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ADVERTISING.

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Weary of Waiting.

I'm weary of waiting and waiting
For my long-chained joy to come;
Yet full well I know that each evening
But heralds the dawn of a new day.

Which sometime will burst in full rapture
On me and the joy that is mine,
And when my heart thinks of that moment,
It throbs with delight that's divine!

Still I am so weary of waiting,
Is this life made up of hard things?
I know that the birds wait for summer,
And the swallows wait for their wings.

The sea ever rolling and tossing,
No ceases to dash on the shore,
Must wait till the far reaching billow
Rolls just where its mate broke before.

Tell me of what use these things
Which enshrine for more than life?
And why is a tear hot and shimmering
Off mixed with a loving kiss?

Is it for one long round of dark shadows,
Which come when we want them the least,
And haunt us like specters of the eyes,
We take to a funeral feast?

Ah! dear child whose eyes are unclouding
Amazed on our strange little world,
Your wishes like the swallow's are waiting,
Their chances to become unfurled.

And when they have grown a bit stronger,
And able to bear you in flight,
What now is so puzzling and painful,
Will then stand out clearly and bright.

This life is a picture, my darling,
From cradled down to grave soil,
And wonder if it is progression,
Because it is painted by God.

And these fluttering shadows, dear child, heart,
Are chambers of rest where we wait
Until we can bear the sun's sunshine,
Which will be our sunnier of fate.

So do not grow weary of waiting,
Or grieve over watching a long
Remember the rain and the snow,
Must wait for the fulness of song!

Then cultivate patience, my darling,
And when you've unfolded your wings,
You'll find that the discipline passed through,
Has led you to bear greater things.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"They don't any of them like me," said Belle Brabazon, with the suspicion of a faint sparkling under her lovely dark eyes. "And I've tried it, hard to win them to care for me just a little."

Captain Cardan looked a little more at the pretty girl who was swinging her self slowly toward him, the pendant stem of a large gold bracelet, embossed with a light Oriental shield, which glowed in the light of the September sun.

Her attitude was unconsciously picturesque. Her light hair shone, her cheek was flushed by the fresh air and exercise; and altogether, Captain Cardan thought that she would have made a superb model for Proserpine, as she lingered in the woods before Apollo whisked her away into the lower world.

"Ah, but you must be mistaken," said he. "It isn't possible, you know, the village girls can dislike you."

"But they do," said Belle, with an imperative nod of the fair, sunshiny head. "Oh, I've an instinct, Captain Cardan, that never misleads me. And it's very hard, I think, that when I came out to Wild River to have such a nice time, they all turn the cold shoulder to me. Why is it, Captain Cardan? Am I ugly, or cross, or uncivilized?"

"No," declared the captain, with emphasis, "not one of the three."

"Then why is it?" said Belle, piteously. "Do try and find out for me, Captain Cardan, and I shall be—oh, so much obliged to you! And now it's time for them to be in, and I am going to walk down to the post office."

"Mayn't I walk with you?" said the captain, pleasantly.

"If you would mind, I'd rather go alone," said Belle, with so proprietary a smile that the captain felt no sting of wounded vanity.

But Miss Brabazon, flitting lightly along as if the tread of the soft grass was delightful to her feet, had proceeded no further than Squire Dater's stone fence, when an uncomfortable sound, like the low, muttered threatening of a distant earthquake, fell on her ears.

"It's the big red bull!" she said to herself. "I might have known he was there. Of course I can't cross the field now, and I shall have to go around by the highway, after all. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

But just at that moment a tall figure swung itself over the fence—Seth Vallance's!

"Are you afraid of Nero, Miss Brabazon?" he said. "But there is no occasion; he is chained."

Belle shrank back, with varying color.

Mr. Vallance smiled.

"I will go across the field with you," he said, "if you will accept my escort."

"I shall be so grateful!" said Miss Brabazon, with a sigh of relief.

Seth had been carrying apples for Squire Dater, his uncle, all the morning. He was in his working uniform, with a coarse straw hat shading his brown, handsome face, and a scarlet

dannel shirt transforming him into a fit ideal for a Spaniardist.

