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**Tell-Tales.**  
Oh! don't you remember,  
Long time ago,  
When the path was in December  
Covered over with snow?  
Then we had a little walk,  
Then we had a little talk,  
But jealous eyes all soon divine  
The footsteps there were not all mine—  
Oh! the snow,  
The tell-tale snow,  
Long time ago!  
Oh! don't you remember  
On that evening fair,  
When the jasmine flowers you kissed  
In the green bower?  
How sweet then I thoughtless stray'd  
And the jasmine flowers betray'd!  
For well the jealous glances knew  
No jasmine in our garden grew!  
Oh! the flower,  
The tell-tale flower,  
Long time ago!  
And when we were both forlorn  
Perchance to meet,  
Silly little notes were hidden  
By the willow seat,  
But vainly for a note we sought;  
Could we not better have forgot?  
Ah! others knew as well as we  
The secret of that hollow tree!  
Oh! the tree, the hollow tree,  
It betrayed both you and me,  
Long time ago!

### MISS HARCOURT'S LOVER.

BY FRANK BELL.  
"It looks as if it were going to snow for weeks," Miss Elizabeth, said old Gregory, as he touched his hat and held back the icy pathway as fast as rheumatism and old age would permit him.  
Miss Elizabeth looked down into the sweet old English garden, with its tangled mass of shrubbery covered with snow, and a mist came over her eyes.  
A week! The slim white fingers closed tightly over the yellow envelope clasped in her hand, and as she turned away from the door a tear flashed down upon it.  
In just one week the mortgage would be foreclosed, the letter said, and unless the amount could be raised in the meanwhile, the dear old house where she was born must pass into the hands of strangers.  
The investments that her nephew made for her all proved failures, and when, five years ago, he had some bustling up from London and told her that this mortgage would save her fortune, she signed her name to the paper, and for a while all seemed well.  
How foolish she had been! Why had she not asked more about it? Ralph Morgan had paid the interest for her as it came due, until two years ago, when she received a short letter from him, and he had decided to go to Australia.  
That was all. Miss Elizabeth had seen very little of him. He was the only child of her sister, who was many years older. When the father died, the property was divided between the sisters. Margaret took her share in money, and went, with her husband and child, to live in London, where she died soon after.  
Elizabeth had never left the old homestead, and with proper management, there would never have been any need to do so; but now—she had made another mistake.  
The old clock was ticking busily in the great wide hall as she slowly went up the stairs to the pleasant room where she had spent her lifetime.  
"I am always making mistakes," she moaned, drearily, as she threw herself on the little white bed. "Sixteen years ago to-day I made one, and now I have made another."  
There were no tears now in the dark gray eyes, only a tired look that strangers would wonder at; for if ever a woman was envied in that little village, Elizabeth Harcourt was.  
"She has everything one could wish for," the poor folks said; "but she is so good with it all."  
How could they know of the business worries, and the pinching economy, and the aching heart, that the sweet, calm face never showed?  
Elizabeth Harcourt was a proud woman, and in the years gone by, had been a hasty one; and now, in the quiet of her room, her thoughts went back to long ago when, in her hot temper, she told Jack Rainsford she never wished to see his face again. How could he know that in the morning she would have given worlds to unsay the words?  
It had started, like most quarrels, with such a little thing! But he had taken her at her word, and one week from the night she gave him back his ring, he sailed for India, and she had never seen him since.  
She did not think he would stay away, but, in the meanwhile, no one should ever know she cared at all; so she laughed and talked more blithely than ever, and grew prettier every day, until every one said she never had cared for him; and away off in hot Calcutta, Jack Rainsford heard it, and his heart grew hard and bitter.  
A year went by and he did not come back; then she promised to marry Philip Dinsmore. After that she was sicker than ever, until, when the wedding day was fixed, and the villagers talking of the grand match, she broke it off with him. Nobody ever knew why, except Philip Dinsmore. If he had been less grand and noble than he

