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The Chatham Record.

VOL. VIII.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 24, 1885.

NO. 3.

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

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Comfort.

Must thou ever the clear heaven of thy soul
Must thou watch the stars that gleam and glow
Must thou search all the hopes thou wouldst not
Have won
Fate, one by one
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To blue skies?

A Letter and a Telegram.

"I don't never waste words," said old Mr. Brown, in a hard, driving voice, "and I ain't good at letter writing, but I reckon this will cut."
"Is a pity you write it so hard, father," said his young daughter, trembling, "it'll hurt her to the heart, she didn't never mean to bury that \$300, and then cheat you out of it."

"The soil around the violet-beds, to loon on the selfish bonds, and give his love a human voice. And when he read these words, "Mary died this evening; come at once," a great, sudden anguish filled his breast, and suddenly handing the dispatch to Fanny, he walked from the kitchen and shut himself up in his own room, where years before death had made sundry visits. He did not cry out or fall, or make any sign that he was grief-stricken, but he was hurt to the soul, and a great remorse made him sick and faint. He had never put it in the agreement about sickness, over-does, and bad crops, as he had just said; neither had he "put it" that Mary, in her young blooming matronhood days, should die - his first-born? How could he bear it? and it was all the harder because of the cruel words he had uttered while she lay dead at home. Did he say he would never forgive her - did he really - really say that? Fanny had tried to stop him, and brought it to his mind that he was a "church member" and a Christian. As if a father ought to be merely a Christian to his own child. Why hadn't he given her the money? Might have done so five times over and never missed it. And the old man groaned remorsefully, as with these thoughts in his heart, his gaze wandered over the great fields where the cotton would soon be a shimmering, fleecy sea, bringing new treasures to his hoarded gains, and making no hearts happy save his own.

These few, poor, stunted acres of John's and Mary's! Swamped by the overflow last spring, stock drowned, and John, wading waist-deep, fighting with the waters, laid up with the rheumatism. Suppose he had given 'em a thousand dollars! Oh, the sting of remembering evil when it is too late to turn evil into good. And then there was that unkind letter. Did his child read those cruel words with the dying light in her eyes, or would it be left for the stricken husband to be treated to the short, stern homily? He went back to the kitchen, where Fanny sat crying over the telegram. "Lock up the house," he said in a hurried way, for fear of his voice would falter; "we'll go at once. I'll hitch up while ye get ready." And when they had started on their long journey he quite broke down in talking over the past and telling Fanny little things here and there that no one would have supposed he had remembered. "Mary was a dutiful daughter," he said, putting into broken sentences the grief and remorse that overwhelmed him; "after her ma died, and she wasn't know-high to a duck, she was like a second parent to the little uns; missed 'em through the measles, and when they was well, took it herself, and laid as quiet on the bed for fear of giving trouble as if she warn't a child." He didn't tell her of how, when the second Mrs. Brown was installed as mistress, Mary became the drudge and maid-of-all-work, and was nurse to a half-dozen more little Browns, who, like their mother, ruled her with a rod of iron. Nor of Mary's marriage with a sturdy, young fellow, who, for the lack of a little timely help, and the pressure of a large family, was kept with his nose to the perpetual grindstone. He did not tell how Mary pinched and worked, and sat up till late hours, and struggled to help her family, until in consequence of doctor's bills and babies, and poor crops, John was forced to give a mortgage on his house, when her (the father) might have lifted them out of their poverty. He might even have given them a better house; the oldest inhabitant could not remember when the ugly, ramshackle affair had been built. Some ancient ancestors had put up a couple of rooms, then added on a few more, until, what with patching and propping up, John's inheritance was an offense to the eye. Mr. Brown thought bitterly of all this through the long journey. Too late, too late seemed written in words of fire on every tree and shrub. At last the house was in sight; a poor, miserable place enough, but now, in the month of June, sweet with "blushing roses and honeysuckle that the mistress's hand had trained to the porch. "Who-o-o, Dandy!" The children were in the yard; with a shout they ran to the gate, and as the old horse stopped, somebody rushed down the steps, and with a cry, "Why father, why Fanny?" Mary in her famous clean calico and apron, and cheeks like roses, with the pleasure and excitement of the visit, was in her father's arms - her father, who held her as he had never done before, and kissed her with the tears running down his face. "My child," he said presently, "you were dead, and are alive again. Thank God!"

Why, father?

