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The Valentine.

At a counter richly laden
With St. Valentine's choice sonnets
Stands a very charming maiden
In the abject of bonnets
Her eyes look and her tones
Appear a little golden
While the style in which she dresses
Is extremely quaint and olden.

A GAY DECEIVER.

Jacques Bruhiere is an artist whose
mythological pictures have a most de-
lightful modern air. His Grecian god-
desses look like Parisiennes; their
wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sand-
als, and a peculiar twist given to their
drapery have captivated the Parisian
ladies. So they crowded Jacques' studio
and implore him to let them sit for
Dianas and Andromedas. But he is a
most unromantic fellow, and is swayed
by no consideration other than those of
gain. Although he is but thirty, he has
gained fame and some fortune; and he
is so industrious that he flies from use-
less words and time consumers—that is
to say, women and boys.

wavered long. One day she would be
Omphale; the next she had decided
that to be represented as Sodomie was
necessary to her peace of mind. But
when Eugene had made his prepara-
tions his fickle goddess decided that
Delilah was the character that suited
her. And then she would wander
around the studio and drape herself
with the barbaric stuffs used by long
gone models and handle the curious
weapons and examine the porcelains.
And then she would say she was
weary and would come the next day.
And she would go, leaving Eugene de
Lesse deeper in love than ever.
As for him, he was in a dream. He
had retired from the world. At his own
quarters his door was daily stormed
by publishers, by managers, by printers'
boys, by creditors, and by friends. But
no one knew where he had gone. He
had told his servant he was going
away, but had not told him where. It
was wrong, decidedly wrong; but he
took a certain ferocious joy in it when
he thought how he himself had once
pursued these very same editors and
managers.

quick as he was, he was too late. The
pointed struck Eugene in the side, in-
flicting a deep wound. As she did so,
Leonie uttered a shriek and fainted
away.
Eugene's comedy had become a
tragedy.
"Truly, a pretty sight for the studio
of an honest, hard-working painter,"
groaned Jacques Bruhiere, as he gazed
upon the two prostrate forms. "This
comes of obliging your friends. Catch
me doing it again."
Three years had passed. Leonie was
in the brilliant salon of the Comtesse de
Sagone, whose house was always filled
with the literary men of the day, and
she invariably secured the literary lion.
She was making her way through the
brilliant throng toward Leonie.
"My dear," said she, when she
reached her, "have you read that novel
of which all Paris is talking—Les Deux
Princesses?"
"Yes," said Leonie, "it is a charming
work."
"Do you know its author?"
"Eugene de Lusse? No. Is he here
this evening?"
"Yes, and I want to present him to
you. Ah, there he is, Monsieur de
Lusse!" and in another moment there
stood before Leonie—the fair painter.
For a moment she hesitated, but the
old spell reasserted itself, and she
found herself listening almost against
her will, to his pleas for pardon. And
he pleaded his case most eloquently.
"I am half inclined not to forgive
you," she said, at length. "You acted
abominably, you know you did."
"I acted like a fool and a knave,"
said Eugene, "and you ought never to
pardon me, but you will, won't you?"
"Well," said the beauty, semi-reluct-
antly, "if you will be a very good
boy—"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.
Rotation of Green Crops.
A writer in the Journal of Horticulture
says that the common idea of the
necessity of rotation does not apply to
the quick growing vegetables that are
used green, and that even cabbages after
cabbages may be continued without rest
or change for years if good dung is used
and occasionally a dose of lime or
charred refuse. He has raised salad-
ing, cauliflower, peas and broccoli un-
derminutely on the same ground for a
dozen years quite satisfactory. This
may be. Plants which do not mature
early take little more than carbon for
their structure. But one important reason
for rotation is the plague of insects,
some of them unseen and unsuspected,
which are parasitic on certain plants
and which are apt to increase to a de-
structive extent if the same place is re-
newed and no insecticide measures taken.
Charred refuse is probably as useful in
repelling insects as in refreshing and
dividing the soil.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
A Boston Girl's Whim.
For the past seven months there has
been living with the Omahas, thirty
miles below this city, an educated
young lady—a Boston girl, too—who
is for the time a member of the tribe,
because she hopes in this way to learn
something of the inner life of this, the
oldest tribe, excepting the Pawnees, in
this part of the West. This lady, Miss
A. C. Fletcher, was in the city, on Tues-
day, with Dr. Wilkinson, agent of the
Omahas and Winnagobes. The agent
says that on taking charge of the Oma-
has a few weeks ago, he found this lady
with them and nearly starved. Miss
Fletcher is a brunette, solidly built,
about 25 years old, rather good-
looking, and with a directness of speech
and a way of standing silent while in-
relevant conversation is going on that
probably comes of her present mode of
life. Miss Fletcher intended to Dr.
Wilkinson that before coming to the
Omahas she had been with some of the
warlike northern tribes, and from her
present place of study she would go to
the New Mexico Pueblos, thence to the
Flatheads of Washington Territory, and
return East by way of the Sioux country.
—Sioux City Journal.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
Dr. Hartig states that a strong man
working a hand fire engine with his
utmost strength for two minutes can do
work amounting to 0.403 in the highest
and 0.227 of one-horse power in the
lowest maximum attainable.
Heat exchange between the spheres
is active. Every touch of a solar ray on
a planet conveys heat energy from the
sun to the planet, and thus the inequal-
ity of heat between the orbs of space is
being slowly overcome.
It is well known that a black object on
a white ground will appear to be
much larger than it really is. A white
stripe, for instance, on a black surface
seems broader than a black stripe on a
white surface, although both be of the
same width. This phenomenon of simultane-
ous contrast is physiologically ex-
plained by Peter Scherffer in this way:
When one of our senses receives a dou-
ble sensation, one of which is active
and strong while the other is weak, it
will be found that the latter is not felt.
This must be particularly the case when
both impressions are of the same kind,
or when a strong effect from an object
on one of the senses is followed by
another of the same kind which is milder
and weaker.

