glimper of a large but handsome mouth, filled with lovely white teeth, and a pair of blue eyes that I shall not forget to my dying

And what a superb hand! Large and white, with nails beautifully trimmed and polished. "Badge of her profession," was my cynical comment And how deftly they wielded the spiderlike sci-sors, on which were en-

graved the initials "M. J.!" But she was finishing now. I bemoney to such a superb creature

She arose, packed up her instruments and put on her hat, which she had laid aside.

I handed her double the usual charge, my hab't always. She took it calmly, thanked me and passed out, with a bow and smile, I holding the door open for her, and specifies as a sixteen-year-old boy.

I was consoled by the thought, however, that I should see her againthe following Saturday. Judge of my disgust, to find another sent in her place, who knew nothing of Miss at all.

The following day I called on Mrs. . Madame did not even know Miss J .... 's address she was not one. of her regular operators, but had been sent to her, her own staff being previously engaged. So sorry, etc., etc.

Months rolled on. 'I had contracted the bad habit or promenading the streets, in the hope that Fertune would will be at work on the rails. This be kind to me-that I might meet her allows him to work at ease, and their accidentally.

I never did.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Svistants to my rooms. Saurday, at 12 To whom shall I present you? Oh! I know. My niece. Awfully clever girl. Supported her mother and her Such were the contents of a letter, self for a long time after her fathers sent by me one memorable Saturday, death. An one le left them a legney a to a well known manieure establish, month or two ago, sufficient to enable them to resume their rightful place in society. Where can she look Don't see her anywhere. Never mind, I only convenient, but eminently proper. Will later." Thankful for my excup-Besides, the manieures were only too from this paragon. I left my hostess pleased to come knowing that there to receive her guests, and threaded my way through the crawd of gray musk I had had thin manicures and fat eys, at last gaining the shelter of a manicures, menicures tender and man- friendly door way leading into a conheres tough blonde, brunette, stupid servatory, against which I leaned with "bat masque" of Mrs. W -- 's princi-

sulgar, with an eye to the main chance. Pally to escape from my own company. My spirits were not in keeping with in a game of chaff, in short, young this gay assemblage, and I soon found

> "How do you do?" a soft voice at my elbow said. "You do not seem to recognize old friends."

I started. Where had I heard that sounced Miss J. . , the manieure, I voice? There was the self-came tremor arose with my paper, crossed over into [again! Was I in my datage? Could the library, dropped into an easy-chair not a lady speak to me without my in the lardly fashion so common to losing my balance? Truly, it seemed

"You have rather the advantage of me, with that mask on," said I, conme in a low tone, and immediately fusedly, almost falling over a plant standing near. I clutched the doormine. I held out my hand mechanic- frame to steady myself, breaking a

Recovering somewhat, I took the Ridiculous! I, an old society and outstretched ungloved hand-striving all the while to penetrate the disguise woman who had ever crossed my path. There was something familiar about the large white hand, with the well polished mils, about the curly auburn hair, but that was all.

The tall figure was so draped that It was an atter impossibility to tell she looked up a moment, with a quick, anything regarding it. The eyes were hard one, but the mask prevent ed their color from being detected.

"You have broken a nail," examin After awhile I regained sufficient ing it critically. "Allow me to trim it somposure to scrutinize her more close- for you," rli the while retaining my

> otertains, I helplessly stonmered. Then came forth a pair of scissors,

> Snip! snip! the rugged edges were Are these initials energyed on them?

> Yes. What are they? Ye gods! "M.

"And Mrs. W----'s niece!" I married my manicure We have two little manieures, whose nails are personally treated by their mother.-

Blowing the Hern for Lost Children. children in the crowds at public resorts on hotidays would be glad if a curious Berlin custom were adopted. At the Berlin Zoological translens my keeper finding a lost child takes the little one of beg your pardon. I don't re- in charge and blows a trumpet. Hear seive, socially, gentlemen whom I meet | ing the note the mother or father in search of the missing youngster at once nokes for the spot and the search is ended - (Chicago Heratch

#### The Track Walker.

an Important position of trust," said a conductor to a Star reporter the other day, when the train had been stopped. by a signal. "On his care depends the safety of every train and of every fife which passes over his section of the road. The broken plate for which he signalled us was a very little thing in itself, but had it been neglected our train might have been thrown from the track and several people killed.

