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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Old Wife's Story. Two little ones not mine by right. No are they kin one to the other; My good man found them one dark night, And since that hour they're called my mother.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

An old bachelor? "Are you very sure that he is an old bachelor?" "That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, and a hair-broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl.

But when Sally had stumped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered that basket of clothes, and gave a little start. "Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turn-over collars No. 16, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these things back at once."

Major Andre's Watch.

The story of Major Andre's watch, which, after many vicissitudes, has come into the possession of a gentleman living in Newburg-on-the-Hudson, is an interesting one. Andre at the time of his capture wore two watches, as was the custom of gentlemen at that time. His captors took both. One, General Washington forced them to give up, and it was restored to Andre. The other is the watch in question. Its history is as follows: After Andre's execution it was sold by his captors to Colonel William Stevens Smith, then holding a commission in the patriot army on the Hudson, for thirty guineas. Colonel Smith, it may be premised, married a sister of John Adams, and was the ancestor of the present owner, from whom these facts are derived. Smith sent the watch under a flag of truce to General Robinson, commanding the British outposts on the Hudson, with the request that it be forwarded to Andre's family in England. Robinson, who, as is proved, was a rascal and a gambler, pawned the watch and spent the money in carousals. Time passed on, and the watch was forgotten. At the time of the Philadelphia Centennial it came on with other relics and was deposited in the Wisconsin department. There a sharp-eyed newspaper correspondent discovered it, and described it in the columns of his journal. The paragraph, a long time after, meeting the eye of the gentleman whose ancestor had sent the watch, as he supposed, to his rightful owners a hundred years before, he at once began a search for the relic, traveling over a greater part of the State of Wisconsin, and at last discovered its owner in the person of a venerable lady, who stated that her husband had purchased it of a pawnbroker in Philadelphia nearly fifty years before. The lady was willing to sell, and the gentleman gladly became its owner. Its identity he has been able to clearly establish. It is an open-face gold watch of French manufacture, of peculiar shape, being flat and thin, and totally unlike anything known to American jewelers. There are but four figures on the dial,—three, six, nine and twelve,—the intermediate hours being indicated by asterisks. On the dial-plate in fine letters are engraved the words, "Thomas Campbell, Albany." Campbell was the dealer of whom Andre bought it, Albany being a little town in the district of Broadalbin, Scotland. On the inner case is engraved, "John Andre, 1774." On receipt of the watch, inquiries were made in England through Dean Stanley and other parties to discover if the Andre family had received the watch sent to General Robinson, which established the fact that they had not. The same inquiries proved incontestably that this was the watch carried by Andre on the morning of his capture.—Lippincott.

What is Money? What is money? How did it come into the world? Obviously, incontestably—it is a tool, an instrument, nothing else. It is not an object sought for its own sake, to be kept and used. It is acquired solely for the sake of the work it does—a mere machine. The sovereigns which a man carries about in his purse are distinctly intended to be set to work, and that work is solely to be given away in exchange for something else. Money is the tool of exchange, the instrument of obtaining for its present possessor some commodity or service which is desired. But how did the necessity arise for inventing such a tool? Many economists answer that a measure of value was needed, a contrivance which should enable men to compare with each other the several values or worths of the commodities they handle. The farmer required to know how many sheep he ought to give for a cart. This money was devised to meet this want. But this is an entire mistake. A measure which should tell accurately the worth of one commodity compared with that of another was a want created by civilization as it developed itself. A far more urgent need made its appearance at an earlier period. Money got over the greatest difficulty which the social life of men encountered. Human beings, unlike almost all animals, were formed to make different commodities for each other; how were they to be exchanged? A farmer was in want of a coat, but the tailor had no desire to obtain a calf; he was in want of shoes. Here were two sellers and two buyers, yet neither could procure what he needed. Money came to the rescue. The farmer sold his calf to a butcher for money, and with that money he procured the wished-for coat from the tailor. The tailor repeated the process with the shoemaker. This money solved the difficulties. Four exchangers were brought together instead of two, and two articles were sold and two bought with money; and by this employment of a common tool for exchanging, the greatest principle of associated human life was established—division of employments. It is plain that the money first bought the calf and then traveled on to buy the coat. It circulated—it remained permanently in no hands. Each man who obtained the money intended to pass it away in turn. Thus the conception, tool, comes out transparently. It performs its function by substituting double barter for single; the farmer first barter his calf for money and then barter the same money for a coat. This conception of money dives into its essence: that money is a tool must never be left out of mind; it governs every thought, every word, about money. If money was never thought of but as a tool, the world would be saved a vast amount of idle speaking and writing.—[Contemporary Review.]

