

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$2.00
One copy, six months, \$1.00
One copy, three months, .50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. V.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 26, 1882.

NO. 7.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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A Western Maid Mull-r.

Miss Muller, so the gossip say
Fitted in quite a chaste way;
But Maul with a laugh, pronounced it fudge—
Yet we caught her wink at the ratty Judge.

BARNEY'S PATIENCE.

His name was Barney MacFlaherty.
He was a man well built and muscular,
a mechanic working for five dollars per day,
and beaming among his fellow laborers
as a bright and shining light;

Why didn't you come to work this mornin', Barney? said a fellow workman
to Mr. MacFlaherty, coming from luncheon
on a bleak, snowy day in December.

I'll set up the drinks, Fatty—reat easy on that.
I never went back on my friends yet, did I?
That boy'll cost me plump one hundred dollars, but that's all right.

The third day dawned upon the little stranger,
and sent its accustomed dim light into the window
and into Patience's room.

Barney had worked rather steadily in the meantime,
even with late hours and dissipation.
They lived in a small, one roomed tenement,
and boarded two blocks away at the cheapest restaurant,

But the year was at an end; their expenses were only a third share of his wages,
yet there was never a dollar for her needs
and the debts had increased.

bermaid. Her life was almost unvaryingly dull,
but then she had never had the advantages,
the close friendships and pleasures of other girls,
and she would thus, in hope of a brighter future,
tolerate the present.

Were only those troublesome debts diminished,
instead of making daily fresh developments,
then the struggle would be a comparatively easy matter.
With bitter sighs and lonely tears she longed
for the day when her cage should measure more than ten feet square;

What had she done to be thus tried?
the childish wife of seventeen asked herself despairingly.
Would he who marks the sparrow's fall not pity her
in her time of need?
The faith she had been taught in Providence
as a sinner of sinners,
of relief to the disheartened at the eleventh hour
she felt, in spite of her efforts to support it,
was slowly dwindling and dying within her.

These were her reflections as Patience sat daily working by the dark little window.
The chill of November weather numbed her fingers.
She hoped the next trifles of money realized from her shawls
might be spent in procuring wood for warming the room,
and putting the box stove standing in the corner
once more into use.

Why didn't you come to work this mornin', Barney? said a fellow workman
to Mr. MacFlaherty, coming from luncheon
on a bleak, snowy day in December.
Why, what ails ye?—ye are smilin' all over I!

I'll set up the drinks, Fatty—reat easy on that.
I never went back on my friends yet, did I?
That boy'll cost me plump one hundred dollars, but that's all right.
Tell the boys to prepare for a jamboree
at Barney's expense. Go 'long, Fatty.

The third day dawned upon the little stranger,
and sent its accustomed dim light into the window
and into Patience's room.
The last candle had flickered out early in the night,
and the infant had cried for nourishment
and other attention which its mother was unable to give.

Nothing since the tea he brought me before you came yesterday.
Well, then, how do you expect to nurse the baby or nurse yourself? said he, impatiently.
Let me see it, stepping to the bedside.
Good heavens! not a dry thread on it! As cold as ice,
and eating its fingers up! And you, catching hold of Patience's wrist,
are freezing, too. Well, what else could be expected?

that she would drive us out at once if she knew the state of affairs.

Well, then, I'll report your husband's doings to the police, said he, with renewed impatience in his voice.
The drunken scoundrel was raising through the streets last night like a madman,
with a dozen of his clings following at his heels,
and all howling like a pack of wolves.

Oh, for mercy's sake, doctor, don't do it! cried the despairing wife.
It would do no good, and Barney don't mean to be anked to me.
You won't do it, doctor, will you?

Well, all right then, I won't, was the angry reply.
If you like his treatment, I assure you I shan't envy you your lot;
but this is my last visit. I have got no business where there is no one to carry out my instructions.
Women are fools; natural fools! Good day, and before Patience could speak again
the irate doctor was gone.

