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Speak Well of Each Other.
Things of greatest moment often
Start from trifles light as air,
And thus many guiltless beings
Have been hunted to despair.
By the venomous voice of gossip, which throws
poison everywhere.

Sometimes in our own home circle
Words are spoken thoughtlessly,
Pointing with a shade of reason
Toward a friend's infirmity;

These few words may gather others till a scandal vast we see.

Sometimes, too, vague hints may waken
Doubts and fears within the soul;
Hints concerning trivial action
Deep suspicion may unroll,

Plunging some loved ones in trouble which
no effort can control.

Yet she may be poor and guileless,
Free from every thought of ill;

But that hint, so ill-spoken,

Grabs its deadly poison still;

Such light words of gossip startle him with
great a young life still.

Every one is prone to falter,

Clouds on every heart may fall;

Some grieve onward, full of folly;

Some respond to Duty's call;

Our friend's case we cannot fathom, so
should never judge at all.

Speak not ill of friend or lover,

They may prove true in the end;

Best be blind to little failings;

And stand ready to defend;

Always striving to discover some new virtue in
our friend.

Burdened by some foul injustice;

Stung by slight that seldom fail,

Innocence is often wounded

By suspicion's flimsy veil;

And the veil each day grows thicker through
the scandal-lover's tale.

Then beware of passing gossip;

Light as is the snow-flake's fall,

It will gather in its passage

Till the drift is long and tall.

So when speaking of a neighbor say good
things or none at all.

A PROFESSED COOK.

"Wanted a situation by a professed cook. The best city references given. The very thing," I mentally exclaimed, as my eye fell on this advertisement in a morning paper. "Yes, I'll try a professed cook this time, for I verily believe that 'good plain cook' is only a synonym for bad coffee, lumpy potatoes, and juiceless meats."

I put on my bonnet and hurried off to secure the treasure. To my great disappointment she was not in; but, leaving word for her to call in the evening, I went away, hoping that the guests who were to arrive in a day or two would not find me cookless, as I had at first feared.

Evening came, and with it a cook. I had been running over in my mind the various questions which I intended asking her, and the various duties which she was to be told she must perform, determined that there should be no excuse for her for any omission, because she did not know that such and such a thing was expected of her. I went into the dining-room, (where she had been ushered) and found her standing in the middle of it, deliberately surveying it.

"This is Margaret McNulty, I suppose?" I said, as I went in.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply, with a slight brogue. "Are you the ould lady's daughter?"

I smiled at this, no doubt; for how could I help feeling the flattery? I, who had been married more years than I choose to tell.

"No; I am the mistress of the house," I replied.

"Oh, yes, I just supposed ye was the mistress of the house from yer seeing me; but isn't there an ould lady, too?"

"No," I answered, forgetting, in my astonishment at her questions, to put any of my own.

"Thin this isn't Mr. Gordon's house?" she said.

"No. Mr. Gordon hasn't lived here for some years."

"Oh, well, he did live here; and I knew the ould lady couldn't be you; for you see, I was well acquainted with the family."

"Can you give me good reference?" I said, asking the first question I had been able to in the interview.

"Oh, yes, I can just give you the best references in the city. You see, ma'am, I'm a professed cook. I can do everything in the way of cooking in the world. I can make all kinds of soup, and pastry, and fancy dishes you can name; and as for desserts, there is nothing I can't do."

My heart fell. I began to fear that she could do too much; but I thought of my expected guests, and determined to give her a trial at least.

"If you can do all those things I ought to be satisfied," I said. "Can you make Charlotte Russe?"

"Well now, ma'am, you see, Charlotte Russe is the only thing I can't make. My hand ain't good at Charlotte, somehow; but I can make Italian creams, and French creams, and syllabubs, and soufflés, and everything you can mention, ma'am, but Charlotte; I ain't good at Charlotte. What wages do you give, ma'am?"

"Two dollars and a half a week," I replied.

"Well, I have lived out for two dollars and a half a week; but I mostly have been getting three dollars, ma'am. You see, I am a professed cook, and can do everything."

We need not talk further of it, then, Margaret. I shall not pay more than two dollars and a half a week."

