TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

\$1.50 PER YEAR Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 4, 1892. VOL. XIV.

NO. 23.

The Chatham Record

RATES

ADVERTISING One square, one insertion-

One square, one month

For larger advertisements liberal con-racts will be made.

On an Old Song.

Little snatch of sucient sour, What has made thee live so long? Flying on thy wings of rhyme Lightly down the depths of time, Telling nothing strange or rare, Scarce a thought or image there— Nothing but the old, old tale Of a helpless lover's wail; Offspring of an idle | our, Whence has come thy lasting power? By what turn of rythm or phrase, By what subtle, careless grace, Can thy music charm our ears After full three hundred years. ! Litt'e song, since thou were born, In the Reformation more, How much great has passed away, Shattered or by slow decay Stately piles in ruins crumbled, Lordly houses lost and humbled, Thrones and realms in darkers hurler Noble flags forever furled. Wiscot schemes by statesmen spun. Time has seen them one by one Like the leaves of Autumn fall -

A Country Doctor's Patient.

- [W. E. H. Leck, in the Academy.

A little song outlives them all.

The summer of 1891 was the first gay season Glenham had ever known. The picturesque little town, nestled in one of the most beautiful regions of the Catskills, had been overlooked heretofore by all but a small contingent of summer boarders. But last season the old Griggs House, which overhung the village on the mountain side, having been thoroughly remodeled, was recliristened the Beau Se, jour, and Genham was extensively advertised as one of the most charming and healthful resorts about New York.

Among the carliest arrivals at the Beau Sejour was Mrs. Ainsleigh, a lavely young widow, who wore the most [elegant tellettes Glenbam had ever seen. But men were scarce at the Beau Sejour during July, and time hang heavy on Mrs. Ainsleigh's hands She was suffering from a slight nerv attack one afternoon when the senfor a physician-young Dr. Mowbray, who had been graduated three veers before from the New York Polycinic.

Tall and slender, with brilliant dark eyes and a beautiful soft voice, Dr. Mowbray would have passed any. where for a handsome man. Mrs. Ainsleigh fest entirely relieved of her nervousness after a quarter of an hour's conversation with him, and did not think it necessary to have the prescription he left filled. He called the next afternoon to inquire for his patient, and found her suffering only from a slight headache. She was dressed in a ravishing gown of delicate lavender, and Mowbray thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. After his third visit he felt bimself to be desperately in love. he had known her a fortnight, when one morning, as his finger rested on her pulse, she startled him by saying ;

"I overheard two old tabbies talking about you in the verandah yester-

day."
Mowbray looked a her inquiringly. "They said that woman with the doll's face, who wears four gowns a day, had designs upon you. I wonder if they could have meant me." she added, with a look of innocent surprise as though the thought had just struck

her.

Mowbray blushed like a schoolboy. In his agitation he pressed her round, white wrist. She gently withdrew it, but as her hand stid through his, her fingers seemed to become entangled in his own, and before he knew it he had bent his lips to her hand,

. Do not be angry, for I love you.' he stammered, aghast as his own effrontery. She was looking at him with an amused smile.

"I'm not angry to be loved by you -but are you not doing a foolish

thing?

ones for Mowbray. They walked together, drove and danced together; then the hotel began to fill up. Mrs. Ainsleigh had a whole train of admirers, and the young doctor was often staved away from her a whole day: once it was two days, and she gently reproached him

"This is my harvest and I must work," he said, somewhat gloomily. "It is playtime with your other admirers, but I must prepare for the time when I will be married," and his eyes grew tender.

Married-vou are going to marry?" she asked insurprise -- whom? "Whom? Why you, my dearest, of course."

"Me!-marry me? Oh, Robert!" "Why-why-what do you mean?" "What would you do with me?"

Mowbray was too stujefied to an-

She regarded him with a compasslonate smile. "Poor Robert-is it possible you can have been so serious? Don't look like that or I shall think our beautiful summer is going to be

returning bent over his shoulder with pressing her fingers over thema caressing gesture and put a paper

"Look at that."

what they were.

