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A Revised Edition.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Do not come and sweet innocent
Make quite a summer show?

THE ALARM.

"Burglars!" cried Mr. Jones.
"Burglars!" screamed Mrs. Jones.
"Burglars!" screamed the Misses Jones.

Jones and son, following each other down stairs, one with a poker and the other with a carpet-saw, found the street door open, saw a silk umbrella and two hats vanishing around the corner, and yelled "police!"

"And the worst of it is," said Mrs. Jones, "they'll be here again. When burglars determine to enter a house they always do it."

"I know a fellow who has a splendid dog that he'll sell," said Master Jones. "The dearest fellow; bite a piece out of you as soon as look at you. I'll get him if you like, and we can turn him into the hall nights."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Jones. "I'd as soon have my throat cut by burglars as be torn to pieces by a savage dog."

"All women are idiots," said Mr. Jones. "All men are crazy," said Mrs. Jones. "But you shall have your way and shoot your family if you like. That always comes of having fire-arms about."

can hear 'em laugh. And Sam will pretend not to be astonished—ha, ha, ha!"
So, with his portmanteau in his hand, Mr. Jones, having reached home, ascended the steps of his domicile and deliberately but softly proceeded to open his front door.

As he did so the alarm was sprung, a racket and jingle filled the house, and simultaneously with that, Mrs. Jones, the Misses Jones, Master Jones, the cook, the chambermaid, and the water thrust their heads out of their respective windows and screamed "Police!"

Almost as they did so two clubs struck the pavement and two giants in uniform seized Mr. Jones by the arms.
"Ah, got you this time," cried one of them. "We've been looking for you for some time, too."

"Let me go," said Mr. Jones. "I live here. It's a mistake."
"Yes, I've no doubt it's a mistake," said the policeman.
"But tell them—tell them; let me offer proof," pleaded Mr. Jones. "They all know me; tell them it's Mr. Jones."

"He says it's Mr. Jones," cried the policeman to a nightcap and shawl at the window.
"My husband is in Chicago," said Mrs. Jones.
But she peeped out nervously. However, she did not recognize her husband. Mr. Jones had left home in a tall hat and overcoat, but during his absence he had unfortunately purchased a traveling "ulster" that touched 'is heels and a cap. He wore both, as was natural upon a midnight journey.

"No, I never saw that object before," said Mrs. Jones. "Do take him away."
"You'll appear to-morrow?" said the policeman. "You'll appear against him, ma'am?"
"Decidedly. I shall consider it my duty," said the lady, and shut the window.

Then Jones remonstrated with the policeman, and begged him to have Mr. Smith next door called, and was told to hold his tongue. Jones was not a mild man. In a few minutes his wrath boiled over; he attacked the policeman with his umbrella bravely and was totally defeated. He arrived at the station-house with a black eye and a bruise on his forehead, and frothing at the mouth with rage, and was locked up after having been recognized by several experts as "Tommy the Tapper," a noted burglar, for whose arrest a large reward was offered. His valise was taken away from him, also his watch and pocket-book. He was shut up in a cell with an intoxicated tramp who had arrived at that stage of delirium tremens at which snakes are the favorite delusion, and who took poor Mr. Jones for one, or several of them, and insisted on treading on his head.

In argument a single combat with this gentleman Mr. Jones passed the hours until morning, when he was taken from his highly perfumed sequestration and dragged through the bleak streets to a court of justice, where he attempted to explain matters once more, and was still explaining them without producing the slightest effect upon any one, when his wife and son arrived.
Even then the ulster, the cap, and the black eye deceived poor Mrs. Jones for a few moments, and but for Sam, there is no knowing what might have become of the unhappy gentleman. However, Sam came to his rescue, and the three went home together in a cab, Mrs. Jones moaning and wringing her hands all the way, and Mr. Jones threatening to sue for a divorce.
He forgave his wife at last, however, but he never forgave the alarm, which he demolished forthwith.

architecture to be found in England.

The lower floor of the tower is known as Queen Elizabeth's Armory, and the upper floor contains rooms formerly used as a Council Chamber and banquetting room. Near the Traitor's Gate is the Bloody Tower, in which the two young sons of Edward IV were murdered by order of Richard III; this the Duke of Wellington thought the seestest prison he ever saw. Banqueting Tower was the prison of Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Gray. In the Bowyer Tower the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. The histories of Catherine Howard, Walter Raleigh, William Russell, Somerset, Thomas More, William Wallace, King John of France, and many others add to the tragic interest of the place.

