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No eminent American has ever committed suicide.

The New York Tribune thinks that geography this year may be coule used into a single expression—all roads lead to Chicago.

Edward Atkinson, the Boston statistician, in an interview states that less than half of the Western farms are mortgaged, and the majority of that is held by local creditors.

The "father of centennials," Colonel Jesse E. Peyton of Philadelphia, is now trying to interest clergymen in a movement to hold at Jerusalem in 1900 a celebration to commemorate the Twentieth Century of Christianity.

The human race includes two kinds of people, philosophers the New York Tribune, those who know too much and those who don't know enough. From the first class the knaves are mostly recruited, and from the second class the fools.

W. G. Stead writes in the Review of Reviews of a mighty African hunter who in four years shot twenty elephants, twelve rhinoceros, five hippopotami, 100 buffaloes, 15 lions and enough of lesser game, gazelles, zebras and the like, to bring the total up to 548.

Some of the newspapers are poking fun at Mr. Cator for making a speech forty hours long before the Building and Commission. That is nothing. The Atlanta Constitution recalls that Tichenor's oration made a speech over 150 days long in an English court.

France has a population of 38,341,000 inhabitants and a standing army of 508,000 men and 120,000 horses, but her probable offensive strength for war purposes would be 3,850,000 soldiers. Her total French budget is \$50,000,000, and the expenses of the ministers of war and of the navy are nearly one-third of this yearly appropriation.

A French statistician has estimated that a man fifty years old has worked 6000 days, has ate 1,600,000, has smoked himself 400,000, has walked 12,000 miles, has been 500 days, has partaken of 86,000 meals, eaten 16,000 pounds of meat and 4000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7000 gallons of fluid, which would make a lake of 800 feet surface if three feet deep.

A cruise has been started in England against the application of the word "Esquire" to persons who have no right to it. Those who started it confess that there are occasions when something more than "Mr." is wanted, and so they recommend the revival of the good old-fashioned "Gentleman," which means all who are legitimately entitled to bear arms. Why not adopt the Georgia fashion, suggests the Atlanta Constitution, and call every good-looking man "Colonel"?

At the Port of New York the other day seven hundred Finns landed from a single steamer. Very few Finns have hitherto emigrated to this country, and there present coming in such numbers must have some special significance. They are subjects of Russia, their home in the far North between the sixtieth and seventieth parallels of latitude. Finland means the land of marshes and lakes, and in their native land these people have only about six weeks of summer. Winter lasts about eight months, followed by a brief spring, and autumn is simply a prolonged rainy season. Those who have just arrived here are seeking homes in Michigan. They are a hardy people, honest and industrious now, though their ancestors were the boldest of buccannars in the days of the Vikings.

The fires which have been devastating the forests of western Germany are a matter of serious moment, declares the Mail and Express. Land is so valuable and wood is so enormously expensive in Germany that anything which threatens the destruction of the trees has a significance not to be appreciated here, where annually thousands of acres are burned over without attracting public attention. In Germany when a person cuts down a tree he must by law replace it with another. Thus many of the so-called "forests" in Germany are, in a way, only artificial market gardens, composed of trees with trunks about eight inches in diameter and of a height of some twenty feet, all set out with military precision. So valuable is the wood that when a tree is cut down, even the smallest twigs are made up into bundles of kindling and the chips are kept to be dipped in pitch and used for the same purpose.

Memory.

Beyond the woodland's wild, demense, Beyond the river's silver sheen, Beyond the sea, beyond the sky, Arose the Isles of Memory— Where hands long folded on the breast Unclasp from that chill, silent rest; Where clay-cold lips unseal and break The silence of the grave, and wake To life once more the forms that keep So closely veiled in death's sad sleep— Long conched low where flowers bent Above them, and the grasses bent To fold them like a casket.

Sad life! from songs to childhood dear Pervade the slumberous atmosphere— Dream haunting notes that rise and cling About the heart, as though some string By fancy touched, with gentle hands, Responsive echoed, while life's sands Flowed backward to the time when we Yet dwelt in vale of Arcady— When, nax' old coast, fond arms would cling About us, and sweet lips would sing A cradle-song, whose minor flow Fell soft as summer breezes blow Where she who sang it both low. —[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Fisherman's Daughter.

