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A Man I Like.

I like a man who all mean things despises,
A man who has a purpose firm and true;
Who faces every doubt as it rises,
And murmurs not at what he finds to do.

MAN OR PHANTOM?

During the Franco-German war I represented a leading English journal, which, by the way, exchanged its reports with an American paper of national prominence, as was reported. Upon my arrival in Germany soon after the declaration of war I presented my credentials to the proper authorities, and after much delay was attached to the Royal Saxon Army Corps, as brave a body of warriors as was ever gathered together for purposes of destruction and carnage.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Hints to Dyspeptics. Much of the value obtained from nutrition depends upon its cooking and precise tenderness. It should be kept till tender, and the time will depend upon the weather.

The dyspeptic will do well to give luncheon and stew a wide berth, unless they are exceptionally well cooked. Tripe is an easily digested and most excellent supper dish.

Now as to pork. For a man who is in good health, and has the opportunity of taking constant exercise in the open air, this food is good and nutritious, but the invalid and dyspeptic must beware of it. Ham or bacon, with eggs in the morning, however, is tolerably easily digested.

After pork comes veal in the rank of indigestibility, so that, on the whole, my best advice to the dyspeptic is to leave both alone, with the exception of frizzled thinly-cut bacon as a relish in the morning.

Savecibreads, whether calves' or sheep's, are very nutritious and assist in the digestion of other foods. On the whole, the 1/2th-vecker will do well to make the flesh of the sheep and ox, in moderate quantities, his staple, so far as animal food is concerned, but he must vary this constantly with chicken, game and fish, when in season.

Philosophy of the Fatting Leaf. Leaves are the most important part of the plant. A portion of the food which plants require is conveyed through the roots, but by far the larger portion is absorbed through the leaves. Leaves perform for plants a like function, to some extent, to that which the stomach does for man and the other orders of the animal kingdom which possess that organ.

When a leaf is dried, it loses its vitality, and the food which it has absorbed is converted into a mere mass of cellulose. The green leaf, however, is a factory of food, and the food which it produces is conveyed to the other parts of the plant through the veins.

Love Me, Love My Dog. "Will your dog bite, Johnnie?" asked Johnnie's sister's beau of that youngster, as he met him with an ugly cur tied to a string.

"Nary bite," replied Johnnie, confidently. The young man put out his hand to pat the brute, and the result was a snapped finger. He jerked away his hand in a rage and exclaimed:

"Why, you miserable little rascal, you said that nasty cur wouldn't bite!" "Oh, no," said Johnnie, coolly. "Yes, you did, confound you!" "No, I didn't," you said, "will your dog bite Johnnie?" and I said he wouldn't, and he won't. He never bit Johnnie in all his born days and it wouldn't be good for him if he did. But your life that dog knows what to bite," and Johnnie went off whistling, with the dog trotting along at his heels, looking back over his stump tail at Johnnie's sister's beau.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Reason Why. Joy is in the park, Fun is on the stair, Bask in the kitchen, Ours in the air, Laugh in each simple, Sing in every eye, Happy little maid, Can you tell me why?

Grandpa's Queer Case. It was a cold winter night, seventy years ago. Little Polly had a "breath hole" on the frosty window pane, so she could peep out and watch the stars watching the cattle in the brook, and see the red sunset clouds, and there was grandpa coming home from the woods, with an ax on his shoulder, and a cane in his other hand.

"He came into the large, warm kitchen where she was, a few minutes later. "Here, Polly," he said, "come and see my new case."

"Polly ran to examine it. It was slender and tapering, the head looked just like a snake's head, and it was striped and spotted like a snake.

"It looks just like a snake," said Polly, "only it's too straight and stiff. Where did you get it, grandpa?" "I found it in a hollow log I was chopping, yesterday. I thought it would make me a nice case, so I walked home with it tonight, and it did very well. It's a little slender to be sure, but it seems stout, and I don't believe it will break very easy."

"It's nice and smooth," said Polly, "and it's pretty, too, if it didn't look so much like a snake. I don't like snakes very well."

"Don't you? Well, set it on in the corner, now, and put the lid on the table. Look, Janie, coming in and I want my supper."

Polly set the case in the corner near the great fireplace, and just then grandpa came in from the back kitchen, with a bowl of apple sauce. Janie came in with a pot of milk, and soon they all sat down to supper in the pleasant twilight.

They had just finished eating, when there was a little noise in the corner. They all looked around, but no one stood there. Instead, a snake was squirming and twisting on the floor.

