

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVI.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

NO. 2.

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	6.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Mountain Memories.
From my window, tantalizing,
With their half-veiled charms divine,
I can see the mountains rising
On the dim horizon line,
O'er the robes of summer splendor,
Crowned with sunshine's living gold,
They awake heart memories tender
Of the treasured days of old.

For I am no child of bondage,
I was born to love the sun,
Since that sweet unconscious fond age
When I watched the waters run,
Hear the bird notes in the wildwood,
Where the laughing cascades leap,
In the formative days of childhood,
Ere my heart had learned to weep!

Through each glen and glade I rambled,
And beneath the shadowy peak,
With the prattling echoes gambolled,
By the blue bell-bordered creek;
Bathed my brow in shining fountains
Merrily the arching blue,
While the first winds of the mountains
Gently sipped the fragrant dew.

From my window all their beauties
I see before me far away;
Said it that life's dull duties
Keep my bounding heart at bay
For the summer days are dreary
Cooped in suffocating halls,
And my spirit grows awfully
Of the camp of city walls!

M. M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.

AN AWAKENING.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"It seems as though she'd never been waked up," the more observant of lovely Dora Gaylord's acquaintances said of her. "It seems as though she needed to be roused, somehow."

Not that Dora Gaylord was anything but the brightest of pretty girls, and some people did say that the odd little languor she showed of late had begun to excite itself since Pelham Gibbs had singled her out for his distinguished attentions, making everybody perfectly sure that Dora would be Mrs. Pelham Gibbs sooner or later, for what girl with ordinary prudence, could resist the gilded attractions of Pelham Gibbs?

Dora was making an effort this lovely summer morning to shake off that apathy which the observant had noted in her. She felt her ingratitude.

Here she was, gay in her prettiest gown, sitting in impressive pomp in Pelham Gibbs' stylish road-cart, with a bunch of roses presented by Pelham Gibbs, driving with Pelham Gibbs to the fine old country-seat, beautifully situated, which had been placed at the disposal of a select party of young people for picnic purposes. And yet— they had two miles further to drive, and she wished they hadn't.

"Do you know," Mr. Gibbs was saying—he drawled somewhat—"I am thinking of getting another horse, you know? A flyer. The three I've got are all beastly slow."

His pale eyes looked expectant.

"Yes," said Dora.

"Yes, Er—unless I take a notion to run over to Europe again this fall. I am thinking of it."

He stared at her with an intentness unpleasant to her.

"I don't care about going over there alone, you know. Really I don't, Miss Gaylord. Er—"

But at that point Dora, edging away from him with a faint shudder, changed the subject, as she always did when his observations took that tone.

They were the last corners at Bay View. Young men were loitering on the smooth, green lawn beside the laughing girls, whose gaily-tinted parasols they held.

Dora Gaylord and Pelham Gibbs strolled across the velvety grass, while a waiting servant cared for the horse.

"Hello!" Tom Renny hailed them. "I couldn't get a girl, so I fetched a fellow along. Miss Gaylord, please let me introduce Mr. Dexter."

"Mr. Dexter?" Dora said, in a gasp. "Gilbert Dexter?"

Gilbert Dexter looked a little pale, which amused Tom Renny, Gilbert being six feet high, and rather heavily built. He grasped Dora's hand closely. She turned ever so little toward her escort.

"Mr. Dexter and I are the oldest friends," she avowed. "He was in Meyville the summer mamma and I were there. Could you bring me my check, Mr. Gibbs? It's so cool."

When he had gone, and Tom Renny with him, they looked at each other squarely; she smiling none too steadily, he grave.

"If I've thought of you, once," she confessed, "I've thought of you a thousand times. Do you remember—"

"Everything," he answered. "I remember more than you, Miss Gaylord."

"You don't," she responded, warmly. "Not a thing has escaped me. The woods back of the house, where we used to get bunches of flowers, and you got pained with ivy—"

"And you came to grief swinging

on a wild grape-vine," said Mr. Dexter.

"And the croquet ground at the Hobson's, where you beat me ten out of eleven games usually."

"And the checker-board at your boarding-house, where you generally beat me."

"Oh, you let me! Do you remember the Slacks goat, that was bound and determined to annihilate you on sight?"

"Perfectly."

"And"—she fell into soft laughter—"the wart on Mr. Delafield's nose, and Miss Powell's green poplin, with the white lace trimmings? Oh, dear!"