There had been a fog in the early morning, but the sun, gathering strength, burst suddenly behind a black and indigo cloud and streaked the sea with a copperish hue. Far down the beach were two men and a boat. They were stalwart men, and the eldest was busy shaking from the meshes of a draw-net entangled tufts of maroon and brown seaweed.

"Poor draughts, Shelah," said the net-drawer, looking philosophically into the basket that held the fish. "Poor enough, Master Reeks. Is it home now?"

"Ay, lad; home it is. Get in the boat, Shelah."

The young man jumped into the boat and took the oars; the other shoved off, and when he was knee-deep in the salt water clambered in after him.

"Shelah," said Reeks, speaking of a sudden, "when are you going to marry my Jen?"

There came a little extra color into Shelah's smooth, tanned cheeks. "I don't know, master," he said.

"Ah," said Reeks, with a sigh, "I wish my mother was alive."

"Why, old Tom?" asked Shelah.

"Why? To cheer her, lad. I'm afeared my hand is a bit too heavy on the tiler for a dainty craft like my Jen. She wants a woman at her helm—or a husband."

"What makes you say that?" asked Shelah, resting on his oars.

"I'll tell ye, lad," he said, slowly; "it's been on my mind a long time, an' now I'll tell ye, I don't like the comin' an' goin' of that young brewer of our'n, Mr. Cyril Livingston. Now, in my father's time, an' in my time, the old 'ship' might ha' tumbled about our ears for all the brewer cared or troubled. But since this here young chap ha' come from abroad, an' his father ha' take him into partnership, things ha' altered. Nigh on every day he's a-ridin' up to know if we want anything done. I shouldn't care how many times he come, Shelah, if it wasn't for Jen. I'm afeared that his fine hose an' his velvet coat an' his leggins an' watch-chain may dazzle her, lad. It's precious little company we see at the 'Ship' an' it may make her dissatisfied with the life she's leadin'."

"Jen is all right," said Shelah, firmly.

"So she is, my lad; but she'd be a lot better married. An' so, between man an' man, my lad, I want to know when you are goin' to marry her?"

"I'd marry her tomorrow," said Shelah, wistfully, "if she'd ha' me, master."

Reeks looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Shelah Baxter," he said solemnly, "you put me in mind of that song the Scotch packman was singin' in the 'Ship' the other night. You sit on a stule an' look like a fule, with your hold jaws newly shaven. You ain't got the pluck of a mouse."

Shelah looked dreamily at the purple-feathered arrows and silvery spear-tipped shafts of cloud over the sea, but gave no contradiction.

"W' women, I mean," pursued Reeks. "There ain't a man in the whole village, Shelah, that could pu you on your back. But w' women!" He snorted. "Why, man alive, the bolder you are with a woman the better she likes ye. See how they run after a sager's coat. Now I ha' got a bit and you ha' got a boat of your own, and what's to prevent you two a settlin' down together? Pluck up, Shelah, says I, ha' no more shilly-shallyin'."

"I'll think on it," said Shelah, slowly.

"Da," said Reeks, refilling his pipe. "But to act upon it would be better." Shelah's suspended oars fell splash into the sea, and for a moment the boat seemed to raise up and fly to the

over the top of a wave, so hard did he pull.

"Master," he said deliberately, "can you read writin'?"

"No," said Reeks. "Teau't. Why?"

"Because, if you could, I wanted you to read this." He held out a sheet of pink note paper. It was soiled with fish scales and tobacco dust, but even now retained a sweet and subtle perfume.

Reeks took it gingerly, held it in three different ways and narrowly scanned it. "All I can make out, lad," he said, "is these here."

"What are they?" cried Shelah, eagerly.

"Kisses!" said Reeks, solemnly—"on 'em."

"Kisses?" repeated Shelah, vacantly. In sudden fury he snatched the paper, and, doubling it in a ball, threw it far over the waves. Opposite the boat, Shelah rowed ashore.

"Now," said Reeks, as he jumped out, "I'll stow away, lad. Go you up to the 'Ship'. It's about time you an' Jen came to an understandin'. Pluck up, Shelah, and remember there's allus ways an' means of winnin' a woman." He winked and nodded.

Shelah drew his feet out of the wet sand and with a sad smile moved up the beach. As he strode between the lifeboat and the yawl his face settled into gloom. There was a big sandhill on his left; he turned aside and mounted it. "Ten kisses," he groaned, and looked vacantly around him.