"Why, father?" questioned Mary again, what on earth is the matter? And she looked with frightened gaze at her sister, vaguely wondering if her father were stricken with some sudden insanity. For answer, Fanny drew out the telegram from her pocket, and gave it to Mary. "It's all a wonderful mistake," exclaimed the elder woman, glancing it over, and hugging father and sister excitedly again. "We have a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Harris, who died last evening; she has a brother living some where n - you, and by the way, his name is Brown - Richard Brown - your name father. They carried you the telegram instead of him. What a pity he won't hear of it, so as to get there to the burying." And so, between hysterical sobs in smiles, and every body talking at once, and asking questions that no one dreamed of answering, they went in under the bower of roses and honeysuckle, and presently John hobbled from the field on crutches, and the story was told all over again. And when Mary slipped out into the kitchen to get an early supper, old Mr. Brown followed here and there, and she was folded tight in her father's arms again, while the tears streamed down both their faces. It was as if she had been raised from the dead. "My child," whispered the old man, "I ain't been the best of fathers to ye; I ha' shut my eyes and my heart when I ought to ha' been the one to help ye; never ye mind 'bout that money; don't ye say one word 'bout it, and we'll knock this old rattletrap down to-morrow, and I'll show ye how to build a house!" And so he did, and a very comfortable house it was, where John did not have to stoop when he went in and out of doors. And would you believe it? The letter, all the more harsh for being so brief, never did reach its destination. Old Mr. Brown's clerk, grasping was of a very inferior sort, and the postmaster couldn't puzzle out the address, much as he desired so to do; then the letter was forwarded to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, and in due time was returned to Mr. Brown, who quietly and satisfactorily consigned it to the flames.

MAKING SPURIOUS COIN.

How Counterfeiters Defraud the Government. The extent to which the business is carried on in this country. The extent to which counterfeiting is carried on will probably never be known to a certainty, but that it is one of the greatest dangers to which the public is exposed as far as swindling schemes are concerned there can be no doubt. Even the severe penalty and the vigilant work of the Secret Service Department of the government has failed to wipe out this evil, as is evident every now and then when a new arrest is made, and the machinery of the counterfeiters captured. An officer of the Secret Service is authorized for the statement that counterfeiting is more extensively practiced than is generally believed. Paper money is imitated so closely that experts sometimes fail to notice the imposition, and coin of every description is counterfeited. It is singular that but one counterfeit \$20 gold piece has ever been discovered, and this bears the date 1850. In making this a genuine double eagle was split, one side being left thicker than the other. As much gold as possible was then scooped out of the thick side, and a mixture of platinum and some other metal substituted to bring it up to the standard weight. It is what is known as a "filled coin," and is worth from \$7 to \$8. A \$10 gold piece filled in the same way is worth from \$3 to \$4.50. There are quite a number of \$10 counterfeiters. The dates of these filled or counterfeiters are 1841-47-49-55-61-75-79 and '80. The one considered the most dangerous is dated 1847. The first counterfeit half-eagle, or \$5 gold piece, that the secret service discovered was issued in 1850, and no less than twenty-two have appeared since then, some of these being absolutely worthless, while others are worth from \$2.70 to \$4.00 each. The ones dated 1882 are the most skillfully executed counterfeiters known. Gold pieces are not counterfeited so much as silver coin, for the reason that gold counterfeit coins are made from dies and not cast. The manufacturers of the "quar" must buy the gold, which requires, of course, considerable capital, and the machinery is not only expensive, but of such large proportions as to make it liable to detection. In manufacturing counterfeit silver dollars almost any ingenious mechanic can do it after a little experience. The machinery required is very simple, being only plasher of paris molds, genuine coin, britannia, block tin, lead, and silver wash. The spurious coins are hard to detect. The weight test is the most accurate and reliable, especially with the 24 coin. The Treasury Department has a set of maximum and minimum weights, which distinguish the weights of all coins. For example the maximum of a \$20 gold piece is 546 grains and the minimum 513.42 grains. The difference is exactly one half of 1 per cent., the amount allowed by law. A great deal of coin becomes light from natural causes and when they come into the hands of the national Treasury they are sent to the mint and recoined the government bearing the loss. As a general thing nothing smaller than a \$10 gold piece is ever filled, though the smaller coins are plugged, which is perhaps the most common. A new process, however, has taken the place of plugging to a great extent, and is called "sweating." Some photographers are credited with doing this kind of thing. The method operated of this new process is to take a number of gold or silver pieces and suspend them in some acid for a few moments, and then withdraw them. By using fresh coins a considerable quantity of metal is obtained without reducing the weight of the pieces to any great extent, and they are then passed off again on the public. Sometimes as much as fifty cents in value is taken from a \$5 gold piece, and as much as eighty cents has been known to have been taken from a double eagle. Another way of tampering with double eagles is to remove their rough edges and remill them. Between fifty and eighty cents can be obtained in this way from a single coin, and the difference is not perceptible to the naked eye. Silver coin that is less than the minimum weight is rejected by the Treasury officials, and the owners are obliged to pass them if they can or sell them for but a few cents. Some unscrupulous brokers buy them for shipment to Canada where maximum and minimum weight are not considered, and they pass for face value. The government, however, has stopped this to a certain extent by stamping on the face of each word "light." The silver dollar is called the vagabond of all coins, as it is tampered with and counterfeited so much.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BARN-YARD RIOT. I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where were many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very much and still till one of the cows, in turning around, happened to hit her neighbor, whereupon he neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with tury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears - some frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritated, she would say, "Take care, my children, remember how the fight in the barn yard began. Never return a kick for a hit and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble." "Told a Lie With His Finger." A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger. I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal, and if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth. - Children's Edition. Friendly Lions. Everybody who has visited a menagerie knows that the lion is capable of being taught. A lion exhibited in a Dutch menagerie would leap through a barrel covered with blazing paper. He was so tame that his keeper took his food from him several times, with his teeth - save a slight clench, and growl. If a lion is captured when young, and treated with kindness, he becomes attached to his master, and will follow him like a dog. Anderson, the swedish naturalist, saw, in the lot of an African trader, one who was not only fond of his owner, but lived on the most affectionate terms with dogs, cats and other domestic animals. Lizard says, in his "Sketches and Recollections," that the pasha of Hama, the town built on the ruins of ancient Babylon, had a tame lion, who was allowed to stroll, unattended, through the boulevards. He had only one bad habit, when he was hungry, he would take possession of a butcher's stall, drive out the butcher, help himself to a joint, eat it, and then depart. If he had a fancy to breakfast on fish, he would go down to the bank of the Euphrates, wait the coming of a fisherman's boat, scare away the owner, pick out the largest fish, and break his fast at his leisure. The pasha encouraged his pet to get his daily rations by this method, as it relieved him from paying fishermen's and butchers' bills. When the lion had appeared his hunger, he would stretch himself in the sun, and allow the Arab boys to play with him, as if he were a large dog. The captain of an English frigate kept a huge pet lion, which he had reared from a cub, that was so tame as to be allowed the run of the ship. "Fierce," as he was called, was more attached to his keeper than to his owner. One day the keeper got drunk, and the captain ordered him to be degraded. The grating on which the keeper stood opposite Prince's cage. While preparations were being made for the degrading, the lion kept walking around his cage, stopping now and then, to look at his friend and at the boatswain, who stood, "cat" in hand, waiting the word. At the first stroke of the knotted galls on the man's bare back, the lion's sides resounded with the quick, harshings of his tail. His eyes glowed with rage when he saw the blood begin to flow. With a roar of thunder he dashed himself against the cage's bars. They bent, but did not give way, and the lion, finding that he could not break out, rolled on the floor, shrieking as if in agony. "Cut down the man!" said the captain to the boatswain. "Go to your friend!" said he to the bleeding keeper. When the man entered the cage, the lion seemed beside himself with joy. He caressed him with his paws, licked gently the mangled back, and then, folding him in his huge fore-limbs, looked as if he dared the whole crew to take his friend from his embrace. - The Youth's Companion.

