

To Him Who Seeks.  
Hope is the message of the Easter-time,  
And the glad Earth,  
While yet the snow lies white upon the hill,  
And while the Ice King yields his sceptre  
still,  
Heralds star, with frosty and tuneful rhyme,  
The summer's birth.

Only the ears attuned to melody  
Can catch the strain;  
Only for watchful eyes the first flowers blow  
Beneath dead leaves and coverlet of snow;  
And first to him who seeks her longingly,  
Spring comes again.

Through all the voices of the waking year,  
The Father speaks;  
To heavy hearts, bowed with their weight of grief,  
He sends His promise in the budding leaf,  
And first the messengers of Hope appear.

To him who seeks.  
—[C. E. Bancroft, in *Youth's Companion*.]

## THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

BY ARCHIE R. EGGLESON.

It was the summer of 1858, known as the wet season. It rained continually from the 1st of April till July, and on every third or fourth day the drizzle changed to a heavy shower. Roads were impassable, and even railway traffic came to a standstill.

I was employed by the Great Western road and stationed at Westgate, a beautiful town, not very large, but the centre of a piece of magnificent scenery. To the north a majestic grove of oaks towered up from the banks of the Big Stowe River which flowed silently along on its south-westerly course, leaving the little city a short distance to the east. A blacksmith shop, two or three stores, a restaurant and hotel, a church and a schoolhouse, which was lighted up by the pleasant face of the postmaster's only daughter Stella, made up the public buildings of the place, with the addition of the depot and grain warehouse, where but little business was transacted during the flood.

About a mile northward the railway bridge spanned the Big Stowe, and I had been requested by the bridge foreman to make a trip out to the structure every day just before dark to see that the approaches were safe, as in every severe storm the river, already swollen to full banks, would lap the end of the long bridge and whirl furiously around the piers.

I slept in my office, as duty compelled me to remain there quite late at night, and it was but little trouble to change my lounge into a bed. I had also a corner occupied by a pony instrument on which, at odd moments through the day I instructed a young student in the art of telegraphy, feeling thankful for something to help me to pass away time in such dull weather.

One sultry evening, after a few hours of clear sky, I placed my railway-tricycle on the track preparatory to making my evening trip to the bridge. Heavy banks of clouds could be seen in the west, and there was an ominous stillness in the air that made anxious to make a speedy trip.

It was a toilsome journey, and the perspiration gathered on my forehead and my breath became short before I finished it; but, although I found the water higher than it had been, it was not more dangerous to the bridge.

Upon my return I took care to have my switch-lights trimmed and placed out earlier than usual and hastily took off supper, for already the low muttering of distant thunder foretold a heavy storm and a bad night. When it broke at last I was alone in my office, and the crackling of the telegraph instruments, as the lightning played around them, resembled the firing of a small pistol. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew as if would demolish everything before it.

I sat listening to the efforts of the despatcher to make his train orders plain, and when his continued repetitions made me nervous, fell back on my guitar for consolation. After playing every mournful melody I could think of, I spread out my bed and dropped on it, to rest, if not to sleep. For some time I heard the rain beating against the window and the wind rushing under the cornice of the depot and creeping along the locomotive that Number Four had just left Sumner.

There was no help for it; I must cross that gap on the rail and flag the train that was coming through the darkness to death and destruction. I crouched down and began my passage for life, taking my lantern between my teeth, that I might have the use of both hands. The least dizziness or weakness, the slightest loss of balance, would plunge me into the waves below, and the train would be lost.

I crawled carefully along; now I was moving successfully, now I was trembling—now the swaying of the rail was turning my head! I was two-thirds of the way across when I

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## WHITE HOUSE WIVES.

## The Domestic Relations of the Various Presidents.

## Some Presidential Love Affairs and Romances.

It is a notable fact, declares the New York World, that most of the Presidents were or had been very happy in their domestic relations. But, then, the ladies of the White House, from Martha Washington to Frances Cleveland, have been admirable and lovable representatives of their sex.