"I have been a track walker myself, and would have been one yet but for the fact that I had a friend in the superintendent's office who aided me in getting my present position. The railroad man's motto is tonce a track walker, always a track walker." goes on duty in the morning, rain or shine, at five o'clock, or at the same hour in the evening, if he is on the night shift, and remains for twelve hours. He has a certain section of the track to cover, and he is required to go over it at the rate of about two miles an hour. He must look carefully at every foot of the rails, fish plates and angle plates and loose belis

"An experienced man can tell a loose rail at a glauce, and a few blows of his hammer soon sets matters right, His outfit consists of a wrench, a hourmer, a few bolts and spikes, a lantern if working at night, a flag, and torpedoes. In case of his discovering a serious damage to the rails which he cannot repair without stopping a train which he knows is due, he places two torpedoes about five yards apart, and some two hundred feet from where he explosion warns the engineer of what Is about "

#### Mrs. Hayes's Goat.

The telling of a joke upon oneself requires more se'f denial than the mahas the advantage, however, of hurting nobody's feelings, and of affording a field for legitimate exaggeration. The late Mrs. Lucy Webb Haves was especially foud of recounting her own defeats and mishaps, as this anecdote, which she told one evening at a dinner at the White House, will show:

evening in November, when without any warning the thermometer began falling and snowflakes filled the air. I was alone in the house with my youngest children and their colored nurse, Winnie. The men servants had gone to their homes before dark.

Suddenly I thought of poor Christopher Columbus, our long-hair of pagnacions Angoragous, out in the pasture. It seemed cruel to leave him there without any shelter, so presently I went and asked Winnie to get a lantern and come with me.

At the barn we found a great box into which we put some steam, and together we rolled and pushed and carried that hox across the read and Into the pasture.

toward it. We retreated behind the fence, and tried to coax him into the place of shelter. Imagine our senti- the last of her velishwater cure." ments when he mounted to the top of [Youth's Companion. the box, and there took up his abode

His Well Runs Gold and Silver.

with an abundant flow of water, suf- large dragon-fly of a metallic-blue went and is unable to pay his share of Friedly the captain landed a shell the depths an accasional lump of na gravel, and began to dig vigorously, tive silver or a gold nugget frugal farmer has placed a sack of wire belling over the mouth of the well to catch the metal and prevent it from choking the cows. Local scienis washing away a ledge of rock whose softer parts go into solution and give the water its mineral qualities, but solved, are brought to the surface in a metallic state. Pike's Peak Herald. the dragon-fly durting at him the me

To Remove a Cinder From the Eve. The traveling public may be interested in knowing that the proper way slower and lower, till at last his enemy to remove a coder from the eye is to rub the other eye. Rubbing the affeeted eye only inflames it and very racely removes the offending cinder This statement is concled for by medical authority, and one trial will convince the most sceptical. | New York

#### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DOROTHY DIMPLE'S SERING LESSON. Dorothy Dimple must learn to sew, For iterathy Dimple is six you know, And a lady of six, with deflect three, A first-rate workwoman mucht to be Or else those children so young and dr. Will have to wear rags, 'lis very clear. Dorothy Dimple, so gay and sweet, A silver thimble that fit-in a stoe, Needles, and cutton, and ensours too;

And a nice. little purket of books and eyes. Hobbledy-robbledy, to and fre It looked so easy, she can tillink why The stitches persist in going nwry Nor why her fingers have solden As an kward as but of stok or stone

A bag full of buttoms of ever age

Dorothy Dimble is once that she Four little worker, she's heing heart At sight of those satches so far spart, The cotton has got to another knot! She is tired of a wing, and oh, so but! Deportive Dinaple, idear little maid. Ham't much patience, I am afraid; She takes off her thirdde, puts it awa-Thinks she has done prite enough for today; Sare that her dollies in right most go

Work will commensure by and be-Remember, dear, that a mother of three A first-rate work woman ought to be, Then tra with a will, and som I know In rothy Dimple will fearn to a

THE TOWAT HOME The fox burrows into the earth like the rubbit. The fox's burrow is called by sportsmen its rearth," and at the

end of it is the tursery for the baby. foxes, sunb-nosed, playful little creatures, with tails not at all resembling and mother. In some of our larger woods, on a still, moonlight night, were you to view the wearth," you might see the little fexes gamboling, rolling over, and playing with one another like so many kittens, whilst their father and mother would be our watching near the rabbit warren, or stealing a fowl from Farmer telles ben roust to make them a meal -

If there was anything Jenny hated to do it was to wash dishes, but all the same she had it to do those times a

She went to stay awhile with grandma, and flattered herself she would get rid of dishwashing there.

