

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$5.00
One copy, six months, \$3.00
One copy, three months, \$1.50

The Chatham Record

VOL. V.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 5, 1882.

NO. 4.

W. A. LINDSAY

ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
One square, two insertions, \$1.50
One square, one month, \$3.00

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Paradoxical.
What was it when a babe I lay?
'Caught on' to me one summer day.
And almost walked with me away?
The measles.

A SKETCH.

Even if Tom Bayne did only get a salary of one hundred dollars a month, that fact alone did not hinder him from mingling in the best society of the town; for he was not a base mechanic, or a retailer's clerk, nor yet a street car driver.

"Position is everything," cries a well established adage, consequently T. B. took his place in society and kept it because he had a position - a position in the fulfilling of whose duties he did not soil his hands, though the money he handled might be blood money.

Of course he belonged to the "Gentlemen's Club," and bore up his end in the manifold expenses of that very expensive concern; he attended the same church as his employers, and contributed freely and ostentatiously, fifty cents each Sunday.

But when with Don Alonzo, John Hightone and Joe Abram the flying bowl was quaffed, or the "clamagone, you know," his tongue dealt in flowery eloquence, and he was unanimously crowned laureate, because of his attractive, polished manners and the abundance of spicy stories always at command.

But this divergence has been made as a text to be, and as a base for the story of Tom's trouble and what came about through an evening party. And if the personal sauto too strongly of a photograph - which is to be dreaded, because who ever knew a photograph album filled with "no name" strangers' faces and figures to be interesting? - the indulgence of an indulgent public is asked.

On this particular morning, at about nine o'clock, the sun broke through the veiling clouds, and a ray of his welcome light cutting its way down through the smoky atmosphere disclosed to Tom's eager eyes an envelope bearing the familiar monogram of a society belle lying before him on the dusty desk.

"Were you invited?" "Get a bid?" These were the only remarks or replies of Mr. Tom for the customary salutations of his fellows. Then on a Thursday evening he made his glad way alone and in a high priced carriage, to the scene of action - to the evening party. He was attired in full dress, regardless of cost (although his tailor threatened to seize on collateral), and in the dressing room took every possible occasion, and there were many, for stooping at those who had not come similarly attired. And as carriage followed car-

riage to the hospitable door and the "expected" did not come, Tom, whose bosom had long been agitated with a harrowing doubt, which this very night he had resolved to fathom, grew more and more despondent. And the cool, sarcastic Fred Grayner, sitting easily in a tilted-back chair, and himself clad in a plain tweed suit, by several opportune remarks added to his despondence.

"The damned fellow!" quoth our hero. "Thinks himself my equal, I do believe, and in that miserable suit!" All of which reflections were lost on Fred, and by T. B.'s particular intention, for he assuredly respected the robust physique of this hated critic.

The utterances of a fellow who in love may be overlooked, especially when that love is at the fever heat, and who overlooks and are charitable with T. B. for these intemperate sayings concerning Mr. Grayner who, all the town knew was a rival for Miss Bartholomew's hand.

The reflections of the rivals glaring at each other under the bright gas light:

Fred - "Won't Agnes give him blazes this evening if he comes near her again with his sickening pleading for marriage and blatant tales of his own acquisitions? If she doesn't, I'll take the job out of her hands and rid her presence of the shallow-brained club. What a miserable air of utterly-utter!"

"If that young jackanapes in the tweed suit dares to approach Miss Agnes," thought T. B., "won't she start him, though? The idea of him daring to dance with her - she clad in white satin, he in that old business suit!"

A rustic of rich, heavy mien on the staircase, and though the half open door two gentlemen witness the entrance of "the expected," and with a little further description of Mr. Grayner we leave the amiable and well-wishing pair, and make the acquaintance of a few of the assembled - just to fill in the corners of our drawing.

He wasn't notoriously well-to-do, but his home from a respectable family, and being a hard and willing worker, had rapidly risen in the estimation of his employers and acquaintances. He was only a warehouse hand in a wholesale crockery house, but was studious, a regular church-goer, and unostentatious in all things. Being such, he had gained Miss Bartholomew's esteem, and the reproached feeling had become so intense that this evening was to be a red-letter evening of his young life, an assault on Cupid's battery (a forlorn and hopeless combat sometimes,) having been resolved.