"Yes. You are recalling the most important features of our acquaintance, Miss Gaylord," said Gilbert Dexter, frowning slightly above his smile.

She laughed.

"Did you ever get over your indignation?" she demanded.

"From my fried-steak-and-pie-for-breakfast diet? Oh, Yes!"

"You needn't have boarded with your tenth cousin, then, just because they were poor and needed the money," said Dora.

But her soft eyes were full of a tender sort of admiration.

"Pshaw! I love pie for breakfast," the young man rejoined.

They were so much absorbed in each other as to be undisturbed when Mr. Gibbs brought Dora's jacket, stared at them stily for two minutes and stalked away.

"And—and you have done well, I hope?" she said. "Mamma used to say you would make your mark. You got that bridge successfully finished, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes! And it was that job that brings me here. Some of the Royalton city fathers saw it and liked it, and appointed me to engineer the Royalton—Shipley bridge."

"You?" Dora cried, delightedly. "A great undertaking like that? How clever you must be!"

He flushed with pleasure.

"And you will—you'll be here in Royalton, then?" she faltered.

"Yes," he told her, clearing his throat rather painfully. "I had not forgotten, Miss Gaylord, that you lived in Royalton, but hardly hoped to see you."

Pelham Gibbs was eyeing them sulkily from a distance. His expression, never bright or highly pleasing, was distinctly disagreeable now.

"And called you Gil," she answered, faintly, her happy eyes intent on the white ghost of a dandelion at her feet.

It might have been five minutes later, or it might have been fifty—they did not know—when Pelham Gibbs came striding up to them.

Tom Renny had scanted their way, too.

"Is lunch ready? I haven't meant to neglect you, Mr. Gibbs—I haven't, truly!" Dora said, with the gentleness of real contrition.

And she would have taken his arm to go to the tables spread with white amid the greenery.

But Mr. Gibbs drew back. Anger is unbefitting to a small nature, and Pelham Gibbs was not at that moment an impressive sight.

"Ah," he said, his drawl vividly intensified, "don't think I caught your name, but I believe you're a workman on the new bridge—eh? Got a job there, haven't you? Ah, yes!"

And his mighty attempt at a sarcastic insult having been successfully accomplished, he stared rudely at his victim before he spoke again.

Dora had forgotten him!

The lawn sloped down to the sparkling blue stretch of the bay, and thither she strolled with Gilbert Dexter, looking up at him with half-indignant eyes.

"Why shouldn't you have hoped to meet me?" she demanded.

"Whatever I may become," he answered, slowly, "whatever I hope to become, I wasn't very well off when you knew me; and I wasn't very sure how, at home here among your friends, you would—"

"Pshaw!" cried Dora, with such stress of warm remembrance that her cheeks grew hot the next moment. "It was four years ago," she murmured, to change the topic. "I was only seventeen."

"But I was twenty-two," he answered, firmly, his clear eyes searching her sweet face. "I was old enough to know that I had never felt toward a girl as I felt toward you—never! I was in no condition to speak a word to you on that subject, and I did not. But perhaps—perhaps it is a little different now. Miss Gaylord—Dolly. Don't you remember that the whole town called you Dolly?"

"I'm thinking of going home, you know, Miss Gaylord," he said, deliberately, "with your permission. And

seeing you like this fellow's society better than mine, maybe you'll let him take you back? I'm going now, you know."

And he turned his stare of silly spite upon her.

"You have my permission," she said, in calm tones, looking at him as she might have looked at an annoying spider till he took himself away.

"In the name of Royalton and all Banks County, I apologize, Dexter," said Tom Renny, standing aloof. "I have my opinion of that cad, but I didn't think he was equal to that. You are well rid of him, Miss Gaylord!"

"Yes," Dora said.

And she looked up at Gilbert Dexter, and drew a fluttering, long breath. All her meaning Tom Renny did not know, but Gilbert Dexter did.

Pelham Gibbs went to Europe the very next week, and before he came back, the engagement of Dora Gaylord to the clever young man who was making a name for himself in connection with the Royalton bridge, and who was a prime social favorite, was the talk of Royalton's upper ten.

"She is waked up now," said the observant, smiling. "The right man has found her, and she is wide awake. The dearest girl and the nicest fellow!"—Saturday Night.

BEE STINGS

Formidable Weapons of Busy Little Honey Makers.

They are Poisonous Spears of Polished Horn.