"Think of you marrying a woman with such tastes, at the outset of your career, Robert," she said regretfully. "There are more of these, but this woman is becoming troublesome. I shall have to refer her bill to Mr. Ainsleigh, and then I suppose there such cases, but-

"Mr. Ainsleigh!" gasped Mowbray, almost reeling from this second blow, "but-but-"

"Have I never spoken to you of Mr. Ainsleigh, Robert?" she asked kiss, that he realized she was furious innocently.

"You are-you are not a widow,

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied laugh ing softly. "Mr. Ainsleigh is my late husband's elder brother, and acis as a sort of guardian to me. He is very rieb, and he thinks he wants to marry me."

"And you-are going to marry

him?" asked Mowbray faintly. "I cannot tell-I do not know. Oh, Robert! why did you speak of this hateful subject of marriage? I don't just to know that you loved me. I for future disposal. "Sport," which find it so pleasant to be loved. Why is the name of the drink-loving dog, must men begin to talk of marriage

Mowbray was sick at heart and miserable. He went away pursuaded to form a pool, which he lapped up. that his happiness had been wrecked by a heartless woman. He resolved never to see her again. Two days later she had another nervous attack and sent for him.

"Mr. Ainsleigh is coming next week," she said, "and we shall probably leave for Bar Harbor soon after ward. Let us make the most of the time, Robert; we may never meet again and we are too foul of one another to quarrel."

Poor Mowbray was too far gone to protest; he was very unhappy but he came to see her every day.

Then Mr. Ainsteigh arrivel. He was a fall, silent man, of about fifty. He met Robert pleasantly enough, and to the surprise of the young physician there was not the least change in the relations between himself and Mrs. Ainsleigh. They walked and rode to- tremens. gether as before, and Mowbray was almost happy again. He felt as though he might win Helen yet, when one morning Mr. Ainsleigh followed him from the room and sent a cold chill to his heart by saving :

"Doctor, Mrs. Ainsleigh and I leave for Bar Harbor the day after tomorrow. Will you do me the favor to morning?"

To refuse was impossible. What would Mr. Ainsleigh think of such an action from a stranger? Would it not Yet how could be take money from

all over. The result was that he Count de Sombrenil's life was spared penned the following document:

"Dr. Robert Mowbray presents his leigh, and, in accordance with his de-Mrs. Ainsleigh:

office. The first thing she did was to take from her portemonnaic a roll of erisp, tresh bank notes, which she

They conversed for a short time. without very profound emotion, on their coming separation. They wondered if they would ever meet again, and prayed they might. Then a some what awkward silence fell between them. Mowbray was nucomfor ably conscious of the p esence of the bank notes on the table before him. He tried to murmur in his deepest, sofest voice something particularly sad and loving, but the white cipter on a twenty-dollar bill, with its delicately interlacing green lines, seemed to stare at him like a great mocking eye. He glanced at Helen, and saw that a significant expression. And so ldonly he understood that she was thinking

out \$150, which he put in his yest mensions shake their heads in an inpacket, then taking the two hands of creditions manner until they see it -ionately, and slipped the remaining egonian.

She rose and went to her de k; then bills in the opening of her glove,

"Dearest." he marmared, " we must part; my heart is well nigh broken at the thought, but we will It was a dressmaker's bill and at love each other while we may, and the bottom four figures danced before that we may never forget the happy Mowbray's eyes. He could not see hours we have passed together. I wish that we may each preserve a souvenir which shall always recall them. Let no divide this money, and each purchase a keepsake-a jewel, which will remain to us forever a mute testimonial of our vanished happiness."

He had spoken with great feeling and was him-elf deeply affected; but will be trouble; there generally is in Helen rose calmly, deliberately drew out the bank notes from her glove and returned them to her portemon-

> And it was not until she had gone, without giving him a last good-bye at carring away only half the money. - [New Orleans Time -Democrat.

