

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

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 18, 1881.

NO. 2.

One square, one insertion \$1.00  
One square, two insertions 1.50  
One square, one month 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

## Life is But a Day.

A blithesome maid, at early morn,  
Comes tripping lightly o'er the lawn  
Of all that's sweetest ever seen  
The bright sun, glad heart, heart she;  
And down, by her speech the way  
Of rapt emotion, she doth say:  
"How glad a thing is life!"

O'er her at last by midday heat,  
And well high unsubmitting toil,  
A man of care lay down to sleep,  
And snored repose from life's turmoil.  
He rose and with a sigh he said:  
"As care reigned in oblivion's stead—  
"How glad a thing is life!"

## A HIGH-TEMPERED GIRL.

"No, I won't," said Theodora Reed, abruptly. "I won't! I won't! so here's an end of the matter."

Theodora was busy making her marmalade, with a pocket-handkerchief fastened, Beatrice's fashion, over her luxuriant brown tresses, a huge, checked apron enveloping her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin.

Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid, hazel eyes, rings of brown hair straying like flax silk over her temples, and rosy lips.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribable sharpness in his face, as if it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It's getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract distributors here, and week before that old Dr. Doldington and his wife, and three children stayed here five days, and that it should be convenient for the semi-annual convention."

In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia, so you must tell this young clergyman to go somewhere else. I won't have him here."

"But, my dear Miss Reed—"

"I'm not your dear Miss Reed," said Theodora, vehemently. "If I was, you would try to spare me a little of all this annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such, am expected to have neither feelings or preference, nor sensibilities of any kind. But I'm human, after all, and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every one who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—was never averse to entertaining the saints," respectfully uttered the deacon. "Her door was ever open and her amiable hospitality—"

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing-societies and company, and Dorcas meetings. I've had enough of that sort of thing, and I mean to stop. If the church-people wish papa to entertain all creation, they must raise his salary—that's all."

"But, my good young friend—"

At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Reed and Deacon Powers, stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stood there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers," said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass upon her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip.

"It's all true," she said, "every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard it. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all."

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven, and then she poured out a cup of chocolate, and ran upstairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed was sitting before his study table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once, and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said, wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?"

"Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning young face. "I do not believe that I can ever prepare a sermon."

Theodora looked aghast.

"But, papa," said she, "what can you do?"

do? Old Dr. Denton is out of town, and—"

"My dear," said the poor clergyman, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, "you must send a note to Mr. Hervey, and ask him to officiate in my place, as a special favor."

"Who is Mr. Hervey?" asked Theodora.

"I don't know," sighed Mr. Reed. "I only know that he was to be at Windfield this week. Most probably he will be at the Star hotel."

"Very well, papa," said Theodora, feigning a cheerfulness that she was very far from feeling. "Drink your chocolate now, there's a darling, and don't fret yourself the least bit in the world, and I will see that all arrangements are made."

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking.

A substitute must be found for the pulpit, and here it was twelve o'clock on Saturday!

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of no errors, and carefully copying the whole, because of a spattering little blot which fell, as if "et malis" or "et malis," directly across the second line.

"DEAR MR. HERVEY: Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place to-morrow? He is very ill of neuralgia, and is unable even to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you will dine with us to-morrow after church."

THEODORA REED.

And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in, hadn't been in since morning.

But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon, a little colored boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved, "Henry Hervey," while upon the other was written the words, "with the greatest pleasure."

And the minister's daughter, "on hospital thought intent," roared a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a poultice and baked a loaf of bread, which was light and white as a cloud.

"I'll show him that the country girls understand good housekeeping," said Theo to herself.

Mr. Reed was not able to leave his sofa the next morning, so Theo put on her pretty blue-and-white muslin dress and the gypsy hat with the roses that became her delicate complexion so perfectly, and went to church, after first seeing that the table was all spread for the cold dinner, and the coffee-pot simmering on the stove.

The church was full.

Mr. Hervey was a rising luminary in the theological horizon, and almost every one in Windfield had heard of him, so there was no lack of an audience.

But to Theodora's ineffable dismay, the tall young man who walked so composedly out on the platform was no other than the frank-faced person who had stood on her kitchen threshold, only the day before, and overheard her diatribe on the subject of undesired guests.

