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ADVERTISING.
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The Appointed Part.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no need;

CYNTHIA'S MISTAKE.

"It's such a lonesome place here,"
said Cynthia Copley, dolefully.
"Good creation!" retorted Uncle
Phineas (for shortness known as
"Fin"), "what did you expect? I told
you, didn't I, that it was out on the
shores of Lake Umbagog, without a
house for two miles around?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Cynthia,
with a little shudder, "but I didn't
know about the bald eagles screaming,
and the horrid mooses with their big
horns, and the lap-lap of the water on
the shore! I declare, sometimes it
seems as if I should go mad in this
horrible solitude!"

"You'll get used to it arter awhile,"
said Uncle Fin, who was cleaning his
gun-barrel with a piece of one of his
old shirts. "I did."

"But you aren't a woman, Uncle
Fin."

"I declare to goodness, I never
thought of that!" said the old man,
with a chuckle. "It is pretty rough
on a woman to have nobody to talk to
now, isn't it? Wal, if you'll get into
the boat arter supper, I'll take you
over to see Indian Oselita. It's only three
miles round the point, and she'll show
you how to stuff birds, and do fancy
work with their quills, and play on the
mandolin, and all that sort of thing.
She's a right smart gal, Oselita is, and
pretty in the bargain. She's Pilot
John's darter, and her mother was the
handsomest Indian woman hereabout."

"Thank you," said Miss Cynthia,
drawing herself up, "but I am not yet
reduced so low as to seek the association
of an Indian squaw."

"Oh, go along," said good-natured
Uncle Fin. "Osey ain't that. Her
mother was as white as most white
women, and her father is a fine-looking
old chap yet. He was a Maine lumber-
man, till he took to rummin' the little
steamer through the lakes. I just wish
you could see the pretty little cabin
they live in, all covered with morning-
glories."

Pine Point, and not a soul had come
near the place, except two or three
leather-faced old hunters, a crooked
behdan, and two shamen, in search of a
fine specimen moose for their collection.
Was it any wonder that the demon
homesickness took possession of her
heart?

Uncle Fin, on his part, had not been
entirely without the pangs of disap-
pointment. Cynthia was not much
company for him after all. She could
not cook half so well as he could; she
mended his stockings so bunglingly
that they hurt his feet; and she forgot
to make his bed every other day on an
average.

"Ah, well!" he consoled himself; "I
s'pose all women are alike. Indian
Oselita ain't cut arter that pattern,
though. I'm level sure of that!"

Oselita Dean came one day, on her
father's steamer, to the little dock,
with an offering of freshly-gathered
blueberries, radiantly-spotted birds'
eggs, and a fan of eagle plumes made
by her own hands.

"Ah, thanks," said Cynthia, tossing
her head. "I don't care for birds' egg
collections. We've plenty of blue-
berries here. What do you ask for the
eagle fan?"

Oselita colored a little.
"I meant it for a present," said she.
"Will you accept it?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing,"
said Cynthia, primly. "I never re-
ceive presents."

"Then I shall leave it to Mr. Cop-
ley," said Oselita, smiling, as she
hung it over the old hunter's big chair.
"He will like it, I know."

Cynthia looked quickly around. Was
it possible that Oselita was manuevring
to entrap Uncle Fin for a hus-
band? He would be quite fool enough
to fall into the trap.

Ottawa?" said Cynthia, almost in a
scream. "Good gracious me, Uncle
Fin, why didn't you say so before?"
"Didn't think of it," said Uncle Fin.
"Bless your heart, we get all sorts of
folks this-a-way. Lord Dufferin him-
self come down here and stayed all
night at Peter Piffin's, the guide's hut.
And we had a brak bunglar at Eagle
Bay for a week."

And straightway Miss Cynthia
Copley laid the foundations for an air-
castle whose pinnacles rose to the very
clouds. She cooked the faintest
dishes in her repertoire—she played
the guitar of moonlight nights, and
talked general literature to poor Cap-
tain Sydford, until he fell asleep more
than once, with his chair tipped back
against the side of the little porch and
snored audibly.

"I think it is making some impres-
sion upon him," she mused. "He
looked at me twice yesterday just as if
he were going to say something. If
he would only propose definitely, all
would be well!"