was she might have married him; but looking into those pure eyes of his, she could not take a lie on her lips. So she told him with bitter tears how the face of her absent lover came between her and any one else.  
"Brave Philip Dinsmore! As he listened, whiter and whiter grew his face; but when she had finished, he stooped and kissed the sweet red lips for the last time. In all the world he knew he would never love another woman as he loved Beth Harcourt, and it was a grander love than she had before.  
"I am going to India on business next month, Beth," he wrote to her afterward, "and if I can, I will find Jack Rainsford."  
So he sailed away—and the ship was lost, and Philip Dinsmore never reached Jack Rainsford.  
After that Elizabeth Harcourt was never the same; and as the years rolled on, she was left alone with her faithful servants in the old stone house. Somebody said that Mr. Rainsford married the daughter of a rich merchant, but he never came back. Something had gone from her life with each year, and now, at forty, the very last thing had come, and the old home was to go.  
No wonder, on that winter morning Elizabeth Harcourt was in despair! She had had so much to bear! From the night that Jack Rainsford left her in anger she had never really been happy again. That hot temper her mother had warned her against—ah! it had been cooled since then.  
No one who saw her bending quietly over the sick bed in the poorest cottage, would guess that beneath that calm face there had ever been anything but peace.  
Now she lay with wide open eyes, thinking of the past, and in her ears were ringing old Nurse Blackitt's words of her: "She will take an awful site of solemnity."  
Just then there came a knock at the door, and Elizabeth's voice, saying—  
"Miss Elizabeth, there is a strange gentleman down stairs who wished to see you for a few minutes. He looks as if he was from London."  
The lawyer from London! Miss Harcourt's heart gave a quick throb as she arose and mechanically glanced at the little narrow glass between the windows. There was a red spot burning on each cheek, and the brown hair had lost its smooth, satin appearance; but she did not notice that to-day, but passed quickly down to the cool, dark room below.  
The stranger rose and bowed as she entered, a tall man with gray hair and a swarthy skin.  
"Your letter came this morning," began Miss Elizabeth, nervously. "I am afraid the house will have to go for the mortgage."  
"My letter?" said the stranger. "I think there must be some mistake."  
"I beg your pardon," Miss Harcourt said, "but are you not from London?"  
The stranger took a step forward.  
"Beth," he said, "I have changed so completely that you do not know me."  
"Jack!" she gasped. "You cannot be Jack Rainsford!"  
Such a different meeting from that which she had planned in the years gone by! Instead of passionate kisses she quietly shook hands with her old lover, and sat down on the chair opposite to him.  
A chilled, disappointed look came over the worn, tired face of the man, and he arose and walked over to the window as he said bitterly—  
"You have hardly changed at all, but sixteen years in India are not likely to keep a man fresh and young—especially when they are not particularly happy ones."  
Something in the tones made Elizabeth Harcourt's heart thrill as in the old days; but she remembered that wife in India. The feverish cheeks grew a deeper crimson but she said, quietly—  
"Are you going to stay for any length of time in England, Mr. Rainsford? Is your wife with you?"  
With a startled look he turned and faced her.  
"You know I never married, Beth Harcourt," he said bitterly. "I never loved anybody but you, and—you have forgotten me."  
With a low cry she sprang toward him, and the next moment was sobbing in his arms.  
"Jack, my darling," she said, "I have loved you always, and have not forgotten you for one moment all these weary years!"  
"If I had only known it before! he answered sadly. "Some one told me you married the year after I left, and I thought it was true until one day, on board a vessel, I met a lad that came from here. I asked him about the old place, and he told me Miss Elizabeth Harcourt had nursed him through a fever when every one else was afraid to come near him."  
Rainsford stopped and slipped an odd hoop of shining stones on Miss Harcourt's finger.

"Do you know," he said, "a wild hope filled me, and I said to myself, 'It is for Beth, if she will wear it. If not I will drop it in the middle of the ocean, and never look at England again.'"  
Elizabeth looked down at the sparkling diamonds, and said with a long-drawn sigh—  
"Oh, Jack, and it was only this morning that I was in despair!"  
"Suppose you let me see that letter from London?" he said. "I wanted to make some English investments."  
That night Miss Harcourt knelt by the little white bed with a happy sob, like a tired child that had found rest at last.  
Jack did make an invest, but it was lost in London. The mortgage was relieved, and Jack and Beth now enjoy the old stone mansion.