Edmend Gros is the owner of a bull terrier dog which is pronounced the greatest incbriate canine of his breed. Gros is a medical student, and as such, he had gathered a number of specimens and preserved them in alcohol. His studies for examination came to an end some days ago, and having no further use for the specimens, he had the lars and their conwant to think of it. I was so happy tents removed to the cellar of his home smelled out the alcohol and immediate. ly proceeded to upset the jars, thereby breaking them and causing the spirits Gros's attention was first called to what had happened by the peculiar antics of Sport. He howled during half the night, which was a strange contrast to his ordinary good behavior, and when Gres went down to see what was the matter be found him jumping about in a most unaccountable manner, enapping at the floor and the air and howling all the while,

The dog recognized his master and sought shelter behind him, as though from some invisible foe. He was perfectly exhausted from the exercise he had gone through and fell asleep. only to awaken a few moments later and bite his own paws.

All these symptoms, as well as the empty specimen jars, were indications enough for the student to diagnose his first case as one of delirium

Sport was better vesterday, but could not be coaxed back into the cellar, where he saw green-eyed rats with blue tails and lots of teeth. - [San Francisco Examiner.

She Drank Human Blood.

#I wonder," writes a European traveler, "how many Americans who send your bill to the hotel in the have visited the Invalides at Paris are aware of the fact that the body and especially the heart of one single and olitary member of the gentle sex are preserved in that resting place of arouse his suspicious and injure Helen? France's greatest military commanders. She is no other than the famous her-his beloved! Still he was in great Mile, de Sombreud, the young girl visit. "I'm so customed to have you!" need of money; and if the bill was who, during the days of the revolu- she said. presented and paid it would serve him tionary terror of 1762, saved her father's life by consenting to drink a Mowbray went home and thought it glass of human blood. Although the that grandma was really troubled. on that occasion, yet he was guillotined in the following year with his ompliments to Mr. Herbert Ains- two sons. After their death Mile de Sombreuil succeeded in escaping to emigre, Count de Villelung, who, on the restoration in 1816, was appointed governor of the branch house of the Invalides at Avignon. It was there that she died in 1823, and, when some twenty years later, the Avignon establishment was abolished and the pensioners transferred to the Invalides at Paris, they made a point of carrying her remains along with them. These were deposited in the vault of the palace of the Invalides, where her heart, contained in a funeral urn of white marble, is placed in the choic of the chapel beside those of the famous Engineer Vanhan and General Kieber."-INew Orleans Picayune.

The Skin of a Mighty Grizzly. There is a bear skin on exhibition in Hudson's gun store that takes the cake. It is 9-1-2 feet in length and 8-1-2 feet across in the widest place. The bear that were this skin was a grizzly, and he lived in far-off Alaska. Judging she too was looking at the money with from the size of the skin be must have been as large as two ordinary cows, and could not have weighed of her milliner's and dressmaker's less than 2500 pounds. It is by far the largest bear skin that has ever Then an idea occurred to him. He been seen in Portland, and even old se, and taking the money, counted bear-hunters who are told of its di-

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A PARMER WEST INSTITUTE. A farmer went trotting upon his gray mars. Bumpety, bumpety, bump? With his daughter behind him so rosy and

Lumpety, Impety, Jump?

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled

Bumpety, bumpety, tump! The mare broke her knees and the former his crown, Lumpety, lumpety, himp!

The mischlevous raven flew laughing away, Bumpety, bumpety, bump And vowed he would serve them the same the next day, Lumpety, lumpety, lump

Brooklyn Citizen.

"COPMY."

One day, as Tommy was going past the storeroom do r, he saw that it was open. He pec; ed in and found there was no one there. Then he went inside, and begun to look at the things on the shelves and the table. Pretty soon he saw a large cake, beautifully ornamented, on the top. It looked so good he wished he had a big piece of it, but he knew he should have to wait for that. Then be thought he might just taste of the icing, and he broke off the tiniest bit and put it in his mouth; then he took another bit, and another. "Nobody'il notice it," he said to himself; "I'll have just one more piece."

But that time a good sized piece came off in his fingers. "Oh, dear, I wish I had let it alone," he thought. "What shall I do if mamma asks me about it?"

He labl the piece back and turned to go out, but there was mamma just coming in the door.

"I saw you, Tommy," she said. Then she turned the cake around and told him to look at it now.

He did look, and what do you think he saw? Right in among the decorations and reaching all reross the cake were the letters OMMY.

