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Good Night. Good night, dear, under the moon
The lovely nightingale sings her tune
And the rose-tree, left of the flowers of June,
Sighs that the twilight falls so soon.

Good Morning. Good morning, dear, the sunlight gleams
O'er waking lily and lingering rose,
And every woodland walk one knows
Glens in the glory the dew-drops throw.

Goodbye, dear; look in the sky
Green and daffodil colors lie,
Are there more lozors, who silently
Say, hand in hand, and eye to eye.

—Household Works.

The Lesson He Learned.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I'm going to put a stop to this sort of thing!" said Mr. McElroy. "If I don't, I shall certainly come to the poorhouse. I haven't saved money all these years to run it down on people's heads as if it was hailstones. No, Delinda, I haven't got five dollars to spare. Your bonnet is quite good enough to wear for a month longer. Everybody else has got theirs? Well, it everybody else is fools, that ain't no reason that you should be. Six dollars for a subscription to help buy the new minister's furniture? Not if I know it, James. When I came to Bloodville I bought my own furniture, and there's no reason that now minister shouldn't do the same thing. The grocer's book? I never saw anything like the way our housekeeping bills run up! It 'ud be a dead-end cheaper, so far as I can see, to go to New York and board at the Windsor Hotel than to live here, unless you and Sarah can manage a little more economically, Matthew. And as for these singing lessons that Levy wants to take, you may tell her no!"

"You may tell her no! And that ends the question!" said Mr. McElroy. "John McElroy was a man who had in the local district, 'avel' a lot of money. Being a great deal too economical to marry, he had a wife and a name nephew, Matthew Starling, to come with his family and keep house in the old red homestead, and thereafter took credit to himself for supporting all the Starlings, although Matthew toiled diligently at his trade of shoemaking, and James, the eldest son, managed the farm with skill and success, while Mrs. Starling and her two daughters, Lily and Delinda, were the model dairy women, and best managers of the vicinity. In an evil hour Matthew Starling had borrowed a thousand dollars from Uncle John, to pay off an old debt. He had kept up the interest pretty regularly, but it would have been about as easy for him to pay off the national debt as to discharge an obligation of a thousand dollars; and in this way Uncle McElroy contrived to keep him ground down into the very dust. Had it not been for this thousand-dollar debt, the Starling family would have crept out from under the shadow of Uncle John's tongue and temper long ago. "It don't seem as if we could stand it," said Mrs. Starling, plaintively. "I don't care how much he scolds me," said Delinda, "but he has no business to tyrannize so dreadfully over poor mother."

"If I could only raise money enough to take a quarter's singing lessons, I could earn a hundred dollars a year in the church choir," said Lily. "If!" said James, laughing. "That's a big word, Lily, for such a little one. If Uncle John would only let me plant a crop of tobacco up in the south field, I can save I could raise twice as much money as the turkeys will bring us. But Uncle John sticks to old traditions, and that little if stands in the way. I only wish that the farm were mine!"

The housekeeping book was particularly aggravating that morning, and Mrs. Starling had shed a few quiet tears before the interview was over. "I hate whining women," said Mr. McElroy, "and I hate extravagant ones!" "I try to do the best I can," said poor Mrs. Starling. And when the book was flung wrathfully on the table, and when Mr. McElroy had dismissed his nephew's wife, he sat thinking. "I'll do it!" he said, aloud. "Even had it in my mind for some time. I'll send these Starlings about their business. I'll put an end to these everlasting importations of theirs. They only care for me just the length of my purse. They hate me, every one of 'em. I can see the single hair, dead as they think me!"

As he sat there, a lad came to the door, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for you," said he. "Twenty-five cents, please."

Mechanically, Mr. McElroy paid the money, and put on his rental silver-mounted spectacles, as the lad sped away.

"I wonder who it can be from," said he. It was very brief. It said: "Stocks have fallen. Your money is all gone. Sorry, but could not stand against market."

