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The Awakening.

With a joyous rustic and shiver, "I wake" cried the reed in the river;
"I am thrull to the slack no more,
I can sing to the slace,
And can ding my sernal mirth
O'er the fleids of earth!"

With a busyant termor and thrill, Of the vandal cold, I can argo my jubilant stave &s I surgo and wave!

With a little gurgle of gies, And to grief there's an end, and wrong,

With a strange, sweet, passionate start, "I wake!" cried Love in the heart; "And unfold my immortal flower With its breath into life I bring

-Clinton Scotlard, in Demorest.

THE CHORD OF LOVE.

BY MAUD H. PETERSON,

Miss Van Cortland drew the small tea table nearer, and rearranged the dainty cups with fingers that trembled in spite of herself. Once or twice she glanced at the clock on the mantelnervously, expectantly. Then she sat down and began to think-to think of "him," of the years that had flown since last they met. And he, after a silence of ten years, had written to her that he would call today. It had been like a voice from the past. She looked thoughtfully into the glowing coals in the grate. Would be find her changed? How would be look? Didhe still care? She hoped not, for time is a great softener of all things; and then-he was married!

There was a ring at the door. She rose and stood before the mirror that hung above the mantel and looked at herself. Time had dealt gently with her, but then she was only eight and twenty, after ail. There was a knock at the door. She turned suddenly and heard Parker's bland, well modulated

"Mr. Geoffrey Goddard to see you, ma'am. Shall I show him up?"

Parker bowed, and the curtain fell behind him, Miss Van Cortland stood where she was, with an expectant face turned toward the door. She wondered how she could be so calm. The slight nervousness of half an hour ago had vanished completely. She hear ! steps on the stairs. Yes, she was glad she had arranged to see him here in her own little den-alone! It was more cosy than the library, less formal than the drawing room. A figure stood within the doorway for a moment, passive, still, until Parker had an nonneed him, and left. Then he advanced out of the shadow of the curtain, went straight to her, and took her hand.

"Eleanor!" was all be said. It was only a word, but in spite of the control he had put upon himself, there were in it all the agony and regret, the passion and the love of a lifetime. "Eleanor!" he repeated.

"It is good to see you again—ten years is a long while for friends to be parted," she said quietly. Her tone and gesture were cordial, but that was all. He could hardly have expected anything different, and yetesit down here," she went on "and

tell me all about yourself. What have you been doing? Where have you been living? An I your wife I hear you are married."

"Yes, I am married," he said. "But. you are Miss Van Cortiand still.

Eleanor looked at him, and a slight flush rose to her face,

"Oh, you see, I am such an old maid now, no one will have me."

"Nonsense," he replied seriously. After a moment's hesitation, he went on, "We are old friends-such of I friends; will you not tell me the real reason? Is it because you once loved, and-and it ended?"

"No," she said, speaking without emotion.

Goddard toyed with a cup and sancer on the table. Mass Van Cortland con-

"It is only in novels that men and women remain single all their lives, mourning for an early lov . It is not so in real life." The man dropped his eyes before her steady gaze. "You see that sort of thing is romantic-and unnatural," she added. "Is it?" he asked absently.

There was a long silence. Miss Van Cortland lighted the little alcohol lamp beneath the copper kettle,

"You must have a cup of tea," sh said "Afternoon ten is such a sociable custom. Don't you think so?

Goddard did not auswer. He ros went over to where she sat, and laid one hand gently on her own.

"Elenner," he said, "why keep up low.

this farce ? I have come to see you, to talk about yourself, myself, the

past. You must listen. "Geoffrey"-it was the first time that afternoon that she had eatled him no-"oh, Geoffrey, can't you see it is not right for you to do this? Your

"She does not love me," he replied. "I do not love her. We are wretchedly, miserably unhappy. I love only you, Eleanor. I have loved you all my life !"

The woman rose and faced him-There was a touch of scorn in her

"And yet you left me for her." "Yes, I was mad, blind?"