"Do you know anybody by that name?" his mamma asked him. "Why, it's part of my name," said

he. "Oh, mamma is it mine?" "No; your name is Tommy, and there isn't any T there. It can't belong to you."

"Was it meant for me?" asked Tommy, feeling very much ashamed. "Yes, I made it for you and was

going to let you invite some other children and have a little party some day soon; but now I shall not, and you can not have any of it to eat."

Tommy began to cry, and his mam-

"I am sorry for you, but I must try to cure my little boy of meddling " And it cured him; for after that when any of the family saw him beging to handle something he had no business with it was only necessary to | laughingly. say "Ommy" to make him stop, and no one now can call Tommy a meddlesome boy ... [Christian Leader,

THE TAR POCKET.

This time grandma was going away to be gone a year, and Killy was more heartbroken than at the other

Grandma promised her a letter each week, but Kitty sobbed in such a way

Suddenly grandma said beightly. "Kirty, sit up and listen to a storyearriage comes.

"When Henry first began to wear sire, incloses bill for services rendered | Germany, where she married a French | trousers," went on grandma, "he was exceedingly proud of his pockets, and the things that went into them were something astonishing, and by bedtime each night they were a sight to

oom with such a funny look on his face I know he had been in mischief. 'Henry,' said I, 'where have you been? and what have you in your pockets? for I saw him glance toward one of

.- He stood first on one foot, then on the other; tucked his chin down into his neck and glanced up at me from under his eyelashes, keeping his hands behind his back all the time, but be did not answer, and so I went up to him, and opening his pocket-I had learned not to put my hands into them-peeped in, and what do you suppose I found? A pocketful of tar! soft, black far, quite melted and running down on his stockings.

" Well, Heury, I said, won have destroyed your pecket now, and will have to get along without it: and I cut the pocket out, which was the only thing to do."

As Kitty thought of grandma holding up the pocketful of tar, and little papa with his tar covered hands, she burst into a laugh, and the next mogone. _[Our Little Men and Women.

CAPTAIN BASSETT.

The Venerable Doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

Some Stirring Episodes in His Long Official Career.

"How do the public men of today compare with those of built a century ago?" Captain Bassett, the venerable

see such young men in the Senate as | - [New York Recorder. in these days. The Senator without They used to be more can ful call several political duels. When the purpose, Congressman Ciliey was brought back

steps to a Senator's desk." "How many times have you turned

every session since 1814, and no one litive discipline." has ever done it but myself. Some-

hour to carry on its business." "Are you ready to tell where eran doorkeeper was asked.

taking notes all these years, and they by my children. How would Sixty in life .- Brooklyn Citizen. Years in the Senate' sound as the title of a book?" Captain Bassett asked

mghingly.

Seventy years would sound even of the Polymesians," said Roy. Mr.

better," was suggested. "Perhaps so," he said, "but all of man and never injured my constitution by dissipation. Seventy-two years is a long life to look back over, and that number is behind me now."

too, despite the stirring scenes he has believe that. I think the Samoan lanwitnessed and shared in, if Capt, Bassett's placid face reflects the cur rent of his life. - [Washington Post.

Little Tsui Yew Me.

The beiress of the Chinese Logation, Tsui Yew Me, is as much of a mystery in Washington as ever. She is now six mouths old and few people have yet been allowed to meet her When the purses first took her out for an airing such crowds appeared that the Minister decided it was not advisable to take her out into the park in Dupont circle, and ber airings bad to be confined to the Legation lawn.

It took several weeks to secure an audience with her and then it evidently was a serious matter to the Legation. Mr. Ho, the interpreter, was present when no less a personage than Minister Tsui appeared bearing M se Me. Lady Tsui was assisted by her attendants to the drawing room don and toddled to a chair herself. The Tsuis have one son and Miss Me The Minister is perfectly devoted to the little girl and wanted to know in mediately if Miss Me wasn't a protts baby, as pretty as American bubies She is pretty, with cuming almond eves and a regular buit on of a mouth.

she went to a stranger, stayed 15 mis ntes without a murmer and only ob jected when she was returned to her father's arms. Her clothes are reguvarious blue, red and yellow piece was a heavily quitted wrapper of pink bound with green and shaped just like Yum Yum's. All the time she wears ment a goodby kiss was pressed on a funny black silk cape with a hole his inamorata, he kis ed them pass with their own eyes. Portland Ors her lips, and then dear grandma was, cut out on the top of the crown. In the centre of the front is a brass or cago Herald.

nament and a couple of bobbing red pompones. Four flat coins are sewed niong the front adge.