"H. Raven & Co." Yes, that was the name of the Nassau Street firm to whose care his diligently-hoarded fortune had been consigned. He read the brief dispatch over and over again, as if it were impossible to comprehend its full meaning.

"I don't understand," he repeated to himself—"I don't understand. I thought those stocks were safe enough. I only believed what those counsellors told me themselves. Stocks fallen! My money all gone! What will become of me now?"

His head fell forward on his folded arms on the window-sill; he uttered a groan which seemed to come from the very depths of his heart.

"I am a poor man!" he faltered. "As poor as old Jim Watson, the clock-maker; as poor as Matthew Starling himself. The saving of years have all gone at once; and I am a poor man!"

"Uncle McElroy, don't mind it," said the cheerful voice of Matthew Starling, when at last he had mustered courage to tell his trouble, and sat with his head supported on his hand at the table, with a face drawn and pinched as if he had just recovered from a long sickness. "I'm doing well at my trade just now. Herbert Long has promised to take me into partnership at his new shoe store, at Bloodville Center, and you shall never feel the loss of your money while I can handle an axe or draw a tread."

"Never feel the loss of my money!" vaguely repeated McElroy. "The man talks like a fool."

But nevertheless, there was a grain of comfort in the words.

"And, after all, Uncle John," considerably whispered Mrs. Starling, "money isn't everything. You'll see how nicely we shall contrive to live. I'll take a boarder too, if you don't object. Your comfort shall not be interfered with in the least degree; and we may even manage to save a little at the year's end."

Tears came into Mr. McElroy's dim, blue eyes. "You always did have a good heart, Sarah," said he; "but I wonder how you can have any patience left with me, after the times I've scolded you for left a pound extra of coffee, or a nutmeg?"

"And I am going to take in dress-making!" declared Delinda. "Oh, you'll see, Uncle John—you will live like a gentleman. You needn't think that we have lived on your generosity all these years; no to try and repay it now."

"Generosity!" said Uncle John, hardly certain whether the words were in serious earnest. "But no, there was no covert light of sarcasm in Delinda's bright, brown eyes as she bent earnestly over him. It was real love, real gratitude that sparkled there."

"It's just as they all say," declared James, the stalwart young farmer. "We owe everything to you, uncle John, and we don't forget it. And if you don't want tobacco crops raised on the place, I'm blessed if you shan't have your own way. Not a leaf shall be grown. But I really think we can do pretty well with a vineyard on the side hill, and that grapes are bringing such a profit, instead of using it as a 'sleep-pasture'."

And Lily brought him a letter. "It is from Mr. Geover, uncle," said she. "He offers to give me singing-lessons for nothing, if I will help with the Sunday-school music; and then, pretty soon I shall be able to earn money for you, too, Dear uncle," with tears in her eyes. "We have all loved you, only we didn't dare to tell you how much. If—if you would only let me kiss you, Uncle John!"

The old man clasped her in his arms with tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks. "I don't care for the money," he faltered. "Let the money go, if you will only love me like this. I never was happier in my life! I know now what that feeling is that has been chafing and fretting me all my life. It was my heart starving to death! Yes, you, and I, and the world over again, children—yes, and I. Will you let me enjoy ourselves at last?"

Dusk of the evening, when there came a knock at the door. It was the telegraph lad, breathless with haste.

"I've made a mistake," said he. "I've left the dispatch at the wrong place. It was for Mr. McElroy, at the hotel down the street. There wasn't no dispatch come for Mr. McElroy, at all. Please to give me back the envelope!"

The family all looked at each other as the boy rushed down the road with his freight of evil tidings for some one else.

"And my money is all safe!" said Mr. McElroy, with a long breath—"all safe! It seems like a miracle, don't it? or a lesson sent direct from the Lord to try us. Well, it won't be thrown away on me, Jim, here is ten dollars to subscribe to the furniture fund."