The woman looked into the fire. She poke softly, as to herself.

"That summer-you and I-the little ring I"

"Where is it now?" he asked. "Locked away," she said gently-

locked away with the other childish things I have outgrown."

"You did went it, then-after I went

"For a time, yes."

"Then you did care?" Eleanor rested one hand on the able, and looked down upon it.

"No, I did not care," she said. "Care' is too slight a word. I loved you as I thought no other girl had ever loved before."

There was a silence. The faint humming of the little copper kettle was the only sound that broke the

"We know each other always," she went on; "but somehow I never thought of you as anything more than a friend. You were more like my brother until that summer."

Goddard bowed his head. He did not speak. He could not. The woman's voice went on -so low, so ten der, yet without a note of passion or longing in it.

"And then my heart awoke and it was good to live-to live and love. You went away, and I waited for you to come back. Every day I learned to love you more. But you, man-like,

Goddard's face was pale an I drawn, "And you have no reproof for me?" he asked.

"Not now."

"Will you answer me one question?" he asked.

"I will try."

"If I were free again, and I came to you today and asked you to be my wife, what would you say?"

"If you were free and should come to me today," she answered gently, "and ask me to be your wife, I should

"Are you sure, Eleanor?"

"Yes, quite sure. In the first nonths of your married life, when I chooled myself to do without you, I dal not learn the hard lesson in vain.

"Then if some other man were to ome, and you found you loved him, you would marry him?" MY am, "

"And the reason you have remained single is because he have not come?"

"I hope, for your sake, he may soon be here, and he stooped and kissed her In another minute he was gone.

Eleanor went back into the emply dultifying foots book bar mos into the dying embers. Then she crossed the room and extinguished the little himp.

"Happiness may come to him yet, but love is not for me," she said. From a distant corner a photograph boked down upon her mishe spoke It was a man's likeness. Was it but the flekering of the dying firelight, or dol it really smile?

A year rolled round, and lo ! a master hand came and struck the chord of love, and its muce was more mellow long. - Munsey's Magazine.

A Loar Rooted Tooth.

A veteran Bangor dentist lays claim to being the here of a good joke Pat came to his office one day with his jaw very muca swellen from a tooth which he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's clour and saw the gleaming foresps, he positively relused to open his mouth. The dec test hit upon an effective schome, however. He got his office boy to jub Pat with a pin, and when he opened his mouth to yell he grabbed the tooth and out it came. "It didn' hart as much asyon expected it would, dol 1122 the dentist asked, smiling a his true, "Well no," replied Pat, hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfalness of his admission. "But" he added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy jubbed him with th pun, "I didn't think its roots wint so for down at that," -- Bangor Commer

She Owned 2,000 Dogs.

Probably the largest "asylum for friendless dogs" in Paris or its suburbs was broken up the other day. owing to the protests of the people who lived in the vicinity. The "asylum" was the freek of an old lady, and her grief was great when she found that she would have to part with all but two of her 2,000 pets.

This old lady, who is alone in the world and possesses a large fortune, conceived the idea about two years ago of establishing a refuse for the homoless canines that wander about the streets of Paris. For the purpose of collecting "boarders" for her home, she and men she employed used to go out early every evening and pick up every stray dog they could get their hands on.

Cats were rigorously excluded from the establishment, not even the pleasure which the dogs could derive from worrying them being deemed a sufficient excuse for their admission, The number of dogs rapidly increased until, as has been said, it reached the other day the astonishing total of 2,000,

The eccentric old lady had to give up a substantial sum each year to the govrnment in taxes on her pets, but finally the neighbors were so annoyed by the continued chorus of barks and growly that came from the "asylum" that they complained to the police, They could stand the noise fairly well, they said, except on moonlight nights, but then it became something terrific, for every beast seemed to sit on his hind legs and give tongue. The discordance of the concert may be imperized when it is stated that the canines ranged in size from the timest of "toutons," or lap dogs, with sharp soprano voices, to great mastiffs and hounds whose voices were of the bass order.