They express wishes for her lifelong health, wealth and prosperity. and were presented by friends when she was born. The drollest feature is a little silver bell like a sleigh boll, that is sewed on she top of the cap and tinkles with every move of the baby's little head.

The name of Me signifies "beauty" and was given her because it is the doorkeeper of the Scuate, was asked. Chinese name for America. She is "The men are much the same, but the pride of the Legation as well as of the attitude of the people towards Minister and Lady Tsui, and if it them has changed. Statesmen used to should happen that the Minister should be regarded with greater reverence, he reappointed at the close of his Perhaps it is because there are more torm, which expires in December, great men in this generation than 1892. Miss Me would be likely to be there used to be. We never used to started on an American education.

London Trumt Schools

of their temarks in delaye than had boy, declines to go to school he is Scontors are nowadays. Hot words cannot and sent to join a regiment of meant a call out to Bladenss trushes at one of the various trusht burg in those times. I can res schools that have been established for

Here he remains for as long a perfrom his famous meeting, I saw his loid as the manager deems desirable. body in a hearding-house, which stood If the boy behaves himself he is soon where the Capitol grounds are. The released on a license. If he still dedays before the civil war were crowded clines to go to school be turns up at with exciting events. I was one of the truint school again as sure as eggs the first to reach Charles Summer's are eggs. When these little villians desk after he was assaulted. The ped are captured they are dirty and ragto bind up his head, and ! have a piece god. But soon all this is changed. of the cane which was broken over his. Their tair is cut, they are put into a shoulders. I heard Jefferson Davis thath and a nice clean suit of clothes make his farewell speech in the tenate, given them, consisting of a pair of and saw the Southerners withdraw, cordured trousers, a shirt, a blue Many whom I remember as boys I serge blouse, a pair of socks and some have seen grow up to be prominent stout boots. What a difference the men. Senator Gorman often speaks both and cothes make? The brute of the days when I playfully boxed becomes a human being. And the his ears. He is the only man who ever brute seems to feel this as he gives climbed up from a page's scat on the himself a sort of a shake and wanks off to join his fellow truents.

From 6 o'clock in the morning unback the hands of the Senate clock?" | til 8 at night the boys are actively "I can't count the occasions," he employed, with short intervals of rest. replied, smiling at the aliasion, "The "You must keep them at it," says clock has been stopped at the close of the governor. "It is part of the punmake bods, fold clothes, prayer, exertimes I have turned it back only a cise, breakfast, school, drill, dinner, minute or two of time, and once I school drill and so on. The housegave the Government an extra half work of this large establishment is done by the boys. They bein the cook with the dinner, and when the Webster sat in the Senate?" the vet- dinner is cooked they clean the kitchen. They give a hand to the laun-"Not yet. I am the only man who dress, starch, iron, and turn the manknows that. It is my secret. Perhaps gie. There is wood chopping to be I will tell it in my book. I have been done, and many small household duties to perform, each of which teaches will be published sometime in the the boy the elements of law and order, future, if not while I am alive, then which are of great aid to him later on

Origin of the Polynesians.

Whitney, a missionary, of believe they left the Indian Archipelage about us must go in time. I am a plain the beginning of the Christian era-They settled in the numerous groups of islands in the South Pacific, Many writers have supposed that the language spoken by the Samoans is a They have been very easy years, branch of the Malay tongue. I don't gange is the root language, to which any additions have been made by the Malays. The Samouns have preserved the language in all the simplicity which characterized it when they brought it with them from the Indian Archipelgo. For years it was only a spoken language, but the missions eles have reduced it to writing. And the Samoan language is one of the most beautiful tongues in the world; it is even susceptible of finer shades of thought than can be given in the English language. The Samoaus come from the Aryan race, and the women when young are exceedingly beautiful. They are a hardy race, the men being on an average 5 feet 10 inches in belefit. The Symony and the Tongans of the Friendly Is ands are the allest races in the world. They have a light olive complexion and have keen faculities to acquire education." - Chicago Herald.