"It's too much, sir," said James. "No, it ain't," shouted Uncle McElroy. "Matthew, her's your note to me for \$1,000. I make you a present of it."

He tore it in two as he spoke. "Delinda shall have her new suit as quick as she and the milliner can settle matters between them," he continued. "Lily shall take singing lessons and I'll buy an organ for her. And Sarah shall have a hired girl to lighten up the farm work a little. Hush, don't say a word, one of you. That money has come back to me as if through a miracle, and I mean to enjoy it."

The next he went to the city and took his money out of the hands of Raven & Co.

"Allow us to advise you not to disturb it," said the senior partner. "We are just about to put it in some excellent mining stocks."

"Hang your mining stocks," said Mr. McElroy. "Government securities are the articles for me. Or else gold, straight bonds and mortgages at six per cent."

For Mr. McElroy had learned in more lessons than one in the course of the last 24 hours.—Saturday Night.

Iceland's Greatest Glory.

From the beginning Iceland's greatest glory has been the universal education of her people. Of the entire population of 78,000, there is not an individual among them (except idiots, of whom there are less than 100 in the country) over 16 years of age, but can read and write and has some knowledge of arithmetic, history, and geography, and, in addition, generally knows some English and Danish. This education is carried on in the homes. There are but few elementary schools, as nine-tenths of the people are too widely scattered to admit of collecting the children into regular schools.

In some districts there is an itinerant teacher in each parish who "boards around," remaining with one family for a fortnight or a month, and then moving on to the next. Frequently several families arrange to have their children move with the teacher, and take turns in housing the little flock. The work of the teacher, however, lies principally in outlining and defining a course of study. The real work of instruction is performed by the parents during the long winter evenings. Then the family surrounds the centre table, a large kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling and great chunks of burning peat abate upon the hearth rendering the room comfortable and attractive. The books are got out and several members of the family assume the duty of teachers. Meanwhile the women knit or spin, the men read, and the old folks as they sit with their feet to the fire, hold the little children on their knees and weave yarn that greatly delight the imagination of the wee folks. All children are regularly examined by the pastor of the parish. Every child must possess an elementary education before being confirmed, at about the age of 15, and as confirmation carries with it certain important civil rights, the observance of this ceremony is rigidly practised.

There are a number of high schools throughout the country, two ladies' seminaries, and what is known as the Latin School at Reykjavik, where the young men are given a five years' course in philosophy and the languages, preparatory to entering the university at Copenhagen. These schools all receive money appropriated by the government.—New York Sun.

A Dog for Mrs. Cleveland.

A black Japanese poodle, nine months old, and weighing but one and one-half pounds, has been presented to Mrs. Cleveland by August C. Kavel, an enthusiastic democratic admirer residing at Milwaukee. It is said to be the smallest pug dog in the United States, and is intended as a playmate for the children.—Washington Star.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit; They sit at home and talk and sing, And do not play at anything. Now with my little gun I try (I'll do it dark along the way), And follow around the forest-track Away behind the sofa back. There, in the night, where no one sees, All in my hunter's camp I lie, And play at books that I have read. Till it is time to go to bed. These are the hills, these are the woods, And there by the river by whose brink The roaring lion comes to drink. I see the others far away, And I, like an Indian scout, Around their party grovel and crawl, So, when my nose comes in for me, Home I return from across the sea, And go by back with backward look At my dear land of story-books. —BOYD LORIE STREVENSON.

A REMARKABLE DOG.

"I have a dog," said a minister, who had just heard a precious error story, "who is very sagacious. One Sunday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard, and of course I went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in a woodshed, standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn shawl with one paw and gesticulated with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs even more noisy than I had done in the evening."—New York Mail and Express.

SHE SAT DOWN ON A BEAR.

Betsy Ransom, whose home was a small red farmhouse, built close up against the almost perpendicular side of Bald Mountain in New Hampshire, was one of the most indefatigable berry pickers in New England, and nowhere did she find such big, blue, luscious berries as on the southern slopes at the base of old Bald Mountain.