But granding thought that dishwashing was the very week for little

"I can't wash the dishes this morning, grandma," said Jenny one day as they cleared off the table, who my finger is ore, and the dislowater makes it SHIRTS." No matter if it does smart a lie

tle," grandma said; "it will do it Dishwater is very healing." Half an hour after granding came out, expecting to see the dishes all done, but, instead, Jenny had dipped out a little of the water into a fin cup, Christopher saw the Paht, and came and there she sat soaking her fingers

It was a long time before she heard

HOW A DRAGOSCHA LORGERS. is a wonderful well down morning in the perch of his house, cow, engages his labor in advance at a shots before either was discoled, near Del Norte. It is an artesian well when his attention was attracted by a fearful discount. He becomes insol-though each was covered with dust ficient to irrigate a considerable color, about two a hulf tuckes long and the mic's taxes. amount of land. That would be with an extremely neat figure, which enough for any one but a San Lui- was cruising backward and forward in But this is nanceal water. It the perchanan carnest manner that is effervescent, very palatable and ex- seemed to show he had some special tranely healthful. Nor is this all: object in view. Suddenly he aligned the force of the water beings up from at the enteance of a small hole in the

sending the dust in small showers, heshind him. "I watched him," says Mr. Giles, "with great attention, and, after the basse of about half a minute, when the tists claim that at a great depth and dragon-fly was field and shoulders and sprang several feet into the air Then ensued a brisk contest of bounds whose gold and silver, not being dis- and darts, the crucket springing from side to side and up and down, and the ment be alighted. It was long odds on the dragon fly, for the cricket was too fat to last, and his springs became succeeded in pinning him by the neck

The dragon-fly appeared to bite the cricket, which, after a struggle or motionless, either dead, or temporarily senseless. The dragen fly then, without any be-itation, soized him by the hind legs, dragged him rapidly to the "A French statistician claims that entered imself, and pulled the crieket the buman race gets shorter every in after him, and then, emerging, year."

"He's dead eight. I had \$10,000 a scratched some sand over the hole and flow away. Fine for the whole transpear ago. Now Eve only got \$5000." action, significant three minutes."

# VICTIMS OF VODKA.

Most of the Russian Peasants are Slaves to Drink.

What an American Correspondent Saw in Russia.

Undenbiedly the lower strata of the people under the sun. Looking back ever our read, as the thought occurs to me, says Thomas stoxens in a ferrer I remember no village, save Volcsovo, In which drunken people were not very reach in evidence. At every wayside trakfir where we stayed over night the fore part of the night would be more or less of a pondemonium, from the slooning and singing of roytering insuitks (peasands) titled with vodka run alcoholic beverage made out I have seen gang- of gray baired old men, sec-sawing, flinging their arms about and making fools of themselves generally in the sight of the whole village, cet not attracting to themselves so much as the cucions or represented gase of a single woman.

On Sunday all the men seemed to be drinking and encoving and all the women were sitting in little cipiles in front of the lens - gos-iping. The one sex seemed to be absolutely oblivious of the proceedings or even the presence of the other. The dranker ness was said enough, but the inclifferonce of the women to it was the saddest of all.

drunken women. Near one village we the beautiful brushes of their father met a crowd of drunken men and women, as merry and pisture-que a set of subjects as Barrious himself could wish