Early in the afternoon Barney staggered into his wife's room with eyes half closed,
face bloated, and the fumes of brandy enveloping him like a cloud.
With a delicious look and thick tongue he made an effort to say,—
How is our boy, Patience? Is he getting big and fat?
Here is a rattle I got for him to play with.
Let's give it to him. He's a fine fellow!
Let me kiss my little son.

With that he lowered his head over the infant,
now in quiet slumber on its mother's arm.
It fell heavily, and in a drunken stupor the father lay insensible,
the weight of head and shoulders on the frail little infant.
Frenzied with fright at the danger of her child,
Patience shrieked for help;
her every nerve was strained to hold him off,
and the strength of her arms was superhuman
in one in her condition.
After a few moments' struggle she cast the murderer upon the floor.
Then, looking upon the lifeless body of her child,
she wailed as if bereft of reason.

With the grief-stricken mother two months passed somehow,
no one knew how; she did not even know herself,
as the greater portion of that time she had been in kind insensibility.
She remembered some one beside Barney had made efforts to care for her,
a colored woman, who for a few weeks had been hired by him to attend her.
This woman's nursing had brought Patience back to life.
Barney was overjoyed to see his wife improving,
and he poured into her ears his repentance;
but it savored much of his natural shallowness.
However, had it had a firmer foundation, it was too late.
She loathed him as she might a snake that had stung her child.
Never could she look upon her husband without a fancied recurrence of that awful hour.

Daily the invalid gained strength under the devoted but ill-paid care of the colored woman,
who persistently continued to call a couple of times a day.
Her husband had long since gone to his work again.
At last she felt herself able to walk out of the room,
the very atmosphere of which seemed impregnated with a waking nightmare.
It was the dusk of evening;
Patience Trodweighty, attired in her best robes,
bade farewell to the MacFlaherty domicile,
descended the stairs,
stepped into the street,
and went—but it didn't matter now where she went.

Barney found abundant sympathy for the loss of his Patience in his fellow-workmen,
and a balm for his wounded heart in the cup put to his lips by fair and graceful women,
earning their support by the sale of their smiles,
little witticisms, and social toleration of such as he.

Patience's life, after her flight from her husband of a year,
was neither a happy nor a long one.
When she bade farewell to all earthly trials she was followed to her grave by women,
some of whom were pure in heart,
sincere in tender sympathy,
capable of a fine sense of right,
and had souls full of true kindness.
But others of them were only out for the sake of parade;
women such as nature had not deigned,
on the day of their creation,
to endow with a particle of the worthy instincts given in greater or less degree to most all creatures both human and animal.

MONA: Know yourself and the nature of the beast; tame your lion first;
take the place of the proverbial lamb last.
An envelope marked as containing \$5.00 was found to hold nothing but blank paper,
on being delivered by an express messenger at a Fort Wayne bank.
The puzzling question for a jury to decide is whether the money was in the package when the company received it or a fraud was perpetrated by the bankers who sent it.
Positive proof of either theory is not obtainable.

He did a dishonorable thing to me, and that's why I shot him, said Patterson,
after firing on Burke, in Indiana.
Bourke's deplorable act was to advise a greenhorn, whom Patterson intended to rob,
to leave most of his money in a hotel safe before going out on a spree.

A North Carolina Venice.

Probably Morehead City is the only city in the world without a wheel in it.
I do not think there is a wagon or a buggy horse in the town,
and very few in the country.
Everything is done in boats.
There is not a house in the county that a boat cannot get within a mile of.
Not a doctor or lawyer owns a horse—they practice in boats.
The people go to funerals in boats,
and when they arrest a man they carry him to jail in a boat.

The main export of the town besides truck is fish,
but the fish caught here embraces everything from a whale to a shrimp.
Last year two or three whales were taken off this coast,
and a whale is worth from \$1,200 to \$2,000.
It is said they get between the shore and the gulf stream,
and in trying to beat out to sea are sickened by the warm water.
They turn in shore again,
and strand themselves.
Along the bays and inlets mackerel are caught in large quantities in nets.
But this wholesale fishing is neither picturesque nor interesting.
A pretty sport practiced along shore is spearing flounders.
A small row boat is put adrift.
A man with a flambeau walks alongside up to his knees in water.
In the bow of the boat sportsmen stand with slender gigs.

