The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 11, 1890. NO. 2.

The Chatham Record.

RATES

OF

ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - - $1.00
One square, two insertions - - 1.50
One square, one month - - 2.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Too Young for Love.

Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Tell coldhearted clocks not to know,
Wait for the spring to pass away—
Love's summer is quite be-to with May!
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Oh, no! no! no!

Too young for love?
Ah, say not so,
While violets bloom and tulips grow
June will come with its ardent day
To prattle and love-kiss in May.
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Ah, no! no! no!

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

THE STORM AT SEA.

BY MARY C. CRUSON.

It was a still, calm night at sea. The waters scarcely murmured as the good bark Swallow glided through them. Almost it would seem as if they slept, but here and there a wavering reflection of the moon which never and anon escaped from the fleecy clouds that sailed about her, told that the unquiet heart of the ocean was pulsing still, albeit silently.

Harold Jerome stood leaning silently over the rail, seemingly lost to his surroundings, dreaming of the land he had left or the land to which he was running—a stalwart, manly figure, cut clear against the unheeding sea and sky.

And yet he was not thinking of any spot on which his wandering feet had trodden, nor was he the fondly dwelling on the home to which he was bound, as his eye traced the broad plain of waters he was listening, heart and soul, to the voice that was carolling forth so sweetly the words of a song familiar to his youth.

Youth! Had he lost it in the alien country he had visited—on the banks of the Rhone, in the Scottish hills of heather, in the hollows of the snow-clad Alps, in the valleys beside the Rhine? Nay! but the white hands of the singer wonder had torn it from his heart ere he had gone roaming.

So strange that they should meet again after all the long years of their severance, and meet on board a vessel bound for the land in which they parted. Yet so they had met, two days before, and looked in each other's faces with the blank, unrecognizing gaze of strangers.

"She has wholly forgotten. Low, sweet and clear her voice is—one is reminded of the German legends of the Loreley," so Harold fitfully to himself, as out on the night rang the strains of "Lady and Watch."

Far up in the clouds a sailor took up the refrain and sang it softly, below his breath. In England a bonnie lass had sung it for him many a time and oft, and her healthy, rosy face arose before the mental vision of the sailor as he sang so softly.

But the face of the woman sitting in the fading and dwindling light of the moon was the only object visible to Harold Jerome. Although his eyes were turned to the waters he saw it as it looked in the hour of their parting—white and set and scornful, because he had said words which might not be forgiven and doubts had crept in where love and faith had stolen first.

"It was a very little thing that parted us," he whispered very low at last; "a lover's unreasoning jealousy, as I knew later. I knew it when it was too late, my lost Lucille, and oh, how perfectly you have forgotten!"

He turned and looked at her: fair still, for all the years that had passed since she had loved him; statuesque, calm, perhaps a thought too cold, but still a gracious woman; surrounded by her friends, clad in a long robe which looked almost white in the uncertain light, with her dickly crowned head against the back of her steamer chair, she looked one who had set her foot on all remembrance which could bring regret; and from her lips rang the old, old song: "Larboard Watch Ahoy!"

"She has forgotten; why is she still reserved?" he asked himself as he watched her. "I would be tempted to fling myself on my knees before her there and pray her for at least a kindly thought, but that I know that love, burning out once, leaves only ashes behind which any breeze may scatter and no power warm."

The captain and first mate presently passed close by him.

"Those clouds mean storm, sir," the mate was saying; "best be prepared to meet it."

"Yes," answered the captain scanning a rolling mass in the southwest with anxious eyes; "we're in for a gale, or I'm mistaken; but we mustn't alarm the passengers."

Then they passed beyond hearing, and Harold turned again to the sea.

No longer like a sheet of silver, with wavering reflections here and there, it was suddenly growing dark and sullen looking, and faint flecks of foam marked the rising of the billows.

Old traveler that he was, accustomed to danger by land and sea, he read the portents in that cloud and his face paled a little through its bronze.