Under the shadow of the roses she turned redder still.

"Oh, my tongue—my unlucky tongue!" she said, frantically, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought?"

And, as may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit, she was in reality a sweet, sincere little Christian—did not do her much good that morning.

Mr. Hervey came across into the parsonage when the sermon was over, and held out his hand to blushing Theodora.

"We meet again," said he, with a smile.

"I can't help it," burst out Theodora, in desperation. "I meant every word I said, Mr. Hervey; it was all true. But—but it didn't apply to you!"

"I understand," he said, quietly. "I was a little nettled at the moment, for I merely wished for a temporary shelter while they were refurbishing my room at the Star hotel. But I can easily see, now that I have thought the matter over in a new light, that a minister's family must be badly pestered with volunteer guests. Pray think no more of it, Miss Reed."

And he spoke so frankly and pleasantly that Theo became quite at her ease, while he carved the chicken, and she prepared the crisp lettuce and limpid oil for the salad.

He was taken up to Mr. Reed's sick-room after dinner, and had a pleasant chat with him before the afternoon service.

"You have done me a great favor, sir," said the elder clergyman, when at length he parted from his guest. "And we should esteem it a privilege—my little girl and I—if you would make it

your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not, Theo?"

Theodora hung down her head, and turned pink to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. "Only—I am ashamed to say so. Oh, papa," hiding her face on his shoulder, "I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest!"

And then, infinitely to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole story of her interview with Deacon Powers.

Mr. Reed smiled, as Deacon Theo's head.

"My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But the will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Windfield. He was revising the proof sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Then," he said, one day, they had become fast friends by this time. They had been talking so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife?"

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?"

"Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly straining grave.

"It is strange, isn't it," said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little termagant as you, who proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your service. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hands in his, with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered:

"I will!"

Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all.

"If he marries such a high-tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

"But, pa," said the deacon's daughter, "every woman finds her master soon or late. Now, I think Theodora Reed has found hers." *—Helen Farris Green.*

## Note of Carl Towas.

An enterprising base ball manufacturer has got out a new ball, which he calls the "Election." It is evident, therefore, that when some crippled clubs come together, say seven or eight, the election will be thrown.

A victim of a bank failure has written a poem about the man who was killed at the institution. As the latter fell low was already imprisoned, I think the swindled depositor might have spared him the unkindest cut of all.

The man who runs for Congress or ten finds that he might have walked and saved his mind.

"I'll be blown if he buys me," said the cornet, as the man asked the price of the instrument.

Indiscreet females are all the time suing men for trying to kiss them. Just let a fellow succeed once, and see how this sort of thing will be for more.

Baggy trousers are a kind of male bags that never go out of fashion with Uncle Sam.

A Philadelphia girl fainted right in front of an ice-cream saloon. When will the rash creatures learn from experience?

Business men may complain all they please, but trade is always good among politicians, for there is always a chance to sell each other out.

## The Tomb of Rachel.

A correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune from Palestine says of Rachel's tomb. Singularly enough this is one of the places in Palestine where the traditions of Jews, Moslems and Christians agree, and where the veneration of all is bestowed. Undoubtedly it is the spot where Rachel was overtaken by her last illness when she and Jacob were journeying southward from Bethel, and where Benjamin first opened his eyes to look upon this great world. The building is a modern, white, square structure, with a domed roof of coarse plaster, and the pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site has long since passed away, but the spot is faithfully cherished in the hearts of all.

The tomb lies at the point where the Bethlehem and Hebron roads unite. Bethlehem is in sight to the left, and only one mile distant. How near Rachel was to a good halting place when her life went out, and that of Israel's favorite son, after Joseph, was kindled!

## AN INVENTOR'S WOOLING.

How Thomas A. Edison Won His Wife.

An Abrupt Courtship with an Employee Ending in a Happy Marriage.

Mrs. Mary Stillwell Edison, wife of the inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, died suddenly at her late residence at Menlo Park, N. J. She was twenty-nine years of age and leaves surviving her three children. The story of her marriage to Mr. Edison, says the New York Herald, is a singularly strange and romantic one. When he first formed her acquaintance he was about twenty-five years of age. He had just invented the chemical telegraph, by means of which could be transmitted, he claimed, on a single wire 3,000 words a minute. The telegraph, notwithstanding this, however, became subservient to the Morse system. While working on the chemical telegraph he employed several young women to punch the holes in the paper. Among them was Miss Mary Stillwell. One day he was standing behind her chair examining a telegraphic instrument.