But he made no apology. It never occurred to him that there was anything incongruous in a working-man wearing his working-clothes in working-hours.

He looked approvingly at Belle's pale-blue organdie dress, and the hat, with the drooping azure plume, and the gold-threaded scarf.

But, then, Belle Brabazon was a girl, and a beauty. To what better purpose could she serve her destiny in this world than by looking lovely?

But Miss Madeline Martin, playing lawn-tennis on the level stretch of turf in front of the squire's house, took note of the couple as they crossed the rustic bridge below.

"There goes Miss Brabazon," said Madeline. "It seems that she can't even go to the post-office without picking up some gentleman, by way of honorary escort!"

"And it's Seth Vallance this time!" said Edie Joyce.

"She's a fine coquette, if ever there was one!" stingingly remarked Miss St. Ayon.

"It's too bad, I declare," said Lucetta Dater, "to have these airy, city girls come down to steal away all the men's hearts with their smiles, and their curls, and their modern lures!"

"I don't think Miss Brabazon needs any of those things," said Edie.

"And all the men's hearts," said Captain Cardan and Seth Vallance, a third Miss St. Ayon.

"Who is it you are talking about, girls?" said Helen Manderill, a pink-and-white beauty, who had been spending the day at Dater Grange, and was just coming out to drive to the train which was to take her to New York.

"She was boneted in a distracting little capote, edged with pink crystal fringe, her tan gloves reached nearly to her elbows over the sleeves of her dress, and her general style reminded me painfully of a show-woman stepped out of a fashion plate."

"Belle Brabazon!" they all answered, in chorus.

And Edie Joyce added:

"She is from New York—telling at the River Hotel."

"Belle Brabazon!" cried Miss Manderill. "Goodness gracious! and why didn't some one tell me? I should so have liked to meet Belle Brabazon again! I saw her in the School for Saint-Andre—Lady Teazle, you know. The most perfect actress I ever knew!"

"If you're a girl in the four-fifteen train, ma'am," spoke out the nasal voice of Dater, the squire's coachman, "you hadn't no time to lose, Miss Manderill."

And blowing a gale of kisses from her pink-lipped fingers to the assembled group of girls, Miss Manderill hurried into the carriage, and was driven away.

The lawn-tennis players looked at one another with countenances of amazement, not unmixed with a certain satisfaction.

"I knew it!" said Edie Joyce.

"Anyone could see that there was something wrong about her," said Madeline Martin.

"I wonder some institution didn't receive us when we heard her name!" (Maude Muller) spoke up so emphatically that even the girls who had charades for the benefit of the church, gasped Miss Dater.

"An actress!" said Miss St. Ayon.

"Oh, how we have been deceived!"

"They ought to be moved particular about people's antecedents at the River Hotel!" observed Madeline, viciously.

"I shall make it my business to speak to Seth at once!" cried Lucetta Dater.

"What will Captain Cardan think?" said Miss St. Ayon, under her breath.

And at that moment a new visitor was ushered out on the sunny lawn, and the tide of criticism was momentarily checked.

Miss Brabazon came back to the hotel tea-table in high spirits. She had a letter from home, and her father was to come for her in a week, and the walk with Seth Vallance had given a new stir and impetus to her ideas. She had always liked the handsome, stately young farmer, but she never had respected him as she did to-day.

"He is a prince among young men," she said to herself—"a Saul, towering above his contemporaries."

After all, what nobler type of manhood is there than an American farmer?

Captain Cardan was at the table, but he seemed embarrassed and constrained, and devoted himself exclusively to his plate.

"Hang it!" he thought; "I'm as liberal-minded as most men, but my mother would disinherit me if she thought I was getting entangled with an actress. I've got to break off with her—there's where it is!"

Belle Brabazon was a little to comprehend the gallant captain's sudden cold-

ness. She addressed him as usual, but received only monosyllabic replies.

"What does it mean?" she said to herself.

There was an impromptu masquerade at the hotel the next evening, and all the girls and cavaliers of Wild River were there. But to Seth Vallance's infinite disappointment, Miss Brabazon did not appear.