Far off he saw the curling foam-crests, even before a sharp breath from the stormy demon struck on his cheek; then there was a hurrying of the sailors hither and thither, a slight heaving of the vessel, a total disappearance of the moon behind the rolling bank of cloud, and then the passengers were sent to the cabin and Harold Jerome, laying his strong hand on the rail, stood calm in the gathering night of the tempest.

The hours wore on, and with them the gale that tore hungrily at the Swallow, seemed to increase; ever and anon, from the darkness of the sky, came a keen flash of light, followed by crashes that were deafening; rising like demons that have burst their chains, the roaring, maddened billows swept the vessel from stem to stern, bearing all loose objects with them—bearing in the weird, faint dawn, a human life.

Harold Jerome did not join the other passengers below; through all the hours of the long night he worked with the captain and his men, striving to baffle the tempest; his hand it was that fell upon the wheel when the man there sank back exhausted; his hand it was which struck the firmest blows when cordage had to be severed and a broken spar sent out to the waters, and his strong hand it was which tore back one victim from the hungry jaws of the sea as once it swept the deck.

And day dragged on and still the suddenly born tempest raged and tore; the engines refused to work, the fires were out, the wheel was broken; the Swallow, with her human freight, was at the mercy of the waters.

In the dimness of a pallid and sorrowful dawn, through which struggled a faint reluctant sun, the vessel, with a crashing jar, rocked on the sharp teeth of a reef.

Then there was despair on the broad deck of the Swallow, for hope was over; save for the frail promise of the life boats, they were doomed!

With white, despairing face the passengers gathered on the deck, waiting to be lowered to the boats, and Harold Jerome found himself at last beside Lucille.

He held out his hands to her and she placed hers within them and clung to him like a terrified child; and so standing, with hand clasped in hand for the first time in years, the two who had loved long before waited their turn to descend to the boat.

Once the captain touched Lucille on the arm and motioned for her to advance, but she shook her head and pointed to a mother who was standing near by clasping her infant to her breast. So the mother and child were lowered and the life-boat set free. It pitched a moment on the waters and went down before their eyes.

Lucille, with a cry, covered her face with her hands and Harold drew her into the shelter of his arms, unreproved.

In this hour of peril, with the shadow of death over them, it seemed that the old love lived again—nay, had never died.

The last boat was lowered—filled; one place remained and Harold drew Lucille towards the vessel's side.

"My love," he said, at her ear, "we may not meet again on earth; I go with the ship's officers on a raft we have prepared. But I would have you know that, though all the years since our parting, I have loved you as I did in those happy days when we thought we would be always together. Now farewell, my dearest. In life or death, on earth or in heaven, my life's love is yours and yours only."

They were at the ship's side as he finished. For answer she put up her lips and met his kiss. Then she clung to him with passionate strength.

"I will not go! I will not go!" she cried, her voice ringing out through the surge of the wind. "Let another have the place reserved for me—some one who has love on shore. My love is here. I wait for the raft."

"Nay, that would be folly, my Lucille," cried Harold, and he strove to loosen her clinging hands that he might pass her over the ship's side.

Ere he succeeded, the ropes that held the lifeboat parted, she shot from the side of the Swallow, was caught on a wave and borne away, away, while Harold looked down sadly in the face below him and caught a smile like sunlight there.

"My love," he said, "my precious one, you have chosen death."

"With you," she answered, and his heart bounded at the sweet thought that, on either side, had never died.

The raft was already constructed, they had but to launch it, which they did at once, and Lucille Blanche found herself on the wide waste of waters, with a pale sky above her and wind-tearing by, and realizing that death might be in every wave that billowed toward her, she did not shrink; her hand was in Harold's, her head lay restfully upon his shoulder; she could die so content.

There, between the sky and sea, all that had seemed great enough to part them in the old days was explained away and found a very trifle.

"To have lost all those years of happiness, and now to meet only to touch hand with hand and die!" was the thought in Harold's heart, as their frail support was ever and anon swept by a mighty wave.

But death was not to come to them there; the God who cares for the sparrow turns not His eyes from the castaway at sea.