"For the land sake!" cried grandpa, "how on earth did that snake get into the house?" "I found him crawling up stiff in a log," said grandpa, "and walked home with him for a case. He made a very good case, but now he has crept out, Janie, I guess you had better take him out and drop off his head."

ST. KILDA.

A Curious Island Off the Scottish Coast. A Place Where Sea Birds Form the Support of the Inhabitants.

"A curious bit of land in St. Kilda," says the London News, "lies sixty miles beyond Harris, and 8,419 miles distant from the mainland. Near it are the high-ruined isles of Ray and Boreray, but St. Kilda alone boasts human tenants. In 1881 the island contained nineteen families, or seventy-seven persons, thirty-three males and forty-four females. They live in a little green valley which slopes to the sea. The land itself forms part of the ancient estate of Duirgann. Once upon a time the village of St. Kilda had a 'Horticultural Society.' The houses were built of stone and turf, and filled with an atmosphere of peat-smoke. Now things are better ordered. The houses are built of stone with roofs of gylfanzon, an improvement due to the generosity of Macleod of Macleod, the hereditary proprietor of the land. No part of the world is more famous for its bird inhabitants than this desolate oceanic patch. Here the gannets nest in thousands. The fulmars, the gannet gullies, puffins, gullies, and other sea-fowl exist in countless swarms. These birds form, in fact, the stay and support of the St. Kilda folk. The islanders say that the fulmar, or stormy petrel, gives them food for burning, down for their beds, wholesome meat, and an ornament or salve for their infirmities. There are no hares on St. Kilda. The sea-birds supply the place of the domestic fowl completely, and the housewives of the lonely isle are relieved by nature from the cares and worries of bird-feeding. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their hair, added to their wavy, mane-made of gannet's skin. The feathers are valued at 7s per ounce (14 pounds) for the black pulling variety and at 5s for greys. The fulmar oil sells at 1s a pint, the cloth made by the inhabitants of St. Kilda, while the cattle are specially noted. For eight or nine months of the year St. Kilda may have no intercourse with the outer world. Life on the island was slow and peaceful, of a monotonous nature. The storms of the outside world do not affect the St. Kilda folk. The islanders are exempt from insuperable troubles, a fact due to some extent to their isolation, but due to the atmosphere of peat-smoke and which St. Kilda at large lives and breathes. But the islanders are liable to be killed off by a mysterious ailment about the eighth day of life, and the people are said to be subject to a species of influenza, which only appears when strangers visit the isle. Nobody knows how this ailment is conveyed, or what it is. No infection is presumed to be carried from a visiting steamer to the shore, but, nevertheless, the St. Kilda folk began to snuff and to sneeze whenever the tourist season sets in.

It appears that the inhabitants are accustomed to send messages in bottles, or in extemporized letters, to the mainland. They cannot then wish to the waves, and trust to favoring gales to waft their desires ashore. A stranger of this kind was recently put in force by the Franchin chief, who has taken charge of the spiritual affairs on the island. He sent a message which, after some weeks or months of wandering, contrived to be cast ashore and to be brought under the notice of some benevolent person, who forwarded the message to its destination in Edinburgh. The reverend gentleman in this communication to the principal of the Free Church college in the Scottish metropolis spoke of the disastrous period through which his people and himself had passed in St. Kilda. They were out of everything, in fact, if the message was to be believed, and were anxiously awaiting help from the clergy and benevolence of the mainland. This help was duly dispatched to them. The Jesuit, a government vessel, was sent to the island, and an official of the board of supervision was deputed, along with the surgeon of the ship, to report upon the state of things in the island. The information in question has now come to hand. The reporter tells us that he found from four to six hundred fulmars salted and stored as provisions for the coming year, as well as a full barrel for an adult, it is now found that from eight to twelve hundred men are contained in each house in the island. There follows a record of salted mutton-suet, laid by for future use. There are also cows on the island; there are potatoes in plenty; and a certain Mr. Mackenzie, who is said to import and to retail the luxuries of life in the shape of tea, sugar and tobacco, is reported as doing a brisk trade. In each family circle, the reporter tells us, he found capital to the extent of £20. One recent emigrant from the island is one pathetic sentence, in the naval doctor's report on St. Kilda which must not be omitted from a record of the life of the northern isle. After recounting the liking exhibited for tobacco and

spirits, the absence of condiments—sarcously required where salted food is so common—and the want of vegetables, the doctor advocates the institution of simple and lively games for the children of the island, the cultivation of singing, and the practice of instrumental music. The worthy medical man speaks in the innocence of a kindly heart. He does not know that instrumental music, byzeps excluded, is the horror of these northerners, that "human hymns," as the ordinary poetic compositions are called, are eschewed in the churches of the highlands, and that the very mention of games for the bairns will be regarded with grave suspicion. "At present," adds the doctor, "whistling is strictly forbidden" on St. Kilda.