She was homesome, however, in the silence and seclusion of her own room; so, when the ball-room was full, and there seemed no longer to be any danger of interruption on the staircase, she crept down the back way, and, settling herself in a secluded corner, where she could see the crowd and hear the merry music through a vine-sheltered window, which was partly open, felt more lonely than ever.

Miss Madeline Martin's high-pitched voice reached her ear, presently, uttering her own name, in unmistakable accent.

"Miss Brabazon!" she cried. "You surely didn't expect to see her here to-night?"

"Yes, I did," said Seth Vallance. "Why not?"

"Now that her thin disguise is penetrated?" said Miss Martin, severely.

"What thin disguise?" persisted honest Seth.

"Don't you know?" said Madeline. "Didn't your cousin Lucetta tell you that she is an actress?" That Miss Manderill herself saw her playing Lady Teazle in the School for Saint-Andre in New York?

"Yes," she told me that," admitted Seth. "But what difference does that make? Isn't she a beautiful and accomplished lady, just the same?"

"Seth, you don't understand the convenience!" exclaimed Miss St. Ayon, who stood smiling by, on the arm of Captain Cardan. "Of course she must feel that she has gained on social recognition, and is under false pretences. An actress, indeed!"

"I don't see," drily remarked Seth, "why an actress can't be as perfect a lady and as estimable a woman as any one. And I am quite sure that Miss Brabazon is faultless in every respect. And I, for one, am not going to listen to any gossip or backbiting in which the ladies of Wild River may be inclined to indulge."

"I approve your spirit, Mr. Vallance," said a calm, quiet voice, and Miss Belle Brabazon, sitting the curtain, glided in among them in the pale blue dress she always wore, and a cluster of half-dozen roses in her hair.

"Without intending to be an eaves-dropper, I have heard the conversation of these ladies. And I only wish them to understand that, could I rightfully claim the title of actress, it would be the brightest star in all life's comet train. But as it is, I regret to confess that I am only an amateur. I acted Lady Teazle in the parish theatricals given by my friend Mrs. Wiloughby, on Fifth avenue, and was fortunate enough to win some little appreciation. Further than that, I have never aspired to histrionic fame."

And when she left the room, which she did almost immediately, it was under the escort of Mr. Seth Vallance.

Next letter arrived, explaining that Miss Brabazon was a great heiress, and one of the most illustrious favorites of New York society, the ladies of Wild River severely gazed over their fully-managed campaign.

"How could we ever have made such an awkward blunder?" cried they.

"But isn't it strange?" said Lucetta Dater. "That Miss Belle Brabazon should have engaged herself to marry a farmer like our Seth?"

It was not so strange, after all. Seth Vallance was one of nature's noblest men, and Miss Brabazon had been a suitably good judge of character to appreciate him. —*Helen Forest Gates.*

The ear-wax which seems like anything but an agreeable or cleanly thing out of its place, evidently has a purpose. When it is too forcibly removed from the delicate wall of the external canal of the ear there is liable to develop a fungoid growth which gives rise to a great deal of trouble, and especially inflammation of the drum itself. The moral of this is to clean out only the surplus ear wax and not endeavor to scrape the canal clean with instruments that will expose its surface to the depositions of an unwholesome growth. —*Dr. Ford's Medical Monthly.*

"Have you evaporated apples?" she asked of the grocer. "Not on my hand, just now ma'am," he replied. "Don't you keep them?" "Well, I set out, but I got discouraged. I rolled a barrel of Baldwin's out in front one morning, and before noon half the lot had evaporated and disappeared. I prefer to deal in the solid fruit."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.
The latest French dresses fit loosely rather than tight to the figure.

Crystal and pearl beads ornament many drossy evening toilets.

Ottoman rep is the rival of satin, but has by no means displaced it.

Buckles and slides in immense numbers decorate all sorts of dresses.

None but slender, well-formed women can wear plush to advantage.

A jet eolante brightens up a party worn black dress very effectively.

Birds and fruits form a part of the design of many of the dressiest satetees.

The darts of the corsage are now made short, to give the figure an easy grace.