Here she had laid waste acres of valuable land, laying in its path many a blackened stump and tree trunk, monuments of the fiery visitation; and here, too, the blueberry bushes, first of nature's children to respond to the soft influence of sun and air, grew luxuriantly.

It was in one of those fire swept patches that Betsy Ransom found herself one warm July morning, heaping the last pint of berries upon her second ten-quart pail.

For in a she had picked steadily in the shade of trees and bushes; but now the berry rays of the sun shone directly down upon her, and were reflected with power from the rocks and ledges far above, on the mountain-side, while, far below, the valley lay shimmering in the hot July sun's glare.

Looking about her for a comfortable place in which to rest and eat her middy lunch, she espied, at a little distance, a blackened log, and thinking it a more desirable seat than the ground, walked slowly towards it, fanning herself vigorously all the while with her sunbonnet, and sat soddily down. To her intense horror and amazement, there was a sudden convulsion beneath her, and with an angry snarl, up rose a big, black bear.

With a shriek of terror, Mrs. Ransom leaped to her feet and fled for her life. She had not run far before some obstruction threw her violently to the ground, and glancing over her shoulder as she regained her feet, great was her relief at seeing that she was not pursued, but that brain remained where she had found him, and was devouring her lunch with evident satisfaction.

"What's the matter, mother?" exclaimed her husband, as fire-headed, breathless, she rushed past him into the back door of the little red house. "A bear!" she panted, as she took the rifle from his hands; "he's eating all my bin berries!" "Shoot! give me the gun, then; you can't shoot!" "Can't I?" she replied. "Come and see!" and she kept on with the weapon.

Picking up an axe he followed as fast as his rheumatism would permit, and was in time to see the bear quietly munching the berries, and his wife, partly shielded by a thick log, with the gun at her shoulder. "Thank and the himn rose to his lips, he said."

BOUNDARY LINES.

Disputes Between the United States and England.

What They Were and How They Were Settled.

The New York Herald give a timely and interesting resume of the various boundary disputes that have arisen between the United States and Great Britain, showing how they originated and how they have been dealt with and settled.

The first one to spring up, related to the St. Croix River. In the treaty of peace of 1783, which defined the line of separation between the United States and British possessions to the north, the course of the St. Croix River was specified as an important point on the boundary line. A question was soon raised as to what river was meant by the St. Croix River, and after a warm debate it was agreed to refer the matter to the adjudication of three commissioners, one to be named by the United States, one by Great Britain and a third to be selected by the two so named. These commissioners gave their decision in 1798, holding that the Schoelard was the river intended in the treaty. This decision was accepted as final in 1818.

Then came the Pessamunquilly Bay dispute, arising under the articles of the treaty of peace which extended to the United States the islands within twenty leagues of the coast. The United States claimed Grand Malin, in the Bay of Fundy, and the islands in Passamunquilly Bay, a part of the Bay of Fundy. These islands were claimed by Great Britain on the ground that when the treaty was signed they were within the limits of Nova Scotia, and hence were exempt from cession. A prolonged and heated diplomatic controversy ensued, and finally, by the treaty of Ghent in 1814, it was stipulated to submit the dispute to two commissioners, and if they failed to agree the final arbitrament was to be made by some friendly sovereign. The commissioners agreed to award three islands in the Bay of Passamunquilly to the United States and all the others to England. This compromise was accepted by both sides.

In 1814, when the Treaty of Ghent was signed, the northeastern boundary was still in dispute. Two commissioners were chosen to settle it, but after several years' consideration they failed to agree. It was then submitted to the King of the Netherlands as a sole arbiter, who made an award, which the two governments subsequently agreed to waive. After years of contention and diplomatic controversy the whole northeastern boundary was finally settled by the conclusion of the Webster-Ashburton treaty in 1842.