### "THOMAS OF TIGRE."

A MAN WHO HAS BEEN LAWYER, EDITOR, ARMY OFFICER, AND WHO WORTH MILLIONS.  
Joseph Miller's "Thomas of Tigre" is not only a real person, but he is the most prominent man in Central America. His name is James Thomas. He was born in New York, studied law and went to Cincinnati. There he fell in love with a "Juliet" and decided to become a tragedian. He turned up in New Orleans, where he started a newspaper. Having joined the Lopez expedition to Cuba he was shipwrecked and floated around on a log for two days. Returning to New York he became a Bohemian, formed the acquaintance of Leppard, North, Fitz James O'Brien and other noted writers, scribbled rhyme and finally became the editor of a widely-known journal, which is still being published. Returning to New Orleans, he killed a rival in a duel. Other adventures followed in Texas, Northern Mexico and California. A return to Texas was characterized by a duel with a famous desperado named Jack Tarley, known as "The diamond merchant," from having stolen a large number of valuable diamonds in Brazil and made good his escape. Next came the expedition of Walker to Nicaragua, which he joined. Since he has been here he has amassed an immense fortune. At the end of a lively revolution he was taken before the successful ring-leader.  
"What would you have done with me if I had fallen in your power?" asked the opposing General.  
"Had you shot in three hours," replied Thomas.  
"Very well," was the answer, "that shall be your doom."  
There chanced to be in the audience a wealthy Spanish lady, who did not approve of the summary execution of handsome young men, and to her golden influence popular opinion attributed the immediate reprieve and speedy release of Thomas. He now determined to bid a long farewell to perilous conspiracies and filibustering experiments. In the center of them he had purchased a block of ground, built a spacious residence on it, and, to use his own peculiar expression, "took up his eternal rest."  
To such impetuous spirits, however, repose is impossible. He had no sooner become established for life than the mania of European travel possessed him. Shipping \$40,000 in gold to San Francisco, he arranged his affairs for a long absence and speedily followed the treasure. In three years he expended every dollar of it in the leading capitals of Europe. He formed the acquaintances while abroad, of Swinburne, the Rossetis and other English writers, and also became on friendly terms with many French authors of renown. He returned to Leon recently, and is now living regally. I observed a copy of the "Songs of Sun Lands" in his well selected library, and, taking it down, recited that much admired poem "Thomas of Tigre." He seemed highly pleased with it, but expressed regret that Miller should have depicted him as a gambler, when in fact he had never staked a dollar upon a game of chance in his life.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Fans for young ladies are of medium size and made of feathers.  
Painted satin and lace fans remain in style for bridal occasions.  
Mante cloth titles are popular for furniture in common use.  
One of the newest materials for embroidery is Madras muslin.  
Push and moire antique take the lead in winter fabrics.  
Black gloves, black stockings and black slippers are worn with white satin evening dresses.  
Bows of black velvet ribbon are again used to ornament dresses and cloaks, but they are so easily spoiled that their reign will probably be short.  
The most becoming large hats are those which have the edge of the rim bound with slightly gathered plush. Their only trimming is two very long feathers set on the right side and fastened by a cluster of tips.  
The Ladies and the Sailing Bishop.  
On one of my trans-Atlantic trips, says a St. Louis Clergyman, I remember we had an Irish bishop on board who snored like two men. In the next cabin to him were two ladies, who complained to the steward that they couldn't rest, and the steward snarled and asked the bishop if something couldn't be done in the premises. "Certainly," said the bishop. And next day there hung a placard in the grand saloon which said: *snorer.*  
The bishop will snore from eleven to four.  
**A Housewife's Quest.**  
Queen Caroline, of Saxony, has been suffering lately from an illness which is attributed to a cause unusual in royal households. Her Majesty has a mania for cooking, in which she excels, especially in the preparation of fruit preserves. The crop of fruit in Saxony was this year so abundant that the Queen labored night and day in the position of her janus and jellies, which she was, of course, obliged to taste constantly. The consequence fatigue and indigestion brought on a serious illness.  
**Bribing a Boy.**  
In cleaning up a little yesterday after the Christmas rush, a small dealer in toys, papers and confectionery on Grand avenue found among his trash what the boys call a "thundering big fire-cracker." It had been hiding away ever since Fourth of July, and the man no sooner found it than he was possessed of a desire to make some one happy. He dared not throw it into his stove, and it seemed a grievous waste to fling it into the alley. He therefore waited and patience was soon rewarded, just as she always is. A boy came in after a cent's worth of taffy, and he was closely followed by a dog big enough to carry off the front steps of a meeting-house. The big fire-cracker was exhibited and the case explained, and the party of the second part, in consideration of five sticks of candy, gave the party of the first part leave to attach the cracker to the dog's tail and fire it off. The canine offered no serious objections, and things were soon in shape. The boy then led the dog out on the walk, the fuse was ignited, and directly there was an explosion which set the dog thinking faster than ever before in his life. He whined and dashed back into the store, made six or seven circuits of the room, and then, embarrassed, confused and anxious to get home and overhaul himself for repairs, he took a jump through one of the doors and left \$7 worth of glass in pieces on the sidewalk. Some of the crowd sat down to laugh, while others leaned against the wall and yelled *hau! hau!* at the top of their voices. The fire-cracker man was the only one who seemed abstracted.—Free Press.

