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The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 23, 1884.

NO. 7.

One square, one insertion \$1.00
One square, two insertions 1.50
One square, one month 5.00

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The Utility of Grumbling.

Grumble, grumble, grumble on! Old habits are hard to break, but nevertheless, old habits die hard.

Read the truth in your bright brown eyes. Weather and markets have all gone wrong. Your pen your pen has no complaint. Your pen your pen has no complaint.

O Farmer John, you're a truthful type. Of the land you live in and love so much. Your smile cannot make the crops grow finer. You're just a farmer, but a diligent one.

O serious, serious Farmer John! 'Tis that old, deep feeling of discontent that through plenty and famine has moved in. For grumbling being a good government. Hence Leonard in London Society.

A HEART TO LET.

"The," said Miss Wilhelmina, "I think I've got it black enough now."

Miss Wilhelmina had been wrestling with pen and ink. Not that she was a literary lady that was far from being the case.

The effusion upon which she was so hard at work was neither more nor less than a big "TO LET," printed on the back of a sheet of her deceased father's sermon paper, and she viewed it with solemn satisfaction.

"TO LET—APPLY WITHIN."

"I won't pay any agent's fees," said she, "nor I won't pay gold, hard money for a notice that I can print myself. I've economized all my life, and I'm not going to leave off now. Beryl, I say?"

In answer to the last word, spoken in quick, arbitrary accents, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen came running in, wiping her dimpled hands on a frilled apron. Her cheeks were flushed with household exercise, her shining brown hair was coiled in a bustle braid at the back of her head, and her long-lashed hazel eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"What is it, nuntty?" said Beryl Brand.

"Get the paste-pot and a brush," said Miss Wilhelmina, "and put up this 'TO LET'."

Beryl looked first at her aunt, and then at the fat, black-lettered sign, in dismay.

"Aunt," said she, "are you going to marry?"

"Yes," said Miss Wilhelmina, "I've made up my mind to give up house-keeping."

"Where are we going, aunt?"

"I'm going to Leicestershire," said Miss Wilhelmina, "to keep house for Cousin Fred, whose wife, Lily, is feeble, and can't keep an eye to things."

Beryl colored violently.

"But, Aunt Wilhelmina," said she, "it was in that Cousin Fred wrote for me to come and help Lily, and be a companion to the girls."

"Yes, I know," said Wilhelmina, "with the indifference of utter selfishness; but Fred hadn't any idea how young and inexperienced you are, and I've wrote him that I will come there, if he'll pay me liberal wages and give me the complete management of everything."

"But, Aunt Wilhelmina—"

"Well?"

"What is to become of me?" pleaded poor Beryl.

"Some people are always thinking of themselves," said Miss Wilhelmina sharply. "Why, what should become of you? You can get a place with Mrs. Somerset in the millinery business; or you can go out as a companion. And now I think of it, it was only yesterday I saw in the daily paper that Lyon and Stubbs wanted a dozen smart young women to stand behind the counter. There are always plenty of things for a woman to do if she has a little ambition and energy. And now don't stam! there, looking as if your senses were all flying up the chimney, but bustle out and put up that notice as sharp as possible, for it's a nice day, and all the house-hunters will be out."

Beryl obeyed, with an indescribable feeling as if the whole world were turning itself upside down.

And as she leaned over the iron rail of the steps, fastening the big "TO LET" against the miledred brick wall, a certain scent of green grass and opening dandelions saluted her senses, while the warble of a prisoned thrush in a cage across the street, reminded her of a visit she had once made, years and years ago, to this same Cousin Fred up in Leicestershire.

The tears came, unbidden, into Beryl's eyes.

"Oh, how delightful it would be to live in the real country!" she said to herself. "And I know I could make myself useful at Cousin Fred's. But if Aunt Wilhelmina is going herself, there is an end of the matter."

For Beryl was too well used to her aunt's overbearing egotism even to attempt a struggle against it.

All her life long she had been the victim of Aunt Wilhelmina's selfish-

ness. It was too late for any rebellion now.

And then Wilhelmina went up to her room to pack her trunk for Cousin Fred's while Beryl returned to her dish-washing and ironing.

All day long the house was besieged with an eager throng of house hunters. All day long Beryl marshalled them over the premises with untiring patience, answering more questions than any catechism could contain, hearing patiently with covert insult, and keeping up a cheerful front, while every bore in her poor little body ached with weariness.