Elephants in Burmah.

A correspondent to the Providence Journal, writing from Rangoon, Burmah, says: I saw one of the white elephants about two months ago at Wimpadaw, on the Sittoung river, then about to start for Mandalay. It was offered for the young animal, only three or four years old. But the young owner refused the \$10,000 and was going himself to Mandalay to present the royal gifts, for which he hoped for \$250,000 to \$300,000, as his grandfather got 50,000 some 25 years ago for a similar animal. The animal appeared to me unusually black and glossy five hundred yards away. I said to the owner: "Why, your white elephant is exceedingly black?" "Yes," said he, "but sir don't you see the signs?" pointing to scattering hairs in different parts of the body, one or two inches longer than the mass, and somewhat white or gray in appearance. It matters not how black the elephant is if he has the "signs." This is well understood to the initiated, but it makes the outsider stare. It should be understood that the "royal white elephant" worshipped at the courts of Burmah and Siam are never "white," and need not appear even whitish, and as a matter of fact are often darker than the ordinary elephant. They have certain "signs" and peculiarities, which are very rare, and which give them their fancied sacredness and value as "luck bearers" to their royal owners. There are now several "herds" of elephants within one or two days' journey of Rangoon. I was near one of these herds not long ago. My cartman stopped his bullocks and turned back to a village and a Zayat because the herd was within hearing, and soon men were hurrying from it and warned us not to go on. The elephants were marching in a solid body from a great plain near the sea, where they find an abundance of rich, tender grass, but no good water, to a mountain stream full of pools, not far away, to drink. This they did in the hottest weather every night, but in the cooler weather and with rains, only once in two or three days. "By 6 o'clock in the morning," said the man, "they will have returned from the pools, and the road will be clear." This herd is said to number 100 to 200. Some put the number as high as 500. The herd at times, no doubt, divides, especially when food is scarce, to graze over wider ranges. They are protected by the government a heavy fine being imposed for killing or shooting one, except in self-defense. If one should kill an elephant, the ivory, bones, skin and flesh must at once be made over to the nearest government official, with the proof of the necessity of the killing. Human beings are far less secure in life and property in Burmah than elephants. And yet these animals are captured to some extent. I know of an elephant that has in the last 10 years captured no less than 18 of his fellow beings, and as he has now got his hand in, his owners think him good for three or four each year. The Lowest Railroad. Mr. Meiggs carried his famous rail road from Lima to the crest of the Andes at a cost of \$27,000,000 and 7,000 human lives, but died before completing it. About fifty miles of track remain to be built. A contract for its construction has been made by a brother of Mayor Grace, of New York. It is said that the sensation of riding up this railroad, together with the rapid ascent from the sea level to the mountain's crest, produces a sickness called "soroche," often fatal, and usually sending people to bed for several weeks. The symptoms are a terrible pressure upon the temples, nausea, bleeding at the nose and ears and faintness, but the effects can be avoided by taking precautions and observing rules that experience has suggested, the chief one being to drink a glass of brandy and keep perfectly quiet, as the slightest degree of exercise will floor the strongest man. - Boston Journal.