Finally the edict went forth that the old lady must relinquish all the dogs except two, and as soon as this news became public there was a wild scrumbling among the people in the neighborhood as well as among dog fanciers in the city, who saw a good opportunity for obtaining some choice specimens out of the collec-tion. When all had been distribnted there still remained a triffe over a thousand dogs to be disposed of. These the municipality deeided must be put to death, and they were thereupon carted away and dispatched, some by drowning, some by chloroforming and others by being simply knocked in the head.

A Parcot's Deadly Bite,

The bite of a pet parrot caused the death of William J. Mordon, a well known capitalist and inventor of the bird inflicted a slight wound on Mr. Morden's forefinger, It soon began to fester and though the best of medical skill was summoned, nothing could be done, as blood poisouing had set in. The parrot was the pet of the house-

hold, being a beautiful creature of brilliant green plumage, and is usualby confined in a large brass eage. Recently its wings grew so long that when it was released from the case it attempted to clip its wing feathers, Holding the bird with his left hand, he tried to use a small pair of shears with his right. The parrot screamed angrily, and sublenty gave a victors peck with its beak at the hand holding the seissors. A small gash was inflicted near the end of his right forefinger, hardly sufficient to draw blood while the pain was insignificant,

Mr. Morden placed a piece of courtdaster on his finger and thought no more of the matter until next day, when it began to swell. The swelling extended to his hand, which in a few days grow to several times its normal size, and his arm was likewing affeeted.

Skilled physicians were called in. who at first diagnosed the disease as rysipelas, being loath to admit the ssibility of blood poisoning. The extient suffered exeruciating pains ntil death came to relieve his agonies.

It is supposed that copperas from the brass wires of the eage was a factor in Mr. Morden's terrible attack as the parrot was in the habit of sawing with its beak at the bars, and in this manner same of the deadly filings reached the dead man's system. - Chieago Chroniele.

Working Off Old Stock. "I'm going to tell my Pa on you," aid Johnny Smithers, us the blackmith pared some of the bone away from the horse's hoof.

"Why? What have I done? "asked

the blacksmith. "You ain't got shoes to fit Dobbin, an' you're whittlin' off his feet to suit those you have got."-London Tele-

Children's Column



There's a wonderful country we all of u Where the strangest things talk and the owrest things grow

where the fairies and Brownies murd every thing nice, and designs the small children with charm

Where there's nebody rich there's nobody poor, For all are content, light of heart and se

cure.

And the name of this country where all these things be-Is innecent Babyland, land of the week

Lived in this Babyland long years ago

notes by kept no one meaning from

And took me to school as they ealed it that ang as I went, for I succeed nothing then And thought myself was with my book and

my pen. Oh! little I knew as I danced on in gleo, That I had left Baby and hand of the They faredst me to read and they bright in

to write, They filled my head so that it thought in the night,
I wanted to go back to Babyland then,

And have no more bother of thinking again but try as I would to comember the way. "Two lost and forgotten forever that day, For none may return once they leave it, and

Their innocent Embyland land of the we-

Oh, little folks, living in Balceland now,

Laugh with each other wherever you meet

Kept far away from your Dabyland fair, Know that our happles theore and be While you are at play in the land of the we-

KITES AS AN AID TO PLICHT.

Some are studying kites as an aid to flight. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Waies has made a great number of simple and successful models-the latest being driven by compressed air, and flying over three hundred feet. He has lately given his attention to kites; and in November, 1891, made one that carried him upulone a string. and brought him safely down. He claims that this kite, which looks like two boxes, without top or bottom, and fastened to onch other by sticks, will carry a man up and bring him down safely, and thus offers an excellent chance to try any new flying apparatus. - St. Nicholas.