And Aunt Wilhelmina cried: "Tired! Why, what on earth have you done to be tired!"

On the afternoon of the second day Miss Wilhelmina shouted shrilly down the back staircase to her niece:

"Beryl! Beryl! Here comes Mr. Wedderburn, the rich old jeweler from Regent street. He's looking at the 'TO LET.' He's coming in. Put an extra ten pounds on the rent if he's to take it."

"He is not so very old, Aunt Wilhelmina," said Beryl, hurriedly dinging off her kitchen apron and hastening up the stairs.

Aunt Wilhelmina uttered a resounding snuff.

"He's no chicken," said she.

Beryl smiled to herself. She had not been unduly aware of all the wiles that her aunt had put forth to captivate this same Mr. Wedderburn. She had not forgotten that Wilhelmina had not spoken to her for a week—the last time Mr. Wedderburn had waited home from church with her (Beryl) instead of with her aunt.

In her secret heart she liked and respected the stalwart middle-aged man, who had always mingled so civilly and courteously in his manner toward her, poor dependent though she was upon Aunt Wilhelmina's grudgingly extended charity.

Mr. Wedderburn came in, kindly shaking hands with Beryl as he did so.

"I see your house is to let," said he.

"Yes," answered Beryl.

While from the head of the stairs Aunt Wilhelmina disposed herself to listen.

"I'm glad that girl didn't shut the front door," said she.

"I am intending to change my local habitation," observed Mr. Wedderburn.

"Are you?" said Beryl. "Perhaps you would like this house?"

"No," said Mr. Wedderburn, "I don't think I care about the house."

"Rude old monster!" muttered Aunt Wilhelmina.

"My aunt is going to Leicestershire," said Beryl.

"Is she, indeed?" uttered Mr. Wedderburn. "Am I thinking of going to the country, too?"

"I wish I'd gone to the door myself," said Wilhelmina to herself. "I know I could have coaxed him to come to Leicestershire."

"The fact is," added Mr. Wedderburn, "I am tired of London, Miss Beryl. I have made up my mind to live among the daises and buttercups."

"Gracious me!" mused Miss Wilhelmina. "I'll put on my best 'front' directly, and come down. I believe the man has been madly in love with me all along, and now he has decided to unite our destinies!"

And away she scuffled in her old carpet slippers to beautify herself as expeditiously as possible.

And—you will excuse the interest of an old friend, Miss Beryl," kindly added Mr. Wedderburn, "but what is to be your fate?"

"I don't know," said Beryl, sadly. "I should like to go to Leicestershire too, but Aunt Wilhelmina thinks I had better stay here and be a 'hop-girl.'"

"What do you think about it?" said Mr. Wedderburn.

Beryl's dark-fringed eyelids drooped. "I have no choice," said she.

He gazed kindly at her; her hear began to throb a pulse or so faster than its usual wont.

"Yes!"

"My own sweet girl!" he exclaimed, drawing her close to him. "You are quite sure that you can learn to love me?"

"I—I don't know," murmured Beryl. "But I think—may, I am certain, that I love you now."

At that very moment the door opened with a loud creaking groan, and in tripped Aunt Wilhelmina, with her newest front of curls and her Sunday suit. She started back with an exclamation.

"Eh!" said she, in some embarrassment.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Wilhelmina," said Mr. Wedderburn, readily retaining the hand that Beryl would have drawn away. "This young lady has promised to be my wife, and when you go to Leicestershire she will accompany me to my manor house in Kent."

"I hope you won't be vexed, Aunt Wilhelmina," said Beryl, half-expecting to be scolded, as of yore.

The fortune of woman is proverbial, and although the report of a caution could not have electrified Miss Wilhelmina more than did this occurrence, she rallied promptly.

"I'm—I'm sure I congratulate you!" said she with a little gasp.

The house was let that afternoon to a widow who wanted to take a few genteel borders.

Beryl was married the next week, and went to a superb old mansion, which seemed like a palace to her unsophisticated eyes.

And Aunt Wilhelmina sorrowfully took her way to Leicestershire.

"I'm afraid I've mismanaged matters," said she. "If I'd sent Beryl to Cousin Fred's at once, perhaps Mr. Wedderburn would have proposed to me!"

And even this dubious "perhaps" was a comfort to poor Aunt Wilhelmina, who still has a "Heart to Let."

The Dancing Mania.