The stings of bees are formidable weapons. When they are hungry nobody can handle them, but they are never cross when swarming, because on such occasions every one of them has filled herself with honey as a provision for the contemplated journey to another home. Accordingly at such times they can be dealt with bare-handed. There is an instance on record of a small boy's having a swarm of bees by securing the whole bunch in his pantaloons and running home with them. If a disposition to be good-natured after a hearty meal had not been given to these insects, they could never have been domesticated, and the supply of honey would still be obtained from clefts of rocks and hollows of trees. There is everything in knowing how to deal with bees. Those who are alarmed if a bee enters the house or approaches them in the fields are ignorant of the fact that no bee ever volunteers an attack when at a distance from her hive. The males called drones, are stingless.

All the feats performed by the celebrated Wildman may be safely imitated by anybody who understands bees. He did what he pleased, with them apparently, causing swarms of them to obey his orders and even to hang in festoons from his chin.

Wildman managed all this by simply knowing the instinct which bees have to follow their queen. They do this always, because the perpetuation of their species depends on the eggs which she lays for the colony. He hid the queen in his beard, thus causing the swarm to gather there, and likewise made them do what he wished, meanwhile giving words of command which were merely intended to deceive the spectator.

The sting of a bee is composed of two spears of polished horn held in a sheath. One gets a notion of the sharpness of the weapon by a very simple comparison. The edge of a very keen razor, when examined under a good microscope appears as broad as the back of a thick knife, rough, uneven, and full of notches. An exceedingly small and delicate needle similarly scrutinized resembles a rough bar from a smith's forge. The sting of a bee, viewed through the same instrument, shows a flawless polish, without the least blemish or inequality, ending in a point too fine to be discerned. In the act of stinging the spears, each of which has nine barbs, and is grooved with a channel for the passage of the poison, emerge from the sheath. One of them is plunged into the flesh of the victim, the other following, and alternately they penetrate, deeper and deeper. The venom is forced to the ends of the spears by much the same process as that which carries the poison from the tooth of a snake when it bites.

On one historical occasion a small pirate vessel, having on board some bees in earthenware hives which had been captured on an island in the Mediterranean, was pursued by a Turkish galley. The corsair being finally overtaken her men climbed the mast, from which they threw down the hives upon the deck when the galley's crew boarded the vessel. The hives broke into fragments and the bees attacked the assailants with such vigor that the latter retreated and permitted the pirates to take their own galley almost without resistance. It is related that Amurat, Sultan of Turkey, when besieging Alba, found a breach in the walls defended by swarms of bees. His Janissaries, the bravest militia of the Ottoman empire, refused to clear the obstacle.

To such a wound made by a bee is not advisable. Whereas the most deadly snake-poison is harmless when taken internally, that of the bee is quite otherwise, sometimes causing severe headaches and other distressing symptoms. The barbs with which the spears are armed prevent them being withdrawn after stinging, and Mistress Bee is usually obliged to fly away, leaving behind her sting, altogether, with a portion of her intestines attached to it. In such a case she dies. Wasps and hornets, on the other hand, can sting repeatedly without endangering their lives. The sting of a bee with poison sack attached is capable of stinging for days after it has been removed or torn from the body of the insect. Persons have been badly stung in the mouth by stings of bees in broken honeycombs which have buried bees by falling upon them. Old beekeepers do not mind the poison, having

been inoculated like Mithridates of old. Beginners are sometimes advised to allow themselves to be frequently stung, in order that they may become proof against the toxic action of the venom.

Medicinal Value of Peaches.

A dish of peaches is better than a dose of medicine. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether or not the fuzz on the skin is injurious, but the doctors agree that ripe peaches rank with the best of summer foods. Seed fruits, particularly figs, strawberries, blackberries and cranberries aid digestion; grapes, grape fruit, limes and oranges are prime aperients; apples, dates, melons, cherries and plums are nourishing and refreshing, but peaches are a tonic, an aperient, a food and a drink combined; or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine.