Most of you probably are the posmessors of a limber tongue; but if you try to repeat these sentences rapully several times in succession. You can a'no derive a great deal of fun getting your friends to do the same:

Six little thistle sticks, Flesh of freshly-fried fish. Two tonds, totally tired, tried to

trot to Tedbury. The sea ceaseth, but sufficeth us. Give Grimes Jim's great gilt-gig

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer nared slickly six sickly silky anakes. She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce ahop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea, swim, swan, swim; swan swam back ngam; well

A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock Susan shineth shoes and nocks, socks

and shoes shineth Susan. She can eth shining shoes and socks, for sockand shoes shock Susan, You know the toneme twister. Peter Piper, but there are many other jungles which are harder. One of the simplest and best or worst is, "mixed

bisenits." Try saying that rapidly, and if you succeed, say this, a sentence which Londoners frequently have to use; "Stop at the shop at the top of Sloane street."-Atlanta Constitution.

FANNY THE "WEDGE" DOG.

Fan, the "Wedge" dog is one o the celebrities of the water front, Fan is owned by Joseph E. Martinez. dockmaster of Cousins' dry dock. The caning is a full-blodded Irish water Journal.

gence and sagneity of her species. She has saved bundreds of dollars to the

employers of her owner. Fanny will go into the water on the coldest day of the year to bring a wedge ashare. Whenever a vessel is docked she is on watch. The wedges are used in shoreing up a vessel, and as soon as the dock begins to sink the wedges drop out into the water. It is then that the work of the dog begins, As soon as dockmaster Martinez blows his whistle as a signal for the dock hands to go ashore. Fan runs down the going plank and takes her position under the shores. As the wedges drop out she picks them up in her

teeth and carries them ashore-It is impossible to fool Fan with drift wood. She will nick up nothing but a wedge. She knows her business, Small boys have thrown sticks into the bay until their arms ached in their forts to get the dog overboard. The spaniel learned her tricks whou she as a pup on the Merchants' dry dock. During their leisure time the em ployees threw wedges into the water. and it was an easy matter to raduce the dog to jump after them. By this neans Fan grew to know the differnce between wedges and sticks which

The wedges are worth five cents ach, and from thirty to forty of them are used every time a ship is docked. Most of them are lost at other docks, but Fan takes care of all that are used by Country, The welge dog is parricular as to who goes on the dock. A cafaring man of any description can ness tramplested, but she grawls at the well-dressed man, and if he is not properly introduced, she reaches for the crease of his trousers. She seems to realize that from thirty to forty men are likely to be employed, and my one with a nautical swing or a scent of bilge may go sent free. - San Francisco Examiner.

The intelligence displayed by some of the lower animals is remarkable and if the many stories of them were not well authenticated, one would be very much inclined to disbelieve

The wolf is a dispised creature. Lean, serawny and hungry looking, he is generally held upon the emblem of starvation. Yet this same welf is eapuble of great ingenuity, both in his nanner of securing food and escaping ригачеты

A well-known hunter who has traveled over the greater part of Europe and Asia tells an amusing as well as instructive story of how he saw a wolf

At one end of a small lake a flock of lacks were disporting themselves and catching the many small animals of which their food consists. Suddenly he happened to look up, and there on the opposite side of the pond he saw the head of a hungry wolf, looking ongingly at the ducks through an pening in the reeds.

After watching them for some time the head disappeared, but reappeared a few moments later at the windward end of the lake from the flock. In his month he held a small dead branch, which he drooped on the surface of the water, letting the wind carry it over among the ducks. Seeing that this did not alarm them, his wolfship got a small branch covered with leaves and launching it the same as before, he slipped into the water, awimming with his nose only above, the surface and that hidden by the leaves,

The ducks, not suspecting the innocent looking branch, went on eating and quacking, but also, when the branch was near enough, "snap" went Brer Wolt's pays, and he had a fine mallard for that day's dinner.

