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The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 13, 1885.

NO. 49.

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

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Common Things.

Oh, how narrow is our vision
That we see no more than this
In the commonest of things
Why, a lumber-wagon's rattle
Is as grand as any battle,
If our ears but only wings.

'Tis a necessary fraction
Of the world's unfolding action
Detail of the life of man;
Dissect when we hear it sing,
Music when we make it ring,
In the complicated plan.

In the simplest shines the story
Of the universe's glory,
And the lofty and the wise
See that all things are relations,
Follow the constancies
Till above the stars they rise.

Even angels, even error,
Taints them with no trace of terror,
For the All is in their eyes;
Knowing nothing isolated,
From the loved and from the hated,
Up to God they generation.

Franklin K. Duden in the Current.

THE MOUNTAIN HUT.

BY MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

David, with his uncle and sister, had ridden far into the Balsam mountains of North Carolina one day, leaving the bridge-path behind them and pushing their way through the underbrush of laurel and rowan, when a storm overtook them.

"There should be a hut on the bank of this stream," said her uncle, "if my memory does not fail me."

"I see it," said David. "But it is more like a pigsty than a dwelling for human beings, like most of the houses of these mountaineers."

"These mountaineers are a kindly, honest folk, whatever their homes may be, and I am never afraid to claim a welcome, which I cannot always say of those who live in the cities," his uncle retorted.

The welcome in this case was given cordially. The hut was built of logs, between which were wide cracks; the rain beat in and ran down the floor.

"I like a plenty of air," said their hostess, piling up logs on the hearth.

Her bed was a mattress of husks—it filled one corner, a rough pine table another; a heap of sacks full of roots lay piled near the door. The cooking utensils were a coffee-pot and two iron frying-pans. The woman stirred some corn-meat with water, filled one of the pans, put on the lid, and covered it with hot ashes; the other held a sizzling mass of fat pork.

"Yes, we're very comfortable," she said, proudly, observing Polly's curious glance. "Got everything snug and genteel. I'd be powerful sorry to live like some folks."

David followed his uncle out to the covered shed, where he sat looking at the pelted storm. "I never supposed any human being lived in such solitude," he exclaimed. "Why she has not left the mountain for twenty years; she never has seen a town larger than the village of Waynesville—she did not know there was any larger."

"Still it is impossible for any living beings to shut themselves off from their kind. If you look a little farther, you will be surprised to find how widely connected this poor lame creature is with the rest of the world."

"This coffee, which is making such a comfortable smell just now, came to her from the far-off Brazils; black-berried mulattoes picked it for her on the shores of the Amazon; other slaves in the West Indies grew her the pepper which she is sifting on the meat; English mill-hands in Manchester wove her Sunday calico gown; middle-aged Chinamen gave her tea; even this hen clucking at my feet came from eggs from Poland."

"There is scarcely a State in the Union which has not its part in this poor little hut. Here is an axe; Pennsylvania gave the iron, Connecticut the handle. Here is sugar from Louisiana, rice from Georgia, shoes from Massachusetts."

"The world is very liberal to the old woman," said David laughing. "She ought to give something in exchange."

"Perhaps she does. We will look into that presently. I told you that we were all closely bound together. In a well-furnished city house there is scarcely a country in the world which is not represented, if you choose to search it out. You ask what the old woman sends back. Come, let us ask her. What is in the bag, for example?"

"Roots—Angelica," promptly responded their hostess. "Pays eight cents in the pound, the doctors use it in the North to cure nervous people. That next bag—But set up, set up; dinner's ready. Fall to, young folks; there's plenty of it, such as it is," hospitably urging great chunks of hot juncos on them and delicious yellow butter. David and Polly "fell to" with a good will.

"The other bag, you were about to say?" suggested their uncle.

"Oh yes; ginseng. I gather heaps

of that 'ere. My son takes it to the store, and it is shipped to New York, and from there to China. Them poor heathen will pay its weight in gold for some kinds of ginseng. I don't know what they do with it though."

"Going to China?" David said, looking respectfully at the sack.

"The Chinese believe that it gives fresh life to mind and body; cures all kinds of disease. They mix it with dried caterpillars to give to the insane people, and with powdered tigers' skulls for the cure of grief."

Polly laughed. "And what is in that smaller sack?" she asked.

"That is another root that goes with the ginseng to China. It has a pleasant smell, but I don't know the name."

"They burn it before their josses, to ensure themselves long life."

"There is a queer gummy stuff in a bottle yonder. Does it go to China?" asked Polly.

"No, that's balsam. It's the gum of these trees outside, with the black trunks. You're high five thousand feet above the sea. They won't grow no lower. They're a mighty proud tree; and the chestnuts and oaks and such like can't grow so high, so you'll notice on most of these mountings a barren strip between them and that's nothing green."