Within the prison fortifications, too, are the Jewel Room, containing the regalia of British monarchs, and the Armories, where are to be seen a renowned collection of ancient arms and armor. The crown jewels are enclosed in a huge glass case for the inspection of visitors. Among them are Victoria's coronation crown, which cost \$900,000; the great ruby worn by the Black Prince; the crown of Charles II; the Koh-i-noor diamond; the silver baptismal font used at the christening of the royal children, and many other famous objects. In the Armories are the suits of armor worn by Henry VIII, Charles I, John of Gaunt, "time honored Lancaster," Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favorite, and a historical collection of arms and armor from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. To the northwest of the Tower is Tower Hill, on which the famous scaffold was reared. Various portions of the Tower buildings have of late been used as barracks and arsenals, and vast quantities of munitions of war are usually in store there.

The Signal Service Corps.

The observers of the signal service are five hundred in number. Each candidate for enlistment is required to pass a rigid examination, both mental and physical, after which he is enlisted and ordered to the school of instruction at Fort Myer, Virginia, to undergo a special course of study, calculated to still further fit him for his new duties. This course covers about eight months, at the termination of which he is again examined, and if found properly qualified is announced as an assistant observer and ordered to some observation station for duty. If he fail at this final examination, he is discharged from the service. As vacancies occur in the list of observer sergeants, those assistants who have shown themselves best qualified for practical service, are promoted to that grade and generally placed in charge of an observation station. Two sergeants each year are promoted to the grade of second lieutenant. Between the grade of second lieutenant and brigadier general there are no intermediate grades. The service, it is often severely embarrassed by not having a full complement of tried and experienced officers. The present plan, it is held, also works injustice to the men who faithfully work and diligent study have gained the rank of second lieutenant and who are debarred from further advancement.

Many stations are maintained at isolated points, viz.: Mount Washington, Pike's Peak, Sitka, Alaska, and Point Barrow, the most northern point of North America. It is considered desirable to obtain a series of unbroken observations covering a long period of years at these points. At some of these places, the observers are often imprisoned by the snow for a great portion of the winter. They are provided with comfortable quarters, plenty of provisions, and reading material.—Washington Star.

Coffee Lore.

Coffee comes to us laden with the fragrance of Oriental bazaars and the romance of the "Arabian Nights." Its early history as an economic product is involved in considerable obscurity, the absence of historical fact being compensated for by an unusual profusion of conjectural statements, and by purely mythical stories. Throwing legend aside, the use of coffee seems to have been introduced from Ethiopia into Persia about the year 875 A. D., and into Arabia from the latter country at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Notwithstanding that its use as a beverage was prohibited by the Koran, it spread rapidly through the Mohammedan nation, and it was publicly sold in Constantinople in 1554. It easily found its way from the Levant to Venice, where coffee-houses were established as early as 1615. A Jew named Jacob opened the first coffee-house in England, selling it as a common beverage at Balliol College, Oxford, in the year when the Long Parliament met.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

How Many Animals Pass the Long Winters.

One of the Most Curious and Undetermined Faculties of the Brute Creation.

Few subjects relating to the habits of the brute creation have excited the curiosity and comment of naturalists so much as the faculty a number of them have of going into a state of somnolence during a portion of the year. How do they exist during this period. What organs are suspended, and what provision has been made to prevent decay are questions asked. Some declare that the migration of birds to warmer climes at stated periods bears a resemblance to the hibernation of certain mammals. That hibernation occurs among animals in warm climates has been discovered by South American travelers. There are bears and turtles in the region of the Orinoco, both land and water turtles, and many species of small serpents which lie torpid and motionless in the hardened ground throughout the hot and dry season. Then the Indians hunt them for food, and knocking off the dry cakes of mud, revivify, cook and eat them with a relish. The learned German savant Alexander Von Humboldt relates that on one occasion a huge crocodile decided to wake up in the inclosure where his party were encamped, and shaking off the mud in which he was incased, crawled away life-like and natural. M. Dumeril, a French naturalist, has seen a couple of mud-fishes of the Gambia go into their summer sleep, or prolonged siesta. For several days they began seeping from the general surface of their bodies a thick viscid mucus, and soon after they buried themselves in the soft mud at the bottom of the tank. In a short time the mud became hard and cracked, and the mudfish disappeared, leaving them in their dry case of earth. In seventy days they were taken out alive. Each was surrounded by a cocoon formed of the hardened mucus secreted by their skin, and serving as a protection against the too great evaporation of moisture from the surface of their bodies. As they entered the mud they left behind them a tubular trail of mucus which formed a communication between the suck inclosing the fish and the outer air. During the greater portion of their retirement, no water can reach their gills. Their swim-bladders, however, receive blood by a special arrangement from the gills, and thus act like true lungs, which in-does they are. Thus there is a fish which for a portion of the year is a water-breather, and for another period an air-breather.