Now Agnes, if he only knew it, really loved him and despised the blatant Tom; not knowing this he felt the usual anxiety, and, poor fellow! was trembling in his boots.

The corners and background of the sketch. Here are a couple trying to talk "blue stocking," literary, and they are - where do you think? In Macaulay's Essays, and the topic Macchiavelli. How they murder the famous author's meaning, and how well they are satisfied with the high-sounding talk! We move on. It is too much. Next, the Misses Duster - whose father is a wealthy miller - ignorant and fond of display, and flirting desperately with two of the Gentlemen's Club people. Then a liberal-minded young clergyman; a boy of bank clerks enveloped, surrounded with silks and over-powering fragrant perfume, and we come back to fill in the "black-and-white," and put on the finishing touches to the main figures.

I said that Tom made his "glad way" to the party, which was perfectly true. Now if I had added that at the door of the entertainer's house a shabbily dressed girl had handed him a note, and earlier a gentlemanly dressed person had handed him another, both concerning him deeply, I might have been thought to be again diverging. These notes disturbed but did not trouble the almost imperturbable Tom. What does it matter to him if he owes his wack-woman for three months' work, and his tailor for a year's clothes? Why, nothing at all!

There is a sense of such delightful freedom in the society of these Western towns! In the East, as a rule, there is as near one grade as possible present, and no people who are particularly better or particularly worse are invited, judicious consideration and tact governing the whole matter. In the West, every one is invited; the grading being done not by those who give the party, but by the instinctive feelings of the invited. Consequently that delightful sense of freedom. Said a Western lady of high standing: -

"We are hospitable and very free with strangers, but we can tell quickly and easily when we are being imposed upon." And the answer made to her assertion was that they were too apt to misconstrue the approaches of strangers afterwards, to repudiate their familiarity, and thus do occasionally irretrievable harm.

Owing to this freedom and to the division of the guests in their respective cliques, Fred Grayner was able to isolate

Miss Agnes quite soon after her coming; only to get the poor satisfaction that he must escort her home, the carriage to be sent on ahead. But Fred had noticed, and so had T. B., with failing heart, that she detached the rose Bayne gave, and wore his humble spray of mignonette.

On finishing a waltz and promenade gaily over to an alcove, T. B.'s spirits rose, cheered with the exciting dance, and then he began. Why at this juncture should those notes that had been given him drop from his peep, unfolded and open to the keen glance of Miss Agnes? This we cannot divine, and ascribe it like all mysterious willings of the Unknown, to fate - eternal fate. One glance sufficed her. "W. W. Fashion & Co. clothes; one hundred and twenty-five dollars." Mrs. Murphy, three months' washing - eighteen dollars.

Mr. Bayne's protestations as to his entire independence of the mercenary world amply atoned for her breach of etiquette, and she determined to give him a lasting lesson then and there. A woman quickly decides with an impostor.

"What are those, Mr. Bayne?" "Ah! letters from friends - invitations, I suppose."

"Invitations, yes! To what?" "The dire truth was revealed to T. B.; his game was over; he saw ruin in her stern yet amused face; he was beaten; the floodgates of shame opened, and hastily excusing himself he gained the open air, and vented his excited feelings under the cold and unympathetic light of the stars."

Father Time has been busy for nearly two decades now since Fred Grayner and his innamorata took their gay homeward walk under the sympathetic starlight, and his razor edged scythe has during these years reaped more than one of the sheaves which formed part of the background of the "sketch" of the party. It is at least ten years since an entry opposite Tom Bayne's name in the club book read: "Unable to pay dues."

And at least five since he was summarily discharged from the office of the great distillery. Then, after that "Black Friday" of his, he subsisted through the medium of odd and miscellaneous jobs; forming all the while, however, the main figure of the group that every evening occupied the spacious arm chairs under the oak trees of a well known sample room. Finally his familiar face, with its scarlet nose, and the rag clad form, were missed altogether. On our voyage of inquiry we ended in an obscure corner of the city cemetery, and by looking at "No. Forty-three" on the headstone of a grassy mound, and comparing with the guide book, we found that the name was that of Thomas Baynes.