### Famous Theater Fires.

The most fatal theatre fire was the burning of the Saragossa Theater in 1778, when 600 persons lost their lives. At the Carlisle Theater, in 1847, 104 persons perished. The burning of the Opera House, at Nice, in 1881, in which sixty-two persons were burned or crushed to death, is still fresh in the public memory. In these islands many theaters have been burnt down, but some providential chance has always intervened to limit the proportions of the catastrophe. The fire had broken out in the daytime; the performance had not begun or had not ended, or there were few spectators in the house. If, for example, the Surrey Theater, which was burnt down during the daytime in 1865, had contained an audience, few would have escaped alive, so rapid was the action of the flames. But of all the calamities which have ever in modern times overtaken a crowd of human beings in a single building, the burning of the church of La Campina, Santiago, in 1863, has never been equalled or approached. In one short hour 2,000 people, nearly all ladies of youth, rank, and beauty, were reduced to ashes. The flower of the capital of Chili had gathered in the church, in a spirit of religious excitement, to pay its devotions at the closing celebration of the Immaculate Conception. Every seat was full. Nothing that invention could suggest or wealth supply was omitted in the adornments of the occasion. The interior of the church was hung from roof to floor with floating gaudy and rich drapery, and lighted with festoons of innumerable paraffine lamps. An acolyte, in lighting the last lamp before the shrine, raised a flame which spread instantaneously. A rush soon choked the entrance with a wall of dead and dying twelve feet in height. The melting lead from the roof and the blazing oil of the several lamps poured down upon the heads of 2,000 tender women, who could be seen from the windows of neighboring houses, rushing wildly to and fro, without an outlet of escape. The falling of the roof put an end to their agonies, completed a catastrophe which stands without a parallel.—London Times.

### A Lady's Foot.

There is a story in a lady's foot. And well the ladies know it! And she who has a pretty one is pretty even to show it! At times you, too, are martyred by the almost little snail.  
This she does an arrow through the eye. Within the heart to rankle.  
But when it creeps along the street, Fair's wind and mud, and vapor, By shortest accident you see— It is beautiful the taper— And as she steps upon the walk, And all the crowd to mangle, Two rough eyes look up and say, "I wonder if she single?"