Bats, which are by some allied to birds, retire to the roofs of caves or ledges of rocks, or to old chimneys of uninhabited buildings, where they pass the entire winter in gloomy retirement. The hedgehog wraps himself up in leaves and lies undisturbed under the hedge which in summer has sheltered him from the rays of the sun. The jumping mouse of Canada has been found securely wrapped in a ball of mud which had hardened, and a workman's spade breaking it, disclosed the retreat. Snails seek a quiet crevice or nook, and wholly drawing themselves in their tiny shells draw a sort of curtain over the opening, and no matter what the temperature indulge in a prolonged sleep. The torpidity of bees is well known. The habit is also peculiar to crickets and spiders. Some of the insidious animalcules have been found to have suspended their vital functions when they have been dried. In the gutters of houses and in mosses are frequently discovered lifeless substances which a warm rain at once revives. Moisture has been known to revive animalcules after a torpidity of twenty-seven years. Sir John Franklin froze fish so stiff that their entrails could be taken out entire, yet when they were thawed out by the fire they recovered their animation. Toads and frogs have been found imbedded in blocks of sandstone and coal, and even in trees. There is record of a toad that was found imbedded in an oak where it had lain for eighty years. John Murray declares in the Magazine of Natural History that he has a toad in his possession, preserved in spirits of turpentine, taken from a cavity of solid rock upwards of two hundred feet deep. The space was quite sufficient to contain the body of the animal, and the gentleman who presented it to him saw it alive forty-eight hours after its detachment from the rocks. A live toad was liberated from a piece of shale in the Penarth Works, Glamorganshire. It was of a large size, but weak. It had no vision or feeling in its eyes, and over its mouth was a membrane which prevented food being given it. Its voice was croaked in consequence of the confined space where it had lived. How it had continued to live was a marvel.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jokes in the United States Senate.

A Washington letter says that the senate does not contain a more unwearied student or a more restless wag than Senator Garland. After hours spent in abstract study, he would bound up like a ball when the tension is over, and refresh himself with a series of practical pranks, sparing no one within the range of his sallies. He hits home with the most grotesque solemnity, but never in malice. His special delight is to get hold of some dismal personage with no more juice in him than a boarding-house steak, and after testing him with some insanely ludicrous yarn, enjoy telling how he looked at me as if I was a case of yellow fever and he was a freezing ship."

He is always on the lookout for some terrible retaliation, and it is a red-letter day in the senate when the latter is bit. On one occasion, when an important measure was before the senate, Mr. Garland delivered a careful and exhaustive speech, to which close attention was given. About ten minutes after he had finished and when, so to speak, "his brows were bound with victorious wreaths," Don Cameron went over to the Arkansas senator's side of the chamber, and said: "Garland, when are you going to speak on this question? I want to hear you."

"God gracious!" remarked the surprised senator. "Why, I just got through! Where were you?"
About five minutes later, Mr. Whyte, of Maryland, who had not been in the senate during the speech, had the job put up on him and asked the same question in good faith. "Why, I just finished, Whyte. Look at the Record in the morning."

Another five minutes passed, and then Butler, of South Carolina, another sleepless wag, went in to speak to the bill. Considering the source of this last inquiry the remark was in the nature of an eye-opener, and Mr. Garland tartly replied: "If you have any more of 'em, Butler, bring them on in a basket. It saves time."

A Story of Washington Social Life.

Where the social lines are drawn in Washington is thus keenly described by a clever correspondent:

A man may make his fortune in junk, old clothes or street sweeping, any place else, and with his money come to congress and gain entrance to the great social circle for his family, but if he made his money here society would scorn him utterly. There was a woman here once, the wife of a western statesman, who, a dozen years before her appearance at Washington, managed a laundry and hole, and drudged up her pious at the depot from the omnibuses. She was familiarly known by her first name everywhere. Together the couple acquired a fortune, and taking a house as soon as they reached Washington they felt the multitude and won their way by terrapin and champagne to the place the ambitious wife coveted. Her grammar was beyond all parallel and her language was not always marked with propriety. Though her manners lacked the repose and polish of the Vere de Veres, every one flocked to her house when it was open, dined for her favors, ate and drank of her abundance and went away to rail on her. Foreign ministers and attaches would go there, but only the unmarried men, as the ladies of the foreign circle did at least draw the line at the ex-laudress. After a season or two the statesman's wife broke down and, plaintively saying, "I have overdone," retired from active life and felt the keen sting of disappointment and what she called ingratitude at the way she was passed by, overlooked and forgotten, when no longer able to minister to those who had rioted at her expense.

How to Dress Warmly.