"Mr. Edison," remarked Miss Stillwell, suddenly turning around, "I can always tell when you are behind me or near me."

"How do you account for that?" mechanically asked Mr. Edison, still absorbed in his work.

"I don't know, I am sure," she quietly answered, "but I seem to feel when you are near me."

"Miss Stillwell," said Mr. Edison, turning round now in his turn and looking his interlocutor in the face, "I've been thinking considerably of you lately, and if you are willing to have me, I'd like to marry you."

"You astonish me," exclaimed Miss Stillwell, "I never thought I would be your wooer," interrupted Mr. Edison, "but think over my proposal, Miss Stillwell, and talk it over with your mother." Then he added in the same off-hand, business-like way, as though he might be experimenting upon a new mode of courtship: "Let me know as early as possible, and if you consent to marry me, and your mother is willing, we can be married by next Tuesday."

This was the extent of Mr. Edison's courtship. It is hardly necessary to add that the highly favored lady laid the abrupt proposal before her mother.

"Ma has consented," she told Mr. Edison the next day.

"That's all right," said Mr. Edison in reply. "We will be married a week from today."

And so it was. The two were married in a week and a day from the beginning of Mr. Edison's novel and precipitate courtship. In connection with his marriage, however, a story is told quite as singular, but fully in keeping with the one already given touching his courtship. It is said that directly following the marriage he entered his laboratory in his wedding suit, and hastily throwing his coat on a bench, began work.

"Why, surely you are not going to work on your wedding night?" remonstrated his chief assistant.

"Suppose it is?" he quickly answered, setting to work with renewed zeal. "The Gold and Stock company don't care for that. They want their instruments to-morrow, and they've got to have them, marriage or no marriage; so here goes."

The wedding trip of Mr. Edison ran into the mysticisms of inventions. His wedding life, however, is said to have been a singularly happy one.

Row Penstons are Paid.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader tells how much row is exercised in granting a pension, as follows:

The pension must first be found to be all right by the appropriate evidence, which is compared with the muster rolls and the records in the war department. It goes through a number of hands, and if found all right a requisition is made upon the treasury for it. This requisition for its payment must go through thirteen bureaus before it can be paid. In the first place, you know, there must be a land appropriated by congress for the payment of the class to which it belongs, and the appropriation must be available before the requisition will be made. Then it must be drawn up and signed by the commissioner of pensions. From him it goes to the secretary of the interior, who signs it and sends it to the comptroller of the treasury. The second comptroller signs it and sends it to the third auditor, who looks it over and passes it on to the warrant division. From here it goes to the register of the treasury, who in turn examines it and hands it over to the division of accounts. If it passes here all right, it is then presented to the United States treasurer for his signature. Having been signed it goes back to the division of accounts to be registered, then to the register of the treasury for his signature, then to the division of accounts again for mailing to the depository of the pension agent who is to pay the claim, and another note must be sent informing the agent that money is placed to his credit here for payment. This is the *modus operandi* for every pension claim that is granted, whether it be for \$100 a week, as in the case of the wives of dead presidents, or \$1 a month for the end of a finger. It will be seen that through it, it is almost impossible for frauds to take place, as the backs of all the thirteen bureaus tally and an omission of a mistake in any would be at once noted in the others. It requires from ten to fifteen days to obtain the money on a claim, after it has been granted by the official.

## No Words Wasted.

In this practical era, Dr. Alternately ought to be a popular, practical tuner. If he was alive, he never wasted words, and patients who went to him were always instructed to honor his economical allosynony. Once a lady called on him and held out her finger.

"Put" as the doctor.

"Bite," replied the lady.

"Dog?"

"Fence?"

"To home and poultice it."

Next day brought another call. The doctor again.

"Better?"

"Worse."

"Foulter again."

Third day.

"Better?"

"Well."

"Most sensible woman I ever met. Three guineas. Good bye. Get out."

Another lady, who had added her arm, sought him, and exposing the injured member, said:

"Burned."

