

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,**  
\$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

**BALLADE OF THE NEW WOMAN.**  
Of the New Woman now to sing,  
You bid me, Prince, whose jangled lyre,  
Whose wrinkled muse, of weary wing,  
Has lost her early might and fire.  
More ready than the dead desire  
Would I concede and chafe at you for  
If the fair being you admire,  
If the New Woman were but New!

She is, alas! no novel thing,  
For history herself might tire,  
Might faint and fail in following  
Where the Old Woman did aspire;  
What stellar space, what mortal mire,  
Has not the fair sex ventured through?  
Indeed, we men folk might admire,  
If the New Woman were but New!

She vexes now with questioning,  
Must taste, experience, inquire,  
For curiosity's the spring  
That sends her soaring higher and  
higher.

That hader her with the snake conspire  
And to the snake alone be true.  
Who brought on us that heavy ire,  
If the New Woman were but New!

ENVY.

Prince, old as Adam, is our sire,  
As old as Eve, whom Adam knew;  
We might not labor and perspire,  
If the New Woman were but New.  
—Andrew Lang.

### A PERILOUS WOONING.

At one time of my life I was governed in the family of Sir William Mordant. My only pupil was his little daughter May, and both Sir William and Lady Mordant were the kindest and most generous of employers. My pupil was a sweet, docile child of about seven years old at the time the event I am about to relate took place.

Then the inevitable "he" appeared upon the scene in the person of Frank Dudley, a young brother of Lady Mordant. Frank was in the army and had been in India for some time with his regiment, but was invalided home for six months. Before that six months was concluded Frank had fallen desperately in love with the pretty governess—I am a staid old married woman now, so this is not conceit—but when it came to the crucial point I could not find it in my heart to say the little word that would make him happy; for one reason, though I liked him and was pleased with his attention, I was not sure enough of my own heart to carry him; and for another, kind as Sir William and Lady Mordant were, I did not feel by any means certain that the marriage of their young brother to a penniless governess would be altogether to their mind, and I was too proud to enter any family where I should only be received on sufferance. He went up to London for a few weeks, and thence to go to Ireland with the regiment into which he had exchanged.

When Frank had left, of course after the fashion of my sex, I wished him back again. Life seemed very flat without his sunny smile and cheerful, kindly ways. But it was too late then, so I tried hard to persuade myself that it was "all for the best," and devoted myself with exemplary assiduity to the interests of my pupil.

Our next visitor was Jasper Mordaunt, a brother of Sir William. Mr. Jasper had been ill, suffering from severe mental strain and nervous depression. He was not happy in his married life, and it was thought the complete rest and change in the bracing air and lovely scenery of our Welsh home would be beneficial in restoring him to health. Sir William and Lady Mordant went to town, but the former only returned with his brother, Lady Mordant having gone to Brighton for a week or two with Mrs. Jasper.

It was late in the evening when Sir William and his brother arrived, but I own I felt somewhat scared as I caught a passing glimpse of our new visitor's sallow, endearing face and wild, dark eyes. His appearance the next morning did not tend to reassure me, more especially as he immediately singled me out as the object of his especial attention, and kept fixing his eyes upon me as I sat at the head of the table dispensing tea and coffee in a manner which was, to say the least, slightly embarrassing. He addressed nearly all his remarks to me, and kept paying me such broad and unnecessary compliments that I felt myself getting crimson with vexation and partly with amusement. Sir William looked on laughing, and at last said:

"Come, Jasper; this won't do; if you say so many pretty things to Miss Monroe I shall have to send for Susan (Mrs. Jasper) to keep you in order. And by the way, you have not told me how you slept last night. I hope you were comfortable."

That set him off.

"Slept!" he cried excitedly; "why, I never slept a wink all night—not one blessed wink, Miss Monroe."

I expressed my regret, and Sir William inquired the cause of Mr. Jasper's insomnia.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," he said; "but first of all, do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

"Certainly not," replied Sir William, with conviction. "It is an exploded superstition."

"Oh, is it, then?" answered Mr. Jasper. "Well, I can tell you it is nothing of the sort, but a real, certain fact, and I'll prove it to you, and tell you why I could not sleep last night. Some years ago I knew a lawyer; he lived next door to me and was reckoned a very respectable member of the profession. Now this man was an awful scoundrel and swindler; used to get people to trust him with their money to invest, and then make away with it. Why, I knew three sisters for whom he was trustee, and whom he completely ruined. Well, at last this man failed for I don't know how many thousands, and among them the three sisters I have told you of. Then the man shot him-

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXI.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 29, 1896.

NO. 10.

### STYLES IN DRESS.

#### SOME NEW FEATURES IN FEMINE GARMENTS.

A Seasonable Coat for Ladies or Misses—Unique Combination to Form an Attractive Toilette for a Young Girl.

**A**HINT from across the water informs us, writes May Mantin, that the loose jacket in its various forms has met with special favor. A coat of this design which is especially noticeable and attractive is shown in the first engraving. It is made of satin-faced cloth in a deep shade of Russian green, the revers, collar and cuffs being of velvet, a darker shade. The garment of fashionable length is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. The right front overlaps the left in double-

All this happened many years ago. My husband is colonel of his regiment now, and my two little girls will always play in the compound and come and sit in the veranda while mother tells the story of how poor mad Uncle Jasper tried to jump over the cliffs with her and father came and rescued her.—Household Words.