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The lake fisherman who catch white-fish knew them as lake herring.  
In many parts of the West the people protest against vaccination.  
Massachusetts savings banks have \$13,000,000 more money than they had last year this time.  
Chicago sends plows to Mexico, the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand.  
In 1511 the wandering bands called gypsies were so numerous in England that an act was passed to banish them from the realm on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of property.  
The hat and visors may be bolstered easily, gay, and valuably luxurious, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.  
The mysterious disappearance of King Louis of Bavaria is the engrossing topic of European gossip. He left his kingdom without a word of farewell and is traveling about incognito, vouchsafing no trace of his whereabouts.  
The Louisville Courier-Journal congratulated its readers on New Year's day upon the fact that they were that day "dred from the most vicious, corrupt, disgraceful and demoralizing administration that ever was known in all the history of the city."  
A locker, in seaman's parlance, is a place where stores are kept. Jones is a corruption of Jonah and Davy is "dudly," the name among West Indians for a spirit or ghost. "Gone to Davy Jones' locker" is therefore "gone to a place of safe-keeping where Davy Jones was sent." The expression is generally applied to one lost overboard, the reference to Jonah being obvious.  
**HUMOROUS.**  
Synopsized opinion by the court— "These defendants are dismissed. The Court finds they stole a large amount—to entitle them to respect. Call the next case."  
When Talmage says, "Oh! nonsense!" he is meaning to swear just as much as any man who says "dammit." Fact is, no one means to swear. The idea is to forcibly express thought.  
"I know that ladies care little about nautical matters, but if you had your choice of a ship, what kind of one would you prefer?" she asked down her eyes, blushed and whispered: "A little smack."  
The latest marvel of science is the instantaneous photograph. By the aid of this process it is possible to obtain a picture of yourself and girl in the act of being thrown over a stone wall by a runaway horse. This picture can be placed on the mantelpiece in a maroon velvet frame as a warning to young men to never let go the reins with both hands.  
**Care of Carpets.**  
To make sweeping an easy task, get carpets of a kind that are easily swept, then save them from unnecessary litter by care about scattering fine chips or crumbs of wood, cloth, paper or food. Eating should be done in rooms easily cleaned, with carpets of oil-cloth, or similar material, or with bare floors, or with a linen ermine-cloth spread upon the carpet underneath the table. Children should not be allowed to run about the house with pieces of food in their hands. If their food is not all taken at the table, the child should be obliged to sit still somewhere, catching his crumbs upon a napkin bib, or apron, instead of dropping them upon the floor. Children who learn to save mamma trouble, and so get at least a smile of gratitude from her for their thoughtfulness, are far happier than those who are not trained to care, but are allowed to make themselves a general nuisance among orderly people. If they wish to whistle, or to cut paper or jelly things in your best rooms, you need not necessarily refuse them. Spread a large cloth or newspaper down to catch the chips or clippings, and see that it is safely emptied as soon as the child's work is done. Grown up people are sometimes very annoying, because of their lack of this kind of training. They pull flowers to pieces in your parlors, whistle on your smoothly shaven lawn, scatter fruit peelings and cigar stumps about the yard, scribble on the covers of your magazines and margins of newspapers, and scratch matches on the walls of the house, or leave disagreeable marks of some kind in every possible place.

### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The city of Leipzig, of 140,000 inhabitants, contains only seven churches.  
One of the first modern kings who possessed the accomplishment of writing was Pedro I., of Castile, styled Pedro the Cruel. He died in 1369. His signature is preserved on a treaty "Yo, el Rey," I, the king.  
When the drama first appeared in Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, the fifth century B. C., it formed a portion of the religion of the State. The theater was a temple where the people were taught how the wills of gods and men must bow to the force of destiny.  
The wife of the new Chinese minister a lady of high rank in her own country, will not at present enter Washington society. She speaks only her own language, her little feet will not permit her to go about unsupported, and she is to crown all, exceedingly bashful.

### A Virginia Prodigy in Arithmetic.

A man by the name of Price, near Alma, Virginia, who is almost blind, and who is wholly uneducated, and not at all sprightly in other respects, is said to be able to solve almost any problem in mathematics that can be given him. He uses no figures, but makes his calculations on his fingers. Mr. Hampton, who is teaching in that neighborhood, gave him the following problem, which he solved quicker than a good scholar present could do by algebra: A man bought a horse, buggy and harness. The horse cost forty-eight dollars more than the buggy, and two and three-fourths times as much as the harness and the harness one-seventh of the whole sum paid. What was the whole sum paid? What did each cost. He has no difficulty in working fractions however complicated and intricate. Mr. James P. Graves informed us that he once asked him what was the third and the half of one-third of three and one-third and he was ready with the answer almost as soon as he had finished the question. He is about twenty-three years old.  
A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.  
The Egyptians considered mourning effeminate, and so put on women's clothes.  
A pig was once burned at Fontenay, near Paris, for having devoured a child.