Buchanan was the only confirmed bachelor among the Presidents, yet he, too, had had his romance. He had loved a Miss Coleman, who lifted him without a word of explanation. When she died shortly afterwards, he wrote to her father, saying "that he had loved her more infinitely than any other human being could love, and though he might sustain the shock of her death, happiness had fled from him forever." Van Buren, Jefferson and Arthur were widowers when they entered the White House. All of them cherished a most touching devotion to the memory of their wives. Arthur had met his wife at Saratoga and after her death he could never bear to go to that place. Jefferson tended his sick wife four months, and on her death-bed solemnly promised his hand in hers, that he would never marry again. When the end came he staggered into his library and fainted.

When he revived he was almost out of his senses and for weeks was confined to the library, pacing up and down the room all day and all night until exhausted nature could stand no more. One of the queerest couples that ever inhabited the White House, and one of the most devoted, were Andrew Jackson and his wife. She was as domineering as himself, smoked a pipe and used strange country idioms and confined her reading to the Bible. Yet she was intensely sensitive to public opinion. There had been some misunderstanding about her divorce from her first husband, which, through a confusion of State laws, had not really taken legal effect until after her marriage with Old Hickory. The scandal was revived when she entered the White House, and it was the object of Jackson's tenderest solicitude to keep from her all knowledge of the shameful attacks that abounded in the newspapers. She died in the White House and her bereaved husband ever afterwards bore around his neck and hidden in his bosom a miniature, which every night he placed on a little table by his bedside, so that her face might be the first thing to greet him in the morning. On her tombstone he had caused to be engraved the words, "A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not disown."

General Grant during the whole of his married life wore a ring which his wife had given him during his engagement and at his request it was worn by him. I quickly raised myself, but was unable on account of the smoke of my gun to see the elephant. Then I suddenly felt something gnaw my face, and I was hurried a distance of several yards, and lost consciousness. When I recovered the Cambodians stood around me. They had thought that I was dead. My clothes were sprinkled with blood, and a pain in my upper jaw convinced me that there was something wrong. I found that several teeth had been knocked out. The elephant had knocked them out with his trunk, and had disappeared. Three balls had not killed her. A deadly wound can only be given when the ball enters through the temple or the eye.

As the elephant has keen scent and hearing, a European needs long experience before he can hunt the animals successfully. The native, who creeps noiselessly in his Annamite costume, has, in spite of his inferior weapons, a better chance of success than a European with his creaking boots and breech-loader. The Bonongs kill elephants with poisoned arrows, which, although they cannot penetrate the thick skin, may inflict a deadly wound in softer parts, such as the trunk. In such places the poisonous substance, prepared from extracts of herbs, acts so violently that the animal often dies within ten minutes.

## Eating Out of Troughs.

All the men employed on the Mansfield estate in Sicily, sleep on the property on week nights and tramp back to town for Sunday. Their food is provided for them during the week. In the morning they have a large chunk of brown bread baked on the spot, a herring or a sardine, and as much wine as one can drink in one draught. In the evening they feed like animals. There are wooden troughs on tresses in the open air, arranged around three sides of a square and filled with a sort of "pasta." The men stand around these troughs (they are like English pig troughs) and feed with their fingers. It is in vain that their master has tried to induce them to eat out of plates with spoons. They broke the plates and threw the spoons away. Presumably their idea is that sometimes there are lumps in the food, which, feeling with their fingers, they are able to seize upon, so securing a large share.—*National Review*.

## Most Wonderful Living Skeleton.

The most singular freak of nature known to surgical or medical literature was Claude Ambroise Leurat, a

Frenchman, known all over the world in the early part of the present century as the "Living Skeleton." At the time of his birth, and for quite a period after that interesting event, Claude was as plump and fleshy as any of the little French cherubs of his neighborhood, Troyes, France. One account says that he was born in 1877, but a half dozen others place it ten years later, so that we may conclude that, had he lived to the present day, he would only be three years older than the century.

At the age of four Claude was almost a perfect miniature mummy, being a mere skeleton clothed in a dry, yellowish brown skin. Still he continued to grow in height, the bones enlarging just as though they were the framework intended to support their quota of flesh. At the age of twenty-eight, when he was first exhibited in London, he was a man in height and general appearance, but weighed only fifty-six pounds. He stood five feet seven inches in height and is said to have looked for all the world like a varnished skeleton, the skin, which was tightly stretched over the bones, especially at the joints, being parchment-like, both to the touch and to the sight. When he first began wasting away in flesh (this during the third and fourth years of his life) the breast and sides retained their plumpness long after the legs and arms were literally "skin and bones."