"But the bottle of gum? Is it used for anything?" asked David.

"No, no," cried Polly, who had put the bottle to her nose. "I have smelled this often in cough medicines and plasters and cures for burns."

"But, then, little eyes and nose you have, Polly," said her brother, "for everything but looks. Is she right, uncle?"

Yes. Although the balsam commonly used in medicine comes from Russia. The supply from these mountains is very small. It sells high; turning to the woman.

"Ten dollars a quart here, and more if you carry it to town. Oh, that's a fortune in balsam! Bear-skins is worth a powerful sight of money, wolf-skins not quite so much. My baby (I call him my baby, though he's twenty-one, been the youngest), he took down some peltry yesterday. Bar, wolf, deer, coon and beaver. They do tell me ladies up North have them bigger skins to cover their coachmen's feet; but I don't believe it. They've surely got wit to know what fine bed-spreads they make."

The children by this time had finished their dinner. "Here are some strange-looking yellow stones," said Polly, with an inquiring glance.

"Oh, them rocks? You see a man was around hyar prospectin' for mines and he left word with my boy to look out for such rocks as that, and mark the place. Expect to find gold, I reckon."

"Something more valuable than gold. This is yellow corundum."

"What is it used for?"

"This coarse kind is ground to make emery, which Polly sharpens her needles with. The finer corundums are the sappire and oriental ruby."

"Oh," cried Polly breathlessly. "Do you mean that rubies are to be found here—here?"

"One was found in the next county worth six thousand dollars," said the mountaineer. "I suppose the folks that live in towns couldn't get along very well without us North Carolinians," smiling. "We send 'em lumber and iron and gold and medicine, and even rings for their fingers."

The rain had ceased, and they bade her a cordial good-by, and rode away. "Instead of being in a solitude, she is quite in the centre of things," said David laughing.

"I told you that we were all tied together by fine cords," said his uncle; "you are just beginning to find out how many of them there are."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Why They Blushed.

In one of New York's largest oil houses is employed a boy somewhat under size, whose duties are to keep the office clean and make himself useful. One day the senior member of the firm happened to chaff the little fellow about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much, you are too small."

The little fellow looked up from the work he was doing and said:

"Small as I am I can do something that no one else about this place can do."

"Oh, what is that?" asked his employer.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But the employer being anxious to know urged him to tell what he could do that no one else about the place was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There was a blush on more than one face present, and no anxiety for further information from the very small boy.

Travelling in 1700.

From a paper on "Social Life in the Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, in the Century, we quote the following: "The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury than a country gentleman in England on an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year, showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach, with postillions; but it was not until 1720 that wheeled carriages were recognized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also, the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dignity, and some of the richer Carolinians carried their luxury so far as to have carriages, horses, coachmen and all, imported from England; but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open 'chair' or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one, and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels but no top, the sulky, which was much used, differed from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the eighteenth century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvania northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amusement of European travellers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphia was fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure though known in Boston about 1700 only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, twice a week, during the summer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travellers were promised that it would be 'fitted up with benches, and covered over, so that passengers may sit easy and dry.'"

College Expenses.

The following is from the New York Mail and Express:

The annual expense of a course of study at old Bowdoin is from \$900 to \$900. It is not fashionable there to be extravagant.

An Amherst college student can finish the course at a cost of \$350 a year, and at the outside it need not cost him over \$1000.

The expenses at Vassar college run from \$500 to \$1000 a year. The girls have no football teams or rowing clubs to support.

Brown University is rather expensive. A scholar can spend \$1000 if he wants to, but the actual expense need not exceed \$550.

A student at Yale college can pay all his real expenses with \$100 a year, and yet \$900 can be expended in so-called legitimate expenses.

The expense of an education at Cornell is not large in comparison with other institutions of learning. A student can spend \$1100 for his legitimate expenses, but \$500 will cover them, provided he is economical.

The Arc de Triomphe.

The Arc de Triomphe in the Place de l'Etoile, Paris, under which the remains of Victor Hugo lay in state, owes its existence to Napoleon I., who decreed its erection in 1806 to celebrate the victories of the French under the republic and the empire. It is the largest triumphal arch in Europe, being 152 feet high, 137 feet broad and 68 feet deep. The height of the principal arch is 90 feet. Its cost was about \$2,100,000, and it was thirty years in completing, being finished in 1836. There are various groups of colossal statuary, and Fame surmounts the whole, while History is occupied in recording his deeds. The interior is ascended by winding staircases, which lead into several large halls. After mounting 261 steps the top is reached, from which one of the best views of Paris is gained.

ABSINTHE AS A BEVERAGE.

The Deadly Drink Growing in Popularity.