He slowly descended the mound and walked toward the inn. The "Ship's" sign could be seen long before the inn. Within a few paces of the sign Shelah halted. He could hear a horse's hoofs pawing the ground. He was soon regaled with a little whistling, then the softly hummed verse of a song.

There next sounded some loud laughter, a step on the tiled path of the inn, then the singer spoke. "I drink your health, my charmer," he said, "in the Livingston brew." After that he spoke lower, but the words reached Shelah's ear: "You got my note, Jenah, but you never came. Why was that?"

"I was afeard, An' oh, what would father say if he knew that you sent me that note with all those 'kisses'!" The musical voice ended suddenly.

"Kisses, Jennie," finished the horseman. "Well, I don't know; I don't particularly care. Love is altogether reckless. And for you, my gypsy, I would risk anything. Now tell me, Jennie, when can you meet me alone? It's a small favor for a lover to ask. When shall it be?"

Jennie was silent.

"Jennie," said the rider, seriously, "do you love me?"

Holding his breath Shelah waited for the answer. It was inaudible.

"Come a little closer, Jennie," said the horseman gaily; "kisses on paper are nothing to kisses in—"

"Hush!" cried Jennie; "some one is coming!"

"It was Shelah. He rounded the corner in time to see Mr. Cyril Livingston riding away.

With his head bowed Shelah crossed the threshold of the inn door; he was met inside by a pretty, brown-checked girl, whose face had a lightened and rather unusual bloom. At sight of Shelah she looked disconcerted.

"Jen, lass," he said, "I want to speak to you; I want to ask you something."

Jennie started, and there was a sensible diminution of the color in her cheeks. "Not now, Shelah," she said nervously. "I'm busy now. Wait till father comes in."

"No," said Shelah, "I can't wait. If I don't speak now I shall never speak. I won't stop you long."

"Well, then, said Jennie, "say it quick. What is it?" She seated herself with her face to the window and her foot nervously tapping the sanded floor.

"It's this," said Shelah, and his voice shook a little: "we ha' been sweetheartin' for a long time, and I want to know when we are going to get married, Jen?"

"Never," she said softly.

let me go and—forget me." She ended with a sob.

White and still sat Shelah; then bravely and wearily he rose. Jennie uncovered her face for a moment. At the sight of his she hid it again. "Forget you, lass," he said, "I never can."

Moved perhaps by the thought of what might have been, he leaned down and gently pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"But if giving you up, lass," he proceeded huskily, "will make you happy, Jen"—there was an agonizing ring in his voice—"why, I give you up."

When she looked around again he was gone.

All that night it froze hard and the calm sea lay moaning like a dog on his chain. Shelah heard it as he stood in the lonely sentry-box of the lifeboat looking in. In the morning the frost-lashed blades of the sea-grass had changed the dunes into a great glistening bed of white coral.

As usual, Shelah called at the "Ship" for Tom Reeks. He had barely entered when he heard a horse's hoofs on the hard road, a horseman reigned up at the inn and Shelah drew back into the shadow. "Shelah!" It was Jennie who spoke. She stood white and trembling on the cellar steps.

"Will you take him this?" Strangely fascinated at being called upon for such an act, Shelah took from her the measure of ale, and, like a man in a dream, carried it to the door. A loud "Hem!" caused him to start and look up. Instead of the young brewer, he was facing the old one. The elder Livingston looked at the ale as a doctor might look at his own medicine. "No, my man," he said, "I don't care for anything so early as this. If you'd have the goodness to hold my horse while I diamond, 'Thank'ee. Teiber him there—will you? I want to see the landlord. Is he in?"

Before Shelah could answer Reeks gave evidence of his bodily presence by appearing at the doorway. The brewer walked in, followed by Shelah Livingston, senior, was a pleasant, chatty old gentleman, and he soon disclosed the object of his visit. A ball was going to be held at Herringbourne town hall, and he was distributing invitations to such of his tenants as chose to attend. As he was passing—quite by accident, he assured them—he felt he ought not to miss the landlord of the "Ship."

There were the tickets and he hoped that Reeks and his daughter would attend.

"I forgot to mention," he said blantly, as Reeks, after expressing his thanks, took them up. "That ball is to be held in honor of my son Cyril's marriage. He is to be married this week to the daughter of a very old friend of mine—a man of Kent."

As he finished, a low, sobbing cry started all but Shelah. A tea-kettle had rattled to the floor, and Jenny stood vacantly staring into a little lake of the spilt liquid at her feet.