Finally, when the flesh wasted from the breast, sides and shoulders, the skin was so loose that it fell down and dried between the ribs, making it possible for a person with the nerve to do so to clasp the fingers around the ribs and touch the ends together, there being nothing but the two thicknesses of skin to interfere. A writer on the London Times says of him: "He had the appearance of a bag of hoops covered with leather and set up on two rough, knotty sticks."

The great wonder of Leurat's case appears to lie, not in the fact of his extreme emaciation, but in the fact that such a degree of decay should be compatible with human life.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## Story of an Altered Draft.

Within a few weeks the power of chemistry to aid criminals has been made manifest in the case of a Buffalo (N. Y.) bank. This bank believed that it was amply protected against fraud by what is called the advice system. Its habit has been at the close of each day's business to notify its New York bank correspondent to all the drafts it has issued that day, and the numbers and amounts of each of them. This it was supposed would prevent the payment of any altered draft when it reached the New York bank. But this advice system cost the bank \$12,000. A well dressed man, well introduced apparently, with the manner of an active business man, bought two drafts of this bank, one for \$12,000 and one for \$120. This transaction was reported immediately to the New York correspondent.

A day or two later a draft for \$12,000 was received by the New York correspondent. Its number corresponded with that indicated in the letter of information sent from the Buffalo bank, and it was, therefore, paid. But when a few days after that another draft for \$12,000 of the same number was received, it was evident that fraud had been practiced.

The last draft was genuine. It had been negotiated in a distant city. The first draft had been altered so that its number corresponded with that of the genuine draft for \$12,000, and it had been raised to \$12,000. Yet the alterations were so perfect that it was almost impossible for Mr. S. to detect them. As the New York correspondent had paid the forged draft, it was, of course, compelled to pay the genuine one, and the Buffalo bank lost its money.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## The Electrical Wonder.

There has been some misconception as to the working of the so-called "electrical wonder," which is now drawing large crowds in London. The invention would probably be more correctly described as photographic wonder, the electrical part of the arrangement consisting simply of the motor, which gives the rapid motion to the series of pictures, and an incandescent lamp in the interior of the machine, both of which are operated by a coin falling in the slot. The effects exhibited are truly wonderful. Figures of men and animals seem instant with life, and their animated gestures are absolutely true to nature. Not only an elephant and a camel walk and run respectively across the field of vision, and not only is the characteristic gait of each mode manifest, but the action of the various muscles of the body and limbs is distinctly seen.—*Chicago News*.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**BIRCHINNIN.**  
Oights, mighty river, O river down so deep and calm,  
With the mists upon thy shores, and the  
ships upon thy plains.  
Tell me why thou never fail, never growest weak and small,  
But with ever swelling current changest  
down thy wealth to all.  
Quickly then the river answer, "From  
the little mountain spring,  
Ever sparkling, ever rushing, forth the precious  
gits bring."  
Far away among the forests where the  
moss lies deep and cool,  
There the mill hums in a crook, and the  
ship swims in a pool."  
—James Buckham, in *Harper's Young People*.

## DON'T LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

This is the motto Thomas A. Edison, the "electric king," once gave to a boy who desired his advice on getting on in the world. The implication is obvious.

An employee who measures out the time he gives to business by the minute, stopping in the midst of any work on which he happens to be engaged the instant the whistle blows, is not a clerk to be depended on. Just as he watches the clock, so his employer watches him, realizing that he needs it. There is no heart in such working. The boy who starts in on a business career with no higher aim than to make each day seem as short as possible and to draw his salary on Saturday, is certain not to have his pockets weighed down with an increase in his pay.

Don't look at the clock, then. Time will pass no more quickly because of your doing so; the way to bring this about is to throw such regard and whole-heartedness into the discharge of your duties that you will forget such limitations as time, which will then fly so swiftly that you will not note its passage.

## THE THREE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS.

In the days of Columbus vessels were generally called "caravels," and of considerable size for those times they were called by the Spaniards *naos*.