In the noon-hour of the following day a stately vessel sighted and picked them up, and a fortnight later, Lucille and Harold, whose severed lives the storm had once more linked in love, were made man and wife in the parlor of a New York hotel.

The Deadly Single Instance.

"How a single incident may become representative!" exclaims the Chicago Advance. "General Schenck is popularly supposed to have spent the larger part of his evening with Dukes and Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, teaching them the great American game, and yet I believe the evidence is that it was only upon one evening, and only as an incident of that evening, that the American Minister at the Court of St. James' said a word as to the game of poker. Andrew Johnson is commonly supposed to have been a drunkard. The common supposition had its origin in the fact that at the time of his inauguration he was intoxicated. He was; but it was the last as it was the first time. He was suffering from a serious and annoying disease.

At the recommendation of a friend he took a strong dose of brandy just before the public exercises of the inauguration. The charges of his political enemies that he was drunk were true. Drinking was not his habit. So a Minister, from a single incident, gains a reputation which is not pleasing. For the sake of keeping an appointment, he may drive a horse so hard as to produce lasting injuries; this incident may be the cause of a reputation that he delights in fast horses and is addicted. Beware of suffering yourself to be the subject of a conspicuous and publicly known exceptional incident; do not allow yourself to draw reference from a single incident."

Much to Answer For.

Americans have taken the hammock to their hearts, and a summer bereft of one would be dreary and unromantic to those who wish to bask in the light of Hymen's torch. As an aid to flirtation it is twice dearer to a fan. If a young couple ever trust themselves to the support of the same hammock at the same time, Cupid has his own way thereafter. The pair must of necessity be brought into such sweet proximity that every particle of formality and reserve is melted away. One may withdraw from her fair one on a bench, may hold aloof while seated on the same grassy bank, and may hitch his chair away, or closer, as his feeling may dictate.

But in the same hammock one can do none of these things. He can only submit to fate and propinquity and be led delightfully to the momentous question. The hammock has come to take the place once held by the narrow sleigh. Fate and the weather have ordained that the days of the cutter's existence are ended, but a kinder fate has supplied the hammock. It is fashioned much like a spider's web. But who would not willingly be a fly when the web holds a charming maiden? And what man is there with soul so dead who is not glad that the hammock has come to stay?

Jack Rabbits Strict Vegetarians.

The festive jack rabbit is a strict vegetarian, and will not touch grease of any kind, nor will he tackle vegetables that are seasoned with grease. Orchardists in Colorado take advantage of his fastidiousness, and protect their trees from his incisors by rubbing the body of the tree with a bacon rind.

Not Very Bad.

On a famous yacht, the other day, the host offered one of his guests a drop of whiskey, and as the two drained their tumblers, the entertainer remarked, "That's not very bad is it?" "No," said the other man, solemnly; "no whiskey is very bad."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER.

I am so but a little flower
So far,
Says the star
But it shall be pure and white
For a little bit of a thing
Such a blight
I heard
But a clear and cover as I can I'll bring.

CUCKOO—WAYS OF CHICKS.

The woodpecker has a three barbed tongue like a Fijian spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping. The chum feeds with a syphon, and the oyster with its beard. The Lepidoptera has neither mouth nor tongue, but flies along and absorbs the already digested food through its skin.—[Banner of Light.

JAPANESE CHILDREN PRAYING FOR PIGEONS.

I saw a lot of little children with their parents approach the temples, writes a traveler from Japan to the Detroit Free Press, and the children would throw pennies—sometimes wrapped up in paper—into the sanctuary and then bow their heads, with palms together, without words, but a silent wish that the good Tenjin would help them in their school.

Live sparrows were for sale at two sen each, and food mothers bought them, and placed them in the hands of their half timid babies, who let the birds fress; this is an offering to Tenjin, who loved children and who was benigne to all animal life.

What prettier and simpler lesson of kindness could be taught them?

SPARROWS IN A CLOCK'S HANDS.