A good meal may be made out of peaches with sugar and cream, bread and butter, and considering the unwholesome character of the water supply just now, it is a lunch for man and child. After a repast of this sort the individual will feel more like attending to the duties of the afternoon than if he or she indulged in heavy foods. Peaches are good before breakfast and after dinner; they are good for the digestion, good for the blood and good for the complexion. Some people eat them without cream or sugar and with good results. The fruit is so rich in sugar and acid that it preserves its flavor a long while, but to get the full benefit it should be eaten as soon as it is cut. Richness of the nose, due to congestion, inflamed complexion, scrofulous and bilious tendencies are said to be materially influenced by a liberal consumption of this luscious fruit. Mixed fruits are always advisable, but the peach in season, used as an alternate with plums, cherries, melons and berries, will vanquish the enemies of the complexion. This is a peach year. It will profit the girl who studies her glass to leave off drinking ice-cream soda and eating meat, pie and candy, and give the beautifying peach a chance to cool her blood and tone up her digestive system. The complexion, whatever it may be, depends wholly upon the health and constitution, and it is from hygienics and not cosmetics that permanent improvement must come.—[New York Herald.]

A Conversation with Monkeys.

In 1857 Jules Richard had occasion to visit a sick friend in a hospital, where he made the acquaintance of an old official of the institution from the south of France, who was exceedingly fond of animals, his love for them being unobscured only by his hatred of priests; he claimed also to be perfectly familiar with the language of cats and dogs, and even to speak the language of apes even better than the apes themselves. Jules Richard received this statement with an incredulous smile, whereupon the old man, whose pride was evidently touched by such skepticism, invited him to come the next morning to the zoological garden. "I met him at the appointed time and place," says Mr. Richard, "and we went together to the monkey's cage where he leaned on the outer railing and began to utter a succession of guttural sounds, which alphabetized signs are scarcely adequate to represent—Kirran, kirrikin, kiraki, kirikiin"—repeated with slight variations and differences of accentuation. In a few minutes the whole company of monkeys, a dozen in number, assembled and sat down in rows before him with their hands crossed in their laps or resting on their knees, laughing, gesticulating, and answering." The conversation continued for a full quarter of an hour, to the intense delight of the monkeys, who took a lively part in it. As their interlocutor was about to go away, they all became intensely excited, clumping up on the balustrade and uttering cries of benediction; when he finally departed and disappeared more and more from their view, they ran to the top of the cage and clinging to the frieze and moldings as if they were bidding him good-by. It seemed, adds Mr. Richard, as though they wished to say, "We are sorry to part and hope to meet again, and if you can't come, do drop us a line!"—[Popular Science Monthly.]

The First Day Out.

Steward—"Did you ring sir?"
Ocean Traveller—"Yes, steward, I rang."
Steward—"Anything I can bring you, sir?"
Ocean Traveller—"Yes, steward, I want to bring you a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so I'll-long as it's solid. If you can't, sun-sink the ship."—[Harper's Bazar.]

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A fool carries his name in his mouth.
The wren has a sweeter song than the peacock.

A man's good name is sometimes stolen goods.

A woman who looks much in the glass spins little.

All churches have some members who talk too much.

The trouble about vanity is that it always makes one so poor to tote it.

Chances opportunities make us known to others and still more to ourselves.

Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then the measure that it is without excess.

Every man is a hypocrite who prays one way and lives another. It is even more explosive than outright ignorance.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

When two young people marry for love they both marry a fortune, although they may be as poor as a couple of Job's shabbiest turkeys.

If a mischief becomes public and great, acted by princes, and effected by armies, and robberies be done by whole fleets, it is virtue, it is glory.

The blossoms of passion, gay and luxurious flowers, are bright and full of fragrance; but they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Sweet rain! the concentrated breath of heaven! falling in tears at passing of the sun, and sinking on the still brow of the even with the light touch of a loving one.

How Insects Make Music.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. Here again it is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing covers a thin membranous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation nicely.

Certain grasshoppers make a sound when flying that is like a watermelon rattle—chickety-check, very rapidly repeated. There are also some moths and butterflies which have voices. The "death's-head" moth makes a noise when frightened that strikingly resembles the crying of a young baby. How it is produced is not known, though volumes have been written on the subject. The "mourning cloak" butterfly—a dark species with a light border on its wings—makes a cry of alarm by rubbing its wings together.

The katydids, crickets, grasshoppers and other musical insects are all exaggerated in the tropics, assuming giant forms. Thus their cries are proportionately louder. There is an East India cicada which makes a remarkable noise. It is called by the natives dumbub, which means drum. From this name comes that of the genus, which is known as dumbubina. This is one of the few scientific terms derived from the Sanscrit.

The death watch is a popular name applied to certain beetles which bore into the walls and floors of old houses. They make a ticking sound by standing on their hind legs and knocking their heads against the wood quickly and forcibly. It is a call. Many superstitions have been entertained respecting the noise produced by these insects, which is sometimes imagined to be a warning of death.