Wolves have an ingenious manner of crossing a stream. One of them, generally the leader and patriarch of the pack, leads the way, swimming slowly; soon another follows, and taking the leader's tail in his mouth, wims directly behind him. The rest of the pack follow the same way, going in one at a time till they are "in the swim," as it were, and each holding the tail of the one in front in his mouth. Thus the weakest is enabled to keep up with the rest, and they are prevented from becoming orporated.

A poure of a doz n wolves thus on cared was chosen by the ancient Greeks to represent the year, each one standing for a month. This figure was called 'Dycabus; or, the Murch of the Wolves,"-New York

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

COORS' MEASUREMENT.

It is sometimes convenient to renumber the following items of cooks' cosurement:

One pint of liquid equals one pound, Two gills of liquid make one cupful. Four teaspoonfuls make one table

Two round tablespoonfuls of floor cill weigh na onne

Half a pound of butter will make me enp.

Four cups of flour will make one bano,

Two cups of granulated sugar make one pound, but in powdered sugar it will take two and half caps to make one pound - New York San.

Brass trave are kept in order by imply washing them in boiling had oda sonpoud our Other leathering them well, a little soup being used of they are very dirty. On sway of clonning them is to sift time brick dust till it is a very fine powder; take up a good portion of this on half a lemon (ore viously used in Jemounds or sharted making) and rub the tray well over with this, excefully going over any stains till removed, and then rinsing and letting dry. Treated in this way trays keep clean and an admirable color for a long time. Metal polish and such things spoul the color, giving it a yellow tinge quite different from the golden brass it looks when cleaned with lemon page and fine bries-dust. New York World,

CARE OF PLOORS AND PURSUFURE. Miss Parlog emphasizes the need of method and thoroughness even in so simple a thing as sweeping a room, All ornaments and furniture should be removed or carefully elvered, and ven the pictures should be protected. Open the windows wife, sweep the carpet with a soft, light broom, always with the map. Bran or bits of dampened paper are better to gather the dust than ten leaves or sait, either of which are apt to make discolors tions. The walis should be brushed with downward strokes, the broom being covered with soft flannel. Rugs should be besten face down with a rattan and not shaken. Brush the carpet lightly a second time and then go over it with a flannel cloth wrung out in tepid water to which a little household ammonia has been added,

Water should not be used on a polished floor, except to dampen a cloth it on his own scales. slightly while soap need not be used at all. One pound of wax and a pint of turpentine make an excellent polish for furniture. For pianos or such highly polished surfaces, use rotten stone and paraffine oil, but powdered pumice stone and water will answer for other farniture, unless there should be deep scratches, when water must not be put near it. A piece of felt is generally used for this, but old haireloth is even better. Oxalie acid will remove dark spots. The natural colors may be brought back where the wood is chipped by a careful use of brown, yellow ochre, or whatever Possibly not now my dear, but I can shade is required. Take a piece of cheese cloth rolled into a hard ball, ing folks say semething about an early wet it in this shallac, and dust with the color desired. Rub lightly mutil the surface takes on its natural closs, If a stickiness remains rub on a little alcohol, -American Cultivator,

Swedish Cake Cream - One-half cup of butter, slowly add one cap of sugar. one-half cup of milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs, the beaten whites. Siftin one heaping cup of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder and one tablespoonful cinnamen. Bake in a moderate oven in patty time.

Yeal Loaf - Three pounds of that moral courage 2" chopped veal, one-half pound of sait pork, three eggs, one tenspoonful of black pepper, one tempoonful of sait, sage to taste, a pice; of butter the size the butter in one captul of hot water; bake three hours.

Sweet Potato Croquettes-For eight mill, two tablespoonfula butter, one teaspoonful salt, two eggs, chough boiled sweet potato to make a pint; bread crumbs. When the potatoes have been mashed smooth and light. beat into them the hot milk, and then the salt and butter; next beat one egg natil light, and beat this into the mixture, which should be shaped into croquettes; beat the second egg tu s soup plate; cover croquettes with egg fat till they turn brown. Serve at once.