A religious publication—Sunday at Home—contains the following account of a strange mania which spread through Europe in 1874.

A large assemblage of persons, pilgrims apparently, from different parts of Germany, made their appearance in the neighborhood of Aix la Chapelle, and there commenced their extraordinary performances.

Joining hand in hand they formed large circles and began to stamptaneously to dance, losing more and more the control of reason as they went on, until their enthusiasm merged in delirium and they fell to the ground completely exhausted.

They then complained of acute typhoid, which could only be relieved by tight bandages round the chest. After the application of these they remained free from pain or irritation, unless they provoked a return of the malady by again engaging in the dance.

Those who for any reason failed to find persons able or willing to swathe them in the manner above described, found some mitigation of their pains by the ruler process of having the parts affected violently thumped or stamped upon.

During the paroxysm of their excitement they were insensible to all that was passing round them. They fancied themselves surrounded by supernatural presences, and frequently shrieked out the names of spirits, with whom they imagined themselves to be in contact.

The insanity spread with incredible rapidity through the neighborhood, reaching the Dutch and Belgian capitals on the one side, the Cologne and Rhenish cities on the other.

In Liege they evinced so much terror that the magistrates forbade the manufacture of any but square-toed shoes, the females having conceived a great horror of such as had sharp points to them, which were the general wear at that time.

For the same reason it became necessary to interdict the wearing of red-colored garments, which inflamed the fury of the dancers, as they are known to do that of mad bulls.

At Cologne and Metz the mania ran to a greater height than in any of the cities previously attacked. The streets of these towns were filled with hundreds of these dancers, the infuriated everywhere hastening to join them, unable, as it seemed, to resist the infatuation.

As in the instance of the Flagellant frenzy, the laborer left his plough, the artisan his workbench, the tradesman his shop, to swell the band of devotees, and these great centers of industry and commerce became for the time scenes of the wildest and most lawless disorder.

Groups of idle vagabonds, beggars and thieves pretended to be seized with convulsions of those really affected, and imitated their demeanor so successfully that it became impossible to distinguish the true from the false.

The governors of the Rhenish cities were at last obliged to employ an armed force to drive away these trouble-some revellers.

The Litchie.

A Chinese nut or fruit called Li. Che is becoming popular. It is the size of a walnut, and has a skin about as thick as writing paper.

Within is a fine raisin in flavor and consistency, and in which contains in turn a small oval seed. Li Che costs three cents per pound in Hong Kong, twenty cents in San Francisco, and forty cents in New York.

Queen Victoria has another elephant as a gift from King John of Abyssinia.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Story. I'll tell you a story, mamma. It's called 'The Boy and the Baby.' There once was a little girl named Lily. Lived years and years ago.

Her mother loved and loved her, and never made her mad, and let her eat the cookies, and—oh, was wild and wild.

She stayed up late like grown folks, and never let her bed, and—oh, you made this story. Can you tell me more?

Boy and the Baby. Nephew lives next door to our house. I mean Dr. Lane's dog. He is half St. Bernard, and is 8 years old. Some one gave him to the doctor a few months ago, and he soon made himself at home.

The butler comes three times a week with meat, and Nep found out about this in a very few days. When meat day comes he trots down to the corner of the road and waits for the butcher. Other days he stays at home.

He is very fond of the doctor's baby, who is 2 years old. He takes care of him almost as well as a nurse. One day Mrs. Lane was roasting oysters in the kitchen, the baby was playing about the floor, and Nep was looking on. Just for sport Mrs. Lane snapped the tongs at the baby. Nep sprang up at once, with noise and growl, and showed all his teeth to Mrs. Lane. He seemed to say: "You shall not hurt this baby if he is yours!"

The baby's mamma feels sure that her pet is safe when he is in Nep's care.

But the strangest thing is that Nep is fond of picture-books. He will stand up, with his fore feet upon the table, and paw open the leaves of Mother Goose or some other little book, when he finds the picture of a dog he will wag his tail and say "Bow-wow!"

Sometimes he puts the book upon the floor. Then he lies down and turns over the leaves, and he and the baby look at the pictures together. It would make you laugh to see them.

How Kitty Saved Caroline.

It was a good many years ago, about eighty, when Caroline who is now an old lady, was a little girl of three summers. Her father and mother lived in a new country, where there were bears and wolves and panthers in the great woods around their home.

Carrie and Kitty were great friends they were always together.