Cherrie spotted tulle makes up beautifully for ball dresses when worn over satin.

Rail dresses with embroidered flowers appear among spring importations.

Large dots, circles and moons bid fair to be as popular as ever in the spring goods.

Terra cotta satin makes a beautiful piping for a black velvet, velvet, plush or silk dress.

Ball dresses are being made of the soft veiling as much now as they were during the summer months.

The Alzar Longue, Perfection and Eula, remain as choice styles from which to select a new bonnet.

The draperies are much bunched around the hips, and even below that point by some dressmakers.

Sprays of flowers, beautifully imitated in precious stones, are taking as brooches the lead of all others.

Braunettes are eagerly to outdye champagne attractive suits while red remains the favored shade.

A princess back, with waist and train in one continuous piece is preferred for velvet dresses.

B. lines of velvet, whether plain or beaded, are elegant and fashionable for afternoon, dinner, and reception toilet.

Shawls and the collar of dresses are trimmed with flat-flying collars and cuffs of lace put on over the dress collar and cuffs.

Blue garments are the style for little girls, some with only the fronts blue, others with the hanging fullness both in the skirt and waist.

Checks, large polka dots, Greek keys, stripes, and shagreened laces are among the designs of the new satetees and satetees.

Ball and tassel fringes with diamond-shaped moths are made of satin cords for trimming canes, hair and silk dresses.

Spencerized aprons without wrinkled folds are popular for over-skirts. There are bonnets laid in plaits up the sides of the skirt and long flowing drapery on the back.

A Woman's Queer Fancies.
A woman about sixty years old, who lives in South Providence, R. I., indulges a taste which would be singular in any body, but which, considering her age and sex, is truly astonishing.

She has been, in all sorts of weather, riding on the front platform of the New York Central, and has been seen, chatting with the driver, discussing the good or bad points on the horses, and manifesting the liveliest interest in everything affording the progress of the car. Moreover, she alights with perfect facility while the car is in motion, and expresses great indignation if ever the driver stops the car to allow her to get off.

Washington's Susceptibility.
George Washington could not tell his love any more than he could tell a lie. He, Emerson, who lectured in New York on the "War of Independence," said Washington, G. W., was very susceptible to female influence, and had several serious love affairs, which his difference, however, prevented him from bringing to a successful issue.

It is not known how he got courage finally to propose to the widow Coste, and it is supposed that she availed herself of her widow's condition and experience to give occasional encouragement to George. But she brought the general's 10,000 in cash, besides her large estate and her children, and was no mean acquisition.

The Bonnet Woman.
"What ladies are the easiest to wait upon?" a reporter asked of a clerk in a city store.

"The homely ones," replied the clerk, emphatically. "Seeing a look of indifference upon the reporter's face he continued:

"It's so; I am not bracing you a bit, the prettier they are the harder they are to please. A handsome girl has been so flattered and capoled and petted—oh, two, good many times. He came up. Last time he got down, he came up he bring mud. We know water go down."

down to a steady twenty minutes' vibration between them all. She is changeable, fluctuating and provish, and if you venture to make a suggestion she skips from the store as though fired from the mouth of a cannon.

Now, on the other hand, a homely girl has a mind of her own. She is not constantly cloyed with admiration and petting from her admirers, and has drunk but precious little from the golden bowl of adulation. But she knows what she wants, asks you for it decisively and leaves you with a smile that would be charming if her mouth was only a yard and a half snorter and her teeth a little less like elephant tusks. God grant us a prosperity of homely girls. Life would be endurable without pretty faces, but Heaven help us if we lose our homely ones."

The Blood-Stanching Weed.
During the French expedition to Mexico, General Martiny was informed by a native that a plant grew in his district which was largely used in the domestic surgery of the Mexicans, and he advised the General to try in a stock of it for use in the French camp.

It goes by the name of "the blood-stanching weed"—the exact native word has not been placed on record. This plant has the property, when applied after being chewed or crushed, of almost instantly arresting the flow of blood from a wound.