The town clock stopped at 1:30 one morning recently, and Mr. Williams, on going to ascertain the cause, found that the hands had been securely tied by strands of twine and grass, says the Sarnia Observer. The mischief had been done by a pair of English sparrows, who had scented the angle formed by the hands as a suitable site for a nest. The movements of the hands interfered with their plans, and the birds evidently put their wits to work to devise a remedy that would secure the stability of the nest.

Their first scheme was to wind the shaft on which the hands are pivoted round and round with grass and cords. That failing, they tied the hands to each other and to the framework in such a manner that it took considerable time and a great deal of labor on Mr. Williams' part to remove the obstructions. The engineering skill displayed by the birds in accomplishing their object showed that they possessed reasoning powers of no mean order, besides an amount of industry and perseverance in gathering the necessary material within the few hours at their disposal that is almost incredible.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

The sweetest little anecdote I ever came across is told of Abraham Lincoln. When he was quite a young man, following his profession as a lawyer, he often traveled long distances in carrying out his business. Sometimes he and three or four other young lawyers would have cases in neighboring towns, and would make up a merry party, starting each in the morning, and after the court was riding home in the long evenings and sipping together.

On their return one evening, just between the lights, the party of young men spied lying on a wooden pavement two little birdlings, which had either fallen or had been blown out of their nest. Casting but a careful glance at the half-fledged things, the young men were about to ride on, when they observed Abraham Lincoln dismounting. "Halloa! what's up," cried one of his friends. "I want to try and find the nest out of which these poor little creatures fell, and put them back into it," replied young Lincoln. "Oh, oh!" cried the others, "what's the use of bothering about two little half fledged birds. There are plenty in the world. Mount your horse, Lincoln, and push on; we shall be late, as it is, for supper, and the evening is closing in." But Abraham Lincoln did not mount. Finding that "scold" and entreaties were equally useless, his friends rode on, leaving him hunting patiently under the eaves of the small sheds scattered about for the nest.

It was quite an hour afterwards when he rejoined the party, who were assembled round a large supper table in the largest hotel in L——, and who greeted him with a perfect hurricane of jest and good-natured raillery. But in a serious tone Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, I could not have closed my eyes tonight if I had not given those little birds to their mother." Silence fell upon the laughers, and the after years, which tried and tested Abraham Lincoln's character, told a grand tale of his big, loving heart.—

A SHERIFF'S NERVE.

Stories About a Remarkably Brave Wyoming Official.

Locking Himself in a Jail Corridor with Five Prisoners.

"I think that the bravest man I ever knew," said the colonel, "was one of the worst. His name was Kit Castle, and for some years, so long ago that my hair grows grayer when I think of it, he was sheriff of Uinta county, Wyoming. Kit had his own peculiar code of morals like a good many other Western men of that day. He borrowed money in the most reckless fashion, but he always paid it back to the last cent. He never broke a promise. But he would cheat at cards at every opportunity. He couldn't help it. Everyone knew that he cheated, but no man was ever bold enough to say so in his face, for Castle was not afraid of anything that walked or crawled, and he was a dead shot every time his big finger pressed a trigger. He was over six feet in height, a giant in strength, and a tiger when in a rage.

"He started out alone on horseback once when he was sheriff to capture two horse thieves. He was gone for a week, and people began to think that Kit had got the worst of a hard fight, when he rode into town one evening and stalked up to a bar.

"'Where are your men, Kit?' some one asked with a laugh, thinking they had slipped him.

"The sheriff pulled from his belt three revolvers and laid them down. Then he went out to his horse and, unfastening two pairs of spurs from the saddle, came back and threw them jingling and ringing on the bar counter.

"'One of them revolvers is mine,' said Kit, slowly. 'All the rest is souvenirs' 'souvenirs,' he pronounced it. 'I had to ride to ride back, and I hadn't the time to lead two horses with the corpses of two horse thieves tied on their backs.' That was all he ever said about the fight.

"Perhaps a more villainous set of scoundrels was never collected than the prisoners whom Castle always had in the county jail. The jail was of stone and was in the rear of the court house. Inside the place was lined with sheet iron, and along the end ran the heavily barred cells.