And that very evening, Captain
Algernon Sydford broke the spell of si-
lence, spurred on thereto by Miss
Copley's broad hints.

"I suppose you'll think me a giddy
young creature, captain," giggled she,
"but—"

"Assure you that I don't think any-
thing of the sort," said Captain Syd-
ford, with emphasis.

"But one can't help one's thoughts,"
went on Cynthia, "and I have been
wondering so much why you never
married!"

"Oh, that's all going to be set right
now," said the captain.

"Gracious me!" fluttered Miss
Cynthia.

"I mean to take a wife back with me
to Ottawa," went on Captain Sydford,
with unaccustomed frankness. "To
tell the truth, Miss Copley, I have lost
my heart in this pine wilderness."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A MESSAGE.
She wrote "Gemma" a letter
Which didn't understand
The meaning that was in it.
She wrote so cold a hand
But "Gemma" understood it.
She knew the post-birds read
"I love you. Now I'm tired.
Your little 'Gemma'!"

Two Birds of Girls.
There are two kinds of girls, says
the Home Visitor.
One is the kind that appears best
abroad—the girls that are good for
parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and
whose chief delight is in such things.
The other is the kind that appears
at home—the girls that are useful
and cheerful in the dining room, sick
room and all the privates of home.

They differ widely in character.
One is often a torment at home, the
other a blessing; one is a moth con-
suming everything about her, the
other is a sunbeam, inspiring light
and gladness all around her path-
way.

To which of these classes do you
belong?

Two clever collies.
If you should visit Central Park
New York, some fine morning you
might see young Shep, the collie that
is being trained to take the place of
old Shep, the eighteen-year-old veter-
an at his lessons. He is never whipped,
not even when he does wrong or
makes mistakes, because that breaks
the spirit of a collie, as, indeed, of
any other kind of dog, and a sheep-
herd dog must of all things be brave.

When he doesn't carry out an order
correctly, or in such a way that the
sheep can understand him, old Shep
present with the same order, and Shep
Junior is made to keep still and wait
him until it is executed. His first
lesson is simply to guard a hat or coat
or stick thrown upon the grass by the
shepherd, and he is left out
with his sometimes until late
in the evening to show him the
importance of fidelity, the very
first essential in a shepherd dog. Next
he is taught to gather the sheep, to
take them to the right, then to the
left. After this he is sent on the tra-
ck of a lost sheep, with instructions to
bring it back slowly. The most im-
portant lesson, and one young Shep has
not yet learned, is that of going among
the flock and finding out if any of them
are missing. This, as may be imagined,
is by no means an easy task with a
flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine
lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he
knows every member of the flock,
though to the ordinary observer they
all look almost exactly alike. Indeed,
old Shep can, if his master, the sheep-
herd, is not near, perform a feat
more wonderful than this. The sheep-
herd says that Shep, when uncertain
whether some of the flock had
strayed off the bridge-
path on their way home, while he was
busy in keeping troublesome boys
away, will take his stand at the gate of
the fold and touch each sheep with his
fore paw as it passes in. At such time
he has the air of a farmer counting his
cattle as they come home at night, and
he wears an expression as if his mind
were occupied with an intricate sum
in addition. Whether he is really
counting the sheep or not can not be
said positively, but he has been known,
after noting each sheep as it passed, to
rush off up the bridge-path and return
with a straggler. This does much to
prove that the shepherd's assertion
that old Shep can count the sheep is
possibly not far from the truth.—St.
Nicholas.

My dear Miss Copley," said he, "you
are entirely mistaken. It isn't you I
mean at all. I am engaged to Miss
Oselita Dean. We are to be married
tomorrow. I think she will be hap-
py to have you witness the cere-
mony, if you care to come."

But Miss Cynthia had run, sobbing
and shrieking, out of the room.

She went back to the state of Rhode
Island the next week, and by a strange
combination of circumstances, she
traveled on the same train which car-
ried Mr. and Mrs. Captain Sydford to
Boston; the captain exultantly happy
Oselita sweet and shy as a wild-flower.

And ever after she spoke of Lake
Umbagog as a wilderness, and its in-
habitants as half-civilized aborigines.
While throughout all the vicinity of
Weldon Falls there reigns a general
impression that Miss Cynthia Copley
has met with a disappointment.—
Helen Forrest Graves.