"I heard."

"I know."

The third day brought another visit and the remark:

"Well."

"Any foot could see that. Pay the porter. Get away."

The Art of Early Rising.

The proper time to rise, says the London Leader, is when sleep ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps, or is a state consisting in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body, as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and so the first to awake, or the most exhausted, and therefore, the most difficult to arouse. The secret of good sleep is, the physiological conditions of a rest being established, so to work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment, and to wake early and feel ready to rise, a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured, and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once he has been aroused. At a few days of self discipline, the man who resolves not to doze, that is, not to allow some sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened, will find himself, without knowing why, an early riser. *—Popular Science Monthly.*

## Ancestral Resemblance.

A recent writer on heredity points out the fact that resemblances will crop out in families after centuries have elapsed. There is a picture of Governor Winthrop hanging up in the state house. When ex-speaker Winthrop took his seat beneath the portrait, everyone was astonished at the resemblance between the old Puritan and his living descendant of our day.

The Hapsburgs, the reigning family of Austria have a series of family portraits extending back six hundred years. The likenesses are extraordinary, and all, or nearly all, the months have a peculiarly shaped underlip, Henry of Navarre, the gallant French monarch, assassinated by a fanatic priest, is reproduced in form and features by his descendant, the Duc de Nemours.

The Jewish race is another instance of a certain type of form and feature, maintaining its uniformity over eight hundred years. This extraordinary people have been scattered over the earth, and subjected to every variety of climate and local conditions; yet in Russia, Arabia, Morocco, Germany, England, or the United States there is a family resemblance which cannot be mistaken. *—Democrat.*

## A TREE THAT RAINS.

A Remarkable Tree of South America.

Water Constantly Dripping from It Makes a Marsh.

The attention of the Hon. J. R. Abbott, minister for mines, has been drawn to a notice in *Lind and Water* respecting the rain tree, which grows in South America, and, according to this notice, is so remarkable that travelers, when traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, have been struck with the strange contrast of seeing on one hand a barren desert, and on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The tree, this notice states, grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and it possesses the power of attracting, absorbing, and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere so strongly that water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. Mr. Abbott has called for a report on the subject from the inspector of forests, Mr. L. Bull, who has written the following:

"In accordance with your instructions, I have the honor to inform you that I have obtained the following information respecting the habits and uses of the rain tree or guango, *Albizia saman* (L. Von Mueller, or *Albizia columbiana* of Benthame). Baron Mueller states in his work on 'Extra Tropical Plants' published in 1881 that 'the rain tree or guango is a lofty tree, particularly valuable for a soft country, and it extends from Mexico to Brazil and Peru. It attains a height of seventy feet, trunk six feet in diameter, the reduced branches extending 120 feet, and it is of quick growth, in outline not unlike an ash. It forms a magnificent figure in a landscape. It thrives in the dry, sandy, and rocky districts of the West Indies, and like the vicinity of the Amazon, and few fall through its leaves, which are shut up at night, thus allowing grass to grow underneath. It thrives best where the rain-fall fluctuates between thirty and sixty inches a year, one of the best trees in such climates for road or shade lines. The wood is hard and ornamental, but the principal utility of the tree lies in its pulpy pods, which are produced in great abundance, and constitute a very fattening fodder for all kinds of pastoral animals, which eat them with relish.' Mr. John Smith, A. L. S., excavator of the royal tombs in the gardens, New London, in his 'Lectures on Economical Plants,' published in 1882, states that the Zamang is the Spanish name of the tree, and it is a native of Venezuela. He quotes Humboldt's description of the tree, which is as follows: 'We saw in the evening at a league distant an object which appeared in the horizon like a sound, hillock covered with trees. It was neither a hill, nor a group of trees, nor a single tree, but one single tree.' The famous 'Zamang-del Guango' is remarkable for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispheric bush 150 feet in circumference, the diameter of the stem being nine feet near the ground. Seed-taken from the tree were raised in the botanical gardens, Trinidad, in 1820. It appears to be fast growing, when young, a tree forty years old measuring fifteen feet in circumference near the ground, and it has thick, battis, curved pods, about eight inches in length and one in width, containing a sweetish pulp. They are in common use for feeding cattle, and for that purpose the tree is now cultivated in different countries. It is also known as the rain tree. I may be here that a few years ago a number of seedling plants of the rain tree were received in the Sydney Botanic Gardens, from the Botanic Gardens, Cayman, on receipt of which they were placed in the bush house, where they grew well during the summer months, but the whole of the plants perished in the winter, which would indicate that the climate of Sydney is not sufficiently warm for the cultivation of this tree. The rain tree evidently requires a moist climate by the sea, and it might succeed in some of the northern coast districts, but it is very doubtful if it would grow in the interior, or in the districts subject to droughts and frosts, the latter being the localities where such a tree would be most required for shade and stock feed. The statements made by travelers in South America attached hereto, that 'water is constantly dripping from the trunk of the tree in such quantity as to convert the soil into a veritable marsh,' is, I think, exaggerated, and requires further reliable confirmation. Should steps be taken to ascertain if the rain tree can be produced in the colonies, and if so, to preserve plants and test its suitability for various districts in New South Wales?"