Daisies and Clover.
Little girl, when evening dew
Held for you their memories,
Laughing eyes and tripping feet,
With your hands all reaching over
Daisy blossoms and flowers of clover
You to me a picture bring
Of long-lost, sunny spring;
Waving weeds and summer skies
Gave like dreams of paradise.
Life's path, when evening dew
Held for you their memories,
When in womanhood's white band
You shall happily one day stand,
Keep your childish path as sweet
As the blossoms of your feet,
The year's hands in memory's view
With the daisies and the clover.
THEM OF INTEREST.
The recent loss of life by fire has in-
duced the people of Hamilton, Ont., to
try dropping from upper windows into
streets held below by way of practice.
A policeman was badly hurt by a trial
leap from the roof of a three-story
house, but a girl performed the feat
several times successfully, and offers on
a wager, to double the height.
The festival of Easter used to be ob-
served on the fourteenth day of the
month, the same as the Jewish Passover.
But the Council of Nice, 325 A. D., or-
dered Easter to be celebrated on the
Sunday next succeeding the full moon
that comes on or next after the vernal
equinox—March 21, making Easter a
movable holiday.
Shrove Tuesday derives its name from
the ancient practice in the Church of
Rome of confounding sins; being the day
prior to the beginning of Lent, it may
occur on any day between the 21 of
February and the 23 of March. This
year it fell on February 21. In Scot-
land it is called Fasten's Eve.
He who thinks much says but little
in proportion to his thoughts. He re-
spects that language which will convey
his ideas in the most succinct and direct
manner. He tries to compress as much
thought as possible into a few words.
On the contrary, the man who talks
overabundantly and profusely, who
seems to have an exhaustless magazine
of sound, crowds so many words
into his thoughts that he always ob-
scures, and frequently conceals them.
HUMOROUS.
A printer should always marry a good
type of girl.
Adam missed one of the luxuries of
life. He could not laugh in his sleeve.
An exchange says the nihilists
threaten to put Alexander III. "in a
hole." Wouldn't that be "Car-chasm"?
"Will make a hole of this," as the
charter said when he got a farmer to
write his name on a piece of paper.
Michigan produces more salt than any
other state in the Union, and yet the
average Michiganian is pretty fresh.
Beacon says: "Reading makes a full
man." That must be the Reading in
Pennsylvania where the brewery is lo-
cated.
The shoe worn by a horse is a wrought-
iron shoe, but when the horse loses the
shoe from its foot it becomes a cast-iron
shoe.
Fritz has been hunting up the ped-
igree of Dr. Tanner, the celebrated
hungry man, and finds he is a very
ancient lineage. The forty-third verse
of chapter nine, Acts of Apostles, reads:
"And it came to pass that he tarried
many days with one Simon a Tanner."
A Perpetual Ice-Gorge.
Within an hour's drive from Phila-
delphia may be witnessed one of the
strangest sights in this country—a per-
petual ice-gorge. This gorge exists at
the foot of the Blue Mountains, back of
Swatswood Lake and Middleville, and
is but a few miles west of Newton. It
is several hundred yards in extent, from
ten to thirty feet deep, with numerous
caves and clefts in the rock, where the
ice lies. The main gorge is located but
a short distance from the mountain, and
the shade at that spot is very dense, the
sun apparently never penetrating it.
The entire bottom of the gorge is cov-
ered with thick, clear ice, and the crev-
ices and caves are filled with it. That
it is a natural ice-house, there can be no
doubt. Hundreds of tons might be
taken out without appreciably decreas-
ing the quantity. Much of this great
mass has doubtless lain there for years,
the ice gradually melting on top and
being added to each year. The ther-
mometer, which during a "hot spell"
registered one hundred and three de-
grees in Newton, marked just thirty-
eight degrees at the same time at the
bottom of the gorge—too cold for a
person to remain there any length of
time. A few feet from one end of the
gorge a spring of the most delicious,
sparkling water bubbles up through the
ice. It tastes slightly of iron, and is
very satisfying to thirst. This water
stands at thirty-four degrees—about 10
degrees below the freezing point.