A person with much less weight or coarseness of clothes—provided he or she was dressed correctly for the cold—could face the still, frosty air without either red face or benumbed hands, and yet neither be dressed in fur, carry a muff nor wear a veil. It is so important to know where to put the warmth of clothes, that a suggestion just here may save some suffering, especially among children. There are three outposts of the body that need to be guarded from the cold. These are the knees, the wrists and the neck, well up to the ears. If these are thickly and warmly covered the rest of the clothing does not need to be so very heavy as is supposed. The most important of all to be protected is the knees, and especially for the very young and the elderly. It is astonishing what comfort is given by those knitted knee-caps that fit into the stockings. This can be drawn over them, if preferred.

THE SCHOOL'S BOSS BOY.

Bill Nye's Formidability of His School Days.

The Trouble He Experienced from the "Batter" on the Barn.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy of your school who did the heavy falling through the ice and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school, I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once, and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the country by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which is now three inches longer than the other; together with various other little early eccentricities which I cannot at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about 2 o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before 2 o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. One shut his eyes and counts ten, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest, and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "bind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it and let the crowd in free without tettering found out. I did this several times, and got the blunder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five or six hundred, and worked hard to get in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew he'd hate me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth battle, I saw a good chance to slip down and let the crowd in again as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batter" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home, and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow, the vest was too large, and when I slid down, that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it quite distinctly James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "Oh, I see you. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You had better come down and bind. I can see you up there!"

I tried to unloose my vest and get down and lick James, but it was no use. It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor, who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long-legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and maddly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet president of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)—Bill Nye

The Surprise.

Joy met sorrow in a low
While the fragrant morning,
Very sweetly, full and sweet,
Saw from its glowing fold,
"Why art thou here?" "Joy, startled, cried,
"Joy art thou?" "Joy, sorrow, sighed.

MEMOIRS.

Men of note, the bank cashiers.

The bill collector's work is always fun before he gets his pay.

A spring post sings: "Will they miss me, I wonder?" If they do, they ought never to fire another gun.

The are going down to dinner. He: "May I sit on your right hand?" She: "Oh, better take a chair." He takes one.

"Your father is worth at least half a million," said he to his jealous sweetheart. "That is true," she murmured. "And yet you doab my love," he replied in an injured tone.

Webster's spelling book, it is said, still sells at the rate of a million copies a year. Though not so exciting as some novels, it nevertheless throws a potent spell over the reader.

Scene—A railway train. Dialogue between a husband and wife, who have enjoyed several years of wedded bliss. The wife: "My dear, let me see your newspaper moment." The husband: "Certainly, my dear, as soon as we come to a tunnel."

A country girl wrote to her cousin in Brooklyn to come up and spend a month on the farm; they were going to have hickory bees and dead loads of fun. The Brooklyn girl replied that she would not come, as the last time she was there she was stung by a horrid bee and didn't want any more of it.

The Dog in Theonician Religion.

Apart from conjectures, our knowledge of Theonician religion is desperately meagre and the role played by the dog is yet to be known. On the general principle that the Theonicians borrowed without stint from Egypt, we may suppose that the dog-headed deity was not left without his share of honor, and the dogs that were so carefully embalmed in the Cynopolite Nome may have been held sacred in Theonicia. Elian tells us (H. N. x. 3) that at Thma, in Sicily, there was a highly honored temple of Hephaestus, containing an unquenchable and sleepless fire, and about the temple and grove were "sacred dogs" that welcomed those who entered the precinct, with pious hearts, but they would bite and rend any one that came with polluted hands, or from wicked associates. Again he relates (H. N. xi. 20) that in the City of Miranus, in Sicily, there was a temple of the deity Adranus of great fame, to which "sacred dogs" were attached, not less than 1,000 in number. They acted as servants and attendants of the god, and surpassed in beauty and size the famous Molossian breed. During the day they welcomed all that entered the temple and grove, whether natives or strangers; at night they played the part of the good policeman. Apparently, the excellent cheer that was furnished at the temple was necessary to produce its effect upon the visitors; for Elian says that such as were quite intoxicated and could only stagger on their way, the dogs conducted to their homes very tenderly and safely, but such as were violent and noisy, they jumped upon and tore their clothing, till they were brought to their senses; while thieves and pick-pockets were torn to pieces without mercy.—New York Post.

Thief's Jargon.

Here is an extract from Michael Davitt's book on British prisons. "A pickpocket told me the history of his arrest one day in the following language: 'I was jogging down a blooming sloop in the Chapel when I bumped a reeler who was sporting a red slang. I broke off his jerry and bonnet of the clock, which was a red one, but I was spotted by a copper who claimed me. I was tugged before the beak who gave me six dross in the Steed. The week after I was chucked up, I did a snatch near St. Paul's, was col-lared, hagged and got this bit of seven stretch.'"