Fred Grayner did not marry Miss Bartholomew after all, and is comfortably settled with a cheerful, warm hearted little wife. He possesses large business interests, interlinked with the duties of a prominent public office. His well-stocked and well used library, and the handsome etchings, paintings and articles of vertu which his house contains, betoken the full enjoyment of the higher pleasures of this transitory human life of ours. He has attained the respect of all, and retained what is still greater - his self-respect. When he folds his loving wife in his arms he realizes that in giving up the match with Agnes Bartholomew - marrying a woman, not money-hungry - uniting with one who loved him and would continue to do so whether he reached a pinnacle of fame or no, he did the wisest of all possible things. He has reached that pinnacle, and thinks that had he married Miss Agnes and not acquired fame, there would have been an overlasting picnic in their household.

My sketch is now done, but the colors not having all dried in, a few touches here and there seem to be in order. In writing it I did not propose the rendition of a homily on temperance - though I incline that way - but rather have shown a strain to show the effect of early companionship in the formation of character. Many others have done so before me, and maybe will again, but the fact remains and always shall, that the greater care a young man exercises in choosing his companions and occupation, the surer he is of ultimately getting a high place on a stout rung of the celebrated ladder which we all climb more or less.

A Long Bridge.

The bridge of the Northeastern Railroad over Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, now being constructed, will be six miles and a half long and will be the longest trestlework known. The spiles are being driven in clusters of four, and when the water is deep or the bottom somewhat soft, five are driven. All are crooked, and the engines and others extend that the bridge will be far safer than if constructed of iron, as wood, when subjected to the crooked treatment is impervious to rot and worms, and is not so liable to break as iron. The bridge will cost \$3,000,000.

A Strange Story.

Nineteen years ago a Louisville belle was led astray by a man whose wife forsok him when she learned her husband's victim had borne a daughter. The runaway wife took with her her little son. Smitten by remorse, the Lethario wandered over the country for years, and returned recently to Louisville in time to see the child of his son and his legitimate daughter, who, not knowing each the parentage of the other, had been married for a year.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Miss Dada Fletcher, the gifted authoress of "Kismet," is one of the characters in the American quarter at Rome and enjoys an unenviable position, being liked and pitied at the same time. Since her unfortunate affair with Lord Westworth, who acted so shamefully, she has grown much older, and the loss of her luxuriant hair changes her appearance greatly.

Mrs. Browne, mother of the late "Antimus Ward," is a fine-looking old lady of some seventy years, and possesses charming conversational powers. She resides in a pretty cottage in Waterford, Me., where she enjoys the calls of her numerous friends, to whom she exhibits a collection of autographs of hundreds of persons from all the States, and also many foreign lands, who have at some time been her guests.

Clara S. Foltz, "the learned lady attorney" of San Francisco, was recently at the United States Circuit Court in Oregon. According to a Western contemporary, when Judge Deady "replied the distinguished lady seated in the room, he immediately rose, and taking her by the hand, escorted her to a seat beside him on the bench, and after the adjournment of court he introduced her to every lawyer present."

Lulu Velling, the youthful pianist, is one of the musical prodigies of the age. She was born in Pottsville, September 19, 1868, and from her earliest youth evinced great love for music, and took her first lesson on the piano at the age of five. In 1878 she made her first appearance as a public performer, and was overwhelmed with praises. Her repertoire includes the music of Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Tanzi, Scarlatti, and other well-known composers, all of which she plays without notes.

Mrs. Eran Stevens, one of the best-known of American women, occupies a spacious brown stone front on Fifth avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, New York - a house so crowded with rare paintings and statuary, and objects of art of all kinds, as to denote not only vast wealth but a highly cultured taste. Mrs. Stevens converses, indeed, very fluently about art, as she does about most subjects, whether they concern politics, religion or science. She is not only a well-read, but she is a very brilliant woman.