A Pastor's Fruitless Struggle Against the Seductive French Liqueur.

A well-dressed stranger of middle age, wearing a haggard, care worn look on his rather handsome countenance, walked into a popular Market street sample room at noon yesterday. He bore the indescribable air of a man who had "put in the night," and exhibited a restless impatience in waiting on the pleasure of the bartender. His order when given was almost whispered, accompanied by a significant nod. The bartender took an ordinary sized flask from the shelf behind him, and picking up a tiny spiral glass, holding about a drachm, carefully filled it. This glass in turn was emptied into an ordinary wine glass filled with water. On the top of the compound a greenish sediment accumulated, which was carefully removed with a spoon. The beverage was then handed to the customer, who eagerly gulped it down, and paying the charges left the room. In answer to a question from the reporter, the bartender said the drink was absinthe, a French liqueur, which is rapidly growing into popularity in this country. In answer to a query as to the amount drank in Wheeling, the bartender answered that the calls for either that particular beverage, or any other fancy drink of a kindred nature, were comparatively few, straight drinks having a tenacious grip on the appetite of the greater portion of our Wheeling people.

Later in the day the reporter met a prominent young physician, and finding him at leisure secured the following information in reference to the origin of the liquor: Absinthe is prepared by pounding the leaves and hovering tops of various species of worm wood along with angelica root, sweet flag root and staranise fruit, and macerating these in alcohol. After soaking for eight days the compound is distilled, yielding an emerald colored liquor, to which a quantity of anise oil is added. The liquor thus formed constitutes the genuine French absinthe.

An inferior quality of absinthe is made with other herbs and essential oils, while the adulterations practised are numerous and deleterious. In the adulterated liquor the green color is usually produced by turmeric and indigo, but blue vitriol is often commonly used. The varieties especially noted in commerce are divided into two classes, the common and the Swiss, the latter being genuine. The chief seat of its manufacture is in the canton of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. The liquors are chiefly consumed in France, but there is also large quantities exported to this country. In addition to the large quantities manufactured in France for home consumption, the amount imported from Switzerland averages 2,000,000 gallons yearly. The drinking of absinthe was introduced in France during the Algerian war 1814-1847. The soldiers were advised to mix absinthe with their wine as a febrifuge. On their return they brought with them the habit of drinking it, which is now so widely disseminated in French society, and with such disastrous consequences that the custom is justly considered a great national evil. The appetite is often formed by prescriptions given by physicians, as the drug is often given as a tonic for flaccid dyspepsia; but in my opinion there is as little danger of a man forming the habit if he is possessed of ordinary self control as that if a prescription of brandy should cause him to become a habitual drunkard. The powerful nature of the stimulant is such that excessive drinking will prove far more deleterious than the use of brandy or strong whiskey. In excessive drinking there is first the feeling of exaltation peculiar to a state of intoxication. The increasing dose necessary to create this effect destroys the digestive organs, and consequently the appetite of the victim.

An appeasable thirst follows, with giddiness, tingling in the ears, hallucination of the sight and hearing, constant mental oppression and anxiety, loss of brain power and eventually idleness. The symptoms in the case of a tippler commence with muscular quiverings and decrease of physical strength, the hair drops off and the victim becomes emaciated, wrinkled and sallow, horrible dreams and delusions constantly haunt the unfortunate and are followed by paralysis which lands him in his grave.

There have been several instances in this city that came under my view of ladies who are slaves of this habit. One in particular is fast breaking down under the steady drain on her

physical forces. She is wealthy, and has several times been treated with a view toward relieving her of the spectre which haunts her, but the attempts have been unsuccessful, as her will power is completely gone. There is an instance, too, of an old gentleman in this city, who several years ago began the habit, and constantly toyed with the drug until he has become a slave to the habit. We had an instance here several years ago of a popular divine who catered to his appetite till one day he was discovered in an anteroom of his church in a state bordering on idleness. He accepted a call to a distant city shortly after, and the story of his misfortune never came out. He was an exceptionally brilliant man, of strong and determined countenance, and the last man in the world one would judge could give away to the cravings of his appetite. There would have been several other instances in addition to those above recited, among them a former resident of the city who several years ago emigrated East, but died shortly after reaching his new home. His death was undoubtedly caused or hastened by the drug, of which he had been a constant tippler a year previous to his departure. The drug in its crude state is principally derived from absinthium, a plant indigenous to Northern Africa, Asia and the greater part of Europe. It has also been transplanted to this country, where it grows rapidly and where it has been cultivated extensively for medicinal purposes. —Wheeling (W. V.) Register.

Sayings of Rev. Sam Jones.

The following are some of the latest reports of the Rev. Sam Jones, whose reputation as a revivalist has rapidly spread over a continent.