Along the bottom, by the reflection of the light,
can be seen white flounders half buried in the sand.
They remain perfectly still while the gig is poised above them,
and never move until they are either speared or missed.
The only drawback to this sport is that occasionally your torch-bearer is stung by a stingaree.
A stingaree is simply a long buggy whip, broken out with small spurs and filled with steel springs,
aquarortis and needles.
When he hits you,
lockjaw is the mildest result.
The "little nigger" contingent about Morehead makes its living by crabbing.
With a little boat, hardly bigger than a tub,
they go out in this surf,
and, flopping in and out like amphibia,
soon come in with a bushel or two of the ugliest-looking and sweetest-tasting things that swim the water.

One other very important industry of this most interesting place is the raising of "marsh tacks."
The marsh tack is a shaggy pony,
hardly larger than the Shetland,
light built and hardy.
He lives in the water,
and will not eat corn or hay.
He is brought up on the marsh grass,
which he eats between the tides.
They cost literally nothing,
breeding in droves like wild horses.
Each drove has its leader,
who selects the eating grounds,
and decides when the tides are going out or coming in.
Once every year the owners have what is called a "pony penning."
All the ponies along the coast,
running into the thousands,
are driven in by boats,
and either branded or sold.
They bring \$15 to \$30 apiece,
and it is a tribute to their utter wildness that a "broke" pony—that is, one that can be ridden or driven—is called a "trained tacky,"
and brings \$70.

They are in great demand in the middle part of the State,
eating little and doing a heap of work.
They run down to skin and bone before they learn to eat corn or hay,
but then fatten rapidly and lose the ugly, reddish color the salt water gives them.
There are men who buy them in large numbers,
train them, and take them to the mountains
and get fancy prices for them.
As I write there is a drove of tacks marching in slow and sedate procession against the horizon.
The leader,
bearing his responsibility with dignity,
picks the way carefully,
and his company follow with a blind sense of confidence.
The water, as it splashes about their legs,
glistens like showered silver,
and their red sides shine against the sun like bronze.
On they go,
as birds beat homeward in the twilight,
growing smaller and more indistinct as they plod their steady way.
At last they are but specks above the water,
moving dumb and patient to some well desired goal.

Leaves for Bedding.

In the scarcity of rye straw,
and the absence of saw-dust,
and other material for bedding cattle,
we have been forced to use forest leaves to keep the horse and cow in cleanly condition,
and on the whole are much pleased with them.
The gathering was from the road side,
and along the walls,
where brush and leaves had accumulated for years.
A few basketfuls were put under the animals every morning,
and kept there until they were well saturated with the urine and then thrown out into the manure heap.
With a plenty of this material,
kept dry under a shed,
and used abundantly,
there is very little loss of liquid manure.
As an absorbent,
it is much more effective than we expected to find it.
Leaves have a high reputation as material for the hot-bed and the compost heap,
and are worth the labor of gathering,
in most cases for their fertilizing properties.
Cords of them are going to decay in the sight of almost every rural home,
and it is the rare exception that they are utilized.
Meanwhile the fields and garden are famished for want of manure,
or supplied with concentrated fertilizers at forty dollars a ton.—[American Agriculturist.

What Napoleon Ate.