Hand in hand they recled along and sang, now and then they stopped to dance and to express their joy in wild the mineteenth century maiden at a laughter. They halted and sauge for east second to nothing. The bath of us a melodious bardanallan song well worth listening to, a- we made past. The men were in red shirts, black velvet fromsers and top boots. The women were in all the colors of the ancy. Arriving at the little old dilapidated inn by the wavishe the merry-nuckers, one and alt, removed their caps and crossed themselves devontly, then proceeding on their way struck up mother bacdumation re-

frain. Soon we reached the grougery. It was a cheep log house, roofed with tie, and with a little perch at the door. On the perch stood an eld monjik with a vallen demijohn of vodka, from which he was filling glasses holding about a third of a pint. He seemed to be treating the crowd. One of these portions costs to copecks, or about right cones. The best vodka imade from eye, the worst from pota-

demk for 15 cents. shop is the rallying point of the male thin hewitzer. population. His rags may be insufficient to cover his nakedness, his house hands out his last kepeck for the shells at one another, Mr. E. Giles of Bombay, India, re. vodka, then runs in debt. He pledges The captain was wounded by a fragports that he was standing one hot his growing cross, his horse, his only

government had been inclined to deal he itted before they could remove him len cutly with him. If unable to pay to the pest -[tealveston (Texas)] his direct taxes, it was because he had News. drank yodka, and had thereby paid them several times over. So reasoned a paternal government, that had dellaof teaching him the lesson of a little to thirty stripes may be administered. and a fine of five kepecks goes with siles. every stroke.

Keep Off of White Sidewalks. If a man wants to avoid being pros-

trated by the heat, he needs to be care. Sometimes apparently, it was thought ful how he walks over a white side that there was a separate immortality Eight elothing because it repels the right in the form of a spirit, descendtent, while dark clothes absorb it. It ing to Beinga. - St. Louis Republic is just so with these white pavements. They never get so hot as dark ones. and are easier on the feet in consebetter to walk in the street than on one

## Fogs in Newtoundland.

There is one subject upon which I find St. Johns people to be tendlythe current sweeps through the Atlanthe from the Pole directly pair the east sast of New formelland, and that its chilly waters, meeting those of the warm Gulf Stream, cause the fre-ment fogs which prevail for many miles at ser off New Landland. Some parts of the coast are never feet from these seaclouds, and many a poor fishermen. In his dory has been separated, from his compensions and Jost in the heavy forswhich hang over that great submerged island known as the Grand Banks, the home of the cod and the great #shing

grounds of the world. Whether or not it's because the foggier the weather, the better the fishing -and everybody in St. Johns is interested in the fisheries. I don't pretend to know, but it is certain that the good citizens of St. Johns will never admit that it is feggy in the city. A fellow possenger on the -teamer, Mr. Bowers a truth lowing Newfoundlunder assured me that I would observe as a striking meteorelogical phenomenon when I reached St. Johns that a dense feg frequently hong over the ocean and around the cliff- at the entrance to the harbor, but never so, never slid the feg reach when the how has to turn the grindthe city. "It is most remarkable, sit." | ston-

also! when I stumbled against my friend Botters on Water street in a fog so thick you could cut it he assured me that if was not a genuine sea fig. but only a slight mist. - (New York | sure poverty doesn't, Herald.

The Rose Bath.

The rose both is a luxury for off, dewirable but montrainable, so says the practical mind, but not so. The luxary of the ancients can be obtained by poses can be made as follows: The warm water, in quantity amounting to the usual requirement of the buth, isfirst softened by stirring into the tubfinely sifted outment, into which also is added built a pint of givening, butly put into it two drops of attac of cores-If the massage treatment be available, use it by all means; if not, let a coarse towel and hard rubbing serve the purpose of the massage system. This both is simply time, as it softens the skin and blends perfume into each line of the body. After all, to obtain it is a simple thing, too, the two drops of the attar of roots being the greatest expense of all -18t Louis Post-Disputch.

# Fought a Duel With Howitzers,

A strange duel was fought in a sparsely settled part of Sonora, Mexico, about tiffeen years ago. Captain Villetmeen and a licutenant of a lot-A moulik can get howling terr of light artiflers belonging to one of the posts had some transle about On Sandays and holy days the works | who was the hest shot with the moun-

They quarreled and agreed to settle it with the howitzer at 2000 yards may be tambling about his head, his They book neither seconds now assistfamily may be upon the verge of star- and gamners, but from the top of vation, but the improvident mount small hillocks they first explosive

Thus far, my informant said, the under his adversary's gun and the explosion so mangled the Pentement that