Prececions Intellectuality.

tellectuality, preceding future power rather than weakness or carly docay. were John Smart Mill, who read Greek at three; and Mocaulay, who read inessently from the time he was three years old, but ordinary humanicy is ower and should not be unduly hasone t. It is round to be undoubtedly the case that progress in leading is far more rapid in the great majority of stoldren when they are left without any systematic attempt to teach them until the seventh year at least has I een enched. This rapidity will more than ounterbalance any apparent tardiness a beginning, and there is much less chance of evil consequences -fChi-

I want the coming of a tardy train,
And while I want the leaves of thought

unfold. The day is dismal and the wind is cold; The reasoless patter of the drizzling rain, That drips and drops its dreary, sad re-

Still chants the burden of a grief antold, And in the sky gray clouds of gloom are

Till they dissolve in tears to earth again. So in my heart, where summer used to be, A wintry say the sombre landscape

Has nature, then, imposed her mood on

And am I sad because she sad appears? looking through my own grief, do I

The earth trausfigured through the rate Wm. R. Sime in New York World.

HUMOROUS.

A good cure for lovesick women-

A cornfield is one of the things that is often greatly shocked without the

aid of electricity. The principal difference between a lobster and a lobbyist is that you can make a lobster blash.

Women suffer the affiletions of the servant question simply because they won't help themselves.

Teacher-What is the leading charneteristic of a paradox? Dick Hicks -They never agree on the disgnosis. "It's a biting wind," said Sithers.

"Yes," replied Stathers, "I know it

is. I was right in the teeth of the

Husband-Thank heaven I am not as other men. Wife-You are mistaken there. It is they who should be thankful.

The advocate of anarchistle princinics seems to think he has taken the truth out of a untshell and put it in a bombshell. Wiggle-How long did you know

your wife before you married her,

Satupon? Satupon (mournfully)-1 diche't know her at all until I married Lady-How nice it is to have a little brother as you have, Flossie. I suppose he always takes your part,

doesn't he? Flassic-Yes'm, when the pie is passed. "Do you think that monkeys can be taught to talk? he asked. "I never put the question that war," she replied. "I always wendered whether

they could be taught not to." A poor fellow who had failed at one thing and another at last took up the profession of submarine diving. It was perilous he knew, but, as he expressed it, he thad to do something

to keep his head above water." Counsel for the defense (to his wife) -My dear, I want you to lock up everything that is movable in our house. Wife-Why so? Counsel-The thief who was acquitted this morning without a stain upon his character, owing to my brilliant defense, is coming this afternoon to thank me.

A Deluge Brought Down the Stones, A curious story comes from Wengh-

sinne. The town suffers from inundations of the Yellow river, and two years ago a movement was started by the local magistrate to build a breakwater. The chief difficulty lay in the want of sufficiently large stones. Suddenly, however, to the astonishment of the community, a heavy storm of wind and rain deluged the country. and brought down an endiess quantity of hoge stones exactly suited to the purpose. The people naturally regarded the incident as a direct manifestation of divine power in aid of a great public undertaking, and the governor of the district cites a fact which conclusively proves the supernatural orgin of the event. One of the stones, he says, which was as large as a house, was toscribed with seal characters, two of which, meaning "work" and "stone" respectively, he was able to decipher - [New Orleans

The Virtues of Cold Water, Bulwer Lytton, the father of Lord

Lytton who has just passed away, was a profound believer in the efficacy of the water-cure for everybody, but in particular for overworked literary men. Whenever he was tired out and felt the need of recuperation, he would go to a water-cure establishment for a few days drink water in unlimited quantities and be sweated, and soaked until he had lost half a dozen pounds in weight. When he felt sufficiently reduced he would go back to business or pleasure, generally with a horrible cold, but under the conviction that be had been greatly improved by the treatment. He even wrote a pamplilet or book on the subject, in which e assumed the ground that water would care anything if a man only

took enough .- [Globe Democrat.