My heart of May?

The brook is dry: its silver throat Rills souge no more: And not a linnet lifes a note

Will thou return? I ask the night.

1- like a thorn. Oh come! turn my curer car

For laughter's ring; Bring back the love-light cool and elear

HUMOROUS.

When the doctors disagree, the un

fertaker is never in any sloubt, When a girl thinks she is looking ensive her mother thinks she is look

Clara-Mr. Nicefellow said my face cas classic. What is classic? Dora-

She-Poor fellow! Only one even How came you to lose the other? Pratop-A-looking for work, mun!

car me to say, money. Mass Hope -In. Mr. Smithers, thus is so smiden. -New York Press,

It is a common saying that lovely toman cannot keep a secret, but who resides herself knows where her

Mrs. Fodaz-Three minutes after the fire broke out in the hotel thouse ands of people were on the scene, Mr. Fistoz -I suppose they wanted to see the fire escape.

Bi mog-Zibley, your face is a sight. But you cut yourself while shaving? Zopley-Not exactly, Per-hops it would be better to say that I haved myself while entring.

How daintily as toos the street While man, inferior in all, Can never trip without a fall

tom to own up to it; many a nmn would have blamed it on his wife, Hazel-I had a good joke on my

He-I had a queer dream about you ast night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kies, when suddenly we were reparated by a river that gradu-

"After that," remarke I the young dim who had been felling an inane short story, "my mind was a blank," That accounts for it," commented a harp young woman, and there was an

turn up. His wife (scornfully) - You are scarcedy a worse. Mr. Umbellremember away back wonder heartord when you got me. "Say, Chimmic," he said thought-

fully, as he gazed at the golf players,

thiere's no teilin' what deze swells'll

do." "Wat's de matter wit" 'em

non ?" "Look at 'em au' see. Dey're

Only Tea Farm in America.

Carolina ties is said to be the best in the world, and the cotton raised in of an ogg, and five Boston grackers, that section is also of a good quality, chopped fine; stir with the eggs; and | but a new industry is being developed to a "ten plantation," which promises to meet with luture success. Dr. W. U. Shepherd has on his farm, "Pina Harst," near Summerville, what is eroquettes use one half cupful hot said to be the only tea plantation in America. Experiments in raising ton in this country have been tried elsewhere, but Dr. Shepherd is so far the only man to start a tea farm with the idea of making it an industry that will produce profit. Dr. Shepherd has many acres of this product of the far cast under enitivation, and he has no difficulty in disposing of the tea when it is ready for conand roll them in bread crumbs; fry in equal to the demand. The tex is of sumption. In fact the supply is not good quality and readily retaits for \$1.25 a pound.

ADVERTISING One square, one insertion-One square, two insertions -One square, one month -

For larger advertisements liberal contacts will be made.

Chatham Record.

RATES

A Summer Song. Ah! whither, sweet one, art thou fiel-

In vain possing I am led A weary way.

I ask the morn.
The doubt that wounds the old delight

firing back my spring!
—Clinton Scotlard.

th, most anything old.

Smithers-I wish some one would

She-Why, Charles, how can you sili Miss James plain? I wish I was only half as const-looking. He -You ere, Hatty, and you know it.

pocast is?-Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Gossip-Mr. Puffington mays that he is wholly a self-made man. Miss Pertiy-It is commendable in

soil man today. I told him he had a pretty heavy coal full and he disputed it. Nair Did you prove it to him? Hazel-You bet. I told him to weigh

ally grow as big us the Baine. Sheand was there no bridge or boat?

interregium of profound atlence. Mr. Umbell-Even the worm will

playin' shinny. Dey'll be shootin' marbles au' flyin' kites next." "Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the corrage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions," "Then," said Willie, ''if a feller has caudy and cuts it all bosself, and any't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is