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Constancy. To constancy a thousand fancies are reared, To constancy a thousand songs are sung; The virtue honors it, exults and reveres, Theme of the old, and goal to tempt the young.

AN UGLY BIRD.

Up in the mountains stood a wooden hut, and there Jacques lived with his father and mother. A prettier spot you never spied, Never was grass so green as hereabouts, and although the mountains showed their snow-clad heads above it, they seemed like great, good-natured giants whose task and care it was to keep the tiny cot safe from harm.

Jacques bowed and blushed, and blushed and bowed again, as he answered that he was quite well, and hoped his honor was the same. "Pat on your cap, child," said Mr. Vedal, kindly. "So father has plenty of toys ready for our villagers yonder, has he?"

The boy had only gone a few steps further, when he suddenly stopped. "Here's a bird!" he exclaimed. "And such a bird, too! An uglier specimen of its kind it would have been hard to discover. He had a huge head, set on a gaunt, ungainly body, short wings, and enormous feet and claws. His eyes were bright and piercing, with a curious, far-away gaze in them, his voice a hoarse, deifying screech.

The toymaker began to prepare for his departure, and the packing of his goods was the work of some time. One evening, in the middle of all, a visitor appeared—Mr. Vedal. The goat was in his customary corner; Jacques on his knees helping his father to sort the dolls in their proper sizes; while his mother sat knitting. As for the bird, he had been abroad from an early hour, but was sure to come back.

The toymaker greeted the notary heartily, and offered him a chair. Mr. Vedal shut the door as he came in. "You are a bold and brave man," he said, speaking quickly. "Can I trust you to go to the Auberge for the guard?" The toymaker drew nearer to him. "What do you mean, sir?" he asked. "Three men are on my track to rob, perhaps murder me, and I am defenseless. Listen, my friend. When first your son told me that you intended going to the fair, I thought I would see you and put you on your guard, but I was busy then, and am old, and have delayed till it may be too late. The men I speak of have been lurking in the neighborhood for months past. Returning but now from visiting a client, who has entrusted me with a large sum of money, I found they were in pursuit. I was mounted, and distanced them at first, but my horse fell under me. Hurry, now, and bring the guard, while I do my best to hold the place—they will soon be here."

THE FASHIONS. Small bonnets and large round hats are announced. The latest and most attractive novelty in children's dress is the Pale cap. Rose colored tulle is worn across the shoulders with black ball costume. Shoulder capes of Gairpure lace are the most stylish black flecons now worn. Gold straw, gold beads, braid and cording trim many of the new imported bonnets.

A silver horseshoe is fastened on the arm at the meeting of a long tan glove with a short sleeve. The newest ribbons for trimming are velvet on one side and corded like Sielienne on the other. Breakfast caps of fanchon shape are made of the new mulls with colored grounds on which gay roses are printed. Copper shades with electric blue, strawberry red with rifle green, and brown with green, are the contrasts of colors favored for autumn toilets. Very long stemmed roses are the artificial flowers most desirable for corsage bouquets. A single row coat \$1, and from five to ten mounted in a group. Combinations of black and white are as popular as ever. Petticoats are made of it, while the upper portion of the costume may be black silk, cashmere or nuu's veiling. At the millinery openings last week, muffs were shown to match bonnets. The soft tuft of velvet or plush trimmed with chenille fringe is prettiest with dark bonnets. Cloth costumes are increasing in favor. Tiny checks, such as are seen in gentlemen's business suits, are liked for those toilets, and are shown in dark shades. Castigated edges make a tasteful finish for basques and skirt-front breadths of cloth and cashmere dresses. They are made more effective by being welted with a cord or fold of bias silk. Red woolen goods are lavishly used for little people. Scarlet hills, with dark blue blouses, scarlet grounds with blue gimpis, or with scarlet, are frequently seen and are usually becoming. New basques are single-breasted. When ornamental bust drapery is added it takes the form of a long gimpis, or a short plastron, either square or oval, and made very full by gathers and folds. Corded silks outnumber satins in imported dresses. These are to make a rich, slender overdress, with skirts of long broadened silks that have the figures of plish or velvet thrown up on a corded silk surface. Students' caps of velvet with a soft crown, a shirred band, a large bow in front, and a bird's wing on the left side, are worn by young ladies, and are chosen to match the color of the costume with which they are worn. Silk squares for the neck are doubled and pointed low in front, and the open square filled in with two frills of lace. Sky blue, crushed strawberry, and ecrusse squares are used, with the edges scalloped or trimmed with lace or hem-stitched. Velvet round hats with high, square crowns and straight brims in sailor shape are becoming to youthful faces. They have two wide bands of velvet folded around the crown, and a dagger or arrow of gilt, bronze or silver is thrust into the band. Carrick capes late away the stiff, plain look of cloth redingotes. They are made of plush with a turned-down collar fastened by a silver brooch; or they may be of the cloth of the garment with the collar covered with braiding, and a border of braiding on the edge. Arrow-points, arabesques, lotus leaves, obelisks, columns with various Egyptian and Turkish designs are woven in the new lacy-trimmed wools that are fashionable overdresses. Japanese storks and fan patterns are also imported, but have lost favor as they have been so long used. A skirt of velvet embossed with bronze kid, and a paletot of cloth lace with a border of fur or feathers is an elegant model for winter suits. Dark green and seal brown are the most desirable colors for such a dress. The bonnet is a poke of felt with a velvet band and a large bird for trimming. Black lace bonnets that have been out of use almost for a generation are being draped on petticoats and trains of the stately dresses worn at dinner parties. Chantilly, Spanish and Gairpure are the favorite black laces for bonnets. Bonnets covered with a scarf of the lace to match are worn with these dresses at receptions. The Italian army and navy now cost the State \$61,000,000 per annum, or fifty per cent. of the whole amount of the general expenses of the State, including the cost of public works, and exclusive only of public debt interest, railway subventions, and the like. A woman is under sentence of thirty-five years' imprisonment for selling hitherto not a spiritist, has been converted to that faith against his will, and is preparing to leave a house subject to such unpleasant visitations. A Cincinnati Ghost Story. The Cincinnati Enquirer relates the ghostly experience of a citizen of that place, who has recently been frightened almost out of his senses by mysterious noises in his house. The strictest investigation has failed to explain the mystery, and the gentleman, although hitherto not a spiritist, has been converted to that faith against his will, and is preparing to leave a house subject to such unpleasant visitations.