# New Zealand Superstitions.

The New Zealanders imagine that great ered him from sections, a weaking the soils of the dead go to a place beto be mirsed and borne with patientic, weath the earth called Reinga. The So had it beans with him for twenty- path to this region of the soul is a led down Vine Street, speaking to nine years, wavering between the duty previous to the seasons at the everybody be met and hailing every self-reliance by hard experience and a tives who live in the neighborhood under enormous pressure the water down the hole, a large and very fit renctance to resort to extremes. He can, at night, hear the sounds exasted tushed out and gave the conductors a cricket emerged like a bolted rabbit, giming with the present year, how- by the passing of spirits through the ever, the month who fails to pay his sur. It is a common superstition with invitation to get on. No, thanks, I'd taxes is to be flogged. From twenty them that the lettreve of every shirt becomes a star as soon as the chief

Simigle, a velebrated New Zealand chief, thinking thereby to increase the building of his own veye-dar." walk with the sun on it. In very hot for each of the eyes of the dead, the weather people wear white or very left ascending to heaven as a star, the

"That's right, Mr Bromson," said nuence, but they reflect the heat on the limity, as the boarder broke his person who walks over them. It is goldet, "break what con can't eat," "I'd be pleased to, Mrs. Laybird," of these white heat reflectors when the retorted Bronson, what with these san bealining on if. - [8t. Louis Colobe- Viscours of yours that would be inepossible."- | Epoch.

#### The Happy Man.

Py day, no biting circs seed! My peaceful, calm, contented breast, By mobil, my slumbers never fall tif welcome rest.

Som as the Sun, with orient beams, clifts the fall chambers of the Day. Musing, I trace the murmotring streams That wind their way,

nd me Nature fills the scene With boundless plenty and delight And, touched with my sturers, service, I bless the kind, creating Power,

here command descends the shower, And blows the wind. Happy the man who thus at east. tent with that which Nature sives.

Excepted those for Read moraking

He truly lives. Chambers' Journal.

#### HUMOROUS,

The taided path - Up the aisle. Blow their own home. Musicians. Made for each other the cup and

Something that strangs takes sides-

It is the early edition that carches

Among the products of the Somoun Islands are sugar some and fractionnes. There are shall times on the form

And so it would have been But, there's nothing like -u-- s to bring

"Jack - Pshow! more y doesn't always taking happiness. Ethel Well, Pin-"What a splendist wife Itowney

has! She's got such a sunny, disposi-

tion, you know." tion? Yes, they do say she makes it hot for him of healty knew how to take you at times. Miss Ophelia," remarked young Mr. Lummix: "Who not take me for

better or for worse?" suggested Miss Ophidia, shyly. Mr. Blass -- You have no fortifude, Marie; you can endore nothing unless 0 is agreeable," Mrs. Phase — "You pulse one burshly. Adolphe: are you

not my husbands" Sweet Girl If it's just the same, Mr. Mashner, you needn't trouble yourself to call any more: Mashour permostly) Oh, thanks: it's no trouble at all -1 like to call

Fair Torrist - Ah, what an ideal life is that of the persuntry. In close cares, no dues to pay to the exactions of society. Practical Mannan-Nor

to the laundry. He-And so your answer is final? You will not be mine: She Yes, also solutely. But pray don't go and blow your brains out. He it would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never would have proposed to

# The Difference.

There is one point in which efty and ometry people greatly differ. A city man never speaks to a meser-be unless he be an acquaintance, while in the rural districts one mosts so few people on the roads that it is the cutom to access every passenger. Most country people Trave the rural habit home when they visit the city, but warmly and extended his hand in a friendly manner. As the citizen once lived in the country, be understood the old farmer, and returned the greeting, "Wgosh!" said Eustiens, tethe felles of this here town are the friendliest I ever saw. I hever was in town before, and they just treat me

The citizen assended the remark and went his way, while the farmer start, driver on the street. Several obereta cars stopped at his greetings, and be warm bambshake, replying to their rather walks: I am't goin' for " Peohad seen the venerable son of the soil was wending his way along the streets. king, muce ate-the-eye of a valuant and receiving a perfect evation. - [Ex-

#### Concerning the Wind's Variations. A series of observations for a loop

dred consecutive days has been made at the top of the Eiflel Tower on the velocity of the wind. Speaking generally, the velocity at that elevation was three times in the average greater than nearer the ground. Much of the diminution of force and speed is no doubt due to the check given by houses and other objects ment the supface of the earth. The observations present many curious details as to the variations at various times of the day and night, due to changes of tempera-