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RATES

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For larger advertisements liberal reductions will be made.

Repayment. Beneath the elm trees arching shade, As gayly as the flowers arrayed, A little maid was straying, "Poor boy," said the parson, "A boy, outside this paradise, Looked in with laughing, hungry eyes, As if to join her playing."

THE BLACK LACE DRESS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. "And you're not going to the dance, after all, Katie Carleton?" Henrietta Lacy was sitting in the modest little third-story back-room, which was all the home that Katie Carleton had; a square room, with one bulging window, looking out upon the roof, and the walls covered with a coarse, zigzag pattern of crimson on a pea-green ground, while the carpet, well worn in spots and carefully darned, was of a nondescript color and design—great sprawling leaves and scrolls bursting out in a tangled complexity which would have made a designer's head swim. But Katie Carleton, humble little photopgrapher though she was, was young and pretty, with yellow hair waving away from her low, square forehead, arched brows, and deep hazel eyes, which the ennoblement and monotony of city life had not yet stolen all the fresh roses from her cheeks.

"I can put on a little gold fringe and make a very decent 'Midnight' out of it," said Hetta, indifferently. "Only, Katie, I think you are a goose not to go!" Katie did not argue the question—she only painted quietly on and Henrietta Lacy went away. "Oh, Mr. Merris!" said she, patiently, as on ascending the steps of the photographic saloon, she met the handsome young foreman of the printing office overhead. "I've just come from Katie Carleton's. And you ought to see the lovely dress she has been preparing for the masquerade ball!"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

GENTLE BOYS MAKE GENTLEMEN. "Gentle boys make gentlemen," Grandma said. Said jolly old: "Dainty hands are just like gems—Dainty boys and dainty girls. Boys must run and knock about, Kick and prance and yell and shout; There's no fun in taking pains, Rushing in when'er it rains, Whining if you stub your toe. Such boys are silly, don't you know?" "A boy I know runs like a deer, But lifts his hat when girls appear; He laughs and yells and knocks about, Putting all cowardly bids to rout. And yet this boy will feel no shame When called away from romping games;—Oh, there is nothing, I must go; Mothers always stand first, you know! Gentle boys make gentlemen!" Grandma repeated once again. —[Annie A. Preston, in New York Observer]

"Are you disengaged this evening?" "Quite." "May I come up and sit with you?" "I shall be delighted," answered simple Katie, flushing all over. The next day Henrietta Lacy came around to Katie's room, with the black lace dress folded up in a flat paper parcel. "I'm so much obliged to you, dear," said she. "I had such a charming evening." "So did I," said Katie, who longed for some congenial ear into which to pour the story of her happiness. "Mr. Merris spent the evening here." "Mr. Merris!" "Yes. And, oh, Hetta, only think! He has asked me to be his wife, and we are to be married in February; and I don't know how it ever chanced that so much happiness should be in store for me."

THE NEW NORTHWEST

Characteristics of the Soil and the Settlers. A Land of Ready Cash, High Wages and Quick Fortunes. Beginning with the Dakotas, we enter the vast plains country—mountainous, all but treeless, a blanket of brown grass almost as level as the mats of grass that the Pacific coast Indians plait. It is only a little wrinkled in the finishing— at the top edge and down in the southwest corner. On its surface the houses and the villages stand out in silhouette against a sky that bends down to touch the level ground. Here we find the western edge of the lands which the Scandinavians who have come among us prefer to their own countries. Here we come upon the yellow wheat-fields that turned their kernels into millions of golden dollars last year. Here, also, we see the more than half savage cattle whose every part and possession, except their breath, is converted into merchandise in Chicago. The hard-riding cowboys are here—turned Indians in their blankets are crisscrossed in the national corral. A great thirst would seem to overspread the Dakotas, for the lands are arid, while the people possess prohibitory liquor laws, and water that is poisoned with alkali.

Colors and the Eye of Man. Science gives us many interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The most ancient written documents attest that in times most remote only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished. It is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the term used to designate yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the color faculty very highly developed, and yet authors of the highest repute tell us that in the time of Alexander the Great, the Greek painters knew but four colors, namely, white, black, red and yellow. The ancients had no words to designate the colors of blue and violet, therefore they always referred to them as gray and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually; the great Aristotle knowing only four of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and the violet (in the spectrum) a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognize as a color. Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that as the color organ in the human species becomes highly developed, and even before the eye becomes what the opticians would consider "perfect," this outside band will resolve itself into a color perfectly discernible. Only one speculation remains: When the educated eye of the year 2000 has discerned and named this now indistinct color, will another shadowy band appear to be classified among the colors 500 or 1000 years later on? —[Philadelphia Press]

THE WEDDING-RING FINGER.