A Terrible Crime.

A servant girl in Stargard, in Germany, had in course of several years saved a handsome sum of money, which she deposited in a savings bank. One day, a few weeks ago, she drew the money and took the train for the town of Schneidemuhl, a few miles from home. She visited an acquaintance, a butcher, and told him in course of the conversation of the money she had in her pocket. The butcher advised her to wrap up the money and listen it on her head, buried in the hair. The girl followed his advice and left for home, the way taking her over a deserted heath. Meeting a policeman she begged him to accompany her, on account of her money. The policeman complied and accompanied her the greater part of the way. Hardly, however, had he left her and turned back when he heard a piercing shriek. Hastening back he found the girl lying dead in the street without her head, which had been carried off. As the girl had told the policeman of the butcher she had visited, his suspicions were at once aroused, and he hastened to the butcher's house. After waiting half an hour the butcher came in with a bag under his arm. To the question what was in it he replied that it was a sheep's head, and threw it under the bed. The policeman left and returned in a few minutes with some colleagues. The sack was demanded, and on being opened was found to contain the murdered girl's head.

An American Palace in London.

The American Palace hotel to be erected on the Victoria embankment of the Thames in London, between the river and the palace of Whitehall, is to be nine stories high, accommodate 1,300 guests, be managed by Leland of the Delevan House, Albany, the waiters and bar-keepers American, the capital \$2,000,000, or £400,000, furnished by Englishmen with whom the idea, suggested by their liking hotels in America, originated. It will not be run for American travelers exclusively, but it is expected that Englishmen will patronize it. There are 1,000 Indians in the ever-glades of Florida.

Marital Infelicity. When a man or woman find they have made a mistake in their choice of a companion for life; living loses much of its attractiveness; they have risked and lost all; and domestic discord stares them in the face as long as the matrimonial tie shall last. No wonder that strong men break down under the strain, that ardent women fling all social honor all personal self-respect and self-restraint to the winds, and go off into the wilderness to escape the torture of such a life. It would be writing a treatise on human nature in the gross were we to speak of the reasons which make marriages unhappy and shipwreck domestic life. For all that goes to make men go to the destruction of the home when the current sets that way. Jealousy is one cause; but we are bound by truth to say that some women are incomparably more jealous than men, and that where one marriage is rendered unhappy by this insanity on the part of the husband, a dozen are destroyed through the jealousy of the wife.

Mount Vernon.

During the war, when the bloodiest battles on the Potomac were being fought, the Southern and Northern troops fraternized on this spot, and not a shot was fired nor a blow exchanged on the domain of Mount Vernon. It was neutral ground. The soldiers exchanged coffee and tobacco and lolled amicably together under the trees, then went back to shooting and killing each other as soon as they were off the sacred ground. The most irreverent scoffer must walk with reverence through the ancient frame house in which so much of our history is embalmed. Hanging in the hall is the great key of the Bastille, sent to Washington by Lafayette, and near it is the General's field-glass hung on its rack by Washington himself and never disturbed. Of all the memories of Mount Vernon, none are more interesting than those of Eleanor Castis—poor Nelly, who died at twenty-two, and was her stepfather's pet. In the room stands her harpsichord, an immense machine, just the size of a grand piano of the present day, with two banks of keys like an organ. Beside it are some ancient blue chairs embroidered by her dead fingers a century ago. In the grounds stands her rose-bush, beside which, tradition says, she received her first offer, and which the guileless and credulous of her sex are persuaded to walk around six times to bring a similar event about. One of the ingenuities of the regents of Mount Vernon was to have magnificent Turkish rugs made to resemble, as far as possible, the rag carpets which were the floor covering in Martha Washington's day, and for that purpose scraps of the rag carpets were sent abroad to be as nearly simulated as possible. And way up high, under the roof, is a little hip-roofed, dormer-windowed rookery, which, after General Washington's death, his widow chose as her own room, because it was from that window only that a view could be had of the brick tomb in which the mortal part of the general lay.