No Stodpapper. Detective John Webb was passing the Bates Street end of the vegetable market three or four days ago when a stranger accosted him with: "Say, I came in town the other day to get my boots fixed, and I was looking around this place a little and lost a silver dollar out of a hole in my pocket. 'But you didn't come back to look for it, did you?'" "Yes, I did, I think I lost it right over there, where I dodged a wagon. Have you heard of any one picking up a dollar?" "No, sir."

"Seen any advertisement in the paper?" "No, You'd better save your time." "Why, man, you ain't green enough to expect to get that dollar back, are you?" "Of course I am! Wasn't it in a Dobb's shoe?" "Well! Well! Some one ought to sandpaper your head!" "They had, eh?" queried the man, he searched around the street. "I lost it just about here, while I was jumping out of the way of a wagon. If anybody trusts to rub any sandpaper on my head I'll—"

He made a dive into the dirt and fished up a silver dollar, and as he held it between his thumb and finger and stared around he cried: "Here she is—the very one! I know it by the nick I cut on the edge! Ought to have my head sandpapered, had I? Well, you just let I know my girl, and I'm a dollar ahead! It's lucky for me, though, that you didn't find it. You look just like a man who'd have chucked it into his pocket and let me go to him. Sandpaper! How would you like to have a file?"

And the abashed detective couldn't say a word in his own defence. -Detroit Free Press.

The Farmer's Boy. The country boy or girl is fast to free with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm, he is taught from youth up the need of economy; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week, he is not expected to the temptations of the saloon or ball-room, and he is not so much of a lady's man before he has occasion to use a razor on his shaggy cheeks. He may be a tall rick, but he may not feel easy in company, but in the long, closely-contested race of life it is the chap that twiddles to school barefooted in summer and stogs in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, who leads the chap that goes to the city school with the starched shirt front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with a towel-mower at the barber shop. Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. -Louisiana Democrat.

Too Much of a Good Thing. The story is told of a good Methodist brother, an itinerant, who sought shelter for the night at a certain farmhouse. The woman demurred, but there had been a long struggle, and when the minister suggested that his prayers might move the Lord to send the rain, she consented to let him stay. During the night the floods came, and when the good woman came down in the morning and found her fences and chickens had sailed off for parts unknown, she was much cast down. "I might have known better," said the poor woman, "she was such a useful glance out of the window. 'I might have known better than to let a Methodist come into my house, for they always go into everything with all their might, and I don't want any of 'em to pay any more for rain for my benefits, never—if the land dries up till it cracks open.'" -Herald.

Cost and No Account. Some of those quiet touchers contain people who disdain any claim to humanity. In the central part of Kansas lives on a well-stocked modest ranch, a tall, slender, white-haired gentleman, with grave, elegant manners and a fluency with which his limited English cannot keep pace. His name, even if it could be remembered, is much too long to print in a paper where the space is valuable, but he is a Frenchman who says of himself, with a vivacious twing of his hands: "In France I was a count; in America I no account!" -Chicago Tribune.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowd of busy men; I am weary of handling and spilling And of going to the shore and river, And of going to the shore and river, Where I dream my way north away; For a dreamer I was born, And a dreamer I am to-day.

I am tired of the busy morning, Of a life that is hard and long; Of the "To-Do" and the "To-Doing," In the struggle that I live in, From the disapproval of the endeavor, I would give up the children's play; For a dreamer I was born, And a dreamer I am to-day.

I am tired of the busy evening, For the bedtime that is so near, There is something sweet in the city, But the part of life of the poor, Oh, the little things of a child, And the child that is so dear to me; The dreamer I was born, And a dreamer I am to-day.

And I am tired of the busy morning, Of a life that is hard and long; Of the "To-Do" and the "To-Doing," In the struggle that I live in, From the disapproval of the endeavor, I would give up the children's play; For a dreamer I was born, And a dreamer I am to-day.

I am tired of the busy evening, For the bedtime that is so near, There is something sweet in the city, But the part of life of the poor, Oh, the little things of a child, And the child that is so dear to me; The dreamer I was born, And a dreamer I am to-day.

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