One day Caroline was missing, and Kitty, too. Her anxious mother searched the long woods above and below, but could not find her. Then she went down to the river which ran in front of their home. What a she had gone there and fallen in! But her mother could not believe this, for Caroline had always been afraid of it. She must have gone to the woods, and hats must be made to find her, as it would soon be night. With an anxious heart she hurried to the field where the men were haying and told them that little Caroline was lost. They threw down their rakes and scythes and went at once in search of her.

All along the edge of the woods are among the bushes they looked carefully. But they did not find her. They called and called, but got no answer.

"Isn't that the cat?" cried the mother almost joyfully, pointing to something white on a black stump down in the hollow.

"I think so," said the father.

"Then Caroline is not far off, I'm sure," and Mrs. Rae hurried to the place.

There she found the old kitty very carefully watching something just on the other side of the stump.

"It must be a mouse or a bird," she said to herself. Then she called "Caroline!" and looked about her vainly. With a heavy heart she was turning to go away, when she thought she would go nearer the stump and see what Kitty was watching so intently. And what do you think she found?

Her own little Caroline fast asleep on the ground. The little checked sun-bleached was by her side, full of berries and flowers her little hand had picked.

Wasn't it a sweet picture? And don't you believe they all loved Kitty very much after this?

The Litchie.

A Chinese nut or fruit called Li. Che is becoming popular. It is the size of a walnut, and has a skin about as thick as writing paper.

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AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S

A Bride and Bridegroom's Pictures "Taken."

Standing Their Fate Like Martyrs—Views of the Photographer.

"I want our pictures taken." "Yes, sir, yes, ma'am; I'll give you a sitting in a few minutes," said the photographer, blandly.

"Well, it 'taint nigs," answered the bride shortly. "Now, William Henry, where's them flowers?"

"Here they be, say, Mirandy, pin mine on for me."

There was a moment's silence in the Woodward avenue gallery, as the bride proceeded to pin a large-sized button-hole bouquet into William Henry's coat. The silence was broken by a snicker.

"Say, Mirandy, you're a ticklin' of me!"

Then the bride pinned a mammoth bunch on her own corsage, and the two sat down on a sofa, hand in hand.

"Say, Mirandy, I'de think the old mare'll run away?"

"She mought, if the hand began to play. She ain't useter city no more."

A long silence, they wiped the perspiration from their cheeks and exchanged words of encouragement. The groom took a piece of something out of his pocket and combed out the bride's tresses. They then struggled into their light cotton gloves and out they went, their rings of which they had a glittering array, in the picture.

"How would you like to be posed?" asked the photographer, coming out with a collodion plate in his hand.

"What's that?" asked the bride, nudging her comrade.

"Dunno," answered the youth.

"Will you sit together or separate?" explained the artist.

They stood up hand in hand, with faces that showed the spirit of marriage.

"We will be taken together."

But the photographer, who had some pride in his profession, induced the young man to sit down while the bride leaned over his shoulder. He sat as straight as a ramrod, with collapsed stomach and feet craved in; his arms also turned in, and his hands were spread upon his knees; his watch chain traveled over his vest pattern by different routes, and held in suspense a large agate locket. His hair lay in a wave on his forehead; his pale blue eyes reflected every object in the operating room. The artist told him he was a good subject, and he grinned, which gave him a pleased expression, in place of a look of agony. The bride was much older than her husband, and she looked it.

She wore a tan-colored dress and a lace fichu, and a gold chain two yards long, bracelets and ribbons. She was looking down at the groom with a tender, watchful, woman's trust-him-out-of-sight regard. At this moment the black muzzle of the camera was unrolled and after ten heart-beats of solid silence and non-motion, the word was given to go. They each gave a great sigh of happiness and said they would come next day to see the negatives, and hand in hand the two children of nature departed.

"Do you have many sitters like those?"

"Lots of them," said the photographer, "and they are the most satisfactory class always like their pictures and pay promptly. You'll be surprised to see what good looking pictures they make after they are worked up and finished. They are a good deal less trouble than the folks who get their pictures taken every year and know just how they want them."

"Who are the hardest people to photograph?"

"Elderly ladies and young men; the ladies want to look like pictures of younger women they see and it's impossible. Old people are picturesque. Young men are fussy; want their sleeve-buttons to show, are particular about their neckties and such nonsense. The best subjects we have are elderly men and young girls. These people have usually good faces and are not fussy about their clothes or looks. I like to work for them."—Detroit Free Press.