For All Who Die.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language. It hath been said for all who die There is a rest, Some falling, swelling heart to sigh On every bed; But in that hour of pain and dread Who will draw near Around my humble couch and shed One farewell tear. Who'll watch the East departing ray In deep despair, And soothe the spirit on its way With holy prayer? What murmur could my couch will come In words of woe, And follow me to my long home Solon and slow? When lying on my earthly bed In day sleep, Who then he pure affection led Will come and weep? By the pale moon impaint the rose I you my breast And bid her cheer my dark repose, My lonely rest? Could I but know when I am sleeping That on the ground, One faithful heart would then be keeping Watch all around, As if some gem had strown beneath That gold's a gem, I could not light the tongs, As in that hour I could feel From the falls of grief And lonely prayers one would shed In prayer, And when I had at rest my mind, I could not know my own mortality. No other man. But only a fondler like to mine, A father's love From all I have had in youth's sweet time From my fond eyes, From my own pale robes of white To mark my bed, To sleep that death's long, dreamless night, Love and light.

HUMOROUS.

The pretty girl who is maid of hall work is the drier holier. A pound party, the young woman who is learning to play on the piano. A New Jersey man has been fined fifty dollars for keeping a cow. The cow belonged to a neighbor. A man does not always consider his brother or a social level with himself, yet he is angry if his barber cut him. A "monster" in human form" says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate as when she is talking of her own eyes. "Nothing is impossible for him who will," exclaims in a would-be philosopher. You don't try it when the old lady says "won't." He - I see the latest idiosyncy of women is to have a monkey for a pet. She - That is not new. It was so when we got married. A kind word may turn away wrath, but it won't turn away a bull-dog when he is after a small boy, and the small boy is trying to escape with the contents of an orchard. A horticultural authority says - There are 1,000 kind of pears? It is the green pear, though, that is the doctor's favorite. This is one of the things that science cannot alter. George Eliot says "Things look dim to old folks." They undoubtedly do when old folks peer into the parlor between the hours of nine and twelve in the evening. But the old folks look infinitely distinct to the occupants of its dimness. Grant and the Wood Thief. When Grant lived in Missouri he found some one was stealing wood from his land. He watched one night and saw a neighboring farmer cut a tree, load it on his wagon and drive off. Joining him farther along the road Grant sang out: "Hello, Bill! Going to St. Louis with your wood?" "Yes-yes." "What do you ask for it?" "About \$4." "All right, I'll take it. Draw it over to the house." "Can't. This wood's promised." "There's no use holding off. You must haul this to my house and pay me \$20 for the rest you've taken. That will be only half price." "If I don't I suppose you'll sue me before the squire?" "No, we won't trouble the squire or the public. We'll settle this now," and springing forward Grant grabbed the fellow by the collar. This was enough. The fellow hauled the wood to Grant's house but begged the captain to keep still. That ended the thieving. A Weather Prophet. It is possible, according to French authority, to foretell the weather, sometimes ten or twenty hours in advance, by observing and comparing the sounds emitted by a telephone connected by leads with two iron bars stuck into the ground a few yards apart. In case of a thunderstorm especially, a noise like that of shivering leaves increases until a flash of lightning occurs, when the sound resembles that of rain or hail falling on grass.