"Well, ma'am, as I like you, I wouldn't let fifty cents a week part friends; I'll take two and a half, but I give you my word of honor, ma'am, that I have an offer at Dr. Howell's, down the street, at eleven dollars a month. Mrs. Howell said she never paid more than ten dollars; but the doctor said he liked my face, ma'am, so he said he would give me eleven dollars if I'd go; but still fifty cents sha'n't part us, ma'am. What's your name, ma'am? I don't think I rightly heard."

"Newton," I answered, much amused.

"Newton? Oh, yes; I've heard of it; it's a very respectable name indeed. A very good family, ma'am!"

"But you have not told me yet, Margaret, where you have been living; I am not willing to take a cook without a recommendation."

"Oh, here's a bit of paper, ma'am, that I got from Mrs. Wilson, where I lived last—a kind of recommend, you see—for when—"

"That will not answer. I never take a servant from a written recommendation; I must see some one with whom she has lived."

"I entirely approve of it, ma'am, entirely; besides, it's not fashionable now to have written characters, I believe."

I was getting desperate.

"Where does Mrs. Wilson live?" I asked.

"Oh, she's moved. She lives on—street, on the right hand side of the way; only a moderate sized house, but you'll find it nicely furnished. You don't think we could strike a bargain now, do you? I would come and stay a week, and you could try me, and in the meantime you could inquire my character, and if we didn't suit each other, why no harm done."

I was breathless with all this volubility; so, opening the door, I told her to call the next day, at noon, for her answer. She had gone half way down the hall, when she turned and asked,—

"Have you stationary wash-tubs?"

"No."

"No stationary wash-tubs? That's strange; there is always stationary wash-tubs in the first families. I suppose you've a range, and hot and cold water pipes in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma'am, could I see the kitchen? I always like to see the kitchen before I engage to go to a place."

"It will be time enough for that when I make up my mind that you will suit me," I answered, walking resolutely to the front door.

Nothing but the fear of my friends coming and finding me without a cook would have induced me even to inquire into Margaret's character. The mistress of the "moderate sized house, lately furnished," gave her a sufficiently good reputation to make me take her on trial. She had been installed in the kitchen but a few hours when I was sent for, and found all the pots and kettles, and, in fact, every kind of cooking utensil, out in the middle of the floor.

"I'm very particular, ma'am," she began, "about the things I cook with. You'll have to get me another sort of a tin kitchen; I can't roast with this up and down thing at all." (My last cook had discarded the old-fashioned tin kitchen for an upright one to fit the range.) "And this heat-steak broiler—why, it ain't fit to cook with in a gentleman's family."

So she went over nearly every kitchen article before her sometimes condescending to praise a thing very faintly, or saying perhaps she could make it do, but requiring me to spend twenty dollars for new articles.

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The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—A pretty face.

Business Habits.

"There is probably not one farmer in ten thousand," says an exchange, "who keeps a set of accounts from which he can at any moment learn the cost of anything he may have produced, or even the cost of his real property. A very few farmers who have been brought up to business habits keep such accounts and are able to tell how their affairs progress, what each crop, each kind of stock, or each animal has cost and what each produces. Knowing these points a farmer can, to a very great extent, properly decide what crops he will grow and what kind of stock he will keep. He will thus be able to apply his labor and money where it will do the most good. He can wean out his stock and retain only such animals as may be kept with profit. For the want of such knowledge farmers continue, year after year, to feed cows that are unprofitable, and frequently sell for less than her value one that is the best of the herd, because she is not known to be any better than the rest. Feed is also wasted upon ill-bred stock, and keep of which costs three or four times that of well-bred animals, which, as have been proved by figures that cannot be mistaken, pay a large profit on their keeping. For want of knowing what they cost, poor crops are raised year by year at an actual loss, provided the farmer's labor, at the rates current for common labor, were charged against them. To learn that he has been working for fifty cents a day during a number of years, while he has been paying his help twice as much, would open the eyes of many a farmer who has actually been doing this, and it would convince him that there is some value in figures and book-keeps. It is not generally understood that a man who raises twenty bushels of corn per acre pays twice as much for his ploughing and harrowing, twice as much for labor, and twice as great interest upon the cost of his farm as a neighbor who raises forty bushels per acre. Nor is it understood that when he raises a pig that makes one hundred and fifty pounds of pork in a year that his pork costs him twice as much or the corn he feeds brings him but half as much as that of his neighbor, whose pig weighs three hundred pounds at a year old. If all these things were clearly set down in figures upon a page in an account book, and were studied, there would be not only a sudden awakening to the unprofitableness of such farming, but an immediate remedy would be sought. For no person could resist evidence of this kind if it were once brought plainly home to him. If storekeepers, merchants, or manufacturers kept no accounts they could not possibly carry on their business, and it is only because the farmer's business is one of the most safe that he can still go on working in the dark and throwing away opportunities of bettering his condition and increasing his profits."