Mrs. Sarah Ity, a washerwoman of Leadville, who has made a fortune of \$1,000,000, has had an eventful life. She was the first white woman who ever dared to set foot in Leadville, and as such helped found the city. She dug in the mines, scoured the plains as a scout, and, last, but not least, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and to-day has a snug little fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year. She is now a woman of about fifty, weighing some 140 pounds, and is rugged and spry. She has a daughter that she is educating in the East, who is a handsome and lady-like girl of 18.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was not the first love of Lady Bartlett-Counts. When about thirty-four years of age, she was deeply in love with the tenor Mario, whom she followed to this country, and she always attended every performance at which he sang, occupying a stage-box entirely alone, and causing much surmising as to who and what this plainly-dressed woman was who sat throughout the opera with a rapt expression on her face as if she were fairly enchanted by the tones of the heavenly tenor. When the performance was over and Mario neared the stage-box in response to the recall, she would bend on him a look full of admiration and then glide away in her carriage.

Alexandria's daughters, the three young princesses - Louise, Victoria and Maud - differ as greatly in character as in physiognomy. The eldest, Louise, has the fine features and the grace of her mother; she is gentle, gay and affable, in short, the Parisienne of the three. Victoria, the second daughter, is the image of her father; she is proud, rather reserved, and attaches herself little to people; she unites to a thorough consciousness of her own dignity a generous heart, easily moved; her intellect, which is greatly developed, only renders her the more engaging. The youngest sister, Princess Maud, can still be called a baby; she is about ten years of age, and in appearance bears a great likeness to her grandmother, the Queen; she is good-hearted, and, at times, even a little serious.

A Strange Story.

Nineteen years ago a Louisville belle was led astray by a man whose wife forsok him when she learned her husband's victim had borne a daughter. The runaway wife took with her her little son. Smitten by remorse, the Lethario wandered over the country for years, and returned recently to Louisville in time to see the child of his son and his legitimate daughter, who, not knowing each the parentage of the other, had been married for a year.

Cured Easily.

"What's on your mind?" asked the little doctor, cheerfully, as a distressed-looking woman climbed the stairs at the sign of the big foot, on Woodward avenue.

"Warts on my nose, doctor," rejoined the woman, laying aside her veil and revealing a protuberance of uncommon dimensions on the very tip of a Roman nose.

"That'll come off as easy as an affixed head," said the doctor, "and leave not a trace behind. How long, madam, may I inquire, have you been afflicted with this miserable wart?" "Ten years," said the woman, dejectedly. "I've always been afraid to have it taken off; besides, my friends said it was a sign of good luck."

"It's big enough to be a sign for a cheese factory. Now, if you will walk into my parlor I will soon show you what a mistake you have made in not coming to me nine years and eleven months sooner. Sit down, please," continued the doctor, who is a chiroprapist, as well as a wart doctor. Then he produced a case of instruments, from among which he selected a fine probe. A search among the bottles discovered a tiny vial filled with a straw-colored liquid that emitted a pungent odor. The woman looked on suspiciously.

"I've left word at home where I am," she said, sternly. "I don't want any experiments tried on me." "Perhaps you'd better keep the wart," said the doctor, coolly. "It's fifty cents in my pocket, anyway, and I've taken 25,000 warts off of different women's faces, and never killed any body yet."

That settled the matter. The woman resigned herself to fate, and the doctor made a pass over the wart and it rolled off like a Turcoman's head; then he wound the probe with some soft wool, dipped it in the vial, and jabbed at the spot where the wart had been, talking, meanwhile to keep up his patient's courage.

"Took forty seven warts off one man's hands [jab, jab]. Something curious about [jab]; you never see 'em come and you never see 'em go, unless they come to stay, as in one did, and have to be urged to leave [jab, jab]. I've taken warts off babies three months old and boys' hands. I've taken thousands off of boys' hands. Warts are so natural to boys as the measles [jab, jab]. The little fellows have lots of fun with them, selling them and giving them away. They steal mother's dish cloth and bury it, and when the dish cloth is consumed in the earth the wart goes away - at least that is what is expected. Ever try to sell this wart?"