Advice to a Slim Young Man. "I want to see an editor," said a slim young man who wore very light pants, a hat about the size and shape of a peanut-shell, and a collar that seemed to be always reaching for his chin without quite getting there, as he opened the door yesterday afternoon. "If it's anything about a delightful reception was held last Thursday evening at the residence of our well-known fellow-citizen, John Smith, or Miss Beatrice Perkins will spend the autumn at Mukwanago, you'll have to take it into the other room," said the horse reporter, "because the society editor is out editing a chicken fight this afternoon, and the orders are to turn all the social gruel over to the janitor. Tomorrow is window-closing day."

"I came up to see," said the young man, "whether one of the editors would have any objection to giving me some advice on a matter in which I am deeply interested. I may say that—" "You're in love, aren't you?" asked the horse reporter. "I know you are, anyhow," he continued, without giving the visitor a chance to answer. "There is a sort of nervous, hesitating, cat-in-the-hat-wagon look about your eyes that tells me you are in love. What's the trouble? Girl gone back on you?" "I think not," replied the young man. "I cannot believe that any one has usurped my place in her affections." "Duce what?" "I say I do not believe her love has faltered?" "You mustn't have such a Boston way of talking," said the horse reporter, "or we shall be able to get along well. The girl hasn't weakened, you say?" "No." "How's the old man? Have you corralled him?" "Do you mean the young lady's father?" asked the visitor, a look of mild astonishment passing over his countenance. "Certainly I do," responded the reporter. "How do you loom up in the parental horizon?" "The father of the young lady does not object to me," was the reply. "Well, then, what's wrong? You have the girl on your side, and her father is agreeable. It looks to me like a walk-over for the money."

A Woman's Nerve. Early on Tuesday morning, Mrs. David Conhain was aroused from sleep by a burglar's stealthy step. She could hear the burglar moving along on his hands and knees from the dining room to the bed room, and at each step something struck the floor which she believed to be either a billy or revolver. But in the meantime the burglar had taken all her husband's clothing, which had been left on a chair, including a gold watch and chain and \$60 in cash, and was stealthily making his way back toward the dining room door, which opens into a yard fronting Eleventh street. Mrs. Conhain concluded that the time for action had arrived. She left her bed, walked to a bureau in one corner of the room wherein a loaded revolver was kept, and in doing so must have passed within a few feet of the crouching burglar. After gaining possession of the revolver, she entered the dining room just as the burglar had passed out to the porch, where he was found standing on the step with most of the stolen clothing under one arm, and the vest held in his right hand. This brought them within about three feet of each other. The brave lady covered the thief with the weapon and exclaimed: "Drop the clothes or I will fire!"