Entomologists have succeeded in recording the cries of many insects by the ordinary system of musical notation. But this method does not show the actual pitch which is usually several octaves above the staff. It merely serves to express the musical intervals. It is known with reasonable certainty that many insects have voices so highly pitched that they cannot be heard by the human ear. One evidence of this fact is that some people can distinguish cries which are not audible to others.—[Washington Star.]

Transplanted Frog's Skin.

A curious operation, says the Hospital, has been reported to the French Ophthalmological Society. A boy of thirteen, after an injury to his eyelid, had it so severely contracted that he could no longer close his eye. Accordingly an incision was made in the eyelid and tiny fragments of frog's skin were inserted in a kind of checker work. It adhered perfectly, and the wound was completely healed over. After about five months the eyelid recovered its power of movement. A tiny transverse line across the lid is the only sign visible of the fragments borrowed from the frog.

When My Ship Comes In.

Uncle often tells us stories
Of a ship he has at sea,
And the wonders and the glories,
If we're good, for Tom and me,
And I dream that somewhere sailing
Is a gallant bark of mine,
With the soft wind never failing,
And the weather always fine.
Oh! the bells will all be ringing
With a merry, tuneful din,
The birds will all be singing,
When my ship comes in!

She is bringing gifts for Mother,
And for Father and the boys,
And my little baby brother,
Shall be smothered deep in toys;
Her hold is full of treasure
From the islands of the Main,
And her fairy crew at leisure
Are sailing home again.
Oh! the pleasure past all rhyming,
And the joy that will begin,
When all the bells are chiming,
And my ship comes in!

There are storms and sudden dangers
Hiding cruelly around,
Where just such ocean dangers
As my fury bark are found,
Risk, though dead of heaven, behind her,
And guide her safely home,
And some day I shall find her
My ship from over the foam!
Oh! the birds will all be singing,
When her crew the haven win,
The bells will all be ringing,
When my ship comes in!

—St. Nicholas

HUMOROUS.

Knapsack—pillows.
A parrot pitcher—old ocean.

Waterloo is all that we need, it is all ways to a man's credit to pay cash.

Mend—what is the best month to get married in? Marie—"This month, if possible."

The man who thought he could live on the milk of human kindness died in the parlorhouse of dyspepsia.

Worrying over a thing bears the same relation to it as that a night mare bears to a pack ride.

"I just took snuff over thirty."

"How?" "When we proposed to give her a birthday party she looked real hurt!"

The man who is pushed to the wall finds it the best thing on earth to brace himself against when he is ready to push back.

"My darling," protested Dr. Grad, "my life is an open book." "Yes," sighed his wife, "but much of the print is very low."

Doesn't expand? Of course it does. It's proven in a crowd.
And yet somehow the rain won't work upon a hump of iron.

"You see, Miss Fanny, even the birds seem happier running in couples." "Yes, but they are scarce and don't know better."

"Is it true that a 'Varsity man soon forgets what he has learned at college?" "No, sir, it is not. I can row just as well now as when I was up at Cambridge."

Mrs. R. O. Mantle—"Ah, that noble, noble sword! I suppose some member of your family has drawn it time and time again?" Mrs. M. R. Fact—"No; only once. My husband won it at a raffle."

Ethel (rummaging in grandma's drawer)—"Oh, grandma, what precious old key this is." Grandma—"Yes, my dear; that was your grandfater's latchkey." "And you keep it in memory of old days?" "No, my dear, old nights."

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I donno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrow it from the next-door neighbor."

Senator Stanford's Crest.

The story is told that some time ago the late Senator Stanford, of California, was approached by a person who made a business, and a good one, of inventing mythical genealogies and coats-of-arms for millionaires who were willing to pay properly for such luxuries. He urged the senator to set up a shield and escutcheon, promising to invent one of peculiar merit for him. "All right," said Mr. Stanford; "go on! Behave it comes to the device I want a young man driving a pair of oxen along a lowpath, hitched to a stoneboot. That's the way I began life." The professor of heraldry demurred. He was not used to any such devices as that. He dealt in swords and daggers and mailed hands and such like emblems of a nobility founded in force and blood. A nobility that takes its rise in the peaceful pursuits of industrial life was entirely beyond him, and he let the matter drop.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

An Attractive Deprivation.

"I don't see why Miss Goldie should seem so attractive to the gentlemen." "He—"The doctor has forbidden her ever eating ice-cream."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]