"Yes," said the woman. "I've tried to sell it and tried to give it away, but nobody ever seemed to want it, and when I read pieces in the paper about the woman with the wart on her nose it made me awful mad. For I knew it was me they meant all the time. I stole a piece of pork once and buried it near a running stream, but it didn't go away. It ok it off once with a silk thread, but when I could turn round twice it was back again."

"That's 'cause you didn't kill the root," said the doctor; "if you kill the root there's no more trouble. That's what I'm doing now. This liquid is an invention of my own, and it eats out all the foreign substance, the fungus growth, and the diseased flesh that causes it. I cure moles and birth marks the same way. Now, if you have any moles, my eradiator will remove them without leaving a single scar."

"I've only one mole, and that is on the back of my neck, and I wouldn't have it taken off for a hundred thousand dollars. It signifies long life and riches."

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

Federal Adventure on the Frontiersmouths of Rapids of the Colorado River. A correspondent, writing from El Dorado Canyon, Nev., under date of June 18, says: Another of our old-timers has been swallowed up by the treacherous Colorado. Barney Coleman and Benjamin Gough, accompanied by two Indians, started up the river last Friday morning in a skiff for the purpose of catching driftwood. After reaching a point between twelve and fifteen miles up the river the boat, becoming unmanageable, was drawn into an eddy and disappeared in an instant.

The skiff at the time was near a steep cliff of rocks, whose walls were two hundred feet in height, and the Indians, observing that the eddy was about swallowing the boat and crew, jumped out and clung to the rocks and Gough endeavored to do the same thing after them. He secured a slight hold to the perpendicular side of the cliff, clinging to it only for a moment, then fell into the water and was seen no more. Coleman sprang from the stern of the skiff out into the river and put beyond the eddy, where he waited for the appearance of the boat. He had not long to wait, but it seemed to him ages, when he caught a sight of it, bottom upwards, a few yards down the river, when he swam after it, overtaking and clinging to it.

In this condition, for three miles, he shot shooting past rocks, plowing through breakers and whirling about in eddies, when he came face to face with one of those roaring rapids and treacherous eddies so numerous and so dreadful in the Colorado. There was no time to lose. Another chance between life and death, and that chance perhaps was the only one in a thousand. The reaction was formed one moment and executed the next. The skiff was in the midst of the rapids, standing on end, another breaker and over it went. This was an indescribable moment to Coleman, whose sole reliance had deserted him, as he felt a prisoner in the hands of death, and though he had scarcely known his strength before, here was a desperate opportunity for its test, and he says that he felt that he was a mere straw at the mercy of wave one second and an eddy the next.

Here was waged a fierce and protracted struggle for life between a powerful man and skiffed swimmer, weighing 225 pounds, and first a whirlpool and then a rapid, whose force and size and danger can never be realized except by the man whose life was trembling in the balance; but courage and human strength prevailed, and the brave man swam on over rapids and through whirlpools for the distance of three or six miles as was probably ever won by man. Who can imagine his feelings as he reached in safety and crawled up on the river bank, where he lay for some time completely exhausted? As soon as he had regained sufficient strength Coleman set out for the canyon, and, shoeless and naked, after a tramp of six miles over the barren, rocky mountains and through deep canyons of burning sands in the heat of a broiling sun, he arrived, his feet bleeding and fearfully lacerated by the sharp rocks.

Western Dressed Well. A large refrigerator building is in course of erection at West Washington market, New York. It is reported that it is being built by Chicago men for the reception and keeping of the dressed meats shipped from Chicago to New York in refrigerator cars. The business of shipping beef in this manner to Baltimore and the Eastern cities is said to be confined at this time to three firms, who are shipping forty carloads a day, containing fifteen hundred dressed cattle. It is claimed that the meat when it reaches its destination is as fresh and sweet as when it left the slaughter house, and that at no distant day the West will supply the Eastern cities with meats at from eight to twelve cents a pound less than they now pay. It is natural that a difference of opinion should exist on this subject, both in respect to the quality of the beef and the price it can be sold for in the Eastern markets. At present those conversant with the cattle trade express the opinion that the Western fresh beef movement is purely experimental, but they are no less disposed to believe that in the hands of skilful parties the scheme may be made a success. Other persons equally experienced in such matters declare that the effect of it will be to do away with private slaughtering.