Effect of Great Wealth.

A New York correspondent discourses as follows: Charles F. Wall of Brooklyn recently inherited \$5,000,000 and was so elated by his good fortune that he became insane, and is now locked up in an asylum. The sudden possession of money seems to have strange effect on some men's minds.

A dealer in druggists' sundries was telling me, the other day, of a man who invented a certain lotion that attained great popularity, and money came in so fast that he did not know what to do with it. He spent it as fast as he could, but it still kept increasing as

the popularity of his article increased.

Then he took to drink and to adding a very fast life, and finally his mind became unquieted by his excesses, and he lost his reason, and was landed up in a madhouse, where he died, and what is more, the receipt of his lotions died with him. No one knows what it was made of, nor can I suppose it be found anywhere to analyze.

The money made in patent medicines and "proprietary articles" is so enormous that one is hardly surprised that there are so many people in the business. I heard it estimated the other day that nearly \$200,000,000 a year was made in these things. When an article is once across the pond is enormous, because the cost of manufacture is very little.

Some of these patent medicines are made popular by enormous advertising. I know of one firm that spends all of \$1,000,000 a year advertising a cure-all.

A friend of mine said a woman, when she had known a good many years ago when she was very poor, and was surprised to see her glistening in diamonds and ridding in silks. She thought that she had an expression of envious in her friend's face and she at once understood herself and told her just how she had come by her money. She said that her husband, when she married him, was a poor country doctor, that then she began to buy other doctors in the same town, and that he practice was soon ruined, and that he had to leave the town, so she said to him one day: "Why not put up some patent medicine, and see what you can do with it?" He thought the idea a good one, although against the code of medical ethics, and he set to work and invented some article that struck the popular fancy. "Now," said the woman, "we are making so much money that we don't know what to do with it. We have no children, and we just spend our time in trying to think how we can get rid of the money that keeps coming in every day. We travel all over Europe, and we buy the finest diamonds and precious stones and live in the most costly manner, but we cannot get ahead of our expenses."

A Curious Seal.

Chicago people have almost forgotten the connection of some years ago by an evangelist of the Moody type who suddenly abandoned the orthodox ways of a heaven of gold and sulphur and began to preach Christ's reign upon earth. This man, Mr. H. G. Spafford, who lived at the Viewland, who had been a lawyer of some standing, gathered about him a congregation of four to five hundred to 10 or 15, who subscribed to his strange belief. In accordance with their theory, Christ was to appear for his final residence upon Mount Calvary, and in order to be there on time at the time of his second coming, Mr. Spafford and his little band of converts sold their spare money into cash and sailed for the promised land. A traveler who recently explored the interests of some of the missionary societies of the East states that he visited the house in which the View community lived, and that he still found in belief, and waiting with hope and resignation for the imminent day. This young woman, sent out from first to last, by a few weeks ago, and has written letters to friends in Chicago describing the way in which she was to feel, having been sick for several weeks at the house in which they resided. Their dwelling is a two-story cottage and commodious—a neatly built and elegantly furnished house, and fitted out with all the conveniences which the best civilization of the present can furnish. She says that about 24 persons are living under the same roof, and that all property is held in common. The house itself is perched upon the side of the mountain just within the walls of the Holy City and presents a most strikingly picturesque appearance. Mr. Spafford, the leader of the community, is nearly 60 years of age, but is still hale, hearty and happy.

Drunk as Hogs.

Mr. W. Matthew Williams once witnessed a display of drunkenness among 300 pigs, which had been given a barrel of spoiled elderberry wine, all at once with their swill. "That's a pity," he says, "was intensely human, exhibiting all the usual manifestations of jolly good-fellowship, manifesting that advanced stage where a group were rolling over each other and grunting affectionately in tones that were very distinctly impressive of swearing good-fellowship all around. Their reeling and staggering, and the expression of their features, all indicated that alcohol had the same effect on pigs as on men; that under its influence both stood precisely on the same 'ecological level.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Near the Down.

When the weather is gathered daily round the way we follow here. Manned by the wind and light breezes. No wind, a sort of a sort of cheer. There the wind of the shadowy waters, racing to coloring by—

When the night appears the darkest, Mankind is not forsworn.

As a salutary remedy, we have a medicine which is very effective. It is a medicine which is very effective. It is a medicine which is very effective. It is a medicine which is very effective.

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