The response came in the shape of a blow over the head and face with the vest held in the burglar's hand. He evidently intending to either blind her or knock her down with the weight of the heavy gold watch in the pocket. Luckily, however, the watch flew out of the pocket, and as Mrs. Conhain threw her hand up to ward off the blow, the chain struck between her fingers, close to the watch. Instantly she closed her hand over the time-piece, gave a jerk backward, which broke the chain, whereupon the burglar, with a fierce oath, threw the vest at her face, unconscious of the fact that the sum of \$60 in currency had been left undisturbed in one of the pockets. The burglar then started toward Eleventh street, Mrs. Conhain firing two shots at him, without effect probably, and following him as closely as possible. When he reached the sidewalk on the latter street he stopped an instant, threw up both hands and dropped all the clothing on the sidewalk, Mrs. Conhain picking them up and carrying every garment back to the house.—St. Paul Press. Curious if True. The St. Louis Republican says: "Speaking of mind reading and magnetism, a few days ago a gentleman, recently returned from a European trip, related an occurrence wherein there surely seems to be something more than mere whimsicality or caprice. A lady well known in Boston is given as authority for the story, the incident having happened to herself. She, some time after the murder of Jennie Cramer, in New Haven, was stopping at a Boston hotel, and being among the recent arrivals, was placed at a table devoted to those guests of the hostelry. She was seated at a table directly opposite quite a fine-looking man, who seemed perfectly gentlemanly and polite. Upon sitting down to the table the first day she found she could not eat anything, and her appetite always failed her whenever she sat down to table with this man opposite her. For several days in succession when sitting at the table she felt sick, weak and oppressed with fear, and was at a loss to explain the singular coincidences. After thinking the matter over for some time she found that she always ate heartily on the few occasions that the polite gentleman did not sit at the table with her. She spoke to the waiter, desiring another table, and explaining confidentially the reasons for which she asked the change. In accordance with her request she was placed at another table, and ever afterwards ate very heartily and with none of the sense of oppressiveness which formerly came over her at the other table. She went away for some time and came back to the same hotel. The waiter recognized her and mentioned the facts connected with the change of eating places. She had almost forgotten the affair and wondered why the waiter called the matter up again. He asked her if she knew the gentleman who had exercised over her such a peculiar influence. She stated that she had not the faintest idea of the man's character, knowing only that she instinctively shrank from him. The waiter then informed her that her companion at the table was none other than the celebrated Walter Malley, who, with his brother, was accused of the murder of Jennie Cramer."

The Crying Evil. Our beer is full of awful things, There's tears all in our candy; False notes, too oft, the tender singers, Our brandy's anything but brandy; Our tea would make Celestials weep, Our wootens bubble o'er with cotton; Good food is always on the top, While underneath is placed the rotton. The oyster laughs for skill to scorn, They can't adulterate potatoes; But, though we know that 'eggs are eggs,' They often seem half-saladinos. The English ale is far behind, The brew that pleased the chery Dickens, And I'm convinced we buy a kind Of patent light-on-vite chickens! On with the dance! We must not dare To spend a moment in reflection, Since what we eat and drink and wear Is filled with what we're not expecting. My farwell words, though few and sad, Perchance may be anticipated— Our politicians are so bad! They cannot be adulterated!

VARIETIES. A wire 6,000 feet long over the river Kistnah in India is the longest in the world. It is stretched between two hills 1,200 feet high. A New York letter carrier was arrested for stealing money letters, when it was discovered that he had four wives. No wonder he had to steal. "The proper study of mankind is man," Pope knew better than to say "woman." Woman is too deep a study for anybody to undertake. Judge Allen, of Boston, called up a lawyer in open court and compelled him to refund a fee of \$25 from a poor woman whose case he had utterly neglected. Brown—"Did you say, sir, that I could be as fast as a horse could trot?" "Pro"—"No, sir, I simply said that few horses could trot as fast as you could lie." Brown—"Oh!" An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance. A French chemist has discovered that the flavor of cheese is determined by the germs in the atmosphere. The germs must be in a state of rapid decomposition where Limburger is manufactured. "How far is it to Manayunk?" asked a weary man, who was going there afoot. "Seven miles," was the reply. "Whom do you wish to see there?" "Faith, it's myself I'd like to see there," was the retort. There is a man out in Sonora who rejoices in feet that are seventeen inches in length, and finds further pride in the possession of a sweetheart who cannot get her feet in his boots. Emigrants from St. Louis? Rome is asserted to be unprecedentedly healthy. Last winter only sixteen English Protestants died there, of whom all were over 68 and one 97. The municipality contemplates further improvements on a great scale. The Rev. Saurice Dana, an Oneida Indian, is traveling as a revivalist. He tells his congregation that his pious mother called him to her deathbed and asked him to go to a secluded place and pray. He did so, and heard a loud voice from heaven commanding him to throw away his tomahawk and scalping knife. A great ball of fire burst over his head, and other phenomena marked his conversion. He adds that his tribe refused to believe his story, and remained scoffers. Terrible Scene in a Church. While the usual Wednesday night services were going on in the Roxboro, N. C. Baptist Church, which was crowded, the immense chandelier, holding twelve large kerosene lamps, and suspended from the ceiling, broke and fell in the midst of the congregation. As the chandelier fell, the lamps were overturned and spread hissing sheets of fire in every direction, and in an instant the church and many of the congregation were in flames and others were stifled by the black oil smoke, which quickly filled the building. Men, women and children were soon crowded together in one huddled mass, all panic-stricken. The minister was among the first to recover his presence of mind, and he at once called to the deacons to preserve order, and persuade the congregation to be calm. This had the desired effect, and as soon as the minister, who fortunately had a stentorian voice, shouted the names of the different church officers present they began at once to break open the doors and windows, and organized to remove the women and children. The church, which is a large frame building, without galleries, had four doors and large windows on each side, and fortunately was not raised high above the ground. The congregation, therefore, were enabled to get out without delay. Several ladies and an old gentleman were badly injured by the falling chandelier. Numbers of others were burned by the oil, but up to this hour no deaths are reported, but it is feared that four of those present, all young ladies, will die from the effect of the flames.