"One evening the sheriff went into the jail to see if his prisoners were all right for the night. One of them had gotten out of his cell and had then released four other desperadoes. When Kit opened the door into the jail the men started for him with a rush. Kit had time to spring through the door and close it, and his prisoners would have been as secure in the iron walled corridor as in their cells. But the sight of the five men troubled him and he threw the door shut with a loud clang, locking himself in the room with the others.

"Drawing his revolver he leaped at the men clinched with anger. He was too outnumbered to shoot them. He went of to punish them for daring to attack him. His strength and energy were tremendous, and he hurled the five men into one of the iron corners. Pushing them and knocking them about, he beat them over the head and shoulders and arms with the butt of his revolver until they screamed at the top of their voices in their helpless agony. Then, his teeth shut close together in his great jaws, he picked them up one by one and pitched them into their cells, securely fastening the bolts.

"Such daring and recklessness as this could belong only to a man who did not know the name of physical fear. He was a born fighter, and as a soldier in a battle would have been remorselessly fierce. But he had one enemy stronger than he. Whisky snapped his life when he was in his prime."—[Atlanta Constitution.

An Odd Bird.

A curious wader is the thick knee or Norfolk plover, a bird of the wilds and downs. The two mottled eggs are laid on the water, in the midst of which they so exactly resemble actual stones it would be almost impossible to detect them from a little distance. The only way to find the eggs is to watch the movements of the old birds from some distance with a field-glass, as the bird, on laying the eggs, runs for some distance before rising, thus luring the intruder into the belief that the spot from which she rises is the position of the eggs, unless with his trusty binoculars he has watched the progress of the manœuvres. Another curious habit of the thick knee is to crouch along the ground. Perhaps, like the ostrich, the bird imagines that he is not seen.—

Interesting Relics.

A rusty musket and an ancient silver watch were found at the bottom of the Merrimac river a few days ago which suggest an interesting history. The musket was broken at the grip and otherwise showed marks of damage. The hammer was drawn and there was no bullet inside. The watch is the more interesting relic of the two; its exterior and interior are finely engraved, but only the latter can be seen, as the action of the water has worn away most of the outer engraving. It is a hunting scene, showing an Indian on snowshoes armed with a knife and a hatchet, awaiting the charge of a moose that had turned at bay.

The inside of the outer case bears this inscription: "Presented to Joshua Armstrong on his 21st birthday by his loving mother, Prudence Armstrong. April 19, 1824." The inscription of the maker is as follows: "John Beasley, Astrologer to his Majesty, 128 Threadneedle Street, London." The discovery has given rise to many speculations. It is possible the place was the scene of a tragedy, as it was a famous stamping ground of the Indians, and is near where they buried their dead and the squaws cultivated maize. The dates show that the watch might have been on the spot when the Indians held the land, and the action of the water upon it indicates that it has lain at the bottom of the river for many generations.—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

On the Look-Out.

Brazilians have more than their share of curiosity. Loving to see and be seen, they lounge in their balconies or hang over the sill, that they may show their interest in every animal or human being that passes. If a mansion is situated at some distance from the street, there is a pretty little summer-house near the gate, where the family may sit and see what goes on outside. During business hours, in the busiest streets may be seen groups of men standing and gossiping. The doors around the stores will be blocked by merchants staring out the street. If a customer enters a store, the merchant receives him with a manifest air as if he cared nothing for money, one mouthful with a lazy life. Often the merchant answers that he has not the article the customer wishes; if the customer discovers it, the merchant smiles and arches his eyebrows. Or the merchant, opening a case and measuring the customer to search for what he has asked, returns to the street door and look out. The curiosity of the Brazilians is marked.

The Opal.