Thorns Held Sacred.
In Ulster, Ireland, the thorns are sa-
cred; no plough approaches within
some feet of them, and even to touch
their branches is unlucky. Innumera-
ble are the tales of fool-hardy person-
who, after many warning, insisted on
breaking off leaves or boughs from
such trees, and who were punished by
losing the guilty hand, or by its being
so torn by the thorns as to be crippled
for life. Sometimes a man alone at
work in the fields would hear his own
name distinctly called, and looking up
would see all the little folk in green
dancing on a hillside or playing among
trees, and whilst he gazed they would
all vanish again. They are in popular
legends the very embodiment of caprice
and fickle zeal for good or evil. For
no apparent cause, some man or woman
is suddenly singled out for every sort
of favor; the ashes on the hearths are
changed by night to glittering gold,
the empty cars are filled with well-
water by the toll of the tiny friends,
the household is done, and the barrel
kept full of meal; and then on a sudden
they forsake the favorite of a fortnight,
and pelt him with petty woes till he is
half wild, or, maybe, dries up the supply
of milk, lames his horses, or blights his
child. Their love of children, and
their longing to carry them away, have
suggested many touching ballads, and
they are supposed to be willing to give
any good gift to a household in return
for leave to rock the cradle.

A CRANK ON THE THRONE.

Excursions of the King of
Bavaria.

Being From His Subjects and Includ-
ing in Quasi Antics.

Mutilations are the anecdotes—
fables, some of them, I really believe—
of the king. He is a misogynist,
a hater of court ceremonials, yet with-
al a man who stands upon his dignity;
a passionate lover of mountain scen-
ery, and a great stickler for the anatomy
of Bavaria. He will not have it
Prussianized at any price. His favor-
ite seat is a hunting-lodge up in the
mountains. It is said that he sleeps
in a large, lofty room, with the ceiling
painted to represent the firmament,
and a practicable moon shedding a
mellow light from one quarter of the
artificial heavens. The perspective is
managed so as to give the illusion of
spaciousness, and through the distant
trees out on the canvas, as he re-
clines may be heard the dash of fall-
ing waters. Their lullaby lushes him
to sleep. Sometimes his majesty rises
in the night, has a black-steed saddled,
and dashes off at whirlwind speed up
and down the hill roads—which are
well kept for that reason—like a phan-
tom horseman pursued by some re-
lentless degree of the supernatural
powers. The finest stud in Bavaria
is to be found in his stables, but the
cattle are cast soon and often; they
are thoroughly worn out and broken
down after a very few years in the
royal service. He plays practical
jokes on his retinue sometimes. It is
related of him that a minister arrived
in hot haste one to crave an audience
on important business of state. The
king was out hunting the chamois, but
by some chance the minister succeed-
ed in catching the party. Ludwig pre-
pared him to a gamekeeper's hat,
where he sometimes used to smelt,
and went in, telling him to attend
him. The minister waited one hour,
two hours, and at last, losing patience,
and hearing that his royal master had
been attacked by some sudden illness,
forced in the door. No king was there.
He had made his exit by a window at
the back, and was away on the high
hills in pursuit of the game. In the
capital his majesty often commands
an opera generally one by Wagner,
for whom he has as strange a predilec-
tion as a professor on the throne had
for Lola Montez, and this opera is
produced in the middle of the day. The
theater is darkened, and no one is ad-
mitted to the auditorium but himself.
If he is pleased he sends the prima
donna, not a bowdler for a ring, but a
bouquet of flowers plucked by his own
hands. He once had "Lohengrin" ex-
ecuted on the Starbinger See, the bor-
ders of the Lake having been illumina-
ted by his expense. When the wa-
ter, France broke out he was dis-
pleased, but dared not attempt to stem
the tide of universal German feeling.
However, he declined to go to the
front, and withdrew himself to his ho-
mely solitude while the stirring
events which led to the building of the
German empire were thrilling the
world with excitement. At the close
of the duel of Titans, the crown prince
of Germany came to Munich to pass
the victorious Bavarians in gala re-
view. The king fled again to the
mountains. He knew the popular
commander would receive an enthusi-
astic greeting, and he did not choose
to play second fiddle in his own cap-
ital to any domestic foreigner. He
takes a deep interest in the "Passion
Play," and when Josef Meyer was
drafted into a fighting contingent, he
gave strict orders that he should be
detained at Munich and employed as a
clerk in the war office. The village of
the Mystery lost its own share in that
conflict which brought mourning to so
many humble firesides in the father-
land, and of the actual performers two
or three who had speaking parts in 1870
were killed in the field or succumbed to
their wounds.—Timothy's Magazine.