The supply of fresh provisions was derived from Brazil and Cape of Good Hope,
and as the sheep and cattle had to endure a long voyage,
they arrived at St. Helena lean and out of order
and never fattened after landing,
as the island furnished no means of restoring them to condition.
The flesh was invariably tasteless,
sometimes even quite unwholesome.
St. Helena furnished no game.
A few red partridges and pheasants arrived twice or thrice a year.
Chinese pigs alone arrived fat and lovely,
and M. Chandelier reports favorably of them.
He says that their flesh was delicious,
and that it gave him infinite pleasure to prepare pork giskins, sausages and black puddings,
all of which Napoleon was very fond of.
Fish was scarce,
none of the European kinds visiting the island.
Oysters, crabs, lobsters or any kind of shell-fish,
were not to be had.
Only two kinds of fish were at all tolerable;
one was what the French called the "bonne femme,"
and the other,
which is long,
like an eel,
but not thicker than the little finger,
is called the needle-fish.
The only fruit of any value was the banana;
this he utilized in fritters,
or food with rum.
The climate was so variable that neither citron nor oranges could ripen;
grapes and apricots never came to maturity;
apples, pears and peaches were as bad.
Napoleon's breakfast consisted of sorrel pottage,
or any other refreshing pottage,
breasts of mutton boned and well grilled,
served with a clear gravy,
a roast chicken or two giskins,
and sometimes a plate of pule.
For dinner he had a pottage,
a remove,
two entrees,
a roast and two side dishes of sweet meats or pastry,
of which he was very fond.
This was always served on plate.
The removes used to puzzle M. Chandelier,
for he often had nothing for the purpose but large pieces of beef,
mutton or fresh pork,
with sometimes (by a happy chance)
a goose,
a turkey or a sucking pig.
Madeira,
Tenerife and Constantine wine were the wines supplied to the suite of the Emperor.
His own drink was claret,
and that he drank very moderately.
Napoleon's cook is particularly noted in these "Reminiscences"
what dishes his master preferred:
Roasted fowl,
pullets minced "a la Marengo,"
"a l'italienne,"
"a la Provencale" without garlic;
fricasseed fowls sometimes done in champagne,
which was very dear in the island,
as much as twenty shillings a bottle.
He liked pudding;
"a la Richelieu"
but above all,
he preferred sweet things and pastry,
such as "vois-au-vent,"
"petites bouches a la reine,"
and little cakes of macaroni prepared in various ways.

The cook was unable (he relates with much sorrow)
to make those as good as he ought,
because the macaroni,
though sent from Naples,
grew stale on the passage,
as did the Parmesan.
As Napoleon's health grew worse
he was more difficult to please,
and poor M. Chandelier found his skill and ingenuity taxed to do this.—[New Orleans Democrat.

Climate.

Animals and plants are, alike, indigenous to the location in which they are produced.
All plants and animals are adapted to the soil or climate in which they received their life.
To transplant a shrub from one climate to those widely differing,
is unnatural,
and must be, in a measure,
unfavorable to growth.
The same must be true of man,
the abruptness of any change from one climate to another in marked contrast,
cannot but be unfavorable to health and vigor.
The acclimation when there is an extreme of temperature,
must tax and waste vital force.
We may safely change our longitude,
selecting a sea-side residence,
or a more elevated location,
as the circumstances may demand,
but when the latitude is changed,
to any great extent,
we shall find ourselves exotic,
subject to the consequences of our imprudence.

He is indeed foolish, ignorant of the laws of the body,
who supposes that he can find a location or a climate in which he can practice self-indulgence with impunity,
violating any or all of the laws which God has instituted,
and then avoid the just penalty.
These laws know no exceptions,
tolerate no aristocracy,
exercise no compassion,
grant no pardons.
Obedience is the synonym of health,
disobedience decrees pain and suffering.
All climates—in the matter of longitude—are adapted to their inhabitants,
and only demand right living—save in a few exceptional cases—to secure a good measure of health—better than the average in most communities.
If we adapt ourselves to these laws,
the climate will adapt itself—if it need be—to us,
granting all of the health we may live for,
or decree by our obedience to God's requirements.

"I like to hear a baby cry," said a crusty old bachelor.
"Why?" he was asked.
"Because then the little nuisance is taken out of the room."

Sir James Alderson, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen is dead.
Bites, the extraordinary physician of American Presidents, is still alive.