General Martiny brought home some specimens of this plant to France, and cultivated it in his garden at Versailles, where it has thriven exceedingly over since, blossoms every year, and produces a sort of fruit.

Meanwhile its transplantation to Europe has not robbed it of the quality for which it was originally recommended to its introduction. Although it is quite the reverse of an ornamental plant, and is not distinguished by any beauty of color or shape in its flowers, it fully deserves, if we may trust our informant, to be widely cultivated on a scale of its rare medicinal value. The practicality of its use in the case of hemorrhage is now beyond doubt. Its effect in stopping bleeding is said to surpass all means hitherto applied to this purpose, and it is in every case to be procured cheaply and easily. —*Sunday Globe.*

Agricultural Schools in Europe.
The United States Commissioner of Education states that Austria supports no less than seventy schools of agriculture, with 2,200 students, beside 171 agricultural evening schools, with 5,500 students. Italy has three agricultural colleges and high schools, Ireland is the only one of the United Kingdom that has a regular system of agricultural education. There are 115 of the national schools that have a farm attached and form national agricultural farms. There are beside sixteen national model agricultural schools, with model farms attached. The Albert Institute at Glanville is the national agricultural college of Ireland.

France has forty-three farm schools with about thirty or forty pupils at each. The government pays the board of each pupil and allows him seventy francs a year for clothing. There are also three departmental schools of agriculture, and a national agricultural institute now in Paris.

Germany has at present over 150 schools of agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, viticulture, etc. Each of these has farms, gardens, etc., attached. The first experimental agricultural station was established in 1852, and in 1877 their number was fifty-five. Each of these is devoted to some special line of research.

An Indian Version of the Deluge.
The Muskogees, a tribe of Indians having a reservation in Tanna county, Iowa, are said by their agent, George Davenport, to observe religious rites which closely resemble those of the ancient Hebrews. They have a Bible, of which there are several copies among the tribe, which are ancient and preserved with great care. Each Bible consists of twenty-seven parts. It is written in characters and signs known only to them. They utter prayers to a supreme being in a language entirely different from that in which they converse usually. What it is Mr. Davenport has never been able to learn, nor has he been able to get a copy of their Bible. They get from their Bible a tradition which corresponds to our account of the deluge: for one day when Mr. Davenport was attempting to explain to them the existence of a God and his relation to man, and also about Noah and the deluge, one of the chiefs replied: "I don't know that long time. We were all in canoes tied together. On top of each canoe, we put down a man, one, two, good many times. He came up. Last time he got down, he came up he bring mud. We know water go down."

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are stated to be 180,000 doctors in the world. Of this number 65,000 are in the United States.

The religious ceremonies of the Egyptians were preceded by abstinence, and the sacrificers were allowed neither animal food nor wine.

An ivory arm-chair elaborately ornamented and presented to Gustavus Vasa by the city of Lubek was sold in 1825 to the Swedish chamberlain for 68,000 florins.

A type of antiquity in the vegetable kingdom is that of a fig tree in Ceylon, planted according to documentary and traditional evidence, 288 B. C., making it 2,165 years old.

There is a weekly sale in Paris of beads, which are brought in casks filled with damp moss. One hundred good beads are worth from sixty to seventy shillings. These are bought for garlands.

The Greeks held garlic in such abhorrence that those who partook of it were regarded as profane. The Romans, on the contrary, gave it to their soldiers, with an idea that it excited their courage, and to their laborers to strengthen them.

Ben Harb once wrote a poem for a soap manufacturer, for which he was paid an enormous sum; but though his name was signed to it he never believed that he wrote it, so he got the money and the soap man was only laughed at when he paraded the authorship.

A Southern paper says that a gentleman of its state has been presented with a curiosity. It is an ordinary walnut which either grew around a nugget of gold or the nugget grew in it. At any rate the gold is there, deeply imbedded in the kernel.

Ancient trial law regarded the stranger with great suspicion. He could be tortured in Burgundy if he came under suspicious circumstances, and among the Sclaves of France he was not permitted the privilege of settling in a village if a single resident opposed.