Co-operation in England.
It will probably surprise most peo-
ple to be told that in England co-op-
eration has made such headway as to
induce a cautious journal like The
London Spectator to predict "that long
before the century is out the whole of
our working-class will be in associa-
tion, and will have the staple trades
of the country in their hands, or under
their control." Yet the statistics of
the movement seem to show that such
a prediction is not idle exaggeration.
At present there are over 1,200 socie-
ties of working-folks, numbering 600,
000 members. Almost all of them are
boards of families, and they therefore
represent two millions and a half of
people, or one-twelfth of the whole
population of the kingdom. These so-
cieties possess a capital of \$4,500,000,
and make a net profit of \$1,000,000
yearly. Besides this they have a
Wholesale Society, now in its twenti-
eth year, which on a capital of \$2,750,
000 does a business of upward of \$150,
000,000 with a net profit of \$1,800,000.
This concern has branches and depots
in Scotland, Ireland, this city, France
and Denmark, and owns three large
steamers which ply between England
and the Continent on the company's
business. And the constitution of
this already great Union pledges it to
the promotion of the practice of
truthfulness, justice and economy in
production and exchange (1) by the
abolition of all false dealing, either di-
rect or indirect; (2) by consolidating
the conflicting interests of the capital-
ist, the worker, and the purchaser
through an equitable division among
them of the fund commonly known as
profits; (3) by preventing the waste of
labor now caused by unregulated
competition. No society is admitted
to the Union unless it agrees to accept
these principles as its guiding rules of
business.

There is thus established a system
which promises in good time to solve
the most difficult economic problems
of the age, and to find a common stand-
ing ground for Capital and Labor.—
New York Tribune.

In Olden Times.
In the year 800 what was the state
of Europe? The Goths, the Vandals,
the Franks, the Huns, the Normans,
the Turks, and other barbarian hordes,
had invaded and overthrown the Ro-
man Empire, and had established vi-
cious kingdoms upon its ruins. Read-
ing, writing and ciphering were sepa-
rate and distinct trades. The masses,
the nobility, the poor and the rich,
were wholly unacquainted with the
mysteries of the alphabet and the pen.
A few men, known as clerks, were
generally belonged to the priesthood,
and were not even known as a special class
of artists. They taught their business
only to the students, apprentices and
beyond themselves, and their few pup-
ils, no one knew how to read or
write, no was it expected of the gentry
and more than it would be
nowadays, that everybody should be
a shoemaker or a lawyer. Kings did
not even know how to sign their
names, so that when they wanted to
subscribe to a written contract, law
or treaty, which some clerk had drawn
up for them, they would smear the
right hand with ink, and slip it down
upon the parchment, saying "Witness
my hand." At a later date some gen-
eral devised the substitute of the seal,
which was impressed instead of the
hand. Every gentleman had a seal
with a peculiar device thereon. Hence
the sacramental words now in use,
"Witness my hand and seal," affixed
to modern deeds, serve at least the
purpose of reminding us of the ig-
norance of the middle ages.

In Philadelphia all the gutters are
flushed away by turning the water on
from the fire plugs as a certain board,

Murrayville, writes a correspondent
of the New York Times has one main
street, from which, at intervals, are
off-shoots in the shape of side streets.
It is about 75 feet wide, and is full of
stumps of the trees cut to make room
for the town site. On either side of
this main street, for perhaps an eighth
of a mile, are ranged the stores. They
are of every conceivable kind and
shape. There are a few log houses,
more tents and tent houses, but one-
story frame buildings abound. A tent
house is half log or frame house and
half tent; it is simply a shell of logs or
boards with a canvas roof. This kind
of building is very plentiful in the
West, and particularly popular in new
towns. The canvas is not made
specially for the houses; it is an ordi-
nary tent adapted to the purpose.
Their size is often considerable. I
have seen them 90 by 30 feet, but the

average are from 60 by 20 to 40 by 20.
They are plentiful because they are
cheap, lumber being an expensive arti-
cle in a new country, but they are
more comfortable than a tent. Any-
thing covered with canvas is damp in
rainy weather, and insufferably hot
when the sun pours down upon it;
besides light canvas is not waterproof,
and here tight-rope for walking is
used almost exclusively.