A cynical old bachelor of Portland, Oregon, accounts for the fact that Portland is the wealthiest city of its size in the Union, by stating that it rains there for six consecutive months of the year, and as the women cannot get out to go shopping the wealth naturally accumulates.

A man in Twiggs county, Ga., has married four women during the past fourteen months. The first three are dead. It will happen so sometimes. This man is avenging the wrongs of his sex.

Maid of Modern Athens.

Maid of Modern Athens, one I return to regions where Beams are not the staple dish. Great, oh, great the thing I wish. Hear the words I speak to you: "Boston girls are quite too good!"

By the angels in your name, By your home-made cotton hose, By that highly-cultured mind, Of the true Platonic kind, Hear, I pray, my words to you - "Boston girls are quite too good!"

From your disquisitions on Metaphysics and St. John, From an airing of your views, From your No. 7 shoes, From your searches for the Tone "Boston girls are quite too good!"

From your maxims and your odes, From your letters on First Causes, From all these things, if you'd be blest, Give, oh, give to me a rest, For I've found it all too true - "Boston girls are quite too good!"

VARIETIES.

A woman's bonnet is usually an affair of ocher. But much as she loves her bonnet, lovelly woman rather prefers an affair of ivory.

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse car conductor says the passengers make the freight and the horses make the cargo.

Hilltown, Bucks county, Pa., is wild with excitement over a reported discovery of silver ore, worth \$20 a ton, in a pasture field in that township.

Here is another grain of comfort for lovers of the west: A Virginia physician says he has never known an habitual consumer of tobacco to have the typhoid fever.

The report of the chemical experts, who have had Guiteau's brain under investigation, sustain the fact that he received a just reward for his assassination of Garfield.

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf wives, which leads a way to observe: "Just see what a man can do when everything is quiet."

The Rev. Andrew J. Rope, of Taylorville, Ill., is under arrest on a charge of forging a note for \$200, with which money he paid the expenses of his wedding tour.

Revalist Barnes says that he is now divinely commissioned, not only to save souls and cure the sick, but to cast out devils. He has returned to Kentucky to try his new power.

Mr. Justin H. Reibouze, the founder of the order of Knights of Pythias, is an active citizen of Detroit. He was a school teacher in Michigan when the idea of the order, which now has a membership of about 100,000, occurred to him.

The salmon fishing season opened in California on the 1st instant, and so large was the catch that at least twenty thousand were dumped on the wharf at San Francisco, the dealers being unable to dispose of them. They spoiled in the hot weather and had to be thrown overboard.

Mr. Silas Davenport, now living in Sharon, Mass., claims to have been the first newsboy who sold copies of the New York Sun in the streets of New York. On the 13th of September, fifty years ago, he took some of the first issue of the paper and disposed of them in the streets. Mr. Clark, a hatter, being the first purchaser.

A Remarkable Career.

Was that of the Hon. John Tol, who died recently at Victoria, B. C., age ninety-one years. In 1807 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and within a few years had visited almost every portion of the vast territory from Hudson's bay to the Columbia river. He visited Montreal in 1812, and Astoria, Oregon, in 1814. Afterward, in the Peace river country, he spent nine years without hearing his mother tongue or seeing the face of a white person. Forty years ago he was in charge of old Fort Kamloops, and one day, when almost alone, was surprised by a large party of Indians, who invaded the fort for the purpose of plunder, and, perhaps, murder. Quickly knocking out the head of one of several barrels of powder, he deliberately lighted a match and threatened to blow up the fort and everyone in it if the Indians did not instantly leave the neighborhood, which it is needless to say they did. He was a member of the first Executive Council of Vancouver's Island, and held that position several years, but retired to private life about fifteen years ago. He retained full possession of all his faculties to the day of his death.