A pearl worth \$20,000, now in the possession of the Princess Yussouff, was brought from India in 1665 by the Countess of Calais and brought by Philip IV. The king asked the merchant "How could you concentrate your whole fortune upon so small a thing?" and the reply was: "Because I knew that the world held a king of Spain who would buy me."

The death of an English painter, aged fifteen years, at Newark, N. J., is recorded, with an account of a wonderful feat once performed by him, during a chase after an escaped emory, he leaped four feet in the air, and caught the bird in his mouth. When he had reached it to his master it was found that the bird was unborn, and that its feathers were not even out.

A rather curious specimen of French ingenuity, a copy of *Le Songe*, of November 25, composed by means of photography into a sheet measuring only three and a half by two, and a half inches, was received in London. This filigree journal, nevertheless, presents the full contents of an ordinary full-sized number, and with the aid of a powerful microscope can be read easily.

According to report, the Moslems must be among the poorest people on the globe. Even the rulers are poor, and when they are obliged to rob, they put one under obligation for their attention. An instance is given of a pretty speech made by a Moslem robber in appropriating a pair of earrings: "Possessing such bright eyes, senior, what need have you of these dull stones?"

The English law has always been severe upon the gypsy, the thirty-ninth of Elizabeth, repealing all former Vagrancy Acts, laid down that all persons wandering and pretending themselves to be Egyptians, or wandering in the habit, form, or attire of counterfeits, Egyptians, shall be taken, adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and further that they should be openly whipped with a covered whip, and then taken from parish to parish to the place where they were born, and there set at life, to be whipped again if they strayed out of bounds.

The slaughter of a plow ox is prohibited by law in China, and a violation of the law is punished by two months' imprisonment and 100 blows of the heavy bamboo; except in cases where the offender is the owner of the animal, when the imprisonment is one month and the number of blows eighty. Maydaries who fail to take notice of such offenses are also punished. The ox is thus honored above other beasts because he is annually offered to the Confucius, and because of his services to man in plowing and the entire dependence of the husbandman on him, man should refrain from doing him harm.

What Will You Do?

"What will you do, love, when I am gone with white ants flowing?"
The sea beyond,
What will you do, love, though waves divide us
And friends should all divide us
For being fond?"

"Though waves divide us
And friends may divide us
In faith abiding I'll still be true;
I'll pray for you on the stormy ocean
With deep devotion
That's what I'll do!"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Your fond longing
Should undermine?
And I abiding, though far from shore,
Should think of you?"

"With me, I'll be true, though guilt or shame
Name should be true,
Were you to leave me,
I'll still be true,
But that heart of mine, should another share
In?"

"I could not bear it
Nor live if I thought of it."
"What would you do, love, if home returning
To hope's high building,
And wealth for you,
If my back had boarded a foreign form
Should be for me home,
What would you do?"

"So that I could spare I'll take the answer,
In what I'll do."
"I'll be true to you,
And I'll be true to the friends of my fellow,
This heart is all yours,
I'll be true to you."

PEWEE PARAPHRASES.
A cold cold, I am told,
The next cold weather may be regarded as a commercial winter.

It's strange that it is that to tear down a house you must make it.

There is no excuse for sneering when twelve chop-queens can be bought for one cent.

A Chicago couple are grandparents to forty children. Fortunately the aged pair are deaf.

The fruit of illenness usually runs to seed. If you don't believe it, look at the tramp.

The man with a telephone silk handkerchief in the pocket who is most afraid of a nose-throat.

The shorter the tunnel, the sweeter the flies. Yet the longer the tunnel the longer the flies.

A New York girl has made \$50,000 by a single of transaction. A can of it exploded and killed her rich aunt.

The old saw "fine words butter no parsnips" is now rendered "delightful diction—elephantine no postmen's edulis."

In some cities the policemen give an alarm by rapping on the pavement. When he isn't walking his beat he is leaning his walk.

The shawl of Paddy (pychic) baird five thousand dollars a year. If the baird appears to say nothing about his shawl, the shawl is in luck.

An over-hill bachelorette, to open its shell to hear the noise of an accordion. If it was any doubt about the stupidity of the bachelorette this settles it.