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common. Hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue; but as the blood goes faster than common to the brain, it returns faster, and no immediate harm may result. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast that the vessels burst, and the amount of blood sent to the brain is greater than the capacity of the vessels to receive it. This causes apoplexy.

These are Mr. O. Come's observations on the effect of the light on the transpiration of plants: The transpiration of water is effected by light as well as by the other physical agents influencing evaporation; and therefore, plants transpire more by day than during the night, and the amount is proportional to the intensity of the light and the parts of the plants which transpire most are those which are most intensely colored.

Grant's First Display of Cowardice.

At the marriage of John Russell Young, to Miss Coleman at Hartford recently, General Grant was a guest, and when the ceremony was over the company waited for the general to take precedence in extending congratulations. The general went forward, leading his pretty little grand-daughter, Fred Grant's child, by the hand, and after shaking hands with the bride said to his grandchild: "Won't you kiss the lady?" The bride caught the child in her arms, kissed it, and then looking up blushingly said: "I would like to kiss the grandfather, too, if I dared."

The veteran warrior, who had faced a blazing battery, seemed all at once to become a trembling coward. He flushed up, looking sheepish, but conscious that the bride was peeping at him from behind drooping eyelids and was waiting for him to say or do something, mechanically extended his hand, and the next moment a fair face was in his beard, imprinting a kiss upon the line that marked his mouth. He seemed to be in a tremor as he grasped his grandchild's hand and backed away. All the young gallants were surprised at the cowardice of an old soldier before a

bride. The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—A pretty face.

Bits of Science.

Schödel's liquid blacking consists of fifty parts asphalt, fifty parts naphtha, six parts linseed oil varnish, fourteen parts train oil and thirteen parts spirits of wine.

It has been proved by Herr A. Muntz and others that the substitution of maize for oats in feeding horses has attended with very satisfactory results.

It is stated that the streets and public places of Paris are lighted with 45,815 gas burners, sixty-three electric lamps, thirty-five vegetable oil lamps, and 263 mineral oil lamps.

A great number of analyses and experiments conducted by Mr. A. Levy, show that grapes ripened in sunlight contain 3.51 per cent. more sugar, and 1.27 less acids than those matured in darkness.

From an examination of statistics compiled by Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, and Dr. Richardson, of London, other is far the most used of anesthetics, only one death occurring from it in the course of 23,294 admissions. Bi-chloride of methylene causes death ones in 5,000 instances of use.

The Sanitary Engineer is glad that the officials of water works in New England are about to organize an association.

It believes that such a society will be of great service in advancing some of the important questions which concern the management of public water supplies, such as waste, etc.

At Salzburg, in the Tyrol, some old bricks were found to be magnetic. Experiments on the clays in the neighborhood showed that the bricks, which contained iron pyrite, mica, feldspar, argillite iron garnet, chlorite and hornblende, became, after intense heating, capable of affecting a magnet.

The gasometer of the greatest height and the largest capacity is in the possession of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, London, England. The inner lift is 2.8 feet diameter by fifty-three feet six inches deep; middle lift, 211 feet diameter by fifty-three feet three inches; outer lift, 214 feet diameter by fifty-three feet, thus having a total height of 153 feet nine inches.

The new or "Wells coot" is steadily increasing in brightness, and must ere long be a very conspicuous object in the heavens without the aid of a telescope.

According to Mr. William R. Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., its approximate position on May 1, will be as follows: Right ascension, twenty hours, thirty-eight minutes; north declination, sixty-eight degrees fifty seconds.

In Norway, woodpeckers damage telephone poles by boring through them, supposing that the hummung sound produced by the wires is caused by insects upon which they feed. Bears also remove the supports of the poles, instinct leading them to suspect that the hummung is produced by wild bees and that the poles contain honey. Instinct, like reason, is not infallible.

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