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" said Reeks, "you look as white as a ghost."

"Nothing, father," she answered, faintly, "nothing only the heat of the fire."

"That is what it was," said old Livingston, "the heat of the fire, no doubt. I have experienced the same sensation myself. Well, good day, Reeks. I hope you will find it convenient to attend."

He nodded pleasantly, untroubled his horse for the paddings and mounted it. As he rode away he smiled softly and patted his horse's name. Shelah Baxter came out of the "Ship" and walked aimlessly down to his boat. The surf was boiling on the Scroby and great rollers with foaming crests were racing in and tumbling upon the sunlit beach. He stood awhile absently watching the little salt fountains which their recoil left hubbling in the sand, then mounted the hillock to look for Reeks.

On the top he started and his tan cheeks grew pale. At the base of the mound by a dwarfed clump of furze sat a girl, sobbing violently. It was Jenny Reeks. He descended the side she was on and gently touched her shoulder. "You'll catch cold, lass," he said sadly, "if you sit here."

Through her tear-brimmed eyes she looked into his face. Not a word of reproach. Only in his eyes was the love that had been so constant and true. With a little catching of her breath Jennie rose and drew back; then, with a convulsive cry, she flung her arms wildly around his neck, and there she sobbed until she could sob no more. When they went back to the door, something in their attitude made him softly smile. A new or view of their faces made him chuckle. It seemed as if Shelah had taken his advice and plucked up at last.—[Chambers's Journal.

SILK FROM WOOD.

A Novel Substitute For the Silk Worm's Product.

Method of Turning the Pulp Into the Fabric.

The fact that the United States has not achieved a striking success in the attempts which have been made to introduce silk worm culture in this country is practically admitted today. A few scattered efforts have shown some indications of success, but for the most part the silk worm finds fault with his food or the climate. Perhaps because of the apparent impossibility of producing a large supply of raw silk the American manufacturers of that article have not fairly equaled those of France, except within a few very recent years. Today it can be said, however, that Maine produces as fine an article of "wood" silk goods as any French manufacturing centre can show, if impartial judges are to be believed. The American ribbons also are practically as good as those imported from France. The American and French manufacturers buy much of their raw silk in the same market, and the Americans are using as good machinery and as skilled labor as their French competitors employ.

It is therefore worthy of note at this, the best period of silk manufacture so far, that a method of making silk threads from wood pulp is being brought to a practical stage. The method made its first public appearance at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where it at once attracted attention. At that time, however, it was imperfect it not absolutely dangerous. Since that date the improvements in the original method have been noticeable, and the revised process is now employed at Besancon, where the silk is being manufactured. The material employed is nothing more than the "wood pulp" which is already used so largely in paper making. After being crushed "the pulp is dried in an oven and afterward immersed in a nitro-sulphuric acid mixture.

The pulp is then thoroughly washed in water, and is finally dried in alcohol. The resultant product is put into a mixture of practically pure alcohol and ether, with a "colloid" is formed, not noticeably different from that used for photographic films. After the colloid is prepared it is forced through a filter and is then poured into a long tube, in the side of which are hundreds of spigots with a very minute outlet. The colloid issues from the spigots in thin, sticky threads, which are afterward washed by ammonia and water. This washing takes the soluble ether and alcohol from the colloid, which immediately grows harder and tough and in about every respect as brilliant and as strong as silk thread. The resultant threads are spun together in strands of six, and are then ready for weaving.

When the Chardonnet process was first exhibited one very strong objection to the textile woven from the new "silk" lay in the great inflammability of such a texture. The original combustibility was at the rate of two centimeters a second, and it was claimed with much justice that goods of such a nature could not be, and ought not to be, used for purposes of dress. The addition of ammonia to the water bath in which the colloid thread was washed served to do away with the objection. Still again it was found that the pressure on the colloid tube was not equal throughout, some of the threads snapping off before they were put into the final bath. It is announced that this fault has been corrected under the revised process and, if the announcement is any thing true, the new method of producing silk without silk worms will attract the notice of American manufacturers.

The importance of this invention, if it can be shown to be all that is claimed, may be inferred from the progress which has been made in the paper trade since the advent of the wood pulp processes. The growth of the paper making industry is well realized in this section, where its rapid advance was so noticeable. With the skill which the American manufacturers have already shown in the silk industry, the advent of a wood pulp process may result in a similar triumph for American industries. If, as it is to be expected, the results of the Chardonnet process are to be on exhibition at Chicago, they will be eagerly scrutinized by American manufacturers generally.—[Boston Advertiser.