Mr. Abbott has directed that steps be taken to procure some of the trees, with a view to their introduction into the colony. *—Sydney Herald.*

## Song.

The sun is low in the west  
A golden light is streaming  
And over land the pale young moon  
Westward her course is bearing  
The shadows creep beneath the trees  
Sweet music is heard in the air  
My heart is light for joy  
I know my love is coming  
Coming, coming,  
Know my love is coming

II.  
Upon the air the amber light  
Falls in a wondrous shower  
And all the falling south wind's breath  
For silent flowers  
And here and there with timid light  
The fireflies bright are running  
I hear a step, oh! heart be still—  
It is my true love coming  
Coming, coming,  
My true love is coming

III.  
The fire of love is lightless now,  
The sun young moon is sleeping  
And on the air a darkness reigns  
For silent flowers  
I hear one from the gathering gloom  
With eyes dim and a sorrowing  
Come, thought alone possesses me  
My true love is coming  
Coming, coming,  
My true love is coming

IV.  
How shall I sleep? asks a correspondent. Try to sleep awake to catch some train.

Stopping over to pick up a fair lady's handkerchief loses its joy when it is a office a suspension for a while.

You are always reading of baseball players striking, and yet they never seem to get their wages raised.

There is a demand for the courage of half-cent pieces. They are probably wanted for charitable purposes.

The easiest way to mark table linen is to leave a hole and a blackberry perfume at the table three minutes.

A Philadelphia woman swallowed a part of a cold with serpent intent, but as she forgot to swallow a fight with the still lives.

Mr. the king of the Belgians is leaning to play the flute. His high position in society protects him from the vengeance of snoring subjects.

Little Virginia was examining a piece of hard bologna—sawing: "Mamma, I don't see how they get this stuff without tearing the skin." Mrs. Buchanan couldn't either.

A woman in Ayth City has acquired the habit of eating six pounds of starch a day. Some women will do anything with starch rather than put it in a shirt bosom.

State Dinner at the White House.

"How many persons does it take to serve a state dinner?" asked a visitor.

"If there are fifty persons at the table, or a few more or less, it takes twelve servants."

"Why so many?"

"Well, there are five services for every course. By that I mean that five dishes of everything are served at once. If the course is fish, five plates of fish are served simultaneously, and so on through the dinner. This is to prevent delay. So you see there are five of the servants engaged in serving the main dish of the course, each one helping about ten persons, and five more follow with the vegetables or the accompanying dish. Two more waiters are kept busy serving the wine which belongs to the course."

"The whole dinner is prepared here in the White House, is it not?"

"Everything but the ice cream, that we get outside. Of course, we haven't a large enough force of servants regularly in the house to serve the dinner, and so have to get outside assistance, but the diners are truly White House dinners."

Outside the kitchen are two refrigerators, big enough for a mammoth hotel, but they do not suffice, and a new one with all the modern improvements is about to be built. Mr. Williams, the steward, has a comfortable office in the basement, from which, upon the President's wine cellar. The stock of wines has not been replenished since the season's gayeties were over, but the shelves are pretty well filled yet.

Life Lines.

In accordance with the invitation of the fire commissioners of New York City, the inventors of apparatus for throwing fire lines over roofs or into windows made experiments a