While most gems owe their fire to the presence of some foreign coloring matter, the more hued and beautiful opal differs. It is opaque, deriving its beauty from the miraculous property it possesses of decomposing the ray of light, and thus reflecting from its polished surfaces all the colors of the rainbow. It needs, therefore, no foil, but appears to best advantage when alone. It is at present among the most prized of gems, and has held its place for years. Marc Antony once offered a kingdom for an opal the size of a hazel nut; but the owner, Nonius, a Roman Senator, preferred exile to parting with his treasure. In spite of their value, opals are unsafe investments, for time and exposure dim their lustre, while the sun restores to heat is suspected that the warmth of the hand has been known to crack them. The finest stones come from Hungary, and among the American mining welcome gems of greater size than those which tempted the Roman Emperor.—[Boston Post-Journal.

Forks.

The earliest distinct mention of the ordinary use of forks occurs in a curious passage of Coryate's "Crudities," a popular book of travels published in England in 1611. The author says: "Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in the discourse of the first Italian towns. I observed a custom in all these Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country I saw in my travels, neither do I think any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only in Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are travelling in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat."

A Profitable Error.

Last May a man handed a ten pound note, as he thought, to a book maker to bet on a certain horse, and his state of mind may be imagined when, after the horse won, he discovered that he had accidentally bet a thousand-pound note instead of a "monner," and had won sixty thousand dollars instead of six thousand dollars.

Fate.

Why call 'gainst fate fate triumphs at the last?
What is to be is fixed as is the past.
Journeying some trod a chosen but blind course
And lose or win, 'tis fate gives or denies.
The past was once the future. Then one last
Never breathed who undertook to change the past.
Yet all would mould the future, groping man
Anything to resist the eternal past?
Uncertain means answer some clearly see
That which to most is shrouded mystery.
And see "fixed and changeless as the past;
What they are not to some the best forecast.
Events are not on each other the immediate cause
Nor what will be as plain as what has been
Nor can change come to that which is foreseen.
—J. L. Graham in Lewiston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

Well backed up. The sound.

Claws in the will. Fingers of the lawyers.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.

Mirrors are for the indolent; they encourage idle reflections.

It is when a fellow is broke that he most feels the need of change.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and it would not be half the fun if it did.

"Which is the best position in which to sleep?" asked a patient. "Usually lie down," replied the doctor.

A penny saved is a penny earned; but the pocket piece you carry ten years accumulates no interest.

Wibble. They are now making policemen's clubs out of paper. Wabble—Rapping paper, I presume?

"What makes you write your articles in red ink?" "Oh, I'd like to make sure of their being read some time or another."

Judge—Well, officer, who is this prisoner? Officer O'Hooley—Plaze, yer Honor, I captured the man, but his name escaped me.

Ella (spitefully). Their marriage was nothing but a trade union. Sophie. A trade union? Ella. Yes; she traded her money for his title.

Daughter. Father, I believe I was born to marry a nobleman. Father. Yes, but, daughter, try to look on the bright side of life—perhaps you'll die.

Professor (to class in horology)—"If a cheap watch were brought you to be repaired, how would you begin?" Bright student. "By asking the owner to pay in advance."

Not to be Described.

An anonymous voice told me that I could not tell him which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand, but he objected. He said that he did not say that I could not show or extend my right hand, but that I could not tell him which it was my right hand; that is, that I could not describe it in words so that one who had never heard of the distinction we make between the right and the left hands would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also until I took time to think the matter over, when I gave it up, for on the outside of the human body there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left. No one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person could not knowing the distinction we make, satisfied and be sure.

The Left Hand and Health.

In connection with the subject of the qualities of the brain there is one point of great importance about which I can only say a few words, writes Dr. Brown Sequard in the Forum. It is that we have a great many motor elements in our brain and our spinal cord which we neglect absolutely to educate. Such is the case particularly with the elements which serve the movements of the left hand. Perhaps, however, fathers and mothers will be more ready to develop the natural powers of the left hand of their children, giving them thereby two powerful hands, if they accept that, as I believe, the health of the brain and spinal cord would improve if all their motor elements were fully exercised.

Getting Satan Behind Her, to Push.

Armand. Come! Fly with me; I implore you?

Camille. Never! Sir, you insult me.

Armand. What? You will not go?

Camille. I will resist you with all strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place, you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau over there.—[From an unpublished drama by Dumas.