Hampden, Conn., has offered a bounty of \$1 for each mad dog killed.

How an Asiatic Was Beheaded.

I once saw a heavy executioner in Turkey slide down the rope and fall on the suspended man's neck with all his avoirdupois to break the spinal column, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. Of course it was a barbarous proceeding. The most careful and conscientious executioner I ever saw was near the dividing line between Turkey and Russia. I was riding through some woods when I suddenly found myself in a clearing before a cabin. A man was at the door tying a red thread around a sheep's neck. I asked him why he was doing that. He picked up a cleaver and with a quick blow cut off the sheep's head, making the cut exactly along the line of the red thread. "You see now," he said, "why I did it. I tied the thread between two joints so that there would be no bone to offer resistance to the passage of the blade."

HUMOROUS.

Cutting a swell—Lancing a boil. A fit of abstraction—Kleptomaniac. How to put a horse on his metal—Side him.

He (passionately)—My love, Gertrude, is like the rose in your hat. It is—She—Artificial.

"How are you getting on with your bicycle riding, Dick?" Dick—I spend most of my time getting on.

"I'm in favor of sound money," said the street-vendedor who dropped a fifty-cent piece to hear it ring. To wish you were a boy again. I'm glad, you'll allow! The things you need to care for them. You never care for now.

The world is full of deception. Many a man has been known to invest in a window curtain just for a blind.

Hobbs—He's madly in love. Cobbs—Why do you think so? Hobbs—Look at the variety of neckties he wears.

He—Why did they name that paper The Ladies' Friend? She—I suppose because it makes such good curl papers.

"What are you trying to raise here?" asked the traveler. And the farmer looked up from his work just long enough to reply, "No more, go."

Poor Sadie is pained by her fate. And all her friends note the fact sadly. She's not to blame for the case—A model is selling so badly.

"That's what I call a work of art," said the counterfeiter who had just produced a new bill. "Yes," was the reply, "a stem engraving."

"Have I drawn it up to your satisfaction?" asked the lawyer who had prepared the mortgage on Abner Meddler's farm. "Well," replied the old man, after he had examined the document, "it covers the ground."

Mr. Bethel's Pamphlet. There lived, many years ago, in Ireland, a barrister of the name of Bethel, who was rather proud of his attainments, and who liked to show them off in the writing of pamphlets. One of these, said by those who have seen it to be anything but valuable, was upon the subject of the union between Ireland and England.

Meeting a witty acquaintance some days after the publication of his pamphlet, Bethel was asked by him why he had not informed him of its appearance.

"I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the witty acquaintance. "I never saw it until yesterday, and only then by the merest accident."

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Bethel, who was fond of praise, and was anxious to hear what was forthcoming to gratify his vanity.

"How did I like it?" repeated the other. "Why, it contained some of the best things I ever saw in a pamphlet on any subject."

"I am very proud to have you say so," said Bethel—"every word, indeed. And—ah—what were the things that pleased you so much?"

"Mince-pies," said the other.

"What?" cried Bethel, his face turning purple.

"Mince-pies," repeated the other. "I saw a girl coming out of a pastry shop, and she had three steaming hot mince-pies wrapped up in your pamphlet. They were fine. Did you have mince-pies in all of them?"

Bethel's further remarks are not quoted, but it is to be presumed that he turned on his heel and treated his witty friend with silent contempt ever afterward.—[Harper's Young People.

The Awakening.

From her long stupor on the wintry death, With eyes of wonder, like a startled child, Nature reviveth, and in coy gladness smiles To hear the birds, to feel the wind's bland breath. Cares her cheek, "Behold," she whispereth, "What feast blossoms o'er earth's myriad miles Outspread for me, whom life anew be-galls From the cold clasp of Love-defeated Death!" And lo, the heart, all pained, sorrow-chill'd, Is like-wise stirred, and from the Unknown Land Hark, "thwart its sadness, chains of joy fulfilled, And echoes, as it were, of sweet command To trust that Hope, though numbed, cannot be killed, But, darling, waits the touch of Dawn's warm hand. —[William Strathern.

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Their Reward. "Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink cod liver oil without crying we get five cents." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys some more oil with it." —[Flegende Blatter.