The Cypress Timber of Louisiana.

A wood in which Louisiana has a great interest is cypress,
which the State grows in larger quantities than any other in the Union.
We have valuable cypress swamps along the Atchafalaya and its tributaries,
and scattered throughout the southern portion of this State.
The merits of this wood have only recently been discovered.
When the sawmills at Beaumont and Orange, Texas, began manufacturing cypress lumber they found very little demand for it,
but they have since quadrupled their production
and find an easy market for all they can saw.
This lumber is just beginning to be introduced into the Northern markets,
and its advantages are now acknowledged.

The wood is fine grained.
After exposure to the air it becomes of a dim reddish color.
It possesses great strength and elasticity,
and is lighter and less resinous than the wood of the pine.
To these properties is added the faculty of long resistance to the heat and moisture of a Southern climate.
The color of the bark and properties of the wood vary with the nature of the soil.
Trees growing near the natural bed of rivers,
and surrounded half the year with water to the height of three or four feet,
have a lighter colored bark than those standing where water does not reach them,
and the wood is whiter,
less resinous,
and lighter.
These are called white cypress.
The others are darker,
and so called red cypress.

Along the Mississippi river,
from the delta to the mouth of the Arkansas river,
grow large cypress swamps,
just back of the cultivated land.
In these swamps,
where, on the deep,
mucky soil,
a new layer of vegetable mould is every year deposited by the floods,
the cypress attains its greatest development.
The large trees are 120 feet in height,
and from 25 to 40 feet in circumference above the conical base,
which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk.
Those felling the trees build scaffolds five or six feet high,
upon which they stand to chop down those huge Southern vegetable monsters.
The base is usually hollow for three-fourths of its bulk.
Its surface is longitudinally furrowed with deep channels,
the ridges of which serve as cramps to fix it more firmly in the loose soil.

In the preparation of the wood,
both varieties,
white and red,
should be cut in winter,
and seasoned until perfectly dry.
It is extensively used for building purposes.
Roofs covered with cypress shingles from timber cut in winter will last for forty years.
The boards are preferred to pine for the inside work of brick houses and for window sashes and panels of doors exposed to the weather.
Cabinet makers use it for the inside of mahogany furniture.
It has been used for the sides of vessels,
and to a limited extent for masts.
Large trunks are frequently made into canoes,
some of them thirty feet long and five feet wide.
They are more solid and durable than those of any other tree.
It makes the best pipes to convey water,
especially the red variety.

This truly excellent wood is now used for various purposes,
and there is an increasing inquiry for it.
Boat builders use it to a considerable extent.
Many of the small boats belonging to the men of war in the United States,
service are constructed of cypress;
much is used for water-tanks,
sugar coolers,
and cisterns,
on account of its durability;
some enters into the construction of houses and house finishing,
it being excellent in ceiling,
and large quantities are made into shingles and railroad crossties.
The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company ordered 75,000 of these ties to be used upon its road this season.
In some instances the shingles are manufactured with the large end finished round and octagonal,
that the roof may present a finer appearance.
These kinds are used upon churches in the rural districts,
and upon villas where the builders wish to display some taste in lines that vary from the ancient straight and conventional methods.
Some claim that shingles,
properly prepared,
will last 100 years.
They are certainly very durable.
Wood taken from submerged swamps,
which has been in contact with the decaying influence of mud and water for untold centuries,
is found to be in an excellent state of preservation.
Cypress logs have been taken from the soil deep underneath New Orleans in good condition.
Evidences are abundant and conclusive in regard to the lasting properties of the wood.
Hence it is gradually creeping into use more and more each year.
Already it is being used in many houses in New York city in finishing,
with calls for more.
Five million shingles is the estimated amount of consumption in the New York market,
with an increasing demand.
At least 3,000,000 feet of the wood will be required to supply the market to railroads this present year,
and about 2,000,000 feet of lumber for general use.
It is exported to some extent to Cuba,
France,
and England.
Lumber has been sent abroad,
but in no great quantities.