There is no seasonal lumber in the
town, and promises not to be for some
time owing to the limited capacity of
the sawmills of the gulch. Every-
thing has been built of green material,
and for a long time lumber was worked
into houses, the same day it was sawed.
It sells now at \$35 per 1,000 feet.
Two weeks ago it was at \$50 per 1,000
feet, and before any sawmills were put
in it was at one time as high as \$80;
per 1,000 feet. At that time every
plank was whipsawed, the amount
made was small, and the demand was
very great. Many thousands of feet
were sold at \$100, \$275, \$250 per 1,000
feet, and most of it was sold before it
was cut.

Members of a boating club should
always be true to their oars.

It is no use telling the individual
with a harsh voice that soaking it in
oil might make it easier.

Professor Proctor says the earth is
still in her youth. That explains why
she gets around so much and is out
so late at nights.

"La' me!" said the old lady, "times
do change. They took your kids on
their hands. When I was a child they
were out their hands on the kids."

"So you called that well water?" re-
torted the stranger, spitting the of-
fending liquid from his mouth. "Great
Scott! how must it have tasted when
it was ill?"

"I think I will go to Ohio to live,"
said a maiden of uncertain age. "What
for?" "Because there is one factory
there that makes 50,000 matches every
day," she replied, with a sigh.

A Long Pneumatic Tube.
A company is getting ready to build
a pneumatic tube for carrying letters
and small packages from Chicago to
New York. The idea at first seems
impracticable, but on examination it
turns out to be feasible. Two tubes
are to be made of brass, which will
run side by side, although it is said
one tube will be tried at first. A pow-
erful engine with an exhaust valve is
to be stationed at one end. It is said
that if the tube is properly made and
planted no air will seep. The right
of way it is believed can be secured
for nothing, or at a minimal expense,
and the main cost will be the tube and
the engine and stations. A letter, a
sample of grain, or package of any
kind which is to be sent, is included in
a leather ball. A ball presents the
least friction as a rolling object, and
the leather is so soft and heavy. A
continuous current of air is passing
through the tube constantly. With
one pipe the plan is to reverse the
engine every hour. The first hour for-
ward, the second of the Chicago end and
returning packages to New York, the
next hour extending the air at Chi-
cago and drawing the packages as
pneumatic balls. The men who have it
in charge do not say how long it will
take to send a package this way, but
claim to be able to do it in less than a
week. Stations will be established
at the important cities on the route.
It is expected to pay a large profit and
to be the basis of the telegraph
company, express companies, and the
mail. They say the scheme of sending
order pertaining to a pipe for long
distances, as is now done, was laughed
at at first, and that this one is more
practicable, if possible, and not nearly
so costly, as the pipes are to be small
and set on ground curves, and over
hills as well as on a level. New York
Tribune.

The Canals of Amsterdam.
The canals are an unimagined nu-
merous. They may be all very well in
the winter, if the frost be hard enough
to freeze them, but as soon as the
weather begins to grow warm they
give an odor like that which the
Scripture calls emitted by the deeds
of the wicked. They cut the city in
all directions, and are of course only
to be crossed at regular intervals by
the aid of bridges, so that the pedest-
rian wanting to get from one side of
the street to the other is liable to be
sent 200 yards out of his way before
he can do so. At night, in a dark
street, they are to be approached warily,
for a false step or a stumble against
the stone pillars to which the boats
and barges are moored would be apt
to send one head foremost into the
water. But the quaint craft that ply
their sluggish waters have a charac-
ter and interest of their own, and the
mingling of town life with the life of
the river is enjoyable enough in the
streets where the canals are found.—
Timothy's Magazine.