"I would not let my cook go to a German. Dancing is nothing but hugging set to music."

"I have doubts," says one. Well, you just quit your meanness and you will quit your doubting."

If a man hasn't enough religion to pray by his family he hasn't enough to save his soul with."

It's not so much when and where a man joins the church. It's all right just so he sticks up to it."

Be honest and pay your debts. There are too many men in the church hoarding with their wives."

Get in the right attitude and faith will come. Bread is the gift of God at the end of a plough handle."

Have religion at home, train your children right, and no revival will be needed. Religion is catching."

There is not a man in Chattanooga who doesn't have family prayers; that has got as much religion as a goat."

Twelve years ago I consecrated myself to God, and since that time have never had an invitation to a ball."

A man's hates and his likes determine character; a man's abilities determine what he is and who he is."

There was never a sinner in this town, however hoary headed, who would want the churches done away with."

Do you think a pale, weak looking fellow like me could preach four times a day the year round if I wasn't uplifted by the grace of God."

In certain places they tell you if you want to get into society you must join our church. If you want to go to hell join that church. That is the plain English of it."

If I could have my choice getting into heaven between church, Sunday school, prayer meetings and a good mother, I would take the latter and be sure of the better home above."

God won't keep a young lady pious who has her waist encircled seven times a week by a spider-legged devil."

Sow billions, reap fools. Sow cars, reap gamblers. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Sow Germans, reap spide legs."

The dude looks as if he was melting, and poured into his pants."

There's many a fellow with a white wash brush trying to clean up a little before he goes to God."

High-Toned.

"How do you like your son's wife Mrs. Higley?"

"Well, she 'pears to be reether 'pearst of a body, but I'm afraid she's too high-toned to get along smooth with our family."

"High-toned! Why, gracious alive! I wouldn't have thought it. She's not very stylish about her dress, and don't seem to be at all affected in her ways so far as I can see. What makes you think she's high-toned?"

"Well, I reckon it's her talk. You see, she calls a tea-cup a vessel, and it ain't puttin' on airs. I tell you it comes mon's us near it, and I don't believe in no such way o' doin'."

A tea cup's a tea-cup, and all the edification in our family couldn't never make nothin' else out of it." —Chicago Lady.

ROAST LOCUST ON TOAST.

A Dish which is Very Fashionable in China.

Another Oriental Tidbit in the Shape of Worms from Decayed Trees.

In the gastronomical calendar, the Chinese have their seasonal fashions, as well as their white cousins on this side of the great waters. Among the seasonal and fashionable foods of Northern China, perhaps the most welcomed of all is the locust. In the season of supply of that dainty insect, everybody, rich and poor, has an equal show for a delicious feast. Although, sometimes, the locusts are a very disgusting visitation to the farmer's crops, he has his vengeance upon them, and a chance to get his grain back with some pound interest. Either through vengeance or fashion, the Chinese always made it almost a religious duty to eat locust in the fall of the year. Indeed, so fond of them are the people of all classes, that they are sold, roasted, by vendors during the season at as high as one cash each. The children, especially, are fond of them, and to the corner street stands to buy roasted locust, just as the American children buy roasted peanuts, and seem to enjoy them even more.

To have locust on toast in Northern China is almost as fashionable as quail on toast in America. This is how they are prepared: Take a log full of fattened locust, almost red with age, dump them into a hot vat, cover them quickly, when they are done throw in a handful or more of salt. Roast them by constantly stirring—just as the Italians roast their chestnuts until they become well done and crisp. Generally, the insects lose their wings, legs, and sometimes their heads; if not, those uneatable portions are carefully picked off. They are then served with toasted corn bread, or millet rice. In taste they seem much to resemble salt herring, but are much more delicate. Locust sausages, which are also fashionable, are made in the following manner: Select only the female locusts, which are full of eggs, remove their wings, heads, tails and legs, chop them up with onions, garlic, pepper, salt and other spices if convenient. Make into small balls of about half an ounce each, and dip these in boiling hot grease, until they are browned, like codfish balls, then serve them with cayenne pepper sauce. Corn bread and millet rice are eaten with them.

There are also several species of worms, which are eaten in the middle provinces of China. One of them, called the Chen Chen, is considered very fine, and is quite fashionable among the upper classes. They are served out to guests in the evenings, as sponge or pound cakes would be by Americans. These worms are found in old and decayed trees, usually the cedar, the alum, and like harmless woods. They grow to an enormous size, present a hideous and sickening appearance. In taste they resemble old Limburger cheese and rotten dried Bologna. The writer once had a whole meal of them when they were just out of the oven, in a darkened room. He thought they were old sausages from the Sandwich Islands, until he chewed the head of one of these gigantic worms. He has not been back to the hotel since. —Wong Ching in the Cook.

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