Meanwhile a dispute had arisen as to the northeastern boundary. As early as 1818 a temporary agreement had been entered into by convention, but the opening up of the country soon called for a definite and permanent understanding. The controversy waxed so warm that in 1841 it was made a part issue in this country. The parallel of 44 degrees 40 minutes was claimed as the northern boundary of the United States, and "fifty-four forty or fight" became the democratic cry. England contended for the 49th parallel. In 1846 the Buchanan-Palmer treaty was concluded and ratified by the Senate, recognizing the boundary line as running along the 49th parallel westward to the middle of the channel which separates the mainland from Vancouver's Island and thence southeast to the Pacific. The same mission was appointed under the treaty to locate the boundary line, it agreed as to the interpretation of the treaty, and a fire and protracted war of hostilities broke out near promontory hostilities, but in 1859 a joint military occupation of the disputed territory was agreed to, and finally the whole matter was settled by arbitration, pursuant to the Treaty of Washington, concluded in 1871.

It will thus be seen that all these boundary disputes between Great Britain and the United States, have ever long kept busy or feverishly waged, were finally settled, either and in the credit of both sides, by arbitration or mutual consent. The Alaskan boundary remains to be determined.

mined. A convention providing for a survey of a part of the line, has already been entered into by England, and the United States, and a similar arrangement has been recommended for the determination of another part.

Monarchs in the Banks.

"There were some interesting sights at Vera Cruz when the French and Mexican troops were evacuating that city and leaving Mexico for their foreign home after the collapse of the attempt to place Maximilian on the throne," said General Joe Stubby, the correspondent. "During their campaign in Mexico these troops had been pretty nearly all over the interesting portions of that wonderful country, and as they continually saw new wonders they were continually collecting novelties to carry back home with them. They had collected specimens of pretty nearly everything animate and inanimate that was in the country and every company was loaded with boxes. They had young mountain lions, cat cats, rattlesnakes, birds of rare plumage, little animals, and big ones and errors, paleos, quite enough to load many wagons. The officers never intended that the specimens should be carried away by the men, but they had neglected to order their baggage to their collection points, and their marching for four weeks would be prohibitive."

"But when they very ready to embark and leave Mexico, states the chronicler, were marched down to the wharf. They were lined up and ordered to ground arms. Then came the final order to divide all animals non-combatants by the men. They were lined up under the muzzles of the firing-line from the fort, and were marched, and there was nothing to do but to obey the order, and the animals were released, and such a collection as was being off was a surprise to the officers who were in command."

"The men had the smaller animals concealed beneath their capes and coats, perched on their shoulders and hidden in every other manner imaginable, and the whole collection resembled the march of Noah's collection in the ark. The men grumbled at the order, which they declared was useless and unreasonable, but they obeyed and went away without their pets. There were loads of curiosities left lying in a promiscuous heap on the wharf after the men left it. It was one of the most novel sights I ever saw."—Kansas City Journal.

Keeping an Old Contract.

Many people wonder why the mail is taken from the general post-office in this capital to the various railroad stations in an unobtrusive diligence. The latest time is a recent issue, gives the following reason: "Before railroads were thought of a certain mail route, a perpetual contract, with the government to carry the mail between Mexico City and El Paso. For many years his state faithfully made the long journey until one day the Central railway between these two points was finished and the mail-carried west by train. But the old contract was still in force, and the owner of the business saw or grandson of the original contractor, firmly refused to relinquish his rights, and stated that he would carry the mails by stage, as usual. He held out until it was finally decided that he should mail the mails from the general post-office to El Paso, and thence to the railway station and back again. It may be of old and out of date, but that contract is as fresh and vigorous as ever, and is being carried out by the Mexican Herald."

The Age of Deer.