Let Me Like a Hero Fall.

I care not where my place may be
Along life's battle line;
I would that friends and foes should see
At fate I'll never repine.
For whosoever a man may be,
Tho' he be great or small,
He still can live with bravery,
Or like a hero fall.
Yes, comrades, may we always be
Prepared for any call;
Ever courageous true and free,
Or like brave heroes fall.
All cannot fill the ruler's place;
But by our acts we'll show
That treacherous foes we'll promptly face
Wherever we may go;
You may not carry battle swag,
But you can strive for all;
And if you face death 'midst the din,
Then like a hero fall.
The greatest men were those who fell
In battle's fierce and hot;
And not the coward who will tell
About his "share of shot."
It is enough if you were there;
The world's eulogies all;
Who face a danger anywhere,
Or like brave heroes fall.

VARIETIES.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has become an active member of the Woman's National Labor League of Washington.
"Silence that dreadful belle," said Spicer,
as the beauty of the hotel howled an operatic air in the parlor.
A young Virginian has invented a machine called the "lung destroyer."
It can turn out 150 cigarettes a minute.
Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague had six pianos in the parlor.
It is not surprising that her husband applied for a divorce.
Beecher thinks no torment can surpass that of hay fever.
Mr. Beecher is evidently coming around to Bob Ingersoll's idea.
Mayor Baker, of New Orleans, is in New York gathering attractions for the Mardi Gras festivities in the former city next February.
An Italian organ-grinder, enraged by bad business,
smashed his organ with an ax at Springfield, Ohio,
and made a bundle of the pieces.
Scene: A fashionable restaurant not far from Madison Square:
"What makes that man smek so?" "Sh! He thinks he's driving horses."

Some philosopher has observed that to be a good conversationalist,
one must needs be a good listener.
This is especially true if the conversation is to be by telephone.
"Yess," said Brown, "poor Johnsbury is sinking fast.
His mind is fast losing him."
"Nothing very alarming, is it," remarked Fogg,
that a man should lose his mind?
Visitor: "Ain't them pretty old ducks for a bass ball nine?"
Rector: "My dear sir, they're not ball players;
it is the theological faculty of my college."

An exchange contains an article on "Young women Who Die Early."
This frequently occurs;
but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.
There is still standing over the spring at Soldier's Rest,
Clarke county, Va.,
the log-cabin built by Gen. Morgan
and occupied by Washington as his headquarters when he was a surveyor in the Valley of Virginia.

Intermarriage between whites and blacks is a penitentiary offense in Texas,
and those who break the law usually take care that there shall be no evidence of the ceremony.
But Eldred, a Dallas lawyer,
made a public wedding on taking a mulatto for a wife,
and, in consequence,
is now in jail awaiting trial.

The American Brakeman.

A good many harmless,
but none the less undesired squibs are fired by the newspaper press at the passenger train brakeman.
The average brakeman is defective in elementary training,
and does not understand the oratorical charm of a musical voice
and a distant clear-cut articulation in announcing such names as "Shickshony,"
"Patagumpus,"
"Square Ranch,"
"Smeltungus,"
"Bat River,"
"Shoekmaehunk,"
and like specimens of railway station nomenclature.
The defect is in his education,
and is more a misfortune than a fault.
Let the fanny ditzie try his vocal capacity at repeating day in and day out,
with monotonous iteration,
the same set of names,
and he will in a short time have what newsboys and street hucksters have,
a partial paralysis of the tongue that would make his syllables run together automatically in spite of himself.
This, we imagine, is the cause of much of the incoherency complained of in the announcement of stations by brakemen on passenger trains.
It cannot be denied,
however,
that many brakemen are incurably careless in this matter
from pure indifference and laziness.
We are reminded of one of this kind who has served for several years on a local train in New Jersey,
who sings out with a worried drawl:
"Sixash Marketsete, Nake,"
which,
being interpreted,
means:
"Next station, Market street, Newark."