Ghosts Among the Indians. Another occupation of the medicine man is the allaying of ghosts and other apparitions, which, owing to the quantity of indigestible food which the Indians eat, they are very apt to be troubled with in the shape of nightmares. (1) A person seeing one, he will start up with a scream. The whole lodge is alarmed, the fire is fanned up again, the dreamer snatches up feathers and eats them, and covers his head with his hands. His nearest relative sacrifices the dreamer's limbs with a knife, until blood comes, which is received into a dish and sprinkled on his face, to allay the ghostly walker of the night. If the vision still continues, the friends throw articles belonging to the dreamer into the fire, and cry: "More! more!" till all his property, including clothes, mats, and even his horses, is heaped on the fire.

The Esthete.

"How poor are they who have not patience." I have dozed my dimpled lover With the peacock's plumes I love, And the daffodil's bright above; And the daisy's blue below; I have dozed my dim dim rich lover In the last sweet style of art, With pale planets in a row. I have made my chamber smart! The slender tables stand On waxed and matted floor; The convex mirror's gleam, The horse-droppings droop the door. 'Twas Botticelli's hand Drew Venus there, as sweet, I sat as in a dream, Close huddled at her feet, Oh, let me be beloved! I name, I swear, I had, And my hair hangs over my brow And my necktie's disarrayed! My soul was intense, immense, My culture is so vast, I sometimes fancy who knows now? That I shall burst at last!

ITEMS OF INTEREST. An anagram: 'Christianity it's in charity.' The finger rings of America are worth \$8,000,000. It takes 122,880 gallons of milk daily to supply the demand in New York city. The production of butter in Iowa now amounts to 85,409,700 pounds annually. Although the wealth of Great Britain is nearly double that of the United States, this country leads in production, while the value of manufactures is about equal in the two countries. A swarm of bees in Swo-twater Valley, California, settled on a rattlesnake six feet long, two inches in girth, with twenty-two rattles, and stung it so that it was blinded, and afterwards easily killed with a spade. The little island of Horn, near Guernsey in the English channel, has been bought by French Carthusian monks for \$35,000, to raise daffodils on, the same being used in their liquors. According to the statistical annual of the Russian empire, the population increases more rapidly than that of any other state, except Holland and Denmark. It doubles itself in fifty-eight years. Ben Hogan, once a pugilist, now a Chicago evangelist, says that most prize fighters die prematurely of weakness and disease brought on by injuries received in the ring. He cites a number of instances in point, and declares that he is himself a sufferer from old poundings.

HUMOROUS.

A man is like a fog when he is an extreme mist. Caesar was just as bitter as the Gaul he conquered. Belongs to the floating population. —Paul Boynton. A promising young man—(One who is engaged to half a dozen girls. "Pa, what is meant by muscular Christianity?" "I don't know, my son, unless it is pugilism." The good that men do may be interred by their bones, but the coffin of some men are not covered. A justice of the peace fined a man twenty shillings for beating another because it was the value of a pound. Bronson Alcott says: The blonde type is nearest to the divine likeness. Very few newspapers use the blonde type. The Dallas Times thinks the German papers would be more popular if they were not published in a foreign language. Some one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story. "Yes," said the farmer, "barbed wire fence is expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest for five minutes on the top of it every time he has to climb it." Paris advertisement: "For sale, a monkey, a cat, and two parrots. Address Mme. X., Rue ——. As the lady is about to get married, she has no further use for these animals." It has been discovered that the Congressional Library does not contain a single work on Temperance, and the mystery is: What Congressman brought the fact to light by inquiring for one? Sombambulism. A Philadelphia detective accused the father and mother of a boy who was employed in a dry goods store, of paroling \$65.85, which the boy had collected and taken home with him in the evening, and which next morning he could not find under the carpet, where he had placed it. The father paid the money, but the next night, hearing a noise in his son's room, he went in and found the boy with a roll of bills in his hand, which proved to be the exact amount of the stolen money. The boy was a somnambulist, and, perhaps, while dreaming of the concealed treasure, had risen from his bed, descended to the dining-room, and, removing the money from beneath the carpet, carried it upstairs and placed it beneath the matting of his bedroom.