It is difficult to picture our supposed English rosettes to speak with gravity as to the age of deer, but we have an admirable testimony that three years is the old Glangary forest stag appeared in eighty years of age. Some maintain that deer attain the age of six and seven years. In 1826 John Macdonald of Glangary and Lord Dunmore were hunting at Terrantra, a huge stage with gigantic antlers dashed out of the wood. Glangary shot him. Finding that it had a certain ear mark, he asked his brother to explain whose it was. "That," replied the forester, "is the ear mark of Eglainn MacIain-Oig." (Eglainn of John MacIain-Oig.) Even when noted forester, who had died five years previously! The antlers of the stag were sold to be preserved in the old Glangary family ever afterwards.—Scottish American.

The First Snow.

Now fitfully the snow is falling, Now driven by the rising breaking breeze, Or waits the wind, while the trees fall in long, shivering lines.

Which shiver, bill and shafe, the wondrous and the trees. Light steps upon her eyelids of white, The play sports herself to powder sleep, Sport her's victims captured by Faintness Night, Stars part the pale clouds and dimly light keep.

The sleeping now now turns her eye at last, Previews the falling darkness disappear, Comes radiant forth, her white head wearing on her hair.

Her lashes like the light, the spotless snow will fair. Unless high noon shall touch the zenith again, Where wave her flowing robes in other days, The pure white snow in wrap, until it is but a trace.

Except in trees which run in rills and brooks appear. —Pers. Marshall in appreciation, (Mass.) Union.

HUMOROUS.

"No wonder these eggs are so soft." "Why?" The clerk is fifty minutes late."

"If you pay a railroad a complaint of the fact of clerks, the grand-mother's eggs."

"Bugs—You know Gaddy's don't you?" "Bugs—Oh, I have a fine one, an impudent little one."

"A recent marriage notice ends with the expression: 'My last future troubles be little ones!'"

"If the women was taken out of some people there, wouldn't be enough of 'em left to hang clothes on."

"So you are a theologian?" "I'm mighty church-going, but you surely don't mean that."

"That's a very extravagant cook you have got. She—Yes, she seems to think we have vegetables to burn."

"Guest—Bring me some extra beef, please." "Walter—We are just out." "Guest—Well, make it extra, I'll buy 'em."

"Mould anything for me?" said Phyllis. "No," replied Maudering Maud. "Some folks'll even wait for it."

"Commissioner—You have painted that picture in the impressionist style, I see. Artist—No, you have been leading around."

"Daddy—What are you going to be when you're grown up, Bobby?" "Bobby—I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?"

"We're headed for a speedway soon. You'll see who'll win the race." "A hundred with money?" "I'll be in to make a good match."

"Mrs. Sledge: 'I understand that party is made of wood now.'" "Mr. Sledge: 'Yes, it is.'" "Mrs. Sledge: 'What are you going to do?'" "Mr. Sledge: 'I'm going to be a man.'"

"Mrs. Sledge: 'I was out after tea this afternoon. Mr. Sledge (who has had a very nice experience with tea): 'Not this one, surely?'" "Mrs. Sledge: 'No, it's not that.'"

"A little Westwood who had recently learned to read the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of 'I give us our bread.'" "Why, yes," she replied; "the man's name is for giving us the bread."

Too Fine For Bicyclists.

The late a good horse (nearly a thing) for bicyclists is a thing. The fact is, there is only one in practical use, and that is by the inventor, a wonderful device in Maiden Lane. The idea is that when out on four runners, a woman, especially if she is a woman, is pretty certain to be at some stage of the ride. Ordinarily it is necessary to stop and get on. The machine is away with a kick and a bit of noise. When the machine is in motion, the woman's feet are held to the pedals, and she can stay on the machine for a long time, and keep her feet on the pedals. The invention consists of a thin rod, about four feet long. When it is in use, the rubber rollers are not in contact. As the thin rod is thrown upon the machine, the rollers are kept in contact on the pedals. The inventor says it amounts to nothing.—New York Advertiser.

"I'm going to be a doctor, papa." "But you don't know the name of the new medical President of the University of Chicago." "I'm going to be a doctor, papa."

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