When Queen Isabella determined to help Columbus to make his voyage, a royal order was sent to the city of Palos to fit out three caravels and to place them at the royal disposal. The city made a pretense of complying, but it was so well known that the ships were for Columbus's hazardous venture into the terrible western ocean that neither money nor force could get them equipped and manned. Over and over again the people were assembled in the public square and the order read with great pomp, but all in vain.

Columbus, in his despair, begged that the prisons be opened and the convicts allowed to go with him. Finally, a ship owner of Palos, Martin Alfonso Pinzon, was induced, by an offer of a large share of the rewards in case of discoveries, to make an active effort to fit out the expedition. He was a popular sea-captain and a vigorous man of business, and it was entirely due to him that Columbus was able to set sail from Palos on his ever-memorable voyage. Pinzon condemned two of the caravels given by the town, and substituted two staunch vessels of his own. One was a decked vessel of three hundred tons, large enough to be called a *nao*, and the other was a little *brig* with fifteen sails, which was chosen on account of her light draught in case rivers had to be ascended in the country they expected to discover. The *nao* was at first named the "Gallego," but they renamed her the "Santa Maria."

Columbus took her for his flagship, for he held an admiral's commission from Ferdinand and Isabella. The little *brig*-rigged *caravel* was called the "Niña." Of the three caravels offered by the town of Palos, the only one which Pinzon considered seaworthy enough to accept was the "Pinta," a boat about half as large as the Santa Maria, and rigged like her. His shrewdness in rejecting the others was fully proved before the expedition reached the Canaries, for it was discovered that the Pinta had been tampered with, and had been purposely weakened. A long delay in the islands was necessary to repair her.

Such were the vessels in which Columbus discovered America; one as large as a small *schooner*, and the other two about the size of lighters. Had he suspected the length of his journey, or known of the terrible storms which can rage in the Atlantic Ocean, he never would have dared to venture out in craft so frail.—[S. Nicholas.]

The New Orleans Board of Trade recommends the shipping and handling of rice in bulk instead of in bags as at present.

## RATES

ADVERTISING	\$1.00
One square, one insertion	• 1.50
One square, two insertions	• 2.00
One square, one month	• 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

## The Land of Dreams.

I have a boat which every night  
A little after candle-light,  
Spreads its white sails and floats away  
Far from the world of every day.

To Land of Dreams.

A tiny zephyr fills the sail,  
Then, in a sea of moonlight pale,  
I drift to land of elf and far  
And watch these fairies folk at play.

In Land of Dreams.

And often I would linger there,  
But, softly speeding through the air,  
My boat so swiftly takes my way,  
That I am home at break of day.

From Land of Dreams.

## HUMOROUS.

If a girl's face is her fortune, what's  
the figure?

A maker of artificial optics has got  
to have an eye out for business.

"There is something in your eye,"  
remarked the thread to the needle.

Civilization has done its worst for  
the poor Indian when he won't even  
but for a living.

Snowgrass—What a stingy man Jay-  
smith is. Naive—Yes; he even ob-  
jects if you make a joke at his ex-  
pense.

"Do you think that a 'D' in a man's  
name is lucky, as some people say?"

"Sure. Look at Job, and Jonah, and  
Jeremiah."

"What is the biggest thing you will  
see at the World's Fair?" asked Mrs.  
Fucash. "My hotel bill," replied her  
husband gloomily.

Barbers complain that their busi-  
ness is not what it was fifteen years  
ago. They have to scrape hard to  
get a living nowadays.

Guide—Now, you be careful;  
many a tourist has broken his neck at  
this spot. Tourist (to his wife)  
—Augusta, you go first.

Creditor—The conscience of those  
two bankrupts appear to be very elastic.  
Assignee—Well, don't you ex-  
pect elasticity in suspenders?

"How the wind comes in through  
the cracks of that door. They  
ought to be stripped!" "Stripped?  
No, no. They need more cloth tacked  
over them.

Doctor, when do you think a man  
weighs most?" asked a patient who  
was undergoing a course of dietary  
treatment. "When he steps on my  
corns," answered the doctor.

Daughter (looking up from her  
novel)—Papa, in time of trial what  
do you suppose brings the most com-  
fort to a man? Papa (who is district  
judge)—An aquintal, I should think.

"Is his lordship at home?" asked a  
gentle