There are facts connected with the ring finger, remarks an observant moralist, which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of matrimonial union. It is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks. The thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as are also the fore-finger, the middle finger and the thumb side of the third or ring finger, while the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger, and the other side of the third or ring finger, at the extremity of which the two nerves are joined in a real union. It thus seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger. That the side of the ring finger next to the little finger is connected with the ulnar nerve is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against any hard edge, when, if the nerve is touched, a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger and on the same side of the ring finger, but not on the other side of it. —[New Orleans Picayune]

Florida's Sponge Industry. The birth of the sponge industry of Florida may be put down for the year 1852, when one Walter Lowe went in the schooner Chestnut to Anclote Key and in several days secured a cargo of sponges. These brought such profit that other men embarked in the business. The Civil War crippled the new calling. At its close the baby industry got on its feet, and has been strutting forward ever since. Some two hundred and fifty vessels, from the yawl to the one-hundred-ton schooner, employing nearly two thousand men, are now actively engaged in creating an annual revenue of nearly \$1,000,000. Sponges are found in the Atlantic as far north as Jupiter Inlet, the industry at St. Mark's, at the head of the Apalachicola (Wakulla county) empties sixth in rank with Key

THE MONSTER EAGLE.

Buford Hall, Jr., the 12-year-old son of Mr. Buford Hall, killed an eagle last week on his father's farm. The bird was in a tree some distance away, when the little boy, who is an excellent shot, fired a charge of shot at it from a breech-loader, shooting it in the head. The bird measured six feet six inches from tip to tip. It was attracted to the place by the young lamb. The young hunter is very proud of his trophy, and brought it to town on Friday to have it stuffed and mounted. —[Georgetown (Ky.) Times]

Hope. Blithe poetess at the gateway of the soul! Dear symphonic that dost so fondly cling To even our worst of sorrows! Bark whose wing Pantheistic voyages to illusion's goal! Heedless if it be shadow, if rock and shoal! White bird that carollest thine unwearied Tribes of song, like those by new-born spring Lured heavenward from some blossom-tufted knoll!

HUMOROUS.

The man who is shadowed is under a cloud. No wonder the minutes fly so fast; they are making up time. When you see a man in a brown study you may know that his goose is cooked. The average garbage department is unequal to even the removal of suspicion. Lady (to her legal friend)—You won't charge for a question, I hope? Lawyer—Oh, no; only for the answer. It is curious how only a woman who screams at a mouse is not startled by a millinery bill that makes a man tremble. Shopper—Are those fast colors? Clerk—Well, I should say so much. You just wash it once, and see how fast they'll run. A man never realizes how much valuable advice his neighbors have to give away until he announces his intention to build a house. Bagley—The elephant is the true bohemian. Bruce—How is that? Bagley—He expects to be supplied with meals on presenting an empty trunk. Mrs. Brown—I hear your husband was run over by a horse car last night. Was he much hurt? Mrs. Boggs—I can't tell until we agree upon the amount of damages to claim. My wife was once my autocrat. But now, alas! I've two. And all my pride has fallen flat. At what I'm bound to do. For years she ever had her way— With some rebellion, maybe— But now just listen to her say: "Come, hubby, mind the baby!" "What became of that fool, Saphrod, who had more money than he knew what to do with?" Business man—I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool? "Perfectly idiotic." The chances are that he has dropped into charity.

Instinctive Criminality. In a paper on instinctive criminality, Dr. S. A. K. Strahan holds that the criminal belongs to a decaying race, and is only found in families whose other members show signs of degradation; in fact, it is only one of the many signs of family decay. Besides being hereditary, criminality is interchangeable with other degenerate conditions, such as idleness, epilepsy, suicide, insanity, alcoholism, etc.; and it is a chance whether the insanity or drunkenness, say, of the parent, will appear as such in the child or be transmitted in transmission to one or other of the alternate degenerate conditions. The present system of treatment has proved a disastrous failure; short periods of punishment can have no effect, either curative or deterrent. Everything points in the direction of prolonged or indefinite confinement in industrial penitentiaries. — [Popular Science Monthly]

Best Part of a Hide.

Experiments were recently made to determine which portion of a hide of leather gave the best results when made into belts. Four strips, each eighteen inches long and two inches wide were cut and carefully tested in a machine. One of the pieces from the centre of the hide broke at a strain of 2495 pounds, equal to 14,940 pounds per foot of width, while the strip from the upper part of the shoulder parted at 1330 pounds. — [New York Journal]

A Simple and Effective Penwiper.

A simple and effective penwiper is made of common bird shot. Any little china or bronze jar will do for the receptacle and it may be as picturesque as fancy dictates. Fill it with the shot, and to clean the pen, thrust it up and down among the little leaden balls. No chamois or cloth penwiper polishes the steel so effectively and readily as this. The little jar of shot will also act as a paper weight, if needed. — [New York Tribune]