#### Toots of Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes carry enough different kinds of tools around to give them the right to belong to several trades. She—for the mosquito that does the stinging and blood-drawing—is always the female—uses no less than six different instruments to pierce the skin and suck the blood of her victim.

They are the most delicate tools imaginable, and they can only be seen in their beauty under a strong magnifying glass. When Mrs. Mosquito starts to draw blood she does it in a scientific manner. First she takes a double-headed spear and sticks it deep in the skin. Then she pulls out one of her two keen lancets and enlarges the puncture made by the spear.

If the skin is very thick and tough she probes deeper with a drill or needle, and if the hole is still too small she fits a saw in the wound and proceeds to rip out the side of the hole until it is large enough and deep enough for her to insert the tube of her pump. Then she settles down for a feast, and soon her body is filled with the red blood of her victim.

Mosquitoes, in spite of their bad habits, are interesting insects. There are about thirty varieties of the little pests in the United States, and they are found all over the earth. The eggs are long, oval objects, and are deposited on the water to masses which are stuck together by a kind of glue.

When the eggs hatch the larva, which is something like a worm, drops head first in the water. A little air tube which runs back on one side of the tail supplies the larva with air until it changes to a mosquito without wings, but supplied with a paddle tail which permits it to skip over the water at a lively rate. About a month wings grow on the body, and at last Mrs. Mosquito rises in the air and begins to hunt for a nice fat boy, with lots of good blood in his veins.

For answer he drew me closer to him; I could feel his hot breath on my face, and my terror was increasing; every moment. "I love my wife," reiterated Mr. Jasper, "but I love the morning star, and you, you are the morning star. Come and let us jump over this precipice into the glorious space, and we will circle around the moon together, and be happy evermore."

Then to my horror, Mr. Jasper placed his arms around me and forcibly lifted me to my feet. In another instant we should have started on that aerial journey Mr. Jasper wished to take. To struggle in that viselike grasp was unavailing; there was not a human being within reach to come to my assistance; one more step and we should be over the cliff and must inevitably be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. I could no longer control my terror. I uttered one long, piercing scream. Then a loud, clear voice rang in my ear:

"Jasper, Jasper, what are you about? For heaven's sake loose this young lady; do you want to kill both yourself and her?"

Then I felt myself wrenched from the grasp of the madman and almost flung to a safe distance on the grass.

"Frank, Frank!" I cried, "oh, how thankful I am you have come."

For Frank Dudley indeed it was, though how he supposed to be far away in Ireland should suddenly appear in Gower in time to rescue me from a terrible fate. I did not trouble myself to inquire. It was enough for me that he was there and that I was safe.

"Good heavens," ejaculated Frank. "I was only just in time; another second and you both would have been over the cliff! Has he hurt you?"

On my representing to Mr. Jasper, however, that I must attend to mine, and take May to do her lessons, he consented to accompany Simpson to the study, saying as he walked away:

"Well, I will go now, but I shall come again; I have something very particular to say to you."

"Now, why do you come and talk to me about business when you see me conversing with Miss Monroe?" demanded Jasper, testily. "Go away! I cannot attend to you or to business now."

On my representing to Mr. Jasper, however, that I must attend to mine, and take May to do her lessons, he consented to accompany Simpson to the study, saying as he walked away:

"Well, I will go now, but I shall come again; I have something very particular to say to you."

"No, I am not hurt, only terribly frightened." And indeed I was trembling in every limb and struggling hard to repress an inclination to go off into a violent fit of hysterical crying. Frank had barely time to place me on a low piece of rock and then turn his attention to Jasper, who now came forward with very threatening gestures, evidently bent on battling it out with the man who had come between himself and his "morning star." Fortunately Simpson also appeared at this juncture, otherwise, strong as Frank was, he would have been no match for the madman. Simpson had but left his charge for a short time, and on missing him, after a fruitless search elsewhere, had traced him to the Warren. Between them they overpowered Jasper and took him back to the house. I followed, feeling still very shaky, but resolved to "hold up" to the end. When we reached the house of course I collapsed, and was glad to take shelter in the own room. Here, under the care of one of the maids and with the aid of a glass of Sir William's good port, I gradually recovered.

Later in the evening I was sitting in the small drawing room, pale, but quite recovered, when Frank Dudley came in.

"Oh, Mr. Dudley," I said, "I can never thank you enough—you have saved my life; but for you I should now be lying crushed and lifeless at the foot of the Great Tor."

"Mr. Dudley," he said, seating himself on the couch beside me, "I was Frank's this afternoon; please may I not stay so?"

"Oh, I forgot then, I was so frightened I did not think what I was saying," I replied and I know I got very red at said it.

"Well, it was very nice, I wish you

to tell me again."

Li Hung Chang's Education.

Li Hung Chang came of worthy but not distinguished parentage. His father successfully passed the examinations, but held no official position, and was possessed of no opportunity to secure his son's advancement beyond forcing him an opportunity to pursue his studies and fit himself for the examinations. These he successfully passed in all grades, and in the final contest at Peking he came out with distinguished honors among 20,000 competitors. Later he was made a member of the Hsien College, which corresponds somewhat to the French Academy. He therefore has reason to take pride in his accomplishments and standing as a scholar though judged by the Western standard of education, Chinese scholars would hold a very low grade.—Century.

Telegraphic Printing.

Two electroliers of Graz, Austria, claim to have invented an arrangement by which a newspaper can be printed by telegraph in any number of places at the same time.

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